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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
CYCLING CLUB.—Usual Woodford run.
BOXING CLUB.—Committee Meeting.
- FRIDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
LITERARY SOCIETY.—Meeting to reconsider Rules, etc., at 8 o'clock.
CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Practice.
BOXING CLUB.—Usual Practice.
- SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closes at 12 o'clock.
CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT (Queen's Hall) at 3 o'clock.
CRICKET CLUB.—First Match, at Merton Hall, Wimbledon.
RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Merton Hall, Wimbledon.
CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Waltham Cross.
LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Usual Practice at 3 o'clock.
CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL at 12.30. LIBRARY open from 3 till 10.
- MONDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Meeting at 8 o'clock.
- TUESDAY.—LIBRARY open from 9 till 5, and from 6 till 10.
PARLIAMENT meets at 8 o'clock.
- WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY closed at 5 o'clock.
USUAL CONCERT (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.
LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Usual Practice.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 6th, at 12.30 p.m.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST MR. C. AYNOTT WEST.

1. March Romaine Gounod.
2. Andante in E minor Batiste.
3. "Heaven and earth display" (Athalie) Mendelssohn.
4. "Silver Trumpets" March Viviani.
5. Adagio Amoroso Ignace Pleyel.
6. Postlude in C Batiste.
7. The Lost Chord A. Sullivan.
8. Andante Cantabile. Sonata No. 2. Mozart.
9. Sanctus. (Twelfth Mass) Mozart.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

ONE naturally feels a little surprise that at Exeter Hall, supposed to be one of the centres of philanthropic work, a meeting should have been held, the object of which was to oppose Sir John Lubbock's Bill. Every one, either as a shop assistant or a buyer, is interested in this question; and all those who know anything of the exhaustive labour and long hours imposed on shopkeepers and their employes must feel the necessity for some reform. It is, however, very doubtful whether eight o'clock closing would not be a serious inconvenience, and whether it also would not result in a large number of young persons losing a means of earning their livelihood. Again, if all shops are to be shut at eight, it seems unfair that public houses should be kept open till midnight; and it is difficult to see how any rule as to this could be carried out.

WOULD it not be much better to compel shopkeepers to employ their assistants for a certain number of hours only? There are certain times during the day when business is so slack that a couple of assistants might well be spared for three or four hours, without causing inconvenience or pecuniary loss—and a couple of hours off in the afternoon would probably be as great a boon to a tired shop girl as the same time after eight o'clock.

AN extremely important decision affecting men and boys employed in machinery work was given last week in the Queen's Bench Division. A seaman asked for a new trial of an action against ship-owners for injuries which he had sustained by the bursting of a boiler in one of their vessels. The Court, however, refused the application made under the Employers' Liability Act, because there was no proof that the defendants were cognisant of defects in the machinery.

THE *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* gives some interesting facts about London bird-catchers. The places *par excellence* in which bird-catching can be carried on are the plains or downs within a mile or so of the sea-shore and Brighton Downs, and the plains and commons in the neighbourhood of Eastbourne and Hastings are regularly visited by whole hordes of catchers. An enormous number of birds are also taken much nearer London, indeed, not more than five or six miles from Charing Cross. The orthodox time for catching is from immediately after daybreak to mid-day: and the nets used, which are about twelve yards long by two and a half yards wide, are laid flat on the ground, and are worked by the operator (who stands some thirty or forty yards off) by means of a cord. The catcher does not, however, at any time solely rely upon the attraction of sprinkled grain or seeds on the ground. Between the wings of the net and more or less all about, he has, in little cages, placed in various

portions around the nets at least half a score or so of "call" or "decoy" birds, whose mission it is to keep up an incessant twittering, so as to attract the attention of their wild companions passing overhead; and as a final allurement there is the all-important "play-bird," an unfortunate little fellow (usually of the linnet species). He is accommodated with a moveable perch placed about midway between the wings and under the control of the catcher by means of a connecting cord, in the same way as the nets themselves. On observing the approach of a flight, the catcher gives the said string a series of quick jerks which sadly discomposes the play-bird's equanimity, and causes him to flutter about in what must appear to passing birds as a perfectly natural manner, and consequently has the desired effect of making them descend and alight within the area covered by the nets. Apart from the inconvenience attending the performance of repeatedly being put in motion, the play-bird becomes more or less entangled in the meshes of the net every time they are enfolded, and his career is usually a very short one.

It is pleasant to hear on good authority that Mr. John Morley, whose political opinions are so very widely different, always carries a volume of Matthew Arnold's poetry about with him for "inspiration." The question as to whether his prose will live or not, has been a good deal debated this week in the papers; but the verdict as to the immortality of much of Arnold's verse is pretty unanimous. What, for instance, can be more exquisite than the last lines of the poem called "The Future."

Haply the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge,
Fling their wavering lights,
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.
And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam.
As it draws to the ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast—
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.

A correspondent writes to the *Field* as follows from Stackpole, Pembrokeshire:—Some of your readers may be interested to hear of a curious misadventure which happened to a deer at this place a few days ago. Early one morning, the herd of deer were noticed to be very much disturbed—staring about them, and occasionally darting off in all directions, taking refuge in wood and water, several swimming across the lake which bounds the park on one side—in fact, rather reminding one of the herd of swine, &c. But the evil spirit in this case, was one of their comrades in sore distress, he had been rambling about the keeper's house the night before, and had got entangled in a children's swing, consisting of a wooden seat, measuring 19-in. by 9-in., and a sufficient length of rope to fasten it securely to one of his horns. With this acquisition he careered about the park, and evidently appeared astonished that his associates should look upon him with such awe. Keepers were sent out to try to secure and liberate him; but he managed to evade them by hiding between a fallen tree and a pigsty-wall. In this secluded spot he remained until early next morning, when he was discovered and pursuit recommenced. He went away as if mad, jumping a park-gate 5-ft. 9-in. high—handicapped, remember 5-lb. of lumber about his head; making for the village, he was headed and turned back into the park which he crossed, and then went straight at the boundary wall 6-ft. high, which he cleared! After swimming another lake, he was overtaken and finally shot in an exhausted and much bruised state.

The Swimming Bath.

ON Monday week, the 14th inst., our Swimming Bath is to be opened by the generous donor, the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery. A grand Aquatic Display will be given by our *confrères* of the Polytechnic Swimming Club, after which his lordship will proceed to the Gymnasium to witness the gymnastic exercise of our Members, and I sincerely hope that we shall see a large number present, who I am quite sure will accord his lordship a very hearty welcome. It is within the bounds of possibility that the arrangements for the Bath will not be complete enough to enable us to open it to the public immediately, and therefore, as a matter of caution, we shall not announce the opening of the Bath to the public until the following Monday, the 21st (Whit Monday), by which time we hope to have everything in good working order. All I can say is, that everything that is possible shall be done to get the Bath ready for May 14. Should it be a week later than was originally intended I hope our Members will make up for lost time when everything is nicely completed.

The following are the regulations under which the Bath will be conducted:—It will be open to the public every day, from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m. On Tuesday it will be reserved entirely for females, who will be expected to provide their own bathing dresses. They will, however, be able to hire them at the Bath, a charge of 1d. being made.

On Thursday evening, from 6.30, the Bath will be reserved entirely for our own Members. The Swimming Club will, on this evening, have the privilege of having the Bath cleared for their races and competitions. On Saturday morning we propose to admit the Scholars of the Public Elementary Schools, from 6 a.m. till 2 p.m. The prices of admission will be to the general public, 3d.; to the Members of the Palace, 2d.

Evening Instruction will be given Free to Members of the Palace, under restrictions that will be laid down by the Instructors.

Non-Members will be able to receive instruction in Swimming at 10s. 6d. per course of twelve lessons. The Public Elementary Scholars will be admitted at 2d. each, including instruction.

Under such arrangements it is expected that our Bath will be largely patronised; and it is hoped that every effort will be made by our Members to make this grand Palace acquisition a complete success.

EDMUND HAY CURRIE,
Chairman of Trustees.

The Earldom of Bridgewater.—On the death of the Duke of Bridgewater, his relative, then General Egerton, claimed the earldom, but found a difficulty in complying with the established rules of the House of Lords—that before a nobleman can take his seat he must produce his patent, or prove his descent from a former peer—inasmuch as he could not find the registers of the marriage of his grandfather or father. The former, when Bishop of Hereford, had run away with Lady Harriet Bentinck, a daughter of Lord Portland, which occasioned the difficulty in that case. This was got over; but not so readily the other impediment; for though Lord Bridgewater knew that his father, when Bishop of Durham, had married Lady Sophia de Grey, a daughter of the Duke of Kent, and that the ceremony was performed at the Chapel Royal, George the Second attending to give away the bride; though all these were circumstances of public notoriety; still he could not find the marriage recorded in the St. James's register. For almost a twelve-month he was thus prevented from taking his seat, when, having offered by advertisement a considerable reward to any one who should give him such information as should enable him to obtain the required document, his agent, Mr. Clarke, was waited upon one morning by a very old man, who stated that he could prove the marriage of Egerton, Bishop of Durham, with Lady Sophia de Grey, having himself acted as clerk on that occasion. He related that, in consequence of the lameness of His Majesty, the ceremony was performed in the pew in which the King sat instead of at the altar; and that the pew being in St. Martin's, and not in St. James's, the marriage was registered in the former parish. Search was immediately made at St. Martin's Church, and the entry found forthwith.—From *Sir Bernard Burke's Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, Second Series.*

Humours of Epsom Races.

EPSOM RACES, the Isthmian carnival of Londoners, date, by tradition, from more than two centuries back; but this is almost as uncertain as the time of the discovery of Epsom Wells. Both alike contributed to raise the place from an obscure village to a focus of gaiety, which reached its zenith in the last century. The railway has, however, severed the Downs from the town; and thousands of Londoners know Epsom but in association with Epsom Races. A century ago the journey from London to Epsom occupied twelve or fourteen hours; now it is a flight of a few minutes. In the olden time there were races on the Downs in the morning, the gentry returned to the town to dinner, and then went to the afternoon races; and within recollection, in "the race week," Epsom town was crowded with company.

However, both Races and Wells are stated to be coeval with the residence of James I. at the Palace of Nonsuch early in the seventeenth century. It was a favourite resort of Queen Elizabeth and here she had her first tiff with the Earl of Essex. Nonsuch was settled upon Anne, Queen of James I., whose physicians, hearing of the spa, soon found it to contain what a few old-fashioned people call "Epsom salts." As the Court doctors discovered the spring, so the Court gallants got up the races. They were first held at irregular intervals; and curious it is to read in Clarendon's folio that, in 1648, a meeting of the Royalists was held on Bansted Downs (by which name the Epsom Downs are occasionally referred to in old documents), "under the pretence of a horse-race." But the reign of James I. was the starting-point of horse-racing, then conducted nearly in the same style as to essentials as in the present day, of which, among other evidence, we find etchings upon old silver tankards, then race-prizes. During the Civil Wars the races were suspended; but they were restored by Charles II., who substituted silver cups or bowls for the Royal gift of the ancient bells. Charles gave Nonsuch to his Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled down the extensive palace, the materials of which were mostly used in enlarging Epsom. In one of the mansions thus built, named Durdans, 1662, Charles II. and his Queen, Prince Rupert, and the Court, dined with the Earl of Berkeley. John Evelyn was also a guest, and three years later he met here Bishop Wilkins, Sir William Petty, and Mr. Hooke:—"Perhaps three such persons together were not to be found elsewhere in Europe for parts and ingenuity." At Durdans resided Frederick, Prince of Wales, who often enjoyed hawking on Epsom Downs, where is a spot yet known as "The Hawkerly."

