

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
 LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Thursday "at home."
- FRIDAY.—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
- SATURDAY.—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Loughton ("King's Head").
 RAMBLERS.—Cricket Match against Palace Cricket Club; also trip to Rosherville from Old Swan Pier, at 3.
 CRICKET CLUB.—Second XI. at Wanstead; Third XI. at Wanstead.
- SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30. All seats free.
- MONDAY.—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting.
- TUESDAY.—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY.—COOPER'S EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Paper by Mr. Farnes.—Discussion.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 15th, at 12.30 p.m.,
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - - - - MR. STRETTON SWANN.

1. Offertoire in G Lefebure-Wily.
2. Andante in C Smart.
3. "The Glory of the Lord" (Messiah) Handel.
4. "Air de Pentecote" Bach.
5. Postlude in D Smart.
6. Andante in E minor Batiste.
7. "March of the Priests" (Athalie) Mendelssohn.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

[Copy.]

"SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSKRON, VEI POTSDAM,
 "July 6th, 1888.

"COUNT SOBENDORFF presents his compliments to Sir Edmund Hay Currie, and begs to inform him that he has been commanded by Her Majesty the Empress Victoria to request Sir Edmund to convey to the various Societies and Clubs of the People's Palace for East London, Her Majesty's grateful thanks for the sympathy expressed for her irreparable loss through the death of the much lamented Emperor Frederick. It has always been Her Majesty's pride to know that her beloved husband was loved and appreciated in her own country, and it is now a sad pleasure to Her Majesty to see by the numerous addresses of sympathy she receives, that the hearts of her countrymen mourn with her in this her deep and unutterable sorrow.

"His Majesty, the late Emperor, was bound by ties of fellow feeling and common interest to all those who, in all countries, laboured for the improvement of their fellow men, and all such will grieve that a life full of noble aims has been cut short in its prime; but it is Her Majesty's consolation to feel that the example of her beloved husband will yet bear much fruit in the world, and will both teach and help many to make their own lives and the lives of others better, happier, and nobler."

Notes of the Week.

—o—

WE have had a whole week of rain, cold and gloom, in which the presence of strawberries seems an anomaly. However, they are with us. Some one thinks that he has discovered a cycle of bad summers. Every ninth year, he says, is wet and cold. He instances 1879, which was without any exception the very coldest and wettest summer ever known. We looked day after day for sun and warmth, but none came. There was no hay and there were no crops, except the crops of bankruptcy for the farmers. Let us hope that this prophet is wrong. Indeed, those who remember the year 1870, which was a splendidly hot summer, breaking early into a cold winter, will place no faith in this prophet. I think it was the year 1860 which was so cold and wet that *Punch* published an announcement from the Clerk of the Weather that "there would be no summer this year owing to the Zodiac having been taken up for repairs." That year again is not one of the ninth series. On the whole we need not despair of getting a genial summer yet. There are still two months and a half before us.

I SUPPOSE that all the Clubs, except the outdoor Clubs, will be inactive during the next two or three months. Would it not, however, be well for the winter Clubs, such as the Literary Society, the Debating Society, and the Dramatic Club, to be arranging a programme for the winter, and to be studying in readi-

ness for it? In the "Debates" of the Palace Parliament there was far too much Party feeling exhibited, with far too little mastery of the facts. How would it be to refuse the right of speech to any one who had not previously passed an examination in the subject? The examination should be of a double kind: first in the subject itself, and next in the treatment, and in the things which partisans had already said concerning it. If we can once make people understand clearly that Party leaders place the welfare of the country after, and not before, the acquisition of power by themselves, we shall make a beginning towards the destruction of what I think is the greatest curse of modern times—the government by Party. I should like to see a third Party formed with the avowed intention of destroying the other two. The welfare of the country should be its only aim. The Australians have already made an attempt in this direction.

THE Camberwell Vestry have decided to accept the offer of a resident to provide a Free Library in the Old Kent Road, on the condition that the Vestry take up the question of Free Libraries for the parish. It was also determined to take a poll of the parish, the rate not to exceed a halfpenny in the pound. Three other libraries are to be provided. Camberwell parish is a very large one, but one is not quite certain whether it is better to have four small libraries or one big one. Any how this is a good thing for Camberwell. In another generation people will be wondering how it was possible to live without a Free Library.

THEY will also be buying books for themselves. Now I should very much like information from any of the readers of this Journal about their books. Look, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, round your own rooms, and write down the amount of money that you spent last year in books. Next tell me what you mean to spend this year in books. Then look round the shelves of your neighbours, and tell me how many new books they have. There is one rule which everybody should observe. If you really like a book, if it elevates you as well as pleases you, *try to buy it*—in common gratitude to the author.

A BOOK that everybody ought to read, and especially his political opponents, is the "Life of William Edward Forster," by T. Wemyss Reed. I do not know whether it is yet in the Library, but I hope it will be there when that most admirable and beautiful room is open to the world. You will there see how a brave and strong man fought a good fight, even though many of his former friends turned from him and vilified him. Well, they wounded him: they inflicted grievous pain and sorrow on him: pain and sorrow which helped to kill him. Yet there is no doubt that if it were all to be done over again, he would act in exactly the same way. We have few enough brave and strong men.

HERE is a little history picked literally out of the gutter—a domestic tragedy of the deepest dye. I heard it from one of a crowd of women in a certain street, I will not say where—but somewhere in London, *not* at the East End. The women were very much excited and very angry. They were gathered together in front of a house—one of the ordinary narrow three-storied houses, and because there were no stones to throw, they were tearing up handfuls of mud out of the gutter and throwing it at the windows. One of them presently grew calm enough to tell me why. Six weeks ago, said this good lady, she was present at the wedding of a young and innocent girl with the man who lived in that mud-bespattered house, whither he took his bride. Not a week elapsed after his marriage before he began to conduct himself with incredible brutality toward his young wife. She bore it for a month. Then she

poisoned herself. The husband attended the funeral as chief mourner. On his way home, after the dismal ceremony, he was met by this crowd. Luckily for him he managed to get into the house before he was quite torn to pieces. Law cannot touch a man who does these things, but it is well for public opinion to show itself. It is quite certain that this man will have to find other quarters. Perhaps the story is not true: but I give it as it was told to me. There are tragedies continually going on around us of which we hear nothing. They do not get into the papers. They are too painful to be put into stories. But who can depict the despair of this poor young wife, when her husband revealed himself day after day, always darker and more despicable? Pity that she did not leave him. Better the casual ward than such a life with such a man.

THERE is going on a good deal of talk about the payment of match-makers, and comparisons have been drawn between the pay of the women and the declared profits of a certain company. As much that has been alleged has since been denied, and there is a good deal of fine bold allegation on one side and the other, it will be well to suspend judgment for awhile. Meantime, with the view of ascertaining what are the facts, the following little sum in arithmetic may be useful:—If a company has a paid up capital of £100,000, and employs 1,000 persons, a profit of one per cent., or £1,000 means £1 to each employé if it went to increase their wages. This is 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a week. Now, where wages are reduced to 5s., 6s., or 7s. a week, even so small a sum as this is worth having. In other words, if the company is paying 10 per cent. and thinks that a fair profit on capital, and resolves to give back everything above 10 per cent. to the workmen, a profit which would have yielded 20 per cent. would give to every one of these thousand workers an addition of 3s. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. to his or her weekly wages. Perhaps the time will come when we shall recognize the principle that capital shall not be allowed to make more than a certain interest. Ideas grow very quickly in these days, and this idea is confidently recommended to the consideration, first, of everybody who works, and, secondly, of everybody who has shares in any company.

HERE are two or three paragraphs for the ladies. They are taken from *Myra's Journal*:

During the present season there has been a great effort to re-introduce old-fashioned dances, remarkable for the stately grace of their movements, and differing very radically from the present quick-step waltz. Among the revivals are the stately minuet, the graceful pavane, and the sportive and difficult gavotte. It is probable, however, that any such revival would be purely temporary, for fashion is setting decidedly in favour of active movement at present. It must be confessed, moreover, that the idea does not find any favour with the real young people—it is only ladies of a certain age, stout people, and elderly or *blasé* men, who are anxious to bring in a supplement or a substitute for the waltz. And yet to waltz in a crowded room with the temperature at an abnormal height, and to be the recipient of the countless knocks, kicks, and scratches, which are the inevitable lot of a waltzer under such circumstances, cannot be an unadulterated joy, even to the youngest.

