



Vol. II.—No. 30.]

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]

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Shadows Before

THE COMING EVENTS.

THURSDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 CYCLING CLUB.—Usual run to Woodford.
 LADIES' SOCIAL.—Usual Thursday "at home."
 CRICKET CLUB.—Committee Meeting at 8. Special General Meeting, at 8.30.

FRIDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 SPECIAL MEETING of Secretaries by Sir Edmund Currie, at 8 o'clock, Room 1.
 CHORAL SOCIETY.—Usual practice, 7.30.

SATURDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall) at 8 o'clock.
 RAMBLERS.—Ramble to Round Oak, Egham; and (second party) to Bushey Park.
 CRICKET CLUB.—First XI. at Wanstead; 2nd XI. at Wanstead; 3rd XI. no match.

SUNDAY.—ORGAN RECITAL (Queen's Hall), at 12.30.

MONDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 SHORTHAND SOCIETY.—Usual practice.
 BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.—Sixth Monthly Exhibition.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Meeting of Section C ("The Secret").
 SWIMMING CLUB.—Committee Meeting at 8.30.

TUESDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.
 DRAMATIC CLUB.—Meeting of Section C.
 ART SOCIETY.—General Meeting at 8.30.

WEDNESDAY.—LIBRARY closed.
 WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION. Band of the Scots Guards (Queen's Hall), at 8 o'clock.

Organ Recital,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 10th, at 12.30 p.m.,
 IN THE QUEEN'S HALL.

ORGANIST - - - - MR. E. V. MITCHELL.
 (Late of Boundary Road, Walthamstow.)

- | | |
|---|---------|
| 1. Kyrie Eleison (12th Mass) | Mozart |
| 2. Stabat Mater | Rossini |
| 3. Marche Religieuse | Gounod |
| 4. He shall feed His flock (Messiah).. .. . | Handel |
| 5. Quoniam tu Solas | Mozart |
| 6. Gloria | Mozart |

ADMISSION FREE. ALL ARE WELCOME.

Notes of the Week.

THE last blow but one has been struck at slavery. The emancipation of the Brazilian slaves leaves Cuba the only country where slaves still exist. There were six hundred thousand negroes still in slavery. At a stroke of the pen the Brazilian Parliament, partly in deference to the Emperor, who has been ardently desiring to effect this reform for many years, has at last freed them. There are to be no more slaves in Brazil. Great Britain, when she emancipated the slaves, compensated the slave-owners with an immense sum of money. The United States had to spend millions of money and to shed blood like water before they could succeed in doing it. In Brazil it has been done by a simple vote of the House of Deputies and another of the Senate. To be sure the thing has long been coming: coffee planters have warded off the blow by the introduction of free labour. Probably no great measure affecting such vast interests has ever been so quickly passed.

ONE good result will be that there will be no hatred left behind, as in the States, where, although black and white are nominally equal, black has to take great care how he reads that equality. Moreover, considering that the whole of Brazil is tropical, there would seem the most magnificent field open for the black if he has the energy and the enterprise to take advantage of it. The example of Hayti, where the negroes have been governing their own country for nearly a hundred years, is against any wild enthusiasms on behalf of the African race. The most beautiful island in the world is fast going back to jungle: the institutions of civilisation have become mere burlesques: the Christian religion has become a fetichism, and Hayti is a synonym for anarchy and decay. That Brazil will not follow in the same downward path is to a certain extent safeguarded by the presence of so many Europeans among her population. Another safeguard is that upwards of a hundred millions of English money are invested in Brazil, and this country is not likely to look on and see all its money thrown away without an effort to save it.

THE Emperor is now in Italy, lying dangerously ill. He is the most enlightened of Sovereigns, a friend to every free institution, a great encourager of art and letters, and an ardent admirer of science. When he was last in England his great desire was to meet the great leaders of science of this country—a wish that was gratified by Mr. Spottiswoode, then President of the Royal Society, who got together all the scientific men and presented them to the Emperor. May he speedily recover!

VICTOR HUGO, the most fecund of modern writers, has left behind him a quantity of unpublished verses. One of these poems has been so happily rendered in the

Pall Mall Gazette of Saturday last, that I venture to risk a breach of the laws of copyright and cut it out:—

HORACE AND LAFONTAINE.
Horace and you, old Lafontaine,
Have sung, "There comes to all a day
When heart-beats flag and pulses wane,
And, like a far-off, fainting strain,
Love and its raptures pass away."
O Poets, know that Love protests
To hear you say, "We love no more—
Our eyes are dim, our hearts are hoar,
We bury deep in frigid breasts
The Ghost that was the God of yore."
The day for love is never done;
Believe it not, old Lafontaine!
But woe is me, friend Horace! one
Great day of days is soon outrun—
The day for being loved again.

I HOPE everybody will take notice and remember that the Palace Library is going to be opened on Saturday, June the 16th. The interest taken by the Royal Family in the Palace is again to be illustrated by the coming of the Duchess of Albany. The Library building itself is a truly noble building. There are already some who think that the architect has done even better in this splendid room than in the Queen's Hall. Without comparison, however, it may fairly be stated that there is nothing like it anywhere, except the great Reading Room of the British Museum, which is built to accommodate a much greater number of books and many more readers. As regards the latter, I do not know how many our new Library will hold—I hope a great many; because, of books for them to read, it has been roughly estimated that the space is large enough to accommodate a quarter of a million.

THE Library has been open exactly one year. It now contains barely 10,000 volumes. At this rate of progression it will be only twenty-five years before it is full; but we can hardly hope to get 10,000 volumes every year. Perhaps when people understand our wants we shall receive a steady accession of books. Above all we do not want to be the receptacle of rubbish—some people are anxious to earn a character for generosity by shovelling into the nearest Free Library all the useless books on their own shelves. What I hope to see done, before many months, is the preparation of an index of works that are especially wanted in every branch of learning. If people are anxious to help us we can send them this index, and so be able to get what they have to spare towards our wants.

PERHAPS, also, the Trustees may presently see their way towards an annual grant of something towards the purchase of books. One hundred pounds a year, judiciously bestowed, would do a great deal. A thousand pounds a year could be easily spent. The London Library, for instance, spends £1,000 a year in buying books.

How much would it cost to furnish a Library complete with all the books that are wanted to make it technically complete? That is to say, without including rare volumes, costly mediæval MSS., and so forth. It is difficult to say. I should like, however, to try what could be done with £10,000. This sum would purchase, I should say, about 40,000 volumes, and I think that a selection could be made so as to include nearly everything wanted to make a Library complete.

WILL the Dramatic Club take note of a remarkable performance now to be witnessed in London? It is that of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" by Daly's American Company at the Gaiety. I am informed by a dramatic critic, in whose judgment I place the greatest reliance, that this is really a most beautiful piece of acting, and that the play, which is one of Shakespeare's early pieces and in all essentials a farce, is carried through with an energy and vigour as refreshing as it is rare.

ANOTHER dramatic critic, who is also an actor, to whom I spoke concerning our Dramatic Club gave me this advice: "Tell your young actors that without professional instruction they will never do any good at all. On the stage *everything has to be taught*—the art of carrying yourself, your hat, your hands: the art of sitting down, of taking a chair, and of wearing a dress: the art of walking across a stage: the art of modulating your voice: the way of simulating grief, joy, horror—all the emotions. No one can learn these things by nature. If your Club goes on rehearsing and acting without guidance, they will only have to unlearn afterwards all the bad tricks they are now teaching themselves." I repeat this advice for what it is worth.

I HAVE heard rumours that the amateur policeman may soon have to be appointed in some of the Clubs of the Palace. In other words, Members must not only be jealous of the good name of the place, and of their bodies, but they must be prepared to do execution, even unto "chucking-out," upon those of the Members who fail to observe their duty in this respect. Manners, gentlemen, manners before all. Especially is this incumbent upon Ramblers, Football-players, Cricketers, Cyclists, and all those whose pursuits bring them into contact with the outer world. Above everything, manners. It is so easy to get a good name, and, alas! so much easier to get a bad name. And the latter sticks, while the former is very quickly lost. If we can only depend on the good behaviour of *all* our fellows there is nothing we cannot do; but to make this certain we must first ensure the determination—stern and unrelenting—of the majority that the name of the Palace *shall* be respected. As for the co-operation of the ladies in this respect, the dances of the New Year sufficiently prove that we have that. Ladies, make your influence felt in every Club and every branch of the Palace.

