



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

VOL. VIII.—No. 211.]

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE
Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, November 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.
- SATURDAY, 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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Concert by the Hackney Choral Society and Orchestra. Admission 3d.
- SUNDAY, 29th.—Library open from 3 to 10 p.m., free. Organ Recitals at 4 p.m. and 8 p.m., free.
- MONDAY, 30th.—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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8 p.m., Lecture by J. E. Budgett-Meakin, Esq., "Glimpses of Morocco." Admission 1d.; Reserved Seats, 3d.
- TUESDAY, Dec. 1st.—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.
- WEDNESDAY, 2nd.—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. In the Queen's Hall, at 8, Gymnastic Display by members of People's Palace Gymnasium. Admission, 2d. Students of Evening Classes admitted free.
- THURSDAY, 3rd.—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.
- FRIDAY, 4th.—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.

THE Time-table and Illustrated Syllabus of the Evening Classes for the present Session may be obtained at the office.

THE Skating Rink is daily gaining in popularity, and is open as follows:—Monday, for girls only, from 7 to 10, and on Thursdays, from 9 to 10. For men, on Tuesday, Friday, and Saturdays, from 6 to 10 p.m.

THE attendances at the Sacred Concert, Organ Recital, and Library, on Sunday last, were respectively 1,268, 913, and 1,332, making a total passing through the turnstiles of 3,513.

WE have been asked to call the attention of our students to the residences at Wadham and Balliol Houses, Commercial-street, where young men can obtain a comfortably furnished room, including attendance and use of common room, for 7s. per week. The total, inclusive cost of board, lodging, washing, etc. (exclusive of midday meals), need not exceed 15s. per week. Rent is paid weekly, and each resident has a latch key. The houses are within five minutes' walk of Aldgate Station (Underground Railway). Full particulars will be furnished by applying to the Warden, Toynbee Hall, 28, Commercial-street, E. The rooms can be seen by appointment.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL CLUB.—On Saturday last the Old Boys F.C. met the Leopold F.C. at the Old Boys' ground, at Wanstead Flats. It was the return match, the Old Boys scoring the first goal, after some stiff play on either side. The Leopold played up sharply after this, and had some good tries, but before long the Old Boys scored another goal. During the second half, the play was mostly down at the Leopold's goal, and the game resulted in a win for the Old Boys by 4 to nil. Team: Baines (goal), Phillipp, Howell (backs),

Bukett, Langdon, Toyne (half-backs), Oughton, Myers, Bissett, White, Burton (forwards).—Next Saturday, as there is no match, the Old Boys assemble at Wanstead for a practice. All members are asked to turn up; 3 o'clock train, Coborn-road. A. BAINES, Hon. Sec.

A GRAND military gymnastic display and assault-at-arms was given on Monday, the 16th inst., in the Queen's Hall, by the Aldershot Gymnastic Staff, before a very large and enthusiastic audience, General Phillip Smith, C.F. (Commander of the Home Forces), in the chair. The programme was commenced with parallel-bars, followed respectively by exhibitions of fencing, lance exercise, quarter-staffs, and horizontal-bar, loud being the applause, especially for the work done on the bars. The staff then took a short interval to allow the P.P. Gym. members to take possession of the arena for an exhibition of boxing between W. Webber v. J. Funnell, also the Brothers Green. After they had retired, about 120 members marched in to go through the new dumb-bell exercise, which did great credit to all taking part, considering the short time they have been in practice. Staff-Sergt. Hawkins then gave an exhibition of his famous sword feats, great interest being taken in these, especially his feat of cutting a broom-handle suspended by two rings of paper held on the edges of two razors without breaking the paper rings. Neat was a display of bayonet v. bayonet and bayonet v. sword, followed by the vaulting-horse, and, after the feats of strength exhibited on the bars, it surprised the public (those who had not seen the staff before) at the agility displayed by our brothers Hercules. The double somersault thrown over the horse by Sergt. Pouch was an instant of suspense, but loud were the cheers when it was seen how well he alighted on his feet. The whole of the members present now fell in for the final item on the programme, viz., the running maze. In this there always appears to be something to amuse the public. Mr. Osborn, at the close, proposed a hearty vote of thanks to General Smith for taking the chair. General Smith rose and thanked Mr. Osborn for the warm manner he had been received, and said it was a great pleasure for him to be present. He had enjoyed himself very much, more especially so as he had been acquainted with Sergt.-Major Noakes, also Mr. Burdett, for some years, and knew their qualifications. He also congratulated our director for the efficiency displayed by so large a number of members. He took a great interest in gymnastics, and if at any time he could be of assistance in forwarding the interests of the P.P. Gym. it would be a pleasure for him to do so. E. FOREMAN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.—We are now practising "Elijah" and "Acis and Galatea" for performance early in the New Year; practices for these works as usual on Tuesdays and Fridays at 8 o'clock. Some of the members meet at 7 o'clock for the study of Rossini's "Stabat Mater"; all who can are requested to attend these practices. Our next Social will be on Saturday, December 12th. Members are requested to attend rehearsals as regularly and punctually as possible, as we have a good deal of work to get ready before the New Year.

J. G. COCKBURN, Hon. Sec.
J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

THE male students of the Ambulance Classes will be examined next Wednesday, 2nd December, at 7 p.m., by Mr. H. Percy Potter, Esq., F.R.C.S., and they are urged to attend punctually in consequence of there being a large number to be examined.

THOSE who heard Mr. J. E. Budgett-Meakin's lecture on Monday last need not be urged to attend on Monday next, when he delivers his second lecture, illustrated by photographic lantern views. Mr. Meakin is one of the very few speakers who is able to make himself heard in our Large Hall, every word distinctly. Owing to his residence in Morocco for some six years he is enabled to speak with authority on the habits and customs of the inhabitants. The admission will be the same as last week, 1d., reserved seats 3d.

THE Boys' Junior Section have started a football club, and on Saturday last they met and commenced practice in Victoria Park, the form displayed by some indicating that, with a little practice, they will develop into very good players.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.—The first success this season has been gained through our plucky and determined member, E. A. Watson, who was successful in winning the 8st. 4lb. open novices' competition promoted by the Orion Boxing Club. By winning this he has proved himself to be a boxer of no mean merit. The entries for the competition were very numerous, and the boxing of higher class than usual. We have seen the prize, which is a very handsome gold medal well worth winning. We wish Watson every success in his boxing career.
W. CHAS. PLATT, Hon. Sec.

THE examination for the pupils of the Pianoforte Classes will not be held until after Christmas, owing to the new music-rooms not being ready.

ON Saturday week, December 5th, the Popular Musical Union will give Gounod's "Redemption."

AFTER the very flattering remarks respecting our gymnasts by General Phillip Smith, our members will not need urging to attend the display on Wednesday next in the Queen's Hall.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—A party of thirty-six visited the Tower on a recent Saturday, and were conducted round by a special warder. We were shown the Traitor's Gate, by which the State prisoners entered the Tower; the Bloody Tower, the traditional scene of the murder of the Royal children, the two sons of Edward IV., 1483; The Wakefield Tower, where the Yorkists were imprisoned after Margaret's victory at Wakefield, 1460. Passing on to Tower Green, we came in front of the lodgings of the Yeoman Gaoler. Our guide informed us it was probably in this house that Lady Jane Grey lived before her execution; as from its windows she saw her husband go forth from the adjoining Beauchamp Tower to the scaffold on Tower Hill, and his headless body brought back "in a carée" for burial in the chapel of St. Peter, while the scaffold was being prepared for herself close to the very spot on which we were then standing. The Chapel of St. Peter next claimed our attention; it was probably built towards the end of the reign of Henry II.; it was burned down, and afterwards restored by Henry VIII. Several celebrities were buried here, among others, Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, Earl of Essex, John Fischer, Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas More. It is hardly necessary to enter into any detailed description of those portions of the ancient edifice, which are open to any one who cares to go, though it was with a sentiment of admiration ever fresh and increasing that we glanced once more at the unique collection of glittering jewels and plate contained in the Regalia, and the arms of all descriptions arranged in various tasteful and fantastic shapes, from a simple spray of laurel-leaves to the more ambitious design of a bird pursuing a butterfly among some flowers. Our guide, specially granted to us by the Constable of the Tower, did not allow us to linger long, though the unique collection would have well repaid a closer and more careful examination. The dungeons, not usually open to the ordinary public, formed, however, the chief point of attraction, and great was the interest, not unmixed with horror, and perhaps a little thankfulness, with which we inspected, as well as we could, the Torture-chamber and the Prison of Little Ease. This latter is a dungeon nearly oblong in shape, with a narrow stone coping, the only seat allowed the prisoners, and in the impenetrable darkness of this horrible place as many as 600 prisoners—so our guide informed us—were incarcerated at one time. Jews from whom the reigning monarch was trying to extort huge sums were often brought here, being taken day after day in the adjoining torture-chamber, there to lose an eye, a tooth, or an ear, until they disclosed the hiding-place of their wealth. Passing the wretched little cell wherein Guy Fawkes was imprisoned pending his execution, we reached a deep well, discovered but a few years since, in which was found a large quantity of human remains, supposed to be those of prisoners.

Not far from this we saw narrow steps that in ancient times descended to numberless filthy cells, altogether too horrible for description, where those taken in rebellion were confined. Of how many aching hearts, plunged into the darkness of despair, these terrible places have been the tomb, it is impossible to say; at any rate, it was with a feeling somewhat akin to relief that we mounted the steps into daylight, and realised that it was Victoria and not Mary that now occupied the throne. After a slight inspection of the ancient arms of all descriptions, a good many with exciting histories attached, and the models of the instruments of torture, we afterwards spent a few minutes in admiration of the ingenious carvings to be seen in the Beauchamp Tower. For deep historical interest, as well as for causing a feeling of gratitude that one's lot is cast in the nineteenth, instead of, say, the fourteenth century, there is nothing that equals a visit to the ancient stronghold of oppression and tyranny, used now as a people's museum; such is the change effected by the course of time.—Saturday, November 21st, Temple Church, Middle Temple, and Chrysanthemum Show; meet at Fleet-street, corner of Chancery-lane, 2.40 sharp. Saturday, November 28th, Social Dance, in the Lecture Hall; tickets to admit members and student friends, can be obtained of Mr. W. Marshall and the secretary. Saturday, December 5th, Lected party through the Manuscript and Egyptian Sections of the British Museum; members are particularly requested to attend, 2.30 outside. Saturday, December 12th, Guildhall, outside, 2.45 sharp. Saturday, December 19th, Lord Ilchester has given permission to visit the grounds attached to Holland-house, Kensington.
A. MCKENZIE Hon. Sec.

