

# THE PALACE JOURNAL

PEOPLES PALACE, MILE END, E.

VOL. IV.—No. 82.]

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 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 6th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Ladies' Social Club.—Concert, at 8.  
Swimming Club.—Challenge Race, Final.  
Cycling Club.—Run.
- FRIDAY, June 7th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Orchestral Society.—Rehearsal, 8 to 10.  
Literary Society.—Meeting, at 8.15.  
Choral Society.—Rehearsal, at 7.30.  
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.
- SATURDAY, June 8th.—Library.—Newspapers may be seen from 7.30 a.m.; Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free.  
Opening of Workmen's and Apprentices' Industrial Exhibition by Lord Brassey, at 4.  
Band in Grounds, at 6.30.  
Concerts in Queen's Hall, at 4 and 8.  
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.  
Minstrel Troupe.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
Cycling Club.—Whitsun Tour.
- SUNDAY, June 9th.—Organ Recitals at 12.30 and 4.  
Library.—Open from 3 till 10, free.
- WHIT MONDAY, June 10th.—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 (opens 10), Concerts, etc.  
Entertainments in Gymnasium, at 12, 4 and 7.  
Band in Grounds, Organ Recitals, etc.  
Grand Concert, at 8.  
Ramblers.—To Abbey Wood.
- TUESDAY, June 11th.—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 on Monday.  
Chess Club.—Usual practice, at 7.
- WEDNESDAY, June 12th.—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.  
Dramatic Society.—Rehearsal, at 8.  
Minstrel Troupe.—Performance.  
Military Band.—Practice, at 7.45.

## Organ Recitals,

On SUNDAY NEXT, JUNE 9th, 1889.

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

ORGANIST, MR. R. T. GIBBONS, F.C.O.  
(Organist of the Grocer's Company's Schools).

AT 12.30 O'CLOCK.

- |    |   |           |
|----|---|-----------|
| 1. | Representation of Chaos (Creation) ... .. | Haydn.    |
| 2. | Andante in G. ... ..                      | Baliste.  |
| 3. | Fantasia in E (The Storm) ... ..          | Lemmens.  |
| 4. | Entr'acte (Rosamund) ... ..               | Schubert. |
| 5. | Concerto (No 2 in B flat) ... ..          | Handel.   |
| 6. | Noels ... ..                              | Guilmant. |
| 7. | Marche Militaire ... ..                   | Goumou.   |

AT 4 O'CLOCK.

- |    |   |            |
|----|---|------------|
| 1. | Occasional Overture ... ..                    | Handel.    |
|    | (Maestoso, Allegro, Larghetto, March.)        |            |
| 2. | Pastoral Symphony (Light of the World) ... .. | Sullivan.  |
| 3. | Fantasia in E (The Storm) ... ..              | Lemmens.   |
| 4. | Marche Cortege (Irene) ... ..                 | Goumou.    |
| 5. | Andante in A (Symphony in D) ... ..           | Beethoven. |
| 6. | Grand March in D ... ..                       | Best.      |
| 7. | Barcarolle (from P. F. Concerto) ... ..       | Bennett.   |
| 8. | Hungarian March (Faust) ... ..                | Berlioz.   |

## Notes of the Week.

PREACHERS of democracy and all those who ardently desire the Government to be conducted for the people, will do well to consider certain warnings uttered by M. Emile de Laveleye, in the *New York Forum*. We are told by demagogues, for instance, that all laws should be the expression of the will of the people. Now, as one of the people, I am conscious of ignorance so great, that I am quite unable to understand how I can have any will as to laws, except a general will that order shall be maintained, that working people shall receive full justice in the matter of wages and work, that property should be protected, that thieves should be punished, and that the glory, honour, unity, and safety of the Empire shall be preserved, even if we all have to fight as we have already had to fight for them. But consider. What do we know of things outside our own trade, or our own reading and study? Nothing. Take the case over which the Irish Americans are hoping to breed bad blood between Great Britain and the States,—the Fisheries of Alaska and of Newfoundland. How can the "people" know anything about that question? What is wanted is not to ascertain the "will of the people," but to find able men, honest men, who will undertake the duties and difficulties of government. Let us bend all our efforts to find such men: when we have found them, let us elect them, and bid them go forth and work for the welfare of the country.

