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[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 10th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 SATURDAY, 11th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. In the Queen's Hall, Costume Recital of "Maritana" at 8. Admission, 3d.
 SUNDAY, 12th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.
 MONDAY, 13th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. P. P. Cricket Club Smoking Concert at 8. In the Queen's Hall, Concert by P. P. Military Band at 8. Admission, 3d.
 TUESDAY, 14th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 WEDNESDAY, 15th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. In the Queen's Hall at 8, Royal Holdfast Handbell Ringers. Admission, 1d. and 2d. Girls' Gymnastic Club Social Evening at 8.
 THURSDAY, 16th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Lecture for Farriers, by Professor Wm. Pritchard, M.R.C.V.S., in Lecture Hall at 8 p.m.
 FRIDAY 17th.—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Photographic Club Exhibition.

At the closing meeting of the members of the Book-keeping Classes, held on Thursday, March 19th, a vote of thanks to Mr. Sarll (teacher of the class in question) was proposed, seconded, and carried by the members with much enthusiasm, showing thereby their appreciation of Mr. Sarll's ready help and kind attention during their course of instruction. Mr. Sarll is an experienced teacher of many years' standing, and knows well how to impart his knowledge to others. Those who wish to become experts in book-keeping cannot do better than place themselves under his tuition. The books used are compiled by Mr. Sarll himself. A class for practical book-keeping will commence on April 9th, intended for those who have already passed through the theoretical stages.

SUNDAY, April 5th.—Attendance at Organ Recitals, 2,023; Library, 1,377; Total, 3,400.

A MEETING will be held on Thursday next, the 16th inst., to form a Lawn Tennis Club. All institute members invited to attend.

MR. HUNTER, the secretary of the Cricket Club, will be glad to receive the names of members willing to join. The new private ground will be used for matches early in May.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—A party of twenty-three met punctually at 9.45 on Easter Monday at London Bridge Station, L.B. and S.C. Railway, and proceeded by train to Purley, where, according to arrangement, on arrival, they were met by Thomas Fisher, Esq., one of our Vice-presidents. A previous acquaintance with this gentleman made introduction unnecessary, and we were soon thoroughly at home. From Caterham to Merstham every object of interest was pointed out to us. We soon abandoned the high road to Brighton, and, after a pleasant walk, halted to inspect Coulsdon Church. We were surprised to find the vicar, with two other gentleman only, had just had a vestry meeting, and, to judge from their countenances, the business could not have been of a very disturbing character. We then passed through lanes and fields to Farthingdown, the famous Surrey training quarters for race-horses. Two miles further brought us to Chaldon Church, the like of which the majority of Ramblers had never seen. A few years ago a large fresco painting was accidentally discovered on one of its walls, descriptive of the torments of a place which shall be nameless: the fantastic figures were the cause of mirth

rather than awe. A handsome carved oak pulpit bears the inscription "Patience Lambert, 1657." From Chaldon we were conducted to Merstham Church, of which Mr. Fisher is a churchwarden. We were glad of a rest here, and a pleasant, instructive time was spent among the monuments to the departed, and the bells in the old spire. Trooping through the model village we paid a passing visit to Lord Hylton's laundry. The party were here joined by three other members, and we were already so numerous that we were forced to separate, the ladies being entertained by Mrs. Fisher, and the gentlemen at the excellent little Workmen's Institute. It was quite impossible to get the ladies to start for a further walk after dinner, and the gentlemen, not wishing to miss any pleasure that this neighbourhood affords, leaving Merstham, crossed the fields to Gatton Church, distant about two miles—a visit full of historical interest. Almost adjoining is Gatton Hall, formerly the country seat of Lord Monson, now the property of Mr. Colman, whose agent we were fortunate enough to meet, and he kindly allowed us to see the marble hall, which is circular in shape, and composed, from the floor to the dome, of polished marble, the different colours of which have a grand effect; it is without doubt, one of the most beautiful structures in England. Returning to Hawthornden, we were regaled with a refreshing cup of tea. Before leaving to catch the 5.55 train, we thanked our host and hostess for their kindness and hospitality.—A party of fourteen members visited Lord Brassey's museum on Saturday last. On entering, we were shown into the lower room, known as the Durbar Hall, of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, which is most tastefully adorned with Indian carved wood, and has various Eastern arms on each side. The museum contains reminiscences of different voyages in the "Sunbeam," and the appearance is greatly enhanced by electric lights being inserted in tortoiseshell, etc., giving a most charming effect. A small corridor, connecting the museum with the library, is decorated with a variety of original sketches by R. T. Pritchett for the illustration of "In the Tropics, Trades, and Roaring Forties," by Lady Brassey.—The library contains several log books and journals written by Lady Brassey, some of which have been translated into different languages. We are greatly indebted to Lord Brassey for such a pleasant hour and a-half in his beautiful town residence.—Saturday, April 11th, a Social Dance will be held in the Lecture Hall at 7.30 p.m.—Arrangements have been made to visit the Homes for Deaf and Dumb Children on Pentonville Hill; Saturday, April 18th. Meet at King's Cross Met. Railway Station at 2.45 p.m.—Saturday, April 25th, Mr. Mengedoh has kindly promised to conduct our party through the Mummies' Section and Assyrian Galleries of the British Museum. Meet at 2.45 in the courtyard outside.—Friday, April 24th, Half-yearly General Meeting to receive report and balance-sheet, 8.15 p.m. A. M. MCKENZIE } Hon Secs.
W. POCKETT }

THE distribution of prizes awarded by the Worshipful Company of Plumbers to the students of the People's Palace Technical Schools Plumbing Classes took place on Monday, April 6th, at 8.30. Sir John Henry Johnson, Master of the Drapers' Company, took the chair, and the presentations were made by W. H. Bishop, Esq., Master of the Plumbers' Company. In the course of the evening a handsome dressing-bag was presented from the students to Mr. George Taylor with this inscription:—"Presented by the students of the People's Palace Plumbing Class to George Taylor in recognition of his valuable instruction and devoted interest to them." Altogether a very successful evening was spent.

A Plea for Technical Training for Girls.

If much can be said in favour of a technical training for boys it is obvious that infinitely more can be urged on behalf of girls. A recent correspondent of the *Daily Graphic* pertinently urges, are not our working girls more numerous, more needed, more helpless than even the boys? Certain it is that the outlook for a helpless and needy woman is more terrible a thousand times than that for a man? If we believe—as who does not?—that “a man is what a woman makes him,” and that “the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,” surely the “little women” of our country should receive at least equal attention with the “little men.” Our present school system, in the main, provides us with a very difficult problem for solving. It gives us on the one hand an army of unskilled women who despise household service as drudgery, and on the other a corresponding army of housewives whose lives are embittered by the ever-increasing difficulty of filling a vacant place in their household staff. Our girls are turned out from school to become dressmakers, factory hands, shop assistants, post office clerks—anything in fact, but domestic servants. And why? Largely because the native love of house-work, which may be observed in almost every baby-girl is allowed to dwarf and die out for want of nurture. Who so happy and proud as a little maiden of four years old if “mother” will put a duster or a sweeping-brush into her hand, and let her believe she is helping to make things clean? And who so sulky as the present average development of that same maiden if asked to do the very same thing ten years later? We have been blind and deaf and imbecile not to have thought of this before. “I saw,” says the correspondent above-mentioned, “a few days ago, four little girls (ages six and seven) demonstrating the new system of household training for schools. Such absorption, such steady purpose, such glowing interest in the work! The little faces shone with fascinated interest. They had each a box fitted with tiny models of all the requisites for laying a breakfast-table and washing up afterwards. With what tender care they put on the cloth, its middle crease exactly in the table’s centre; with what solicitude they placed the knives and forks exactly at right angles with the edge of the table, and the serviettes in their tiny rings to the left of the forks; and with what conscientious care they went through the washing up with their two flannels and three different drying cloths, their two bowls—one for soapy and the other for clean hot water—and their tiny mops! I learnt afterwards that three ladies in the audience bespoke one of the little girls as a future housemaid.

What housekeeper does not know something of the misery a raw, untrained girl can inflict on a household? What greasy plates, smeared glasses, sticky-handled knives! This can be in great measure done away with by introducing training by toy models into the infant schools, and developing the lessons as they pass on into the higher standards. The days when mothers and mistresses trained little girls in domestic duties no longer exist. Just at the age when the little ones are best fitted for such training they are now under the heavy yoke of the school inspector. Why should we grudge them two half-hours a week of the real relaxation which technical household training would bring? Once get such lessons firmly engrafted on our school code, once give our little maids the power to cultivate the blessed faculty with which they were born—the faculty of turning a house into a home—and a new era will have dawned upon the hearths and homes of our country.”

