

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

Vol. VII.—No. 186.]

FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY, June 5th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Men's Gymnasium. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m.

SATURDAY, 6th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, Concert. Admission, 3d.

SUNDAY, 7th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 to 10 a.m. Organ Recitals at 12.30, 4, and 8 p.m. Admission, free.

MONDAY, 8th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, The Red Hungarian Band. Admission, 3d. Girls' Gymnasium open from 6.30 to 10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 9th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. (ladies only). Men's Gymnasium 6.30 to 10.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. In the Queen's Hall, Alan Campbell's Entertainment. Admission, 2d. Students, 1d.

THURSDAY, 11th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Girls' Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10 p.m.

FRIDAY, 12th.—Library open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and from 6 to 10 p.m., free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 p.m. Men's Gymnasium, 6.30 to 10.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.—The use of the new gymnasium, which has been so eagerly looked forward to, is now a delightful reality. On Thursday we had a capital muster, and the practice on the different apparatus was most heartily enjoyed. The climbing ropes and ladders were thoroughly appreciated, while the giant stride (being quite a novel experience for we girls), proved the chief attraction. The arrangement of gold cord which now distinguishes the leaders in the gymnasium will, doubtless, be voted more original, and a decided improvement on the "orthodox badge" previously worn by them.

ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain.
REBECCA JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain.

WE are pleased to announce that Miss Hannah Alexander, one of our Civil Service students, has been appointed a female telegraph learner at the General Post Office. Miss Alexander was 51st in the competition held last December.

HOLIDAY HOME.—Arrangements have been completed at Gorleston, near Yarmouth, for a Holiday Home for any of our students. Early application should be made. Terms, 18s. per week for board and lodging.

CAPT. Hore will give his Popular Lecture on "Brightest Africa," in the Queen's Hall, on Monday, June 29th.

I AM requested to draw the special attention of readers to the fact that the Governors have much pleasure in offering for competition 150 Scholarships, valued at £2 10s. each, and tenable at the People's Palace Day Technical School for one year. Candidates must not be less than 12 years of age on 1st September next, and they must be the sons of parents earning less than £200 per annum. The competitive examination will be held on Saturday, 27th June next. Forms of application and full particulars may now be obtained from the Secretary, Drapers' Company's Institute, People's Palace, Mile End Road, E. The last day for receiving applications from intending candidates is Saturday week, 13th June.

Our Gymnasts in Sweden.

NO doubt many of our readers will remember the notice of the trip of the Palace gymnasts which appeared in the Journal of May 8th, and the stirring words which the author thereof appended. I have no doubt those words "struck ile," as the Yankees say, for the spirit which the writer of the article wished to infuse into our gymnasts was well displayed all through the trip, and the friends of the People's Palace may rest assured that the team which was selected on this occasion did ample justice and credit to the Institution to which they have the privilege to belong. If I may be allowed to digress for one moment I would say that the event for which the team was sent out was the International Gymnastic Festival at Stockholm, or to give the Swedish, the Internationela Gymnastikfesten. Unfortunately, however, two of the principal countries, viz., France and Germany, could not send representatives, so the competition was confined to England, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, and Norway.

England was represented by three teams, viz., the Military Instructors from Aldershot, the National Physical Recreation Society, and the People's Palace. The object of the competition, which was under the patronage of the King and Crown Prince of Sweden, was to exhibit the various systems of gymnastic training, and it will occur to our readers that no more fitting judges could be found than the Swedes, whose land may be aptly called the cradle of physical drill. And I might here say that in the curriculum of education, from the university to the most elementary school, is included physical drill, a system of developing the muscles of the body by various extension motions calling them into play, and which is universally known as Swedish drill. Every child, I was informed, is as much obliged to go through these exercises as through the mental course. There is no need for me to dwell on the excitement which prevailed in the Gymnasium when it became known that Mr. Burdett had been asked to conduct a team to Sweden and with what anxious expectancy the members waited to hear who were selected for this auspicious occasion, nor with what satisfaction the list, when compiled, was received, for it was on all sides admitted that our instructor and friend, Mr. Burdett, could not have made a better selection under the circumstances, for some of our most efficient members were not able for various reasons to give their services. The team selected comprised the following: Messrs. H. R. Jones, W. T. Pentney, P. J. Swale, E. Foreman, E. Norford, F. Box, E. Tucker, F. W. Chipps, and F. A. Hunter, with Mr. Burdett as instructor. Thanks to the generosity of the Drapers' Company the team was at no expense for travelling, the whole of their fare from London to Stockholm and back being paid by them.

We started on the 8th May, 1891, from Millwall Dock, at 11.40 a.m., in the ss. "Thorsten." The genial Secretary of

the People's Palace, Mr. Osborn; Mr. Bradley, the Musical Director of the Palace; Mr. Carley, the Accountant; and Mr. Wright, Mr. Burdett's lieutenant, came to wish us God-speed. On Friday we were favoured with splendid weather, and all went merry as a marriage bell for some time. In the evening we had a smoking concert, at which several of our Swedish fellow passengers assisted, and when we had exhausted our singing powers we whiled away the time in hearing tales of Sweden. Seeking the fond arms of Morpheus we had no difficulty in sinking into a sound slumber, from which we were not awakened until 7 a.m. the next morning, *i.e.*, Saturday the 9th, when coffee and rusks were brought to us, to which we did full justice. Unfortunately, we did not get through this day so successfully as the previous one, as the glass had fallen, and dirty weather was the result. The wind was very strong and dead in our teeth, and we experienced the pleasures of a life on the ocean wave, though where the pleasure comes in under these circumstances I have never been able to discover. It certainly did not seem to agree with some of our party, as one by one we missed them and could only discover their whereabouts by hearing low, dismal sounds which seemed to express in the most unmistakable language a longing to be somewhere else. As I travel about London I see advertisements offering nostrums for the cure of *mal-de-mer*, and it struck me that if these nostrums are efficacious it would be a good investment for a sailor on board one of these passenger ships to buy a few and sell them on such occasions. It was really harrowing to see our erstwhile noble upright gymnasts prostrate about the deck. I need hardly say that the attendance at meals this day was very poor indeed, the *mal-de-mer* subjects not seeming to find enjoyment in life. We had no smoking concert this evening, and retired early and sadly to rest. The next day, Sunday the 10th, was a glorious one—a blue sky and bright sunshine greeting us on our reaching the deck. We passed a very quiet day, and at 7 p.m. reached Gothenburg. To reach Gothenburg the ship had to be piloted through numerous and ugly rocks, which looked like so many huge monsters seeking our destruction. However, we reached *terra firma* without accident, and were met by representatives of the Gothenburg Gymnastic Society, among who was Mr. Stromburg, a member of the Swedish team which visited England in 1882 and to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for his kind, thoughtful attention to our comfort when in Gothenburg. We proceeded without delay to the Hotel Christiania, where we deposited our luggage and went forthwith to the Botanical Gardens of the town, where we had tea in the music saloon. At the suggestion of a member of one of the leading Gothenburg papers, the band played "Rule Britannia," in our honour. After a stroll through the town, conducted by Mr. Stromburg, we retired to rest. On the next day, Monday, 11th, we gave a display in connection with the military team which had arrived at 4 o'clock in the morning. We jointly gave exercises on the horizontal and parallel bars, and worked the Indian clubs, and gave two bouts of boxing. The performances of both teams were received with the greatest applause, Mr. Hawkins, of the military team, coming in for special recognition for his skilful feats of swordmanship. After the entertainment, both teams journeyed to the music saloon of the Botanical Gardens, where they were regaled with a dinner by a Mr. Dixon, an English resident, who was delighted to welcome us to Sweden. On the following morning,

Tuesday, 12th, at 7.30, we started by rail for Stockholm, which place we reached at 10 p.m. We passed through some very pretty scenery, intersected by lakes, in which were small islands covered with tall trees of rather spare foliage, the white birch and fir trees seeming to be as indigenous to Sweden as the oak is to England. We were met on alighting from the train by several gentlemen, and were taken to the "Sieverska Kasern," or military barracks, where we were received with every kindness and warm expressions of welcome. After seeing our luggage safely deposited, we went to the "Mosebacke," where we were hospitably received by some of the committee of the Fête and provided with a substantial repast. After a good night's rest, which, after the fatiguing railway journey was much appreciated, at 9 o'clock on Wednesday, the 12th, we met at our trysting place the "Mosebacke," where we had breakfast, after which we wandered, as our fancy led us, about the town, and studied the customs and costumes of the natives. We were not a little disappointed as regards the female section of the community. The pictures we had conjured up in our minds of the bright picturesque costumes in which we expected to see the fair sex were rudely dispelled, for only about one in a hundred was dressed differently to English girls. We made our way in the evening to the pleasure-garden of the town, where we heard some good music. We went early to bed, and arose like lions refreshed on

Thursday, 14th. The morning and afternoon were spent

in visiting the National Museum and other places of interest. The museum contains some really fine *chefs d'œuvre* by Swedish painters and sculptors, the sight of which well repaid us for our visit. We had dinner in the Berns Salong, a very grand building as large—I am forced to admit—and more handsomely decorated than our Queen's Hall. It was at this dinner that we made the acquaintance of Captain Balck, the organizer of the Fête, and who invited us, after dinner, to take *café au lait* with him, an invitation we were pleased to accept, and, while sipping our coffee, he told us he was entrusted with a message for us from the King to the effect that "The King of Sweden was particularly pleased to welcome representatives from the People's Palace, and remembered with great pleasure his visit to that institution." After leaving the Berns Salong we journeyed with three friends of Captain Balck's to the Tivoli, a high-class place of amusement, where we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and laughed heartily at jokes in songs sung in Svenska. It is well known that laughing is contagious, and it was certainly so in our case, for when we looked round at the rubicund, jovial faces of our neighbours who were "larfin fit to split," we could not do aught but join them. On leaving this place, we were taken to the Café Restaurant Anglais, and here entertained by the three gentlemen I have alluded to with supper, after which, and after wishing our friends a hearty farewell, we retired to our quarters at the Kasern.

We arose at 6.20 a.m. on the morning of Friday, the 15th inst., and went through Indian Club exercises in the courtyard of the Kasern.