NEXT to getting good men to govern, comes the manner of governing. This should be, Emile de Laveleye points out, by means of a Senate, whether a House of Lords or of Commons, which shall include representation of all the great social forces,—trade, science, agriculture, art, learning, wealth. Then the abominable and accursed American maxim that the spoils belong to the conquerors must be wholly abolished. Nothing more suicidal was ever invented than for a nation to get rid of her servants, on a change of party. Once a good administrator is secured, let us keep him. The great American Republic, for instance, in which the spoils are always claimed by the victors, is, in consequence, honeycombed throughout with corruption from the Senate to the municipalities. And the French Republic is tottering to its fall chiefly on account of the corruption of its officials and the multiplication of places.

LASTLY, M. de Laveleye points out, that though a Democratic form of Government rests on the theory of equality, the contrast between the equality that exists and the equality that is preached affords a perpetual danger. If the antagonism between capital and labour continues it will grow fiercer: and it will end in destroying democracy. Therefore, let us be careful to give everyone a chance of becoming owners of property, so that the social ladder may be continuous and open to all. These, my readers, seem to me words of wisdom.

NOVELISTS who hold abuses, manners, and customs up to ridicule should be careful lest their characters be identified with living persons. It now seems that a highly respectable schoolmaster in the North of England, and his amiable daughter, conceived that in the picture of Squeers and Do-the-boys Hall in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Dickens drew their portraits and described their school. So deeply did this unfortunate schoolmaster cherish this illusion,—the only foundation for which was the fact that he had but one eye,—that he actually lost his reason and his life. But the fact is that people are absurdly ready to believe that they are "put" into a novel. Nobody who has ever written a successful novel has escaped the charge of "meaning" someone or other by one of his characters. One reason is that the

novelist often takes and exaggerates a vice, a failing, foible or weakness, and makes it serve for the whole of a character. For instance, Dickens's Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House* is a man who, under the disguise of complete ignorance of money matters, does the meanest actions. Everybody said that the character was meant for Leigh Hunt. Now Leigh Hunt was, in truth, a fool about money. He does not seem ever to have understood what money means; he could not count. On one occasion he was seen in despair over a purse full of half-crowns and shillings, because he could not see how to pay a bill of three-and-sixpence. And on another occasion, after Sir Percy Shelley had promised him an annuity of a hundred pounds a year, he went and asked him to give the promise in writing, "So that he could raise money upon it." This is exactly what Harold Skimpole would have done. But yet Harold Skimpole is not Leigh Hunt.

ANOTHER tendency which afflicts novelists is, that people cannot believe that the sentiments placed in the mouths of their characters are not their own. For instance, the writer of a book called "Children of Gibeon," received, while that novel was running through *Longman's Magazine*, a letter from a certain intelligent country person, upbraiding him with advocating Socialistic teachings. There is a Socialist in the book, to be sure. The unhappy novelist pointed out that he was not, and could not be, all his characters, and that a Socialist must needs talk according to his convictions. In vain. The enlightened country person replied that it was all very well, but that everybody could see plainly what was meant, and what were the writer's real opinions?

Laura Bridgman is dead. But her history will not die. She was blind, and deaf and dumb. Consider, of the five senses—because the sense of taste hardly exists to blind and deaf people—she had but one, the sense of touch. What could be done with only one sense? Very well. A certain doctor—it was in America—got hold of the child, and began to awaken her intellect, and to find a way to communicate with her. She learned to read, to write, to talk with her fingers, "arithmetic, algebra, geography, geometry, history, astronomy, and philosophy," and she helped in the school where she passed the fifty-eight years of her life, happy, though so terribly afflicted. And now her example will be followed, and all those poor children who are afflicted like her will, like her, have their lives brightened and their lot alleviated.

THE case of a late favourite of Fortune is lamentable. He was a bricklayer, residing in Lambeth, which is an ancient suburb of London picturesquely situated on the river Thames and full of historical associations. His uncle, a most praiseworthy uncle, after a life of frugality and saving, died, leaving behind him a little property of £3,000, the whole of which he bequeathed to his nephew the bricklayer. Now consider: This total of £3,000 represented a life of self-denial, courage, perseverance, and thrift. The bricklayer had displayed none of these qualities, yet he reaped the harvest of all. He got the whole fruits of that worthy uncle's labours. What did he do with his good fortune? One regrets to find that he drank it all—yes, all—except a trifle of £1,000, which was in a single bank note, and this he lost. He is now dead: no constitution could stand two thousand pounds' worth of drink: his sons are bringing an action against the Bank of England for the recovery of the money lost. If they get it, one hopes that the example of their father may prove useful to the young men.

