

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

VOL. II.—No. 29.]

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—LIBRARY closed.

WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.

LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Concert. (By ticket only.)

CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.

PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Committee Meeting at 7.30; General Meeting at 8.

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY closed.

WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.

SPRING FLOWER SHOW.—Opening.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual practice, in Queen's Hall.

CHORAL SOCIETY.—Committee Meeting.

CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting at 8.30.

BOXING CLUB.—Usual Practice.

SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closed.

WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.

SPRING FLOWER SHOW.—Last day.

RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Hadley Woods.

CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Woodford.

CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at Shepherd's Cottage Fields, Highgate. Second XI. v. St. Katharine's Docks C.C.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30.

MONDAY.—LIBRARY closed.

WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.

SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual weekly meeting.

COUNCIL.—Meeting, at 8 o'clock.

TUESDAY.—LIBRARY closed.

WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.

DRAMATIC CLUB.—Meeting of Sections B and C, at 8 o'clock.

SMOKING CONCERT.—By Ticket only.

WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY closed.

WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.

DRAMATIC CLUB.—General Meeting; Section A usual rehearsal.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 3rd, at 12.30 p.m.,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - MR. W. J. COLLINS.

| | |
|---|----------------------------|
| 1. { (a) Processional March in E } | C. J. Frost. |
| { (b) Andante in F } | Handel. |
| 2. { (a) March in Scipio | Merkel. |
| { (b) How beautiful are the Feet (Messiah) } | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. Andantino in E Flat | Smart. |
| 4. Andante and Allegretto from 4th Sonata | J. S. Bach. |
| 5. Festival March in D | Ramonier. |
| 6. My heart ever faithful | Beethoven. |
| 7.* Postlude in C (on an old hymn tune) | Handel. |
| 8. { (a) Largo from 4th Pianoforte Sonata | Handel. |
| { (b) March in Occasional Oratorio | First time of performance. |

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

☞ SIR EDMUND and LADY HAY CURRIE are anxious to meet the Lady Members of the Institute next Tuesday, in Room No. 2, in the School-buildings, at 8 p.m. They hope that every Lady Member will make an effort to be present.

Notes of the Week.

THE scoundrel, Benson, who killed himself the other day, met with a worthy fate. His career has been highly picturesque and will at some future date, we doubt not, form the subject of a deeply interesting novel. The fellow was well educated, of intellectual tastes, could write well, was extremely clever, yet somehow he would not walk straight. The straight course, which most of us know, leads us but slowly towards wealth. Benson would be quickly rich. Therefore, as he knew not the arts of promoting bogus companies and making rings, he was compelled to get other people's money by ways which the law has forbidden, so he fell into prison. He liked prison so little that he actually set fire to his own bed and grievously burned his lower limbs in order to get into the hospital. He was brought out of prison to give evidence in the case of certain detectives. Then he vanished. Next he turned up in the States, where he was again in trouble about a certain transaction in Mexico. Hoping to break a leg, or a rib, or a little finger, and so to get into hospital out of the dreary cell, he jumped over a staircase and broke his neck, whereupon he died, and so an end of him. And those of us who stick to the straight path may console ourselves for the slow way in which the dollars pile up by thinking of the illustrious Benson in prison; how long were the spells which he had to spend in that doleful place, and how he hated it.

IF I were a preacher, I should be constantly advocating from my pulpit the practice of good behaviour. The essence of this virtue is that it requires from every man or woman consideration of his neighbour. He must not say or do anything that will give that neighbour pain or that will annoy him or vex him. Therefore in a nation where good behaviour was universal, no one would rob, or steal, or try to take more than his share, or overwork his employés, or underpay them, or deprive them of any advantage, or grow rich at their expense. No man would speak ill of another; no man would do any other man an injury. Assault would be a thing as obsolete as theft: one who tried to overreach his neighbour would be followed and watched enviously and with pity as one would follow and watch a dangerous lunatic. No one would get drunk, because not to be able to take care of yourself would be so terrible a sin against good manners. Nay, no one would willingly walk abroad unwashed, unshaven, or in dirty clothes, on account of those to whom neatness

seems so desirable a thing. Then no one would dream of trying to live without work, on account of the injustice towards your neighbour. "O my friends"—I should become very eloquent on this topic—"if you will only behave nicely, you will enable us to suppress the lawyer, the policeman, the magistrate, the prison, the reformatory. There is no virtue which will not flourish. There is no vice which will not flourish. All vice is selfishness; and good behaviour does not admit of selfishness."

THIS sermon comes out of an account of Chautauqua. We shall not have our English Chautauqua this year, nor, perhaps, next. Meantime there is much that we may have and I think that our Ramblers may very fairly address themselves to the task of laying out excursions for one, two, or three days, or even a week or a fortnight, within easy reach of London. Kent and Surrey, for instance, offer the most charming walks; there are downs in Sussex, where you might fancy yourself in a new country where the foot of man never trod, so lonely and so quiet is the place. There are hills in the north of London, covered with graceful woods; and everywhere there are quiet inns where arrangements could be made beforehand for lodgings and food of a simple but wholesome kind. Then for pure sea air and bathing there are such places as Walton-on-the-Naze, or Deal, not to speak of Broadstairs or Ramsgate. Southend at high tide is delightful, and one might do worse than try a week at Whittemore or Herne Bay. A list should be made out of possible tours for the summer with the time required for each, the probable cost and the distance. Then parties could be made up to take this tour or that as occasion should serve. Do not let the summer pass away without enriching the memory with some new associations of fresh fields, woods, flowers, or sea-side scenes.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND has sent its Jubilee gift to the Queen. There are many pretty stories belonging to the Islands of the world—especially those of Madeira and the Bermuda—but none more interesting than the story of Pitcairn. It was in the year 1790 that there landed on this desert island a boat full of people. They consisted of nine British sailors, six men, and twelve women of Tahiti. The sailors were the mutineers of the *Bounty*. They landed, and began to fight and murder each other. In two year's time the Colony was reduced to one man, the last of the sailors, and about twenty children. There are now about ninety, a community remarkable for its habits of industry, morality, and religion. They have never had any crime among them. They live in a veritable Paradise covered with groves of cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit trees, their valleys grow everything: they have got plenty of hogs and goats: they dress themselves with stuff prepared from the bark of the mulberry: and they all live as one family. Fortunately they are out of the track of ships and are therefore spared the blessings of civilization. Another odd thing about Pitcairn is that there are proofs that the island was formerly inhabited by a race of people who carved stone idols, made stone spearheads and axes. Who were these people? And how did they perish?

SOME day we will make a little tour round the world, talking about the places that we visit—there are quantities of interesting things to be told, not only about the island but the mainland: stories buried in old travels, in histories of colonies and provinces: stories full of interest and pathos. I hope that some of the Members of the Literary Club will help us to tell those stories over again for *The Palace Journal*. I reserve this voyage until such time as they will bear me company.

EDITOR.

Whittington and his Cat.

THE nursery tale of the poor boy, who rose to be a wealthy merchant and Lord Mayor of London, chiefly through a large sum of money obtained for him by the sale of a cat, is a proven fiction; and we have to seek some other explanation of this special wonder. Mr. Keightley has well observed there were tales of a similar nature current both before and at Whittington's date, in several other countries—in South America, in Denmark, in Tuscany, in Venice, and in Persia. During the Middle Ages, and, doubtless, at other periods, there were current a multitude of tales and stories belonging to no individual, but perfectly fabulous, but which the popular mind was continually fixing upon persons who had rendered themselves remarkable, as a manner of expressing the popular appreciation of their character, or explanation of the means by which they gained it. Hence the same story is told of different persons, at different periods, and in different countries. Such was the origin of the story of Whittington and his Cat. Its incidents were not possible in Whittington's time, but they are exactly in accordance with the sentiments and state of things in the reign of Elizabeth, when, as far as the Whittington story is concerned, it seems to have originated.

Still some curious facts are adduced in support of the legend. Mr. Deputy Lott, F.S.A., in a paper read by him to the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society, says:—

"At Mercers' Hall, is a portrait on canvas of a man about sixty years of age, in a fine livery gown and black cap of the time of Henry VIII., such as Yeomen of the Guard now wear. The figure reaches about half the length of the arms from the shoulders; on the left hand of the figure is a black and white cat, whose right ear reaches up to the band or broad turning-down of the skirt of the figure; on the left hand upper corner of the canvas is painted 'R. Whittington, 1536.' The size of the canvas of this portrait has for some reason been altered, and the inscription has evidently been painted since the alteration; yet it is hardly to be supposed it was then invented, and if not, it carries the vulgar opinion of some connection between Whittington and a cat as far back as 1536. From the portrait being on canvas, it must have been painted at a much later period than the date it bears.

"But there is an engraved portrait by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished in 1590, in which Whittington's hand rests on a cat; this print was executed towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, when we know the story existed, and was probably then invented. Elstrack first engraved Whittington with his hand on a scull, evidently not knowing or despising the legend; but persons would not buy this print until the cat was substituted for the scull: the cat had then become popular. Neither Grafton nor Holinshed says anything of the legendary history of Sir Richard Whittington: but it must have been current in the reign of Elizabeth; for in the first scene of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1613), the citizen says to the prologue, 'Why could you not be contented, as well as others, with the legend of Whittington?' The word 'legend' in this place would seem to indicate the story of the cat. Cats, as we know, fetched a high price in America when it was first colonised by the Spaniards. Two cats, we are told, were taken out as a speculation to Cuyaba, where there was a plague of rats, and they were sold for a pound of gold. There first kittens fetched each thirty pieces of eight, the next generation not more than twenty, and the price gradually fell as the colony became stocked with these. The elder Almagro is said to have given 600 pieces of eight to the person who presented him with the first cat which was brought from South America."

It is strange what a propensity the vulgar have for applying some other cause than industry, frugality and skill, seconded by good fortune (the usual and general road, I believe, to wealth), to the acquisition of riches. I hardly ever knew, says Mr. Lott, in my own country, an instance of the attainment to opulence by a man who, as the phrase goes, had risen from nothing, that there was not some extraordinary mode of accounting for it circulated among the vulgar.

In *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, by W. Chappell, F.S.A., is the following:—"The earliest notice of 'Turn again, Whittington,' as a tune—if a mere change of bells may come under that denomination—is in Shirley's *Constant Maid*, Act II. Scene 2, 1640, where the niece says:—

"Faith, how many churches do you mean to build
Before you die? Six bells in every steeple,
And let them all go to the City tune,
'Turn again, Whittington,'—who they say
Grew rich, and let his land out for nine lives
Cause all came in by a cat."

A ballad was entered at Stationers' Hall a few months later, then a drama on the same subject.

The imputed "low birth" of Whittington is more distinctly disproved; he is shown to have descended from the Whittings, who were owners of land in Gloucestershire, as early as the reign of Edward I.; their estate being at Pauntley, where, in the church, are emblazoned the arms of Whittington, impaling Warren, "thus closely identifying our hero, whose wife was Alice Fitzwarren, with the Pauntley family beyond dispute." It is equally certain that Richard Whittington was the son of Sir Richard Whittington. That he rose early to wealth and civic honours, and was four times Lord Mayor of London, is proved by the municipal records. Herebuilt a church, founded a college, and was altogether a munificent citizen. In his third mayoralty, 1419, he entertained Henry of Agincourt, and his bride, Catherine of France. Never before did a merchant display such magnificence as was then exhibited in the Guildhall, whether the account of precious stones to reflect the light of the chandeliers, choicest fish, exquisite birds, delicate meats, choirs of beautiful females, wine-conduits, rare confections, and precious metals, be at all constrained, is problematical. "Surely," cried the amazed king, "never had a prince such a subject. Even the fires are filled with perfumes."—"If your highness," said Sir Richard, "inhibit me not, I will make these fires still more grateful." As he ceased speaking, and the king nodding, acquiesced, he drew forth a packet of bonds, and, advancing to the fire, resumed, "Thus do I acquit your highness of a debt of £60,000."