[This report has unavoidably been cut out two weeks running, but I hope it is a case of better late than never.—ED. P.J.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—On Saturday last, November 21st, a party of twenty-five met to visit Temple Church and Middle Temple. The change experienced in passing a few yards from the busy traffic of Fleet-street into the quiet and stillness of the Temple precincts is remarkable. One could scarcely believe that so close to the roar of the great city such quiet could be found, yet so it is, and here rest in peace the remains of those who were connected with the most romantic movement in the history of Christendom. The Temple buildings were, on the dissolution of the Order of Knights Templars, given over to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, whose priory was in Clerkenwell, where St. John's-square is now. They not having any immediate use for this vast range of buildings, let it out in 1346, to certain students of the law, at a rental of £10 per annum, and as the abode of law it has continued to this day. The first object to strike one on entering the Middle Temple is the badge of the Knights of St. John on the gates—the lamb and flag. Passing through the gates we entered the Great Hall, 100 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 60 feet in height, where candidates for the Bar have to consume the regulation number of dinners. The tables are of oak, and the one at the upper end is noteworthy, being a single solid slab extending the whole width of the hall. The west wall is occupied by paintings, the principal one being a portrait of Charles I. by Van Dyck. There is also a bust of the Prince of Wales, who became a bencher in 1861. At the east end is a beautifully carved minstrels' gallery, erected by Queen Elizabeth in 1570, and in this hall was performed "Twelfth Night" before Queen Elizabeth by Shakespeare himself. Several suits of armour are ranged round the walls, which we were told had belonged to the Knights Templars. The arms of a great number of eminent lawyers who have received their legal education in the Society are emblazoned on the windows and the wainscoting; there is also much rich carving. It is the largest and most sumptuous of the halls of the Inns of Court. Leaving the hall, we passed through the Cloisters to the Church. Entering by the west door we met Mr. Stroud and his daughter, the latter informed us that Mr. Baylis, Master of the Bench of the Inner Temple would conduct the party, and we must testify to his kindness and courtesy in his anxiety that we should learn something from our visit, for he gave us a very interesting account of this most historical and beautiful old church. It was built by the Knights Templars after their return from the Holy Land. The roof is supported by a cluster of Purbeck marble columns, formerly covered up with plaster of Paris, and discovered accidentally by a workman repairing the roof, who dropped a chisel, which fell on the plaster and disclosed the marble. They are now kept beautifully polished, and have a very imposing appearance. The round church, built 1185, is of Norman architecture, a half fortress, half chapter-house-like structure, with a beautiful oblong gothic church body attached to it on one side, which was added

55 years later. The old church was consecrated by Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem. Upon the pavement lie the effigies of some of the Crusaders, viz., Geoffry de Magnaville, Earl of Essex, A.D. 1144; William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1219; Robert Lord de Ross, A.D. 1231; Gilbert Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke, A.D. 1281; also the tomb of the first Lady Abbess of Whitefriars. A winding stone staircase leads to the gallery, which formerly opened to the skies, but is now roofed in, and contains monuments to the memory of many men of note connected with the Temple in modern times, among others, Oliver Goldsmith. Part way up the staircase is a penitential cell in the wall. The oblong continuation now forming the church proper was consecrated by Bishop Salvator Everden, on Ascension Day, 1240, the king, Henry III., and his queen being present at the ceremony. Upon the west wall are painted portraits of the kings under whom the Crusaders flourished; Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., Henry III. The first of these holds in his hand the Crusaders' flag, half black and half white, entitled "Beauseant," white, typifying fairness towards friends; black, terror to foes. The banner was changed in the reign of Stephen for the Red Cross. The windows of the east-end are beautifully stained, the northern one containing in the centre what is meant to represent the Temple at Jerusalem, and the southern one the city of Bethlehem. The ancient badge of the Templars—two knights on one horse—is also on the window. It is supposed that these two knights on horseback, indistinctly portrayed at some time, have been mistaken for wings, and this has led to the winged horse, Pegasus, being used as the seal of the Inner Temple, about the buildings of which it is conspicuously placed. We inspected the organ built by Schmidt (*temp.* Charles II.). It was chosen by competition, two organs having been built in the church by rival builders, and the competition lasted a year, the final decision being made by the notorious Judge Jeffries. A very cordial vote of thanks was unanimously accorded to Mr. Baylis for his kindness in entertaining us. Leaving the church, we went to see the chrysanthemum show, and from thence to our respective homes.—Saturday, Nov. 28th, Social Dance, 7.30 p.m., in the Lecture Hall for the members of the above and their student friends, tickets for which have been issued. Saturday, Dec. 5th, British Museum. Conducted party through the Manuscript and Egyptian Sections. Meet outside 2.30 p.m. Saturday, Dec. 12th, Guildhall. Library, Council Chambers, Crypt, and Kitchen. Meet 2.45 p.m. outside.
A. MCKENZIE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DAY TECHNICAL SCHOOL.—Visit of Third Year's Students to South Kensington Museum.—Having, during the present session, studied various divisions of the subject of Steam, in the 3A Section, Mr. Forth, the class-master, suggested that it would be greatly to our advantage to pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum to inspect the collection of highly instructive models there. On Friday, the 6th inst., the class, numbering about 30, left for Kensington about 1 o'clock. On arriving at the Museum about 1.30, the class was divided into parties of ten. Each party was then told off to study separate cases of models. A number of the models of engines were in motion, and hence were especially interesting and instructive. When the class-master thought enough time had been spent by the parties, at their respective cases, other models were inspected. The first important machine seen was a small beam engine made by Watt, to drive a lathe of his. By the side of this was a sectional model in wood of the first, in which could be clearly seen the internal construction, and also the action of the beam, piston, valves, and the other parts. Another model, was that of a Grasshopper or half-beam engine, in which the beam is not supported at the centre. The piston-rod was connected to a crosshead, from which two connecting-rods gave motion to two cranks on the same shaft. To the centre of the crosshead is also connected one end of a "Grasshopper-beam," the other end being pivoted to two rocking links, with two bridges, producing "parallel motion." The air-pumps are worked from the centre of the beam. On several of the models, the "Sun and Planet" motion was used to convert the rectilinear motion of the piston into the rotary motion of the crank-shaft; while on others the crank and connecting rod was used. On another model of a double-acting engine, producing rotative motion through the medium of a crank, the action and construction of the beam and tappets (which were worked from an eccentric) in controlling the valves was demonstrated. The air pumps and condenser were also visible. In another case were shown four original methods for converting rectilinear into circular motion. These methods were the Sun and Planet motion, the crank, and two arrangements of gearing on the connecting rod end and

crank shaft. Next, the locomotives were inspected. The first one noted was the "Sans Pareil," by Hackworth. This was originally made to compete in the contest on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, in which Stephenson's well-known "Rocket" was successful. The "Sans Pareil" was, for some twenty years, used as a pumping engine, so that it was most likely altered to suit circumstances. It had two vertical cylinders exactly over the driving-wheels, the driving-wheels having no springs, and being coupled to the front wheels by coupling-rods. Another old locomotive was Trevithick's, constructed for high pressure in 1802. The cylinder was fitted with a four-way cock worked by a "tappet." An old locomotive named the "Agenoria" was there amongst others. This was one of the earliest made. The cylinders are vertical, 7½-inch diameter, and 3 feet stroke. The piston-rods work a half-beam, to which the connecting-rods and feed pump's rods are attached. The wheels were built up of strips of wrought-iron, and the furnace-tube, as in the Trevithick and "Sans Pareil," was horse-shoe shape. This engine was reversible. The "Puffing Billy," another well known old locomotive, differs from the "Agenoria," in having the power transmitted to the axles by toothed wheels and a crank. The "Rocket," one of Stephenson's locomotives, had a tubular boiler, with twenty-five tubes, each 3-inch diameter. The driving-wheels were 4 feet 7½-inch diameter, and had wooden spokes. The cylinders were originally attached to the frame, at an angle of 45 degrees. The exhaust steam was caused to pass up the chimney, for the purpose of creating a draught. The piston-rods were guided by cross-heads and guide-bars. The system on which this engine was built has been carried down to the present locomotive. An interesting example of an old boiler was that made by Trevithick. This boiler had a cast-iron shell, and a furnace tube of horse-shoe shape. The front plate consists of two wrought-iron plates riveted together and bolted to the shell. Both the longitudinal and circumferential seams were single riveted. Next, the modern forms of boilers were inspected. A model of Babcock and Wilcox's boiler was first studied. This form of boiler consists of a cylindrical shell, connected to a number of water-tubes below it, round which the fire plays. These tubes are inclined, to assist in the circulation of the water, and also to allow of the ready escape of steam, as it is formed. This boiler differs from the locomotive and marine boilers, by having the products of combustion passing round the tubes, whereas in the locomotive and marine boilers, they pass through the tubes. For the sake of distinction, the Babcock and Wilcox's boiler is called a "tubulous" boiler, but the locomotive and marine are called "tubular" boilers. The shell, or cylindrical steam receptacle, had rounded ends, on one of which were fitted two gauge glasses, connected to a drain pipe. Two models of vertical boilers were shown in section. One, Cochran's tubular high-pressure boiler, illustrated the construction and position of fire-box, grate, flues, and fire-tubes. The up-take was backed with fire-clay. The other boiler was Richardson's high-pressure vertical boiler, with fire-tubes and water-tubes. The water-tubes passed through the combustion-chamber, thus forming an increased heating surface. There were several well-constructed models of marine boilers in the museum. A fine model of a large marine boiler had four furnace tubes, two of them being Fox's patent corrugated furnace tubes, another an Adamson's patent ring-jointed tube, and the fourth a Findlay patent. The uptake was put outside on front of boiler, and was fitted with doors for the cleaning of the fire-tubes. It had six manholes and two gauge-glasses; also two spring safety valves. Another model illustrated the rectangular shaped boiler. A section showed the bridge, combustion-chambers, tubes, and showed the uptake passing through the steam space. A large number of governors were also seen. This concludes the description of the models seen at this visit. We now left the museum and returned to the South Kensington Station, taking the train to St. Mary's, and arriving at the Palace about 5. All taking part in the visit felt that great thanks were due to the museum authorities, for providing them with such an entertaining and instructive excursion.

HENRY A. DARLING }
WALTER EVERETT } Section 3A.
HENRY W. HEATH }

[This report, like that of the P.P.R.C., has unavoidably been cut out two weeks running, but I hope it is a case here, too, of "better late than never."—ED. P.J.]

[In order to make room for more important matter, I am giving larger instalments than usual of the serial tale so as to finish it next week.—ED. P.J.]

A CANDIDATE for office is very much like a drowning man. All the mean acts of his life are quickly brought up before him.

A Land of Love.

(Continued).

CHAPTER IX.—continued.

"Well, come; don't let's stay here for ever," the doctor said. "Let's go for a ramble now in the forest."

They rambled about the forest till late that afternoon. Whenever they stopped to rest, Lancelot got out his paints, and improved the opportunity to make a sketch; while they grouped themselves behind him, and watched the progress of his brush, or gave him the benefit of their intelligent comments and suggestions.