At first sight it would seem as if the whole result of the worthy uncle's life had been wasted and thrown away and lost. He might just as well have spent every farthing, and consumed the two thousands pounds' worth of beer himself. Not so: let us distinguish. The uncle did more than save the money. He lived a frugal and thrifty life: he set an example of industry and self-denial: even if he lived only to save money he showed that it is possible to live without always seeking pleasure at the public-house. The man's life was not lost: only the money has been thrown away. If the bricklayer had been a wise man, he might have bought a business or a partnership: his sons would have been educated: his grandson might have become a member of the House of Lords, with a beautiful coat of arms and an ancient family history and associations with William the Conqueror and his noble Normans. It does seem a pity that all this should be fooled away over a pewter pot.

ONE hardly knows whether to extend sympathy to Margaret Cain or indignation. She is only forty-three years of age, and she has been convicted and sent to prison two hundred and thirty-eight times. Supposing that she began to enjoy prison life at twenty-three, with the natural pleasures of youth, which

demand freedom, she has spent, allowing one week for each conviction, one month and four days out of every year in seclusion. Perhaps the poor lady feels the want of solitude, quiet, and meditation. Many people go out of town for a month's holiday: why should not Margaret take her holiday in prison? It is economical: it costs her absolutely nothing, not even her washing: there is no railway ticket to pay: the food is wholesome, though limited: stimulants are prohibited: after each retreat the patient comes out with renewed health and vigour. And, after all, Margaret, who is unfeelingly described as a disorderly person, clearly aims at an orderly life else she would not so often seek the friendly protection of the police and the prescription of the physician, in this case also a magistrate. Would it not, however, be better for Margaret if she could be kept in her quiet and happy prison altogether?

COMPLAINTS are coming across the Channel concerning the prices of things in Paris. Five shillings for twelve stalks of asparagus does seem a little exorbitant, does it not? Why does not some correspondent send over instructions where to feed, so as not to be charged these monstrous prices? And will not one of our members keep a diary of his visit to the Exhibition, and give it to the *Palace Journal*?

I AM happy to report that an anonymous donor is about to present to the Library a thousand volumes. May this admirable example be imitated by many! We are all pleased to see the addition of new shelves on the second story as showing healthy and continuous growth. And I hope that before the end of next year we may see not only these shelves filled but also new ones again to the very roof. We have room for at least 150,000 volumes, and if necessary we could use the basement of the Library, which would accommodate another 100,000. The attendance of donors is respectfully drawn to the empty shelves and the vacant spaces where as yet there are not even any shelves.

THIS day—not that of this number's appearance—is the first of June. I am indebted to the *St. James's Gazette* for a reminder of an anniversary which I might otherwise have passed over. It is that of the memorable and glorious action of the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake* on June 1st, 1813. It was fought by the stout old admiral, Sir Provo Wallis, G.C.B., now ninety-eight years of age, when he was a young fellow of twenty-two. Here is the story as told by the *St. James's Gazette*:—"Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, who had command of the *Shannon* since 1806, was a fine specimen of the fighting captain of the great age of the British navy. During May, 1813, in company with the *Tenedos*, he cruised on and off in front of Boston Harbour, where the new United States' frigate, *Chesapeake*, was completing for sea; and, at the end of the month, being left alone in charge of the blockade, he prepared his well-known and manly challenge to Captain James Lawrence, of the American ship, asking him to come out, and assuring him that no other British vessel should interfere in the anticipated duel. The challenge had been sent ashore, but was still undelivered when, soon after noon on June 1st, the *Chesapeake* got under way. The force of the two ships was, upon the whole, singularly equal. The *Chesapeake* was of 1,135 tons, had a crew of 376 men, besides boys, and mounted twenty-eight 18-pounders, twenty 32-pounder carronades, one long 18-pounder, and one 12-pounder boat carronade. The *Shannon* was of 1,066 tons, had a crew of 306 men, besides boys, and mounted twenty-eight 18-pounders, sixteen 32-pounder carronades, four long 9-pounders, three 12-pounder carronades, and one long 6-pounder. Whatever slight advantage there may have been was in favour of the *Chesapeake*. After some hours spent in manœuvring, the first gun was fired by the *Shannon* at ten minutes to six. At six the ships fell on board one another, and by Broke's orders were lashed together; the boatswain who lashed them having his arm hacked off as he did so. Two minutes later Broke boarded at the head of twenty men, he himself being the first in the enemy's ship; and by six minutes past six the *Chesapeake* was a prize. In the fifteen minutes during which the action lasted the Americans lost 47 killed and 117 wounded; Captain Lawrence dying of his wounds three days later, and his first lieutenant, Mr. Ludlow, surviving less than a week. Mr. Watt, of the *Shannon*, was killed, together with twenty-two men and boys; and fifty-nine officers and men, including Broke, were wounded. The command, therefore, devolved upon Wallis; and on the 6th of June, under him, both vessels arrived safely at Halifax, where Wallis's father, who held a post in the Navy Yard, no doubt welcomed his son with no small degree of pride. For this service Broke was created a baronet, and Lieutenants Wallis and Falkiner—the latter, third of the *Shannon*—were deservedly made commanders." EDITOR.

