

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE MILE END. E.

Vol. VIII.—No. 197.]

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, August 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.
- SATURDAY, 22nd.**—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, 23rd.**—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Swimming Bath open from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m.
- MONDAY, 24th.**—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, 25th.**—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, 26th.**—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, 27th.**—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, 28th.**—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.

WE are pleased to announce that Walter Amor, one of our old students, has gained a Whitworth Exhibition, value £50.

OUR Technical Day School will commence work on Monday, the 31st instant. The new syllabus will be ready by Monday next. The winter session for the evening classes will commence on Monday, the 28th September. The syllabus is now in the hands of the printers, and will be ready in a few days.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last a party of six took part in the ramble to Abbey Wood. On reaching Woolwich Arsenal we went by tram-car to Plumstead. The air was clear and bracing, and we were soon passing through market gardens adjoining Plumstead Churchyard. We had splendid views on either side, and could see the craft moving along the Thames. Arrived at Mrs. Whale's, near the S.E.R. Station, we had tea; we were exceedingly well entertained by that good lady, who remembered our previous visits. After tea we took a turning on the left of Knee Hill, a splendid lane evidently not much used—grass-grown road, hedges on either side. Turning off to the left, we came in

sight of the balloon sent up from the Crystal Palace, and, skirting the common, we passed through a field of raspberry canes. Having greatly enjoyed this part of the programme, we returned by a road leading to Bostal Heath, and choosing a nice position we seated ourselves on a prominent part of the common, from which we could see Woolwich and the Albert Docks lit up; the latter by electric light looked particularly pretty. Continuing over the heath into a glen below, amidst ferns of all descriptions, another steep ascent, and we made our way across the fields on the return journey, having had a most enjoyable outing.—*Saturday, August 22nd.*—Waterlow Park and Hampstead Heath. Meet at Bow, N.L.R., at 3 p.m.—*Saturday, August 29th.*—Beaumont Cycling Club Garden Party; Chingsford, Forest Hotel. Tickets can be obtained of the undersigned.

A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.—President: Nathaniel L. Cohen, Esq. Owing to good bowling and smart fielding the Palace team were, on Saturday last, able to beat the East Ham Amateurs by 2 runs. The match was played at East Ham, and the Palace team batted first, but were disposed of for the moderate total of 39 runs. This total, however, was too much for our opponents, who failed to reach it by 2 runs, although Darville batted well for 22. Score:—

PEOPLE'S PALACE C.C.		EAST HAM AMATEURS.	
A. Bowman, b Darville	7	Barnett, c A. Bowman, b	
R. Hones, c J. Hammond, b		Tunstall	2
Barnett	0	W. Hammond, b Tunstall	0
E. Francis, c Barnett,		Warde, b A. Bowman	0
b Darville	3	Lovell, c A. Bowman, b	
A. Tunstall, c W. Hammond		Tunstall	2
b Darville	3	Darville, b Bowman	22
F. Sheppard, c and b Darville	8	Hancock, b Tunstall	0
C. Bowman, b Hammond	1	E. Mitchell, c. Williamson, b	
G. Sheppard, run out	0	Bowman	0
J. Williamson, b Darville	5	A. Mitchell, b Tunstall	2
J. Williams, b Hammond	0	Perkins, run out	0
McDougall, not out	6	T. Hammond, c Hones, b	
A. N. O'her, b Darville	1	Bowman	4
Extras	5	H. Hammond, not out	0
		Extras	5
Total	39	Total	37

Bowling Analysis.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
A. Bowman	18	9	14	4
Tunstall	14	8	14	5
Sheppard	1	0	2	0
Hones	2	2	0	0

Match to-morrow at Lea Bridge Road, v. Clarence C.C.
F. A. HUNTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.—President, Sir J. H. Johnson. Vice-Presidents, N. L. Cohen and C. E. Osborn. The above club held their First Annual Costume Entertainment, in the Palace Bath, on Thursday, August 13th. A numerous company assembled to witness the entertainment, including a good number of ladies. Mr. G. Tucker (Dreadnought S.C.), acted as starter. Handicapper, H. E. Ellis, P.P.S.C. Judges, Messrs, C. Byers, G. Tucker, and H. Ellis. The Junior Section started the racing, with a 60 Yards Handicap, which resulted as below. Heat 1: Brownsmith, 18 secs. start, 1; T. Hall, 3 secs., 2; H. Pasco, 8 secs., 3; won

by two yards. Time, 65 secs. Heat 2: C. Reeves, 16 secs. start, 1; Warthington, 6 secs., 2; H. Schafer, 0; H. J. Winter, scratch, 0. Time, 63 secs. Final Heat: Brownsmith, 18 secs. start, 1st prize, solid silver medal; C. Reeves, 16 secs., 2nd prize, silver medal; Worthington, 0; Hall, 0. Time, 66 secs. 60 Yards Club Handicap (3rd Class).—Heat 1: Crabb, 2 secs. start, 1; Bilby, 5 secs., 2; Goodwin, 18 secs., 3. Time, 55 secs. Heat 2: Butler, 2 secs. start, 1; Evans, 4 secs., 2; Irons, 6 secs., 3; Hobart, 20 secs., 0. Heat 3: Field, 10 secs. start, 1; Fox, 4 secs., 2; E. Cockerton, scratch, 13. Time, 59 secs. Final Heat: Crabb, 2 secs. start, 1; Field, 10 secs., 2; Butler, 2 secs., 3. This heat resulted in a splendid race between Crabb and Field, the former getting up a few yards from home and winning the Gold Centre Medal by a touch, Field winning a solid Silver Medal. Time, 53 secs. 90 Yards Club Handicap.—Heat 1: J. Regan, scratch, 1; W. E. Newman, 14 secs. start, 2; Reeves, 17 secs., 3. A fine race, Newman leading till nearly home, but J. Regan, with a long telling stroke, just managed to win by a foot. Time, 1 min. 7 secs. Heat 2: W. Joaskey, 21 secs. start, 1; J. Emerson, 6 secs., 2; Gardner, 17 secs., 3. Time, 1 min. 26 secs. Heat 3: Sanderson, 18 secs. start, 1; Harvey, 16 secs., 2; T. Simmonds, 14 secs., 0; W. Emerson, 11 secs., 0. Time, 1 min. 23 secs. Heat 4: Green, 18 secs. start, 1; Webber, 12 secs., 2; Tozer, 16 secs., 3; Gough, 1 sec., 0. Time, 1 min., 26 secs. Final Heat: Sanderson, 18 secs. start, 1st prize, striking clock; J. Regan, Regan, scratch, 2nd prize, silver-plated butter dish; W. Jaskey, 21 secs., 3rd prize, cigar case; Green, 18 secs., 0; the best race of the evening, two yards covering the first three. Time, 1 min. 22 secs. Miss Winifred Elcho and Miss Koll, assisted by their talented little pupils, Miss Grace Hurley and Miss Milly Firman, gave a very pleasing show of numerous ways of swimming, including saving life from drowning, which caused great applause. A duck-hunt followed, Mr. H. Davy being the duck and causing roars of laughter by his clever antics in the water. The great event of the evening was the exhibition swim by the Long-distance Amateur Champion, A. Ibbott, Dreadnought S.C.; A. E. Fraee, Long-distance Champion, 1886-7-8, and second this year, with J. Smart, Dreadnought S.C., third this year, and H. Davy, Neptune also taking part. They showed us at the Palace the way to win the highest honours in the swimming world. Water Polo followed and was very much liked, many people not having seen the game before. The presentation of prizes closed a very enjoyable evening. The club heartily thanks all who so kindly gave their help on that night. Mr. C. W. Hawkes gave us some good music during the evening.—Will all members settle their ticket accounts as soon as possible?

H. ELLIS, Hon. Sec.

OUR HOLIDAY TRIPS.—Gorleston, near Yarmouth. We have a large party there this week, who are enjoying themselves immensely. A few vacancies are still open for the next following three or four weeks. Terms to members, 18s. board and lodging.

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.

People's Palace Cycling Club.

"OIL your bearings regularly—a little only is required."

"IN all runs, when enjoyment and not scorching is the order of the day, a pacemaker should be elected, and no rider should, on any account, pass that pacemaker."

"A PROPER pacemaker should be able to get a regular pace and keep to it for miles together. He should also make it his business never to pass a vehicle on the wrong side. He must recollect that although he might be able to pass in safety, those that follow in his track may not be so fortunate, and a serious accident might follow, caused through his selfishness or thoughtlessness."

"CANTERBURY was known to the Romans as Durovernum, and to the subsequent Saxons as Cantwarabyrig."

"To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first."—*Henry VIII.*, Act I.

"IT is hardly possible to tell where the good of cycling begins or ends—it is so wide and so varied. Many a man has recovered health and strength by cycling, and by its powerful aid many more keep their bodies healthy and their heads clear."

"THOUGHTS on Tricycling," by Dagonet. "It is not wise when you are tricycling to ride too close to another tricyclist. One man's wheel is often another man's woe."

J. CLEMENTS has invented a very useful covering to protect his pneumatic tyres from puncturing, and we should advise all riders of this fickle luxury to copy his simple remedy.

H. RAGGETT has been the fortunate possessor of a pneumatic Referee for the last three months, and up till now has been able to ride it for two weeks, the rest of the time the machine has been stabled at the Pneumatic Tyre Company's Hospital suffering with shortness of wind. He contemplates investing in a solid-tyred jigger for next season.

THE tickets for the Garden Party, which takes place on the 29th inst., are going off apace. The fixture will be supported by all the prominent East London Cycling Clubs.

THE run to-morrow is to Waltham Cross. Tea at the Four Swans. In Theobald's Park, close by, is situated the famous Temple Bar, which originally stood at the junction of Fleet-street and the Strand.

THE Great Eastern Railway Company have put on a late special train at 11.30 p.m. from Chingford to accommodate the visitors to the Garden Party.

TED RANSLEY is moving in fine form just now. He should stand a good chance for the championship.

V. DAWSON met with a nasty accident this week. The neck of his new Swift machine breaking, whilst riding alone, caused him severe contusions and abrasions.

THERE is a lot in the saying "Many can help one where one cannot help many." If all members who have tickets or money from the race meeting would only forward the same at once without waiting to be asked, a secretary's life would not be so hard.

TWO of the P.P.C.C. put in an appearance at the Southern Counties' Cycling Camp, and report that they never witnessed a prettier sight, especially when illuminated at night by thousands of fairy lights. A capital band discoursed sweet music in the afternoon, and in the evening a Smoking Concert was given in right good style—in fact, the fun ran fast and furious up till midnight.

THE scenery around Dorking, no matter which way you turn, is beautiful. The committee who organise the all day runs might do worse than fix this locality for one of their pleasant outings.

ROWE'S celebrated Quadrille Band will discourse sweet music, on the 29th inst., at the Royal Forest Hotel, whilst Messrs. Walter Marshal, H. Rosenway, and John Howard, will be the Masters of the Ceremonies.