MYRA also reminds her readers that the office of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women is at 22, Berners Street, W. Considering that Berners Street is a good four miles from the People's Palace, would it not be as well if we could organize a branch of that Society for the East End, where there are nearly half-a-million of women who work?

EDITOR.

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 LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

On Saturday last, about thirty Members of this Society journeyed to Broxbourne *en route* for the "Five Horse Shoes," Hoddesdon. The Members met at Liverpool Street Station, and travelled down by the 2.50 train, arriving at about 3.45. From the railway station they proceeded to the gardens adjacent to the "Crown" Inn. After duly admiring the roses the party moved along through the pretty village of Hoddesdon to their destination—which lay just beyond.

The only thing required to complete the enjoyment of the walk was a little sun, but as this useful but very capricious luminary had evidently made other arrangements, his presence was denied us. The want of sun, however, did not in the least militate against the success of our trip, as, failing the genuine article, the ladies manufactured some of their own, and the beaming faces displayed by each of them quite made amends for old Sol's surliness.

On arriving at the "Five Horse Shoes" we found that the arrangements made for our comfort and enjoyment were admirably carried out. The spread on the table looked really tempting, so voting our worthy Vice-Chairman, Mr. Wadkin, to the chair, and Mr. Rhodes, sen., to the vice-chair, no time was lost in getting to work. Gastronomically ample, most ample justice was done to the good things provided. After tea our Chairman, in a neat little speech, congratulated the Society on the grand success of the outing—the Misses Cohen and Levene deservedly falling in for a word of praise. Mr. Karet, Mr. Rhodes, sen., and Mr. W. K. Rhodes were also upon their legs for a short time; after which the party adjourned to the garden at the rear for the purpose of being "taken," and much amusement was caused by the frantic endeavours of the photographer—one of our M.P.'s—to place the party in position. The production will, we are assured, be a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever," and a copy or copies can be purchased at the Palace in about a week's time—the price being 1s. 6d. each. The photo business being over, a walk to the Rye House was suggested and readily followed. The grounds of the Rye House never looked better, and the extreme beauty of the roses was here again noticeable. Permission was given to the party to inspect the Baronial Hall, and the same was duly inspected and admired. On our return, in accordance with arrangement, the large room in which tea had been served was cleared, and a capital programme of dancing interspersed with recitations and singing was enjoyed. Amongst others the following gentlemen obliged during the evening:—Mr. Wadkin rendered in faultless style "The Haven up Aloft"; Mr. Hawkins literally fetched them with "Killaloe"; whilst Mr. Maynard made one's hair stand on end with a very weird and blood-curdling recitation entitled, "A Legend of Mount Breidden." The following ladies:—Miss Welch, Miss E. Arnold, and Miss Jacobs, very kindly took a turn at the piano; likewise a gentleman, whose name did not transpire, but he will please accept our best thanks for his services.

The Members started for Rye House Station, by brakes, about 9.30, having spent, as they all confessed, one of the most enjoyable outings they ever experienced. The Sub-Committee can, without egotism, flatter itself that this was one of the most, if not the most, successful excursions from amongst the numerous Societies of the People's Palace.

All Members of the Palace are heartily invited to join this Society.

The next Monthly Meeting will take place July 25th at 8 o'clock. Contributions to be read on that evening are earnestly requested.

All information can be obtained from

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

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Although there were counter attractions at the Palace last Thursday, viz., "open night" at Elocution Class and Boys' Conversation, still the usual concert in the Ladies' Social-room did not suffer, as far as numbers were concerned, although two or three Members who had promised to render assistance were prevented from so doing; consequently we had to fall back upon friends, whose timely aid just completed a very fair programme. Selections on the pianoforte were given by the Misses Hart, De Winter and Coleman. Some capital songs were sung by the Misses Toope and Slater and Messrs. Bowman, Laundry and Hunt, while Miss Marks and Mr. Bowman contributed very good recitations. Mr. Mellish took the chair.

Ladies and gentlemen willing to assist at these concerts are kindly asked to give in their names to Mr. or Mrs. Mellish, on Thursday evenings, or to Miss Adams, on any evening.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ART SOCIETY.

A General Meeting will be held on Tuesday, July 31st, 1888, to consider the revision of the Rules, etc., when the attendance of all Members is earnestly requested.

The Committee have decided to hold the First Regular Meeting of the Society on Tuesday, August 14th, 1888, when the leading articles on "Art" will be read and discussed.

Owing to want of time to attend to their duties, the Misses E. Cohen and C. Levene and Mr. L. Nathan have resigned on the Committee. The Members will be required to fill up these vacancies at the next General Meeting.

Names of intending Members and subscriptions will be received by

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club for the election of officers, etc., for the ensuing season, took place on Monday, July 2nd. In the absence of our President, Sir Edmund Hay Currie, Mr. Shaw kindly acted as Chairman.

The Secretaries' Report having been read, Mr. Winch proposed "That the Report be adopted." This was seconded by D. Jesseman, and carried unanimously. The election of officers for the ensuing season was then proceeded with. W. Cook was elected as Captain of the First Eleven, and F. Hart as Vice-Captain. The election of Captain for the Second Eleven was left over until the teams had been selected. E. Sherrell and T. Moreton were elected as joint Secretaries. To serve on the Committee—J. Shaw, W. Wand, W. Hendry, W. Wenn, W. Jesseman, D. Jesseman and A. Hunt. Auditors—W. Jesseman and W. Wand.

Two or three slight alterations were made in the Rules—(1) the Club colours being altered to, viz., a black shirt with white monogram; (2) the Staff of the Institute being allowed to join the Club. J. Shaw proposed, and C. Butterwick seconded, "That it be compulsory for Members to wear the Club uniform." This was carried by a large majority.

J. Munro proposed, and W. Cante seconded, "That the very best thanks of this meeting be given to Captain Beaumont for his kind offer and donation to the Beaumont Football Club during the past season."

E. Sherrell proposed, and W. Cook seconded, "That the best thanks of this meeting be given to the Captain and officers of the Beaumont Football Club for the able and efficient manner in which they have managed the Club during the past season."

T. Moreton proposed, and W. Jesseman seconded, "That the very best thanks of this meeting be given to our President, Sir Edmund Hay Currie."

It need scarcely be mentioned that these resolutions were carried unanimously.

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, the meeting dissolved.

T. MORETON, } Hon. Secs.
E. SHERRELL, }

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last six Members carried out the run to the "Wilfrid Lawson" at Woodford. Although it had been raining all day in London, the Essex roads were in good condition. On arriving at Woodford, we found our country head-quarters literally besieged with excursionists, and decided that it would be best to give them a long start on the road. At 10 p.m. the order to mount was given, and a fresh and pleasant journey was made to Mile End.

On Friday last a General Meeting was held in Room 6 of the School-buildings. The chief business was in connection with the forthcoming races. The Committee have decided, for the sake of those who were absent on Friday, that the entries shall close to-night, Wednesday, July 11th.

The races take place at Brown's Grounds, Nunhead (one minute from Nunhead Station, L. C. & D. R.), and eight minutes from New Cross), on Thursday July 26th. Members or friends desiring tickets, can obtain the same at the General Offices, or the sub-Editor's Sanctum, or of any of the Members of the Cycling Club. The Committee hope that all Members of the Palace will help them, by purchasing tickets (price sixpence each), to make this, their first Race Meeting, a great success.

Saturday last being such a very wet day, only five Members braved the elements. On account of the incessant downpour a start was not made from the Palace until six o'clock. The run to Chislehurst was abandoned owing to the late start, and a run to Loughton substituted. After tea a political debate was held. The grand and great speeches of the would-be orators, and the unanswerable arguments on both sides, would have caused the heart of many a P. P. Parliamentist to beat with admiration. At 9.30 a start for home was made, and a most enjoyable ride terminated a very pleasant and instructive evening.