"I'd deepen that shadow a little, if I were you, Lancelot."

"A little more yellow in that sunshine."

"Yes, he's caught that cloud-effect very well."

"Not quite enough warmth in his middle distance, though," etc., etc.

For a long time Lancelot stood it like a Spartan. At last, however, the strain became too great for flesh and blood. He started up, and, with a low bow, offered his palate and his brushes to Ormizon, saying—

"I tell you what. You just go ahead and finish it, will you? There's a good fellow. And show us how it should be."

After that they let the poor painter hammer out his own salvation, unassisted.

There was no pairing off to-day, alas! though Ormizon kept picturing to himself the felicity that would be his, if he and Denise could but wander off alone together, down one of those stately, grass-grown avenues, under the great trees, away, away, into the pearly haze at the horizon. It seemed to him there could be no spot on earth more appropriate to love-making than this fine old forest of Meudon; and yet—and yet, there were the doctor and Lancelot so close at their heels that he and Denise couldn't so much as say "Yes" or "No" to each other without being overheard. Nevertheless, to saunter at her side, to carry her parasol, to listen to her laughter, to gaze into the starry depths of her eyes—that was something that was not to be despised.

"Oh, how beautiful she looks," he thought, "so poetic and interesting, with that scarlet poppy behind her ear, and the landscape for a background! If I had only plucked it, and given it to her, instead of Lancelot! By Jove, if I had never cared for her before, I should fall in love with her to-day."

It may be asserted generally that in the country, as in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of a sentimental nature. There is something about the quiet, the solitude, the sweet air, the green grass, the shadowy nooks, the sunlit pathways, the birds, the wild flowers, the whispering breezes, the babbling brooks, etc., etc., that exerts a wonderfully stimulating influence upon all the amorous fibres in a young person's bosom.

They took the five o'clock train for Paris, having, in consequence of the emptiness of the larder at the Carotte d'Or, to forego the dinner al fresco that they had looked forward to. Arrived in town, they made straight for an Etablissement Duval; and there, I promise you, they commanded such a banquet as more than satisfied even the insatiable Lancelot. Ormizon had repeated the menu to me: consommé, filets de sole, ris de veau aux petits pois, rosbif aux champignons, haricots verts, artichauts à l'huile, framboises et fromage de crème, abricots, café, cognac. 'Twas well they had healthy appetites and good digestions. Their conversation, as they sat around the table, turned upon Dr. Gluck's hobbies, psychical research and spiritualism. She told, in a graphic and rather blood-curdling style, of many of her own experiences; how she had seen chairs walk unaided about a room, how she had shaken hands and held creepy consultations with materialized visitants from the other world, and so on; and succeeded in working up the interest of her auditors to a high degree. In the end she proposed that they should all spend the evening in the Rue Soufflot, and try their luck at table-turning; a proposition to which they readily assented.

Acting under the doctor's generalship, they cleared off the books and things upon the centre-table in the salon; and then they sat down around it, resting their finger-tips lightly upon the top near the edge. It was an unsubstantial table of wood, perhaps three feet square, and weighing not more than five pounds at the utmost.

"Now," said the doctor, "we must all touch hands. This way. See? Stretch out your little fingers, and touch those of your neighbours both to right and left, so as to form a circle."

Ormizon liked this. It was very pleasant to keep his little finger in constant contact with Denise's.

The room was lighted by a single candle. The doctor explained that the spirits wouldn't come if there was a bright light.

"May we talk?" Lancelot asked.

"No; I guess we'd better not," replied the doctor. "Music is generally regarded as a favourable condition. But talk would be likely to keep them away."

Lancelot began to whistle. "We Won't go Home till Morning," was the tune he selected.

"Oh, please! You don't call that music, do you?" cried the doctor.

He cut the melody short; and they remained in silence for some ten or fifteen minutes. The table had thus far shown no disposition to cast off its inertia. But stay—suddenly—what was this?

A distinct vibration was perceptible in it. It trembled. It shook. It swayed energetically from side to side. Then it stopped, and was quiet again.

"Oh! Oh-h-h!" murmured Denise, scarcely louder than a whisper. "I am so afraid!"

"Sh-sh! There's nothing to be afraid of," whispered the doctor. "This is splendid."

Neither of the young men made any sign.

The table now remained motionless for it may have been a minute; at the end of which period it began, very slowly, to tip upward in the direction of Ormizon, and downward in the direction of Lancelot, who was facing him. It kept its balance in this position for a few seconds, when it slowly returned to its natural place.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Lancelot.

"You know," said the doctor, "three raps mean yes; two raps mean no. Now I'm going to ask . . . Is—there—a—spirit—present?" she demanded, making each syllable very loud and clear, and pausing after each word.

Slowly the table tipped upward, and descended with a rap upon the floor, three times: yes!

"Oh, do not, do not let us go on," pleaded Denise. "This is horrible."

"Hush—hush!" the doctor implored her. "They'll go away if you talk like that. Now I'm going to ask it's name. You know, I will repeat the alphabet; and when the right letter is reached the table will rap. Then some one must write that letter down; and I'll begin the alphabet again, and it will rap at the second letter; and so on to the end. This is a pretty slow process, but it's about the only practical one I know of.—Now, who's got a pencil? Ah, thank you, Lancelot. All right. There; now I'll repeat the alphabet; and you, Mr. Ormizon, you write down the letters. . . . Will—you—spell—out—your—name?"—addressing the spirit.

Three raps.

"Very well. . . . A—b—c—d—e—" She continued as far as T, at which point the table rapped. Ormizon wrote T upon his paper; and the doctor began anew, "A—b—c—" etc., till O was reached, when again the table rapped, and again she started, "A—b—c—"

It was a slow process. So much time elapsed between each letter and its successor that nobody remembered those that had gone before. By and by, after having bumped the floor at D, the table rapped thrice—which, the doctor said, meant that the spelling was concluded.

"Well, what is its name?" they all queried eagerly of Ormizon.

He handed the paper to Dr. Gluck.

"Well," she said with great solemnity, "the letters are all written out in a line, without being divided. Let me see. T—O—M—M—Y—T—O—D—D—Tom—Tommy—Tommy Todd."

Lancelot burst into a wild guffaw. Ormizon followed his example. Denise laughed, too; but her laughter was nervous, her amusement evidently being tempered by fear.

The doctor alone preserved her gravity. "What are you laughing at?" she inquired.

"Tommy Todd!" shrieked Lancelot. "Tommy Todd!" And his laughter shook him from head to foot.

"It is an odd name—for a spirit," the doctor admitted. "They often do have very odd names indeed. But you mustn't laugh that way. He'll take offence, and go off. Come! Be serious. I want to see whether we can get a communication."

Lancelot controlled his mirth.

The doctor asked, "Have—you—a—communication—for—any—person—here?"

Three raps.

"For whom? . . . Now write, Mr. Ormizon. . . . A—b—c—"

After the doctor had repeated pretty nearly the entire alphabet three times running, the monosyllable "you" was found written upon Ormizon's paper.

"Me?" she queried.

The table rapped in the affirmative.

"Oh, isn't this exciting!" she cried, all aglow with expectancy and pleasure. "Isn't this splendid!"

For the next five or ten minutes she was kept busy saying her a-b-c's. In the end the communication proved to be,—

"You needn't holler so at me. I ain't deaf."

Lancelot had another convulsion.

The doctor's physiognomy expressed her sorrow, her disappointment. Making the best of it, however, she demanded, in a subdued voice, "Is—that—all?"

"No," the table answered, rapping twice.

"All right. . . . A—b—c—"

This communication was a lengthy one. But by and by, after an eternity of spelling, it was complete:

"Wall, I vum! you say your letters fuss-rate. Where ju learn um? I am a weird, clammy, cross-eyed crittur. Ugh! E pluribus unum. Three cheers for Mary, three for the lamb. I am thy father's ghost. Hooray!"

The punctuation was the result of a joint effort on the part of the doctor and Ormizon.

"Oh, pshaw!" sighed the doctor. "How provoking!"

"Oh, what nonsense!" cried Denise. "Some one is cheating. It is—I am sure it is Mr. Ormizon."

"No; on my word of honour," protested Ormizon, "I am as innocent as you are yourself."

"Oh, no; nobody is cheating," said the doctor. "They often do send these absurd messages. It is supposed to be due to some imperfection in the conditions. . . . Well—is—that—all?"

"Tap—tap—tap," replied the table.

"Have—you—a—communication—for—any—other—person—here?"

"Tap—tap—tap."

"For—whom? A—b—c—"

The result was: "Denise."

"Oh, no!" Denise exclaimed, starting up. "I do not wish to receive any communication. No; this is too horrible. Please—I beg of you—let us stop it. I know I shall not be able to sleep a wink all night, if we go on. Please, Isabel, let us stop at once. It is so—oh-h!"

"Oh, dear, dear!" sighed the doctor. "What a pity! Just when we are getting started so splendidly, to have to discontinue! We may never have such a chance again. However since it frightens Denise, we must not go on. Dear, dear!"

So they left the table.

The doctor began to discuss what had happened in a very learned and scientific style. The others listened gravely enough, till all at once, "Tommy Todd!" cried Lancelot, slapping his leg, and had a more frantic attack of laughter than before. Ormizon and Denise joined him. At this, Dr. Gluck became indignant. "Well, really," she declared, with great asperity, "I must say I think you are all very frivolous and absurd."

When the young men were starting to take their leave, "Well," began Lancelot, "I hate to dissipate your fond illusions, doctor, but I feel that it is only fair for me to confess that I did it."

"Did it? Did what?" questioned the doctor.

"Why, tipped the table. I, alone and unassisted, with my own right hand, performed those prodigious feats which an ill-advised modesty induced me to attribute to Thomas Todd."

"What! Oh, you—you—!" cried the doctor, choking with anger. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. I—I'll never forgive you—never!"

"Oh, thank you for owning up, Lancelot. I am so glad, so relieved," said Denise.

"Honestly, it was awfully mean of you," went on the doctor. "Such monkey-shines! It proves that you have no serious interest in science. Well, good-night."

CHAPTER X.

ORMIZON, as we know, was to sail for New York on the 26th of September. He had engaged his passage for that date aboard the steamship *La Touraine*, from Havre. He had done this, it seemed to him, a million years ago, in a dimly-remembered era of obscurity and chaos, when the world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. He had done it before the flood; under the old régime; in his grub period; ere his soul had burst from its chrysalis and spread its wings. He had done it, that is to say, before he had made the acquaintance of Denise Personette.

But done, nevertheless, it was. The fact remained, like a monument of antiquity that had survived change, conquest, revolution. There in his pocket-book, tangible and legible,

lay his ticket, a vestige of his former life, a legacy from his dead self; not by any means a welcome or pleasing one.