Mention of Epsom occurs in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys. Leigh Hunt, in his novel of *Sir Ralph Esher*, has some very picturesque writing of Epsom in Charles II.'s reign. Sir John Menies, one of the wits of that day, wrote a poem on Epsom Wells; and Shadwell wrote a comedy called *Epsom Wells*, frequently acted at the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

Old Epsom has a host of notabilities. Upon the fine old mansion of Woodcote, Grinling Gibbons and Verrio wrought. About 1640, Epsom Spa brought flocks of visitors from France, Germany, and other parts of Europe; and the bilious citizens of London came here, the journey to the German Spa being too expensive. In 1684, there was a post daily to and fro betwixt London and Epsom during the season for drinking the waters. Lodging-houses and houses of entertainment were added; and here were the New Inn, reputed to be the largest in England; sedans and hackney-coaches; public breakfasts, dancing, and music every morning at the Wells; a ring as in Hyde Park; on the Downs, horse-races daily; cudgel-playing, wrestling, and foot-races;

assemblies and card-parties. Queen Anne's consort, Prince George of Denmark, drank the waters at Epsom, when sixty coaches might be counted in the ring on a Sunday evening. About 1690 an apothecary set up a rival well to the Old Well. He built an assembly-room and gaming-rooms; shops for jewellers, milliners and toymen; planted a grove and laid out a bowling-green—in which were the New Wells; which, proving inefficacious, the schemer bought and locked up the Old Well, and thus prevented a comparison between the genuine and spurious mineral water.

The South Sea speculators sent here "Alchemists, Dutchmen, Germans, Jews," etc., who brought with them gambling. Epsom then went out of fashion; but, upon the Old Well being re-opened, the gaiety revived with public breakfasts, music, dancing and cards. The spring was then altogether neglected; but in 1822 an 1823 patients came here to drink the waters for scrofula and liver complaints. The Wells are now more remembered for their fashionable fame than for their health-giving properties.

Among the Epsom celebrities were Jonathan Boucher the philologist; Parkhurst, of the celebrated Greek Lexicon; Attorney-General Northey, who gave from his park the first brood of rooks for the rookery in Temple Gardens, London; and at Pitt Place, near the church, Lord Littleton "saw the ghost." But we have omitted Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter or shape-mistress, who gained twenty guineas a day by her practice, and came twice a week from Epsom to London in her chariot and four horses to attend town patients. However, she married the footman of a mercer on Ludgate Hill—an unhappy match. She next removed to Pall Mall, then the highway of quackery. In less than a year, fame, fortune, and friends forsook her, and she died at Seven Dials, and was buried by the parish. She figures in Hogarth's print of "The Undertaker's Arms," between two fellow-empirics, Ward and Taylor. Mapp lost herself by leaving Epsom, the best "pitch" for her "bone-setting" business. To this archæological gossip we may add our reminiscence of the Epsom of fifty years since, when large old houses, galleried inns, and public-houses unusually numerous, were the remains of the older gaieties of the Wells and the Races.

The Prince of Wales an Odd-Fellow.—Near to the south-end of Grosvenor Row, Chelsea, was a small public-house, "The Feathers," to which a curious anecdote is attached. A lodge of Odd Fellows, or some similar society, held its meetings here; and on one occasion, when a new member was being initiated into the mysteries of the fellowship, in rushed two persons, whose abrupt intrusion threw the whole assemblage into uproar. Summary punishment was proposed by an expeditious kick into the street; but just as it was about to be bestowed, the secretary recognised one of the intruders as George Prince of Wales. Circumstances instantly changed: it was indeed the Prince out on a nocturnal ramble: accordingly, it was proposed that His Royal Highness and his companion should be admitted members. The Prince assented, and was chairman the remainder of the evening; and the chair in which he sat, ornamented in consequence with the triple plume, is still preserved in the parlour of the modern tavern in Grosvenor Street West; and over it hangs a coarsely-painted portrait of the Prince in the robes of the order. The old "Feathers" was removed in 1851, and, on clearing the ground, coins, old horse-shoes, war implements, and some human remains were found. At the intersection of the cross-roads at the end of Grosvenor Place, suicides were subjected to the revolting burial then awarded by the law. The last person thus interred was named Griffiths, the son of a colonel, who had first murdered his father and then destroyed himself. This took place in 1823.—*Memorials of Knightsbridge.*

The Strawberry.—It is related of the convivial Mr. Alderman Faulkner, that one night when he expected his guests to sit late, and try the strength of his claret and his head, he took the precaution to place in his wine-glass a strawberry, which his doctor, he said, had recommended to him on account of its cooling qualities. On the faith of this specific he drank even more deeply, and, as might be expected, was carried away earlier than usual. When some of his friends condoled with him the next day, and attributed his misfortune to six bottles of claret which he had drunk, the Alderman was extremely indignant. "The claret," he said, "was sound, and never could do anybody any harm; any discomfort was altogether caused by that single strawberry which I kept all night at the bottom of my glass."



Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

"A Chiel's amang ye takin' Notes."

LADIES first, please. Another excellent entertainment was given in the Ladies' Social-room at dewy eve on Thursday last, when our numerous nut-browne maydes again had the privilege of introducing their brothers, their cousins, and their *pères*. Our Mutual Friend, the sub-Ed., ever anxious to distinguish himself by his gallantry, again acted as the presiding deity. This *en passant*. The programme was opened—I'm going to be particularly and scrupulously correct this time, and so avoid another "nice" letter from an Unknown—was opened by the pianah-playing of the popular Miss Hale; which, being finished, Mr. Irrepressible Hawkins, in his good old falsetto, vocally explained as how he wasn't no human being at all, at all; but only a haminated wax-works from Madame Bakerstreet-Tussaud's. [Ironical cries from the Opposition: Heah, heah!] Then our sweetest trillist, Miss Vandyck, Adelina Patti'd a pretty, little ditty, which in its turn was followed by a brief interval. By this time the room was filled to over-flowing; several of the Palace ladies having literally to "go to the wall." It was extremely curious to note how widely separated from the ladies were the majority of the masculines; in fact, Moody and some of the now-famous "Gang" were quite "cornered" the whole of the evening. But this, again, by the way.

MR. AND MRS. MELLISH then commenced a very brilliant pianahforte duet; and Premier Masters modestly spun them a yarn all about his Nancy belle—gaining, of course, the sympathies of the fair sex present. Quickly following, the trusty Miss Sinclair gave another sweet song from her apparently inexhaustible stock of beautiful toones; after which, Miss Auerbach told the company with much indignation and fine effect, that *she* wasn't mad—not mad! which I can well believe. Then McKenzie, who is quite the Lothario, you know, pleasantly warbled "Then you'll remember me"—as if we should ever forget him! Perish the thought. Mr. Crowder followed with a song expressly dedicated to "lovely woman"; and our old friend Miss Marshall came off triumphant with a lively melody, enlizing roses—if I remember rightly. Tennisian Frost enlisted the sympathy of his audience on the pianah; Miss Dorothy Bready "imitated" Mr. Hayden Coffin, with an excellent rendering of "Queen-of-my Heart"; which in turn was followed by Captain Deeley who, with his Boys of the Old Brigade, fairly took the place by storm. [I don't quite remember, though, whether Deeley or his audience sung this song; I am afraid it was the latter—yet somehow, everybody wanted an "ongcore."] Then Miss Juliet Marks gave, in a very finished way indeed, the old favourite "Betsey and I," which recitation would have been still more successful had not the lady been rudely interrupted by a number of cads—they were nought else—overcrowding the threshold. However, the harmony was soon restored, for Mr. Ashford put everybody into a good humour by singing "Killaloe" in a manner that very few artists off the stage could equal. I am afraid after this my list got just a leetle mixed; but I can remember that Mr. Newport sung very well; and then, at exactly three minutes to ten Mr. Mellish gave the last melody (but one) of the evening; and the proceedings terminated with the National Anthem—no demonstration this time!

AT the conclusion of the great libel case (Coody and Others v. the sub-Ed.) I shall have a little to say on the matter. At present I must abstain from making "remarks"; otherwise might I be committed for contempt.

THROUGH a most unfortunate error on the part of our printer the greater part of the merrie Moreton's Club report was omitted in our last issue. I find it exceedingly difficult to apologise gracefully to the m. M.; but it's no use beating about the bush. I am naturally sorry that such a thing should have occurred; and the wrath of the footballists is doubtless dire in consequence. But at the same time I sincerely hope that, taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case, the assalters of the football-leather will let me down—well, rather gently.

THE Concert in aid of the Cricket Club funds passed off very successfully last night, when a most enjoyable Entertainment was provided. Our Choral and Orchestral Societies came to the front in a most surprising manner—astonishing everybody. Mr. Orton Bradley and Mr. W. R. Cave were at their posts, and much of the success of the Concert came from their individual efforts. The artistes were Mr. T. W. Page and Miss Agnes Moltano, who acquitted themselves with their accustomed ability. I don't know how much richer the Cricketers' funds will be for this entertainment; but judging from the glistening eyes of the genial Carter and the no less genial Marshall, I should imagine that the Queen's Hall must have proved a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground. The enthusiasm existing in this cricketing section is simply amazing; and I often wonder where it will stop. Carter—who, being a true sportsman has given up every other amusement so that his whole leisure may be devoted to his club—is wonderfully buoyant and expectant; but I hope he won't go so far in his enthusiasm as the hero of the following little paragraph

ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, when I was quite in the spring-time of my youth, I had in a personal friend—a veritable David—a most devoted and ardent admirer of sports: especially so of cricket. Well, one day—I remember we had come to London to spend the Easter vacation—David and I were slowly walking in the neighbourhood of Regent Street, when he suddenly alighted upon a nice, black-china, door-handle. The sight of that handle aroused all the cricket within his youthful nature. Visions of his many conquests on the field swept across his mind's eye: and with a sudden, irresistible impulse he sprang forward and lifted the implement from the gutter. There was a lamp-post a wicket's length away, so poising the china door-handle to a nice elevation, he took a swift, round-arm bowl at that street illuminator. 'Twas a beautiful "ball": well pitched, and well on the leg stump; and he must have longed with all his heart to have seen a batsman at the "wicket." Just as he let fly, a gentleman, turning the corner, stopped short—apparently in mute admiration; and the natural vanity of the juvenile cricketer glowed within him as he thought that perhaps the admiring spectator was himself a keen cricketer. That "ball" took the "wicket." It did more. It rebounded, and went clean through a nice, big, plate-glass window that somehow, unfortunately, stood near. He didn't run: in fact he couldn't. So we both stood there thinking o'er the strange turn that "ball" had taken. A ten-pound note covered the expenses, but alas! for my ardent David, he had to go penniless the whole of next term.

THE first great match of our cricketers takes place on this coming Saturday, when they journey to gorse Wimbledon, to beat the Polytechnic fellows on their own ground. Latest reports from Merton Hall (Wimbledon) tell me that that interesting locality has been for the past week or so flooded with water, and that, in consequence, the Poly. party couldn't play there last Saturday. It is to be hoped that the waters will have subsided ere the eventful 5th, otherwise we may expect—as my old friend Kerridge hath it—a Noah full ark. (Remember the joke?) Don't forget that our Palace Ramblers, under Cap'n Bullock and Lieutenant Rout, are also due at Wimbledon on Saturday. They are going to journey thither for a distant ramble, but ostensibly with a view of noting a Palace triumph. So cheer up, Henry!

TEMPTED by the cheerful but fitful Sol, and being egged on by the wild enthusiasm of those that cricket, I last Saturday made a pilgrimage to Wanstead Ruts, and watched with some interest the trial match. Unlike our old friend, the mystic "Stroller," I am not exactly "an authority" on the grand English game; but it struck me that our fellows were composed of very good material, and that the Regent Streetists—should they achieve a triumph—will have first of all to encounter a firm and determined antagonism. Captain Carter was certainly "there"; and Buffalo Bill Bowman caused all and sundry to sit up and snort in astonishment; whilst the all-round Goodwin certainly made a mark upon the sands of time, and appeared to establish himself. But I am anticipating.