Incentives to Thrift.

I.—PROVISION FOR A RAINY DAY.

THIS is the age of association. Cabmen and costermongers, telegraph clerks and engine-drivers, churchmen and dissenters, clergy and laity, artisans and working men generally—all combine for the better protection of their own interests. While we may differ as to methods, none would, I fancy, care to deny that combination in the abstract is useful and necessary. One of the most useful organizations is one formed sixteen years ago in Manchester, and now transferred to London, whereby provision is made for commercial employes, when out of work, in sickness, in distress, and old age. Several prominent gentlemen have given their countenance to the undertaking, amongst whom may be mentioned the Marquis of Carmarthen, the Rt. Hon. Lord Rothschild, Sir Charles Russell, Lord Revelstoke, etc.

NO one can gainsay that clerks and others holding appointments in mercantile houses are liable to misfortunes which the working classes do not encounter. If the latter leave a situation one day, they can, in the majority of cases, obtain another berth the next. But, in the case of clerks it is a vastly different matter. As soon as he or a warehouseman is out of work, he often has to wait weeks, aye, months, before he can obtain suitable employment. The number of temporary vacancies open to him are limited. If he is married he will not adopt a migratory mode of life till he hits upon suitable employment. His means have, probably,—especially when the high rents and rate of living are considered—been barely sufficient for his wants hitherto, so that when without work he is without resources. Several circumstances over which he has no control may contribute to bring this about, such as depression of trade, the failure of his firm, want of capital, fire on the premises, not to mention personal causes, such as sickness, old age, etc. It is just at this point that the society steps in to help the man, and if he has been paying 5s. per month, or a shilling per week, he can, when thrown out of work, receive £2 per week for a month, £1 the second and third months, and 10s. for a further period of thirteen weeks—in all six months. For six months then, he would be receiving assistance while seeking employment, and in this object the society is of incalculable material aid to him.

THE relief given by the association, viz., the Bankers', Assurance, Solicitors', Commercial Clerks', and Salesmen's Provident Association, is in no sense a charity. When the necessity for receiving aid comes the subscriber can demand it as a right, a right which he has secured through his own economy and forethought. Clerks, salesmen, warehousemen, and travellers are eligible as members, and, in conclusion, it is hardly necessary to point out the obvious duty, especially on the part of those who have wives and families, of "putting by for a rainy day." I think all my readers will bear testimony to the great usefulness which an association of this character possesses. If any feel disposed to take advantage of these remarks they should make application to the Secretary (Mr. J. W. Williams, 26, Red Lion Square, Holborn, London, W.C.), who will no doubt forward the name and address of the nearest district officer.

Barnum's "Philosophy."

BARNUM was probably never more sincere than when he wrote what he was pleased to call his "Philosophy," which was printed in the appendix of his book. It consists of the following epigrammatic sentences:—

If you would be as happy as a child, please one.
Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom.
To best please a child is the highest triumph of philosophy.
A happy child is likely to make an honest man.
To stimulate wholesome curiosity in the mind of a child is to plant golden seed.
I would rather be called the children's friend than the world's king.
Amusement to children is like rain to flowers.
He that makes useful knowledge most attractive to the young is the king of sages.
Childish laughter is the echo of heavenly music.
The noblest art is that of making others happy.
Wholesome recreation conquers evil thoughts.
Innocent amusement transforms tears into rainbows.
The author of harmless mirth is a public benefactor.
I say, as the poet said of his ballads, If I might provide the amusement of a nation I would not care who made its laws.

"BULL'S EYE," whilst touring lately came across a gentleman en route for Switzerland. His machine, a Singer, was fitted with the Harrison-Carter Gear Case, and the way in which he described the advantages of this invention has made "Bull's Eye" envious.

LEON E. CLERC, who has the illuminating of the grounds on the occasion of the Garden Party, on the 29th, intends to entirely put in the shade his efforts of last year. It will certainly be worth the money charged, if only to walk in the grounds.

FOR a nice little tour, with good roads, splendid scenery, we recommend the following: London to Reading, visiting Windsor Castle and Eton Schools, as well as all the sights of Reading, not forgetting Forbury Gardens with its ruins. Reading to Bath, via Savernake Forest. Bath is one of the most beautiful cities of Europe, nestling in a well-wooded valley, and built of oolite obtained from the quarries in the vicinity. Bath owes its importance to its hot chalybeate springs, of which there are four, having a temperature of from 97° to 117° F., and discharging 184,320 gallons daily. Bath, via Wells, to Bridgewater. This route teems with historical reminders. You also pass several coal and other mines.

BRIDGEWATER to Exeter, passing through some of the most lovely Devonshire lanes, the banks on either side being covered with lovely ferns.

Exeter to Dorchester, via Honiton and Axminster, Dorchester to Southampton by the coast, passing through Bournemouth and the beautiful New Forest.

Southampton, via the Floating Bridges, to Portsmouth and Southsea.

Portsmouth, with its Dockyard and Naval Depot, will bear inspection. Portsmouth, via Devil's Punch Bowl, to Guildford.

Guildford to London.

THE August tourists had a fine time of it. Canterbury was decorated in fine style, it being the Jubilee Cricket Week. On the second day they visited Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, and Dover. The Monday also proved a day of instruction and interest; they were fortunate in being under cover every time the "heavens opened."

MEMBERS and friends wishing to be present at the Garden Party are kindly requested to hurry up if they want to obtain a ticket, otherwise they will be left out in the cold.

Four Sparrows.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them fragrant and large and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet
Deep in the green hillside?
Four brown sparrows, the cunning things,
Feathered on back and breast and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings,
Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to watch my prize,
Watching their motions with eager eyes,
Dropping my berries with glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard;
And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch near the old stone wall,
Gazing with measureless love on her all,
The poor little mother bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung,
And while to the slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.
"Ah, birdie," I said, "if you only knew
That my heart was tender and warm and true!"
But the thought that I loved her birdlings too
Never entered her small brown head.

And so, through this world of ours we've go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care.

But oh, if we only, only knew
That God was tender and warm and true,
And that He loved us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

My Mysterious Correspondent.

AT half-past four o'clock one evening in the early autumn, I stepped aboard of an uptown elevated train on the Sixth Avenue line. I had experienced some annoyance when buying my ticket to find that I had not a particle of change in my vest pocket, which forced me to take from its secure place inside my coat my wallet, in which was a large sum of money. After some delay I received the change from a 5-dollar bill, and had just time to buy an evening paper at the news-stand, when my train rushed up to the station, and I stepped on board, clutching my pocket-book and paper in one hand, and a small parcel, a recent purchase, in the other. I moved through the crowded train to the last car, where I dropped into a seat, and was preparing to settle myself when a headline of the unfolded paper caught my eye—"A Crash in Wall-street"—and I was soon devouring the history of the afternoon, no rumour of which had reached my ears, and which might mean so much to me.

I breathed more freely as I found that no stocks in which I was interested had fallen greatly, and fell into a deep reverie over the advisability of selling out some securities of which I had long been doubtful.

A young man with blue eyes and a blonde moustache sat next me. I caught his eye once or twice, and noticed in an absent way that he was a handsome, athletic young fellow, but soon forgot all about him in thinking of my own affairs. As we drew up at a station the stranger rose to go, and the train stopping suddenly, he was thrown against me somewhat heavily. Recovering his balance he politely begged my pardon and hurried from the car. Thus suddenly brought to myself, I looked out of the window for the number of the station. I had not noticed them as we passed, but knew that we must be well uptown. It was Forty-second Street—one beyond my destination. I sprang to my feet and rushed to the door. "Step lively," said the guard, who was just closing the gate; and in another minute I had hastened down the steps into the street and turned my face southward to walk the extra number of blocks my absent-mindedness had imposed upon me, when I found that I was tightly clutching my parcel and my newspaper in either hand as though they were articles of great value. Where was my pocket-book? With my heart in my throat, I thrust my hand in my inner pocket; it was not there! With feverish haste I explored every receptacle in my clothing, looked in my hat and even foolishly shook out my paper. All in vain; my wallet was gone, and with it three hundred and fifty dollars in money and some valuable papers. I rushed back to the station and crowded my way up the steps through the passengers descending from the next train. "I have been robbed," I gasped to the man at the window, "or else I have left my pocket-book on the train—not this one—the one before it."

"That's bad," said the official; "much in it!"

"Yes, three hundred and fifty dollars—three hundred and forty-five—besides some papers."

The agent whistled softly and turned aside a few moments. "I have had a telegram sent to Fifty-eighth-street," he said; "the train will be searched at the terminus, and the result reported here."

I waited impatiently for what seemed a long time, when the official handed me a telegram. The train had been searched, but my wallet had not been found. It was, of course, only what I had expected. "You can do nothing else?" I inquired.

"Nothing, sir, I am sorry to say. If you will leave your name and address I will report anything which may be discovered, though the chances are against your ever hearing of it again. Supposing you were not robbed, money doesn't have to lie around many minutes in New York before somebody picks it up."

I went home cursing my stupidity, but owing to myself that I had been rightly punished. I was by no means a poor man, but what man is rich enough to lose several hundred dollars without a murmur? I resolved to place the matter in the hands of the police, and sat down after dinner to formulate the evidence I should give them. I could not positively remember having returned my wallet to my pocket after I entered the train, though I believed I had done so; but the interest I had taken in the newspaper article drove every other thought from my mind. I remembered the young man who sat next me very well, and was certain I should know him again. Should I be justified in accusing him of the theft from the fact that he had fallen against me? He must be hunted up though and shadowed. I sent advertisements of my loss to all the papers, offering a generous reward, and went to bed in a very uncomfortable and disgusted state of mind.

Early in the morning, before I had finished dressing, the

elder of my two little girls ran to my door and knocked. "Here is a package for you, papa, and a letter."

The package as I grasped it had a delightful yielding feeling, which suggested the object uppermost in my thoughts. I tore open the wrapper. It was my wallet, but with a suspicious diminution of its bulk. I unfolded it; there were greenbacks, indeed, but certainly not all. I counted nine five-dollar notes—forty-five dollars; the rest were gone. The dollar notes—forty-five dollars; the rest were gone. The papers were intact; they were in the same order I had placed them myself, and a sealed envelope had not been opened. Even a diamond of some value, which I had carried in my pocket-book intending to have set, was in its place. Nothing was missing but three hundred dollars in bills.

Amazed, I turned to the letter for possible explanation. It was written in a clear and elegant hand, and ran as follows:

"MR. CHAS. MORTON:

"SIR:—I return you herewith your pocket-book, which I found in the train yesterday. Your money has fallen into the hands of a sorely tempted person in a time of desperate need. The sum of three hundred dollars which I retain may save a life. I return you the papers and the rest of the money as an earnest of my solemn promise to refund the amount which I have—may I say borrowed? at the earliest possible day. Believe this, I beg of you, and forgive what is indeed a fault, but not in my case a crime."

