

THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END, E.

Vol. IV.—No. 84.]

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19, 1889.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE PALACE JOURNAL will be sent post free as soon as published to any address in the United Kingdom for 6/- a year, or 1/6 a quarter. Subscriptions must be prepaid.

Coming Events.

- THURSDAY, June 20th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's and Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition (opens at 10), Concerts, etc., as per Programme.
 Cycling Club.—Run.
- FRIDAY, June 21st.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition, Concerts, etc., as per Programme.
 Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.
 Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.
 Literary Society.—Meeting, at 8.15.
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, June 22nd.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition.—Various amusements as per Special Programme.
 Ramblers' Club.—To Billericay.
 Junior Section.—Meeting at 9.30.
 Tableaux Vivants from Dickens's Works, in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
 Gymnasium.—Leaders' Annual Outing.
 Cricket Club.—Match with Huntingdon United, at Hermit Road, Canning Town.
 Cycling Club.—Run.
- SUNDAY, June 23rd.**—Organ Recitals, at 12.30 and 4.
 Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- MONDAY, June 24th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Gymnastic Display in Gymnasium.
 Workmen's Exhibition (opens 10), Concerts, etc.
 Shorthand Society.—Usual weekly meeting, Technical Schools.
- TUESDAY, June 25th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition, Concerts, etc.
 Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, June 26th.**—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.
 Workmen's Exhibition, Concerts, etc.
 Concert in Queen's Hall, at 8.
 Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 23rd, 1889.

IN THE QUEEN'S HALL, AT 12.30 AND 4 O'CLOCK.

AT 12.30. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | | | | | |
|----|--|-----|-----|-----|--------------|
| 1. | Introduction and Fugue in E minor | ... | ... | ... | Raff. |
| 2. | Quartett, "God is a Spirit" (Woman of Samaria) | ... | ... | ... | Bennett. |
| 3. | Marche Religieuse | ... | ... | ... | Gounod. |
| 4. | Impromptu | ... | ... | ... | |
| 5. | Air, "O rest in the Lord" (by desire) | ... | ... | ... | Mendelssohn. |
| 6. | (a) Duet, "Love Divine" | ... | ... | ... | |
| | (b) Chorus, "To Him who left His throne on high" (from the Daughter of Jairus) | ... | ... | ... | Stainer. |

AT 4. ORGANIST, MR. ALFRED HOLLINS.

- | | | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|-----|-----|-----|------------|
| 1. | Toccata in F | ... | ... | ... | Bach. |
| 2. | Andante in C... | ... | ... | ... | Silas. |
| 3. | Prayer | ... | ... | ... | Guilmant. |
| 4. | March, "Wedding" | ... | ... | ... | Mackenzie. |
| 5. | Impromptu | ... | ... | ... | |
| 6. | Chorus, "The Horse and his Rider" | ... | ... | ... | Handel. |

Notes of the Week.

WE have every reason to be satisfied with our Industrial Exhibition this year, and with the crowds who flock daily to see it. The exhibits are doubled in number, and as to quality those of last year cannot compare with the present show. Where there is so much to notice it is invidious to pick out anything for special remark; but one cannot refrain from congratulating the members of the Polytechnic on their really wonderful display of work. The Palace is too proud to be jealous: in fact the Palace fully acknowledge the present superiority of the Polytechnic; but, gentlemen of the West, look out for next year, or perhaps the year after next. I am not a specialist in things technical, and perhaps I speak as a fool; but I found the wood-carving very good, and I liked the brass repoussé work. There were also a great number of things which I had noted in my catalogue, but I unfortunately left it in the train on coming away. I remember, however, the exhibits of the Sketching Club, among which I was glad to see productions from the Hon. Sec., and from Mr. N. Nathan. But, ladies and gentlemen of the Sketching Club, there are certain little things in which, if a well-wisher may venture to say so, you want instruction: do not be above taking it, either from each other, or from a competent art teacher. The greatest artists have always been the most humble, always learning, and always ready to confess that they had a great deal still to learn. When we have our next Exhibition of Paintings, would it be possible for the Sketching Club to copy some of the best of the pictures for their own instruction?

SINCE seeing our Exhibition, I have been informed by a friend, who is an engineer, of an invention which may be exhibited there, but I do not remember seeing it: the French are the introducers of it, and the developers of the principle. They lay on compressed air in pipes just as we lay on gas or water; the compression is that of five atmospheres; they have also contrived small engines,—little things about as big as a hat,—which will, by means of this compressed air, work the machines which are used in many small industries, such as lathes, sewing machines, and the like. In other words, the workman who works at home with a lathe may have an engine that will do all his treadle-work for him. Now the first great objection to many small industries is, that one cannot get the advantage of an engine; this objection is thus got over. Next, an objection to many small industries is, that the workpeople have to sit in small ill-ventilated rooms. By means of the compressed air tubes, however, fresh air can be turned on at any moment, and in any quantity, so that a room, however small, may be kept in perfect ventilation. In Paris the system is succeeding so well, that the Company has doubled its plant, and the pipes are being everywhere laid down. In Birmingham, however, where it has quite recently been introduced, it appears to be taking root slowly. I hope we shall hear more of this invention.

THERE are two or three other, and more important, discoveries which seem about due. Those which I desire most ardently are, first, the means of destroying a whole army or fleet at a single blow. This will make all war impossible; next, the management of balloons: thirdly, an enormous increase in the speed and safety of ships: fourthly, a vast improvement in the production and cost of food: next, the cure of certain diseases now thought incurable, such as gout, asthma, and the like: and, lastly, the prolongation of life by at least fifty years. All these discoveries are most certainly coming, and are absolutely necessary to the permanent advance of humanity. Meantime, let us lay down

these new pipes and accept the compressed air, and let the little engine turn our lathes for us, and be thankful for the smaller mercies.

I MADE a few remarks the other day upon the employment of women. Since then I have read in an evening paper the fact, that so many—I forget how many—women are employed as printers in Boston. Very good; printer's work is man's work. Let us see what this means, therefore; say that fifty girls are taken on to do the work now done by fifty lads in a printer's office; what becomes, if you please, of the fifty lads? Remember that the amount of work is not unlimited by any means; there is only a certain amount of work to be done. These fifty lads must, therefore, be turned out in the cold: they must go away somewhere; therefore fifty girls lose their husbands. And if every marriage gives four children to the State, there is a dead loss of two hundred for the next generation. This is what increased women's work means in a small country such as ours. In America, which is a very great country, it has made the surplus women all through the Eastern States far in excess of the proportion found in more healthy countries: it is driving the men away to the West, and increasing the disproportion every year. Do English men and English women like this prospect?

I HAVE also received the Report of the Society for the Employment of Women. The managers of this excellent Institution are still in the stage of rejoicing over every new opening for women's work. But things are not so bad as they might have been. As for artistic work, art may be fairly followed by women as well as men: typewriting is an occupation which has been seized upon by women and made their own: writing addresses—an employment which takes a great many—is considered to be the last refuge of the destitute. The dangerous part of the report is the congratulatory tone in which the Committee speak of the increase of women clerks. The Society has found permanent employment for twenty-six clerks, and temporary employment for twenty-nine more; but of course this by no means represents the number of women so employed. In fact the greatest danger to men—and therefore to the State—at present seems in the direction of this occupation. Girl clerks are taking the place of men, because they are so much cheaper. If this becomes general, the whole army—half-a-million of them—of men clerks may be turned out: in which case, woe to the country! If any reader of this Journal has any special knowledge on the subject of the extension of women's work, particularly in this direction, and the decrease in men's wages, I shall be very glad to receive it, and to publish it if the publication of it will do any good.

ONE feminine profession, I rejoice to see, is flourishing and spreading—that of the professional nurse. There is now going to be a regular State registration of nurses, so that no one shall be able to practice who is not properly qualified, just as no one can practice as a lawyer or a doctor without showing that he has passed the necessary examinations. This is as it should be; and I beg to call the attention of our lady Members to a profession which is honourable, properly paid, womanly, ennobling, protected by law, and about to be endowed with pensions.

I HAVE recently had the pleasure of conversing with a great African traveller. Though he is still a young man, he has gone through experiences enough to last for threescore years and ten. He began with fever, which lasted for a year and a half off and on—fancy having fever for a year and a half! He then got dysentery, while still up country and far from proper medicines and proper food. He got home just alive, and before he was quite recovered, was off again to the Niger, where it came back again, and very nearly finished him off. "No one," he told me, "would go out to Africa, if it were understood beforehand what miseries and discomforts have to be faced." There I ventured to disagree with him. While British pluck lasts, British lads are not going to be deterred from adventure by the fear of discomforts. Two things, however, rankle in the mind of this explorer; they are prickly heat, which is really an annoyance of the first water: and ants—ants. They travel in immense armies. If, by accident, you get near them, they instantly swarm all over you,—up the legs, round the body, arms, shoulders, everywhere,—and when you move they bite. Fancy a million ants all biting at once. My friend says that he can forgive most things,—the snakes who wanted to kill him: the buffalo that gored him and nearly did kill him: the dirty water he had to drink out of puddles: the long

marches in search of these puddles,—once he walked seventy miles before he could get a drop of water: the bad food: everything. But these abominable ants, all biting with one consent, he can neither forgive nor forget.