I LOOKED in at the Swimming-bath the other day and saw as pretty a trick done as I have ever witnessed. One of the bathers threw a hoop into the water, about six feet from the side. He then, easily and gracefully, leaped through the hoop and came out beyond. No hoop business at the circus was ever neater or prettier. The Bath, I was glad to see, was quite crowded, and some of the fellows seemed as if, like the east wind in April, they had "come to stay."

THERE is a station on the Great Eastern Line called Buckhurst Hill: there is a country path across the fields to a place called Chigwell, where there was, until a year or two ago, a most delightful and charming Church of the Georgian period. They have now wantonly and needlessly ruined and destroyed all the best parts of this Church. Opposite the Church is a delightful old Inn, supposed to be the original of the Inn in *Barnaby Rudge*. A little higher up on the left hand side, is a picturesque old-new, that is to say, a restored, Grammar School. Then there is a road about two miles long, which leads to all that is left of the ancient Forest of Hainault—this bit is now called Crabtree Wood. It is full of pretty glades and charming avenues, though I confess that after rain it is apt to be stodgy under foot. At the other end of the Forest is a very pleasant Inn. The Palace Ramblers are invited hereby to pay a visit to this Forest, and to take their tea at five o'clock or six as may best please them, either at the Chigwell Inn or the Hainault Inn. The day should be soon, while the hawthorns are still in blossom—say Saturday, June 23rd, or Saturday, June 30th. The sub-Editor will receive the opinions of the Club as to time and place, and the names of those Members—ladies as well as gentlemen, if they can stand a five miles' walk—who will be present.

EDITOR.

Society and Club Notes.

[NOTE.—Any Club Report arriving after the LAST POST on MONDAY NIGHT cannot possibly be accepted for the current week.]

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

SITTING HELD MAY 29TH, 1888.

The Speaker in the chair. The minutes of the previous sitting were read and, after some discussion, passed.

Questions, of which notice had been given, were asked and answered by the respective officials and being the last night of the Session, no further notices were given.

Mr. Karet drew the attention of the House to his suspension at the previous sitting, and moved the adjournment of the House, but this motion, being out of order, was not put.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Masters, rose and addressed the House concerning a notice that had appeared in *The Palace Journal*, and moved that the Member for Gad's Hill (the sub-Editor), be called to the Bar of the House, and cautioned in consequence of what he had published in the Journal respecting the People's Palace Parliament.

The House divided and by a majority of 8 decided that the said Hon. Member appear at the bar.

The Hon. Member for Gad's Hill, having come to the bar, Mr. Masters stated the objection to the publication, and Mr. Wadkin having further commented on the statements in question, proposed—"That the Hon. Member for Gad's Hill be called upon to publicly apologise for the libel on the People's Palace Parliament as published by him in *The Palace Journal*." Seconded by Mr. White.

After a somewhat lengthy Debate the House divided, the voting being—

For the motion	17
Against	12
Majority for	5

The Member for Gad's Hill addressed the House and refused to apologise for a single word of the matter complained of.

Mr. Wadkin moved that the Hon. Member be confined in the Clock Tower, which was carried.

An attempt was made to move the House into Committee to consider the report respecting the proposed Excursion on Saturday, June 2nd, but was not carried.

The Rt. Hon. the Chief Secretary for Ireland protested against his suspension at the last sitting, maintaining it was out of order and carried through misapprehension, but the House confirmed its decision.

Amid some confusion the suspension of a Bye-Law was moved and carried to allow for the proposition of a vote of censure on the Government.

The Members of the Government refusing to acknowledge the legality of these proceedings left the House, and the vote was carried. The Clerk gave notice of his resignation.

After a vote of thanks to the Speaker and the Clerk, the House adjourned. Mr. Masters has sent in his resignation as Vice-Chairman of the Society, and also as Member of the Excursion Committee.

J. W. NORTON, Clerk of the House.

Conservative Meeting. Friday at 9 p.m. All *Conservative* Members of the Parliament are specially requested to be present. Alexander Albu and W. J. Willmott, Whips.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We were shifted again this week into Room No. 3, but, nevertheless, managed to jog along, although slightly inconvenienced by not being able to have our two sections.

We have purchased a few additional volumes, "Tom Brown's School-days," "Pitman's Reporter's Reading Book," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and "Little Things of Nature." They were very welcome, being eagerly sought after, three or four demands having been made for the same book.

This sultry weather slightly reduces our attendance, but it is still very good.

It seems to be the wish of the Members that the Society continue practice throughout the summer months, that being the time when practice is specially needed, outdoor sports having such an attraction.

Further information any Monday evening.

G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec.

BEAUMONT FOOTBALL CLUB.

All Members of the Institute who are interested in Football are reminded that the Annual General Meeting of the Members of the B. F. C. will be held the first week in July.

Members desirous of joining are requested to send in their names, accompanied with the entrance fee of 1s., and the name of proposer and seconder. This will enable them to vote for the officers, etc. (on the night of election), for the ensuing season.

All information about the above Club will be gladly given by either of the undersigned.

T. MORETON, Hon. Sec.

W. A. CANTLE, Hon. Match Sec.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Thursday last thirteen Members carried out the run to the "Wilfrid Lawson." The route home was by way of the "Rising Sun," down to the "Eagle," and across the railway at Leytonstone to Temple Mills. The pace was set by our worthy Sub-Captain, Mr. Kennard, in the absence of the Captain.

On Friday a General Meeting was held in Room 3 of the School-buildings. The Woodford meet was the most important item on the agenda paper. Messrs. Back, Barton and Moss were elected Members of the Club.

On Saturday the start from the Palace was made at 3.40, and after a scorching run we arrived at the "Wilfrid Lawson" about 4.30. Here we were met by Mr. Wright, the photographer of Cheapside. A suitable site having been discovered by our Captain, we posed in attitudes elegant whilst the artist worked the oracle, and we were not sorry to hear the bland "Thank you" that always winds up this awful ordeal.

Time being short we made our way to the allotted post to wait our turn in the ride past. Being a young Club we were placed near the rear, but the People's Palace baby mustered more Members in the ride past than any other Club. We have thus shown ourselves to be the premier Club of East London although only in our first season. Our array was somewhat spoiled by our worthy Captain thinking more of keeping the regulation distance from the preceding Club than of the long stream of riders behind. Our numbers consisted of seventeen ordinaries, fifteen safeties, one tandem safety, four tandem tricycles with ladies on the front seat, and one tricycle, making a total of forty-three riders. Mr. Kilbride's machine thought the procession was the proper time and place to shed its tire, but with the aid of sundry pieces of string this frivolity was soon checked. The Club is greatly indebted to the brothers Ransley for supplying several of our Members, whose machines were under repair, with bicycles free of charge. After the meet we returned to the "Wilfrid Lawson," and sat down to a good tea, to which we did ample justice. After tea we adjourned to the concert hall of the "Wilfrid Lawson," and together with the Unity Cycling Club and a few friends, a very pleasant evening was passed, the artists being Messrs. Snell, Andrews, Brothers Nathan, Jeseman, Back, and A. Slater. At 9.45 a Chinese lantern ride was to have taken place from the "Roebuck," Buckhurst Hill, to the "Wilfrid Lawson," but owing to some misunderstanding this part of the performance was badly carried out. The Beaumonts, however, managed to get a few lanterns, and at 10.30 we left the "Wilfrid Lawson" amidst the blaze of red and blue fire that had been provided by the proprietor to celebrate the meet.

I beg to remind those Members who pay half-yearly that their second subscription of 1s. 3d. is now due. On Thursday next the run will be to Woodford by way of Clapton. On Saturday next the "King's Head," Loughton, will be our destination. Members are earnestly requested to be present, and to read Rule 31 before starting, especially the last two words.

Those Members who have not paid for their badges, please oblige before Saturday, June 9th, when the bill falls due.

J. H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—WALTER BESANT, ESQ., M.A.

Members of the above Society are invited to forward contributions for the next "productive" evening, to be held on June 15th.

The following Members will greatly oblige by forwarding their respective addresses to the undersigned:—Messrs. Bullen, Deeley, Little, Munro, Moss, Rivers, Swain, Scott, Taylor and Whittick.

All answers to the Prize Competition announced last week, should be sent to the Chairman (Mr. Knight) at *The Palace Journal* office.

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

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The sixth of the series of Monthly Exhibitions of Sketches and Designs, by Members of the above Club, will be held in the Art Class-room, at 7.30 in the evening of Monday, the 11th inst. The criticism will occupy the first half hour, and only Members will be admitted. From 8 till 10 the doors will be open to all Members of the Palace.

