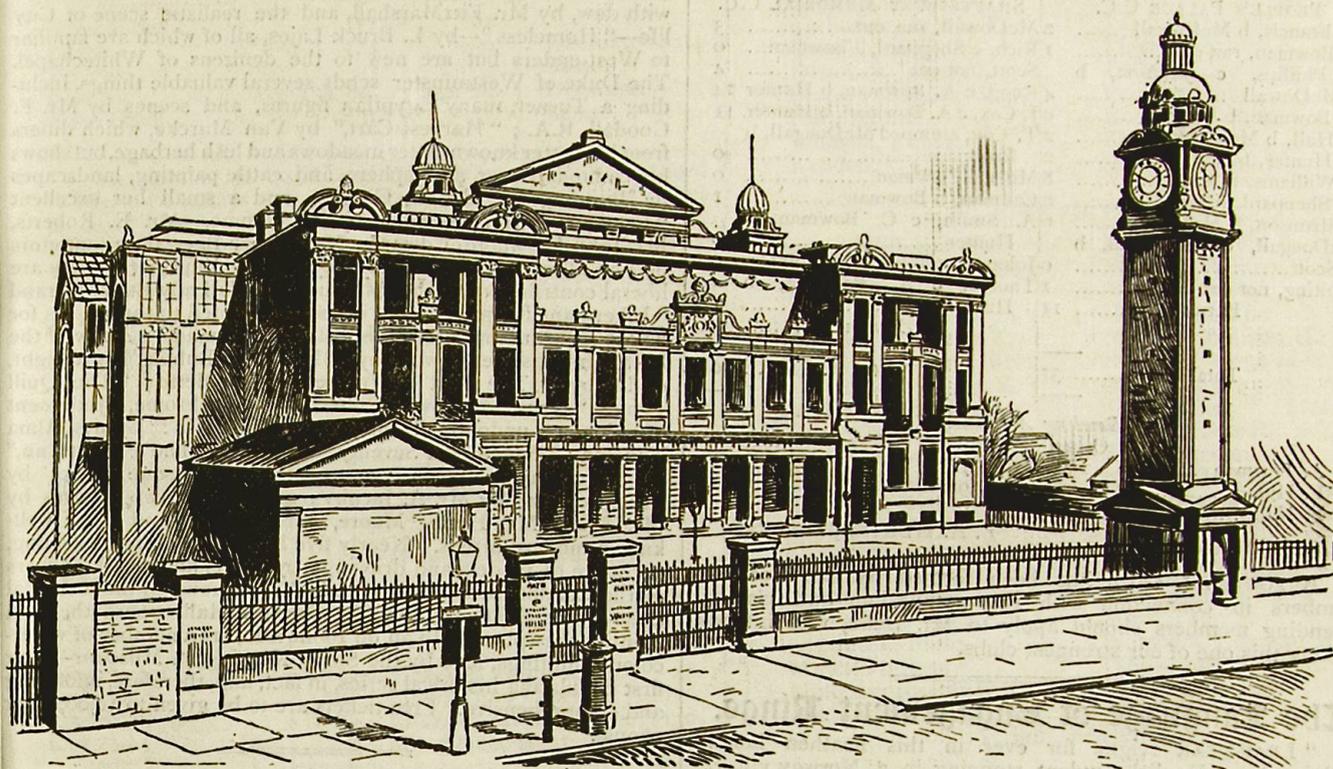


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**PALACE JOURNAL**  
 PEOPLE'S PALACE \* MILE END E. \*

Vol. VIII.—No. 196.]

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



FAÇADE OF PEOPLE'S PALACE (August, 1891).

PEOPLE'S PALACE  
**Club, Class and General Gossip.**  
 COMING EVENTS.

**FRIDAY, August 14th.**—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. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

**SATURDAY, 15th.**—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. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 6d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 3d.

**SUNDAY, 16th.**—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m.

**MONDAY, 17th.**—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. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 6d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 3d.

**TUESDAY, 18th.**—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 admitted). Picture Exhibition, open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

**WEDNESDAY, 19th.**—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. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

**THURSDAY, 20th.**—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. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

**FRIDAY, 21st.**—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. Picture Exhibition open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission 3d., and from 5 to 10 p.m. admission 1d.

**PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.**—Prospective arrangements:—Saturday, Aug. 15th, South Woolwich and Abbey Wood, meet at Coborn Road, G. E. Railway Station at 3.25 p.m. Saturday, Aug. 22nd, Hampstead Heath, meet at Bow, N. L. Railway, at 3.15 p.m. Saturday, Aug. 29th, we have been asked to join the Garden Party at the Beaumont Cycling Club at Chingford Hotel; tickets can be had on application to  
 A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

**HOLIDAY HOME, GORLESTON, YARMOUTH.**—The largest party we have yet sent will leave on Saturday next. In this week

we have organized parties for trips on the "Broads." There are still vacancies in the following week, so intending tourists should apply early. To members of the Palace Institute or clubs, the charge for a week's residence will be 18s. Non-members, £1 1s. per week. Certain weeks will be set apart for young women, who will be charged 15s. per week. Mr. Osborn will give any further information that may be required.

WILL the boys of the Junior Section muster on Friday at 8 o'clock sharp in the gymnasium, when Mr. Osborn will make an important statement respecting a week's outing which the trustees and the Drapers' Company have very kindly offered to provide for them.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—President: Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq., Last Saturday we met the Shaftesbury Memorial C.C. at the Uplands, Walthamstow, and a very close and exciting match resulted in a victory for the Palace team by the narrow margin of one run. The Palace team batted first, and only put together 37. This total our opponents failed to reach by one run, although they scored 24 for the loss of their first three wickets. Score:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE C.C.		SHAFTESBURY MEMORIAL C.C.	
E. Francis, b McDowall	2	McDowall, run out	3
C. Bowman, run out	1	Rich, c Sheppard, b Bowman	0
J. Phillips, c Johnson, b McDowall	4	Scott, not out	4
A. Bowman, b Scott	0	Rugg, c A. Bowman, b Hunter	14
F. Hall, b McDowall	2	J. Cox, c A. Bowman, b Hunter	11
F. Hunter, b Scott	0	T. Cox, stumped McDougall, b Bowman	0
J. Williams, b Scott	0	8 Mills, b Bowman	0
G. Sheppard, b Scott	0	Cadman, b Bowman	1
Williams, b McDowall	0	0 A. Smith, c C. Bowman, b Hunter	0
McDougall, c McDowall, b Scott	0	0 Johnson, c Whiting, b Hunter	0
Whiting, not out	1	1 Thorpe, c A. Bowman, b Hunter	1
Extras	11	Extras	2
Total	37	Total	36

Bowling Analysis.			
	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.
A. Bowman	15	7	14
F. Hunter	13.3	9	12
F. Hall	3	0	8

F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

A FOOTBALL CLUB has been formed by some of our members in connection with the gymnasium and classes. Intending members should apply to Mr. Dean, who intends making this one of our strongest clubs.

### The Language of Engagement Rings.

"LEAP-YEAR reigns for ever in this heathen land!" exclaimed an English student, stopping in a Norwegian village. One evening he had been taking a lesson in Norsk from a young lady, a good-natured Norwegian being present, who had just walked sixteen miles across the mountains. When the lady rose to go to her lodgings in an adjoining house, the Englishman offered to escort her through the darkness.

She declined the offer, and in so abrupt a manner as to surprise him. When she had gone, the Englishman asked the Norwegian if he spoke English.

"Not much—only a few words," he answered.

"Tell me what means that ring the lady wears."

"She is going to be—how you call it?" asked the Norwegian, in scarlet perplexity.

"Going to be married?"

"Yes, yes!"

"But," continued the Englishman, "what I am ignorant of is the difference in your rings between married, unmarried, going to be married, and never going to be married."

"Oh, you will never tell that," said the Norwegian laughing loudly. We cannot mark the women in this country as you do, but they mark the men. Amongst us the man wears the ring."

"Oh I see. That is a new light," said the Englishman, taking the man's large left hand, on whose fourth finger was a plain solid gold ring. "That is your wedding ring then?"

"Nai, Nai!" he replied, laughing and blushing. "That means I have got to be married."

"And then what becomes of it?"

"We put it on the right hand instead of the left," said the Norwegian, holding out his hand to bid the Englishman "Godt nat."

Then, as he was closing the door behind him, he said in confidential tones:—"Yes, that young lady who was talking to you is going to marry me next month!"

### Picture Exhibition at the People's Palace.

AN exhibition of pictures and drawings was opened on Monday, August 10th, at the People's Palace, Mile-end-road, and will remain on view till September 5. Thanks to the exertions of Mr. Osborn and the gentlemen who have been working with him in the arrangement of the exhibition, something like 600 pictures have been received on loan, representing both old and modern masters, and ranging from a somewhat doubtful Vandyck to the latest of nineteenth century examples. Among those who have contributed to the exhibition is his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, whose portrait in uniform by H. D. Angeli, graces the entrance. The Prince also sends a portrait sketch of himself and the late Emperor of Germany, as seen in a sledge ride, from the brush of Schwertschow. Among the best of the other pictures are Mr. Fred Hall's "Adversity," a subject well within the ken of "the people," and also artistically as to threading her needle; Professor Herkomer's "Pressing West;" Mr. A. Hacker's aged woman with "A Difficulty;" as to threading her needle; and the realistic scene of City with dew, by Mr. Fitz-Marshall, and the scene of familiar life—"Homeless"—by L. Bruck Lajos, all of which are familiar to West-enders but are new to the denizens of Whitechapel. The Duke of Westminster sends several valuable things, including a Turner, many Egyptian figures, and scenes by Mr. F. Goodall, R.A.; "Harvest Cart," by Van Marcke, which differs from his better known water meadows and lush herbage, but shows his command over atmosphere and cattle painting, landscapes by Bonnington, Calcott, Cotman, and a small but excellent "Landscape with Cottage" by Old Crome. Mr. E. Roberts, Mr. John Passmore Edwards, Mr. Henry Beer, the proprietors of *The Illustrated London News*, and the Fine Art Society are liberal contributors. The last-named lends Lady Butler's grand "Inkermann," a picture that is specially suited to the classes for whose pleasure and profit this collection is made. A few of the best paintings are "Two Boys Blowing a Bubble," by Wright of Derby; "The Port of Venice," by Canaletto; "The Quill Pen;" "Jerusalem," by D. Roberts; a monochrome, "Judgment of Solomon," undoubtedly fine; "May I Come In?" by Mrs. Alma Tadema; "Seven plus Seventy," by Belli; "The Plough Inn," by W. Shayer; some very quaintly grotesque works by Breaghel, lent by Mr. A. Jacoby; and one or two pictures by Mr. Frith, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Ansdel, and other well-known modern artists. Nearly five hundred pictures are hung exclusive of models and drawings by pupils and pupil-teachers of the London Board Schools, which are shown in the technical class-rooms adjoining the fine Queen's Hall, where the loan paintings are placed. In an off room, also, are a number of water colour paintings, lent by the South Kensington Museum—their first circulating historical series, in fact, and, therefore, informing and comprehensive. Free tickets are to be given to 10,000 poor people.

