

THE PALACE JOURNAL

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[ONE PENNY.]

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Notes of the Week.

IT is said that the German Government is about to take a step which, if it can be carried out in one country, can also be carried out in another. They are going to put a tax on every working man of 2½d. a week: half to be deducted from his pay and half to be paid by the employer. This money is to accumulate in the man's name: if he dies before the age of seventy neither he nor his heirs get any of it: if he lives until seventy he will receive until the end of his life such an annual pension as will maintain him. In other words, the old age of every man is to be secured against destitution by his own thrift: and because most people will not be thrifty unless they are obliged, the law will force them to lay by money. Again, since it is not every man who lives to the age of seventy, a great many lives will lapse, and the sum so saved will go to swell the pensions.

APPLY this to our own country. Our working men get, as a rule, double the pay of the Germans. Therefore, they may put by a larger sum weekly, say 5d., half to be paid by the employer. Now if a man begins to have 5d. a week put to his credit every week, the amount in forty-two years will reach at compound interest (three per cent.) the very respectable total of about £85. With this sum, at sixty years of age, an annuity of five shillings a week could be secured. But since so many die early, or fall out of work, and so drop their payments, it may be estimated that at least twelve shillings a week would be arrived at. I say sixty years of age rather than seventy, because I think that in all industries and occupations, when a man reaches the age of sixty he should be compelled to retire, and amuse himself for the rest of his life with a sufficiency for his food and housing, and so make way for younger men. But the principle ought to be extended; in every rank of life and in every calling, all men should be made to pay the same sum for the National Pension Fund. There is reasonable hope that rich men would refuse the small pensions to which they would become entitled at the age of sixty. But think what an inestimable blessing to clerks, small tradespeople, and struggling people of all kinds, would be such a National Pension Fund!

WHAT should be done with those who get behind with their payments? I think they should be granted time—any length of time—to pay up arrears. And what about women? Working women could not pay so much as working men. They might have a smaller pension, but all women, just as all men, should pay that tax weekly. A simple stamp would do it, with an additional girl clerk or two in every postal district. I suppose there would still have to be a workhouse for the incorrigible, the idle, the drunken—but not for the respectable aged. This would be an incalculable boon.

I COPY the following:—"One of the greatest curiosities in the way of watches comes from the works at Waltham, and it is more curious than

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

- THURSDAY.**—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Thursday "at home."
 LAWN TENNIS CLUB.—Committee Meeting, at 7.45.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Run to Nunhead, *via* Greenwich Ferry.
- FRIDAY.**—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—All Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 LITERARY SOCIETY.—"Productive" Meeting, at 8.15.
 RAMBLERS.—Committee Meeting.—Important.
 BOXING CLUB.—General Meeting, at 8.15.
- SATURDAY.**—COOPERS' EXHIBITION.—Last Day.
 CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8.
 RAMBLERS.—To Dagenham. Tea at the "Chequers."
 PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Excursion to Chingford and Loughton.
 CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at Victoria Park; Second XI. at Wanstead; Third XI. at Wanstead.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Leave Palace at 4 sharp for Cheshunt.
- SUNDAY.**—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30. All seats free.
- MONDAY.**—DONKEY SHOW opens at 1 o'clock.—Judging.
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice.
- TUESDAY.**—DONKEY SHOW opens at 2 o'clock. Distribution of Prizes by Lady Aberdeen.
 PARLIAMENT.—Special General Meeting, at 8.
- WEDNESDAY.**—PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.—Usual Meeting at 8.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal for Section A.—General Meeting at 8.

Organ Recital,

On **SUNDAY NEXT, JULY 22nd, at 12.30 p.m.,**
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - - - - - MR. GILBERT A. COPE.
 (Late of St. Michael and All Angels, Lower Sydenham.)

1. "Gloria in Excelsis" (12th Mass) Mozart.
2. (Andante in A Batiste.
- Cantabile Mendelssohn.
3. "Gloria in Excelsis" (Mass in B) Farmer.
4. Offertoire in A (by desire) Batiste.
5. Hallelujah (Engedi) Beethoven.
6. "God is a Spirit" Sterndale Bennett.
7. "Processional March, Polycarp" Ouseley.

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

desirable. Twelve silhouettes take the place of numerals. For one o'clock we have a lady with a baby in long clothes; by two the child has grown in years; at three o'clock it is "short-coated." By eight o'clock he is old enough to go to school; and an hour later the young collegian is being fondly smiled on by his proud parent. At ten the mother lies on her death-bed; at eleven the son is white-haired; and at twelve we find him, in an attitude of prayer, anticipating his speedy release." On the whole, this is rather a lugubrious dial for everyday use.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS crossed the ocean with a fleet of three caravels, the united tonnage of which would not amount to one-twentieth part of the tonnage of a great Atlantic Liner. A caravel was a vessel with a round bow and a square stern, both high out of the water. One of the three vessels was decked, and only one. Drake sailed round the world in the *Hind* of 100 tons. Cook made his first voyage in a ship of 360 tons. What would they have thought of such a vessel as the *City of New York* belonging to the Inman Line, which has just been launched and is lying in the Clyde? She will accommodate 2,000, crew and passengers. She has five decks. She carries 700 first-class passengers: she is lit by electricity: her upper deck is 480 feet in length: she has a library of nearly a thousand volumes: her tonnage is 10,500, and her engines reach 20,000 horse-power.

ONE more addition to the list of famous duels. General Boulanger calls M. Floquet names, and they go out to fight. The civilian sticks the soldier in the throat. Everybody says that the General will lose his prestige. It is very ridiculous if he does. A man may be an admirable soldier and yet get the worst of it in a duel. It is not fifty years since duels used to be fought almost as a matter of course nearly every day in London. There are two duels in Dickens: one the terrible encounter of Mr. Winkle in *Pickwick*, and one in *Nicholas Nickleby*, where the poor empty headed young lord gets shot. It is the fashion for us who fight duels no longer to sneer at the barbarity of the duel: but things can be said and done which seem somehow to require a fight. Formerly if a man insulted another in the street, coats were taken off and the affair was settled on the spot. All the old books are full of fighting, and it is only within the last twenty-five years that fighting has gone out of fashion. Now I am perfectly certain that if certain things are to be preserved which seem worth having, we shall very soon begin to fight again in some fashion. Meetings, for instance, are "rushed" and wrecked by opponents, because those who hold them have grown up in a generation of peace, and cannot fight: men are hustled by ruffians: manners at theatres and places of public resort are getting worse. If those who thus break the peace understand that they will have to fight in consequence, there will be a marvellous inclination displayed to keep the peace. As for the growth of bullies, we could rely on the police to keep them down. The fight to put down and punish the blackguard, however, is one thing: the duel with sword and pistol is quite another. One is pleased to see the boxing-gloves in full swing again.

DUELLING stories are told of every country, and it is difficult to give the palm to any in the matter of quick temper. France, Ireland, and the State of Virginia seem equal in this respect: a niceness of honour being followed in all these by a singular readiness to "go out." In Virginia, during the early part of this century, it was simply dangerous for an English traveller, if he was a man, and young—things generally belonging to a traveller in those days—to have his nationality known or suspected. He was certain to be insulted and made to fight. And as the weapons were pistols, and the Virginian men all crack shots—and the pistol is the most uncertain

weapon in the world in the hand of any but a good shot—the Englishman nearly always had daylight let through him, and made haste to seek a more peaceful clime.

ONE must talk about the weather. It has been the coldest week ever known in July: that seems something to talk about: we have been sitting over fires in the middle of the summer: that is something to growl over. Snow has fallen in the South of London and in the North of England. Yet we have not had things so bad here as they have experienced in New England, where snow fell the other day to the depth of five inches, and on the White Mountains they had eight degrees of freezing. So that, after all, we may stay at home and be glad we are not in New England. They have also had a hail storm in Hungary which killed thirty people. We will not emigrate to Hungary. And now it is warmer again, and perhaps we shall have a spell of real summer.