"H. DERWENTWATER."

To say that I was astonished at this letter inadequately expresses my feelings. What manner of thief was this, who coolly appropriated three hundred dollars of my money and sent me forty-five, with a promise to return the entire amount? Certainly not an ordinary one. I recalled the blue eyes and open countenance of the young man on the train. He did not look like a blackleg, yet he must have taken my pocket-book from my lap or from the seat when he fell against me. Why did he pretend to have found it, when this was certainly a theft? Why did he take the trouble to sign his strange letter? Of course the name was not his real one. Then I exclaimed impatiently at my own stupidity in attempting to find consistency or truth in such a letter, and my indignation flamed up at the calm effrontery of the whole proceeding. Did the fellow think that by flinging me forty-five dollars, and papers which he feared to keep, that I would believe his trumpery assertion that he would "return the amount borrowed?" Nevertheless I was glad to have my papers returned to me, and after reading the letter a second time there was something in it which impressed me with the belief that the writer was sincere—a belief which the return of the diamond tended to confirm. I puzzled a long time that morning over my singular adventure. The messenger who brought the package and letter had been dressed in plain clothes, and offered no clue to the sender. Of course I looked in the City directory for the name of Derwentwater, but found no such name. My surmises were endless, but they all ended in complete mystification, and gradually I gave up wondering about the matter, and when I did think of it, it was always increased doubt that I should ever hear from "H. Derwentwater" again.

Some two months after my singular adventure, the governess I had for my two motherless little girls left me suddenly, and I advertised for another. Among the many answers I received was one from an old friend in Newark. She wrote: "I think I have the person who will suit you exactly. A young woman, Miss Helen Lesurier, in whom I have been greatly interested since I met her during the autumn. She is educated and accomplished, speaking French and Italian fluently, and is a proficient musician. She is very attractive in appearance, and, I think, well-born, though I know nothing of her antecedents except what she herself has told me, that she is of French descent and an orphan. I shall esteem it a favour if you will give Miss Lesurier a trial, and am certain she will give more than satisfaction."

Two days afterwards I had an interview with Miss Lesurier. She came accompanied by her patroness, and at first sight of her I was most favourably impressed, and before she had spoken was willing to believe her all and more than my friend had described her. She was tall and slender, with a pale, oval face from which looked forth a pair of sad, dark eyes. Her hair, worn in plain bands over her low brow, was black, and she was dressed in mourning. She spoke but little at first, Mrs. Wheatleigh giving the particulars regarding her experience, which were few. Since her father's death, two years before, she had supported her mother and herself by giving lessons in French and Italian, supplemented by what she received from a church choir in which she sang, until the death of her mother, which had occurred quite recently. She had never lived as governess in a family before, and to Mrs. Wheatleigh's warm assurance that she was competent to fill such a position, modestly answered that her experience in teaching children would likely be of benefit to her.

Toward the close of the interview she asked if she might see the children. I sent for my little girls, who seemed somewhat awed by the presence of the tall young lady all in black. She put a few questions to them in a low, gentle voice, and soon they were chattering to her on terms of most friendly intimacy, while Mrs. Wheatleigh and I conversed together. I was ready to engage Miss Lesurier at once from what I had seen, and there remained but the question of terms to be settled. When I broached the subject she mentioned a sum so small as to surprise me. It was scarcely half what I had paid the former governess, and I attributed her asking so small a salary to her inexperience, in filling such a position, and her probable anxiety to obtain employment. I replied that in the event of her giving satisfaction I could not think of paying her an amount so incommensurate with the duties of the position, and named a sum double what she had stipulated. I was further surprised when she quietly but firmly refused to accept more until she was satisfied of her own competency. Mrs. Wheatleigh added her arguments to my own to overcome her strange unwillingness to receive an adequate salary, until, seeing that the discussion was distressing her, I dropped the subject. It was arranged that she should enter upon her duties the following day, and the two ladies took their leave. The children were delighted with Miss Lesurier, and asked for a kiss when she said farewell, which she gave them with evident pleasure.

I saw little of the new governess during the first month of her installment in the house. She dined with the children or alone in the nursery. I made several attempts to overcome the strange, impenetrable reserve with which she surrounded herself, frequently sending for the children to dine with me, and always requesting Miss Lesurier's presence. These invitations she accepted, but evidently it was because she believed it to be part of her duty as governess to accompany the children whenever her presence was desired. When I succeeded in engaging her in conversation I found her to be as charming intellectually as she was in person, and I suspected the presence of a wit as keen as the lustre of her eye behind the veil of sadness which shrouded her so completely, and which I longed to draw aside, but dared not.

One morning shortly before Christmas I received a letter, which revived an almost forgotten experience in a very vivid manner. It was but a line.

"MR. MORTON:

"I enclose 100 dollars, which please credit on amount due from me."

"H. DERWENTWATER."

The letter was brought by a messenger, and contained a 100 dollar bank-note. At this moment I heard the voices of the children in the hall, and looking up saw Miss Lesurier descending the stairs. Going to the door I said, "May I ask you to step in here a moment? I have something to show you. It is a letter from an unknown correspondent," I continued, when she had entered the library; "one which puzzles me greatly. Perhaps your woman wit can aid me in solving the mystery."

I then briefly recounted my adventure of two months before, and placed the letter in her hand. She had listened with quiet interest. "It is not so great a mystery," she said—"that is, if you believe what your correspondent says."

"I am forced to believe it," I replied, "with this proof," indicating the money; "but I am more than ever curious to know who this singular person is, and why he took my money."

"I believe that the culprit was desperate and sadly tempted, as the letter said, but certainly not devoid of principle. I also believe your money will be returned to you. Nevertheless, it was a wrong act," she added, "and deserves punishment."

"Ought I to try to find him for that purpose," I asked.

"I cannot advise you," she said, slowly; "however great the palliation for such a deed, the conscience of the wrongdoer must in itself be a terrible punishment."

"Ah," you are a woman," I said, smiling, "and lean toward mercy."

"Perhaps," she replied, gravely, "but I also believe in justice."

During the holidays my little girls were invited out to some juvenile entertainment. At nine o'clock I inquired if they had been sent for.

"Miss Lesurier is with them, sir," was the servant's reply.

Miss Lesurier—alone! Why was not the carriage sent?"

"There were no orders, sir, and as the distance is short—"

"Have the carriage out at once," I said, angrily. "No"—moved by a sudden impulse—"bring my coat and hat; I will go myself."

I hurried on toward the house a few blocks away, where the children had gone, thinking, to speak truthfully, quite as much of the safety of the young girl who had them in charge as of the little ones themselves. I met them just as they were leaving.

"You should not have come out alone with the children," I said; if you find the servants neglectful about sending the carriage, always leave word with me that it be attended to."

"Have I done wrong?" she asked, in alarm; "it is such a lovely night, I did not think the walk would hurt them. I am so sorry you were obliged to come."

"I am not sorry," I replied; "but I am not thinking of Maud and Kitty alone. I do not think it is safe for you to be out after dark."

"I have no fear for myself; besides these are my protection," she said, putting a hand on each little red hood.

I gave Miss Lesurier my arm, the children walking on before us. I had never as yet touched her hand, and the little black glove resting lightly on my arm seemed very pleasant. She was more animated to-night than I had yet seen her, and told of the amusing performances of the little ones at their games with an occasional low laugh which I thought most musical. Maud and Kitty had run a little way ahead and were gazing into the window of an art store. As we drew near them a man passed us in the full blaze of light from this window—a man with fair hair and moustache, who walked with a long, swinging stride. I stopped abruptly and interrupted her.

"Did you see that man?"

"The one who just passed?—yes."

"It is the man who writes the Derwentwater letters—the man who has my money. Step in this store for a moment with the children; I am going after him."

"What would you do?" she asked, quickly; "you would not accuse him?"

"No—I do not know, but I must not lose him."

She clung tightly to my arm.

"For heaven's sake, stay—reflect what it might cost you—the man may be innocent—he is innocent! Oh! what am I saying? His face was honest and true; think, Mr. Morton, to accuse a man who never wronged you—how terrible it would be! you could never forgive yourself."

Marvelling greatly at the intense interest she evinced, I said:

"Miss Lesurier, that man fell against me in the car five minutes before I found my money was gone. He must have taken it; no one else could. I shall do nothing rash, but I must at least find out who he is."

Already the stranger was a block away. I tried to gently unclasp her hands; they tightened upon my arm. I looked into her eyes and was shocked at the agony depicted in her face, which was deathly pale. Her voice had sunk below a whisper, but her lips formed the words:

"Do not go!"

Without a word I turned and accompanied her homeward. Her hand, which still rested on my arm, trembled like a bird. Amazed at her mysterious interest in the stranger, I felt a conflict of emotion at the secret I had seen leap to her eyes, yet which I dared not try to fathom, and I walked like one in a dream.

All the next day I resolutely put out of my mind any thought of solving the riddle of Miss Lesurier's conduct, but in the evening, when I sat down before the fire, again and again did my mind wander from my book, and I saw in imagination the slender figure clinging to my arm with appealing, frightened eyes, until at last I laid down my book and gave myself up to reverie. I had been somewhat vexed with her when she first detained me, but when once I saw the anguish my design caused her, I had no thought but of her suffering. Why was she so distressed? It could not be explained by the mere fear of an unpleasant interview between myself and the stranger. Was he a stranger? Perhaps he was a relative—her brother; perhaps—and I felt a chilliness in my blood—nearer still. My reverie was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Miss Lesurier wishes to speak to you, sir, when you are at leisure."

"Ask her to come down as soon as she will."

My heart beat rapidly in anticipation of the interview. I took up my book and strove to appear calm. I turned and smiled pleasantly when, a few moments later, she entered the room.

"You wish to speak to me, Miss Lesurier?"

"Yes; I have come to tell you I am going away."

"Going away!" I cried—"where?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell—I do not know, but I must not stay any longer in your house."

"Will you not tell me why, Miss Lesurier?"
"I should never have come," she answered, with lowered eyes, "but I did not foresee—you can never forgive my action of last night, my interference, even if—Pray do not ask me for a reason," she broke off; "it is best that I should go."

"Your interference!" I replied, laughing; what a term! You were nervous last night, and I frightened you by my suddenness. Did you fancy I was offended? Think no more of that, I beg of you. I promise you I shall not."

"You have been most kind to me," she said, with a grateful look, "although you have the right to be angry with me. I had a reason for preventing you from following that man last night which I may not tell you, and on account of which—" she stopped, her voice trembling and her eyes suffused with tears.

"Miss Lesurier," I said, speaking as gently as possible, "it would be very painful to me to have you leave me now. The children are so attached to you, and you are so capable beyond anyone else I could find, that I should despair of filling your place in my house. If you have a secret, it is yours, and I shall respect it. Whoever the stranger whom we met last night may be, he is safe from molestation from me."