THERE is a very pretty little story about the Shah of Persia's visit to Russia. It is said that in taking his farewell of the Czar, the latter reminded him that should he feel disposed to make any concessions worth having to England, there were a hundred thousand bayonets ready to cross the Persian frontier at a day's notice. Some of the papers doubt this story, I do not know why. If I were the Czar, and I wanted to have paramount influence over Persia, it is just the thing that I should say to the Shah. One would like to know what the Emperor of Germany said to him, and what will be said to him here.

PERSIA is a country with a population variously estimated at from five to ten millions. Its frontiers run uncomfortably close beside those of Russia. Half the country is arid desert. The climate is intensely hot. There are lions and other amiable creatures in the mountains. The Persians belong to the Shiah sect of Mohammedans, the Turks being of the opposite party. The two great parties of Islam love each other as much as an English Churchman loves a Primitive Methodist. The people are very fond of oratory and poetry. Their punishments are cruel. There are no roads to speak of. Their army consists of about 100,000, imperfectly armed and drilled; but they are said to be good soldiers, and under English officers would perhaps be a match for the Muscovite. The country exports silk, tobacco, gums, opium, and carpets. With this preliminary information, dear reader, you can set up a nodding acquaintance with His Majesty when he comes over. I saw him drive through the park when he came over fifteen years ago, and a denser crowd I never witnessed. The park was literally crammed with people, who shouted as if the Shah had been some great benefactor to the human race.

ONE remembers a good many visits to London in the course of the last thirty years. The Emperor Louis Napoleon, —the people cheered him as if he had not committed the awful crime of the *coup d'état*: King Victor Emmanuel: Garibaldi the Great: the late Czar, who is said to have been profoundly moved by the expressive coldness of his reception: Don Carlos, about whom nobody cared—where is that Royal Highness now?: General Grant: the Sultan of Zanzibar: the Emperor of Brazil, who I believe was royally and generously entertained at a hotel: and many others. Well, we shouted for nearly all these potentates. Who is there left for us to see? The present Czar, perhaps, but he is not likely at present to visit London: the young Emperor of Germany, who will come out of politeness, I suppose: who remains that we should desire to gaze upon him? Really, there is but one man left in all the world whom the English people would now run after: it is Bismarck. Will His Highness the Illustrious Prince Bismarck come over for the pleasure of driving through miles of streets, and being deafened by millions of shouts? We would promise the mighty Chancellor so much, at any rate.

THE following sonnet is from the *Month*, a Roman Catholic Magazine. It is on the death of Damien:—

Dead, say they? of thine own sweet accord,
Who thro' long years a dying life didst lead,
And only now, we know, dost live indeed,
Thy task accomplished! Now canst thou afford
To rest and go with joy to thy reward,
Oh, lepers' friend, who didst—'twas all thy care—
Nurse their vile bodies and their souls make fair,
Them loving for dear love sake of thy Lord.
Hero and martyr, of that glorious band
Of saints immortal, where few greater are,
For greater love than thine, sufferance more grand,
Few mortals proved: to that bright calendar
Another blest name hast thou added, and
Faith's heaven adorned with yet another star.

ONE or two correspondents ask me why I talk of St. Damien. Let us distinguish. A saint is one who does saintly actions. Those actions are especially saintly which are entirely disinterested, unselfish, designed for the benefit of others, and regardless of consequences. The Pope has the privilege of nominating saints for his Church. I believe, however, that they have got to perform miracles after they are dead in order to qualify. Now, as I am not a member of the Roman Catholic Church, I reserve the right of electing my

Society and Club Notes.

[Club announcements should reach Mr. Arthur G. Morrison, the Sub-Editor, if possible, early on Monday morning. Those which arrive later are liable to crowding out. Monday evening is the very latest time for their receipt with any probability of publication in the following issue.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO MEMBERS.—Members are reminded that their Quarterly Tickets absolutely expire on the 30th inst., and unless renewed before 8th July, a Re-instatement Fee of 6d. will be charged.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Subscription, 2s.; Entrance fee, 1s.—The Trial Heats of the 120 Yards' Challenge Handicap were decided in the Bath on Thursday last, and resulted in some exciting racing. HEAT 1: J. Ashford (scratch), first; G. Gretton, 14 secs., second; Musto, 19 secs., third; and Stone, 41 secs., fourth. A very close finish; Ashford the scratch man only overhauling the leading man a yard from home, and securing first place, amidst the applause of the spectators. HEAT 2: Newman, 18 secs., first; Ellis, 11 secs., second; and Butler, 10 secs., third. Newman led the way throughout, and was never caught. The Final on Thursday (to-morrow), at 9 o'clock, should prove a close race.—The Final of the 90 Yards' Challenge Handicap, which was not reported in last week's *Journal*, resulted as follows:—Gretton, 15 secs., first; Stone, 32 secs., second; Newman, 17 secs., third; and Ashford, 24 secs., 0. This was a closer race than was anticipated. Newman, who was best on time in the trials, only securing third place, just losing to Stone, who managed to touch first.—The next race is the 60 Yards' Blind-fold Race, on Thursday week (June 27th). It would be a good opportunity for intending Members to join, as there is a large element of luck in this race, and an equally large element of fun to the spectators.

E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.

Musical Director—A. W. J. LAUNDRY. Stage Manager—A. E. REEVE.

In answer to the many kind inquiries of friends, I have much pleasure in announcing that we shall give several performances in the Lecture Hall next week, commencing Monday, 24th inst.

A. E. SELBY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—MR. H. H. BURDETT.

Owing to the Leaders' Annual Outing, which takes place on Saturday, the 22nd inst., the Gymnasium will be closed on that date.—The attention of Members is drawn to the new and only entrance to the locker-room, at the end of a passage, between the General Offices and the Refreshment-room.—Leaders' meeting to-night (Wednesday), at 8 p.m.—The following displays will be given in the Gymnasium, viz.:

June 20th	School Boys.
June 24th	By Members.
June 29th	By Members.
July 1st	Members and Schoolboys.
July 6th	Members and Schoolboys.
		ALBERT E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.
		F. A. HUNTER, }

EAST LONDON CHESS CLUB.

Subscription to Members of the Palace, 1s. per annum; Non-Members of the Palace, 3s. per annum. Meeting nights, Tuesday and Saturday, from 7 p.m., in the East ante-room; entrance through Library. For further information, apply to the Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

P.P.C.C. v. POLYTECHNIC 3RD.

Talk about the glorious uncertainty of cricket—why, cricket will have to take a back seat if we are to have much more of the shifty form shown in last week's matches. At the beginning of the week a team scores a highly creditable win, and at the end they get a thorough good dusting from a weaker Club. I don't know but what one half the charm of the game lies in this very uncertainty; life's made up of moods. An unexpected win sends you into the seventh heaven of delight, just as an unexpected defeat drives you, if you be a keen cricketer, to the very depths of despair. Close observation has led me to believe that most players take a defeat very keenly. If defeated, how quickly they hasten to assure you that they were completely out of form! What a wonderful haven of refuge that "completely out of form" is. Last week was an extremely busy one; some curious results are to be recorded. The defeated ones, of course, have their explanations, they usually have.

SUB-EDITOR.

own saints, and I am quite contented with those miracles which in life they wrought. Saint Gordon and Saint Damien are the two latest additions to my Calendar. I have also an All Saints' Day in which to celebrate those obscure and unknown saints, whose lives now forgotten, have been unreservedly and cheerfully and without hope of reward given to their fellow-creatures: the priests, clergymen, ministers, Bible-women, and Sisters, who have given all they had to give—life, health, strength, to the poor: the teacher who has spent himself in teaching: the doctor who has braved every kind of death: the soldier who fights and falls, and is no more heard of. On All Saints' Day let us commemorate all unknown martyrs to the cause of humanity, and render thanks for the men and women who are found thus to renounce self. We note at the same time, for our own instruction, that the absolutely unselfish life has never yet been found—I think it never can be found—without the stay and support of religion.

THERE is a French Society against the abuse of tobacco. I never heard of it before I saw a notice of it in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. But they have been asking certain literary men if they smoke, and how much. Taine smokes cigarettes: Zola has given up tobacco: Coppée smokes cigarettes all day long: Augier smokes all day long: Dumas and Feuillet have given it up. As for English men of letters, I believe they all like tobacco in some form or other, almost without exception. The younger men smoke the everlasting cigarette: the elder men take a pipe or a cigar. Of course there is no rule to be laid down as regards tobacco any more than on any other form of food, stimulant, or narcotic. But I think that the most judicious use of tobacco is by means of the good old-fashioned pipe—the briar-root for choice: as for tobacco, my own choice is Wills's "Three Castles": and as for the time, a pipe may be taken after breakfast and after dinner, but it must be taken in the evening: it should never be taken while walking about: a pipe in the mouth of a pedestrian is hideous: let the smoker sit down comfortably to enjoy the soothing influence of the weed.