WE have got a new Island. I do not know why we have taken it: perhaps because somebody in the Colonial Office, of a geographical turn, discovered that it had no owner; perhaps in order to do something with telegraph wires. It is a very little island, just a dot on the ocean, and our trade will not be enriched by this new possession. You will find it lying about 200 miles south of the western extremity of Java, in latitude 11° where it is about equally hot all the year round, and it is called Christmas Island. Close by, a few years ago, was another island, which disappeared in an earthquake, so that the Imperial tenure is uncertain. I have not learned much about the island, but there are no natives on it, or anything except trees. Perhaps it is intended as a naval station of some kind. In such matters our people generally know what they are about.

I FOUND the following verses in an old note-book where I used to stick extracts. With a few alterations they would suit the present time of holiday-making. They were stuck up on a shop shutter in a London street the day before Good Friday, 1868.

We're off by rail: don't rail at us for that:

'Tis Easter time and Springy, breezy weather:

That brain and nerve may rest from business toil—

Resolved—we all take holiday together.

'Tis very good, we know, to pray and fast:

For soul and body such is often needed:

And in the headlong race for speedy wealth

Body and soul alas! are little heeded.

'Tis also good to mount the breezy hills,

And hold with woods and fields some sweet communion:

To breathe pure air by sweet and winding rills,

That soul and body may keep long its union.

On Nature's carpet,—carp at this who may:

When high above the skylark chants his praises:

If any one requireth Potter now,

They'll find him neck and heels among the daisies.

EDITOR.

A Famous Pipe of Madeira.—The bidding for the pipe of Madeira, at the sale of the effects of the late Duchess de Raguse, in 1858, caused a great commotion in Paris. This famous wine, known to *convives* as the "1814 pipe," was fished up near Antwerp in 1814, where it had lain in the carcass of a ship wrecked at the mouth of the Scheldt in 1778, and which had rested there ever since. As soon as the valuable discovery was made known, Louis XVIII. despatched an agent to secure the precious relic. A share of the glorious beverage was presented to the French Consul, who had assisted at its discovery, and thus it came into the cellars of the Duke de Raguse. Only four-and-forty bottles were remaining, and these were literally sold for their weight in gold to Rothschild, who was opposed by Véron and Milland. Véron was angry, because he declared that he had made the reputation of the wine, by mentioning it in his Memoirs, on the occasion of the dinner given to Taglioni by the Duchess de Raguse, whereat the famous "1814" was produced as the greatest honour to be paid to the great artist.

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 RAMBLING CLUB.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB v. PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—The long-expected match between these two Clubs came off on Saturday last at Wanstead. The weather being fine a great number were present, and eagerly watched the proceedings. The game was a most determined one, and both sides were confident of winning. The Ramblers played well, and were quite at home with the cricketers, greatly to the latter's surprise. The Rambler's Captain winning the toss, sent in the cricketers. M. Prager and Cox were the first to face the bowling of Lewis and Bundy, Prager making a score of 15, when he was run out. The next to make a stand were P. M. Carter and Fairweather, the former scoring 10, and the latter 19. Adams making a score of 16 was caught by Stockley, Etridge being not out for 3—the innings closing for 82. The Ramblers with one hour 15 minutes to play, sent in Hulls and Miller, to the bowling of Fairweather and Alvarez. Miller, with 1 run, was bowled by Alvarez; Bundy joining Hulls failed to score. Claridge then came in, and some free hitting was indulged in, when Hulls was clean bowled for a steady played 7. Clenshaw then joined his Captain, but only made 5, Gould filling the vacancy, and he being a left-handed batsman caused a little trouble in the field, but did not stand long, being bowled for 5. Lewis taking his place, with some free hits, put on 10, when he was bowled by Prager. Burden and Claridge then played out time, the former 6 and the latter 22, both not out. Stockley and G. Stock did not bat, the Ramblers having 17 runs to win, with 3 wickets to fall: thus an interesting match ended in a draw, and with the wish of the cricketers to play a return. The Rambler's party, consisting of 25 (including 8 ladies) now made a move to the "Red House," Barking Side, where a substantial tea was provided. A pleasant evening was then spent, with the usual Rambler's concert, several ladies and gentlemen obliging with their vocal abilities, the concert breaking up after singing "Auld Lang Syne," all having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The homeward journey was made by way of Wanstead Park and Flats to Forest Gate Station, taking train for Coborn Park, where the party bade each other good-night.

Just before three o'clock on Saturday last a goodly muster of Ramblers embarked on the splendid saloon steamer "Alexandra" at London Bridge, for that place "where to spend a happy day" (Rosherville Gardens). Owing to the innumerable strange craft on the river we did not reach Blackwall Pier until four o'clock, where several more Members were patiently awaiting our arrival.

After taking a ramble over the boat and examining the machinery, we made towards the saloon, where tea had been arranged for us, in a very creditable style, by Mr. G. H. Boney, the well-known caterer to the Victoria Steamboat Association. Having refreshed ourselves, we thought it wise to return to the upper deck and get as much fresh air as possible.

On our way we passed the well-known training ship, "Warspite," and several others, reaching our destination about 5.30. Leaving the pier we made towards the Gardens which are most tastefully laid out with the inscription, worked in flowers, "Come again next year." The next thing that attracted a great deal of attention was the bear-pit.

We boarded the vessel about 7 o'clock, and the band, engaged by the Steamboat Company, began playing some favourite tunes, and several of our Members began to indulge in the light fantastic. We reached home about 9.45.

July 21st.—Dagenham. Tea at the "Chequers." Train from Bow (N.L.R.) 3.40, change at Plaistow.

July 28th.—Chingford. Committee Meeting on Friday next, 20th inst.—Important business.

F. W. BULLOCK, } Hon. Secs.

H. ROUT, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

Excursion Saturday next, the 21st inst., to Chingford and Loughton. Members and friends are requested to meet at Liverpool Street (G.E.R.) at 10 to catch the train. The intention is to walk from Chingford to Loughton, "snatching bits" on the way, and to return from Loughton Station in the evening.

Usual meeting on Wednesday evening next at 8 p.m., when Mr. Farnes will read a paper on "Exposure v. Development." Discussion invited.

It is probable that a Competition amongst the Members will take place shortly. Particulars later.

W. BARRETT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

General Meeting, Friday next, July 20th. All Members are particularly requested to attend, as this meeting is very important.

I. H. PROCPs, Hon. Sec.

P. SIMONS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Seventh Monthly Exhibition of Sketches by Members of the above Club was held in the Art Class-room, on Monday, July 9th, at 8 o'clock, Mr. W. P. Cornish criticising as usual.

One lady Member (Miss Colson) sent as her work for the month, two small jars (from the shape of which, I should say, were honey jars), with flowers painted on each, and deserves commendation for the apt and artistic manner in which she utilizes otherwise worthless articles, whilst another lady Member (Miss F. C. Thomas) sent as her sketch a well executed study of a geranium.

Mr. Cornish dealt with each subject in his usual masterly manner, and in the course of his remarks said that he thought this was the best exhibition yet held in point of workmanship only, of course with numbers it was a different matter, and that each successive display showed some signs of improvement.

The room being open till 9.30, a large number of the Members of the Palace paid a visit to the display; this we hope will have a tendency to increase the size of the Club next season, when no doubt, our numerical strength will warrant the exhibitions being held on a larger scale. Meanwhile the present Members are preparing for a Prize Competition to be held in October, the particulars of which are as follows:—

Landscape	Open Country.
Figure	Travellers.
Design	Circular design, 6 inches diam. from any wild flower (flower to be named).

Any Study from Nature.

The prizes may be selected by the successful Competitors in books or instruments to the value of—

Landscape	10s. 6d.
Figure	12s. 6d.
Design	12s. 6d.
Study from Nature	7s. 6d.

Two prizes of 12/- and 9/- respectively will be given by the Head Master of the Art School (Mr. Cornish) for the best aggregate of work produced in the Club during the Session. All previous works must therefore be produced.

A prize of 12/6 will be offered by the Committee to the most regular contributor to the monthly displays. In the event of two or more Members tying in this Competition, the prize will be given to that Member whose sketches, in the opinion of the judges, bear the most merit.

If less than three sketches are received in any one of the above classes, the prize in that class will be withheld.

There will be an entrance fee of 6d., and the decision of the judge is to be considered final.