LORD, for to-morrow and its needs

I do not pray;

Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,

Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work

And duly pray;

Let me be kind in word and deed

Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,

Prompt to obey;

Help me to mortify my flesh

Just for to-day.

Let me no wrong or idle word

Unthinking say;

Set Thou a seal upon my lips

Just for to-day.

Let me in season, Lord, be grave,

In season gay;

Let me be faithful to Thy grace

Just for to-day.

So, for to-morrow and its needs

I do not pray,

But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,

Just for to-day.

Girlhood in Italy.

THE *English Illustrated* has a rather interesting article on this subject. It appears that a want of home life and the baneful influence of the confessional are the two causes most inimical to the healthy, moral upbringing of Italian girls, except, perhaps, among the peasant class in the rural districts. In the large towns it is sad enough.

Still there is ground for hope. There is now a Minister of Public Instruction in Italy, who fully understands the need of reforming female education. This has mainly, hitherto, been in the hands of nuns, who without any experience of real life, and obliged by vows to keep far from society, are not the fittest persons to train girls whose future lies in that same society her teachers have no idea of.

This is the principal cause of the defective training girls receive in convents. Besides very little care is given to physical culture, it being either through ignorance of the laws of health or from the conventional idea that the less the body is minded the more the soul tends towards spiritual life. This, of course, produces a most unhealthy development of morbid sensitiveness which is not the fit preparation for a woman meant to face the realities of life and often the hard struggles for it. Nuns do not or will not understand that girls should be trained to rely on themselves as sensible human beings.

Queen Margherita is greatly interested in girls' culture in Italy. If she could exercise more influence her mind would be inclined to view favourably woman's progress. As a constitutional sovereign most delicate not to exceed the authority given her, she rather abstains from indulging her liberal views. Highly cultivated herself, she can fully appreciate the divine enjoyments of a refined mind, and certainly her personal encouragement to anyone willing to contribute to female progress in Italy is most generous. She receives and talks with the greatest interest to ladies engaged actively in any intellectual pursuit, whether it be the pursuit of art, which she loves and feels deeply, or philanthropy, which she practises largely, or teaching or reforms in education. All these subjects meet with her warm sympathy and do not prevent her considering the importance of technical training for girls of the lower classes. She often goes privately with her first lady of honour and dearest friend, the Marchesa di Villamarina, to visit girls' schools, and has always some very just observation to make, or rational reform to propose quietly, more like the observation of an uninfluential person interested in such matters, than the authoritative suggestion of a Queen. The great and real sweetness of her noble soul is the secret of her uncontested popularity.

One morning when visiting the professional school in Rome, it struck her that it would be the fittest place to give girls the necessary notions of culinary mysteries. The superintendent quietly observed that expenses to provide for other branches of work had exhausted the funds established for that year. A few days later all the apparatus for a cooking school were quietly provided from Her Majesty's own private purse.

The present state of things is only a legacy of the olden time, and is at all events a very transitional period. The happy evolution already begun can only complete its course with time.

The principal reforms I would urge, says Mme. Salazar, in this modern educational system of ours is, that girls should be trained not as a separate sex but as an important part of the great human family. A girl's teachers are too apt to forget that the great object of education is to call forth the noblest faculties of her intelligence and to lead her as far as possible towards mental perfection. We cannot in fact secure a general high tone of national life until it is more completely admitted that girls should be rationally trained. In no country is women's influence over its destinies so strong as in Italy, for from cradle to grave men are accustomed to be led and swayed by women's influence. Italian men are affectionate and devoted in their natures. The mother is obeyed implicitly, the wife is loved, the sister is anxiously thought for; the daughter often possesses the strongest and sweetest hold on her father's heart, and men of the less bigoted type would gladly see the dawn of an era of intelligent education for girls.

AH! what would the world be to us

If the children were no more?

We should dread the desert behind us

Worse than the dark before.

They are better than all the ballads

That ever were sung or said,

For they are living poems,

And all the rest are dead.

MEMORY and hope are set like stars above the soul—the one shining dimly through the twilight of the past, the other lighting the pathway of the future.

Social Salvation.

GENERAL BOOTH'S scheme for the relief of the suffering poor—in its zeal and comprehensiveness—reminds one of the similar efforts of Mr. Robert Owen from 1820 to the end of a long life, in providing industrial works. But there was this difference in their methods, that in the present case the necessary fund arises from voluntary gifts, whereas by Mr. Owen's proposal it was to be obtained from a rate, and to which Parliament did not assent.

Notwithstanding such failure, experiments of combined industry were carried out in England, America, and Ireland, in which his own fortune became absorbed. The fascination in Mr. Owen's case centred in the cotton mills at New Lanark, which, from its success, became an object of pilgrimage from distant quarters. But as his zeal as a humanitarian exceeded the standard approved by his partners, he had to leave, and so became a missionary at large for improving the social condition on co-operative principles.

His experiments in this direction exhibited an unhappy series of failures, but disappointing as they are at the time, they afford their profit for an after generation. His only success was at Lanark as manager of an establishment, in which a sympathetic, paternal government prevailed over all other considerations, especially in the education and training of the young, and eliminating all debasing influences from the town, as of public houses.

LOOKING BACKWARDS.

On the subject of what to do with the poor, one is curious to inquire what was done by our forefathers on this ever-pressing question. The simple giving of doles—the more immediate method that suggests itself for suffering poverty—is, now, admittedly both wasteful and mischievous, though such was presumptively the practice at the gates of monasteries. At their dissolution the land became flooded with paupers, notwithstanding the severe laws made for the extirpation of that class.

In the reign of Elizabeth a more considerate disposition prevailed in our Legislature, as shown in the terms of the 43rd Eliz. c. 2, “The Act for the relief of the poor. Be it enacted by this Parliament, that the churchwardens of every parish shall take order with the justices for setting to work of the children of all such whose parents shall not be able to keep and maintain their children; and also for setting to work all such persons having no means to maintain themselves . . . to raise by weekly or other tax a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, wood, thread, iron, and other necessary stuff to set the poor to work.”

Here we have a brief and business-like expression of the hoped-for method of solving the difficulty of poverty. But, when the inquiry is made—how far was this carried out in practice—we search in Eden's elaborate work on the poor in vain, and he suggests (v. I., p. 132) that by the last clause in the statute (43 E.) “it was only intended to be experimental.”

OTHER ATTEMPTS TO PROVIDE EMPLOYMENT.

The idea was too pleasing not to find several essayists in the succeeding reigns. Amongst these was Mr. Locke, who “proposed to parliament that working schools should be set up in each parish, and materials provided by a common fund in each hundred out of the poor-rate. . . . The King, in a speech from the throne, after the delivery of the report from the Board of Trade, recommended the adoption of some effectual expedient to employ the poor. . . . But the Bill so framed by Mr. Locke did not pass into law.”

These humane and business-like attempts to solve the problem what to do with the poor are worthy of note at this time, as anticipating in their scope the proposal of General Booth, with this difference—that rates provided a continued sustenance of purpose, whereas an aid by public bounty in a short time becomes exhausted.

PAUPERISM AND CRIME DECREASING.

The most gratifying features on these subjects, according to our best statisticians, are, that relatively and positively they exhibit diminishing quantities.

Although it would be of small satisfaction for a sufferer to learn that his class exhibits an annually diminishing quantity, it is of the utmost importance to the legislator and philanthropist to be able to establish that fact.

Mr. H. A. Gifford, Q.C., at Swaffham, Bulbeck, treating on the subjects of pauperism and crime, gave the following results:—“Fifty years ago the habitual paupers were 90 per 1000 of the population of the United Kingdom. Thanks to benefit societies they are now only 22 per 1000; so that in fifty years they have decreased from 1 in every 11 of the population to 1 in every

50. In 1849 the able-bodied paupers numbered no less than 13 in every 1000, but in 1889 they had sunk to 3 in every 1000.”

This decrease of pauperism was favourably reflected in the decrease of crime. In 1833 “there were 15 millions of persons in Great Britain, and of these no less than 50,000 were convicts. In 1883 the population of Great Britain totalled 27 millions, and the number of convicts was exactly 9,000; or, instead of 1 in 300, there was only 1 in every 3,000.”

THE ECONOMY OF CO-OPERATION WHEN PRACTICABLE.

Still there remains work to be done, and there is an old saying that “success is for him who dares;” so, considered as one of the conditions of success, there is much encouragement.

Newspaper Blunders.

