



VOL. II.—No. 44.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1888. [ONE PENNY.

Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—Exhibition of Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Drum and Fife Band and Pipers of H.M. Scots Guards, in Grounds (weather permitting), from 7 till 8. Band of the 2nd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, R.A., in Illuminated Concert Hall, at 7. People's Palace Military Band, at 8. Grand Instrumental Concert, and Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles," in Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.

FRIDAY.—Exhibition of Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Band of the 2nd Volunteer (Essex) Brigade, R.A., in Grounds (weather permitting). Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Vocalist, Madame Riechelmann. Admission: 10 till 5, 2d.; 5 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.

SATURDAY.—Exhibition of Modern Paintings and continuation of Illuminated Fête. Band of *Exmouth* Training Ship, at 3. Organ Recital, at 6.30. Band in Grounds (weather permitting), at 7. Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, with Stedman's Choir-boys and Girls; with Band of H.M. Scots Guards, in Queen's Hall, at 8. Vocalist, Madame Riechelmann. Admission: 10 till 2, 2d.; 2 till 10, 1d. Children all day, 1d.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4. LIBRARY open from 3 till 10, free.

MONDAY.—Members' Social Dance, in Illuminated Concert Hall, at 7.30. Concert in Floral Hall (for Members only), at 7.30.

TUESDAY.—Members' Social Dance, in Illuminated Concert Hall, at 7.30. Concert in Floral Hall (for Members only), at 7.30.

WEDNESDAY.—Ladies' Swimming Competition. Admission (for Ladies only), 3d. Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1888,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. GILBERT A. COPE.

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1. Marche Romaine | Rimbault. |
| 2. Anthem, "With Angels and Archangels" | J. L. Hopkins. |
| 3. Psalm xliii., "Judge me, O God" | Mendelssohn. |
| 4. Offertoire in D | Scotson Clark. |
| 5. Anthem, "What are these?" | Stainer. |
| 6. "Gloria in Excelsis" (by desire) | Farmer. |
| 7. "How lovely are the messengers" (St. Paul) | Mendelssohn. |
| 8. Hallelujah (Messiah) | Handel. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Chorus, "Sing unto God" | Handel. |
| 2. Air, "O rest in the Lord" | Mendelssohn. |
| 3. Fugue in A minor | Bach. |
| 4. Meditation in A | Guilmant. |
| 5. Andante Con Moto in F | Smart. |
| 6. { a. Slow Movement from a Quintette | Mozart. |
| { b. Motett, "Glory, Honour, Praise and Power" | |

Notes of the Week.

THE story, says the *St. James's Gazette*, of how a newsboy became a millionaire reads like a romance. Charles Cröcker, the California railway king, who died the other day, was born in Troy, New York, in 1822, and received but a meagre education. When fourteen years old the family removed to Northern Indiana, and in a few years his mother died; and the boy left home, after a disagreement with his father, to seek his fortune. All that he had were the clothes on his back. After wandering about from place to place, he secured employment at a saw-mill at Mishawaka, on the St. Joseph River, in Indiana; where he fell in love with the daughter of his employer. The gold fever of 1849 seized him, and he joined a party of young men, who crossed the plains for California. Mining not proving remunerative, he opened a store in Sacramento with his brother, and then he went back to Indiana and married the daughter of his old employer, Miss Deming. A week later a fire swept away his Sacramento store, involving a loss of 80,000 dollars; but he soon rebuilt it, and in the next half dozen years accumulated a fortune of 200,000 dollars. When he died the other day, his fortune was estimated at 50,000,000 dollars.

A MONARCH in modern times is certainly hard working, whatever other faults he may possess. Some idea, says *The Times*, of the energy which the young Emperor William displays daily may be gathered from the programme of his movements since Thursday morning, when he began the day at an early hour by indulging in the pleasure of deer-stalking at Potsdam. This was followed by a hard day's work receiving visitors and reports, after which, with a numerous military suite, he started by special train to attend the manoeuvres of the 10th Division at Dombrowka in distant Posen, which he reached yesterday morning at half-past four. After the customary reception by the authorities, the Emperor drove in an open carriage and four to the scene of the manoeuvres ten miles off, where he mounted and rode about indefatigably till about nine, when he returned to Dombrowka. Here he entertained twenty guests to an early and hasty lunch in his own travelling saloon carriage, after which he started on the return journey to Potsdam, which he reached about four yesterday afternoon, only to apply himself diligently to arrears of State business.

At the British Association, which is being held at Bath, Lord Bramwell, the President, said, referring to the question of population:—"I never sympathize with the exultation at our increase in population, compared with the French. I think it very doubtful if they do not show more foresight and thrift than do our people. It is sad to see the improvident marriages of boys and girls, without a shilling or a chair or table. Of course it is a charming thing for a man after his work to go to his home, find his comfort has been cared for by an affectionate wife, and have his children to play with, and I believe that such a man is more likely to keep out of mischief and out of the public-house: the attraction there is less and he feels the responsibility for those dear to him. But the home should be a comfortable one for him, and this it will not be in the case of the improvident marriages I mention." Lord Bramwell concludes his remarks in the belief that these foolish and reckless marriages are diminishing—but it is difficult to see any sign of this, at any rate, in the East-End, where it is the exception for a man in the working classes, to start married life with £50 or even £20 as a reserve.

Palace Notes.

ANGLERS will be glad to hear that the river in the Thames Valley, at the present moment, is in grand order for any class of fishing. The recent rains have put a pretty mignonette tint into the water, so now is the time for anglers who especially go in for roach. Chub and dace are rising to the fly, and many a pleasant hour's sport can be had in the morning and during eve just now. The reports from most stations tell of takes of roach, chub, and barbel, but not a single trout to put on record.

THE *St. James's Gazette* tells the following thrilling adventure in an Indian Jungle:—"The danger of only wounding a bear is well-known to sportsmen, and is well illustrated in the following description of what occurred in an isolated and solitary station on the East Indian Railway. Those engaged in the affair were a young engineer in charge of that part of the line, a station-master, and attendant natives. The engineer was armed with a .500 Express rifle, and his companion, the station-master, carried a Snider carbine; they had with them also a double shot gun loaded with ball. 'We heard of the bear,' says the engineer, 'from some men up the line, and, luckily for me, as it turned out, in order to get near him noiselessly I changed my heavy boots before starting for a pair of rubber-soled tennis-shoes. In these I contrived to get quietly to a rock overlooking the cave or hollow where the bear lay, and could see the whole of his enormous head, lying with his eyes open on the ground. I took a steady sight at it with the Express, and fired, and beyond some slight convulsive movements of his paws, the bear did not move an inch after the shot, so that we looked upon him as dead. In about ten seconds, however, he struggled to his feet, and started to roll (not walk) down the hill below him. I snatched the smooth-bore from one of the natives, and jumped upon a higher rock, where I could see the flat ground below. In a few seconds I caught sight of him walking slowly among the small trees and jungle, and fired both barrels after him, but with no apparent result; seeing which, I jumped down to follow him up, feeling sure his head was smashed, and expecting to find him dead. We both went after him, and, soon getting another glimpse of him about a hundred yards off, I fired again with the rifle, and he disappeared at once down a nulla, or watercourse, down which we rushed after him, expecting to find him lying at the bottom.

"We soon saw him, however, climbing the other side of the nulla, about forty yards off, and the instance he saw us he turned and made for us at a gallop. The natives, of course, all fled at once for their lives, and, my rifle being empty, I did the same. My companion, having his carbine loaded, turned as he ran, and fired with a view to check the bear's advance, which it did, but only for a few seconds, during which I stopped to reload; but before I could get the piece closed the bear was upon me full tilt, while my friend was fifty yards ahead, going like blazes. Well, I thought, the bear must be hard hit, and with these lawn-tennis shoes on it will be run if I can't distance him. So I started at my best hundred yards' speed, with the bear about twenty yards astern. I contrived to close the breach of my gun as I went, and then gave my mind entirely up to going, thinking that if I could get a short lead it would perhaps make him give up the chase, and so allow me to turn and get a steady shot. To my astonishment, however, I found the brute was gaining on me at every stride, and before we had covered a hundred yards I could hear him close behind growling and scattering the gravel at every step as he came up with me. It is a case now, I thought, unless I turn at once and fire before he is on me, though if I miss I'm done for (of course, I thought all this in half a second). So I wheeled, or half-turned, bringing up the rifle as I did so. I had just time to cover him at about six paces, coming straight at me with that clumsy gallop so deceptive as to speed. I felt quite collected and steady—the calmness, I fancy, of desperation; when I pulled the trigger he was not six feet from the muzzle of the rifle, and was an ugly sight with his great head up ready to seize me, with jaws open, and dripping with blood.