The run next Thursday is to Woodford. Next Saturday to Loughton ("King's Head").

The Club photograph is now ready, and can be obtained of Mr. H. Slater, 143, Mile End Road, any evening.

The Committee desire to thank, for their kind donations towards the Challenge Cup, the Rev. E. Hoskyns (Rector of Stepney), and Mr. Henry Cushen, of Mile End.

The run cards for the second part of the season can be obtained on application to

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

A LITERARY SOCIETY IN INDIA.

(Extract from a letter from Herr Beissend, resident in Moorsheadabad.)

"I have read with pleasure your account of the Literary Society to which you belong, and am the more interested as we have started one upon our own account here in Moorsheadabad. Situated, as we are, far from the enlightening effects of perfect civilisation, we are obliged to wink at many irregularities and tolerate many glaring rudenesses and ignorances which, I am confident, would never be tolerated in London; least of all in an Institution such as you have described to me. By a lucky chance I happened to attend when the revision of the rules formed the subject of debate, and, as I was deeply interested, I will try to give you some idea of our Members and their method of procedure.

"The meeting is under the control of a Chairman, who, though one of the nicest fellows imaginable, is rather apt to give a loose rein to the young colts who would be better for a little holding in. I may add that it is only the younger Members whose intellects are not sufficiently matured to comprehend the grave objects of a Society of this kind. But the first thing upon which my astonished eye rested was a splendid automaton—a perfect model of a human being—which was placed upon a chair in the front row. This figure punctually every five minutes stood up and ejaculated with a parrot-like tone, 'Am I in order, Mr. Chairman?' It was a wonderful piece of mechanism, for now and then it would alter the phrase; but only at the regular five-minute intervals. After the novelty had worn off, I soon began to tire of looking at it, my attention was soon transferred to a Member who was certainly the most important gentleman there. Why his very hair seemed to stand on end with dignity, as much as to say, 'Let me see anybody who can put me down.' But when he stood up to speak, with one hand majestically stilling the beatings of his swelling heart against his honoured shirt-front, and, mindful that all should share the glory shed around by his imposing figure, he stood with one side towards the Chairman and the other towards the audience, pouring forth a volley of impassioned eloquence into the very ears of the attentive wall opposite, then, indeed, one might appreciate the sentiments of Mrs. Blumber, and, having heard Cicero, die content.

"Yet must we leave him, for now indeed did a voice resound through the room, somewhat consumptive in quantity, but withal of such a beautiful tone as would make every country parson scratch and tear his venerable locks with envy. His words were animated by a spirit of delicacy; neither wished to incommode the other, therefore each allowed his predecessor three minutes' start. His sentences were so neatly turned that classically itself might be ravaged to discover such melodious endings in the sonatas of a Beethoven, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. Starting at E, he descended chromatically to B flat. Under its somnolent influence my soothed spirit tranquilly soared towards the land of dreams; but another voice recalled me to the stern realities of my position.

"An impetuous voice this next! The speaker gracefully stood at ease, with one eye on the glories of his buttonhole and the other on the Chairman. His words were like bashful strangers at a dinner-party—they waited inside the door for each other, and all came out with a rush; jostling, upsetting, tumbling over the step, so that the beginning of one could not be separated from the tail of the other. (My private opinion is that he spoke Hindostanee, but of that I cannot be sure.)

"*Mirabile dictu!* That marvellous automaton is engaging in a warm discussion with the last speaker, just for all the world like a human being, except that the absence of brain is remarkable. Presently his machinery runs down, and he subsides, while a gentleman with a moody cast of visage and tones which would have been worth a fortune in the days of hired mourners, proceeds to sum up upon the list of rules. He is followed by another, who would be nameless—that is, he would write under a *nong di ploon*, which I sincerely hoped would be satisfactory to all parties, though I am sorry my knowledge of Chinese would not suffice to translate it. There was no further criticism of the regulations.

"The second half of the entertainment was a sketch contributed by a Brahmin, who certainly had not mastered thoroughly the tenets of his faith; and as his sketch was founded upon them, it caused rather a ridiculous effect. Without commenting upon the contribution further than to say that the opinion of the meeting was divided as to whether it was intended as a tragedy, a farce, or a church sermon, I will give you some idea of the criticisms and the critics.

"The person who opened the ball (to use a vulgarism) was the afore-mentioned hired mourner, who rose with a determined effort to ease his bosom. The cares of a kingdom appeared to sit upon his brow; the uncertainty of his fate caused his voice to falter, as he pronounced the momentous words which meant life or death to him. He lives! The smile upon that young man's face was perfectly seraphic, placid self-content personified, when he found he had succeeded. *He had raised a laugh!*

"Then came Cicero, who gave to the opposite wall, in a great burst of confidence, the news that he had heard something like it before. 'But,' he added, 'when the writer has succeeded in making his hair stand on end as mine does, we shall certainly expect to hear great things from him.'

"The country parson then gave us a few 'staccato' bars, which seemed to rouse the automaton, which thereupon engaged in a brisk duet (not altogether melodious), and so ran itself down again. A grave and reverend signior then rose to enlighten a dreary

world as to whether two persons could float a 'long firm' better than one, and quoted his own experience, which the author committed a grave error in not consulting before. It is my duty to record that, if one person expressed an opinion, the gentleman who followed next was in duty bound to oppose it tooth and nail. With this explanation, therefore, it will be understood that his Celestial Highness, the mandarin Chi Lu Nong di Ploon, did not agree with his gravity, the last speaker, but begged to differ, etc., etc.

"The gentleman with the small dinner-party then gave us a short splutter (one word consisting of 974 letters) which I was unable to translate, or rather to hear. But the crowning point was yet to come. A majestic figure draws erect his manly form, displaying his stupendous proportions to our admiring gaze, and with a commanding voice gives his invaluable opinion. The first part of his speech was inaudible to the general public, but I was particularly fortunate in catching it; and so transmit it to you. We will suppose the gentleman's name to be Snooks.

"Well, Mr. Snooks! You know me, Mr. Snooks; and I know you. You know that I'm a very clever fellow, and I know that there's nobody in the world can come up to Mr. Snooks. Now we must give them the benefit of our cleverness."

"He then proceeded to criticise the matter on hand, but as he evidently had been napping during some part of the time, and took an odd note every time he woke up, his cleverness did not avail him much. He was a call-a-spade-a-spade sort of a man, and he gave us very decisively to understand that he would not, under any condition, have it called a shovel. As this gentleman fairly quashed the case, the discussion was considered finished, and the meeting adjourned. For myself, I can assure you that I was so amused, I nearly dislocated two of my ribs with laughing."

R.S.M.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

A Special General Meeting of the Members of the above was held last Tuesday in the School-buildings.

Mr. Clews was elected Chairman.
A letter was read by the Clerk from Sir E. H. Currie, respecting the future form to be taken by the Society.

Mr. A. Albu, to whom the letter was addressed, explained the reason for writing to Sir Edmund H. Currie; and Mr. Wadkin briefly detailed the reasons for calling the meeting.

Mr. Karet proposed "That the present form of the Society as a Parliament be discontinued, and that it resume the form of a Debating Society." Mr. London seconded the proposition.

Mr. Ives, in the course of his remarks, proposed as an amendment that the present form of the Society be continued, but as it was decided that an amendment was unnecessary, it was withdrawn. A discussion took place in which the following gentlemen took part:—Messrs. Masters, Hawkins, Wadkin, Marchant, Jolly, Currie and W. Marshall. On the motion being put the voting was—

For the motion	7
Against	45
Majority against	38

It was unanimously decided to petition Sir Edmund H. Currie to afford the Society facilities for carrying on a Parliament.

Mr. Spratley and Mr. Clews were appointed Auditors for the Society.