MY attention has been called to a ludicrous blunder which recently appeared in this journal. Of course one would like to attain something like perfect accuracy, but those who know that the normal state of things in many editorial rooms is work at high pressure, will not be greatly surprised at the after all few lapses which occur. *Cassell's Saturday Journal* recently gave a selection of amusing mistakes in newspapers, from which I select the following:—

A well-known daily paper quoted an article from a weekly paper on “Mr. Gladstone as a force,” and rendered it “Mr. Gladstone as a farce.” A weekly paper reviewing a notable Biblical article on “The Stater in the Fishes' Mouth,” printed the title, quaintly enough, “The Water in the Fishes' Mouth.” It was asserted in a newspaper that “a number of small sextons” were sent out with the Ashantee expedition. Another journal once declared that the House of Commons had ordered its chairman not to report progress, but “to repeat prayers.”

The odd placing of paragraphs may also cause a smile. A newspaper gave details of a case of attempted poisoning in which a man had administered to his mother-in-law a drug which he supposed to be of a deadly character, but which was less noxious than he believed. The proposed victim recovered. The account of these circumstances was immediately followed by the head-line of an advertisement—“Beware of Counterfeits.”

Another instance shows how slight an error will sometimes throw things awry. One of the most thrilling stories of captivity amongst brigands in recent years had Col. Synge for its hero. When the news of this gentleman's seizure in Macedonia came to England, it was published in a number of newspapers as “Capture of Col. Synge and his Wife.” One journal even furnished the public with a pictorial representation of the colonel and the lady surrounded and menaced by the robber band. But, as friends of the prisoner knew, he was unmarried, it soon transpired that he had no companion in his perils. It was a press error once again, and due to a simple mis-translation of the French of the original message. *Femme* had been read as *femme*. Probably, however, the smallest, and apparently most insignificant, of all such blunders was the most expensive one of the kind ever made. It occurred in a tariff Bill more than twenty years ago. There was a section enumerating what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were “all foreign fruit-plants,” etc., meaning plants imported for transplantation, propagation, or experiment. The enrolling clerk, in copying the Bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word “fruit-plants” to a comma, making it read “all foreign fruit, plants,” etc. The consequence was that for a year—until Congress could remedy the blunder—oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other foreign fruits were admitted free of duty. This little mistake, which the most careful man might have made, cost the Government of the United States about two million dollars.

LOVE is the poetry of the senses.—*Basac*.

THE infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable—not concealed, but incomprehensible. It is a clear infinity—the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.—*Ruskin*.

God's world is bathed in beauty,
God's world is steeped in light;
It is the self-same glory
That makes the day so bright,
Which thrills the earth with music,
Or hangs the stars in night.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.—*Herick*.

Cleanings—Grave and Gay.

THERE is now an end to all romance about hidden ocean depths. The whole ocean is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out for the purpose of ocean surveys has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and the floors of the four great oceans. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain with a mountain range in the middle, running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies the submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, almost five miles. These mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy species of shell, lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in colour, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless waters of these abysses move gigantic, abnormal creatures never seen in upper currents.

We all know that children frequently say very smart things; yet, somehow, an old Adam of a doubt will creep in as regards the seemingly interminable supply of infantile *bon-mots*. Still there is no question that the vein is an amusing one, as witness Mr Barker and his "Original English." And now, here is a Yankee who attempts to "go one better" than the Britisher. Here is a sample of his wares culled from a book called "The Young Idea," and professing to give answers to questions as heard in elementary schools. Among the definitions of words the following are given: "Repugnant, one who repugs." "Obelisk, one of the marks of punctuation." "Ironical, something very hard." "Epoch, a ruler, or son of a king." "Mastification is moving the jaws all round." "Gladiators grow in my mas garden." "An incendiary is when you go round preaching and singing him." "David charmed Saul with a harpoon." "A new light is shed over arithmetic in the following: 'If there are no units in a number you have to fill it up with all zeros.'" "Units of an order are expressed by writing in the place of the order." "If fractions have a common denominator, find the difference in the denominator." "There are those on grammar: 'A pronoun is when you don't want to say a noun and so you say a pronoun. It is when it is not a pronoun but a noun.'" "The accidents of a noun is what happens to it." "Pronouns agree with gender number and numbers in the passive voice." "Adjectives of more than one syllable are repaired by adding some more syllables." "An adverb is used to mortify a noun and is a person place or thing." "Sometimes an adverb is turned into a noun and then becomes a noun or pronoun." "Nouns denoting male and female and things without sex is neuter." "The cow jumped over the fence is a transitive noun verb because fence isent the name of anything and has no sex." "He speaks lowly lowly is a adjective of how he speaks and is deprived from low and comparid low lowering lowerest."

THE *Leisure Hour*, speaking of the recent clever and daring robbery of some thousands of pounds at the counter of a London bank, thinks there was less danger by the road in the old days than in the streets of London to-day, and that the moral of the story is the safety as well as convenience for bankers of the Clearing House. The aggregate value of drafts or cheques paid at the Clearing House is not far from £7,000,000,000 a year. This vast amount is split up into tens, hundreds, and even thousands of items, and transferred without the payment of a single coin. It would require a large number of waggons or carts to convey seven billions of money, but for this civilised method of transfer. The non-clearing banks might devise some method of dealing with daily drafts, so as to avoid the risk of money being sent by hand, in the wallets of clerks. Usually it is a junior clerk, "walk clerk" he is called, entrusted with this important transfer. Even country banks take better precaution in transferring.

DR. Dawson Durns published in the *Times* of February 12th, his annual summary of the amount spent in drink in the United Kingdom, which was, in round numbers, 139½ millions sterling. This is equal to an average expenditure per head of £3 12s. or per family of five persons £18 5s. Comparing the expenditure upon alcohol in 1890 with other great national accounts, we find that it was one-twelfth of the estimated incomes of all persons in the United Kingdom, and one-fifth of the National Debt. It was between one-fifth and one-fourth of the annual value of all the property and profits on which income-tax was levied in the year ending April 5th, 1890. It was 32 millions more than the whole capital of the Post Office Savings Banks and other savings banks in 1889, and 4½ times

the amounts deposited in both kinds of savings banks. It was 11 times the capital of all the industrial and provident societies of the country. It was 4½ times the gross receipts from passenger traffic on all the Railways of the United Kingdom in 1889, and 3½ times the gross receipts from their goods traffic, or nearly as much again as the receipts from both species of traffic combined.

At a Sunday School service a clergyman was explaining to a number of smart little urchins the necessity of Christian profession in order properly to enjoy the blessings of Providence in this world, and, to make it apparent to the youthful mind, he said: "For instance, I want to introduce water into my house. I turn it on. The pipes and faucets and every bare feet, white and wet with dew, Two eyes black, and two eyes blue; Little girl and boy were they, Katie Lee and Willie Grey. They were standing where a brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook, Flashed its silver, and thick ranks Of willow fringed its mossy banks; Half in thought, and half in play, Katie Lee and Willie Grey. They had cheeks like cherries red; He was taller—'most a head; She with arms like wreaths of snow, Swung a basket to and fro As she lolled, half in play, Chattering to Willie Grey. 'Pretty Katie,' Willie said— And there came a dash of red Through the brownness of his cheek— 'Boys are strong and girls are weak, And I'll carry, so I will, Katie's basket up the hill.' Katie answered with a laugh, 'You shall carry only half.' And then, tossing back her curls, 'Boys are weak as well as girls.' Do you think that Katie guessed Half the wisdom she expressed? Men are only boys grown tall; Hearts don't change much after all; And when, long years from that day Katie Lee and Willie Grey Stood again beside the brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook,— Is it strange that Willie said, While again a dash of red Crossed the brownness of his cheek, 'I am strong and you are weak; Life is but a slippery steep, Hung with shadows cold and deep. 'Will you trust me, Katie dear,— Walk beside me without fear? May I carry, if I will, All your burdens up the hill?' And she answered with a laugh, 'No, but you may carry half.' Close beside the little brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook, Washing with its silver hands Late and early at the sands, Is a cottage, where to-day Katie lives with Willie Grey. In a porch she sits, and lo! Swings a basket to and fro— Vastly different from the one That she swung in years ago, This is long and deep and wide, And has—rockers at the side,

Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet, white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue;
Little girl and boy were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of willow fringed its mossy banks;
Half in thought, and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—'most a head;
She with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro
As she lolled, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

'Pretty Katie,' Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
'Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.'

Katie answered with a laugh,
'You shall carry only half.'
And then, tossing back her curls,
'Boys are weak as well as girls.'
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much after all;
And when, long years from that day
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,—
Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek,
'I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep.

'Will you trust me, Katie dear,—
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?'
And she answered with a laugh,
'No, but you may carry half.'