"After firing I did not wait an instant, but dashed on the moment I had pulled the trigger. That shot, however, rolled him over, and, not hearing him coming on again, I stopped to reload. The bear again got upon his feet, but this time evidently very faint, my bullet having struck him right in the centre of his forehead; yet, wonderful to say, he charged again, and did not entirely succumb until I had fired three more shots at him. On skinning this bear—which was the largest I have seen, and of great power—we found that no fewer than six bullets had struck him, besides the one between his eyes that saved my bacon."

51,406 persons have passed through the turnstiles during the past week, making the grand total, for the five weeks the Fête has been held, of 254,824 admissions. Stedman's Choir-boys have again sung most successfully during the week; and Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles" were again performed on Monday and Thursday last. The present is the last week of the Fête, which closes on Saturday next. Extra attractions will be provided.

It is proposed to hold on the 17th and 18th of September (Monday and Tuesday next), Social Dances, to which Members are particularly invited to attend. The Scots Guards Band has been engaged for the occasion; and for the benefit of those who do not dance, a Special Concert will be organised.

A SERIES of concerts, for the benefit of the various Clubs of the Institute, will be held in the Queen's Hall from the 25th to the 29th inst., inclusive. Members are requested to do their best towards the disposal of tickets.

A COURSE of Ten Lectures, in connection with "The Body and Health," will be delivered every Wednesday evening at 8.15, by Mr. D. W. Samways, D.Sc., M.D., commencing Wednesday, October 3rd. Tickets for the complete course, one shilling each; single lecture, twopenny. Admission free to the first lecture on October 3rd, when, at 8.15, the chair will be taken by Mr. R. D. Roberts, D.Sc. The Lectures will be fully illustrated by Lantern Slides, Diagrams, Models, Experiments, etc.

INSTITUTE MEMBERS are requested to note that all Quarterly Tickets expire on Saturday, September 29th, and must therefore be renewed on or before that date.

THE Second Great Dog Show (under Kennel Club Rules) will take place on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 8th, 9th, and 10th of October. Special classes and prizes will be given for East London. All entries close on September 24th. Schedules of prizes and regulations may be obtained at the General Offices. Postal communications should be marked "Dog Show."

A LIMITED number of Season Tickets will be issued from October 1st, 1888, to September 30th, 1889, at half-a-guinea each. These tickets will admit the owners to the Palace whenever open to the general public, but do not include admission to the Evening Classes or Clubs, or instruction in gymnastics. Early application for tickets should be made at the General Offices.

THE Trustees of the People's Palace are anxious to encourage swimming amongst the young people of the East-End of London. As a means to this end they propose to have a competition among the boys of the schools of Tower Hamlets and Hackney. The races are to be held during the week ending September 22nd. The rewards will be—1 gold medal; 6 silver medals; 10 bronze medals; 20 prizes in books, in case the number of Competitors should justify this number. All Competitors must be *bona fide* school boys whose names shall have been continuously on the register of the school not less than three months, ending September 22nd. Names of intending Competitors will be received up to, but not later than, Friday, September 14th.

AN Open Swimming Competition for the People's Palace 1888 Championship will be held on one day at the end of next week—due notice of which will be given. Entry forms and rules can be obtained at the General Offices.

A LADIES' SWIMMING COMPETITION will be held on Wednesday, September 19th, when the Bath will be reserved for that purpose. Ladies only will be admitted, at the small fee of threepence.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS (female).—A General Meeting of the above Members will be held on Friday, September 21st, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The chair will be taken at 8 o'clock by the Chairman of Trustees. Punctual attendance is particularly requested.

Through a misadventure the report of the Swimming Club given to me last week by Mr. Cliff Rugg, was unfortunately omitted in the Journal. No fault, however, may be attached to the Club's Secretaries for this omission.

SUB-ED.

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 AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above Club will take place on Wednesday, September 19th, at 8.30 sharp, instead of Wednesday 20th, as heretofore arranged, when all Members are requested to attend as this is most important.

BUSINESS.—Election of officers for ensuing year; and to receive Balance-Sheet.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

Wonderful, marvellous—scarcely to be believed, but nevertheless a fact—we have actually had almost a whole week of dry weather; and the consequence is that Nature and the "bally" cricketers are beginning to smile again. The spring poet (who, by the way, has been remarkably silent this season) must needs seize on Saturday last to burst forth into the following sublime effort:

"There was a little chooky bird,
Which sat upon a thistle;
And every time you touched its tail
The beggar did a whistle."

It was only the excellence of the weather, and the corresponding high spirits of the cricketers, which saved them from an early death, and preserved to an expectant world a sprig of Shakespeare which could ill be done without. The First Eleven journeyed to Walthamstow last Saturday, and played the Markhouse Club. After a good game the Palace Eleven left the ground victors by 13 runs. The Markhouse Captain, winning the toss, decided to field first. The Palace made a bad start, Goodwin being caught in the first over, and C. Bowman caught at long-on from a big drive—1 and 2 for 2. A. Bowman, after making 3, was bowled by a fast yorker—3 for 4. Byard joined Carter, and the score was taken to 12 before Byard was caught in the slips—4 for 12. Knight opened his account by a splendid square leg hit out of the ground. At 17 Carter was caught from a skier—5 for 17; at 25 Knight was out to a well-judged catch in the long field—6 for 25; at 26 Chatterton was bowled between his legs, after making 6—7 for 26. Josephs joined Cowlin. The last-named did most of the scoring, and, playing good cricket, the score was taken to 33 before Josephs was bowled—8 for 33. Jacobson made 1, and was then caught in the slips—9 for 34. Buckland (sub.) joined Cowlin, the score being taken to 39 before Cowlin was caught at point. The innings closed for 39 runs.

Like the Palace, Markhouse started badly; a beautiful ball from Goodwin bowling Chaplin first ball—1 for 0. Three wickets were down for 4. Chaplin joined Papworth, who opened with a splendid straight drive out of the ground off Goodwin. After Chaplin left wickets fell fast. The seventh wicket fell for 17, the innings ultimately closing for 26 runs; leaving the Palace victors, as stated above. The result was chiefly due to the fine bowling of Goodwin and Knight, who bowled throughout the innings, the first-named coming out with a splendid average. Knight had very bad luck, ball after ball beating the batsman and just missing the stumps. The fielding of the Palace was very smart all round, and the same can be said for the Markhouse. Eaton deserves special praise for his bowling. The following are the scores and bowling analysis:—

| PEOPLE'S PALACE. | | MARKHOUSE. | |
|-------------------------------|----|-------------------------------|----|
| W. Goodwin c Goff b Chaplin | 0 | H. Chaplin b Goodwin | 0 |
| C. A. Bowman c Beach b | 0 | W. Papworth (Capt.) hit wkt. | 0 |
| Eaton | 0 | b Knight | 1 |
| A. Bowman b Eaton | 3 | E. Heed b Goodwin | 2 |
| T. G. Carter (Capt.) c Goff | 2 | A. Chaplin c Knight b Goodwin | 7 |
| b Eaton | 2 | A. Eaton b Knight | 2 |
| H. W. Byard c Chaplin b | 6 | C. Salmon b Goodwin | 3 |
| Eaton | 6 | G. Eaton b Goodwin | 0 |
| F. Knight c Chaplin b Eaton | 5 | B. Merriett run out | 3 |
| H. Chatterton b Papworth | 6 | E. Goff b Goodwin | 4 |
| J. Cowlin c Goff b Papworth | 8 | J. Beach b Goodwin | 0 |
| G. Josephs b Eaton | 1 | H. Papworth not out | 0 |
| Jacobson c Chaplin b Papworth | 1 | | |
| Buckland (sub.) not out | 0 | | |
| Extras | 7 | Extras | 4 |
| Total | 39 | Total | 26 |

| BOWLING ANALYSIS. | | | | |
|-------------------|--------|----------|-------|----------|
| | Overs. | Maidens. | Runs. | Wickets. |
| W. Goodwin | 8 | 2 | 12 | 7 |
| F. Knight | 7 | 2 | 10 | 2 |

No match for the First Eleven next Saturday.
THIRD ELEVEN v. THE GLOBE.—This match was played at Wanstead on Saturday, and resulted in a win for the Palace by 33 runs. The Palace, winning the toss, elected to bat first,

sending in Hunter and Adams to the bowling of Foster and Kesby; the first wicket falling for 5, the second for 24, and the sixth for 36, the innings closing for 58. After a few minutes interval, the Globe sent in Richards and Spill to the bowling of Hunter and Fairweather. There is not much to record in this innings, with the exception of Anderson, who made 6; the remaining batsmen could not stand against the efficient bowling and fielding of the Palace team, their innings closing for 24. Thus an interesting match was brought to a close as stated.