Again she flashed a grateful look at me, but this time it gave me a jealous pang. She slowly shook her head.

"Who is he?" I burst out, forgetting my promise, unmindful of everything but that she was in deep distress and that I loved her—"tell me what he is to you."

Her eyes looked into mine, filled with reproachful surprise. "To me?" she repeated, "to me nothing, but—" "

"Forgive me," I cried, a great load lifted from my heart, "I did not mean to question you, but I cannot let you go. It is not as a governess I ask you to stay—not as a dependent, but as—"

"Stay," she said, standing erect and speaking in a low voice: her face was white and full of the anguish of last night; "for heaven's sake, say no more; I will remain if you wish it." It was as though she would procure my silence at any price: "Yes, I will not go yet;" and turning, she quickly left the room.

I feared I had alarmed and pained her so by my rash speech that I should not see her for some time, but to my surprise it was not so. She made no effort to avoid me, and we dined together the next day in the presence of the children. Her demeanour was in all things, so far as I could see, exactly as it had been before the events of the last two days. Her calm eyes met mine without the slightest recognition of anything between us. It was as though she refused to recognize the fact that anything unusual had happened, that she had resigned her position, and that I had almost offered her my hand; and by thus mutely appealing to my generosity, dearly as I now loved her, she forced me to be silent.

Maud ran down to me one morning just as I was preparing to leave the house. "Papa," she said, "we are not to have any lessons to-day; Miss Lesurier has had a letter, and some one is dead, I think, for she is crying; papa, I don't want her to cry," said Maud, in great distress.

My first impulse was to go to her at once, but conquering this, I warned Maud not to disturb her and to say nothing to the servants. In the evening I sent her a line begging to be allowed to speak to her in the library.

I had the children with me when she entered the room. Her eyes were red with weeping, and she held a letter in her hand.

"You are in trouble," I said, advancing to meet her; "will you not let me help you?"

"I have had news of the death of my uncle," she said simply, "my mother's brother. I never saw much of him, as he came here from England a very short time before her death, but he was the only relation I had in the world; I am the last of my family now."

I felt an inexpressible longing to comfort her in her sadness, but could only utter some conventional words of condolence, which, in my effort to control myself, sounded cold to my own ears. She went on to tell me that her uncle had died suddenly in Newark, and would be buried from there, and asked for leave of absence for a few days.

"Do not speak to me like that," I said, and I held out my hand to her; "think of me now as a friend who would serve you with all his power—with all his soul."

I took the hand she gave me in both of mine; her eyes thanked me while they silenced me. "You must not make the journey alone," I said, as she rose to go; "the housekeeper or one of the maid-servants is to go with you."

"How can I thank you for your thoughtfulness?" she said, her beautiful eyes brimming with tears. As she turned she dropped the letter, which I caught in its fall and handed to her.

"Papa," asked Kittie, when I had closed the door, "is Miss Lesurier going away?"

"Only for a little while, darling."
"She'll come back, papa—you're sure she'll come back?"
"Certainly, my child; why do you ask that?" I inquired.
"Because I don't want her to go away. I want her to stay with us always, don't you, papa?"

How heartily I could have answered "yes" as I kissed the little one good-night.

When the girls had gone I noticed a bit of paper lying on the floor near the door. I picked it up without looking at it, threw myself into an arm-chair, and gave myself over to my thoughts. I had sat there an hour or more when I absently glanced at the slip of paper I held between my fingers. At the first words I saw I sat upright, my heart throbbing wildly and my brain dizzy. Was I dreaming? Where had this paper come from? Yes, I remembered then; I had found it on the floor after she had gone. It was a cutting from a paper:

DIED: In Newark, on the 9th instant, Henry Derwentwater, aged 64.

I read this line again and again before the speculation flashing through my brain took definite shape. Here was the explanation of her sadness, her unwillingness to accept any favour from my hands, her terror when I would have pursued—whom? Could that have been he? the young man? Impossible. Suddenly I crushed the paper in my hand, reddening with shame. How dare I pry into her secret, or speculate upon her sorrow? I rose with the one feeling in my heart that I must see her—but how? No, I dare not disturb her now; I must wait until the morning. The morning? A cold, indefinable dread came over me that in the morning it would be too late. As I stood uncertain, I heard a light step in the hall. Usually at this hour the library was deserted, as I always went to my study early in the evening. The door softly opened, and Miss Lesurier entered. She advanced a step or two before she saw me, and then stopped with a low cry.

"Have I frightened you?" I asked. "You did not expect to find anyone here, but I cannot tell you how glad I am you came. I have been so longing to see you, to tell you not only of the sympathy of which my heart is full, but what you must know—what I have already tried to tell you; ah! this time you shall not run away," I cried, as she started back. "Hear me!"

"Oh, be silent, for heaven's sake," she murmured; "for when you know—"

"I ask to know nothing," I replied passionately; "I love you, and no one—not even yourself—can change me."

She had covered her face with her hands, but at this she withdrew them, and said, in a low voice:

"To-morrow I shall have been gone. I was cowardly enough to want to escape the humiliation of seeing you again after—I had told you all; but it is better so; it is right that you should know the truth now, and that I read in your eyes that you despise me; then I shall go." Her voice trembled for a moment, but she recovered herself and went on. "I came down here to leave this letter for you where you would find it in the morning, when I should be gone. Read it, for I cannot tell you;" her lovely head drooped upon her breast, and she held out her hand, with the letter.

"I will not take it," I said; "I know everything"—she raised her head and looked at me with startled eyes—"or all that I wish to. I know that you have suffered through that cursed money I lost, but how I do not care, I will not know. Oh, my love, why should this stand between you and me?"

Her hand was still extended with the letter, and as my eye fell upon the superscription I with difficulty refrained from starting. The characters were the same I had seen in the flowing Italian hand of the Dewentwater letters. I took it from her and laid it on the table.

"You will not read it," she said, as I would have spoken, "then I must tell you." Her uplifted hand silenced the protest on my lips.

Last September my mother was dying. I had been obliged to give up my work entirely toward the last, that I might be with her always, and finally the little that I had saved was utterly exhausted. We were penniless and she sick unto death, without medicine, almost without food. One morning I came to New York well-nigh desperate. I had prayed to God to show me the way in which I might find the means to make her last hours comfortable if I could not save her life.

"There were three men in the city who had been friends of my father's, and from whom I hoped to borrow money. Two of them I found were out of town; the third was himself dangerously ill. Nevertheless in my great need I started to his home to beg of him, or his family, the loan of a sum of money in my father's name. I took the train at the Forty-second-street Station, and as I entered the car a man sprang up and hurriedly left it. I took the seat which he had vacated. A little while after my foot touched an object on the floor; thinking I had dropped something I stooped and picked up a pocket-book. I

Athletics Gone Mad.

THE prevailing enthusiasm for athletics is a much-needed reaction from a most unwise indifference. The last generation neglected physical development. It, perhaps, did not matter so much years ago, for a large proportion of the young men of the land were then country bred and born. They found their gymnasium in the harvest field and behind the plough. This is after all the best of methods. Constitutions built up by such exercises have a toughness of fibre and power of endurance which no gymnasium can impart.

To-day, however, the conditions are changed. The thousands of young men in great cities do not swing flails or mow grass. They are cramped in artificial and unfavourable circumstances. Our system of school life keeps them many hours in badly ventilated rooms. Under such conditions it is a kind Providence that has brought athletics into such prominence and awakened such an interest in physical development in the hearts of our young men. I am glad of it. I recognise its necessity. I have great hopes for its results. The gymnasium of to-day will cure, or what is better will prevent, the dyspepsia of to-morrow. If the past generation had taken more exercise, the present generation would be taking fewer pills. So far as I had any influence I would use it among all young people to interest them in physical development. A vigorous and healthy bodily life is something that may be lost by neglect, and, to a degree at least, secured and established by the energetic observance of well-known laws. I am glad that the spirit of athletics is busy among our young men enlarging muscles, broadening shoulders, deepening chests. The result will be a finer race, and that paragon of animals, the noblest result of the ages—"a strong man."

While thus I am heartily in sympathy with this spirit and bid it God-speed on its mission, nevertheless I am not blind to certain absurdities and extravagances which are committed in its name. Athletics are altogether desirable. But *athletics gone mad* are not so entirely admirable. The danger lies not in development, but in one-sided development. The object should be not merely to increase strength. A strong *brute* is not a worthy achievement. "A strong man" is the result to be desired. There are two things to be secured—*muscle and manhood, strength and character*. If either is developed without the other, we have only a monstrosity on our hands. Strength without character is revolting. Character without strength is pitiable. The two need to be blended together. The character needs to be permeated with strength, and the strength needs to be shaped by the character. The manhood needs to be muscular, and the muscle needs to be manly. Each must be full of the other. When thus blended, they represent two things which God has joined together; and in their combination they produce the grandest earthly being, "a strong man."—Charles Wadsworth.

"And they all murmured at His going to be a guest with a man who was a sinner."—St. Luke.

WE bless Thee, Lord, that as in days
When Jesus wandered sore oppressed,
So now is He the sinner's friend,
So now the sinner's frequent guest.

He will not come and simply stand
Upon the threshold of the door,
To drop a word, however kind,
And leave again, with nothing more.

But He will enter in our homes
Like some beloved, familiar friend,
Will sup with us, and with our lives
The sweeter life of heaven will blend.

He will come in—be one with us
To counsel, guard, defend, and guide,
To comfort us in sorrow's hours,
And with us ever to abide.

WE bless Thee, Lord, there is no heart
So vile, polluted, full of sin,
That Jesus, in His pitying love,
Will ere refuse to enter in.

O heart! close shut and stoutly barred,
Troubled, yet never finding rest,
Throw open wide the long closed doors,
And welcome in this blessed Guest.

It is expensive economy to make a part of the truth suffice for the whole.

THE seeming length of a sermon is generally proportioned to its need.

did not then examine it, but I knew it must contain a large sum of money. I cannot describe to you my feelings in my agitated and half-crazed state of mind, at the knowledge that in my hand I held the means of buying my dying mother comforts and necessities—perhaps of saving her life. It seemed an answer to my prayer. I dared not think of it then, but hurried on to the last place where I could hope to find assistance. As I neared the house I saw a man hanging crape on the door. My friend was dead, and my only hope gone. This decided me. I turned into the Park, darkness was rapidly falling, and I knelt there and prayed that God would let me keep this money, vowing that I would return it as soon as I was able to begin my work again. My poor mother lived a month. She lacked nothing, and until she died I felt no remorse. Then for the first time I realised what I had done, that I had committed a grievous sin. When by a strange fatality a lady who had befriended me obtained for me the position of governess in your house, I accepted it as part of my punishment, that I might work out my atonement here, under your eyes. Had I been treated with less generosity I should have suffered less, but every kind act of yours, every caress of your little children, has pierced my heart like a knife. The letters I sent you were signed by the name which was my mother's—which is my own—Helen Derwentwater. I could not bear to write an anonymous letter. In this last one you will find—the rest."