All works, which must bear the Member's number, to be left in the Art Room, addressed to me, any day before the 11th.

At a Committee Meeting held on the 1st inst. it was decided in future to abolish all fines for omission to contribute a work to an exhibition, and to substitute a prize (in addition to the prizes to be competed for later in the season) for the most regular contributor to the monthly displays; the Committee themselves have agreed to stand out of this Competition.

All works not coming under the head of one of the subjects given for the month, or not mounted in accordance with the Rules, will be disqualified. These Rules will now be strictly enforced.

Members are requested to be punctual in attending, as the half-hour will be fully taken up by criticisms.

T. E. HALFPENNY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CRICKET CLUB.

The First Eleven journeyed to Crouch End, on Saturday last, and played the St. James's C.C. At every point of the game the P. P. C. C. held the advantage, and retired victors by 28 runs. The ground greatly helped the bowlers; Goldberg, for the one side, and Beazley for the other, were unplayable. The St. James's Captain, winning the toss, chose to bat first, to the bowling of L. Goldberg and F. Knight. None of the batsmen offered any resistance to the bowling, and the innings closed for the small total of 17 runs. As the analysis shows, Goldberg came out with a remarkably good average—six of the seven wickets he took being clean bowled; Knight also bowled well. The fielding of the Palace was very good all round, C. Bowman distinguishing himself by throwing the wicket down from third man, standing almost square with the wicket—a grand piece of fielding.

With 18 runs to win, the Palace team started batting; the first wicket fell for 0, the second for 19. A Bowman played capital cricket for his 18 runs; after this the other batsmen let out at anything—the innings closing for 45 runs. Mr. I. H. Proops kept the scores in his usual painstaking manner, while Mr. Byard umpired to everyone's satisfaction. Following are the scores and bowling analysis:—

ST. JAMES'S.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
Lucas ..	Bowled ..	Goldberg ..	0
Valentine (Capt.) ..	do. ..	Knight ..	5
Beazley ..	do. ..	Goldberg ..	0
Rowe ..	Caught, Goodwin ..	Knight ..	4
Clark ..	Bowled ..	Goldberg ..	1
Kistenmacher ..	Thrown out, C. Bowman ..		0
Morsley ..	Bowled ..	Goldberg ..	0
Seal ..	Not out ..		1
Kerbey ..	Caught, Knight ..	Goldberg ..	0
Eldrett ..	Bowled ..	do. ..	0
Spicer ..	do. ..	do. ..	1
Extras ..			5
		Total ..	17

PEOPLE'S PALACE.

BATSMAN.	HOW OUT.	BOWLER.	TOTAL.
A. Bowman ..	Caught, Kirby ..	Beazley ..	18
W. Goodwin ..	Bowled ..	do. ..	0
R. Hones ..	do. ..	Lucas ..	3
E. T. Wilkins ..	do. ..	Beazley ..	3
H. W. Byard ..	Caught, Beazley ..	Lucas ..	1
C. Bowman ..	Run out ..		0
L. Goldberg ..	Bowled ..	Beazley ..	2
G. Josephs ..	do. ..	do. ..	0
F. Knight ..	do. ..	do. ..	5
W. Hendry ..	Not out ..		3
T. G. Carter (Capt.) ..	Bowled ..	Beazley ..	0
Extras ..			10
		Total ..	45

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.—ST. JAMES'S.

Bowler.	No. of Overs.	Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.
L. Goldberg ..	6.3	5	3	7
F. Knight ..	6	3	9	2

Next Saturday the First Eleven play North Woolwich at Wanstead, with the following probable team—G. Josephs, A. Bowman, C. Bowman, L. Goldberg, R. Hones, E. T. Wilkins, H. W. Byard, F. Knight, J. Cowlin, W. Hendry, T. G. Carter (Captain). Reserve—E. Sherrall. Match to commence at 3.15 sharp.

The Second Eleven play the Oval next Saturday at Wanstead. The team will be selected from the following—W. Wenn, W. Wand, J. Munro, G. Sheppard, W. Newman, W. Everson, G. Thompson, W. H. Taylor, H. Philpot, H. Marshall, A. Wainman (Captain). Reserves—M. Prager, J. Lyons, L. Nathan.

There is no match arranged for the Third Eleven, but we would advise them to turn up at Wanstead and have some net practice, and places for some may be found in the other elevens—in the absence of others.

On Saturday last the opponents of the Second and Third Elevens turned up on our ground at Wanstead, and a most disgraceful state of things has to be recorded—viz. out of two teams chosen to play, only eight Members out of twenty-two put in an appearance, with the result that the London and St. Katharine Dock and Perseverance Clubs had to play against one another, or have no match at all. Such a state of things is beyond all reason. The Captain (*pro tem.*) of the Second Eleven is confined

to his bed through illness, and the Captain (*pro tem.*) of the Third Team turned up, so the fault rests entirely with the other Members who were chosen to play. If Members cannot play they should advise the Captain and Secretaries of their inability to play, and not disappoint other Clubs, who come from all parts of London.

A Special General Meeting will be held in the School-buildings to-morrow (Thursday) evening, at 8.30, when all Members of the Club are requested to attend for the discussion of the matter referred to above; and, among other important business, the election of permanent Captains for the Second and Third teams, and a new Committee-man. There will be a Committee Meeting at eight o'clock on the same evening. Members please note that for the future net practice will be held on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, at six o'clock, on the Senior Practice Ground at Victoria Park.

We notice several Members have not caps yet; orders for same are to be given to the Secretaries—refer to Rule 7.

HENRY MARSHALL, Hon. Sec.
W. H. TAYLOR, Assist. Hon. Sec.

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

The Concert of Thursday was everything that could be desired, both as regards talent displayed by the various friends who gave their services, and the order of those who came to listen.

The following ladies and gentlemen assisted:—Misses L. Musto, K. Rogers, B. Simpkins, Biner, Bready, Auerbach and Mrs. Mellish; Messrs. C. H. Dean, Spicer, Mears, Bullock, Hurley, Deeley, and Jno. Knight, Esq., who read out the story of the Relief of Lucknow, upon which subject the song, "Jessie's Dream," was written, the song afterwards being sung by Miss Bready. Mr. Mellish took the chair.

Ladies are reminded that tickets may be obtained for their gentlemen friends on Monday evenings, or after the Concert on Thursday evenings, by applying to Mr. or Mrs. Mellish, or Miss Adams.

The Members of the Ladies' Committee are requested to meet this evening in the School-rooms at 8 o'clock.

M. MELLISH, Hon. Sec.

P.S.—Gentlemen wishing to sing comic songs are requested to hand them in a week in advance to Mrs. Mellish for approval.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last thirty ladies and gentlemen of the above Club had a splendid ramble through Hadley Woods. Host Hedges, of the "True Blues," catered in first-class style, and greatly helped us to score another successful outing.

Through the kindness of our Vice-President, N. L. Cohen, Esq., a party of fifteen ladies and fifteen gentlemen will visit Round Oak, Egham, Surrey, on Saturday next. Meet at Cannon Street at 2.30 sharp, arriving at Virginia Water 4.1, and walk to Round Oak *via* Windsor Park preserves. Return fare 2s. 8d. from Cannon Street. A ballot for the required number will take place in one of the School-rooms on Thursday evening next, 7th inst. Any Rambler wishing to participate must send in her or his name, enclosed in envelope, before 8 p.m. on the evening of the 7th inst., to the "Sanctum" at the Palace.

Saturday next, Bushey Park. Members meet at Cannon Street at 3.15 precisely.

Saturday 16th, Greenwich.

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

GYMNASIUM NOTES.

On Monday, July 2nd, the Gymnastic Competition, open to all our amateur Members of the Gymnasium, will take place at 7 p.m.

The following events will then be contested:—Horizontal Bar, 1st Prize, Medal; 2nd prize, Medal; 3rd Prize, Medal.

Parallel Bars, 1st Prize, Medal; 2nd Prize, Medal; 3rd Prize, Medal.

Flying Rings, 1st Prize, Medal; 2nd Prize, Medal.

Vaulting Horse (English and German), 1st Prize, Medal for each Horse.

Indian Clubs, 1st Prize, Medal.

A Medal will also be given to the Competitor who obtains the highest number of points all round. Entry forms can be obtained at the Director's Office, on application, after Monday next, the 11th inst. All entries to be made before Monday, 25th June, after which date no further entries will be taken.

Entrance fee, sixpence for each event.