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where to-day
Katie lives with Willie Grey.
In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro—
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years ago,
This is long and deep and wide,
And has—rockers at the side,

The Red Man as Savage and Citizen.

I HAVE before referred in these columns to the "Indian trouble," and an article in this month's *Scribner* on "The Meaning of the Dakota Outbreak" seems to throw much light on the recent events. There are, it seems, two great and sharply defined parties among the Sioux Indians to-day, either of which is the creation and the representative of an idea; these ideas are antagonistic and irreconcilable.

First, there is the old pagan and unprogressive party. Inspired by sentiments of hostility to the Government and white civilisation, it believes in what is Indian, and hates what belongs to the white man. Its delight is in the past, and its dream is that the past shall come back again—the illimitable prairie, with vast herds of the vanished buffalo, the deer, the antelope, all the excitements of the chase, and the still fiercer thrill of bloody struggle with rival savage men. Consider what has been the education of the men who form this party—eating Government rations paid them in lieu of ceded lands, idleness, visits to distant relatives and friends, constant feasts and dances, with oft-repeated recitals from the older men of their own deeds of valour and the achievements of their ancestors. If we put ourselves in their place, the attitude of these non-progressive Indians will be intelligible, and their acts will be partly accounted for. A white man nurtured under such conditions would scarcely be distinguishable from the Indian.

This old Indian party has, undoubtedly, grievances in un-fulfilled promises and broken treaties, and it has welcomed them and nurtured them. Its argument with members of its own race who thought otherwise and did otherwise has been, "Make trouble and the Great Father will send you what you want."

There is also a new, progressive, and what may properly be called Christian party, whose life was begotten, nourished, and trained by missionary enterprise and devotion.

In these Christian Indians is to be found abundant food for the study of the germs and first awakenings of civilised life rich in variety and suggestion. They present all possible differences of age, condition, and of moral and mental attainments. Here is the man from whose face the paint has just been washed, whose clothing is a struggle between civilisation and barbarism, whose hair is still plaited, and into whose darkened mind have fallen the first faint gleams of desire for the "new way"; here is a native teacher, perhaps fairly taught in a reservation boarding school, but only able to speak English imperfectly, struggling single-handed in a heathen camp to win converts to Christian morality and civilised life; while here, as the ripest fruit of Indian civilisation, is the native minister, or physician, the graduate of an Eastern college, whose wife, perhaps, is a white woman, whose habits of thought and whose manners are those of a gentleman, and who stands on equal terms with the rest of the world; such a division was sure, sooner or later to bring about a crisis. The sharp differences and antagonisms between the Christian and the pagan party gradually became more and more sharp and accentuated as the party of progress advanced and prospered. The party of conservatism was driven more and more within itself, as it saw the advance of civilisation within the reservation and without it. Then came the strange delusion of an Indian Messiah, with its promises of redemption to the Indian race, and the destruction of the white invader; there can be no doubt of the powerful effect of this religious fanaticism upon the pagan Sioux. It was eagerly taken hold of by the leaders, and was made the vehicle of war-like designs, notwithstanding the fact that the new doctrine was altogether pacific. The revelation which had once come down to save the white race, but that they had rejected him and finally killed him. He now rejected them, and would come, when the grass was about two inches high in the spring, to save his red children and to destroy the white race and their works.

At the coming of the Messiah, for which his followers were to wait patiently until the spring, a new earth would be formed covering the present world, and burying all the whites and those Indians who had not joined in the dances. The Messiah would again bring with him the departed of their own people, and the earth would be again as their forefathers knew it, only there should be no more death.

Such is the doctrine of the Indian Messiah fresh from Indian lips. It can readily be imagined with what power such a doctrine came upon the darkened minds of savage men, some of whom were suffering, in addition to the irritating remembrance of unfulfilled promises, the pangs of hunger. Mr. Welsh concludes his article by plainly stating that responsibility for the massacre, as for many another sad and similar event, rests more upon the shoulders of the citizens of the United States who permit the condition of savage ignorance, incompetent control, or Congressional indifference or inaction, than upon those of maddened soldiers or Savage Indian. The remedy and means of prevention, he thinks, are not far to seek.

Hidden Cities.

A GOOD deal of interest is attached to hidden cities. Among the latest discoveries is one reported from the Punjab, as Sultan's Secret. Embedded in it are many good bricks. The present leaseholder, a Mahometan gentleman, has been of his researches, has gradually unearthed what is, undoubtedly, have been immense. Some of the remaining walls and buildings are of considerable height; all are very substantial, and it is confidently hoped that the "find" may yield results as important to India as those which Pompeii has yielded to Italy.

Other important ruins are those in South Africa, a full account of which has recently appeared in *Chambers's Journal*. These ruins are, by the older geographers, supposed to be the ruins of the palace of the Queen of Sheba. They are situated in Mashonaland, about one hundred and fifty miles west of South Africa and the expedition of the Chartered Company of British route to these interesting remains of an ancient civilisation.

The whole are built of hewn granite blocks, the size of bricks, and without mortar; and when we consider the immense amount of labour this would entail, we may be certain that the builders must have been very numerous, quite settled in the country, and far advanced in civilisation. They were not Portuguese, who never occupied the country in sufficient force to execute these great works, and whose early historians have testified to their existence at the time of their first expedition. They are wholly unlike the work of any known Kafir race, as none of these ever construct stone buildings, and certainly never appear to resemble Arab structures; nor is there anything sufficiently distinctive to indicate a Phœnician origin, although the latter is the idea which seems to have occupied the minds of most travellers in these regions, for various native names, such as the Sabia River, and many peculiar manners and customs have caused this land to be regarded as the Ophir of the Bible, the golden land whence Solomon drew the gold and ivory for the Temple at Jerusalem, and whence the Queen of Sheba came to see and judge for herself of the wisdom of which she had heard.

Whatever people may have been the builders of these wonderful structures in the heart of savage Africa, it is quite certain that they were attracted thither by gold, and that these masses of masonry were constructed partly for the protection of the miners, and partly for storing and extracting the precious metal.

That the buildings have been entirely abandoned for centuries is demonstrated by the fact that they are generally overgrown with dense bush. One authority is inclined to attribute these remains to the Persians, in the reign of Cosroes II., in the seventh century of the present era; but the brilliant reign of that monarch seems far too short to allow of the works represented by these ruins; and after his death Persia was in too chaotic a condition to allow of the maintenance of so remote a colony with its necessarily large garrison.

Falling Arabs and Persians, we are thrown back upon the old Phœnician hypothesis for the origin of these remarkable buildings. It is very evident that Hiram, king of Tyre, had some one well-known depot, from which he drew his supply of precious metals, his ivory, and his almsg trees, and starting from Ezion-Gebir, on the Red Sea, he would be quite as likely to sail along the coast of Africa as far south as Sofala, which from time immemorial has been a gold port, as to sail eastward to India, which has been the rival of Africa as the Ophir of Scripture. The Queen of Sheba has always been regarded as an African potentate, and it would be reasonable to suppose that she would have heard of the wealth and wisdom of Solomon from the merchants who from Tyre sought gold within her dominions, whilst the gold feet would provide her with the necessary means of transport. It is not a little noteworthy that in this part of Africa there are still several female sovereigns, one of whom, Majaja, has recently submitted to the Boers of the Transvaal, whilst in all other parts of Africa men are the rulers. It is of course possible that the fleets of Hiram and Solomon may have visited both India and Africa in search of treasure.

It may be of interest to note that the old Portuguese writers especially notice that rice, millet, and cotton were cultivated by the natives of this region on their first discovery, as well as various fruits, such as oranges, lemons, vines, pineapples, figs, and the sugar-cane.

As these fruits are not supposed to be indigenous in Africa, and were evidently not introduced by the Portuguese, who found them there, they may perhaps form a clue to the civilised builders of Zimbabwe.

A Strange Experience and its Sequel.

(Continued from page 215; commenced January 16th—back numbers can be had on application at the Office.)

CHAPTER XIV.—continued.