She turned away without raising her eyes, but I cried, "Oh woman, saint and martyr! shall what you have done out of your great love and tenderness be counted against you as a sin? My love, dearer to me now than ever, I have no feeling but of thankfulness that I was the unconscious instrument of helping you in your need—ah, how proud I should have been had I known—no thought but of gratitude, except sorrow that you should have suffered. Tell me that I may have the joy of making you forget that you were ever unhappy, my Helen—my own!"

Then for the first time she lifted her eyes and looked into mine, and I knew that I had won my wife.

PAPER HORSE-SHOES.—The horses of the German artillery and cavalry regiments are now shod with paper. The shoes are made by cementing forms of parchment paper together and hardening them by hydraulic pressure, then rasping them to fit the hoof. As the iron shoe is notoriously defective, especially on slippery roads or streets, this news will be welcome to all who wish for a more humane horse-shoe. Recent experience in America and elsewhere points to the conclusion that shoes are not absolutely necessary for horses if the hoof is allowed fair play; but, at all events, the paper shoe may be regarded as a kind of artificial hoof. We may also mention that beakers and laboratory vessels, capable of withstanding acids, are now made in France. They are formed from a pulp containing 85 per cent. of wood and 15 per cent. of rags. After being dried in a current of warm air, they are placed in a hermetic cylinder, and the air exhausted from their pores by an air-pump. After this a warm varnish of petroleum, ether, resin, paraffin, and linseed oil, is allowed to fill the pores, and the vessels are then baked in a second cylinder heated to 100° Centigrade, so as to drive away the volatile ether, which is condensed for further use. Another current of ozonised air oxidises the linseed oil, and the vessels are finally dipped in a bath of linseed oil and castor oil mixed with resin, then dried and exposed to another current of ozonised air. Thus treated they are strong, flexible, and impermeable to liquids. We may add that paper pulp is now bleached by ozone in France. The ozone is prepared by passing electrical discharges through oxygen gas and bringing it to bear on the paper pulp. The process is more rapid than bleaching by chlorine, and the ozone merely oxidises the colouring matter without attacking the cellulose of the material.

"WE are building every day,
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows
Will our inmost self disclose,
Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine—
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.

"Do you ask what building this
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo, its name is Character!
Build it well, whatever you do;
Build it straight and strong and true;
Build it clean and high and broad;
Build it for the eye of God."

Present Day Problems.

IV.—THE JEWS.

INTIMATELY connected with the prevailing persecution of the Jews in Russia (says *Our Day*) is that of the possible return of the chosen people to their own land. "Palestine for the Jews" is, to many ears, as soul-stirring a cry as was not long since "Germany for the Germans." Looked at calmly, however, the whole idea seems impracticable, and in the highest degree sentimental in character, having as its basis the fulfilment of prophecy in the literal sense. In this scheme Jerusalem is to be restored to the Jews, the temple is to be rebuilt, and the Jews gathered in from the four quarters of the world. This restoration is to be accomplished by Almighty power, and in such case there are no difficulties in the way. There can be none.

BUT is a literal restoration meant? It seems that in this, as in the case of the second advent, the religious world of to-day is making the self-same mistake as did the Jews of old in looking for a temporal king and ruler in the long-promised Messiah.

THERE are many and obvious difficulties in the way of such a restoration.

THE grand difficulty in the way of bringing many Jews into Palestine is with the Jews themselves. In general they do not wish to go to Palestine. It is defiled above all lands. Its whole history, for two thousand years, is accursed. Nothing can purify the land but the expulsion of Moslem and Christian, and the destruction of all their works and memorials. To return to Palestine, and be under Moslems or Christians, is not the glorious future of prophecy. The well-known fact that all Jewish immigration to Palestine is assisted immigration, proves the indifference of the Jewish race, under present circumstances, to the "promised land." It is not that they are badly treated by the Moslems. They multiply in Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica, and other cities. They are very numerous in Roumania; but very few in Palestine, notwithstanding the devoted efforts and magnificent expenditures of Sir Moses Montefiore and other wealthy Jews. "Assisted immigration" is always worthless. It is composed of poor material. The immigrants are not only destitute of property, but of character. They must be assisted after reaching their destination as before. If this is withdrawn, they will drift into almshouses, and jails, or perish. They become beggars and criminals. A very large percentage of our criminals and paupers is from "assisted immigration." When intelligent and enterprising Jews will go into Palestine, and establish industries in agriculture and other arts that shall be self-supporting, and call to them their relatives and friends there will be reason to hope that the country may prove to be one of the refuges from the inhumanity and despotism of Russia. But this kind of immigration has not yet begun.

THE Jews are not, generally, agriculturists. For the most part they hate agriculture as an employment. There has been great complaint against the Jewish colonists sent in and supported by Sir Moses Montefiore and other benevolent Jews, that they will not take hold of the land for a living. They prefer to starve as pedlars of anything whatever that will sell.

THERE is a large Jewish population in the Turkish cities. They can remove to Palestine, buy the unoccupied and sterile lands at a nominal price, and restore them to fertility. But no Hebrew has moved in this direction in all this century. They will be as well treated there as elsewhere. They will be aided and patronised by foreigners; but they have persistently refused to be aided.

THE re-peopling of Palestine with Jews is a moral impossibility. They will not go there as a subject people. Home rule they are not prepared for. The land cannot be purified from that which would be defilement to a free Jewish state. They cannot be imported; or, if imported, they cannot be supported. Intelligent and thrifty labour may restore the desolations of the land; but for that the race is wholly unprepared. The men of learning and of moral power might form an oligarchy; but the manufactured Jewish state, thus formed, would soon destroy itself.

BEWARE of the vicious man who proposes to reform his life on the instalment plan.

VIRTUE and laziness may live together, but they are not usually on the best terms.

A MAN cannot be truly eloquent if he knows not how to listen.

In the Light of To-Day.

NOW that the spirit of republicanism and federation is in the air a comparison of a republican system like that of Switzerland with our own, such as is provoked by the present commemoration in Switzerland and by certain notable new departures in Swiss political methods, is certainly fruitful. Switzerland is composed of the most ancient group of republics which still retain their republican institutions; it is also the oldest confederation now in existence. In many respects it bears a strong resemblance in government to the United States, and many problems common to both federations have been worked out in Switzerland in a manner most instructive to Americans. The foundation of the Swiss Constitution is the old Swiss Federation which lasted from 1291 to 1798. The system of government was loose yet complicated. Privileged classes and inequalities between citizens and between districts prevented a strong feeling of union. By the intervention of the French in 1798 a single centralised state was substituted for the thirteen old cantons. This government was so foreign to the spirit of the people that in 1803 Napoleon granted a moderately centralised federal government under the so-called Act of Mediation. At the downfall of the French Empire, a looser confederation, not unlike that still existing in 1798, was substituted, and considerable additions of territory were made. The Constitution proved too narrow for the purposes of the nation, and did not prevent political and religious struggles, which culminated in civil war. In 1848, a new Constitution, modelled in many respects after that of the United States, was adopted. Still later, in 1874, under the influence of the triumph of the federal principle in the American Civil War, and the foundation of the Canadian and German federations, that Constitution was remodelled to suit the exigencies of the day. Several amendments have since been passed and incorporated into the body of the Constitution.

SUCH, in brief, is the Constitution of the Swiss Republic, and for those who wish to go deeper into the subject, I may mention that by far the best books in English on the constitutional history of Switzerland are: "The Federal Government of Switzerland, An Essay on the Constitution," by Bernard Moses, San Francisco, 1889; and "The Swiss Confederation," by Sir Francis Ottiwell Adams and C. D. Cunningham, London and New York, 1889. Both books are elaborate descriptions and discussions of the workings of the Swiss government.

FEW people know that the eagle on the crest of the United States is comparatively a modern innovation, and that in 1776 the rattlesnake did duty instead. Fewer people too would credit how many good things can be said of the reptile in question, but as these are the days of revision, it seems only right that the rehabilitation of Jezebel should be followed by giving the rattlesnake a chance of "getting there" also. *Apropos* of all of which here is a passage taken from the *Scots Magazine*, published at Edinburgh in July 1776, the very month of Declaration of Independence. "The colours of the American fleet have a snake with thirteen rattles, the fourteenth budding, described in the attitude of going to strike, with the motto, 'Don't tread on me.' It is a rule in heraldry that the worthy properties of the animal in the crest borne shall be considered, and the base ones cannot be intended. The ancients accounted a snake, or a serpent, an emblem of wisdom and, in certain attitudes, of endless duration. The rattlesnake is properly a representative of America, as this animal is found in no other part of the world. The eye of this creature excels in brightness that of most other animals. She has no eyelids, and is, therefore, an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, nor ever surrenders; she is, therefore, an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. When injured, or in danger of being injured, she never wounds until she has given notice to her enemies of their danger. No other of her kind shows such generosity. When undisturbed and in peace, she does not appear to be furnished with weapons of any kind. They are latent in the roof of her mouth, and even when extended for her defence, appear to those who are not acquainted with her, to be weak and contemptible: yet her wounds, however small, are decisive and fatal. The power of fascination attributed to her, by a generous construction, resembles America. Those who look steadily on her are delighted, and involuntarily advance towards her, and having once approached, never leave her. She is frequently found with thirteen rattles, and they increase yearly. She is beautiful in youth, and her beauty increases with her age. Her tongue is blue, and forked as the lightning."

THE main battle of free education has at last been fought and won. There is still, however, much to do, and those interested cannot do better than consult a "Memorandum, by

J. G. Fitch, Esq., on the working of the Free School System in America, France, and Belgium," one of the most instructive parliamentary papers that has been issued this Session. Mr. Fitch has a happy gift of plucking the heart out of blue books, marshalling his facts, and presenting them in the clearest light. He writes without prepossession, or rather he keeps his own views strictly in the background, leaving his readers to draw their own inferences. Here is an interesting item. France devotes annually to primary education (in round figures) seven millions sterling. Of this sum nearly one-half is contributed by the State, two-and-three-quarters millions by the communes, and the remainder by the departments. The city of Paris alone spends on education more than a million a year. This heavy taxation, we are told, appears to be cheerfully borne. The high rate of expenditure is caused not by teachers' salaries, which are on a much lower scale than in England, but (1) by the completeness of the administrative machinery; (2) the ample supply of adult assistants—pupil-teachers are unknown; (3) the liberal plant of schools, and the provision of supplementary agencies, such as libraries, savings-banks, gymnasiums, etc. The regularity of attendance is remarkable, and reaches, for the whole of France, about ninety per cent. of the scholars enrolled. But, according to Mr. Fitch, this regularity cannot be set down to free education, seeing it is as high in the private or denominational schools where fees are charged. In France there is a long-standing national tradition in favour of education which in England is only in process of formation.