In 1389, Whittington superintended the festivities of a masked tournament in Smithfield, lately the scene of a rebel tumult. "Those who came in the king's party," says Fabian, "had their armour and apparel garnished with white harts, that had crowns of gold about their necks. Twenty-four thus appareled led the horses of the same number of ladies by chains of gold. The jousts continued four days, in the presence of the king, the queen, and the whole court, his Majesty himself giving proofs of his skill and dexterity. During the whole time open house was kept, at the king's expense, at the Bishop of London's palace, for the entertainment of all persons of distinction."

To return to the Cat: there is still another explanation. Richard Gough, the antiquary, believes that the cat, if not a rebus for some ship by which Whittington made his fortune, was the companion of his arm-chair, like Montaigne's.

The subject is treated with excellent humour by Foote, in his comedy of the *Nabob*, where he makes Sir Matthew Mite satirically thus address the Society of Antiquaries:—

"The point I mean to clear up is an error crept into the life of that illustrious magistrate, the great Whittington and his no less eminent cat: and in this dis-

quisition four material points are in question:—1st. Did Whittington ever exist? 2nd. Was Whittington Lord Mayor of London? 3rd. Was he really possessed of a cat? 4th. Was that cat the source of his wealth? That Whittington lived, no doubt can be made; that he was Lord Mayor of London is equally true; but as to his cat, that gentlemen, is the Gordian Knot to untie. And here, gentlemen, be it permitted me to define what a cat is. A cat is a domestic, whiskered, four-footed animal, whose employment is catching of mice; but let puss have been ever so subtle, let puss have been ever so successful, to what could puss's captures amount? No tanner can curry the skin of a mouse, no family make a meal of the meat; consequently, no cat could give Whittington his wealth. From whence, then, does this error proceed? Be that my care to point out. The commerce this worthy merchant carried on was chiefly confined to our coasts: for this purpose he constructed a vessel, which, for its agility and lightness, he aptly christened a cat. Nay, to this our day, gentlemen, all our coals from Newcastle are imported in nothing but cats. From thence, it appears, that it was not the whiskered, four-footed, mouse-killing cat, that was the source of the magistrate's wealth; but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying cat: that, gentlemen, was Whittington's cat."

There is a strange mixture of banter with fact in the above passage. Now, when Whittington was yet a boy, the burning of coal was considered such a public nuisance that it was prohibited by Act of Parliament under pain of death; but, singular enough, by the time he had been thrice Lord Mayor of London, 1418, the importation of coal formed a considerable branch of the commerce of the Thames; and although a person was once executed for a breach of this law, it is supposed that a dispensation was made in Whittington's favour; for from the first opening of the coal trade in England, and for ages after, it had a reputation for making fortunes only exceeded by that of the mines of Golconda and Peru. *The catta*, or collier, is to this day, called a cat.

The spot at Highgate Hill, whereon the legend states Whittington stopped when he heard the sound of Bow Bells, which he imagined prophesied his becoming Lord Mayor, is believed to have been originally the site of a wayside cross, belonging to the formerly adjacent lazarette, or hospital, and Chapel of St. Anthony; this memorial was removed, and Whittington is stated to have placed there an obelisk, surmounted by a cross, which remained until 1795, when was erected another stone, which has since been twice renewed. The hospital cross would thus appear to have suggested the Whittington monument, which popular belief has, from time to time, renewed.

The greatest similitude of the Cat story is found in the Eastern fable. Sir William Gore Ouseley relates, on the authority of a Persian MS., that, in the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siraf, embarked for India, with his sole property a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice, or rats, that they carried off the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared: and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city.*

Distinction without Difference.—In 1792, the Duchess of York gave a great entertainment at Oatlands, on her Duke's birthday. A company of strollers came to Weybridge to act in a barn; she was solicited to go to it, and did out of charity, and carried all her servants. Next day a Methodist came to preach a charity sermon in the same theatre, and she consented to hear it on the same motive; but her servants desired to be excused on not understanding English. "Oh!" said the Duchess, "but you went to the comedy, which you understood less, and you shall go to the sermon;" to which she gave handsomely, and for them.

* The Rev. Mr. Lysons, in his ingenious volume upon this inquiry, favours the legendary origin.

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

DOUBLE price will be paid for clean, serviceable copies of Numbers 1 and 2 of *The Palace Journal*. Apply to the sub-Editor at the Journal Office, East Lodge.

I HEAR that the boys of our Technical Day School, who have been spending the Whitsun vacation at Horstead Keynes, Sussex, were, under the personal guidance of Sir Edmund Currie, last week taken to spend a day at Brighton, journeying thither by way of Hayward's Heath. The change was much appreciated and the lads returned to Oddyn's Farm all the better for their journey to the southern Queen of English watering-places.

I HAVE much pleasure in offering—to those technical boys who have just recently returned from their Whitsun holiday-making—three prizes for competition. What is wanted is the best description of their holiday trip, how it was spent, etc. The composition not to exceed two columns of the Journal, representing 1,800 words. First prize, 7s. 6d.; second prize, 5s.; third prize, 2s. 6d. Manuscript to be sent to the sub-Editor, East Lodge, People's Palace—marked "Boys' Competition"—on or before Wednesday, June 20th.

As will be seen elsewhere, our Palace cricketers—or, more correctly speaking, the First XI.—spent a remarkably happy time at Mr. Nathaniel L. Cohen's seat at Englefield Green, Sussex, on Whit-Monday, and were right royally entertained. Thanks to this gentleman, the team's time—which would otherwise have been cricketless—was most ably employed; and the wielders of the bat rejoiced in consequence.

ELSEWHERE, in our letter column, will be found a most diverting epistle from one of our Parliamentarians, who is wroth with me because I dared to expose the sickening frivolity which characterises the conduct of "the House." Unfortunately I have no space to reply; but I may ask, Who can honestly deny that imbecility does mark the Parliamentary procedure after the conduct of its Members last night? An excursion was to have been celebrated on the coming Saturday, arrangements, etc., having been made; but when the matter was broached last night, the whole affair was opposed, and consequently fell through. If such conduct as that does not—in great part—bear out my charges, may I never write another word! Might I suggest that the Parliament dissolves, and in September re-forms into its original chrysalis state: a Debating Society? The Parliamentary butterfly has been a bitter disappointment.

THE Gymnasium was closed on Saturday night owing to the fact that the leaders of the things gynastic were rustinating at Hampton Court. A most enjoyable day was spent in rowing, rambling, etc., and Sir Edmund Currie, travelling from Wanstead Ruts, made a point of being present.

I HAVE spent some little time in the Swimming-bath this week, and have been vastly entertained by the budding Beckwiths, with which the water has been studded. Much practical instruction is given by the learners' fidus Achates, Professor Bibbero, who may often be seen in the limpid stream. By the way, the Professor has just recently invented an extremely simple but effectual life-saving apparatus—a complication of rope, cork and wood, that may be seen by those interested, on application, at the bath. This invention should particularly commend itself to all those whose business or pleasure causes a close familiarity with the limpid—or the briny as the case may be. The bath-water is kept at the temperature of 74 deg. The Professor's first pupil, by the way, was Master A. Pyke, and it was thought 'twas passing strange that a *tyke* should come to take lessons in swimming. It is especially noticeable that the (almost) daily frequenters of the bath are already acquiring an insight to the art and mystery of natatism: and if the Professor's efforts are to be supplemented by the Palace Swimming Club, great things, indeed, may confidently be predicted.

THE Members of the Dramatic Club—a goodly number—having determined, as I told you last week, not to be left behind, have decided to spend a day in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court—on or about the 16th of June. The arrangements are left in the hands of a Sub-Committee, who journey to the upper Thames to pursue their enquiries on Saturday next. Each Member has the privilege of introducing a friend on the forthcoming auspicious occasion; and I should like to ask all those who purpose going to send in their names to Secretary Munro as speedily as possible. Amongst the attractions for the day I learn that the Club's Acting Manager is endeavouring to organise the Forest Scenes from Shakespeare's "As You Like It"—which, if it can be done, should be worth witnessing. With a natural background somewhere at Hampton, the effect would be considerably enhanced. No costumes, however, can possibly be forthcoming.

I AM a great believer myself in these outdoor entertainments; and in the summer time I think there is nothing more charming. *Al fresco* performances were given last year with considerable success at Coombe Woods and elsewhere: Shakespeare and a few others being very largely drawn upon. And why should not the Palace "go and do likewise"?

A VERY pretty incident occurred within the Palace walls last Saturday, when our enthusiastic Choral Society, being prompted by a well-known person, gathered together a goodly little sum, for the purpose of presenting the singer of the evening—Madame Lemmens-Sherington—with a small mark of esteem. When the gifted vocalist appeared upon the platform, bearing a basket filled with and composed of the choicest flowers, the enthusiasm ran high, and those who were in the secret cheered vociferously: the lady—who sang charmingly and scored a triumph—appearing greatly pleased with her floral testimonial.

THE Art Society liveth! A meeting was held last week to consider the question of organising a Society to promote a love of the beautiful, and, after much opposition—the promoter came off in triumph. Why any sober minded person should think fit to oppose such a laudable object I cannot for a moment imagine; but I have heard that those opposing were of opinion that the Artists were treading upon their (the opposers') sacred territory—as if, forsooth, there is not room enough for all. Truly, the world is narrow-minded!

ON the whole, the visitors to the Exhibition during the week have been very plentiful, and the printing, Waterbury-watch and other stalls—not forgetting the glass-cutting youth—have been largely patronised. Needless to say that the Artful Museum—now artfully superintended by the energetically-stentorian Olyett—has done much business, and has sent its patrons away glowing with admiration. The organ recitals and the Scots Guards band have not failed to attract many listeners to the Queen's Hall, which has, on several occasions, been filled to overflowing.

THE usual weekly meeting—and the last during the summer recess—of the Literary Society, was held on Friday last, at eight o'clock. As will be seen by reference to the Club Notes, the Chairman announced that a series of prizes had been offered for Competition—so that, although the Society only meets once monthly during the summer, it is hoped that the members will not be idle, but will turn their attention to—guinea-making. Full particulars on page 449. Members of the Society only, eligible for the Competition.

FOR the benefit of those who are curious and who want so sadly to know, I may here remark that it is intended eventually to open a bazaar or supplementary exhibition for the display of those various articles sent in to *The Palace Journal* prize competitions. The fans, boxes, mats, etc., the work of many of our lady Members, are carefully stored every week until, having accumulated sufficient to "make a show," it is our intention to exhibit the same in the manner above mentioned.