The following have been chosen to represent the Third Eleven in the return match with the Globe C. C. next Saturday:—Messrs. Adams, W. W. Carter, P. M. Carter, Claridge, Dodd, Etridge, Final, Hunter, M. Prager, Witham, H. Fairweather (Capt.). Reserves—Cox, Dormer, and Williams.

The First Annual General Meeting will be held in the School-buildings on Friday, the 21st inst., at 8 o'clock.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

MEMBERS' SOCIAL DANCES AND CLUB BENEFIT CONCERTS.

Invitation tickets to dances, September 17th and 18th, can be obtained in the General Offices till next Friday, from 8.15 to 9.15 p.m. Programmes, 6d. each, are issued at the same time, to prevent confusion on the dance evenings. Dancing commences at 7.30 p.m., and closes about 11 p.m. Mr. Williams, of Upper Holloway, has kindly consented to allow the flowers to remain in the Exhibition-buildings, during the two evenings, which will be used as a Promenade Concert Hall.

A good concert has been arranged under the direction of Messrs. Mears, Albu, Burley, Hulls and Masters. M.C.'s for dancing: Messrs. Clews, Rhodes, Rosenwain and Wadkin.

Cloak-rooms—for ladies, the Gymnasium Locker-room; and for gentlemen the Billiard-room—will be provided at a charge of 1d. each.

CLUB BENEFIT CONCERTS.

Mr. Orton Bradley has drawn up a strong programme for the concerts, the proceeds to benefit the Clubs connected with the Palace. He has been unable to obtain the services of a Minstrel Troupe, owing to the close season.

On Monday, the 24th inst., Mr. Herbert Reeves (son of Mr. Sims Reeves) and his party will give a miscellaneous concert.

On Wednesday, the 26th, Mr. Lane Wilson (Secretary of Dods' Minstrels) will bring a concert party, including Miss Hilda Wilson. It will be a national night—English, Scotch, and Irish songs.

On Saturday, the 29th, the Tonic Sol-fa Choirs will go through the same programme as at the Crystal Palace last July.

As the Committee hope to hand a substantial sum to each Club, all Members and our outside friends, the public, are earnestly asked to assist in disposing of tickets for these concerts.

The concert tickets, price 3d., will be in the hands of Club representatives on the Committee and Secretaries by Thursday. Members can also obtain them in the General Offices any evening.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

N.B.—General Meeting of Club representatives at 8.30 sharp to-morrow (Thursday).

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

Thursday last saw a good muster of the Beaumonts for the ride to Woodford. The air was chilly, which made the ride all the more enjoyable. On reaching Woodford an impromptu Smoking Concert was indulged in, those not enjoying the fragrant weed contributing to the songs and music. At ten o'clock the mount was ordered, and a dark but lively ride home terminated a pleasant evening.

On Friday a Special General Meeting was held to discuss the advisability of changing the colour of the uniform from dark blue to grey. The majority of the Members present were in favour of the change.

The Balance-Sheet having been called for by Sir Edmund Currie, Messrs. D. Jessemann and L. M. Nathan were elected Auditors.

On Saturday eleven Members, under the command of our worthy Vice-Captain, carried out the run to Foot's Cray. The route taken to Woolwich was excellent, the roads being in splendid condition for cycling. Tea was had in a cosy farm-house, which was surrounded by an orchard, the trees of which were laden with fruit.

After tea, apple-picking, under the guidance of a certain cyclist who shall be nameless, was indulged in. We started for home at 8.45 with great reluctance, all agreeing it to be one of the most pleasant Saturday afternoons ever spent.

On Thursday next an impromptu Smoking Concert at Woodford.

On Friday next, at 8.30 p.m., prompt, a Special General Meeting will be held to receive the Balance-Sheet; and elect officers for the ensuing year. Every Member is particularly requested to be present.

On Saturday next Theydon Bois will be our destination.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The above Society resumed its Weekly Meetings last Friday evening, the 7th inst. Mr. Horace Hawkins (in the absence of the Chairman) occupied the chair.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and put to the meeting were carried unanimously. The programme for the evening consisted of four Essays, the first by Lux, entitled "Thomas Carlyle"; the second, "A Trip to Whitechapel and Bow"; the third, "Her Sisters' Servant"; and the fourth, entitled "The Tables Turned," by Mr. Cayzer.

Messrs. Pope, Jolly, and Whittick criticised the Essays during the evening.

The next meeting of the Society will be held on Friday next, the 14th inst., when the Secretaries will be in attendance at 7.45 p.m., to enrol Members and receive subscriptions. Members now joining will be entitled to vote in the election of officers the first week in October.

All information will be given by

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

N.B.—A General Meeting has been summoned for Friday next, for revision of Rule 2, etc.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

Lady Members of the People's Palace are requested to meet Sir E. H. Currie on Friday, September 21st, at 8 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year.

Ladies' Social Club new rooms will be ready for the Members early in October.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

PALACE SCHOOLS ATHLETIC CLUB.

NOTICES FOR SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th.

Cricket match at Victoria Park v. Latimer C. C.
Football Practice at Wanstead, at 3.30.
Cheap Railway Tickets can be obtained at the Schools, by applying to the undersigned. Price 1½d. return fare.

A. HUNT.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the above will be held on Friday, September 21st, 1888, for the purpose of receiving the half-yearly Balance-Sheet; and the election of officers for the ensuing year. It is earnestly hoped that every Member will endeavour to be present. The Balance-Sheet will be published in next week's Journal.

Members of Sections B, C, and D, are kindly requested to return all play-books in their possession. We must again ask Members to reply promptly to their circulars, as, after September 18th, the Management will commence casting the characters, and no Member who has not replied by that date will be allowed to take an active part.

We would once more point out the advisability of our Members joining Mr. Hasluck's Elocution Class, as they will there learn the groundwork of Elocution, so necessary for those taking part in a Dramatic Club.

Section A.—Rehearsal as usual, this (Wednesday) evening, at 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. Committee Meeting this (Wednesday) evening, at 7 p.m. sharp.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.
ARTHUR E. REEVE, Assist. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

The first trial match of the above Club took place last Saturday at Wanstead. About twenty Members turned up, and from the good form shown by several of them, gave promise of a good first team.

On Saturday next the following gentlemen (selected by the Captain) will play against "all comers" of the Club:—Messrs. Cook, Hart, Hendry, Hunt, Cox, Patterson, Bardo, Wenn, Munro, Sherrall, and Gould. Reserves—Cantle and Hennessey.

Play to commence at 3.30. Dress at "Eagle and Child." Book to Forest Gate.

Members wishing to join, kindly send in their names to either of the undermentioned. Entrance fee, 1s.; annual subscription, 2s. 6d.

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

N.B.—Will those Members who have ordered shirts kindly obtain them as soon as possible, as the Secretary has them on hand. Price, 7s. 6d. Monograms, 1s. 3d.

BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

The second season of the above Club will commence on Saturday, October 6th, the following being the programme arranged:—Club Photo, Paper Chase, Tea and Smoker. It is hoped that all the Members will do their utmost to be present, so that the Club may have a good send off. A capital programme has been arranged by the Committee. Six races will be held, and twenty-one prizes in all will be offered for competition, including a special prize to the Member who finishes closest in all races, and is not an actual prize winner, the object being to encourage Members to finish the entire journey, even if they cannot get placed.

Gentlemen wishing to join the Club can obtain every information of either of the undersigned.

J. R. DEELEY, Hon. Sec.,
35, Claremont Road, Forest Gate, E.
E. J. CROWE, Assist. Hon. Sec.,
14, Canal Road, Mile End, E.

FIXTURES, 1888-9.