I STAGGERED backwards from the mirror, whose coldly unflinching testimony had now grown like the most maddening of jeers. I wrapped my shivering form in a garment that lay near at hand, and flung myself, palsied with horror, upon the floor of the chamber. . . . "And this," I thought, "is the summit of my triumph—the *comble de bonheur* of my undaunted aims! Ah, ghastliest of expiations! The vulture that gnawed at the vitals of Prometheus was but the sting of a gadfly compared with such unremitting torment as mine! My very shadow will be a perpetual accusation. It will be *his* shadow no less than mine, and it will dog me with interminable persistence, with spectral and loathsome patience, till I die! At night I will lie awake in my bed and feel my flesh creep with the atrocious thought of how his corpse clasps me, engirds me, weighs upon me. His own words of warning, spoken long ago in my laboratory, would recur to me in mockery, and in vengeance; perhaps my lips—*his* lips—would repeat them amid torturing dreams: "*Men of supreme ability, like yourself, are sometimes entrapped and betrayed by their own powers.*" He prophesied, then, that such entrapment and betrayal might be madness, and I resented his very suggestion as an insolence. Best if madness were to come now. It might deteriorate and brutalize intellect, and thus deaden suffering. . . . What other help can there be for me? Suicide? No man who has known and seen what I have known and seen *beyond death* would ever voluntarily seek death. He who kills himself always takes the chances of an eternal sleep.

* For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, . . . Must give us pause.

How clear a truth the poet-sage struck there! . . . No, nothing remains to me now but life—and that life a long, slow, inexorable hell!

Thus I mused, when suddenly a bright spark of comfort dawned upon me. I remembered Millicent. I remembered why this black sin had steeped me in its guilt. I had forgotten her till now, and now a passionate surge of recollection seemed pulsing through brain and blood alike. . . . I rose, thrilling with this new hope of comparative peace. If I still held the soul of Douglas Duane I could still love with his unaltered love. I would go to her at once—as soon as I could hide or destroy every tangible record of what had lately occurred within these chambers. A few traces must remain; let them. They would not be compromising; how could they be? No one had seen Floyd Demotte enter here with his perished companion. I would soon slip out, unnoticed, into the busy turmoil of Broadway.

The stimulus which now supported and fortified me was unutterably welcome. I drank, during the process of assuming Floyd Demotte's garments, one or two glasses of a rare old wine with which I had provided myself. These draughts acted cordially and soothingly upon me. I grew able to think like my former self, and to exert all my natural faculties of caution. I had a sudden dread lest my voice might be different from Demotte's, and spoke several sentences aloud in order to test the dissimilarity, if any existed. And here I made a singular discovery. The voice was his, just as of old, since it issued from the same throat, the same lungs. But occasionally it rang with a new, an uncharacteristic note. Every now and then it sounded like my own former voice. But I found that this eccentricity was one greatly if not entirely under my own control. And the same, I presently assured myself, with regard to my handwriting. The general formation of the letters undoubtedly was Demotte's; but sometimes, for a word or a whole sentence, it would lean toward a resemblance of my own. Here, however, the variation was much less apparent than in my voice, for I had always had a handwriting that in no marked way differed from Demotte's, and these lapses of which I speak would probably have been noticeable to few other eyes than mine. As for writing continuously in the hand of Douglas Duane, I doubt if I could have done so except with extreme effort; nor could I, for the same recalcitrant causes, have used habitually my previous voice. What took hold of me thus incidentally was from remoter psychic sway; what governed me in all common daily acts must spring directly from the conditions of that body and temperament in which I had found such eerie and reluctant habitation.

When at last all was ready for the consummation of my audacious work—for the bringing myself face to face with her whose love would be the rich reward of my pain and the holy lenitive of my future compunction—I went forth into the great noisy thoroughfare. I felt my courage quail as I began this

fateful journey. And yet I clinched my teeth together and swore that I would be tranquil as ice. Why should I not be? I had nothing to fear as disclosure, as overthrow. I had everything to gain as recompense, consolation, alleviation, and reanimated hope.

It was now late in the afternoon. The treacherous December day, recently so serene, had undergone the most gusty and rigorous change. The brief winter term of sunshine would soon fade, to leave biting blasts behind it. The very rattle of the wheels on the stones had taken a harsher and more strident clatter as they smote my ears through the dry, frigid, yet whirling air. People passed me with bowed heads and hurrying steps, as I crossed eastward to the home of Millicent—to my home. A fancy beset me that they were all shunning me with one common, instinctive avoidance, as something leprous and repugnant.

During my walk I chanced to note the window of a small shop in one of the transverse streets not far from Broadway. It was filled with pistols of various forms and sizes. I had never carried fire-arms, hating the practice as I hated them. But now a thought, a fear, perhaps a prognostication, made me pause and fascinatedly scan the exhibited weapons. Suicide must at any time be a frightful alternative, now; and yet if Millicent. . . . I did not dare to finish the hated speculation. But soon afterward I went into the little shop and purchased one of the pistols.

Then I moved once more toward my destination. The sword-like gales were sweeping through the streets with a still wilder impetus. They struck straight in my face; they had the effect of buffeting me back in my course, or striving to do it, and the long, bleak crores of sound that they made in the house-tops under the pallor of the dimming skies were like voices of elfin dissuasion.

But I bore steadily onward. Not to do so at this one most pregnant and emphatic hour of my whole insolent career would have been to die in preference, deeply as I had grown to abominate the recourse of death.

I presently reached the house. I did not ring. Why should I? The latch-key that *he* had always used was here in my pocket. I entered, quietly, as *he* had always done.

CHAPTER XV.

I LOOKED INTO the little familiar sitting-room on the ground-floor. No one was there. A fire crackled on the hearth, sending its flashes in the early dusk over a portrait of *him*. Some reddish transits of light made the face leer and then scowl at me. I shuddered, drawing backward, and putting a hand to my throat. Perhaps I thus repressed a cry that Millicent might have heard if it had really escaped me. For it would have been a keen cry; and the door of her apartment was open, as I found a little later, when I had passed up-stairs and met her there.

She came toward me with a smile. Her face was full of the most loving fondness. "Dear Floyd," she said, "what a long time you have been away!"

I shut the door; I remember perfectly doing this. My inward agitation was such that I felt wretchedly uncertain of my own actions. If some hideous betrayal of the truth should result, I desired no chance servant to look on it.

She had drawn at once very close to me. She lifted her lips to mine, and kissed me. She took my hand in hers. "How cold you are!" she said. "I had the fire lighted. I was half perished myself. It's such a sudden change, isn't it?"

"Yes," I answered. "Come to the fire," she went on, drawing me thither. Then she let go my hand, and wheeled a big chair in front of the blaze. "There!" she exclaimed, about to push me into the cushioned fastness. But suddenly she paused, laughing. "You haven't taken off your overcoat, have you?" And she began to unloosen its buttons.

I let her help me with the release from the overcoat. It fell into her hands after I was free from it, and she tossed it aside somewhere, while I sank into the seat she had provided. And then, very quickly, she found herself another chair, and placed it close to mine. At once, after that, she took both my hands and chafed them against her own, as though to dissipate their chill.

"Now do tell me," she said, earnestly and anxiously, "what luck you have had."

"What luck?" I questioned. "Yes, you know. About—" She stopped short as I withdrew my hands and stretched them forth as if to get the warmth of the fire better that way.

"About . . . ?" I said. "You mean Millicent, my dear . . . ?"

"Why, about poor Douglas."

"Oh! . . . Douglas. . . . Yes."

How otherwise could I answer her? Plainly, she referred to some quest or train of inquiry on which Demotte had started when she had last bidden him adieu. Of any such errand I was inevitably ignorant. There was no little silence, while I still sat warming my hands and staring at the blaze.

"Well?" she at length asked. "I half turned my face toward her, in my new anxiety. "Well?" I repeated. The monosyllable had an imbecile sound to my own ears.

She gave an impatient gesture. "You can't mean," she exclaimed, with a hurt inflection just hinted in her voice and no more, "that you would jest with me, Floyd, on so grave a subject as this? Or have you some good news that you are keeping from me, fearing too happy a surprise?"

"Good news?" I murmured. Then, with the necessity imminent of my adding something, no matter what, "No, I haven't a scrap of good news. Did you think that I would have any?"

"Yes. I thought so,—and I need not say, as well, that I hoped so, with all my heart. You remember what they wrote us three days ago?"

"Yes." "About that Madison Avenue property, I mean. If they did not receive advices from him soon, his failure either to communicate with them or to appear in person might be a loss for Douglas of thousands of dollars."

Here was light at last. My New York real-estate agents had charge of the Madison Avenue property. Evidently Demotte had told her early in the day that he was going to visit them, and she now alluded to this accredited incident.

"Ah, Billings and Storrs," I ventured. "Yes." Then I waited.

"Well, you saw them?" she presently queried.

"No."

"No? Why, you left me for that purpose?"

"—I changed my mind."

"Changed your mind, Floyd!" Her voice rang amazedly.

I would have given a year off my life to have answered her differently—to have told her that I *had* seen the real-estate men and that they had as yet learned nothing. . . . But retraction was now too late. I could not contradict myself. I could only seek in some manner to justify the contradiction that my miserable embarrassment had perversely forced me into employing.

