

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. III.—No. 55.]

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.—Concert, at 8.—Lecture, on "Canada," at 8, in Lecture Hall. Admission free. GYMNASIUMS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall. Committee Meeting at 7.—Males' in Gymnasium. CYCLING CLUB.—Smoking Concert, at 8.30.
- FRIDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Ladies' in Queen's Hall; Junior Section in Gymnasium. CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.—Admission, 2d. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall at 8. Admission, 2d. LITERARY SOCIETY.—Lecture: J. Spender, Esq., B.A. RAMBLERS.—Committee Meeting, at 8.30. CRICKET CLUB.—Smoking Concert, at 8.30.
- SATURDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-room, at 7. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.—Admission, 2d. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CONVERSAZIONE.—In Technical School, at 7. Admission by Ticket only. FOOTBALL CLUB.—First XI., at Clapton; Second XI., at Wanstead. RAMBLERS.—To Charrington's Brewery, at 3. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 5 till 7.
- SUNDAY.**—ORGAN RECITALS at 12.30 and 4. LIBRARY.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting. CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW.—Admission, 2d. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. LECTURE.—For Junior Section, in Lecture Hall, at 8. CLUB REPRESENTATIVES.—Meeting, at 8.
- TUESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Junior Section in Gymnasium. PARLIAMENT.—Usual Meeting, at 8. LECTURE on "Astronomy," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. J. W. McClure, B.A., LL.D. Admission, 2d. DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES, by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, M.A., Head Master of Harrow Schools, at 7. CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual Practice Meeting. HARRIERS.—Usual run out. CHESS CLUB.—Scoring Night; East Ante-Room, at 7. ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Rehearsal, 8 till 10.
- WEDNESDAY.**—NEWSPAPER-ROOM (LIBRARY).—Open at 7.30 a.m. LIBRARY.—Open from 9 till 5 and from 6 till 10, free. GYMNASIUMS.—Males' in Gymnasium. CONCERT.—Queen's Hall, at 8. Admission, 2d. LECTURE on "The Body and Health," in Lecture Hall, at 8. By Mr. D. W. Samways, D.Sc., M.A. Admission, 2d. DRAMATIC CLUB.—Rehearsal, at 8.

The First Distribution of Prizes and Certificates—for work done in the Technical Schools of the People's Palace—by the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, M.A., of Harrow School, will take place on Tuesday evening next, at 7 o'clock. The Classes will not be carried on that evening. A special invitation will be sent to every member of the Classes, entitling them to be present at the address to be given by Mr. Welldon. The card of invitation will enable the Student to bring a friend. A Concert by the People's Palace Choral and Orchestral Societies will be given immediately afterwards. The Master of the Drapers' Company will preside on the occasion. Nobody, except Members, will be admitted unless holding an invitation card.

Notes of the Week.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why, in my mention of some Lord Mayors who have made their own way in the world, I omitted the name of Alderman Kelly, who was Lord Mayor on the Accession of the Queen in 1837? Let us hasten to repair the omission, though if one were to mention all the great City men who have risen from the ranks, we should require many numbers of the Journal. Thomas Kelly, then, was born at Chevening, in Kent, in the year 1772. His father was a shepherd, afterwards a small farmer. The boy was taught at a dame school, and taken from school at twelve years of age. At fourteen he came to London to seek his fortune. He was first employed at a Lambeth brewery, and after two years of this work he became shopman to a bookseller in Paternoster Row. He lived and boarded in the shop, sleeping on a bed of paper shavings. When the day's work was over he turned to his own studies, teaching himself French and other things. It was not until he was thirty-eight years of age that he set up for himself as publisher and bookseller. The rest of his history is one of continual prosperity and progress. He was made a Common Councilman in the year 1823, being then fifty-one years of age; Sheriff in 1825, Alderman in 1830, and Lord Mayor in 1836-37. He died full of years and honours in the year 1855, being then eighty-three years of age. Ambitious young men, who desire to run a similar course, will please observe the great secret of Kelly's success. *When the day's work was finished, he set to work afresh on his private studies.* A young man who can and does forego present amusement for private work is sure to advance, though he may not end in being Lord Mayor.

A LETTER appears in this week's number of the *Athenæum* asking for donations of books to the Palace Library. It is satisfactory to learn that the number of books is already 8,000, but the collection is woefully deficient in almost every branch. Perhaps the readers of the Journal will make a note of this, and give the Library their spare books. Every kind of book is welcomed, though the Librarian reserves the right of rejecting rubbish. But, in a great library, what is rubbish? We want books on every conceivable subject, and excepting old Army Lists, Law Lists, and so forth; excepting, also, bad and worthless fiction, we can find room for almost everything.

THE persecution of Jews in Russia continues in its severity, crowds of foreign Jews in South Russia—Austrian, Turkish, and Roumanian—are daily receiving orders to leave the country. Where they go and what becomes of them nobody knows. Some, perhaps, find their way here to run down the cost of labour and compete with our own people for starvation wages. A great many, however, I believe make their way to some land of Islam. The Mohammedans have always proved more kindly disposed to the Jews than the

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, DECEMBER 2nd, 1888,
IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Sonata in D | Guilmant. |
| 2. Agnus Dei, from the First Mass | Mozart. |
| 3. Grand Fugue in G Minor | Bach. |
| 4. Air, "If with all your hearts" | Mendelssohn. |
| 5. Meditation | Hollins. |
| 6. Chorus, "Sing unto God" | Handel. |

AT 4.0. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

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| 1. Sonata No. 2 | Mendelssohn. |
| 2. Song, "The Better Land" | Cowen. |
| 3. Funeral March | Chopin. |
| 4. Andante in F | Smart. |
| 5. Meditation in A flat | Klein. |
| 6. Grand Chorus | Salome. |

Christians. The chief reason is that Mohammed was supposed to be the last of a long line of Prophets all of whom, except himself, were of the Jewish people. If the Austrian Government were to follow the example of Russia and drive out their Jews, they would expel the whole of the trade in some parts of the Empire. In Galicia, and in Hungary, they form about eleven per cent. of the whole population, and in the latter country they hold in their hands the management of whatever commerce exists.

THE history of the various persecutions of the Jews at different times would be a truly wonderful story. Not only have they been compelled to live crowded together in a separate quarter of the town, but they have been liable to sudden outbreaks of popular passion and prejudice. Once, for instance, in the ninth century, there was a dreadful massacre of Jews in France, rising out of some foolish story that they were poisoning the wells. And again, when the rabble which formed the first Crusade marched through Germany they killed all the Jews they could find. In Rome, where they were protected, they were forced to go once a year to church in order to hear a sermon for their own conversion.

BUT the country where they have suffered most is Spain. Here, under the Mohammedan rule, they flourished exceedingly: they were the physicians, the mathematicians, and the scholars; they were also the principal merchants: and they occupied positions of honour and influence. When the country was conquered by the Christians, this state of affairs was very soon altered. The Jews received orders to change either their country or their religion without any delay. Those who chose the former had to sell their property for what it would fetch, at a ruinous sacrifice. How they left Spain and went to Morocco, and what they suffered there, is a most interesting chapter in the History of their Persecution. Those who chose the latter, and changed their religion, did so nominally, and retained, from generation to generation, the secret practice of the Jewish ceremonies; marrying only with their own people, and never ceasing to long for the day when they might throw off their pretence, and show in their true colours. The story has been most graphically told by Mr. F. D. Mocatta.

WHAT has become of the Ten Tribes? This was a question which used to be discussed at great length. People formerly expected to find a great nation somewhere in the heart of Asia, the descendants of the Ten Tribes, still practising the Jewish rites and the Levitical Law. As a matter of fact, the Ten Tribes appear to have been dispersed, but never lost. There are Jews in Abyssinia—they are called Falashas—who cultivate the soil, and claim to have migrated there with Prince Menelek, son of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. There are black Jews in India: there are white Jews in Russia: there are tribes dotted about the East which practice some of the old rites, and call themselves of Jewish descent. Many Arab tribes belong unmistakably to the people. Only a few years ago a certain Shapira, originally a Polish Jew, who afterwards committed a great forgery of so-called ancient Scriptures, went to South Arabia, and found there communities of Jews with very old documents. It was from these Jews that Mohammed obtained the materials for the Koran. The Afghans, also, pretend to be of Hebrew origin, and call themselves Beni Yakub, or the Sons of Jacob. The Ten Tribes, in fact, have never been lost. At the same time, the Jews must look still to the future for the fulfilment of the prophecy concerning their immense increase of numbers.