This was the opening day of the Fête, which was held in the Gymnasium of the Life Guards Barracks (Lifgardes), to which we went after breakfast. The place was crowded, and the Crown Prince, in a few well-chosen words (I am sure they were well-chosen, although what they were remains a mystery to me even unto this day), opened the proceedings. The ball was set rolling by some Swedish contingents, who did Swedish drill and worked the vaulting horse. These were followed by the military instructors from Aldershot. They were greeted with loud shouts of "Oh" (I am spelling the word phonetically: it is the equivalent to our bravo), and right well did they uphold the honour of old England. They worked both the horizontal and parallel bars, did lance drill, dumb-bells, sword *z.* sword, boxing, and physical drill with rifles. The most hearty applause was accorded them, Mr. Hawkins, with his sword feats, coming in for a special ovation. The Danes and Norwegians next performed, and showed themselves very efficient in Swedish drill, with the sword, and on the vaulting horse. With a parade of gymnasts the days proceedings terminated. On Saturday, the 16th, we went again to the Fête, and had the pleasure of witnessing the performance by the ladies of the Stockholm, Helsingfors, and Göttenborg Gymnasia. Their movements were very neat and smart, and elicited hearty applause. After the ladies had left the arena we were summoned to make our bow before the King and Crown Prince. Our first work was done on the parallel bar, then the horizontal bar; two of our team boxed, and were followed by the whole team swinging clubs, F. W. Chipps giving a club solo. The Indian club exhibition aroused great enthusiasm.

The National Physical Recreation Society also assisted at this display. They were followed by various other clubs, and the Gymnasium closed about 5.30 p.m. On Sunday, 17th, a combined display was given in the open before the King and Crown Prince, and on Monday, the 18th, athletic sports were held, in which the Englishmen taking part were very successful, securing eight 1st prizes and three 2nd prizes.

Tuesday, the 18th, was the final day of the Fête, and on Wednesday evening, at 7.30, we left Stockholm for the white cliffs of Albion, which we reached at 4.10 p.m. on Saturday, the 23rd.

I take this opportunity of heartily thanking those gentlemen who made our stay in Sweden so agreeable, and whose kindness seemed unbounded, and I hope those gentlemen whose names I have not mentioned herein, through no want of courtesy on my part, but simply through lack of memory of their names, will accept this acknowledgment. I may add for those of my readers whom it may interest that although we were not far enough north to see the midnight sun, we yet had about 22 hours' daylight.

F. A. HUNTER.

TIME never works; it eats, and undermines, and rots, and rusts, and destroys. But it never works. It only gives us an opportunity to work.

SOME one truly says, the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way sometimes himself.

Cleanings—Grave and Gay.

THE Bank of France is the only French bank in the English sense of the word. All other banks are really joint-stock companies, combining discount with financial business. Interest is paid on deposits. The principal institutions of this kind are thus given by *The Times*:—The Crédit Foncier, with 788,000,000f. deposits; the Crédit Lyonnais, with 760,000,000f. deposits; the Société Générale, with 355,000,000f.; the Comptoir National d'Escompte, with 213,000,000f.; the Crédit Industriel et Commercial, with 123,000,000f.; the Société des Dépôts et Comptes Courants, with 85,000,000f. deposits. Payment by cheques is very little developed as yet in France. Bank notes for 100 francs are in common use; there are 50 franc notes, but seldom seen; 20 franc pieces or Napoleons being common currency, and silver for smaller purchases and for change. An immense quantity of bronze money has currency, which used to overflow into England, but is now not current in this country. The principal part of the silver and bronze money has the effigy of Napoleon III., who by the substitution of Imperial for Royalist or Republican coins, sought to habituate Frenchmen to the empire.

AN amusing illustration of the excess of "red tape" was given by Captain E. J. Balfour, brother of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in returning thanks for the Volunteers in an after-dinner speech. A friend of his wanted to have his company photographed in Wellington Barracks, and the commanding officer there accorded permission, if the authorities at the War Office assented. All manner of official questions were asked, and it was not till about twenty letters had passed in reference to the matter, that sanction for the photograph was obtained.

IF singing causes hoarseness, it is too great an effort for the vocal organs, which should have complete rest until the singing can be continued without such a consequence. A very excellent method of strengthening the throat is to gargle with cold spring water the first thing in the morning. The general health, no doubt, is mainly in fault. Hoarseness after singing is not a sign that a person cannot sing, and has no voice, as very often it is the case with very sweet singers. It is, however, always a warning, and, if it is neglected, serious consequences may ensue, such as paralysis of the vocal cord. Attention to the general state of health is the remedy.

IT is gratifying to know that in France, at least, public betting has received a severe blow. A Bill has passed the Chamber by a majority of 312 to 160 to suppress public betting in France. The Bill regulates racing and racecourses, and makes betting, like gambling, illegal. Bookmakers' clerks or agents make themselves liable to prosecution. Owners of racecourses who allow public betting to go on within their grounds subject themselves to fine and imprisonment.

NO single word can better testify to the increasing prosperity of India than the following facts:—The number of post-offices in India in 1854 was 201; in 1879-80 the number rose to 4579, and in 1890-91 to 9586, or nearly doubling the number in ten years (1879-81 to 1890-91). The number of letters delivered went up from 17,250,000 in 1854 to 120,000,000 in 1879-80, and now we find the figures in the annual report for 1888-89 at nearly 168,500,000.

THE Czar has recently discovered a new method of torturing his Protestant subjects. It has been decreed that the pastor of a congregation must be of the same nationality of which the majority of his congregation is composed. This will virtually depose the bulk of the Protestant pastors in the Baltic provinces, where the clergy is predominantly German, but the common people are Lithuanians or Estonians. The law will have similar results on the Catholic Churches of Poland, where the priests, as a rule, are Germans. The Jews also are likely to be ordered to open all their shops and follow their trades on the Jewish Sabbath. A calamity overhangs the empire. It will fall on it soon, or history does not repeat itself. This needs no prophetic vision.

But one year old—yet knows full well
He's of the royal race of man;
And all admiring womanhood
Obeyes him since his life began.

Imperiously he rules; but who
His lisped commands could take amiss?
Not when his dimpled majesty
Subdues us with an offered kiss.

Technical World.

THE first technical schools for girls, opened in Paris in 1862, are still known as "Ecoles Professionnelles Elisa Lemonnier," after the name of their foundress—a wise, energetic, and benevolent lady, who deserves high praise as women's benefactress. Mme. Lemonnier began her philanthropic mission on a small scale by managing temporary workrooms to provide employment for the destitute widows and orphans of the victims of the Revolution of 1848. Many years of intercourse with the middle classes convinced that untiring pioneer of modern education that most of the evils of society came from the defects and narrowness of feminine education, want of organisation, and the dangers attending the *atelier's* life. Hence she conceived the grand scheme of renovating to some extent the lower classes by improving the welfare of the girls, stimulating their energy, and infusing moral influence. To accomplish this a sufficient sum of money was raised to meet the expenses of sending to various industrial schools six girls as boarders during their six years' training. However, this undertaking did not realise the expectations of the promoters, who at last, in 1862, made up their minds to conduct a day and unsectarian school themselves entirely free from Church or Government supervision. So complete was the success that four of these novel institutions were in full working order at the death of their chief originator in June, 1865. One or two other similar concerns were added later on; moreover, this year the number is reduced to two, not though from any deficiency in the plan, but, on the contrary, on account of its astounding results, which induced the Ville de Paris, as well as various sects and societies, to also establish schools of their own under the same system, so that at present those co-operative and practical schools are scattered about the French metropolis for the benefit of all. A mixed training, combining mental and manual tuition, is the chief feature of the Ecole Lemonnier, which has caused such a scholastic reform. Thus this teaching, which is the only one answering to the wants of the day, is divided into two great sections. The morning is entirely devoted to the culture of the mind, when the rudiments of a good education are taught by certificated masters and mistresses, whilst the afternoon is set aside to the practice of some handicraft or profession under the management of a special staff of experts. The two favourite pursuits are industrial drawing and book-keeping, then come the classes for dressmaking, including costumes, mantles, underlines, and everything pertaining to a complete trousseau. A course of painting on glass and china and one of engraving on wood are also well attended. Each pupil chooses her own trade, but when it is proved that she has neither taste nor disposition for it, she is allowed to try another one. The English language is one of the compulsory subjects, other languages being only taught at special request. At the end of each year prizes are given both to teachers and students who also partake to some extent in the profits made on the work sold to customers. The pupils, who pay but a small fee for such great advantages, mostly belong to clerks and tradespeople of the neighbourhood; they have to pass an examination before their admission at the age of twelve, and when very poor they have a chance to obtain a full or half bursar. The expenses of this administration are defrayed by voluntary subscriptions, scholarships, annual sales, and grants from the Conseil Municipal. Materials for dressmaking, rare books, and costly instruments for chemistry are frequently given and lent, and, besides, many kind patrons take a delight in coming and inspecting the classes, and to give advice, and judge of the improvements. The prize bearing the name of "Elisa Lemonnier" is still now amongst the most coveted rewards in each department, as a souvenir of the cherished and lamented friend; and, further, a registry is kept to find situations for the scholars. Mme. Carnot, mother of the President, Jules Simon, M. and Mme. Floquet, and many other celebrities are at the head of the committee, which shows in what esteem such establishments are held amongst the *élite* of French society.

AN interesting experiment is being tried at one of the elementary schools in Manchester. It is that of holding educational classes at an early hour each morning. The subjects selected are typewriting, shorthand, book-keeping, arithmetic, French, Spanish, and German. So far twenty-five students have availed themselves of the opportunities thus afforded, and it is expected that after the Whitsuntide holidays there will be a large increase. The procedure is not entirely new, for it has been tried with great success at the Regent Street Polytechnic, London. Here the students number 450. The departure ought to be a success at other places if started, although even in these days it is not everyone who cares to rise early for educating himself.

Thou art Near, O Lord.

Being Notes of a Thursday Evening Bible Class.

"He saw them toiling in rowing—and came unto them."

THE thought of God's nearness and real presence with us, day by day, through the difficulties and trials of life, is the great need of all our hearts. We are too apt to think of Him as a God afar off instead of a very present help in trouble, and the beautiful stories of the Gospel lose much of their power because we read them chiefly as histories of what happened long ago, when Jesus was "here among men," and forget that they are also parables and types of what He is doing now for the souls that trust Him. Our subject to-night brings out very clearly this one thought, "Thou art near, O Lord."

The night was a dark and stormy one, and it followed a day of fatigue and disappointment. The disciples had gone into the wilderness with Jesus, expecting to have a season of quiet rest and communion with Him after their missionary tour, Mark vi., 30. Instead of this He had called them to arduous service, feeding 5,000 hungry men, besides women and children. And then, as the evening shadows began to fall, and they thought that at last the long-deferred resting time was drawing near, He bade them get into a ship and go before Him to the other side of the Lake of Galilee, while he remained alone upon the land. Slowly and reluctantly they obeyed His command, and had already started on the voyage, when there came upon them one of those sudden storms to which the Sea of Galilee was so liable.

