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Earthly Tracts.

No. II.—THE PRICE WE PAY.



THE price, that is to say, which we pay for the carelessness, the wickedness, the profligacy and the idleness of our brothers. The burdens, that is to say, which are laid upon us by the crimes of some, the thriftlessness of some, and the bad workmanship of some. When we think of the criminal, the drunkard, and the large class of those who will not or cannot work, we are apt to forget the intolerable load which they are laying upon the backs of those who, while they do their share of the work, naturally wish to take their share of the pay. For the sake of those others we have to do a great deal more than our fair share of work at a great deal less than our fair share of the pay. For instance, every policeman who walks the streets represents a certain amount of force necessary in order to repress so many criminals. If there were no men who live by thieving and robbing and violence, where would be the policeman? The reform of every criminal means so much money saved in police. Then the criminal classes have to be fed and clothed. It is not by honest labour that they get either food or clothes. Therefore, since in this world nothing should be got except by honest labour, their food and clothes represent a waste of the wealth which has been produced by the working hands. When the criminal is clapped into prison he has to be guarded, as well as fed and clothed. Take away our prisons, with their costly staff of officers, the prisoners who fill them, the police who keep order in the streets, the criminals who are lurking in dark places waiting for a chance, the judges, the magistrates, the lawyers, and the criminal law courts; take away the reformatories as well: and consider the enormous saving to the nation. Add to its productive power the work of all these hands released to labour, each at a craft, and the saving to the nation will be doubled. An American once discovered that there were a certain pair of criminals from whom, in sixty or a hundred years, had descended about two hundred other

criminals,—all criminals—children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Think of the frightful sums of money this one family must have cost the State of New York where they flourished. Every year, on this account alone, a demand growing always larger for more money—more money—for more police, larger prisons, more food and clothes for this one great criminal family. Well: we have to pay this price because we have, by our own neglect, suffered the criminal class to come into existence. We are made to pay more by every man who breaks the law and leaves the ranks of honest work. It seems hard that those who have never injured this man should be injured by him: but it is so. If he gets strong enough he will ruin all the rest—innocent though they may be. For in a State no man can say that he lives for himself; he is either contributing to maintain and advance that country, or he is doing his best to pull it down. The price we pay for the existence of the drones and the thieves is the destruction of the State.

Again, the drunkard wastes his money at the public house. See what this costs the nation. First, we have to keep and educate his children, who ought to be supported by their father's labour. He robs honest men of their money while he throws away his own, because we cannot let his children starve. Then, we suffer the loss of this man's own work; for a man who drinks very speedily loses his skill and dexterity, and becomes fit for nothing but the commonest work: finally, we have to keep him as well when he can no longer get any work to do. Every man who wastes and lavishes his money, his time, his strength, and his skill, and presently comes to want, practically says to those who work and save—"You shall work and save for me. I will enjoy myself while I can. When I can no longer make my living I shall rob you of your savings, and you shall keep me." That is the price we have to pay for that man's sins. Men ought to understand that they have no right to make other men work for them; that if they waste their own lives in riotous living they are really preparing to rob those who have lived well. When men talk of personal freedom they too often forget that in a community there is no such thing as individual freedom. Each man is his brother's keeper, in one sense: and in another, each man may be his brother's destroyer. Terrible may be the price which we have to pay because our foolish brother chooses to "go his own way."

How can we save this price? How can we remove the burden? There is no other way except to make everybody understand that the criminal and the profligate is not only ruining himself, but he is destroying the State. Perhaps he may not care much at first about the State. But he will care when he is brought to understand that the State means for himself food and shelter, and for his children work. And perhaps, at the outset, a friendly voice might arrest such a man by the reminder that his course, which seems so innocent because it is only self-indulgent, was leading him to robbery as surely as if he were starting off to commit a burglary.

Ladies' Pavilion.

On Thursday evening, the 24th November, the new pavilion, to be henceforth devoted to our lady Members, was opened by Lady Currie. This building, which adjoins the west lodge, and was formerly in use as a refreshment room, has undergone a complete change; and what was previously common-place enough, is now transformed into a comfortable drawing-room. It is well furnished, and contains, in addition to a piano, various games, books, papers, and everything conducive to the comfort of the occupants. The strip of ground outside has been planted with shrubs, which gives the place a very pleasing aspect.

The President, Lady Currie, was accompanied by Sir Edmund Currie, Lady and Miss Cunningham, and the Vice-President, Miss Ellice. There were present some fifty or sixty Members, who gave her ladyship a hearty welcome, and who expressed themselves much delighted at the comfortable retreat so thoughtfully provided for them. Lady Currie, who seemed much gratified by the remarks of the Members, walked from one group to another, chatting pleasantly the while; and when her ladyship and Sir Edmund had left the place, the expressions of admiration knew no bounds, and the evening wore away merrily enough in conversation, in games, and in reading. It is the aim of the promoters to make this pavilion the feature of the Palace for the lady Members; and if the gratification expressed on the opening night can be regarded as success that object will decidedly have been attained.

Musical Notes.

CONCERT—On Saturday last, the 26th inst., a most enjoyable Concert was given in the Queen's Hall—the Polytechnic Orchestral Society having kindly volunteered their services, which were highly appreciated by an immense audience.

PIANOFORTE CLASS—The Pianoforte Class is now completely filled, the limited number having been reached. There are now 51 pupils. Those who have been Members of the class since its formation in October are improving very steadily, and take great interest in their work. No new pupils can be admitted until next quarter.

SINGING CLASS—The students of the Elementary Singing Class were unfortunately disturbed at their work last Monday by a very pressing invitation to Mr. Bradley to play the Organ at the Promenade Concert in the Queen's Hall. Next Monday work will be resumed as usual, and, it is hoped, without interruption. The chief interest in the Advanced Class and the Choral Society is the work for the coming Concert on Saturday next, December 3rd, when all the musical talent available in these two classes will be invited to make a first appearance in public.

CONCERTS—The Promenade Concerts finished with the Chrysanthemum Show on Tuesday evening, November 22nd, on which occasion the Organ came in for a large share of approbation from the audience, who appreciatingly listened to the inspiring strains of the Scots Guards' Band, under the direction of Mr. Holland. This Concert brought to a conclusion a most successful series of six evenings of a popular style of music. The Popular Concerts were resumed on Wednesday, November 23rd, under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, and a somewhat larger audience than usually assembles on Wednesday evenings showed their appreciation of the beautiful vocal and instrumental music so skilfully performed. Miss Anna Roekner and Mr. Stanley Smith shared the chief honours of the evening, receiving a genuine encore for each of their songs. The other artistes were Miss Lurannah Aldridge, Signor Mhanes, Mr. Claude Trevor, Miss Ada Hatfield, and the Misses Rosabel and Lillian Watson.

The great attraction of the season, before the Apprentices' Exhibition opens, will be next Saturday's Concert, when the Choral Society and the Orchestral Society will make their *début*, assisted by the West London Orchestral Society, which Mr. W. R. Cave, as conductor, is introducing here. Besides these attractions we have promised songs from Miss José Sherrington, Miss Emily Dones, Mr. Jeffrey Wyndham, and Mr. Conrad King, besides a violin solo from a little girl aged 10, Miss Florrie Burles, a pupil of Mr. W. R. Cave.

Class Notes.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURE.

Instructor—HERBERT HILL.

NOTES FOR STUDENTS.—Lasts. The following were the measurements referred to at last Wednesday's meeting:—

B LAST.—(a) 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 —Base last.
(b) 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —No. 1 leather: effect $\frac{1}{4}$ "in $\frac{1}{4}$ " "in $\frac{1}{4}$ " H.

(c) 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 —With vamp No. 2, for block No. 3.

(d) 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —No. 3 R. and L.

(e) 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ —In. No. 3 would leave right at H, but $\frac{3}{8}$ too small at In. To secure correct disposition, use No. 4 Ins. side piece.

(f) 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 —Notice size of To. No. 6 Bun.

(g) 7 $\frac{1}{2}$, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 —No. 8. Long top T piece.

A Last—For slippers; no spring; flat waist; thin at quarters, not adapted for a heel.