EDITOR.

THERE is a small body of people who hold the doctrines that the English and Scotch people are the real descendants of Abraham in whom the prophecies are fulfilled. The Irish, they say, are Phœnicians. We are, they go on to explain, not only descendants of Abraham but of Joseph in particular. They work out this delightful theory with a great deal of ingenuity, their arguments being chiefly based on supposed resemblance of words. They have—or had some time ago—a journal of their own; but I do not think their numbers are increasing.

THE man in a trance, whose condition we noticed last week, still continues unchanged. He has been made the subject of a singular experiment. It has long been known to those who have investigated the subject, that a man under mesmeric influence can be made to do, to say, or to write, anything that he is told to do. Obviously such a power

might in unscrupulous hands be turned to very dangerous purposes. But people have so far forgotten the experiments and results conducted sixty or eighty years ago, that a statement of this power is now received with incredulous scorn. Yet it most undoubtedly exists. In the case of this sleeper, a gentleman caused him to write and sign an I.O.U. for the sum of 1,000 francs, or £40, in proper legal form. It comes, therefore, to this, that if a man can be put into the mesmeric sleep, he can be made to write or sign things that may be afterwards used against him for his own ruin and destruction. The French scientific men have recently conducted a great number of experiments in mesmerism—or, as they now call it, hypnotism. The result is clearly to establish this power. I venture to prophecy a development of crime in this direction, and I also implore everybody—especially every woman—to have nothing at all to do with the mesmerism.

A WITCH, named Barbara Fisher, has just died in Pennsylvania over a hundred years of age. One thought that if there was a witch left in the world it would be in the island of Great Britain. But America now gets all the good things. The witch is a character always popular in novels and plays. Indeed, there is hardly anything more interesting to read about than the histories of witches and witchcraft. The witch used to be known by being old, ugly, and wretchedly poor; she generally had a black cat. Her powers were terrible. She could cause the death of people who offended her; if she did not wish them to die she could inflict grievous bodily sufferings upon them; she sent blight upon the crops, a murrain upon the cattle, the sheep, the horses, and the pigs; she crossed lovers; she made everything go ill. And yet there were so many preventives that it seems difficult to understand how she was able to effect anything. For instance, all one had to do in order to be perfectly safe from her was to carry about a piece of the mountain ash; a hare's foot in the pocket was another certain preventative against witchcraft; a stone picked up on the sea-shore with a hole worn through it; a horse-shoe nailed over the stable door; an "Easter candle," with many other things. And yet, when they could always make themselves safe by these simple precautions, they used to burn the poor old woman.

"JUMPING JOSEPH" has been interviewed. Who shall escape the modern interviewer? He says that he is twenty-seven years of age; that he was brought up to nail-making by his father, but that he always ran out from his work whenever he could to have a jump against any other lad, and he always beat that other lad. He eats four good meals every day; supper, which is his heaviest meal, at eleven o'clock. He drinks port and sherry and a glass or two of beer. He weighs 12st. 4lbs., and he measures 5ft. 8½in., and he is all solid muscle. Jumping, it seems, develops the upper part of the leg rather than the calf. On the whole, it is, certainly, a laborious profession; indeed, all the branches of athletics require such constant training and such daily watching and self-control that one wonders at their popularity. The honour and glory acquired by the Champion, however, are sufficient to account for the fact that so many young men submit themselves to any amount of hard work in hopes of success. But what will become of "Jumping Joseph" when another jumper shall arise who can beat his record by half an inch? Will he go back to nail-making? Alas! what will then become of the port and the sherry?

EDITOR.

In the Queen's Hall.

THIS week we were promised the very greatest possible honour and pleasure that the performances of a great artist can give us. Madame Norman Néruda (Lady Hallé) was to have been with us to-night, but unfortunately, through indisposition, the lady cannot possibly attend. The other vocalists are Mrs. Helen Trust, Madame Marian McKenzie, and Mr. Bernard Lane. Mr. Hollins is, as usual, the organist.

On Friday our Military Band will give us a selection under the baton of Mr. H. W. Dowdall. The vocalists are to be Madame Riechelmann and Mr. Bovett.

On Saturday we have a concert by the Students of the London Organ School (among whom we shall especially welcome Miss Edroff), assisted by Mr. Alfred Moore (baritone), and Mr. Edward O'Brien (violin).

On Monday, December 3rd, we are to have a very interesting Gymnastic Display by the Royal Normal College for the Blind, and for Tuesday our own Orchestra and Choir are announced, under the able direction of Mr. W. R. Cave and Mr. Orton Bradley, the Musical Director.

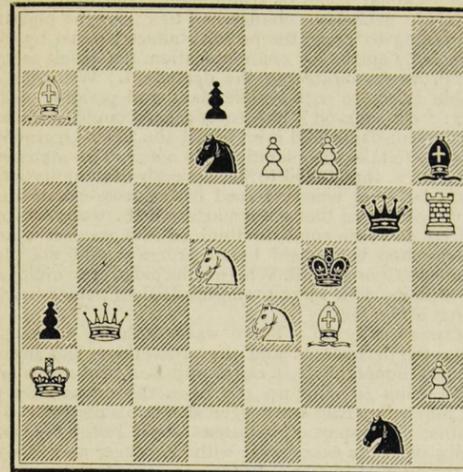
MUSICUS.

Our Chess Column.

[Communications for this column to be addressed "CHESS EDITOR," People's Palace, Mile End, E.]

PROBLEM No. 2.

Black 7 pieces.



White 10 pieces.

White to mate in two moves.

Solutions and criticisms are invited.

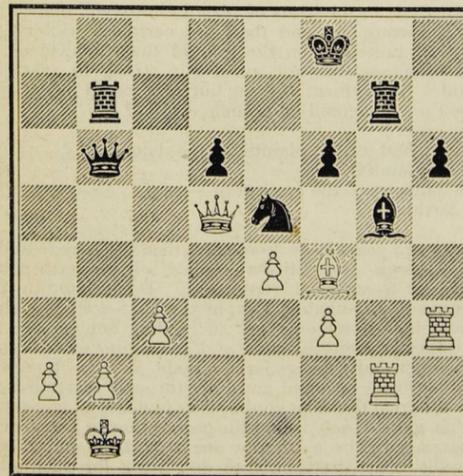
All communications intended for publication in the next issue, must reach us on or before the previous Wednesday.

Solutions to problems will appear a fortnight after publication.

N.B.—In Problem No. 1 the Kings should be transposed. Solutions to this problem must reach us not later than Wednesday, ec 5th.

END GAME No. 2.

BLACK.



WHITE.

The above position occurred recently in a game played at "The Divan" between Mr. H. E. Bird and Mr. H. Cudmore, the master conceding the QKt. The game was continued thus:—

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|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. Bird.) | BLACK.
(Mr. Cudmore.) |
| 29. R takes P | 29. Kt to B2! |
| 30. Q to K6 | 30. B takes B |
| 31. Q to B8 (ch) | 31. K to K2! |
| 32. R to R8 (a) | 32. Q takes P (ch) |
| 33. R takes Q | 33. R to Kt8 (ch) |
| 34. K to B2 | 34. R to QB8 (ch) |
| 35. K to Q3 | 35. Kt to K4 (ch) |
| 36. K to Q4 | 36. R to Q8 (ch) |
| 37. R to Q2 | 37. R takes R mate |

(a) Completely overlooking black's decisive rejoinder.

GAME No. 2. One of Blackburn's "Brilliant's."

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|-----------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | 2. Kt to QB3 |
| 3. B to B4 | 3. B to B4 |
| 4. B takes P (ch) (a) | 4. K takes B |
| 5. Kt takes P (ch) | 5. Kt takes Kt |
| 6. Q to R5 (ch) | 6. P to KKt3 (b) |
| 7. Q takes Kt | 7. P to Q3 |
| 8. Q takes R | 8. Q to R5 |
| 9. Castles | 9. Kt to B3 |
| 10. P to QB3 | 10. Kt to Kt5 |
| 11. P to KR3 | 11. B takes P (ch) |
| 12. K to RSq | 12. B to KB4! |
| 13. Q takes R | 13. Q takes P (ch) |
| 14. P takes Q | 14. B takes P mate |

(a) This variation of the Giuco Piano opening constitutes the "Jerome Gambit," a mode of attack, which, if properly met, should result disadvantageously for the first player.