- 1888.
- Oct. 6th.—Opening Run, Paper Chase, Tea and Smoker.
" 13th.—Ordinary Run.
" 20th.—Run over Three Miles' Course.
" 27th.—Three Miles' Handicap (three prizes), Tea and Smoker.
Nov. 3rd.—Paper Chase.
" 10th.—Ordinary Run.
" 17th.—Run over Five Miles' Course.
" 24th.—Five Miles' Handicap (three prizes) Tea, and Smoker.
Dec. 1st.—Ordinary Run.
" 8th.—Paper Chase.
" 15th.—Run over Five Miles' Course.
" 22nd.—Five Miles' Handicap, "Flower Cup" (three prizes), Tea and Smoker.
" 29th.—Ordinary Run.
- 1889.
- Jan. 5th.—Run to Woodford.
" 12th.—Run over Seven Miles' Course.
" 19th.—Seven Miles' Handicap (three prizes), Tea and Smoker.
" 26th.—Long Distance Run.
Feb. 2nd.—Paper Chase.
" 9th.—Run over Ten Miles' Course.
" 16th.—Ten Miles' Handicap (five prizes, including Medal for fastest loser), Tea and Smoker.
" 23rd.—Ordinary Run.
Mar. 2nd.—Slow Run.
" 9th.—Ordinary Run.
" 16th.—Run over Five Miles' Course.
" 23rd.—Five Miles' Handicap, "Flower Cup" (three prizes), Tea and Smoker.
" 30th.—Closing Run.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Members are requested particularly to attend the General Meeting of the Society to-night (Wednesday), at 8 p.m. Rehearsal as usual on Friday.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

In compliance with the wish of the Trustees, the Annual Meeting of this Society will take place on Thursday evening, September 20th, at 8 o'clock, for the election of officers for the ensuing half-year. Further particulars in the next issue of the Journal.

I should like to call the attention of Members to the fact that a series of concerts, etc., is being arranged for the benefit of the various Clubs of the Palace. Tickets are now ready, and it is hoped that Members will take as many as possible.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last only thirteen Members took part in the ramble to Buckhurst Hill. After tea we were joined by several members of different Cycling Clubs, and a most pleasant evening was spent in dancing, interspersed with a few songs.

On Saturday next, the 15th inst., ramble to the Italian Exhibition. Members meet at Mansion House Station at 3 o'clock. Special tickets can be had of the Secretaries to-night (Wednesday), and on Friday evening, from 8.30 till 9.30.

PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS:—

On Friday, September 21st, the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING will be held in the School-buildings, at 8 p.m. Election of officers and other business.

September 22nd.—Ramble to Chingford.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The Annual Meeting will be held on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at 7.30 sharp, to receive Report and Balance-Sheet; and to elect the officers for the ensuing year. A large attendance of Members is requested at this most important meeting.

A. W. CLEWS, Hon. Sec.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription—

To Members of the Palace .. 1s. per annum.
To Non-Members of the Palace .. 3s. per annum.

The Club will meet for practice, until the end of September, on Saturdays, at 7 p.m., in the School-buildings.

The new rooms will be ready early in October.
Mr. I. Gunsberg, the winner of the Master's Tourney, recently held at Bradford, will give an exhibition of simultaneous play shortly.

Players are requested to join at once to take part in the matches, etc., that are being arranged.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

Crocodiles in the Elbe.

A SHORT time ago considerable uneasiness was caused by the report, circumstantial and reiterated, that a cargo of crocodiles, consigned to Hamburg, for distribution among zoological collections whose stock of crocodiles were running short, had effected their escape *en masse*, and formed a colony in the river Elbe. There was a poetical justice in the idea of this compensation for German annexations in tropical regions, which commended it to the politician and the moralist; but, except in this special connection, the news caused very grave alarm. The cunning and voracity of these creatures are so well known that it was not only a kindly care for the safety of a kindred people that moved the quick sympathies of the English nation. There were various means by which these unwelcome reptiles could make their way over to neighbouring shores, and the silver streak seemed a very insufficient barrier against the advance of the tropical invaders who had taken so kindly to the waters of the Elbe. The Thames boatmen, who have suffered heavily enough from the inclemency of the current season, viewed with positive dismay the prospect of next summer's harvest being further spoiled by the presence of the great saurians in the osiers and on the beautiful eyots that stud our royal river. The bathing prospect, especially at our warmer sea-side resorts, looked gloomy before the present gloomy season was well over, for even if the Elbe crocodiles did not adapt themselves to a long-shore existence, there were numbers of sharks reported from the Adriatic, who had made their way at night through the Suez Canal hanging on to the rudders of passing vessels. It is a great comfort to learn now that the danger from the Elbe, at least, was exaggerated, as is often the case in the first flush of panic. It appears that the cargo of crocodiles was only a small consignment—"Only one," in fact, to quote the *Volkstied*—and, more satisfactory still, this one did not escape. Dwellers beside the Elbe are sincerely to be congratulated, especially habitual bathers in those storied waters. But, most of all, we congratulate the cargo of crocodiles which was not brought over to Europe, and the single specimen who was lucky enough not to make his escape into a river where the cold would speedily have put a miserable end to what Nature designed to be a sunny, if savage existence.—*Sunday Times*.

Order.—Order is so exceedingly beneficial that it cannot be too strictly observed in everything. It is by means of this that we arrive at the perfection of arts, and an easy accomplishment in the sciences. It renders armies victorious, keeps up the civil policy of cities, and concord in families; it renders whole nations flourishing; in a word, it is the support and preserver both of the civil and natural life.

Love your Mother.—Next to the love of her husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, the devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at a middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in the sere-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.

The Importance of Emphasis

THERE is much that is useful and instructive in Mr. George Grossmith's entertaining book, "A Society Clown," published at One Shilling by J. W. Arrowsmith; and Simpkin and Marshall. To theatrical readers and the Members of the Palace Dramatic Club the following extract will be found to be of special interest. It shows the difficulty of proper emphasis at the Savoy Theatre; and illustrates also Mr. W. S. Gilbert's method of rehearsing:—

Suppose, says Mr. Grossmith, Mr. Snooks has been promoted from the chorus, and allotted a very small part, on account of his suitable voice, slinness, stoniness, gigantic proportions, or the reverse. He has one line—let us say, *The King is in the counting-house*. The first thing Mr. Snooks does when his cue arrives is to make the most of his opportunity by entering by a comic slow walk, which he has evidently been studying for the past few days in front of a looking-glass. The walk is the conventional one indulged in by the big Mask in a pantomime.

Mr. Gilbert—Please don't enter like that, Mr. Snooks. We don't want any "comic man" business here.

Mr. Snooks—I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you meant the part to be funny.

Mr. Gilbert—Yes, so I do; but I don't want you to tell the audience you're the funny man. They'll find it out, if you are, quickly enough. Go on, please.

Mr. Snooks enters again with a rapid and sharp catch-the-six-thirteen-Liverpool-street-local-train kind of walk.

Mr. Gilbert—No, no, no, Mr. Snooks. This is not a "walking-gentleman's" part. As it is only a short one there is no necessity to hurry through it like that. Enter like this.

Mr. Gilbert proceeds to exemplify what he requires, and after a trial or two Mr. Snooks gets it nearly right.

Mr. Gilbert (encouragingly)—That'll do capitally. Go on, please.

Mr. Snooks—The King is in the counting-house.

Mr. Gilbert—No, no, Mr. Snooks; he is nothing of the sort. He is in the counting-house.

Mr. Snooks—The King is in the counting-house.

Mr. Gilbert (very politely)—I am afraid I have not made myself understood. It is not the counting-house, but the counting-house. Do you understand me?

Mr. Snooks—Yes, sir.

Mr. Gilbert—Very well; try again, please.

Mr. Snooks—The King is in the counting-house.

Mr. Gilbert (still politely)—Mr. Snooks, don't you appreciate the difference between the accent on "counting" and the accent on "house"? I want the accent on "counting"—counting-house. Surely you never heard it pronounced in any other way? Try again, and please pay attention.

Mr. Snooks (getting rather nervous)—The King is in the counting-HOUSE!

Mr. Gilbert twitches his right whisker, and takes a few paces up and down the front of the stage. Eventually he comes to a standstill, and calmly addresses Mr. Snooks:—It is my desire to assist you as far as I possibly can, but I must have that sentence spoken properly. I would willingly cut it out altogether; but as it is essential to the story, that course is impossible. If you cannot speak it with the right accent, I shall be reluctantly compelled to give the words to someone else who can. Go back, please, and think before you speak.

Mr. Snooks (endeavouring to think he is "thinking")—The King (pause) is (pause) in the . . . (very long pause) counting . . . (with a violent effort) HOUSE!!!

Mr. Gilbert (bottling up his fury)—We won't bother about your scene now, Mr. Snooks. Get on with the next. Grossmith! Grossmith! (To Seymour, the stage-manager)—Where's Mr. Grossmith?

Mr. Grossmith (a very small man, with a still smaller voice)—Here I am.

Mr. Gilbert—Oh! there you are. I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. We'll go on with your scene. Do you want to try your song?

Mr. Grossmith—Not unless you want to hear it!

Mr. Gilbert—No; I don't want to hear it. (Roars of laughter from company.) Do you?

Mr. Grossmith—No!

Good humour prevails and the rehearsal proceeds. At its termination Mr. Gilbert approaches Mr. Snooks, who is absolutely wretched in the corner.