Hour after hour passed, and they seemed to make no progress, for the wind was contrary, and Christ was absent. But, though unseen Himself, He saw them toiling in rowing, and in His own good time He came unto them. It is always thus with Jesus—the sight of our need brings Him near to us in His saving power. Trace this in Old Testament stories (Gen. xvi., 7-13). The poor Egyptian bondwoman, fleeing from harshness and neglect—the harshness and neglect of God's professing servants—finds in the glorious truth, "Thou God seest me," her comfort and support. Jacob, in his hard service under the grasping hand of Laban, is cheered by God's gracious assurance, "I have seen all that Laban doeth unto thee" (Gen. xxxi., 12). Further on in the sacred story, we find that when the Israelites were bowed down in hopeless misery under the cruel yoke of the oppressor, the Lord sends them this message, "I have seen the affliction of my people, and I am come down to deliver them" (Exod. iii., 7 and 8). For with our God "seeing misery and coming to deliver" go together. You and I often see need and distress, and must pass it by in the streets of this great city, but it is not so with Him who is "mighty to save." Hezekiah, in his fear of death, is told, "I have seen thy tears: I will add unto thy days." Again, in the New Testament, we read how when Nathanael was seeking light and guidance, he was brought to decision by the words of Jesus: "When thou wast under the fig tree I saw thee" (John i., 48). And Peter, in the hour of sore temptation and denial, is restored and saved by the look of his forgotten Lord. Are there any of us who need to be reminded that the "eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him, upon them that hope in His mercy; to deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive" (Ps. xxxiii., 18, 19). Are you toiling in rowing against a contrary wind? Has obedience to Christ and to your convictions of duty brought you only, as it seems, into trouble and distress? Are you in darkness because you are seeking to meet Him, till you are tempted to wish you had never come to meeting or class, or sought to be a Christian at all? Take courage; He sees you toiling in rowing, and is drawing near you, though you see Him not. Cry to Him as Peter did, "Lord, bid me come unto Thee," even by an impossible and untried way, and He will surely say to you, "Come." Nay, He says it now: "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out." Venture on Him—venture wholly, though it be but with trembling faith, and, like Peter, you will find His hand outstretched to catch you, as your Father, and His voice saying to you, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt," and into your troubled heart, as you willingly receive Him, will come a great calm.

If for Jesus you can speak,
Do it now.
Though your tones are low and weak,
Do it now.
Take the tempted by the hand,
Point them to the better land
That awaits "beyond the strand;"
Do it now.

Science Notes.

THE rapid progress which has lately been made in all manufactures which are connected with electric lighting was well seen in a small but most interesting exhibition recently opened by the St. Pancras Vestry, London. This vestry have resolved to retain in their own hands the supply of the electric current to the ratepayers under their jurisdiction, and the exhibition was devised as a ready means of showing householders what could be done, and also as a medium of introduction between buyers and sellers of electrical fittings of all kinds. Electricity was exhibited here not only as a light-giver, but also as a means of putting in motion rotary fans—which will probably in hot climates take the place of punkahs—sewing-machines, washers and wringers, boot-cleaning machines, and other labour-savers. We were somewhat interested in a new form of arc light shown here which has been devised for search-light purposes. The carbon pencils in this arrangement have between them a block of fireclay, which becomes incandescent when the current is applied. This addition not only secures steadiness of light, but causes the carbon pencils to consume at a much slower rate than is usual. The lamp is exhibited by Messrs. Woodhouse and Rawson.

THE completion of the telephone line between London and Paris may certainly be regarded as a great scientific triumph. The first proposal for this new means of communication between the two countries came from the French Government; but the plans and specifications were made out by the chief electrician to the British Post-office, Mr. W. P. Preece, F.R.S. The lines work so perfectly that there is no need to speak directly against the transmitter, and in all respects the sounds are far clearer and freer from extraneous noises than are the local lines to which most business men are accustomed. As a proof of this freedom from induction noises, it may be stated that a watch at Dover can be distinctly heard ticking in London. The public are allowed to use the new telephone line for three minutes' conversation on payment of ten francs (8s. 4d.). A clockwork arrangement records the time during conversation, and shuts off all communication at the end of the allotted three minutes. Payment of another fee will secure another three minutes' talk; but no person will be allowed to enjoy more than six minutes' conversation on any one occasion.

A SOUTH Kensington professor has produced an apparatus for registering the heat of the moon. It thus appears that the warmth received from the moon is equal to that given out by a candle at 21 feet distance. Moonshine is therefore something considerable compared with moonheat.

Beyond.

NEVER a word is said
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere;
And perhaps far off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears;
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mute by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there;
For the common deeds of the common day
Are ringing bells in the far-away.

STRIKES are older than the time of Moses, according to M. Maspero, an Egyptologist of high rank. He says that more than three thousand years ago strikes occurred and are described.

The Red Mountain Mines.

(Continued from page 345.)

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Droopy's embarrassment, or chagrin, or whatever it was, was speedily relieved by the appearance of a man who bore a letter for Dubb from some one at the fort near which the parting between him and Mark Stanley had taken place the year before. This letter was very brief. Dubb read it aloud:

"They have found her, and are bringing her to you. You may expect her almost as soon as you get this."

The "her" alluded to was, undoubtedly, Mark Stanley's wife; but Dubb took the news as quietly as if he had reasons for believing that it referred to a cinnamon bear, and a dead one at that. Droopy regarded him first with disgust, then with admiration, then with awe.

"I'll be darned!" he muttered.

CHAPTER VIII.

DROOPY hastened away to find Tom Morris, and, when he was gone, Dubb asked the messenger from the far-away fort on the Platte how far behind him the others were.

"Bout two days," answered the man.

"Am they coming by the same trail, what you come here by?"

"In course; they ain't no other trail, this time o' the year, when the mountings am all slush-snow."

"Can they come as fast, having her with them, as you come?"

"Don't see what difference she'll make: she ain't no very great shakes in p'int o' size."

"That be so," asserted Dubb; "that be so: she am rather small."

"Well, I should say so," growled the man, scornfully; "too—well, too powerful small ter make sich a heap o' fuss about."

Dubb was about asking the man to explain himself more fully, but just then Droopy returned with Tom Morris, and the latter was so full of congratulatory expressions that there was no chance for saying anything else. Morris caught hold of both of Dubb's hands and shook them heartily, his face beaming with smiles.

"Well, well," he said, "you were right, after all, Giant Great-Heart. Any man is right who succeeds. So long as we thought your quest hopeless, Droopy and I sort of pitied you. Now that you have succeeded, we think you great. We admire you. Dubb, my boy, we gaze on you with wonder. It is incredible that you were born in Maine: you are worthy of California herself. There must be some mistake: you must be a Californian, or else some California zephyr blew upon you the night you were born. You are as great as Mark Stanley himself will be, by and by. Eh, Droopy?"

Droopy grinned, and shook his head.

"Never'll git me ter call Mark Stanley great," he said. "I shan't fergit the bet, though."

"Now, then," continued Morris, "there is another thing to be taken into consideration. When she gets here, what is to be done with her?"

"Let her settle that for herself," answered Dubb.

"Settle it fur herself!" exclaimed the messenger, in a choking voice, as if a pail of cold water was being poured over him. And then, more slowly, he repeated his exclamatory remark: "Settle it fur herself!"

"Why not?" demanded Morris. "But then," he added, "it is so long since you've seen a female decently treated that there is, I suppose, some excuse for you."

"She settle it fur herself!" again repeated the stranger.

"Well, I'll be—" but he did not say what.

"Indigestion," said Tom Morris, jerking his thumb toward the man from the Platte. "It might be a good idea to feed him."

"Hungry?" inquired Droopy.

The stranger nodded.

While he was eating a hearty meal which was hastily prepared for him, he volunteered the information that his name was Bilkins.

"I've heered quar things 'bout Red Mounting afore," he muttered, half aloud and half to himself, "but I never s'posed it was okkerpied by a pack o' cussid idjuts."

Tom Morris, the only one who heard this impious commentary on Red Mountain, answered it by giving Bilkins a very large drink of whiskey, after which he refrained from the further discussion of the miners among whom chance had brought him.

It was generally known in camp that Dubb had interests of some sort over in the Platte country: so the arrival of Bilkins excited but little curiosity or comment. The following

morning he started back, along the trail, with Dubb, Droopy, and Tom Morris, to meet those whom he came to herald. Bilkins, by reason of too much experimenting with a brand of whiskey with whose calibre and penetration he was not familiar, was a little disabled that morning: so the party did not get a very early start.

As they rode along, in single file, Dubb's thoughts were wholly upon Mrs. Stanley. He remembered exactly how she looked the first time he had ever seen her, back on the eastern verge of the praries; and he also remembered her agonized face when she was being dragged away from her husband by the Utes. He wondered if she was materially changed, and if she still retained her beauty, which he had always regarded as the sole source of her influence over Mark Stanley. Dubb was not given to speculation or reflection, but this was such an extraordinary occasion that he was, consequently, warmed into something nearer to human enthusiasm than perhaps he had ever been before.

A ride of something less than three hours brought them to the spot where Droopy found Mark Stanley when he was contemplating self-destruction.

"Here he lay," said Droopy, "a-lookin' down inter the canon, an' figgerin' out how long it 'ould take ter knock 'im inter kindlin'-wood ef he jumped off. I was right glad, then, ter think as how I got along 'ere in time ter pick 'im up while he was all in one piece; but I've been very sorry about it a good many times sence. Right ag'in' that rock his head was, an' his rifle was by his side. When I fust seen that, I 'lowed as how he was lyin' there ter shoot whosomever come along; but when I seen his sick face I knowed better, an' gin up the idee."

Dubb glanced at the spot designated by Droopy, but Bilkins prevented the saying of whatever he happened to have in mind, by suddenly setting up a howl, and pointing up the trail, towards the east. Every one looked, and saw three horsemen coming, one of whom seemed to be carrying a bundle in his arms, and not a very large bundle either.

"There they am! that's them!" shouted Bilkins, attempting to hurry his horse forward; but Tom Morris caught the beast by the bit and intercepted Bilkins.

"Them? What do you mean by them?" he demanded.

"Why, them as you was comin' ter meet."

"Where is she?" asked Dubb.

"That middle feller's got her on his lap."

All hands were excited now.

"Who has he got?" yelled Tom Morris.

"Why, Mark Stanley's baby, you fool!" howled Bilkins, breaking away and riding forward.

CHAPTER IX.

TWENTY-FOUR hours later, Tom Morris was on his way to San Francisco. It was in the time of the late spring floods, when travelling in the Sierras is so dangerous that no one ventures to undertake unnecessary journeys; and so Red Mountain camp rang with wild conjectures as to the reason of Morris's trip.

He reached San Francisco in much less time than was generally deemed necessary for the accomplishment of the journey, and immediately after his arrival, without pausing for either rest or refreshments, he made two calls,—the first upon the editor of the leading newspaper in California, and the second upon a well-known lawyer, with whom he made an appointment for the following morning, after a brief interview.