B Last—Ordinary boot last. Regular distribution of the wood. Carry 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ H.

C Last—Pinet model; small in seat; plenty of wood; only suitable for thin materials; convex seat; 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ H.

D Last—Shoe last; fullness at side; close seat; thin top edge; 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ H.

E Last—Louis heel; half-shoe last; longseat; shortwaist; 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ H.

F Last—Flat, especially off-side waist; concave bottom for transverse arch; thick at side; 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ H.

(Read chapter vi. Manual. Answer questions 1 to 4, page 59).

CLICKING—"STRETCH"—At the butt from the backbone in the direction of an angular line of 60° with the *b.b.*; radiating off to the sides, meeting similar radiations from *b.b.* to flank. 1st Principle: The offal should as far as possible be cut into tops of legs. 2nd: To get the fronts and such parts as are subjected to the most severe wear in the best parts of the skin. 3rd: To get the parts commonest on the front edge under the *b.p.*

The above refers to calf-kids, which will be mainly dealt with in this lesson. Read chapter vii. on "The Principles of Clicking" to page 68. Answer questions 1 to 6, page 74 in Manual.

CARPENTRY AND JOINERY CLASS.

Teacher—R. EMERSON.

This class—one of the most useful at the People's Palace—is fairly successful. It consists of about 30 students, all seeking in a practical way to utilise their leisure hours, and so perfect themselves in one of the leading branches of the Building trade. Those students who are well advanced in the use of their tools are making very good progress in the construction of sashes and frames moulded doors, dado framing, hall mirrors, &c. Other and younger students are at present content with turning out four-panel doors, dwarf cupboards, &c., whilst many who have never handled a tool until attending this class are engaged in the making of framed partitions, principals, boxes of various kinds, and the scarfing of timbers. To illustrate in a practical manner the utility of this class, it may be mentioned that great enthusiasm exists among the many apprentices, who are making for the forthcoming Exhibition a fully-appointed room, with its doors and windows, and dado all complete; and it will afford visitors great pleasure to note the kind of work that can be accomplished after a certain amount of instruction in a class of this kind has been gone through.

HANDRAIL AND STAIRCASE CLASS.

Teacher—R. EMERSON.

In this advanced and consequently select branch of the Building Trade, steady progress is being made. Although consisting at present of very few Members, it is hoped in the course of time that this class will be one of the best attended. One reason for the present scarcity of Members doubtless arises from the fact that a certain amount of geometrical knowledge is necessary to render a student competent to carry out the work required. At the present time the students are actively engaged upon models of geometrical and newelled staircases, constructed so as to appear of full size. Some are with moulded continuous handrails, whilst others are illustrative of a style of architecture which is ancient, though modern enough to be largely used in many substantial mansions and buildings at the present day. The students are trying to complete their work in time for the Exhibition, although the short space of time the class has been in existence will render this a task of great difficulty.

Success in Life.—Success in life! It's no blind thing. It's bound up in no secret un-get-at-able deep. It's before every one that will see, feel, think, act. Who and what are the men about us—our friends, neighbours—most noted for success in life? Why, they are shrewd, working, rousing, hopeful, confident, stout-hearted folk.

Palace Gossip.

BY THE SUB-ED.

"A Chief's among ye takin' Notes."

THE Flower Show is all over, and nought remains but an empty room to point out where, a week or so ago, the merry chrysanthemum held its own 'gainst rarer and more costly plants; and the whole scene, like Goldsmith's famous village, is desolation indeed. But not for long. Already has the British workman—with his accustomed alacrity—commenced to destroy and re-build, because the next great event that is to take place here will be the Exhibition on the 10th December, when the 'prentice lads of London unite to display their skill.

BUT the feature of this week has been the opening of the new reception-room for the use of our lady Members, and I am assured by Miss Braddock, the Hon. Sec., that this idea is likely to become very popular; and I can quite believe it. I think the girls—they won't mind me calling them girls—ought to congratulate, not only themselves, but everyone who has done his or her share in so practically promoting to the general comfort. I had a peep in the other night—of course, I didn't stay long, because the place is so essentially feminine, you know—and I was quite surprised at the beauty and convenience abounding. It's almost as beautiful as my sub-Editorial sanctum—but not quite so.

THE genial Moreton is elated, and no wonder; for he tells me that Captain Beaumont has sent him a cheque for three guineas to add to the funds of the Beaumont F. C. I was very glad indeed to hear this, because a little bird had previously whispered that the football funds were—to put it mildly—at a very low ebb. Therefore doth the Hon. Sec. rejoice—as all Hon. Secs. should—at such an opportune and welcome arrival.

I WAS equally pleased to learn from another quarter that Mr. Nathaniel Cohen has determined to found Two Scholarships in our Technical Day School, for free instruction to be given to any two lads who, having attained the age of twelve, have passed the fifth standard. The nomination will take place at the end of the school year (March, 1888) and hold good till March, 1890. These Scholarships will be attached to the Old Castle Street Board School. It is very pleasant to hear such news as this—news which I hope will not only give the lads an impetus to their studies, but will stimulate others to follow Mr. Cohen's example.

OWING to indisposition, Sir Edmund Hay Currie could not attend the Debating Club on Wednesday night, when, as I announced last week, he was to have delivered an opening address. It could not, of course, be helped, and at the last moment—when Sydney Thomas was in a fever of excitement—Mr. Ernest Flower came to the rescue, and proved himself a veritable Demosthenes. (Whereat the jovial Syd. resumed his accustomed smile and breathed again).

SPEAKING of Debaters reminds me that the aforesaid little bird has further whispered that, after reading my CLUB NOTES of last week, Sydney has yielded to the wisdom of my suggestion, and intends shortly after Christmas to have an— But no, all the steeds in Tartary shan't drag that secret from me. Only Wadkins tells me—very decent fellow, Wadkins—that what I have heard is quite true; that *he* knows who it will be, and that Syd. will—No matter!

I AM told that a petition is going the round of the Billiard-room, protesting against the younger Members handling the cues after a certain hour, and denouncing "the monopoly" these youngsters appear to have hitherto enjoyed of the billiard tables. Now, there is much to be said on both sides of this question, and before I venture to express an opinion I should like the whole facts laid before me, for what I have heard is very vague and might easily be unreliable. Anyone knowing the facts of the case, and not being afraid to sign his name after them, would greatly oblige by writing direct to this "Chief's" own particular office.

LET there be rejoicing and festivities; let us sing with exceeding great joy, for the stoves have been erected in the Gymnasium, and mighty is the change that is wrought therein. The Sergeant has regained his courteous smile, and Mr. Instructor Wright no longer requires his loose coat; whilst the stalwart forms of Bailey and Hull were never seen to greater advantage. But nobody is better pleased than Bob Allingham—who positively adores those stoves; and never did Antony cling more fondly to Cleopatra than does the redoubtable Robert to this latest innovation. The dashing Pugh no longer "boxes" his juvenile class, but wanders away "just to keep himself warm, you know," whilst Chapman looks as if someone had left him a comfortable fortune; and altogether the change that has come over the Gymnasium is something approaching the wonderful. I was very glad to hear from Sergeant Burdett

that the Special Sword Exercise Class—which is to perform before the Prince in December—is progressing so favourably; and that the Bar Bell Class is rapidly improving—now that the whole class can practice together.

I SHOULD like just to offer the feeblest protest against the practice of defacing Club Notices on the various boards in the Billiard-room. These notices are put up for the general convenience; and whatever opinion a fellow may hold in regard to their contents he has no right to publicly express such opinion by defacing them with absurd remarks.

E. J. DIGGINS, the Hon. Sec. of the Social Executive Committee, looks forward to the time when the Social is to come into operation. Already the Committee have bestirred themselves, and the result is expected to take place the first week in January next. All sorts of nice things are promised—conversations, soirees, and everything likely to promote sociability and friendship amongst the Palace Members. I'm not quite sure whether Diggins said they were going in for "blameless dancing"—as Mr. W. S. Gilbert puts it; but at any rate, I can guarantee that some capital evenings are promised for the Members—and at no very distant date either.