"Yes," I said. "It seemed best that we should wait." I turned and looked at her full, now, in the firelit dusk. "It seemed best, Millicent, for one very imperative reason."

"What is that," she quickly inquired.

"Douglas's own possible inclinations." My head, so to speak, was getting cooler as my body grew warmer; I had begun to see the sheer folly of not using what accumen I could. Hereafter I would be compelled, in a hundred fresh instances, to use so much! How should I hope for successful deception then, or anything in the least resembling it, if I proved myself thus absurdly skillless and unwary at the outset of my coming task? "We must consider," I went on, "that Douglas was not an ordinary person, either in his disposition or his habits. Provided he has chosen to vanish from the community for a certain interval of time, may he not desire, above all things, that no effort be made on the part of friends and acquaintances to discover his whereabouts? Is not that precisely the feeling which a man like Douglas would entertain?"

I knew that I was making the most desperate and random calculations, now, and I so dreaded the effect of them that her look of complete amazement found me prepared to meet it.

"Why, Floyd! What wonderful change has come over you! Think of how differently you spoke this very morning. You said then that you did not believe there was a chance of Douglas having deliberately buried himself like that, and now—"

Here I perceived an opportunity for using what would be boldness, and yet not mere headlong folly as well. "And now," I broke in, "I have got to look at the matter in a wholly new light."

"So . . . suddenly?" she faltered.

I laughed. She sprang to her feet as I did so. The dusk had now become so deep that I could hardly see her face; but I saw that she was pale. "Is it such a very short time," I continued, "between morning and evening?"

She made no answer. She walked to one of the windows, which had grown squares of glimmering blue in the winter twilight. "How dark it's getting!" she said. The next instant she left the window again, and came toward me with a little slipping step, pretty and quite her own. She crouched down beside me, the firelight gilding her soft undulations of hair. "I must be nervous to-night," she exclaimed, with a faint shiver. "They say these sudden variations of weather in our

American climate are apt to set one's nerves all on edge. . . . I had a queer fancy, then—*such* a queer fancy! I mean when you . . . you laughed." And here she laughed herself, somewhat brokenly. "I imagined—but never mind. It's too silly."

"Let us hear what you imagined," I said. And now the "let us" in these words pierced me by its ghostly pertinence.

"Your laugh, Floyd," she explained, speaking unsteadily, "was so like *his*."

"Like whose?"

"Douglas's."

"Really?"

She caught one of my hands, and began fondling it. "Tell me where you put your mind not to go to Billings and Storrs, why did you not come home sooner?"

I was somehow ready for this question. I had, in a way, already put myself on the defensive against it.

"Oh, I wandered about among the book-shops," I answered, as nonchalantly as I could manage.

"The book-shops!" she cried, with a new amazement, drawing her hand away from mine. "Why, you must have changed your mind again in a most remarkable manner."

"How do you mean?" I asked, turning toward her once more. She had her back to the light; her face was almost unrecognizably vague.

"Mean?" she repeated, rising. "Did you not say yesterday—only yesterday—that you were tired of collecting books, and that you believed you would never add another to your library as long as you lived?"

I bit my lips in the dimness. "Did I say that, Millicent? Oh, yes; so I did; I recollect. But I suppose this craze of mine will go on for the rest of my life. I may make all sorts of good resolutions, but fail to keep them, nevertheless."

"That isn't like you," she said. She spoke quietly. She had moved several steps away from me. I saw the dark outlines of her figure, and the fitful fire-gleams playing upon the folds of her dress; but her features were all in dense obscurity.

"Have I always kept my resolutions with so much obstinacy?" I inquired.

She did not respond for several seconds. "Not obstinacy," she at length said, "firmness."

Immediately after this she went and lit two or three gas-jets of the chandelier, flooding the room with light. She moved here and there about the chamber for a little while, pulling down the shades at both windows, and drawing the warm woollen curtains across them. While she thus occupied herself I rose from my chair beside the fire. My heart (*his* heart!) had begun to beat with a terrible perturbation.

Had I not greatly miscalculated the taxations of my new *role*? Would I be able to continue it safely? And yet how might one shadow of peril exist for me? I was proof against detection. Could it even thinkably be otherwise? Suffer whatever misery I might, *she* need know nothing of such ordeal. If I wanted her to live—if I wanted her not to go mad—I would not tell her. And there was no one else to breathe the grisly secret.

I went to the book-laden table set against the wall not far from the fireplace, and took up a volume, turning over its leaves. She came slowly to my side, and put her arm about my neck, letting one hand lightly touch the shoulder that was farthest away from her. (I had seen her take just this affectionate posture many times before now.)

"Something seems to have gone wrong with you, dear Floyd," she murmured, close at my ear. "What is it?"

I gave a soft, careless, deprecating laugh, that did not shock her as my former laugh had done; I had studied, indeed, that it should not. "Why have you formed any such idea?" I replied, still turning over the leaves of the book I held, and not daring to lift my eyes from them. I felt, now, for the first time, that there was an ardour of passion within me whose mastery must include the simplest demands of discretion. If I once yielded to this witchcraft that waited my ensnarement, I should find myself so near self-betrayal that actual exposure would hardly prove less disastrous.

"You . . . you are somehow . . . what *shall* I say that you are?" she kept hesitating, and all the while I knew she had bent her head so as to see my face better. "You are *not yourself*," Floyd. I don't know that I can put it any other way."

"Nonsense!" I said, and wondered if the word was too curt, or whether it was curt at all. This strain was beyond my present powers; I should be wiser to quit the room for a little while. My brain was in a whirl one minute, and the next it had a numb, leaden dullness. And how devilishly *à propos* had been that last innocent sentence of hers!

(To be continued.)

Don J. I forwarn'd him for this quarrel,
He with life must surely pay.
Don C. All must die of something some day,
'Tis a debt we all must pay.
Alc. Away! cease this folly and away!
He with life must surely pay.
Cho. Stay! stay!
Don C. No!—I obey.
Away, &c.
[*They march him out* B. MARITANA, &c. *exeunt l. and back.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Prison. DON CÆSAR is discovered asleep on a couch, LAZARILLO near him. Chimes of clock heard.*

ARIA.—LAZARILLO.

Laz. Alas! those chimes so sweetly pealing,
Gently dulcet to the ear,
Sound like pity's voice revealing,
To the dying, "Death is near!"
Still he slumbers—how serenely!
Not a sigh disturbs his rest;
Oh! that angels now might waft him
To the mansions of the blest.
Yes, yes! those chimes so softly swelling,
As from some holy sphere,
Sound like hymns of spirits telling,
To the dying, Peace is here!
Come, abide with us in heaven,
Here no grief can reach thy breast;
Come, approving angels wait thee
In the mansions of the blest.

ARIA.—DON CÆSAR.

Don C. Hither as I came, one poor old man,
With silver hairs, and tear drops in his eyes,
Wept that my life was wasted to a span,
And mercy importun'd with bitter cries.
Laz. Thy father?
Don C. Frantic were his looks, that poor old man,
With silver hairs, grief's accent on his tongue,
Lost in despair, before the guard he ran,
And held a document, at least, so long—
Laz. His sad petition, thee to guard from ill?
Don C. It was, alas! an unpaid tailor's bill!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, this one eternal dun,
Torment of earth, I shall at least outrun.

TRIO.

Don C. Turn on, Old Time, thine hour-glass,
The sand of life, why stay?
Quick! let the gold-grain'd moments pass;
'Tis they all debts must pay.
Of what avail are grief and tears,
Since life which came must go?
And brief the longest tide of years,
As waves that ebb and flow.
Laz. Stay, fleeting Time, thine hour-glass,
The tide of life, oh stay,
Nor let the golden moments pass
Like worthless sand away.
For him, oh! be there many years,
Apart from ev'ry woe;
The blue serene which heaven wears,
When waves scarce ebb and flow.

Enter DON JOSE.

Don J. Despite, Old Time, thine hour-glass,
Turn quickly as it may,
His sand of life not yet shall pass,
If he my wish obey.
Of life there are full happy years,
If well the die we throw,
For May-day smiles and autumn tears
Are waves that ebb and flow. [LAZARILLO *exit.*]

SONG—DON CÆSAR.

Yes, let me like a soldier fall
Upon some open plain;
This breast expanding for the ball
To blot out ev'ry stain.
Brave, manly hearts confer my doom,
That gentler ones may tell,

How e'er forgot, unknown my tomb,
I like a soldier fell!
I only ask of that proud race
Which ends its blaze in me,
To die the last, and not disgrace
Its ancient chivalry.
Tho' o'er my clay no banner wave,
Nor trumpet requiem swell,
Enough, they murmur o'er my grave,
He like a soldier fell!