### What Matter?

"Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, unto a faithful Creator."—1 Peter, iv., 19.

WHAT matter, friend, though you and I

May sow, and others gather?

We build, and others occupy;

Each labouring for the other?

What though we toil from sun to sun,

And men forget to flatter

The noblest work our hands have done—

If God approves, What matter?

What matter, though we sow in tears,

And crops fail at the reaping?

What though the fruit of patient years

Fast perish in our keeping?

Upon our hoarded treasures floods

Arise, and tempests scatter—

If faith beholds, beyond the clouds,

A clearer sky, What matter?

What matter, though our castles fall,

And disappear while building;

Though "strange handwriting on the wall"

Flame out amid the gilding?

Though every idol of the heart

The hand of death may shatter,

Though hopes decay, and friends depart,

If heaven be ours, What matter?

—H. W. Teller.

### Library News.

#### JULY REPORT.

THE Library was open every day during the month of July, 1891. The figures for the month, 1891, appear as below against those of 1890.

#### COMPARATIVE STATISTICS.

	1890.	1891.	Difference.
Admissions	27,536	34,174	Increase 1891.
Sundays	3,155	3,686	
Week-days	24,381	30,488	
Issue of Books	5,038	5,526	Increase 1891.
Sunday	552	635	
Week-days	4,486	4,891	
Average Admissions per day	903	1,102	Increase 1891.
Sunday	788	921	
Vols. added	177	62	Decrease 1891.
Given	174	59	
Bought	3	3	Same.
Cost	13s. 6d.	13s. 2d.	Decrease.
Days Open	31	31	Same.

The number of books and miscellaneous literature issued to boys on Sundays was 499, thus bringing the total of issues to 6,025 books. The books presented were Mr. Rudyard Kipling's works from himself; Mr. Charles Booth's concluding volumes of "Life and Labour of the People," and a Mercantile Directory from the publishers, Messrs. Jepson and Co. During July the attendances and issues of books have greatly increased. There were several papers added to the stock during the month as below:—

"Darkest Russia," } Free,  
 "Commercial Compendium," }  
 and "Strand Magazine," }  
 "National Press," and } Purchased.  
 "Postal Guide," }

The classified tabulation of issues is as follows:—

Fiction	3,775	Medicine and Hygiene	11
Travel, Topog., Geog.	249	Mathematics	15
Biography	110	Athletics, Sports, Games	82
History	131	Theology	55
Poetry and Drama	103	Essays and Eng. Lit.	70
Science and Nat. Hist.	152	Mental & Moral Science	46
Technology	201	Foreign and Classical	116
Art and Music	79	Encyclos. and Reference	136
Law	18	Miscellaneous	177
	4,818		708

Total 4118 + 708 = 5,526 + 499 = 6,025

The Students' Library will be open on Tuesdays only, at 7.30 to 9 p.m. during the holidays. LIBRARIAN.

THE *Palace Journal* may now be obtained of the following newsagents:—

- Mr. Young, 250, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Haines, 212, Mile End Road.
- The Melbourne Cigar Stores, 178, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Kerby, opposite London Hospital.
- Mr. Moir, 57, Cambridge Road.
- Mr. Abrahams, Post Office, Globe Road.
- Mr. Roder, 163, Green Street.
- Mayor and Sons, 212, Green Street.
- Mr. Hanson, 111, Roman Road.
- Mr. Sampson, 185, Roman Road.
- Mr. Smith, 21, Burdett Road.
- Berry and Holland, 180, Well Street, Hackney.
- Mr. Connor, opposite South Hackney Church.
- Mr. Roberts, 172, Victoria Park Road.
- G. Hind, 295, Mile End Road.
- A. Lamplugh, Harford Street.
- Sullivan, 368, Mile End Road.
- Daniels, 13, Hackney Road.
- Levy, J., 102, Whitehorse Lane.
- Mr. Fox, Stationer, 123, Burdett Road.
- Mr. Mead, Newsagent, 542, Mile End Road.
- Mr. Poole, 24, Globe Road.
- Mr. Inwards, 11, Well Street, Hackney.

### Science and Art Examinations.

#### SUBJECT XP.—PRACTICAL INORGANIC CHEMISTRY

##### Honours, 2nd.

Barralet, Edgar S.	Gravener, Frederick W.
Barlow, Archibald H.	Moon, Philip G. G.
Dodd, Frederick J.	Peachey, Harry.
Ferguson, Richard H.	Worrow, Harry H.
Yetton, Thomas.	

##### Advanced, 1st.

Burton, William J.	Hepburn, Andrew.
Smith, William J.	

##### Advanced, 2nd.

Blyth, Thomas R.	Sayers, Walter.
Belcher, Leon J.	Tervet, Robert.
Winch, William H.	

##### Elementary 1st.

Bennett, Robert L.	Kimpton, Thomas.
Catharine, Arthur F.	Lardner, Ernest.
Colsell, Joseph H.	Plastow, Arthur E.
Denehey, Joseph L.	Palmer, Charles T.
Fryer, Frederick W.	Palmer, John.
Hall, Arthur	Rossiter, Sidney.
Johnson, Robert.	Shonk, Albert.
Keddell, William F.	Stables, Alfred M.

##### Elementary 2nd.

Apps, Williams S.	Philpot, Harold P.
Baulch, Sidney W. O.	Pearson, William T.
Bird, George S.	Pattison, Percy.
Baines, Frank.	Reid, Lionel J.
Batchelor, Charles E.	Rumsey, William H.
Browning, George R.	Russell, George L.
Browning, William E.	Sturt, Charles.
Barnes, Harry H.	Sims, Henry.
Barry, Thomas.	Short, Ernest R.
Carnegie, Robert B.	Shaw, Frederick C.
Cooper, Walter L.	Sawle, Alfred.
Clarke, William F.	Smail, George H.
Chamberlain, Joseph S.	Skinner, Frank.
Catherall, George H. F.	Spencer, Francis.
Dale, Arthur L.	Thicke, William C.
Downey, Sidney A. N.	Thompson, Alfred J.
Derbyshire, Walter H.	Ward, John S.
Glasscock, Philip.	Watsham, Edmund W. E.
Miller, Herbert C.	Wheatcroft, Bertie C.
Moloney, Joseph H.R.	Wildman, Arthur J.
Mathys, Albert W.	Welsh, John C.
Wright, Ernest W.	

### A Novel Motion.

OF all novel notions in the way of dolls we are most charmed with one which can be very easily put into execution. Procure a ball of coarse white knitting-cotton and two yards of blue baby-ribbon.

Wind all the cotton over a book or board that is ten inches long. Tie one loop tightly with the ribbon, and make a loop long enough to dangle it by, and place a small bow where it is tied to another for front hair.

Cut the threads at the other end of your book; these form the bottom of the dress.

Tie another bow of ribbon a short distance from the top to form the head.

Take from the back thirty-six strands of the cotton. Separate them into eighteen strands each and braid them in two braids, cut them off just below where the waist would come, and tie the ends with little bows.

Take thirty-two strands from each side, twist them lightly once and cut the desired length for arms, and tie little bows tightly on the wrist, the short ends below the bow forming the hands.

Tie the ribbon about the waist with the bodice front, and even the ends of the yarn off the bottom of the dress.

This makes a soft doll that baby can pull or hug to his heart's content, and if white linen tape is used in place of the ribbon, he can put it in his mouth if he chooses.

Eyes, nose, and mouth are worked on the face with sewing silk twist.

## The Night Express.

"I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

TWENTY odd years ago, I was a young engineer sent out from England to study the American Railway system. I had been several times by daylight over the great railway that first connected the East with the West, first subjugated the Alleghenies, first joined the Chesapeake with the Ohio River; thus realising the life-long dream of Washington concerning a highway between the Atlantic seaboard and those states lying along the waters of the Mississippi, a dream that began with him in boyhood, and to the realisation of which he devoted every moment of his rare leisure until he reached old age. I had never, however, been over the line at night, and I requested permission of the authorities to make a trip upon the engine of the Night Express on the night of June 6th, 1869.

A little before midnight I found myself at the "depôt" of a considerable railway town, not far from the foot of the great range, and made my way to a sort of baggage-room, where I sat down and leaned my elbow on a table. Around me were several firemen and brakemen rolled up in their blankets and snoring loudly. I heard the town bells striking solemnly in the silence, otherwise unbroken, save by the loud breathing of the men and the distant puffing of a regulating engine, whose fires were kept up all night in case of need. It was twenty minutes past 12 o'clock. The station-master came in, set his lantern by me on the table, and waked up one of the engineers. The man roused himself at once, and rubbed his eyes. The station-master introduced me as the passenger going up the grades upon his locomotive. We went into the night. It was warm and still. Only a few travellers were on the platform. In the distance we perceived a light fast nearing us, growing bright and bigger. It was an engine coming up, her great reflecting light blazing before her, sprinkling sparks and cinders as she came along.

"All aboard!" cried the station-master, and the bell rang. I could see as I walked past the cars, by the dim light of the lamps which were turned low, a few passengers scattered about upon the hot and dusty velvet seats in uneasy positions. A few last lingering leave-takings, a few last claspings of some friendly hands, a last kiss between a wife and husband. The train moved smoothly out of the station.

The summer night was fine, the vault above us glittered with "all the glorious company of heaven." The engine panted with short quick breaths. She seemed impatient to put forth her strength. Her beautiful white plume of smoke came rushing from the smoke-stack at each hurried respiration, then floated gracefully away in softly rounded clouds, drooping low along the track behind. Our way was luminous with our great reflected light, and the glow of the live coals through the iron grating of the furnace of our engine. We rushed forward at full speed. Before us lay our track all safe and clear. We intended to make few stoppages, and put on a full head of steam.

Our engineer (a man of five-and-thirty, with a fair moustache) stood mutely by his valves and cocks, leaning against the side of his cab—a glass-house seven by nine, which is erected on American engines for the convenience and protection of engineers and firemen; but its windows were all open this warm night. He was "country-born," as they call native Americans of foreign parentage, and his origin was German, for his name was Shaffer. His trousers were tucked into his boots, but he was not in his shirt sleeves. He was civil, but not communicative. His fireman was a tall open-face young fellow of twenty-three, very busy getting everything about the cab and engine into order. Every now and then he looked up at me and smiled pleasantly.

Our domain was not a large one. The cab, the little path along the engine's side, the platform leading to the tender, and the heaped-up coal, afforded all the space we could command with tubes, cocks, valves, whistles, sand-boxes, and water-tank at hand around us. Before us shone the lantern with its reflected gleam, beyond it was the cow-catcher, so strange to English eyes. We all had our "sea-legs" on, and could stand steady, even though the curves in the road, which were pretty sharp and very frequent, would have upset the equilibrium of one unused to ride upon an engine. If tired, we could sit down in the cab, or rest ourselves upon the coal, or lean back against the water-tank. On a slight proreure from this, with its bright brass-headed rivets, I at length sat down; the fireman—Charley—carefully wiped it off for me. I pulled out my cigars and gave him one. He picked a live coal from the furnace and handed it to me. At the speed at which we were going, though the night was still, the current of air would have been too strong for match or paper. There is no promoter of equality and fraternity like a cigar; indeed modern democratic notions seem to have come in with tobacco.