I AM very glad to see that our Journal has already excited so much interest even amongst the younger Members of our Palace. I was sitting in this sanctum the other night—writhing in the agonies of composition, and driven very near distraction at the melody of a festive lyre which some happy youth outside was furiously twanging—when a hasty knock brought me to my senses. Fearing that my Chief had thus come to pay me an unexpected visit, I arose quickly, assumed a dignified sub-Editorial look, and faintly cried "Come in." Instead of the dread presence that I expected, I found two small lads, each happy in the possession of a *Palace Journal*. "Please, sir, do you know anything about this paper?" (Good heavens! *did* I know anything about it!) I replied that I was slightly acquainted with that humble organ—why? "Because, sir, we think there's a mistake here." In trembling accents, and with a countenance more in sorrow than in anger, I faintly said, "Where, my lad?" He pointed to the puzzle page; and after examination, I found that the boy was right, and the paper decidedly wrong. It was clearly a printer's error—where a figure 6 had got into the "5 box," and so was printed wrongly. I lived again; and bestowing paternal pats upon those urchins' heads, I gently, but gladly, bade them adieu.

A London November.

(AN ORIGINAL PAPER.)

THIS month occurs between two brisk seasons—between the golden pomp of Autumn, when all Nature wears a summer-sunset aspect, and Winter—hale, hearty, clear, frosty Winter—when the Snow King reigns undisputed o'er snowy field and ice-bound river; when Nature revels in the brisk air, and laughs with very joyousness!

November is a month of fogs. Nature is then seen to the worst advantage. The air is damp and foul; the dew falls heavily; rain is very copious; and the general aspect of town is gloomy in the extreme. The autumn winds have scarce departed, and their parting blasts blow with a keenness which searches out all one's weak points, and freezes the very marrow in one's bones. There is not one redeeming feature about this month. Winter is hastening fast towards us, "wrapt in a shroud of sheeted snow"; and his icy breath rushes fiercely on the wings of the wind, which foretells his coming sway. Snow falls frequently; the days become shorter and shorter; the sun, when seen, wears a pitiless, cold look, which makes us feel colder when we compare it with the jovial Sol of the departed summer mornings. The trees in the parks wear a mantle of frost; and—all gaunt and bare—do but add to the general depressive gloom. Even the few remaining birds, whose merry songs were wont to enliven us at other periods of the year, seem to share in the general depression. They mope, dejected and forlorn, upon the bare boughs of the trees, which give them no warmth, no protection from the keen blast.

The very rain—though sometimes heavy—generally falls in a drizzling, half-hearted fashion, as though permeated with the general spirit of gloom.

MAURICE LANE.

Men who have Risen.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD (Continued).

AFTER a while, however, the authorities began to appreciate what a fine bit of material they had, and to help him eke out his earnings they placed tutorial work in his way. One of his pupils wished to learn geometry. This subject he had not yet found opportunity to study. But he was not a man to be beaten by trifles. He quietly bought a book—got two lessons' start of his pupil—and it was not till years after (when both were members of Congress), that the pupil learnt how little the teacher had then known of his subject. His industry and "sticking power" carried him along grandly, and the heads of the College urged him to seek admission at Williams' University—then the best in America. After careful enquiry, he determined to interview the trustees, and learn, first hand, what opportunities were open to him. And a strange figure he was as he entered the board-room, standing well over six feet, in trousers four inches too short, a coat as thread-bare and shiny as a mahogany table, with a massive chest, strong chin, and bright clear eye, a square head crowned by a hake of two-coloured hair, he asked the trustees what chance he had of earning enough to keep himself. After stating his acquirements—as a carpenter—he was told that, if he chose, he could earn a sufficient number of dollars to pay his way by serving as gate-keeper, bell-ringer, sweeper, and general carpenter. "Right," said Jim, "I'll try—for a fortnight. If I don't suit then turn me off at the end of it." Here, as elsewhere, he earned golden opinions. Many, now living, can remember him. A cheerful word for everyone, full of spirits, quick at repartee. As he stood ringing the bell, the students—men and women alike—would gather round, admiring the man for his sterling independence, no less than for his intellectual power.

At the University he found that for which he had often longed—a really good library. From boyhood he was a great reader, and, in after years, thanks to a splendid memory and a careful system of taking notes, his speeches were remarkable for apt quotation, and ready illustration. In two years he graduated, and returned to Hiram a teacher, and in less than a year he was elected President of the College. In this capacity he left his mark. His influence over others was most striking. "A nod or a smile of approbation from Garfield," wrote an old pupil, "used to send the blood tingling through my veins, and with me, as with all the rest, he could do whatever he chose. Skilled in all athletics, painstaking as a teacher, a master of detail, when he preached his lay sermons we hung on his lips. The subjects were usually drawn from the newspapers, and well do I remember his discourse on the tragic death of Hugh Miller." In 1859 he was elected a member of the Senate of Ohio, and soon after, the war between North and South broke out in real earnest. Seven days after the disaster at Bull Run—which opened the war—he accepted a colonel's commission, and raised the 42nd Ohio Regiment. One hundred students from Hiram College formed the 1st company; and serving as privates were to be found lawyers, clergymen, teachers, farmers, printers, blacksmiths—all bound together by common devotion to their chief. And a fine regiment he made it. First, he taught himself drill and tactics—with the help of blocks of wood, then he taught his officers, and they the men. But Garfield was no easy-going commander. Drill went on from morning to night. He determined that "his boys from Ohio" should be a credit to the army, and a credit they were. He served with distinction on the frontier in several engagements, and many were his narrow escapes. He was rapidly promoted to the rank of a general, with a Staff appointment.

It is impossible to give details of the war, but his famous ride from General Rosecrany to General Thomas must not be passed by. The former had been forced to retreat after a prolonged engagement, and it was indispensable that Thomas should know of the disaster. A good general and a brave man, Rosecrany had a woman's heart. He hesitated a moment before giving Garfield leave, and, after wringing his hand, he said quite quietly, "We may not meet again—good-bye—God bless you, Jim." Accompanied by three guides, off starts Garfield. After making a wide sweep to avoid the army of the South, the party rode right into an ambush of sharpshooters. The first information of their presence was a hail-storm of bullets falling among them, wounding one horse, killing another, and stretching the two orderlies lifeless. Garfield, mounted on a magnificent horse, leaps a fence into a cotton field. The opposite fence is lined with sharpshooters. Shutting his teeth tight, he speaks to his horse, and takes a zig-zag course across the field. He must tack from side to side. He is a dead man if they can get steady aim. He is riding up a slight hill. If he can get to the crest he is safe. Up the hill he goes, but his horse is hit—a flesh wound only—and on, on, he goes. He gets to the top just as another volley echoes through the valley, and in a moment he is in safety. As he gallops down the slope, a small body rush forward to meet him. "My God, Garfield!" shouts the leader, "I thought you were dead, certain." For a moment he halts, then plunges down the hill, and in five minutes is by the side of Thomas. His ride saved the army. The war was waged fiercely, and on the side of the North brave soldiers were not wanting, but in Congress men were needed with military experience, and at the wish of the President, Abram Lincoln, he resigned his command, and was chosen representative of Ohio.

His powers as a speaker, his manly independence, his downright honesty commanded success. He refused to canvass, or to sink to any of those wire-pulling devices which blight much current political life. Once, when urged to do so by his supporters, he quietly answered: "For many years I have represented a district whose approbation I desired. I yet desired still more the approbation of one person—and his name was Garfield." On another occasion his constituents disapproved of a line of policy he had supported, and at the Convention of the Congressional District he was asked for an explanation, and was expected to apologise. But, instead, he defended his course, and, after giving his reasons, added, "I have nothing to retract. I cannot change my convictions for the sake of a seat in Congress. If I can serve you as an independent representative I would be glad to do so, but if not, I do not want your nomination. I would prefer to be an independent private citizen."

In the campaign of 1864, he attended a meeting in Maryland, to speak on behalf of a supporter of his policy. Sympathisers with Southern rebels threw rotten eggs at him. At once he interrupted his argument, and, after a moment's pause interjected: "I have just come from fighting brave rebels at Chicksmauga; I shall not flinch before cowardly rebels like you."