All works to be mounted as per Rules, or will be disqualified. No name to appear on any sketch intended for Competition, but the Member's number to be put on the work for the purpose of identification. After the award and before the exhibition the names of the artists will be attached by the Secretary.

All intending Competitors to send their names and entrance fee to the Secretary before August 31st (letters may be addressed to the Palace).

The exhibition will be open to Members of the Palace, from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. on Monday, October 8th and Tuesday, October 9th—evenings only.

Any subject intended for Competition must be addressed to the "Secretary, Beaumont Sketching Club," at least six days before the exhibition.

The Committee have under consideration the publication of the four prize works in an East End Journal, but this has not yet been definitely decided upon. T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ART SOCIETY.

A General Meeting of the Art Society will be held on Tuesday, July 31st, at 8 p.m. Members will please note.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

PEOPLE'S PALACE v. POLYTECHNIC.—Played at Wimbledon, July 7th.

First Round.

E. Pakeman and E. Staples (P.A.C.)	beat	T. E. Halfpenny and J. Ford (P.P.)	6.0 6.0
W. Potter and C. Nicholls (P.A.C.)	"	H. P. Noakes and W. Simpson (P.P.)	6.1 6.0

Second Round.

E. Pakeman and E. Staples (P.A.C.)	beat	H. P. Noakes and W. Simpson (P.P.)	6.2 6.2
W. Potter and C. Nicholls (P.A.C.)	"	T. E. Halfpenny and J. Ford (P.P.)	6.0 6.1

Odd Rubber.

Gould and King (P.P.)	beat	J. Cutting and J. Dagnall (P.A.C.)	8.6 4.6 6.2
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The Polytechnic thus winning by 4 rubbers to sets to 2, and 62 games to 24.

On Saturday last the Members of the above Club played a match against the Beaumont Tennis Club, on the Beaumont Court. We were represented by Messrs. Gould, Heinemann, Marshall and Pyman; and the Beaumonts by Messrs. Carrol, Pritchard, Rowlands and Wortman. Messrs. Clews and Wortman acting as Umpires.

After the first "set" which resulted in a very easy victory for the Beaumonts (6.0), the game assumed considerable interest. The Palace teams were at a great disadvantage, not being used to the court, but, with the exception of the first "set," gave their opponents considerable trouble as will be seen by the following score:—

First Team.	
Carrol and Rowlands (B.)	Marshall and Gould (P.P.) 6.0 7.5 3.6
Second Team.	
Heinemann and Pyman (P.P.)	Pritchard and Wortman (B.) 6.1 6.3
Final.	
Carrol and Rowlands (B.)	Heinemann and Pyman (P.P.) 7.5

Although beaten, our representatives deserve great credit for the determined stand they made. It will be observed that our defeat was very nominal, as out of 55 games played the Palace won 28, against 27 won by their opponents.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the Beaumont Club for the cordial and hospitable manner in which they received us. Committee Meeting, Thursday at 7.45.

ARTHUR W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

On Thursday evening the usual concert took place, when the following contributed towards the amusement of those Members who came to listen:—Misses Payne and Wray gave selections on the pianoforte; Misses Fisher, Nay, Hines, Porter and Lewery and Mr. Bowman sang; and Mr. Hurley recited. Mr. Mellish took the chair.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Owing to the absence of a report in the last issue of the Journal, several Members were under the impression there was to be no race. Members who did not swim last week may, therefore, take part in the race, as another heat will be formed to-morrow night at 8.30. Final to be swam off on the following night.

Captaincy race next week, Thursday, 26th inst. Members also competing for first class are requested to turn up.

A Committee and General Meeting will be called shortly. Notice will appear in next week's Journal.

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

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

Members wishing to join the above Club should send in their names, accompanied with the entrance fee of 1s., to either of the undermentioned.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Beaumont Hall Concert, held last Thursday, went off exceptionally well. Although not quite under such favourable circumstances as in the Queen's Hall, the Choir soon made itself at home. It is quite needless to say that Miss Martin and Messrs. Bartrum and Cheeseman sang their parts well. The Rev. E. Hoskyns, who, by the way, is one of our Trustees, proposed a vote of thanks to the Choir and Orchestra, and in a splendid little speech, said that they, although young, were doing a great work, not only at the People's Palace, but in giving this Concert for a charitable purpose.

The Choral Society is anxious to have it understood that its share in the Concert was equally important with that of the Orchestra, and that the Concert was not, as stated in last week's Journal, given by the Orchestra, but by both Societies in conjunction.

Last Friday Mr. Laundry was elected Librarian of the Society. Mr. Barrett wishes me to say that he will have the photographs on Tuesday next, not on Monday, as Mr. Orton Bradley announced, when the usual rehearsal will be held, instead of this coming Friday. Tenors and Basses are still wanted; for particulars apply to

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

ELOCUTION CLASS.

Members who are in the caste of "Money" will please be looking over Acts IV. and V., with a view to their being followed by a representation of the whole play. Will Members please note?

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last nine Members journeyed to the "Wilfrid Lawson." After spending a pleasant evening, the homeward journey was carried out under the leadership of Captain Slater. On Thursday next the run will be to Nunhead via Greenwich Ferry. Members are requested to be at the Palace as soon after six as possible, as most of the Members are desirous of having a spin on the track. The start will be made from the Palace at 6.30 p.m. prompt.

On Saturday fourteen Members journeyed to the "King's Head." Loughton. After tea the party divided, some amusing themselves at bagatelle, draughts and dominoes, whilst others were practising spurring up the King's Head Hill with a view to winning the forthcoming races.

On Saturday next Cheshunt is to be our destination. The Club will leave the Palace at 4 o'clock sharp, as the journey is rather a long one.

The following is the official handicap for the races:—

NOVICES.	STARTS.	FIRST CLASS.	STARTS.	CHALLENGE CUP.
V. Dawson ..	Scratch	J. Howard ..	Scratch	A. Croker
D. Jesseman ..	20	A. Croker ..	40	F. Dawson
J. Wilkie ..	20	V. Dawson ..	70	F. Glover
—McGuire ..	30	E. Ransley ..	70	J. Howard
A. Shears ..	30	F. Glover ..	90	E. Ransley
H. Ransley ..	40	D. Jesseman ..	90	H. Ransley
W. Wakefield ..	40	H. Ransley ..	110	D. Jesseman
M. Moyle ..	60	W. Wakefield ..	110	J. Wilkie
J. Gillett ..	100	H. Slater ..	120	
F. Payne ..	100	A. Giles ..	175	
A. Giles ..	105			
J. Dawson ..	120			
A. Prentice ..	120			
J. Prentice ..	120			
F. Hobson ..	130			
R. Peel ..	140			
H. Bright ..	140			
L. Nathan ..	200			
H. Burley ..	210			
A. Payne ..	210			
W. Warne ..	230			
T. Moore ..	250			
N. Nathan ..	250			

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

A General Meeting of Members of this Club took place on Wednesday last, the 11th inst., at which private business was discussed and settled.

SECTIONS.—A will meet as usual for rehearsal on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

B. The management beg to ask B Section's indulgence for a short time, owing to the absence of a competent Stage Manager, for this section. At the same time, the management will be glad if the Members themselves would assist in getting some one to look after them. The Secretaries will be glad to hear from any one with that object in view.

C. Pending what we may call a short holiday, will Section C please be learning up respective parts, so that when rehearsal comes on, the text-book may be dispensed with.

D. We hope to have the pleasure of bringing this Section into existence next week. This will make the hearts of some glad.

GENERAL.—Ladies kindly note we are wanting a few more of the sex.

It has been pointed out to us by several gentlemen that it would be well to have some dramatic performances, combined with music and recitations, at an early date. Under these circumstances we would beg to repeat that every Member is earnestly requested to pay strict attention to his or her part, so that when the times comes we shall be able to present something creditable to all concerned.

EXCURSION.—Here comes the bitter draught. Nature has been most unkind towards us in this respect owing to the vacillating state of the weather, but perhaps old Sol is cruel, only to be kind at an early date. It is impossible for us to enjoy our little selves in such weather, so by desire of a large number of Members it is thought desirable to again postpone our outing.