When Charley's cigar was glowing under his nose he began to talk freely; and his discourse was in praise of his

beloved engine. She was a beautiful piece of workmanship, made for surmounting heavy grades. Her boiler and her smoke-stack were painted black, her wheels were red, but the brass stop-cocks, whistles and stanchions were polished till no jewellery or silver table-ware could have shone more brilliantly. "A child," he said, "might drive her." Every part of her worked without a jar. She was obedient to one touch of the finger. He was proud, too, of his engineer, whom his last fireman, he said, had thought a little rough sometimes about the engine, but so long as she was all right there could not be a better fellow on the earth than Mr. Shaffer.

At last we saw some green lights glowing by the side of the track a mile or two ahead. Our engine gave four sharp quick whistles. "Piedmont!" said Mr. Shaffer. It was the first word I had heard him utter. We held up at a station.

Charley jumped off the train to look to the wheel-boxes of his engine. There were several passengers waiting to get on board. Suddenly I saw him start and give a half-exclamation with a sort of nervous shiver. The conductor handed a party of women into the ladies' car. Charley went on with his duty, but I noticed a change in his face—a restlessness about his pleasant blue eyes, which had not been there before. We had not long started when the conductor came on to the platform of the baggage car, and called to Charley who was upon the tender. I heard him say: That's her—or that's your girl—or your sweetheart—something which conveyed to me the knowledge that Charley was in love. Mr. Shaffer moved his hand silently as if dismissing him, and the young fireman went back upon the train in company with the conductor. I was left alone with Mr. Shaffer. He did not refuse a cigar.

"So Charley is in love I conclude," I said, as we smoked silently.

He nodded.

"Going to be married soon?" He shook his head.

"Young lady not propitious?"

"She likes him well enough—poor thing."

"Cruel father, then?" I said.

"Well! he has got two things against Charley; but those are all. A steadier fellow does not run along the line than Charley Brooks—I mean my Charley."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, the old man is a sort of small farmer in Virginia. But he is doing well, keeps a depôt up the line, is postmaster, and I dare say makes money. He thinks Miss Nettie should do better for herself than a fireman on a railroad. That's one thing. Charley could get over that all right, for he'll soon be an engineer; but there's another thing against him that I don't think the old man Walford will ever forgive." Here he paused.

"What kind of thing?" said I, curious.

"Which side was you on in the war?" he asked, by way of reply.

"I am not an American. I suppose I was on both sides as to some things."

"Ah! on both sides. Well, then, it won't set you anyways against Charley that he was in the Federal Army, and fought all through the Wilderness campaign in the Third Maryland Regiment. He had a very good record as a soldier. He was discharged at the end of the war."

"Of course that does not prejudice me. It is rather in his favour."

"Well! it isn't so with the old man. He served with a Virginia regiment on the Southern side, and once when the two regiments met they had the dickens of a sharp brush together, old friends and neighbours, cousins and brothers fighting, some under the Stars and Stripes, others under the Stars and Bars. Old man Walford says he saw Charley in the thick of the fight shoot his Colonel, and ever since he hates the sight of him. I cannot make up my mind whether Charley will ever be able to get over that grudge; but I think, as he rises on the line, the other matter might be set all right."

"How and where did he meet Miss Nettie?"

"They made acquaintance at her aunt's in Martinsburg. He and she had fixed it all up before her father had seen Charley. They never supposed he'd cross her love or raise a fuss. I want Charley some day to put her on my train and run her off into Pennsylvania to my people. But she won't. She's a good girl, and wants things all smooth along the track when she gets married. I reckon Charley's gone off now to get a word with her."

As he spoke our train was moving along the edge of a great river. I could hear the roar of rapids. We were ascending a mountain. Our speed slackened a little. Our engine panted and strained. The night air became somewhat sharp. The stars were obscured. The earth and water round us seemed to be growing black. We were in the heart of the great coal country.

On, on we went; sometimes through narrowing gorges, sometimes over trestle-work thrown audaciously across valleys. Here and there we saw faint lights, and recognised a mountain hamlet, or a second-class coal-station.

Charley had come back to us. He whispered something to his engineer, who nodded. He seemed in the gayest spirits, and pointed out objects of interest to me as the train flew past them.

Mr. Shaffer shut up again as soon as his fireman re-appeared. He seemed to entrust the amenities of his engine to his popular young subordinate.

I soon found out that Charley had the good will of every man along the line. At every switch or station the watchman or the switch-tender with his lantern had a cheery word to say to him.

"You know everybody," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed. I've had something to do for most all of them. I don't feel lonesome as I go up the line. We see each other every day, though we haven't much time to gossip in."

Here his engineer called him. He picked up his grease bucket and went along the outside of the engine, at what would have seemed to the inexperienced a fearful risk, putting fresh grease into the wheel-boxes. When he had made his round he went and stood forward on the front part of his engine.

I looked at him with curiosity.

"He is thinking it all over," said Shaffer, "though he would tell you that he was only just looking ahead."

The heavens darkened and it began to rain. The mountains seemed to shut us in more and more. The moisture on the rails made the struggle harder to the engine, and the grade was tremendously steep—116 feet to the mile. The sand-boxes freely scattered sand on the wet track to make the wheels take hold, but our progress seemed laboured. One could not avoid an impression that the great machine was growing weary of its toil. On either side of us were high embankments and sharp hills covered with dense woods. Sometimes we roared our way through cuts and gorges; sometimes we emerged into an open country; sometimes we crossed valleys on trestle-work, but nearly always we were ascending.

Once or twice we held up at a coal-pocket or a water-station. Notwithstanding my long railway experience, it was hard to divest myself of an impression that the great locomotive had life, and that we paused to refresh the weary creature.

Whenever we stopped Charley sprang off at once, and walked along the platform, pausing at a window of the ladies' car, where he lingered, while Shaffer took down his lantern and examined every screw and bolt of his great engine. This was the fireman's work by rights, but everywhere there was a desire to help forward the love-affair of Charley. It seemed to be a subject of professional interest along the line. Everywhere there were cheery greetings, and gestures of good comradeship for Charley, while nobody seemed to exchange salutations with Shaffer. He left, as I said, the amenities of his position to his young fireman, whom by this time I could well believe he looked upon with pride and love. At the last water-station I heard a switchman give Charley an invitation, "Thursday evening. . . . dance all night. . . . Shaffer will be sure to let you come. . . ."

"Ah! do," added the voice of a young girl.

A sharp whistle from the water-tank broke off the conversation. The conductor rang his bell. The engineer sprang up into his place with rather an air of anxiety.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

We started, but Shaffer evidently was not at ease, and redoubled his attentions to his engine. Both he and his fireman frequently went forward, watching the track ahead. To their fidelity and watchfulness a hundred sleeping passengers trusted their lives.

"It's a bad night for these grades," said Charley to me once, as he came back from his inspection.

"Danger ahead?"

"Not exactly. They have had a big storm in this region, and a good many land-slides and obstructions yonder over the mountain. A few miles ahead they have got a working-party out getting the track all clear for us. But the earth in the cuts is loose and keeps falling. Take care of yourself, sir, for at any moment we may have a sudden jar. It's as dark as a wolf's mouth ahead. The engine is all right, but we can't see more than the reflection of her own light upon the rocks about twenty yards before her."

The road became worse and worse as we went on. Torrents of water came running down the cuts in little streams, forming deep gullies. Our speed slackened, the engine panted and groaned, her wheels slipped on the wet rails. The storm drove in our faces.

We were going up the steepest grade. Beside the track we passed great trees that had been washed down the hillside

only a few hours before. There they lay prone with roots upturned, their long green branches glistening with the wet, visible for one moment as we dashed past them by the glare of the great reflector. By-and-by we came suddenly upon the group of labourers who had just cleared the way over which we were to pass. There they stood watching us, with picks and shovels in their hands, and glowing fires to give them light and warmth, fed by pine knots, and condemned cross-ties.

Everywhere were rocks, rain, rivulets, and wind. Every little spring was at its fullest, and came pouring down the side of the mountain.

"Go ahead. You can pass!"

We are descending now. The heavy train pushes the engine. The brakemen are busy with the brakes.

"What's that? Slack speed!"

There's a lantern shining on the track, and a man shaking it violently. A brakeman jumps down and runs forward.

"Come on!" he cries, "but cautiously. One of the supports of the viaduct is sprung."

We cross slowly and safely. On the other side we are told to look out for section 131.

We are going down the mountain. A wall of rock is upon one hand, on the other a precipice, and below it a roaring river. There's a tunnel! We plunge into it, and out again. Now, for a mile or more, we are again ascending. The engine draws strong breaths, and seems to gather herself up for every effort, as if the exertion were too great. We are going very slowly. It seems almost as if she were spent with her night's toil.

But no, she is still duteous. She obeys the hand that guides her. Charley is busy keeping up the supply of coal in her furnace. The grates glow with a red light, which flickers on the glistening surface of the rocks around.

When not making too great a noise ourselves, we can hear branches breaking in the "forest primeval," and dripping foliage swirling as the wind roars down the gullies. We hear, too, streams of water gushing down the hills, and the voices of the rapids far below us. Now and then there is a long, low growl of thunder echoed from peak to peak along the range of mountains, and a sharp flash of lightning gives us a momentary view of things in its electric glare.

Behind us were three car loads of passengers, doubtless sleeping, full of faith in the brave men to whose care they had committed their lives. Once the machine balked, and our wheels spun round aimlessly. Shaffer soon compelled her to go on. By-and-by we were beyond the gorges, and descending rapidly into an open country. Charley came into the cab and took his seat beside me. He said he was glad we were over the last four miles of road. He always had an apprehensive feeling about section 131. Six months before, Mr. Shaffer and he had had their engine wrecked on that part of the line. A great rock had slipped down in a cutting just beyond a curve, and they had not seen it in time to stop the engine. He and Mr. Shaffer had jumped, and escaped only by a miracle.

"Were you called to account for the accident by the Company?"

"Oh, no! The case was very clear. We had done all we could. We shut off steam, and put down the air brakes, and reversed the engine. The Company would be very slow in blaming us. They know Mr. Shaffer."

"What did you do after the wreck?"

"Well, there were few passengers, and none of the cars went off the track. We emptied the furnace and the boiler, when the conductor sent a brakeman on ahead to get help from the next station; then we cleared the wreck off the rails."

Charley told me this without apparently the least consciousness that their activity after the accident had been an act of heroism. He and Shaffer must have been cruelly bruised and shaken by the shock, but their first thought had been of their duty to their engine.