(b) The usual move is 6. K to K3.

A Breach of Promise Case.

By HARTLEY KNIGHT.

IT was all very well for Mary Ann to sit down in sulky silence and "show off" before "the company": but such a proceeding was neither consistent with the general harmony nor was likely to bring about any particular improvement either in the mind, body or estate of the disconsolate damsel. And truly Mrs. Lennox felt, as she subsequently confessed, a "good bit worried" over the whole affair. How much wiser would it have been, argued that excellent lady to herself, if Mary Ann, instead of wailing like a green girl, had arisen in her wrath, and had justly smitten the offending Philistine hip and thigh. Though perhaps an unmaidenly action, it would certainly have shown her to be a girl of some spirit: of Boadicea-like promptitude in inflicting merited chastisement; and might further have awakened secret admiration and subsequent capitulation within the breast of the aforesaid Philistine. But to ingloriously drop all dignity and find relief in tears—idle tears!—and in full view of the enemy, was calculated to exasperate—as Mrs. Lennox rightly put it—the "sweetest tempered angel as ever was borned!"

It was a very simple affair, after all. Mary Ann, you see, kept company with George Meredith—a young fellow in the carpentry line, who lived at number thirty-four in the same street—at the house with the leaky rainwater-pipe and the projecting doorway. Now George was a very respectable fellow, and by no means ill-looking; and it was a matter of virginal regret thereabouts that he should have thrown himself away—whatever that may mean—on such a sour-tempered, good-for-nothing wench as Mary Ann Lennox, when there were ever so many blooming damsels—and sweet-tempered too!—to be had for the asking. Had George been consulted on the matter he, perhaps, would have been as puzzled as the enquirer to have given any satisfactory reason. There was the girl, he would probably have said, Not too fair to look upon certainly, and sulky into the bargain: but somehow I like her; and I suppose that one of these days we'll find ourselves inside a church, with a parson, and all the rest of it—and then it'll be all over! Now Mary Ann's queer disposition was due to a periodical attack of spleen, which honest George—in common with a good many others—did not wholly comprehend. Curious thing this spleen! I have a friend now, whom I greatly esteem, and who I have reason to hope, reciprocates my attachment. But regularly every year—from the end of September to the beginning of January inclusive—that friend for no earthly reason whatever treateth me curtly, speaketh to me only occasionally, and fleeth from my presence as if I were the plague!

To resume. Mary Ann and George had had a quarrel—a common occurrence. Of course it was through jealousy. George had passed a favourable comment upon the perfectly hideous bonnet of that stuck-up Dot Templeton. George had meant no harm: no disparagement to his fair fiancée's chapeau; but that damsel had found offence in't, and, aided and abetted by the attendant spleen, had burst forth into a torrent of uncontrollable rage. And the best of it all was that chubby Dot Templeton was her professed most intimate friend! George was aghast; and for the first time in his life the thought had come to him: What would his future happiness be worth if he married a girl with such a gunpowdery—George's word: not mine—temper as this? Now George of all things was practical. So he had listened quietly to her green-ey'd splenic outburst, and when she had quite finished, had taken her by the shoulders and had sat her down upon the

door-step as easily as if she had been a soft pew-cushion; and had thus admonished her: "Now look here, Mary Ann Lennox, you an' me have kept company nigh on three year about—But it won't do. D'yer: it won't do. I've seen my old man take our dog when he was noisy, tie him to the leg o' the bed an' larrup him that much that he couldn't lay down for a monther two arterwuds. Nowr mark my words, if you and me gits spliced and you carry on like you did jest nowr, I should serve you exactly the same as my father served that there tyke. So take care." The girl was astonished—struck dumb for the moment in sheer amazement, and only gazed with wide-opened eyes at her grave and sapient counsellor. Could this be George: the easy prey: the envy and admiration of all the—No, no!

Alas! 'twas he. Presently, recovering herself somewhat, she had risen from her cold and stony position with bitter wrath: had told the swain she should never marry the likes o' him, had fallen a-weeping, and had left him without another syllable. Then with her breast heaving with a combination of spleen, astonishment, injured dignity, and a thirst for revenge, she had gone straight to the maternal abode, and had burst in upon "the company" with wild and bitter lamentations.

It would be cruel even to allude to the heart-burnings and sufferings the damsel underwent during the succeeding three months. She met George frequently: but he passed her by without catching the pleading eye in the otherwise frigidly repellent face. She . . . she longed—how deeply!—to speak to him: to tell him how sorry she was; but he gave no sign of encouragement, and her pride held uppermost.

One extremely hot afternoon, when Mary Ann with a heavy heart was leaning forth from the second floor window taking the air, she suddenly grew red in the face, and, drawing in her untidy head, gave vent to the nearest possible approach to a scream. Her mother, who just then was in full enjoyment of a quiet siesta, awoke in a fright and, as is usual with persons thus rudely awakened, waxed exceeding wroth, and peremptorily demanded to know: What the bloomin' matter wos now? Mary Ann,—who as she afterwards admitted was "that there faint that she couldn't 'a spoke to savor soul"—could only wildly point towards the open casement: to which, in some astonishment, her excellent parent repaired, and, quickly gazing therefrom, who should she see in all "his ikey toggery, a-comin' down the street, but that there George Meredith himself—arm-in-arm with that brazen baggage Dotty Templeton!" It was difficult to tell which of the two ladies—mother or daughter—was the more completely overwhelmed: but possibly the elder experienced the greatest shock, for she made at once for the door and, after concentrating her remaining strength in a wild vehement bawl for "Johnnie," had immediately sunk down helpless upon the nearest chair.

Johnnie, duly appearing from the regions above, was at once dispatched for "a half-quarter with a dash of peppermint," which restorative, having been fetched and applied, proved, on the unimpeachable testimony of the distressed lady herself, to be the happy means of "bringing her to" again. Then followed a scene which passeth all understanding, and which, for vocal effect, has never been equalled. She stormed, she—yes, she—swore, she screeched: she wasn't agoin' to 'aver Mary made the larfing-stock of the whole street: as she would let George Meredith see. Luckily for the truant young carpenter he at that moment was three or four streets removed. Presently, however, she recovered; and held a council of war with her interesting offspring. Her mind was made up—she would have a deworce! But on learning from Mary Ann that a "deworce" is the severing of the union where marriage has proved a failure, she exclaimed with emphasis: "Ah, well then, a what-d'yer-call-it? a breach of promiss. For it was to be wore—hi, wore to ther knife!"

The Court, at the best of times a poking, stuffy little place, was to-day more than ever intolerable. The friends of the plaintiff—or, more correctly speaking, the plaintiff's mother—were much in evidence, and crowded the justice-room to overflowing. Indeed, Mrs. Lennox,—after gazing round with much importance, and bestowing a nod here or a smile there according to the social status of each particular face—was heard to exclaim that she hadn't seen such "a rally since her old man was buried: fifteen years come March."

George Meredith, the defendant, was there, sprucely dressed in his Sunday clothes, and looking as if he, of all men, was the least concerned in the business going forward. Dot Templeton was there in a more removed part of the Court, also in holiday attire, exchanging nods and wreathed smiles with the defendant: ostensibly—but needlessly—with the view of keeping his courage up. Rumour whispered—and

pretty freely too—that George and Dot had that very morn'ing become one, having been seen to emerge from a church hard by prior to their arrival in Court. This was strictly true; although the majority of matrons present credited not the report: for Dot, it was noticed, eschewed that outward visible sign of matrimony—the wedding ring.

The case was going admirably; and so much so that Mrs. Lennox whispered her neighbour that her case—meaning her daughter's—would come off triumphant. But Fortune, with characteristic fickleness, changed all this: for the plaintiff's counsel, failing to prove the promise alleged either by word of mouth or by epistolary communication, the result seemed likely to prove favourable to the defendant. Witnesses innumerable swore to seeing defendant and plaintiff abroad together: "carrying on" like an engaged couple; but none save an ancient dame had ever heard the fickle George vow and promise to take the plaintiff unto wife. This statement, damaging as it threatened to be, speedily lost importance: for the old lady, on being pressed in the cross-examination, confusedly confessed that p'r'aps arter all she was mistaken; and indeed now she come to think on it, it was her sister's daughter's chap that she'd heard promise: and not Mary Ann Lennox's George at all. Whereat the judge grew indignant, and the witness, with more promptitude than politeness, was hauled out of the box.