J. W. NORTON,
Clerk of the House (*pro tem.*)

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

The weather still keeping very cool this Club mustered in full force on Wednesday and Friday evening last, for the purpose of practice. The following Members donned the mittens on Wednesday evening:—J. Hawkes v. C. Cayzer; A. Phillips v. C. J. Funnell; I. H. Proops v. H. Dean; E. Weeks v. C. Mitchell; and on Friday evening Messrs. J. Myers, Newport, P. Simons, F. Izod, C. J. Funnell, and C. Ballard stepped into the Club-room to have a quiet spar.

Some fifteen or twenty gentlemen have paid 1s. into the Club as part subscription for a quarter, and have failed to pay the remainder—1s. 6d. If these sums be not forthcoming by the 17th of this month, their names will be erased from the Club books, and they will cease to be Members. With regard to the Competitions that were spoken of in the last issue but one of this Journal, I have to inform you that both our Chairman, Staff-Sergeant H. H. Burdett, and myself have interviewed Sir Edmund, and he told us that, we being such a young Club, he thought the time had not yet come when we should compete against one another; and, in fact, he said he could not possibly see his way clear to let us have any place just yet to hold Competitions in for the benefit of the Club funds.

Please take notice that the next quarter commences on the 17th of this month, when all new Members will be charged 6d. entrance fee.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The following is the programme of the Club for the next three months. Will all the Members kindly note the same:—

Wednesday, July 18th.—Paper by Mr. Farnes—"Exposure v. Development"—Discussion.

Saturday, July 21st.—Excursion to Chingford and Loughton.

Wednesday, August 1st.—Technical Evening—Discussion on Shutters.

Saturday, August 11th.—Excursion to Kew and Richmond.

Wednesday, August 15th.—Paper by Mr. Livingston.

Saturday, August 25th.—Excursion to Broxbourne.

Wednesday, September 5th.—Technical Evening.

Saturday, September 8th.—Excursion to Pinner.

Wednesday, September 19th.—Paper by Mr. Gamble.

Saturday, September 22nd.—Excursion to Tower of London.

It is particularly requested that as many of the Members as possible will take advantage of the benefits to be derived from attending these excursions, which are held every alternate Saturday. The arrangements as to train service will, as far as possible, be announced in the Journal prior to the dates fixed for the respective excursions; but, in the event of no announcement, the Members are requested to note that the first train after 2.30 p.m. will in most cases be selected.

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec. & Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Last Saturday's outing was a great success. Arriving at Harrow, we, in company with Mr. Bradley, visited the School, Chapel, Library and the old Church, including "Byron's Tomb," which is so called through the peculiar fact that he wrote a number of his poems there—this caused some little amusement. As time was going fast we adjourned to the Chapel grounds (a charming place), and had our photographs taken, Mr. Barrett, of the Palace Photographic Club, doing the needful. The Misses Bradley, Damian and Mr. Bradley were included in the group. Tea was served in the music-room, which, by the way, was a lovely little hall—not a room. The inner man having been satisfied, the tables were cleared for a dance. Whilst the clearing arrangements went on, we all retired, or most of us, to the park, a most lovely spot. Returning to the music-room, dancing was commenced, followed by several songs from the following: Misses Philbrick, Rogers, and Abrahams; Messrs. Laundry, Mullerhausen, Westover, Dean, Spicer, Russell, and Mears.

The evening's festivities terminated with Hatton's part song, "Softly fall the Shades of Evening," given with lovely effect—completely astounding the Harrovians, as they stopped and caught the strains which wafted through the open door.

"Auld Lang Syne" having been sung, we then made our way towards the station, and arrived home about 10.15.

Sir Edmund and Lady Currie, who had promised to be present, were, through the indisposition of the former, unable to be present. By the way, Mr. Laundry photographed all the gentlemen of the Choral Society just before tea.

Members are requested not to forget this Thursday, Beaumont Hall, Beaumont Square, Mile End Road, at 7.30 sharp.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a pleasant ramble to Pinner took place. On Saturday next, the following Ramblers will represent the Club in the match with the Palace Cricketers:—Messrs. Bunday, Burden, Clenshaw, Caldwell, Donovan, Gold, Hulls, A. Lewis, Miller, Stockley, R. W. Claridge (Captain). Reserves—Messrs. Stock, Price, Shapland, A. E. Jacobs and McKenzie. Train from Coborn Road, 2.55. Book to Forest Gate. Tea at Red House.

Members who intend taking part in the trip to Rosherville by boat are requested to meet at Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, at 3; or Blackwall at 3.30. Fare, 1/6 return. A trip up river is being arranged.

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

PEOPLES PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

The usual success attended our meeting on Monday evening last. Our outing has been definitely settled—the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill, August 18th. All Members of the Society, with Palace friends, are invited.

Tickets, including return railway fare and a substantial tea, 2s. 6d.; double tickets, 4s. 6d.

Our Vice-President visited us in the course of the evening.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Committee of the above have decided not to hold the usual Monthly Exhibition during August and September.

The Prize Competition will be held in October, the particulars as to Subjects and Prizes will be published in the next issue of the Journal.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Members are reminded that the Society takes part in a concert at the Beaumont Hall, Beaumont Square, to-morrow evening (Thursday, July 12th); and are requested to be in attendance not later than 7.30 p.m.

Members having copies of the following pieces at home, are requested to bring them with them—Casanello, Overture in B minor, Keunstler Leben and Haydn's "Spring."

WILLIAM STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

SECOND ELEVEN v. HUNTINGDON UNITED, at Beckton Road, Canning Town, was unable to be played (though both teams were on the field) through the ground being totally unfit to play upon, in consequence of the rain.

The Second Eleven play against the Palmerston Rovers, at Wanstead, next Saturday.

The Third Eleven play against the Palace Ramblers, at Wanstead, next Saturday. The team of the Third Eleven being P. M. and W. W. Carter, Alvarez, Cox, Final, Dodd, Adams, Witham, Leach, M. Prager and Fairweather (Captain). Reserves—Etridge and Williams.

The following resolution, which will form one of the Rules, was passed at a General Meeting on the 27th June:—"That any Member having been chosen to play in a match, and not being on the field at the time fixed, or not having given the Secretary two clear days' notice of his inability to play, the said offender shall, unless some satisfactory reason be given, be liable to a fine of 6d."

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

GYMNASTIC COMPETITION.

The result of the Gymnastic Competition held in the Queen's Hall on the 3rd inst. is as follows:—

Parallel Bars.—C. Pugh, first; W. Chapman, second; W. Anderson, third.

Horizontal Bars.—C. Pugh, first; A. G. Lammas, second; W. Chapman, third.

Flying Rings.—W. B. Pentney, first; W. Anderson, second; C. Pugh, third.

Vaulting Horse (German).—J. H. Hulls, first; W. Chapman, second.

Vaulting Horse (English).—C. Pugh, first; F. A. Hunter, second.

Indian Clubs.—J. J. Bailey, first; A. Ham, second.

As no one Member is allowed, by the Rules, to take more than one First Prize, C. Pugh will have his choice which of the three "firsts" he takes.

After the performance, Sir Edmund Currie, thanking the Judges, Colour-Sergeant Elliott and Sergeant McCaffrey, for their assiduous attention, proceeded to thank the audience for attending in such numbers; and at the close of his speech he gave a word of praise to Sergeant Burdett and his able Assistant, Mr. C. Wright.

NOTE.—As the Gymnasium closes on Saturday, and will be closed for at least two months, Members are advised to clear out their respective lockers.

Late Hours.—The Rev. Mr. Barham (Ingoldsby), when a student at Oxford, was taken to task by Mr. Hodson, afterwards Principal of Brazenose, for his continued absence from morning chapel. "The fact is, sir," urged his pupil, "you are too late for me." "Too late," repeated the tutor in astonishment. "Yes, sir, I cannot sit up till seven o'clock in the morning; I am a man of regular habits; and unless I get to bed by four or five, at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

Jesting by Inches.—It being proved on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really Inch, who pretended it was Linch; "I see," said the judge, "the proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an inch, has taken an L." Out of this joke of Joe Miller comes the *jeu d'esprit* of Liston upon his fascinating and *petite* wife. Some one having addressed the lively little lady as "Mrs. L.," "Mrs. Ell!" said Liston, "I call her Mrs. Inch."

Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

A BRILLIANT success attended the Technical Day School Conversazione on Thursday last. The programme—lengthy and comprehensive—commenced with a Gymnastic Display, by the boys, in the Gym., which included Musical Drill, Sword Exercises, Musical Drill with Dumb-Bells, Tug-o'-War, Running-maze, and Gymnastics generally. Then, at eight o'clock, a move was made to the Queen's Hall, where the demonstrations and experiments took place. The vast Hall, looking, if possible, more picturesque than ever, was converted into an extensive work-room, and curious and bewildered onlookers flitted from "shop" to "shop," eager to see what was doing and how it was done. There were experiments in Chemistry, Heat, Electricity, etc., under Mr. Laurie; Freehand and Model Drawing, and Shading from the Cast, under Mr. Cornish; Geometrical Machine and Building Drawing, under Mr. Burrell; Carpentry, conducted by Messrs. Bremner and Emerson; and Pattern-making, Foundry and Lathe work, with filing, fitting, drilling, screwing, etc., under the charge of Mr. Bevis: the whole of the work being under the supervision of the Head Master, Mr. D. A. Low. At intervals the Palace Military Band increased the liveliness of matters generally by a well-selected programme of music. The parents and guardians of the boys—and those others who have vague ideas respecting Technical Education—thus had the truth brought really home to them: and could see for themselves what technical teaching meant. The lads of the Carpentry department were particularly vigorous—unabashed and self-possessed, notwithstanding the audibly-critical crowd; and the much-mysterious lathe and foundry work was pursued with a nonchalance that was positively refreshing.

BUT by far the most successful "shop" in the Hall was that wherein the juvenile wonder-workers were performing all sorts of fearful and wonderful experiments. Here a youth, saturnine of face and Mephistophelian of manner, was gravely "testing" for blood-stains; there an urchin—a living, breathing realization of a certain Millaisian Soap Picture—was blowing beautiful "Bubbles" of hydrogen gas; and yet another—verily a benefactor of mankind!—was testing for alum in a loaf of bread. This was, I say—although comparisons are certainly odious—by far the most successful "shop"; for in addition to these surprising feats the young magicians would insist upon performing such uncanny wonders as searching for metals in ore with blow-pipes, dyeing calico—in full view of the audience: no deception, ladies and gentlemen!—torturing a harmless, necessary candle; searching for—grocers, look to it!—sand in sugar; analysing drinking-water, and generally playing such fantastic tricks as to make the wondering weep. Then, if the eye was weary with gazing upon so much animation it could turn itself to an excellent collection of complicated drawings—the work of the boys; or find sweetness and light in the new Library, where, at nine o'clock, a great audience had still further proof of the supernatural: as it—the audience—beheld the lantern experiments with soap-films, by Mr. Laurie. But at ten o'clock an alarming tintinnabulation put an end to the labours of the youthful; and the many hundreds of visitors left the Hall well-pleased with their visit to our first Technical Conversazione.

ON Thursday night the pupils of Grammar-master Mr. Isaacs presented that gentlemen with a small token of their esteem in the shape of a Russian leather pocket-book. Sir Edmund Currie, in a few chosen words, presented the gift on behalf of the Grammar Class; and the presentation gained somewhat by the presence of Mr. James Bryce, M.P.—our late Member for the Tower Hamlets—and a number of visitors to the People's Palace. Mr. Isaacs, having thanked his pupils for their kindly gift, the visitors withdrew, and the class, in a much-admired disorder, resumed its labours till the close of the evening.

THE Elocution "open-night," also on Thursday, was passing good. There was a large attendance, and the not too-comfortable room was comfortably full—which sounds paradoxical. I did not see, or, rather, hear, the whole of the programme—having dropped in promiscuous-like as Miss Napper was giving an excellent rendering of the good old "Bridge of Sighs"—but I could see that the programme, taking it all in all, was not quite so brilliant as those we have hitherto had. Unfortunately, I had to be in three places at once during the evening; so that I missed much of the good fare Mr. Hasluck had provided, and had to rest contented with snatches. I heard Mr. Olley give "A Woman of Mind," Miss O'Neill, "The Execution"—both of which were well rendered; and was fortunate enough to hear Miss C. Forrow give "Mrs. Caudle's Lecture on the Shirt-button," which was immensely successful. The lady had fully "grasped the situation"—with a happy result for the audience. Miss Elstob gave a thoughtful justice to Doyle's dismal "Spanish Mother"; and then Mr. Hasluck shed the light of his countenance upon the scene, and briefly orated. Mr. H. said he was anxious to remark that the rumour alleging the closing of his Elocution Class during the summer was quite without foundation; so those interested will please make a note of it. The little comedietta "A Happy Pair," was the last, but certainly not the least, item of the programme; and with Mr. Gray in a beautifully-auburn wig, and Miss

Simons in a charmingly-natural manner, quickly arrested the attention and the applause of "the house." Just as Honeyton Gray was fishing the fly from its sweet imprisonment I had to leave to witness the above-mentioned presentation; and, not returning until the happy pair were "tagging" the audience for a "bail," I missed, of course, the best part of the sketch. What little that I saw was certainly admirable: a state of things that, I believe, characterized the whole of the piece. Miss Simons had caught the spirit of the play when she "Nandy'd" her husband; and Gray, as the much-married man, showed considerable promise of comedy-power. Mr. Hasluck was doubtless well pleased with the efforts of his pupils: the spectators certainly were.

THE boys of the Technical Day School leave London to-morrow for a month's holiday at Clacton-on-Sea. Happy boys! They are to be under the care of Mr. Albert Hunt; and are anticipating a high old time at the brink of the briny. The balance, over and above the expenses paid by the boys, has been kindly defrayed by Lady Currie and her personal friends.

THE Vice-President of the Shorthand Society paid his first visit to that body on Monday night, when he found the Members, under the able leadership of Stock and Gold, doing good service to a good cause. There were sounds of revelry without—music which I strongly suspect was hardly soothing to the breasts of aspiring phonographers—but the work was continued right merrily. An excursion to Buckhurst Hill was afterwards arranged; an outing which, I hope, will be successful. May I be there to see.

THE first Race Meeting of our Beaumont Cycling Club will take place on Thursday evening, July 26th, at Brown's Grounds, Nunhead, S.E. First heat at 6 p.m. sharp. Three events—Mile Handicap; 2nd class ditto; and Challenge Cup. Tickets, 6d. each, can be obtained at the Sanctum, East Lodge.

ACCORDING to King Rhodes, the Literary Society succeeded in enjoying itself on Saturday last, when it journeyed to breezy Broxbourne. The Choral Society fared famously at Harrow: many of the Choralists distinguishing themselves.

THE Beaumont Sketching Club held a very successful Exhibition on Monday night, when Mr. Art Master Cornish again obliged with his valuable criticism. There was a goodly collection of pictures, some of which I admired very much; and Hon. Sec. Halfpenny was very well pleased. A Prize Competition is to be held sometime in October: for particulars of which see next Journal.

THE second Annual Donkey and Pony Show will be held on July 23rd and 24th. The show will open at 1 p.m. on Monday, and 2 p.m. on Tuesday; and a grand "march past" will take place at 3 and 5 each afternoon.

THE Coopers' Exhibition will be opened by the Lord Mayor, at 12 o'clock to-day. Special Concert this afternoon.

THE Football Club re-election has again returned the Secretary, Moreton, for its representative, with Sherrell as second in command. The youthful Cook, whom I hasten to congratulate, was re-elected, unanimously, as Captain of the F. C. first eleven.

I AM sorry to learn that a poor little paragraph of mine in the last issue was the cause of much wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst the spirits of the defunct Parliamentists. This comes of painting "the House" in its true colours. Evidently some of the senators would give their last button to keep Truth still at the bottom of the well. The aspect of that much-maligned lady is really too alarming for some of them: and one would suppose that instead of the loveliest of faces, Truth had indeed the head of a Medusa. But they're very young, which possibly accounts for it.