I HAVE not yet had any communications from our friends at the Paris Exhibition, but I expect them shortly; meantime, one word of caution to visitors: it is suggested by the above remarks. The French detest the sight of a man in respectable dress smoking a pipe in the streets. My friends, let us respect the prejudices of our amiable and friendly hosts, and reserve the pipe for the hotel. We can smoke in the bed-rooms of French hotels as much as we please. Another thing that the French dislike excessively is whistling. I have seen a French gentleman walk out of a billiard-room because one of the men began to whistle. They associate whistling with grooms and stable boys. And a third thing which they dislike very much is loud calling, bawling, and laughing in the streets. They reserve these things for their revolutions, you see, and naturally associate a noisy knot in the street with a barricade.

EDITOR.

Palace and Institute Notes.

AN Examination of the Students in the Home Nursing Class will be conducted on Tuesday, July 2nd, at 7 o'clock, by Dr. Clark.

HERE is a paragraph for the special attention of Members. Members' quarterly tickets will expire on the 30th June, and must be renewed before July 8th, or a reinstatement fee of 6d. will be charged.

NEXT Saturday evening, Sir Edmund wishes all the lads of the Junior Sections to meet him in Room No. 2 of the Technical Schools, at 9.30 o'clock.

EVERYBODY should read the letter in another column from Mr. Duffin, who was one of the first batch of Palace trippers. No one will doubt, after reading Mr. Duffin's letter, that every Paris tripper has happened upon a good thing, and at the same time those who are still to go will find some information therein. In this connection a suggestion was made in a notice which reached me too late for insertion last week, that the returned heroes of Paris should attend the meetings to be held by the expectants still to go, and give them the benefit of such experience as they may have had. This is a good suggestion,—a very good one,—and should be acted upon.

I am pleased to observe the improved form shown by the above Club. Last Saturday they visited the beautiful ground of the Polytechnic at Merton Hall, Wimbledon, and came off victorious by 7 runs and 4 wickets to spare, thanks chiefly to the batting of T. G. Carter and H. Sharman. The fielding of the Palace was smart all round, the three extras scored being wide balls. The Poly., winning the toss, decided to bat first. Runs came very slowly; first wicket fell for 8, 2 for 13, 3 for 24. Then Cannadine and Hilton, two left-hand bats, got together; despite several bowling changes they kept their wickets intact. Carter then tried his hand with the ball, and with the third Cannadine was caught by the wicket-keeper: 4 for 39. Newton, the next man, spooned one of Carter's to point: 5 for 39. At 40 Carter disturbed Hilton's stumps: 6 for 40, 7 for 44, 8 for 45. The last man, Hankins (left hand), opened his account with a leg hit off Bowman for 5. At 53 Hankins was well caught by Cowlin in the "country," and the innings closed for 54 runs. The Palace started badly, 1 for 4, 2 for 7, when Carter and Sharman came to the rescue, and despite several bowling changes, they carried the score to 49 before Sharman fell to a good ball from Colson. Despite a sharp chance to the Hon. W. L. Pelham at point, Sharman batted in excellent style for his runs: 3 for 49. One ball proved sufficient for Sheppard: 4 for 49. Byard joined Carter, and the necessary runs were knocked off; at 58 Byard was caught and bowled: 5 for 58. Knight came in only to see Carter hit his wicket, the ball breaking right round from the leg. With the exception of a chance at leg, and being stumped, the out-going batsman played good cricket for his runs: 6 for 60. Rain then came on, Knight and Hunter being not out, leaving the result as stated above. Following are the scores and bowling analysis:—

POLYTECHNIC.		PEOPLE'S PALACE.	
G. Marshall b Hones ..	5	A. Bowman b Acland ..	4
G. Hall lbw, b Byard ..	3	R. Hones c Pelham b Acland	3
A. Cannadine c C. Bowman		T. G. Carter (Capt.) hit wkt.	
b Carter	15	b Colson	24
W. Colson c Sharman b		H. Sharman b Colson ..	18
Hunter	7	G. Sheppard b Colson ..	0
W. Hilton (Capt.) b Carter	11	H. W. Byard c and b Mar-	
H. Newton c Sharman b		shall	7
Carter	0	F. Knight not out ..	2
W. Waltham b A. Bowman	1	F. A. Hunter not out ..	1
C. Hulks c A. Bowman b		J. Cowlin	
Carter	1	C. A. Bowman } Did not bat.	
G. Acland c Sharman b A.		A. Notter	
Bowman	1		
Hon. W. L. Pelham not out	1		
W. Hankins c Cowlin b A.			
Bowman	6		
Extras	3		
Total	54	Extras	2
		Total (for 6 wks.)	61

BOWLING ANALYSIS.—PEOPLE'S PALACE.

	Overs.	Mdns.	Runs.	Wkts.
R. Hones	7	4	5	1
A. Bowman	14.1	5	10	3
H. Byard	7	2	6	1
J. Cowlin	5	3	3	0
F. Knight	3	1	6	0
F. Hunter	3	0	10	1
T. G. Carter	5	3	5	4

The following will represent the Palace against the Huntingdon United at Hermit Road, Canning Town:—H. W. Byard, C. Bowman, W. Dormer, R. Hones, F. Knight, H. Sharman, G. Sheppard, Butler, T. G. Carter (Capt.), and two others.—The Summer Dress Ball, held in the Beaumont Hall, went off capital, notwithstanding the high state of the temperature.

T. G. CARTER, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

It was rather a curious coincidence that Mr. Besant's note with reference to the Ramblers and Hampstead Heath, and the notice that we were going there, should appear in the same issue of the Journal. Our Secretary readily took advantage of it to apprise that gentleman of our intended visit. Mr. Besant very kindly replied that if he possibly could get away, he would come, and suggesting how we should walk. However, he was unable to be with us, so we endeavoured to follow the lines he suggested.—We took the turning parallel with the station, towards Parliament Hill, but owing to the mist did not get much of a view, but what could be seen of Highgate looked very pretty, with the lakes at the foot of the hill. We passed round by Lord Mansfield's Estate, and on to where, recently, there was a brickfield, but the traces of which are now almost entirely gone. Everyone desired to see the donkeys, which they had always associated with happy Hampstead; but as no one wished to disport themselves on them, we continued our ramble. Passing the lake by the Vale of Health, swings, roundabouts, etc., we proceeded up the hill to the Spaniards Road, and crossed over near the Lodge, where the party was requested to seat themselves in a glen-like place while tea was being prepared at Mrs. Sheehy's, North End, nearly opposite to the "Bull and

Bush." After a very satisfactory tea, we turned sharp to the right, and walked up hill and down dale, towards the flagstaff, and "Jack's Straw's Castle," where the Hampstead Band was playing.—Near Hampstead Hospital is a completely shaded lane, through which we walked to Oakley Park Estate; the birds were in full chorus, and everything seemed pleasant. We reached the road leading to Kilburn, and then returned by a footpath across a field which was fragrant with new-mown hay. The weather, though very dull and oppressive until 7.30 p.m., had not been rainy, but as we passed down by the Row it commenced, so we beat a hasty retreat to the station. Several Members remarked that they had no idea Hampstead was so pretty, and I think we must certainly repeat the ramble.—On Saturday next, June 22nd, we ramble to Billericay. Members are requested to meet at Stratford Market Station at 2.40 p.m., and take Excursion Tickets to Billericay; fare, 1s. The train starts from Woolwich Town, and calls at the intermediate stations as follows:—North Woolwich, 2.30; Silvertown, 2.33; Custom House, 2.37; Tidal Basin, 2.39; Canning Town, 2.42; Stratford Market, 2.47; Maryland Point, 2.51; Forest Gate, 2.54; and arrives at Billericay at 3.30; returning home at 8.30 p.m.

H. ROUT, } Hon. Secs.
W. H. MOODY, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Manager—Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—Mr. JOHN GIBSON.
Property Master—Mr. J. HARGRAVES.

There will not be any rehearsal on Wednesday next, but a General Meeting of the Society will be held on Wednesday, the 3rd of July, at 8 p.m.

ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

In our last report we mentioned our intention to do hard work, which intention has been so far carried out, for, despite the short time since our reorganization, we have been able, under the careful and painstaking supervision of our bandmaster, to give three public performances, which seem to have given satisfaction by the views we heard expressed. We must still impress upon the Members the necessity for attending the practices both regularly and punctually. It should be our constant endeavour to make our band one of the best in the East End, and one worthy of our great Institute, the People's Palace.

There are a few vacancies, for which early application should be made. For particulars please apply to the Secretary.

W. SPILLER, Hon. Sec. (pro tem.).

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

All Members of the above Society, who intend to take part in the excursion to Hampton Court on Saturday, July 13th, will oblige by giving the Secretary their names at the next rehearsal.—Rehearsal on Friday in No. 2 Room, Old Schools, at 8 p.m.—We still have vacancies in all the parts; but are particularly in want of tenors. 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.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT AND LITERARY SOCIETIES.

Excursion to Buckhurst Hill on Saturday, June 29th; tickets (price 1s. 8d. each) are now ready, and can be obtained at the Members' Library, in the Club Buildings, any evening. Palace ladies and gentlemen wishing to join the party will receive a cordial welcome. They need not fear the Literary Members' abilities being displayed, all quotations from Shakespeare and everybody else being barred for the day, and the only discussion which Parliamentary Members will be allowed to enter into, will be of the excellent tea which our hostess, Mrs. Guy, is sure to provide. At present the Literary Society is ahead in the number of tickets sold; M.P.'s are requested to remedy this during the course of the week; few have as yet applied for tickets. It is expected that Premier Taylor will enliven the return journey by selections on the beautiful wind instrument lately gained by him as a prize. Train for the trip will leave at 3.10 from Liverpool Street, and 3.20 from Coborn Road. All are requested to co-operate to make the outing a great success.