That was really all. There was absolutely nothing to jeopardise the defendant: and the prosecution had been as lame and as impotent as it could well be. But as his lordship was rising to sum up the case, the counsel for the plaintiff hurriedly arose and begged slor'ship's pardon. Two more witnesses—important witnesses whose testimony would materially affect the case—were without; and eager and ready to further the ends of justice. Witnesses—two females—enter. Usual pantomime: "You shall well and truly," etc.; sworn; one examined. Was not personally acquainted with the parties to this case; but had often seen them together. Knew them both by name. Most distinctly remember them on one occasion about three months since, quarrelling outside her (witness's) house; had seen Meredith take the plaintiff Lennox by the shoulder, and sit her down *straight* on the doorstep: which she (witness) being herself a mother o' five considered a proceeding alike un-Christi'n and improper; would swear most positively to hearing the words "When you and me gits spliced"—was certain of this oner'oner as a lady. Second witness also examined: mere corroborative testimony. Summing-up. Jury retire.

Opinion at this point was greatly divided: for although the most immediate to the heart of Mrs. Lennox still opined her cause a righteous one, and therefore certain of victory, the more critical protested on the ground that the evidence of the last witnesses was not sufficiently strong to affect the defendant. Jury return. (Strong but suppressed sensation.)

Were they all agreed upon their verdict?

They were.

Did they find for the plaintiff or the defendant?

For the plaintiff.

With damages to the amount of—?

One farthing!

Twenty-two years have flown since then. There is to-day another George Meredith—a replica of his father, the defendant a score of years ago. Dot Meredith (*nee* Templeton)—a very chubby Dot, by the way—still flourishes, and never fails to tell on every succeeding anniversary the story of father's "promise" case; and, concluding with a homily on bad temper and sulks generally, points out how a peevish damsel once lost a husband and only through this self-same spleen. Whereat the other chubby dots philosophically reply; and gather more closely round the part-author of their being. Dot's marriage has been a happy one—thank the gods!—and the Meredith's are pretty well to do: living for each other as married folk should do, and taking delight in their numerous scions. Young George—who, as his mother says (and she ought to know) is more like his father than ever—is affianced to a damsel whom he very shortly hopes to lead to the altar.

And Mary Ann—the triumphant: the victorious—what of her? There is to-day in a Southwark side-street, a miserable unmarried woman with a disagreeable face: who "does the cleaning" at the neighbouring schools: whose hands are red with heavy labour: and whose tongue has never been known to say a pleasant thing to anyone. This is the remains of Mary Ann! Her mother went the way of things mundane more than fifteen years ago; and the daughter, with the remembrance of a comely young carpenter: a captious headstrong girl, and a hateful ill-advised breach of promise case, lives on a life of never-ceasing monotony, haunted by the knowledge of What Might Have Been!

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 DRAMATIC CLUB.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

Patrons.

HENRY IRVING, ESQ.

H. BEERBOHM TREE, ESQ.

AUGUSTUS HARRIS, ESQ.

CLEMENT SCOTT, ESQ.

WALTER BESANT, ESQ.

JOHN L. TOOLE, ESQ.

S. LEWIS HASLUCK, ESQ.

Patronesses.

MRS. KENDAL.

MISS ELLEN TERRY.

We are still open to receive a few more ladies and gentlemen. All Members are requested to be punctual at rehearsals, so as not to cause any delay. Mr. Gibson, our manager, is making arrangements for the first performance to take place before Christmas; further particulars of same will appear in the Journal in due course.

I should like to remind Members again that we have engaged a professional, and there is every chance of the Club being one of the most successful in the Palace. I am sure we have the right man in the right place at last. Will all intending Members join at once, so that they may be cast?

ARTHUR EDWIN REEVE,
Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

President—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.

Conductor—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.

The account of our concert given on Monday, the 19th November, was accidentally omitted in last week's Journal, but a notice will be found elsewhere.

We are to give another concert in conjunction with the Orchestra on Tuesday next, the 4th December, when in all probability we shall perform the following:—the last Chorus of Haydn's "Spring"; the "Waltz" and "Hunting Chorus" from "Cinderella"; "You Stole My Love"; and "By Babylon's Wave." All Members must please endeavour to be in the waiting-rooms at the back of the Queen's Hall by 7.45 p.m., and ladies will please not forget their badges.

Rehearsals as usual: Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. for the Ladies' Choir, and 8.45 p.m. for the Male Voice Choir, in No. 2 Room of the Ladies' Social-rooms. Friday at 8 p.m., in the New Music-room.

At our Committee Meeting held on Saturday, Mr. Thomas, our Librarian, was elected as a delegate in place of Mr. Spicer, who has resigned. The ladies' and gentlemen's new badges were decided upon, and the Committee was then adjourned until Saturday evening next, at 5 o'clock, when all Members of the Committee must attend for the signing of the Rules. This is most important.

By-the-bye, our Male Voice Choir makes its first public appearance at our next concert.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—We have vacancies in all the parts, but we are particularly in want of Tenors and Contraltos. The Secretary, Mr. Laundry, will be most happy to receive the names of any ladies or gentlemen, with a knowledge of music, wishing to join the Society. There are vacancies also for one or two male altos for the Male Voice Choir, which meets on Tuesday evenings at 8.45 p.m. The fees are 1s. per quarter for ladies, and 2s. per quarter for gentlemen, all music being lent free of charge from the Society's Library.

We are at present rehearsing the "Messiah," John Farmer's Fairy Opera "Cinderella," and several glees for production at various dates.

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription:—Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum.

Members meet for practice in the East ante-room every evening from 7 p.m. Entrance through the Library.

Members desiring to enter for the Cup Competition or Handicap Tourney are requested to hand in their names and subscriptions to the Secretary without delay. Entrance fee for each Competition, 1s. Play will commence the first week in December.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec.

DRAUGHTS CLUB.

If the Draughts players among the Palace Members are desirous of forming a Club for the purpose of match playing and practice, will they kindly take steps to appoint a Secretary and a Committee of Management?

I have a challenge in my hands from a Draughts Club, but am unable to meet it, as players of that game have not, so far, put themselves in evidence.

I shall be glad to give any information in my power, pending the formation of a Club.

E. J. SMITH, Hon. Sec., East London Chess Club.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

The usual "productive" evening of the above Society was held in Room 21, School-buildings, at 8.15 o'clock, on Friday evening last. The Paper which was submitted for criticism, was an essay by an "East-End Working Man," entitled, "Mrs. Browning's Poems." The essay was very favourably received and criticised. The criticisms were replied to by the author.

Mr. Spender will deliver his fourth lecture on Friday evening next, the subject being "The Minor Poets of the Victorian Age."

All Palace Members and friends are heartily invited to be present. Admission free, by ticket, to be obtained of either of the Hon. Secretaries.

New Members are enrolled every Friday evening. Subscription, 1s. per annum.

All information will be given by

B. SEARLE CAYZER, } Hon. Secs.
C. J. WHITE, }

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

A Smoking-concert will be held on Thursday next, at 8.30 p.m. Members of the Palace are cordially invited.

JAS. HY. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Club was held on Friday, 23rd inst. Twenty-one Members were present. Mr. Downing being voted to the chair, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed.

The Secretary informed the Members that Mr. Davis, who had been elected as Representative of the Club, had tendered his resignation. Mr. Alexander Albu was unanimously elected in his place.

Mr. Marriot was likewise elected Librarian to the Club in place of Mr. Ludlow.

Several gentlemen having been elected as Members of the Club, the business of the evening commenced by Mr. E. R. Edwards giving an interesting demonstration of the Platinotype process, after which a discussion followed.

A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Messrs. Downing and Edwards at the close.

The next meeting of the Club will take place on Friday, December 7th, when Mr. E. H. Farmer, F.C.S., F.I.C., will read a paper on "The Modes of Development."

WILLIAM BARRETT, Hon. Sec.
ALEXANDER ALBU, Assist. Hon. Sec.

MEMBERS' SOCIAL CONCERT.

The lady Members were admitted to the usual Social Concert last Saturday, and although there were great attractions elsewhere, we had a large attendance, numbering upwards of two hundred.

Walter Marshall presided, being greatly assisted by Messrs. Laundry, Rosenway and Harry in forming an effective programme. The first-named led off with "The Midshipmite," being quickly followed by Messrs. Rosenway, "The Bugler"; Timbrell, a clarinet solo, and later on "The Lost Chord," on the cornet; Arnold, "The Galvanic Battery," and as an encore, "Young Men taken in and Done for"; Burrows, the thorough comique, "Tobogganing," and "Gone for Ever"; Sinnington, "The Lighthouse," and "Simon the Cellarer," and a recitation by Miss L. Cohen.