His first blind impulse was to revoke and cancel the whole business; not merely to put off his departure, but to abandon the notion of departing altogether, and abide for ever where he was—in Paris, with, or at least near, Denise. But of course a very little sober reflection sufficed to make the wildness and infeasibility of this scheme patent to him. Then he turned back, and began seriously to meditate prolonging his furlough, deferring the day of his farewell. Needless that we should follow the debate he thereupon held within himself. His desire cried, "Ay!" His reason argued, "Nay."

"What's the use? As long as I've got to go sooner or later, what good can come of procrastination? The wrench of parting will be all the harder the longer I delay it. And then—besides—my mother. She expects me home; is eager for my return. I owe it to her not to disappoint her. I owe her that much consideration. Add to which—add to which that if I want her to respect my wishes in this little matter, concerning Fanny, it would be most impolitic to start by offending her and getting her into a bad humour. Oh, law, yes; I suppose I shall have to stick to the 26th."

After a good deal of vacillation—for it was constitutional with him to vacillate—he went over one day to the office of the ship's company, in Rue Scribe, to inquire tentatively what arrangements he might be able to make for a later sailing, should he find himself so disposed. He learned that no berth was to be had earlier than the second Saturday in November.

"Ze rosh of autumn," explained the urbane, English-speaking clerk. "All ze worl' go home. Gran' crowd. No room, unless you take officer's, w'ich cos' you hun' red, hun' red fifty, dollar extra."

That decided him. He could not think of waiting till the middle of November. His mother would be broken-hearted if he failed her at Thanksgiving. He could not afford to pay a hundred dollars extra. Will he, nill he, now he must "stick to the 26th."

"All right," he soliloquized, resigning himself to destiny. "So be it. If—if Denise gives me any encouragement—if she accepts me!—I'll go home, arrange my affairs, pacify my mother, find, if possible, a publisher for my novel, and then—then come back and marry her. But if—if she gives me the mitten—if I see that there's no hope for me—if worse comes to worst—why, then I'll go home and stay, and—oh, and support the misery of existence the best way I can. One thing, though, I won't do, whatever happens. I won't marry Fanny."

From which time forth he endeavoured constantly to exile the dread day from his thoughts; to prevent his mind from dwelling upon it; to close his eyes, and, ostrich-like, ignore how steadily, how relentlessly, it was approaching.

All the while, naturally, he kept asking himself, "Does she care for me? Is she so much as in a fair way to care for me? Is there the least likelihood that she ever will care for me?"—"Care for me," he it observed; not "love me." Very seldom, even in his own secret pondering of this question, did he use the word love. He dared not. That word was too sacred, too awful. It called up a too vivid and dazzling vision of the thing itself. His feeling about this was not unlike that of the pious Jew, who cannot be induced to write or speak the name of God, Jehovah, but substitutes for it a different set of sounds and letters, Adonai.—"Does she care for me? Will she ever care for me?"—Alas, he never could get hold of anything like a final, permanent conclusion. Now, a trifle light as air, a word, a look, a gesture, a mere inflection of the voice, would set him afloat with hope, and send him home, intoxicated, beside himself for joy, to lie awake all night, nursing the precious memory of the thing in his bosom, and feasting his imagination upon its corollaries. Anon, another word, look, gesture, what not, would plunge him into the darkest pit of despondency and dejection, and afflict his heart with the sickness of hope deferred. A thousand times he resolved to set his spirit at rest by speaking to her. A thousand times he changed his mind, saying, "No, not just yet. Wait a little longer." Again and again, of course, he had rehearsed in fancy the scene that would take place between them—what he would say, and how he would say it—what she would say, and how she would say it—and all the rest. But he dared not put his fortune to the touch. The chance of rejection was too appalling. "No, no; not yet. I must give her time to become a little better acquainted with me." Besides, would it be quite the thing for him to declare his passion to her until he had received from his mother an answer to his letter of August 12th? Until his mother's answer should arrive, he must consider himself in a certain sense betrothed to another woman. This consideration, however, was a secondary and incidental one, and had very little real weight with him, as events presently proved.

The days and the weeks slipped away with breath-taking speed. Suddenly, lo! it was September 24th, and to-morrow night he must leave Paris for Havre; and still—ill omen!—the expected letter from his mother had not come; and still he was in doubt about his fate.

"Well, I can't wait any longer," he said. "I've been a fool to wait so long. To-night I'll call upon her, and get the doctor to leave us alone together; and—and then—"

Ab, how his heart bounded at the prospect! That afternoon he walked in the Luxembourg Gardens. The sunset had faded, and it had grown almost dark, before he left them. He emerged by a gate that led into Rue de Vaugirard. He had just entered that thoroughfare, and was sauntering slowly in the direction of the Boulevard St. Michel, when, from behind, a pedestrian, whose gait was faster than his own, overtook and passed him. What was his surprise, his delight, to recognise in this personage—as he did at once—none other than Denise! She was hurrying along as rapidly as her tiny footsteps could bear her.

A few swift strides brought him nearly abreast of her. "Mademoiselle—Mademoiselle Denise!" he called. Hearing this voice, quite unexpectedly, so close to her ear, and before she had seen the speaker, frightened her thoroughly. She started, shrank away toward the curbstone, gave a little cry, and then stood motionless, as though uncertain whether to fly or to stand her ground.

He understood in an instant how careless he had been. He could have flogged himself. His emotions overwhelmed him, defied restraint, rushed to his lips, and were uttered before he knew it.

"Why—Denise—don't—don't you know me? Oh, did I frighten you? Oh, forgive me—forgive me, Denise—my—my little girl."

She looked up at him, face blanched, eyes big with fear. "Oh, it is you!" she cried, with a great sigh of relief; and impulsively she put out her hand, and caught his arm.

He could feel her tremble. "Oh—you—startled me so," she said, in a weak voice. "I was a brute. I ought to have thought. I might have known that coming up behind you suddenly in that way—I might have known that it would frighten you. But I was so surprised, so glad, to see you. I never thought of anything except to overtake you. But there—there—soothingly—don't feel badly any more. Why, you are trembling from head to foot. Oh, and it was I—it was I who made you."

"I suppose I am very silly. I ought to have known your voice. But it was so sudden," she explained; and at the recollection a new tremor swept over her, and her grasp upon his arm tightened.

"But you are still trembling," he protested. "You—you are not afraid of me any more?"

She looked up at him again, with great, wondering, reproachful eyes. "Afraid of you!" she cried. And in the intonation of those three words he read all that he longed to know. "Afraid of you!" Such scorn of the idea, such astonishment that he could have entertained it, such complete, unquestioning trustfulness, as the tone indicated, could have been inspired by no other sentiment than the love he wished for.

The violent beating of his heart, the whirl of his senses, made it impossible for him to speak. They were standing in the open street; it would not do for him to obey his impulse and fold her in his arms. He covered her hand with his, and pressed it, while he strove to master his agitation.

"Why," she said, softly, "you—it is you who are trembling now."

"Yes. . . . I can't help it. . . . I love you so, Denise." He felt her fingers close upon his arm.

"Denise—"

"Yes?"

"Do—do you—care anything—for me?"

Silence.

"Denise—won't you—tell me?"

"Oh, how—oh, why do you make me say it? You must know I do."

Presently, after some further speech between them, which, though to themselves of vital interest and importance, would most likely pall upon the reader—so obvious, so sentimental, so tautological, it was—presently he vouchsafed the information that he had loved her from the very beginning of their acquaintance; that he had become enamoured of her at first sight.

Why, then, she wondered, had he waited so long about telling her so?

He explained that the fear of rejection had tied his tongue. And if—if it hadn't been for this accidental encounter in the street, he would have gone away from Paris, back to New

York—he would have left her in that way, without letting her know at all? Oh!

"No, no, Denise. I was going to call upon you this evening, and ask the doctor to leave us alone together; and then—and then—!"

More sentiment; more tautology. "Oh, but—oh, to think—to think that you have got to go—so soon—to—tomorrow night—and be—be gone all winter!" Her voice broke into a sob.

"There, there, my—!" A perfect flood of sentiment and tautology.

At the door of her house they parted, he promising to return after dinner and spend the evening.

Climbing up the staircase of the Hôtel de l'Univers, toward his own room, he heard the voice of his landlady calling after him: "Monsieur! Monsieur Ormizon!"

"Yes?" he queried, halting.

"Des lettres—des lettres pour vous, monsieur."

The landlady ran up to meet him, and put a large batch of American letters into his hand.

One of these letters was addressed to him in the penmanship of his mother.

CHAPTER XI.

At the sight of his mother's handwriting, all at once, the great joy in Stephen Ormizon's heart went out; expired in a sudden spasm, like a flame upon which cold water has been poured. It was supplanted by dread and foreboding. His hands became stone cold, and gave off a scant clammy moisture. He could feel a small spot of fire begin to burn in either cheek. He could count the pulsations of the arteries in his temples. A lump gathered in his throat. In his breast there was a heavy, chilling weight, like a ball of ice.

He mounted with leaden footsteps the remainder of the staircase, and entered his room, carrying the letter. He had to struggle hard before he could muster the courage to open it.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked himself. "Can words hurt you? Likely enough she says exactly what you want her to. And even if she doesn't? what of it? Aren't you big enough to stand a scolding? Come, come!"

That was all very well, very right and sensible. Nevertheless, it was with a quaking heart that at last he tore off the envelope, and, by the flickering light of his candle, proceeded to read:

"New York, September 12, 1885.

"DEAR STEPHEN,—Rather more than a fortnight ago I received a letter, bearing the Paris postmark, and signed with your name, which, if it had not been written in your unmistakable hand, I could never have brought myself to believe came from a child of mine. That my son, my own flesh and blood, whom I endeavoured conscientiously to train up in the way he should go, and to imbue with the same high principles by which I have always guided my own life—that he can be so steeped in selfishness, so utterly lost to all sense of honour and decency, so indifferent to his pledges and to his duty, so false, so callous, so unchristian, as the writer of this letter proves himself to be, is almost incredible to me. I have always recognised with sorrow that you had many faults and weaknesses; that you were dangerously fond of the pleasures of the world, and sadly lacking in strength and decision of character. But this I attributed to your youth. I had never suspected that you were a monster of ingratitude, a coward, a poltroon. With what a shock the revelation of your baseness comes to me, I leave you to imagine. I shudder when I think of the punishment that must some time overtake you; for it is not within the bounds of Divine justice that such conduct should go forever unpunished. I trust and pray that you may be led to a timely repentance.

