



Vol. II.—No. 31.]

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
SHADOWS BEFORE	473
NOTES OF THE WEEK	473, 474
SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S LAST LECTURE	474
SOCIETY AND CLUB NOTES	475-477
PALACE GOSSIP	478
ON THE FRONTIER	479-481
PROTESTS—IN COLOUR	481
COMPETITIONS, PUZZLES AND PRIZES	482
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	482
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	482
ADVERTISEMENTS	483, 484

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the First Northampton Regiment (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
 LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Thursday "at home."
 SWIMMING CLUB.—First Silver Medal Handicap.

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the First Northampton Regiment (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 CYCLING CLUB.—General Meeting at 8.30.
 LITERARY SOCIETY.—Monthly Meeting, at 8.15.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, Section B, at 8 o'clock.
 CHORAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, at 7.15 sharp.
 SWISS TOUR.—Special Meeting in Sub-Editor's Office, at 8.

SATURDAY.—
 OPENING of the New Library by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the First Northampton Regiment (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Stamford Rivers.
 CHORAL SOCIETY.—General Meeting at 2 p.m. (Ladies'-room).
 CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at Wanstead, etc. (See CLUB NOTES.)

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

MONDAY.—SPECIAL ALL-DAY FETE.—Admission id.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual meeting.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, Section C, at 8 o'clock.
 HARRIERS.—Committee Meeting, at 8 o'clock.

TUESDAY.—SPECIAL ALL-DAY FETE.—Admission id.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—Distribution of Prizes by H.R.H. the Princess Louise. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, Section C, at 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY.—SPECIAL ALL-DAY FETE.—Admission id.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8 o'clock.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, Section A.
 CRICKET CLUB.—Special Committee Meeting, at 8.30.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 17th, at 12.30 p.m.,
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST	MR. H. D. MALCOLM.
1. Festive March in D	Smart.
2. Intermezzo	Allan Macbeth.
3. Andante in A flat	Hoyte.
4. Invocation	
Allegretto in B minor	Guilmant.
Grande Chœur in D	
5. Minuet and Trio	Sterndale Bennett.
6. Andante in D	Silas.
7. Pastorale	Hamilton Clarke.
8. Finale	Lemmens.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

ON Saturday next the new Library will be opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. The Palace has already been so fully recognised by the Queen and the Royal Family, that the visit of the Duchess will be considered another link in the chain of Royal good will. A Royal Duchess does not make a Library, nor does she patronize one when she opens it. Her presence on such an occasion is symbolical. It marks and underlines the great truth which we are sometimes apt to forget that we are all Members of the Body Politic, and that in which if one part suffer all must suffer: if one part rejoice all should rejoice. The well being of the whole Body Politic is the common care of all; and since the people of Great Britain and Ireland agree in preferring their present form of constitution to any other, the presence of any members of the Royal Family at a Function shows that the occasion is one not of local but of National importance.

THE population of Great Britain is 24,000,000. That of the City of East London is 2,000,000. Therefore anything which advances East London advances one-twelfth of the whole population. If this is not National, it is difficult to understand what would be so considered. East London is now to have a splendid Library, established in a room the like of which does not exist except at the British Museum, with space for a quarter of a million books above ground, and ten times that number below, free to the whole city. It is not provided by any rate, but by free and voluntary gifts. The place will be, for generations to come, one of quiet retreat to those who wish to spend an evening in peace; one of study to those who desire to learn, and one of recreation to those who have a few hours in the day to spare for reading. Up to the present the temporary Library has been chiefly used by those who had nothing else to do, and found a resting place within its walls. But as the educational side of the Palace develops it will become more and more a centre for study of every kind. It must be understood by all that the Library, like every other part of the Palace, is a part of the Trust committed to the care of the Trustees. That is to say, no one can claim a right to introduce any book or books; nor can any one complain, except on the score of public and educational utility, that this or that book is not found there. One thing is quite certain, that in all branches of real learning the Trustees will continually labour to make the Library more and more complete.

AFTER the Library has been declared open, Mr. John Morley will deliver an address on "Books and Reading." We are fortunate in securing for such an occasion one who has perhaps the greatest claim of any living Englishman to be the spokesman on such a subject. On politics Mr. Morley has, on more than one occasion, spoken at the East End. On this occasion,

happily, we shall be privileged to hear him in a less familiar and, for that afternoon, a more interesting subject. Mr. John Morley, an Oxford man, has been a writer for more than a quarter of a century. Among his better known works are his excellent books on Voltaire and Rousseau: he was for many years the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*: he was for a time the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*: and to speak of his many papers, reviews, articles and essays would be to write a history of English literature for the last quarter of a century. Those of the Palace Members who intend to read his books must be warned that they are written for those who already know a good deal of the subject. Thus, his book on Voltaire should not be taken up by any one who has not previously acquired some knowledge of that writer's history, and the works which he produced. Those who take the trouble to do this first will be richly rewarded afterwards.

MR. MORLEY has many friends in the line he has taken in politics: but he has also many enemies. In his literary work it may be fairly stated that he has no enemies at all, but, on the contrary, a general circle of unanimous admirers. If a poll were taken among cultivated men as to the living leaders in the literary calling, I think the result would show Mr. George Meredith and Mr. John Morley first. This is significant because it shows that the critical faculty is now placed side by side with the creative power. Mr. George Meredith is above all things a creator: Mr. John Morley is above all things a critic.

DISRAELI said that critics were the failures in literature. This is a hard saying, only half true. That is to say, there are critics by the hundred who are failures in literature: none so severe a critic as your total failure: but this remark does not apply to the highest kind of criticism. Mr. John Morley, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Mr. George Saintsbury, living writers in this country; Ste Beuve, a dead writer in France: are critics to whom this epigram can surely never be applied.

MR. MORLEY has very kindly promised to place his address at Sir Edmund Currie's disposal. I am delighted to announce to the readers of the Journal that it will be published in their pages. Club, Gossip, and the reports of our various societies, will, therefore, have to stand over and not be reported next week.

THIS delay will give an opportunity to the Cricket Club to look into that little matter about the Members who did not keep their appointment. I hope sincerely that jealousy, for the honour of the Palace, will result in the immediate execution of all those who have not a good reason to give for their non-appearance. Gentlemen of the Cricket Club, is it—is it—good manners to appoint a match with two elevens and then not to appear in the field? We have much to learn in the matter of acting together. Courage. Let us acknowledge the fact and go on learning. Rome, we know, was not built in a day.

It seems that the Competition column has not of late attracted so much attention as heretofore. The reason can hardly be any falling off of interest, because, so far as I can judge, our Competition Editor has surpassed himself in ingenuity and resource. One correspondent suggests that the same names occur so often in the Prize List that other Competitors are discouraged. Others say that in the summer it is difficult to get fellows to work at Competitions. We shall, therefore, discontinue the Competitions for the next three months, and when we begin again, we will follow a rule adopted in many journals, by which a Competitor shall only be allowed to win so many prizes in the quarter or in the year.

It is very pleasant to recognize promise in the infancy of the Palace, whatever be its branch. The drawing which is published in this number is the work of one of our Palace Members, Mr. Nathan. The block has been presented to the Journal by Mr. Charles Longman (of the great publishing firm of Longmans and Co., Paternoster Row), one of the Library Committee. We hope to see a great deal more of Mr. Nathan's work, and we shall all follow his career with great interest. Let him and all other young artists understand, however, that promise is not performance, that they have still an immense quantity to learn, and that industry and application are, according to Charles Dickens, synonyms for genius. I would suggest also to all young artists that practice of the eye and the hand should be supplemented by good reading. An artist is nothing without high ideals: the only way to get high ideals is to read great books. Those of us who have lived thirty years longer than Mr. Nathan see, in such a case as his, and a thousand like his, a youth standing where two roads meet. One of them is rugged and thorny, in which present pleasure is postponed to study and practice and the cultivation of noble thoughts. This one leads to honour and distinction. The other—well, there are billiard-rooms and public houses along that other road, and girls who smile and men who drink. Nobody reads there: nobody thinks: a poet is not known: and the cleverest youth speedily sinks to the level of amusing his more stupid friends. As for fame and honour, there are none.

EDITOR.

Reynolds's Last Lecture.

At the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square, is a relic of considerable interest in connection with the history of the foundation. Such is the chair in which, nearly a century since, Sir Joshua Reynolds took his seat as the first President of the Royal Academy of Arts, at their first place of meeting, in Pall Mall. It will be recollected that Reynolds reigned paramount at the Academy until the feud through Fuseli being elected Academician over Bonomi, in whose behalf the President had been over-zealous. Sir Joshua then quitted the chair deeply offended, and wrote a cold but courteous farewell. The Academy endeavoured to soothe him; and the King, through Sir William Chambers, conveyed the royal wish that Sir Joshua would continue President. He relented and resumed the chair, but only to resign it with more kindly feeling, after an occupation altogether of twenty-one years. He last appeared in the Academy on Dec. 10, 1790. During his lecture a great crash was heard, and the company, fearing that the building was about to come down, rushed towards the door. Sir Joshua, however, sat silent and unmoved in his chair. The floor, which had only sunk a little, was soon supported, and the company resumed their seats, and the President recommenced his discourse with perfect composure. He afterwards remarked that, if the floor had fallen, the whole company must have been killed, and the arts in Britain, as a consequence, thrown back two hundred years. Sir Joshua concluded his discourse with these emphatic words. Speaking of Michael Angelo, he said:—

"I feel a self-congratulation in knowing myself capable of such sensations as he intended to excite. I reflect, not without vanity, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of that truly divine man; and I should desire that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy and from this place might be the name of Michael Angelo." As Sir Joshua left the chair, Burke went up to him and said—

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

The chair has been disused for the last few years, and is now preserved at the Academy with reverential care as a relic.