ONE of the Ladies' Social-rooms bore witness to a very pleasing Palace incident on Friday evening last. The Choral Class had taken possession, and something that had been kept quite close and secret was brought to light. Just as the excitement was reaching its height, and the emotional pupils, greatly to the bewilderment of their conductor, were singing woefully out of time, Sir Edmund Currie appeared upon the scene, and turning to Mr. Orton Bradley, begged to be excused such an unseemly interruption. He had, he said, been asked to attend there that evening by the members of his (Mr. Bradley's) Choral Class, for the purpose of presenting that gentleman with a mark of the great esteem in which he was (and is) held by his Palace pupils. He was extremely gratified to find that his (Mr. Bradley's) labours had been so quickly and so generously recognised, and contented that the musical portion of the Palace work was one of the greatest of its great features. As Chairman of the Beaumont Trustees, it gave him unqualified pleasure in handing to Mr. Bradley such a substantial proof of the services he had rendered to the People's Palace. Sir Edmund, taking a conductor's *baton* from the hand of Miss Rogers, then, on behalf of those present, handed the same to the astonished Mr. Bradley. The stick is a very handsome one, being composed of ivory and silver, the centre silver piece being very finely engraved.

IN a few earnest words Mr. Bradley begged to thank the givers with all his heart—and was quite at a loss to understand what he had done to deserve such a beautiful gift. He had only done his duty—(hear, hear)—and it was most gratifying to find that he had not laboured in vain. He was not accustomed to speech-making, but he again wished to offer his most sincere and gratified thanks. After a short time of excitement the class resumed its duties, but the restlessness natural to the occasion had not diminished when the chorallists separated for the night. In fact, the gratification of the two great Frederics—Spicer and Mears—whom I strongly suspect were at the bottom of the secret, was most marked, and their respective consciences must have felt greatly relieved when they escaped from the presence of that gentleman they had so satisfactorily helped to testimonialise.

THE new Library, which is fast approaching completion, will be opened, all being well, in the middle of June. The interior is very striking—the lofty, domed roof, and the busts of eminent litterateurs

presenting a very fine appearance. In the centre, and exactly beneath the dome is situated a— But this, again, is anticipation. Tarry a little, ye impatient Joyless ones; soft; no haste. You shall find quite a lovely haven—more than you expect; and much exceeding your anticipations.

THE year of 1889 promising to prove a colossal one in the annals of Exhibitions, several fellows have suggested that a fund, to which Members could weekly contribute, should be started at the Palace, for the purpose of visiting the great Paris Exhibition and the Eiffel-Babylonian Tower, in the middle of next summer. An institution not a hundred miles from Regent Street has, I hear, already "gone in for" the same thing. There, the Members pay nience weekly; and there, I further learn, the idea has been received with great enthusiasm. Continental trips are rare, I take it, to the average East-ender, or for the matter of that to the average Briton, and such an one as that above suggested should mean a boon and a blessing to men. Toynbee Hall seems to have shown the lead, for, according to last Friday's *Pall Mall Gazette*, a party of Toyn-bees have just concluded what has proved to be the most economical and successful trip on record: Eighteen days on the Continent, *via* Florence, for a little less than eleven pounds a piece! As cheap as this undoubtedly is we couldn't hope to repeat the same at the Palace, but we might with advantage take a good and beneficial trip to the French Paradise. Could you fellows but know of the beauties of the lovely, incomparable boulevards, the far-stretching, matchless Champs Elysées, and— Well, before we do anything in the matter I should like to know how many Members would care to participate in such a trip. It must be distinctly understood that such an excursion comes from, and would be organised and arranged, by the fellows themselves. Ladies to be excluded. What say, mon cher ami, Albu, and messieurs the pupils of Mons. Vatou?

A GREAT Ministerial crisis in the Parliament! Ex-Premier Wadkin bears the crushing defeat (*vide* daily papers) with his well-known nonchalance; but the Irrepressible, try as he might, cannot conceal his disappointed ambition. How true was my prophetic "primrose" par. of last week! The Grand Old Masters is now at the helm, and methinks 'twill require a power indeed to o'erthrow him, or his party either. More anon. Oh! the merry moments that can be spent with the Parleists. But perhaps it is time that I "rose to a point of order," and dropped the subject, eh, Maynard?—else shall I have the Members coming in their wrath to smite me hip and thigh with "Watty's" famous "armed sticks."

THE Saturday afternoon juvenile entertainment was very successful indeed. The youngsters again crowded the Queen's Hall; and the Waterbury Watch distribution was, you may be sure, the signal for intense excitement. Everything was nicely arranged, and the distribution took place in a most happy manner. The carrying off of the horal treasures was indeed a sight; but I am afraid that much envy burned within the breasts of the unsuccessful. Which is characteristic—not only in the juveniles, but in the big "grown-ups." The prize-winners were Miss Caroline Harley, and Masters William Coleman, Stephen Bussell, Edward Ososki, Henry Hall and John Irving.

THE Rambling Rout and the Roving Bullock have a surprise in store for their club. They are 'gwine to have another famous ramble at Whitsuntide; but not for untold gold will the caustic Rout disclose unto me the intended destination. Why this thussness? I can, however, confidently predict that the journey will be *via* Merstham this time; although I have heard it said that that toothsome, honeycomb village hath yet many charms for the burly B., and that he finds it very difficult to resist such allurements. But as Bullock and I will probably meet at Wimbledon on Saturday next, perhaps it would be as well if I refrained at present from holding the mirror too close to nature. B., you know, has nicely-developed biceps, and might not quite appreciate the sub-Editorial remarks. 'Tis passing strange, but some people will not understand me.

THE first meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday last, and, as a "productive" evening, was barely successful. Apparently the Members are somewhat backward in coming to the front—or, in other words, more confidence is wanting. On Friday next the Rules of the Club are to be reconsidered, when I hope that as many of the Club's Members as possible will turn up to participate. Am glad that Dramatist Miller and Poet Rowe have taken my (last week's) hint and have enrolled themselves. There is plenty of room for all comers. Stand not upon the order of your coming, but come at once.

IN another column will be found a letter from Mr. Mendoza setting forth several very excellent suggestions for the formation of an Art society or club. The writer of the letter has the matter very much at heart, and means business; and it is devoutly to be hoped that his capital ideas will be productive of much good at the P.P. The result, of course, depends in a great measure upon you fellows. If you entertain longings for the beautiful, kindly signify the same in the usual manner—and write to the Journal, or to Mr. A. M. Mendoza, care of Bookstall. We shall then be able to gauge the public opinion in the matter, and to act thereupon. A Photographic Club has originated in the same way and promises to be a thorough success.

THE Gymnasium is beginning to recognise its own importance, for according to the Gymnasium Notes in the present issue several Competitions will shortly be given. Not the least interesting item will be the Assault-at-Arms, which is to be given for the exclusive benefit of our popular Instructor, Sergeant Burdett. This will be, in the gymnastic way, the grandest thing yet given at the Palace. I may not announce the day at present, but will endeavour to do so next issue. Then there is to be a kind of universal Competition, open to all the Gymnastic Clubs in London, which brilliancy it is hoped will attract all the important gymnasts in London. Of this more anon.

THE new Swimming-bath is to be opened in the middle of the present month by the generous donor, Lord Rosebery. This day should be a "red-letter" event in the annals of the P.P.

I AM glad that the letter from one signing himself "Les Temps," published in the Journal a week or so ago, is bearing such good fruit, for we have already received several small donations towards purchasing a clock for the Queen's Hall. I am not going to write a begging paragraph; but I should like to remind all those generously-disposed that any sum will be very gladly received for this object. Should also like to mention that the clock, to be purchased when the funds are sufficient, will be something good and substantial, and not a tuppenny-ha-penny imitation ormolu.

OWING to the great number of our Members journeying to Wimbledon on Saturday next, the usual monthly Committee Meeting of the Ladies' Social Club will be postponed until Saturday, May 12th.

THE Queen's Hall will be closed as a Library on Friday, the 11th of May, for the purposes of cleaning all the books and transferring same to the new building. Newspapers, however, may be seen daily from 9 a.m. till 12 noon, as heretofore. The Library (Queen's Hall) will also be closed to the public on and after Sunday, May 13th, until further notice. Organ recitals will be held as usual, on Sundays, from 12.30 to 1.30 p.m.

EXTRA SPECIAL.]

[SECOND HEARING.]

THE GREAT LIBEL CASE.

THE CASE CONCLUDED.

THE PLAINTIFFS' BAFFLED!

GOOD OLD SUBBY TRIUMPHANT!!!

THE second hearing of the famous and most peculiarly interesting libel case (Coody and Others v. the sub-Editor) came off on Monday night, when the Court was again crowded to excess. Vice-Chancellor Wadkin (senior judge) and Vice-Chancellor Marshall presided. The Plaintiff Tawkins, acting as his own counsel, opened the proceedings, and in the absence of the defendant's counsel made a "strategic" move by getting the defendant into the witness-box—notwithstanding the judge's ruling to the contrary at last sitting. The forensic ingenuity of the learned Tawkins began to mightily develop itself; and by badgering, dove-tailing, and the usual Buzfuzian method, tried his utmost to confuse the defendant, but without any perceptible effect. Finding he could get nothing like information from the witness, the counsel-plaintiff sat him down, and the defendant was then sorely tried by the legal volleys of Messrs. Meeley, Haylor, the learned London and Masters—the latter only of whom was successful in eliciting anything like the desired effect. The defendant was then desired to stand down, and Mr. Bowman was called as a witness for the plaintiffs. Case proceeded.

NOTWITHSTANDING all their skill and ingenuity, the plaintiffs were again decidedly baffled in their attempts to prove their respective cases. So the witness Bowman soon resumed his seat. The Court was then—for two minutes—adjourned, and much irreverence and mocking laughter arose, greatly to the sober horror of their lordships. Sympathising friends handed round acidulated, chocolate and other drops—and, indeed, the jury were greatly in need of this timely succour. Business was then resumed; and after many threatenings (for contempt) and much unseemly laughter it was declared that the case should that day be decided by that Court; so notwithstanding that one of the plaintiffs had not been heard, and though the Counsel for the defence was summarily shut up, Vice-Chancellor Wadkin proceeded to sum up the case, eloquently and impressively pointing out the many points and features contained therein, and finally left that enlightened body of jurymen to decide the action as they thought fit. As the judge sat down intense excitement arose in the Court, which continued whilst the jury were deliberating. But when Foreman Pyman rose to return a verdict the deadliest silence reigned throughout. He said that after mature deliberation that British jury had arrived at the conclusion that the plaintiffs had, by their digressions and their frivolous conduct, signally failed to prove their case; and therefore he, on behalf of his *confères*, should return a verdict in favour of the defendant. (Prolonged applause.) Vice-Chancellor Wadkin, in conclusion, said, that although not agreeing with the jury in their decision, yet he felt it incumbent upon him to tell the defendant that he would leave that Court without the slightest stain upon his character.

[Notice of appeal was given.]

Society and Club Notes.

[NOTE.—Any Club Report arriving after the LAST POST ON MONDAY NIGHT cannot possibly be accepted for the current week.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

SITTING HELD APRIL 24TH.
DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT.
CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

The Speaker (Mr. W. Marshall) in the chair. After reading the Minutes of the previous sitting, and answers to and notice of questions, Mr. Wadkin, the Prime Minister, spoke on the amendment passed at the last sitting of the House, and said the Government were willing to include the measures they proposed being brought before the House, for the removal of the Scotch Crofters' grievances.

In consequence of the acceptance of the amendment by the Government, a vote of confidence was moved by Mr. White, and seconded by Mr. Turner, and after a discussion, with Messrs. Maynard, Hawkins, Valentine, Masters and Wadkin, it was carried. In the absence of Mr. Marchant, the debate on the amendment for "affording facilities for the formation of societies for the protection of the people of Ireland" was opened by Mr. White, and carried on by Messrs. Wadkin, Maynard, Hawkins, Currie, Ring, Taylor, London and Callard.