"For a while I hesitated about showing your letter to Fanny. I was ashamed to let her, or indeed any one else, see to what depths my own son could stoop; and I hated also to destroy her illusions concerning you, and her respect and affection for you. But eventually I concluded that I really ought to do so, that she was entitled to know everything that related to her betrothed husband. So, having tried to prepare her for its contents, I gave her your letter to read. She took it and read it; and then, much to my surprise, she did not manifest any surprise at all. She confessed to me that she had always been afraid you were very worldly and depraved, and capable, if not guilty, of almost any wickedness; and that this letter simply confirmed her fears. Just think of that! She said she had concealed her opinion from me, through consideration for my feelings, and reluctance to occasion me such anguish as she knew I must suffer now. Those were her exact words. Imagine my mortification at hearing my child spoken of in such terms by that angel, and being unable

to defend him! She went on to say that, so far as she personally was concerned, she freely forgave both your behaviour toward her and the insulting expressions you made use of about her, but that she never would or could forgive your outrageous conduct toward your mother. It would be her earnest prayer that your proud heart might be humbled and chastened, and your eyes opened to the folly and the sinfulness of your ways. She pointed out that the saddest aspect of your letter was its hypocrisy—your endeavour to disguise your selfishness and faithlessness under the cloak of virtue. You actually have the presumption to preach a sermon to your mother. All your talk about right and duty and religion would make me smile, if it were less impious and blasphemous.

"I have waited till now to answer your letter, so that my grief and my indignation might abate sufficiently for me to write calmly and without heat. Now, after much thought, and after having taken the advice of Fanny, and of the Rev. Mr. Wilcox (who, though a young man, is as wise as he is good), our new pastor, this is what I have to say:

"Of course, being over the age of twenty-one years, you are a free agent, and are at liberty to do in every respect whatever pleases you, without consulting your mother. You are at liberty to commit the worst crimes, and to practice the lowest vices; and I have no power to restrain you. So, of course, you are at liberty to break the solemn promises you made to me, and to ignore your duty toward Fanny, and to marry this Frenchwoman with whom you seem to have become so infatuated; and I can do nothing to prevent you. But if you see fit to take this course, I may tell you frankly, once for all—and you know that, unlike my son, I am not a person to break my word—I may tell you once for all that so long as I live I will never consent to see you, or to speak to you, or to have anything to do with you, again. If you can stoop to such disgraceful conduct, I shall never more acknowledge you as a child of mine. You had better understand this clearly. To employ your own language, you would only be uselessly deceiving yourself to doubt it. Unless, immediately upon the receipt of this letter, you come home, and crave Fanny's and my forgiveness upon your bended knees, and at once make her your wife, you need never hope to be recognised as my son again. Therefore it is for you to choose between your Frenchwoman and your mother. I will not tolerate any dilly-dallying, any discussion. I have spoken my last word; and you know me well enough to be aware that I always mean exactly what I say.

"Now, furthermore. You will remember that in his will your father left me all his property absolutely, in fee simple. Of course it was his intention, and until now it has been mine as well, that upon my death that property should pass on to you. But your father made no such condition in his will, and I am informed by my lawyer that I have full power to dispose of every penny precisely as I desire. Well, then, if you decide to marry your Frenchwoman, I will, besides immediately cutting off your allowance, cause my will to be altered in such a way that upon my death you will not receive a single dollar, but every cent will go to my beloved niece, Fanny Clark. I am sure, if your father were alive, he would approve of this course. You may calculate from this how much money you and your French wife will have to live on. Foolishly, little foreseeing the sort of treatment I was to receive at your hands, I made you a present, when you came of age, of the sum of ten thousand dollars in government bonds. My lawyer informs me that I cannot compel you to return that sum. If you were a man of honour, you would return it without being compelled. But by marrying your Mademoiselle you will prove that you are in no sense a man of honour; and so I shall not expect that restitution from you. Well, ten thousand dollars in government bonds will yield you an annual income of about four hundred dollars. I should like to know how you and your wife will manage to get along on that; you, who are accustomed to every luxury, and who for the past five years have never spent less than twenty-five hundred dollars a year. How much do you suppose you would be able to earn? Not much by your literature, I suspect. You have no profession. And with neither a profession nor a large capital, what could you do? Well, you might obtain a clerkship at ten dollars a week, or you might get a position as conductor on a horse-car, or something like that. Imagine the pride and the pleasure your mother would take in seeing her son engaged in such a dignified and distinguished occupation!

"Now, that is all I have to say. If you come home, and confess your repentance, and agree to marry Fanny right away, we will forgive you everything. We will ascribe your past conduct to the fascination which that Frenchwoman exerted over you. We will forgive and forget it. But if you persist in your own vicious desires, you know from the above what to expect.

"Your mother,
"EUNICE C. ORMIZON."

"P.S.—Oh, Stephen, Stephen, don't break your old mother's heart. Come home to me, my dearest son, and make me happy by marrying Fanny. Remember, you promised me you would. Don't you consider a promise sacred? Come home; and we will never refer to this unfortunate affair again. Fanny is such a lovely, angelic girl—how can you think of anybody else? She will welcome you with open arms, and give you full pardon. Telegraph me that you will do as I wish. I am so unhappy, thinking that this one deepest wish of my heart, which I have cherished for so many years, is to be disappointed. Telegraph me, and then sail, as you intended, on the 26th. You should arrive not later than the 5th or 6th of October. Then we can have the wedding at once—say, on the 17th, which is Fanny's birthday. Recollect, if you disobey me in this matter, I shall stick to every word that I have written above.—E.C.O."

Abuse, threats, entreaties! Stephen Ormizon read this letter through, standing up. Then he allowed it to drop from his grasp and flutter to the floor. "Just what I might have expected!" he groaned, through clinched teeth, and, sinking upon a chair, covered his face with his hands, sore, angry, sick at heart. How insulting it was! How unjust, how unreasonable! How hard and—yes, and vulgar! Just what he might have expected, he had said; and yet he had not expected anything of the kind. The coarse vituperation of it surprised as much as it hurt him. He was a coward, a poltroon, a monster of ingratitude, etc., etc. True, it had always been this way. In every difference that he had ever had with his mother, she had exhibited a masterly aptitude for calling names; and he had heard a good many times before that he was this, that, and the other dreadful thing. Yet now, notwithstanding, he was completely staggered and taken aback, as by a blow in the face. If he had been lashed with a whip, he could not have suffered a keener or more furious sense of outrage. His set jaws, his scowling brows, his rigid limbs, his quivering nostrils, his swift breathing, told more plainly than his tongue could have done, of how that letter had made him smart.

He sat still for awhile, grinding his teeth together with such force, it was a wonder he did not break them; drumming with the sole of his boot upon the floor; overwhelmed by his pain and his indignation. Now and then his feelings would seek to vent themselves, and find relief, in a good strong Saxon oath, muttered half aloud. At length he jumped up and began pacing back and forth through his room.

What should he do about it? What action had he best take?

His first thought was the simplest, the most obvious one. Do about it? Why, marry Denise. Marry her just as soon as circumstances would allow—immediately—to-morrow, if that were possible. Marry her; and then let his mother do her worst. Let her disown him, cut off his allowance, bequeath every shilling of his property to Fanny—what she would. He could stand it, if she could, he guessed. He would have Denise! And so long as he had her, he could snap his fingers at the universe. About the wherewithal, he need not be disturbed. He had enough. Ten thousand dollars in government bonds—that certainly would keep him until he had established himself as an author and was earning a regular and ample income with his pen,—which he did not doubt his ultimate ability to do. Return the money? Return the ten thousand dollars in government bonds? Faugh! Wasn't his mother virtually robbing him of his own already, by taking advantage of an oversight in the wording of his father's will, a mere lawyer's quibble, and giving the fortune which his father had earned, and which had been intended for his enjoyment, to her niece Fanny—whom, by the by, his father had always cordially disliked? Why, it—it was enough to make his father turn in his grave. In the white heat of his anger, he even looked so far ahead as his mother's demise, and determined to contest her will, and to defeat the sanctimonious young legatee, in spite of all. Such injustice! Such downright thievery! It wasn't the money that he cared about. It was the principle of the thing. How he would enjoy seeing Fanny baffled and defeated! Ha! ha! ha! He laughed wildly at the idea. Yes, he would throw up the passage he had engaged aboard *La Touraine*, stay where he was, and marry Denise at the earliest feasible date. He would go and see the United States Consul to-morrow morning, to arrange about it.

That there remained, in spite of all, a question of respect and duty towards his mother, did not once enter his head. He had no doubt that his mother would keep her word and make good every threat that she had uttered. But, in his great passion and exasperation, this seemed a very trifling and unimportant matter.

(To be concluded next week.)

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

(12th Concert, 5th Series)

To be given by the HACKNEY CHORAL SOCIETY (Winners of 1st Prize, Choral Competition, People's Palace, 1887)
ON SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28TH, 1891, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

Musical Director to the People's Palace MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PRINCIPALS—

MADAME EDINA, MISS ANNIE LAYTON, MR. J. A. BOVETT, MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS.

FULL ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.

Leader—MR. W. P. WILLIS.

Organist—MR. G. E. IBBS.

Accompanist—MISS F. KAY.

Conductor—MR. T. H. WARNER, G. & L.T.S.C.

PART I.—A. R. GAUL'S CANTATA, "TEN VIRGINS."

No. 1.—INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS.

Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling,
Go ye forth to meet your Lord;
He is the light of the world;
Whoso followeth Him
Shall not walk in darkness,
But shall have the light of life.

John viii. 12.

CHORALE.

Midnight hears the welcome voices,
And at the thrilling cry rejoices;
Come forth ye virgins, night is past,
The Bridegroom comes, awake!
Hallelujah!

And for His marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet Him there.

C. Winkworth.

No. 2.—Narrator (Baritone).

The kingdom of Heaven is like unto ten virgins,
Which took their lamps,
And went forth to meet the Bridegroom.

Matt. xxv. 1.

No. 2A.—AIR.—Tenor.

Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven;
Forgive us our trespasses,
Save us from temptation,
And deliver us from evil,
Our Father which art in heaven.

Matt. vi. 10—13.

No. 3.—CHORUS, QUARTET, AND DUET.

Let your loins be girded about,
And your lights be burning,
And ye yourselves
Like unto men
That wait for their Lord.
Blessed are those servants
Whom the Lord when He cometh
Shall find watching,
Therefore watch,
For ye know not at what hour
Your Lord may come.
They that trust in the Lord
Shall be like unto Mount Zion,
Which cannot be removed,
But standeth fast for ever.

Luke xii. 35—37; Matt. xxiv. 42;
Ps. cxxv. 1.

No. 4.—AIR.—Contralto.

Thou art the guide of our youth,
Lead Thou us on day and night;
Make our path clear as Thy truth,
Clear as Thy truth and Thy light.
Thou art the guide of our youth,
Be Thou so unto the end.
Lead Thou us into all truth,
Our Maker, our Saviour, our Friend;

Then though we walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
We will fear no evil, for Thou art with us;
Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort us.

Ps. xxiii. 4.