Society and Club Notes.

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

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Wednesday last seven Members made a trip to the "Blue Boar" at Abridge. The pace was made as fast as possible, and thoroughly was the run enjoyed. The homeward trip was made under difficulties, on account of the heavy fog or mist prevailing.

On Thursday fourteen Members carried out the Club run to Woodford, and right merrily did they enjoy themselves. About 9.30, Subby Kennard sounded the mount, our worthy Captain being absent, on account of an accident to his machine, and a start was made for home. Nearing Victoria Park the tandem shed its tire, but thanks to a very long strap in the possession of the rider the damage was temporarily mended and home reached in safety. Saturday last was a day to stop the butterfly riders, and accordingly the muster was rather small. Fourteen Members carried out the run to the "King's Head," Loughton. The table was very prettily laid out with flowers, etc., besides everything that was necessary for a substantial tea. After tea, music and bagatelle were the order of the evening, H. Ransley proving himself a regular champion at the latter. Mrs. Burley presided at the piano and enchanted the audience with several sonatas and marches. Mr. Jesseman obliged with "The Old Brigade" and "The Little Powder Monkey." Mr. Kennard with "Wont You Buy My Pretty Flowers." Mr. Giles with "The Bugler," which was excellently rendered, and Mr. Burley with "Nancy Lee" and "Definition of a Kiss." At 9 o'clock five Members made their annual call at the "Roebuck," the occasion being the excursion of the Choral Society in connection with the Birkbeck Institution. At ten o'clock we again mustered on the brow of Buckhurst Hill, according to arrangement, and the whistle having sounded, the homeward journey commenced. The right hand road was taken at the junction by the "Wilfrid Lawson," and soon after J. W. Dawson came to grief through his front tire coming off. Dismounting, we soon set matters straight with the help of straps and copper wire. Taking the Snaresbrook road leading to the Eagle, and under the railway at Snaresbrook station, we made our way to Wanstead Flats. On arriving at the Flats we took the right hand road round the Flats across the Leytonstone Road and on to Temple Mills. Mile End was reached about 11.15, the lateness of the hour being due to the accident. The roads were simply perfection, the rain having laid the dust and made the air very fresh. On Thursday next the usual run to Woodford. Members are requested to be at the Palace at 7 o'clock. On Friday next a General Meeting will be held at 8.30 p.m. The Secretary will be present at 8 o'clock to receive subscriptions for the ensuing half-year. On Saturday next the run will be to Stamford Rivers ("White Bear"), leaving the Palace at 4 o'clock sharp.

The Committee have bought a Marlborough Club Tandem, adjustable seats, with double steering, suitable for two ladies or lady and gentleman. For terms and conditions of hire, communicate with the Secretary.

I have great pleasure in announcing that the Rev. W. P. Jay, M.A., M.L.S.B., has consented to become a Vice-President and Honorary Member of the Club.

A few Members still owe for their badges, and I shall be pleased to receive their money on Friday next.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

First handicap to-morrow night for Prize Silver Medal. All Members of Club can enter.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of Members will take place on Wednesday evening next, 13th inst., at 8 p.m., Room No. 12, for the purpose of discussing and settling the Summer programme of the Club, and for general business.

Cards of Membership will be ready for delivery to all who have paid their subscription up to October next (2s. 6d.).

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The Members of this Society are requested to meet on Friday evening next, when the first monthly "productive" evening will be held.

All those who have not received a copy of the Rules, can have same by applying to the Secretaries at the meeting. It is requested that the Members of the Committee will attend more frequently at the ordinary meetings of the Society.

All Members of the Palace are heartily welcome.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of the Members was held in the School-room on Wednesday evening last, 6th inst.

Mr. Halfpenny was voted to the chair, and was shortly afterwards superseded by our Acting Manager, Mr. Knight, who occupied the chair till the close of the meeting.

The proposed Excursion was discussed, and the report of the "wicked" six was heard. After prolonged discussion it was agreed to hold the Excursion on Saturday, 23rd June, at Hampton Court. The reason for postponement being the Duchess of Albany's visit on Saturday, 16th, to the Palace. A great many, doubtless, are very anxious to see a real live duchess.

In the course of the night a discussion arose as to the power of our Acting Manager. It was ultimately decided that he should have full powers in the matter of the direction of the Club.

Some curious persons apparently thought he ought to run to the Committee every time he wanted to do anything.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

We must again point out the absolute necessity for strict attention to calls for rehearsal. If the Members wish one at 7.30 or 8 o'clock, they must all turn up at whatever hour they name, and not have one or two Members standing waiting for the others. We cannot have this. If the Members name an hour they must come up to that hour, aye, and keep it as precisely as if they were going to meet some other fellow's sister.

Permit us to repeat that this Rule must be adhered to, and any report of lateness will be brought forward and dealt with summarily. It is impossible for a Club to be conducted if Members are to come and go from a rehearsal when they please. Another point we should like to bring before the Members is that they must try, after a few rehearsals, to do without the text books. If they do not, they will never have confidence in what they utter, and will be continually fishing for cues.

Another point, which, however, is superfluous, but upon which we must touch, is the necessity for strict obedience to the Stage Manager's behests. We say no more on this point.

In concluding this, we beg all Members to apply themselves diligently to their work, so that, in a short time, we may be able to produce things that will do us credit. Members will mind we have patrons, who are worth calling patrons, depending on us. Let us not disgrace them.

EXCURSION.—As has been intimated, Hampton Court is to be visited, and we have secured a very fine hotel there, with all conveniences excursionists require. For the modest sum of 5s. 6d. you will be hurled down all the way to Hampton Court, have a sumptuous, in fact, an epicurean feed for dinner, winding up with all that can be desired for tea. Having the run of the major part of the island, the use of boats at a merely nominal trifle with which to ascend that Paradise of boatmen—the Thames: not to speak of a thousand and one things else which our Acting Manager has nearly arranged, and then the ride back. Great Scott! what more can mortal want?

Members are requested to apply early for tickets, as the numbers must be defined and arranged by a certain date. Mr. Albert Hunt at the School-room, or Mr. Knight, our Acting Manager, at the Sanctum, will take names of intending comers, or cards—marked "Excursion," with the name and address of the owner, left at the Bookstall, will have prompt attention.

Section A.—Wednesday evenings as usual for rehearsals.

Section B.—Friday night at 8 o'clock, and

Section C.—Monday and Tuesday nights. All as usual.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec. & Treas.
ARTHUR REEVE, Assist. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

Monday evening found us in our old quarters again, but we were heavily handicapped by having to use our knees as rests for our notebooks, and note-taking in this position for any lengthened period is anything but comfortable.

A Committee Meeting will be held next Monday evening at the Society's rooms.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Every Member of this Society is earnestly requested to attend the "final rehearsal" on Friday next, with the full Orchestra, to be held in the new Library, when the soloists are expected to attend. Rehearsal at 7.15 for 7.30 sharp. Please bring Saturday "glees," which will be practised also.

Will all Members please meet in the Ladies' Social-room as before, not later than 2 o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, which will greatly assist and please their Hon. Sec.

We hope, as soon as circumstances will permit, to again discuss, and with greater freedom, the proposed special outing. I am quite sure that this subject will interest all Choralists—especially the lady Members, for after such a fatiguing season as we have experienced, a day's excursion would prove a boon and a blessing.

We are in want of *Basses*, also, of course, good *Tenors* and *Altos*, but have closed the list for *Sopranos*. Full particulars to be had of

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

How long gloomy winter was going to last, I am sure none of us could tell. With the oldest inhabitant I may say this has been one of our most backward seasons. But now sweet June has come, and "winter and its sorrows deep in the grave are laid to sleep." This, I fancy, is the wish of every cricketer; and I can imagine the thrill of gladness that touches them now that there is every prospect of their entering to the game, which brings to all who love it the joy of a gladsome summer's day. Winter, though, seems sorry to leave us, for as I write this, looking out on the blue waters that lave our eastern shores, the rain is plashing against the window, and old Towser is curled up on the hearth-rug quite disconsolate. But rain should spoil no man's pleasure; so, rousing my old friend, we are off to sniff the freshening breeze. After a jolly good stroll, I find it is time I had made my report for Wednesday's Journal.