Mr. Gilbert (privately to Mr. Snooks)—Don't worry yourself about that. Go home and think it over. It will be all right to-morrow.

Kirah the King.

BY THE SUB-ED.



NOW in the days of Kirah the king, ruler of the land of Elam, which is nigh unto the land of Egypt, there dwelt in the city of Scarab a certain man named Cassha. And behold he was a rich man: with vessels of gold and of silver and of brass; and with many changes of fine linen. Yea, and many sheep and oxen and camels were his: and three score wives had he. Now Cassha was a good man: and found much favour in the eyes of the world. He gave tithes of all he possessed unto the poor and needy; and unto the lame the sick and the halt of the city: so that the fame of his goodness went up from among the people, and was noised abroad. And as he drove through Scarab in his chariot of gold, behold the people rushed forth to meet him, crying with a loud voice: Ooesg Rā trjn nadjt. Which being interpreted meaneth: Who is greater than thou.

Now Cassha, who had sat at the feet of Feleti, the oracle of Chuse, was filled with the wisdom of the earth: and many wise things fell from his lips: so that the people lay in wait for him, and hearkened unto his counsel. And they loved him—and his gold. And it came to pass that his goodness of heart gat him the name of Cassha the Comforter: for they said in the gladness of their hearts: Verily much words of wisdom floweth from his lips: and his counsel is (almost) as precious as his mighty treasures.

And they worshipped him.

Now Kirah the king of Elam heard these things: and was troubled. And Kirah was in sore distress, for the coffers of his kingdom were empty, and he knew of naught whereof to replenish them. And he said within himself: Peradventure this young man who scattereth his gold like chaff before the wind will furnish me. I will arise and go unto him; and will flatter him: and will say unto him: Thou art but second throughout the land of Elam. And Kirah the king winked at his wisdom: and in the lightness of his heart he tickled his butler: yea, in his fifth rib he tickled him.

So the king departed and came unto the house of Cassha. And Cassha bowed low before the king, saying: O king, live for ever! But Kirah the king raised him, and took him by the hand, and said: Rise, O Cassha: it is not meet that thou, the flower of Elam, shouldst bow thyself before thy servant. From this time forth thou art my son. Let us, I pray thee, enter into thy house: for I fain would speak privily with thee. And Cassha's heart was glad within him; and he placed meat and wine before the king: and the king did eat and drink and was merry. But in the fulness of his mirth Kirah the king remembered his errand: and straightway the joy vanished from his face, and his face fell. And he rent his garments in twain, and went out and placed ashes on his head: and returned unto Cassha. (Now Cassha the Comforter was filled with wonder, and understood not the visit of the king.) Then Kirah king of Elam fell with his face to the ground before Cassha, and cried with a loud voice: Wisest and best in the land of Elam, yea, throughout all Egypt unto the borders thereof, behold thy servant the king is at thy feet. And thy servant is in sore distress, and fain would borrow of thee a thousand pieces of silver. And if thou wilt do this thing thou shalt wax mighty in the land of Elam, and shalt be second to the king therein: and in the fulness of time thou shalt reign after him. Great is the love I bear thee O Cassha: yea, greater than the love of Sibta for the flesh-pots is the love I bear unto thee!

Then Cassha smiled upon the king: and calling the keeper of his treasure-house, he said: Fetch me, I pray thee, three thousand pieces of silver and thirty changes of raiment. And he departed straightway to do his bidding. And Cassha was pleased to do this thing: but in his heart Cassha mocked the king: for he knew that the king loved not him but his money.

And the king departed unto a place which is called Terbujter: and Cassha went with him. And as they drove through the highways the multitudes met them, saying: Who is greater than thou, O Cassha. Then was the king angry, for they knew him not: neither saluted him. And a great hatred stole into the king's heart, and he hated him: yea, with a threefold hate hated he him. But Cassha knew not the king's wrath: for the king clave unto Cassha. And they departed unto a high place: and the trumpets sounded and all the people gathered together to hearken unto the voice of the king. And the king showed them Cassha; and in the sight of the thousands he put a scarlet robe upon him: and placed a chain of fine gold about his neck after the manner of his forefathers. And it was told unto the people that

Cassha would sit on the throne of Elam after Kirah the king was dead: and there were fireworks and much rejoicing: and the sounds of merry-making prevailed.

And Kirah came and dwelt in Chareni which is on the borders of Elam and nigh unto the palace of the king. And the king came unto the scribes and said: Write I pray thee in letters of gold the doings of this day. And it was done: and the king signed it: with his Great Seal of the Sacred Bull he signed it.

And it came to pass after many days that Kirah king of Elam had wasted his substance in feasting and riotous living. But he grew not sad as he thought thereon, neither did his shadow decrease. For he said within himself: Wherefore should I despair? Hath not Cassha my son gold and precious stones and many vessels of silver and of brass. I will go unto him this day and ask for more. And he departed unto the house of Cassha. And Cassha beheld the king afar off and went forth to meet him and fell upon his neck and kissed him in the moment of his joy. Then the king perceiving Cassha to be of cheerful countenance made known unto him the object of his journey. But when Cassha heard the king his heart fell: and the light of joy went forth from his countenance. And he laid his finger on his nose and said: Nay O king it cannot be. The wily fox that hath been bitten is twofold shy. Let my father the king depart in peace and mend the evil of his ways.

And Cassha lent not the money unto the king.

Then was Kirah king of Elam highly incensed: and waxed exceeding wroth. And he took his sandal from the sole of his foot and smote Cassha: hip and thigh smote he him. But Cassha could not withstand the anger of the king: so he girded up his loins and fled to the land of Egypt.

And Kirah called his young men and his warriors, and came into the house of Cassha. And Kirah turned unto the young men and said: Cassha the Comforter, second in the land of Elam is fled. Go in, therefore, and bring forth his treasure: and his changes of linen: and his vessels: and all that therein is. For I am my son's father: and his treasure is my treasure.

But Kirah's conscience was sorely troubled.

And they went in and did as the king had commanded them. Many money-bags brought they forth: together with the vessels of precious metal. And Kirah's eye lighted upon the money-bags, and he chuckled.

Now the money-bags were very heavy.

And the king commanded the bags to be opened: and it was done.

But as the servants of the king looked thereon behold the sounds of a mighty snigger went up from among them: and in their joy they winked one unto another and used their elbow. And Kirah king of Elam beheld them as he sat beneath a fig tree: but he knew not of the discovery they had made; neither guessed the king of the joy of his servants.

And one in fear and trembling approached the king: and bowed low before him saying: Be not angry O king with this thy servant. And Kirah rose and said: What wouldst thou? But the servant spake not for fear but went his way: and the king followed him. And when they were come to the bags of treasure behold the servant threw himself again at Kirah's feet. And the king again said: What wouldst thou? But the man for very fear durst not reply; but could but point to the treasure of Cassha. Then Kirah's wrath re-kindled: for he saw that the bags were full of stones.

(For he knew not that Cassha had buried his treasure: for Cassha was wise in his generation and had foreseen that which would surely come to pass.)

And the king was angry: and it was told the king that the vessels of gold and of silver and of brass were not what they seemed to be, although they glittered: and that they were worthless and had come from a place called Brummagen which is a city in a land of savages.

(For Cassha had also hidden his vessels.)

Then Kirah being seized of a madness, cursed aloud the name of Cassha and went out and hanged himself.

And when Cassha heard that Kirah the king was dead he returned from the land whence he had fled: and reigned in Elam forty years.

Self-Reliance.—I have great confidence in young men who believe in themselves, and are accustomed to rely on their own resources from an early period. When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away the timid adventurers.

"Such a Good Man."

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 I.

THE CITY DINNER.