On the question being put the voting was—

For the Amendment	37
Against	32
Majority for	5

Mr. Albu and Mr. White acted as tellers.

On the result being made known to the House, Mr. Wadkin rose, and, on behalf of the Conservatives, resigned office.

The Speaker called on the Leader of the Opposition, who said he was quite willing and prepared to accept the responsibilities of Government.

The House then resolved itself into Committee for the election of a Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Spratley occupied the chair.

On the proposition of Mr. Ring, Mr. Cayzer was elected to fill the office.

The Speaker resumed the chair, when it was proposed, in consequence of the Cricket Club Concert next Tuesday, to adjourn till the following week.

The House then adjourned.

The House was very crowded during the whole of the evening, many Members, as well as visitors, being unable to secure seats.

MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.

In consequence of the constantly acknowledged incompetence of the late Government, and their comparative indifference to affairs of public importance, we have, at the request of the House, accepted office.

We regret the time at our disposal before the prorogation of Parliament is limited, but we will endeavour to bring forward as many measures of reform as possible, *i.e.*, in the absence of organised obstruction.

Owing to the present condition of Ireland, we deem it expedient to bring before the House the necessity of the repeal of the "Criminal Law Amendment (Ireland) Act, 1887."

The distress now prevalent in the Highlands has become a source of anxiety to the Government. They will therefore ask your attention for the consideration of measures of relief for the Crofters.

We trust that the dignity of the House will be as well sustained in the future, as in the past.

The following form the Cabinet—

Premier and First Lord of the Treasury	..	Mr. W. E. MASTERS.
Foreign Secretary	..	" M. RING.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	..	" C. J. WHITE.
Chief Secretary for Ireland	..	" J. H. MAYNARD.
President of the Board of Trade	..	" L. CURRIE.
President of the Local Government Board	..	" J. MARCHANT.
Attorney-General	..	" A. VALENTINE.
Home Secretary	..	" J. CLENSHAW.
Secretary for War	..	" COURTNEY.
First Lord of the Admiralty	..	" J. TURNER.
Colonial and Indian Secretary	..	" H. CALLARD.
		J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Members who were not present last Friday lost a treat. Sir Edmund H. Currie, on behalf of the Society, presented our esteemed leader, Mr. Orton Bradley, with an ivory *bâton* (silver mounted) with case, for the unceasing labour and interest shown by him.

Sir Edmund spoke a few words to suit the occasion, and expressed his great pleasure at being present for a purpose of this kind.

Members are requested to attend the rehearsals every Friday. Anyone wishing to join the Society should apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

FOOTBALL MATCH, TEA AND SMOKER.

On Saturday week, the Members of the above Club played their last contest on Hackney Common. Owing to their opponents not turning up in full swing, a scratch match was played; and after a most pleasant game retired, with "Sam Weller" appetites, to the Queen's Hotel, and there wound up their first season with a meat tea, followed by a smoker in the evening.

Between thirty and forty sat down to the tea, consisting principally of Members of the P. P., including Cyclists, Ramblers, and Parliamentists.

It was a thoroughly good and welcome spread and the disappearance of the good things, with delicious cups of Bohea and Mocha, was simply bewildering.

After the repast was over, and the porcelain and remaining eatables had been removed, weeds were lighted, and the programme of the evening—so admirably arranged by Messrs. Cantle, Munro, and Butterwick—was commenced.

Mr. G. J. Rayner ably presided at the piano, and the amiable Styles occupied the chair. G. J. Rayner started the ball by selections from "Dorothy." C. Butterwick followed with "The Midshipmite," which gained great applause. "Those Girls at the School," by Jesseman, went down well. "Anchored," by Premier Wadkin, "The Tar's Farewell," by Hobday, "His Lordship winked at the Counsel," by Mr. Lark, and "Killaloe," by Mr. Arnold, received great applause. Mr. Rogers recited splendidly "The Dandy Fifth." This was followed by a song, "My Lady," by Mr. Brooks, which was received with enthusiasm; as were the two others which he gave later on. Mr. J. Munro sang the "Seven Ages of Man" in a creditable manner. Mr. Gildersleve gave a very fine rendering of "The Revenge," which was greatly appreciated. "So it was," nicely sung by F. Mansfield, finished the first half of the programme.

While the first part was being carried out a great number of M.P.s put in an appearance, including two of the Harriers, and also a detachment of the Lytton R.C. Frequent calls for that ghostly individual, "the Stroller," were heard; but we do not think he was present. During the interval, Mr. G. J. Rayner obliged us by two splendid piano solos: the "Turkish Patrol" and the "Musical Box," which created shouts of applause by all present. C. Butterwick started the second half with the "Little Hero." This was followed by a good rendering of "Heaven Aloft," by our ex-Premier; "The Skipper's Cheer," by Jesseman; "The Old Brigade," by Hobday. Mr. Roger's recitation, "The Light Brigade," was well received. Next came songs from Mr. Hart, Mr. Lark and Mr. Brooks. Mr. Gildersleve again obliged us with another recitation, "Mary, Queen of Scots," which I can only say was received as well as his first. Another song by J. Munro, and one by Griffet, went down well, as also "Kildare," by Mr. Nelson, which concluded a most enjoyable evening; after a hearty vote of thanks to our pianist and able chairman had been proposed by Messrs. Styles and Butterwick, the company dispersed by singing "Auld Lang Syne," and three ringing cheers by the visitors for the success of the Beaumont Football Club.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.
W. A. CANTLE, Hon. Match Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

THE subjects for the exhibition to be held in May are as follows: Figure "Rest."
Landscape A Woodland Scene.
Design Circular Ornament for centre of ceiling.

Still Life.

All further particulars may be obtained on application to
T. E. HALFFENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ.

THE first "Productive" evening of the above was held last Friday, and although there were several disappointments (promises not proving to be realities), thanks to our ever-ready Chairman, the evening must be acknowledged a pronounced success.

The first story, entitled "Dulcie's Fortune," the writer styling himself "Leonato," was consigned to the tender mercies of Mr. Masters. The story was well received and freely criticised. This was followed by an interesting essay, composed and read by Mr. H. T. Wadkin, entitled, "Pre-historic Resource," which was partly a personal reminiscence of a bicycling tour. The essay was freely discussed and well received. Two anonymous stories, styled respectively "The Haunted House" and "Cap'n Mary" were then read by our Chairman (Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight), and proved extremely interesting. The criticism, however, was most severe.

On Friday evening next a meeting will be held to reconsider the Rules of the Society, when all present (and intending) Members are particularly requested to attend. The Secretaries will be in attendance before the meeting to enrol Members.

Annual Subscription, sixpence.

W. KING RHODES, } Hon. Secs.
W. E. MASTERS, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

General Meeting to-night (Wednesday). Agenda: Framing of Rules; enrolment of Members. All those interested in the Club are requested to attend.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.
C. G. RUGG, Asst. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

ON Saturday last this Club held a One Mile Handicap at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow. Fifteen entries had been received, and of this number twelve toed their marks, which is certainly a compliment to the handicapper, he himself being one of the absentees. The ultimate result was an unexpected surprise to both spectators and competitors, as before the start it appeared to be any odds on Kitchener, with Tibbs and Rosenblatt as runners up, but the fates ruled it otherwise, and the scratchman, Deeley, is to be commended for the judgment he used and the form he showed throughout the race. He certainly ran with his head as well as his legs, and reserved his efforts until the last few hundred yards, when he went away, and won amidst great excitement by a couple of yards. Tibbs also ran remarkably well, but started at too warm a pace, and had he reserved himself until a little later in the race, the result might have been different. A similar remark applies to the third man, Savill, who ran well, but requires a little more training. We were rather disappointed at not seeing Rosenblatt finish nearer, as he himself thought his chance a very rosy one. Further comment is needless, as below will be found a full description of the race. Going round for the first time, the pace was decidedly warm, and very little alteration took place in the mens' position, Kitchener dropping out exhausted after a lap had been covered, thus early in the race upsetting the calculations of the knowing ones, but, coming round for the second time, Rosenblatt had got among the leading division with Tibbs in close attendance and the other short mark men gradually closing up. Coming round for the third time, Rosenblatt was seen to be leading, with Tibbs lying second and Savill third, Deeley slowly lessening the gap between him and the leaders. Going round for the last time, Deeley was lying fourth, but in the further straight caught Savill and Rosenblatt, and was gaining rapidly on Tibbs, who was striding in his usual manner, coming into the straight for home. Deeley made his effort, putting on a rattling spurt caught Tibbs, who endeavoured to beat him off, and passed the post amidst great excitement, a winner by two yards, about twenty yards separating second and third, the fourth man being about three yards further in the rear. Time 4 min. 55 sec., which, taking into consideration the track and wind that was blowing, must not be considered bad. The following also took part:—J. R. Deeley, scratch, first; E. C. Tibbs, 35 yards, second; Savill, 50 yards, third; A. L. Rosenblatt, 45 yards, fourth; J. West, 25 yards; E. J. Taylor, 45 yards; E. O. Ribb, 50 yards; W. J. Cable, 55 yards; W. Hawkes, 55 yards; J. Hawkes, 70 yards; H. J. Soane, 95 yards; and Kitchener, 130 yards.

JNO. R. DEELEY, } Hon. Secs.
E. J. CROWE, }

PALACE RAMBLERS.

ON Saturday last, we, the Members of the above Club, met for our usual afternoon ramble. Leaving Loughton Station we started off down the dusty road and turning to the right were soon well on our way. Rounding a bend in the road we came upon a picture such as Goldsmith describes in the opening portion of the "Deserted Village," and was a scene that must have impressed itself on the minds of all who saw it. After walking some time we came to a long low fence and there we rested, until an order was given to move forward, if we desired to have tea at all. Strange to say no one was left sitting on that fence, and it was not long before we were at our destination, *i.e.*, the "King's Head," Chigwell, that hostelry which Dickens has immortalized in "Barnaby Rudge" as the "Maypole." Entering the quaintly and grotesquely carved porch we were conducted by the proprietor out into the grounds, at the rear of the inn, and here we sat and smoked till tea was announced, and then we were conducted into the "Maypole's" (beg pardon, "King's Head's") best apartment. "It was spacious enough in all conscience, occupying the whole depth of the house, and having at either end a great bay window, as large as many modern rooms," round the walls hung trophies of the chase, and it really seemed as if we had been touched by a magician's wand, and carried back to the past, even the high straight stiff-backed carved oak furniture of the apartment favouring the delusion. Looking from the bay window across the road we had a view of one of the prettiest churches outside London; an edifice built of stone and flint and having a good substantial appearance; and in the trees in the churchyard was a rookery. Altogether we Ramblers had a very jolly time of it, and after a musical evening the proceedings terminated. All Ramblers (especially ladies) take note and read, mark, learn and inwardly digest that they are expected to turn out on Saturday next, to see the great International—another error—I mean "Palace v. Polytechnic" Cricket Match.

On Saturday next, May 5th, Lambeth Palace. Rambling Tickets 5s to 100 only available. Members meet outside Lambeth Palace Gates, at 3.30. Stewards, F. W. Bullock and F. Dunnell. Trams from Hop Exchange (corner of Southwark Street) Fare, 1d.

On Saturday next, May 5th, Ramblers are requested to turn up for the outing to Merton Hall, Wimbledon. Arrangements have been made for excursion tickets from Waterloo (8d. each), which can be obtained at the Palace on Friday evening, from 8.30 till 9.30, or at Cannon Street Station, on Saturday, from 2.30 till 3. Tea with the Palace and Polytechnic Cricketers. Stewards, Miss Marshall and Messrs. Claridge and Rout. May 12th, Ramble to Pinner. Particulars in next week's Journal.