We must not be cast down, but let us hope for better weather. Notice of recurrence to this subject will be duly given.

NOTICE OF MEETING.—We beg to call a General Meeting of Members for Wednesday, 25th inst., at 8 o'clock prompt in School-room. Business.—Election of two Members to the Committee; and other business.

JOHN MUNRO, Sec.
A. REEVE, Assist. Sec.

The Sub-Manager of A wishes to say that he would be happy to take charge of B and C pending definite arrangements, but that he is prohibited from doing so by order of his doctor.

In his capacity of Secretary he begs to thank all who were good enough to enquire for him during his recent indisposition, and to tender them his most grateful thanks.

SPECIAL.—The Management will be glad to receive applications from two or three gentlemen—Members of the Palace—and who are acquainted with Stage-management, with a view to taking charge of Sections. Address: Secretary, P. P. Dramatic Club.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST ELEVEN v. MANOR CRICKET CLUB.—This match was played on the Palace Ground at Wanstead on Saturday, the 7th inst., and ended in a victory for the People's Palace by 18 runs. For the Palace, Goldberg, Carter and Knight played good cricket for their runs; for the Manor, Rickson and Bartlett played well. Goldberg, Carter and Byard bowled well for the Palace. The following are the scores and bowling analysis:—

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
Winch (Capt.)	Bowled ..	Goldberg ..	7
Boone ..	do. ..	do. ..	4
Thompson ..	do. ..	do. ..	8
Rickson ..	Caught, Hendry ..	do. ..	13
Bartlett ..	do. Fairweather ..	Byard ..	17
J. Measures ..	Bowled ..	Carter ..	5
Whiting ..	L.B.W. ..	do. ..	8
R. Measures ..	Caught, Hunter ..	do. ..	0
Townsett ..	Not out ..	do. ..	0
Extras	11
Total ..			73

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
T. G. Carter (Capt.)	Bowled ..	Winch ..	14
L. Goldberg ..	Caught, Bartlett ..	do. ..	37
F. Knight ..	L.B.W. ..	Boone ..	14
H. W. Byard ..	Bowled ..	Winch ..	3
C. Bowman ..	do. ..	Bartlett ..	1
W. Hendry ..	do. ..	do. ..	1
F. Hunter ..	L.B.W. ..	Winch ..	7
E. Sherrall ..	Not out ..	do. ..	0
R. Claridge ..	Caught, Thompson ..	Bartlett ..	0
Fairweather ..	Bowled ..	Winch ..	6
P. M. Carter ..	do. ..	do. ..	0
Extras	8
Total ..			91

BOWLING ANALYSIS—MANOR.

Bowler.	No. of Overs.	No. of Maidens.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.
L. Goldberg ..	14	2	31	4
F. Knight ..	4	0	12	0
F. Hunter ..	3	0	11	0
H. W. Byard ..	8	3	8	1
T. G. Carter ..	2.1	2	0	3

On Saturday last the First Eleven were, for the second time this season, disappointed by their opponents not putting in an appearance. The Glenwood Cricket Club, who were practising and had no match, kindly consented to play us; but they were no match for our first team, who held the upper hand from first to last. Captain Carter winning the toss, decided to field first. Little could be done with the excellent bowling and fielding of the Palace Team, and the innings closed for the small total of 19 runs. H. W. Byard's bowling analysis certainly deserves following. Upon the Palace Team going to bat they made a poor start, losing 3 wickets for 10. Upon Byard joining Carter—the last named, who had gone in first, was playing good cricket—a different complexion was put on the game. Chatterton also batted well, the innings closing for 62 runs. The Palace Team fielded and batted two men short. The following are the scores and analysis of bowling:—

GLENWOOD.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
Maple ..	Bowled ..	A. Bowman ..	4
Stursburg ..	do. ..	Knight ..	5
S. Scholle ..	Caught and Bowled ..	A. Bowman ..	0
Park, jun. (Capt.)	Bowled ..	Byard ..	3
G. Cox ..	do. ..	Hendry ..	2
S. Parke ..	do. ..	Byard ..	0
Scholle, jun. ..	Not out ..	do. ..	1
Ransom ..	Caught, A. Bowman ..	Byard ..	0
Adams ..	Stumped, Carter ..	do. ..	0
Woods ..	Caught, A. Bowman ..	do. ..	1
Extras	3
Total ..			19

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
T. G. Carter (Capt.)	Bowled ..	Parke ..	15
W. Hendry ..	Caught, H. Parke ..	do. ..	1
G. Josephs ..	Bowled ..	Stursburg ..	1
A. Bowman ..	do. ..	do. ..	2
H. W. Byard ..	Caught, Parke ..	do. ..	19
Chatterton ..	Bowled ..	Parke ..	9
C. Bowman ..	Caught, Parke ..	Stursburg ..	0
F. Knight ..	Bowled ..	do. ..	2
Myers ..	Not out ..	do. ..	1
Extras	12
Total ..			62

BOWLING ANALYSIS—GLENWOOD.

Bowler.	No. of Overs.	No. of Maidens.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.
A. Bowman ..	3	0	7	2
F. Knight ..	3	0	8	1
W. Hendry ..	3	2	1	1
H. W. Byard ..	3.1	3	0	5

Next Saturday the First Eleven play the return match with the Mistletoe C. C., at Victoria Park. Match ground, No. 25.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SECOND ELEVEN v. PALMERSTON ROVERS.—This match was played at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, and resulted in an easy win for the Palmerston Rovers, who brought down a very strong team, expecting to play the First Eleven. On Saturday next the Second Eleven play against the Laurel at Lake's Farm, Wanstead.

THIRD ELEVEN v. THE PALACE RAMBLERS.—This match was played at Wanstead on Saturday, and resulted in a very even draw, as the seventh wicket of the Third and the seventh of the Ramblers both fell for 59. The Third Eleven made 82 for their innings, whilst the Ramblers made 66 for 7 wickets. The bowlers of the Third were Alvarez, M. Prager, Final and Fairweather, while Bundy, Lewis and Clenshaw bowled for the Ramblers. P. M. Carter kept wicket for the Third and Claridge (the Vice-Captain of the Third) was wicket-keeper for the Ramblers. The following are the scores:—

THIRD ELEVEN.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
M. Prager ..	Run out	15
Cox ..	Bowled ..	Bundy ..	1
Final ..	Caught, Hulls ..	Lewis ..	2
Alvarez ..	do. Millar ..	do. ..	0
P. M. Carter ..	Bowled ..	Bundy ..	10
Fairweather, H. ..	Caught, Hulls ..	Lewis ..	19
Witham ..	do. Donovan ..	Bundy ..	0
Leach ..	do. Gold ..	Lewis ..	7
Adams ..	Caught ..	Clenshaw ..	16
Dodd ..	do. Claridge ..	do. ..	3
Etridge ..	Not out	3
Extras	6
Total ..			82

THE RAMBLERS.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
Hulls ..	Bowled ..	Alvarez ..	7
Millar ..	do. ..	do. ..	1
Donovan ..	do. ..	Fairweather ..	4
Bundy ..	Cght., Fairweather ..	do. ..	0
Claridge ..	Not out	22
Clenshaw ..	Bowled ..	Alvarez ..	5
Gold ..	do. ..	do. ..	5
Lewis ..	do. ..	Prager ..	10
Burden ..	Not out	6
Stockley ..	Did not bat	0
G. Stock	0
Extras	6
Total ..			66

The Third Eleven play against the Columbia C. C., next Saturday, at Wanstead. HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

A goodly number attended on Monday last for the usual "taking down" in the "winged art." Subscriptions are now due.

Members of the Palace wishing to become Pitmanites are informed that now is the time.

Information respecting the forthcoming "outing" will gladly be supplied by G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

Palace Gossip.

(BY THE SUB-ED.)