## Palace and Institute Notes.

EVERYBODY has been concerned to hear of the sudden and serious illness of Mr. Hollins, our admirable organist. Mr. Hollins will probably be with us at the opening of the Workmen's Exhibition by Lord Brassey on Saturday, and will then continue his rest. On Sunday next Mr. R. T. Gibbons, F.C.O., a very fine organist, has kindly consented to take Mr. Hollins's place.

THE Palace is very lucky in the possession, as Book-keeping Teacher, of Mr. Sarll. Only recently I happened across his little book on the subject, which seemed far and away the best and clearest treatise on the subject I ever saw; and now we have excellent proof of Mr. Sarll's capabilities as a teacher; for recently, at an examination held under the auspices of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, the Palace sent up sixty-one candidates, with the unique result that *not one* failed. I give below a list (alphabetical) of the Palace representatives and their vocations. The first figures in each case refer to the age of the candidate, and the second to the class in which that candidate passed:—

Angus, Frederick William, 18, clerk, 1st; Archer, Thomas Henry, 20, clerk, 2nd; Barratt, William Charles Robert, 19, clerk, 1st; Bostock, John Joshua, 19, clerk, 2nd; Bull, Charles Frederick, 22, clerk, 3rd; Bullwinkel, C., 20, jeweller, 2nd; Burwood, Francis, 19, clerk, 1st; Cary, Ellen, 28, assistant, 2nd; Castle, W., 17, clerk, 2nd; Collender, Robert, 20, clerk, 2nd; Connor, Susan, 17 (no occupation stated), 2nd; Cossor, Kate Florence, 15 (no occupation stated), 2nd; Cotton, Cecil Frank, 18, shorthand clerk, 1st; Emeny, Henry, 19, clerk, 1st; Fallow, Agnes, 26 (no occupation stated), 2nd; Field, William, 20, clerk, 2nd; Fryer, Charles Alfred, 21, clerk, 2nd; Goddard, Harry Edward, 19, clerk, 2nd; Green, Annie, 22, draper, 3rd; Hanley, Charles Alfred, 17, junior clerk, 2nd; Harré, Alfred Thomas, 20, clerk, 2nd; Harvey, Alice Louisa, 17, clerk, 1st; Harwood, Edith Frances, 16, cornchandler's assistant, 1st; Hewkin, Edwin Percy, 17, clerk, 1st; Holland, Herbert Steele, 16, solicitor's clerk, 2nd; Hyde, Walter Henry, 24, clerk, 1st; Jeff, George Henry, 17, solicitor's clerk, 2nd; Jesseman, William, 21, solicitor's clerk, 1st; Kendall, George Albert, 19, auctioneer's clerk, 3rd; King, Frederick, William, 18 (no occupation stated), 3rd; Kingston, Elizabeth Ann, 18 (no occupation stated), 2nd; Langton, Annie, 18, scholar, 1st; Lloyd, Charles D., 25, bank clerk, 2nd; Mac Keleken, Benjamin Henry, 21, clerk, 2nd; Marshall, Henry, 19, clerk, 1st; Mason, Charles James, 28, miller's agent, 2nd; May, Sarah Jane, 24, clerk, 2nd; Myhill, Percy Henry, 21, clerk, 2nd; Pleasants, Joseph, 19, clerk, 1st; Pressman, Reuben William, 19, clerk, 2nd; Purser, Halford, 25, auctioneer, 1st; Ramel, Paul, 26, book-keeper, 2nd; Reid, William, 23, clerk, 2nd; Reilly, George, 18, warehouseman, 2nd; Riddetti, James, 20, confectioner, 3rd; Rintoul, Mabel, 19 (no occupation stated), 1st; Roach, Thomas Haynes, 25, mercantile clerk, 1st; Sears, John Walter, 21, provision counter-man, 2nd; Sheffield, Annie Elizabeth, 22 (no occupation stated), 1st; Sheffield, Catherine Mary, 25 (no occupation stated), 2nd; Sheffield, Charles Edward, 29, clerk, 1st; Shone, Joseph H., 24, clerk, 2nd; Shone, Mary Eleanor, 22 (no occupation stated), 2nd; Sims, Wallace C., 18, clerk, 2nd; Swann, George Herbert, 20, provisioner assistant, 3rd; Thompson, Drury Freeman, 35, traveller, 1st; Williamson, David, 21, clerk, 2nd; Willmott, Ernest Philip, 19, clerk, 2nd; Willmott, Walter James, 22, clerk, 1st; Young, Harry James, 16, grocer's assistant, 2nd; Zabell, Walter Austin, 19, clerk, 1st.