THE Master and his two Wardens are in the anteroom receiving the guests. They are surrounded by a Court consisting of officers, chaplain, and the Livery. It is not an ordinary company dinner, but one of their great banquets. A foreign ambassador is present; a cabinet minister, who will give the dinner a political significance, and perhaps drop a hint in the matter of Eastern politics; there is the latest thing we have to show in the way of a soldier who has seen service, and actually commanded an army; there is one of the oldest extant specimens of the ancient British admiral, bluff and hearty; there is a bishop of pronounced Evangelical opinions, he of Bamborough; and there is a dean, who is declared by his enemies to have no opinions at all. There are also two or three of the City clergy, who perhaps rejoice to make of these banquets an occasion for fasting and mortification of the flesh. There is a man of science, on whom the clergy look askance, because he has lately uttered opinions which as yet they do not see their way out of; there are many rich men; there are no artists and no representatives of literature, because the Lord Mayor works off both these classes of humans in two dinners, which is, the Lord knows, sufficient honour for them, and City Companies know nothing about literature or art. There is a full gathering of the Livery; there are servants in gorgeous costumes; there is a lavish abundance of costly flowers; there is the brightness of innumerable gas-jets, playing in wood carvings on picture frames, losing itself in massive furniture and heavy carpets of triple pile. Everything is solid, magnificent, and rich. To be one of the guests standing in the semicircle round the Master and Wardens is to feel for the time that you have hitherto lived in a dream, that your balance at the bank, whose supposed exiguity has frequently given you so much anxiety, is in reality a splendid sum of five figures at least—else, how could you be in such company? that the suburban villa has no existence, and the pre-matrimonial dinginess of Gray's Inn never, in plain fact, existed; that your whole life has always been spent in and naturally belongs to such palaces as this abode of the City Company; that your every-day dinner, your plain cut of mutton with a glass of thin claret, as you have always supposed it, has really been from the very beginning such a banquet as you are about to assist at; and that doubt, insecurity, anxiety, necessity for work have no real existence at all in the order of things. Because the air that you breathe, the aspect of the guests, the sonorous names which ring like massive gold coins, and the place you are in fill you with the sense of a fatness which is stable and abiding.

Guest after guest, they come crowding in singly and in pairs. His Highness of Hyderabad, Ek Rupiya Dao, ablaze with diamonds. His Excellency the Minister for the Republic of El Dorado: did his smiling and courteous Excellency, in his own tropical retreat beneath the palms of that much borrowing country, ever dream in his wild moments of such a dinner as he is about to put away? and does he feel that his presence, recorded in the daily papers, will assist the new loan? The Ambassador of Two Eagle Land, said to be the most courteous minister ever sent to London—also said to be the greatest of—but that is calumny. The Archbishop of Kensington: doth Monseigneur seek for new converts, or doth he desire to make up for the rigours of Lent, now happily finished and got through?

and would he mind repeating for the general benefit that capital story which he told his companion just before his carriage stopped, its last smile still playing round lips too solid for austerity? The Lord Bishop of Bamborough, our own prop, stay, and comfort in matters spiritual, regards his Roman Catholic Brother-Father (is that quite a correct way of putting the relationship?) with eyes of distrust, as if he feared to be converted on the spot by some Papistic trick and so be disgraced for ever. The Rev. Cyprian Chancel, who is about to suffer martyrdom through the new Act. He has prepared his face already, walks with his head on one side and his hands up, like a figure out of a church window, and looks as if he was about to go straight to a red-hot fire and blaze cheerfully, though slowly, round an iron stake. "I remember when they plucked Chancel at Cambridge for classical honours," whispers a voice at my right. His Reverence hears the remark and he winces. Touch a Ritualist on the subject of intellectual distinction, and you revive many old griefs of plucking sores, which many times he bore, and a lowly degree taken ignobly among the common herd. This is a sad memory for one who has become a leader of—women, old or young. Mr. Gabriel Cassilis. The figure seems familiar to me. He is tall and rather bent; he carries a gold *pince-nez*, with which he taps his knuckles. The great financier, said to be worth, in the delightful metaphor of the last century, a couple of Plums at least. Happy Gabriel Cassilis! Was there not some talk about his wife and a man named Lawrence Colquhoun? To be sure there was; and she married the old man after all, and now Lawrence has come back again to London. Wonder if there will be any scandal? Who is that with him? Mr. Gilead P. Beck—hush—sh—sh! thin tall man, with lanky legs, shrewd face, full of curiosity. Lucky American who struck "ile" in Canada: owner of Petroleaville: said to be worth a thousand pounds a day: goes where he likes: does what he likes: may marry whom he likes: some nonsense about selling himself to the devil for a lucky butterfly. What a thing—of course without the bargain with the Evil One, which no well-regulated mind would approve of or consent to—to have a thousand pounds a day! If nothing else, it makes a man a law unto himself: he can do what he likes. Wonder why he can't do away with the laws of Nature? With a thousand pounds a day, a man ought to be able to live, in youth and vigour, till he grew quite tired of things and become ready to revisit the dead and gone generations of his early centuries. Think how delightful it must have been for Methuselah to see again in the Champs Elysées the friends of his youth, remembered after so many hundred years. Even Old Parr must have had some such strange welcoming of long-forgotten friends and playmates who had been turned into dust, ere he began to feel old. Three hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds a year! And all got out of "ile" you said? Dear, dear! Really, the atmosphere of this Hall is Celestial—Olympian. We are among pinnacles—Alps—of greatness.

A buzz of expectation: a whispering amongst the guests: a murmur which at the slightest provocation would turn into applause and shouts of acclamation: a craning forward of necks: a standing up on tip-toe of short-legged guests in the background: a putting-up of eye-glasses. Hush! here he comes.

SIR JACOB ESCOMB.

The Master and the Wardens bow low: lower than when they received the Secretary of State for Internal Navigation: lower than for the Ambassador of Two Eagle Land: lower than for him of El Dorado: a great deal lower than for any bishop or clergyman: lower even than to that light and glory of the earth, the successful striker of Canadian "ile."

SIR JACOB ESCOMB!

He is a man of a commanding presence, tall, portly, dignified in bearing; he is about fifty-five years of age,

a time when dignity is at its best; he has a large head, held a little back; hair still abundant, though streaked with grey; a big and prominent nose, great lips, and a long square chin. His eyes, you might say, did you not know him to be such a good man, are rather hard. Altogether it is the face of a successful man, and of a man who knows how to get on in the world. The secret of that man is the secret which that other philanthropist, Voltaire, discovered pretty early in life and published for the benefit of humanity—it is that some men are anvils and some hammers, that it is better to be a hammer than an anvil; or, leaving the metaphorical method, that those who make money cannot pile it up fast unless they make it out of the labours of other men.

Sir Jacob knows everybody of any distinction. He shakes hands not only with the Bishop of Bamfborough, but also with him of Kensington: he is acquainted with Mr. Cassilis and already knows Mr. Gilead P. Beck. Sir John Sells, Sir Solomon Goldbeater, Sir Samuel Ingot, the Indian prince, Ek Rupiya Dao, and the Rajah Jeldee Ag Lao, are all known to him, and the clergy are to a man reckoned as his private and intimate friends. Therefore, for the brief space which remains before dinner is announced, there is a general press to shake hands with this greatest of great men. Those who cannot do so feel small; I am one of the small.

Dinner! Welcome announcement.

I am placed at the lower end of the hall, the end where those sit who have least money. Sir Jacob, naturally, is near the Master. In the open space between the two ends of the great horse-shoe table is a piano—a grand, of course. In the corner of the hall, separated from us, the aristocratic diners, is a screen behind which you may hear, perhaps, the sounds of more plates and the voices of other guests. They are, in fact, the four singers and the pianoforte player, who are, after dinner, to give us a small selection of ballad and glee music (printed for us in a little book in green and gold) between the speeches. They dine at the same time as ourselves, that is allowed; but not, if you please, in our sight. We all draw the line somewhere. In the City the line is drawn at professional musicians, people who play and sing for hire.

Grace, with a gratitude almost unctuous, from the chaplain.

Turtle, with punch. My next-door neighbour is a thin tall man. From his general appearance, which suggests insatiable hunger, I am convinced that he is going to make a noble, an enormous dinner. He does. He begins magnificently with three plates of turtle soup one after the other, and three glasses of iced punch. He has eaten and drunk enough at the very commencement of his dinner to keep an English labourer going the whole of one day, an Italian for two days, a Syrian for an entire week. What a great country this is where the power of eating expands with the means of procuring food! After the third plate of turtle he turns to me, and begins talking about Sir Jacob Escomb. "There is a man, sir," he says, "of whom we have reason to be proud. Don't talk to me of your lords—hereditary legislators: your bishops—ah! backstairs influence: and your foreign counts and excellencies—counts and excellencies! A beggarly lot at home, no doubt. Our great men, sir, the backbone of wealthy England, are such men as Sir Jacob Escomb. Self-made, practical, with an eye always open for the main chance, full of energy, the director of a dozen different concerns."

"What are they, then?" I asked in my innocence, for though I had heard of this man, I knew not what soldiers call "his record."

"He is an ironmaster at Dolmen-in-Ravendale, he has the principal share in a coal-mine, he has a great office in the City, he is a gigantic contractor, he has built railways over half Europe."

"Pardon," said a foreigner opposite, "you are speaking of Sir Jacob Escomb? Would you point him out to me, this great man?"

We indicate the distinguished Englishman with not unnatural pride in our country. "A—ha!" said the foreigner, putting up his glasses. "That is the Sir Jacob Escomb who made our railways for us. *C'est très remarquable.*"

"Good railways, sir, no doubt," said the thin man. "You were very glad, I suppose, to get the great Sir Jacob?"