The First Eleven on Saturday last played the return match with the North Woolwich Cricket Club—on a wretched wicket—and time alone saved them from defeat. The record now stands: four victories, one defeat, and two drawn matches. The following are the scores:—

NORTH WOOLWICH.			
BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
A. Clamp ..	Bowled ..	A. Bowman ..	29
H. C. Dave ..	Caught & Bowled ..	T. G. Carter ..	24
—Brackley (Capt.) ..	do. Knight ..	do. ..	4
T. Clamp ..	do. A. Bowman ..	do. ..	3
Morgan ..	do. Wilkins ..	A. Bowman ..	1
Redman ..	Bowled ..	do. ..	53
Hinds ..	Caught, Josephs ..	do. ..	15
Andrews ..	do. C. Bowman ..	do. ..	5
Powell ..	Bowled ..	E. T. Wilkins ..	11
Munson ..	Not out ..	do. ..	4
Martin ..	Bowled ..	A. Bowman ..	4
Extras ..			13
		Total ..	166

PEOPLE'S PALACE.			
BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
A. Bowman ..	Bowled ..	Hinds ..	3
H. W. Byard ..	do. ..	Dawe ..	4
E. T. Wilkins ..	Caught, Sub ..	Hinds ..	1
R. Hones ..	do. Powell ..	do. ..	0
C. Bowman ..	Bowled ..	Dawe ..	1
F. Knight ..	Run out ..	do. ..	0
W. Hendry ..	Stumped ..	Dawe ..	2
J. Cowlin ..	Stumped, Brackley ..	Hinds ..	0
G. Josephs ..	Not out ..	do. ..	0
T. G. Carter (Capt.) ..	do. ..	do. ..	3
Extras ..			7
		Total, 8 wkts.	21

On Saturday next the First Eleven play the Lyndhurst at Wanstead, with the following team—W. Goodwin, E. C. Brown, C. Bowman, W. Hendry, H. W. Byard, F. Knight, J. Cowlin, R. Hones, E. T. Wilkins, E. Sherrall, A. Bowman (Captain). Reserves—G. Josephs, F. Hunter.

At a special General Meeting held in the School-buildings last Thursday, H. W. Byard was elected as Committee-man, in the place of A. H. Dell; and Messrs. A. Wainman and H. J. Fairweather were elected permanent Captains of the Second and Third Elevens respectively.

There will be a special Committee Meeting held in the School-buildings on Wednesday next at 8.30 sharp. All Committee-men please turn up.

SECOND ELEVEN v. OVAL CRICKET CLUB.—This match was played at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, on Saturday last, and resulted in a victory for the Palace, after a closely-contested game. The Palace Captain winning the toss, sent in Philpot and Newman, to the bowling of Lambert and Marks. The score was only 7 when Philpot was bowled. Wand went in, and by careful play the score was taken to 17, when Newman was bowled. Everson joined Wand, but was sent back with the score at 18, being smartly caught by Lambert at slip. Sheppard went in, and with good batting the score was taken to 32, when Wand was bowled. Sheppard was run out with the score at 33. Wainman joined Wenn, and a useful stand was made, the score being taken to 51; Wenn being bowled. Marshall followed, but was sent back with the score at 52. Munro came in, and the score was quickly taken to 65, when Wainman was caught. Helbing joined Munro, and the score was taken to 80, when Munro was bowled. Fairweather joined Helbing, but Helbing was bowled without altering the score.

Marks and E. Hawes started the batting for the Oval, to the bowling of Munro and Newman. The score was taken to 8, when a splendid catch by Wenn at long field sent back Marks. Lambert joined Hawes, and the score was taken to 24, when a good catch by Helbing sent back Hawes. The innings was soon finished off, as

Slade was the only one that could make anything of a score, which was taken to 69, the Palace winning by 11.

Team for next Saturday—Second Eleven against the South West Ham Second Eleven.—Everson, Sheppard, Thomson, Wenn, Newman, M. Prager, Nathan, Helbing, Gorton, Munro, Wainman (Captain). Reserves—Philpot and Henry Marshall.

Third Eleven team, against the Islington Cricket Club—Leach, P. M. and W. W. Carter, Claridge, Etridge, Witham, Crowe, Dodd, Lyons, H. Cox, Fairweather (Captain). Reserves—Alvarez, White, Valentine, Dormer.

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

PALACE SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB v. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH C.C.

Played at Wanstead, our boys winning by 37 runs. Courtney contributed 27 in fine style, carrying out his bat, a very creditable performance; McCardle doing admirably with the ball, taking six wickets for 10 runs.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
McCardle ..	Caught, Hawk ..	Flinn ..	6
Billington ..	Bowled ..	Brooks ..	7
Courtney ..	Not out ..	do. ..	27
Elstob ..	Bowled ..	Flinn ..	7
Howard ..	do. ..	Hawk ..	0
Gurr ..	do. ..	do. ..	0
Austin ..	do. ..	do. ..	0
Phillips ..	do. ..	Brooks ..	0
Clement ..	Caught, Sub ..	do. ..	5
Lowden ..	Bowled ..	do. ..	3
Griffiths ..	Absent ..	do. ..	0
Extras ..			13
		Total ..	68

ALBERT HUNT, Hon. Sec.

CRICKET JOTTINGS.

After much preliminary arranging, and the usual abundance of foreshadowing, our cricket season has come upon us, or I may say has burst upon us. The "dog days" this year have, through the prolongation of the football season and the plentiful supply of other attractions, passed much more quickly and more pleasantly than they generally do.

What with the visit of the Australians and the Parsees to this country, together with the usual county and numerous other big fixtures, the present cricket season promises to be one of the best experienced for some years. During the past few months some discussion has taken place with regard to the leg-before-wicket question; and, although those in authority have decided not to make any alteration in this law for the present, there are plenty of cricket enthusiasts who think that a batsman should be given out if he is in a direct line between the wickets, and stops with any part of his body a ball that would apparently otherwise have hit the wicket. In hitting to leg and in cutting a batsman is almost bound to cover some portion of his wicket, and I think it would be unfair to give him out when he is doing his best to play the ball. But there are some who deliberately play the ball with their legs, meanwhile holding their bat upwards; in such cases a batter deserves to lose his wicket. With Law 24, as it is, cricket is sometimes very slow, but to alter it in any way would tend to make the game slower still, and that is what we want to avoid. The controversy will no doubt have done good in many ways, and it behoves those who are guilty of playing the ball with their legs to try and mend their ways. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, I think that the M.C.C. have acted wisely in not interfering with the law. The suggestion to commence earlier on the second and third day at county and other big matches is a good one; and the allowing of five balls to the over, should it come into vogue—and I have every reason to believe that it will—will not only save time, but the fielders will not have so much crossing over to do. Moreover, it will certainly not overture the bowler, or in any way handicap the batsman. Another proposed reform empowers a captain honourably and legally to finish the innings of his side when he thinks that enough runs have been scored, and that a dash should be made for victory by putting the other side in. This power, however, is restricted to the last day of the match, in order to prevent unfair advantage being taken in any change of the weather, such as hot sunshine on a wet wicket, or the light getting very bad an hour or so before the time agreed upon for drawing stumps.

Dr. W. G. Grace is supposed to have scored upwards of 50,000 runs during his career as a cricketer, and covered 700 miles of ground.

Mr. C. R. Seymour, the Hampshire cricketer, has been lecturing on the game at the local Institute, and to show the universality of the game quoted a letter from a midshipman who had played in a match against the Tonga natives, in the Friendly Islands. The letter ran:—"Yesterday we played the natives at cricket. The game was introduced some time ago, and the natives fell into such a passion for it that they did nothing else but play cricket. They played all day, and every day, to the neglect of all

their business in life, so that the Tongan Government had to pass a law only allowing them to play two days a week. They play wonderfully well, are extremely active, field beautifully, and never miss a catch with either hand; their bowling is tremendously fast and straight. We never believed they would be so good, and got horribly beaten. Their clothing is scanty, and they do not know what gloves and pads are like, and yet the wicket-keeper—who was a sight to see—stood close up to the wicket." THE STROLLER.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

In answer to enquiries made, it has been decided that as long as our concerts on Monday and Thursday evenings command a sufficient audience they will be continued, and those who were present on Thursday evening last could not doubt as to whether these concerts are appreciated, as the only drawback was lack of room, all available space being filled.

A programme of unusual attraction was carried out. Madame Riechelmann, who was singing in the Queen's Hall, kindly volunteered two songs, which more than delighted the Members present. This is not the first instance of this lady's generosity towards the lady Members of the Palace.

Some few weeks back a large parcel of music was placed in the Ladies' Social-room, for the benefit of the Members, by Madame Riechelmann. The other portion of the programme included a cornet solo by one of the gentlemen of H.M. Scots Guards' Band, by kind permission of the Band-master; also songs, recitations, and pianoforte solos by the Misses L. Musto, E. Porter, Ward, C. Graydon, and Mrs. Mellish; Messrs. Mears, Mellish, Deeley, Bowman, Crowder, Jacobs, Smith, and Van Gelder.

Mr. Mellish took the chair. M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

CABINET COUNCIL.—In consequence of the illegality of procedure, i.e., the impromptu suspension of Rules at the last Tuesday's sitting of the Parliament, the Government have in Council assembled decided at once to tender their resignation.