THE COOPERS' EXHIBITION, under the immediate auspices of the Coopers' Company, was opened to the public on Wednesday noon last. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Sheriffs, arrived about half-past eleven: and having made a searching inspection of the many and varied specimens of cooperage, were conducted into the new Library, and from thence into the Queen's Hall. On the entry of the distinguished visitors the Band of the Kettering Rifles (hailing from Northampton) struck up Mr. Weist Hill's stirring civic anthem, "Hail to the Lord Mayor"—which, you will remember, was first heard when his Lordship came to the Guildhall School of Music *fête*, held at the Palace in April last. The civic dignitaries having taken their stand upon a red-cloth dais, Mr. W. Holborn, Master of the Coopers' Company, proceeded to read an Address, which was heartily cheered by those present. Recognising the importance of the Lord Mayor's patronage—a kindness which would long be remembered by every member of the Company, assisting as it would to further the important objects it was hoped the Exhibition would promote—the Master proceeded to detail the history of cooperage from the year of its birth, A.D. 70. Special mention was made of the fact that the Worshipful Company of Brewers had sent a donation towards the prize fund—a proof of brotherly feeling which the Coopers' Company did not fail to recognise. The Lord Mayor was then asked to declare the Exhibition open.

In replying to the Address, the Lord Mayor said that it was exceedingly appropriate that the Coopers' Exhibition should be held at the People's Palace—a place so devoted to the welfare of the working-classes. They could never thank Sir Edmund Currie sufficiently for having produced this work—to which, by his energy and the devotion of his life, he had shown his sympathy with the working-classes—who were, his Lordship contended, the backbone, the power, and the strength of this country. What he had that day witnessed had proved to him that there was no trade which required more attention, more encouragement, and more affectionate interest than the industry of cooperage. They had a double object in view—for not only were they attempting to make trade a source of revenue to the working-classes, but they also aimed at the general improvement of the working-man. After congratulating the Worshipful Master and the Coopers' Company, the Lord Mayor declared the Exhibition open. As a *souvenir* of the occasion a beautifully-made specimen of cooperage was presented to "The Right Hon. Polydore de Keyser," on behalf of Mr. W. J. Charvet, a foreman in the employ of Messrs. Church. It is now on view in the Cooperies.

AFTER the Lord Mayor and the City magnificoes had departed an immediate adjournment was made to the Exhibition-buildings, and a goodly crowd—with a large preponderance of juveniles—loudly criticized the many hogsheads and butts which everywhere abounded. With so much splendid material to hand I couldn't help thinking that the stirring and breezy "Cooper's Chorus" from the comic opera of "Boccaccio" might well have been introduced. There is some choice and rare workmanship in the Exhibition which is not to be seen every day; whilst the delicate side show of so-called "models" well repays the curiosity of the spectator. The Exhibition closes on Saturday.

THE first batch of our Technical Day School-boys started on Thursday last, for a fortnight at Clacton-on-Sea. They left by boat at London Bridge: Sir Edmund and Lady Hay Currie and Mr. E. Flower meeting them at their destination. The second contingent departs a week hence.

THE Amateur Gymnastic, Fencing, and Boxing Competition has been postponed *sine die*.

EXCURSION-MAKING and holiday-touring is still, more or less, the rage amongst our Institutites: and the latest,—of which I hinted a week or so ago—is a trip to Boulogne. The object is to leave London on a Saturday night, landing on the French coast early Sunday morning, reaching London again about six or seven Monday morning. Fare, cheap. A meeting of all those interested will be held in my room (East Lodge) on Friday night at 8 o'clock.

THE Rambling twain—Bullock and Rout—seeming to have the fate of nations depending upon their respective selves, I have made enquiries and find that the forthcoming Ramblers' Garden Party, to be held early next month, is the all-absorbing topic of these conscientious leaders. Should we succeed in getting a summer's day from the Clerk of the Elements, "the most successful trip," etc. (*vide* a recent Club report) may be expected. I am wondering in my artless way whether Bullock intends to follow the lead of the grave and dignified Literary Society and go in for saltatoring to the strains of the merrie concertina. If so, then we may, indeed, anticipate a glorious time!

AMID no little theatrical indignation and much display of outraged virtue, the vicissitudes of the Dramatic Club were, on Wednesday last, settled to everyone's satisfaction.—That is, I believe they were: because one can't be too sure, you know. Perhaps the Club has learnt a lesson: if so, then all the trouble to which some have been put will not have been in vain. At any rate, the real desires of the malcontents have only been too plainly shown. I, for one, certainly never dreamt that we had so much wondrous talent, and so many Chesterfields of—what Deeley would call—"good manners" beneath such rude exteriors. But the world was ever thus!

ROOM for the Asinines! The Second Annual Costermongers' and Street Traders' Donkey and Pony Show—Phœbus! what a title!—will be held on the 23rd and 24th of this month: first day at one o'clock, second day at two o'clock. Lord and Lady Aberdeen are to preside at the prize-giving on the Tuesday afternoon. Although the show is for the *bona fide* working costermongers' donkeys and ponies (entries limited to 200), and though they alone will receive money prizes and certificates, yet it is desirable to have, if possible, a small "side show" of "fancy" class articles—that is, animals—such as performing, or white, pet asinines, remarkable mooles and learned jackasses of any and every description.—Please don't all speak at once. The advertised "march past" promises to be quite a unique feature: and as all the animals hold varied political opinions there may probably be "a scene." The S.A.C.S.T.D.P. Show is under the supervision of the S.P.C.A. and Mr. W. J. Orsman.

A BOY'S idea of Technical Education.—There was a Scholarship Examination of boys in the Gymnasium on Monday. The lads were sent up from the different Board-schools in the East End. An excerpt from a submitted paper might interest M.P.'s. The writer says:—"I am at this moment competing for a Scholarship at the People's Palace, and the advantages are numerous for listen: First, I shall have a trade to call my own. Second I shall have no need to go begging from door to door for a crust of bread, and shall not have to sit at a desk all day writing but can go and earn an honest living wherever I go. And again it will be a healthy, it will also be a strength-giving occupation. Now being unable to say more, I must close my letter."

AT the meeting held on the 8th instant, for Examination in the Dress-making Class, a lady's umbrella was taken away by mistake. The owner would be obliged if the same is returned to the Porter at the School-buildings.

THE result of the cricket-match between the C. C. Third Eleven and an Eleven from the Rambling Club was a draw! Captain Claridge did his best to lead his men to victory—but with no success. Notwithstanding, I have reason to suppose that the Ramblers were by no means unworthy opponents: and caused the recognised cricketers to sit up in amazement. The match took place at Wanstead Ruts.

MUCH success attended the efforts of our Choral and Orchestral Societies last week at the Beaumont Hall Concert, when several favourite selections were given.

THEY are wanting leaders for the Dramatic Club. Members of the Palace having a knowledge of things theatrical and wishing to join the budding Thespians, are requested to walk up! Now's the time!—so says Mr. Secretary Munro in a "special" italicized par. on page 536. M.P.'s wishing to gratify their personal vanity need not apply. All those of Herculean build and possessing blood-and-iron constitutions will be warmly welcomed.

A REPORT of the First Eleven's cricket proceedings did not appear in the last issue. The report was sent—as has been proved by Captain Carter—but somehow the letter never reached my hands, and was, eventually, found straying in the General Offices. Its contents appear in the present number. I hope this brief explanation will satisfy the few murmurers who had begun to "buzz" at Carter's expense. *Verb. sat sap.*

DON'T forget the all-important First Race Meeting of our Beaumont Cyclists, to take place on Thursday evening, July 26th, at Nunhead, S.E. Tickets, 6d. each, can be had at the Sanctum.

MANY months ago I suggested, in these columns, the formation—at the Palace—of a Shorthand Society: a sort of auxiliary to the Phonetic Classes. Mr. Horton promptly responded; and today the Society is an established and a flourishing success. Such being the case, I am emboldened to make a further suggestion to those interested, and that is: That a Society to promote the French language be started at the Palace—say, in October. I am quite sure that we could rely on the hearty co-operation of our French *professeur*, Mons. Vatou, and I should much like to hear his views—and those of his pupils—on the subject.

THE Summer Fête is announced to take place early next month. There will be all sorts of attractions at the Palace, amongst others the Scots Guards Band, a Grand Picture Show (by Messrs. Comyns Carr and Halle of the New Gallery), and other brilliances too numerous to mention. I hope to particularise next week.