After this I grew drowsy. Charley went outside the cab and took a place upon the tender. It was almost dawn, and the steam from our wet clothes made the cab close and uncomfortable. We were going gently down a grade. The rain was holding up; a faint streak in the horizon promised a brilliant dawn.

Presently Shaffer came into the cab. His entrance aroused me.

"See there," he said, taking me by the arm. The object of his interest was Charley stretched at full length and fast asleep upon the coal pile. "He takes it easy," his chief said, with a smile. "He is young, poor fellow!" There was something father-like in his tone.

"Are you going to wake him?"

"No; let him have his sleep. We have passed all danger."

A moment after a night watchman came out of a little house beside the track and signalled that it was all right along

the line. Charley started as the man called out to us, and looked ashamed of himself for having been overcome. As if to make up to Mr. Shaffer for so forgetting himself, he picked up his grease bucket, and went forward on the engine to grease his boxes. Shaffer called out to him that there was no need to trouble about them till we reached the next station. Charley may not have heard him.

At that moment the engine jarred against a small stone, which, though thrown off the track by the cow-catcher, had rebounded. Charley, leaning forward, lost his balance. He tried to catch hold of one of the polished brasses. His grasp failed him.

There was no shout—no cry. We stopped suddenly. I ran back upon the track with the conductor, brakemen, and Mr. Shaffer. There lay Charley with his right foot crushed to pieces. He had fainted. Two or three passengers opened the car windows and asked what we had stopped for. Nobody answered them. Why should they be disquieted and disturbed? The railway men upon the train gathered around Charley. A pile of coats was spread for him to lie on, a brakeman stayed beside him. At the next station they could get a doctor; but we could see for ourselves that the case was hopeless. No setting would give him back that crushed and mangled limb. Not ten minutes delay occurred. Shaffer was up again upon his engine, and we started, but I saw him every moment looking back towards the baggage car.

"Go to him," I said; "I'll drive the engine to the next station. I can do without you."

"No," he replied. "It is no matter. What could I do? True; what could any of us do? Half an hour before poor Charley stood beside us, full of hope and life, and now he lay behind us crushed and maimed, his chances in life over."

"She'll never have him now," sighed Shaffer, rubbing perhaps a cinder from his eye. "It is all over with him. His hopes hung upon his getting promotion. Now the most that they will do for him will be to make him a watchman or a switch-tender—if even they do that. The Company don't feel much pity, even for a conductor or an engineer."

We rolled into the depot of a great town. As some of the passengers stepped on to the platform I noticed a very pretty, refined-looking young girl glancing eagerly up and down the train. Her eye did not light upon the Charley she was looking for, but it fell upon her father, who had come to meet her.

"Father! I did not expect to see you here!" she cried.

"Probably not," he answered drily.

"So we had a bad accident last night," remarked a passenger, as he passed along the platform. "A poor young fireman got crushed. They are carrying him away."

The young girl started. She looked towards a group just lifting Charley from the baggage car. Her face grew deadly white. She gave a little shriek, turned, as if she would run after the men carrying him along the platform, and fell back in a dead faint into my arms. We got her into the ladies' waiting-room.

"What is it? Do you know, sir?" said her father to me. He did not appear to take in the situation.

"It is that fine fellow Charley Brooks," I said, "who met with an accident half an hour ago."

"I am glad of it!—served him right!" he said, and his face darkened.

I remained standing on the platform. He went into the waiting-room.

"Good morning. What's the matter?" said a voice. I turned. One of the high officers of the road was addressing me; one of those autocrats who have the fate of hundreds of employes in their hands. My heart was very full of poor Charley and his altered fortunes. With an instinct that it might do him no harm to communicate what I knew about him to the great man, I told the story.

"Walford? Was that the name of her old father, did you say? Sergeant Walford?" said a gentleman in a raglan. He wore it to conceal the loss of an arm. He had been standing by listening to my tale as, with such eloquence as comes from an over-flowing heart, I spoke of Charley.

"I don't know anything about Mr. Walford," I answered; "but I can ask the engineer."

"Here, Shaffer!" cried the autocrat, "come here and tell me what you know about this Charley."

He walked apart with Shaffer for a few moments, and I heard him say as they parted—

"Go and see him to-morrow, and tell him from me that when he gets well, he shall go into the works and have a tony engine."

Meantime the one-armed gentleman had sought out Mr. Walford. I think the old man felt that every one was casting an evil eye at him out of sympathy for his daughter and Charley.

"I am glad to see you, old comrade," said the gentleman, "and to shake you by the hand. You know me, I hope—you old Colonel, General Yeardley."

The old man's face grew radiant with pride and pleasure. "Why, General, how are you? I didn't think you would have known me."

"I seldom forget faces, especially the face of a man who so bravely bore our colours. What is this accident? I hear a fine young fellow has been hurt, and that he is the suitor of your daughter."

"No, General. He is the man who shot you through the arm. I saw him fire the shot. It is a righteous judgment on him."

"No—no, my good friend. My arm was wounded in fair fight. I hope you do not think that a soldier is accountable for every man he hits. You would have a good deal to answer for."

"No, General; but I saw the devilish bitter look upon his face. He took deliberate aim . . ."

"Now, Walford, I am sure you are mistaken. My orderly saw the shot fired, and made a pass at the man. What sort of looking fellow is this Charley?"

"A tall, well-looking enough chap, with light curling hair."

"I knew you were labouring under a misapprehension. No man sees clearly in the smoke of battle. My orderly always maintained that the man who hit me was a dark man with a tremendous black moustache and long black hair."

"Indeed, General! . . ."

"If I were you, I would believe the orderly. Come, Walford—shut up. I heard my friend there offering the young man, when he gets well, a good place for his good conduct as a fireman. For my sake forget and forgive him. I do. And if the young lady fancies the young man, take an old friend's advice, and let him have her. It will pay to make a change of base, for if the heads of this great Company take him up they'll make his fortune."

"If, General, you wish it . . ."

"I do wish it. What's that? All aboard? I must be off. Ask me to the wedding when it takes place; I'll make a point of coming, if you do."

On—on we went again, leaving the Walfords, father and daughter, and poor Charley behind.

A few pale streaks of dawn gleamed low on the horizon, grey clouds were slowly floating up from the moist ground. The farmyard fowls began to be astir. The cool air of early morning made me shiver. The mountains lay behind us; before us were open glades wet with the rains of the past night, and dotted with grazing cattle. Early people in the cottages were coming to their doors to see the train pass, or were gazing at us from their dripping gardens. As we left the town behind us some great factories were just opening their doors. The world was waking up to the duties, the events, the accidents of a new day.

We came to our journey's end at last. Bells rang, and screaming whistles welcomed our arrival. Boys and men were running along the platform making all the noise they could in honour of the Night Express, safe and in time. Friends came trooping to meet friends. All was welcome, bustle, self-congratulation, and satisfaction.

I got down. I gave a glance at the engine. Nothing with her seemed out of place. Her task was over. There she stood, as strong, as polished, and as unfatigued as when we started. I stopped to say good-bye to Mr. Shaffer, to whom I had communicated what had passed between the ex-Confederate General and Mr. Walford.

"Charley thinks he shot him, anyhow," was his comment on the conversation.

"Are you going to rest?" were my last words.

"No, sir. He's gone. It will be awful lonesome, I expect, along the line. I must see to the engine."

I left him preparing to wash his own machine. In about twelve hours it would start on its return trip again. All things would repeat the experiences of the night—except poor Charley. We parted with a cordial pressure of the hand.

Six months after, at the door of one of the Company's workshops, I met a face I knew—paler than when I saw it last. It was no longer "Charley's" face. It belonged to Mr. Brooks, an important man about the works and a favourite with the Company. My friend the autocrat had been as good as his word.

"And how about Miss Nettie?" I asked, as I grasped him cordially by the hand.

"Come and see her," he replied. "She is now Mrs. Brooks, thanks to the kind offices of General Yeardley. I'd almost give my other foot that I had not shot him in the arm, for it was not at long range. But bless me! I forgot. For the old man's sake, Nettie says I must never say that any more. They have settled it among them that no man who had not a ruffianly black beard and moustache could have shot General Yeardley."

### The Story of an Indian Child-Wife.

WHEN we hear of child-wives or of child-widows in India we almost shrink from realising all that is implied in these words. Our thoughts turn away in pity or disgust. We think of our own children, and to imagine them as wives when ten years old, or as mothers of children when twelve, sends a shiver through our hearts. Even the Hindus themselves are ashamed, when questioned about these infantine marriages. They know that as long as the existence of such horrors as have now and then been brought to light can be suspected in their own families, no real trust or fellowship or friendship is possible between Hindus and Englishmen. And yet they feel offended. They know that the reality is not so bad as outsiders imagine. They know that a criminal treatment of young wives is the exception as much as brutal treatment of wives is the exception in England. They resent interference in the sanctuary of their domestic life. "Leave us alone," is what even the most enlightened among them seem to say. "Leave us alone, and we shall soon adapt ourselves to the new conditions of life. We shall in future have to give to our children a more complete, and, therefore, a more protracted, education, and the result will be that they themselves will object to early engagements and premature marriages. All will come right in time, only do not force us to do what we are quite willing to do ourselves."

This is by no means to be considered as a real argument against the measure which the Indian Legislature has taken in raising the age of consent. If what the best representatives and leaders of public opinion in India tell us is true, then this measure does no more than give a legal sanction to what was the recognised custom in well-conducted families, while, on the other hand, it will have opened the eyes of thoughtless people to the fact that any disregard of such custom is not only wrong in the eyes of their own Svamis, but criminal in the eyes of the law.

But while every lover of India must congratulate the people of that country on the passing of that much-debated Bill, it is only fair to them to listen to what they have to say on the real state of their domestic life. We cannot, of course, imagine anything like what we ourselves mean by love between man and woman, as possible between children of ten and twelve years of age. But Nature is wonderfully kind even towards those who seem to us to disregard her clearest intimations. There is such a thing as loving devotion even among children, and the absence of all passion surrounds those early attachments with a charm unknown in later life. If, as we learn from the biographies of some of our greatest men, these childish or boyish attachments are not unknown among ourselves, why should we be so determinedly incredulous as to the possibility of a pure attachment between children under the warmer sky of India? Those who have lived much with little children know the transport of love with which some cling to their mothers, or sisters to brothers, or boys to some pretty child of their acquaintance. There can be no doubt of children being capable of the strongest fervour of devotion, not even unmixed at times with bitter jealousy. We should remember that in India the child-like devotion of a young girl is concentrated from the first on one object only, never dissipated, never frustrated by any early disappointments. A husband, though a mere boy, is accepted by the young bride, as we have to accept father and mother, sister and brother. He is her own, for better or worse, for this life and for the next. Heaven has ordained it so. A husband is not chosen, he is given, and to repudiate such a gift seems as unnatural to them as to repudiate father and mother, sister and brother, would seem to us. Natives who speak at all of the mysteries of their heart dwell with rapture on the days of their boyhood and boyish love as the most blissful of their whole lives.