W. E. MASTERS, Premier.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

ON Saturday last, at the kindly invitation of Mr. Nathaniel L. Cohen, a balloted party of thirty Ramblers left Cannon Street at 2.30, en route for Egham. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie accompanied them. The weather being somewhat inclement great fears were entertained that what should have been a brilliant success would really prove a dismal failure; but it was not so, for on reaching Virginia Water, where we alighted, the sun burst forth in all its glory, and was rightly regarded as a good omen. Here at our destination we found that several waggonettes had been sent, through the thoughtful kindness of Mr. Cohen, to convey us part of the way. We were soon driving rapidly through the glorious avenues of trees, and a most enjoyable drive it was too. But the beautiful cascade having been reached, the party alighted to admire and wonder, and to await the arrival of the few left behind. The country hereabouts was wonderful, and the views incomparable; indeed, the place was voted so charming that the usual stock of adjectives was very soon exhausted in consequence. At the bidding of our host—the absentees having arrived—we then commenced a somewhat circuitous but thoroughly delightful walk, and having broken up into groups, the journey proved not only entertaining but instructive: for one body—a large one—was happy in the possession of Mr. Stert, our host's head gardener, who, like Shakespeare, was thoroughly conversant with Nature, and who found for our unfamiliar Cockney senses not only "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks," but "sermons in stones," and indeed "good in everything." Mrs. Cohen also had an admiring group around her, and, to our great edification, failed not to descant upon the glories of Nature. The lady is a thorough pedestrian, and several Ramblers found it no easy matter to keep pace with her. Then Mr. Cohen would pleasantly flit from one group to another, pointing out this and defining that; and Sir Edmund and Lady Currie in their characteristic manner proved invaluable, as travellers thoroughly knowing their way.

Thus laughing, talking, and admiring, the Ramblers swept on past Virginia Water into part of Windsor Park: diving into dells, and emerging winded but smiling on slight elevations, from whence several glimpses of Windsor's proud castle—fitting palace of a mighty Queen—could be obtained. To do justice to the beauty of the landscape—with the distant view of Eton College and far away the shadowy outlines of the Buckinghamshire hills: the silvery peepings of the beautiful Thames, and the dark, undulating trees in the valley at our feet, standing forth in relief against the glory of the setting sun—would require a far more graphic pencil than our own. At the curious Cumberland monument, erected to commemorate the battle of Culloden, we rested, and with a charming mass of many-tinted rhododendrons for our background we gracefully posed whilst one of our party took a photograph—which, as it has ultimately proved, is a veritable triumph. But we had little time to spare, and so made our way through the nodding bracken, and where the rabbits most did congregate, towards the house of Mr. Philpot—a gentleman to whom our host, Mr. Cohen, is a near neighbour. Here we were most royally received, not only by the owner of the place, but also by his household; and our visit would doubtless have been further prolonged had the time permitted. But it was not to be: so, after a very short rest, and each having respectively been pre-

sented with a charming bouquet, the rambling party, like so many restless Excelsiors, was up and onward. We had a very pleasant walk through the generous estate of Mr. Philpot; and at one part of the walk where the path narrowed we must have presented a curious sight, as, each laden with a large bouquet, we walked in a long Indian file with the posies held aloft—a la Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane.

But the harmonious strains of a distant band now welcomed our approach, and after a short trip across a flower-studded mead the lodge-gates of Mr. Cohen's estate burst—most gratefully—upon our (hungry) view. Never was anything more welcome; and so, needing not a second bidding from our friend, we made tracks, as Mark Twain would say, for that house—with the ease of greased lightning. The band was then explained, for as we came into sight, the music increased in volume and with a burst that Apollo might have applauded gave a hearty welcome to our approach. Perhaps at that moment we did not fully appreciate the soothing influence of the pleasing strains—because, to confess the truth, our respective "inner men" were sore in spirit and cried aloud. This band, it seems, belongs to the village of Egham, and had been deputed to welcome our approach by the commendable kindness of Mr. Cohen. But alas! the time was on the wing; and so after performing our ablutions we, at the earnest desire of our host not to stand upon ceremony, set to like an army of locusts, and soon cleared the groaning board of every delicacy. Tea, coffee, cake, eggs, salad, buns, etc., etc., vanished with the speed of the aforesaid greased lightning, and, needless to say, the "dejected haviour" of our respective visages soon gave way to "nods and becks and wreathed smiles." Mr. Cohen was blessed—for it is better to give than to receive—and no gratitude is so devout and so sincere as is the gratitude of an appeased man.

Then Sir Edmund, keenly appreciating our improved condition, up and spoke a piece, pointing out that the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Cohen had most opportunely saved us from an untimely grave (at least, Sir Edmund didn't say that; but such was really the case). Then re-assembling on the lawn, three times three—and three again—was given with all the force of gratified lungs for the kindness and hospitality shown by Mr. and Mrs. Cohen. Sir Edmund and Lady Currie, and Mr. and Mrs. Philpot also received an ovation. Then, preceded by the before-mentioned band, the Ramblers good and true, with smiles and floral decorations, perambulated through the village towards the railway—greatly to the astonishment of the amused natives. Had it not been for this band we should certainly never have caught our locomotive, which steamed into the station as we entered the platform; and it is only owing to the band that we were saved the horrors of losing ourselves and spending the night in an "unknown and difficult country." We reached Waterloo about 10 o'clock and after taking train to Cannon Street, were soon after going our several ways, refreshed in mind and body by our visit to ever-memorable Egham.

Owing to the unpropitious state of the weather on Saturday last, only a very small number took part in the ramble to Hampton Court and Bushey Park. On account of the Palace closing so early we only had time to go through the Picture Gallery, Great Hall, Vinery, and take a slight glimpse of the grounds attached thereto. After tea we had a most charming walk in Bushey Park, through the Chestnut Avenue, on to Hampton Wick, Kingston, and then made our way back towards Hampton Court Station. Those Members who missed this ramble, have lost one of the prettiest the Club has ever had during its existence.

For particulars of next Saturday's ramble please see Notice-board in Billiard-room and Ladies' Social-room.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

The above Club met as usual on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Owing to the weather being so hot a good many of our men absented themselves; but notwithstanding this we had very fair attendances both evenings. Of the fellows who did turn up many had a lively set to. We suppose that some one has been whispering that a novice's competition is to take place among the Members, the time of which is not quite decided on. No doubt this accounts for their liveness on these occasions. Notably those who distinguished themselves were Messrs. Plumley, Dean (not slim this time) Mitchell, Cayzer, Myers and a good many other well-known faces, the names of whom we now fail to remember. Our Hon. Instructor and Captain, Mr. A. Bowman, still works with a will, and a great majority of our Members can testify to his efficiency in instructing, and thoroughly well he does it. Messrs. G. and C. Bowman had their usual bout. Of course we, the Secretaries, would have a box, Mr. A. Bowman v. I. H. Proops, and Mr. C. Bowman v. P. Simons respectively.

An announcement was made to the effect that Members should wear badges, and a very artistic badge it is, the monogram of the Club being worked in red and white silk on black in the shape of a shield, and the price of which is 7d., that being the cost price. A good many Members have taken advantage of this adornment, and anyone requiring it should apply to either of the Secretaries, who will be pleased to oblige them.

Practice as usual in either of school-rooms. Further particulars next report.

I. H. PROOPS, Hon. Sec.,
P. SIMONS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

ON Saturday next, all being well, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Albany will come to the Palace to open the magnificent new Library, a building which has cost the Trustees something approaching £10,000. This edifice, plain and unpretentious without, is but second to one in the kingdom; and being, within, a "thing of beauty," should unquestionably prove a "joy for ever." On the coming of the Royal lady, Mr. John Morley has very kindly promised to give a literary address, which will doubtless be heard with much interest. The collection of books, although comprehensive, is at present comparatively small; and many years will probably elapse before this garner of literature will have been filled. Yet there is plenty of material to work upon, so East London need not despair. By-and-bye, perhaps, every publisher in the kingdom may see fit to send a grant of books to Mile End.

THE inauguration of the new Library is to be celebrated by a series of conversaciones each evening, from the 16th to the 23rd inst. The Scots Guards band, together with other bands and musical societies, will give musical and vocal selections every night. In addition a valuable loan collection of pictures, kindly lent by Mr. T. Dyer Edwardes, the authorities of South Kensington Museum, and the Corporation of the City of London, will be exhibited. One penny only will be charged for admission.

ON the 19th inst.—the Tuesday following the Library inauguration, Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) is expected to attend at the Palace for the purpose of distributing the prizes, medals, etc., to the successful exhibitors in the still-flourishing Workmen's Exhibition. The interesting ceremony will take place in the Queen's Hall.

AT a meeting of Secretaries and their Assistants on Friday last, Sir Edmund after a few remarks upon the projected Swiss tour, spoke pretty plainly upon the new Institute regulations, which are to come in force in October next—regulations which, I believe, have been well and carefully thought out by the organisers, and which cannot but have a beneficial effect upon the Palace Members. After discussing this matter at some length, Sir Edmund introduced to their note a gentleman whose duty it would be to look after the Palace Clubs—such as receiving notices of meetings, etc., and providing rooms for such purposes. This idea, also, should come as a boon and a blessing to our M.P.'s, who will thus be spared much unnecessary offending of their lungs. Mr. Lowther, the gentleman in question, may be found in the General Offices; and it is through him that Club "fixtures" should be made.