A gifted orator, brave, outspoken, God-fearing, he rapidly came to the front, and, after making a tour in Europe, he was elected President of the United States in 1881. But his tenure of office was short lived. He was pledged to reform the Civil services; to put down dishonesty in high places; and this work he fearlessly carried on. But his uprightness raised up a host of enemies, and early in July he was assassinated by a disappointed place-hunter, named Guiteau. From July 2 to September 19 he hung between life and death. The Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic anxiously watched his fight for life; but death was too strong for him. When hopes of ultimate recovery were generally entertained he succumbed to weakness, and quietly breathed his last.

Society and Club Notes.

BY THE SUB-ED.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

OFFICERS: President, SIR E. H. CURRIE; Chairman, Mr. W. MARSHALL; Deputy-Chairman, Mr. J. DRISCOLL; Treasurer, Mr. A. VALENTINE; Secretary, Mr. S. THOMAS.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of Sir E. Currie, who had been announced to deliver the Opening Address of the Debating Society, the chair was taken at 8.15 by Ernest Flower, Esq. Although totally unaware of the task to be imposed upon him, this gentleman at a short notice kindly consented to preside as Chairman. Mr. Flower, in a brief but pithy address, referred to the objects of the Society, which includes the discussion of political, social, and general subjects. Referring to the educational value of such societies, the Chairman hoped that many of the Members present would eventually become M.P.'s of great oratorical ability—at any rate, the Society as it grew larger and stronger could form itself into a mimic House of Commons. After suggesting several appropriate subjects for debating, Mr. Flower concluded his interesting and instructive address amid great applause.

A somewhat lively discussion then took place re the acceptance of the Rules as a whole; but, finally, everything having been agreed to, the Meeting closed at 9.45, after a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Flower had been carried *nem. con.*

The debate for Wednesday, November 30th, will be opened by Mr. L. Currie. The resolution of the debate will be as follows:—"That in the opinion of this House the present Policy of the Government as carried on in Ireland demands censure."

The debate following this will be opened by Mr. H. T. Wadkin, upon "The desirability of Imperial Federation."

SYDNEY THOMAS, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS AND DRAUGHTS CLUB.

I am very glad to learn from the Hon. Sec., Smith, that this Club is making such good progress; and I hope that the East London Chess and Draughts Club will soon be well known amongst the many similar clubs in our great metropolis.

The tournament is progressing very steadily and continues to inspire that calm excitement which invariably characterises games requiring thought and deliberation. Among the leaders are F. C. Gooding, F. M. Hince, F. W. Hartnup, R. Harris and E. C. Butler.

The Secretary requests that all Members will turn up at six o'clock on Saturday, December 3rd, and thus allow plenty of time for arranging the players for the simultaneous exhibition, at half-past six.

A Committee Meeting will take place on Saturday, Dec. 10th. The meetings are held in Room 2 (School-buildings) every Wednesday and Saturday at eight o'clock. For further particulars, leave note, or apply personally to

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

On Saturday last twelve Members and two visitors had a most enjoyable spin over the course arranged for their four-miles sealed handicap, which is to take place on Saturday next, the 3rd inst. Two packs were started from their country Head-quarters, the Forest Gate Hotel, Godwin Road, Forest Gate; the slow division being allowed three minutes start of the fast.

The flyers caught the slower division a little before half-way had been reached, and, keeping straight on, the first man arrived home in about 28 minutes from the start.

Members are reminded that entries for the Handicap next Saturday close this day, and should be sent or given to the Secretary at once. The entrance fee is 1/-, and prizes will be given to the first three men.

Members of the Palace should join at once, as other races have been arranged by the Committee, full particulars of which may be obtained by applying to

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

The first Monthly Meeting of the above Club will be held at the Head-quarters, People's Palace, on Friday, December 2nd, at 8 o'clock p.m., when all intending Members are kindly requested to attend. The Club already has between twenty and thirty members, and I am glad to say is progressing very favourably.

The Rules of this Club have been placed before the Trustees for approval, and will be read, for the second time, at the next Meeting. I may also add that the following gentlemen have been elected to represent the Cycling Club at the Christmas Entertainment Meetings: Mr. F. Glover, Mr. T. Meason, Mr. J. Kilbride, and Mr. L. Nathan.

The terms are:—Entrance Fee, One Shilling; Subscription, Three Shillings and Sixpence—payable in two instalments. For Honorary Members: Ladies, not less than Half-a-Crown; Gentlemen, not less than Five Shillings.

J. KILBRIDE, Hon. Sec.

PALACE RAMBLERS.

There was a Special General Meeting of this Society on Friday, November 25th, with Mr. A. E. Were in the chair; and although this gentleman was very much *en evidence*, the more facetious of the assembly would persist in asking "Were's, the Chairman?"

The Ramblers paid a most enjoyable visit to the Tower on Saturday last, going over that somewhat ancient edifice most thoroughly. By the special sanction of the Governor they were taken into the many odd places for which the Tower is noted, but which is not usually open to the general public.

This Society now numbers 70 all told, and the Hon. Sec. tells me the limit is 120; therefore, our fellows had better hurry up and join at once. The gallant Bullock wishes me particularly to state that ladies may join this branch, which already possesses some representatives of the fair sex, but not so many as it should—at least, in Bullock's opinion. I am also asked to state that the Hon. Sec. will be in the Refreshment Room next Friday night, at 7.30, to enrol Members—which I hope he will do.

A visit will be paid one evening, the week after next, to Messrs. Neville's bakery—which will then be in full working order; for particulars, Members must see Notice Boards.

On Saturday next, the 3rd December, a visit will be paid to the "Commercial News" works. Mr. Jones, Managing Director (and one of the Executive of the Institute), has kindly invited the Ramblers to attend. All who intend to turn up are requested to be outside the Gas Works gate, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, not later than four o'clock.

For further particulars apply to

F. W. BULLOCK, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Beaumont Football Club; terms, 2/6 per annum.

A General Meeting of this Club took place on Wednesday last, the 23rd, when the Rules were confirmed, the Officers elected, and new Members admitted.

The Officers elected were: Captain, Mr. W. Wand; Vice-Captain, Mr. F. Hart; to act on the Committee, Messrs. D. Cantle, A. Wainman, W. Wenn and Hobdale; Treasurer, Mr. Dawson.

A Match was played on Saturday last (the 26th) at East Ham—the Beaumont Football Club against the Plashet Ramblers, which, after a severe contest, ended in a draw, one to one. Messrs. Jesseman and Tanner (forwards) played exceedingly well, as also did Mr. Wand (back).

Not the least conspicuous amongst our fellows' opponents were Messrs. J. Cox, E. Sherrell (forwards), and their goal-keeper, W. Heppel, who succeeded in saving several goals.

Teams—Beaumont: W. Everson (goal), A. Wainman, W. Wand (backs), W. Wenn, F. Hart, J. Munro (half-backs), D. Jesseman (centre), T. W. Moreton, D. Cantle (left wing), D. Dawson and J. S. Tanner (right).

Plashet Ramblers: W. Heppel (goal), C. Boase and W. Boase (backs), Barker, Wadsworth, H. Cox (half-backs), J. Ferguson (centre), J. Cox and D. Challis (left wing), F. Masters and E. Sherrell (right).

For dates, fixtures and information generally, apply to

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

THE COMING SOCIAL.

A Meeting of the Social Executive Committee was held on the 1st November, in Room 1, with Mr. J. G. Shaw, representing Sir E. Currie, in the chair.

There were present representatives from the various Club sections of the People's Palace.

Mr. Shaw apologised for the absence of the Chairman (Sir E. Currie), who was unable to attend owing to indisposition.

The Minutes of the last Meeting were read and confirmed.

Messrs. Marshall and Diggins were put up for the Secretaryship, and the two gentlemen having been requested to leave the room, a show of hands declared in the favour of the latter, who was duly called in and appointed Secretary.