It is difficult to remove the veil that covers all the happiness, and, no doubt, all the misery also, of a Hindu family. It is the exception if that veil is ever lifted and we are allowed an insight into the sanctuary of wedded life. Such a case happened not long ago at the death of Srimati Soudamini Ray, the wife of one of the prominent members of the Brahmo Samaj, Babu Kedar Nath Ray. Do not let us mind these long and awkward names. They may cover human souls as simple, as pure, as brave as any known to us under more familiar names. Let us call her Srimati, which means the blessed, or Soudamini, which means a lightning-flash, and let us learn what bright light she shed in her short life on all around her, and what a blessing she was to her husband of her childhood, her youth, and her womanhood. She was born in 1858, in the village of Matla, in the district of Dacca. I quote now chiefly from communications which appeared after her recent death in Indian papers. As an infant, we are told, she used to cling to her grandfather, preferring his to all other society. She had but

few playfellows, but those who were once her friends remained so for life. Her father was poor, but so fond was he of his little daughter that till she married there was a new suit provided for her every Sunday. She married when she was only nine years old, her husband being about twelve at the time. They were as happy as children all day long, and yet their thoughts were engaged on subjects which form but a small portion of the conversation even of more mature married couples in England. Young as they were, they were old enough to think of serious subjects. They soon felt dissatisfied with their religion, and after two or three years of anxious thought they determined to take a step the full import of which few people who do not know Indian life are able to fathom. Her husband joined the followers of Rammohun Ray, Keshub Chunder Sen, and other reformers of the old Indian religion, and she, as a faithful wife, followed his example. They surrendered all idolatry, all superstitious practices. Their faith was henceforth summed up in a few simple articles. They held "that God alone existed in the beginning, and that He created the universe. He is intelligent, they say, infinite, benevolent, eternal governor of the universe, all-knowing, omnipotent, the refuge of all, devoid of limbs, immutable, alone without a second, all-powerful, self-existent, and beyond all comparison. They believe that by worshipping Him, and Him alone, they can attain the highest good in this life and in the next, and that this true worship consists in their loving Him and doing His works."

This may seem a very harmless kind of creed. But to adopt this creed of the Brahmos meant for the young husband and his wife complete social degradation. They might have kept up the appearance of orthodoxy while holding in their hearts these simple and more enlightened convictions. It is so easy to find an excuse for being orthodox. The temptation was great, but they resisted. The families to which she and her husband belonged occupied a prominent position in Hindu society. Much as she and her husband had been loved, they were now despised, avoided, excommunicated. The allowance on which they had to live was reduced to a minimum, and in order to fit himself for gaining a livelihood the husband entered as a student in one of the Government colleges, while his little wife had to look after their small household.

Soon their came a new trial. Her husband's father, who had renounced his son, died broken-hearted, and the duty of performing the Sraddha, or funeral ceremonies, fell on his son. To neglect the performance of those ceremonies means to deprive the departed of all hope of eternal life, and this belief is so deeply ingrained in the mind of the Hindus that, however sceptica they may be about all the rest of their religion, they always cling to their Sraddha. Kedar Nath Ray, the son, was quite ready to perform on this occasion all ceremonies which were not clearly idolatrous, but no more. All his relations and friends, the whole village to which he belonged, urged him to yield. His little wife alone stood bravely by his side, and when the time of the funeral ceremony came she helped him to escape by night from his persecutors. His father's brothers thereupon stopped all allowances, and wrote to him: "It now rests with you to support your wife and mother. The income of the ancestral property is swallowed up by the religious endowments of our forefathers. Your family will get only Rs.8 per month for their maintenance." With this pittance Srimati managed to maintain herself, her husband's mother, who had become insane, his little sister, and a nurse, while her husband was at the Presidency College in Calcutta to finish, if possible, his studies. This, however, proved an impossibility, on account of the expense. He had to go to Dacca to prosecute his studies there, being assisted by a maternal uncle. They all lived together again, and though they often were almost starving, Srimati considered those years the happiest of her life. She herself attended the Adult Female School, and so rapid was her progress that, on one occasion, she was chosen to read an address to Lord Northbrook when he visited Dacca.

The rest of her life was less eventful. Her husband after a time secured a certain independence, and though their life was always a struggle, and though their relatives never forgave them for their apostacy, their small home, blessed with healthy children, was all that she desired on earth. Her household seems to have been managed in the most exemplary way. Her friends tell us how her few servants loved her and would never leave her. Overkindness to them sometimes brought on irregularity, and her husband had to complain that she was not severe enough with them. But she said: "Why should I lose patience and thereby my peace of mind? It is better that I should suffer a little by their conduct."

Her love for her children was most ardent. She was not only a fond mother, but watched over her children and guided them with a firm hand through all the temptations of their

childhood and youth. Her highest desire, however, was the happiness of her husband. She twined round him, as her friends used to say, like a creeper, but it was the creeper that gave strength to him and upheld him in all his trials and all his aspirations.

Such a life may be called uneventful, without excitement, without social triumphs. This quiet couple did their daily round of duty in the village, which had been the home of their ancestors. They did not travel to see distant towns. They hardly knew the enjoyment derived from the contemplation of great works of art. What we call society did not exist for them. No theatres, no concerts, no dinners, no balls. Nature supplied them with all the objects of their admiration, and religion lifted their souls to the sublimest happiness. Nany a delightful moonlight night they passed together in calm contemplation of Nature, and of the Great Spirit who liveth and worketh in her. They well knew the rapture that springs from feeling a divine presence in everything, in the soft breezes of the evening, in the whisper of the leaves, in the silver rays of the moon, and most of all in the deep, silent glances of two loving eyes. Every morning and every evening the happy wife prayed with her husband, and later in life she conducted the domestic service for her children and servants. When at last her health began to fail, young and happy as she was, she was quite willing to go. She complained but little on her sick-bed, and her only fear was that she disturbed her husband's slumber and deprived him of the rest which he needed so much. She watched and prayed, and when the end came, she quietly murmured: "Dāyamaya," "O All-merciful." Thus she passed away, a true child-wife, pure as a child, devoted as a wife, and yearning for that Father whom she had sought for, if haply she might feel after Him and find Him—and surely He was not far from her—nor she from Him.—*F. Max Müller, in Contemporary Review.*

### The Five Elements.

"CHINESE doctors," we are told by Mrs. Bryson in her biography of John Kenneth Mackenzie, "profess to be able to diagnose disease by the state of the pulse only. Their knowledge of anatomy and physiology is almost nil; yet in place of exact knowledge they substitute the most absurd theories. The nature of the illness being unknown, they attribute to the influence of the 'five elements' the onset of disease. To a large extent the physiological action of drugs is unknown, and most wonderful healing properties are attributed to such substances as dragons' teeth, fossils, tiger bones, pearls, etc.

"A Chinese doctor examines the pulse of each wrist of his patient with much solemnity, the sick person's hand resting meantime upon a cushion, while the friends stand round watching the operation with much awe. The tongue is then examined and a prescription written out; the doctor then departs, after giving his diagnosis and going into long explanations of what is taking place in his patient's interior. Many of the Chinese wonder much that foreign physicians should make so many enquiries of their patients: they think that they should be able to find out all about such matters from the condition of the pulse.

"Moreover, superstitious notions and practices control and pervert medicines. In almost every case of sickness idols, astrologers, and fortune-tellers are consulted. Disease is generally attributed to the anger of the gods, or to a visitation of evil spirits; the priests, indeed, teach this for their own ends. Charms are in general use to expel evil spirits and pacify the offended gods, and many idolatrous rites are employed. The noise of gongs and fire-crackers used in these observances is constantly heard, and of necessity proves very injurious to a patient whose nervous system is weakened by disease. The charms are written out and pasted about the sick-room. Sometimes these marvellous pieces of paper are burned, and the ashes used to make a decoction, which the patient is ordered to drink. It is not wonderful, therefore, that medical science being in so unsatisfactory a state in China, the cures wrought by the foreign doctors seem to the people little short of miraculous, and in many cases the difficulty is not to get the people to believe in the foreign medical man, but rather for them to understand there is a limit to his healing power."

BREAD cast upon the water purely as a business speculation is liable to sink before reaching port.

DON'T worry your brain about the man in the moon, but study the man in your own overcoat.

### One Way of Taking a Holiday.

NOWADAYS there are so many pleasant and cheap ways of spending a holiday, even if of limited duration, that it is really a question of much difficulty how to make the best choice. Having been, and seen, and thoroughly enjoyed, I now give my experience, of one of the many pleasant ways, for what it is worth.

There were three of us bent on taking a rest, and the utmost time at our disposal was one fortnight, so we laid our heads together and hobbled over the prospects, and gathered together all sorts of time-tables, hand-books, and guide-books galore. Now, not being any of us over robust, owing to the ravages of the fiend influenza, we did not want to do much walking or take any great amount of exertion, so we concluded that a sea voyage would be just the thing; and, having procured a Clyde Shipping Company's Handbook, we devoured its pages, and the pages of the accompanying time-table, and found we could get a nice trip with plenty of rest and change, by going in one of this company's steamers up the west coast route to Glasgow and back, the same way, allowing us a little under three days on shore in Scotland.

As Scotland was the goal of our united desires originally, we were delighted to find it all fitted in so well, and proceeded at once to procure tickets and take berths, and were lucky enough to book for one of the newest of the company's boats with most elegant fittings and electric light—no horrid odorous oil lamps anywhere about. We sailed from St. Katharine's Docks after the usual grand scrimmage to get on board in good time, and found we need not have hurried, as according to the usual thing the boat didn't start till an hour and a-half after the advertised time.

Before going further I will here give the cost of tickets. London to Glasgow return, first or cabin, is 50s., single 30s., and if booked per Messrs. Cook and Son one can take the circular tour from Glasgow through the Trossachs to Glasgow included, tickets available either way for £3 6s. 8d. This saves both in booking on arrival in Scotland, and it does not matter what day is chosen for the trip on landing; moreover the journey can be broken anywhere between the places named on the tickets.

We had beautiful weather for our start, and enjoyed the trip to the Nore very much; a good deal of shipping being about made it picturesque. We sailed on a Thursday and got to Southampton on Friday morning at three.

As we were comparatively close in to shore, we saw the white cliffs of Dover and the Castle standing out well, also Beachy Head.

At Southampton after breakfast we had time to see a little bit of the foam past the bar, and we got some of the celebrated strawberries which were indeed delicious. These we enjoyed with the scenery of the Solent, while steaming out to sea past Netley Hospital (a fine red building standing in wild wooded grounds), and the historic Needles of the Isle of Wight.

We arrived at Plymouth on the Friday night, laying too in the Sound. A perfect harbour, the sea sparkling with phosphorescence, and the lights of the town twinkling tier above tier, all added to the natural beauty of the scenery.

We had some time—nearly a day—at Plymouth, and being very fortunate in weather, we organised a trip up the Tamar to Saltash, past all the old and new ships of various sorts and kinds in Devonport, up to Brunel's suspension bridge on the G.W. line. This trip cost 1s. 3d. each, and was more than worth it; the scenery was not only lovely, but interesting and historic, and Mount Edgecumbe adds greatly to the beauty thereof, Drake's Island making a very good foil.