The result of the first call was made very clear in the next issue of the newspaper just alluded to, which contained the following story, in the first columns of its first page, after about twenty lines of display type, which were disposed of in sensational and fantastic head-lines, all of which, with one exception, are best omitted. This one head-line, the first in the motley collection, was "Mark Stanley's Wife;" and the essential points in the story which it led ran thus:—

"Of course our readers still remember the fiendish murder of the handsome and gifted daughter of the Hon. Floyd Maydew, and that this dastardly deed was committed by a low-lived villain whose name was Mark Stanley. This Stanley, it will also be remembered, came here from Vermont. We have just gotten hold of new information concerning him which proves that he was always a black-hearted scoundrel. It seems that he was a general Lothario in his native town, where his shocking disregard of morality, and even of decency, involved him in endless scrapes and difficulties. Hundreds of dollars were expended by his parents to extricate him from the toils of the various courts of justice before which his misdeeds were constantly bringing him. It is, perhaps, to this mistaken sense of kindness on the part of his pious and heart-broken parents that Stanley owes, in some degree, his downfall. But why say downfall, when from his very cradle he was always coarse, loud-mouthed, violent, and depraved? He

should have been born in California, where law is law, and where the histories of such men as Mark Stanley are only written upon headstones, in our cemeteries. But to return to our story. Among his various deeds of lawlessness and devilry, he became entangled with a noble young woman, whose distressed and stricken parents forced Stanley to vindicate their daughter by marriage, at the very muzzle of a shot-gun. It was now thought that he would abandon his former debaucheries and settle down into respectable life. But no; he was too wholly lost to decency to make any attempt at mending his ways. No sooner was he married than he wanted to be unmarried. He did not dare attempt murder then; so he brought his lovely and adoring wife westward,—for a reason which is actually blood-curdling. His purpose was to abandon her among the Indians, which he did at the first possible moment. Once rid of her, he plunged into a life of the most reckless and revolting crime among the mining-camps. This he continued for over two years, when he came here, murdered Miss Maydew, ran off with a million dollars of the Maydew funds, and forged Judge Desborough's name to a document which nearly resulted in the lynching of that venerable and highly-respected citizen. It will be remembered that this forged document was gotten up by Stanley for the sake of prejudicing public opinion into the belief that there was complicity between the Vermont adventurer and the eminent Western judge, in the Maydew tragedy. The immediately ensuing scene in court, where Judge Desborough, with innocent face, streaming eyes, and faltering voice, explained that Stanley had sworn vengeance against him because he had refused to loan Stanley money without security, was one so touching and impressive that nothing can ever eradicate it from the minds of those who were present. Judge Desborough's triumphant vindication was, very likely, the main impetus to his almost unanimous re-election to the Supreme Bench. But again we digress. Stanley's escape is one of the most unaccountable misfortunes in the history of the gold country, and our able and efficient monitors of justice, order, and citizenship, believe that he got off by concealing himself in the hold of some outward-bound vessel; which ingenious theory does our efficient detectives great credit, and we have every reason for accepting it. But now for the strangest part of our story. With the same waggon-train which brought Mark Stanley and his wife from the nearest Eastern approach of civilization into the heart of the Indian country, was one John Dubb, a gentleman who formerly was an extensive lumber-operator in the far-away pine forests of Maine. Mr. Dubb is a talented, polished, and educated gentleman, who came West to benefit this great, new, and glorious country with peculiarly clear and advanced political views, which were dishearteningly hampered and fettered by the narrowness and prejudices of Maine. Mr. Dubb is a brilliant and fluent speaker, and those who have been favoured with the opportunity of listening to his matchless oratory pronounce him one of the most gifted men in California. Mr. Dubb is very wealthy, and is owner and manager of one of the most promising and productive mines on Red Mountain; and, as every one knows, the Red Mountain Mines rank among the best in the country. Mr. Dubb is likely to achieve the same high measure of success in the mines which marked his notable operations in lumber. A gentleman of such great keenness and foresight could not, of course, fail to penetrate Mark Stanley, when they were coming up the plains together; and Mr. Dubb was quick to perceive that Mrs. Stanley was yoked with an inferior and disreputable man. She won not only Mr. Dubb's sympathy, but his warmest personal friendship. Her desertion to the savage Utes was accomplished without its being discovered by Mr. Dubb for a considerable length of time. When he found out how shamefully she had been disposed of by her brutal husband, Mr. Dubb at once organized a rescue-party, and then was begun the most remarkable search yet recorded in the romantic annals of Western history. For nearly three years did the chivalrous Mr. Dubb seek high and low for Mrs. Stanley; and only a few weeks ago did he and his indefatigable men get a positive clue to her whereabouts. Mrs. Stanley has been found; and she tells a story which would make an angel weep. Despite her beauty, the Indians subjected her to every possible hardship. She was compelled to do the utmost drudgery, and soon her strength gave out completely. She was wholly unconscious that her capture by the Indians was premeditated by her husband, and fully believed that similar disaster overtook him. Four months after her capture, the tribe into which she had been exchanged being near Santa Fé, she made her escape. Sick, discouraged, and worn out, she begged for admittance into a Spanish household, where, about two months later, she gave birth to a daughter. She concealed her identity, giving some other name than Stanley, until a few months ago, when the news of some of her husband's appalling crimes reached her. Then her

reserve was broken down, and for a few hours she was the next thing to a raving maniac. Before she regained her self-possession, she said so much that the Spanish family with whom she was living completely made her out, and at once communicated with the military station on the Platte which was the head-quarters of the searching-party. But before Mr. Dubb's men could reach Santa Fé, Mrs. Stanley, ascertaining that they were coming, had fled—to this city, so the note which she left behind her stated. In that note she also expressed her profound and heart-felt gratitude to Mr. Dubb for all his generous kindness; and she added that she had suffered so much at the hands of the savage Utes that she had determined never again to use her own name, or show herself where there was any possibility of her being seen by any one who ever before had known her. Of course the whole civilized Western world will sympathize with the cruelly-wronged and injured lady; and these humble lines, we are sure, will reach the eyes of none who would not do Mrs. Stanley any service which she may require, if she ever comes forth from concealment. Since no recent information can be had concerning her child, it is generally believed that that unfortunate little morsel of flesh is now limp and cold in premature death. Or the sorrowing mother may have taken her child away with her. As to this, of course, no one can tell. But we doubt if the history of the Stanley family is anything like all told yet. The recounting of its future details may yet fill great voluminous folios. What will its next phases be? Mark Stanley is yet unchanged, and, though he is generally thought to be in some part of China or Japan, there is, as yet, no definite knowledge of his exact whereabouts. Mrs. Stanley's purpose in coming to San Francisco suggest several theories: superior advantages for concealment, which this city possesses over the little one-horse town of Santa Fé; superior safety for her child, if that diminutive being be still living; and lastly, and most probable, superior possibilities for wreaking vengeance upon Mark Stanley, her unworthy husband and cowardly deserter. It is believed, by some, that the prominence which Stanley got out of his association with Miss Maydew attracted Mrs. Stanley's brothers here, and that they quietly overtook Mark, immediately after the Maydew murder, and ran a knife between his ribs. We hope this may be so, but we fear it is too good to be true. If it is, and the young men ever come to trial in this State, they will be acquitted on the ground of justifiable homicide. If Mrs. Stanley ever needs friends, there are three upon whom she can count in any emergency: we mean, Mr. Dubb, of Red Mountain; Don Hernando Altana, the distinguished Spanish gentleman whose recent investments have so materially benefited California, and who sits beside us now as we write; and, lastly, the editor of this paper. For much of the material of which this report is composed, we are indebted to Mr. Thomas Morris, formerly a Wall Street speculator, but now a prominent and successful citizen of Red Mountain.

How much of the foregoing is directly chargeable to Tom Morris, and how much to the imagination of the energetic editor, cannot be said; but there are abundant reasons for doubting that Morris vouchsafed anything which would have warranted so warped and biased an account of Mark Stanley's early life; because, secretly, Morris admired Mark Stanley, and said no more against him than he was compelled to. Certainly, too, he would never have made plain, droll Dubb out as such an ideal gentleman and politician. This story of Mark Stanley's wife made a great stir, and caused general surprise; but no one was more surprised by it than Tom Morris, as he read it the morning of its publication while his breakfast was being cooked.

Two hours later, when he called on the lawyer with whom he had made the appointment the day before, he was greeted with considerable warmth.

"You are in some degree responsible for a magnificent sensation," laughed the lawyer.

"So it seems," answered Tom; "but it rather took my breath away, it was so entirely unlike what I thought it would be."

The lawyer laughed heartily. "Your conservative New York newspapers would have hardly given the matter that sort of treatment," he said.

"I should say not." "How much of it can be swallowed without chewing?" asked the lawyer.

"The part concerning the finding of Mrs. Stanley, and her flight,—with the exception of that which pertains to the baby. In that I misled him, and it's about the only part of the story which he printed as I told it to him."

"Good!" laughed the lawyer: "of all your truths he made lies, while your one lie he accepted as a fact. You should have lied to him all the way through. A lie, generally, is more

successful than the truth. But now about the baby. That is the part of the affair which most deeply concerns me. You say you have it in camp now?"

"Yes. Mrs. Stanley left it in Santa Fé as a gift to Dubb—or, to be more explicit, as a charge to Dubb. She begs him to take the little creature and make such disposition of it as seems best to him, so long as it is kept out of Mark Stanley's reach. She never wants her husband to see his daughter, or even to know that he has a daughter. A letter explaining all this was sent to Dubb from the little fort on the Platte. After this letter was sealed, a brief note was also written, and sealed separately, explaining that the child would follow closely after the messenger. Bilkins, the messenger, was a stupid lunk-head, and he lost the letter on the way, and only brought Dubb the somewhat vague note. Of course we thought that the female referred to was Mark's wife. Imagine our surprise, then, when, on going out to meet her, we found that it was Mark's baby instead. She is a sweet little thing, with a rather serious face. Dubb says she resembles her mother."

"How did you manage about her in camp?" asked the lawyer.

"As to whose child she is?"

"Yes."

"Oh, we told them she was Dubb's daughter. Droopy and I thought it the best way. It gives Dubb a better chance to protect her; it will keep the child out of Mark Stanley's clutches; and it will save her a good many heart-aches when she is grown up. We never intend telling her who she really is. Dubb has given her her mother's name, and she is now Mary Dubb—the prettiest child, with the homeliest name in all California."

"That was very wise, giving her Dubb's name," said the lawyer; "it will be better, all around. So you don't think Mark's parents would be likely to accept the child?"

"Not from what Dubb says about them."

"And still you desire me to inform them that they can have her if they wish?"

"Dubb thinks that will be best."

"Very good. It shall be done. Dubb, you say, wants his will made, wholly in the child's favour, and at once."

"Yes."

"But why such haste?"

"As a safeguard against accidents. A miner's life, you know, is always in his hands."