A WORD to the Members of the Dramatic Club. Several of the Members having been seized with a feverish desire to have themselves shifted from one section to another, I should like to mention that for the future no person will be allowed so to do unless with the express sanction of the Acting Manager. Some confusion has already resulted from this practice—a practice that is very unfair to the majority of the Members. Those who have been elected for a section must remain with that section; or—there is but one alternative.

THE ladies had a very nice Concert on Thursday night, when a most agreeable time was spent. The proceedings were very much select: the result of my suggestion—"By Ticket only." Mr. Mellish, as heretofore, in the chair.

ROUT, the Rambler, tells me that he is sorry that I saw fit to publish unto the world the Whitsun-Monday grievance of the Rambling Club. I am not: as I believe most fully in giving publicity to offences rank. Perhaps Rout will kindly oblige me with the offender's name,—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee, etc.

THE Shorthand Society is doing brave work and will, I hope, receive the patronage and support of all well-thinking Palace Pitmanites. I am not sure whether it is Stock's intention to keep the Society afloat through all the coming sultry months—if it is, then all I can say is that the Society should "come up to the scratch." Meetings are held every Monday night.

THE Spring Flower Show will be opened on Friday next. The Gymnasium will be used for this Show, and should, indeed, make a capital conservatory. It remains to be seen whether this floral exhibition will be "metal more attractive" than the Workmenies. Such a double attraction should "draw" all London.

A STRANGE and hieroglyphical manuscript has been sent me—presumably for insertion in *The Palace Journal*—from which I gather that a Band Club has been recently formed, with Sir Edmund as President; Geo. Bates as Chairman; Walter S. Constable, Hon. Sec., and the following, I suppose, as Committeeen:—Richard Erskine, Edwin Fletcher, William Kettle, John Clarke and Peter Conad. I say "suppose" with caution for there is nothing on the paper to make me believe that such names are representative of Committeeen. How the Club was formed, and when and where it met, this deponent truly knoweth not. Perhaps the Hon. Sec. will oblige by sending wor—? Yes? Thank you.

THROUGH the kindness of Captain Molesworth, of the Royal Aquarium, I learn that on Saturday next at 7.30 p.m., Professor Beckwith, his son and daughter, and a few of his lady swimmers, will come to the People's Palace to give one of his world famous displays. It is expected that the Bath on this occasion will be densely packed: and to avoid overcrowding it has been thought advisable to charge a fee and admit by ticket only. Tickets can be obtained at the office, price threepence.

SERGEANT BURDETT'S "Complimentary" passed off in a way that certainly must have exceeded the gallant Instructor's most sanguine expectations. A great number of tickets were sold, and by 7.40 p.m. the Queen's Hall, where the entertainment was given, presented a very lively appearance. The Entertainment commenced with Dumb-bell Musical Drill by the picked strength of the Gymnasium, which, to the chorus of the "Old Brigade," went splendidly, and created at once a favourable impression amongst the audience. It should be mentioned that the floor of the Hall, which had been admirably chaired off, was used for these gymnastics. Boxing followed—two sets—between G. Josephs v. G. Bowman, and J. Hawkes v. W. Scott. Some very graceful and daring movements were then given on the parallel bar; and some capital fencing between G. Nykerke and J. Gray—the latter hailing from the Polytechnic—awakened the heartiest applause. Mr. A. J. Hamm gave a very fair Indian club display; and Messrs. T. Tolleday and W. Cooper—no amateurs at the game, I believe—had a very energetic boxing bout. The hero of the evening, Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett, showed his skill with several feats of swordsmanship: and made everyone's blood curdle when he coolly "operated" with a potato on the neck of the unflinching Assistant-Instructor Wright. This concluded the first part of the Entertainment; but the second followed without the slightest interval; and the horizontal bar—erected on the organ platform—was freely used, and the performances thereon much appreciated. A display of Single-sticks between Sergt.-Major Wright and J. Gray (Polytechnic), was very cleverly rendered; and then the second "success" of the evening, Bar-bell Musical Drill,—to the piano strains of the indefatigable Miss Connor—and under the Sergeant's immediate eye, in theatrical parlance, "brought down the house." Then Jack Gray—with all his Poly. honours thick upon him—gave one of his renowned Indian club performances, and whirled his presentation clubs around and above with the most amazing dexterity. Then a short and sharp somersault squad performance under the popular assistant, Mr. C. Wright; after which, Sergt. Burdett, entering the lists, gave fight unto the famous A. Bowman (Captain and Hon. Instructor to the Boxing Club). Who had the best of it I know not—but I have my suspicions. In quick succession Sergt.-Major Wright and J. Gray came up smiling, and playfully pegged away at each other with bayonets—to the great edification and breathless agony of the audience. Vaulting horse used, and ably worked; and then a most amusing boxing bout between Pugh and Chapman—representing, respectively, a miller and a sweep—ticked the risibilities of the good-humoured spectators, so that they laughed muchly: yea, with an exceeding great joy did they laugh. The memorable evening concluded with a running-maze, which would have been wonderfully successful had it not been a trifle foggy in its movements.

By special request Professor Bibbero will give a Swimming and Life Saving Display, and a series of Lectures to Ladies every Tuesday at two o'clock. Admission, including Bath, 3d.

THE first public display of our Lady Gymnasts was given last night (Tuesday) in the Gymnasium, when the performers were honoured with the presence of the Countess of Rosebery. It is too late this week to enumerate the many excellent features of the performance: but suffice it to say that the whole entertainment went off without a hitch. No gentlemen, save and except the Beaumont Trustees, were allowed to be present; but a large number of ladies and friends of the Members availed themselves of the opportunity, and came, not singly, "but in battalions." I hear that the Countess was exceedingly pleased with all she saw; which of course reflects greatly to the credit of Instructor Burdett.

I HAVE nothing fresh this week respecting the projected Swiss tour; but as soon as something reliable in the way of information is forthcoming, rest assured that I shall not fail to give it publicity. Meanwhile enquiries are being made, and Sir Edmund hopes to put before the next meeting quite a mine of information.

MR. BRADLEY gives his Fourth Smoking Concert on Tuesday next. Admission by Ticket only.

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 COUNCIL.

The Monthly Council Meeting will be held next Monday, at 8 p.m., in the Basement (West Side) of the Queen's Hall. Important business.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

The above Society held its last weekly meeting (of the present Session) on Friday evening, which proved to be the most interesting productive evening we have as yet held. Mr. Jno. R. W. Knight occupied the chair. The success of the evening was undoubtedly due to the fact that the compositions were the original productions of the Members of the Society. The programme consisted of four interesting essays entitled respectively:

"ACTORS AND ACTRESSES I HAVE SEEN."
By Mr. Whittick (read by the Author.)

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."
By Tommy Atkins (read by the Chairman.)

"MODERN EDUCATION."
By "Editor" (read by the Chairman.)

"DEMOCRACY."
By Mr. C. J. White (read by the Author.)

The following gentlemen took part in the criticisms and discussions:—Messrs. Hawkins, London, Wadkin, Ring, J. Masters, Rowe, W. White, W. E. Masters.

The Chairman then announced that it had been decided to offer three prizes for Competition among the Members of the Literary Society. The prizes are as follows:—

PRIZE I.—An original Essay. Length not to exceed four columns of the Journal. Subject: "Betting and Gambling." To appear in *The Palace Journal*. MS. to be sent in on or before the 25th of June. Prize, One Guinea.

PRIZE II.—A Tale not to exceed six pages of Journal. The story to be of the present day. MS. to be sent in on or before the 25th of July. Prize, One Guinea.

PRIZE III.—A Narrative of any journey, incident, personal adventure, etc., as, for example, a scene at a fire in London. Not to exceed four columns of the Journal. MS. to be sent in on or before the 25th of August. Prize, One Guinea.

The next meeting of the Society will be on Friday, June 15th, and meetings will be held on the third Friday of each month during the recess. Members are earnestly requested either to send in compositions to be read on those evenings, or to send in the title of what they will read, either to the Secretary or the Chairman. The Secretaries request those Members who have not sent in their addresses to oblige by so doing.

All communications to be addressed People's Palace.

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

It is with great pleasure that I have to announce this week that Lady Jennings has intimated her wish to become an Honorary Member of the Club.

The Subjects for the June Exhibition are as follows:—

| | | |
|-----------|---------|------------------------------------|
| Landscape | | A Country Garden. |
| Figure | | Pleasure. |
| Design | | Subject for a China Dessert Plate. |

Still Life.

The Committee would be obliged if Members will send as many Sketches as possible to the forthcoming Exhibition.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Next Friday's rehearsal will be held in No. 16 room. All Members are requested to attend as the rehearsals are of great importance. Haydn's "Spring" will be given on the 16th June before the Duchess of Albany.

A small Committee will be formed next Friday evening for the proposed Choral outing.

The Members of the Society who visited the Queen's Hall last Saturday must have felt very proud, seeing how delighted Madame Lemmens-Sherington was with the bouquet which was presented by Miss Musto, on behalf of the Choral Society. It was certainly a charming picture.

Mr. Bradley's Fourth Smoking Concert will take place on Tuesday, 5th June. Admission by Ticket only, which can be obtained from any gentleman of the Choral Society, or at the Sanctum (Mr. Knight), also of.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Friday, May 18th, a general meeting was held in the School-rooms, when Mr. V. Dawson and D. Jessemian were elected to fill the vacant seats on the Committee, caused by the resignation of T. Reynolds and the forfeiture of E. Slater, through non-compliance with the Rules.

Miss Linguist and Messrs. T. W. Moore, M. Taylor and W. Warne were elected Members of the above Club. The Secretary read a letter from Lord Rothschild, who has consented to become a Vice-President of the Club.

On Saturday, May 19th, nine Members and four friends carried out the Club Tour. Starting from the Palace at 4 o'clock, we picked our way as best we could through the traffic of Trafalgar Square. Here we were joined by the remainder of our company, and everything being in order, we started and rode through badly paved Hammersmith, under the depressing circumstances of a head wind and a shower of rain. At Hounslow a dismount was ordered and arrangements were made for tea. At 7.30 we were again mounted, and on our way through Colnbrook to Slough. From here we obtained a good view of Windsor Castle and Eton Colleges. At Maidenhead we indulged in some light refreshments and having put on the electric light started for Reading. Owing to an accident to Mr. J. W. Dawson's treadle, Reading was not reached until 11.30 p.m. Our worthy host, Mr. Jackman, of Jackman's Temperance Hotel, had almost given us up. Having partaken of a light supper we retired to bed, leaving orders for breakfast at 9 o'clock next morning. On Sunday morning we were delayed on account of an accident to one of our accompanying friends' machine. Instead of going to Oxford *via* Newbury, we decided to keep along the Thames Valley. Our first place was Pangbourne on the Thames, and here the scenery was simply lovely—the Thames studded with sailing vessels and the Chiltern Hills in the distance making a splendid picture. Our course now lay along the Thames bank as far as Streatley. From Pangbourne the ground rises gradually till near Streatley, when you are some distance above the river. We halted here for about an hour enjoying the beautiful views to be obtained from our point of eminence. Pushing on again we passed through Wallingford, Dorchester and Sandford, reaching Oxford at four o'clock.