There will also be a Grand Open Competition for all amateurs of London, to consist of Gymnastics, Musical Drill, Fencing, Boxing (all weights), Single-sticks, Indian Clubs, etc., to commence on Monday, July 23rd. Further particulars later.

During the ensuing hot months it has been thought advisable to modify the times originally fixed for the Classes in the Gymnasium.

Musical Drill will commence at 8.15 p.m., but the Gymnastics will be held from 7.30 till 8.15 p.m., instead of from 7 till 8 p.m., as previously announced.

TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL BOYS' AT SUSSEX.

A scene of unusual excitement was witnessed at the Palace on Saturday morning, May 19th, when, through the help of the Trustees, Sir Edmund Currie, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. N. Cohen and Mr. R. C. Poulter, fifty of the Technical Day School boys were taken for a week's holiday in Sussex.

At half-past eight a move was made for London Bridge, and en route we afforded the inhabitants of Whitechapel much amusement owing to the quantity of baggage some of us were burdened with. However, the boys took the "chaff" with remarkably good humour, and passed on mute, evidently with the intention of catching the 9.30 train at all hazards. We reached the station by 9.20, and found Sir Edmund awaiting our arrival. Very little time was lost, and the whole of our party were soon safely seated, and wishing themselves at their journey's end.

After changing at East Croydon and the Three Bridges, we arrived at East Grinstead at 12.30—having a seven-miles' walk before us to the farm. Having left our luggage at the station to be forwarded, we started in good marching order, under a brilliant sun. All went well for some time, but eventually the rough road began to tell upon us, the heat being excessive; but after much coaxing the farm was reached by 2.30. A hurried dinner was soon ready, to which full justice was done—the fresh air and long walk having sharpened our appetites.

In the evening a secular concert was arranged, and right well it was gone through; and then, at 9.30, we retired to rest; but at four o'clock we arose with the lark. Mr. Poulter, who was staying with us, took charge of a small party, and the remainder being under the care of Mr. A. Hunt. Emerging from the farm, the glorious sunrise met our gaze, flooding the surrounding hills and downs with gold; and from a clump close by came the voice of the cuckoo and the shrill whistle of the thrush.

Our ramble lasted over three hours, and we arrived home to breakfast feeling somewhat hungry. After breakfast some of our party went for a gentle walk, the others contenting themselves by reading; but at 10.15 we all marched off to Church. The choir had given up their usual places to us, so we were in a rather prominent position. Service over, we strolled gently back to dinner by 2 o'clock; and when the pudding arrived all were wide awake, and loud were the praises to Charlie Elstob for his excellent cooking. After dinner we had a long ramble on the road to Godstone, arriving home at 6.30 for tea. After tea most of us sat reading till 8 o'clock, and then our sacred concert commenced; but by 10 o'clock all were peacefully asunder.

Monday.—By 4 o'clock all were astir, and once again we rambled through the lanes, listening to the birds and picking the flowers which grew in profusion hereabout. Breakfast at 8 o'clock, and afterwards a move was made for the cricket field; a few preferring to go fishing. Two o'clock dinner, and that being over, some went for a walk, whilst the remainder were at cricket, football, or fishing. Tea, 6.30; and then base-ball was indulged in till the concert commenced. Eight o'clock, concert, in which Cheltnam, Bissett, Robb, Connell (Podge Atkinson), Hockings and Barrett took part. At 9.30, bed.

Tuesday.—Up at 5 o'clock. Mr. Poulter took leave of us, having had a very enjoyable time. Mr. Mitchell arrived at 12, in company with Mr. Murdoch and another visitor, Mr. J. Davis, of the Polytechnic military band. Dinner at 2 o'clock, afterwards Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Murdoch gave some splendid catches with the cricket ball for sums of money, which the boys were not slow to appreciate. At 5 o'clock Mr. Mitchell left us, having to return to London. Tea, 6.30; concert at 8, at which Mr. Murdoch shone as a star, and Mr. Davis delighted us with his cornet solos. At 9.30 we retired to rest.

Wednesday.—Up at 5 o'clock; walk around farm and to the village. Breakfast, 8.30, at which a surprise was in store for us. Lady Currie, having interceded on our behalf, had succeeded in persuading her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ducroz of the "Courtlands," West Hoatley, to give us a grand turn-out upon their magnificent estate. Soon after 1 o'clock we started, and arrived at the "Courtlands" at 2.30. As we turned on the lawn a sight met our gaze, for there was a large table, and crowded upon it were delicacies of every description. Shortly after we said good-bye to our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ducroz, having had a most enjoyable time; and, starting off in marching order, we arrived at the station just as the train steamed in. It would be impossible to describe the reception accorded to Sir Edmund and Lady Currie; and it is doubtful if, at any time, Horsted Keynes Station had ever witnessed so much enthusiasm as on this occasion. We then started for the farm, and at the entrance were met by our head-master, Mr. Low, and Mr. Burrell. Tea at 7.30, but little was required, all being eager to take part in the races, the prizes to be given by Sir Edmund and Mr. Low. The Sack Race was well contested, Elstob, Willmott and Courtney being successful. The Long Distance Race Nutter secured, being closely followed by Robinson and Hockings, each receiving a prize. The Three-Legged Race was won by Barrett and Atlee, Bersey and Willmott being second, and Griffiths and Atkinson third. After the races we made for the barn for our usual concert.

Thursday.—All out by 5 o'clock for our usual walk. Breakfast, 7.30. All were ready for our long-looked-for treat, our trip to Brighton. It was intended to walk to Hayward's Heath Station, a distance of about four miles, but Sir Edmund Currie, thinking the walk would be too much, arranged that we should go from

Horsted Keynes by the 9.7 train, and Brighton was soon reached. We at once made for the beach. Sir Edmund suggesting a sail, we in a few minutes had stormed the sailing boat *Princess*, and were soon bounding over the ocean blue. Time was flying, so we made for the village of Rottingdean, where Sir Edmund and Lady Currie left us. We left Brighton Station at 7 o'clock, and arrived at the farm soon after 8, where, to our joy, we found the tea ready. Usual concert. Bed 9.45.

Friday.—Up at 5.30; ramble through the village. Breakfast 8.30, afterwards cricket practice previous to the match against Horsted Keynes. Twelve o'clock, match commenced. Villagers won the toss, and elected to bat. It was at once seen that our boys had a hard task before them, for the batsmen made themselves at home, and gave the fielders a merry time of it—they were not disposed of till 96 had been chronicled in their favour. Our boys eventually lost the match by an innings and 21 runs: Tea, 6 o'clock; after which the races were gone in for, in which the following distinguished themselves: 100 Yards Race—McCardle 1, Elstob 2, Gurr 3; Throwing the Cricket Ball—McCardle 1, Bohr 2, Courtney 3; Running Holding a Cup of Water—Lowden 1, Connell 2, Robb 3; Long Distance Race—owing to the darkness we had ten prizes for this race, forty-eight competing—Robinson 1, White 2, Allen 3, Davis 4, Connell 5, Atkinson 6, Nutter 7, Henley 8, Ryan 9, Lowden 10.

Saturday.—Up at 5 o'clock; breakfast 8 o'clock; then a last look round. Good-bye was said to Farmer Hoadley, and we reluctantly turned our backs upon Horsted Keynes, and made for East Grinstead. The walk we thoroughly enjoyed, and reached the station in good time, and were soon dashing along towards London Bridge, which was reached by 5.20.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Subscription 2/- 1/- due at once.

It has been decided to hold the first handicap on Thursday week, and continue the class-competitions to-morrow night. There are several Members who have not yet entered these competitions; will every swimmer who has not competed kindly turn up to-morrow night, as we want to have a very large number of entries for next week's handicap, for which it is proposed to give a prize. There were 150 names given to the Secretary as wishing to belong to the Club. Now if every one of these gentlemen swims over the distance, so that their times can be taken for the handicap, the first race should be an unprecedented success.

It is not necessary to-morrow night that every one should be at the Bath by 8 o'clock, 9 o'clock will do just as well, as the Bath is frequently not so full as at 8 o'clock. The Secretary, however, will be at the Bath from 7.30, and will be pleased if intending Members will make themselves known to him on entering, so that he can arrange heats for them to swim off.

Committee Meeting on Monday at 8.30 sharp. Important.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE ART SOCIETY.

A General Meeting will be held on Tuesday, June 12th, at 8.30 p.m., to consider the Rules.

J. KARET, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Society will again rehearse with the band next Friday, so we may expect another enjoyable evening.