A few days later, little Mary was Dubb's heiress. The answer from Mark's parents was exactly what Dubb had conjectured that it would be. They flatly refused to even discuss the child. They may have been slightly influenced to assume so decisive a front by a frequent perusal of three San Francisco newspapers, all of which had come to them addressed in Mark's handwriting. One contained an explicit account of the murder of Miss Maydew; a second contained the publication of the reward offered for Mark Stanley because of the said murder; and the third paper was the one just quoted, concerning Mrs. Stanley's discovery and flight.

CHAPTER X.

TIME is ever a mighty magician, but his craft and cunning were never more strikingly evidenced than they were in California in the fourteen years which followed the events last narrated. San Francisco, in that time, underwent changes which are but inadequately described by the word remarkable. Commerce and finance were now established upon a basis more secure and substantial than any one would have ever dreamed of fourteen years before. The foundation which was then laid was now a magnificent structure, of unquestionably solid permanence; and the name of California now inspired confidence and respect throughout the country, and was no longer associated with wild-cat speculation and bombastic brag.

A majority of the mining-posts which at that time were rude, disorganized camps were now thrifty and respectable towns; and among these was Red Mountain. It still bore its old name, but it wore a brisk, wholesome, and business-like air. There were many new faces at Red Mountain, though there was still a goodly sprinkling of the "old-timers." In fact, the most of those who had gazed upon Mark Stanley, with wondering eyes, the night when Droopy first brought him into camp, still revelled in the inspiring healthfulness of the Red Mountain climate.

"Nobody never dies on Red Mountain," said a brawny "forty-niner" to a newly-arrived and nervous-looking "tender-foot," whose clothes fitted him so tightly that he looked as if he had been made for them, and not they for him. "No, sir;

nobody never dies here. Why, we had ter kill a man ter start a graveyard."

Dubb was now the leading man of that region. His mine, the nest-egg of which had been Mark Stanley's abandoned claim, had been a thorough success, and its resources were still a long way from exhaustion. He made Tom Morris his business manager, and Droopy his superintendent, about two years after his arrival at Red Mountain, or when he had found it necessary to go into mining on an extensive scale. The twelve years which followed, which brings matters up to the period under present discussion, made Dubb one of the richest men in the West; and, for all his prosperity, he was still, as of old, unassuming, unconcerned, and quiet.

Political and social honours were offered him, but he always kept in the background. The fourteen years which had passed since prosperity first smiled on him changed Dubb in but one thing; he gradually grew out of the twisted grammar of the Maine woods, and picked up, a bit at a time, the quite as picturesque vernacular of the mining-camps in its stead. None of his other habits underwent evolution. He still trimmed his beard with shears, and he still wore coarse, ill-fitting clothes.

Now that over him were thrown the spell and glamour of great riches, people seemed to see him with more kindly eyes than formerly; and his peculiar demeanour, which used to afford so much merriment, was now spoken of as fitting and becoming dignity. Others went so far as to dilate upon his fine personal appearance,—the same ones, too, who had found him so comical and grotesque when he was poor.

There were several barbers at Red Mountain, and their influence was plainly perceptible in the closely-cropped hair and neatly trimmed beard of Tom Morris; but the only effect of these tonsorial gentlemen upon Droopy was in the suspicious odour of perfumed bear's-grease which was exhaled from his hair and beard, and in the latter's unmitigated smoothness. His beard, so he said, had never been introduced to either shears or razor since he first set foot in California, and he wore his hair low down upon his shoulders. Now that he could afford it, he wore broadcloth,—and a great deal too much of it. His extravagant attire—extravagant, at least, for a mine superintendent—was startlingly emphasized by an immense diamond which he wore in the front of his "boiled shirt," that chief derision of old mining days. But, still, Droopy commanded respect; he was far too important a personage to be treated with anything short of respect. Tom Morris, equally potent and powerful in Red Mountain affairs, dressed with becoming taste and neatness. When the two were together, Droopy's magnificence was made all the more garish by Tom's Morris's simplicity. Both men were well preserved, and Droopy's face still retained the grooves and serrations of old, and his eyelids still hung down in the same lop-sided way,—the way which had made Mark Stanley shudder when he and Droopy first met.

Dubb and Dubb's mine were Droopy's joy and pride; he talked of nothing else, and thought of nothing else,—excepting his diamond. Tom Morris also set great store by Dubb's mine, but he was much more interested in Dubb's charge, Mark Stanley's daughter,—Mary Dubbs, as she was now known.

Dubb had judiciously entrusted the education of Mary to Tom Morris; and Tom's influence over her had never been anything else than good. He found her earnest, intelligent and eager, and so her education was a matter of mutual enjoyment to both teacher and pupil. Morris was a college-bred man, but he had long since decided that ornate flourishes in the training of youth were entirely superfluous: so his aim was to give Mary a practical education, with no more of the ornamental than her tastes might demand when she was old enough to comprehend that indefinite quantity which is commonly described as a higher education.

Consequently, when she was seventeen, Mary was thoroughly prepared for such of the exigencies of life as she was likely to encounter.

Partly from inherent tastes, and partly from the influence of Morris, Mary became an omnivorous reader. Dubb, always ready to get whatever Mary wanted or needed, had obtained for her such books as Tom Morris suggested, until she was possessed of a fine collection. This little library—or "lyburr," as Droopy called it—was one of the chief delights of Red Mountain while it was still a rough camp; and it furnished the admiring miners almost as much food for conversation as little Mary herself.

Mary, unconsciously, exerted a powerful influence over the Red Mountain miners. At her approach, even when she was a wee, prattling child, a damper was put upon ribald or blasphemous talk; and the mention of her name had a similar effect.

(To be continued.)

Where London's Water Comes From.

THE existing companies providing London with its water supply are eight in number—viz., the New River Company, the Chelsea Company, the West Middlesex Company, the Grand Junction Company, the East London Company on the north side of the Thames; on the south side, the Lambeth Company, the Southwark and Vauxhall Company, and the Kent Company. The New River Company take their supplies from springs in Hertfordshire, near Hertford and Ware, and from the River Lea in the same district. This company supplies Central London. Its district is bounded by Charing Cross, the Haymarket, Tottenham Court Road, and Hampstead Road, on the west, by the Thames on the south, and the Tower and Stamford Hill on the east. The Chelsea Company take their water from the Thames at Ditton, and they supply Chelsea, Knightsbridge, Pimlico, Belgravia, and some parts of Westminster. The West Middlesex take their water from the Thames above Hampton, and this company supplies part of Fulham, Hammersmith, Kensington, and Brompton, and also a large territory north of Oxford Street, between Tottenham Court Road and Edgware Road. The East London obtain their water from the Lea, near Walthamstow, and from the Thames at Sunbury. They supply all the district north of the Thames and east of the New River Company's line. The Grand Junction take their water from the Thames, above Hampton, whilst the Lambeth take theirs from Molesey. The Southwark and Vauxhall also obtain theirs from the Thames, above Hampton. The Grand Junction Company supply a very irregularly shaped district, including portions of the parish of St. George, north of Piccadilly, parts of Marylebone, most of Paddington, and a small portion of Westminster. The Lambeth Company supply a district reaching from the Thames on the north to Croydon on the south. The Southwark and Vauxhall Company supply the borough of Southwark as far as Rotherhithe on the east side of the Lambeth Company; and Clapham, Battersea, and parts of Lambeth on the west side of the Lambeth Company. The Kent Company obtain

their water from wells sunk into the chalk. Of these there are three at Deptford, two at Charlton, one at Plumstead, one at Crayford, and one at Bromley. The depths of these wells vary from 120 feet at Crayford, to 420 feet at Plumstead. The Government offices and some other places in Westminster, and the fountains in Trafalgar Square, are supplied from Government wells near Charing Cross. London's total actual daily supply is some 157,000,000 gallons, of which more than one-half is taken from the Thames. It is not improbable that our noble Father Thames will not be able to supply London, with its ever-increasing demands, and authorities on the subject are busily engaged considering whence our extended supplies can best be brought. Dartmoor and Wales seem the favoured spots. In Wales, the valleys of the Upper Wye and Upper Severn have been fixed upon. Any of these schemes would mean bringing our water from a distance of 180 to 200 miles; but the schemes are regarded as quite feasible.—From "Cassell's Family Magazine" for June.

Men and Spiders.

Now, walk into my parlour, rare!
Here's welcome to a bonny home,
Two reeking rooms, a filthy stair,
And twelve white slaves a-stitching there,
You'll starve, my lass, unless you come.
And so she yields the sweater power
To take and break her loyal life;
Her life is all he can devour.
Her soul she saves,—poor, luckless flower,
That might have been so sweet a wife!
So sweet a wife, or glad a maid,
If only hunger could not lure
Poor, famished toil to be betrayed,
Or human spiders had not laid
A web so cruel for the poor.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SUNDAY, JUNE 7TH, 1891.

Organist Mr. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace).

AT 12.30.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. ORGAN SONATA in C major, No. 14 (new) ... <i>Rheinberger</i> | 5. FUGUE in G minor <i>Bach</i> |
| 2. AIR "God shall wipe away all tears" (Jerusalem) <i>Pierson</i> | 6. SELECTION from the "Redemption" ... <i>Gounod</i> |
| 3. ALLEGRO VIVACE in A minor <i>Morandi</i> | 7. FINALE (Symphonie No. 2) <i>Widor</i> |
| 4. ALLEGRETTO <i>Guilmant</i> | |

AT 4 O'CLOCK.—VOCALIST, MR. ROBERT CARFRAE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. CONCERT STÜCK in A minor and major ... <i>Spark</i> | 6. VOCAL SOLO "Then shall the Righteous" <i>Mendelssohn</i>
(Elijah) |
| 2. VOCAL SOLO "If with all your hearts" (Elijah) <i>Mendelssohn</i> | 7. ANGELS' HYMN <i>Braga</i> |
| 3. MARCH FUNÈBRE <i>Grison</i> | 8. HYMN "Through the night of doubt and sorrow" |
| 4. HYMN "Let saints on earth in concert sing" | 9. MARCH TRIOMPHALE <i>Archer</i> |
| 5. PRELUDE and FUGUE in D major <i>Bach</i> | |

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. SONATA in D minor, No. 4 <i>Guilmant</i> | 5. "Hear my Prayer" ... <i>Mendelssohn</i> |
| 2. PRAYER ... "Temple ouvre toi" ... <i>Gounod</i> | 6. BERCEUSE <i>Delbruck</i> |
| 3. ALLEGRO MODERATO in A <i>Hopkins</i> | 7. HANDEL COMMEMORATION MARCH ... <i>Spark</i> |
| 4. INTRODUCTION and FUGUE <i>Rheinberger</i> | |

ADMISSION FREE.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN ON SATURDAY, JUNE 6TH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

MISS FRANCES HIPWELL. MASTER ALFRED LONG. THE APOLLO QUARTETTE,
MESSRS. H. C. STREETEN, G. STEWART LOCKYER, E. HARTLEY FORD, AND CHARLES HINCHLIFF.
SOLO PIANOFORTE—MR. HORACE BARTON (Pupil of Mr. Orton Bradley).
MUSICAL DIRECTOR TO THE PEOPLE'S PALACE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. MADRIGAL "This pleasant month of May" *Beale*
THE APOLLO QUARTETTE.