Mr. Sarll's pupils at the Palace and elsewhere have secured actually two-thirds of all the first certificates awarded to all London in this examination.

GREAT preparations are being made for the opening of the Workmen's Exhibition on Saturday, when Lord Brassey will visit us, and when our own Choral and Orchestral Societies will give the opening Concert at four o'clock. The exhibits vastly exceed in number those of all our previous shows, and are extremely interesting.

THE Postmaster-General has been so kind as to lend us a collection of Telephonic and Telegraphic Apparatus, which will be exhibited under the direction of Mr. Slings. It will be fitted up for actual working, and Mr. Osborn, at the Schools' Office, will be glad to hear from Members of the Institute who are telegraph operators, and who would be willing to assist in its working.

THE Evening Classes and the Day School will be closed during next week (*i.e.*, that ending June 15th) that being Whitsun week.

THE first party of our Paris Trippers are now in Paris, and, I make no doubt, thoroughly enjoying the fun. The second party starts on Friday next, under the able guidance, reports Mr. Were, of Mr. Clifton. No. 3 party (June 15th to 22nd) will hold a meeting on Thursday evening, at 8 o'clock, with Mr. Strusberg in the chair, and party No. 4, who start immediately afterwards, and whose holiday extends from 22nd to 29th, will hold their meeting on the following Thursday, the 13th, when Mr. Were, who will then have got through some of his Exhibition work, will take the chair.

OUR Gymnasts acquitted themselves admirably at their Display on Monday last, and the three rounds of boxing (genuine boxing this—not scrambling) between Mr. A. Bowman and Mr. J. E. Steers, and Director Burdett's wonderful feats of swordsmanship, as well as the latter gentleman's fencing with Instructor Nelson, were very enthusiastically received. Mr. F. E. Marshall, who came from Harrow to present the prizes won in the recent Competitions, drew attention, in his preliminary remarks, to a phase of the utility of athletic sports, which is often lost sight of—their value as mental and moral trainers; and laid particular stress upon the fact that not merely physical qualities constituted a good gymnast or athlete, but physical qualities, in conjunction with mental capabilities of no mean order. In fact these physical exercises contribute in themselves as much to the *mens sana* as to the *corpus sanum*. Mr. Marshall was right, as was also Sir Edmund Currie, when he drew attention to the amount of good which the admirable example of our Gymnasts was likely to effect among the youth of East London. Let our Gymnasts, and let the youth of East London, reflect upon the remarks of both these gentlemen, and remember them.

SUB-EDITOR.