After last Friday's performance, "Spring" bids fair to be a very much greater success than "May Day," although the former is more difficult.

We are still in want of *Tenors* and *Altos*, but *Basses* we are greatly in need of. Time not permitting last Friday to consider the coming Choral outing, it will be talked over on the forthcoming Friday, if possible.

Rehearsal will be held in Room No. 4, at 7.30 p.m. All Members are requested to attend, as it is very important.

On July 3rd we shall repeat the 16th June programme at the Beaumont Hall, Mile End.

Members are asked to bring up all their old glees for next Friday.

FREDERIC W. MEARS, Hon. Sec.

Wearing Rouge.—There was a certain Bishop of Amiens, who was a saint, and yet had a good deal of wit. A lady went to consult him whether she might wear rouge; she had been with several *directeurs*, but some were so severe, and some so relaxed, that she could not satisfy her conscience, and therefore was come to Monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence. "I see, Madame," said the good prelate, "what the case is: some of your causists forbid rouge totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please. Now, for my part, I love a medium in all things, and therefore I permit you to wear rouge on one cheek only."

Palace Gossip.

(By THE SUB-ED.)

THOSE who missed seeing the Flower Show missed a great treat: for was the collection a fine one, and shed grace and fragrance on the familiar Gym—which, by the way, makes a capital conservatory. I have no room to particularise this collection of Spring blossoms which, I faith, was excellent—for the Journal is now four pages less, and the GOSSIP-monger is necessarily cribbed and confined to a couple of columns. Suffice it to say that the Exhibition included such well-known names as Messrs. Barr, Laing, Veitch, etc.

SIR EDMUND CURRIE particularly wishes to meet the Hon. Secs. and Assistant Hon. Secs. of the many Palace Clubs, on Friday evening next, at 8 o'clock. The place of meeting to be the School-buildings. Will those interested please note?

SERG. BURDETT tells me that a special Gymnastic Competition will take place in July—the details of which may be found in the CLUB NOTES. I may not, however, detail: for the Gym. Director has sworn me to secrecy; and, besides, he—boxes!

THE Band Competition, announced to take place on the 25th inst., will not come off till some time in sultry July. Date yet to be given.

BEING of a "truant disposition" and loving Nature, I accompanied the energetic Munro and three Sub-Committee Ladies to Hampton Court on Saturday last, with a view of finding suitable diggings for the P. P. Dramatic Club, which is to rusticate at that spot on the 16th inst. We spent a most agreeable day—the ride through glorious Bushey being much appreciated—and, having glided o'er the bosom of the silvery Thames, succeeded in finding comfortable quarters on an island—or what was one before it was "landed." It is devoutly to be hoped that the proposed dramatic excursion will not share the same fate as that which recently befell a sister society, but will, in due time, come to pass.

PROFESSOR BECKWITH and his well-known "family" gave an excellent display in our Swimming-bath on Saturday last, and caused the many Milenders there assembled to sit up and wonder. Hon. Secretary Butler, who was thereabouts regarding the show with a critical eye, failed not to add his plauditory mite to the general approbation; and the many youths who daily frequent our Bath also looked on approvingly at the clever tricks of the amphibious family—possibly with a view to the reproduction of the same. Professor Beckwith must be congratulated for having afforded such a hearty and genuine entertainment to the many hundreds present.

THAT clever lightning caricaturist of the niggah troupe which recently "obliged" in the Queen's Hall hath a grievance against our Sub. He says he cannot understand how he failed to delineate the Sub's countenance, never having seen "the classic features of the gentleman in question." (Am afraid this is writ sarkastik.) I have made enquiries—not being on the spot when the alleged limning took place—and find that I had been misinformed by a malicious Coody. The portrait that I had heard was the Sub's was really that of the Rt. Hon. W. E. G. . . .—hence the confusion. I hasten to correct the misrepresentation, and to gracefully apologise to "a man and a brudder."

THE new Library which now looks really magnificent will be opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, on the 16th inst.—Saturday week. A choice programme is to be organised to make the occasion a worthy one, and the Choral Society is preparing to—

It is probable that a gentleman, well known in literary and political circles, will come to the Palace when the Duchess of Albany is here, to deliver an address. (The Literary Society is requested to note.) I believe that for six days or so following this ceremony the Palace is to be quite *en fête*, and all sorts of lovely things are promised for the multitudes. The official bills will be published very shortly announcing the same.

The author of "A Wail of Regret" is hereby thanked; but is, I assure him (or her), greatly mistaken in his (or her) surmise. The temperature of the person maligned is still as equable as of yore. Slander is abroad.

ALL Art-ists are requested to note that a General Meeting of the Art Society will be held on Tuesday next, the 12th inst., when the Rules, etc., will be earnestly considered.

AN Exhibition of Asinines is announced for July.

EFFORTS are being made to secure comfortable summer quarters for the boys of the Technical Day School when next they go

holiday making. These youngsters appear to have enjoyed themselves immensely at Horsted Keynes during the Whitsun recess: and in the CLUB NOTES the parents of the lads will find a full, true and particular account of their doings.

I SHOULD like to remind these boys that in our last issue I announced a series of prizes for the best description of their recent holidays. Will their respective masters please mention the same when the scholars are in class-room assembled?

SPECIAL PRIZES were also offered to the Literary Society: and East End ingenuity is expected to "rise" to the occasion. Will our local (*i.e.* Institute) fellows kindly note?

THE Workmen's Exhibition closes on the 23rd inst.

A GRAND Open Competition "for all amateurs of London" will commence in the Gymnasium on the 23rd July. Particulars shortly. The gymnastics to consist of musical drill, fencing, boxing (all weights), single-sticks, Indian clubs, etc.

THE ladies held their usual "at home" on Thursday last, when several persons much distinguished themselves. I have been asked whether it is intended to hold these re-unions weekly during the summer: and if so do I not think that by next October everything in the musical and vocal way will have been exhausted? I cannot tell. Perhaps Mrs. Mellish will oblige with a reply in next week's report.

THE ladies are, for the future, to be *chaperoned* and generally looked after by Miss Adams—a lady who intends devoting her whole time to such good work. The lady Socialists have already gone through a formal introduction: and it is hoped that one and all will strive to make the new-comer feel welcome. 'Tis not in mortals to command success—but Miss Adams will probably do more: deserve it. She has my best wishes.

ANOTHER Smoking-Concert—fifth or sixth of the series—was held last night under the auspices of Mr. Orton Bradley. Needless to say success attended. I was not present, and so cannot particularise.

MR. HASLUCK's next Elocution open night is due in a week or so. I hear that the next programme is likely to be very attractive, and a rush for seats will probably ensue. The annual examination of the class is to come off, I believe, next month: and I hope Mr. Hasluck will try and secure Mrs. Clancarty Kendal as chief examiner. I have seen the lady pose in such a character before, and am convinced that she is exactly fitted for such a difficult task. But could she come—ay, there's the rub!

RAMBLERS—please note the kindly invitation given by the Editor in his NOTES OF THE WEEK. He is anxious to take ye to the Forest loved of Milenders: Epping; and I sincerely hope that the opportunity will not be missed.

THE Editor has also a word to say to the Dramatic Company which I hope they will read and digest. An ex-professional is what is really wanted; but who is going to provide this necessity?

THE autograph letters of the distinguished patrons of our Dramatic Club have been nicely framed by Evelyn Munro, and can be seen adorning the sanctum walls—a beautiful oasis in a desert of Journals.

A SPECIAL COURSE of six Lectures on Graphic Statics will be given on Tuesday evenings, at eight o'clock, commencing June 12th, by Mr. D. A. LOW (Whitworth Scholar), Mem. Inst. M.E., Head Master of the Technical Schools. Tickets for the Course, 1s. 6d.

At a meeting of our lady Socialists held on Friday last Sir Edmund, after introducing Miss Adams to those present, went on to inform his hearers that the Swimming-bath which was to be reserved on Tuesdays for ladies, would be managed exclusively on that day by women, including a competent instructress selected by Mrs. Beckwith. He further expressed a hope that during the next winter every lady Member would attend the Institute classes—the Gymnasium to be considered as a class—and said that the Trustees would endeavour to reduce the Institute fees to those who systematically attended such institutions.

A SHORT paper written for our lady Members by Lady Magnus will appear in our next issue. It contains much in little.

CHORAL SEC. MEARS lost or mislaid his music at the Smokah last evening. Will the finder kindly return the same.