BALLAD—"In Happy Moments"—DON JOSE.

(The words of this song are omitted, the Assignees of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn claiming copyright therein.)

Concerted Piece.

SOLO—DON CÆSAR.

Don C. Health to the lady, the lovely bride;
Length of years to her be given,
Like this brightly sparkling nectar,
Radiant with the light of heaven!

ENSEMBLE.

Laz. Health to the lady, the lovely bride!
Life on her each bliss bestow,
Like this cup of rosy nectar,
May her hours with joy o'erflow!

[*During this chorus LAZARILLO withdraws the bullets from the arquebusses.*]

ENSEMBLE.

Don C. By this hand, so soft and trembling,
By those looks so sunny bright:
'Neath that cruel veil dissembling
Youth and beauty hide their light!

Mar. Like the mist upon the mountain,
So this veil obscures my sight,
From this bosom palpitating,
Closing every beam of light.

Don J. Hark! the organ, softly pealing,
Calleth to the nuptial rite?
Time is flying—quick, be stirring,
You must wed and die to-night!

Don C. and Mar.
Lo! the organ, sweetly pealing,
Calleth to the hallowed rite.
Ah! what mystery? no escaping!
I must wed, and die to-night!

Don C. I must wed, and die to-night!
Mar. I must be a bride to-night!
Laz. Yes, the organ, hope inspiring,
Calling to the nuptial rite;
Like a spirit seems to murmur,
No, he shall not die to-night!

[*Clock chimes quarter past six as all exeunt, SOLDIERS taking their arquebusses.*]

SCENE II.—*A magnificent Saloon in the Palace of the MARQUIS MONTEFIORI, brilliantly illuminated.*

RECITATIVE—THE KING OF SPAIN.

Hear me, gentle Maritana,
By the magic of thy beauty,
Hear me swear, too, fair Gitana,
This fond heart beats but for thee.
A captive 'neath thy chains delighted,
Tho' its doom be dark and heavy,
By a smile of thine requited,
It would not, if it could, be free.

ARIA.

A mariner in his barque,
When o'er him dim clouds hover,
With rapture through tempest dark,
Beholds one star above;
Sweet hope then his bosom swells,
His every care seems o'er,
A smile, as from Heaven tells,
Of home, of delight, of love.

CAVATINA—DON CÆSAR.

There is a flower that bloometh,
When autumn leaves are shed,
With the silent moon it weepeth,
The spring and summer fled.
The early frost of winter,
Scarce one tint hath overcast,
Oh, pluck it ere it wither
'Tis the memory of the past.

It wafted perfume o'er us,
Of sweet tho' sad regret;
For the true friends gone before us,
Whom none would e'er forget.
Let no heart brave its power,
By guilty thoughts o'ercast,
For then a poison-flower,
'Is—the memory of the past.

FINALE—CONCERTED PIECE.

DON CÆSAR, DON JOSE, ALCADE, AND MARITANA, &c.

Don C. What mystery
Must now control?
It maddens—

Don J. It distracts my soul!
With mystery
Their steps control;
Their meeting
Would distract my soul.

Mar. What mystery
Why thus control,
What horror
Now awaits my soul?

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent apartment, richly decorated with tapestry, mirrors, a portrait of the Virgin, &c. At back a corridor which overlooks the gardens of distant palace. Moonlight. MARITANA discovered surveying the apartment.*

[MUSIC.]

RECITATIVE.—MARITANA.

How dreary to my heart is this gay chamber!
Those crystal mirrors and those marble walls
Add to my gloom, while sweetly sad remembrance
The joyful hours of liberty recalls.
My lonely form reflected as I pass
Seems like a spectre on my steps to wait,
Enquiring from the gold enwreathed glass,
Can mighty grandeur be thus desolate?
[ARIA—"Scenes that are brightest." The words of this song are also omitted, the Assignees of the late Mr. Alfred Bunn claiming copyright therein.]

ARIA.—DON JOSE.

So! my courage still regaining,
Banner waving, trumpet sounding,
Nobly daring, my gage maintaining,
So the wounded knight, untiring,
Forward! heart of chivalry
On his gallant steed rebounding,
At his lady's feet expiring,
Dies for love or victory!

DUETTO.

Don C. Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, I am King of Spain.
Ha, ha! Yes, yes.

King I'm King of Spain!
Insolent! thou King of Spain?
I can't my mirth restrain.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Don C. The King of Spain!
Surely, as thou art Don Cæsar,
Yes, yes, &c.

King The King of Spain!
Don C. The King of Spain!
&c., &c.

Don C. You marvel, signor, at this hour
We, unattended, here are seen,
So near a pretty woman's door,
That woman, too, is not the Queen!

But Kings, you know, like other men,
Sometimes a little thus give way.
Kings are but mortals, Don Cæsar,
Of course, you'll not your King betray.

King Of course,
Of course.

Don C. Don Cæsar, now I remember well,
A witty, brawling, mad-brained sot!
Beneath his sword it was that fell
The Captain of our Guard, was't not?

Be kind enough to make it clear,
If shot, as ordered, t'other day,
And, being dead, how came you here?
Of course, we shall not you betray.
Of course,
Of course,

King Dread sire, your memory is short.
Don C. What forget we?
King A most important thing,
Don Cæsar at eight o'clock received
The pardon of the King!

Don C. The night of his condemnation
He received the pardon of the King.
Unhappy fate!

King The pardon arrived at eight,
And I was shot at seven!
You to denounce me were too late,
You see I am forgiven!

Don C. 'Twere useless longer to retain
A title not mine own.
No, no!

King Then, then, you are not King of Spain?
Don C. As you suspect, I—
King Then, sir, you are not King of Spain?
Don C. No, I my dignity forego.

Enter MARITANA.

DUETTO.

Mar. A stranger here!

Don C. Is it thus we greet?

Mar. That voice, that voice!

Don C. Once more we meet.

'Tis the Zingara!

Yes, Maritana.

Don C. O Maritana, wildwood flower,
Did they but give thee a prouder name
To place thee in a kingly bower,
And deck thee with a gilded shame.

Mar. No! Maritana—tho' in this bower,
Lips, the most pure, shall never blame
A captive in a stranger's power,
She'll perish ere she yield to shame!

Don C. But who art thou my conduct thus to scan?
I am thy husband, Don Cæsar de Bazan.

Mar. My husband?

Don C. Thy husband!

Yes, yes I am the man.

Mar. He is the man!

Thine for ever is this faithful heart.

Don C. Yes, yes, thy husband never more to part.
Mar. But how to prove it? Dost thou remember
Those words which at the altar thou saidst to me?
Don C. Yes, yes, I'll prove it! I said remember,
"The rest of my existence I devote to thee!"

Both Yes, yes, oh joy! 'tis he!
'tis she!

My husband!

Thy husband!

Mine!

Thine!

This heart with bliss o'erflowing,
Like the nectar bubbling wine,
In the light of heaven glowing,
Thrills with ecstasy divine.

ORISON.

Mar. and Laz. Sainted Mother, guide his footsteps,
Guide them at a moment sure,
Let the wicked heart then perish,
And the good remain secure;
Sainted Mother, oh! befriend him,
And thy gentlest pity lend him.

FINALE.—MARITANA AND ENSEMBLE.

With rapture glowing
Bounds this heart o'erflowing,
With rapture glowing,
Kind friends around approve.
Hence with sadness,
Welcome gladness;
Love and treasure,
Welcome pleasure;
Each sorrow blighted,
Evermore united;
Welcome Joy, and Peace, and Love!

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS ON SUNDAY, APRIL 12, 1891.

Organist to the People's Palace

Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.