F. W. BULLOCK, } Hon. Secs.
H. ROUT, }

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

THE run on Thursday last was fairly attended. Our Captain piloted us through some good roads round Clapton and Lea Bridge-road and thus on to the "Wilfrid Lawson." After having discussed the good things provided by our host, we adjourned to our club-room and indulged in some harmony. Mrs. Burley presided at the piano, and Messrs. Burley and E. Ransley obliged with songs. Our time now being exhausted we put out our pipes, lit our lamps, and set our faces towards home. The Members present were:—Mrs. Burley, Messrs. H. G. Slater (Captain), J. Burley, F. Hobson, D. Jesseman, P. Oylar, J. Prentice, A. Payne, F. Payne, E. Ransley, A. Thirkell, J. Wilkie, W. Wakefield.

Mr. Gillett started from the Palace with us, but meeting with an accident in the Grove Road, he thought it advisable to return home. The run next Thursday will be to our country headquarters. The Club will leave the Palace on the stroke of seven, and will not as hitherto, wait for those Members who always make it a practice to be five minutes late. Members who do not leave business in time for the start please journey to Woodford and join in the run for home.

On Saturday last Mrs. Burley, Messrs. H. G. Slater (Captain), J. Burley, A. Bright, G. Bailey, F. Glover, A. Giles, F. Hobson, D. Jesseman, J. Kennard, J. Kilbride, A. Lyons, L. Nathan, P. Oylar, J. Prentice, A. Prentice, R. Peel, E. Ransley, W. Wakefield, J. Wilkie, A. Thirkell, and the brothers Webster, of the North London Cycle Club, carried out the run to the "Bag of Nails," Loughton.

On arriving at our destination we found W. Dawson, who had gone ahead to give notice of our coming, mixed up with ham, eggs, egg-cups, tea-urns, cups and saucers, and half-quartern loaves, etc. With a little patience we managed to extricate him and then seated ourselves for a glorious feed. Owing to the day being rather warm, many of the Members had lost several pounds of flesh, but they made up for it by emptying the tea-urns as fast as they were brought to the table. After having satisfied the inner men we made tracks for the open country and thoroughly enjoyed a walk to the top of Baldwyn's Hill. It was with difficulty that we managed to drag Mr. Nathan (of the Sketching Club) away from contemplating the lovely view of the forest that was obtained from this point of vantage. Returning to the "Bag of Nails" we lit our lamps and started for the "Wilfrid Lawson." On arriving there the whistle was blown to dismount, which we were not sorry to comply with, as the wind had been blowing dead against us, and, not content with nearly stopping our onward career, had, playful-like, filled our eyes, nose, and other convenient receptacles with dust.

The proprietor having lit the gas in our club-room, the order was given to produce the gloves. To the lively tunes played on the piano, E. Ransley and J. Wilkie set to, and showed off what little science they possessed in the noble art. The next combatants were our worthy Captain and sub-Captain, Messrs. E. Slater and Kennard. Their bout put me in mind of the clown and pantaloons in the pantomime, but, of course, I am no judge of boxing. E. Ransley next donned the gloves, and pitted himself against F. Glover. Then followed D. Jesseman and H. Slater. Time being called, and having satisfied the cravings of the demon thirst (N.B.—The "Wilfrid Lawson" is a temperance hotel), we mounted our trusty steeds and pegged away in the teeth of dust and wind towards the lovely hamlet of Mile End, the Paradise of cyclists.

Next Saturday the Club will leave the Palace at 4 o'clock, to the minute, and journey to the "Four Swans" at Waltham Cross. Those intending to be present please let me know, that I may arrange about the tea. On Tuesday, May 8th, Sir John Jennings will present the prizes to the successful Competitors in the Road Race, in the Ladies' Social Rooms. Every Member is earnestly requested to be present. Mr. and Mrs. N. Cohen and Sir Edmund Hay Currie will also be present. J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The fine weather of last Saturday attracted some fifty Members of the above Club to the boys' playground, where play was enjoyed from three till dark.

Practice every evening but Wednesdays from six until dark. Saturdays, three until eight o'clock.

A few gentlemen may still be admitted. Subscription, Five Shillings for the season. Members will kindly note the Rules concerning shoes. ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

The Society met for their usual practice in the "winged art" on Monday evening, April 30th. We have now two sections, one writing from thirty words per minute, and the other from sixty and upwards. These sections are found to work very well. Ladies writing shorthand are specially invited to join the Society, any Monday evening.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On account of the Exhibition Rooms being in use for Fine Art Examination the above Club did not hold its usual meeting last Tuesday. Practice as usual on Friday evening, May 4th. Committee meeting Thursday evening, May 3rd, eight o'clock.

All communications to be addressed to either I. H. PROOPS, Hon. Sec., or P. SIMONS, Asst. Hon. Sec., at the sub-Editor's office.

GYMNASIUM.

On Saturday evening, April 28th, some interesting matters were discussed at a meeting of Gymnasium leaders, held in No. 1 room, the chair being taken by Sergeant Burdett. Sir Edmund Currie looked in, and spoke a few words during the course of the meeting.

The first matter brought forward was whether a Competition should be given, open only to Members of the People's Palace, on the following apparatus:—Horizontal Bar, Parallel Bars, Rings, Vaulting-Horse. After a short discussion it was finally settled that about the first week in July a Competition in Gymnastics shall be held. We hope all Members that intend to compete will work up, as the prizes will be worth competing for. There will be a first and second on the Horizontal Bar; first and second on the Parallel Bars; first on the Rings; and first on the Vaulting-Horse. Full particulars, however, will be given before the date mentioned.

To all our boxers who would like to enter a Competition, they will no doubt be glad to hear that about the same time as the Gymnastic Competition is held, a Competition for Boxing will also be held in various weights. We have some good exponents of Boxing, especially amongst the light weights, in which we may expect a good entry.

An Assault-at-Arms, which will be the grandest held here, will be given some time this month (date will be given next week) for the benefit of Sergeant Burdett. We hope all his friends will cluster round on that occasion, and give him a "bumper."

Another important Competition will be decided here a few weeks after our own, to be opened to all Gymnastic Clubs of London. This will no doubt bring forth representatives from most of the important Gymnasiums in London, therefore a close Competition may be expected. We think that between now and the time of this Competition—if some of our leaders work up, especially in strong tricks—we shall be able to hold our own.

A Dinner is to be given a little way out of London to the Leaders of the Gymnasium. We believe the date will be the first Saturday after Whitsun Monday. Since this was decided to be given by Sir E. H. Currie we have heard a rumour that the Leaders are going in training for this event; at any rate we have no hesitation in saying that sad havoc will doubtless be made amongst the victuals provided on that occasion. We have seen our Gymnasts eat before.

The following were appointed to lead the Running Maze:—Messrs. Hulls, J. Hummerston, W. Chapman, and C. Pugh.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The following are the selected Teams for the ensuing season:—

FIRST TEAM.	SECOND TEAM.	THIRD TEAM.
S. Asser.	W. H. Taylor.	J. Etridge.
A. Bowman.	L. M. Nathan.	— Witham.
C. Bowman.	G. Sheppard.	H. Kitchen.
L. Goldberg.	W. Wenn.	A. M. Emslie.
J. Cowlin.	H. Marshall.	P. W. Carter.
H. W. Byard.	W. Everson.	W. W. Carter.
E. Goodwin.	G. Josephs.	W. Preagar.
E. Sherrall.	La Reveiere.	D. Herson.
— Hendry.	J. Lyons.	— Dodds.
R. Hones.	J. Munro.	A. Alveraz.
E. T. Wilkins.	A. Wainman.	A. H. Valentine.
T. G. Carter (Capt.)	RESERVE.	
RESERVES.	F. Hunter.	
W. C. Wand.	P. R. Lewis.	
— Knight.		

On Saturday last we completed our trial matches at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, about thirty Members participating.

Mr. Carter (Captain), and Mr. Bowman (Vice-Captain), took command of the respective teams. Carter's side went in first, and made a very fair show, but the fielding generally was rather slovenly, especially amongst the younger Members. But there is some excuse for this as the season is only just commencing. Carter showed good form behind the wickets, and if he sticks to it ought to make a reliable wicket-keeper. Goldberg would be more effective with the ball if he kept a better length, and used his head a little more. Goodwin is a steady bat, and bowls very well, and is generally a good all-round man.

The matches for Saturday, the 5th instant, are—v. Polytechnic, at Merton Hall, Wimbledon, wickets pitched at three o'clock. The team will be as follows: Messrs. S. Asser, A. Bowman, C. Bowman, L. Goldberg, J. Cowlin, H. W. Byard, E. Goodwin, E. Sherrall, Hendry, E. T. Wilkins, T. G. Carter (Captain); scorer, J. Proops.

Against St. Anthony's, the following will make up the team:—Messrs. W. H. Taylor, L. M. Nathan, G. Sheppard, W. Wenn, W. Everson, G. Josephs, J. Lyons, Henry Marshall, J. Munro, E. J. Taylor, and A. Wainman (Captain).

There will be no match for the Third Eleven next Saturday. Practice will be continued all through the season every evening at Victoria Park (Parnell Road entrance).

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon Sec.
W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec.

Old and New Systems.

ARE we so advanced in this, the nineteenth century, that in many of our ways and customs, trade devices, architectural plans, etc., etc., we are so much at a loss for further improvement as to be obliged to fall back upon old systems? Do we admit the wisdom of the ancients, the words of the wise and their dark sayings, so far as to accept them as better than our own. It would seem in some cases, that the wisdom of the ancients becomes so muddled with the folly of modern days as to produce a result, pleasing it may be to the eye, while lacking solidity, permanency, and thoroughness. Look at our most marketable goods—so long as they please the eye and present a fair appearance of solidity, they are bought up in preference to good substantial, it may be plain looking, articles of a more sensible and durable nature. The makers, however, while depreciating such articles, are forced to supply the demand. How is it that such is the public taste? Is it the result of education, that that which, as it were, tickles the eye, is preferred to the less attractive, though far more substantial articles of former use? Does modern education foster a superficiality of sentiment and reasoning, so that a smattering of many things is preferred to a thorough and comprehensive insight into a few? Does modern education instil such a conceited state of mind that no man is ready or willing to acknowledge superiority in his fellows—in other words, is the saying that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," bearing its fruits in the present day?

How is it that the boy who leaves school at thirteen years so dislikes study as to turn with aversion from evening classes, as the majority who leave school do? How is it that the old system of apprenticeship is dying out, that the average workman is a mere daily piece-work jobber? Does modern education lead to this? Yes. Modern elementary "education" is a failure; there is no room nor time in the school time-table for "education." The boy's ideas cannot be cultivated and brought out as they ought and might be.

The fact is that into a non-elastic period for study so many subjects are brought, that a little knowledge of each is forced down the unwilling mental stomach of the pupil—such items being carefully selected to fit in with Government requirements. Such an operation closely resembles the fattening up of Christmas poultry. Yet they talk of introducing technical education into the school curriculum. Very well; do so, but not for goodness sake under existing conditions. England, as a nation, is said to be suffering from want of skilled labour, owing to the gradual decay of the apprentice system. Let us then strike out from the pupils' daily tasks all subjects which, while engrossing valuable hours, are unnecessary for the pupil to become a skilled workman. Then, in the time gained, let him be taught a trade, not by a schoolmaster (which is actually being done in Board Schools), but by an educated skilled workman. There are plenty to be had. A professional wood-carver, carpenter, designer, draughtsman (as in the furniture and building trades), in short, men actually known to be intelligent imparters of their particular trade should become the future technical instructors.

Let us hope the time will come when every poor lad may have received an apprenticeship, in some trade or other, before he leaves school for good. Even now this feeble groping after manual, with mental, training is going on, for thousands of the very poor send their children during half the day and retain their services in their particular callings during the rest. These unfortunate children are to be deeply pitied, however, for no allowance at the examination is made for them under existing regulations.

PROTEUS.

"On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

I.—AT THE MISSION OF SAN CARMEL.

CHAPTER I. (Continued.)