"'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.—Continued.

THERE could be no fiddling that evening, and Dan had a double ration of brandy-punch. A fight in those days was a mere episode in a man's life. It might occur at any moment. Everybody fought, and a gentleman learned boxing as part of his education. But I was anxious that there should be no bad blood, and the next day I went over to the mill to see Joshua.

His face was a good deal more battered than Will's. It was evident that he had taken punishment manfully. He asked me to go into his own room for a talk.

"It is your politeness, I suppose," I began, "that makes you fight a strange gentleman?"

"What's a fight?" he replied. "That's nothing neither to him nor to me. He's a well-plucked one, he is, as ever handled a pair of fists. Which makes it worse."

"What is worse, Joshua?"

"Now, no more fooling, Pleasance. You listen to me. No good comes of young gentlemen dangling with young girls. Besides, I won't have it. He's got to go."

"You won't have it?"

"No," he said, banging his hand on the table. "I won't have it. There. You've got to be my wife."

"I've got to—be—your wife?"

"O' course you have. I've told Dan long ago. Why I've been saving up for it these ten years. Next Easter Sunday I mean to marry you."

I only stared.

"Don't think, Pleasance, that a man can't love a girl because he hasn't got his mouth stuffed with fine words. Gar! it makes one sick to think of it. I've loved you since you were a child; and he shall go."

"He shall not go, Joshua," I said. "And I will never, never, marry you. Remember that."

"He shall go," he said, firmly. "One way or the other he shall go. Don't make me desperate, Pleasance. He shall go. Now you know what to expect, behave according."

I sprang to my feet and rushed out of the cottage. The man's set lips and steady eyes frightened me.

I told Will. But he laughed at my fears. What was Joshua to him? At the most there could only be another fight.

Joshua came no more to the farm, and I did not see him again till the trouble came upon me and mine.

And now I must leave the pleasant time, when every day brought some new happiness and some fresh brightness with it, and come to the story of that trouble. It was partly my own fault.

One day—we had been sailing to Ladram Bay and back in the little boat; we had just beached her, and were sitting on the pebbles hand in hand.

"What does Dan do," asked Will, "with two boats?"

"The *Chace Mary* is the fishing-boat," I replied, "the *Dancing Polly* is for the runs to France."

"The what?" cried Will.

"The runs, over for the brandy, you know. Why, she is the fastest boat that ever crossed the Channel."

Will listened with a bewildered face. Presently he laughed.

"So Dan is a smuggler, is he? Crafty old man!"

"Why," I said with pride, "everybody knows that Dan is the boldest smuggler along the coast. They've given up trying to catch him now."

"Oh! And Job and Jephthah?"

"They go too, of course."

"And—the jealous amoroso, Don Joshua, does he go too?"

"Yes, he goes too. They all four go."

Will whistled.

"Shade of my sainted father!" he said. "Was it for this that you brought your son up in pious hatred of the illicit traffic which interfered with your own gains?"

I did not understand one word of what he said.

"I will explain," he said. "My father made his fortune and mine chiefly by rum. Rum is a rival to brandy. Great numbers of the happy children of Ham—who, as my mother believes, are by Divine ordinance subject to the children of Japhet—toil in Jamaica for the house of Campion and Co. We flog slaves in order that Britons may get drunk on health-giving rum. And we pay duty. What are we to think of a man who runs over brandy, which may be sold cheaper than rum, and is more wholesome? How do you think I have been trained to regard such a man? And now to feel that I have not only been staying in such a man's house, but that I am engaged to his adopted daughter—and that daughter the sweetest girl in the world! Lady Campion, what will you say to it?"

CHAPTER III.

A LUCKY RUN.

FROM the moment Will heard about the smuggling he began to get restless. He would follow Dan down to the beach, and talk while he looked after the boats. I knew that he was pumping Dan's adventures out of him—a process by no means difficult. Dan's anecdotes were chiefly of narrow escapes; not from revenue cutters or privateers, so much as from sea-fogs. Once in a thick fog he nearly put straight into Bridport harbour, there being at the time only a light breeze from the south-east, and a revenue cutter, armed and manned, lying within the two piers, ready to give him and his cargo a warm welcome. Another time he had to heave overboard the whole of his cargo, almost under the very nose of his pursuers. He knew the whole of the French coast, from Dunkerque to St. Malo, and was known in every port. He would drop along the shore, hugging the land, so as to look as much as possible like a fishing-smack, till he arrived at his destination; when, you may be sure, he took very little time to load and get away again. Dan was sixty years of age or thereabouts at this time, and his memory carried him back for half a century of smuggling. His father before him, and his grandfather before him, had been yeomen of Rousdon, like himself; and, like himself, mainly dependent on the illicit trade.

Now, there was hardly anything more likely to excite the imagination of a town-bred youth than a tale of a successful and hazardous run. The romance, such as it was, of highwaymen was over. There were still plenty of them, and they were always hanged when they were caught; so that they were not without some glory. But, considered as heroes, they had had their day. The degenerate successors of Claude Duval were either desperate murderers, like the Blacks of Waltham, or they were poor commonplace, ragged footpads. But the smuggler—the man who encountered the dangers of war, of storm, and of the revenue officers—was still a hero. So that Dan leaped at once, in the estimation of Will, from a good-natured cheerful old sailor to the level of a sea-king. And this, despite the young man's early training and prejudice.

Then came evenings in which, after the violin had discoursed, we sat round the fire and talked of nothing else but old trips and their results. Countless were the questions put by Will—questions as to the French coast, the French people, their ways and their manners; as to the boat and the navigation of the Channel; as

to the danger and delight of running fifteen knots an hour, everything made snug and taut, carrying all canvas, with heavy seas washing over the gallant little craft. I never thought what might happen. I had lived so long in an atmosphere of carelessness to danger that I had quite ceased to believe in any danger. And when Will begged Dan to take him too when he made another run, I laughed and clapped my hands, to think how he would enjoy it.

Dan made difficulties. He said it was not a young gentleman's work; that his lady mother might get to hear of it; that things might happen; that he should never be easy in his mind afterwards if anything did happen. Finally, over-persuaded by the eagerness of the young man, he acceded to his request.

We were then in the cold evenings, about the middle of October, and in the last few days of a waning moon. The weather was fine and open, with a steady south-westerly breeze springing up most nights towards sunset, and lasting till late the next morning. Dan went over to the mill to consult with Joshua, who readily resigned his place to Will, on the condition of not losing his share in the profits, should the venture be successful. I took this kindly of Joshua. I thought he must have passed into a better frame of mind, although he had not been once to the house since the day he threatened me.

Everything being arranged, and the weather favourable, they went on board at eight in the evening. I was in the dingy, carrying things backwards and forwards for them; and when Dan was satisfied that nothing had been forgotten, I dropped into the little boat, and sat in it, watching the *Dancing Polly* slip out of the bay and glide into the darkness, while Will leaned over the taffrail and waved a farewell to me.

It was nothing unusual for me to sleep alone in the house. There was no danger of robbers in so secluded a spot as Rousdon, and there was always a sense of protection in the fact of old Isaac Agus and his wife sleeping in the cottage hard by. I had no fears for myself. Only, somehow, things were different now. I had left off thinking of myself, and thought, all day and all night, of Will. That night, for the first time, I was timid. I thought of the little boat sailing across the black Channel to the enemy's coast. I conjured up the dangers. Buonaparte might catch them; he was at Boulogne then, preparing for the invasion of England, with every craft of any kind which he could collect together. The *Dancing Polly* might be captured by a privateer; they might be arrested on the French coast; they might be wrecked. I thought of every danger except the one most likely to happen, that they might meet their difficulties on the return voyage. For the first time in my life I was afraid, and while I sat before the fire conjuring up the ghosts of possible disasters, I heard a step outside, the latch was lifted, and Joshua Meech showed himself at the door.

I thought he had been drinking. His eyes were haggard and bloodshot—those eyes of his which were too close together and too small; his face was distorted, and his fingers worked nervously together.

"They are gone?" he asked, sitting on Dan's settle, with a sort of groan.