During the evening we had a visit from Mr. Orton Bradley and his friends. Mr. James Lee gave a magnificent rendering of "In Sheltered Vale"; Mr. Elgood, "To-morrow will be Friday"; and Mr. Bradley his ditties, which are so much enjoyed at our concerts. Messrs. Constable and Rosenway were very efficient at the piano.

The Members' Smoking-concert will be held as usual next Saturday, in the Music-room, and with it will probably be a programme of music, under the direction of the Orchestral Society.

WALTER MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.

N.B.—The Club Representatives' Meeting will be held next Monday, at 8 p.m.—Important business.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. W. R. CAVE.

Our Social will be held on Saturday evening next, in the new Music-room; the only proviso being that such is open to all Palace Members who care to come.

Every member must kindly endeavour to attend the rehearsal at 5 o'clock on Saturday; those who cannot attend at that time are requested to attend at 7 o'clock and make up their minds for a jolly evening. We have vacancies for French Horns, Euphonium, Trombone, Bassoon and Oboes, and the Secretary will be very happy to receive the names of gentlemen playing these instruments who would like to become Members. The fee is 2/6 per quarter, and all music lent free.

W. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
F. C. SAVAGE, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

A party of fifteen Ramblers had the privilege of visiting the Commercial Gas Works, Stepney, on Saturday last, and were conducted round by Mr. W. Cross, Superintendent of the Works, who explained everything in a most careful manner.

First we visited the Retort House, and had the pleasure of seeing the Retorts charged and drawn; the Exhaust Room, which was truly a combination of Exhaust Pipes; the Condensers, that divide the Coal Tar from the Gas, for which two engines are constantly employed, an extra one being kept in reserve in case of accidents; our guide informing us that it was necessary to duplicate everything in connection with Gas Works. The Washers and Scrubbers next claimed our attention, the latter being used to separate Ammonia from the Gas. The Purifying House contained square boxes of Lime, etc.; and having seen where the Lime was stored, and the Mechanics' Shop where the necessary repairs are made, we went into the Meter and Valve Rooms, containing the District Governor, by which the pressure is applied and registered. This closed our peregrinations, but not before the Telephone had been connected with Abbot Road, Poplar Branch, and some of our Members had had the pleasure of listening to a conversation between the Superintendent and the official in charge.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Cross, who very kindly offered the same facilities to our Club at some future period.

On Friday next, November 30th, a Committee Meeting will be held in the old School-buildings, Room 8, at 8.30 p.m. sharp.

On Saturday next, December 1st, we ramble to Messrs. Charington & Co.'s Brewery. Members are requested to meet outside the entrance in the Mile End Road at 3 o'clock. New tickets only will admit.

The Hon. Secretaries will be at the Palace to issue New Tickets on Friday and Saturday next, from 8.30 till 9.30.

H. ROUT, Hon. Sec.
W. H. MOODY, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The subjects for the December Exhibition are as follows:—

Design	A Corner Bracket.
Figure	"At first the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."
Landscape	"November."
Marine	"Out on the Ocean wave."
Still Life—Study from Nature.	

Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., has become a Patron of the Club.

The Exhibition will be held on Monday, 10th inst., in Technical School-buildings.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.
C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Assist. Hon. Sec.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Owing to the concert which will be held in the Queen's Hall on Friday next, the 30th inst., the Gymnasium proper will be thrown open for the ladies on that night, the Junior Section having their gymnastics in the Exhibition-building.

On Tuesday next, December 4th, there will be no Gymnastics for ladies.

A meeting of the Committee of the Ladies' Gymnasium will be held in the room adjoining the Queen's Hall on Thursday next, 29th inst.

The Ladies' Gymnastic Display will take place on Thursday, December 20th. All Members wishing to take part in the Musical Drill are requested to attend as frequently as possible.

H. H. BURDETT, Director.
SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The Secretary will be pleased to receive the names of intending Members for the forthcoming season. Several good matches are already arranged.

The next Smoking-concert in connection with this Club will be held on Friday evening next, at 8.30 sharp, in Room No. 12; admission by ticket only, to be had of either Messrs. Byard, C. A. Bowman, or the Secretary.

T. G. CARTER, Capt. and Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE AMATEUR BOXING CLUB.

On Tuesday, 20th inst., we had a good attendance, and some good boxing.

On Friday the following Members sparred with the Instructor:—Messrs. Coleman, Fairweather, Izod, Mitchell, Musto, Sayer, and Smith.

Attention is again drawn to the fact that we have some Rules for our Club, and that these Rules are not made merely for the sake of giving the printers something to do, as some Members appear to think; but they are made for the good of the Club, and will be strictly enforced.

The Rule which is most disregarded is that which requires Members to wear the Club Badge and India-rubber shoes when sparring; and in future Members will, in no case, be allowed to box unless wearing both of these articles. Even the very good excuse that a Member has not read his Rules, will not be accepted.

The Hon. Secs. are always ready and willing to enrol new Members, or to give any information.

I. H. PROOPS, } Hon. Secs.
ROBERT LAING, }

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

A Special General Meeting will be held this evening, 28th inst. Very important business. All Members should do their utmost to be present at 8 p.m.

FIRST ELEVEN v. FOREST SWIFTS.—Played last Saturday at Leytonstone, and resulted in a victory for the Swifts by four goals to nil. The 'Monts were weakly represented. The back division of the 'Monts played a good defensive game. Team:—Mears (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Hennessey, Munro, Cowlin (half-backs); Arno, Brettingham, Wainman, Cook (forwards).

Match next Saturday v. Minerva, Lea Bridge Road, Clapton. Team:—Jesseman (goal); Wenn, Hart (backs); Hennessey, Cowlin, Munro (half-backs); Cox, Shaw (right), Sherrell (centre), Burley, Jesseman (left, forwards).

SECOND ELEVEN v. ST. MARY'S (Battersea).—Played at Wanstead last Saturday, and, after a pleasant and evenly contested game, resulted in a draw, each side scoring one goal. During the first half of the play, although having the wind against them, the 'Monts' forwards carried the ball several times dangerously near the Saints' posts, notably Cox, Horseman and Sherrell, the latter putting in some good shots, but without success. The left wing forwards of the Saints played a neat passing game, and managed to score just before half-time. About twelve minutes before time Sherrell managed to equalise matters by sending through a shot which was centred by Jacobson. The 'Monts' tried hard to gain the winning point, but were unsuccessful through the good goal-keeping of the Marys. The following played a good game for the 'Monts':—Horseman, Sherrell, Cox and Cattle. Team:—Butterwick, Capt. (goal); Algar, Hawkins (backs); Cattle, Steward, Witham (half-backs); Winch, Cox, Sherrell, Horseman, Jacobson (forwards).

Match next Saturday at Wanstead v. Rob Roy Second. Team:—Butterwick (goal); Algar, Hawkins (backs); Cattle, Tranter, Stapleton (half-backs); Whitby, Moreton, Horseman, Jacobson, Witham, Helbing, Arno, Ramsden, Jolly (forwards).

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

N.B.—Unsold Cinderella Dance Tickets should be returned at once.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

The usual practice meeting of this Society was held on Monday last, and was fairly well attended.

Meeting as usual on Monday next.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.
H. A. GOLD, Librarian.

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

The Trustees having authorised the Members of the Debating Society to form a Parliament, a Government is in course of formation, and all Members are invited to become "M.P.'s," in order to support or oppose same.

The Session lasts until May, 1889. Palace Members are reminded of the splendid opportunities of remunerative Government offices with possible Cabinet rank, at the small cost of 1s.

Leader of Liberal Party Mr. Ive.
Leader of Conservative Party Mr. Hawkins.
Meetings every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Any further information given by communicating with

JNO. H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

"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 THE LAST.

SO GREAT AS WELL AS GOOD.

IT is a month later. The bankruptcy of the great Sir Jacob Escomb has long been published to the world, and commented on by the newspapers, and at every dinner-table in the country. There was a general feeling of sympathy for the fall of a man so prominent in all good works; and one enthusiast even went so far as to propose in the columns of a daily paper that a grand national movement should be set on foot, with a view to restoring Sir Jacob Escomb to his former greatness. This fell through for want of backers; but everybody applauded the idea, and for a single day half the world were eager to see the other half produce their money. However, as none was subscribed, the plan dropped.