STRONG flavour of leather, onions, and stable preceded the entrance of a short, stout *vaquero* from the little *patio*.

"Saddle Pinto and thine own mule to accompany Francisco, who will take letters from me to the Father Superior at San José to-morrow at daybreak."

"At daybreak, reverend father?"

"At daybreak. Hark ye, go by the mountain trails and avoid the highway. Stop at no *posada* nor *fonda*, but if the child is weary, rest then awhile at Don Juan Briones or at the rancho of the Blessed Fisherman. Have no converse with stragglers—least of all those gentle *Americanos*. So. . . ."

The first strokes of the Angelus came from the nearer tower. With a gesture Father Pedro waved Antonio aside, and opened the door of the sacristy.

"*Ad Majorem Dei Gloria.*"

CHAPTER II.

The hacienda of Don Juan Briones, nestling in a wooded cleft of the foot-hills, was hidden, as Father Pedro had wisely reflected, from the straying feet of travellers along the dusty highway to San José. As Francisco, emerging from the *canada*, put spurs to his mule at the sight of the whitewashed walls, Antonio grunted:

"O ay, little priest! thou wast tired enough a moment ago, and though we are not three leagues from the Blessed Fisherman, thou couldst scarce sit thy saddle longer. Mother of God! and all to see that little mongrel, Juanita."

"But, good Antonio, Juanita was my playfellow, and I may not soon again chance this way. And Juanita is not a mongrel, no more than I am."

"She is a *mestiza*, and thou art a child of the Church, though this following of gipsy wenches does not show it."

"But Father Pedro does not object," urged the boy. "The reverend father has forgotten he was ever young," replied Antonio sententiously, "or he wouldn't set fire and tow together."

"What sayest thou, good Antonio?" asked Francisco quickly, opening his blue eyes in frank curiosity; "who is fire, and who is tow?"

The worthy muleteer, utterly abashed and confounded by this display of the acolyte's direct simplicity, contented himself by shrugging his shoulders, and a vague *Quien sabe?*

"Come," said the boy gaily, "confess it is only the *aguardiente* of the Blessed Fisherman thou missest. Never fear, Juanita will find thee some. And see! here she comes."

There was a flash of white flounces along the dark brown corridor, the twinkle of satin slippers, the flying out of long black braids, and with a cry of joy a young girl threw herself upon Francisco as he entered the *patio*, and nearly dragged him from his mule.

"Have a care, little sister," laughed the acolyte, looking at Antonio, "or there will be a conflagration. Am I the fire?" he continued, submitting to the two sounding kisses the young girl placed upon either cheek, but still keeping his mischievous glance upon the muleteer.

"*Quien sabe?*" repeated Antonio gruffly, as the young girl blushed under his significant eyes. "It is no affair of mine," he added to himself as he led Pinto

away. "Perhaps Father Pedro is right, and this young twig of the Church is as dry and sapless as himself. Let the *mestiza* burn if she likes."

"Quick, Pancho," said the young girl, eagerly leading him along the corridor. "This way. I must talk with thee before thou seest Don Juan; that is why I ran to intercept thee, and not as that fool Antonio would signify, to shame thee. Wast thou ashamed, my Pancho?"

The boy threw his arm familiarly around the supple, stayless little waist, accented only by the belt of the light flounced *saya*, and said,—

"But why this haste and feverishness, 'Nita? And now I look at thee, thou hast been crying."

They had emerged from a door in the corridor into the bright sunlight of a walled garden. The girl dropped her eyes, cast a quick glance around her, and said,—

"Not here, to the *arroyo*," and half leading, half dragging him, made her way through a copse of *manzanita* and alder until they heard the faint tinkling of water. "Dost thou remember," said the girl, "it was here," pointing to an embayed pool in the dark current, "that I baptized thee, when Father Pedro first brought thee here, when we both *played* at being monks? They were dear old days, for Father Pedro would trust no one with thee but me, and always kept us near him."

"Ay, and he said I would be profaned by the touch of any other, and so himself always washed and dressed me and made my bed near his."

"And took thee away again, and I saw thee not till thou camest with Antonio, over a year ago, to the cattle branding. And now, my Pancho, I may never see thee again." She buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

The little acolyte tried to comfort her, but with such abstraction of manner and inadequacy of warmth that she hastily removed his caressing hand.

"But why? What has happened?" he asked eagerly.

The girl's manner had changed. Her eyes flashed, and she put her brown fist on her waist and began to rock from side to side.

"But I'll not go," she said viciously.

"Go where?" asked the boy.

"Oh, where?" she echoed impatiently. "Hear me, Francisco; thou knowest I am, like thee, an orphan; but I have not, like thee, a parent in the Holy Church. For, alas," she added bitterly, "I am not a boy, and have not a lovely voice borrowed from the angels. I was, like thee, a foundling, kept by the charity of the reverend fathers, until Don Juan, a childless widower, adopted me. I was happy, not knowing or caring who were the parents who had abandoned me, happy only in the love of him who became my adopted father. And now —," she paused.

"And now?" echoed Francisco eagerly.

"And now they say it is discovered who are my parents."

"And they live?"

"Mother of God! no," said the girl, with scarcely filial piety. "There is some one, a thing—a mere Don Fulano—who knows it all, it seems, who is to be my guardian."

"But how? Tell me all, dear Juanita," said the boy with a feverish interest that contrasted so strongly with his previous abstraction that Juanita bit her lips with vexation.

"Ah! How? Santa Barbara! an extravaganza for children. A necklace of lies. I am lost from a ship of which my father—heaven rest him—is General, and I am picked up among the weeds on the sea-shore, like Moses in the bulrushes. A pretty story, indeed."

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Francisco enthusiastically. "Ah, Juanita! would it had been me."

"Thee!" said the girl bitterly—"thee! No!—it was a girl wanted. Enough, it was me."

"And when does the guardian come?" persisted the boy, with sparkling eyes.

"He is here, even now, with that pompous fool the American alcalde from Monterey, a wretch who knows nothing of the country or the people, but who helped the other American to claim me. I tell thee, Francisco, like as not it is all a folly, some senseless blunder of those *Americanos* that imposes upon Don Juan's simplicity and love for them."

"How looks he—this *Americano* who seeks thee?" asked Francisco.

"What care I how he looks," said Juanita, "or what he is? He may have the four S's, for all I care. Yet," she added with a slight touch of coquetry, "he is not bad to look upon, now I recall him."

"Had he a long moustache and a sad sweet smile, and a voice so gentle and yet so strong that you felt he ordered you to do things without saying it? And did his eye read your thought?—that very thought that you must obey him?"

"Saints preserve thee, Pancho! Of whom dost thou speak?"

"Listen, Juanita. It was a year ago, the eve of *Natividad*, he was in the church when I sang. Look where I would, I always met his eye. When the canticle was sung and I was slipping into the sacristy, he was beside me. He spoke kindly, but I understood him not. He put into my hand gold for an *aguinaldo*. I pretended I understood not that also, and put it into the box for the poor. He smiled and went away. Often have I seen him since, and last night, when I left the Mission, he was there again with Father Pedro."

"And Father Pedro—what said he of him?" asked Juanita.

"Nothing." The boy hesitated. "Perhaps—because I said nothing of the stranger."

Juanita laughed. "So thou canst keep a secret from the good father when thou carest. But why dost thou think this stranger is my new guardian?"

"Dost thou not see, little sister? he was even then seeking thee," said the boy with joyous excitement. "Doubtless he knew we were friends and playmates—maybe the good father has told him thy secret. For it is no idle tale of the alcalde, believe me. I see it all! It is true!"

"Then thou wilt let him take me away," said the girl bitterly, withdrawing the little hand he had clasped in his excitement.

"Alas, Juanita, what avails it now? I am sent to San José, charged with a letter to the Father Superior, who will give me further orders. What they are, or how long I must stay, I know not. But I know this: the good Father Pedro's eyes were troubled when he gave me his blessing, and he held me long in his embrace. Pray heaven I have committed no fault. Still it may be that the reputation of my gift hath reached the Father Superior, and he would advance me." And Francisco's eyes lit up with youthful pride at the thought.

Not so Juanita. Her black eyes snapped suddenly with suspicion, she drew in her breath, and closed her little mouth firmly. Then she began a *crescendo*.

Mother of God! was that all? Was he a child to be sent away for such time or for such purpose as best pleased the fathers? Was he to know no more than that? With such gifts as God had given him, was he not at least to have some word in disposing of them? Ah! she would not stand it.

The boy gazed admiringly at the piquant energy of the little figure before him, and envied her courage. "It is the *mestizo* blood," he murmured to himself. Then aloud, "Thou shouldst have been a man, Nita."

"And thou a woman."

"Or a priest. Eh, what is that?"

They had both risen—Juanita defiantly, her black

braids flying as she wheeled and suddenly faced the thicket, Francisco clinging to her with trembling hands and whitened lips. A stone, loosened from the hill-side, had rolled to their feet; there was a crackling in the alders on the slope above them.

"Is it a bear, or a brigand?" whispered Francisco hurriedly, sounding the uttermost depths of his terror in the two words.

"It is an eavesdropper," said Juanita impetuously; "and who and why, I intend to know," and she started towards the thicket.

"Do not leave me, good Juanita," said the young acolyte, grasping the girl's skirt.

"Nay; run to the hacienda quickly, and leave me to search the thicket. Run!"

The boy did not wait for a second injunction, but scuttled away, his long coat catching in the brambles, while Juanita darted like a kitten into the bushes. Her search was fruitless, however, and she was returning impatiently when her quick eye fell upon a letter lying amidst the dried grass where she and Francisco had been seated the moment before. It had evidently fallen from his breast when he had risen suddenly, and been overlooked in his alarm. It was Father Pedro's letter to the Father Superior of San José.

In an instant she had pounced upon it as viciously as if it had been the interloper she was seeking. She knew that she held in her fingers the secret of Francisco's sudden banishment. She felt instinctively that this yellowish envelope, with its red string and its blotch of red seal, was his sentence and her own. The little *mestiza* had not been brought up to respect the integrity of either locks or seals, both being unknown in the patriarchal life of the hacienda. Yet with a certain feminine instinct she looked furtively around her, and even managed to dislodge the clumsy wax without marring the pretty effigy of the crossed keys impressed upon it. Then she opened the letter and read.

Suddenly she stopped and put back her hair from her brown temples. Then a succession of burning blushes followed each other in waves from her neck up, and died in drops of moisture in her eyes. This continued until she was fairly crying, dropping the letter from her hands, and rocking to and fro. In the midst of this she quickly stopped again; the clouds broke, a sunshine of laughter started from her eyes, she laughed shyly, she laughed loudly, she laughed hysterically. Then she stopped again as suddenly, knitted her brows, swooped down once more upon the letter, and turned to fly. But at the same moment the letter was quietly but firmly taken from her hand, and Mr. Jack Cranch stood beside her.

Juanita was crimson, but unconquered. She mechanically held out her hand for the letter; the American took her little fingers, kissed them, and said:

"How are you again?"

"The letter," replied Juanita, with a strong disposition to stamp her foot.

"But," said Cranch, with business directness, "you've read enough to know it isn't for you."

"Nor for you either," responded Juanita.

"True. It is for the Reverend Father Superior of San José Mission. I'll give it to him."

Juanita was becoming alarmed—first at this prospect, second at the power the stranger seemed to be gaining over her. She recalled Francisco's description of him with something like superstitious awe.

"But it concerns Francisco. It contains a secret he should know."

"Then you can tell him it. Perhaps it would come easier from you."

Juanita blushed again. "Why?" she asked, half dreading his reply.

"Because," said the American, quietly, "you are old playmates—you are attached to each other."

Juanita bit her lips. "Why don't you read it yourself?" she asked bluntly.

"Because I don't read other people's letters, and if it concerns me you'll tell me."

"What if I don't?"

"Then the Father Superior will."