This pleasant month of May,
The fauns and satyrs trip it,
Fa la.
All nature now is gay,
All nature now is gay,
Fa la.

The lively nymphs
And gentle swains,
See, see how light they trip it,
See, see how light they trip it,
Fa la.

Thirsis ceases to lament,
Let not despair o'er take thee,
Thy mistress will relent,
Thy mistress will relent,
She comes to ease thy wounded heart,
Then up, sad swain, and wake thee,
Then up, sad swain, and wake thee.
Fa la.

2. SONG ... "By the Fountain" ... *Adams*
MISS FRANCES HIPWELL.

I was passing by the fountain, I remember it so well,
I saw a sweet face dreaming where the waters flash'd and
fell;
And the green leaves wav'd above her, and the birds sang
sweet and clear,
And there was one beside her, who whispered in her ear:
"While the silver fountain falleth, and the stars are in the
sky,
I shall love thee, dear, for ever, with a love that shall not
die."

It was after years I saw it, that same sweet face of yore,
But the fountain it was frozen, and the birds sang there no
more.
There was grey among her gold hair, there were tears within
her eyes,
As she stretched her hands imploring towards the empty
skies.
"Art thou coming, my beloved?" I heard her bitter cry;
But the stars gave back no answer, the fountain no reply.

And once again I saw it, that same sweet face of old,
But the waiting all was over and the little tale was told.
He would come no more for ever, too well she knew it now,
While her heart gave back the echo of her lover's broken
vow:
"While the silver fountain falleth, and the stars are in the
sky,
I shall love thee, dear, for ever, with a love that shall not
die."

- SONG ... "The Devout Lover" ... *White*
MR. GILBERT STEWART LOCKYER.

It is not mine to sing the stately grace,
The great soul beaming in my lady's face,
To write no sounding odes to me is given,
Wherein her eyes outshine the stars in heaven.

Not mine in flowing melodies to tell
The thousand beauties that I know so well,
Not mine to serenade her every tress,
And sit and sigh my love in idleness.

But mine it is to follow in her train,
Do her behests in pleasure or in pain,
Burn at her altar love's sweet frankincense,
And worship her in distant reverence.

4. SONG ... "There is a Green Hill" ... *Gounod*
MASTER ALFRED LONG.

There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where our dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

Oh dearly, dearly, has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.
We must love Him too,
And try His works to do.

- 5 PART SONG ... "The Letter" ... *Hatton*
THE APOLLO QUARTETTE.

Three weary days have pass'd away,
And still I sing a mournful lay,
Because my love is far away,
And I have had no letter.

I study hard at ancient lore,
And when a knock comes at the door,
I close my book and hope once more,
That I may get a letter,
Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat.

'Tis the butcher or baker, that's flat,
I know by their ugly rat-tat,
With all his good beef, the butcher's a thief,
And the baker's both saucy and fat.
Rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat.

Three weary days, my heart is sore.
A live-long week has fled away,
And yet I sing my mournful lay,
Because my love is far away,
And I have had no letter.
I study hard at ancient lore,
And really think it is a bore,
But hark! there's footsteps at the door,
By jingo! here's a letter.
Rat-tat, rat-tat.

'Tis the postman, I know his rat-tat,
And the gilt band he wears round his hat,
He's brought me a letter from her I love better
Than Hebrew, and Greek, and all that.
Fa la la.
Now welcome joy, I'll sigh no more.

6. PIANOFORTE SOLOS { *a.* Prelude in D flat, op. 28 } *Chopin*
 { *b.* Waltz in D flat, op. 64 }
 MR. HORACE BARTON.

7. SONG ... "Bedouin Love Song" ... *Pinsuti*
MR. CHARLES HINCHLIFF.

From the desert I come to thee,
On my Arab shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.

Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee! I love but thee!
With a love that shall not die,

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

From thy window look and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.

Let the night winds touch thy brow
With the breath of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die,

Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.

8. SONG ... "The College Belle" ... *Pontet*
MISS FRANCES HIPWELL.

Once a pretty maid at college,
With a soul athirst for knowledge,
Vow'd that never, never, never, never,
Wedded would she be.
For a lover's sweetest kisses
Were as nothing to the blisses
To be gained by learning science and philosophy.

So this pretty maid at college
With a soul athirst for knowledge
Vowed that never, never, never, never,
Wedded would she be.

Then love making is so stupid,
Not half so nice as Euclid
And what was more enchanting
Than the rule of three.

And to read in Greek and Latin
Was more lovely than the satin
And the veil and orange blossoms of a bride, quoth she.
So this pretty maid at college, etc.

But one day a lover sought her
And the art of love he taught her,
So that when he asked the question,
Swiftly "yes," cried she.
And with the charge they tasked her.
She replied, "No one had asked her,
When she vow'd that never, never, never wedded would
she be."

So this maid has left her college,
And her heart has gained this knowledge,
That 'tis better, better, better far
A bonnie bride to be.

9. SONG ... "The Bridge" ... *Barnett*
MR. G. STEWART LOCKYER.

I stood on the bridge at midnight
When the clock was striking the hour,
And saw the moon rise slowly
Behind the dark church tower;
I saw her bright reflection
In the waters under me,
Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking into the sea.

And for ever and for ever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes,
The moon and its broken reflection,
And the shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in Heaven
And its wavering image here.

10. SONG ... "The Lost Chord" ... *Sullivan*
MASTER ALFRED LONG.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
My fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a grand amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm;
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like Love overcoming strife.
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life;
It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.
It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand amen.

11. PIANOFORTE SOLOS { *a.* "On the Mountains" } *Grieg*
 { *b.* "Bridal Procession" }
 From "Aus dem Volksleben" Suite op. 19
 MR. HORACE BARTON.

12. PART SONG ... "Lovely Night" ... *Chwatal*
THE APOLLO QUARTETTE.

Lovely night, oh lovely night,
Spreading over hill and meadow,
Soft and slow thy hazy shadow;
Soon our wearied eyelids close,
And slumber in thy blest repose.

Holy night, oh holy night!
Placing brighter worlds before us,
Joy and peace thou sheddest o'er us,
Oh! that we might ne'er return,
To this dull earth to weep and mourn.

13. SONG ... "In Dreamland" ... *Pontet*
MISS FRANCES HIPWELL.

There are words we may not whisper,
There are songs we cannot sing,
There are thoughts we dare not cherish,
There are flowers that ne'er should spring,
For within them wakes a memory,
And around them falls a spell,
For we know that love still lingers
Where it never more may dwell,
For tho' we love, we love each other yet,
And tho' we never, we never may forget
Another heart beats close to thine,
And ever hides thy heart from mine.

There are ways we would not wander,
There are books we rarely read,
There are friends we fail to fetter
Lest our breaking hearts should bleed,
For they wake a silent sorrow
That may dream if left asleep,
That had better die in dreamland
Than awake on earth to weep.
For tho' we love, etc.

14. SONG ... "The Star of Bethlehem" ... *Adams*
MR. CHARLES HINCHLIFF.

It was the eve of Christmas, the snow lay deep and white,
I sat beside my window and looked into the night;
I heard the church bells ringing, I saw the bright stars
shine,
And childhood came again to me with all its dreams divine.
Then as I listened to the bells and watch'd the skies afar,
Out of the East majestic there rose one radiant star,
And every other star grew pale before that heav'nly glow,
It seemed to bid me follow, and I could not choose but go.

From street to street it led me, by many a mansion fair,
It shone thro' dingy casement on many a garret bare;
From highway on to highway, thro' alleys dark and cold,
And where it shone the darkness was flooded all with gold.

ADMISSION—THREEPENCE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.
Head Master—Mr. D. A. LOW, *Wh. Sc., M. Inst. M. E.*

The Governors have much pleasure in offering for Competition

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SCHOLARSHIPS

Valued at £2 10s. each, and tenable at the above School for One Year.

Candidates must not be less than 12 years of age on 1st September next, and they must be the sons of parents earning less than £200 per annum.

THE COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION WILL BE HELD ON SATURDAY, 27TH JUNE NEXT.

Forms of Application and full particulars may now be obtained from the Secretary, Drapers' Company's Institute, People's Palace, Mile End Road, E.

The last day for receiving applications from intending candidates is SATURDAY, 13TH JUNE NEXT.

Sad hearts forgot their sorrow, rough hearts grew soft and mild,
And weary little children turn'd in their sleep and smiled,
While many a homeless wanderer uplifted patient eyes,
Seeming to see a home at last beyond those starry skies.

And then methought earth faded, I rose as borne on wings,
Beyond the waste of ruined lives, the press of human things,
Above the toil and shadow, above the want and woe—
My old self and its darkness seem'd left on earth below;
And onward, upward, shone the star, until it seem'd to me
It flash'd upon the golden gate, and o'er the crystal sea:
And then the gates roll'd backward, I stood where angels
trod,
It was the star, the Star of Bethlehem, had led me up to God,
The star, the star had led me up to God.

15. PART SONG "The long day closes" ... *Sullivan*
THE APOLLO QUARTETTE.

No star is o'er the lake,
Its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half awake,
Through grey mists creeping,
The last red leaves fall round
The porch of roses,
The clock hath ceased to sound,
The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth,
In calm endeavour
To count the sounds of mirth,
Now dumb for ever.
Heed not how hope believes
And fate disposes:
Shadow is round the eaves,
The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim
Are fading slowly,
The fire that was so trim
Now quivers lowly.
Go to the dreamless bed
Where grief reposes;
Thy book of toil is read,
The long day closes.

Go to the dreamless bed
Where grief reposes,
Thy book of toil is read,
Thy book of toil is read,
Go to the dreamless bed,
The long day closes.

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

To BE GIVEN ON MONDAY, JUNE 8TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK,

BY "THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL RED HUNGARIAN BAND" (FROM BUDA PESTH).

Leader	FEHER POLDI.
PART I.						
1. MARCH	"Landsturm"	...	Linka
2. OPERA	"Semiramide"	...	Rossini
3. VALSE	"Rosenblatter"	...	Strauss
4. SOLO CYMBALO	"Rhapsodi"	...	Liszt

INTERVAL.

PART II.						
5. OVERTURE	"Wilhelm Tell"	...	Rossini
6. SOLO VIOLIN	"Repulz Feckem"	...	Remenzi
7. POLKA	"Rendez Vous"	...	Strauss
8.	"Himne Angle"	...	

Admission THREEPENCE.