JOHN H. MAYNARD, } Joint Hon. Secs.
C. J. WHITE, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—Mr. R. STOCKWELL, M.F.B.

Drill will not take place this week. Members will please call at the General Offices for their orders for the week.

A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, Esq., M.A.

The usual Summer Monthly Meeting will be held on Friday next, June 21st, for which productions are invited.

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

People's Palace Junior Section.

NOTICE.—Sir Edmund Hay Currie wishes to meet all the Members of the Junior Section on Saturday next, the 22nd inst., at 9.30 p.m., in Room 2 of the Technical Schools.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT HARRIERS.

Owing to the inability of the handicapper to be present at Wanstead on Wednesday, June 5th, we had to put off our Trial Race until Wednesday, June 12th, at 8.30 o'clock; but we were not disappointed when we got down to the ground, where we were met by Mr. Lowther, who told us that Sir E. H. Currie would find three prizes for that evening's run. All started level, and in the result the first three were—J. Fayers, first; J. Gurr, second; E. Griffiths, third. After the run we came back to the Palace, where a splendid tea was awaiting us (kindly provided by Sir E. H. Currie), which we thoroughly enjoyed. A vote of thanks was proposed by J. Fayers to Sir E. H. Currie for providing the prizes, etc., and to Mr. Lowther for his managing the race; this was seconded by E. Griffiths, and then we parted company.—Members are requested to give in their entry forms for the race on July 5th, to the Secretary or his assistant.—All lads of the Junior Section, wishing to go in for the One Mile Race, on Friday, July 5th, must give their names into the Secretary or Assistant as soon as possible; entrance fee, 2d.

JOHN S. FAYERS, Hon. Sec.
E. GRIFFITHS, Assist. Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

A Concert is to take place on Saturday week, the 29th inst., given by Miss A. Elstob, in aid of the Club's trip to Horsted Keynes. The following gentlemen will appear:—Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A., Musical Director of the People's Palace, Messrs. Hartley Knight, Morgan, Halbert, A. E. Reeve, and Mr. Russell, the celebrated tenor. By special desire, Miss A. Elstob and Mr. A. E. Reeve will appear in "Is Marriage a Failure."—The Members of the Club will meet on Saturday at the Bank at half-past three, or People's Palace quarter to three, for Lord Brassey's town residence.

B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec.
E. SEABOURNE, Assist. Sec.

A CORRESPONDENT of Nature, writing from Thursday Island, says: "When going out turtle-fishing, a sucker-fish is caught, and the more experienced natives have no great difficulty in procuring one when it is required. A hole is made at the base of the caudal fin by means of a turtle-bone, and the end of a very long piece of string is inserted in the hole and made fast. The end of a second—quite short—piece of string is passed through the mouth and out by the gills. By means of these two strings the fish is retained while slung over the sides of the canoe into the water. When a turtle is sighted deep down in the water, the front piece of string is withdrawn, plenty of slack being allowed for the hind string. The sucker-fish, on perceiving the turtle, immediately swims towards it, and attaches itself to the crustacean's carapace. A man with a long rope attached to him dives into the water, and is guided to the turtle by the line fastened to the sucker-fish's tail. On reaching the turtle the man gets on its back, and passes his arms behind and below the fore-flappers, and his legs in front and behind the hind-flappers. The man is then rapidly drawn up to the surface of the water, bearing the turtle with him. On the arrival of the diver the sucker-fish usually shifts its position from the carapace to the plastron of the turtle. At the end of the day's fishing the sucker-fish is eaten."

Letter to the Editor.

THE PARIS TRIP.

DEAR SIR,—I feel that it is nothing but my duty, and a very pleasant one, to tender my hearty thanks to those who have rendered it possible for myself and others to spend a week in the gay capital of France, and in doing so I will briefly describe what I may certainly say has been the pleasantest holiday any of our party have ever had.

The journey from London to Paris was rapid, easy, calm (thank goodness!), and full of amusement to us young and unsophisticated East-enders. We laughed at everything we saw, especially at the alarm displayed by the excitable officials at the French railway stations, whom our cool Teutonic method of jumping on and off trains very much in motion appeared to send into violent hysterics. However, we turned up safely enough, and hungry enough, at Mr. Lee's, our kind host, about ten o'clock on Sunday morning; and after a welcome breakfast, and equally welcome "wash and brush-up" at our comfortable lodgings, we started off for Versailles, under the direction of an English guide, whose tender solicitude on our behalf during the whole week we much appreciated.

It was our unanimous opinion that Versailles must be seen to be believed in, such vastness and grandeur struck us with speechless admiration; and its history will make every student feel an intense sympathy with the nation, whose blood and treasure have built it up, but who now possess the inheritance of its glories.

We visited the Exhibition three times, and it could be easily visited thirty times. It also is both vast and magnificent; and the Tower! let the note of exclamation suffice to show our opinion of it, and the impossibility of giving it adequate description.

We were an active party, young and energetic striplings, as I have before observed, and we got through a lot of work in the time. The weather being glorious (with just a spice of lightning and thunder thrown in, and one trifling specimen of hail) we visited, during the week, the Madeleine, the Louvre, the Luxembourg Palace, Napoleon's tomb (indescribably magnificent), Père la Chaise, the Bois de Boulogne, &c., &c. In fact we saw all the great city could show us—and were more than delighted. We generally found we could get a very good luncheon, either at a "Duval" establishment when in the city, or at a decent restaurant when abroad, for from 1½ to 2 francs, though some of our more extravagant spirits would sometimes exceed that modest figure. Then we were quite ready for a good dinner at six on our return to our "diggings."

We found no difficulty, except of an amusing character, in getting about by ourselves, although the one or two of our party who knew any of le langue Francaise at all, only knew an extremely limited amount; I don't think anyone need be at all uneasy on that score, especially if they take the guide, as it will be wise to do, on at any rate three or four days. This lets them down gently, and by the time they are about to return, they will feel equal to anything in the way of parley-voing.

Our homeward journey was just as expeditious and comfortable as our outward voyage, and we arrived in dull, smoky, dear old London on Sunday morning at half-past eight; and the rest may be easily imagined.

It is hardly necessary to say that we were, one and all, perfectly pleased with our trip, which (important point) had cost us on an average (I think I am near the mark) about £5 10s., including the board and lodging, so liberally provided by the Palace authorities.

Yours faithfully,
H. W. DUFFIN.

"SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM."—The late Duke of Buckingham told a very amusing story against himself once in the House of Lords *appropos* to railway matters. When he joined the London and North-Western Board, on the day of the first meeting after his election, he went to Euston Square to attend it. He was too early, and on asking a porter who was hanging about where the directors' room was, he was told that he had come too soon, and went away. On returning some little time later he again found the same man, who gave him the same information. After a longer interval the duke again came across his friend, whom he questioned as to whether the directors were not sitting. The man, very much irritated at being so often accosted, looked at him and said, "There's no use you coming about a place here—you aren't big enough." The duke enjoyed the joke thoroughly, and often spoke of the incident with great glee.

THERE is, perhaps, no difference in men's characters so widely marked as in the matter of what is commonly called "taking trouble." But there is a class of persons whom nothing moves; they are blind and deaf to all external affairs. A magnificent specimen of this kind has been lately discovered. At an inquest after a terrible railway-accident, two witnesses identified a body as that of an individual of their acquaintance. A few weeks afterwards, however, he turned up alive and well. "Did you not know," he was asked, "that you were sat upon by the coroner, viewed by the jury, and buried?" "Yes," he said, "I read something to that effect in a newspaper; but I didn't think it worth while to say anything." In the meantime, however, he had nearly frightened several people into fits by merely saying, "How are you?"

Maiwa's Revenge:

OR

THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

(Printed by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans.)

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

"NO, old boy," thought I to myself, "it isn't likely that I am going to leave you there while there is a chance of getting you out. I have played fox before now—there's still a double or two left in me. I must make a plan, that's all. And then there's that stockade of tusks. I am not going to leave that either." Then I spoke to the woman.

"You are called Maiwa?"

"It is so."

"You are the daughter of Nala and the wife of Wambe?"

"It is so."

"You fly from Wambe to Nala?"

"I do."

"Why do you fly? Stay, I would give an order,—and calling to Gobo, I ordered him to get the men ready for instant departure. The woman, who, as I have said, was quite young and very handsome, put her hand into a kind of little pouch made of antelope hide which she wore fastened round the waist, and to my horror drew from it the withered hand of a child, which had evidently been carefully dried in the smoke.