It had been a sad month for poor Rose Escomb. Julian Carteret was busy looking after his affairs, which were in a glorious state of confusion; and as Sir Jacob would not allow him to call at the house, Rose had to meet him by appointment, chiefly in Kensington Gardens. Julian, at all events, was not broken in spirit by disaster. Not at all. He kept up his spirits, and promised brave things in a vague way.

It was a bad bankruptcy; and although Sir Jacob's friends went about railing at the Eldorado Government, it became known that his affairs had been for years in a rotten condition, and, which was more, that he himself had known it. An honest man, his enemies said, would have made the best compromise possible years before, and then gone on again.

Very little for the creditors out of such an enormous smash; but still, something. Julian found that, after all, he would find himself in possession of a few thousands for his immediate wants. After all, it is better to find a plank in a shipwreck, than to be swimming without one. There is a certain sense of safety connected with a plank, however small. And what next? Well, Julian was not a fool; he could look round him, and form plans at leisure.

It is a week before the day advertised for the great sale of Sir Jacob Escomb's books, pictures, furniture, and plate, two days before those on which the collections can be viewed, the last day that Rose has to spend in the place where she has known so many happy hours. During the last few weeks she has had little communication with her uncle. He has dined in town every day, and taken his breakfast in his own room; so that she has hardly ever seen him. This is the Baronet's way of showing his resentment. He does not reproach; he has no words of sarcasm; he keeps himself apart.

With the first breath of misfortune Mrs. Sampson vanished, not without an affecting farewell scene, in which her elderly suitor expressed, in the most tender tones, his regret at the misfortunes which made the union, once so fondly thought of, an impossibility. To be Lady Escomb, Mrs. Sampson thought, without a carriage and servants, perhaps with a semi-detached villa at Hornsey, and a maid-of-all-work: most probably with a husband perpetually lamenting past splendours, was altogether too gloomy a prospect. What she did not know, what nobody knew, was the very comfortable settlement, by which, on Rose's marriage, unless that were with Sir Jacob's consent, the Baronet would step into thirty thousand pounds. Now, with thirty thousand pounds, or fifteen hundred a year, a great deal may be done by an economical person. So Mrs. Sampson vanished. She had her faults; but it was with a sad heart that Rose saw her departure, and found herself left quite alone.

She did not see either Reuben or John Gower. They had both gone down into Lancashire: the former was employed by the trustees in the administration of the works, and the latter was still in uncertainty what to do about his invention. "Perhaps they had forgiven her," Rose thought. Angry or forgiving, they made no sign.

No one came to see her at all. The callers and visitors ceased as if with one consent on the day of the public announcement. No more carriages rolled up the smooth drive, no more invitations and cards came by footmen and by post: at one stroke Sir Jacob and his niece dropped out of society. And yet there was a universal murmur of sympathy. You have noticed how, in a flock of sheep, if one fall ill and

lie down in suffering, the rest all go away and leave him to himself to die or get better as he thinks fit. That is what we do in this highly-civilised country. One of us drops down—it is not his fault, perhaps—he has been smitten by the "Visitation of God," through the crimes or laches of others, by wind and weather; as soon as he is down we all go away in a body and forget him. He no longer belongs to us. The society of the well-to-do has no room for those who have fallen out of their own lines. They pass by and forget them. The place of one parvenu is easily filled by another, the reputation of one *nouveau riche* is very soon forgotten when it is replaced by that of another. Sir Jacob out of the way, Sir Esau supplanted him. No doubt he had excellent qualities of his own, though not resembling those of Sir Jacob. And the very contrast was charming.

It was the last morning. Rose went round the rooms taking a melancholy farewell of all. Everything in the house spoke to her of past happiness. There was no ornament, no picture, no piece of furniture but had its association—and all with Julian Carteret, the man whom she had ruined, as her uncle was good enough to remind her.

Sir Jacob, while she was lingering about the piano, entered the morning-room. Still preserving his dignity, he assumed a melancholy air, which became the resignation of a good man. Sitting down, he lay back in the chair as one who suffers more than the outward world knows, and sighed heavily, allowing his left hand to hang below the chair-arm. It was an attitude of profound resignation.

"Uncle," cried Rose, hotly, "do not reproach me."

"I reproach no one, child," he said, as if he might have reproached all the world, but refrained. "You have heard no word of reproach from my lips, not even against Reuben Gower or Julian Carteret."

He did not say, what Rose felt, that to go round in silence, looking sorrowful reproach, was worse than to give anger words.

"Reuben Gower," he went on, "the man whom I cherished for thirty years, and supported in affluence"—he did not say that Reuben was the man who had done his work faithfully, laid the groundwork of his fortune, saved him thousands and was repaid by the affluence of three hundred pounds a year. "Julian Carteret, whom you are, I suppose, still resolved to marry, is punished by the loss of his fortune. Against him reproaches were needless." He spoke, and for the moment the girl almost felt as if Heaven had declared against Julian. "Well, the sale will take place in a week, child, and we leave to-day. Will you please to call in the servants? I should like to say a word to them before we part."

The servants presently came in a body headed by Downing the butler. All Sir Jacob's servants were eminently respectable, and most of them were middle-aged. They shared the universal sympathy with their master, whose failure they attributed to the machination of the Evil One. The house-keeper and the butler stood a little in advance of the rest, as belonged to their superior rank. Behind them were the two footmen, the hall-porter, the cook and her assistant, half a dozen maids, the coachman and grooms, the gardener and his assistant, and a couple of pages; at the back of all, two stable-boys. It was an imposing assemblage.

Sir Jacob shaded his eyes for a minute or two as if arranging his thoughts. Then he slowly rose and spoke, leaning slightly forward, with the points of his fingers on the table. The same Sir Jacob as of old, with the gold eye-glasses, the heavy gold chain, the open frock-coat, and the breadth of shirt-front; but saddened by calamity, so that his voice was soft and his manner impressive. One or two of the maids burst into tears the moment he began, and the rest of the women got their pocket-handkerchiefs in readiness.

"My friends," he began, "my lowly but respected friends, you have of course heard that a great reverse of fortune, by which a proud man would be humbled, has happened to me. You have also read, perhaps, in the papers that it is my desire to act honourably by my creditors. I have resolved to part with everything in my possession"—he said this as if his creditors did not possess the power of making him part with everything whether he liked it or not. "In breaking up my establishment, however, I do not class you among my creditors, and by selling a few perfectly private family jewels I shall be enabled to pay you all which is due to you in full, and with a month's wages in lieu of notice." Here there were murmurs of satisfaction, and more crying among the women. "I call you together to-day in order to bid you 'God-speed' on your departure, and that we may exchange those kindly words of friendship which remind us that we are all, from the man of title to the stable-boy—I say, to the stable-boy" (here all turned and looked at William and George)—"in a certain sense, brothers. Observe, particularly, my friends, that the effect of a life devoted to doing

good is above all calculated to enable you to bear up against misfortune. My example may be a lesson to many; my reward is no longer in the purse. That is empty. My reward is here" (he tapped his breast), "and warms a heart which would otherwise be nipped by the cold frosts of poverty. There is left behind the consciousness of having done good. I may still help the good cause by counsels and experience, though no longer with money. Our household, my friends, breaks up immediately: this day week will see us all separated, never more to meet together again" (sobs from the women-servants—all impressed except the two footmen, who would perhaps have cried too were it not for the powder in their hair which any wrinkling of the scalp caused by emotion would derange). "I wish you farewell, my friends, and implore you to remember my last words—do good."

It was the butler who stepped forward as the spokesman of the servants.

"Sir Jacob," he said huskily, "we thank you for your kind words: we've been proud to read your noble speeches, many's the time, reported in the papers, and proud to serve such a good man. And we wish you new success, like the old times; and we're all of us very sorry, Sir Jacob."

It was a genuine and a heartfelt speech which the white-headed old man made. He had never had so good a place before, never been so entirely trusted, never been in any cellar—Sir Jacob bought the whole stock of the previous occupant, the Bishop of St. Shekels—where the port was so sound, and he has not yet got so good a place again. Perhaps he never may.

"Thank you, Downing; I thank you all," said Sir Jacob—and the servants trooped away.