APPROPOS of the Swiss tour: Will the Hon. Secs. of the various Clubs and those interested kindly make a point of turning up in my room (East Lodge) on Friday next at 8 p.m., when the matter will be again brought forward. Sir Edmund has promised to be present.

IN future the Gymnasium nights for ladies will be Wednesdays and Fridays, instead of Tuesdays and Fridays as heretofore.

THE outing for the Dramatic Club—originally fixed for the 16th inst.—has been postponed judiciously till the following Saturday, the 23rd inst., when the heaven-born mummies will journey to the "Albany Hotel" at Hampton Court. Each Member has the privilege of bringing a friend: and a goodly number will probably turn up. A selection from Shakespeare is in active rehearsal, and will probably be played beneath the glorious chestnuts of Bushey Park. For particulars see Secretary Munro's Club report.

I HAVE also heard that the Lawn Tennis Club will shortly follow suit—so far as excursions go. Nothing is settled; but I hope Sec. Clews will keep me furnished with the latest bulletins.

THE Literary Society meets on Friday evening.

THE ladies Members' "at home" passed off very successfully on Thursday night, when Sims Reeves Deeley obtained the coveted "ongcore." Madame Riechelman also obliged.

ALL those Institute fellows who, loving football, would care to join the Palace Club next season are requested to send their autographs to the (still-merrie) Moreton, who is still on the look out for the knights of the leather.

THE Swimming-bath is open daily as follows until further notice. *Sunday*, from 6 till 10 a.m., for males; *Monday*, from 6 till 8 a.m. public elementary schools, and from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. for males; *Tuesday*, from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m. *entirely* for females; *Wednesday*, from 6 till 7 a.m. for males, from 7 till 8 a.m. for public elementary schools, and from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. for males; *Thursday*, from 6 till 7 a.m. for males, from 7 till 8 a.m. public elementary schools, and from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. for males; *Friday*, from 6 till 7 a.m. for males, from 7 till 8 a.m. for public elementary schools, and from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m. for males; *Saturday*, from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m. for males.

AT the Examinations of the Society of Arts held at the Palace at the beginning of April last, the following Students were successful:

French.—Third Class.—Miss A. F. Harkness and Mr. A. H. Barnett.

Domestic Economy.—Second Class.—Misses J. E. Cash and B. M. Sharman.

Arithmetic.—Third Class.—Mr. A. Allen.

Book-keeping.—First Class.—Misses A. F. Harkness, A. G. Titcombe; Messrs. J. Church, W. Conibeer, W. Spiller, W. A. E. Woods, J. O. Williamson. Second Class.—Misses F. M. Baker, A. E. Bennett, A. Broderick, F. M. Clark, F. Henson, L. L. Holloway, A. Langton, M. Rintoul, L. H. Vernon; Messrs. C. A. Aldrige, A. J. Annison, T. H. Archer, W. W. Barry, J. S. Bew, R. Binnie, W. Boiteux, F. Cox, F. H. Dent, C. J. Emery, R. Fitall, W. Goodwin, C. F. Klein, O. Mills, R. A. Noble, C. E. Norris, J. Sumpner, A. H. Warren. Third Class.—Misses C. E. Chandler, L. Roberts, A. E. Wendon; Messrs. G. L. Banks, H. J. Chatterton, E. Ehrhart, T. Liddiard, E. W. Ovington, D. Williamson.

There were only six First Class passes in Book-keeping in the whole country gained by ladies; and the Palace has secured two of them.

I AM glad to learn that a Special Prize has been awarded Mr. Thos. Jacob—our Palace Instructor in Cabinet-making—for constructing a window fern-case, in his leisure time. The case was intended as a present for his wife; and on its completion was sent to the Exhibition of Works in Wood which was held at Carpenters' Hall a fortnight ago, with the happy result above recorded.

A MOST enjoyable half-holiday was spent on Saturday last, when, through the generous invitation of Mr. Nathaniel L. Cohen, a party of thirty Ramblers, with Sir Edmund and Lady Hay Currie at their head, visited the neighbourhoods of Egham and Virginia Water. Fortunately, I was able to be present, and so can personally testify to the excellent organisation which marked the excursion. It would be mere repetition to tell you what transpired—for there is a lengthy report in the CLUB NOTES; but I should certainly like to add a word of thanks as a tribute to Mr. Cohen's consideration. Deeley's old friend, "Jupiter Pluvius," had turned on the rain-pot in the morning, and had tried to make matters unpleasant; but notwithstanding the threatened inclemency of the weather, we had a most excellent time. Alexander Albu was lucky enough to secure a very fine photo—the best, in my opinion, he has yet done—wherein the observer may detect, amongst others, Captain Bullock, looking as if "he won't be happy till he gets it" (*i.e.* his dinner); the smiling Moreton and the good old British oak; whilst the lovely rhododendrons and the good old British oak can be seen standing dim and shyly in the background.

It was indeed
A pleasant strolling in that calm retreat:
Where, through the lofty avenues of trees
Full many a glimpse of Windsor's stately pile
Was caught in wonder, bathed in glorious light.
The placid lake—that like a little child
Nestling at even in a tired repose—
Lay sweetly slumbering on fair Nature's breast:
Lending the scene a tranquil, beauteous grace
That seem'd suggestive of eternal rest.
The air was heavy with a fragrant scent—
The balmy breath of God's great treasured gift,
Which the soft zephyrs of the sunny south
Had cruelly wrested from the yielding flowers.
The copper-beech and hoary silver birch,
The gold laburnum and the regal pine,
Which, with the lilac's variegated tints
And fading beauty of the dying may,
The pomp and glory of the guardian oaks—
Together stood in matchless harmony.

It isn't often that, like Silas Wegg, I "drop into poetry," so I hope Bullock will forgive me this time. But the most curious thing—or, at least, what struck me as the most curious thing—in connection with this ramble was the homage paid us by the village band. To see B—k marching along to the martial sounds was passing strange: and I wondered in my artless way whether Mackenzie supposed himself to be for the nonce another edition of Boulanger. Fancy parading the Mile End Appian Way in a similar manner! The gods deliver us.

THERE will be gymnastic performances by the boys of the Technical Day School in the Gym, commencing on Saturday next, at 7 o'clock, and continuing throughout the week, under the popular Sergeant Burdett.

THE Rules of the Art Society, after some opposition, came into existence last night. Sir Edmund occupied the chair and had a hard night's work.

OWING to the Queen's command the Scots Guards Band has had to leave the Palace, returning on Monday next. In the meantime the very excellent band of the First Northampton Regiment, formerly conducted by Mr. Edward Holland, commands appreciative audiences.

"On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

2.—A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)



HE listened to him abstractedly, walked to the end of the corridor, returned, and without looking up, said:

"I suppose you know her?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"This woman. You have seen her?"

"Never, to my knowledge."

"And you are his friend! That's strange." She raised her eyes to his. "Well," she continued impatiently, "who is she? and what is she? You know that surely?"

"I know no more of her than what I have said," said Poindexter. "She is a notorious woman."

The swift colour came to Mrs. Tucker's face as if the epithet had been applied to herself. "I suppose," she said in a dry voice, as if she were asking a business question, but with an eye that showed her rising anger—"I suppose there is some law by which creatures of this kind can be followed and brought to justice—some law that would keep innocent people from suffering for their crimes?"

"I am afraid," said Poindexter, "that arresting her would hardly help these people over in the *tienda*."

"I am not speaking of them," responded Mrs. Tucker, with a sudden sublime contempt for the people whose cause she had espoused; "I am talking of my husband."

Poindexter bit his lip. "You'd hardly think of bringing back the strongest witness against him," he said bluntly.

Mrs. Tucker dropped her eyes and was silent. A sudden shame suffused Poindexter's cheek; he felt as if he had struck that woman a blow. "I beg your pardon," he said hastily; "I am talking like a lawyer to a lawyer." He would have taken any other woman by the hand in the honest fulness of his apology, but something restrained him here. He only looked down gently on her lowered lashes, and repeated his question if he should remain during the coming interview with Don José. "I must beg you to determine quickly," he added, "for I already hear him entering the gate."

"Stay," said Mrs. Tucker, as the ringing of spurs and clatter of hoofs came from the corral. "One moment." She looked up suddenly, and said, "How long had he known her?"—But before he could reply there was a step in the doorway, and the figure of Don José Santierra emerged from the archway.

He was a man slightly past middle age, fair and well shaven, wearing a black broadcloth *serape*, the deeply embroidered opening of which formed a collar of silver rays around his neck, while a row of silver buttons down the side seams of his riding trousers, and silver spurs completed his singular equipment. Mrs. Tucker's swift feminine glance took in these details as well as the deep salutation, more formal than the exuberant frontier politeness she was accustomed to, with which he greeted her. It was enough to arrest her first impulse to retreat. She hesitated and stopped as Poindexter stepped forward, partly interposing between them, acknowledging Don José's distant recognition of himself with an ironical accession of his usual humorous tolerance. The Spaniard did not seem to notice it, but remained gravely silent before Mrs. Tucker, gazing at her with an expression of intent and unconscious absorption.