No. 5.—Narrator.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto ten virgins,
Which took their lamps,
And went forth to meet the Bridegroom;
And five of them were wise,
These took oil in their vessels with their lamps;
And five of them were foolish,
These took their lamps, but took no oil with them.

SOLO.—Tenor.

Oh! that they were wise,
That they would consider their latter end.

Deut. xxxii. 29.

SOLO.—Soprano.

Happy are they that get wisdom;
The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom.

Prov. iii. 13; Job xxviii. 28.

TRIO.—The Virgins.

Come, and let us walk in the light of the Lord.
In Thy light we see light;
Thy word is a lamp unto our feet
And a light unto our path.
Praise, O! praise our God.

Ps. cxix. 105

No. 6.—Narrator.

While the Bridegroom tarried,
They all slumbered and slept.

AIR.—Soprano.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
Oh may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!
Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Keble.

INTERMEZZO (Instrumental).—"SLEEP."

SOLO.—Baritone.

How long, O heavenly Bridegroom,
How long wilt thou delay?
And yet how few are grieving
That Thou dost absent stay!

Oh, wake Thy slumbering virgins,
Send forth the solemn cry,
Let all Thy saints repeat it—
"The Bridegroom draweth nigh."

J. G. Deck.

They know not, neither will they understand;
They walk on still in darkness;
All the foundations of the earth are out of course.

Ps. lxxxii. 5.

No. 7.—Narrator.

And at midnight there was a cry made—
"Behold the Bridegroom cometh;
Go ye out to meet Him."

Then all those virgins arose and trimmed their
lamps,
And the foolish said unto the wise:

DIALOGUE CHORUS.—The Virgins.

Second Choir.

Give us of your oil, for our lamps have gone out.

First Choir.

Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you:
But go ye rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves.

SOLO.—Soprano (not one of the Virgins).

Wisdom crieth in the streets—
She crieth:

"How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity;
Turn ye at my reproof,
Because I have called, and ye refused;
I have stretched out my hand
And none regarded.
For that they hated knowledge,
And did not choose the fear of the Lord,
Therefore shall they eat of the fruit
Of their own way,
And the way of peace
Shall they not know.
But whoso hearkeneth unto me
Shall dwell safely,
And shall be quiet from the fear of evil.
Turn ye! turn ye! at my reproof,
Why will ye die?"

Prov. i. 20—23.

No. 8.—CHORUS.

O how great is Thy goodness,
Which Thou hast laid up
For them that love Thee.

Ps. xxxi. 21.

No. 9.—Narrator.

And while they went to buy,
The Bridegroom came.

MARCH (FESTAL).

No. 10.—Narrator.

And they that were ready
Went in with Him to the marriage;
And the door was shut.

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

Glory and Worship are before Him.
Power and Wisdom and Honour,
Glory, Worship, Power, Honour,
Are in His sanctuary.

SOLO (Tenor) AND SEMI-CHORUS.

Ascribe unto the Lord,
O ye kindreds of the people;
Ascribe unto the Lord,
Worship and power;
Ascribe unto the Lord
The honour due,
The honour due unto His name;
Bring presents, and come into His Courts.

QUARTET AND SEMI-CHORUS.

O worship the Lord,
In the beauty of Holiness;
Let the whole earth
Stand in awe of Him.

Ps. xcvi. 6—9.

No. 11.—INTRODUCTION (Instrumental).

"WEARINESS."

Narrator.

Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying,
Lord, Lord, open to us!
(Glory and worship are before Him).

The Virgins.

Open to us, open to us!

Narrator.

But He answered and said—
Verily I say unto you,
I know you not.

The Virgins.

Open to us!

Narrator.

I know you not.

TRIO.—The Virgins.

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.

CHORUS.—Basses.

Too late, too late!
Ye cannot enter now.

The Virgins.

No light had we, for that we do repent;
And learning this Bridegroom will relent.

CHORUS.—Basses.

Too late, too late!
Ye cannot enter now.

The Virgins.

No light; so late! and dark and chill the night!
Oh! let us in, that we may find the light.

CHORUS.—Basses.

Too late, too late!
Ye cannot enter now.

The Virgins.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh, let us in, tho' late, to kiss His feet.

CHORUS.—Basses.

No, no; too late!
Ye cannot enter now.

Tennyson.

No. 12.—CHORUS.

The wicked are like the troubled sea,
Like the sea when it cannot rest;
There is no peace for the wicked.
Come, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.

Solo Voices.

Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow.

Chorus.

Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord.

Solo Voices.

Though your sins be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool.

Chorus.

The wicked are like the troubled sea,
Like the sea when it cannot rest;
There is no peace for the wicked.

Isa. i. 18, lvii. 20, 21.

No. 13.—SOLO (Contralto) AND QUARTET.

God willeth not the death of a sinner, but that all should
turn unto Him and live.
Blessed are they, yea, blessed are they which are called to
the marriage of the Lamb.

Ezek. xviii. 32; Rev. xix. 9.

No. 14.—CHORUS.—For a double choir.

O, sing unto the Lord a new song,
Sing praises unto the Lord.

Ps. xcvi. 1.

PART II.—MISCELLANEOUS.

OVERTURE "Son and Stranger," Op. 89 *Mendelssohn*
Andante. Allegro di molto.

SONG ... "Rebecca's Prayer" (Ivanhoe) ... *Sullivan*
MADAME EDINA.
O awful depths below the castle wall,
Sheer down it falls, and bare,
No smallest weed can find a cranny there.
O for the wings, of which the Psalmist sang,
That I might fly, and hide me from all eyes,
O Lord Jehovah, aid me in this hour.
Lord of our chosen race,
In hour of deep distress,
And utter loneliness.
I lift weak hands,
And pray Thee of Thy grace.
Guard me, Jehovah, guard me.
Lord, on Thy name I cry,
From depths where no man hears,
And half distraught with fears,
Stretch forth Thine arms to save me, or I die.
Guard me, Jehovah, guard me.
Spirit, who movest everywhere ;
O Thou, who knowest the deeps of the sea,
Now, in this narrow place,
I pray Thee of Thy grace
Descend to me, descend to me.
I pray Thee of Thy grace, descend to me.
Guard me, Jehovah, guard me.

PART SONG ... "The Voyagers" ... *T. Facer*
Hail to the homeward breezes fair !
Hail to the morning light !
Speed o'er the waves, thou bounding barque,
Leap o'er the water bright.
Raise high a song of joyous thanks
Raise high a hymn of grateful praise,
For we are nearing home again,
The home of childhood's days.
Hail to the homeward breezes fair !
Hail to the morning light !
Speed o'er the waves, thou bounding barque,
Leap o'er the waters bright.
Join all on board with one accord,
And shout the loud Hurrah !
For we are nearing home and soon
Shall pass the harbour bar.
Sing on ye warbling nightingales,
The strains we loved of yore,
To cheer the hearts of those at home
Until our journey's o'er.
Fill out the sails ye fav'ring gales !
Hoist the red, blue, and white !
For lo ! the land we love so well
The land appears in sight.

SONG ... "The Two Grenadiers" ... *Schumann*
MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS.
To France there journeyed two grenadiers,
From Russia in sorrow returning,
They came at length to the German frontiers,
Each one for his country burning.
There drooping, despairing, they mournfully heard
How France in its ruin was lying,
Its army subdued, overcome in its might,
While the Emperor captive was sighing.
And weeping together, the grenadiers
Sat, death's relief both presaging.
One faltered thus, "I'm faint and worn,
My wound like a fire is raging."
The other spoke, "Thy grief is mine,
We're comrades e'en in dying.
But, ah ! my wife, my children dear,
My thoughts to them are flying
"Yet what to me is wife or child,
My heart owns a grief that is stronger.
Let them call to heaven in their hour of need,
My Emperor triumphs no longer."

"Now grant a parting boon, dear friend,
When I in death am sleeping.
Oh ! see that I'm borne to my native land,
Let France have her soldier's keeping.
"My ribbon red and honoured cross,
Lay on my bosom gleaming,
And place my good sword in my hand,
My musket near it beaming.
"And thus I'll lie, like a sentinel
Who waits the sound of the battle,
Till chargers neighing and tramping around,
Respond to the guns' mighty rattle.
"Oh, there rides the victor to conquest again !
The flashing sword tells the story.
Then seizing my weapons, I'll rush from the grave
To share in my Emperor's glory."

PART SONG ... "The Troubadour" ... *Henry Leslie*
SONG ... "The Water Stairs" ... *Frank Moir*
MISS ANNIE LAYTON.
Children are laughing there,
Children are playing there,
Watching the tide run down ;
They have no thought or care
For the swift stream to bear
Far from the toilsome town.
Still by the water-stairs
Sullen the river flows,
Heedless of hopes and cares,
Heedless of joys and woes.
Lovers are meeting there,
Lovers are greeting there,
Glad 'mid the dreary town ;
Hand shyly clasp'd in hand,
Tells tales they understand,
While the black tide runs down,
Still by the water-stairs,
Sullen the river flows,
Heedless of hopes and cares,
Heedless of joys and woes.
Old folks are watching there,
Old folks are waiting there,
Waiting to ferry o'er ;
Soon they will slowly float
Forth in that dark-hued boat,
Nearing the other shore.
Soon they will reach their home,
Never again to roam,
Peaceful for evermore.

SONG ... "The Golden Bar" ... *F. Bevan*
MR. J. A. BOVETT.
I see the tall white lighthouse tower,
Across the meadows gray,
The ghostly poplars bend and moan,
The ships move on their way ;
As we launch our boat and set the sail,
And drift away, away.
Floating, floating, floating,
Love is our guiding star,
And the tide, the tide is dancing,
Over the golden bar.
We watch the twinkling harbour lights,
We watch the fading shore,
Our souls are wrapt in one sweet dream,
We drift and speak no more.
For all the glory of that hour,
We ne'er had known before.
Floating, etc.
Ah ! sad my heart, we do but dream,
The wind blows chill and cold,
I do not hear thy voice, my love,
Or feel thine arms enfold.
The dream is fled, my heart is dead,
And the sweet, sweet days of old.
Floating, floating, floating,
What of thy light, O star,
And the tide, the tide is moaning,
Over the golden bar.

PART SONG ... "Who is Sylvia?" *Sir G. A. Macfarren*

The audience are particularly requested not to walk about the hall or talk during the performance of any song or piece of music.

ADMISSION—THREEPENNY.

PROGRAMME OF ORGAN RECITALS AND SACRED CONCERT

To be Given on SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1891.

Organist—Mr. JAMES K. STRACHAN, of Glasgow, (Pupil of Mons. Alex. Guilmant, of Paris).