"I fly for this cause," she answered, holding the poor little hand towards me. "See, now, I bore a child. Wambe was his father, and for eighteen months the child lived and I loved it. But Wambe loves not his children; he kills them all. He fears lest they should grow up to slay one so wicked, and he would have killed this child also, but I begged its life. One day, some soldiers passing the hut saw the child and saluted him, calling him the 'chief who soon shall be.' Wambe heard, and was mad. He smote the babe, and it wept. Then he said that it should weep for good cause. Among the things that he had stolen from the white men whom he slew is a trap that will hold lions. So strong is the trap that four men must stand on it, two on either side, before it can be opened."

Here old Quatermain broke off suddenly.

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "I can't bear to go on with this part of the story, because I never could stand either seeing or talking of the sufferings of children. You can guess what that devil did, and what the poor mother was forced to witness. Would you believe it, she told me the tale without a tremor, in the most matter-of-fact way. Only I noticed that her eyelid quivered all the time.

"Well," I said, as unconcerned as though I had been talking of the death of a lamb, though inwardly I was sick with horror and boiling with rage, "and what do you mean to do about the matter, Maiwa, wife of Wambe?"

"I mean to do this, white man," she answered, drawing herself up to her full height, and speaking in tones as hard as steel and as cool as ice,—I mean to work, and work, and work, to bring this to pass, and to bring that to pass, until at length it comes to pass that with these living eyes I behold Wambe dying the death that he gave to his child and my child."

"Well said," I answered.

"Ay, well said, Macumazahn, well said, and not easily forgotten. Who could forget, oh, who could forget? See where this dead hand rests against my side; so once it rested when alive. And now, though it is dead, now every night it creeps from its nest and strokes my hair and clasps my fingers in its tiny palm. Every night it does this, fearing lest I should forget. Oh, my child! my child! ten days ago I held thee to my breast, and now this alone remains of thee," and she kissed the dead hand and shivered, but never a tear did she weep.

"See now," she went on, "the white man, the prisoner at Wambe's kraal, he was kind to me. He loved the child that is dead, yes, he wept when its father slew it, and at the risk of his own life told Wambe, my husband—ah, yes, my husband!—that which he is! He too it was who made a plan. He said to me, 'Go, Maiwa, after the custom of thy people, go purify thyself in the bush alone, having touched a dead one. Say to Wambe thou goest to purify thyself alone for fifteen days, according to the custom of thy people. Then fly to thy father Nala, and stir him up to war against Wambe for the sake of the child that is dead.' This then he said, and his word seemed good to me, and that same night ere I left to purify myself came news that a white man hunted in the country, and Wambe, being mad with drink, grew very wrath, and gave orders that an impi should be gathered to slay the

white man and his people and seize his goods. Then did the "Smiter of Iron" (Every) write the message on the green leaves, and bid me seek thee out, and show forth the matter, that thou mightest save thyself by flight; and behold this thing have I done, Macumazahn, the hunter, the Slayer of Elephants."

"Ah," I said, "I thank thee. And how many men be there in the impi of Wambe?"

"A hundred men and half a hundred."

"And where is the impi?"

"There to the north. It follows on thy spoor. I saw it pass yesterday, but myself I guessed that thou wouldst be nigher to the mountain, and came this way, and found thee. To-morrow at the daybreak will the slayers be here."

"Very possibly," I thought to myself, "but they won't find Macumazahn. I have half a mind to put some strychnine into the carcasses of those elephants for their especial benefit though." I knew that they would stop to eat the elephants, as indeed they did, to our great gain, but I abandoned the idea of poisoning them, because I was rather short of strychnine."

"Or because you did not like to play the trick, Quatermain?" I suggested with a laugh.

"I said because I had not enough strychnine. It would take a great deal of strychnine to effectually poison three elephants," answered the old gentleman testily.

I said nothing further, but I smiled, knowing that old Allan could never have resorted to such an artifice, however severe his strait. But that was his way; he always made himself out to be a most unmerciful person.

"Well," he went on, "at that moment Gobo came up and announced that we were ready to march. 'I am glad that you are ready,' I said, 'because if you don't march, and march quick, you will never march again, that is all. Wambe has an impi out to kill us, and it will be here presently.'

"Gobo turned positively green, and his knees knocked together. 'Ah, what did I say?' he exclaimed. 'Fate walks about loose in Wambe's country.'

"Very good; now all you have got to do is to walk a little quicker than he does. No, no, you don't leave those elephant tusks behind—I am not going to part with them, I can tell you."

"Gobo said no more, but hastily directed the men to take up their loads, and then asked which way we were to run."

"Ah," I said to Maiwa, "which way?"

"There," she answered, pointing towards the great mountain spur which towered up into the sky some forty miles away, separating the territories of Nala and Wambe—"there, below that small peak, is one place where men may pass, and one only. Also it can easily be blocked from above. If men pass not there, then must they go round the great peak of the mountain, two days' journey and half a day."

"And how far is the peak from us?"

"All to-night shall you walk, and all to-morrow, and if you walk fast, at sunset shall you stand on the peak."

"I whistled, for that meant a five-and-forty miles trudge without sleep. Then I called to the men to take each of them as much cooked elephant's meat as he could conveniently carry. I did the same myself, and forced the woman Maiwa to eat some as we went. This I did with difficulty, for at that time she seemed neither to sleep nor eat nor rest, so fiercely was she set on vengeance.

"Then we started, Maiwa guiding us. After going for some half-hour over gradually rising ground, we found ourselves on the further edge of a great bush-clad depression something like the bottom of a lake. This depression, through which we had been travelling, was to a very great extent covered with bush, indeed almost altogether so, except where it was pitted with glades such as that wherein I had shot the elephants."

"At the top of this slope Maiwa halted, and putting her hand over her eyes, looked back. Presently she touched me on the arm and pointed over the sea of forest towards a comparatively vacant space of country some six or seven miles away. I looked, and suddenly I saw something flash in the red rays of the setting sun. A pause, and then another quick flash."

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is the spears of Wambe's impi, and they travel fast," she answered coolly.

"I suppose that my face showed how little I liked the news, for she went on—

"Fear not; they will stay to feast upon the elephants, and while they feast we shall journey. We may yet escape."

"After that we turned and pushed on again, till at length it grew so dark that we had to wait for the rising of the moon, which lost us time, though it gave us rest. Fortunately none of the men had seen that ominous flashing of the spears: if

they had, I doubt if even I could have kept control of them. As it was, they travelled faster than I had ever known loaded natives go before, so thorough-paced was their desire to see the last of Wambe's country. I, however, took the precaution to march last of all, fearing lest they should throw away their loads to lighten themselves, or, worse still, the tusks; for these kind of fellows would be capable of throwing anything away if their own skins were at stake. If the pious Æneas, whose story you were reading to me the other night, had been a mongrel Delagoa Bay native, Anchises would have had a poor chance of getting out of Troy, that is, if he was known to have already made a satisfactory will.

"At moonrise we started on again, and with short occasional halts travelled till dawn, when we were forced to rest and eat. Starting once more, about half-past five, we crossed the river at noon. Then began the long toilsome ascent through thick bush, the same in which I shot the bull buffalo only some twenty miles to the west of the spot, and not more than twenty-five miles on the hitherside of Wambe's kraal. There were six or seven miles of this dense bush, and hard work it was to get through it. Next came a belt of scattered forest which was easier to pass, though, in revenge, the ground was steeper. This was about two miles wide, and we passed it by about four in the afternoon. Above this scattered bush lay a long steep slope of boulder-strewn ground, which ran up to the foot of the little peak some three miles away. As, footsore and weary, we emerged on to this inhospitable plain, some of the men looking round caught sight of the spears of Wambe's impi coming rapidly along not more than a mile behind us.

"At first there was a panic, and the bearers tried to throw off their loads and run, but I harangued them, calling out to them that I would certainly shoot the first man who did so, and that if they would but trust in me I would bring them through the mess. Now, ever since I had killed those three elephants single-handed, I had gained great influence over these men, and they listened to me. So off we went as hard as ever we could go—the members of the Alpine Club would not have been in it with us. We made the boulders burn, as a Frenchman would say.

"When we had done about a mile the spears began to emerge from the belt of scattered bush and the whoop of their bearers as they viewed us broke upon our ears. Quick as our pace had been before, it grew much quicker now, for terror lent wings to my gallant crew. But they were sorely tired, and the loads were heavy, so that run, or rather climb, as we would, Wambe's soldiers, a scrubby-looking lot of men with big spears, small shields, but without plumes, climbed considerably faster. The last mile of that pleasing chase was like a fox hunt, we being the fox, and always in view. What astonished me was the extraordinary endurance and activity shown by Maiwa. She never even flagged. I think that girl's muscles must have been made of iron, or perhaps it was the strength of her will that supported her. At any rate she reached the foot of the peak second, poor Gobo, who was an excellent hand at running away, being first.

"Presently I came panting up, and glanced at the ascent. Before us was a wall of rock about one hundred and fifty feet in height, upon which the strata were so laid as to form a series of projections sufficiently resembling steps to make the ascent, comparatively speaking, easy, except at one spot, where it was necessary to climb over a projecting angle of cliff and bear a little to the left. It was not a really difficult place, but what made it awkward was, that immediately beneath this projection was a deep fissure or donga, on the brink of which we now stood, originally dug out, no doubt, by the rush of water from the peak and cliff. This gulf beneath would at the critical point be trying to the nerves of a weak-headed climber, and so it proved in the result. After the projecting angle was passed, the remainder of the ascent was very simple. At the summit, however, the brow of the cliff hung over and was pierced by a single narrow path cut through it by water, in such fashion that a single boulder rolled into it at the top would make the cliff quite impassable without ropes.