"You are quite right, Don José," said Poindexter, with ironical concern, "it is Mrs. Tucker. Your eyes do not deceive you. She will be glad to do the honours

of her house," he continued, with a simulation of appealing to her, "unless you visit her on business, when I need not say I shall be only too happy to attend you—as before."

Don José, with a slight lifting of the eyebrows, allowed himself to become conscious of the lawyer's meaning. "It is not of business that I come to kiss the Senora's hand to-day," he replied, with a melancholy softness; "it is as her neighbour, to put myself at her disposition. Ah! the what have we here for a lady?" he continued, raising his eyes in deprecation of the surroundings; "a house of nothing, a place of winds and dry bones, without refreshments, or satisfaction, or delicacy. The Senora will not refuse to make us proud this day to send her of that which we have in our poor home at Los Gatos, to make her more complete. Of what shall it be? Let her make choice. Or if she would commemorate this day by accepting of our hospitality at Los Gatos, until she shall arrange herself the more to receive us here, we shall have too much honour."

"The Senora would only find it the more difficult to return to this humble roof again, after once leaving it for Don José's hospitality," said Poindexter, with a demure glance at Mrs. Tucker. But the innuendo seemed to lapse equally unheeded by his fair client and the stranger. Raising her eyes with a certain timid dignity which Don José's presence seemed to have called out, she addressed herself to him:

"You are very kind and considerate, Mister Santierra, and I thank you. I know that my husband"—she let the clear beauty of her translucent eyes rest full on both men—"would thank you, too. But I shall not be here long enough to accept your kindness in this house or in your own. I have but one desire and object now. It is to dispose of this property—and indeed all I possess—to pay the debt of my husband. It is in your power, perhaps, to help me. I am told that you wish to possess Los Cuervos," she went on, equally oblivious of the consciousness that appeared on Don José's face, and a humorous perplexity on the brow of Poindexter. "If you can arrange it with Mr. Poindexter, you will find me a liberal vendor. That much you can do, and I know you will believe I shall be grateful. You can do no more, unless it be to say to your friends that Mrs. Belle Tucker remains here only for that purpose, and to carry out what she knows to be the wishes of her husband." She paused, bent her pretty crest, dropped a quaint curtsy to the superior age, the silver braid, and the gentlemanly bearing of Don José, and with the passing sunshine of a smile disappeared from the corridor.

The two men remained silent for a moment, Don José gazing abstractedly on the door through which she had vanished, until Poindexter, with a return of his tolerant smile, said, "You have heard the views of Mrs. Tucker. You know the situation as well as she does."

"Ah, yes—possibly better."

Poindexter darted a quick glance at the grave, sallow face of Don José, but detecting no unusual significance in his manner, continued, "As you see, she leaves this matter in my hands. Let us talk like business men. Have you any idea of purchasing this property?"

"Of purchasing—ah, no."

Poindexter bent his brows, but quickly relaxed them with a smile of humorous forgiveness. "If you have any other idea, Don José, I ought to warn you, as Mrs. Tucker's lawyer, that she is in legal possession here, and that nothing but her own act can change that position."

"Ah—so."

Irritated at the shrug which accompanied this, Poindexter continued haughtily, "If I am to understand, you have nothing to say—"

"To say—ah, yes, possibly. But"—he glanced

towards the door of Mrs. Tucker's room—"not here." He stopped, appeared to recall himself, and with an apologetic smile, and a studied but graceful gesture of invitation, he motioned to the gateway, and said, "Will you ride?"

"What can the fellow be up to?" muttered Poindexter, as with an assenting nod he proceeded to remount his horse. "If he wasn't an old *hidalgo* I'd mistrust him. No matter! here goes!"

The Don also remounted his half-broken mustang; they proceeded in solemn silence through the corral, and side by side emerged on the open plain. Poindexter glanced around; no other being was in sight. It was not until the lonely *hacienda* had also sunk behind them that Don José broke the silence.

"You say just now we shall speak as business men. I say no, Don Marco; I will not. I shall speak—we shall speak—as gentlemen."

"Go on," said Poindexter, who was beginning to be amused.

"I say just now I will not purchase the rancho from the Senora. And why? Look you, Don Marco;" he reined in his horse, thrust his hand under his *serape*, and drew out a folded document: "this is why."

With a smile, Poindexter took the paper from his hand and opened it. But the smile faded from his lips as he read. With blazing eyes he spurred his horse beside the Spaniard, almost unseating him, and said sternly, "What does this mean?"

"What does it mean?" repeated Don José, with equally flashing eyes, "I'll tell you. It means that your client, this man Spencer Tucker, is a Judas—a traitor! It means that he gave Los Cuervos to his mistress a year ago, and that she sold it to me—to me, you hear!—me, José Santierra, the day before she left! It means that the *coyote* of a Spencer, the thief, who bought these lands of a thief, and gave them to a thief, has tricked you all. Look," he said, rising in his saddle, holding the paper like a *báton*, and defining with a sweep of his arm the whole level plain, "all these lands were once mine—they are mine again to-day. Do I want to purchase Los Cuervos? you ask, for you will speak of the *business*. Well, listen, I have purchased Los Cuervos, and here is the deed."

"But it has never been recorded," said Poindexter, with a carelessness he was far from feeling.

"Of a verity, no. Do you wish that I should record it?" asked Don José, with a return of his simple gravity.

Poindexter bit his lip. "You said we were to talk like gentlemen," he returned. "Do you think you have come into possession of this alleged deed like a gentleman?"

Don José shrugged his shoulders. "I found it tossed in the lap of a harlot. I bought it for a song. Eh—what would you?"

"Would you sell it again for a song?" asked Poindexter.

"Ah, what is this?" said Don José, lifting his iron-grey brows; "but a moment ago we would sell everything—for any money. Now we would buy. Is it so?"

"One moment, Don José," said Poindexter, with a baleful light in his dark eyes. "Do I understand that you are the ally of Spencer Tucker and his mistress—that you intend to turn his doubly-betrayed wife from the only roof she has to cover her?"

"Ah, I comprehend not. You heard her say she wished to go. Perhaps it may please me to distribute largess to these cattle yonder, I do not say no. More she does not ask. But you, Don Marco, of whom are you advocate? You abandon your client's mistress for the wife—is it so?"

"What I may do you will learn hereafter," said Poindexter, who had regained his composure, suddenly reining up his horse. "As our paths seem likely to diverge, they had better begin now. Good morning."

"Patience, my friend, patience! Ah, blessed St. Anthony, what these Americans are! Listen. For what you shall do, I do not enquire. The question is to me, what I"—he emphasised the pronoun by tapping himself on the breast—"I, José Santierra, will do. Well, I shall tell you. To-day—nothing. To-morrow—nothing. For a week, for a month—nothing! After, we shall see."

Poindexter paused thoughtfully. "Will you give your word, Don José, that you will not press the claim for a month?"

"Truly, on one condition. Observe! I do not ask you for an equal promise—that you will not take this time to defend yourself." He shrugged his shoulders. "No! It is only this. You shall promise that during that time the Senora Tucker shall remain ignorant of this document."

Poindexter hesitated a moment. "I promise," he said at last.

"Good. Adios, Don Marco."

"Adios, Don José."

The Spaniard put spurs to his mustang and galloped off in the direction of Los Gatos. The lawyer remained for a moment gazing on his retreating but victorious figure. For the first time the old look of humorous toleration with which Mr. Poindexter was in the habit of regarding all human infirmity gave way to something like bitterness. "I might have guessed it," he said, with a slight rise of colour. "He's an old fool; and she, well, perhaps it's all the better for her!" He glanced backwards almost tenderly in the direction of Los Cuervos, and then turned his head towards the *embarcadero*.

As the afternoon wore on, a creaking, antiquated ox-cart arrived at Los Cuervos, bearing several articles of furniture, and some tasteful ornaments from Los Gatos, at the same time that a young Mexican girl mysteriously appeared in the kitchen, as a temporary assistant to the decrepit Concha. These were both clearly attributable to Don José, whose visit was not so remote but that these delicate attentions might have been already projected before Mrs. Tucker had declined them, and she could not, without marked discourtesy, return them now. She did not wish to seem disconcerted; she would have liked to have been more civil to this old gentleman, who still retained the evidences of a picturesque and decorous past, and a repose so different from the life that was perplexing her. Reflecting that if he bought the estate these things would be ready to his hand, and with a woman's instinct recognising their value in setting off the house to other purchasers' eyes, she took a pleasure in tastefully arranging them, and even found herself speculating how she might have enjoyed them herself had she been able to keep possession of the property. After all, it would not have been so lonely if refined and gentle neighbours, like this old man, would have sympathised with her; she had an instinctive feeling that, in their own hopeless decay and hereditary unfitness for this new civilisation, they would have been more tolerant of her husband's failure than his own kind. She could not believe that Don José really hated her husband for buying of the successful claimant, as there was no other legal title. Allowing herself to become interested in the guileless gossip of the new handmaiden—proud of her broken English—she was drawn into a sympathy with the grave simplicity of Don José's character—a relic of that true nobility which placed this descendant of the Castilians and the daughter of a free people on the same level.