HERE are a few gems from a General Information paper set to the upper forms of a public school:—

"Who was killed at Thebez?—*Eteocles and Polyneices*. Who were known by the following names:—*The Scourge of God?—Atalanta, Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Gladstone*. Finally Jack?—*The Whitechapel Murderer*. Dinner-bell of the House of Commons?—*Big Ben*. Fill up the blank in 'If you'd seen these roads before they were made, you'd hold up your hands and bless . . .?'—*The London County Council*. Who was the father of Queen Victoria?—*Prince Henry of Battenburg—William III.*—*The Emperor William*. What names are associated with the following expressions: 'The survival of the fittest'!—*Mr. Gladstone*. 'Peace with honour'?—*Solomon*. 'Assisted education'?—*Wren and Gurney*."

ONE of the most important contributions to Sociology in recent years is Mr. Charles Booth's "Life and Labour in London," a book so packed with facts and figures that, says Miss Clementina Black, in the *Contemporary Review*, it must be read entire, and strange to say these myriads of facts and figures are surpassingly engrossing.

HERE, for example, is an extract which shows that in spite of all complaint and drawback, the Elementary Education Act of twenty years ago was an undoubted blessing, and which foretells, given another twenty years, a far greater advance in well being and happiness for the community. Mr. Booth contends that whatever its defects, the elementary school has merits and influence of no common kind. Any one who has visited Board Schools, cannot fail to have been impressed by the order, the good feeling, and in most instances, by the interest of the children in what they are about," and Mr. Booth, on better knowledge, confirms this first impression. "The turbulence of the streets is subdued into industrious calm. Ragged little gamins run quietly in harness, obedient to a look, a gesture of the teacher in command. It is this responsiveness to rule, right rule, which more than any other thing gives ground for hope in regard to the future of these poor children. That such a miscellaneous undisciplined mass as the school population of the lowest streets in London should be brought into line and taught, as so many are, to feel pride in their school, their teachers, even in themselves, is an achievement holding within it the beginnings of all good."

THE comparative analysis of the social condition of London is also full of interest and portent. Taking London as a whole, 30.7 per cent. of the inhabitants are in poverty, and 69.3 in comfort. In other words, nearly one-third of the people of London live short of the comforts and often of the necessities of life, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and ill-nourished. Of the 30 or so per cent. who are in poverty, about 22 are "poor," about 7 "very poor," and not quite 1 per cent. belongs to the lowest deeps. Still the total figure of these lost sheep amounts to over 37,000—a fact which furnishes food for unpleasant reflection. The distribution of poverty is shown upon an outline map of London divided into blocks, each of which contains from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants. These are

coloured in gradations of purple, every deepening of tone denoting an increased percentage. This map and the elaborate statistics accompanying it in the appendix show that poverty is on the whole both widest and deepest not in the East but in South London.

OF the 70 per cent. or so of Londoners who live in comfort about 18 belong to the middle and servant-keeping classes; while no less than 51.5 per cent., or more than half the whole population, belong the fairly prosperous working class. "This proportion will," says Miss Black, "come as a surprise to most readers; it certainly did to me. The better class English working men and their families appear to me to form the best balanced, the most sensible—I am inclined to think also the most intelligent—the best conducted, on the whole the best-mannered, and, I feel convinced, the happiest class of the community. Those readers who personally know them but little will perhaps be inclined strongly to dissent from these assertions; but those who best know the households of skilled artisans will be inclined, I think, to endorse them."

AS in his previous volume Mr. Booth is chary of suggesting remedies. His diagnosis is not yet complete. He purposes in his next volume to deal with the occupations of the people throughout London. He also intends to make an enquiry into the agencies already at work. He does not, however, promise that even when this has been done he will go on to supply a definite opinion as to remedies; but once more he indicates the probable direction to be followed. Speaking of the attitude in which he found himself on the completion of his first volume, he says: "I was, indeed, satisfied that the problem I sought to solve involved the divorce of poverty from industry, and it seemed that the attainment of the solution carried with it the elimination of the very poor—casual labour, hand-to-mouth existence, chronic want. I showed that this helpless class hangs fatally round the necks of the classes above it, and especially of those just above it, and I pointed out that it is industrially valueless as well as socially pernicious. I also showed that its numbers are not so very great as to render the experiment of dealing with it in some semi-socialistic fashion, in the interest of self-supporting labour, a crushing burden to the community. It is not, in fact, expense which bars the way, but the difficulty of employing any means or devising any scheme which would not tend to increase the numbers to be dealt with. . . . It is no less evident than before that here is the *crux* of the situation, but it is not more easy to see how it should be dealt with. To the proposal for a revision of the Poor Laws I shall return, but not until I am better equipped for its practical discussion."

A MOST absurd question was raised the other day by some German Customs House officers, who contended that because butterflies have wings they must be classed as poultry, and have a duty levied upon them accordingly. After much trouble, time and patience, the entomologist to whom the specimens in question were sent from Holland, succeeded in persuading the authorities to class them in the department of science and art rather than in that concerning domestic economy, and involving disputes about free trade or protection.

THE intelligence of the dog is being turned to advantage. In the Prussian Jäger battalions dogs are trained to seek wounded soldiers, and so far with excellent results. The men practise with the dogs, hiding from them and lying down in ditches and behind trees. When the dogs have found them, their further business is to keep near the men and bark until help comes. The dogs used are not very large, such as St. Bernards or retrievers, but sheep dogs or Pomeranian Spitzhunde. In sporting dogs the love of the chase is apt to prove too strong for their sense of duty, and their services cannot be relied upon. By-the-by, dog lovers, it is said, will soon have some new candidates for their favour. These are to be imported from Morocco, where there is a splendid breed of dogs. So extremely jealous are the Moors of their pets, that until lately the most arbitrary laws existed against the transport of any of the breed out of the country. This is all changed now, and the Sultan has consented to repeal the restrictions.

A MANUFACTURER of ancient Egyptian mummies has been severely sentenced by the courts of Alexandria. He made his articles with carefully prepared asses' skins, and had a good trade. Everything went well so long as he made kings only, but when he tried the production of high priests he committed archaeological errors that led to his detection.

Women's World.

ENGLAND with Newnham and Girton and London University; France, which cordially admits women to its great Universities, and America, standing in this respect on an even loftier plane than these two countries, are doing a work for the higher education of women which has long been praised by the world. Miss Lange's recent volume on "Higher Education of Women in Europe," reminds us that several other countries are almost as advanced as those just mentioned. In Italy women have studied at the University since 1876; in Holland, since 1880. In Belgium, since 1880, three Universities permitting women to study at its University; while Sweden, since 1873, and Denmark, since 1875, have accorded to women the same degrees in medicine and in arts as to men. Switzerland, which opened Zurich to women in 1868, and Geneva, the Bern and Neuchâtel, only a little later, are certainly the pioneers. From Russian Universities, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev and Kasan, provide regular courses for women. In Austria, although women receive no degrees, they may attend regular courses of lectures at the Universities. In Hungary, although the authorities are willing, the Minister of Education as yet withholds his consent to the admission of women to the Universities. In Spain and Portugal it is thought that women would not be refused admission to the Universities since no law exists against admitting them. The German Empire it will be seen believe almost alone in keeping the doors of its Universities closed to women. Miss Lange, indeed, has written her admirable little work as an earnest plea for giving to the women of Germany the same educational advantages enjoyed by women in almost all other civilised countries.

THE city of Boston has put an original and excellent idea into practice. It is now constructing, and will soon open to the public, a gymnasium intended for the sole use of women and girls. Unlike other gymnasiums, this is built open to the air, and forms a feature of a new park, the Charles River embankment, a very pretty pleasure-ground recently laid out on the Boston side of the Charles River, between the two historic bridges, Cragie's and West Boston, the latter being, as everybody knows, the subject of Longfellow's poem, "The Bridge." This novel gymnasium is at the westerly end of the park, close to the last-mentioned bridge, and occupies about two acres of ground, or nearly one fourth of the entire park, which is ten acres in extent. The gymnasium is free, and is provided with varied forms of athletic apparatus. It is not yet entirely completed, but soon will be, and is exciting much interest already. It is delightfully situated close to the sea, where fresh saline breezes can fan the heated brows of the fair gymnasts during the summer. A circle of trees and shrubbery is to surround the gymnasium, thus screening it from observation, and affording privacy to those frequenting it. The apparatus used in the ground was built from designs furnished by Dr. Sargent, the celebrated medico-athlete of Harvard University, and erected under his supervision.

Daybreak.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

—LONGFELLOW.

The Science of Old Age.

THE whole journey of life is best divided into three stages—the period of ascent or youth (1-25); that of level ground or maturity (25-50); and that of descent or decline (50-75). Old age may set in anywhere along the last stage. It must not, however, be supposed that the last stage necessarily ends at seventy-five; for, of late years, especially, in many cases the period of old age has not begun until eighty years are past, life being prolonged over the century; while, on the other hand, all the signs of old age have been seen before twenty years have been reached. Out of every 1,000 people, nearly 100 reach 75, 38 reach 85, and two reach 95. The number of persons in proportion to the whole population that reach 70 in Norway is one-third, in England nearly one-fifth, in France one-eighth, and in Ireland one-eleventh. As far as can be calculated, the average length of life, which is computed in the seventeenth century to average only thirteen years, is in the eighteenth increased to twenty, and in the nineteenth to thirty-six. Men used to be considered old when they passed fifty.

It is interesting to compare the age of man with that of other parts of the organic kingdom. In the vegetable world it is enormously exceeded. Among trees, the elm reaches an age of 335 years; the ivy, 450; the chestnut, 600; the olive, 700; the cedar, 800; the oak, 1,500; the yew, 2,800; while Humboldt computed the age of a baobab tree (a species of banyan) to be 5,700 years! Among fish, Dr. Richardson finds no deaths from old age, and does not believe that they have any term to their old lives, save as they fall a prey to one another. Carp and other fish that have been isolated and watched are still living at enormous ages. As long as they live they increase in size. Among animals, we have an elephant of the reputed age of 1,007 years. Coming to men, we find many remarkable instances of longevity. The long lists given by the old writers of very aged people (including one of over 300 years of age) have been proved to be most unreliable. Many cases, however, are beyond suspicion, and such an unimpeachable centenarian as Sir Moses Montefiore silences all sceptics who doubt that human life can attain to three figures. Old Parr still remains as one of the most wonderful of these veterans. He was a poor farm servant, and like Henry Jenkins (who was supposed to be 160 years old at death), led a hard and laborious life in a country village on scanty fare. At 120 Parr married a widow for his second wife and at 130 could thresh corn. He died at 152, but not of old age.