"Wambe's soldiers were at this moment about a thousand yards from us, so it was evident that we had no time to lose. I at once ordered the men to commence the ascent, the girl Maiwa, who was familiar with the pass, going first to show them the way. Accordingly they began to mount with alacrity, pushing and lifting their loads in front of them. When the first of them, led by Maiwa, reached the projecting angle, they put down their loads upon a ledge of rock and clambered over. Once up, by going on their stomachs on a boulder, they could reach the loads which were held up to them by the men beneath, and in this way drag them up over the awkward place, whence they were easily carried to the top.

"But all of this took time, and meanwhile the soldiers were coming up fast, screaming and brandishing their big spears. They were now within about four hundred yards, and several loads, together with all the tusks, had yet to be got over the rock. I was still standing at the bottom of the cliff, shouting out directions to the men above, but it occurred to me that it would soon be time to move. Before doing so, however, I thought it might be well to try and produce a moral effect upon the advancing enemy. In my hand I held a Winchester repeating carbine, but the distance was too great for me to use it with effect, so I turned to Gobo, who was shivering with terror at my side, and handing him the carbine, took from him my express.

"The enemy was now about three hundred and fifty yards away, and the express was only sighted to three hundred. Still I knew that it could be trusted for the extra fifty yards. Running in front of Wambe's soldiers were two men—captains, I suppose—one of them very tall. I put up the three-hundred yard flap, and sitting down with my back against the rock, I drew a long breath to steady myself, and covered the tall man, giving him a full sight. Feeling that I was on him, I pulled, and before the sound of the striking bullet could reach my ears, I saw the man throw up his arms and pitch forward on to his head. His companion stopped dead, giving me a fair chance. I rapidly covered him, and fired the left barrel. He turned round once, and then sank down in a heap. This caused the enemy to hesitate—they had never seen men killed at such a distance before, and thought that there was something uncanny about the performance. Taking advantage of the lull, I gave the express back to Gobo, and slinging the Winchester repeater over my back I began to climb the cliff.

"When we reached the projecting angle all the loads were over, but the tusks still had to be passed up, and this, owing to their weight and the smoothness of their surface, was a very difficult task. Of course I ought to have abandoned the tusks; often and often have I since reproached myself for not doing so. Indeed, I think that my obstinacy about them was downright sinful, but I always was obstinate about things, and I could not bear the idea of leaving those splendid tusks which had cost me so much pains and danger to come by. Well, it nearly cost me my life also, and did cost poor Gobo his, as will shortly be seen, to say nothing of the loss inflicted by my rifle on the enemy. When I reached the projection I found that the men were trying, with their usual stupidity, to hand up the tusks point first. Now the result of this was that those above had nothing to grip except the round polished surface of the ivory, and this, in the position in which they were, did not give sufficient hold to enable them to lift the weight. I told them to reverse the tusks and push them up, so that the rough and hollow ends came to the hands of the men above. This they did, and the first two were got up in safety.

"At this point, looking behind me, I saw the Matukus streaming up the slope in a rough extended order, and not more than a hundred yards away. Cocking the Winchester I turned and opened fire on them. I don't quite know how many I missed, but I do know that I never shot better in my life. It was exactly like pheasant-shooting at a hot corner—I had to keep shifting myself from one to the other, firing almost without getting a sight, that is, by the eye alone, after the fashion of the experts who break glass balls. But quick as the work was, men fell thick, and by the time that I had emptied the carbine of its twelve cartridges the advance was for the moment checked. I rapidly pushed in some more cartridges, and hardly had I done so when the enemy, seeing that we were about to escape them altogether, came on once more with a tremendous yell. By this time the two halves of the single tusk of the great bull alone remained to be passed up. I fired and fired as effectively as before, but notwithstanding all that I could do, some men escaped my hail of bullets and began to ascend the cliff. Presently my rifle was again empty. I slung it over my back, and, drawing my revolver, turned to make a bolt of it, the attackers being now quite close. As I did so, a spear struck the cliff close to my head.

"The last half of the tusk was now vanishing over the rock, and I sung out to Gobo and the other man who had been pushing it up to vanish after it. Gobo, poor fellow, required no second invitation; indeed, his haste was his undoing. He went at the projecting rock with a bound. The end of the tusk was still projecting over, and instead of grasping the rock he caught at it. It twisted in his hand—he slipped—he fell; with one wild shriek he vanished into the abyss beneath, his falling body brushing me as it passed.

(To be continued.)

["Maiwa's Revenge" began in No. 79 of the PALACE JOURNAL; back numbers can be had at the Office.]

PROGRAMME OF

TABLEAUX VIVANTS,

By the PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY, assisted by the Boys of the Technical Schools, under the direction of Mr. MORGAN HULBERT, ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19th, 1889, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

AT THE PIANOFORTE—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

THE BAND OF THE FIRST BATTALION

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT,

CONDUCTOR—MR. W. A. PEPPERELL,

Will play during the evening the following selections:

1. OVERTURE .. "Il Conte D'Essex" .. Mercadante.
2. VALSE .. "Réverie" .. Waldteufel.
3. MARCH .. "Flying Colours" .. Bucalossi.
4. QUADRILLE .. "En Masque" .. Faust.
5. POLKA .. "The Students" .. Cooté.
6. GAVOTTE .. "Belle Vue" .. Godfrey.
7. VALSE .. "Stella Mia" .. Aigrette.
8. QUADRILLE .. "London Life" .. Cooté.

The TABLEAUX are taken from scenes from the works of the late CHARLES DICKENS, the volumes laid under contribution being "Nicholas Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," "Pickwick," "Tale of Two Cities," and "The Old Curiosity Shop."

"NICHOLAS NICKLEBY."

TABLEAU I. (in three parts).

"SQUEERS AT THE 'SARACEN'S HEAD.'"

Characters:

- Squeers MR. A. E. WERE.
 Snawley MR. T. HURLEY.
 Boys .. F. J. BLOOMFIELD, G. R. MOXHAY, and ROBBIE SUMMERFIELD.

"Mr. Squeers," said the waiter, looking in at this juncture; "here's a gentleman asking for you at the bar."

"Show the gentleman in, Richard," replied Mr. Squeers, in a soft voice. "Put your handkerchief in your pocket, you little scoundrel, or I'll murder you when the gentleman goes."

The schoolmaster had scarcely uttered these words in a fierce whisper, when the stranger entered. Affecting not to see him, Mr. Squeers feigned to be intent upon mending a pen, and offering benevolent advice to his youthful pupil.

TABLEAU II. (in three parts).

"MRS. SQUEERS ADMINISTERING BRIMSTONE AND TREACLE."

Characters:

- Mrs. Squeers MISS GRAY.
 Boys .. J. BARRETT, F. J. BLOOMFIELD, G. BOUTSTEAD, A. W. BOWSHER, T. EDWARDS, C. HENLEY, G. WILLMOTT, G. R. MOXHAY, A. E. NUTTER, S. PATTISON, M. H. SIDES, F. G. SIMMONDS, S. SMITH, F. W. TAYLOR, and R. WRIGHT.

Mrs. Squeers stood at one of the desks, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession, using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably, they being all obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp. In another corner, huddled together for companionship, were the little boys who had arrived on the preceding night. Besides these, there was a long row of boys waiting, with countenances of no pleasant anticipation, to be treacled, and another file who had just escaped from the infliction, making a variety of wry mouths indicative of anything but satisfaction.

TABLEAU III. (in three parts).

"THE GENTLEMAN NEXT DOOR DECLARES HIS PASSION FOR MRS. NICKLEBY."

Characters:

- Mrs. Nickleby MISS LARTER.
 Kate Nickleby MISS ELSTOB.
 Neighbour MR. J. HARGRAVE.

A fine vegetable marrow, of unusually large dimensions, was seen to whirl aloft and come toppling down; then several cucumbers shot up together; and, finally, the air was darkened by a shower of onions, turnips, radishes, and other small vegetables, which fell rolling, and scattering, and bumping about in all directions.

As Kate rose from her seat in some alarm, and caught her mother's hand to run with her into the house, she felt herself rather retarded than assisted in her intention; and following the direction of Mrs. Nickleby's eyes, was quite terrified by the apparition of an old black velvet cap, which by slow degrees, as if its wearer were ascending a ladder or pair of steps, rose above the wall dividing their garden from that of the next cottage, and was gradually followed by a very large head and an old face, in which were a pair of most extraordinary grey eyes, very wild, very wide open, and rolling in their sockets with a dull, languishing, and leering look most ugly to behold.

"BARNABY RUDGE."

TABLEAU IV. (in three parts).

"THE MURDER."

Characters:

- John Haredale MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY.
 Edward Chester MR. E. J. SALTER.
 Barnaby MR. A. E. WERE.
 Varden MR. J. HARGRAVE.

The matter indeed looked sufficiently serious, for coming to the place whence the cries had proceeded, he descried the figure of a man extended in an apparently lifeless state upon the pathway, and hovering around him, another person with a torch in his hand, which he waved in the air with a wild impatience, redoubling meanwhile those cries for help which had brought the locksmith to the spot.