THE Palace Ramblers are to play against our cricketing Third Eleven, on Saturday next, at Wanstead. Rout will probably lead his men to victory—at least, that is Bullock's impression. 'Tis meet it should be so!

OUR Palace Orchestral Society is due to-morrow, Thursday night, at the Beaumont Hall, where its Members are to take part in a grand concert. This is the dawn of popularity.

THE Band Competition, which some time since had to be postponed, is now announced for Saturday, July 28th, and following days. Mr. Orton Bradley will fitly be the presiding deity on that occasion. The place of judgment will be the Queen's Hall. Bands wishing to compete should forward applications as soon as possible.

MEMBERS' Quarterly (Blue) Tickets must be renewed before the 17th inst., otherwise their names will be erased from the books. A re-institution fee of 1/- will be charged all Members rejoining after being erased.

"Twas in Trafalgar's Bay."

BY
WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.
(Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. CHATTO & WINDUS from the volume of collected stories, entitled "Twas in Trafalgar's Bay.")

CHAPTER II.

LOVE THE UNCONQUERED.

I HAVE always kept as a holyday the 14th of August in every year since the year 1803. It is sacred to me for two memories—the first being that on this day I first saw my own gallant and true-hearted Will.

It was about half-past four in the afternoon. I was running down the crags by a way known only to myself, breast-high in bracken, jumping from stone to stone, singing at the top of my voice, with flying hair and outstretched arms, when I suddenly came upon Dan Gulliver and a stranger.

"I saw," said Will afterwards, when he became my sweetheart—"I saw a tall girl of sixteen, who might have been twenty, with blue eyes and the sweetest face in the world. She carried a sun-bonnet in her hand, and she wore a tight-fitting frock."

"If I had known who was coming," I said, "I should have put on my Sunday frock."

"Your Sunday frock!" he cried, in his foolish way; "why, what could be more lovely than my woodland nymph, flying to meet us, up to her arms in the fern, bare-headed, her hands filled with flowers, her eyes with smiles, and her pretty mouth with a song. Sunday frock! Leave Sunday frocks to city girls."

See miss and madam lay their snares,
Painted faces,
Studied graces,
All for catching unawares
Flights of gamesome lovers.

But this talk came afterwards.

When I met them in the path, as I finished my run down the slope, I stopped short, shame-faced, being unused to the sight of strangers.

"Pleasance," said Dan, "this young gentleman is coming to stay awhile at the farm; can you help to amuse him, think you?"

"I assure Miss Gulliver," said the gentleman, taking off his hat to me, "that I shall give as little trouble as possible."

"The boys," said Dan, "can sleep at the cottage. Do'ee now, Pleasance."

This was the old man's way. I was to seem the mistress, who ought to have been the servant.

I turned, and led the way to the house in silence. Truth to say, I was not best pleased with the prospect of a strange man in the house. Like all wild things, I loved solitude. Dan carried a valise, and the young man carried a wooden case.

It was not till after we got home, and I had brushed my hair, and put on another frock, and come downstairs again, that I saw what manner of man our guest was.

No one must think that I was so presumptuous as to fall in love with him. What did I know about love? My heart leaped up, however, because I looked upon the most handsome and splendid man I had ever seen. To be sure I had seen but few. The gentlemen of Lyme Regis were mostly advanced in life, and had, more or less, bottle-noses, by reason of much rum.

This young gentleman was about twenty-two years of age. He was tall and rather slight in figure; his eyes were brown, and from the very first I saw that they were frank honest eyes; his hair was brown and curly; his cheeks were burned by the sun; his fingers, I noticed, were long and thin; they were, in fact, the fingers of a musician.

His wooden case was lying on the table. I asked him if he would have it taken upstairs.

"If I am allowed," he said, "I should like to keep this case down here. And perhaps, Mr. Gulliver—"

"Call me Dan," said he; "I'm used to it. And this is my adopted daughter, Pleasance Noel."

"Dan, then, and Miss Noel—"

"Call me Pleasance," I said, imitating Dan, in order to show my good breeding. "I am used to it."

"Pleasance, then. My name is William Campion. Perhaps you would let me play to you sometimes?"

In the case was a fiddle. This wonderful young man could play the fiddle. Now of all the instruments of music which man has ever invented for drawing forth the soul of man, it has always seemed to me that the fiddle is the most efficacious. At the first stroke of the bow I jumped in my seat and clasped my hands. As he stood by the window and drew out the air softly and sweetly, my spirit hung upon the notes, and for the time I was in sweet heaven.

He only played one tune then. When he had finished it, he laid back the fiddle in its case. I noticed with what tenderness, as if he loved it.

"Did you like it, Pleasance?" he asked. "But I saw that you did."

Then I made tea, a luxury not of every day—Job and Jephthah, who did not like tea, and were modest, stayed in the farmyard among the pigs—and after tea, Mr. Campion, Dan, and I went down to the bay and talked about boats. First we went aboard the *Dancing Polly*, and Mr. Campion praised her lines, and then we looked at *Chace Mary*, and when there was nothing more to be said about either of these two crafts, we got into the dingy and went for a sail, I holding the tiller. At eight, after the sun had set, we got back again and went home. I remember that there was cold boiled hand of pork for supper, and that Job and Jephthah, who had polished up their faces with yellow soap till they shone like mirrors, came in bashfully, and sat side by side, eating vast quantities of pig, and saying never a word.

Supper ended, Dan lit his pipe, mixed his brandy-punch, and, after courteously pressing the tobacco and the spirits on his guest, invited him to play something.

I jumped in my chair again when Mr. Campion laughed, and drew his fiddle out of the case once more.

He played half-a-dozen tunes. Now, on the violin, Mr. Campion was a magician. For my own part, I was carried away into the seventh heaven from the very beginning. First, he played, "Farewell and adieu to you, Spanish ladies," which inspired one with a fine feeling of national pride and respect for seafaring Britons. Next he played, "Oh dear! what can the matter be?" a song just then quite new, at least to Dorsetshire folk. This made us just a little tearful, and put us in the right frame for "Early in the morning just as the sun was rising." Then he played "Within a mile of Edinboro' town"; the most delicious ditty I have ever heard then or since. After that he played "Jack's the lad," the song which they have since made into the College Hornpipe. It was then that Dan, who had been chiming in whenever he happened to know a word or two of the song, nodding his head, and beating time with his pipe, laid it down, and standing up, solemnly executed something instantly resembling a sailor's hornpipe on the floor. Will went on playing it, with a laugh in his eyes, faster and faster, till the enthusiasm spread to Jephthah and Job, who looked at each other guiltily, and then softly arose and retired to the adjacent farmyard, where I saw them in the moonlight gravely dancing opposite each other where the straw was driest. Then Will changed the tune, and played, singing the words himself in a lusty tuneful baritone, "While the raging seas did roar." Dan caught the chorus and sang it with him. What an evening we had! Then he sang "Hearts of oak." Job and Jephthah

came back for this, and steadied each other, as the song enjoined, with sympathetic shoulder-thwacks heavy enough to fell an ox.

Lastly, my own turn came. The musician stopped, and his expression changed. He looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then, still with his eyes fixed upon me, began to play an air, the like of which I had never heard or dreamed of; for it made my heart to beat, my brain to reel, my eyes to swim. Dan resumed his pipe, and drank a whole glass of brandy-punch; he did not care apparently for this kind of music; Job and Jephthah stole away noiselessly, and, I suppose, went to bed. I had a strange and delightful sense that this music was being played for myself alone; that the musician took this way of putting thoughts into my head which had never been there before. I felt a passionate yearning for something unknown. I was in some new place of light and beauty inconceivable; my spirit rose with a kind of rapture, I was out of the body, floating in the air: there were no words in which I could clothe this new sensation. I could have wept for very joy, but no tears came. Presently it seemed as if my feet were moving in cadence, and my whole frame undulating with the waves of melody. I could bear it no longer, and should have fallen, but that Dan caught me with a "Steady, pretty, steady; going to sleep with the music in your ears?"