In this way the second day of her occupancy of Los Cuervos closed, with dumb clouds along the grey horizon, and the paroxysms of hysterical wind growing fainter and fainter outside the walls; with the moon rising after nightfall, and losing itself in silent and mysterious confidences with drifting scud. She went to bed early, but woke past midnight, hearing, as she

thought, her own name called. The impression was so strong upon her that she rose, and, hastily enwrapping herself, went to the dark embrasures of the oven-shaped windows, and looked out. The dwarfed oak beside the window was still dropping from a past shower, but the level waste of marsh and meadow beyond seemed to advance and recede with the coming and going of the moon. Again she heard her name called, and this time in accents so strangely familiar that with a slight cry she ran into the corridor, crossed the *patio*, and reached the open gate. The darkness that had, even in this brief interval, again fallen upon the prospect she tried in vain to pierce with eye and voice. A blank silence followed. Then the veil was suddenly withdrawn; the vast plain, stretching from the mountain to the sea, shone as clearly as in the light of day; the moving current of the channel glittered like black pearls, the stagnant pools like molten lead; but not a sign of life nor motion broke the monotony of the broad expanse. She must have surely dreamed it. A chill wind drove her back to the house again; she entered her bedroom, and in half an hour she was in a peaceful sleep.

CHAPTER V.

The two men kept their secret. Mr. Poindexter convinced Mrs. Tucker that the sale of Los Cuervos could not be effected until the notoriety of her husband's flight had been fairly forgotten, and she was forced to accept her fate. The sale of her diamonds, which seemed to her to have realised a singularly extravagant sum, enabled her to quietly reinstate the Pattersons in the *tienda*, and to discharge in full her husband's liabilities to the *rancheros* and his humbler retainers.

Meanwhile the winter rains had ceased. It seemed to her as if the clouds had suddenly one night struck their white tents and stolen away, leaving the unvanquished sun to mount the vacant sky the next morning alone, and possess it thenceforward unchallenged. One afternoon she thought the long sad waste before her window had caught some tint of gayer colour from the sunset; a week later she found it a blazing landscape of poppies, broken here and there by blue lagoons of lupine, by pools of daisies, by banks of dog-roses, by broad out-lying shores of dandelions that scattered their lavish gold to the foot of the hills, where the green billows of wild oats carried it on and upwards to the darker crest of pines.

For two months she was dazzled and bewildered with colour. She had never before been face to face with this spendthrift Californian Flora, in her virgin wastefulness—her more than goddess-like prodigality.

The teeming earth seemed to quicken and throb beneath her feet; the few circuits of a plough around the outlying corral were enough to call out a jungle growth of giant grain that almost hid the low walls of the *hacienda*.

(To be continued).

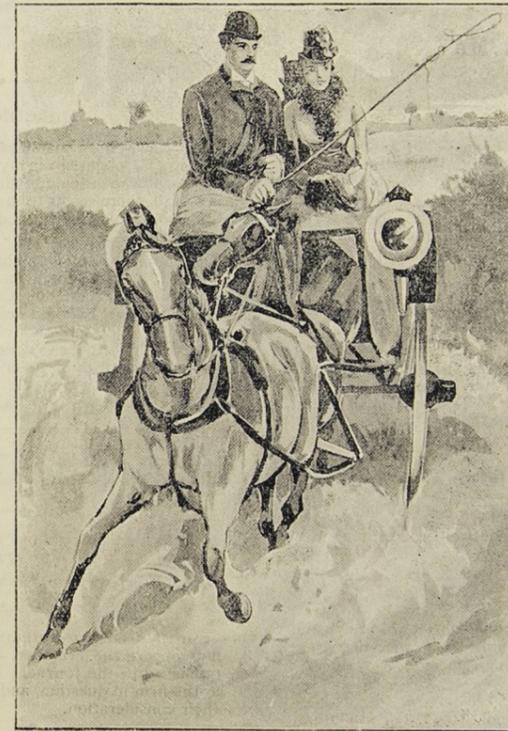
Protests—in Colour.

By LADY MAGNUS.

SOMETIMES, when things go wrong, the thought suggests itself that if one could only oneself play Providence for awhile how very much better things in general would be managed! Long winters and east winds, with their wretched followers of fog, frost and rheumatics; the minor ills of smokey chimneys and rainy Bank Holidays; those dreary, weary alternations of overwork and no work; how one longs occasionally for the power to abolish them all, and to set up a new heaven and a new earth on a patent, original and much improved plan of one's own! And when longings and plannings alike fail in effecting the smallest change in the order of things, each of us, in our own little way, is apt to make our own little protest against what seems to us the contrariness of Providence.

Some of us sulk, and some of us, it is to be feared, swear, and all of us grumble. Grumbling is indeed so universal an indulgence, that it almost suggests taxation, and we commend the idea to Mr. Goschen. But though grumbling is perhaps the favourite form of protest, yet the forms of grumbling are many and various—and we fancy, in taking our walks abroad, that we have discovered an entirely new expression of it. In certain smart and unbecoming raiment in which sundry of us women indulge on occasion, it seems to us we discern protests in colour against the general greyness and monotony of London skies and London conditions of life, though the effect of swinging distensions of blue upon violet, and of impossible flowers and unbird-like feathers crowning the edifice, is to add a distinct discord to those unlovely streets which stretch out in such sore need of some sort of adornment.

Emerson once wrote that "the consciousness of being well-dressed gives a woman a feeling of inward peace which religion is powerless to impart," and a good deal of truth, it always seems to us, is conveyed in the genial sarcasm. We women are so susceptible to our surroundings, so responsive to the atmosphere, moral or social, that we habitually breathe, that we really need to be heedful as to our clothing. Our manners in so many instances match our costumes. A good deal of the giggling, and pushing, and the noisy ways that old fashioned folks find so "trying" in the girl of to-day—I, for one, believe to be just put on with their dress-improvers, and, what is more to the purpose, to be quite easily put off with them. Without conscientious effort, we can be fresh, modest, bewitching even—when we like—in tidy well-fitting gowns of almost any, one, colour or material, but as we increase our resources so do we increase our difficulties, and when we come out in a dozen startling parts, like a serial story, I defy any woman to keep up a sense of continuous charm in her onlookers.



TANDEM DRIVING.

(Drawn by a Member of the People's Palace "Beaumont Sketching Club")

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

NOTICE.

The Weekly Competitions will follow the lead of the Quarterly Puzzle Competitions, and will be discontinued through the summer. With the gradual return of the sunshine, entries for the Competitions have been correspondingly falling off, till a climax has been reached in the present week, in which answers have been so few as to be scarcely worth mentioning. It is proposed to resume the Competitions in October, when it is to be hoped all old Competitors and hundreds of new ones will enter the lists, refreshed by a rest and plenty of summer open-air enjoyment.

COMPETITIONS SET MAY 30.

CLASS A.

I regret to say that it is impossible to make an award in this Competition. The entries were very few in number, and the voting was so scattered that although one play named "Sweeney Todd" had a majority, no other obtained more than two votes; which number was given to about twenty plays. So if no one wins the prize, at any rate Competitors have not made any invidious distinctions in rendering it necessary to publish to the world a list of the six worst plays.

CLASS B.

The essays on "Every man is the architect of his own fortune" were good, though not numerous. I am not quite able to decide between the comparative merits of the two best, and shall therefore divide the prize between the authors, who are

H. T. WADKIN,
26, Wetherell Road, Hackney,

and

J. O. WILLIAMSON,
42, Rhodeswell Road, Stepney.

CLASS C.

The paintings of roses, though for the most part pretty and nicely executed, did not sufficiently resemble the flowers they were supposed to represent. The prize will be given to

FANNY M. HOBBS,
35, Bignold Road, Forest Gate,

for a design painted on porcelain, which is successful because the workmanship is better than that displayed in any of the others, and *not* because it is painted on porcelain. I should wish this fact to be known, because it is desired that Competitors should not be at any outlay or expense to provide themselves with materials with which to enter for Competitions. All may not have it in their power to use the best materials, and it would be obviously unfair if these were on that account at a disadvantage. Success is meant to be won by the expenditure of care and pains, not of money.

The address of H. J. Waters, winner in Class A of the Quarterly Competitions, is 55, Chesnut Terrace, Forest Gate, E.; and of R. Ford, winner in Class D, is 55A, Lawn House, Stepney Green.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

A Harmless Case.—Once, when Lord Onslow was absent from home for a fortnight, Lady Onslow invited an officer to keep her company, to the great scandal of a prudish lady her neighbour, and of whom she asked leave to carry him into her pew at church, which the other, though with marks of indignation and surprise, could not help permitting. Sunday came, and my Lady and the Major; yet, though the minister had begun the service, the prude could not help whispering Lady O., "You did not tell me the Major had grey hair."

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).

SWIMMING-BATH.

DEAR SIR,—It is rather annoying, after getting up at five in the morning, and also after half an hour's walk, to arrive at 6 a.m. at the Palace Gates, and then to be told that you cannot be admitted to the Swimming-bath because a number of youngsters from a neighbouring school had taken possession of it by procuring tickets beforehand at a reduced rate. Anyhow this was my case this morning, and also that of many others.

Surely some notice should have been posted up a few days previously.