"Good? I do not know." The foreigner shrugged his shoulders. "They carry our troops, which was what we wanted. The cost was not many millions above the contract price. We borrowed all the millions for those railways from England. It is good of England to lend the world money to help carry troops, very good. I am glad to have seen this man—great in England."

"And with all his wealth," the thin man went on, helping himself largely to salmon, "such a good man!" He shook his head with an expression of envy. Who could aspire to so much goodness? It was more than one man's share.

I got no more conversation out of that thin man, because for two hours and a half he continued to eat steadily, which gave him no time for talk. And to drink! Let us do him justice. He drank with as much zeal as he ate, and with equal impartiality put down champagne—the Hammerers' champagne is not too dry—sauterne, chablis, madeira, hock, and sherry—they gave us manzanilla. A glass of port with the cheese—the port at the Hammerers' is generous and fruity. More port with the dessert: claret after that. Then more claret. He was indeed a truly zealous defender of City privileges, and ate and drank enough for twenty. I thought of poor old Ebenezer Grumbelow (whose history I have already narrated elsewhere), and how he would have envied this great and splendid appetite.

Presently the end of dinner actually arrived. Then the harmonious four came out from behind their screen, having also well eaten and much drunken, and began to tootle, and we all talked together. The thin man on my left looked much thinner after his enormous dinner than before. This is a physiological peculiarity with thin men which has never been explained. Fat men expand with dinner. Thin men contract. He seized a decanter of port, and with a big bunch of grapes, settled down to quiet enjoyment. The foreign person with the eye-glasses looked about him and asked who the illustrious guests were and what each had done.

"The Queen." There is no doubt about the Hammerers' loyalty. We are ready to die for our sovereign to a man.

The harmonious four chant "God save the Queen."

"The Army and the Navy." There is no doubt about the efficiency of both, because both the General who has commanded an army, and the Admiral who has hoisted his flag in the Mediterranean, both say so, and we receive their assurances with acclamation. "But your army is so very small," urges the person of foreign extraction, "and as for your fleet—why there are torpedoes. When you can put 500,000 men into the field we shall begin to be a little afraid of you again. But, pardon me, nobody is afraid of England's little toy which she calls an army." Very odd that some foreign persons think so much of large armies and have such small belief in money.

"Her Majesty's Government." Cabinet Minister—Secretary of State for Internal Navigation—in reply, assures us that all is going on perfectly with the best of all possible Governments. Never anybody so able as the Chief, never any man so adroit as the Foreign Office man, never anything managed with such diplomatic skill as the Eastern Question. War, unfortunately, could not be prevented, but we are out of it—so far.

British interests will be maintained with a strong hand. Of that we may be quite sure. Meantime, we are preparing for the worst. Should the worst occur, which heaven forbid!—he is perhaps revealing a State secret, but he may tell us that the forces are to be strengthened by five hundred men, and two new gunboats are now upon the stocks. (Rapturous applause.) We hammer the table, sure of our country. Says the foreign person, "The British interests mean, I think, whatever you can get people to give you without going to war. How long will you keep what you have got unless you fight for them. Two gunboats. Bah! Five hundred men. Bah!" The odd thing about foreigners is that they never appreciate the British belief in the honesty and generosity of their neighbours. That comes of being too civilised, perhaps. Other nations have to be educated up to the English level.

"Our illustrious guest, the Ambassador for Two Eagle Land." Nothing, it appears, is more certain than the firm friendship which exists between England and the illustrious guest's own country. That is most reassuring. "Friendship between two nations," says the absurd foreign critic opposite me, whose name is surely Machiavelli, "means that neither thinks itself strong enough to crush the other. You English," he goes on, "will always continue to be the friend of everybody, so long as you kindly submit everything to arbitration, because the arbitrators will always decide against you." It is very disagreeable, after dinner too, to hear such things spoken of one's country.

The musicians give us, "All among the Barley."

"The Church." The Bishop of Kensington bows courteously to him of Bamfborough, as to an enemy whom one respects. The Bishop of Bamfborough assures us of the surprising increase in the national love for the Church of England. We are overjoyed. This is a facer for Monseigneur of Kensington. Foreign persons listen admiringly. "He is what you call 'Ritualist'?" he asks. "No; he is Evangelical." Ah! he does not understand these little distinctions. The Church does not interest him.

"The Industries of England." Applause is rapturous when Sir Jacob Escomb slowly rises to reply, and solemnly looks round the hall.

"So rich a man," says my friend on the left, who has eaten his grapes, cleared off a plateful of early peaches, and is now tackling a dish of strawberries with his second decanter of port. He is thinner than ever. "So rich: and such a good man!"

"England," begins Sir Jacob, after a preamble of modesty, "is deservedly proud, not only of her industries, but also, if I, an employer of labour be permitted to say so, of the men who have built up the edifice of British wealth. . . . And if this is so, what, I ask, is England's duty? To civilise, by means of that wealth; to use that gold in doing Good." (Hear, hear!) "And how can the rich men of England do Good?" He lays tremendous emphasis on the word *good*, so much emphasis that it must be printed in capitals. "Are they, for instance, to go up and down the lanes and byeways seeking for fit objects of relief? No. That, my lords and gentlemen, were to make an ironclad do the work of the captain's gig. Their business is, as I take it—to distribute cheques. Are people, anywhere, in suffering? Send a cheque. Are soldiers lying wounded on a field of battle? Shall we go to war with the lying and hypocritical Power which has caused the war, and prevent, if we can, a recurrence of the wickedness? No; that is not the mission of England. Send a cheque. Is a society started for the Advancement of Humanity? I am glad to say that such a society is about to start, as I read in the papers, for I have not myself any personal connection as yet with it, under the presidency of that distinguished philanthropist, Lord Addlehede, whom I am proud to call my friend—send a cheque. The actual work of the charity, philanthropy, and general civilization is carried out for us

by proper officers, by the army of paid workmen, the secretaries, the curates, the surgeons, and such people. The man of wealth directs. Like the general, he does not lead the troops himself; he sends them into battle. I go even farther," Sir Jacob leans forward very solemnly, "I say that the actual sight of suffering, disease, poverty, sorrow, brutality, wickedness, hunger, dirt, want of civilisation generally, is revolting—simply revolting—to the man of wealth. His position must, and should, secure him from unpleasant sights. Let him hear of them; and let him alleviate—it is his mission and his privilege—by means of his cheque."

There is so much benevolence in this assemblage that Sir Jacob's philanthropic speech is loudly applauded. Only the dreadful foreign person lifts his hands and shakes his head.

"By his cheque!" he repeats in admiration. "He will advance humanity—by his cheque. He will prevent wars—by his cheque. He will make us all good—by his cheque. He will convert nations—by his cheque. He will reconcile parties—by his cheque. He will make the priest love the Voltairean—by his cheque. *Enfin*, he will go to heaven—by his cheque. He is very great, Sir Jacob Escomb—a very, very great man."

"Sir," said the thin man on my left, who had now entered into the full enjoyment of his third decanter—this wine is really very generous and fruity, as I said before—probably wine of fifty-one—"he is more than great. There is no philanthropic, religious, or benevolent movement which is complete without Sir Jacob's name. There are many Englishmen of whom we are proud, because they have made so much money; but there is none of whom it may be said, as is said of Sir Jacob, not only that he is so rich, but that he is SUCH a good man."

CHAPTER II.

GLORY AND GREATNESS.

THE breakfast-room of Sir Jacob Escomb's town-house, one of the great houses on Campden Hill, which stand in their own gardens, set about with trees, like houses a hundred miles away from the city, was a large and cheerful apartment, whose windows had a south aspect, while a conservatory on the east side intercepted the wind from that hateful quarter. It was furnished, like the whole of the house, with solidity. No new-fashioned gewgaws littered the rooms in Sir Jacob's house; nor did pseudo-antique rubbish carry the imagination back to the straight-backed times of Queen Anne. There were heavy carpets, heavy chairs, heavy tables, very heavy pictures of game and fruit, a massive mirror in an immense and richly-chased gold frame, and a sideboard which looked like one mass of solid mahogany, built up out of a giant trunk cut down in the forests of that Republican synonym for financial solidity and moral strength, Honduras.

Although the furniture is heavy, the sunshine of May—actually a fine day in May, without any east wind—streaming through the windows, the bright colours of painted glass and exotic flowers dazzling enough to be painted too, the small clear fire in the grate, and the white breakfast cloth, make the room cheerful by itself. It would be cheerful, you feel, even if it were weighted by the presence, the solitary presence, of the great Sir Jacob himself, portly, important, self-sufficient.