The intended programme was then discussed, and it was decided that the matter should be left in the hands of the Secretary. It was proposed and carried that Members of the Grand or Greater Committee be invited to act as officials under the supervision of the Secretary.

It was further proposed and carried that the ladies and gentlemen acting as stewards should wear rosettes of pale blue.

A proposal was then made and carried that the rosettes be made by the ladies then present.

The meeting then adjourned with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

E. J. DIGGINS, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL.

The Room for the Ladies' Social Meetings is now ready, and the Hon. Sec. will be glad to welcome any young lady belonging to the Palace who may wish to join.

There will be a General Meeting next Saturday, December 3rd, at four o'clock—and not at half-past five as was announced.

MISS S. E. BRADDOCK, Hon. Sec.

The Holy Rose.

A NOVEL.

BY WALTER BESANT.

Author of "The World Went Very Well Then," "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "Self or Beaver," "All in a Garden Fair," etc.

PROLOGUE (continued.)



HE prisoner made no reply.

"Friends of the Republic do not fly before the presence of her soldiers. What have you to say?"

"Nothing," said the prisoner.

"Is there any present who can give evidence as to the accused?" asked the president.

A man stepped forward.

"I can give evidence, Citizen Commissioner."

He was a man, still young, whose face bore certain unmistakable signs denoting an evil life. Apparently his courses had led him to a condition of poverty, for his clothes were old and shabby. His coat, which had once been scarlet, was now stained with all the colours that age and rough treatment can add to the original colour; its buttons had formerly been of silver, but were now of horn; his hair was tied with a greasy black ribbon; his shoes had no buckles, and were tied with string; his stockings were of a coarse yarn. As he stepped to the front, he seemed to avoid looking at the prisoner.

Some of those who assisted at the trial might have noticed a strange thing. The man was curiously like the prisoner. They were both of the same stature: each of them had black eyes and black hair; each of them had a shapely head and strong, regular features. But the face of one was noble, and that of the other was ignoble, which makes a great difference to begin with. And one was calm in his manner though death stared him in the face; and the other, though nobody accused him of anything, was uneasy.

"What is your name?" asked the Court.

"My name, Citizen Commissioner, is Louis Leroy."

At these words there was a murmur among all who heard them, and the Court itself showed its displeasure.

"It is my name," said the witness. "A man does not make his own name."

"Citizen, your name is an insult to the Republic."

"I will change it, then, for any other name you please."

"What is your profession, citizen?"

"I am"—he hesitated for a moment—"I am a dancing-master at Aix."

"A dancing-master may be a good citizen. As for your name, it shall be Gavotte—Citizen Gavotte. For your first name, it shall be no longer Louis, but Scipio. Proceed, Citizen Scipio Gavotte, and quickly. Do you know the accused?"

"I have known him all my life."

"What can you tell the Court about him?"

"He is an aristocrat and a Royalist, therefore the enemy of the Republic; also a devout Catholic, therefore the enemy of mankind."

"What is his business in the city of Toulon. Why is he found here?"

"He was one of those who invited the English into the town. It was thought that Marseilles, Lyons, and Toulon would all hold out together, and be three centres for rallying the Royalists. The Count was strong in favour of English intervention."

"Have you anything further to depose, Citizen Gavotte?" asked the Court.

"Nothing more."

"Accused, have you anything to ask the witness?"

"Nothing," replied the Count.

"Citizen Arnault," said the President, "you have heard the evidence. You are charged with inviting the

enemies of the Republic to insult with their presence the sacred soil of the Republic; you have delivered into their hands the fleets of France; you have destroyed the arsenals and the munitions of war. Have you anything to urge in defence?"

"Nothing."

"You admit the charge, then?"

"I admit the charge. It is quite true. I would not willingly waste the time of this honourable Court. There are many hundreds of honest people waiting their turn to be treated as you treated the people of Lyons. I have nothing more to say."

"Death!" said Commissioner Fréron.

The Count heard the sentence with a slight bow. Then the soldiers led him away to the other end of the Place, where the prisoners already sentenced were gathered together waiting their turn, men and women. As for the former, they affected indifference; but the women, with clasped hands and white faces, gazed into the light of day, which they were to see no more; and some sat together, their arms about each other's necks, whispering that they should not be separated for many moments, and that the pang of death was momentary.

The Count spoke to no one; but he turned his head slowly, surveying the scene as if it were a very curious and interesting spectacle, full of odd and amusing details, which he would not willingly forget. The ragged soldiers, the mock dignity of the Court seemed to amuse him. But among those who stood among the soldiers, he suddenly observed the fellow who had given evidence against him. He was crouching in the crowd, his eyes aglow with hatred and eagerness to see the carrying out of the sentence. With a gesture of authority the Count beckoned him. The man, perhaps from force of habit, obeyed. So for a moment they stood face to face. Truly, they were so much like each other that you might have taken them for brothers.

"Louis," said the Count, speaking as one speaks to a dependent or a humble friend, "it needed not thy testimony, my friend. I was already sentenced. Pity that I could not die without finding out that you were my enemy—you."

The man said nothing.

"Why, Louis, why?" the Count continued. "We were boys together; once we were playfellows. I loved thee in the old days, before thy wild ways broke thy mother's heart. It was not I, but my father, who bade thee begone from the village for a vaurien. Why, then, Louis?"

"Your name and your estate should have belonged to me, and gone to my son. I was born before you, though my mother was not married to—your father."

"Indeed!" said the Count coldly. "So this rankled, did it? Poor Louis! I never suspected it. Yet my death will not undo the past. Louis, I shall be shot, but thou wilt not inherit the name or the estate."

"I shall buy the estate," said the man. "Estates of émigrés and traitors can be bought for nothing in these times; so that after all the elder brother will inherit."

"And yet Louis, 'tis pity; because thy brother's death will now be laid to thy charge. There can be, methinks, little joy for one who murders his brother."

The man's face flushed.

"What do I care?" he said. "Go to be shot, and when you fall, remember that the vineyards and the olive-groves will be mine—the property of the brother who was sent away in disgrace, to be a gambler, a poet, a dancing-master—anything."

"My brother," the Count replied, "thou hast changed thy name. It is no longer Leroy, nor Gavotte, but Cain. Farewell, brother, enjoy the estates and be happy."

He dismissed him with a gesture cold and disdainful.

"Enjoy thy estates, Cain."

Citizen Gavotte slunk back; but he waited on the Place, watching, until his brother fell.

Meantime the Commissioners of the Republic continued to administer justice, and the file of soldiers continued to execute it, and every man and woman had his fair turn and no favour, which the Republic always granted to its prisoners; and each one, when his turn came, stood before the pointed muskets, and then fell heavily, white of cheek, his heart beating no longer, upon the stones.

When Justice was thoroughly satisfied, which took several days, and the remnant of the Toulonnais was reduced to slender proportions, they threw the bodies into the Mediterranean, where they lie to this day.

CHAPTER I.

IN MY GARDEN.

THE village of Porchester is a place of great antiquity, but it is little, and, except for its old Castle, of no account. Its houses are all contained in a single street, beginning at the Castle gate and ending long before you reach the Portsmouth and Fareham road, which is only a quarter of a mile from the Castle. Most of them are mere cottages, with thatched or red-tiled roofs, but they are not mean or squalid cottages; the folk are well-to-do, though humble, and every house in the village, small or great, is covered all over, back and front, with climbing roses. The roses cluster over the porches, they climb over the red tiles; they peep into the latticed windows, they cover and almost hide the chimney. In the summer months the air is heavy with their perfume; every cottage is a bower of roses; the flowers linger sometimes far into the autumn, and come again with the first warm days of June. Nowhere in the country, I am sure, though I have seen few other places, is there such a village for roses. Apart from its flowers I confess that the place has little worthy of notice; it cannot even show a church, because its church is within the Castle walls, and quite hidden from the village.