On our return we rushed up to the immortalised Hoe, from which a perfect view may be had; the water is a lovely blue and very clear, and far in the distance the new Eddystone Lighthouse can be seen, out beyond the breakwater, which is a triumph of engineering skill. Here let me make it plain that this account is written for the benefit of intending trippers, not for those who have already seen and appreciated the beauties of these parts.

On the Hoe there is a magnificent statue in bronze of Drake, a proud, manly figure beautifully set up. Not far from this is the Armada monument, which is also very fine.

A little beyond these is the old citadel, and below, on the slope, is the old reconstructed Eddystone, which was placed here when the new one was erected, and looks very smart with its white and red bands.

Leaving Plymouth in the afternoon we steamed all night, and in the morning arrived at Waterford, a very pretty place, but just a trifle overrated we all thought. By this time it was Sunday, and after lunch we all dispersed various ways, the chief attraction being the jaunting cars, which were largely patronised, and reasonable as things go. The thing to do,

and of course that being so, we did it, is to take a car to Tramore, cost about 8s. for four, and "the well will hold one more," so the driver told us, only as it looked rather a problem we decided to leave well alone.

Tramore is a funny little wild place on the seashore, and there is a train run in the early morning on purpose to suit bathers. We had tea in a queer old house where we had to wrestle with the windows in order to get some air. The dust of ages was difficult to dislodge. We found our hostess was an old and fair Maid of Kent, not a typical Irish woman, but we made up for this by hearing some good old Irish songs in brogue, and seeing a daughter of Erin swallow several raw cockles for our benefit with gusto. On Monday we again took a jaunt on a car far into the country, the cost this time being 6s. We had a charming though youthful driver who got down and picked up quantities of wild flowers, foxgloves and honeysuckle growing in profusion. In the afternoon of Monday we steamed out again and got into some nasty weather, whereat one or two succumbed, but not irrevocably, for most of them were present and assisted at the evening concert. On Tuesday we arrived at Greenock; and here let me give a piece of advice—get off if you value your organ of smell, and go on to Glasgow by train. The Clyde is pretty, but its smell is odious and to be avoided. On our way up a poor fellow fell off a vessel into the mixture, and I should think he must have regretted it, although a good swimmer.

If a holiday is to be really enjoyable the best way to go about it is to be casual and not worry over luggage, trains, or any other abomination; this we were, and finding it suited us better to go on to Edinburgh we did so after many and sad farewells, for we had a goodly company on board, 68 in all, and most of them very jolly. I was forgetting to mention the cost of the food which is, of course, paid for at the end of the journey; it comes to about 33s. per head, that is if you are well. Of course it is less otherwise, and everything is charged per tariff which is satisfactory, the chief meals being breakfast, middleday dinner (hot), and high tea, 6.30.

Any other meal can be had if wanted, and there is a steward and a stewardess.

The best berths are in the deck cabin, which we managed to secure.

Edinburgh of course needs no description, therefore we will go on to the Trossachs' trip, after saying that the Imperial Hotel is very comfortable and reasonable, and much nicer than the Waverleys, which abound in Scotland. Of course there are a hundred and one things to see in Edinburgh, but the guide books tell you all these. We were in Modern Athens two nights, and it cost about 18s. each with food and tips.

There are two ways of doing the Trossachs; one way is *via* the Forth Bridge to Stirling and Aberfoyle, and on by coach to Loch Katrine, and steamer over to Stronachalder tunnel, by coach to Inverarnald and on by steamer across Loch Lomond to Balloch Pier and train back to Glasgow, passing the Wallace stronghold, Dumbarton Castle. This route is the newest, but the other is by far the prettiest, if it is a first trip through the Trossachs; it takes the traveller from Edinburgh or Glasgow, *via* Larbert, to Callander, avoiding the Forth Bridge, by coach to Loch Katrine, and on as by the first route, but from the Brig o' Turk it is best to get off the coach and walk to the Trossachs Hotel, lunch there, and walk on through the beautiful scenery to Loch Katrine. It is well worth the walk. One thing I have forgotten is the Ailsa Craig, which is a wonderful sight, covered with white sea-birds, who do not mind the rocket or gun which is generally fired off to make them stir from their nests. The island of Arran is well worth looking at; these are also passed on entering the Clyde.

On returning to Glasgow, which may be a prosperous commercial centre, but certainly is not attractive, we found the Central Hotel most comfortable and reasonable, and here we put up for one night, taking away with us a very prettily got up souvenir of the place, which has not been opened very long. The next day the boat, not the same one, but a sister ship, was advertised to start at 1 p.m., and as we had had enough of the malodorous Clyde we determined to train to Greenock and wait for her; this we did, and there we waited till 5 p.m., watching the shipping in the docks, poking about the town, which is not charming in the region of the docks, and off on a wild hunt for lunch, which we got after successfully bearding the whole show of Lord George Sanger's Circus, which was parading the streets. When at last we got on board our new boat we found some old friends, and settled ourselves for a comfortable journey, beginning, however with an adventure in the shape of a collision, which stove in the port holes in the stern of our boat, not doing very much harm, however, but making an alarming noise.

Next day we got to Belfast early in the small hours, and went for a walk before breakfast, falling in with an Orange

Demonstration, which was not as exciting as "demonstrations" usually are.

After breakfast we explored the town, and went to Robinson and Cleaver's fine house of business, built in the Jubilee Year; there, after making some small purchases, we were treated most courteously, and taken all over the house, being shown the view from the roof, and the hand looms and spinning wheels for the flax. Some of these were at work, and proved most fascinating.

Coming down we were astonished with a special scent of the firm's called "O So Sweet," a most suitable name, and thence we went on the top of a tram to the Botanical Gardens, which are very pretty and nicely laid out, thence back to the boat and off to Plymouth, passing the Longships and Wolf rock in a most lovely sunset. The sea was clear, and very smooth and oily, and the shoals of beautiful jelly fish, all shapes and colours, with long tentacles spread out, looked most attractive in the water. At night the sea was a mass of phosphorescence most beautiful to watch, especially high upon the bows. We got to Plymouth early in the morning, and after breakfast all set out for the post-office, after which, it being broiling hot, we sat on the Hoe lazily watching the ships and boats in the harbour. Then finding the pangs of hunger necessitated a prowl for provender, we found a nice restaurant, by name Lockyer, where we coaled up; then started off to the harbour, taking a steamer out to and around the Eddystone Lighthouse and back, cost 1s. 6d. There are ever so many delightful trips to various places from Plymouth, inexpensive and enjoyable, and the air there is perfect.

Plymouth was our last stopping place, after which we steamed all too quickly home again, passing some interesting places, and ending by falling in with the Channel Fleet, a picturesque squadron off Deal.

Instead of going up to Gravesend, we lay off the Mouse Sand, part of the night lulled to sleep by the bell buoy, and the next morning found us back in St. Katharine Docks.

There are many ways of varying this trip; it can be broken at any place, and the next boat taken, on payment of a trifling extra charge, 5s. I think.

The rest is complete, and the fact of being out in the air perforce all day is most beneficial. There are all sorts of mild amusements in the form of deck billiards and quoits, the only drawback being the astonishing fact that there is no sort of musical instrument provided on board any of the boats.

The food is very fair, nothing very special; and the accommodation is also fair, good enough for a short trip when one sets out determined to gain all the good one can, and not like a certain interesting nobleman who has lately set out in quite another spirit.

Further information anent this way of spending a holiday can be had of the Clyde Shipping Co., at their offices, 138, Leadenhall-street, E.C. (Rochester-buildings), or of any of the ticket agents of whom there are many.

### Is it Worth While?

Is it worth while to jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,  
In blackness of heart, that we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful plight!

God pity us all as we jostle each other;  
God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel,  
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,  
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,  
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well in this brief life's journey,  
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,  
We give him a fish instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding the hands to be and abide  
For ever, and aye, in dust at his side!

Look at the roses saluting each other;  
Look at the herds all in peace on the plain;  
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain!

Is it worth while that we battle to humble  
Some poor fellow down in the dust?  
God pity us all! Time too soon will tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,  
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

## Certain Beliefs and Superstitions of the Negro.

THE Negroes on the Southern plantations have apparently adopted with marvellous rapidity the customs, language, and religion of the race that brought them into slavery a mere century ago. Yet, though they seem so readily to have accepted the forms of worship of the dominant race, one finds, on looking closely into the matter, that they cling to some very barbarous beliefs and superstitions, and oftentimes these strange fancies are wrapped about with the garb of religion.

The Negro has his church. His church has its bell that peals forth cheerily on Sunday morning. He has his Sunday-school, his marching with banners, and his reading of essays on Children's Day. He learns, and he sings wondrously well, many gospel hymns; and we trust, in truth believe, that many of the great lessons of Christianity fix themselves in his heart and exhibit themselves in his life. Knowing all this, and seeing how he reaches toward the light, reaching out of the darkness of an ignorance near akin to barbarism, it is strange to note how he retards his progress toward the acquisition of clear light by clinging to purposeless and very curious superstitions.

For instance, it is surprising to learn that negroes of honesty and sobriety, who profess a desire to live better lives, are sometimes excluded from membership in these same churches because "the candiduct," as he is called, has not had "a 'sperience" of "bein' shuck over hell." Such strange "a 'sperience" of "bein' shuck over hell," and beliefs of which his advancement in religion, education, and civilization—adopted all from the white man—takes no cognizance.

It is not often that we can lift a corner of that dusky brain curtain to catch a glimpse into that cloudy adytum where the moon shows herself a lump of ice, and the sun is considered to exhibit itself as a woman singing, singing, forever singing.

A few questions put at various times to the people of the dark race have brought to me answers which serve in some sort as glimpses into that repository of quaint fancies.

I shall endeavour to transcribe a few of these replies as nearly as possible as the negro himself would give them.

"What," I once asked a negro, "is your idea of this world we live in?"

"Dee tell me," was the answer, "dat dis worl' is a gre't star; but hit 'pear ter me ter be a gre't big flower."

Again, I asked, "What is thunder?"

To this came divers replies. One negro said that thunder was a round ball not larger than a boy's toy marble. "It do make s' much noise rollin' 'caze hit 's let loose fum de hand of God."

Another thought thunder was "de movin' of God's feet on de sky, and de lightenin' is de winklein' of his eye."

"What is wind?" I asked.

"Hit 's a blaze," was the reply; "hit 's red like fire, but hit 's cold. How does I know hit 's red? 'Caze dem folks what can see wind is done tole me dat red is de color of hit. Some folks can see wind, and t'other folks can't. Hogs can always see wind; dee des run and grunt when dee see hits whirlin' redness. If any pusson will suck a sow, dat pusson will git power in his eyes to see wind. And whenever a wind rises, hit is risin' en dyin' breaaf. Breaaf of de dyin' folks in de worril fills de wind's wings and makes 'em strong."