AT 4 P.M.—VOCALIST, MR. MAURICE MOSCOWITZ.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. GRAND CHORUS IN MARCH FORM <i>Alex. Guilmant</i> | Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night. |
| 2. HYMN "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven"
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven !
To His feet thy tribute bring ;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like thee His praise should sing ?
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise the Everlasting King ?
Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress ;
Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Glorious in His faithfulness !
Angels in the height, adore Him !
Ye behold Him face to face :
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,
Gathered in from every race !
Praise Him ! Praise Him !
Praise with us the God of Grace ! | One the light of God's own presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread.
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires.
One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift us from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun.
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty Father
Reigns in love for evermore.
Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade. |
| 3. LES RAMEAUX { (Crown ye with Palms) } <i>Faure</i>
{ Arranged for organ solo } | Soon shall come the great awaking,
Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom. |
| 4. VOCAL SOLO "Pro Peccatis" (Stabat Mater) <i>Rossini</i> | 7. GRAND CHORUS IN B FLAT... <i>Dubois</i> |
| 5. { a. Slow Movement (4th Pianoforte Concerto) <i>Beethoven</i>
b. Prelude and Fugue in C minor... <i>J. S. Bach</i> | 8. VOCAL SOLO "Honour and Arms" (Samson) <i>Handel</i> |
| 6. HYMN "Through the night of doubt and sorrow"
Through the night of doubt and sorrow,
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land. | 9. MARCH on a theme of Handel ... <i>Alex. Guilmant</i> |

AT 8. P.M.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. GRAND MARCH for a Church Festival <i>W. T. Best</i> | 5. SOLEMN MARCH ... <i>J. P. E. Hartmann</i> |
| 2. THE ANGEL'S HYMN ... <i>Braga</i> | |
| 3. CANZONETTA DEL SALVATOR ROSA ... <i>Liszt</i> | 6. { a. La Cloche du Soir ... <i>Chauvet</i> |
| 4. { a. Prayer and Cradle Song <i>Alex.</i>
b. Grand Chorus in D major (Alla Handel) } <i>Guilmant</i> | b. The last sleep of the Virgin Mary ... <i>Massenet</i> |
| | c. Triumphant March ... <i>Lemmens</i> |

The Audience is cordially invited to stand and join in singing the Hymns.

ADMISSION FREE.

POPULAR LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

PROGRAMME OF LECTURE TO BE GIVEN ON MONDAY, 30TH NOVEMBER, 1891,

By J. E. BUDGETT MEAKIN, Esq. (late Editor of *The Times of Morocco*),

Entitled—

“GLIMPSSES OF MOROCCO.”

(Illustrated by Hydro-Oxygen Limelight Views.)

SYLLABUS.

PART I.—Morocco as it has been, is, and might be.—Where is Morocco?—Geographical Features and Climate.—Peeps at Tangier.—Life in an Oriental City.—Street Cries.—The Call to Prayer.—Washing Extraordinary—Peeps at other Towns.—Walls and Gates.—Specimens of Bargaining.—The Harbour Bar.—Roof View of Fez.—A Magnificent Entrance.—Mosques, outside and in.—Interiors of Private Houses.—Beautiful Designs.—The Sultan's Palace and Bed Chamber.—Architecture.

PART II.—The People.—Markets.—The Ships of the Desert.—Treatment of Women.—The Sultan and Court.—Keeping a Saint's House.—How to Eat with your Hands.—“School's Out.”—The Ladies' Turn.—The Snake Charmers.—Water Selling.—The Slave Market.—“Black, but Comely.”—Our Housemaid.—The “Real Original” Bones and Banjo.—The Chosen People.—Oppression.—Gala Dress.—To the last Resting Place.—Moorish Funeral Chants.

ADMISSION—ONE PENNY. Reserved Seats—THREEPENCE.

NEXT MONDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, 1891, PROFESSOR MITCHELL'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Vocalist—MADAME CARE DANIELS.

C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

PROGRAMME OF GYMNASTIC DISPLAY,

By the MEMBERS of the PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM, under the Direction of MR. H. H. BURDETT (Director of the People's Palace Gymnasium),

TO TAKE PLACE IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2ND, 1891, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

EVENTS.

- 1.—PARALLEL BARS, BY LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.
- 2.—SINGLESTICKS—MR. FOREMAN v. MR. DONALDSON.
- 3.—BAR BELL EXERCISES, COMPOSED BY MR. H. H. BURDETT.
- 4.—BOXING.
- 5.—HORIZONTAL BAR, BY LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.
- 6.—FENCING—MR. H. H. BURDETT v. MR. C. WRIGHT.
- 7.—DUMB BELL EXERCISES, COMPOSED BY MR. H. H. BURDETT.
- 8.—BOXING.
- 9.—INDIAN CLUB EXERCISES.
- 10.—HIGH VAULTING HORSE, BY LEADERS OF THE PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.
- 11.—BAYONET v. BAYONET—MR. BURDETT AND MR. C. WRIGHT.
- 12.—MUSICAL RUNNING MAZE.

ADMISSION

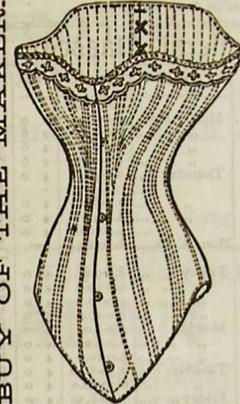
MEMBERS OF EVENING CLASSES ADMITTED FREE.

TWO-PENCE.

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 5jd.
Good and Cheap Line in Pebbles.

CORSETS.

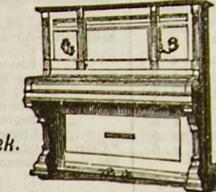


BUY OF THE MAKER.

G. J. RUSSELL,
512, MILE END ROAD,
AND
164a, ROMAN ROAD.

JARRETT & GOUDGE'S
High-class Iron Frame, Check Action
PIANOFORTES
And AMERICAN ORGANS.
For Cash or by easy terms of payment.

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.

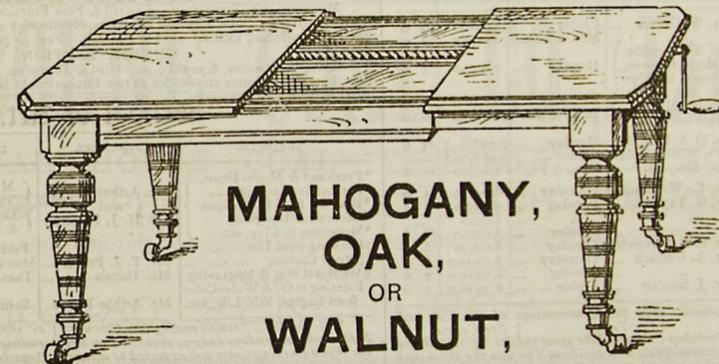
STEAM WORKS AND FACTORY:—
TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.

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.

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.

VESPER & CORNER'S
SPECIALITY DINING TABLES.



MAHOGANY,
OAK,
OR
WALNUT,

FITTED WITH EXPANDING SCREW AND EXTRA LEAVES.

Quality Nos.—	1.			2.			3.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
5 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in.	2	5	0	2	15	0	3	5	0
6 ft. „ 3 ft. 6 in.	2	10	0	3	15	0	4	10	0
7 ft. „ 3 ft. 6 in.	3	5	0	4	10	0	5	5	0
8 ft. „ 4 ft.	—	—	—	5	15	0	6	15	0
10 ft. „ 4 ft. 6 in.	—	—	—	8	8	0	10	10	0

VESPER & CORNER, Cabinet Manufacturers,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, LONDON. ESTABLISHED 60 YEARS.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS, MILE END ROAD, E.
In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, the City and Guilds of London Institute and the Society of Arts.
TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1891-2.
 The Session will commence on Monday, September 28th, 1891.

The Classes, with some exceptions, are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to which they will be admitted FREE upon producing their pass. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students may enrol. STUDENTS' SOCIAL ROOMS—Students have the privilege of using the social rooms containing the leading daily and weekly papers. STUDENTS' LIBRARY—There is a circulating library for the use of Students, which will be open on Monday and Thursday evenings, from 7.30 to 9. Refreshments 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. Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees. For Trade Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the City and Guilds of London Institute, at the end of April, 1892. For Science Classes the Session ends immediately after the examinations of the Science and Art Department in April and May, 1892. Evening Students may enter at any time during the month of September, and are advised to get their tickets early.

The Illustrated Calendar and Syllabus of the Evening Classes, price 1d., by post 2d., may now be obtained on application to the Secretary.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Applied Mechanics...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	9.0-10.0	4 0
Building Construction and Drawing, Elements, Adv. & Hons.	Mr. A. Grenville	Friday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Chem., Inorg., Theo., Ele.	Mr. D. S. Macnair,	Tuesday	7.15-8.15	4 0
Prac., Adv.	Mr. F. G. Pope	Friday	7.15-8.15	4 0
Org., Practical, and Special Lab. Wk. I.	Mr. F. G. Pope	Monday	8.15-10.0	7 6
Prac. Plane & Solid Gen. Elem.	Mr. D. A. Low	Mon. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Mach. Construct. & Draw. Elem. Adv.	Mr. D. A. Low	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	4 0
Mathematics, Stage I...	Mr. J. W. Martin,	Tues. & Th.	8.0-9.0	4 0
Practical...	Mr. F. G. Castle	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Magnetism and Elect. Elem.	Mr. W. Slingsby,	Monday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Sound, Light and Heat...	Mr. A. Brooker	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	6 0
Steam and the Steam Engine	Mr. F. G. Castle	Thursday	8.0-9.0	4 0
Theoretical Mechanics...	Mr. E. J. Burrell	Friday	9.0-10.0	4 0

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1892).
 * Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.
 † Half Fee to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class.
 ‡ Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop Practice Class.
 Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade Classes at half fees.

Trade Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Carpentry & Joinery Lec... Workshop	Mr. W. Graves	Friday	8.0-9.30	45 0
*Brickwork and Masonry Lecture and Workshop	Mr. A. Grenville & Mr. R. Chaston, foreman bricklayer.	Monday	7.0-10.0	5 0
*Electrical Engin., Lecture, Laboratory & Workshop	Mr. W. Slingsby, and Mr. A. Brooker	Thursday	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Mech. Engineering, Lec. (Pre.) (Adv.) Workshop	Mr. D. A. Low, Mr. D. Miller, & Mr. G. Draycott	Monday	7.30-8.0	44 0
*Photography ... Workshop	Mr. C. W. Gamble	Thursday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Plumbing Lecture, Hons. Ord. Workshop.	Mr. G. Taylor	Tuesday	9.0-10.0	65 0
*Printing (Letterpress) ... Workshop.	Mr. E. R. Alexander	Tuesday	8.0-9.30	6 0
*Tailor's Cutting ... Workshop Class	Mr. A. Umbach	Thursday	8.30-10.0	7 6
*Sign Writing & Graining ...	Mr. J. Sinclair	Monday	8.30-10.0	5 0

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1892).
 † Per Term.
 ‡ Per Course.
 * Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. b 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing. To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing Trade. A special course of lectures on Grade subjects will be given during the session, for particulars see syllabus or hand-bills.
 The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Classes for Women only.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Ambulance ... Dressmaking—	Dr. R. Milne	M. 4 Jan. 1892	8-9.30	2 0
Intermediate ...	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday	4.0-5.30	7 6
Beginners ...	"	"	6.0-7.30	7 6
Advanced (Outdoor jackets, &c.)	"	Thursday	6.0-7.30	10 0
Beginners ...	"	Friday	5.0-6.30	7 6
Intermediate ...	"	"	7.0-8.30	7 6
Millinery ...	Miss Newell	Tuesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Cookery—	"	"	"	"
Demonstration Lecture ...	Mrs. Sharman	Monday	8.30-9.30	1 0
High Class Practical Plain...	"	Thursday	6.30-8.0	10 6
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mrs. Thomas	Friday	8.0-9.30	2 6

* Per Course.