I shall feel obliged if you can spare a small space in this week's Journal to insert these few lines, so that this matter may come before the notice of the Trustees, and prevent the occurrence of this annoyance.—Yours truly,

W. SPILLER.

[Possibly the writer of this letter was unfamiliar, at the time of his visit, with the Bath rules, etc. The times of opening are published in this issue of the Journal, and may be found in the Gossip.—Ed. T.P.J.]

DIS-CONCERT-ING.

SIR,—I have been somewhat reluctant to complain of a matter, which, however, ought not in my opinion, any longer to brook silence. As a person who often attends at the Concerts in the now famous Queen's Hall, there seems to me to be general provocation caused by the crying of infants, and in this rests my reason, Sir, of troubling you.

The sudden bawling of a child is indisputably very embarrassing to a singer, and the audience cannot fail to be annoyed by such interruptions. If, therefore, this consideration alone is properly taken into account, I should deem it sufficient to urge the total non-admittance of all children not old enough to attend school—at any rate from the "People's Concerts" in the Queen's Hall. Thanking you in anticipation of your inserting this.—I remain, yours respectfully,

LANCELOT FREDERICK YE PIM.

Answers to Correspondents.

(Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post. The name and address of the sender must always accompany communications—not necessarily for publication.)

ONE WHO HAS LOST A SHILLING.—It really is a matter that does not concern the Trustees; and therefore your letter cannot be published in the Journal; but we shall hand your note over to the firm in question, and they will probably give the matter their consideration.

EL DORADO.—Try Paternoster Row.

DOUBTFUL.—(1). You are mistaken in your supposition. Mr. C. B. Harness has obtained the honour of membership from the Belgian National Society of the Red Cross; and has recently been elected President of the British Association of Medical Electricians. He is the consulting Medical Electrician to the Medical Battery Company—a firm which occasionally advertises in this Journal. (2). No; we never do so.

C.D.—We cannot, under any circumstances, comply with your request. Suppose you write the firm direct, state your grievance freely, and without bias, and you will probably gain their fullest sympathies.

ST. MARY AXE.—The Swimming Club Rules of opening are published in the current number of the Journal.

NEPTUNE.—See answer above to "St. Mary Axe."

ADAM BEDE.—No; Bret Harte runs for a while longer.

IRVING.—Yes; he is an elocutionist as well as an actor.

APPRENTICES Wanted to learn the Dressing Gown Trade. No Premiums. Young Ladies respectfully connected, and having passed the Fifth Standard can apply. Ososki, 396, Mile End Road, E.

The Celebrated "BECTIVE" Boots and Shoes.

SOLE MANUFACTURER:

JAMES BRANCH,

Wholesale Warehouse & Manufactory: 19, 21 and 23, Bethnal Green Road, opposite Shoreditch Goods Station, LONDON, E., and at St. Michael's Road, NORTHAMPTON.

Retail Boot & Leather Warehouse: 159 & 161, ROMAN ROAD, E.

A Family Trade is specially cultivated, and all Goods are recommended for their COMFORT, DURABILITY, ELEGANCE and ECONOMY
WE CLOSE ON THURSDAYS AT 5 p.m.

BOVRIL.

"BOVRIL" (or Beef Force) contains a perceptible powder, which is Albumen and Fibrine, the nutritious constituents of Beef; and by this powder it may be distinguished from clear Beef-Tea, which is devoid of staminal properties; one ounce of these constituents is guaranteed to contain more real and direct muscle-forming nourishment than 50 ounces of Liebig's or any similar Beef Extract or Beef-Tea; and 200 Guineas will be paid to any charitable object if this statement can be refuted.

EDWARD HANLAN, Champion Oarsman, writes:—"I have used JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF, or BOVRIL for a considerable time. It is the best muscle-former I have ever tried. It is pleasant to take, and there is no trouble about its digestion."

JOE SCOTT, Champion Walker of the World, writes:—"During the numerous important Pedestrian Contests in which I have been engaged, the basis of my training diet has been BOVRIL, its muscle-forming and sustaining qualities I regard as simply marvellous. In Champion Contests, which tax the powers of endurance to the utmost, BOVRIL, or BEEF FORCE, seems at once to create new staminal vitality and staying-power when ordinary Beef-Tea is useless. My Trainer, my Backer, and myself, now pin our faith to BOVRIL.—JOE SCOTT, Champion Walker of the World; ALFRED AUSTIN, Trainer; WALTER JARVIS, Backer.

PRICES.—JOHNSTON'S BOVRIL 1/2, 2/-, 3/9.
JOHNSTON'S BOVRIL LOZENGES 9d.
JOHNSTON'S BEEF FLOUR SOUP 1d. & 1/-
To be had at the Palace. WHOLESALE: 30, Farringdon Street.

TRADE MARK.  **MELLIN'S** ENTIRELY SOLUBLE And NOT FARINACEOUS. **FOOD** Rich in Blood and Bone-forming Elements. **FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS**

PRICE, 1/6 & 2/6 per Bottle.

For the Healthful Rearing of Hand-Fed Children, and the Preservation of Infant Life.

Sample sent post free on application to
G. Mellin, Marlboro' Works, Peckham, S.E.

CHEMICAL & SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.

J. ORME & CO. (Late M. JACKSON & Co.),

Manufacturers and Importers of every description of Apparatus for Lecturers or Laboratory use.

By Appointment to H.M. Hon. Board of Inland Revenue, the Crown Agents for the Colonies, Science and Art Department, Royal School of Mines, Pharmaceutical Society, Polytechnic Institute, etc.

PRICE LIST, with 2,000 Illustrations 1/- and 2/6.

65, BARBICAN, LONDON, E.C.

10/6
WATERBURY
10/6
THE
WATERBURY
WATCH.

A PERFECT TIMEKEEPER.

GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS.

KEYLESS.
RELIABLE.
DURABLE.
ACCURATE.

Runs 28 Hours with one winding.

Regulates to a Minute a Month.

Rarely Gets out of Order.

Repairs Never Exceed 2s. 6d.

£100 INSURANCE will be paid to the Next-of-Kin of any Person Killed by Railway Accident while Wearing a Waterbury in Great Britain or Ireland during 1888. Railway Servants excepted.

Sold Everywhere.

AT THE
DEPOTS OF THE COMPANY,
And at the STALL in EXHIBITION.

HEAD OFFICE:

17, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

WAT-A-BERRY BAD BOY!



"Time writes his furrows on an Old Man's Brow."

15/-
WATERBURY
15/-
NOW READY.

THE NEW
SHORT-WIND
WATERBURY.

Embodies all the qualities which have made the WATERBURY famous throughout the world as a Timekeeper, and possesses, in addition, the following advantages:—

- 1.—It Winds in a Dozen Turns of the Crown.
- 2.—The Hands Set from the Outside.
- 3.—It has a Visible Escape-ment.

FOR TESTIMONIALS, PRESS NOTICES, &c., Apply

17,
HOLBORN VIADUCT,
E.C.

EVERY FRIDAY, price TWOPENCE.

YEARLY, Post Free, 10s. 10d.

Of all Booksellers and Newsagents, and at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls.

HEALTH:

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
OF
Domestic & Sanitary Science.

EDITED BY
DR. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

"HEALTH" has been successfully established to supply a felt and growing demand for a Weekly Periodical which shall deal with all matters relating to THE PRESERVATION OF HEALTH and THE PREVENTION OF DISEASE.

NOW READY, Vol. X. (November, 1887, to March, 1888.)

Handsomely Bound in Cloth, price 7s. 6d.

CLOTH CASES for VOL. X. can be had, price 2s. Index for ditto, price 2d.

Sets of the Back Numbers, containing completed serial articles on various important Health Topics, may be had on remitting cost of the numbers and stamps for postage.

THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS ARE TREATED—

- HOW TO BECOME THIN OR FAT. In Nos. 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39.
SLEEP WALKING. In Nos. 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 79, 80.
INFANTS. In Nos. 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107.
PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR CHILDREN. In Nos. 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123.
TRICYCLES AND THEIR RELATION TO HEALTH. In Nos. 61, 63, 64, 65, 66, 68, 70, 71, 73, 74, 76, 78.
DIGESTION. In Nos. 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105.
NURSING. In Nos. 92, 93, 94, 95, 96.
WHAT TO DO WHEN FEVER INVADES THE HOUSE. In Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.
THE HAIR, SKIN, AND TEETH. In Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.
BURIED ALIVE. In Nos. 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 161, 163, 164.
HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS. In Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 64, 65, 66, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 79, 81.
HYDROPHOBIA: ITS NATURE, CAUSES, AND TREATMENT. In Nos. 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26.
CALISTHENICS. In Nos. 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 51, 52, 54, 59, 61, 62.
COTTAGE HOSPITALS. In Nos. 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38.
ECONOMICAL MEALS. In Nos. 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56.
PUBLIC PARKS AND OPEN SPACES. In Nos. 57, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 71, 74, 76.

The price of Nos. 1—156 has been increased to 4d. each, as, in consequence of the great demand for them, they are now nearly out of print. Nos. 157 to date may be had, price 2d. each.

Other Serial Articles are being published in "HEALTH."

London: A. P. WATT, 2, Paternoster Square, E.C.