"Yes," I replied, fearing he was come for no good. "They put out at eight. Now, Joshua, if you have anything to say, have done with it at once, and go."

"I've got this to say," he replied hoarsely. "I've been trying to put you out o' my mind, and I can't. Who's Mr. Campion, that he's to come here and take away my girl?"

"I never was your girl, Joshua."

"You should have been. I'd set my heart on it. And you shall be yet. There never was a thing that I wanted, as I did not get. I've always looked to marry you and nobody but you, and I will yet."

"Will you?" I laughed. "Never."

"Don't think I shall be an unkind husband, my pretty," he said, with a sudden change of voice and manner. "I love you too well. I shall wrap you up warm and give you nothing to do, only make yourself happy."

"Now, Joshua," I said, "go. This is enough foolishness for one night. I am going to marry Mr. Campion. Do you hear? I am going to be his wife."

"If you won't listen to fair words," he said, springing to his feet, "listen to foul. I've given you one more chance. It's your last. Will you give up that young popinjay?"

"No, I will not. Go!"

"I've warned you," he said, "and I'm desperate. Whatever happens, mind, it will be all on your own head. Whatever happens, you done it."

I had no suspicion, not the least shadow of suspicion, of what he meant. If Joshua's anger made me fear anything, it was that he might attempt some desperate deed of personal violence. At the same time, I was disquieted, and I longed for the return of the boat.

They sailed at eight, as I have said. If the breeze continued steady, they might reach the coast of France in the morning. Supposing that all went well, they would receive their cargo in a few hours, and should be back in the early morning of the following day—say from one to three o'clock, before daybreak. But that depended entirely on the wind.

All next day I was in a kind of fever. I could fix my thoughts on nothing. I said to myself: "Now they are stowing away the kegs; now Will is laughing with the Frenchmen—of course he would laugh wherever he was; now Jephthah and Job are receiving the brandy; now Dan is keeping one eye upon the sea, and another on the land; now he is thinking what sort of a run over he will have; now they have started; now they are on the open sea; now"—but here my mind grew giddy, and I could follow them no longer.

What a long and dreary day that was! I, who had never before minded being solitary, thought each hour dragged itself along more slowly than its predecessor. I went out in the little boat, but it was only to strain longing eyes across the water to see if haply I could discern the white sails of the *Dancing Polly*. But there was nothing on the ocean, and presently I rowed languidly home again, and tried to think out somehow the life that was before me. But that was difficult, because I did not know what a lady was like.

Only five in the afternoon! the whole evening and half the night before me yet! I went into the yard and talked to Isaac Agus. He said the wind was favourable, but it would freshen in the night; and then I went back to the house, as it was getting dark and chilly, lit the fire, and sat down before it, thinking.

I was in that mood when things inanimate seem to be things alive. Dan's pipe seemed to look at me with a sort of longing for Dan himself. Will's violin in the open case seemed endowed with eyes which gazed upon me and said: "Where is he, the master?" The very chairs had a sad and foreboding look. I was overcome with the shadow of impending evil.

At eight I could bear it no longer, and went to bed. The wind had freshened by this time, and was blowing freely among the boughs and branches. But it came from the right quarter, and it would have to be a big breeze to keep the *Dancing Polly* out of port when Dan wanted to make it.

Tired with the anxiety and solitude, I fell asleep the moment my head touched the pillow. That was partly from habit. I always did. It was the last night that I should ever fall into the sweet childish custom.

When I awoke from confused dreams of trouble, which took no intelligible shape, it was still in the depth of night. I could not sleep any more. My nerves were like quicksilver. I sprang from my bed, dressed hurriedly in the dark, tied a thick shawl round my head and neck,

and felt my way downstairs into the open air in front of the house.

The night was absolutely black. Clouds had come up over the sky, and there was not a ray of starlight, not a glimmer on the sea. It was only possible to make out on the left the steep outline of Pinhay cliff, and on the right a little of the long line of rock. Nothing else. But the wind blew fresh into my face, and I heard the roar of the waves dragging down the shingle and rolling it up again, and that was companionship to me.

I sat there in front of the house, watching the darkness and thinking. It was better to be out in the open, listening to the voice of the waves, then boxed up in a bedroom, a prey to every sort of fear.

Presently I arose and went out in the dark, down the steep path that led to the beach. I knew every step, and needed no light to guide me over the rough way. But about halfway down I heard another step on the path below me—the step of one person. It was too dark to see anything; but I thought of Joshua. It must be Joshua come to help unload the cargo. Natural that he should come to look after the venture in which he had a share. I had no desire to speak with him, so I stayed where I was, stepping off the path, and sat down on the hillside to wait. And then—good heavens! what did it mean? there came more steps, steps in the distance, steps in the road above, the confused tramp of many feet upon the stones of the rough lane which led from Axemouth to Rousdon. Whose could these be? And what could they want, coming to Rousdon Bay at three in the morning?

I waited while they passed by the silent house. They did not stop there; evidently they had no business with its occupants; and then a pang of horror struck my heart, for I reflected that I was the only occupant; and although they might have no business with me, they might have with those who ought to have been there that night. I lay down on the rock and cautiously looked over through the branches of a bramble.

It was not so dark but that I could distinguish the figures of the men as they came down the zigzag path, and slowly felt their way along the steep and narrow way beneath me. It was not so dark but that I could count that there were sixteen of them, and I could hear the clash of arms. Then I knew what they were, and what was their errand.

They were the revenue men; they had got intelligence of Dan's run; they were come to catch him at the moment of landing, in the very act of running his cargo ashore.

I thought, by the feel of the air and the look of the sky, that it must be near upon three o'clock—say an hour and a half before daybreak. That is to say, it was the very time which Dan would choose, had he a favourable wind, for landing. And the wind was favourable—a steady strong south-wester, before which the *Dancing Polly* would fly. There could be no doubt that he was off the coast already.

It seemed to me that there was just one chance—and only one. The revenue men were all down on the beach, at the west side of the bay, under the rocks which were carried away afterwards in the great landslide. Suppose I could get, unseen, to the point of land which ran out—just a little point—on the east, and shout an alarm at the moment when the *Dancing Polly* neared the mouth of the bay.

It was the only chance. I knew every rock, and ledge, and stone round the place. I had no need to get down by the path. I slid, jumped, and crept, working my way round the bay, so as to get to the point unnoticed.

That was easy. I daresay the men were all half-asleep; the night was very dark, and my figure could hardly be made out against the black masses of rock and overhanging brambles. I arrived at the point, and crouched behind a stone. I sat watching intently the

black waves close at my feet and the black sky above me.

It grew cold, as it always does before the dawn, but I felt nothing: in the intense moments of life one does not think of such things. I prayed that Dan might be late, and that the day might break, so that he should be able to see me before he made his port. For, once in the bay, which was, as I have said, but a tiny creek, there was no room to turn, and the opportunity would be lost.

Alas! that hope failed.

While I sat watching, and almost before I had time to make her out, the *Dancing Polly* came up out of the blackness of the night, steering straight for the mouth of the bay.

I sprang up, and shrieked, and waved my arms.

"Back, Dan, back; hard-a-port!"

It was no use. Dan saw me on the port, but her bows were already in the creek. Job and Jephthah ran down the canvas, and the boat grounded on the beach. The *Dancing Polly* had made her last run.

I ran round the bay for my life, springing from stone to stone in the dark, crying, "Dan, Dan, they are waiting for you. Run, oh, run, run! Will, run!"

There was a shout, a rush, the sudden flashing of dark-lanterns. "In the King's name," shouted a rough voice, "surrender!"

When I got round they had secured their prisoners. All four were handcuffed, and the men were standing round them in a ring. I broke through them, still shrieking my useless warning, and fell crying upon Dan's neck.

"I heard you, my pretty," said the poor old man, "but it was too late. You done your best, but it was too late."

I hugged him and kissed him, crying and weeping. Then I remembered Will.

"He is a passenger," I said to the officer; "let him go. He only went to look on. He is a stranger here. He is not a smuggler, he is a gentleman."

"He is my prisoner," said the officer, "and must go with the rest. Fall in, men. Ready! March!"