PROGRAMME OF OPEN NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT

IN THE LECTURE HALL,

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK, BY THE PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Balmoral" Miss FIRTH.	7. SONG... .. "Thady O'Flynn" Miss SELINA EVANS.	Molloy
2. SONG... .. "The Lighthouse" Mr. NICHOLLS.	8. SONG... .. "The Bugler" Mr. ORCHARD.	Pinsuti
3. SONG... .. "Star of Bethlehem" Miss JOHNSTON.	9. DUET Miss CARTER and Miss JOY.	
4. SONG... .. "Monarch of the Storm" Mr. T. FIRTH.	10. SONG... .. "Marching" Mr. A. MULLERHAUSEN.	Trotère
5. SONG... .. "The Angelus of Old" Miss WADE.	11. SONG... .. "The Kissing Bridge" Miss UNDERWOOD.	Watson
6. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Bridal Procession" Mr. HORACE BARTON.		

To be followed by a Farce in One Act, by W. E. SUTER, "SARAH'S YOUNG MAN."

CHARACTERS—

Mr. Moggridge	...	Mr. WESTOVER	Mrs Moggridge	...	Miss AGNES FORTENS
Harry Fielding	...	Mr. E. TRAPPITT	Araminta	...	Miss EDITH FORTENS
Sam Sloeleaf	...	Mr. H. A. FERNLEY	Sarah Tibbs	...	Miss SELINA EVANS
Stage Manager	Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.	

PEOPLE'S PALACE POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS (Under the Direction of MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and MR. C. E. OSBORN).

PROGRAMME OF MR. ALAN CAMPBELL'S MUSICAL SKETCHES,

TO BE GIVEN IN THE QUEEN'S HALL ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

VOCALIST—MISS FLORENCE KENT. ORGAN SOLOS BY MR. CLAUDE HAMILTON.

PART I.

1. ORGAN OFFERTOIRE	L. Welby
2. SONG	"Angus Macdonald"	...	Roekel
			MISS FLORENCE KENT.		

O sad were the homes on the mountain and glen,
When Angus Macdonald marched off with his men.
O sad was my heart when we sobb'd our good bye,
And he marched to the battle, maybe to die.

O, Father of mercies, humbly I pray,
Thou see'st the fight and the camp far away ;
O watch o'er my Angus, and bring him to me,
For Thou canst defend him where'er he may be.
O hark ! there's a stir, there's a stir in the trees,
There's a stir in the trees in the glen ;
There's the call of the pibroch ! the marching of men,
The echoes are waking on forest and scar.
'Tis Angus, my own, coming home from the war.

O, Angus Macdonald, the loch is so drear,
And gloomy the mountains, for thou art not near ;
O Angus, my own, in the camps o'er the sea,
I'm waiting and longing, and praying for thee.

3. Musical Sketches by Mr. ALAN CAMPBELL, "MRS. FITZ-BOODEL'S DANCE."
(Introducing *Mr. Corney Grain's* New Songs)—Invitations—"At Homes"—An age of formalities—A family party—A strange mixture—Awkward introductions—Practical joking—Peculiar partners—The modern waltz—"THE OLD COUPLE'S POLKA"—Songs, old and new—"GRANDMAMA'S SONG"—Drawing-room amateurs—Music and recitations—Incongruous selections—Conversational tit-bits—"COME ALONG"—Banjomania—"DE OLE UMBRELLA."

4. ORGAN	{ a Nocturne	Field
	{ b Selection from "H.M.S. Pinafore"	

PART II.

5. Mr. ALAN CAMPBELL'S Sketch, "MY AUNT'S NEW BONNET, or a Day's Shopping."
Men's Hats—Ladies' Bonnets—Elaborate Preparations—"FIDDLE FADDLE FAL-LAL-LAY"—(*Corney Grain*)—Ladies shopping—Their funny little ways—A Bonnet, a sonnet, upon it—"THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BRICKWALL TOWN" (*Grossmith*)—Modus operandi—Stores—Respectable unemployed—Dignity and impudence—"How quite too utterly charming!"—My Aunt's clock—"If you want to know the time"—Cold Collations—"THE LORDS AND COMMONS ARE GETTING MIXED" (*Grossmith*).

6. SONG	"Woman's Way"	...	Roekel
			MISS FLORENCE KENT.		

We went a-gleaning, early was the morn,
We went a-gleaning, among the yellow corn ;
But ere the birds were singing, and ere the sun was high,
We fell a-quarrelling, my love and I.
So I went eastward, and he went west ;
For let men say whate'er they may,
Woman's way is best.

I went a-gleaning, all alone was I,
Weary was the stubble, wearyful and dry ;
Why did he leave me ? 'twas he who began,
He began the quarrel, just like a man.
But I'll go eastward, let him go west ;
The fault's his own, and his alone,
Woman's way is best.

So I kept a-gleaning, till the sun was low,
But little was my gleaning, homeward I must go ;
I rushed into the garden, flung my gleanings down,
And wept and sobbed, and sobbed and wept,
And spoilt my new pink gown.
But he came behind me, clasped me to his breast ;
And there's no doubt, when folks fall out,
That man's way is best.

7. ORGAN, MARCH	Schubert
8. ORGAN, SELECTION	from "Lucia Di Lammermoor"	...	

Admission—TWO PENCE, Students—ONE PENNY.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, EAST LONDON.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and 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 THE SPRING TERM,

Commencing APRIL 6th, and ending JULY 3rd, 1891.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes will commence on September 28th next.

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 on the 'Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The 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 Institute.

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing (Sol-fa Notation)	Mr. W. Harding Bonner	Thursday	8.30-9.30	1 6
♫ Solo Singing	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday	6.0-10.0	2 6
Choral Society	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	7.30-10.0	1 6
♫ Piano-forte	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	M. T. Th. & F.	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced)	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Thursday	6.0-9.0	15 0
Orchestral Society	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, asst. by Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello	Mr. G. Mellish	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6

STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS.—Students have the privilege of using the Social Rooms, containing the leading daily and weekly papers, between 5 and 10 p.m.
STUDENTS' LIBRARY.—There is a Circulating Library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9.
REFRESHMENTS.—Refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices in the Social Rooms from 5 to 10.
LAVATORIES AND CLOAK ROOMS.—For the convenience of Students, there are Cloak Rooms and Lavatories, the latter being supplied with hot and cold water.
BOOKSTALL.—Text-books, Drawing Paper, Pencils, and other requisites for the classes may be obtained at the Bookstall in the ground floor corridor.
CLUBS.—Rambling, Cycling, Cricket, Lawn Tennis are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, Swimming and Harriers will soon be in good working order, now that the Governors have secured a large Recreation Ground for the use of our Members at Higham Hill, Walthamstow.

ART CLASSES.

Art Master ... MR. ARTHUR LEGGE.
Assistant Art Master and Teacher of Modelling ... MR. H. BATEMAN.
Teacher of Wood Carving ... MR. T. J. FERRIN.
Teacher of Repousse and Art Metal Work ... MR. G. DANIELS.
OPENING OF NEW BUILDINGS.
The new buildings of the Art School being now complete the arrangements for the Art Classes, until the close of the Session, have been revised as follows, viz., on Saturday afternoons a class will be held for Oil and Water-Colour Painting, Painting from Copies, from Objects of Still Life, Flowers, &c. Hours, 2 to 4.30 p.m. Fee 5s. per term of 12 weeks.

TUESDAY AND THURSDAY DAY CLASSES.

Hours, 2 to 4.30. Fee, 10s. 6d., or, for 2s. 6d. extra, attendance can also be made at the Saturday afternoon Classes.

THE EVENING CLASSES

will be continued, as stated in the Syllabus, up to the date of the Science and Art Department Examinations. Subsequently, until July 3rd, Evening Classes will be held on two evenings a-week, viz., Tuesdays and Thursdays. Hours, 7.30 to 9.30. Fee, 5s., which will be reduced to 2s. 6d. for Students who have attended the Classes during the preceding Session.

THE WOOD CARVING AND REPOUSSE CLASSES will be continued up to the end of the Session in July. Fees, 5s. and 6s. respectively. Classes are now held in the following subjects until after the respective Science and Art and City and Guilds Examinations, in April and May next, and will recommence on Monday, Sept. 28th.

SCIENCE CLASSES.

Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, Building Construction, Chemistry: Inorganic and Organic, Theoretical and Practical, and Special Laboratory Work; Practical Plane and Solid Geometry, Machine Construction and Drawing, Mathematics (Stages I. and II.), Magnetism and Electricity, Sound, Light, and Heat, Steam and the Steam Engine, Theoretical Mechanics.

TRADE CLASSES.

Cabinet Making and Designing, Carpentry and Joinery, Brickwork and Masonry, Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Photography, Plumbing, Printing (Letterpress), Tailors' Cutting, Sign Writing, Graining, &c.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Chief Instructor ... MR. H. H. BUDDETT.
(Late Chief Instructor Harrow School Gymnasium.)
Assistant Instructor ... MR. C. WRIGHT.
Pianist for Musical Drill ... MISS N. CONNOR, G.S.M.
During the building of the large and commodious Gymnasium at the north end of the Technical Schools, which will be one of the best equipped in London, the following temporary arrangements have been made:—

MEN'S GYMNASIUM.

Evenings ... TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS.
HOURS.—The Gymnasium is open from 6.30 until 10. The time from 6.30 till 8 is allotted for the free or voluntary practice of such Students as may choose to attend. An Instructor is present during this time to supervise and give advice or assistance to any Student when desired. The time from 8 till 10 is apportioned to instruction and teaching of classes as follows:—8 till 9. The following subjects are taught during this hour:—Sword exercise, musical drill, comprising dumb-bells, bar-bells, Indian clubs and free movements. This hour is also set apart for the individual instruction of such Students as desire to learn fencing and single-sticks. This class is held in the Fencing Gallery, 9 till 10. Gymnastics in classes are taught during this hour each evening, comprising exercises on the horizontal bar, parallel bars, vaulting horse, bridge, slanting and horizontal ladders, climbing rope, flying rings, trapeze, &c., &c. In these classes all Students are classified and selected in accordance with their physical capacities and abilities, and great care is exercised in selecting exercises to suit the powers of each individual.
FEES.—The Fees are 2s. per term and 6d. for hire of locker, in which to put flannels, belt, slippers, &c. For individual instruction in fencing and single-sticks an additional charge of 5s. is made.

BOXING.—There is a Boxing Club formed in connection with, and consisting of Students of the Gymnasium, the fees for which are arranged by the members of the Club. The hours and nights of practice are the same as for the other classes in the Gymnasium.