JUST a line re the proposed Swiss tour. Sir Edmund tells me he has just received a letter from Professor Tyndall—which letter will be laid before the Members at the next meeting. The learned Professor agrees with yours truly that the suggested date is much too late in the season. More anon.

"On the Frontier."

By BRET HARTE.

2.—A BLUE GRASS PENELOPE.

CHAPTER III. (continued.)



PENCER TUCKER passed his hand through his hair and lifted it from his forehead, with a gesture at once emotional and theatrical. "I am a man with a price on me!" he said bitterly: "give me up to the Sheriff, and you'll get five thousand dollars. Help me, and you'll get nothing. That's my—luck, and yours too, I suppose."

"I reckon you're right there," said Patterson gloomily. "But I thought you got clean away. Went off in a ship—"

"Went off in a boat to a ship," interrupted Tucker savagely; "went off to a ship that had all my things on board—everything. The cursed boat capsized in a squall just off the Heads. The ship sailed away, the men thinking I was drowned, likely, and that they'd make a good thing off my goods—I reckon."

"But the girl, Inez, who was with you, didn't she make a row?"

"Quien sabe?" returned Tucker, with a reckless laugh. "Well, I hung on like grim death to that boat's keel until one of those Chinese fisherman, in a 'dug out,' hauled me in opposite Sancelito. I chartered him and his 'dug out' to bring me down here."

"Why here?" asked Patterson, with a certain ostentatious caution that ill-concealed his pensive satisfaction.

"You may well ask," returned Tucker, with an equal ostentation of bitterness, as he slightly waved his companion away. "But I reckoned I could trust a white man that I'd been kind too, and who wouldn't go back on me. No, no, let me go! Hand me over to the Sheriff!"

Patterson had suddenly grasped both the hands of the picturesque scamp before him, with an affection that for an instant almost shamed the man who had ruined him. But Tucker's egotism whispered that this affection was only a recognition of his own superiority, and felt flattered. He was beginning to believe that he was really the injured party.

"What I *have* and what I *had* is yours, Spence," returned Patterson, with a sad and simple directness that made any further discussion a gratuitous insult. "I only wanted to know what you reckoned to do here."

"I want to get over across the coast range to Monterey," said Tucker. "Once there, one of those coasting schooners will bring me down to Acapulco, where the ship will put in."

Patterson remained silent for a moment. "There's a mustang in the corral you can take, leastways, I sha'n't know that it's gone—until to-morrow afternoon. In an hour from now," he added, looking from the window, "these clouds will settle down to business. It will rain; there will be light enough for you to find your way by the regular trail over the mountain, but not enough for any one to know you. If you can't push through to-night, you can lie over at the Posada on the summit. Them Greasers that keep it won't know you, and if they did they won't go back on you. And if they did go back on you nobody would believe them. It's mighty curious," he added, with gloomy philosophy, "but I reckon it's the reason why Providence allows this kind of cattle to live among white men and others made in His image. Take a piece of pie, won't you?" he continued, abandoning this abstract reflection and producing half a flat pumpkin pie from the bar. Spencer Tucker grasped the pie with one hand and his friend's fingers with the other, and for a few moments was silent from the hurried deglutition of

vian and sentiment. "You're a white man, Patterson, any way," he resumed. "I'll take your horse, and put it down in our account, at your own figure. As soon as this cursed thing is blown over, I'll be back here and see you through, you bet. I don't desert my friends, however rough things go with me."

"I see you don't," returned Patterson, with an unconscious and serious simplicity that had the effect of the most exquisite irony. "I was only just saying to the Sheriff that if there was anything I could have done for you, you wouldn't have cut away without letting me know." Tucker glanced uneasily at Patterson, who continued, "Ye ain't wanting anything else?" Then observing that his former friend and patron was roughly but newly clothed, and betrayed no trace of his last escapade, he added, "I see you have got a fresh harness."

"That—Chinaman bought me these at the land; they're not much in style or fit," he continued, trying to get a moonlight view of himself in the mirror behind the bar, "but that don't matter here." He filled another glass of spirits, jauntily settled himself back in his chair, and added, "I don't suppose there are any girls around any way."

"'Cept your wife; she was down here this afternoon," said Patterson meditatively.

Mr. Tucker paused with the pie in his hand. "Ah, yes!" He essayed a reckless laugh, but that evident simulation failed before Patterson's melancholy. With an assumption of falling in with his friend's manner, rather than from any personal anxiety, he continued, "Well?"

"That man Poindexter was down here with her. Put her in the *hacienda* to hold possession afore the news came out."

"Impossible!" said Tucker, rising hastily. "It don't belong—that is—" he hesitated.

"Yer thinking the creditors 'll get it, mebbee," returned Patterson, gazing at the floor. "Not as long as she's in it; no, sir! Whether it's really hers, or she's only keeping house for Poindexter, she's a fixture, you bet. They're a team when they pull together, they are!"

The smile slowly faded from Tucker's face, that now looked quite rigid in the moonlight. He put down his glass and walked to the window, as Patterson gloomily continued, "But that's nothing to you. You've got ahead of 'em both, and had your revenge by going off with the gal. That's what I said all along. When folks—specially women folks—wondered how you could leave a woman like your wife, and go off with a scalliwag like that gal, I allers said they'd find out there was a reason. And when your wife came flaunting down here with Poindexter before she'd quite got quit of you, I reckon they began to see the whole little game. No sir! I knew it wasn't on account of that gal! Why, when you came here to-night and told me quite nat'ral-like and easy how she went off in the ship, and then calmly ate your pie and drank your whisky after it, I knew you didn't care for her. There's my hand, Spence; you're a trump, even if you are a little looney, eh? Why, what's up?"

Shallow and selfish as Tucker was, Patterson's words seemed like a revelation that shocked him as profoundly as it might have shocked a nobler nature. The simple vanity and selfishness that made him unable to conceive any higher reason for his wife's loyalty than his own personal popularity and success, now that he no longer possessed that *éclat*, made him equally capable of the lowest suspicions. He was a dishonoured fugitive, broken in fortune and reputation—why should she not desert him? He had been unfaithful to her from wildness, from caprice, from the effect of those fascinating qualities; it seemed to him natural that she should be disloyal from more deliberate motives, and he hugged himself with that belief. Yet there was enough doubt, enough of haunting suspicion that he

had lost or alienated a powerful affection to make him thoroughly miserable. He returned his friend's grasp convulsively and buried his face upon his shoulder. But he was not above feeling a certain exultation in the effect of his misery upon the dog-like, unreasoning affection of Patterson, nor could he entirely refrain from slightly posing his affliction before that sympathetic but melancholy man. Suddenly he raised his head, drew back and thrust his hand into his bosom with a theatrical gesture.

"What's to keep me from killing Poindexter in his tracks?" he said wildly.

"Nothen' but his shooting first," returned Patterson, with dismal practicality. "He's mighty quick, like all them army men. It's about even, I reckon, that he don't get me first," he added in an ominous voice.

"No!" returned Tucker, grasping his hand again. "This is not your affair, Patterson; leave him to me when I come back."

"If he ever gets the drop on me, I reckon he won't wait," continued Patterson lugubriously. "He seems to object to my passin' criticism on your wife, as if she was a queen or an angel."

The blood came to Spencer's cheek, and he turned uneasily to the window. "It's dark enough now for a start," he said hurriedly, "and if I could get across the mountain without lying over at the summit, it would be a day gained."

Patterson arose without a word, filled a flask of spirit, handed it to his friend, and silently led the way through the slowly falling rain and the now settled darkness. The mustang was quickly secured and saddled, a heavy poncho afforded Tucker a disguise as well as a protection from the rain. With a few hurried, disconnected words, and an abstracted air, he once more shook his friend's hand and issued cautiously from the corral. When out of earshot from the house he put spurs to the mustang, and dashed into a gallop.

To intersect the mountain road he was obliged to traverse part of the highway his wife had walked that afternoon, and to pass within a mile of the *casa* where she was. Long before he reached that point his eyes were straining the darkness in that direction for some indication of the house which was to him familiar. Becoming now accustomed to the even obscurity, less trying to the vision than the alternate light and shadow of cloud or the full glare of the moonlight, he fancied he could distinguish its low walls over the monotonous level. One of those impulses which had so often taken the place of resolution in his character, suddenly possessed him to diverge from his course and approach the house. Why, he could not have explained. It was not from any feeling of jealous suspicion or contemplated revenge—that had passed with the presence of Patterson; it was not from any vague lingering sentiment for the woman he had wronged—he would have shrunk from meeting her at that moment. But it was full of these and more possibilities by which he might or might not be guided, and was at least a movement towards some vague end, and a distraction from certain thoughts he dared not entertain, and could not entirely dismiss. Inconceivable and inexplicable to human reason, it might have been acceptable to the Divine Omniscience for its predestined result.