Mr. Ludlow, of the Temperance Hotel, Hythe Bridge Street, was the man now sought for, and we had little difficulty in finding him. Originally we had intended reaching Oxford by dinner time, but we were so enchanted with the scenery on our way that we had forgotten all about dinner. Having explained our difficulties to Mr. Ludlow he suggested a meat tea, which we readily agreed to. Our host must evidently have been a cyclist at one time, for the way he stood there and saw the plates of meat and the cups of tea disappear without as much as moving a muscle of his face, proved conclusively that it was nothing new to him to watch cyclists feed. Having satisfied the inner man we started to explore the wonders of Oxford. The Martyrs' Monument was the first object inspected; the various colleges came next, and then we made for the river. Walking along the river bank we were greatly interested in the house-boats belonging to the various colleges. Having now made a circuit of the town, and being rather tired, we retired to our hotel and indulged in some hymns and sacred songs until ten o'clock, when we retired. On Monday we left Oxford at 9 o'clock and having walked through the historical city (the roads being too bad to ride), we passed through Wheatley to Postcombe, where we had to dismount and push our machines over the Chiltern Hills. The hill we mounted was $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and on either side were tall trees growing, forming a splendid avenue. Arrived at the summit we mounted and glided on through Stoken Church to West Wycombe. At this place we had the pleasure of viewing a "Primrose Fête," which was attended by people from the surrounding villages. High Wycombe being now reached we sat down to dinner, being serenaded by the Salvation Army Band of that town.

At four o'clock we again mounted, and soon came to the pretty town of Beaconsfield and from thence to Gerard's Cross. This place had put on its holiday garb, for the village green was one immense fair. Descending Red Hill one of our friends came to grief through the careless riding of another Member, cutting his head so severely as to necessitate sending him home by train from Uxbridge. After having tea at Uxbridge, we wheeled on through Acton and Ealing, arriving home about half-past ten, having spent a most enjoyable holiday.

On Saturday last twelve Members carried out the run to Foot's Cray, in Kent. Crossing by the Greenwich Ferry the route lay through Greenwich Park, over Blackheath and through Eltham and Sidcup to Foot's Cray. After tea we decided to ride through Chislehurst, under the direction and guidance of our Sub-Captain, Mr. Kennard. Our way home lay through Lee and Lewisham, and Mile End Road was reached by 11 o'clock. Those Members who were afraid to cross the water missed a most enjoyable ride.

Intending Members should communicate at once with the Secretary.

On Friday next a General Meeting will be held in the School-rooms at 8.30.

Next Saturday, being Woodford meet, every Member is earnestly requested to be at the Palace not later than 3 o'clock, as the Club is to be photographed at the "Wilfred Lawson" before the meet.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

I am under the ban of a stern and unbending sub-Editor. His orders are to be as sparing of space as possible, and unless I do so he has threatened to prune my report himself. Rather than allow such an outrage I will obey his vile mandate. As stated in a recent issue of *The Palace Journal*, the all-day match, originally arranged for Whit-Monday, with the Surbiton Club, was cancelled, through no fault of ours; and it was not known until Saturday afternoon that an all-day match had been arranged with the Englefield Green C. C.—Englefield Green being situated but a few minutes' walk from the house of one of our Trustees, viz.: Mr. Nathaniel Cohen. The parting words on Saturday night to those intending to go were "Turn up at the Bank at 8.45 sharp." "Right" was the reply, and to give our Members credit, with one exception, they came like the love-sick maidens in Sullivan's "Patience," "all in a row"; most of them, arrayed in flannels and wearing their maroon caps, looking very conspicuous. One man not having turned up, we used the pavement as a notice-board, and wrote the following in chalk, "Gone to W'loo—hurry up." Just as we were leaving the Bank, we caught sight of two or three of the Ramblers, who were evidently on pleasure bent, but we did not know their destination; so walking down to Cannon Street we took train for Waterloo. After a little bustle about at Waterloo, we all managed to pack ourselves in a S. W. R. box, and were soon on our way to Egham, that being the nearest station for Englefield Green. The beautiful country soon put a stop to our morning concert; but on reaching Richmond one of our party caught sight of "Father Thames," at the same time striking up with "Oh! the sea, the beautiful sea," etc. We reached Egham about 10.45, where the Captain of the Englefield Green C. C. conducted us to a large brake. After taking a "cooler" we started on our drive to Englefield Green,—our guide pointing out to us "Holloway's pill place" as he called it; at the same time telling us that one part was used for the making of "ointment," and the other part for "pills." After a pleasant drive we arrived at Englefield Green, and at once adjourned to the "Barley Mow" to make ready for the cricket match. A more suitable and picturesque place to play cricket on could not have been chosen than Englefield Green: a beautiful pitch had been prepared, and the surroundings were charming. A little before twelve, the People's Palace fellows turned out to field, the Englefield Captain, having won the toss choosing to bat first. The innings lasted a little over an hour, and closed for 36 runs; some very good hits were brought off, but the Englefield men seemed hardly at home against our excellent bowling. The Palace team never played a better game, their fielding all round being marked with good judgment and smartness. G. Josephs in the slips deserves special mention, saving no end of runs, picking the ball up very cleanly, and returning very accurately. A. Bowman at point fielded most brilliantly, covering a lot of ground; H. W. Byard and W. Hendry had a lot of ground to cover, and two better men could not have been wished for. I. H. Proops, at long-leg did, what little he had to do well, whilst C. Bowman, H. Marshall, W. Everson and R. Hones saved lots of runs; L. Goldberg and F. Knight bowled through the innings, the former getting a lot of work on the ball, and coming out with a capital average. Knight kept a capital pitch all through; and Carter kept wickets with his usual smartness. At 1.15 the Palace fellows started batting, their innings occupying a little over an hour for 41 runs, or 5 runs to the good. The fielding of the Englefield men was very good, though they evidently believed in the policy of placing their men deep: several runs could have been saved had the men been close in; but their change bowling was excellent, and taking them all round theirs is a very good Club. At the fall of the People's Palace last wicket, the lunch bell rang, and on arriving at the aforesaid "Barley Mow," we found that Mr. Cohen had prepared a splendid lunch for our disposal. With the Captains of the respective Clubs at each end of the table, the work of destruction commenced. My! how the good things vanished before —, and the Members on the right and left kept the carvers busy. When the lunch was at its height our kind provider, Mr. Cohen, looked in, and he must have felt delighted to see how his kindness was appreciated. After the lunch, three hearty cheers were given to Mr. Cohen for the kind and thoughtful manner in which he had provided for our enjoyment. After the usual luncheon interval, the second innings of the Englefield Green C. C. commenced. By this time the wicket had become fast, and runs were very easy to get. Whether our fellows had partaken of too much luncheon I know not, they evidently did not show the same enthusiasm for cricket as they did during the first innings; the bad fielding of the Palace fellows, combined with some excellent batting of our opponents, keeping us in the field for the rest of the afternoon. Howard, who is a left hand bat, gave us no end of trouble; it took him nearly two hours to make 42 runs, while Cooper played a good not out innings of 44, though he gave several chances, some of his hits were very clean. Altogether the batting shown in the second innings was a decided improvement on the first innings—the innings closed for 182 runs. It had been decided by the Captains, if there was not time for two innings each, the match should be decided on the first innings, so the P. P. C. C. won on the first innings by 5 runs. After the match Mr. Stert—Mr. Cohen's head gardener—conducted us to Mr. Cohen's house to tea. Before we sat down, the village drum and fife band gave a selection, and as a wind-up gave "God save the Queen." Mrs. Cohen conducted us to the lawn, where the table had been laid for tea "Neath the great oak tree"—oh, what a charming spot!

Mr. and Mrs. Cohen and the other ladies and gentlemen kept us hard at work, and after all had had enough, a vote of thanks to our host and hostess for the kind way they had entertained us throughout the day, was passed, and cheer after cheer rang through the air. After tea Mr. Cohen conducted us over his splendid gardens. Coming to a bed of flowers, Mr. Cohen kindly told us to help ourselves, and most of our fellows had a button-hole of "Forget me nots"; and thanking the gentleman for his kindness, he bade us all good night. Mr. Stert conducted us back to the "Barley Mow," and after sundry hand-shakes we mounted the brake. Directly we started, three hearty cheers were given to the Englefield Green C. C. Members, to which our friends responded right heartily. We soon arrived at Egham Station, and after waiting some time for a train, we managed to keep together, and altogether there were 21 in our compartment. Our evening concert, owing to the somewhat limited space, was not quite a success, however; but the time flew away, and at 10.45 we arrived at Waterloo. Here several of our party left us, the majority walking back to the Bank, where we dispersed, one and all voting we had never spent a more enjoyable day's outing. The following are the scores:—Englefield, 36 and 182; People's Palace, 41. For the Palace L. Goldberg had 6 wickets for 14 runs, and F. Knight had 4 wickets for 21. Messrs. G. Bowman and E. Myers took the scoring and bowling analysis capitally.

The First Eleven, with a somewhat weak team, on Saturday last, at Wanstead, scored a most creditable win over the Mistletoe by 44 runs, on a very hard and bumpy wicket. Our President, Sir E. Currie, and one of our Vice-Presidents, E. Flower, Esq., honoured us with their presence. The Mistletoe electing to bat first ran up the score of 48 runs. I am glad to say that T. D. Peacey, who carried his bat throughout the innings for 9—was the only man who made any stand; the fielding of the Palace team was very good all round, and notwithstanding the bumpy nature of the wicket, Brown kept wicket very creditably; as usual, L. Goldberg and F. Knight carried off the bowling honours, though Carter came off well, as a glance at the analysis will show. E. Goodwin and H. W. Byard opened the batting for the Palace; both were soon out to the slow bowling of the brothers Peacey. L. Goldberg and T. G. Carter made the game more lively, the former opening with a magnificent on-drive for 4, while Carter's first hit was a magnificent on-drive for 5, all run out; Goldberg was caught and bowled by Peacey, and Carter played on. Wilkins now commenced his splendid not out innings, backed up with some good batting by W. Hendry and F. Knight. Wilkins was not out at the close of the innings for a splendid 42, made up of 1 four, 6 threes, 5 twos, and 10 singles, the innings closing for 92 runs. The fielding of the Mistletoe was at times very loose. T. D. Peacey bowled with success, but the others seemed to give but very little trouble. The following are the scores, and bowling analysis:—

MISTLETOE.

| BATSMAN. | HOW OUT. | BOWLER. | TOTAL. |
|----------------------|--------------------|-------------|--------|
| T. D. Peacey .. | Not out .. | | 9 |
| —Temple .. | Caught, Wilkins .. | Goldberg .. | 0 |
| A. Catherine .. | Bowled .. | Knight .. | 0 |
| C. Harris .. | do .. | do .. | 2 |
| —Butler .. | do .. | Goldberg .. | 3 |
| Rev. W. T. Peacey .. | do .. | do .. | 6 |
| C. Ballard .. | do .. | do .. | 0 |
| A. R. Peacey .. | do .. | do .. | 0 |
| F. Ballard .. | L.B.W. .. | Knight .. | 1 |
| —Ward .. | Bowled .. | do .. | 11 |
| —Witcombe .. | do .. | Carter .. | 5 |
| Extras .. | | | 11 |
| | | Total .. | 48 |

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

| BATSMAN. | HOW OUT. | BOWLER. | TOTAL. |
|------------------|----------------------|-----------------|--------|
| W. Goodwin .. | Bowled .. | A. R. Peacey .. | 3 |
| H. W. Byard .. | Caught, Catherine .. | T. D. Peacey .. | 1 |
| L. Goldberg .. | C. & B. .. | do .. | 10 |
| T. G. Carter .. | Bowled .. | Temple .. | 6 |
| E. T. Wilkins .. | Not out .. | | 42 |
| W. Hendry .. | L.B.W. .. | T. D. Peacey .. | 8 |
| C. Bowman .. | Bowled .. | do .. | 0 |
| F. Knight .. | do .. | W. J. Peacey .. | 8 |
| R. Brown .. | Stumped, Temple .. | do .. | 3 |
| R. Hones .. | do .. | do .. | 2 |
| Extras .. | | | 9 |
| | | Total .. | 92 |

People's Palace fielded and batted one man short.