To the question, "What is air?" came the answer, "Hit 's des low wind." To the interrogation, "Where does snow come from?" came the reply, "It is blowed off de tops de highest mountains."

"What are clouds made of?"

"Made of all de smoke blowed up from de worril since de worril was made."

"Of what are the stars made?"

"Dee is des balls of fire hung up in de sky."

"How long will the stars hang in the sky?"

"Dee will hang twel de Great Day Judgement. On dat day John will take a shinin' broom in his hand, and he will sweep de sky clean of stars; sweep de sky clean of stars like a woman sweeps a floor clean of dust. De stars will fall from his broom, and will bust wid blazes and great noise des 'fo' dee touch de earth."

"You say the moon is a lump of ice; now what will become of that at the Last Great Day?" I have sometimes asked.

"Hit will drip away in blood."

The queer recitation of ignorance continued somewhat after this manner:—

"What will become of the rocks?"

"Dee will des melt. De rocks? Dee des growed. Dee 'll des agin melt away. De ocean? Hit 'll only des bile away. De sun? Well, you know de sun is a 'oman; hit got face, hit

got eyes, hit can see all you do. She sings,—she do sing all day long. As she rises she sings low, but when she gits such a distance up she sings loud! All 'cross de high sky she sings low, but when she gits sech a distance down she sings low agin. Dat 's de reason noises can't carry far in de middle of de day; de sounds air des deadened by de sun's singin'. Nobody can edzactly hear what air de words of de song she sings, but ev'ybody is deafened by her hummin', 'caze hearin' her dee can't hear no other noise to speak of."

"What," I asked one wise in the doctrines of ignorance, "are those stars with long lights streaming from them?"

"Macomet stars. Dee come fer signs of wars. And often is de times dat us see strange lights and quare shadows all over de worril in spots. I don't know what dem be, but I does know dat de worril sometimes puts on mournin'." She puts on mournin'-close same like a widow 'oman. Is you notice dat dark shadow in de moon? Dat's a man, dat is. He put dar fer workin' on a Sunday. Dat little shadder by him is his little dog. De little dog didn't do no harm; he des follered de man. When you see a rainbow," continued my informant, "you'll des know den dat de moon is done got des behime de sun, and is lookin' over her shoulder."

I discover that there are various superstitions concerning the origin of the appearance of the rainbow. One old negro tells me that rainbows are kept in the bottom of brooks until such times as they are needed to "pen de sky." He tells me that he has seen a rainbow in the very act of rising from its watery bed.

"How did the world look when it was new?" I once asked.

"Mighty strange,—mighty strange. De jay-bird brung de first grit of dirt ever was brung ter dis earth. I don't know how come he done dat, but I do know dat de jay-bird is 'bleeged ter go down ter de devil ev'y Friday, des at one o'clock and carry a grit of dirt in his bill. Also, I can tell how dar was no water in de worril well de mournin'-dove dug de first spring; she dug hit wid her bill. Also, I can tell how when de white dove flew out of de Noray's Ark, she planted de first grain of corn [maize] dat ever had been planted on de earth. I can tell you, too, how de mockin'-bird stole dat first grain of corn. I know, I do, dat de robin did plant de first cedar-tree ever was in dis worril. De first fire was brung to de worril from de devil; hit's long been quench fer ourns usin', but dat left wid de devil, hit ain't never done been quench, and never is ter be."

I asked what sort of people were in the world when the world was new.

The reply came as follows: "Many of de animals you see now was onced folks, old-time folks; dese big rattlesnakes, dee was one time bad folks. In de old days dee was changed ter snakes, and dee air des essentially dat way twel yit. Monkeys use ter be old-time folks also; dee ac' like folks de squinch-owls, dem what shiver roun' de house when a yit. De pusson gwine die, dee was all ole women when de worril was pusson gwin' die; dee was too proud to walk on de groun', was old-time folks; dee was too proud to walk on de groun', and so dee was put under de groun'. Cats was onced witches and witcher-men and witcher-women. De swamp-owls, dee was ole women also. Dee one time 'fuse ter give de Lord a piece of bread, as He walk here on de earth, so dee was indain ter be of owls. All de ole folks tell me," continued my informant, "dat dar use ter be three houses clost tog'er wherever you go, and de dem three houses belong ter de Injun man, de fox, and de rabbit. De white man done drive off de Injun, done mos' drive off de fox, but Brer Rabbit, he say he gwine stay."

Besides these queer fancies of the causes of natural phenomena and of the world's earliest history, they of the dark race have a strange, unwritten law concerning religious belief, custom, and expression with which every professor of religion must be familiar. To the converted they apply phrases like these: "still in de open fiel"; "settin' on de sinner seat," and many more of like nature. To the converted they apply phrases like these: "He done been shuck over hell"; "He's done spilt de cup of damnation"; "He's done broke de bonds"; "He's tryin' on de gole waistband"; "He's waggin' wid de cross"; "He's shuck out de shine line gyarment, and he's ready ter put hit on"; "He's on shoutin' member"; "She's a rockin' Christian"; "He's on prayin' groun' and pleadin' terms"; "She's done des come praisin' groun' and pleadin' terms"; "She's sippin' de th'oo"; "He's done been led a far away"; "She's sippin' de cup of salvation"; "He's tuck a seat wid de member-men"; "He's gethered in"; "She's done told her 'sperience and she 's done profess."

The "experiences" that must be told before gaining admission to the church are sometimes marvellous, yet to one who has heard a repetition of many of these "experiences" there is observable in all an accord with certain unwritten laws.

Few sensations more startling to a fairly educated mind can be imagined than those that assail one after the hearing of several of these marvellous recitations of soul journeyings and soul experiences. The Negroes who go through these soul ordeals are called "seekers." One must be a "seeker" ere he can become a "member." Many of the negroes, during the time for "seekin' 'ligion," tie a cloth about the head, and all who "seek" are expected to drop all work and look very woe-begone. The seeker must be carried in spirit to heaven and hell, and he must give in church an account of these spirit-journeys.

Though many of these recitations of spiritual experiences are strangely absurd, some are really striking and poetic.

One negro who applied for church membership said that he had passed much of his time for seeking in spiritual wanderings through the lower regions. He was surprised to find the dwellers of that land apparently far less unhappy than he had been taught to believe them to be; so he asked his guide through this realm of darkness: "Brother, whar's de fire? Brother, dis ain't nigh as bad as folks up yonder tell us it is, for dee tell us dis place is full of fire. Brother, whar's de fire?" For reply his guide stopped, turned to his questioner, opened up his heart,—"same as a cook'oman opens a stove door,"—and all within his bare breast the horror-stricken seeker beheld a rolling, whirling sea of flame. "For, oh, my brother," cried the guide, "hit's widin—de fire is widin!"

The negroes' descriptions of the beauty of heaven rarely, if ever, touch on any note of the sublime. I have heard from them only accounts of passing through many doors, of houses of many rooms, of drinking from golden vessels, of walking over glittering bridges, of offering to gain admission to those great gates that they love to describe, "a new heart." The most absurd "sperience" I ever heard was that of a very old negro, who professed to have been granted a glimpse into the great gates of what constitutes their poor ignorant ideal of a happy beyond. He saw there, he said, an old "fellow-servant," one who had died but a short time before. He described the happy state of his old friend as follows: "I seen him sittin' high in heaven. I seen him wid de eye of faith. He was sittin' right sieder dat pool er molasses. He had a seat right under de fritter-tree dat grows by dat sweet pool, and des whenever he is so minded he do reach up his hand, and he do grab off a handful of dem good fritters dat hang thick on dat tree, and he do des reach over and dip dem fritters in dat pool, and eat des as commodious!"

It is in their hymns, unwritten by themselves save on their hearts, as one generation sings unto another, that the negroes preserve their best inspiration, their most fervid fancies. These hymns are rarely to be heard now, for they grow shy day by day of singing those grand chants, those unique hymns, loved and sung often by them in their days of slavery. The younger generation, the negroes born "since surrender," though ambitious to learn the cheery and attractive songs taught in their "free schools," are willing enough to let those marvellous melodies of their people drift into oblivion.

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## Science Problems.

### FLYING BY MEANS OF ELECTRICITY.

A BELIEF is current that we shall fly some day by means of electricity, although no definite method of employing this great agent has been devised. There are two methods suggested for the application of electricity to flying. One is a modification of the so-called telpherage system which has been tried in England and Wales for the purpose of transporting small packages on a kind of aerial railway. An electric motor runs on a species of elevated railway at a great speed and since the railway can be practically an air line, deep cuttings, tunneling, and sharp curves can be avoided.

It is but a step from this method of aerial locomotion to that of a system which proposes to employ air ships. Suppose for instance that a suitable balloon should be provided with an electric motor properly fitted with screws, vanes, and rudder, and that a powerful electric current should be led to this motor by means of trolley wires which slip, or the ends of which run along elevated wires such as are now used in certain double trolley electric railroads. Such an air ship would have certain advantages over the electric railway on the ground. It would have the advantage of the steamship—free to go through a wide stretch of air unhampered by conditions of stability of roadway or limitations of curves and gradients. It is true that it would have currents of air and head winds to contend against. These obstacles the steamship on water also encounters.

To the believer in the possibility of flying, however, this method we have outlined seems humiliating. It is not flying in the pure sense. It is telpherage. The aeronaut wishes to cut loose from the earth entirely, and to compete with the birds in an element which has been theirs for countless ages.

The method, however, which is thought to be the coming one, is that based upon the employment of storage batteries. In brief, it is this: A light storage battery capable of containing at least one horse-power is to turn an electric motor in a suitable air ship, and by the means of a light source of power and a light motor the problem is to be solved.

Let us see what are some of the conditions of flying. Birds apparently do not exert very great effort in order to soar, or even to rise from the earth. Let any one take a wild goose, for instance, attach one of its feet to a spring balance and measure its pull on the balance as it strives to escape. In general it does not pull more than two or three times its own weight; and in its efforts does not differ so greatly from the power a man can exert in his own peculiar way of exerting strength in a pull. A bird therefore must take advantage of currents of air in order to soar without perceptible motion of its wings.

There are, however, other conditions in the bird's art of flying. If the same duck or goose we have been experimenting upon is allowed to rise freely from the surface of a pond, it will be noticed that it springs upward and paddles heavily along the surface of the water striving to get an impulse or initial velocity in order to set its flying method in operation. Then, too, when an eagle soars, it generally throws itself down an aerial inclined plane—a species of toboggan chute—gaining in this way an initial velocity which enables it to soar without perceptible movement of its wide-stretching wings.

The smallest boy also knows that in the operation of skipping flat stones, he must give the stone an initial twist, acquiring thus a velocity which answers at any one instant to the velocity acquired by the bird in allowing its weight to fall down an aerial inclined plane. In reference to birds taking advantage of currents of air to enable them to soar, it is pointed out that salmon in ascending rivers take advantage also of favourable eddies and currents, setting their fins suitably to accomplish this. We are inclined to think, however, that these gymnastic feats of the bird and the fish correspond to man's tobogganing rather than to his usual methods of locomotion. Any one who has seen the laboured flight of a crow against the wind will be convinced of this.