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

THURSDAY. Hours, 6.30 till 10.
6.30 till 8 is allotted for free or voluntary practice of all members who choose to attend. 7 till 8.—During this hour the Fencing Class is held for the individual instruction of such Ladies as may desire it. Foils, masks, gauntlets, and all requisites are furnished free of cost for the use of this class. 8 till 10.—These hours are devoted to instruction in the following subjects:—Musical Drill, comprising Bar-bells, Dumb-bells, and Indian Club Exercises, Free Movements, Running Maze, and Gymnastics. Fee, 2s. per Term; 6d. per locker.
The exercises are so arranged as to equally suit the physical capabilities of weak and strong, and whilst avoiding the injurious straining of the delicate, the powers of the strongest are tested to the utmost limit.
Junior Section for Girls, Saturdays, from 5 till 7. Junior Section for Boys, Saturdays, from 7 till 9. Fee, 6d. per month.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Monday	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Intermediate	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
" Advanced	"	"	7.30-9.30	2 6
Book-keeping—Advanced	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" Journalising	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advanced	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
CIVIL SERVICE—				
A.—For Telegraph Learners, Female Sorters, and Boy Copyists	Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., Lond.	Thursday	6.30-8.45	10 0
B.—For Boy Clerks, Excise & Customs Officers (Beginners), & Female & Lower Division Clerks (Beginners)	"	Tuesday	6.30-9.45	12 0
C.—For Excise and Customs Officers, and Female and Lower Division Clerks	"	Thursday	6.30-9.45	14 0
Shorthand (Pitman's)	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem. Inter.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Advan. Report.	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
French—Elem. 1st Stage	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elem. 2nd Stage	"	Tuesday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced A	"	Monday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Advanced B	"	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0
German—Advanced	Herr Diitel	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
Elocution (Class 1)	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
" (Class 2)	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6
♫ Type Writing	Mr. Kilburne	"	6.0-10.0	10 6

Special Lectures.

A Course of Six Lectures on "Water Works and Water Supply," will be given by Mr. F. C. Forth, Associate in Engineering, R. C. S. E., on Friday evenings, 8.45 to 9.45, commencing May 20th.
Eight Lectures will also be given by Mr. Albert Grenville, on "Building Materials and Structures," commencing Tuesday, 4th May, at 8 o'clock.
Fee for either Course—5s. Students of the Science and Trade Classes admitted at half the above fee.

Special Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Dressmaking	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	5.30-7.0	5 0
"	"	Friday	7.30-9.0	
"	"	Friday	5.30-7.0	
Millinery	Miss Newall	Tuesday	7.20-9.0	5 0
Cookery, Girls' Junior Section	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday	6.0-7.30	1 6
" Demonstrative Lecture	"	"	7.30-8.30	2 6*
" Practical Plain	"	"	8.30-10.0	5 0*
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	3 0

Term ending July 3rd, 1891. * Single Lecture, 3d. † Single Lecture, 6d.

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

Go To **Gapp's**
Herbal Medicine Store,
104, GREEN STREET,
Near Globe Road Station, G.E.Ry.
Herbal Medicines at Small Cost—Test Them.
Eyesight Tested and Glasses to suit the sight from 5d.
Good and Cheap Line in Pebbles.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Best Medicines for Family Use.

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

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

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



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

Machines Sold on the Hire
Purchase System, from 2/6
per week.

Repairs on the Shortest Notice.
EAST END AGENT FOR
RUDGE & NEW RAPID.

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

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

JARRETT & GOUDGE'S
High-class Iron Frame, Check Action
PIANOFORTES
And AMERICAN ORGANS.

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



Highest awards obtained at Palace Exhibition for Design, Tone, Touch and General Excellence of Workmanship. A Seven Years' Guarantee with every instrument.

STEAM WORKS AND FACTORY:—
TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.
Show Rooms: { LONDON WALL, One door from Moorgate Street, E.C.
308, MILE END ROAD, E.
(Nearly opposite the Palace.)
401, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.
Pianos Repaired or taken in Exchange. Removals by our own Vans.

ALAN RAPER,
ENTIRELY NEW STOCK
WATCHES, CLOCKS,
JEWELLERY,
DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS,
WEDDING RINGS, KEEPERS, &c., &c.
The largest selection in the East of London
at Manufacturers' Prices.

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

ROGERS' "NURSERY"
HAIR LOTION.

Destroys all Nits
and Parasites in
children's heads,
and immediately
allays the irritation.
Perfectly
harmless.
Prepared only by W. ROGERS,
Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Step-
ney, E. Bottles 7d. and 1s. Of all
Chemists and Perfumers. Special
Bottles, post free from observation,
15 stamps.

Charles Selby,
UNDERTAKER,
Complete Funeral Furnisher,
Car & Carriage Proprietor,
31, CAMPBELL ROAD,
BOW,
15, HIGH STREET,
BROMLEY,
AND
191, HIGH STREET,
STRATFORD.

W. WRIGHT,
Photographer.

NEW STUDIOS:
422, MILE END ROAD.
Opposite People's Palace.

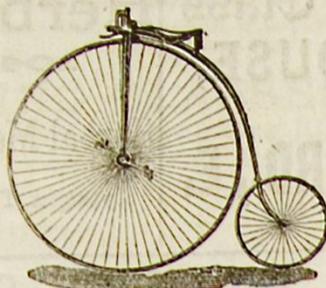
PEOPLE'S PALACE MEMORY LESSONS.

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," Longmans, 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.

(ESTABLISHED 1874.)
PRESLAND & NELSON (late R. M. PRESLAND, junr.),
 Sole Makers and Inventors of the "MARVEL" and "DARNLEY" CYCLES.



("Marvel," No. 1.)



("Rational.")



("Marvel," No. 2.)

The "DARNLEY" SAFETY, wonderful value at £8 10s., and 12 Months' Guarantee given. Lists Free.
 BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, AND SAFETIES ON HIRE.
 Marvel Cycle Works—LYME GROVE, MARE STREET, HACKNEY, N.E.

MESSRS.
C. C. & T. MOORE

Respectfully announce the dates
 of their old established

Periodical Sales
 OF
ESTATES
 and House Property.

(Held for 56 years), which are appointed
 to take place at the Auction Mart,
 Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd and
 4th Thursdays of the Month,
 during the year 1891 as follows:

Jan. ... 22	July ... 9, 23
Feb. ... 12, 26	Sept. ... 10, 24
Mar. ... 12, 26	Oct. ... 8, 22
April ... 9, 23	Nov. ... 12, 26
May ... 14, 28	Dec. ... 10
June ... 11, 25	

Special attention given to rent col-
 lecting and the entire management of
 house property. Insurances effected.

Auction and Survey Offices:
144, MILE END RD., E.



**THE ALDGATE
 TURKISH BATHS.**

J. & H. NEVILL.

Gentlemen—44, High St., Whitechapel.
 Ladies—7, Commercial Road.

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

2s. 6d. before 6; 1s. 6d. after 6 p.m.
 And at London Bridge and Charing Cross.

F. A. CAPEROE,
MUSIC SELLER,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEALER,

And Professor of the Piano, Organ and Violin,

85, MARE ST., HACKNEY

(Near the Morley Hall),

Late of 473, HACKNEY ROAD.

QUADRILLE BAND, Pianists, Instrumentalists, and
 Vocalists provided for Concerts, &c.

E. SLATER & Co.

HIGH-CLASS READY-
 MADE AND BESPOKE

**TAILORS
 and OUTFITTERS**

West-End Style and Fit.
MODERATE PRICES.

Makers of the Beaumont
 Club Bicycle Suit.

Large Selection of Latest
 Goods to select from.

Indian, Colonial, & Athletic
 Outfits on the shortest notice.

PATTERNS FREE.

143, MILE END RD., E.

J. & J. H. ARDEN, Auctioneers and Surveyors,
 65, Salmon's Lane, Stepney (near Stepney Railway Station), and Woodford, Essex.
 OFFICE HOURS FROM 10 TO 3.

SALES BY AUCTION of Freehold and Leasehold Property, Land Farm-Stock,
 Furniture, Building Materials, etc., in all parts of England. Money advanced
 pending sales. Rents collected and guaranteed. Estates managed. Valuations
 made for all purposes. Mortgages negotiated. Agents for Fire, Life, Accidents
 and Plate Glass Insurances. Certificated Bailiffs under the new Law Distress
 Amendment Act.

N.B.—Mr. J. Arden personally conducts all Levies, Bills of Sale in all
 parts of England & Wales. No delay.

Printed Lists of Properties for Sale and to Let are now ready, and can be
 had on application.

AUCTION SALE ROOMS—40, Cambridge Road, Mile End, E.

The above Rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. till 7 p.m. for the reception of
 Furniture and other Goods for absolute Sale. Money advanced upon the same.
 J. & J. H. ARDEN, AUCTIONEERS.

MOORE, SMITH & Co.

(Late with S. BREWER & Co.),

Music Publishers
 and Musical Instrument Dealers.

SHEET MUSIC OF EVERY DESCRIPTION IN STOCK.

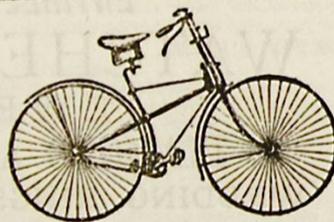
8, WORMWOOD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

C. C. TAYLOR & SON,
10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.

SALES BY AUCTION of every description of Property.
 VALUATIONS & SURVEYS FOR ALL PURPOSES.

RENTS COLLECTED & HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.

Insurances Effected in the Phoenix Fire, London and
 General Plate Glass, British Empire Mutual Life, and the
 Accident Insurance Companies.



W. S. CROKER,

Cycle Manufacturer,

2, St. Stephen's Road,
 BOW, E.

Any make of Machine supplied
 at a large discount for Cash, or on easy payment system. Repairs
 of every description executed Promptly and Cheaply. All the
 latest pattern Machines let on hire.

Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.
 Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.

2, ST. STEPHEN'S ROAD, BOW, E.

CHEAPEST HOUSE FOR

MAGIC LANTERNS

For our Children.
 For our Youths.

For Ourselves,
 and for Presents.

From One Shilling to £50.

INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS.
 Inspection of our Goods Welcomed.

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS, Outfits, Appliances, Chemicals, and Materials
 of every Description.

Special Line—"THE VICTORIA SET." Consisting of
 Polished Mahogany Camera with bellows folding up exceedingly small, with
 double dark slide, Achromatic Lens and Folding Tripod Stand, and Materials
 for One Dozen Pictures, 4½ by 3½, 10s. 6d. Electrical Goods in Variety.

T. RILEY & SON, 249, Commercial Road, E.

GIVEN AWAY!
 Your Rubber Stamp.

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM,
 mounted, post free for 3½ stamps,
 to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN
 BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARK-
 ING INK WORKS,



75, Southgate Road,
 London, N., EBO-
 NITE INK; NO
 HEATING; each
 containing a Voucher;
 6 or 12 stamps;
 Nickel Pencil Case,
 with Pen, Pencil, and your Rubber
 Name in Full, 7½ stamps.

THE ROYAL MAKER.

SMITH & BOTWRIGHT'S

Advertising Offices

ARE REMOVED TO

29, TABERNACLE STREET,

AND

23, CASTLE STREET,

FINSBURY, E.C.