- AT 12.30 P.M.
- | | | |
|---|--|----------------|
| 1. FANTASIA IN E MINOR | 5. MINUETTO | <i>Calkin</i> |
| 2. PASTORALE | 6. PRAYER ... "To Thee Great Lord" ... | <i>Rossini</i> |
| 3. SELECTION from "The Daughter of Jaris" ... | 7. FINALE IN F MAJOR | <i>Widor</i> |
| 4. ELEGIE IN C MINOR | | |
- AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MR. W. J. DERBY.
- | | | |
|--|---|--------------------|
| 1. LARGO AND ALLEGRO (Sonata No. 1) | 6. VOCAL SOLO | |
| 2. VOCAL SOLO "If with all your hearts" (Elijah) ... | 7. ELEGY | <i>Silas</i> |
| 3. ADANTE PASTORALE "The Shepherd's Watch" <i>J. H. Lewis</i> | 8. HYMN "The Church's one foundation" ... | <i>S. J. Stone</i> |
| 4. HYMN "O Worship the King" <i>Sir R. Grant (1785-1838)</i> | 9. FUGUE IN E FLAT ... (St. Ann's) ... | <i>Bach</i> |
| 5. VARIATIONS on the hymn tune "St. Theodulph" <i>B. Jackson</i> | | |
- AT 8 P.M.
- | | | |
|--|---|--------------------|
| 1. SONATA IN F MINOR, NO. 1 | 4. ... "Hear my Prayer" ... | <i>Mendelssohn</i> |
| (a. Allegro moderato; b. Adagio; c. Recit andante; d. Allegro assai vivace.) | 5. PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN B MINOR | <i>Bach</i> |
| 2. ALLEGRETTO IN B MINOR | 6. NOCTURNE IN E FLAT | <i>Chopin</i> |
| 3. FESTIVE MARCH | 7. SELECTION from the Oratorio "Samson" ... | <i>Handel</i> |
- ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT ON MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND—CONDUCTOR, MR. A. ROBINSON, late Bandmaster 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards. VOCALISTS—MISS CLARA DOYLE, MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR. ACCOMPANIST—MISS FLORENCE PHILLIPS.

Musical Director to the People's Palace

Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

- | | | |
|--|---|------------------------|
| 1. MARCH ... "Distant Greeting" | 6. SERENADE ... "You Sleep" (Cornet Solo) ... | <i>Sir A. Sullivan</i> |
| 2. OVERTURE ... "Lord of the Isles" | 7. SONG ... "The Golden Bar" | <i>F. Bevan</i> |
| 3. SONG ... "Two Grenadiers" | | |
- MR. ARTHUR TAYLOR.
- To France were travelling two Grenadiers,
From prison in Russia returning,
And when they came to the German frontier
Their hearts with despair seemed burning;
'Twas there that they first heard the tidings of woe,
How France was by Fortune forsaken;
Their country had bow'd down her neck to the foe,
And a captive the Emperor was taken!
Then wept in their sadness these Grenadiers,
To hear so disastrous a story;
"Ah me!" said one, with bitter tears,
"My old wound, it burns at the story."
The other spoke, "I, too, my life
Could gladly now surrender,
But I've at home a child and wife
Who need my care so tender."
"My wife, my child," his comrade said,
"Must yield to a deeper anguish;
When they hungry are, let them beg their bread,
In grief doth my Emperor languish.
Oh, grant, my brother, one request,
Since my days are ended nearly,
To France bear my corpse,
For I fain would rest in France that I love so dearly,
"My long worn cross with crimson band
Here on my bosom placing,
Put thou my musket in my hand,
My sword about me bracing,
So will I lie and arise no more,
My watch like a sentinel keeping,
Till I hear the cannons thundering roar,
And the squadrons above me sweeping.
"Then the Emperor comes and his banners wave
With their eagles o'er him bending,
I will come forth all in arms from my grave
My Emperor, my Emperor, attending."
- | | | |
|---|--|------------------|
| 4. FANTASIA ... "Reminiscences of Balfe" | 8. DESCRIPTIVE VOCAL POLKA "The Jolly Blacksmiths" ... | <i>Suckley</i> |
| 5. SONG ... "A Lark's Flight" | 9. SONG ... "The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms" ... | <i>Arne</i> |
| | | |
| | 10. FANTASIA ... "Reminiscences of Ireland" ... | <i>Godfrey</i> |
| | 11. SONG ... "The Frail of Orders Grey" ... | <i>Reeve</i> |
| | 12. MARCH ... "La Grande Duchesse" | <i>Offenbach</i> |
| | 13. SONG ... "'Twas within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town" ... | |
- MISS CLARA DOYLE.
- OUT in the country the bells were ringing,
Out in the fields was a child at play,
And up to Heav'n, a lark went singing,
Blithe and free on that morn of May.
And the child looked up as she heard the singing,
Watching the lark as it soar'd away.
O sweet lark, tell me, Heavenward winging,
Shall I go also to Heaven one day.
Deep in the shade of a mighty city,
Toil'd a woman for daily bread.
There was only the lark to pity,
Singing all day in a cage o'er head,
And there they dwelt in the gloom together,
Prisoned and pent in that narrow street,
But the bird sang of the golden weather.
The woman dream't of her childhood sweet
Still in her dreams the bells were ringing,
Still a child in the fields was she,
And she open'd the cage as the lark was singing,
Kiss'd him gently and set him free.
And up and on as the bird went singing,
Down came a voice that seem'd to say,
E'en as the lark that is Heavenward winging,
Thou shalt go also to Heaven one day.
- "I see the tall, white lighthouse tower
Across the meadows gray.
The ghostly poplars bend and moan,
The ships move on their way,
As we launch our boat and set the sail,
And drift away, away!
Floating, floating, floating,
Love is our guiding star;
And the tide is dancing
Over the golden bar.
We watch the twinkling harbour lights,
We watch the fading shore.
Our souls are wrapt in one sweet dream.
We drift, and speak no more.
For all the glories of that hour
We ne'er have known before.
Floating, &c.
Ah, sad my heart! We do but dream.
The wind blows chill and cold,
I do not hear thy voice, my love,
Or feel thine arms enfold.
The dream is fled, my heart is dead,
And the sweet, sweet days of old.
Floating, &c.
- The soldier tired of war's alarms,
Forswears the clang of hostile arms,
And scorns the spear and shield;
But if the brazen trumpet sound,
He burns with conquest to be crown'd,
And dares again the field.
- "Twas within a mile o' Edinboro' town,
In the rosy time of the year,
Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,
Kissed young Jenny making hay,
The lassie blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do,
I canna canna winna mauna buckle to."
Young Jockie was a wag that never wad wed,
Though loig he had followed the lass,
Contented she earned and eat her own bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily,
Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do,
I canna canna winna mauna buckle to."
But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,
Though his flocks and herds were not few,
She g'ed him her hand and a kiss beside,
And vow'd she'd for ever be true.
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,
Won her heart right merrily.
At Kirk she no more frowning cried, "Na, na, it winna do,
I canna canna winna mauna buckle to."

April 10, 1891.

The Palace Journal.

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STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS

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HANDBELL RINGERS & GLEE SINGERS.

WEDNESDAY, 15th APRIL, 1891, at 8 p.m.

PROGRAMME.

Perfect Silence is requested throughout the whole Performance.

PART I.

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--|-------------------------|
| SOLO (Pianoforte) | "Polnische Tausche," Op. 3 | <i>Xaver Scharwenka</i> |
| | MR. WM. TYACKE GEORGE. | |
| INTERMEZZO | "Ma Belle Reine" | <i>H. Trofere</i> |
| GLEE | "The Young Musicians" | <i>Kücken</i> |
| RECITATION | Selected | |
| | MR. HUGH ROY. | |
| SONG | Selected | <i>Milton Wellings</i> |
| | MR. BEVAN JONES. | |
| | (With Violin Obligato. MR. WM. TYACKE GEORGE.) | |
| AIR (with Variations) | "The Harmonious Blacksmith" | <i>Handel</i> |
| GLEE (Humorous) | "Dick Turpin" | <i>Dr. Bridge</i> |
| SONG (Humorous) | By Desire | <i>Richardson</i> |
| | MR. A. A. BRAND | |
| VALSE | "The Bells" | <i>Ch. Lassere</i> |
| | (Dedicated to the Royal Holdfast Hand-Bell Ringers.) | |

PART II.

- | | | |
|------------------------|--|------------------------|
| SELECTION | "Imitation of Village Bells and Chimes" | |
| GLEE | "Sleep, Gentle Lady" | <i>Sir H. Bishop</i> |
| SELECTION | "Fairy Bells" | |
| | MR. GEO. DENINGTON. | |
| VALSE | "Love's Golden Dream" | <i>Theo. Bonheur</i> |
| SONG | Selected | <i>E. M. Chesham</i> |
| | MR. HUGH ROY. | |
| GLEE (Humorous) | "The Three Chafers" | |
| GAVOTTE | "Monogram" | <i>Herr Georg Asch</i> |
| TRIO | "The Gipsies' Laughing Chorus" | <i>Glover</i> |
| AIR | "Home, Sweet Home" | <i>Bishop</i> |
| | (With Carillon Variations.) | |

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June ... 11, 25	

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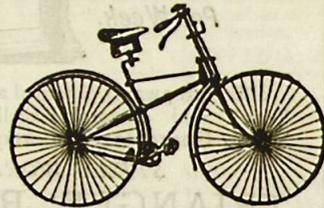
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