On a certain afternoon of April, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and two, the colour of the leaves was just beginning to show on the elms, the buds were swollen in the chestnuts, the blossom was out on the almond, and the hedges were already green. The sunshine was so warm that one could bring one's work out to the porch, with a shawl round the neck; the village was not quiet, and yet it was peaceful; that is to say, there were the ordinary sounds which are expected, and therefore do not annoy. The children were playing and shouting, the soldiers were disputing outside the tavern door, the village blacksmith and his two apprentices were hammering something on a tuneful anvil, which rang true at every stroke like a great bell; the barber was flouring a wig at the open door, and whistling through his teeth over the job, as a groom whistles while he rubs down a horse; a flock of geese walked along the road croaking and calling to each other; a dog barked after his sheep, keeping them in order, and the cobbler, sitting in his doorway, was singing aloud while he cut the leather, adjusted it, and hammered it into place. Sometimes he sang out merrily, sometimes he sang low. This was according as the work went easily and to his liking, or the contrary. 'Twas a rogue who always had some merry ditty in his mouth, and to-day it was the famous alehouse song which begins:

"I've cheated the parson. I'll cheat him agen;
For why should the rogue have one pig in ten?
One pig in ten,
One pig in ten,
Why should the rogue have one pig in ten?"

Here something interrupted his song and his work, but immediately afterwards he went on again:

"One pig in ten,
One pig in ten,
Why should the rogue have one pig in ten?"

When I had resolved to write down my history, and was considering how best to relate it, there came into my mind, quite unexpectedly, a single afternoon. At first there seemed no reason why this day more than any other should be remembered. Yet the memory of it is persistent, and has so forced itself upon me that every moment of it now stands out as clear and distinct before my eyes as if it were painted on canvas. Perhaps in the world to come we shall have the power and the will to recall day by day the whole of our lives, and so be enabled to live each moment again, and as often as we please and as long as we please. I confess that I am so poorly endowed with spiritual gifts that I should desire nothing better than to prolong at will the blessed years of love and happiness with my husband (who, to be sure, has never ceased to be my lover), and my children. But Madame Claire (who was never married), says that the joys of our earthly life will appear to us hereafter as poor, unworthy things, and that subjects of more holy contemplation will be provided for us which will more fitly occupy our thoughts. That may be so, and if any one now living in this world should know aught of the next it is Madame Claire, a saint, though a Roman Catholic, and formerly a nun. Still, for one who has tasted the joys of earthly love and been a mother of children, the memory of these, or their renewal, would seem happiness enough for ever and ever. Amen.

The day which came into my head is that day in spring of which I have just spoken. The porch in which I was sitting belonged to a house in a great garden, which stretched back from the village street. The garden was full of everything which can grow in this country. Apple and pear trees were trained in frames beside the beds. These were bare as yet, except for the cabbages, but in a month or two they would be green with pease and beans, asparagus, lettuce, and everything else of green herbs that is good for food. There were glass frames for cucumbers and melons; a great glass house for grapes and peaches; there was quite a forest of raspberry canes, gooseberry and currant bushes; and there was an orchard full of fruit trees, apples of the choicest kinds, such as the golden pippin, the ribston and king pippin, and the golden russet; there were also pears, Windsor and jargonelle, plums and damsons, cherries and mulberries, Siberian crab and medlar. Again, if the beds were full of vegetables, the narrow edges were planted with all kinds of herbs good for the still-room and for medicines—such as lavender for the linen, to take away the nasty smell of the soap; the tall tansy for puddings; thyme, parsley, mint, fennel, and sage for the kitchen; rosemary, marjoram, southern-wood, feverfew, sweetbrier, for medicines and strong waters. Among the herbs flourished, though not yet in bloom, such flowers as will grow without trouble, such as double stocks, carnations, gillyflowers, crocus, lily-of-the-valley, bachelors' buttons, mignonette, nasturtium, sunflower, monkshood, lupins, and tall hollyhocks. In short, it was, and is still, a beautiful, bounteous, and generous garden, the equal and like of which I have never seen.

The house stood in one corner of the garden, its gable-end turned to the road. Like all the houses in the village, it was covered with roses, and, except the vicarage, it was the most considerable house in the place. It was of red brick, and had a porch in the front, facing a broad lawn, which served for a bowling-green. The porch was of wood, painted white, and was so broad that there was a bench on either side, where one could be sheltered from north and east winds. At the back of the house a brick wall marked one boundary of our land. It was an ancient broad wall, with no stint of red bricks, such as I love, and covered with moss and lichen—green, gray, red, and yellow. In the places

where the mortar had fallen out grew pellitory and green rue, while the top of the wall was bright with yellow stoncrop, tall grasses, and wall-flowers already in blossom. The wall ran from the road to within a short distance of high-water mark, where it was succeeded by a wooden paling. Thus our garden was bounded on three sides by road, wall, and sea; on the fourth side it was separated from the castle by a field of coarse grass, growing in tufts and tall bents. Under the shelter of the brick wall was a row of beehives; a mighty humming they made in summer evenings, and a profitable thing was their honey when it came in, for, of all living creatures, the sailor has the sweetest tooth.

There is always work to do, and some one doing it, in this great garden all the year round. This afternoon the boys are busy among the beds. Sally stood over them, rope's-end in hand, but more for ornament and the badge of office, as the bo's'n carries his cane, than for use, though every boy in our employment had tasted of that rope's-end. Her father, sitting on a wheelbarrow, had a broom in his hand and a pipe in his mouth, thus giving his countenance, so to speak, to the boys' work. To look at him you would have thought that his working days were now over and done, so wrinkled was his face and so bent his shoulders. Yet he was only seventy-five, and lived for twenty years longer.

He it was who managed the boat, taking her down the creek every morning, summer and winter, wet or dry, fair weather or foul, high tide or low. Every sailor in the King's ships knew the boat and the old man, commonly called Daddy, who rowed or sailed her; and every sailor knew Porchester Sal, the bumboat-woman, who came alongside in the morning with a boat-load of everything belonging to the season; who knew all the young gentlemen, and even had a word for the first lieutenant. As for the tars, she freely talked with them in their own language, and a rough language that is. She would also, it was said, drink a bout with any of them, and in the cold mornings, when the air was raw, smoked a pipe of tobacco in the boat. At this time she was five-and-forty years of age, and single. She dressed in all seasons alike, in a sailor's jacket, with a short petticoat and great waterman's boots. For head-gear she never wore anything but a thick thread cap, tied tightly to her head; round her neck was a red woollen wrapper, the ends tucked under the jacket. Her face was as red and weather-beaten as any sailor's, her hands were as rough and hard; and I verily believe that her arms were as strong with the daily handling of the oars, the carrying of the baskets, the digging, weeding, and planting of the garden, and the correction of the boys.

This garden was my own, my inheritance, bequeathed to me by my mother's father, and a providential bequest it proved. The boat was my own. Daddy and Sally were my own, I suppose, for they belonged to the garden. And they sold for us, on board the ship or in the town, the fruits and vegetables in due season. They also prepared and sold to the purveyors of ships' stores, and for those who sold smuggled tea secretly—there are many such in Portsmouth—a great quantity of leaves picked by the boys from the sloe, ash, and elm trees, dried ready for mixing with the real tea. And Sally also grew for the herbalists a great quantity of plants for those concoctions which some people think better than any doctors' stuff.

We had not always lived in Porchester. We lived, when I first remember anything, in a great house in Bloomsbury Square, close to Bedford House. Here we had footmen and a coach, and were, as my father daily in after-years reminded me, very great people indeed, he being nothing less than an Alderman. "But, my dear," he was wont to say, "I persuaded myself to retire." Here he sighed, heavily. "In the City we are born to amass wealth, but I retired. I was already but three years off the Mansion House—but I retired. Well," here he would look about the room, which was, to be sure, small and ill furnished, "the world seldom

enjoys the spectacle of a substantial merchant retiring into obscurity in a country cottage." Here he sighed again.

He retired when I was a little girl of eight or nine, so that I knew nothing of the circumstances connected with his retirement, but I understood well enough that he deeply regretted that step, and longed to be back again on 'Change.

In two words, we now lived in this small house; and my father, instead of directing the affairs of a great London business, took the accounts daily from Sally on her return from the harbour. And a very flourishing and prosperous business it was, while the war lasted; and, though I neither knew nor inquired, it not only kept us in comfort, but enabled my father to keep up the appearance of a substantial merchant: gave him guineas to jingle in his pocket, and preserved for him among the officers and others who used the best room at the tavern of an evening the dignity and authority which he loved.