I was not going to sleep, indeed. But Mr. Campion ceased playing, and told me that it was a German dance.

Nearly all night I lay awake, wondering what new world was this into which I had got a glimpse; and when I slept, it was to dream of strange delicious things, clothed in shapes new and delightful.

It appeared next morning that Dan's idea of entertaining the guest was to hand him entirely over to me. All the others, to be sure had work to do. Mr. Campion was easy to amuse, when one got over the first shyness; and he was so good and thoughtful that the shyness very soon disappeared. Certainly, I had plenty to show him: there were all kinds of sylvan ways: there was the Undercliff, where they had just been cutting the brown fern for litter, and left open spaces for fresh green grass to grow. It was covered, too, with its autumn robes. In August there were the delicate pale yellow flowers of the Traveller's Joy, the red berries of the rowan, the bunches of blackberries, as yet only red, the tall purple thistles, and the crimson foxglove. It was something to have the Undercliff to show a stranger. Or we might walk along the cliff itself to Axemouth, Seaton, and Beer; or we might go inland along Colway Lane to Up Lyme, where we could find valleys and woods, and broad stretches of corn-grown hillside; or we might go fishing in the calm evenings or early mornings; or we might up sail and slip along the coast to Lyme, Charmouth, or even Bridport, should the wind hold fair.

Surely, of all delightful companions that any girl ever had, mine was the most delightful. He was always happy. Nothing ever ruffled his temper. He was satisfied with our simple way of life; he seemed to want nothing else than to go about all day long with me; he never tired of playing to us in the evening; he even encouraged my ignorant prattle, which must have seemed to him so silly, and preferred hearing me talk to telling me stories of the great world.

He came in August, he stayed with us all through September and October. He came when the corn was ripening; he stayed after the corn was got in, and even the cider apples gathered. I lived, for my part, in a fool's paradise, thinking it would last for ever.

The beginning of trouble came from Joshua Meech.

We were so happy, Dan and I, with our new friend, that we hardly noticed the strange fact that Joshua, who had been wont to spend at least one evening a week with us, had only visited us once since Mr. Campion

came. And that evening on which our guest played he sat looking glum and ill-tempered. One day in October, never dreaming that Mr. Campion was in any way associated with Joshua's ill-temper, I took him across the fields to show him Joshua's mill. It certainly was the prettiest of all mills; not one of the great towers which spread out long arms, and seem as if they are going to catch you up in the air, and carry you round and round till you fly off and are killed; not at all like one of them, but a sweet and lovely watermill.

First, there was a square building with a high-pitched thatched roof. It consisted of two parts, one being the mill and the other the cottage, in which Joshua lived all by himself. In the mill was a door and two windows, one above and one below. At the end of the cottage was an undershot wheel, twenty feet in diameter, which all day long went slowly round and round, while the water of the rivulet, brought along in a leat two feet wide, rolled melodiously over the edges of the buckets, and turned the great wheel by its weight. And while the water clashed and the wheel grunted, you could hear within the house the sound of toil and labour, the grinding, crushing, and grunting that belong to a mill. Nor was that all. At the back of the mill was an orchard, where the pink and the red cider apples looked pleasant—they could not look sweet. Beyond the orchard was a piggery, and then you came to the bed of a stream, which was dry in summer, save for a little green damp among the stones, by the side of which was a coppice of alder-trees, and behind the alders a dark deep wood, into which you might peer all a summer's day and dream boundless things.

In front of the house the winter stream and the leat united and made a magnificent lasher, into which the water boiled and bubbled. When the two streams were fairly joined and reconciled to the union, they ran off together over the stones in one bright and merry rivulet.

We found Joshua standing at the door; he was covered all over with flour, as becomes the sober, hard-working miller, looking as if his thoughts never ran on anything more venturesome than sacks of corn and the everlasting grunting of his water-wheel. When he saw us, however, his face clouded over, and instead of coming to greet us, he retired within the mill.

I ran to the door and called him out. He came, scowling at Will, who was seated on a trunk of a tree.

"Are you going to stay long in these parts, young gentleman?" he asked.

There was something in his tone which Will resented. "Perhaps I shall," he said shortly.

"It depends, I suppose," said Joshua, "on how long you like to dangle about with a young girl. We don't like London ways in this part of the country."

Will flushed red.

"We will discuss this subject when the young lady is not present," he said.

"I shall be glad of an opportunity," said Joshua slowly. "Why, there, that's spoke like a man. Maybe I can get round to Rousdon in the evening."

I ought to have known, but I did not, what this meant.

You see, it was a fighting time. If common men quarrelled with each other, they had it out at once with fists or quarter-staff. Gentlemen fought with pistols. Friends and seconds saw fair play.

Will, in fact, was going to fight Joshua Meech.

"What does he mean?" I asked presently, when we had left our sulky Joshua, and were walking in the meadow beside the alder-trees. "What does he mean by dangling with a young girl? I am the young girl, I suppose."

"I suppose you are, Pleasance," he replied. "Sit down on this stile and I will tell you what he means."

I sat on the upper bar of the stile, Will on the second step, and he looked up in my face with those

smiling stedfast eyes of his, which always went straight to my heart.

"Joshua Meech means," he began, "that some men take a delight in stealing away girls' hearts, especially country girls' hearts, and then leaving them."

I did not quite understand.

"Don't open your pretty blue eyes too wide, Pleasance," he went on; "I will explain by an illustration. Now listen:

"Ever so long ago there was a young girl, about sixteen years of age—your age—living in the country by the seaside, with a jolly old sailor and his two sons, just as you have been living. She was a pretty girl—as pretty—as pretty—as you. She had the same blue eyes, the same sweet face, the same ruby lips, the same smile, and the same light brown curls, and I think she wore the same sort of straw hat."

"Oh Mr. Campion!" For all of a sudden I found out—myself.

"There was a man who lived not far from her, a man who had a mill. I think he was a jealous, austere creature, but he was in love with this girl."

What did he mean?

"Then there came from London a young man who carried a fiddle and played it. He was quite a commonplace young man, who had no virtues except that he was fond of his fiddle. He came into the country intending to be quite alone, to sail and fish, and make music all to himself. He found, instead of solitude, a paradise, peopled with one Eve."

It sounded very pretty, if I could only understand it.

"This young man found her society so delightful that he stayed on. Presently he began to feel as if he did not care ever to go away again—unless—unless she would go away with him."

Then I understood that he had been making up a little story about himself and me, and I wondered what else he meant. I suppose I looked bewildered.

"My dear, my dear, do you not understand me?" He caught both my hands, and pressed them to his lips. "Do you not understand me? I want you to promise to be my wife."

"Your wife, Mr. Campion? But you are a gentleman."

"Listen, little innocent; would you like me to go away?"

I shook my head and the tears came into my eyes.

"Do you like being with me?"

"Yes," I answered, quite frankly, because there was nothing to conceal, "I like being with you very much."

"How should you feel if you knew that you would never see me again?"

I shuddered.

"I must go away, unless you bid me stay. You can only do that by promising to marry me."

"But what will Dan say?"

"Dan will agree. Say, am I to stay?"

I gave him one hand, but he took both.

"Stay, Mr. Campion, if you please."

Then he took me to his arms, and held me tight, and kissed me again and again on the lips, till I tore myself from him, abashed and confused.

"Now you are all my own," he said, "and I am yours. We are pledged to each other. I will tell you exactly what we will do—he had his whole plan complete in his head. "We will go up to London. You shall live with John Huntspill, my partner. You shall learn the things which you have to learn; and then, when you are externally to all the world what you are now to my eyes alone, I will take you to my mother, and say to her: "Mother, this young lady from Dorsetshire is going to be my wife."

"Your mother!" My heart sank a little.

"Yes. By the way," he added, with a laugh, "she is very particular about family and rank; what shall we say?"

"My father's rank was ship's carpenter," I said simply.

He laughed. "We will tell her the exact truth, and ask her if she would find a lovelier girl among the bluest blood. I forgot to tell you that my mother is blind."