Longevity appears to depend to a certain extent on country and climate. While a cold, bracing climate like Norway gives a very high general average of age, the climate of Western Italy seems most favourable to very advanced life. As early as A.D. 76 we find that in this district, in the Emperor's census, fifty-four were returned at 100, fifty-seven at 110, two at 125, four at 130, and three at 140. In Ireland, though the general average is low, we get many instances of centenarians. A country life is conducive to old age, while it is extremely rare to find persons of ninety years and upward who have led sedentary town lives. Longevity cannot be said, however, to be dependent on any condition or vocation, but is found in the most opposed circumstances. "St. Anthony," who died at 105, ate a few ounces of bread soaked in water, never washed or changed his garments, and lived always alone in a desert. M. Chevreul, the great French chemist, at nearly the same age, ate for breakfast two eggs, some chicken pasty, and had a pint of *café-au-lait* daily; for dinner, tapioca soup with grated cheese, a cutlet, a bunch of grapes, cheese, and three glasses of water. No fish and no wine. He was scrupulously clean, and lived in or near Paris.

Some people survive in spite of their habits. One old man of ninety-seven all his life drank quantities of neat gin, and smoked the strongest and rankest tobacco; while another, who died in 1790 at 105, for the last thirty-five years of his life never took exercise, and began the day on hot buttered rolls, and ended it with a supper of hot roast meat, with plenty of wine. Spinners will be pleased to know that single women live as long as do married. Sex influences old age. In 1873, out of eighty-nine dying at or over 100, only ten were males. This is due partly to less exposure to injuries, and partly to a greater tenacity of life. Girls die more slowly than boys; and though more boys than girls are born each year, this difference maintains the balance.

We may notice one or two other points of comparison between the sexes, as observed in some hundreds of recorded cases lately collected. The average height of an old man over eighty is 5 feet 6 inches, of an old woman 5 feet 3 inches; the pulse-rate in the man is seventy-three, in the woman seventy-eight; the breath-rate in the man eighteen, in the woman twenty-two. The average number of teeth in the men is six, in

the women three; while a fourth of the men and half the women had none at all.

It is believed that there are traces in the animal kingdom of a law that fixes the extreme duration of life at five times that of growth. This latter period in man may be said to average twenty-one years; hence the full span of a perfectly healthy man's life should range from 100 to 105 years. As, however, none are born perfectly free from taint, the expectation of life varies greatly. Every human being starts on his life's journey with a certain life-force; or, in other words, like a clock, he is constructed to run a certain time under given conditions. In 500 cases of people over eighty, most came from long-lived families, enjoyed good homes, good appetites, and good digestions, were moderate or small eaters, consumed little alcohol or medicine, were good sleepers, and showed at death no trace of gout or rheumatic gout. Nevertheless, in eighty-two cases the near relatives were consumptive.

"Oh! the Superstitious Ways of my Grandmother's Days."

THE more sober and matter-of-fact the people, the more curious are the superstitions that survive among them, in spite of their common sense. It is not only the ignorant sailor before the mast who regards Friday with a superstitious dread; his captain and several other well-educated men share in the feeling. The origin of it is too obvious to need explanation. Equally obvious is the history of the reluctance to sit down at table in a company of thirteen—a superstition which is perhaps more widely observed than any other. The Parisian *figue-assiette*, who lives by dining in other people's houses, is often known as the *quatorzième*, it being the chief part of his business to make the fourteenth to the chance "unlucky" number. A London hostess who deliberately made up a party of thirteen would be a bold woman indeed, for two or three at least of her company would object to dining at her table. Many people will assert that they have actually known cases in which one of a party of thirteen at dinner has died in the course of the year—and with perfect truth probably; for, taking the average age of the assembled guests to be thirty-five or over, the mathematical chances in favour of death occurring among them within the year are rather more than one in thirteen. The chance of a death would be even greater if there were twenty, and would amount to almost a certainty in the case of a hundred—an excellent reason for abstaining from public dinners!

Another widely spread superstition is that which forbids a man to walk under a ladder. Some people fancy that this originated from a cautious dread of what a workman upon the ladder might drop upon them; and yet those same people will carefully avoid passing under a ladder which is quite untenanted, and know well that they do so, not to avoid the fall of a tile or a paint pot, but to avoid the fall of ill-luck upon their heads. In former days, when hanging was done after a more simple fashion than it is to-day, the victim at Tyburn or elsewhere had generally to pass under the ladder which stood against the gallows for the convenience of the executioner; and he passed under that ladder with the fair certainty of being immediately hanged. What the unhappy criminal at Tyburn could not avoid, the pedestrian in Piccadilly avoids to-day, even at the expense of his polished boots, by turning into the roadway. There is a touching humility in the practice. Though all the world may assure that young man that he was not born to be hung, he is yet not so certain of himself that he can afford to imitate the criminal even in that single and harmless particular. This superstition is a purely English one.

Another that is more universally shared is the dread of spilling salt, and it is one which dates from the most distant antiquity. Salt, the incorruptible and the preserver from corruption, the holy substance that was used in sacrifice, could not be rudely spilt or wasted without incurring the anger of all good spirits, and giving an opportunity to the evil ones.

But the list of childish superstitions is endless. Helping people to salt, giving them knives, breaking looking-glasses, and a hundred other misdeeds, are all of them fraught with disaster, and most of them devoid of meaning. No woman actually believes that she has condemned herself to seven years of bad fortune by breaking her mirror, and yet she cannot help being saddened by an indefinable dread that attends that very ordinary catastrophe. No man really thinks that he is altering the course of events by sitting down to dinner in a company of twelve others, and yet many men cannot do so without a feeling of discomfort.—*The Spectator*.

An Old-Time Mother.

LIKE many other men of note, De Quincey had a clever, if not a faultless, mother. His own account of her, as given by Dr. Alexander Japp in his "De Quincey Memorials," is well worth reading:

"It may seem odd, according to most people's ideas of mothers, that some part of my redundant love did not overflow upon mine. And the more so if the reader happened to know that she was one whom her grown-up friends made the object of idolising reverence. But she delighted not in infancy, nor infancy in her. The very greatness of some qualities in her mind made this impossible. Let me make a sketch of her; for she well merits it. Figure to yourself a woman of admirable manners; in fact, as much as any person I have ever known distinguished by ladylike tranquillity and repose, and even by self-possession, but also freezing to excess. Austere she was in a degree which fitted her for the lady-president of rebellious nunneries. Rigid in her exactions of duty from those around her, but also from herself; upright, sternly conscientious, munificent in her charities, pure-minded in so absolute a degree that you would have been tempted to call her 'holy,' she yet could not win hearts by the graciousness of her manner. That quality which shone so brightly in my sister, and the expansive love which distinguished both her and myself, we had from our father. And a peculiarity there was about my mother which is not found, or anything like it, in one mother out of five hundred. Usually mothers defend their own cubs, right or wrong; and they also think favourably of any pretensions to praise which these cubs may put forward. Not so my mother. Were we taxed by interested parties with some impropriety of conduct? Trial by jury, English laws of evidence—all were forgotten; and we were found guilty on the bare affidavit of the angry accuser. Did a visitor say some flattering thing of a talent or accomplishment by one or other of us? My mother protested so solemnly against the possibility that we could possess either one or the other that we children held it a point of filial duty to believe ourselves the very scum and refuse of the universe. Yet, with all this absence of indulgent thoughts towards us or any of us, no mother can ever have lived who was more vigilant to see that we received to the last fraction every attention due to our health, to the decorum of our manners, or to the proprieties of our dress. It is as good as a comedy in my feeling when I call back the characteristic scene (characteristic equally of the mother and the simple flock that obeyed her summons) which went on every morning of the year. All of us, for some six years, were marched off or carried off to a morning parade in my mother's dressing-room. As the mail-coaches go down daily in London to the inspector of mails, so we rolled out of the nursery at a signal given, and were minutely reviewed in succession. Were the lamps of our equipage clean and bright? Were the springs properly braced? Were the linch-pins secured? When this inspection, which was no mere formality, had travelled from the front rank to the rear, when we were pronounced to be in proper trim, or in the language of guards, 'All right behind!' we were dismissed, but with two ceremonies that to us were mysterious and allegorical—first, that our hair and faces were sprinkled with lavender-water and milk of roses; secondly, that we received a kiss on the forehead. The mystery in this last instance regarded the place; because we little silly people in the nursery never planted our kisses on foreheads, but sprang right at the lips. That I do not, however, exaggerate the austerity of my mother's character and the awe which it breathed around her is certain from what I recollect of the deep impression which she produced upon her servants. Except as regarded the waiting at table, she never communicated with them directly, but only through a housekeeper. Sometimes, however, when a feud arose amongst them, it was remembered that in the last resort an appeal lay to 'mistress.' But rare were the cases in which this final remedy was tried. And as one out of a hundred similar testimonies to this impression, there occurs to me the lively *mot* of a housemaid who, being asked why in a case of supposed wrong she had not spoken to her mistress, replied: 'Speak to mistress! Would I speak to a ghost!'"

THERE is many a rogue in the world who objects to the Ten Commandments on account of their hackneyed ideas and lack of originality.

No sagacious wise man will quarrel with his own opportunities by lamenting the abundance of fools in the world.

THE balloon route to the top of Olympus has never be successfully travelled.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PICTURE EXHIBITION.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21ST, 1891, AT 5.30.

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

1. SONATA IN C MINOR "Pathétique" ... <i>Beethoven</i>	3. POLONAISE IN E FLAT <i>Weber</i>
Grave, Allegro Molto, Adagio, Rondo.	4. MINUET AND GAVOTTE <i>Bach</i>
2. ... "La Consolation" <i>Dussek</i>	5. ETUDE <i>Heller</i>

Organ Recital at intervals, commencing at 7.

1. SONATA IN C MINOR <i>Mendelssohn</i>	4. ... "March of the Priests" (Athalie) <i>Mendelssohn</i>
2. THREE PART SONGS { "Spring Song" "Vale of Rest" "Farewell" } <i>Mendelssohn</i>	5. SERENADE "Thine is my heart" ... <i>Schubert</i>
3. ... "Ye Verdant Hills" (Susannah) ... <i>Handel</i>	6. ... "The Chorister" <i>Sullivan</i>
	7. OVERTURE ... "Jubilee" <i>Weber</i>

Admission—5 to 10, One Penny.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22ND, 1891.

Pianoforte Recital by MRS. M. A. BURTON, at intervals between 2 and 5.

1. WALTZ ... "Galatea" <i>The Duke of Edinburgh, K.G.</i>	6. MARCH <i>William Hill</i>
2. GIGUE <i>Michael Watson</i>	7. MAZURKA ... "La Glannese" .. <i>H. Bloxam</i>
3. WALTZ ... "The Maid of the Mill" ... <i>J. Liddell</i>	8. ... "The Belfry of Bruges" <i>Michael Watson</i>
4. SERENADE <i>Marschan</i>	9. ... "Dorothy" ... <i>Seymour Smith</i>
5. MAZURKA ... "Marguerite" ... <i>Henri Roubier</i>	10. GALOP ... "Mazeppa" <i>Quidant</i>

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

At intervals between 7 and 9.