A beautiful account of the scene appeared in one of the morning papers next day, in which Sir Jacob's speech was given in the Thucydidean style, with many things which he had not said. It came from a certain tavern much frequented by butlers. In that tavern a certain Irishman, who made an honest living by purveying for the Press in a humble way, heard this touching incident in Sir Jacob's life, and wrote it down with embellishments, so that there was more sympathy with the insolvent philanthropist.

"And now, Rose," said Sir Jacob, when the servants were gone, "you will take care that everything, except your own dress and jewellery and such trifles, is left for the sale."

"Of course, uncle. May I not just have one or two little things from this table?" It was covered with the little pretty trifles which girls treasure.

"Certainly not, Rose. Leave every one of them. Nothing more reveals honesty of purpose than the abandonment of everything. Your aunt's jewels, of course, are not my own to give away, and the presentation plate, which was not bought, cannot be sold. Also there are a few portfolios of water-colours, which may be put up with our boxes. For the rest, let everything go—everything."

"But uncle, the paintings—the jewellery—ought not they too, to go? Is it right?"

Sir Jacob at once assumed the air of superiority. "You will allow me, Rose," he said, "to be the best judge of what is right in my own house. I am not, at my time of life, to be taught—I hope—common morality."

"Oh! uncle, it seems so hard, so dreadfully hard, for you. Where shall we go? Into lodgings?"

"Lodgings!" cried Sir Jacob, with ineffable disgust: "lodgings!"

Rose had visions of ruin as complete as any she had read of in novels.

"Till I can find a situation as a governess and work for you."

"Find a situation and work for me!" Sir Jacob grew as red as a turkey-cock in the gills. "Find a sit—Is the girl really gone stark staring mad?"

"If we are to bear poverty, dear uncle," Rose pleaded, "let us bear it with a cheerful heart. We can live on little, you and I, and I daresay I shall be able to use my little accomplishments. Perhaps we can sell the jewels."

"This girl," ejaculated Sir Jacob, "is gone clear out of her senses. Do you imagine, Rose, that I am in danger of starvation? Do you think that when a man like me, like Sir Jacob Escomb, becomes insolvent for the moment, he fails like some bankrupt wretch of a small draper, who puts up his shutters and goes off to the workhouse? Understand, Rose, that while failure is death to the small man, to the great man it is only a temporary check."

"Oh! uncle, then there is some money left. How glad I am, because now Julian will get back part of what he has lost!"

"Julian," responded Sir Jacob, coldly, "will get his dividend with the creditors. They talk of two shillings in the

pound, but I have nothing, literally nothing to do with their arrangements. My lawyers will settle everything for me. Julian, who has behaved shamefully, may take his chance with the rest; which reminds me, Rose, that I have to speak with you on another matter. You still propose to marry Julian Carteret?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Without my consent?"

Rose hardened herself.

"I owe you much, sir, more than I can ever think of repaying. But I do not owe you the happiness of the future. I obeyed you once—"

"And granted an interview to Julian immediately afterwards. Go on."

"I did not know he was waiting to see me. Had I been allowed to tell poor John Gower all, this would not have happened. Now I follow the dictates of my own heart and the guidance of Julian."

"Very good—very good. As you will. You know that the thirty thousand pounds which your aunt bequeathed to you—"

"Are they not lost with the rest?"

"Not at all. They are in the Funds. The condition attached to them was that you should marry with my consent. If you marry without my consent, the money becomes mine. I withhold my consent to your marriage with Julian Carteret."

He had fired his shot, played his trump card. There was nothing more to say. Stay—one thing more.

"I repeat, Rose, that these little knick-knacks, especially, must be left for the creditors. Nothing looks so well in cases of this sort as total resignation even of the smallest trifles. This clock"—there was a valuable little clock on the mantelshelf—"belonged, I think, to Lady Escomb. Everything of hers, of course, will be saved from the sale."

He carried the clock away with him. When the sale came off, the creditors were astonished at the very small value of the articles of virtu and art, for which the house had been so famous. China? There was hardly anything; and yet people had called Sir Jacob rich in china, spoken of Chelsea monkeys, all sorts of things. Oils? Well, yes, there were a great many oils; but, somehow, they were not worth much: mostly by rising artists, to buy whom was to speculate on the future and lock up your money. There were water-colours, too, portfolios full; but there was nothing of very great value. And as for the collections made for him in Italy, Constantinople, and Cairo, there was really nothing that was not as common as dirt. The sale, so far, was a failure. As for the books, they were handsomely bound, but there were no scarce books among them. People had been led to expect a library of rare and costly volumes. Really, only the books without which no gentleman's library is complete,—Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, Macaulay, Carlyle, that kind of library. The furniture, it is true, realised one's fondest anticipations. There, at least, everything was handsome, costly, valuable, and in the best taste. And as the furniture, so the carriages and horses. Sir Jacob had been well served there. The wines were also quite beyond everything that was expected. As for wine, indeed, Sir Jacob was a sensible man. He knew that you can always get plenty of good wine by the simple process of going to a good wine merchant, of whom there is no lack. And he thought that he should not want wine any more, because he intended, for the present at least, to live at the Club, whose cellars were as amply stocked as those of any merchant.

There are very few people, now, who are allowed the privilege of visiting Sir Jacob at his quiet chambers in Pall Mall. Some of those who do go there remark on the excellent taste and the intrinsic value of the things which decorate his modest three rooms. There is china, for instance, worth anything; there are water-colours by the dozen; there are rare old books in quaint and curious bindings; and there are a few oils, which make the mouths of connoisseurs to water.

"All these things," Sir Jacob says, "were the property of my wife, Lady Escomb. She bequeathed them to her niece, the wife of my late ward, Julian Carteret, who gave them to me. It is, in fact, lending them to me, because she will have them back when my course is run. It is the same with the presentation plate. I confess I was not sorry when the dear child refused to let those things go with the rest, at the sale of my effects."

(To be concluded in our next).

Kind Old Lady—Little boy, wouldn't you like to go to Sunday school, and learn to be good?

Little Boy—No'm; it would ruin me repertashun.

Kind Old Lady—Ruin your reputation?

Little Boy—Yes'm; I'm known as "the bad boy of the block."

Palace and Institute Notes.

THE first of the series of Technical Day School Conversazioni passed off very successfully on Saturday night, when an enormous crowd came in response to the invitations. The Conversazione, embracing as it did so many interesting features, included practical demonstrations and experiments by the school-boys, under the supervision of the masters themselves; Gymnastic Displays by the Gymnasium Members and also by the boys; and free access to the admirable concert in the Queen's Hall, etc., etc. This Conversazione was certainly a distinct advance upon that held in the Queen's Hall a few months since: the numerous classrooms of the new School-buildings naturally affording much more scope and being, of course, much more suitable for a Technical demonstration in public. Head Master Mr. D. A. Low, is to be warmly congratulated. The next Conversazione will be held on Saturday evening; admission to which is by ticket only, obtainable—free—from the General Offices.

ON Friday next, the 30th inst., and on Saturday and Monday following, a grand

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW

will be opened to the public daily, admission to which will be twopence. Organ recitals and concerts will be given in the Queen's Hall each evening during the Show, which closes on Monday night.

I WOULD call the attention of the Hon. Secretaries of our various Clubs to the two italicised lines following the heading "SOCIETY AND CLUB NOTES." It is highly important that the Club Notices should be sent to this Office as early as possible: but the tendency is to keep everything back till Monday night or Tuesday afternoon, and sometimes as late as Wednesday morning. As a matter of fact, the Journal has to be "made up" into pages on Tuesday, and we have only a little time left for correction, "alteration and repairs," etc., so as to get to press early on Wednesday. I know of course, in some cases that it is not possible to send in reports earlier than Monday night; but then on the other hand I also know that it very often is possible, when Club events come off early in the week, to forward a statement before Monday for insertion in the Journal. Sometimes, by reason of its late delivery, a Club Notice is not inserted at all: and then there is a bitter lamentation, and strong language, for the time being, is the rule rather than the exception. This, messieurs, is to be laid at the door of your respective Secretaries; and as our rule—"Not later than MONDAY NIGHT"—is for the future to be rigorously enforced, look to it, and see that your Clubs are properly—and promptly—reported.

IMITATION, 'tis sometimes said, is the sincerest form of Flattery. Assuming such to be the case, our Photographic Society should rejoice to read the following extract from the paper of a well-known monster institution. The writer, who is advocating the formation in his institute of a Photo Club similar to our own, says:—"The Society attached to the People's Palace has been such a marked success, that I cannot help thinking that a Society formed among ourselves would also be a success."—A sensible conclusion to which Mr. Howard Farmer will probably exclaim: Hear, hear!