TABLEAU V. (in three parts).

"VARDEN ARMING."

Characters:

- Varden MR. J. HARGRAVE.
 Mrs. Varden MISS RISLEY.
 Dolly MISS R. DURELL.
 Miss Miggs MISS GRAY.

As there was to be a grand parade of the Royal East London Volunteers that afternoon, the locksmith did no more work. * * * * * And to be sure, when it was time to dress him in his regimentals, and Dolly hanging about him in all kinds of graceful winning ways, helped to button and buckle and brush him up and get him into one of the tightest coats that was ever made by tailor, he was the proudest father in all England.

"What a handy jade it is!" said the locksmith to Mrs. Varden, who stood by with folded hands rather proud of her husband too; while Miggs held his cap and sword at arm's length, as if mistrusting that the latter might run someone through the body of its own accord; "but never marry a soldier, Dolly, my dear."

Dolly did not ask why not, or say a word, indeed, but stooped her head down very low to tie his sash.

"PICKWICK."

TABLEAU VI.

"PICKWICK IN THE POUND."

Characters:

- Mr. Pickwick MR. A. E. REEVES.
 Beadle MR. HURLEY.
 Meanwhile Mr. Pickwick had been wheeled to the Pound and safely deposited therein, fast asleep, in the wheelbarrow.

TABLEAU VII. (in three parts).

"MR. TUPMAN IN THE ARBOUR."

Characters:

- Tupman MR. M. A. NATHAN.
 Fat Boy MR. J. REEVES.
 Miss Wardle MISS K. SIMONS.

"Mr. Tupman," said the spinster aunt, with averted head, "I can hardly speak the words, but—but, you are not wholly indifferent to me."

Mr. Tupman no sooner heard the avowal, than he proceeded to do what his enthusiastic emotions prompted, and what, for aught we know (for we are but little acquainted with such matters), people so circumstanced always do. He jumped up, and, throwing his arms round the neck of the spinster aunt, imprinted upon her lips numerous kisses, which, after a due show of struggling and resistance, she received so passively, that there is no telling how many more Mr. Tupman might have bestowed, if the lady had not given a very unaffected start, and exclaimed, in an affrighted tone—

"Mr. Tupman, we are observed—we are discovered!"

Mr. Tupman looked round. There was the fat boy, perfectly motionless, with his large circular eyes staring into the arbour.

TABLEAU VIII. (in three parts).

"MRS. BARDELL FAINTS."

Characters:

- Mr. Pickwick MR. A. E. REEVES.
 Tupman MR. M. A. NATHAN.
 Winkle MR. ARTHUR LYTTON.
 Snodgrass MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY.
 Master Bardell J. BOUTSTEAD.
 Mrs. Bardell MISS E. LARTER.

"Oh, you kind, good, playful dear," said Mrs. Bardell; and without more ado, she rose from her chair, and flung her arms round Mr. Pickwick's neck, with a cataract of tears and a chorus of sobs.

"Bless my soul," cried the astonished Mr. Pickwick. "Mrs. Bardell, my good woman,—dear me, what a situation,—pray consider. Mrs. Bardell, don't; if anybody should come—"

"Oh, let them come," exclaimed Mrs. Bardell, frantically; "I'll never leave you, dear, kind, good soul;" and with these words Mrs. Bardell clung the tighter.

"Mercy upon me," said Mr. Pickwick, struggling violently. "I hear somebody coming up the stairs. Don't, don't, there's a good creature, don't." But entreaty and remonstrances were alike unavailing, for Mrs. Bardell had fainted in Mr. Pickwick's arms; and before he could gain time to deposit her on a chair, Master Bardell entered the room, ushering in Mr. Tupman, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass.

TABLEAU IX. (in three parts).

"STIGGINS PREACHES TO WELLER."

Characters:

- Stiggins MR. A. E. WERE.
 Old Weller MR. A. E. SELBY.
 Sam MR. M. A. NATHAN.
 Mrs. Weller MRS. SWEETING.

Mr. Stiggins, getting on both his legs as well as he could, proceeded to deliver an edifying discourse for the benefit of the company, but more especially of Mr. Samuel * * * * * At this point of his discourse, the reverend and red-nosed gentleman became singularly incoherent, and staggering to and fro in the excitement of his eloquence, was fain to catch at the back of a chair to preserve his perpendicular. * * * * * During the delivery of the oration, Mrs. Weller sobbed and wept at the end of the paragraphs; while Sam, sitting cross-legged on a chair, and resting his arms on the top rail, regarded the speaker with great suavity and blandness of demeanour, occasionally bestowing a look of recognition on the old gentleman, who was delighted at the beginning, and went to sleep about half way.

"TALE OF TWO CITIES."

TABLEAU X.

"UNDER THE PLANE TREE."

Characters:

- Doctor Manette MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY.
 Jarvis Lorry MR. ARTHUR LYTTON.
 Sidney Carton MR. ARNOLD.
 Darnay MR. E. J. SALTER.
 Lucie Manette MISS ELSTOB.

It was an oppressive day, and, after dinner, Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air.

TABLEAU XI. (in three parts).

"THE ARREST"

Characters:

- Doctor Manette MR. A. W. J. LAUNDY.
 Darnay MR. E. J. SALTER.
 Lucie MISS ELSTOB.
 Child MISS GLADYS ANSCOMBE.
 Soldiers MR. J. HARGRAVE, MR. ARTHUR LYTTON, MR. T. HURLEY.

A rude clattering of feet over the floor, and three rough men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

"The Citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay," said the first.

"Who seeks him?" answered Darnay.

"I seek him. We seek him. I know you, Evrémonde; I saw you before the Tribunal to-day. You are again the prisoner of the Republic."

The three surrounded him, where he stood with his wife and child clinging to him.

TABLEAU XII.

"SIDNEY CARTON ON THE SCAFFOLD."

Character:

- Sidney Carton MR. ARNOLD.
 It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known.

"MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."

TABLEAU XIII. (in three parts).

"MR. PECKSNIFF AT HOME."

Characters:

- Mr. Pecksniff MR. J. HARGRAVE.
 Tom Pinch MR. A. E. WERE.
 Merry MRS. SWEETING.
 Cherry MISS K. SIMON.

"An ungainly, awkward-looking man, extremely short-sighted, and prematurely bald, availed himself of this permission, and seeing that Mr. Pecksniff sat with his back towards him, gazing at the fire, stood hesitating, with the door in his hand. * * *"

TABLEAU XIV. (in three parts).

"MRS. GAMP'S TEA-PARTY."

Characters:

- Mrs. Gamp MISS RISLEY.
 Betsy Prig MISS GRAY.

Mrs. Gamp having cleared away, produced the tea-pot from the top shelf, simultaneously with a couple of wine-glasses.

"Betsy," said Mrs. Gamp, filling her own glass and passing the tea-pot, "I will now propose a toast. 'My frequent partner, Betsy Prig.'"

"Which, altering the name to Sairah Gamp; I drink," said Mrs. Prig, "with love and tenderness."

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP."

TABLEAU XV. (in three parts).

Characters:

- Grandfather MR. ARTHUR LYTTON.
 Nittle Nell MISS EFFIE YAULTON.
 Forth from the City, while it yet slumbered, went the two poor Adventurers, wandering they knew not whither.

TABLEAU XVI. (in three parts).

SALLY BRASS AND THE MUTTON.

- Marchioness MISS K. SIMON.
 Sally Brass MISS E. LARTER.

"Do you see this?" said Miss Brass, slicing off about two square inches of cold mutton, and holding it out on the point of the fork.

The small servant looked hard enough at it with her hungry eyes to see every shred of it, small as it was, and answered, "Yes."

"Then don't you ever go and say," retorted Miss Sally, "that you hadn't meat here. There, eat it up." This was done. "Now do you want any more?" said Miss Sally.

The hungry creature answered with a faint "No."

They were evidently going through an established form.

"You have been helped to meat once," said Miss Brass, summing up the facts. "You have had as much as you can eat; you are asked if you want any more, and you answer, 'No!' Then don't you ever go and say you were allowed, mind that."

TABLEAU XVII. (in three parts).

MARCHIONESS AND DICK SWIVELLER.

- Marchioness MISS K. SIMON.
 Dick Swiveller MR. A. E. WERE.

"Now," said Mr. Swiveller, "to make it seem more real and pleasant, I shall call you the Marchioness, do you hear?"

The small servant nodded.

"Then Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, "fire away!"

"The Marchioness, holding her cards very tight in both hands, considered which to play, and Mr. Swiveller, assuming the gay and fashionable air which such society required, took another pull at the tankard, and waited for her lead.

TABLEAU XVIII.

"MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS."

- { Queen Elizabeth MISS AUERBACH.
 { Sir Walter Raleigh MR. E. J. SALTER.
 { Blue Beard MR. J. HARGRAVE.
 { Selim MR. J. REEVES.
 { Fatima MISS GRAY.
 { Sister Anne MISS RISLEY.

Artist Models MR. A. E. SELBY, MR. ARNOLD, and MISS R. DURELL.