He left the road at a point where the marsh encroached upon the meadow, familiar to him already as near the spot where he had debarked from the Chinaman's boat the day before. He remembered that the walls of the *hacienda* were distinctly visible from the *tules* where he had hidden all day, and he now knew that the figures he had observed near the building, which had deterred his first attempts at landing, must have been his wife and his friend. He knew that a long tongue of the slough filled by the rising tide followed the marsh, and lay between him and the

hacienda. The sinking of his horse's hoofs in the spongy soil determined its proximity, and he made a *detour* to the right to avoid it. In doing so, a light suddenly rose above the distant horizon ahead of him, trembled faintly, and then burned with a steady lustre. It was a light at the *hacienda*. Guiding his horse half abstractedly in this direction, his progress was presently checked by the splashing of the animal's hoofs in the water. But the turf below was firm, and a salt drop that had spattered to his lips told him that it was only the encroaching of the tide in the meadow. With his eyes on the light, he again urged his horse forward. The rain lulled, the clouds began to break, the landscape alternately lightened and grew dark; the outlines of the crumbling *hacienda* walls that enshrined the light grew more visible. A strange and dreamy resemblance to the long blue grass plain before his wife's paternal house, as seen by him during his evening rides to courtship, pressed itself upon him. He remembered, too, that she used to put a light in the window to indicate her presence. Following this retrospect, the moon came boldly out, sparkled upon the overflow of silver at his feet, seemed to show the dark, opaque meadow beyond for a moment, and then disappeared. It was dark now, but the lesser earthly star still shone before him as a guide, and pushing towards it, he passed in the all-embracing shadow.

CHAPTER IV.

As Mrs. Tucker, erect, white, and rigid, drove away from the *tienda*, it seemed to her to sink again into the monotonous plain, with all its horrible realities. Except that there was now a new and heart-breaking significance to the solitude and loneliness of the landscape, all that had passed might have been a dream. But as the blood came back to her cheek, and little by little her tingling consciousness returned, it seemed as if her life had been the dream, and this last scene the awakening reality. With eyes smarting with the moisture of shame, the scarlet blood at times dyeing her very neck and temples, she muffled her lowered crest in her shawl and bent over the reins. Bit by bit she recalled, in Poindexter's mysterious caution and strange allusions, the corroboration of her husband's shame and her own disgrace. This was why she was brought hither—the deserted wife, the abandoned confederate! The mocking glitter of the concave vault above her, scoured by the incessant wind, the cold stare of the shining pools beyond, the hard outlines of the coast range, and the jarring accompaniment of her horse's hoofs and rattling buggy wheels alternately goaded and distracted her. She found herself repeating "No! no! no!" with the dogged reiteration of fever. She scarcely knew when or how she reached the *hacienda*. She was only conscious that as she entered the *patio* the dusty solitude that had before filled her with unrest now came to her like balm. A benumbing peace seemed to fall from the crumbling walls—the peace of utter seclusion, isolation, oblivion, death! Nevertheless, an hour later, when the jingle of spurs and bridle were again heard in the road, she started to her feet with bent brows and a kindling eye, and confronted Captain Poindexter in the corridor.

"I would not have intruded upon you so soon again," he said gravely, "but I thought I might perhaps spare you a repetition of the scene of this morning. Hear me out, please," he added, with a gentle, half-deprecating gesture, as she lifted the beautiful scorn of her eyes to his. "I have just heard that your neighbour, Don José Santierra, of Los Gatos, is on his way to this house. He once claimed this land and hated your husband, who bought of the rival claimant, whose grant was confirmed. I tell you this," he added, slightly flushing as Mrs. Tucker turned impatiently away, "only to show you that legally he has no rights, and you need not see him unless you

choose. I could not stop his coming without perhaps doing you more harm than good; but when he does come, my presence under this roof as your legal counsel will enable you to refer him to me." He stopped. She was pacing the corridor with short, impatient steps, her arms dropped and her hands clasped rigidly before her. "Have I your permission to stay?"

She suddenly stopped in her walk, approached him rapidly, and fixing her eyes on his, said:

"Do I know *all* now—everything?"

He could only reply that she had not yet told him *what* she had heard.

"Well," she said scornfully, "that my husband has been cruelly imposed upon—imposed upon by some wretched woman, who has made him sacrifice his property, his friends, his honour—everything but me?"

"Everything but whom?" gasped Poindexter.

"But *me*!"

Poindexter gazed at the sky, the air, the deserted corridor, the stones of the *patio* itself, and then at the inexplicable woman before him. Then he said gravely, "I think you know everything."

"Then if my husband has left me all he could—this property," she went on rapidly, twisting her handkerchief between her fingers—"I can do with it what I like, can't I?"

"You certainly can."

"Then sell it," she said, with passionate vehemence. "Sell it—all! everything! And sell these." She darted into her bedroom, and returned with the diamond rings she had torn from her fingers and ears when she entered the house. "Sell them for anything they'll bring—only sell them at once."

"But for what?" asked Poindexter, with demure lips but twinkling eyes.

"To pay the debts that this—this—woman has led him into; to return the money she has stolen!" she went on rapidly, "to keep him from sharing her infamy! Can't you understand?"

"But, my dear madam," began Poindexter, "even if this could be done—"

"Don't tell me 'if it could'—it *must* be done. Do you think I could sleep under this roof, propped up by the timbers of that ruined *tienda*? Do you think I could wear those diamonds again, while that ternaunt shopwoman can say that her money bought them? No. If you are my husband's friend you will do this—for—for—his sake." She stopped, locked and interlocked her cold fingers before her, and said hesitating and mechanically, "You meant well, Captain Poindexter, in bringing me here, I know! You must not think that I blame you for it—or for the miserable result of it that you have just witnessed. But if I have gained anything by it, for God's sake let me reap it quickly, that I may give it to these people and go! I have a friend who can aid me to get to my husband or to my home in Kentucky, where Spencer will yet find me, I know. I want nothing more." She stopped again. With another woman the pause would have been one of tears. But she kept her head above the flood that filled her heart, and the clear eyes fixed upon Poindexter, albeit pained, were undimmed.

"But this would require time," said Poindexter, with a smile of compassionate explanation; "you could not sell now, nobody would buy. You are safe to hold his property while you are in actual possession, but you are not strong enough to guarantee it to another. There may still be litigation; your husband has other creditors than these people you have talked with. But while nobody could oust you—the wife who would have the sympathies of judge and jury—it might be a different case with anyone who derived title from you. Any purchaser would know that you could not sell, or if you did, it would be at a ridiculous sacrifice."

(To be continued.)

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.)

ARTFUL MUSEUM.

SIR,—As some little misapprehension seems to prevail as to the originator of the "Artful Museum" or "Fine Art Gallery" at the Palace, I think a few words of explanation may not be out of place. It was first shown here at the Apprentices' Exhibition in December and January last, when it was suggested and carried out entirely by myself, and was the means of materially increasing the income of the Exhibition, being visited by nearly 15,000 persons in twelve days. Since then (by the help of an old list of mine, and memory) one of the Palace staff reproduced a portion of the collection, again having a great many visitors, and as a consequence a good cash balance on the right side. It is now again open under my management, the majority of the exhibits being my property, and in this instance, as in the Apprentices' Exhibition, being arranged and carried through entirely by myself. Apologising for occupying so much of your valuable space, and thanking you in anticipation.—I am, yours truly,

J. H. OLLETT.

CRICKET CLUB.

DEAR SIR,—The Perseverance Cricket Club had an engagement with the People's Palace Cricket Club third team, on Saturday, the 2nd inst., on the Palace Ground, and being a fine day, turned up in full force expecting to have a good afternoon's sport. Upon arriving the Palaceites said they were not quite ready to start, so we had a little preliminary practice during which time another Club, the "London and St. Katharine Docks" Cricket Club, came upon the ground to play the "People's Palace" second team. After waiting we were informed that the Palaceites would not be able to play either of us. I consider such conduct unworthy of the Members of the Palace Cricket Club, and it will not tend to get the Institute a good name, and I feel sure, our worthy Chairman, Sir Edmund, would not countenance it. I do not write this letter simply because my Club was disappointed, but, being a Palace Member myself, I do not wish to see anything occur which will give people an opening to find fault. It was fortunate both the opposing teams to the Palace turned up, as we played a friendly match together. Had either stayed away the other team would have had a journey for nothing, which would have been both annoying and inconvenient. I must not omit to say a word in favour of those Palace Members who did turn up, as they most willingly gave up their Ground and also lent us their stumps, we not taking any down. Trusting I have not taken too much of your valuable time and thanking you in anticipation of your inserting this.—I remain, yours respectfully,

C. ARNO,

A Member of the Perseverance Cricket Club.