Commercial and General Classes.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Ambulance (First Aid) ...	Dr. R. Milne	Mon. 2 Nov.	8.0-9.30	12 0
Arithmetic—Advanced ...	Mr. A. Saril	"	7.0-8.0	2 0
" Commercial ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	2 0
" Elementary ...	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
Book-keeping—Elementary	"	Thursday	6.0-7.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners ...	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Elementary	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
* CIVIL SERVICE ...	Mr. G. J. Michell	Mon. & Th.	6.30-8.45	—
Shorthand (Pitman's)	"	"	"	—
" Begin.	Messrs. Horton and Wilson	Friday	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Advan.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Inter.	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Report.	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
French—Beginners...	Mons. E. Pointin	Monday	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Elementary	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" Intermediate B	"	Tuesday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" Intermediate A	"	"	8.30-10.0	4 0
" Conversational	"	Friday	7.30-8.30	4 0
" Advanced B	"	"	8.30-10.0	4 0
German—Advanced	Herr Dittel	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" Beginners	"	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" Intermediate	"	"	8.0-9.0	5 0
Elocution (Class 1) ...	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday	6.0-7.30	5 0
(Class 2) ...	"	"	8.0-10.0	5 0
Writing ...	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday	8.0-10.0	2 6

* For particulars see syllabus or hand-bill. † Per Course.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.
 Under the direction of Mr. H. H. BURDETT, assisted by Mr. C. WRIGHT.
 Pianist for Musical Drill Miss F. A. HICKS.
FOR YOUNG MEN.
 THURSDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND FRIDAY—6.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8 till 9, Musical Drill, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, and Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Single-sticks; 9 till 10, Gymnastics. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker.
 TUESDAY & FRIDAY.—7.0 till 8.0, Fencing with Foils and Sticks. Fee, 5/- per term. A Boxing Club is formed among the members of the Gymnasium, who arrange the fees.
FOR YOUNG WOMEN.
 MONDAY AND THURSDAY.—6.30 till 8. Free Practice; 8.0 till 10.0, Dumb-bells, Bar-bells, Indian Clubs, Physical Exercises, Gymnastics and Running Maze. Fees, 2/6 per term, including locker. 7 till 8, Fencing. Fee, 5/- per term.
JUNIOR SECTION.
 Boys, Wednesday, 6.30 till 9.30. GIRLS, Thursday, 6.30 till 9.30. Sixpence per month, which includes attendance at two Educational Classes.

School of Art.

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
*Freehand & Model Draw.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Monday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Perspective Drawing ...	Mr. H. J. Bateman	Tuesday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Drawing from th' Antique	"	Thursday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Decorative Designing	"	Friday	7.30-9.30	10 6
*Modelling in Clay, etc.	"	Friday	7.30-9.30	5 0
*Drawing from Life ...	Mr. T. J. Perrin	Mon & Friday	8.0-10.0	5 0
*Wood Carving ...	Mr. Daniels	Tues. & Thur.	8.0-10.0	6 0
*Art Metal Wk. & Engraving	"	"	"	"
*Painting in Oil & Water Color from Copies, Still Life, etc.	Mr. Arthur Legge	Saturday	2.0-4.30	10 6

* 6/- the Half Session ending 6th February; or 10/- the Session commencing Sept. 15th and ending July 2, 1892. † Per Term ending 10th Dec. ‡ Students of the Wood Carving Class are expected to attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Musical Classes.

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

SUBJECTS.	TEACHERS.	DAYS.	HOURS.	FEES.
Choral Society...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Tuesday	7.30-10.0	1 6
Singing—	"	Friday	8.0-10.0	1 6
Class 1. Sch. Teachers	Mr. W. Harding Bonner	Thursday	6.30-7.45	3 6
" 2. Elementary	"	"	8.0-9.0	1 6
" Intermediate	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 10
*Solo Singing ...	Miss Delves-Yates	Tu. & Th.	6.0-9.30	2 10
*Pianoforte ...	Mr. Hamilton & Mrs. Spencer	Mon. Tu. Th. & Friday	4.0-10.0	9 0
" (Advanced) ...	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday	7.0-10.0	15 0
Orchestral Society ...	Mr. W. R. Cave	Tu. and Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Violin ...	Under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, assisted by Mr. G. Mellish.	Monday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Viola and Violoncello ...	"	Wednesday	6.0-10.0	5 0
Military Band (Old Boys) P. P. T. S.	Mr. A. Robinson	Monday	6.0-10.0	7 6
"	"	Thursday	8.30-10.0	2 0

a Half Fee to Members of the Choral Society.
 b In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

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.**
 Speciality *Shirt and Collar Dressing.*

GEORGE AYTON & CO., 387, MILE END ROAD, E.
 OUR SPECIAL BLEND **TEA 1/10.**
 NOTED FOR **C. & T. HARRIS & Co.'s WILTSHIRE HAMS AND BACON.**
 WINE, SPIRIT, AND BOTTLED BEER MERCHANTS.

ROGERS' "NURSERY" HAIR LOTION.
 Destroys all Nits and Parasites in children's heads, and immediately allays the irritation. Perfectly harmless.
FACT
 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.

FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS go to **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.

East London Banjo Studio.
C. W. REDWOOD, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF **MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,** 391F, Mile End Road, Opposite Burdett Road.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

People's Palace Students will be served with Strings and Instruments at Specially Reduced Prices.
 PIANOS AND ORGANS ON SALE OR HIRE.

SEABORNE COAL CO., Limited.

SPECIAL HOUSE COAL—"PERFECTION," **17s. 6d. PER TON, NET CASH ON DELIVERY.**

Special facilities for delivering in the neighbourhood of "People's Palace."

ALL ORDERS TO City Office—80, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

THE HACKNEY FURNISHING COYS' INSTALMENT SYSTEM.

NO DEPOSITS REQUIRED. DINING ROOM SUITE FROM 60 0

From 2/1. L2. or 3 YEARS CREDIT. From 25/

TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, MARE STREET, HACKNEY, N.E.

MESSRS.
C. G. & 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 collecting 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.

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.

A. J. SHEFFIELD,
F.A.I.,
AUCTIONEER,
VALUER, & ESTATE
AGENT,
94, ST. LEONARDS ROAD,
POPLAR

(Near East India Docks),
AND AT

45, TERRACE ROAD, UPTON MANOR.

Property of all descriptions disposed of by Auction and Private Treaty. Surveys and Valuations made. Dilapidations assessed.

RENTS COLLECTED and recovered, and the entire management of property undertaken.

A Register of selected investments in House Property, Land, Ground Rents, &c., post free on application. Businesses of all kinds disposed of.

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 478, HACKNEY ROAD.

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

W. TAYLOR,
Cheesemonger, Butterman and Poulterer.

DEALER IN GAME,

490, COMMERCIAL ROAD, E.

OSTEND RABBITS FRESH TWICE EVERY WEEK.

All Orders promptly attended to.

H. King's

MUSIC STORES AND DANCING ACADEMY,

49, BURDETT ROAD, MILE END.

Dancing Classes conducted by Mr. and Mrs. King every Monday and Thursday Evenings from 8 till 10. Terms, 10/6 per quarter.

Juvenile Classes every Monday from 6 till 8. Terms, 8/0 per quarter.
Quarter from date of joining.

MONTHLY TICKETS ALSO ISSUED FOR BOTH CLASSES.

Private Lessons when convenient to Pupil, 2/6

All the latest Song and Dance Music at one third the publisher's price.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

THREE per CENT. Interest allowed on DEPOSITS, repayable on demand.
TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS, calculated on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100.
STOCK, SHARES, and ANNUITIES purchased and sold.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

For the encouragement of Thrift the Bank receives small sums on deposits, and allows Interest at the rate of THREE PER CENT. per annum, on each completed £1. The Interest is added to the principal on 31st March annually.
FRANCIS RAVENSCKROFT, Manager.

HOW TO PURCHASE A HOUSE FOR TWO GUINEAS PER MONTH,
OR A PLOT OF LAND FOR FIVE SHILLINGS PER MONTH,
with immediate possession and no Rent to pay. Apply at the Office of the
BIRKBECK FREEHOLD LAND SOCIETY.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK contains full particulars, and may be had, post free, on application to
FRANCIS RAVENSCKROFT, Manager.
Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.

ASTHMA.

NOTHING SURPASSES

HINKSMAN'S ASTHMA RELIEVER

For the Promptness and Thoroughness with which it Affords Relief to Sufferers from that DISTRESSING MALADY.

One Shilling per Tin, from any Chemist; or by post, 1s. 2d., from

J. HINKSMAN, Chemist, CARLUKE, N.B.

Send a post-card to the Proprietor for a Free Trial Packet, and put it to the proof.

Wholesale from any Wholesale Chemist.

London: **HATRICK & CO., LTD., 31, SNOW HILL.**



STOUT BROS.,

Importers and Manufacturers of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, STRINGS, REEDS, FITTINGS, &c.

BAND FURNISHERS AND MUSIC SELLERS,

8 & 10, West India Dock Road, Limehouse, London, E.

Musical Instruments repaired on the premises. MS. Music Paper and Books. Instruction Books and Sheet Music. Strings, &c., sent on receipt of P.O. or Stamps. Foreign Money and Notes Exchanged. Established 1844.

Taylor's

HAIR COLOUR RESTORER,

1/- per Bottle.

Quickly restores Grey Hair to its original colour; is quite harmless, easy of application, has a pleasant perfume, assists the growth, and keeps the head perfectly free from all scurf and dandruff.

**HUMAN HAIR MANUFACTURER, CHEAPEST HOUSE,
HAIR DRESSER, PERFUMER, AND FANCY GOODS DEPOT,
15 & 17, JUBILEE ST., COMMERCIAL RD., E.**

REMEMBER!!

"THE" House for

GLASS, CHINA,

AND

EARTHENWARE,

IS

BRUNSKILL'S

508, Mile End Road,

Near Canal Bridge.