## Caught.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago Mr. Simeon Leonard Boyce, the well-known Chicago lawyer, was a pupil at the military school at Fulton, Ill. One night in their dormitory a number of the boys made up a plan to take the principal's old gig, of which the pupils were all ashamed, and run it into the river. So, after everybody else had gone to bed, eight of these young fellows, Boyce among them, made a rope with their bed-sheets, and slid down from the window to the ground. Stealing softly over the gig-shed, the eight dragged the old gig out, sneaked away through a back gate with it, and started for the river.

When they had gone beyond hearing distance, they put aside all restraint and talked freely. They speculated a great deal on what the principal would do when he found the gig missing in the morning, and laughed at the stir it would create. When they came near the river-bank, they stopped and discussed the best means of running the gig in. "Let's start on a run with it," said one, "and then all let go when I give the word." "No," said Boyce; "let's turn it round and back it in."

That was agreed on. So they turned the old thing round, and were about to start it backward towards the river, when the principal came crawling out from under the seat, and said, "Boys, I have enjoyed this little ride very much. Now, if you will haul me back, we'll say nothing about it." They were a very demure lot of boys who hauled the old gig, with the principal sitting up on the seat, back to the shed. "Now," said the principal, "you get back into the dormitory the same way you got out, and let's never speak of this again." The boys were very willing to keep quiet about it.

M. DE FALLOUX was at one time in very close relations with M. Thiers, and he tells some interesting anecdotes in illustration of an absolute self-confidence as great as that which Sydney Smith attributed to Lord Russell. He said of a needy man who believed that he had a genius in the matter of china: "He has got it into his head that I ought to make him superintendent of the Sèvres manufactory. He is no more suited for that post than I for—," and M. Thiers stopped short. "Ah! ah! M. Thiers," I said, "you would be embarrassed to say what you could not do." "That is true! that is true!" he said gaily, and he drew me into his study, after having shaken hands with M. Dalloz. That reminds me that he said one day about a man who had been raised to a high office: "He is no more fit for that post than I am to be a chemist, and I understand chemistry, for the matter of that."

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.]

LADIES' SOCIAL CLUB.

In spite of several great disappointments, at the last moment Miss Julia Valentine gave a most successful Concert last Thursday. The audience was large, for Miss Valentine's kindness in playing so frequently at the Wednesday dances through the winter is thoroughly appreciated. Miss Da Costa commenced with a fantasia from Balfe; Mr. Dudley Goldsmid, with a beautiful voice, was enthusiastically received, Miss K. Simons recited "A Mother's Story"; Mr. Levy played admirably on the Violin; Miss Julia Valentine gave proof of her great musical talent and power of execution in Mendelssohn's Andante Rondo Capriccioso. Mr. Ring was in the chair. The evening was concluded by the successful farce, "Cut off with a Shilling," performed by Miss K. Simons, Mr. Havard, and Mr. Hargraves. L. A. ADAM.

BEAUMONT SKETCHING CLUB.

The Committee have pleasure to announce that Yeend King, Esq., R.I., has kindly consented to become a patron of the Club. The Members are requested to bring the pictures intended for the Club Competition up at the Monthly Exhibition for criticism. The subjects for this competition are:—  
Figure .. .. A Critical Moment.  
Animal .. .. Interrupted.  
Landscape .. .. Break of Day.  
Sculpture .. .. Sleep.  
Design .. .. Labour.  
We hope all our Members will work hard to make the club show a thorough success. We have pleasure to announce that a Member of the Club (Miss M. E. Hilton) is an exhibitor at the Royal Academy this year. C. WALTER FLEETWOOD, Hon. Sec.

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.

THE SCARLET DOMINO MINSTREL TROUPE.

Vice-President—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.  
Musical Director—A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—A. E. REEVE.  
The performance given by a portion of the above troupe on Tuesday, 28th May, was a great success, and we received many hearty congratulations and good wishes for our future success. There will be a rehearsal on Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock, for the Sketch, and a full rehearsal of the Troupe on Tuesday next. We give a performance in the Gymnasium on Wednesday, the 12th inst. A. E. SELBY, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE CHORAL SOCIETY.