{ Sleeping Beauty MISS ELSTOB.
 { Prince MR. M. A. NATHAN.
 { Walking Doll MISS LARTER.
 { Clown MR. ARTHUR LYTTON.
 { Boxing Man MR. A. E. REEVES.

AND

- Little Nell MISS EFFIE YAULTON.
 Mrs. Jarley MR. R. MORGAN-HULBERT.

"I never saw any waxworks, ma'am," said Nell. "Is it funnier than Punch?"

"Funnier!" said Mrs. Jarley in a shrill voice. "It is not funny at all."

"Oh!" said Nell with all possible humility.

"It isn't funny at all," repeated Mrs. Jarley. "It's calm and—what's that word again—critical? no, classical, that's it—it's calm and classical; and so like life, that if waxwork only spoke and walked about, you'd hardly know the difference."

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4. INTERMEZZO—"Forget-me-not" Macbeth.
5. IMPROVISATION.
6. TRIUMPHAL MARCH Liszt.

Calendar of the Week.

June 20th.—Queen's Accession, 1837. The world was a good deal younger then. There were no railways, no excursions; the people of one town did not know the people of another town: there were no electric telegraphs, telephones, switchback railways, trams, electric lights. There was, also, no Australia to speak of: there was no New Zealand; not much Canada; no Western States of America. There was, however, a great mass of disloyalty and discontent in the country, and the prospects of Great Britain looked decidedly gloomy when Queen Victoria stepped upon the throne.

There has always been a question as to the executioner of Charles I. Now on this day, 1649, the year of the execution, there died one Richard Brandon, public executioner, who was always supposed to have been the man who cut off the King's head. He died at Rosemary Lane, and was buried in Whitechapel Churchyard. Are we to consider him as one of the worthies of Whitechapel? Brandon was hereditary executioner, having succeeded his father in the office. Their predecessor was one Derrick, whose name survives in the great cranes so-called. Brandon was followed by Dunn, whose successor was John Ketch. After that famous hangman, obscurity seems to have fallen upon the holders of the office.

June 21st.—Died Captain John Smith, 1631. John Smith is not an uncommon name, but the life of this John Smith is very uncommon indeed. Those who read the history of the different States composing the United States may find the history of John Smith under the head of Virginia.

June 22nd.—On this day, 1476, fell the great house of Burgundy. For four generations the Dukedom of Burgundy had been maintained in splendour and independence: it was more powerful than the Kingdom of France, or than any of the German Principalities. It fell to pieces in a single day, when Charles the Bold was defeated at Morat by the Swiss. Henceforth Burgundy becomes part of France.

The story of Day the Diver belongs to this day. He was an ignorant person, who thought that he had invented a method of remaining below water for any length of time. He simply proposed to make a big box, attach it to an old vessel by screws, get inside the box, sink the vessel, and stay there till time was up, when he would unscrew the box, and rise to the surface. It was a most simple contrivance, and only came to grief because the inventor neglected the fact that a breathing creature must have fresh air. He had none, and, therefore, though they dropped him into the water, box and all, he could not turn these screws, and never came up again. Luckless Day!

A great Bible commentator, Matthew Henry, died on this day, 1714.

June 23rd.—Akenside, the poet, 1770; James Mede, the historian, 1836; and Lord Campbell (Lord Chancellor), 1861, died on this day.

The first English regatta was held on this day, 1775. The course was from London Bridge to Millbank: the City Companies brought out their barges: and there were 200,000 people on the river.

June 24th.—Nativity of John the Baptist. Midsummer Day. The 22nd, 23rd, and 24th are the three longest days in the year. This day was formerly kept with a great variety of pagan customs, such as huge bonfires, dancing round and leaping over the fire. Later on the London Watch, two thousand strong, paraded the streets on this night, carrying cressets. The night was surrounded by superstitions. If you sat up all night in the church porch you would see the spirits of all those who were going to die during the year—a gloomy thing to do: the Irish thought that on this night the soul left the body and wandered to the place where it was going to die. If an unmarried woman set out food and drink and left the door open, she expected that the man who was going to marry her would step in and drink her health. On this night young men and maidens sought fern seed which should make them invisible. On this night the girls sowed hemp seed, and turned round expecting to find their lovers. I suppose that the Church fixed the Nativity of John the Baptist on this day in order to divert the many super-

stitutions of the time from their real origin, and to refer the customs to the honour of the most important saint in the whole list.

June 25th.—A day of rest. Very few remarkable persons or events belong to this day. Its saints are obscure: the people born and dead on this day are the lesser lights of history and scholarship. For instance, Louis Bonaparte, titular father of the late Emperor, died on this day. But it is quite impossible to get up any enthusiasm for Napoleon's brothers. Louis began life as a small clerk, and became King of Holland. One supposes that the ex-clerk always knew, while he sat upon his throne, that things were much too good to last.

June 26th.—On the other hand, there is a long list, indeed, of well-known men who departed this life to-day. Here are some of them. The Emperor Julian of Rome, 363—he was Julian the Apostate; Pizarro the Great, Spanish conqueror, assassinated at Lima, 1541; Archbishop Leighton, 1684; Ralph Cudworth, 1680; John Flavel, 1691; Cardinal Alberoni, 1752; White of Selborne, naturalist, 1793—they have now started a Selborne Society; Crompton, inventor of "The Mule" spinning machine, 1827; and George IV., 1830—not, I must sadly confess, the most virtuous of monarchs. With this list we conclude the Calendar of the Week.

The Ghost that made the Book sell.

AN adventurous bookseller had ventured to print a considerable edition of Drelincourt's "Book of Consolation against the Fears of Death," translated by M. D'Assigny. But, however certain the prospect of death, it is not so agreeable (unfortunately) as to invite the eager contemplation of the public, and the book, being neglected, lay a dead stock on the hands of the publisher. In this emergency he applied to De Foe to assist him in rescuing the unfortunate book from the literary death to which general neglect seemed about to consign it. De Foe's genius and audacity devised a plan, which, for assurance and ingenuity, defied even the powers of Mr. Puffin, the critic, for who but himself would have thought of summoning up a ghost from the grave to bear witness in favour of a halting body of divinity? There is a matter-of-fact, business-like style in the whole account of the transaction which bespeaks ineffable powers of self-possession. The apparition of Mrs. Veal is represented as appearing to a Mrs. Bargrave, her intimate friend, as she sat in her own house in deep contemplation of certain distresses of her own. After the ghostly visitor had announced herself as prepared for a distant journey, her friend and she began to talk in the homely style of middle-aged ladies, and Mrs. Veal proffered concerning the conversations they had formerly held, and the books they had read together. Her very recent experience probably led Mrs. Veal to talk of death and the books written on the subject, and she pronounced, *ex cathedra*, as a dead person was best entitled to do, that "Drelincourt's book on death was the best book on the subject ever written." She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, two Dutch books which had been translated, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and the future state of any who had handled that subject. She then asked for the work, and lectured on it with great eloquence and affection. Dr. Kenrick's "Ascetic" was also mentioned with approbation by this critical spectre (the doctor's work was no doubt a tenant of the shelf in some favourite publisher's shop), and Mr. Norris's poem on "Friendship," a work which, though it was honoured with the ghost's approbation, we may now seek for as vainly as Corelli tormented his memory to recover the sonata which the devil played to him in a dream. The whole account is so distinctly circumstantial that, were it not for the impossibility, or extreme improbability at least, of such an occurrence, the evidence could not but support the story.

The effect was most wonderful. Drelincourt upon Death, attested by one who could speak from experience, took an unequalled run. The copies had hung on the bookseller's hands as heavy as a pile of bullets. They now traversed the town in every direction, like the same balls discharged from a field-piece. In short, the object of Mrs. Veal's apparition was perfectly attained.

REPENTANT SON: "Mother, you warned me when I married Miss De Pink that I'd made my bed and must lie on it." Mother: "I did." Son: "Well, I sha'n't ask you to re-make the bed, but I do wish you'd come and superintend the cooking."

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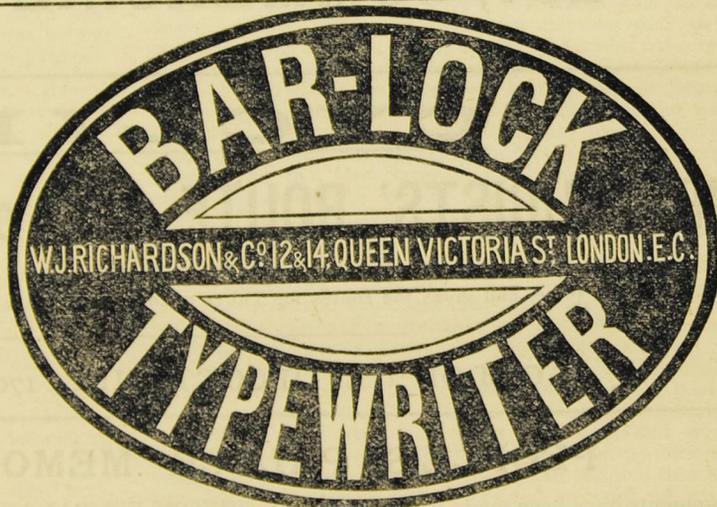
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