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.—MISTLETOE.

| Bowler. | No. of Balls. | Maiden Overs. | No. of Runs. | No. of Wickets. |
|--------------|---------------|---------------|--------------|-----------------|
| L. Goldberg | 70 | 9 | 15 | 5 |
| F. Knight .. | 70 | 6 | 19 | 4 |
| W. Goodwin | 10 | 1 | 3 | 0 |
| T. G. Carter | 10 | 2 | 0 | 1 |

SECOND ELEVEN v. PELHAM CRICKET CLUB.—This match was played at Wanstead on Saturday last, and resulted in a victory for the Pelham. The Palace winning the toss, started batting with W. H. Taylor and L. M. Nathan, the bowling being shared by J. Thresher and G. Kerley. The play was very slow, but at 15 W. H. Taylor, in stepping out to a ball from Thresher, was well bowled. G. Thomson joined Nathan, but was bowled first ball, the score being 2 for 15. A. Wainman came in now, and made play a little more lively, but at 26 L. M. Nathan was bowled. W. Everson came in, but a rot set in, as A. Wainman was bowled at 27, having made 7. W. Everson was bowled at 27. W. Wenn was bowled without altering the score. H. Marshall and W. Wand were out without adding to the score. Lyons added 1; Gorton was out without scoring; E. Sherrell, not out, 4—the innings closing for 36.

The Pelham then started batting, and gave the bowlers a good deal of trouble, Tombs making 21, and Thresher 19; Wiggs, 11; Dann, 6; Brand, 11; Housley, 10; Muir, 11; Hobbs, 3; Stevens, 0; Barwood, 0—the innings closing for 95.

On Saturday last a very pleasant, though extremely one-sided game, was played at Wanstead between the Third Eleven and the Bethnal Green Baptist Cricket Club. The Palace team scored 11, whilst their opponents obtained 145 for 9 wickets. The cause of the failure of our men was owing to the splendid bowling of Stockton and Neil, the former taking 6 and the latter 4 of our wickets. It really seemed as if a mistake had been made in placing this team in the field against ours, as it was by far too strong. The bowling of Impey, for the Palace, proved invaluable, as he clean bowled down 7 wickets, whilst Alvarez and Fairweather took one each. The fielding of our men was very clumsy, and several good catches were missed, owing to two or more going after a ball. But a great deal can be said in extenuation, as it must be taken into consideration that not only is it the first match of the eleven, but also the first season.

The 1st Eleven journey to Shepherd's Cottage Fields, Highgate, next Saturday, N.L.R., to Crouch End Station, with the following team:—W. Hendry, E. T. Wilkins, C. Bowman, H. W. Byard, E. C. Brown, F. Knight, R. Hones, L. Goldberg, G. Josephs, A. Bowman (Captain). Reserves: E. Sherrall, J. Cowlin. Scorer, Mr. I. H. Proops; Umpire, Mr. Byard (Senr.).

The following will represent the Palace against St. Katharine's Dock Cricket Club: G. Thomson, J. Munro, W. H. Taylor, E. J. Taylor, W. Wenn, W. Everson, G. Sheppard, W. Newman, T. G. Carter, H. Marshall, A. Wainman (Captain). Reserves: H. Philpot, L. M. Nathan.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Friday evening last, the weather being much cooler, the Members of the Club mustered in full force. The business of the evening was opened by C. J. Funnell v. C. Henley donning the mittens, followed by Instructor A. Bowman v. I. H. Proops, v. A. E. Jacobs, v. H. Dean; I. H. Proops v. R. M. B. Laing; C. Ballard v. W. Dumble.

I should just like to give a word of advice to Mr. C. Ballard and Mr. W. Dumble. I noticed that they were making matters rather warm for one another, but I think that if they were to study the science of the noble art a little more they would profit greatly by it in the end—"No offence I hope."

The next on the scene, as the showman would say, was Mr. C. Mitchell (not the opponent of J. L. Sullivan) v. C. J. Funnell. These two gentlemen were extremely lively throughout their contest. I have a little suspicion that they are training for our forthcoming Competitions which are to take place at the end of the Club quarter. C. Bowman v. S. A. Lumley were the next to delight the audience.

The evening was brought to a close with a spar by our mutual friends, Messrs. Pugh and Chapman.

All intending Members should apply to the Hon. Sec. at once. Subscription 2s. 6d. per quarter.

The Club Badge will be ready by Friday next, price 7d. each. All Members will be expected to wear one, and no Member will be so recognised unless he does.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ART CLUB.

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| President .. . | Sir EDMUND HAY CURRIE. |
| Chairman .. . | Mr. A. M. MENDOZA. |
| Vice-Chairman .. . | Mr. M. RING. |
| Secretary .. . | Mr. J. KARET. |
| Council Representatives .. . | Messrs. A. M. MENDOZA and J. KARET. |
| Committee .. . | Messrs. H. HAWKINS, J. MUNRO, L. NATHAN and Misses COHEN, LEVENE and SIMONS. |

A General Meeting for the formation of the above was held on Thursday last. Mr. A. M. Mendoza in the chair. On the motion of Mr. J. Karet, seconded by Mr. H. J. Hawkins, it was resolved against a few dissentients that an Art Club be formed in connection with the Palace. Mr. Mendoza then informed the meeting that the principal object of the Club would be the education of its Members in the principles and appreciation of art. No artistic knowledge would be necessary as a qualification for Membership, as the aim of the Club was not to produce works of art, but to cultivate artistic taste in every form. The election of officers was then proceeded with, and the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the meeting.

A Meeting will be held at an early date to consider the Rules, etc. All intending Members are requested to send their names to the Hon. Sec. per Bookstall or to the Sanctum.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

On Thursday, May 17th, the usual Concert took place in the Ladies' Social-room and was well attended. The only mar to the proceedings being the interruption caused by a few fellows, who came evidently for the purpose of creating a disturbance. However, just in time, Sir Edmund entered, and as he always does, settled matters immediately: the result being a quiet and peaceful finish to the evening's entertainment. The following ladies and gentlemen kindly contributed their services, giving either songs, pianoforte solos, or recitations and sketches:—

Misses Nathan, Pickel, Simons, Hayle, E. Porter, Musto, Rogers, Simpkins; and Messrs. Dean, Deeley, Clenshaw, Spicer, Mears, Wilson, Coker, Mellish, Greenwood, and Eves.

Mr. Mellish took the chair.

On Thursday 24th, a marked difference was shown in the behaviour of the visitors owing to the fact that admission was obtained by ticket only; the result being perfect harmony in every way. The attendance was very good, although there were counter-attractions, viz.: Workmen's Exhibition, and Scots Guards' Band in the Queen's Hall.

The following ladies and gentlemen distinguished themselves:—

Misses Joel, Hines, Lewey, Simpkins, Mrs. Mellish; and Messrs. Spicer, Dean, Ashford, Mears, Lingard, Saunders, and Harley.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Subscription, 2s. the season; 1s. due at once.

Several Members entered for Class-competition last week, and, with one or two exceptions, successfully swam the distance in the times allowed. There are, however, several more Members wishing to swim over, so it has been decided to carry on the classification to-morrow night again, so as to give everyone a chance in the first race.

Members who successfully accomplished third class time are requested to enter for second class, and second class Members for first class.

Some time was lost last week in ascertaining who were Members of the Swimming Club so as to make up the heats. Will Members kindly give their names to the Secretary when they enter the Bath, so that he can arrange heats.

Ladies' Section.—As there are not more than six lady swimmers' names given, it has been deemed advisable to hold a meeting on Monday next to decide what course is to be adopted. It is impossible to form a Club with only six Members, so that this section looks very much like falling through. Before deciding anything, this special meeting of ladies interested is to be held, to ascertain, if possible, the best course to pursue. What most ladies evidently want is a Swimming Class, by which they will receive proper instruction.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

C. G. RUGG, Assist. Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

Will the Committee of the above Club kindly note that a Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday evening next, at 7.30 p.m.

A General Meeting of the Members of the Club will also be held at 8 o'clock for the purpose of discussing and arranging for the summer programme. It is earnestly requested that all Members be present.

The names of any persons wishing to become Members, should be placed in my hands before the meeting.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec. & Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Cabinet Council, next Tuesday, at 8.30. All Ministers are particularly requested to attend, as most important business is in hand. The intended outing for Saturday next is postponed.

"On the Frontier."

By BRETT HARTE.

2.—A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

CHAPTER II. (continued.)



UT it brought another and more practical fear to her active brain. Perhaps even now the telegraph might be anticipating her! Had Poindexter thought of that? She hesitated no longer, but laying the whip on the back of her jaded mustang, again hurried forward.

As the level horizon grew more distinct her attention was attracted by the white sail of a small boat lazily threading the sinuous channel of the slough. It might be Poindexter arriving by the more direct route from the steamboat that occasionally laid off the ancient *embarcadero* of the Los Cuervos Rancho. But even while watching it her quick ear caught the sound of galloping hoofs behind her. She turned quickly and saw she was followed by a horseman. But her momentary alarm was succeeded by a feeling of relief as she recognised the erect figure and square shoulders of Poindexter. Yet she could not help thinking that he looked more like a militant scout, and less like a cautious legal adviser, than ever.

With unaffected womanliness she re-arranged her slightly disordered hair as he drew up beside her. "I thought you were in yonder boat," she said.

"Not I," he laughed; "I distanced you by the high road two hours, and have been reconnoitring, until I saw you hesitate at the cross roads."

"But who is in the boat?" asked Mrs. Tucker, partly to hide her embarrassment.

"Only some early Chinese market gardener, I dare say. But you are safe now. You are on your own land. You passed the boundary monument of the rancho five minutes ago. Look! All you see before you is yours, from the *embarcadero* to yonder coast range."

The tone of half-raillery did not, however, cheer Mrs. Tucker. She shuddered slightly and cast her eyes over the monotonous sea of tule and meadow.

"It doesn't look pretty, perhaps," continued Poindexter, "but it's the richest land in the State, and the *embarcadero* will some day be a town. I suppose you'll call it Blue Grassville. But you seem tired!" he said, suddenly dropping his voice to a tone of half-humorous sympathy.

Mrs. Tucker managed to get rid of an impending tear under the pretence of clearing her eyes. "Are we nearly there?" she asked.

"Nearly. You know," he added, with the same half-mischief, half-sympathising gaiety, "it's not exactly a palace you're coming to. Hardly. It's the old *casa* that has been deserted for years, but I thought it better you should go into possession there than take up your abode at the shanty where your husband's farm-hands are. No one will know when you take possession of the *casa*, while the very hour of your arrival at the shanty would be known—and if they should make any trouble—"

"If they should make any trouble?" repeated Mrs. Tucker, lifting her frank, enquiring eyes to Poindexter.