It is generally conceded, however, that if we are to fly by electricity we must first be shot off from some suitable height in order to attain the requisite initial velocity.

Now let us examine the condition of a light storage battery. Great hopes were excited when the Faure storage cell was invented. Here was something which the world had been long waiting for, and many prophesied that it would revolutionize methods of locomotion. Unfortunately these hopes have not been realised.

It is not probable that the future bicyclist of the air can support himself and progress with less than one horse-power at his command. If he employs electricity he will find it difficult to construct an electrical motor which will yield a horse-power and which will weigh under 100 lbs. With 100 lbs. in his battery and 100 lbs. in his motor, to say nothing of the weight of the gears, wings, and rudders of the flying machine, the electrical aeronaut will be heavily handicapped even for a short trip. If an initial velocity could be gained by some species of send off like a toboggan slide it is improbable that a flying machine with such a heavy electrical equipment could be made to soar, and the unlucky experimenter would speedily find himself among the debris of his machine.

The wild goose which we have taken as an example resembles one of Edison's new dynamo and steam engines combined. Its heart is the engine. Its nervous organization answers perhaps to the dynamo and its current. The simile is not perfect; but the reader can carry out an imperfect analogy and perceive that the bird's apparatus for generating nervous activity and its apparatus for applying its power are far more compact and far lighter than any electrical attachment which a man can affix to his body and which will enable him to imitate the bird. Even if a lighter storage battery should be invented, of which there is increasing probability, the weight of an electrical motor still will remain necessarily great. What invention may accomplish in the way of lightening electrical motors no one can predict. At present electrical motors are too heavy to be seriously considered for the propelling agents of flying machines which are not in part balloons.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE PICTURE EXHIBITION.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14TH, 1891, at intervals between 9 and 10 p.m.

Organ Recitals by MR. GEORGE J. RAYNER, Organist Victoria Park Congregational Tabernacle.

1. MARCH ... "Processional" ... Scotson Clark	13. ... Echoes of London" ... W. Williams
2. GAVOTTE ... "La Duchesse" ... Stanislaus	14. POLKA ... "Phyllis" ... E. Andrews
3. AUSTRIAN DANCE ... ... Carl Malemberg	15. LULLABY ... ... S. Jarvis
4. OVERTURE "La Couronne d'Or" ... Herman	16. AIR ... "The Village Blacksmith" ... Weiss
5. VALSE ... "May Blossom" ... G. J. Rayner	17. MARCH ... "Roman" ... S. Clark
6. MARCH ... "Céleste" ... Vibre	18. ANDANTE IN C (for soft stops) ... Leiderwitz
7. SELECTION of Old English Airs and Ballads, arranged by G. J. Rayner.	19. POLKA ... "The Bogie Man" ... E. St. Quentin
8. DANSE ANTIQUE "Coryphée" ... Bonheur	20. OVERTURE ... "La Souveraine" ... Herman
9. OFFERTOIRE IN F ... ... Scotson Clark	21. MARCH "The Turkish Patrol" ... Michaelis
10. SELECTION ... from "Norma" ... Bellini	22. IMPROMPTU ... "La Gigue" ... G. J. R.
11. GAVOTTE ... "Fédora" ... Harvey	23. SONG ... "The Lost Chord" ... Sullivan
12. MARCH ... "Trojans" ... H. Parker	24. VALSE "Twilight Shadows" ... R. Smith
	25. MARCH ... "Inauguration" ... Scotson Clark

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—10 to 5, Threepence; 5 to 10, One Penny.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15TH, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Programme of Music to be played by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND—Conductor, Mr. A. Robinson, late Bandmaster 3rd (Prince of Wales) Dragoon Guards.

1. MARCH ... "Romaine" ... Gounod	5. LANCERS... "Pelican" ... Solomon
2. OVERTURE "Italiana in Algieri" ... Rossini	6. SELECTION ... "Maritana" ... Wallace
3. VALSE ... "Santiago" ... Corbin	7. POLKA ... "Honeymoon" ... Le Thiere
4. SELECTION ... "Iolanthe" ... Sir A. Sullivan	8. MARCH ... "Piccadores" ... Asch

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—10 to 5, Sixpence; 5 to 10, Threepence.

MONDAY, 17TH AUGUST, 1891.

Organ Recitals by ALF. JNO. STARNES, ESQ., Organist and Choir Master, All Saints', Stoke Newington. At intervals between 8 and 10.

1. OVERTURE "Les Diamants de la Couronne" ... Auber	3. BARCAROLE ... 4th Concerto ... Bennett
2. { a. Intermezzo ... Macbeth	4. MARCH ... "Cortège" (Irene) ... Gounod
b. "The Lost Chord" ... Sullivan	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Programme of Music to be played by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

1. MARCH ... "Scipio" ... Handel	4. SELECTION "On Irish Airs" ... Basquit
2. OVERTURE "Bohemian Girl" ... Balfe	5. VALSE ... "Soldaten Lieder" ... Gung'e
3. VALSE ... "Viennoise" ... Czibulka	6. POLKA ... "Flying Colours" ... Bucalossi

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—10 to 5, Sixpence; 5 to 10, Threepence.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH, 1891, between 7 and 10 o'clock,

MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O., will play the following Selection of Pieces on the Organ and Pianoforte.

7.0 (Organ). Overture "La Sirène" ... Auber	9.0 (Organ). Overture "Poet and Peasant" ... Suppé
7.20 " Entr'act "Rosamund" ... Schubert	9.10 (Piano). Galop "Sans Souci" ... Ascher
7.35 (Piano) ... "Maiblume" ... Oesten	9.20 " Valse "Sunny Spain" ...
7.45 " Galop "Qui Vive" ... Ganz	9.30 (Organ) Selection of Irish Melodies ...
8.0 (Organ). Selection "Anna Bolena" ... Donizetti	9.45 " Gavotte "Mignon" ... Thomas
8.25 " "Cornelius March" ... Mendelssohn	9.50 " Grand March "Le Prophète" ... Meyerbeer
	10.0 GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—10 to 5, Threepence; 5 to 10, One Penny.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1891.

Piano Recital by MRS. LAYTON, F.C.O., AT 5.30.

1. ... "Recollections of Mendelssohn" (S. Minor Concerto)	3. ... "The Harmonious Blacksmith" ... Handel
2. IMPROMPTU IN A FLAT ... Schubert	4. ... "The Song of the Mill" ... Kullak
	5. ... "Three Lieder" ... Mendelssohn

Organ Recital at 7.30.

1. .. "Occasional Overture" ... Handel	5. GAVOTTE IN D MAJOR ... Zimmermann
2. ... "Slumber Song" ... Schumann	6. FANTASIA ... "Les Huguenots" ... Meyerbeer
3. ... "The Better Land" ... Cowen	7. INVOCATION IN B FLAT ... Guilmant
4. ... "Norma" ... Bellini	8. CHORUS ... "Hallelujah" ... Handel

Admission, from 5 to 10, One Penny.

THURSDAY, 20TH AUGUST, 1891, at intervals between 7 and 10 o'clock.

Organ Recitals by MR. ALF. JNO. STARNES, Organist and Choir Master, All Saints', Stoke Newington.

1. OVERTURE Occasional Oratorio ... Handel	3. SELECTION ... "Hymn of Praise" ... Mendelssohn
2. { a. Aria—"Be thou faithful" (St. Paul) Mendelssohn	4. CHORUS from "Grand Mars" ... Pergolesi
b. "Ave Maria" ... Schubert	

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Programme of Music to be played by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

1. MARCH ... "Romaine" ... Gounod	4. SELECTION "Reminiscences of Gounod" ...
2. OVERTURE "Guy Mannering" ... Sir H. Bishop	5. LANCERS... "Top o' the Morning" ... Williams
3. VALSE ... "Morgenblätter" ... Strauss	6. POLKA ... "Honeymoon" ... Le Thiere

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—10 to 5, Threepence; 5 to 10, One Penny.

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SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE SUMMER TERM,

Commencing JULY 6th, and ending SEPTEMBER 26th, 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.
♫ Solo Singing ... ..	Miss Delves-Yates	Tuesday ...	6.0-10.0	2/5/-
Choral Society... ..	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	Thursday ...	7.30-10.0	1 0
♫ Pianoforte ... ..	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Friday ...	8.0-10.0	4 6
" (Advanced) ... ..	Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.	M. T. W. ...	4.0-10.0	Term 7 6
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Th. F. & Saturday	6.0-9.0	Term 1 6
		Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	

Violin Classes.

(Violin Master, Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. Mellish.)

Monday, 6.0 to 6.45	...	...	...	...	Beginners.
" 6.45 " 7.30	...	...	...	...	Elementary I.
" 7.30 " 8.15	...	...	...	...	Advanced.
" 8.15 " 9.0	...	...	...	...	Beginners.
" 9.0 " 9.45	...	...	...	...	Advanced.
Tuesday, 6.0 to 6.45	...	...	...	...	Beginners.
" 6.45 " 7.30	...	...	...	...	Elementary I.
" 7.30 " 8.15	...	...	...	...	Elementary II.
" 8.15 " 9.0	...	...	...	...	Junr. Advanced.
" 9.0 " 9.45	...	...	...	...	Beginners.

The Members of the Violin Classes will practice Duets, and a Special Piece for performance.

FEE FOR THE TERM, 5/-  
a Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.  
b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Arithmetic and Book-keeping	Individual Instruction	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Thursday ...	8.0-9.30 4 0

Civil Service and English Classes.

(Tutor—Mr. G. J. Michell, B.A., London).

JULY AND SEPTEMBER.  
Mondays, Class A, 6.30—8.30 p.m. | Mondays, Class B, 6.30—9.30 p.m.  
Class A is for Telegraph Learner, Female Sorter and Boy Copyist Candidates.  
Class B is for Female Clerk, Lower Division Clerk, Boy Clerk, Assistant of Excise, and Customs Officer Candidates.  
FEES: Class A 6s. Class B 7s.

Shorthand Class.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Shorthand (Pitman's)... (Individual Instruction)	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday ...	8.0-9.30	4 0

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Chief Instructor ... .. Mr. H. H. BURDETT.  
(Late Chief Instructor Harrow School Gymnasium.)  
Assistant Instructor... .. Mr. C. WRIGHT.  
Pianist for Musical Drill ... .. Miss J. C. HICKS.

MEN'S GYMNASIUM.

Evening ... .. TUESDAY.  
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 1s. 6d. per term, including 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.

MONDAY. 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, 1s. per Term; locker included.

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, Thursday, from 7 till 9. Junior Section for Boys Friday, from 7 till 9.30. Fee, 6d. per month.

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 Tuesday 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, and Swimming are in full swing, and it is hoped Rowing, Football, 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.

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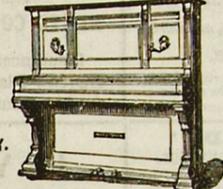
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