A VERY brilliant company of interested ladies attended the concert in the Girls' Social-rooms on Thursday last, and took part therein: and the services rendered by the Countess Gleichen, Lady Brooke, and Miss Currie were much appreciated. Mr. Laundry sang; and Mr. John Ford gave a couple of well-rendered recitations. Now although this reciter hath many excellent points—such as a fine presence, a graceful carriage, and an excellent voice, he yet sinneth—in common with many of our Elocutionists: as witness the "open-nights"—most grievously: for in announcing the piece to be recited he entirely ignores the name of the author thereof. Now it seems to me that if a man's work is worthy of recitation that man's name—if it be known—is also worth announcing. But five out of six reciters evidently think otherwise: for the writer's name is never mentioned. Honour to whom honour is due, say I; and J. F. and the other sinners would do well to look to 't. For what says Hamlet? "Use . . . every man after . . . your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." And methinks he's right.

THE first Distribution of Prizes and Certificates gained by our Students in the late Examinations will take place in the

Queen's Hall on Tuesday, December 4th, when the Rev. Jas. E. C. Welldon, M.A., Head Master of Harrow School, will distribute the prizes. The proceedings, commencing at 7 o'clock, will be followed by a concert—tickets of admission to which will be sent to each Evening Student. No classes will be held that evening.

THAT well-known lady, Miss Marie de Grey, succeeded in winning the golden opinions of a crowded audience in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday night; where her finished elocutionary efforts were well heard, notwithstanding the vastness of the Hall. Some years have flown since I last saw Miss de Grey: and it was pleasant to again behold that stately form. Mr. Ernest Birch too, the celebrated baritone singer, scored several vocal triumphs during the evening: which, with the pianoforte help of Mr. Orton Bradley, passed very pleasantly indeed.

A COURSE of Lectures on "Canada" as a field for British labour will be commenced to-morrow (Thursday) evening, in the new Lecture Hall, by W. E. Mann, Esq., Hon. Sec. of the East End Emigration Fund. Admission free.

MUCH to my regret several Club Notes and notices have recently had to stand over owing to the pressure on space. The special notice of the concert given by the Choral Society on the 19th inst., shared the same fate. It is only fair to say that this concert (given in the Queen's Hall under Mr. Bradley) passed off exceedingly well: the marked improvement and advance of the Society being much commented upon. As we have but a small space in the Journal for special notices of this sort, I would ask the Hon. Secretary of each Club to chronicle such features in the recognised CLUB NOTES, for in a journal with such limited space, it is not always possible to specially "notice" everything.

SUB-ED.

Medical Electricity.—In the opinion of the medical faculty, the value of electricity as a therapeutic agency has not been sufficiently recognised in the past, but of late years the Medical Battery Company (Limited) have made a distinct step in the extension of its use. Mr. C. B. Harness, the Company's chief consulting medical electrician, is recognised by the profession to be the most experienced medical electrician in the kingdom, having personally treated thousands of cases with remarkable success, although many of them have been of a most complicated and serious nature. A large number of so-called hopeless cases have been placed under the charge of Mr. Harness by medical men whose resources have been exhausted, and his electropathic or electro-massage methods of cure have completely restored the patients to health. This fact can be easily verified by a personal inspection of the thousands of unsolicited testimonials to be seen at the Company's Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, London, W. A visit to this complete and extensive medical establishment will convince any one of the rapid strides the above system is making. To give an account, or even to enumerate the various appliances invented by Mr. Harness for the cure of such diseases as nervous exhaustion, brain fag, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago, sleeplessness, torpid liver, indigestion, constipation, ladies' ailments, kidney diseases, epilepsy, paralysis, and kindred disorders, would occupy far too much space. Mr. Harness has recently had the honour of being elected President of the British Association of Medical Electricians, and his services and his valuable inventions have been exclusively secured by the Medical Battery Company (Limited). Mention may especially be made of Harness's electropathic battery belts, which give a gentle constant current, permeating the system, and affording almost instantaneous relief, without giving the slightest inconvenience in wear. Some very valuable appliances for the cure of rupture, which have proved most efficacious, are also worthy of the attention of sufferers from this torturing affliction. At the Electropathic and Zander Institute a perfect system of electro-massage is carried out by a staff of experienced masseurs and electricians, under the personal superintendence of Mr. Harness and the Company's consulting physician. Patients can undergo a thorough course of treatment at this establishment, which is the largest, and certainly the most complete, in the world, and has long been recommended by the leading medical and scientific authorities. The electro-massage operating and consulting rooms are beautifully furnished, and patients will find them perfectly comfortable in every respect. A portion of the premises are fitted with Dr. Zander's patent machines for mechanical exercises. This celebrated treatment cannot be obtained at any other establishment in the kingdom. Those interested should therefore carefully note that the only address is 52, Oxford Street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone Place). Patients under Mr. Harness's care are certain of having the best advice gratis and the most approved treatment. Mr. Harness's valuable medical treatises are sent free to all who write for them. We would recommend those of our readers who are in search of health and strength to write for a copy and judge for themselves.

Calendar of the Week.

November 29th.—On Monday in the year 1814, seventy-four years ago, the Times newspaper was first printed by steam.

November 30th.—St. Andrew's Day. This apostle is said to have been crucified on a cross shaped like the letter X.

The average rain-fall of this month is 2.38 inches. An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet; or, over an acre of land, 21,780 gallons of water, measuring 3,630 cubic feet, and weighing 100 tons.

During the month of November the mornings decrease forty-nine minutes and the afternoons thirty-eight minutes.

December.—Here begins the "winter month," as it used to be called, or, as the Saxons also called it, the Holy Month. It is the darkest month in the year, and would be the gloomiest but for the holidays and rejoicings that have always been associated with this period of the year.

December 1st.—The Princess of Wales was born on this day in the year 1844. May the Palace of the People offer their best wishes?

This is also Sir Edmund Currie's wedding day.

December 2nd.—On this day, in the year 1823, the Birkbeck Institute, then called the Mechanics' Institute, and the parent of countless other institutions for the spread of education among the people, was founded.

On the same day, 1805, was fought the great and terrible Battle of Austerlitz. What has been the outcome of all these battles? Where are the fruits of all the long and bitter wars of history, compared with the fruits of those peaceful foundations which have arisen from time to time for the benefit of humanity?

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December 3rd.—On this day, 1729, died a certain learned scholar named Hardouin, who is now only remembered for having held the remarkable doctrine that all the history and the literature of the past were forgeries of the fifteenth century, and that we really know nothing at all about the past.

December 4th.—In the season of Advent country girls used to divine the name of the man they were to marry by forcing onions to grow beside the chimney corner. They also

guessed his temper by drawing a faggot stick from a wood stack. If it was crooked his temper would correspond, and if straight his temper would be sweet.

On this day Thomas Carlyle was born in the year 1795. Those who are desirous to read the works of this writer should ask in the Library for the "Past and Present," the best of his books to begin with.

December 5th.—It was on the evening of this day, and not on Christmas Eve, that bags used to be hung up at the bedside of children and filled with nuts, apples, and sweetmeats, which they were taught to believe were the presents of St. Nicolas. In France the girls in the convent schools used to hang up stockings to be filled by the Saint.

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.)

QUEEN'S HALL.

DEAR SIR,—I should like to draw your attention to the unnecessary conversation that takes place (generally at the end of the Hall) during the Concerts at the People's Palace.

Re OLD ST. PAUL'S SECOND.

SIR,—Will you kindly insert the following in your next issue of The P.J., in answer to a letter which appeared in your last issue. Firstly: It should have been as stated above, but it was a mistake on the part of the printers.

E. SHERRELL, Member of the Beaumont F.C.

"Distance lends Enchantment."

Said a frowsy little, blowsy little, drowsy little boy: "I am too young to work, and playing's little joy; So I'll sit me down and wait, with what fortitude I can, Till I grow to be a merry little, cherry little man."

Said a drowsy little, blowsy little, frowsy little man: "I am too old to play, and to work is not my plan; So I'll sit me down and ponder on the joys without alloy That were mine when a cherry little, merry little boy."

Mary Bell, in "Wide Awake."

Independent Young Women.—There is nothing that shows the growing independence of American women more than the number of young unmarried ladies who have, within the past five years, set up establishments of their own.

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ADRIAN HOPE, Secretary.

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WILLIAM TRESIDDER, Secretary.

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