His horse suddenly rearing from an apparently accidental prick of the spur, it was a minute or two before he was able to explain. "I mean if this ever comes up as a matter of evidence you know. But here we are!"

What had seemed to be an overgrown mound rising like an island out of the dead level of the grassy sea, now resolved itself into a collection of adobe walls, eaten and encrusted with shrubs and vines that bore some

resemblance to the usual uninhabited-looking exterior of a Spanish-American dwelling. Apertures that might have been lance-shaped windows or only cracks and fissures in the walls were choked up with weeds and grass, and gave no passing glimpse of the interior. Entering a ruinous corral they came to a second entrance which proved to be the *patio* or courtyard. The deserted wooden corridor, with beams, rafters, and floors whitened by the eternal sun and wind, contained a few withered leaves, dryly rotting skins and thongs of leather, as if undisturbed by human care. But among these scattered débris of former life and habitation there was no noisome or unclean suggestion of decay. A faint spiced odour of dessication filled the bare walls. There was no slime on stone or sun-dried brick. In place of fungus or discoloured moisture the dust of efflorescence whitened in the obscured corners. The elements had picked clean the bones of the crumbling tenement ere they should finally absorb it.

A withered old *peon* woman, who in dress, complexion, and fibrous hair might have been an animated fragment of the débris, rustled out of a low vaulted passage and welcomed them with a feeble crepitation. Following her into the dim interior, Mrs. Tucker was surprised to find some slight attempt at comfort and even adornment in the two or three habitable apartments. They were scrupulously clean and dry—two qualities which in her feminine eyes atoned for poverty of material.

"I could not send anything from San Bruno, the nearest village, without attracting attention," explained Poindexter; "but if you can manage to picnic here for a day longer, I'll get one of our Chinese friends here," he pointed to the slough, "to bring over, for his return cargo from across the bay, any necessaries you may want."

"Not I," he laughed; "I distanced you by the high road two hours, and have been reconnoitring, until I saw you hesitate at the cross roads."

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What had seemed to be an overgrown mound rising like an island out of the dead level of the grassy sea, now resolved itself into a collection of adobe walls, eaten and encrusted with shrubs and vines that bore some

leaves in her path. It was staring noon when, the house singing like an empty shell in the monotonous wind, she felt she could stand the solitude no longer, and, crossing the glaring *patio* and whistling corridor, made her way to the open gateway.

But the view without seemed to intensify her desolation. The broad expanse of the shadowless plain reached apparently to the coast range, trackless and unbroken save by one or two clusters of dwarfed oaks, which at that distance were but mossy excrescences on the surface, barely raised above the dead level. On the other side the marsh took up the monotony, and carried it, scarcely interrupted by undefined water-courses, to the faintly marked out horizon line of the remote bay. Scattered and apparently motionless black spots on the meadows that gave a dreary significance to the title of "the Crows" which the rancho bore, and sudden grey clouds of sand-pipers on the marshes, that rose and vanished down the wind, were the only signs of life. Even the white sail of the early morning was gone.

She stood there until the aching of her straining eyes and the stiffening of her limbs in the cold wind compelled her to seek the sheltered warmth of the courtyard. Here she endeavoured to make friends with a bright-eyed lizard, who was sunning himself in the corridor—a graceful little creature in blue and gold, from whom she felt at other times she might have fled, but whose beauty and harmlessness solitude had made known to her. With misplaced kindness she tempted it with bread-crums, with no other effect than to stiffen it into stony astonishment. She wondered if she should become like the prisoners she had read of in books, who poured out their solitary affections on noisome creatures, and she regretted even the mustang, which with the buggy had disappeared under the charge of some unknown retainer on her arrival. Was she not a prisoner? The shutterless windows, yawning doors, and open gate refuted the suggestion, but the encompassing solitude and trackless waste still held her captive. Poindexter had told her it was four miles to the shanty; she might walk there. Why had she given her word that she would remain at the rancho until he returned?

The long day crept monotonously away, and she welcomed the night which shut out the dreary prospect. But it brought no cessation of the harassing wind without, nor surcease of the nervous irritation its perpetual and even activity wrought upon her. It haunted her pillow even in her exhausted sleep, and seemed to impatiently beckon her to rise and follow it. It brought her feverish dreams of her husband, footsore and weary, staggering forward under its pitiless lash and clamorous outcry; she would have gone to his assistance, but when she reached his side and held out her arms to him, it hurried her past with merciless power, and, bearing her away, left him hopelessly behind. It was broad day when she awoke. The usual night showers of the wanly rainy season had left no trace in sky or meadow; the fervid morning sun had already dried the *patio*; only the restless harrying wind remained.

Mrs. Tucker arose with a resolve. She had learned from Concha on the previous evening that a part of the shanty was used as a *tienda* or shop for the labourers and *rancheros*. Under the necessity of purchasing some articles, she would go there and for a moment mingle with those people, who would not recognise her. Even if they did, her instinct told her it would be less to be feared than the hopeless uncertainty of another day. As she left the house the wind seemed to seize her as in her dream and hurry her along with it, until in a few moments the walls of the low *casa* sank into the earth again and she was alone, but for the breeze on the solitary plain. The level distance glittered in the sharp light, a few crows with slant wings dipped and ran down the wind before her, and a passing gleam on the marsh was explained by the far-off cry of a curlew.

She had walked for an hour, upheld by the stimulus of light and morning air, when the cluster of scrub oaks, which was her destination, opened enough to show two rambling sheds, before one of which was a wooden platform containing a few barrels and bones. As she approached nearer, she could see that one or two horses were tethered under the trees, that their riders were lounging by a horse-trough, and that over an open door the word *Tienda* was rudely painted on a board, and as rudely illustrated by the wares displayed at door and window. Accustomed as she was to the poverty of frontier architecture, even the crumbling walls of the old *hacienda* she had just left seemed picturesque to the rigid angles of the thin, blank, unpainted shell before her. One of the loungers, who was reading a newspaper aloud as she advanced, put it aside and stared at her; there was an evident commotion in the shop as she stepped upon the platform, and when she entered, with breathless lips and beating heart, she found herself the object of a dozen curious eyes. Her quick pride resented the scrutiny and recalled her courage, and it was with a slight coldness in her usual lazy indifference that she leaned over the counter and asked for the articles she wanted.

The request was followed by a dead silence. Mrs. Tucker repeated it with some hauteur.

"I reckon you don't seem to know this store is in the hands of the sheriff," said one of the loungers.

Mrs. Tucker was not aware of it.

"Well, I don't know anyone who's a better right to know than Spence Tucker's wife," said another with a coarse laugh. The laugh was echoed by the others. Mrs. Tucker saw the pit into which she had deliberately walked, but did not flinch.

"Is there anyone to serve here?" she asked, turning her clear eyes full upon the bystanders.

"You'd better ask the sheriff. He was the last one to *sarve* here. He served an attachment," replied the inevitable humourist of all Californian assemblages.

"Is he here?" asked Mrs. Tucker, disregarding the renewed laughter which followed this subtle witticism.

The loungers at the door made way for one of their party, who was half dragged, half pushed into the shop. "Here he is," said half a dozen eager voices, in the fond belief that his presence might impart additional humour to the situation. He cast a deprecating glance at Mrs. Tucker and said, "It's so, madam! This yer place is attached; but if there's anything you're wanting why I reckon, boys"—he turned half appealingly to the crowd—"we could oblige a lady." There was a vague sound of angry opposition and remonstrance from the back door of the shop, but the majority, partly overcome by Mrs. Tucker's beauty, assented. "Only," continued the officer explanatorily, "ez these yer goods are in the hands of the creditors, they ought to be represented by an equivalent in money. If you're expecting they should be charged—"

"But I wish to *pay* for them," interrupted Mrs. Tucker, with a slight flush of indignation: "I have the money."

"Oh, I bet you have!" screamed a voice, as, overturning all opposition, the malcontent at the back door, in the shape of an infuriated woman, forced her way into the shop. "I'll bet you have the money! Look at her, boys! Look at the wife of the thief, with the stolen money, in diamonds in her ears and rings on her fingers. She's got money if we've none. She can pay for what she fancies, if we haven't a cent to redeem the bed that's stolen from under us. Oh, yes, buy it all, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! buy the whole shop, Mrs. Spencer Tucker! do you hear? And if you ain't satisfied then, buy my clothes, my wedding ring, the only things your husband hasn't stolen."

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Tucker coldly turning towards the door. But with a flying leap across the counter her relentless adversary stood between her and retreat.

"You don't understand! Perhaps you don't understand that your husband not only stole the hard labour of these men, but even the little money they brought here and trusted to his thieving hands. Perhaps you don't know that he stole my husband's hard earnings, mortgaged these very goods you want to buy, and that he is to-day a convicted thief, a forger, and a runaway coward. Perhaps, if you can't understand me, you can read the newspaper. Look!" She exultingly opened the paper the Sheriff had been reading aloud, and pointed to the displayed headlines. "Look! there are the very words, 'Forgery, Swindling, Embezzlement!' Do you see? And perhaps you can't understand this. Look! 'Shameful flight. Abandons his wife. Runs off with a notorious—'"

"Easy, old gal, easy now. D—n it! Will you dry up? I say. Stop!"

It was too late! The Sheriff had dashed the paper from the woman's hand, but not until Mrs. Tucker had read a single line—a line such as she had sometimes turned from with weary scorn in her careless perusal of the daily shameful chronicle of domestic infelicity. Then she had coldly wondered if there could be any such men and women, and now—! The crowd fell back before her; even the virago was silenced as she looked at her face. The humourist's face was as white, but not as immobile, as he gasped, "Well! if I don't believe she knew nothin' of it!"

For a moment the full force of such a supposition, with all its poignancy, its dramatic intensity, and its pathos, possessed the crowd. In the momentary *clairvoyance* of enthusiasm they caught a glimpse of the truth, and by one of the strange reactions of human passion they only waited for a word of appeal or explanation from her lips to throw themselves at her feet. Had she simply told her story they would have believed her; had she cried, fainted, or gone into hysterics, they would have pitied her. She did neither. Perhaps she thought of neither—or indeed of anything that was then before her eyes. She walked erect to the door and turned upon the threshold. "I mean what I say," she said calmly. "I don't understand you. But whatever just claims you have upon my husband will be paid by me—or by his lawyer, Captain Poindexter."

She had lost the sympathy but not the respect of her hearers. They made way for her with sullen deference as she passed out on the platform. But her adversary, profiting by the last opportunity, burst into an ironical laugh.

"Captain Poindexter, is it? Well, perhaps he's safe to pay *your* bill—but as for your husband's—"

"That's another matter," interrupted a familiar voice with the greatest cheerfulness—"that's what you were going to say, wasn't it? Ha! ha! Well, Mrs. Patterson," continued Poindexter, stepping from his buggy, "you never spoke a truer word in your life. One moment, Mrs. Tucker. Let me send you back in the buggy. Don't mind me. I can get a fresh horse of the Sheriff. I'm quite at home here. I say, Patterson, step a few paces this way, will you? A little further from your wife, please. That'll do. You've got a claim of five thousand dollars against the property, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that woman just driving away is your one solitary chance of getting a cent of it. If your wife insults her again—that chance is gone. And if you do—"

"Well?"

"As sure as there is a God in Israel and a Supreme Court of the State of California, I'll kill you in your tracks! . . . Stay!"