1. OVERTURE "Der Calif von Bagdad" ... <i>Boieldieu</i>	3. FANTASIA "Songs of the Sea" ...
2. LARGHETTO IN E FLAT <i>Batiste</i>	4. MARCH ... "Cornelius" ... <i>Mendelssohn</i>

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, at 8 o'clock.

1. MARCH ... "Cadets des Russie" ... <i>Sellenick</i>	4. SELECTION ... "Maritana" <i>Wallace</i>
2. OVERTURE "Chevalier Breton" ... <i>Hermann</i>	5. LANCERS ... "Pelican" <i>Solomon</i>
3. VALSE ... "Estudiantina" <i>Waldteufel</i>	6. POLKA ... "Les Sauterelles" <i>Delbrück</i>

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
Admission—5 to 10, Threepence.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24TH, 1891.

Programme of Music to be played by the PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND from 8 to 10 p.m.

1. MARCH ... "Ingomar" <i>Denery</i>	4. CAVATINA "La Cloches de Corneville" ... <i>Planquette</i>
2. VALSE <i>C. Lowthian</i>	5. LANCERS ... "Covent Garden" <i>Crowe</i>
3. SELECTION ... "Bohemian Girl" <i>Balfe</i>	6. MARCH ... "Light of Foot" <i>Latann</i>

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Organ and Pianoforte Recitals by MR. CLAUDE HAMILTON, from 7 to 10 p.m.

1. ORGAN SOLO ... March <i>Handel</i>	8. PIANOFORTE SOLO Fantaisie—"Etude" ... <i>C. Voss</i>
2. " " Overture—"Zampa" <i>Herold</i>	9. ORGAN SOLO ... March <i>Mozart</i>
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO Waltz, E flat <i>Chopin</i>	10. " " Movement No. 1, Op. 72 <i>Mendelssohn</i>
4. ORGAN SOLO ... Nocturne <i>Chopin</i>	11. PIANOFORTE SOLO Mazurka <i>Chopin</i>
5. " " Air—"Le Roi Louis VIII" ... <i>H. Ghys</i>	12. " " Etude <i>Loeschorn</i>
6. PIANOFORTE SOLO Galop—"Di Bravura" <i>J. Schulhoff</i>	13. ORGAN SOLO ... War March <i>Mendelssohn</i>
7. " " Waltz in A major <i>Moszkowski</i>	

Admission—5 to 10, Threepence.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1891,

Programme of Music to be performed by the PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRA, at 8.30.

1. INAUGURAL MARCH <i>W. R. Cave</i>	5. GIGUE ... from Suite in D <i>Bach</i>
2. SYMPHONY 1st Movement, No. 9 ... <i>Mozart</i>	6. MARCH ... "Athalie" <i>Mendelssohn</i>
3. WALTZ ... "Soldaten Lieder" ... <i>Gung'l</i>	7. GAVOTTE ... from Suite in D <i>Bach</i>
4. GAVOTTE ... "People's Palace" ... <i>W. R. Cave</i>	8. WALTZ ... "Telegram" <i>Strauss</i>

Conductor—MR. W. R. CAVE.

Admission—5 to 10, One Penny.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26TH, 1891,

Organ Recitals by MR. ARTHUR BAYLISS, at intervals between 6 and 10 p.m.

1. MARCH IN G <i>Smart</i>	6. SCHERZO IN A MINOR <i>Bist</i>
2. ANDANTE IN C <i>Daniel</i>	7. ANDANTE IN B FLAT <i>Mendelssohn</i>
3. MARCIA IN D <i>Capocci</i>	8. ALLEGRETTO IN C <i>Gade</i>
4. PRAYER IN B FLAT <i>S. Clark</i>	9. OFFERTORIE IN F <i>Wely</i>
5. IMPROMPTU IN F <i>Sawyer</i>	

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Admission—5 to 10, One Penny.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1891,

Organ and Pianoforte Recitals by MR. CLAUDE HAMILTON, from 7 to 10 p.m.

1. ORGAN SOLO March—"Dreams of Heaven"	7. ORGAN SOLO ... Sacred March
2. " " Offertoire No. 1 <i>S. Wely</i>	8. " " Chorus and the Glory <i>Handel</i>
3. " " "Hallelujah Chorus" <i>Handel</i>	9. PIANOFORTE SOLO Waltz <i>Moszkowski</i>
4. PIANOFORTE SOLO Fantaisie <i>Favarger</i>	10. " " "Husarenutt" <i>F. Spindler</i>
5. " " Mazurka <i>Chopin</i>	11. ORGAN SOLO ... Grand March
6. ORGAN SOLO ... Nocturne <i>Field</i>	

Admission—5 to 10 One Penny.

PEOPLE'S PALACE, TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END ROAD.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and the Society of Arts.

HEAD MASTER, MR. D. A. LOW (Wh. Sc.) M. INST. M.E.

SECRETARY, MR. C. E. OSBORN.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR THE 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.

Musical Classes.

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

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Includes Solo Singing, Choral Society, Pianoforte, and Orchestral Society.

Violin Classes.

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

Table with columns: Day, Time, Class Level (Beginners, Elementary I, etc.).

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.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Includes Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

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.

Shorthand Class.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DAYS, HOURS, FEES. Includes Shorthand (Pitman's) and Musical Drill.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Chief Instructor ... Mr. H. H. BURDETT. 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.

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.

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.

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 Hatters 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.

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

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

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. The Best Medicines for Family Use.

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

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

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



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

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

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

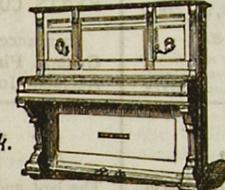
E. RICHARDSON, FAMILY BAKER, Cook & Confectioner, 622, MILE END RD.

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



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

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



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

STEAM WORKS AND FACTORY:—TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.

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

ALAN RAPER, ENTIRELY NEW STOCK WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS, WEDDING RINGS, KEEPERS, &c., &c.

The largest selection in the East of London at Manufacturers' Prices.

MONEY LIBERALLY ADVANCED UPON EVERY DESCRIPTION OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.

610a, MILE END ROAD. Facing Tredegar Square.

PRESLAND & SONS,

Manufacturers of INVALID CHAIRS on STEEL SPRINGS, with Cushion, from 30/- BASSINETTES WITH REVERSIBLE HOODS, from 21/- And Mail Carts on Steel Springs, to carry Two Children, from 10/6.

Weekly Payments Taken. No Hire System. Estd. over 30 years.

PRESLAND & SONS, 493 AND 495, HACKNEY ROAD.

ROGERS' "NURSERY" HAIR LOTION.

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

Charles Selby, UNDERTAKER,

Complete Funeral Furnisher, Car & Carriage Proprietor,

31, CAMPBELL ROAD, BOW,

15, HIGH STREET, BROMLEY,

AND 191, HIGH STREET, STRATFORD.

A few doors from Board School.

W. WRIGHT, Photographer.

NEW STUDIOS: 422, MILE END ROAD.

Opposite People's Palace.

MESSEES.
C. C. & T. MOORE
 Respectfully announce the dates
 of their old established
Periodical Sales
 OF
ESTATES
 and House Property.

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

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

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

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



**THE ALDGATE
 TURKISH BATHS.**

J. & H. NEVILL.

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

(Next door to Gardiner's.)

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

F. A. CAPEROE,
MUSIC SELLER,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEALER,
 And Professor of the Piano, Organ and Violin,
85, MARE ST., HACKNEY

(Near the Morley Hall,

Late of 473, HACKNEY ROAD.

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



LAMONT CYCLE WORKS,

BEACHCROFT ROAD,

LEYTONSTONE, E.

FIRST-CLASS REPAIRER

by appointment to the C.T.C.

Agent for all Leading Manufacturers.

HIGH-CLASS MACHINES ON HIRE AND SALE.

Those about to purchase a machine should
 inspect the newly designed "Lamont"
 Cycles before deciding.

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. & J. H. ARDEN, AUCTIONEERS.

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

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

RENTS COLLECTED & HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.

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

GEORGE A. KENDALL,
Auctioneer, Valuer, and Estate Agent,
170, EAST INDIA ROAD, POPLAR.

Sales by Auction of House Property, Furniture, Trade and Farm Stocks,
 at moderate and fixed charges.

Rents Collected and the Entire Management of Estates undertaken.
 Mortgages negotiated. Valuations made for all purposes.

Life, Fire, Plate Glass, and Accident Insurances effected in any of the
 leading offices.

Certificated Bailiff. Monthly Property Register post free on application.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

The best and cheapest house for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and
 Spectacles, where you get full value and a written warranty, also
 every description of Repairs, Gilding, Engraving, Enamelling, etc.,
 where best materials are used, and the lowest prices charged, go to

J. TOBINS, 382, Mile End Road, E.

(Almost opposite the People's Palace).

G. A. GREEN,
 Fancy Bread and Biscuit Baker,
 COOK AND CONFECTIONER,
339, MILE END ROAD.

Families Waited on Daily.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is recommended,
 because it is the
 STRONGEST AND BEST ON EARTH.



W. S. CROKER,
 Cycle Manufacturer,
**2, St. Stephen's Road,
 BOW, E.**

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

Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.

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

"WANTED."

ONE AND ALL TO SEND FOR
 THEIR NICKEL SILVER AUTO
 MATIC PRINTING PRESS, with
 NAME AND ADDRESS STAMP, Com-
 plete, 1/6. can be carried in the waistcoat
 pocket, and is the most useful article ever
 invented, or for your
 NICKEL SILVER PEN & PENCIL
 CASE, with your NAME in RUBBER,
 Complete, 7d.

GIVEN AWAY.

YOUR NAME OR MONOGRAM
 RUBBER STAMP, for Marking Linen
 or Stamping Paper, 3d.

ALL ABOVE POST FREE.

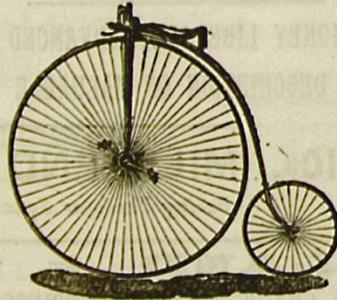
From CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN
 BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK
 WORKS, 75, Southgate Road, London, N.

(ESTABLISHED 1874.)

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



("Marvel," No. 1.)



("Rational.")



("Marvel," No. 2.)

The "DARNLEY" SAFETY, wonderful value at £8 10s., and 12 Months' Guarantee given.

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, AND SAFETIES ON HIRE.

Lists Free.

Marvel Cycle Works—LYME GROVE, MARE STREET, HACKNEY, N.E.