"I believe you know Francisco's secret already," said the girl boldly.

"Perhaps."

"Then, Mother of God! Senor Crancho, what do you want?"

"I do not want to separate two such good friends as you and Francisco."

"Perhaps you'd like to claim us both," said the girl with a sneer that was not devoid of coquetry.

"I should be delighted."

"Then here is your occasion, Senor, for here comes my adopted father, Don Juan, and your friend, Senor Br—r—own, the American alcalde."

Two men appeared in the garden path below them. The stiff glazed, broad-brimmed black hat, surmounting a dark face of Quixotic gravity and romantic rectitude, indicated Don Juan Briones. His companion, lazy, specious, and red-faced, was Senor Brown, the American alcalde.

"Well, I reckon we kin about call the thing fixed," said Senor Brown, with a large wave of the hand, suggesting a sweeping away of all trivial details. "Ez I was saying to the Don yer, when two high-toned gents like you and him come together in a delicate matter of this kind, it aint no hoss trade, nor sharp practice. The Don is that lofty in principle that he's willin' to sacrifice his affections for the good of the gal; and you, on your hand, kalkilate to see all he's done for her, and go your whole pile better. You'll make the legal formalities good. I reckon that old Injin woman who can swear to the finding of the baby on the shore will set things all right yet. For the matter o'that, if you want anything in the way of a certificate, I'm on hand always."

"Juanita and myself are at your disposition, *caballeros*," said Don Juan, with a grave exaltation. "Never let it be said that the Mexican nation was outdone by the great *Americanos* in deeds of courtesy and affection. Let it rather stand that Juanita was a sacred trust put into my hands years ago by the goddess of American liberty, and nurtured in the Mexican eagle's nest. Is it not so, my soul?" he added, more humanly, to the girl, when he had quite recovered from the intoxication of his own speech. "We love thee, little one, but we keep our honour."

"There's nothing mean about the old man," said Brown, admiringly, with a slight drooping of his left eye-lid; "his head is level, and he goes with his party."

"Thou takest my daughter, Senor Cranch," continued the old man, carried away by his emotion: "but the American nation gives me a son."

"You know not what you say, father," said the young girl, angrily, exasperated by a slight twinkle in the American's eye.

"Not so," said Cranch. "Perhaps one of the American nation may take him at his word."

"Then, *caballeros*, you will, for the moment at least, possess yourselves of the house and its poor hospitality," said Don Juan, with time-honoured courtesy, producing the rustic key of the gate of the *patio*. "It is at your disposition, *caballeros*," he repeated, leading the way as his guests passed into the corridor.

Two hours passed. The hills were darkening on their eastern slopes; the shadows of the few poplars that sparsely dotted the dusty highway were falling in long black lines that looked like ditches on the dead level of the tawny fields; the shadows of slowly moving cattle were mingling with their own *silhouettes*, and becoming more and more grotesque. A keen wind rising in the hills was already creeping from the *canada* as from the mouth of a funnel, and sweeping the plains. Antonio had foregathered with the servants, had

pinched the ears of the maids, had partaken of *aguardiente*, had saddled the mules—Antonio was becoming impatient.

And then a singular commotion disturbed the peaceful monotony of the patriarchal household of Don Juan Briones. The stagnant courtyard was suddenly alive with *peons* and servants, running hither and thither. The alleys and gardens were filled with retainers. A confusion of questions, orders, and outcries rent the air, the plains shook with the galloping of a dozen horsemen. For the acolyte Francisco, of the Mission San Carmel, had disappeared and vanished, and from that day the hacienda of Don Juan Briones knew him no more.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Father Pedro saw the yellow mules vanish under the low branches of the oaks beside the little graveyard, caught the last glitter of the morning sun on Pinto's shining headstall, and heard the last tinkle of Antonio's spurs, something very like a mundane sigh escaped him. To the simple wonder of the majority of early worshippers—the half-breed converts who rigorously attended the spiritual ministrations of the Mission, and ate the temporal provisions of the reverend fathers—he deputed the functions of the first mass to a coadjutor, and breviary in hand, sought the orchard of venerable pear trees. Whether there was any occult sympathy in his reflections with the contemplation of their gnarled, twisted, gouty, and knotty limbs, still bearing gracious and goodly fruit, I know not, but it was his private retreat, and under one of the most rheumatic and mis-shapen trunks there was a rude seat. Here Father Pedro sank, his face towards the mountain wall between him and the invisible sea. The relentless, dry, practical Californian sunlight falling on his face, grimly pointed out a night of vigil and suffering. The snuffly yellow of his eyes was injected yet burning, his temples were ridged and veined like a tobacco leaf; the odour of desiccation which his garments always exhaled was hot and feverish, as if the fire had suddenly awakened among the ashes.

Of what was Father Pedro thinking?

He was thinking of his youth, a youth spent under the shade of those pear trees, even then venerable as now. He was thinking of his youthful dreams of heathen conquest, emulating the sacrifices and labours of Junipero Serra; a dream cut short by the orders of the archbishop, that sent his companion, brother Diego, north on a mission to strange lands, and condemned him to the isolation of San Carmel. He was thinking of that fierce struggle with envy of a fellow-creature's better fortune that, conquered by prayer and penance, left him patient, submissive, and devoted to his humble work; how he raised up converts to the Faith, even taking them from the breast of heretic mothers.

He recalled how once, with the zeal of propagandism quickening in the instincts of a childless man, he had dreamed of perpetuating his work through some sinless creation of his own: of dedicating some virgin soul, one over whom he could have complete control, restricted by no human paternal weakness, to the task he had begun. But how? Of all the boys eagerly offered to the Church by their parents there seemed none sufficiently pure and free from parental taint. He remembered how one night, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin herself, as he firmly then believed, this dream was fulfilled. An Indian woman brought him a *Wangee* child—a baby-girl that she had picked up on the sea-shore. There were no parents to divide the responsibility, the child had no past to confront, except the memory of the ignorant Indian woman, who deemed her duty done, and whose interest ceased in giving it to the Padre. The austere conditions of his monkish life compelled him to the first step in the adoption of it—the concealment of its sex.

(To be continued.)

Big Game.

From "THE TROPICAL WORLD."

By DR. G. HARTWIG.

No. 5.—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

ACCORDING to the Book of Job, the Hippopotamus or Behemoth as it is there called, seems anciently to have inhabited the waters of Palestine, but now it is nowhere to be found in Asia; and even in Africa the limits of its domain are perpetually contracting before the persecutions of man. It has entirely disappeared from Egypt and Cape Colony, where Le Vaillant found it in numbers during the last century. In many respects a valuable prize; of easy destruction, in spite, or rather on account of its size, which betrays it to the attacks of its enemies; a dangerous neighbour to plantations, it is condemned to retreat before the waves of advancing civilisation, and would long since have been extirpated in all Africa, if the lakes and rivers of the interior of that vast den of barbarism were as busily ploughed over as ours by boats and ships, or their banks as thickly strewn with towns and villages.

In rivers where it is seldom disturbed, such as the Zambesi, the hippopotamus puts up its head openly to blow, and follows the traveller with an inquisitive glance, as if asking him, like the "moping owl" in the elegy, why he comes to molest its "ancient solitary reign"? but in other rivers, such as those of Londa, where it is much in danger of being shot, it takes good care to conceal its nose among water-plants, and to breathe so quietly that one would not dream of its existence in the river, except by footprints on the banks. Notwithstanding its stupid look—its prominent eyes and naked snout giving it more the appearance of a gigantic boiled calf's head than anything else—the huge creature is by no means deficient in intelligence, knows how to avoid pitfalls, and has so good a memory that, when it has once heard a ball whiz about his ears, it never after ceases to be wide-awake at the approach of danger. Being vulnerable only behind the ear, however, or in the eye, it requires the perfection of rifle-practice to be hit; and when once in the water, is still more difficult to kill, as it dives and swims with all the ease of a walrus, its huge body being rendered buoyant by an abundance of fat. Its flesh is said to be delicious, resembling the finest young pork, and is considered as great a delicacy in Africa as a bear's paw or a bison's hump in the prairies of North America. The thick and almost inflexible hide may be dragged from the ribs in strips, like the planks from a ship's side. These serve for the manufacture of a superior description of *sjambok*, the elastic whip with which the Cape boor governs his team of twelve oxen or more, while proceeding on a journey. In Northern Africa it is used to chastise refractory dromedaries or servants; and the ancient Egyptians employed it largely in the manufacture of shields, helmets and javelins.

But the most valuable part of the hippopotamus is its teeth (canine and incisors), which are considered greatly superior to elephant ivory, and when perfect and weighty, will fetch as much as one guinea per pound, being chiefly used for artificial teeth, since it does not readily turn yellow. All these uses to which the hippopotamus may be applied are naturally as many prices set upon its head; and the ravages it occasions in the fields are another motive for its destruction. On the White Nile the peasantry burn a number of fires to scare the huge animal from their plantations, where every footstep ploughs deep furrows into the marshy ground. At the same time, they keep up a prodigious clamour of horns and drums, to terrify the ruinous brute, which, as may well be imagined, is by no means so great a favourite with them as with the visitors of the Zoological Gardens.

They have besides, another and, where it succeeds, a far more efficacious method of freeing themselves from its depredations. They remark the place it most frequents, and there lay a large quantity of pease. When it comes on shore, hungry and voracious, it falls to eating what is nearest, and fills its vast stomach with the pease, which soon occasion an insupportable thirst. The river being close at hand, it immediately drinks whole buckets of water, which, by swelling the pease, cause it to blow up, like an overloaded mortar.

The natives on the Teoge, and other rivers that empty themselves into Lake Ngami, kill the hippopotamus with iron harpoons, attached to long lines ending with a float. A huge reed raft, capable of carrying both the hunters and their canoes, with all that is needful for the prosecution of the chase, is pushed from the shore, and afterwards abandoned to the stream, which propels the unwieldy mass gently and noiselessly forward. Long before the hippopotami can be seen, they make known their presence by awful snorts and grunts whilst splashing and blowing in the water. On approaching the herd—for the gregarious animal likes to live in troops of from twenty-five to thirty—the most skilful and intrepid of the hunters stands prepared with the harpoons, whilst the rest make ready to launch the canoes should the attack prove successful. The bustle and noise caused by these preparations gradually subside: at length not even a whisper is heard, and in breathless silence the hunters wait for the decisive conflict. The snorting and plunging become every moment more distinct; a bend in the stream still hides the animals from view; but now the point is passed, and monstrous figures, that might be mistaken for shapeless cliffs, did not ever and anon one or the other of them plunge and reappear, are seen dispersed over the troubled waters. On glides the raft, its crew worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, and at length reaches the herd, which, perfectly unconscious of danger, continue to enjoy their sports. Presently one of the animals is in immediate contact with the raft. Now is the critical moment; the foremost harpooner raises himself to his full height to give the greater force to the blow, and the next instant the iron is buried deep in the body of the bellowing hippopotamus. The wounded animal plunges violently and dives to the bottom, but all its efforts to escape are as ineffectual as those of the seal when pierced with the barbed iron of the Greenlander.

As soon as it is struck, one or more of the men launch a canoe from off the raft, and hastening to the shore with the harpoon line, take a round turn with it about a tree, so that the animal may either be brought up at once, or should there be too great a strain on the line, "played," like a trout or salmon by the fisherman. Sometimes both line and buoy are cast into the water, and all the canoes being launched from off the raft, chase is given to the poor brute, who, whenever he comes to the surface, is saluted with a shower of javelins. A long trail of blood marks his progress, his flight becomes slower and slower, his breathing more oppressive, until, at last, his strength ebbing away through fifty wounds, he floats dead on the surface.

But as the whale will sometimes turn upon his assailants, so also the hippopotamus not seldom makes a dash at his persecutors, and either with his tusks, or with a blow from his head, staves in or capsizes the canoe. Sometimes even, not satisfied with wreaking his vengeance on the craft, he seizes one or other of the crew, and with a single grasp of his jaws either terribly mutilates the poor wretch, or even cuts his body fairly in two.