At this time I was nineteen years of age. Alas! it is more than twenty years ago. Good King George is dead at last, and I am nearly forty years old. The Garden still lies before me, with its fruit trees, its flowers, and the bees, but what has become of the girl of nineteen? Oh, what becomes of our youth and beauty? Whither do they go when they leave us? Whither go the fresh and rosy cheeks, the dancing eyes and the smiling lips? What becomes of them when they disappear and leave no trace behind? Those were blue eyes which Raymond loved, and the curls which it pleased him to dangle in his hands and curl about his fingers were light brown; and as for the pink and white of the cheeks—nay, it matters not. The girl was comely, and she found favour in the sight of the only man she could ever love. What more, but to thank the Giver of all good things? Love and beauty are among the fruits of the earth, for which we pray that they may be given to us in due season.

I was sitting in the porch, pretending to be engaged in cutting out and making a new frock. I remember that the stuff was a gray camlet, which is a useful material, and that the frock was already so far advanced that the lining was cut and basted on the camlet. But I was not thinking at all about the work; for, oh! what should a girl think about the very day after her lover had spoken to her? Spoken, do I say? Nay, kneeled before her and prayed to her, and sworn such vows as made her heart leap up, and her cheek first flush with joy and then turn pale with terror; for it is the property of love to fill us first with gladness unspeakable and then with fear. And, besides, I heard voices in the parlour, the window being open, and I knew very well whose voices they were, viz., those of the Vicar and my father, and that they were talking of Raymond and myself. For the Vicar had always been the patron and protector of the Arnolds, but it could not be denied that they came from France, and my father hated all Frenchmen.

Presently, however, the conference was over and they both came out together, my father carrying himself, it seemed to me, with more than his usual dignity. Heavens! what a Lord Mayor he would have made, had Heaven so willed it! Authority sat upon his brow; wealth and success were stamped upon his face. He spoke slowly, and as one whose words bring a blessing upon those who hear them. A corpulence above the common, joined to a stature also above the common, a commanding nose, thick eyebrows, and a deep voice, all joined in producing the effect of great natural dignity.

While my father walked upright, swelling with consequence, the Vicar beside him might have been the domestic chaplain to some great nobleman in the presence of his master. For, being tall and thin, and with a stooping figure, he seemed to be deferring to the judgment of a superior. Yet, as his eyes met mine, there was in them a look of encouragement which raised my hopes.

[To be continued.]

Letter to the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me through the columns of your Journal to suggest that if the Trustees could provide a comfortable room with a piano, where Members could meet any evening and hold smoking concerts and entertainments amongst themselves, it would, I am sure, be regarded as a kindness, and meet with much appreciation. We are aware that the Trustees are doing all in their power to provide comfort and amusement for us; but I have heard several express an opinion that a room where we could hold such social evenings would be a great advantage. The room might be managed and all arrangements carried out by a Committee selected from the Members, and thus put no extra work upon the management of the Institute. Hoping to hear further views on the subject, I am, your obedient servant, H. DAVIS.

Answers to Correspondents.

Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post.

DOROTHY.—A very charming owner, of a very charming name, sends a very charming letter to an—equally charming Editor. Dorothy laments because she has an unsightly wart upon one of her fair digits, and she writes for a remedy to remove the nuisance. Now, we have recommended at divers times all sorts of cures for the removal of warts—ink, paraffin, onions, iodine, etc. Once upon a time we were afflicted also with this annoying excrescence and, determined to get rid of it somehow, we daily pierced that wart with a needle and saturated it with ink—until finally, finding it couldn't stand such treatment any longer it was good enough to take itself off. But we shouldn't recommend Dorothy to do any such thing—for a pierced and ink-saturated finger is by no means an adornment; but instead, we recommend Dorothy to follow her comic-operative namesake's advice, to "Be wise in time" and call on a doctor, who will probably soon find a cure. To Dorothy's other question we regret to say that, for the present at least, the Ambulance Class remains open to the sterner sex only.

ARTHUR.—Until you are a full-fledged Member you cannot enter for those competitions which are exclusively open to the Palace Members only. The others of course you may go in for.

DE LITTEL JOEY.—(1) We should try fly-paper. (2) On the roof of a railway carriage. (3) No; he got lost at Windermere. (4) Was it not uncle George?

ROOSHENE.—(Phœbus, what a name!) *Avez-vous écrit à le beau nègre? Un bête noir—à la Pear. Suiant.*

SIS.—(1) Leave at the office, as soon as possible, a shilling—for registration, which will, upon your being admitted as a Member, constitute the entrance fee. You will be admitted as soon as a vacancy permits. (2) You may join the classes in question, but not—at present—at a reduced fee.

GENERAL GORDON.—(1) At present, no. (2) You will be admitted in your turn. (3) Unfortunately it is not. (4) Much wisdom will have to be exercised before the question of subscription can be decided; in fact, we intend to have quite a Council of Ten upon the matter. (5) You will shortly see this announced publicly. (6) We don't usually send away things for nothing. And now we hope you are satisfied?

WM. MILLER.—Thanks very much for your suggestions, but we cannot see our way to do as you think. Should you write again, please inscribe on your address, "The Editor."

OLE RUMNEY.—We are very pleased that you like our first number, and we hope your sanguine predictions will be confirmed. Of course, we cannot tell yet what dimensions it will assume; but have a very shrewd idea about the matter.

J. E. K.—Should think not; but should dearly like to try. Suppose you send us one, and then we can closely examine for ourselves. No; we never give free advertisements to anyone.

ALICE HANSON.—(1) So glad you enjoyed your visit to the Flower Show. (2) We agree with you—she is a charming lady.

TOM HURST.—You must take the greatest possible care of yourself; avoid late hours, and never expose yourself to cold draughts. Go warmly clad; wear a scarf—never mind appearances—comfort is the first consideration. To our great regret we notice that many young men of the present day unwisely expose themselves to many dangers by their carelessness of attire; and did they but know the risks they run they possibly would speedily dress themselves in a more rational manner.

NUGGET.—Very pretty. *Entre nous*—it does seem rather odd; but the fault is clearly on your side.

CÆSAR'S WIFE.—And of course you are "above suspicion!" We shall think your remarks over, and eventually they will probably bear fruit; but in the meantime pray accept our heartiest thanks.

TRADDLES, JUNR.—If we mistake not, it was the Shah of Persia that made the remark. Clearly not Cetewayo. Come, now, try and remember.

LITTLE BUTTERCUP.—No, miss; it clearly is not so. "The reason you cannot tell why." Neither can we: because this is purely a personal matter.

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus, the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to Competitions in any given number must be received not later than Thursday in the week following. They may be sent earlier, but if later, will be disqualified.
3. Every Competitor must, when the subject of the Competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
4. All Competitors must send with their answers their correct names and addresses. On the envelope they should write, distinctly, the class of the Competition in which they are taking part—Class A or Class B, or C or D, as the case may be.
5. The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
6. Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
7. Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose in their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
8. Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
9. All answers, delivered by hand or through the post, must be addressed to *The "Competition" Editor*,

THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE,
MILE END ROAD, E.

COMPETITIONS SET ON NOVEMBER 16th.

A capital start was made in the Competitions and puzzles, and replies arrived in hosts. The competitors already number some hundreds, and it is earnestly hoped that they will soon have to be counted by thousands. Everybody has a chance, though everybody cannot win a prize all at once, but, the greater the number competing, the more honour and glory to the winners. So if at first you don't succeed, try again, and make your brothers and sisters and friends try too, so that if you yourself do not get the prize, one of them may, and if none of you get it, you may have plenty of companions in misfortune—which is always a consolation. It will be readily understood that to deal with a great number of replies in several different classes is a task of considerable labour. This labour is willingly undertaken, but the editor feels sure that the competitors would not wish to make it greater than necessary, and will assist him as far as possible, and he therefore hopes that particular attention may be paid to the two following requests:—

1. Observe Rule No. 4 above, and do not forget to mark the envelope or cover of your reply with the initial of the class in which you are competing.
 2. When competing in more than one competition, or for a weekly prize and a quarterly prize at the same time, send them in one envelope, but write your answers on different pieces of paper. Thus, if a girl goes in (as every girl should) for competitions A, B, and C, and for the puzzles, she should send four separate sheets of paper.
- And now having called the Competitors to order, the Editor will proceed to the far pleasanter task of awarding the prizes.