Answers to Correspondents.

(Correspondents are informed that under no circumstances can replies be sent to them through the post. The name and address of the sender must always accompany communications—not necessarily for publication.)

LILAC.—(1) The passage in question may be found in Macbeth, Act iv, sc. 3. (2) We cannot tell; the original was recently lent for exhibition next Toynbee Hall; if you write to the authorities there you will probably obtain the desired information.

CLARA.—We have purposely refrained from publishing your letter—fearing that it probably would be misunderstood. Some persons opine that the recreation you so strongly advocate is quite unladylike; and we do not care to offend the powers that be.

TENOR.—It is quite possible to join the class as a Student of the Institute; and you may enter your name in the office as a candidate, and in your turn (in October) you will be admitted as a Member.

J. R.—"Joy Realized When Known"—much appreciated. Our love as ever.

J. FOWERAKER.—Yes; a charge of one penny is made.

E. F. DOYLE.—It is not yet finished.

A DISGUSTED RAMBLER.—You have our sympathy.

A Drove of Bulls.—In a Debate on the Leather Tax, in 1795, in the Irish House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with great emphasis, "That in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder." Mr. Vandeleur said, "However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the barefooted peasantry of Ireland." To which Sir Boyle Roche replied, that "This could be easily remedied by making the under-leathers of wood."

Competitions, Puzzles, and Prizes.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. No Competitor may take more than one weekly prize in any one class in the same week.
2. Eight days will, as a general rule, be allowed for sending in answers to competitions. Thus the Journal appears on Wednesday, and all answers to competitions in any given number must be received not later than noon on Thursday in the week following. They may be sent earlier, but if later, will be disqualified.
3. Every Competitor must, when the subject of the competition requires the use of pen and paper, write on one side of the paper only.
4. All Competitors must send with their answers their correct names and addresses. On the envelope they should write, distinctly, the class of the competition in which they are taking part—Class A or Class B, or C or D, as the case may be.
5. The decision of the Editor is final, and Competitors must not question the justice of his awards.
6. Prizes will be distributed monthly at the Palace, on a day to be announced from time to time in the Journal.
7. Members of the Palace competing in Class B must enclose in their answers a written declaration of their Membership.
8. Boys competing in Class D, when sending in their answers, must state the Classes to which they belong.
9. All answers, delivered by hand or through the post, must be addressed to *The Competition Editor*,
THE OFFICE, PEOPLE'S PALACE, MILE END ROAD, E.

All Competitors who have been announced as winners of Prizes, whether weekly or quarterly, in the numbers of the Journal issued respectively on April 25th, May 2nd, May 9th, May 16th, May 23rd, and May 30th, may receive the amounts to which they are entitled on application to the sub-Editor, at the East Lodge, between the hours of five and nine p.m., on Friday next, June 8th.

COMPETITIONS SET MAY 23.

CLASS A.

We have never yet had a Competition in which opinion was so much divided as in this, which was to decide on the respective popularity of short poems. There was a very large number of poems mentioned which received only one vote apiece; others again, which received two only, and so on; so that the number of votes given for the pieces of poetry which came out on the select list is much smaller than usual. This list is as follows:

The Charge of the Light Brigade	.. 25
Elegy in a Country Churchyard	.. 16
We are Seven	.. 14
The Village Blacksmith	.. 13
The Burial of Sir John Moore	.. 13
Casabianca	.. 12

No Competitor sent in a list corresponding with the above, and the prize goes to the one Competitor who named five of them, his name and address being

W. E. CONSTABLE,
6, Canal Road, Mile End, E.

CLASS B.

The following are the answers to the questions set in this Competition—

- (1)
 1. It is the meek who are to inherit the earth; the peace-makers are to be called the children of God. (See Matthew v. 9.)
 2. The spirit horsemen referred to are Castor and Pollux, but the ship of that name was not the ship in which St. Paul was cast away, but the one in which he voyaged safely from Puteoli to Rome. (See Acts xxviii. 11.)
- (2) See "Babes in the Woods."

*No love between these two was lost,
Each was to th' other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.*
- (3) Quotations—
 1. From Gray's *Ode on Eton College*.
 2. Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia*.
 3. Cowper, *The Task*. (Book iv.)
 4. Shakespere, *Troilus and Cressida*. (Act iii. sc. 3.)
 5. Campbell, *The Pleasures of Hope*.

- (4)
 1. This sentence should be either "The *Daily News* has a larger circulation than any other Liberal paper in the world," or "has the largest circulation of all the Liberal papers in the world." It is a grammatical error to use a superlative in comparing two things only, such as the *Daily News* and "any Liberal paper."

2. The only mistake in this sentence is that "no less," should be "no fewer." "Less" is singular, and it is wrong to say "no less students."

3. The grammatical structure of this sentence connects the clause "having no companion" with the subject, which is "the way"; and, strictly interpreted, it means, "the way, which had no companion, seemed endless." The sense clearly is that it was John who had no companion, but this needs to be brought out in such a manner as to leave it beyond doubt. One way would be to say, "The way seemed endless to him, having no companion," which is correct, though awkward.

The number of Competitors was not, I am sorry to say, very large, and the success of most of those who entered was not remarkable. Out of the thirty-five possible marks, the highest number obtained was twenty-six, which was the score of

H. T. WADKIN,

25, Wetherell Road, South Hackney,
who, therefore, wins the prize. The second and third respectively were Alfred Everett and G. Hoare.

CLASS C.

The best papers received in this Competition was the criticism on "David Copperfield," sent by

KATE TRANTER,

2, Waterloo Road, Victoria Park,
to whom the prize is awarded.

CLASS D.

Only one Competitor entered for the wood-carving Competition, and the specimen of his work cannot be considered very successful, though no doubt a good deal of pains was spent on it. The prize will not be withheld, but the whole amount offered will not be awarded, and the sum of eighteen pence will be given to

CHARLES T. PALMER,

21, Bow Road.

COMPETITIONS FOR THIS WEEK.

(Articles sent in for Competition cannot possibly be returned.)

CLASS A. (OPEN TO EVERYBODY.)

Lord Salisbury has announced his intention of bringing in a Bill for the creation of life peers. Who the gentlemen selected for this honour will be it is not yet possible to say, but it is thought that it would be of interest to take the opinion of Competitors as to which of their contemporaries best deserve a seat for life in the House of Lords.

A Prize of Five Shillings will, therefore, be given for a list of eight men now living who are best entitled to be given seats in the Upper House of the Legislature. Each Competitor must, as usual, send in a list of the eight names he thinks have the best right to this honour, and the list which most nearly accords with that formed by taking the opinion of the majority will win the prize. Lists must be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, June 14th.

CLASS B. (FOR MEMBERS ONLY.)

Some time ago a prize was offered for the best motto suitable for application to the People's Palace, and an interesting Competition resulted. There are various departments of the Palace, which might each have a motto to itself, and this week Members are asked to suggest some.

A Prize of Five Shillings will be given to the Competitor who shall send in the best collection of three mottoes, applying respectively to the Library, the Swimming Bath, and the Gymnasium. The prize will not be awarded for the best single motto suitable to one particular department, but for the highest level obtained in the selection of all three mottoes. To be sent in not later than noon on Thursday, June 14th.

CLASS C. (FOR GIRLS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best imitation of a flower made by the Competitor in any material she may think best—wool, wood, paper, or anything else. To be sent in by noon on Thursday, June 14th.

CLASS D. (FOR BOYS ONLY.)

A Prize of Half-a-Crown is offered for the best model in clay of the bearded head of a man. A fortnight more allowed for this Competition, which closes on Thursday, June 21st.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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MR. R. A. PROCTOR (Author of "New and Old Astronomy," and of "Astronomy" in the *Encyclopaedia Brit.*) says: "Prof. LOISETTE'S Method appears to me admirable." Opinions of pupils who have passed Examinations and of members of the Medical, Scholastic, Clerical, etc., professions, post free from Prof. LOISETTE, 37, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

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