Patterson turned. The irrepressible look of humorous tolerance of all human frailty had suffused Poindexter's black eyes with mischievous moisture. "If you think it quite safe to confide to your wife this prospect of her improvement by widowhood—you may!"

CHAPTER III.

MR. PATTERSON did not inform his wife of the lawyer's personal threat to himself. But he managed, after Poindexter had left, to make her conscious that Mrs. Tucker might be a power to be placated and feared. "You've shot off your mouth at her," he said argumentatively, "and whether you've hit the mark or not you've had your say. If you think it's worth a possible five thousand dollars and interest to keep on, heave ahead. If you rather have the chance of getting the rest in cash, you'll let up on her." "You don't suppose," returned Mrs. Patterson contemptuously, "that she's got anything but what that man of hers—Poindexter—lets her have?" "The Sheriff says," retorted Patterson surlily, "that she's notified him that she claims the rancho as a gift from her husband three years ago—and she's in possession now, and was so when the execution was out—. It don't make no matter," he added with gloomy philosophy, "who's got a full hand as long as we ain't got the cards to chip in. I wouldn't 'a' minded it," he continued meditatively, "if Spence Tucker had dropped a hint to me afore he put out." "And I suppose," said Mrs. Patterson angrily, "you'd have put out too?" "I reckon," said Patterson, simply.

Twice or thrice during the evening he referred, more or less directly, to this lack of confidence shown by his late debtor and employer, and seemed to feel it more keenly than the loss of property. He confided his sentiments quite openly to the Sheriff in possession, over the whisky and euchre with which these gentlemen avoided the difficulties of their delicate relations. He brooded over it as he handed the keys of the shop to the Sheriff when they parted for the night, and was still thinking of it when the house was closed, everybody gone to bed, and he was fetching a fresh jug of water from the well. The moon was at times obscured by flying clouds—the *avant-couriers* of the regular evening shower. He was stooping over the well, when he sprang suddenly to his feet again: "Who's there?" he demanded sharply.

"Hush!" said a voice so low and faint it might have been a whisper of the wind in the palisades of the corral. But, indistinct as it was, it was the voice of the man he was thinking of as far away, and it sent a thrill of alternate awe and pleasure through his pulses.

He glanced quickly around. The moon was hidden by a passing cloud, and only the faint outlines of the house he had just quitted were visible. "Is that you, Spence?" he said tremulously.

"Yes," replied the voice, and a figure dimly emerged from the corner of the corral.

"Lay low, lay low—for God's sake," said Patterson hurriedly throwing himself upon the apparition. "The Sheriff and his posse are in there."

"But I must speak to you a moment," said the figure.

"Wait," said Patterson, glancing towards the building. It's blank, shutterless windows revealed no inner light—a profound silence encompassed it. "Come quick," he whispered. Letting his grasp slip down to the unresisting hand of the stranger, he half dragged, half led him, brushing against the wall, into the open door of the deserted bar-room he had just quitted, locked the inner door, poured a glass of whisky from a decanter, gave it to him, and then watched him drain it at a single draught. The moon came out, and falling through the bare windows full upon the stranger's face, revealed the artistic but slightly dishevelled curls and moustache of the fugitive, Spencer Tucker.

Whatever may have been the real influence of this unfortunate man upon his fellows, it seemed to find expression in a singular unanimity of criticism. Patterson looked at him with a half-dismal, half-welcoming smile: "Well, you are a h—ll of fellow, ain't you?"

(To be continued).

Male "Actresses."

It has been naturally asked what sort of men—in personal appearance, at least—were those who played the female characters in the drama before custom permitted lady-actors to appear upon the public stage? The question, however simple, is not easily answered, as we have neither painting nor written descriptions to guide us in the research; unless, indeed, we are to give credit to a well-painted youthful head, from which there is a print, inscribed *Richard Kynaston*; though, even admitting this to be authentic, it does but represent a lad, seemingly not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age; whilst we know that *Dick Kynaston*, as he was familiarly called, personated female characters in many stage plays after he became a man; otherwise Davenant, the manager, could not have assigned, as an excuse, as he did to King Charles II., when his Majesty expressed impatience for the drawing up of the curtain—"Sire, the scene will commence as soon as the queen is shaved." Kynaston that night was to play the queen. He performed Juliet to Betterton's Romeo. He first appeared as Desdemona. In the prologue written for this occasion were the following lines:—

Our women are defective, and so sized
You'd think they were some of the Guard disguised;
For, to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bones so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
When you call *Desdemona*—enter giant.

It has been supposed that these gentlemen-ladies were effeminate in appearance, and that their voices were naturally pitched in a high key; but there is no authority for these suppositions. It is not unreasonable, however, to imagine that they might, by practice, have obtained the faculty of speaking in *falso*.

Garrick and his friend Dr. Arne were of opinion that these male actors of female parts were selected from amongst the counter-tenors, and even that they spoke in *falso*; as there is no physical reason for supposing that the fair sex did not then, as well as now, obtain an octave higher than our gruff progenitors.

Besides Kynaston, several other male performers personated female characters; as Burt, Clun, Hart and Goffe, at the Blackfriars' Theatre; and Robert Stafford, Richard Godwin, John Wright, Richard Fouch, Arthur Savill and Samuel Mannery were part of the dramatic corps sanctioned by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I. These persons performed in Marmion's *Holland's Leaguer* at the Whitefriars' Theatre.

Some of these worthies, whatever they might have appeared in petticoats as "mimic players," acted noble and manly parts in that real tragedy, the Civil Wars of Charles I., the friend and patron of the stage, for whom they loyally took up arms. Hart had a troop of horse in Prince Rupert's regiment. It is known that this was a fighting corps. Burt was a cornet in the same gallant troop, and exhibited uncommon bravery in the field. Shattersell, another player, served two or three campaigns in the capacity of quartermaster. Mohun, a celebrated performer, had a majority in one of the King's regiments, and fought gallantly. Davenant, the playwright, player, and subsequent manager of the Duke of York's Theatre, entered the service of his royal master, and was knighted for his bravery on the field. Allan, an actor also, and of high repute, was a major in the King's army, and quartermaster-general. Indeed, it is generally asserted that such was the reverence of the dramatic corps for the King, as a patron and protector of the arts, that not one of the players, high or low, was known to have joined the Parliamentarians.

It is from a patent granted to Sir William Davenant, soon after the Restoration, that we are to date the introduction of females as performers on the boards of

the public theatres; the substance of the clause is as follows:—

"That, whereas the women's parts have hitherto been acted by men in the habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave, for the time to come, that all women's parts be acted by women."

The advantage derived by the drama by this admission in favour of the ladies was great indeed, as might have been foreseen. An interest was thrown into scenes of tenderness which was pure and genuine, exciting in the audience feelings very different to what had been experienced before; for, in some passages, the more the actor displayed his skill, in the discrimination of the female character, the less was sometimes the applause; and nothing short of the allowance of custom, nor even that at all times, could prevent the manly feelings and increasing good taste of an audience from occasionally revolting at the representation of scenes even of the purest sentiment, and of the strictest moral tendency. Who, amongst the play-goers in this age, can fully conceive the delight of the first audience at the performance of a dramatic piece, graced by the feminine attractions of delicacy and female beauty?

It is a curious coincidence, that two of our greatest tragedians should happen to unite the husband and wife. Betterton, and his fair lady, who was one of the two female performers who first appeared on the stage, were acknowledged the greatest to the end of their days; this lady, whose maiden name was Saunders, and Mrs. Davenport. These were succeeded by other ladies of celebrity in the histrionic art, of the names of Davies, Long, Gibbs, Norris, Holden and Jennings; the celebrated Eleanor George, too, was one of the early performers, whose reputation was injurious to the profession of her compeers.

It is a circumstance not generally known that, about this period, some plays were performed entirely by women—one in particular, *The Parson's Wedding*, is said to have drawn large audiences.

Queen Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles I., and the young ladies of the Court, are recorded to have performed characters and danced in the masques got up at the royal palaces. This gave great offence to the Puritans, insomuch that William Prynne, the barrister, wrote a violent philippic against the Queen and her ladies for what he considered in them a gross violation of female decorum; and he abused them in such scandalous terms that he was tried in the Star Chamber for the offence, and most severely punished. He also made a strong attack upon some of the French actresses, who, in 1629, performed for a short season at the Blackfriars' Theatre, when, according to the custom on the Continent, the female parts were played by that sex. This is considered to have been the first attempt made to introduce female actors on our public stage. Prynne's animadversions, in a note to his *Histriomastix*, are:—

"Some French-women, or monsters rather, on Michaelmas Term, 1629, attempted to act a French play, at the Play-house in Blackfriars; an impudent, shamefull, unwomanly, graceless attempt," etc.

Another moral reformer, Thomas Brand, attacked these actresses in an address, as is supposed, to Bishop Laud, condemning them as "certain vagrant French players" acting "an unchaste comedy, in the French tongue, at the Blackfryers"; the writer adds, "Glad I am to say they were hissed, hooted, and pippin-pelted from the stage, so that I do not think they will soone be ready to tri the same againe." Prynne records it as a failure, saying, "there was no great resort" to the play.

A Close Question.—When, in 1782, it was settled that Lord George Germaine should retire from the Ministry, and Lord North notified that necessity to him, Lord G. said, with spirit and good sense, "You say I must go, my Lord;—very well—but pray, why is your Lordship to stay?"

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.)

Re SWISS TOUR.

DEAR SIR,—I would thank you to allow me a short space in your valuable columns respecting the date already fixed for the above-named tour. I have heard that it is intended to start the proposed tour between the end of August and beginning of September, which, I think, Sir, you will agree with me is most awkward, considering that Bank Holiday arrives so near that date, and it would be utterly impossible for those who, like myself, are engaged in a commercial business (I presume the great majority of our Members are), to avail themselves of such a golden opportunity, owing to pressure of business at that time. I would suggest that the date should be fixed the first week in August, when I am certain the excellent object would be far more patronised, than on the previous named date. Thanking you in advance for the insertion of this letter, yours truly,

A. L. LONDON.

DANCING CLASS.

SIR.—With reference to the above, I quite agree with your correspondent, and think that such a class would be hailed with delight and heartily supported by a good number of the Palace Members. As was seen at the Social Evenings in January last, a great number who attended could not dance, and consequently felt rather awkward—and, in fact, out of place, as the principal amusement was dancing. Hoping that the Trustees will give their consent, and that such a class will be formed, is the wish of yours truly,

AN ASPIRANT.

CYCLING CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—On riding with the Palace Cycling Club a Saturday day or two back, I noticed how conspicuous the ladies were by their absence—there only being one present. From what I have heard it appears that the great difficulty with ladies is the great trouble involved in cleaning and storing their machines after being used. A gentleman can ride a bicycle, which can easily be cleaned and stored in any house, but a lady must ride a tricycle if she wishes to ride at all, and it is no easy matter for a lady to get this into the average house. It is true there are places where machines can be stored, but this entails an expense, which most cannot be burdened with. If a suitable place were constructed in the Palace for the storage of machines, and one of the Palace attendants could be spared to devote a little time in cleaning them now and then, for which a nominal charge should be made, I feel convinced the Club would soon be well represented by the ladies; and no doubt the gentlemen Members too would be increased.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A VISITOR.

Re GOSSIP.