It is nine o'clock in the morning, and there are already two in the breakfast room, Julian Carteret, Sir Jacob's ward, and Rose Escomb, Sir Jacob's niece. Stay; not two people; only one, as yet. Only Julian Carteret, reading the paper at one of the three windows.

There were once two Escomb brothers. The name of the elder was Jacob, that of the younger Peter. They were the children of a factory hand; they were put into the mill as soon as they could be of any use. They were, by some accident, a little better educated than most of the children round them.

(To be continued.)

The Career of a Painter.

By JAS. STANLEY LITTLE.

IT behoves the genius to keep himself aloof from the taint of orthodoxy, for all dogmas are heresies—all are baneful, blighting, and blasting. It behoves him, moreover, to be true to the inner light, to the religion within him, and to escape the taint of Mammon worship. In order to show how such a man will be beset in this effort, I will sketch the career of a great artist, who shall be nameless. . . . Born in an unsympathetic atmosphere, both so far as his family relationships and immediate externals were concerned, the painter was at first written down a dull, dreamy boy, behind others in his class, and for whom his schoolmates' pleasures seemed to have little or no attraction. "The only things he cares about, my dear sir," said his master to his father, "are poetry and drawing. I have tried to stamp out his wild ideas, and to make him a little brighter at figures; but it is no good. I am afraid your only chance is to send him to some public school where he will have to undergo hard, stern discipline, and where he will get the nonsense knocked out of him." The boy is sent to such a school. Poetry—so far as his masters can regulate that matter—is denied him, but figures are hammered into his head; and inasmuch as drawing may be useful to him in engineering and architecture, he is allowed to develop his tastes in that direction, until it is found that instead of being content to copy cubes, prisms, scrolls, and, in short, all manner of inanimate objects, he is for ever escaping to the fields, where he reads the forbidden volumes, the concealed works of his favourite poets, and "wastes his time" not only in watching, but in endeavouring to portray, the ever changeable face of nature. On such occasions he seemed to be entirely oblivious of the flight of time, and of the effects of playing truant.

Many an anxious colloquy between the dominie and the father of the budding artist ended in the removal of the young hopeful, and his immurement in the blissful confines of an art class, there to study drawing with the view of turning it to some "practical utility." "Ah me!" said the father, "I was in hope my boy would follow some noble profession, in which he could make money, and occupy a good position in society. But now, alas! I fear, poor fellow, that he needs must sink to the level of a designer, decorator, or engraver, or some such poor and obscure trade."

The father is even disappointed in the progress which his son makes as a draughtsman, although he excels in the antique, which the anxious parent does not see can be of much use to him. He flatters his father's pride, however, by producing a portrait of him in a few hours—a sketch in oils—which was pronounced an excellent likeness.

But so soon as the parent has built his hopes upon his son's becoming a distinguished portrait painter, the young artist leaves the schools, and employs his time wandering about the fields, Keats in hand, or in voyaging up and down the river, all of which employments are regarded as being nothing more nor less than excuses for idleness.

The bitter experiences of the painter's life now begin, for he finds he has much to unlearn and all to learn. Having discovered, moreover, that in landscape painting the only medium for the full expression of his ideas was to be sought, he is pained to find that his productions are utterly misunderstood, that his most enthusiastic efforts are deemed but daubs, and spoken of as unfinished sketches; and he discovers, with many a pang of anguish, that the things which he sees and loves, and the thoughts which he nurtures, are altogether unseen, unloved, and unrealized, by those who surround him. Yearning for sympathy, and finding none, dejected and down-trodden, laughed at, and with the finger of scorn and reproach turned towards him—his work spoken of disparagingly and scornfully, and compared unfavourably with the miserable pot-boilers which bedeck the shop windows of a City or West-End "Art" dealer's shop, and with the trashy transcripts of the mere ordinary round of trained artists, who seek no higher aim than to acquire the skill and dexterity of some popular Academician—he has now his first serious encounter with Satan, who comes to him through his friends in a myriad voice, saying, "Fling aside this indolence, and work." Poor wretch! who has worked himself into night-sweats and tremors, and who has to thank a strong constitution, and that alone, for giving him the power to battle with his sufferings and toilsome thoughts. At last, in an evil moment, he says, "I will try; they may be right—perhaps I am a dreamer." He enters upon the road of prostitution. He flatters the time-serving crowd who surround him; he makes a John Wilkes appear as a Beau Brummell,

a Miss Miggs as a Dolly Varden; he flunkeys alike to the rich parvenu, and the vulgar and sensual aristocrat. For the one he paints, in all its hideous splendour, his brand-new fifty thousand guinea mansion, for the other he transfers to canvas all sorts of abnormal developments in arms and in legs. He becomes, in fact, the worst of the ignoble army of pot-boilers—the fashionable pot-boiler. He stoops to accept and act upon the suggestions of his miserably gross and ignorant patrons. And for a reward, he is enabled to encase himself in luxury and in grandeur. To please and titillate his clients, his studio must forsooth reflect the skill of the upholsterer. It is furnished with meaningless *bric-à-brac*, glittering with silver and gold.

Suddenly, by one of those peculiar fortuities of life, he meets a spirit akin to his earlier aspirations. This friend has gradually discovered that the popular painter had, after all, only been disguising himself. The fact came out when the friends were examining some of the painter's earlier work. "Good God! man, what are you doing? you who are capable of this noble, this divine production, descending to providing gratification and amusement for a gross and purposeless crowd! Stop! stop! ere it be too late. You have already enervated yourself; return at once before you are bound hand and foot to the evil one."

"Too late! too late! Alas, it is too late!" cries the agonized painter. "Am I not mewed up beyond all possibility of escape? Have I not social obligations to perform which demand money, and am I to go back to dependence? I cannot return; I have chosen my bed—I must lie 'n it. Am I not a great social figure—more petted, more adored, by the best blood of England than her leading statesman? It is true I am not happy. I pine for the sympathy of the inner few, for whom in early days I hoped to work. But I have now a whole family depending upon me. My daughters are leaders of fashion, and my sons possess the tastes called aristocratic—which tastes my money must sustain. No! I cannot desert them all."

"But surely, my friend, you could now give the world what you like; they would accept anything from you. It is not too late; be true to earlier and nobler ambitions; return."

"Alas! I cannot. I have so long debased my higher self; I have fed on the husks until they have changed my nature. I have tried to return, but my soul is warped, fettered, destroyed. I have sought my pleasure with the glittering crowd, and their vulgar joys have become necessary to me. I have worn the mask so long it has grown into my very features. I have put the messenger of God away from me, and he will not listen now to all my passionate entreaties. They are all futile! He does but mock me, by fitful and rapid flights past me and around me, in which moments I re-echo some feeble memories of my former self. One such flash you have seen upon my canvas, which drew you to me, and caused you to make these inquiries. Let not the subject be mentioned again between us. It is the burning brand which eats into my heart. Give it not fuel, I pray thee!"

Rye House, which has become memorable in English history, from the circumstance of its having been the place where a conspiracy was formed for the assassination of Charles II., was situated about two miles distance from Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire. As the Papists had been generally accused of the plot to destroy the King and Parliament, known by the name of the Gunpowder Plot—as well as setting fire to London in 1666, it is said that they formed an accusation against the Protestants of a conspiracy to destroy Charles II., and his brother, in 1683, which was known by the name of the Rye House Plot. It was said that the conspirators intended to waylay and murder the king near Rye House, on his way to Newmarket. Historians entertain great doubts that any such plot existed, although several persons were arrested on suspicion, and it was made a pretext for the legal murder of those virtuous patriots, Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney.

Loisette Wins in Court.—The Loisette-Fellows Memory System matter was finally settled yesterday, by Judge Van Brunt granting, in Supreme Court Chambers, a permanent injunction to Prof. Alphonse Loisette restraining Fellows from publishing a book entitled "Loisette Exposed." Fellows based his defence on the (alleged) fact that L. F. Willis, C. W. Johnson and T. H. McKee, pupils of Loisette, had paid their 5 dols. down for the Course of Instruction on Memorising, and had found that Loisette's System was plagiarism. . . . Prof. Loisette has the affidavits of Dr. Martin L. Holbrook, Dr. William A. Hammond, Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, John Archibald Fenton, and Dewitt C. Taylor, all of whom have been his Pupils and are loud in praise of his system. Dr. Hammond says that for many years he has been an authority in nervous diseases and disorders of the brain; that he has made a special study of Prof. Loisette's System, and finds it *thoroughly original* and extremely effective.—*New York World*, July 27th, 1888.

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