A Long Horse.—A curious correspondence once arose between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas. When the latter applied to Pitt for the loan of a horse "the length of Highgate," Pitt wrote back to say that he was afraid he had not a horse in his possession quite so long as Mr. Dundas had mentioned, but he had sent the longest he had.

Letters to the Editor.

(Any letter addressed to the Editor should have the name and address of the sender attached thereto—not necessarily for publication; otherwise the letter will be consigned to the paper basket.)

AN ART SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to forward herewith, for the consideration of your readers, a slight sketch of a plan for a new "Art Club," which I propose to submit to a Committee (convened and nominated at a general meeting held for that purpose), as suggestions for them to consider and discuss:—

I.—That this Club shall be formed for the express purpose of enabling its Members to study art, to cultivate their tastes, and to increase their appreciation of the beautiful. To inculcate and learn by contact with each other and outsiders all that is possible of the "Art World," its history, its canons and its effects, from which we shall derive more pleasure and benefit than it is possible for the unartistic to conceive.

II.—To meet at stated times for the purpose of reading papers relative to art by Members and others. The Members being especially requested to criticise, and to ask questions of the writer.

III.—That we have in the club-room art journals and papers, and that once a week each Member in turn shall read to the Club one of the art "leaders," which may be discussed.

IV.—That the Committee shall procure an art critic or Academician once a month to lecture to the Members. (This, I can assure them, will not be a difficult matter.)

V.—That the impression shall be thoroughly circulated, that it is not at all necessary to have any previous knowledge of art in order to be an eligible Member, as one can appreciate the beautiful and love art without being able to paint or draw.

VI.—That the Club, during the season, shall visit in a body, the London exhibitions, and that one of the Members elected by the rest, shall explain and comment upon the principal pictures—such remarks to be discussed from notes at a social meeting afterwards convened for that purpose.

VII.—That the Committee endeavour to amalgamate the Beaumont Sketching Club.

VIII.—That the Committee settle the financial affairs of the Club.

IX.—That the Committee endeavour to make their programme as inviting to the lady Members of the Palace as possible (being assured that their intuitive refinement will be of great assistance to the furtherance of the objects of the Club.)

X.—That the club-room or rooms shall be open to Non-Members of the Club, except at private meetings.

XI.—That the Members hold an annual exhibition of their own, and that each Member must exhibit some artistic object showing the result of their training upon their tastes as a body. The above rough plan I beg to submit to your notice, sincerely hoping and believing that it may find enough conscientious and energetic young men to carry the undertaking through. Any remarks of mine to you upon the importance of this object would be superfluous, still I should like to remind the gentlemen of the Committee that the wondrous effects of earnest and truthful study of high art are simply miraculous, turning the savage brute to a gentle amiable being, the meek and inactive to the boldest crusaders, giving life and light to those who are mentally dead—balm to the restless and unsettled, faith to the doubting, and hope to the despairing—opening fresh paths for thought, and giving to our inartistic lives new and more beautiful meanings.

If I am verbose it is because I have this subject so much at heart that I feel more than all the words at my command can express.

Hoping to receive the most hearty support.—I am, sir, yours truly,
A. M. MENDOZA.

QUEEN'S HALL CLOCK FUND.

DEAR SIR,—In last week's issue of *The Palace Journal* I noticed a letter from "Les Temps" calling attention to the inconvenience caused by the fact that there is no clock in the Queen's Hall. This inconvenience I have often noticed myself, and think with your correspondent, that such a beautiful building should not be without this convenience to its visitors. I therefore enclose a P.O.O. for 2s. 6d. towards the fund to purchase a suitable clock for the Queen's Hall.—I remain, yours truly,
TIMA.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you very much for inserting my letter in the last issue of your journal.

In reply to the correspondent who wished to know when the Photographic Club would start, I may say that names of intending Members will be taken on Wednesday evening next, after 9 o'clock, in room No. 12. The Club is open to Members of the Palace and persons who are or who may have been students of the Photographic Class.

The entrance fee is 1s., and the yearly subscription 2s. 6d. I may add, however, that the Council of the Palace have yet to approve of the Club being formed.—Yours faithfully,
WILLIAM BARRETT.

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 noon on 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 APRIL 18.

CLASS A.

This Competition, which, it will be remembered, was to decide between the merits of poets who have died in the present century, was distinguished by a curious incident. In counting up the votes it was found that a place in the first six had been gained by Cowper, who did not die in the present century. Cowper died in 1800, which was the last year of the eighteenth century, and not the first of the nineteenth. If anybody doubts this fact, a moment's thought should make it clear to them. According to our system of chronology, the year 1 (one) was that in which the birth of Christ took place; at the end of the year 99 a century was not completed, and the year 100 was still in the first century A.D. But at the end of the year 100 a century was completed, and accordingly the year 101 was the beginning of a new century. In the same way the present century will not be completed till December 31st, 1900, and the 20th century will not begin till January 1st, 1901. In justice, therefore, to Competitors who did not include Cowper, it was necessary to strike out the name of that poet, and to consider that those who named the first five on the list and gave Cowper as the sixth (there were two such) had only five correct. The result of the voting was as follows:

Byron	106
Wordsworth	95
Scott	94
Longfellow	80
Southey }	39
(Cowper) }	
Shelley	34

No fewer than thirty-five Competitors named five on the above list, but one only named all six—that is, excluding Cowper. The name and address of this Competitor, who is therefore the winner, are

ELIZABETH SHELCOCK,
39, Alderney Road, Mile End, E.

CLASS B.

There was no great originality displayed in the suggestions of inventions which would benefit mankind. A considerable number of Competitors, almost a majority in fact, agreed that the best invention would be an absolute cure for consumption or pulmonary diseases. It may be doubted, however, whether such could be said to benefit the whole race; it is, after all, a very small minority who are thus affected, and there are large tracts of earth where consumption is unknown. The best suggestion received is, in my opinion, that of "an invention which will still further annihilate space, and make it possible for not only a small section, but the bulk of mankind, to mix and fraternise together, and by so doing to smooth down the rough corners of national character: learn that in mutual suzerainty lies the secret of true living, and make war impossible." The author of this is

RICHARD TRANTER,
2, Waterloo Road, Victoria Park, E.

to whom the Prize is awarded.

CLASS C.

The Prize in this Competition will be given to
CECILIA ANNIE WILLIAMSON,
42, Rhodeswell Road, Stepney, E.

CLASS D.

I am sorry to announce that in this Competition only one wheelbarrow was received; but this one was neatly and carefully made, and quite deserves the prize, which will, therefore, be given to the maker, who is

H. R. PARTRIDGE,
21, Malmesbury Road, Bow, E.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.
CONSOLATION WEEK.

The prizes offered below can only be taken by Competitors who have not yet won a prize in the class in which they may this week compete. Thus, no one who has ever won a weekly prize in Class A will be entitled to take this week's prize in that class, though a former winner in Classes B, C or D will not be disqualified from competing in Class A, if he has never won in it. In the same manner, no former winner in Class B can take the prize offered in that class this week; and so, too, with Classes C and D. But the fact of a Competitor having won a prize in some one class will not prevent him from competing this week in some other class, provided he is eligible to do so, and has never won nor divided a prize in it.

CLASS A.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of the six best and most popular English songs. To be decided, as usual, by a majority of votes. No one who has ever taken the prize in Class A is entitled to compete. Answers to be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 10th.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best paragraph of not more than fifty words in length introducing each and all of the following eight words in the order they here appear: dowager, golden, leaves, funeral, poker, comic, snuff-box, futility. By the "best paragraph" is meant that which introduces the eight words in the most natural manner, if possible in connected sense, and in good grammatical English. No one who has ever taken a prize in Class B to compete. Answers not later than noon on Thursday, May 10th.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best kettle-holder made by the Competitor. Competitors may select any material they think best, and the design also is left to them. No one who has ever taken a prize in Class C to compete. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, May 10th.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of One Shilling is offered for the best toy of any description made by the Competitor. The word "toy" may be used with the greatest latitude, and it is not expected that Competitors should invent new ones. But whether copied from an existing model or not, all toys sent should be the unassisted handiwork of the Competitor. No boy who has won a prize to compete. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, May 10th.

QUARTERLY PRIZES.

RULES.

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

Only one set of Puzzles is given each week, but the distinction between the four classes is observed.

A.—Thus a prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to those members of the general public who gain most marks for correct solutions to the puzzles in the quarter.

B.—A prize of One Pound, and a second prize of Ten Shillings, will be given to the Members of the Palace who win most marks.

C.—A prize of Ten Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Girls (being Members) who win most marks in the quarter.

D.—A prize of Five Shillings, and a second prize of Five Shillings, will be given to the Boys under fifteen years of age (being educated at the Technical Schools) who win most marks in the quarter.

N.B.—The value of the prizes in Classes C and D has been reduced because the Competition during the past quarter has not been so keen as it should have been. It only lies with the girls and boys to raise it again.

Do not get tired of sending in answers. Several Competitors began well in the past quarter but dropped off, and thus threw away excellent chances of prizes. This was foolish. Begin and stick to it.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES SET APRIL 18.

(1) DOUBLE ACROSTIC: ETRURIA—POTTERY.

1. E qui P
2. T yr O
3. R adian T
4. U pse T
5. R are E
6. I mpai R
7. A Y

Notes.—Light 5: "Raree Show," an exhibition of wonders, Light 7: "Ay," signifying assent.

- (2) 1. Grottesque (gusto, ruse, Eros).
2. Prebendary (dean, peer, band, rare).

(3) GREAT MEN ANALYSED.

1. Newton.
2. Napoleon.
3. Byron.
4. Braidwood.
5. Donati.
6. Shakespeare.

(4) WORD SQUARES.

OUST	DROP	SABRE
UGLY	RAGE	ARROW
SLIP	GRE	BRAVE
TYPE	PEER	ROVER
		WEVER

Other Word Squares, though differing from the above, will be reckoned correct if fulfilling the conditions of the question.

PUZZLES FOR THIS WEEK.

(THE TWELFTH WEEK OF THE QUARTER.)

(1) DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A gentle creature and a writer rare;
The name he wrote under is second here.

1. Apollo's was it, strung with his own hair;
Its sounds drew forth the wild beast from its lair.
2. She, though wedded to a fool, was not at all the same,
And quick-witted handmaids still bear her name;
She begged the king to spare her husband's life,
And a fortnight later became the king's wife.
3. A dress which with most men is anything but rare,
But soldiers call it this when they it wear.
4. She needed no taming, but quiet as a dove,
This maiden took lessons in Latin and love.

(2) QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE—Alternate letters omitted.

1. Mwrslumtogrmbilu,
Odwtothuhseethaeg.
2. Teagseailkaunsdhoe
Unoteuaetepababaegl.

- (3) 1. To spoil and a metal = an English painter.
2. What horses like and a Spanish gentleman = an English painter.
3. A month and an ointment = a statesman and lawyer.
4. A month and a preposition = an African bishop who visited England.
5. A measure and a very bare-headed = a novelist and a dramatist.
6. An animal's haunt and an animal = a lawyer.

(4) What is the difference between a well-known drug and a salute of guns in the reign of George II.?

Answers not later than noon on Thursday, May 10th.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. I.—I am sorry your question was overlooked last week. The answers sent under Class B will count all right.

L. R. WATKINS.—I don't think that there can be said to be any one accepted version of proverbs, which are not in the first instance written in books but are handed down by word of mouth. As to the one in question, I have always heard that the early bird "finds" the worm, and I certainly think it more appropriate. A worm doesn't usually want much "catching;" it is usually enough to "find" it.

E. F. DOYLE.—(1) See above answer. (2) I don't consider "beast" as good as "feast." It is quite wrong to say that a feast is the act of eating. It is that which is eaten.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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