SIR.—While waiving the undoubted right to question the morality of publishing the reports of a Committee held "in camera," or rather airing the private opinions of a Committeeman, I must crave the indulgence of the sub-Editor, in ventilating my remonstrance. I maintain that the Chairman at a meeting must do all he can to expedite matters, keep speakers to the point, and prevent interruption from others. Having conscientiously tried to do so, I am publicly snubbed for treading on the sub-Editor's corned toes. Had I been less observant of the "House's" ruling, regarding the insertion of Dancing in our "Outing Programme," I should not have been so attacked. Perhaps the worthy, respected, and all-powerful "Subby" being, as he often tells us, not "built" that way, for athletic sports and "diversions" generally, is antagonistic to such displays of youthful agility. Should he, in following up such amusements chance to fall, let him be under no misapprehensions as regards his personal safety—nighly marauders and caterwaulers always fall on their feet. The *Croesus*-like opinions, respecting the dinner, which I inadvertently let fall, I apologise for, as my only object was to obtain for all, once in a way, a nicely served-up meal, at a little beyond "cook-shop" prices. I certainly must admit the existence of party-feeling in our Parliament. It is not so much the partisanship, as the wretched waste of time over points of order, and general procedure. We are good friends outside the House. The Gossip writer is very careful to remain unspotted amongst all the odium showered upon the "wretched Senators." A glance below the surface would show the non-existence of much attributed to the "Parliamentarians." It almost needs an old Parliamentary hand to understand why Members are suspended for infringement of the Rules, so that "the Member who has not taken his seat" should do so early in the coming session, when he will perhaps believe more in a just liberality and generosity of opinion.—Yours, faithfully Defensive,

H. T. WADKIN.

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.**RULES AND CONDITIONS.**

- No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
- 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.
- Every Competitor must, when the subject of the competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
- 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.
- The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
- Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
- Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose in their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
- Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
- 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.*

All Competitors who have been announced as winners of Prizes, whether weekly or quarterly, in the numbers of the Journal issued respectively on April 25th, May 2nd, May 9th, May 16th, May 23rd, and May 30th, may receive the amounts to which they are entitled on application to the sub-Editor, at the East Lodge, between the hours of five and nine p.m., on Friday week, June 8th.

COMPETITIONS SET MAY 16.**CLASS A.**

The voting for the best plays outside of Shakespeare was more widely distributed than usual, with the result that none got a very large quantity of votes, while a number obtained the suffrages of ten or a dozen Competitors, which was not, however, sufficient to bring them into the first rank. It may be well to state for the benefit of certain Competitors, that such plays as "Hamlet" and "The Merchant of Venice" can hardly, as yet, be considered as belonging to the extra-Shakespearian drama. The result is as follows:—

| | | | | |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|
| School for Scandal | .. | .. | .. | 40 |
| Harbour Lights | .. | .. | .. | 37 |
| Lady of Lyons | .. | .. | .. | 27 |
| Our Boys | .. | .. | .. | 26 |
| The Rivals | .. | .. | .. | 25 |
| Silver King | .. | .. | .. | 24 |

The next four being—

| | | | | |
|------------------------|----|----|----|----|
| In the Ranks | .. | .. | .. | 23 |
| She Stoops to Conquer | .. | .. | .. | 22 |
| Faust | .. | .. | .. | 19 |
| Never Too Late to Mend | .. | .. | .. | 15 |

No one sent in a list comprising all the first six, and only one Competitor succeeded in naming five of them. This was

HARRY MACKELCHEN,
13, Baggally Street, Burdett Road, E.,

who, therefore, takes the prize.

CLASS B.

It is apparently rather a difficult matter to make a sentence in which no vowel but "o" appears, for the majority of those received were not remarkable as pieces of composition. The best, though not the longest sentence, was the following:

"Most good folk, who scorn to do wrong, go to God for comfort; not to fools, who scoff or mock God's book or word."

The author of this is

FREDERICK ARCHER,
58, Jubilee Street, E.,

who wins the prize. Of the others, the best were G. Hoare, A. J. Parsons, and J. T. Hill.

CLASS C.

The result of this Competition was beyond expression disappointing. I had hoped for a variety of brilliantly original suggestions for Competitions, and did not receive one which could be

fairly described as such. Nearly all the Competitors travelled on the old lines, and suggested Competitions for making various articles, which have not certainly been asked for, but which would readily occur to any one who was casting about for an idea of something in which skill in needlework might be displayed. Or if it was not needlework that was suggested, it was some other form of some Competition which has already been set. I am really unable to say that any one of the fifteen suggestions sent in is better than any of the others, and in the circumstances the fairest course will be to withhold the prize. I shall, no doubt, make use of the suggestions, but the fact that priority is given to one must not be taken to mean that it is considered superior to others, for it is not possible to make use of all at once.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

(Articles sent in for Competition cannot possibly be returned.)

CLASS A. (OPEN TO EVERYBODY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given for a list of the six worst plays in the whole range of the English acting drama. To be decided in the usual manner by a majority of votes. Lists must be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, June 7th.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

A Prize of Five Shillings is offered for the best composition on the saying—"Every man is the architect of his own fortune." No limitations as to length are laid down, but preference would be given to an essay which expressed certain ideas briefly and concisely over another which expressed the same ideas with unnecessary amplification. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, June 7th.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best painting of a red rose, the work of a Competitor. What is wanted is not a rose painted in the sense in which one talks of "painting the lily," but a representation of a rose, drawn and painted on paper, wood, or any other material—a little picture in fact. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, June 7th.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best model in clay of the bearded head of a man. Three weeks allowed for this Competition, which will close, therefore, on Thursday, June 21st. A second Prize may be given should such be thought to be deserved.

QUARTERLY COMPETITIONS.

RESULTS OF THE PAST QUARTER.

The Puzzle Competitions have been more successful in every way during the past quarter than in the one before. Not only has the number of Competitions been larger, but a much higher standard of marks has been obtained, and that in spite of the fact that the puzzles have on the whole been harder. Competitors, too, have been much more regular in sending in answers, with the result that the issue has been very close and interesting. Last quarter it may be remembered that a Member of the Palace beat all Competitors in the Open Class; this time the same Competitor is again the winner in Class B, but his score has been beaten by both the first and second in Class A, though the struggle, as will be seen, was very near indeed. The former winner in Class A now takes the second place. When the Puzzle Competitions are resumed it will probably be necessary to handicap former winners, so as to prevent them carrying off prizes with such ease. Below will be found lists of all those in the respective classes who have obtained more than one-fourth the greatest possible number of marks, which was 240.

CLASS A.

In this Class the contest for the first place was exceptionally keen throughout the quarter, and it was finally gained by a majority of one mark only, with a score of 217, which is a most creditable proportion of the whole. The name of the winner is

H. J. WATERS (f1),
(Address mislaid.)

Second, with a total score of 216, is

HENRY EVERETT (10s.),
42, Huddart Street, Bow.

There follows a list of Competitors in Class A who attained sixty marks or more—

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----|------------------|----|-----|
| Edson, C. | .. | 187 | Smith, Elizabeth | .. | 136 |
| Stewart, A. J. | .. | 184 | Rowe, G. H. | .. | 134 |
| Beavis, R. T. | .. | 169 | Morden, H. | .. | 133 |
| Langholt, A. V. | .. | 159 | Lushey, F. T. | .. | 127 |
| Fennedy, A. | .. | 152 | Moody, Alice | .. | 124 |
| Tanter, F. J. | .. | 145 | Bevis, Annie | .. | 117 |
| Bartlett, H. J. | .. | 144 | Cutting, Annie | .. | 115 |
| L'Estrange, F. | .. | 140 | James, Matilda | .. | 107 |
| Boxshall, F. J. | .. | 138 | Harrison, W. M. | .. | 104 |
| Watkins, L. R. | .. | 138 | Smith, E. G. | .. | 98 |
| Ringham, L. | .. | 138 | Grayling, Alice | .. | 68 |
| Dally, Evelina | .. | 138 | Hampsheir, G. | .. | 66 |

CLASS B.

Here there is a greater gap between the first and second, but the general level of marks obtained compares very favourably with Class A. The Prize, as stated above, again goes to last quarter's winner, with a score of 215, his name and address being

ERNEST STEWART NOBLE (f1),
Olive House, Leytonstone.

Second, with a score of 187, is

FREDERICK ARCHER (10s.),
58, Jubilee Street, Commercial Road.

In each quarter the same Competitor, in this Class, has occupied the unenviable position of third on the list, and, as some measure of balm for his feelings, a consolation prize of five shillings (withheld in Class D), is awarded to

J. T. HILL,
125, Belgrave Street, Stepney,

who attained the very respectable total of 178 marks. Follow the names of the best among the other Competitors:

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|----|-----|-------------------|----|-----|
| Stevenson, C. | .. | 170 | Claydon, Charles | .. | 131 |
| Doyle, E. F. | .. | 169 | Johnston, Malcolm | .. | 130 |
| Holmes, T. | .. | 165 | Abrahams, John | .. | 128 |
| Lambert, W. | .. | 154 | Sherrell, L. | .. | 109 |
| MacKelchen, B. H. | .. | 152 | Lambert, John | .. | 108 |
| Elmslie, A. J. | .. | 150 | Dorworth, P. T. | .. | 93 |
| Harry, Montagu | .. | 134 | Parsons, W. G. | .. | 75 |

CLASS C.

The Competition in this Class shows an improvement, but there is still plenty of room for more Competitors. The first prize is won with a total of 137, by

EVA TANNER (10s.),
School House, Globe Road, E.

Second, with 113 marks, is

KATE TRANTER (5s.),
2, Waterloo Road, Victoria Park.

Other Competitors:

| | | | | | |
|-----------------|----|-----|------------------------|----|----|
| Hobbs, Florence | .. | 100 | Williamson, Cecilia A. | .. | 73 |
| Goodman, Minnie | .. | 97 | Ingram, Ida | .. | 57 |
| Hugget, Emmie | .. | 78 | Rattray, Louisa | .. | 45 |

CLASS D.

In this Class there was simply no Competition, only one Competitor sending in answers with anything approaching to regularity; and that can only be called regularity by comparison with others. The first prize will be given to this Competitor, who is

R. FORD,
(Address mislaid),

while the second prize will not be awarded.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERIPATETIC.—Please don't hesitate to ask questions on any doubtful points. As to those you put in your letter—(1) The reference in the "light" of the acrostic, of which the answer given was "lute," was to some lines in one of Shakespeare's plays:

As musical as was Apollo's lute
Strung with his own hair;

I think they run, but I am writing this away from my Shakespeare, and cannot now give you the reference. (2) You may find anywhere that Augustin was an African Bishop, but he was not the Augustin sent by Pope Gregory to England. The Augustin alluded to was the "Father of the Church," author of "The City of God," etc., who was born in Tagaste, North Africa, and was Bishop of Hippo; he flourished 150 years before the other Augustin was heard of. As to spelling of the name, I have always spelt it and seen it spelt without a final "e." The English form of the name is "Austin" and the saint is often so called, and that certainly never has an "e" tacked on. (3) "Nard" was, I think, a common name for ointment, and was used alone as well as in such combinations as "spike-nard."

RACHEL DAVIS.—You are in error if you suppose that I have any giving of votes in Competitions in Class A. They are decided by counting the votes of the Competitors, and if your opinion does not coincide with that of the majority I am sorry, but cannot help it.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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