Then, holding my hand in his, he began to tell me all about himself and his mother.

He was an only child. His father was a City merchant, whom the king knighted during his year as lord mayor. He was Sir Godfrey Campion. His mother was a widow. She lived in the City, he told me, in the square of Great St. Simon Apostle. He would be himself, in two years, by his father's will, nominally the senior partner in the house of Campion and Co., of London, Bristol, and Jamaica. But John Huntspill would do the work.

"I should like to tell you another thing, dear," he said. "My mother and I parted in anger. She—she must not think ill of one's mother—but she does not remember that I am nearly twenty-three years of age. We quarrelled on account of my violin. She thinks a fiddle only fit for an Italian musician, for a dear-leader, or for sailors ashore. Above all, she thinks it unsuited to the head of a City house. Perhaps it is, but then you see I never wanted to play the fiddle in the office. And then—well—then—there was a scene one evening. My dear mother has a high spirit; and when she came to compare her son—the fiddle-scraping son—with his late father, Sir Godfrey Campion, and when that son declared that the comparison was not fair, and one thing led to another, why—there is nothing strange in the fact that the son resolved to take his fiddle into the country for awhile. That is how I came here."

"Yes," I said, trying in my ignorant, country way, to realise what all this meant—the lord mayor, knighthood, and the rest.

"Was your father an admiral?" I asked at length. He stared for a moment, and then burst out laughing. Of course, he always laughed at everything. Years afterwards I asked him how it was he did not lose patience with so much ignorance.

"Lose patience?" he asked, in his silly delightful way, "it all helped to make me love you the more madly."

Now, it was not such very great ignorance, after all, because I had heard of admirals who were knighted. It was natural for me to think that all men who were called Sir were admirals.

There is one thing which no woman can ever understand—what it is in her, and her alone, that makes a man fall down and worship her. I was the most simple and ignorant of country girls, and he was a gentleman. Yet he risked the happiness of his whole life on the chance that I should become what he imagined me to be already. My heart sinks still with a sort of humiliation to think how unworthy of that true and loyal gentleman I was. You will see, presently, of what things I was capable.

We went home at length, hand in hand, across the fields. Will said nothing to Dan, and we had our tea just as usual, only that I was silent.

In the evening Will went out, accompanied by the two boys. I had quite forgotten about Joshua, and wondered a little at his leaving me.

It was dark when they came back. Will had his left hand tied round with a pocket-handkerchief, his right eye was black, and he had got a gash across his cheek. He had been fighting Joshua Meech, and he had left, as I afterwards learned, that hero senseless on the ground. Jephthah—or was it Job?—announced the battle and its result. "He be give Joshua a drubbing," he said, with a cheerful chuckle.

Now, no one in that house bore Joshua any grudge, and yet at the news we all congratulated ourselves and the victor. I am almost ashamed now to think that Will was more glorious in my eyes than ever.

(To be continued).

The "Pickwick Papers."

THE Sketches by "Boz" having attracted the attention of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, the publishers, in the Strand, led to an interview between Mr. Dickens and the late Mr. Hall, the circumstances of which are best related in the author's own words:—

"I was a young man of three-and-twenty when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers. . . . The idea propounded to me was that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist, or my visitor (I forget which), that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that, although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had already been much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I should like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number; from the proof-sheet of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognised, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a Club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with two illustrations, and remained so to the end. My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows." In the same preface Mr. Dickens clears up another point:—" 'Boz,' my signature in the *Morning Chronicle*, appended to the monthly issue of this book, and retained long afterwards, was the nickname of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed Moses, in honour of the Vicar of Wakefield; which being facetiously pronounced through the nose became Boses, and being shortened became Boz. 'Boz' was a very familiar household word to me, long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."

Here is an interesting record of the popularity of this masterpiece of humour. Mr. Davy, who accompanied Colonel Chesney up the Euphrates, was, for a time, in the service of Mehemet Ali Pacha. "Pickwick" happening to reach Davy while he was at Damascus, he read part of it to the Pacha, who was so delighted with it, that Davy was, on one occasion, called up in the middle of the night to finish the reading of the chapter in which he and the Pacha had been interrupted. Mr. Davy read, in Egypt, upon another occasion, some pages from these unrivalled Papers to a blind Englishman, who was in such ecstasy with what he heard, that he exclaimed, he was almost thankful he could not see he was in a foreign country; for that, while he listened, he felt completely as though he were again in England.

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).

SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

DEAR SIR,—In a remark below the letter of "Junius Brutus Baker" you state that if the Journal can be of use, it is quite at the command of Members wishing to form holiday and excursion parties. Of this considerate offer I desire to take advantage.

Having, in August, a "whole blessed week" at my disposal, I wish, through the medium of your valuable Journal, to become acquainted with one or two respectable young men who would be willing to accompany me to a seaside resort for a week's enjoyment.

Doubtless there are many young men in a similar position, and I shall be pleased to correspond with any, so that we can arrange to spend our holidays in company.

Any letters, which can be addressed care of sub-Editor, People's Palace, will be treated as confidential and replied to.—Yours truly,

PLEASURE.

SIR,—May I say a word or two in support of Mr. Baker's proposal?

I once did as he suggests. My companion was a Volunteer in the same corps as myself; our holidays fell on the same week, and we agreed to spend the time together. We first went by train to Hastings, passed a day in and near the sea, looking at the old Castle, doing a pilgrimage to the Lover's Seat, and so on; and then, with a few necessaries in a home made knapsack of sail-cloth, started for a rambling walk back to London, through Ticehurst, Tunbridge Wells, Knowle Park, Knockholt, Maidstone, Canterbury, Rochester, Chatham Dockyard, thence home by train. We usually walked 25 to 30 miles a day; put up, when practicable, at some wayside inn; lingered a little where the "Garden of England" was specially beautiful; inspected interesting remains of former times; and making the intervals pass pleasantly by mutual exchange of ideas and information. I have journeyed to most parts of England, and to some parts of the Continent, but have enjoyed no trip more thoroughly.

The "life-long friendship" Mr. Baker mentions became established between my companion and myself. I think we each found in the other something to make life's journey brighter. I know I received much valuable counsel from him, and that if I do reach the Better Land, the living and the dying example of this very dear friend will have done much to lead me there.

Would it be practicable to insert in the Journal or otherwise make known which of the Members are inclined for such trips, and when they could conveniently go?—Yours truly,

F. E. DUCKHAM.

SIR,—I have no doubt that many readers of *The Palace Journal* will have been equally interested with myself in the letter which appeared in last week's number written by one who states he has not the privilege of being a Member of the People's Palace, but who signs himself "Jas. Jones." My advice as a Member to him as a Non-Member would be to rectify this by becoming a Member. And now to consider his advice to us. His idea of a Welsh Tour seems to combine the two sterling qualities of very much enjoyment and very little expense. I should suggest that this idea be not allowed to drop, as unfortunately the Swiss Tour did, but that Mr. Jones or some one interested in Summer Holidays should at once call together a meeting to consider this matter, when I have no doubt that a very large number will come forward and announce their intention of climbing Snowdon and visiting slate quarries, and otherwise enjoying the very charming holiday which he sketches out for us. There is one sentence at the end of his letter which will be particularly gratifying to intending tourists, and that is that "Nearly every person in Wales speaks English well,"—as otherwise we should have to start Classes in the Welsh language, which would, of course, be impossible and dangerous, unless we had a competent medical man present to set our jaws right afterwards.—I am, etc.,

INTENDING WELSHER.

Cobbett upon Bacon.—A certain utilitarian inductive philosopher had gravely propounded the view, how greatly to be hoped it was that the time might come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by reading Bacon. "Much more to the purpose," said Mr. Cobbett, "if the time could come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by eating bacon." Cobbett had great contempt for those enthusiasts who gravely proposed "useful knowledge" as a panacea for the poor man's evils. Kidding one day in the country, Cobbett was passing a flour-mill, which had just been converted into a paper-mill; he remarked, "they seem to think the people can eat books."

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