CLASS A.

There was great diversity of opinion as to the six greatest benefactors of the human race. No fewer than 120 different persons were named, most of whom have contributed in one way or another to the good of humanity—even Mr. Berry, the hangman, whom one genial lady considers a chief benefactor of the race. Out of this number there were certain cases where names appeared far more often than others, and these, it will be seen, are chiefly those who applied their minds to adding to the material comfort of their fellow creatures. The following are the six names most frequently mentioned, which, for the purposes of the competition, must be considered the six greatest benefactors of their race. The figures opposite the names denote the number of votes obtained by each.

George Stephenson	83
William Caxton	66
Rowland Hill	60
William Wilberforce	54
The late Earl of Shaftesbury	41
James Watt	40

The next six were—

Martin Luther	36
Christopher Columbus	26
Baroness Burdett Coutts	25
Edward Jenner	20
Elizabeth Fry	15
Dr. Barnardo	13

No list sent in contained all the six names which came out first. Seven competitors named five out of the six. These were W. H. Carter (who gave as his sixth Luther), Caroline M. Brockway and F. Isaacs (Columbus), Edith Tate and Florence Harding (Elizabeth Fry), and Thomas Moreton (Thomas Guy). One of these, it will be seen, gave Luther, who came out seventh; and, as no one else was quite so near, he has been adjudged the winner. The prize, therefore, goes to

WILLIAM HENRY CARTER,
84, DOWNSSELL ROAD, STRATFORD NEW TOWN, E.
The five ladies who came next deserve much congratulation.

CLASS B.

The Editor regrets that he did not save some Competitors trouble by announcing that none of the letters in the word "starch" might be used more than once in forming a single word, and that plurals and foreign words would not be allowed to count. He also regrets that others did not save him trouble by refraining from writing down words which have no existence. Nearly every list had to be cut down, for none but recognised English words were considered allowable. "A" was not allowed to count, nor such expressions as "tah"—a baby's "thank-you." In the result it was found that the lists of two Competitors contained thirty-six good words, while no others had more than thirty-five. The prize will therefore be divided between

JACOB COLSON,
VINE COTTAGE, BROMLEY ROAD, STEPNEY.
and HENRY THOMAS WADKIN,
24, CYPRUS STREET, VICTORIA PARK, E.

The number of competitors who gave thirty-five and thirty-four good words was very large. One hundred and fifteen competed.

CLASS C.

(1.) The letters descriptive of the People's Palace were very satisfactory indeed. They went straight to the point, were well written, and there was not a single mistake in spelling among them all. The Editor would be glad to give all the Competitors a prize, but that, unfortunately, he is not able to do, as it was his duty to make invidious comparisons, and the result of them is that he has decided that the best letter is that written by

ALICE BELL,
ORNS VILLA, SOUTHWEST ROAD, LEYTONSTONE,

who therefore takes the prize. And if, where all are good, a second is to be mentioned, it is Alice M. Leach. The Editor would like to print the successful letter for the satisfaction of the other Competitors, and as an example to all letter writers, but unhappily space cannot be spared.

(2.) The award in the antimacassar competition will be announced next week.

CLASS D.

The awards in all the competitions of this class will be announced next week.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITIONS.

CLASS A—OPEN TO ALL.

The competition to decide who are the six greatest benefactors of the human race having found so much favour, it is proposed that this week the opposite question shall be put to the vote.

A Prize of Ten Shillings is therefore offered for a list of the six worst specimens of the human race that have ever existed. No one now alive may be named, but in all other respects Competitors are free to express their opinions. As before, the competition will be decided by votes, and the Competitor whose list contains most of the names adjudged the worst will receive the prize. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, Dec. 8th.

CLASS B—FOR MEMBERS OF THE PALACE ONLY.

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered to the Member who shall make the best verse of six lines, each line ending with one of the words given below, in the order there set down.

- smart
flower
heart
power
call
fall

Thus, in the verse required, the first line must end with the word "smart," the second with the word "flower"; and so on. Answers not later than noon on Dec. 8th.

CLASS C—FOR GIRLS ONLY.

A Prize of Half-a-Crown will be given to the girl who sends in the best answer to the following questions:

"What is your ideal of life? Supposing you had free choice of all kinds of existence on earth, what would you be?"

(It is not necessary to give reasons for any particular choice, but the kind of life selected should be described in some detail.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown will be given for the best and most neatly executed specimen of Splashwork. Splashwork, it is perhaps, not necessary to explain, is done by pinning a leaf or leaves on paper, and then spattering ink over it with a brush through a comb. When the leaf is unpinning its impression is left printed on the paper.

CLASS D—FOR BOYS OF THE DAY SCHOOL ONLY.

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best Box, made by folding a piece of paper.

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best Essay on "The Cat" (the animal).

In answer to enquiries, it must be understood that articles submitted for competition cannot in any circumstances be returned.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

Puzzles are given every week, and marks are awarded for correct answers. The Competitors who have given most correct solutions, and who have thus won most marks in a quarter (thirteen weeks) will be the winners of Quarterly Prizes.

Only one set of puzzles is given each week, but the distinction between the four classes is observed. For value of prizes see previous announcements.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET ON NOVEMBER 16th.

The Editor has to apologise to Competitors for two or three misprints which were allowed to creep into these puzzles, and begs to thank those who took the trouble to point them out.

- NUMBER CHARADE—Starch.
WORD SQUARES—Idol. Dive. Oven. Lent.
Load. Oily. Aloe. Dyer.
Thin. Hare. Iris. Nest.
Fast. Asia. Siam. Tame.

TWO SONGS—Two Lovely Black Eyes.
Over the Garden Wall.

BURIED CITIES—Madrid, Forfar, Berlin, Bath, Chester, Dover.

It is not proposed to publish the names of solvers from week to week. The score will be carefully kept, and the winners announced at the end of the quarter (thirteen weeks).

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

A father died and left his seventeen horses to be divided among his three sons. The eldest was to have half, the second a third, and the youngest a ninth of the whole number, but none of the horses were to be killed and cut up. How was the division made, and how many horses did each son get?

I am a wonderful piece of mechanism. I am composed of two caps, a box, two lids, and several weathercocks, a fine stag, two good fishes and some smaller ones, two lively animals and many milder ones, two scholars, two tall trees, two places of worship, and two musical instruments, and I am attended by half-a-score of Spanish gentlemen. What am I?

CRYPTOGRAMS.

Each letter of the alphabet is represented by some other letter, but always by the same: thus, if x once stood for a (which it doesn't), every x would stand for an a.

Tfoe ifs wjdupsjvpt
Ibqqz boe hmpsjvpt
Mpoh up sfjho pwfs vt
Hpe tbwf uif Rvfto.

Kzcxahqc, kzcxahqc, ekx zwzx gnld
Xntq gntrd hr nm ehqd zmc xntq bgkqcqdm zqd fnmd.

A stranger comes from foreign shores,
Perchance to seek relief;
Curtail him and you find his tale
Unworthy of belief.
Curtail again you recognise
The old Egyptian chief.

CHARADES.

My first is an article, my second a curse, my third a Spaniard;
my whole is to desert.
My first is a preposition, my second a composition, and my
whole an acquisition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. POPE.—It is not necessary to be a Member to compete in Class A.

W. F. GRAHAM.—I am sorry your communication did not reach me in time to be answered before. You were quite right about the misprints, and I hope they did not deter you from competing.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

All answers, both to the Competitions and the Puzzles, must be sent in NOT LATER than noon on THURSDAY morning, Dec. 8th, and must be addressed to THE "COMPETITION" EDITOR, THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

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6. Reduction in Fees of all Classes.
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