The men had their cutlasses drawn, but there was no bloodshed, as there was no resistance. Dan was not one of the desperadoes who carried pistols, and arranged beforehand for an armed band of villagers to help him in landing the cargo. Moreover, resistance to the king's officers, in those days, meant death.

I followed the procession up the path. When we arrived in front of the house—poor deserted house, never again to receive all its occupants!—Dan asked permission for a halt.

"Pleasance, my pretty," said Dan, "go and bring out a glass of brandy for this gentleman, and one all round for these brave lads, and for us prisoners. 'Tis brandy, your honour, as never—"

"I know, I know," said the officer, laughing. "Well, we will halt for the brandy."

I served them all, beginning with the officer, and going from him to the men. It was now daybreak, and, in the cold grey light, I recognised all their faces. I knew every one of them. I had seen them at Bridport, at Seaton, and elsewhere, when I went to look out for the revenue cutter. One of them was a Lyme man, a cousin of John Beer, the barber.

"There," said Dan, when the brandy had gone round, "now go in, my pretty, and get to sleep, and don't fret. Where are we going, sir?"

"To Lyme first, then to Bridport. After that, I suppose you will be sent up to Dorchester to take your trial."

"I shall walk to Lyme with you," I said.

No opposition was made. Arrived at the high-road, the prisoners were made to walk together in the middle, all handcuffed, and guarded by the men with drawn cutlasses.

(To be continued.)

The Waverley Novels' Secret.

MR. LOCKHART, in his life of Sir Walter Scott, has availed himself, with good judgment, of Mr. Leycester Adolphus's "eloquent paper of reminiscences of scenes at Abbotsford," in explanation of the great literary secret of that day—the authorship of the Waverley Novels.

During Scott's visit to London, in July, 1821, there appeared a work which was read with eager curiosity and delight by the public—with much private diversion besides by his friends—and which he himself must have gone through with a very odd mixture of emotions. This work was the volume of "Letters to Richard Heber, containing Critical Remarks on the series of Novels beginning with Waverley, and an attempt to ascertain their Author"; which volume was soon known to have been penned by Mr. John Leycester Adolphus. Previously to the publication of these Letters, the opinion that Scott was the author of *Waverley* had, indeed, been well settled in the English, to say nothing of the Scotch, mind; a great variety of circumstances, external as well as internal, had by degrees co-operated to this general establishment; yet there were not wanting persons who still dissented, or at least affected to dissent, from it. It was reserved (says Mr. Lockhart) for the enthusiastic industry and admirable ingenuity of this juvenile academic, to set the question at rest, by an accumulation of critical evidence which no sophistry could evade; and yet produced in a style of such high-bred delicacy, that it was impossible for the hitherto "veiled prophet" to take the slightest offence with the hand that had for ever abolished the disguise. The only sceptical scruple that survived this exposition, was extinguished in due time by Scott's avowal of the *sole and unassisted* authorship of his novels; and now Mr. Adolphus's letters have shared the fate of other elaborate arguments, the thesis of which has ceased to be controverted. Hereafter, I am persuaded the volume will be revived for its own sake. I have it not in my power to produce the letter in which Scott conveyed to Heber his opinion of this work. I know, however, that it ended with a request that he should present Mr. Adolphus with his thanks for the handsome terms in which his poetical efforts had been spoken of throughout, and request him, in the name of the *Author of Marmion*, not to revisit Scotland without reserving a day for Abbotsford; and the *Eidolon* of the author of *Waverley* was made a few months afterwards, to speak as follows in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel." "These letters to the member for the University of Oxford show the wit, the genius, and delicacy of the author, which I heartily wish to see engaged on a subject of more importance."

An old lady, who lived not far from Abbotsford, and from whom the "Great Unknown" had derived many an ancient tale, was waited upon one day by the author of *Waverley*. On endeavouring to give the authorship the go-by, the old dame protested, "D'ye think, sir, I dinna ken my ain groats in ither folks' kail?"

Scott is known to have much profited by Constable's bibliographical knowledge, which was very extensive. The latter christened "Kenilworth," which Scott had named "Cumnor Hall." John Ballantyne objected to the former title, and told Constable the result would be "something worthy of the kennel"; but the result proved the reverse. Mr. Cadell relates that Constable's vanity boiled over so much at this time, on having his suggestions gone into, that, in his high moods, he used to stalk up and down his room, and exclaim, "By Jove, I am all but the author of the 'Waverley Novels!'"

Marrying for Money.—A poor nobleman was about to marry a rich heiress: he was asked by a friend, how long the honeymoon would last? He replied, "Don't tell me of the honeymoon; it is harvest moon with me."

Napoleon I. and the Sentinel.

IN the printshops may still be seen occasionally a representation of the Emperor Napoleon brought to a standstill by one of his own sentinels, in consequence of his inability to give the password. The veteran who, in obedience to his orders, was so near running his bayonet into his Majesty, was Coluche, who gives the following account of the affair: "It was in 1809, after the victory of Ebersberg, that I was posted at the entrance of a half-destroyed building, in which the Emperor had taken up his quarters. My orders were not to allow anybody to pass unless accompanied by an officer of the staff. In the evening a person wearing a grey overcoat came towards my post and wanted to pass. I lowered my bayonet, and called out, 'Nobody passes here.' Those were the words I used, and I never added 'even if you were the little corporal himself,' as has been wrongfully imputed to me since, because I did not know I had the Emperor before me. The person came on without seeming to notice what I said; and I then brought my bayonet to the charge, and called out, 'If thou takest another step, I will run my bayonet into thy stomach.' The noise brought out the whole of the staff, the Emperor returned to his quarters, and I was carried off to the guard-house. 'You are lost, my boy,' said my comrades; 'you have committed an assault on the Emperor!' 'Stop a bit,' I said; 'what of my orders? I shall explain all that to the court-martial.' The Emperor sent to fetch me, and when I came into his presence, he said, 'Grenadier, thou mayest put a red riband in thy buttonhole; I give thee the cross!' 'Thanks, my Emperor,' I answered; 'but there is no shop in this country where I can buy the riband.' 'Well,' replied the Emperor, with a smile, 'take a piece from a woman's red petticoat; that will answer the purpose just as well?' Coluche continued to serve through all the campaigns, when he was not confined to the hospital by his wounds, till the concluding battle of Waterloo, after which he was discharged, returned to his village, and resumed his occupation as an agricultural labourer. The old soldier has been received at Fontainebleau by the late Emperor, who, according to the French journals, conversed with him a considerable time, and, among other questions, asked him, 'Though you did not know it was the Emperor, would you really have shot him?' To which the veteran replied, 'No, Sire, I would only have wounded him with my bayonet.'

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.

SIR,—Having read *The Palace Journal* for the past few weeks, I find that various Clubs have formed excursion parties amongst the Members of the said Clubs, and no doubt have enjoyed themselves.

Might I suggest, as there are a great many Members who do not belong to a Club, and who would like to join other Members who do, for a day's outing, that an excursion do take place amongst the whole of the Members of the People's Palace, which would, I am sure, be attended with success.—Yours truly,

BROXBORNE.

Laughter.—It was once remarked to Lord Chesterfield, that man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. "True," said the Peer, "and you may add, perhaps, that he is the only creature that deserves to be laughed at."

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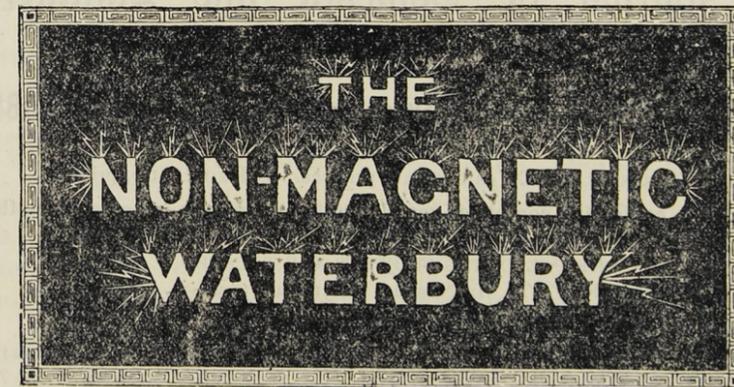
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