Conductor—ORTON BRADLEY, Esq., M.A.  
Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Hon. Sec.; Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Librarian.  
The Society have decided that their Excursion this year shall be to Hampton Court, and will take place on Saturday, July the 13th. We shall endeavour to obtain a private steam launch, as we intend to go by the river. It has also been decided that Members of the Society only will be able to participate in the excursion, this being the only time during the year that the Society wishes to enjoy itself privately. Those Members who intend to be present will oblige by giving the Secretary their names as early as possible, and not later than June, the 15th.—Rehearsals will take place until further notice in No. 2 Room, Old Schools, at 8 p.m., on Friday.—On Saturday, June the 8th, we give a Concert in the Queen's Hall, at the opening of the Workmen's Exhibition, at 8 p.m. Tickets to admit Members of the Society may be had of the Secretary.—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. Candidates may be seen after any rehearsal.

BEAUMONT CYCLING CLUB.

On Saturday next the Members will assemble at 3.30 p.m. in the Palace; the start will take place punctually at 4 p.m. The route will be *via* Woolwich Ferry. Accommodation will only be arranged for those who have paid their deposit by Thursday next. The Club will accompany the tourists to a point arranged by the Captain. JAMES H. BURLEY, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE VOLUNTEER FIRE BRIGADE.

Instructor—Mr. R. STOCKWELL. Engineer—M.F.B.

At the Competition, held on Wednesday last, for the posts of Engineer and Sub-Engineer, Mr. A. E. Reeves gained that of Engineer, and Mr. A. Selby that of Sub-Engineer. The first-named performed the drill in 24 secs. very satisfactorily, and the latter in 25 secs., minus one point, satisfactorily.—BRIGADE NOTICES.—Wednesday, 5th June, General Drill at 10 p.m., in the Gymnasium. A. W. J. LAUNDY, Captain.

PEOPLE'S PALACE DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

Manager—Mr. A. W. J. LAUNDY. Stage Manager—Mr. JOHN GIBSON.  
Property Master—Mr. J. HARGRAVES.  
Rehearsal as usual on Wednesday, at 8 p.m., in No. 12 Room, Old Schools. ARTHUR E. REEVE, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer.

PEOPLE'S PALACE SWIMMING CLUB.

Subscription, 2s.; Entrance fee, 1s.—On Thursday last, the Trial Heats of the Second Race were decided in the Palace Baths with the following result:—HEAT 1: G. Gretton, 15 secs. start, first; H. J. Stone, 32 secs., second; J. Ashford, scratch, third; Musto, 13 secs., fourth. HEAT 2: Newman, 17 secs., first; A. Ashford, 24 secs., second; Israel, 13 secs., third; Ellis, 6 secs., fourth. In the first heat Gretton drew away at the third length, and won rather easily; a good race, however, resulted for the second place, which was secured by H. J. Stone by a touch only. The second heat was also won rather easily by Newman, who swam in fine style. The final on Thursday (to-morrow), at 9 o'clock, should prove a close race.—The Sealed Handicap, postponed from Thursday, 23rd ult., was also concluded, the winner being Mr. Ellis, who swam the distance in 54 secs.—The next race is Thursday week (June 13th), 120 Yards' Challenge (Four Lengths). New Members are invited to turn up in the Bath. Trial Heats at 8.30 p.m.—The following are the particulars of races arranged for the first half of the season:—  
May 23rd.—Sealed Handicap, 60 Yards (Two Lengths).  
" 30th.—Trial Heats of Challenge Race, 90 Yards (Three Lengths).  
June 6th.—Final of Challenge Race, 90 Yards (Three Lengths).  
" 13th.—Trial Heats of Challenge Race, 120 Yards (Four Lengths).  
" 20th.—Final of Challenge Race, 120 Yards (Four Lengths).  
" 27th.—Blindfold Race. Trial Heats.  
July 1st.—" Final.  
" 4th.—60 Yards' Challenge Race. Trial Heats.  
" 11th.—" Final.  
" 18th.—Captaincy Race, 360 Yards (Twelve Lengths). E. C. BUTLER, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' GYMNASIUM.

Director—SERGT. H. H. BURDETT.

The lady Members of the Gymnasium gave a Grand Gymnastic and Calisthenic Display on Friday last before a large audience. The display was a great success, and appeared to give much satisfaction. The Gymnasium will be closed for Tuesday next. SELINA HALE, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GYMNASIUM.

Director—Mr. H. H. BURDETT.

The Second Annual Display and Assault-at-Arms took place on Monday last with great success, the programme being as follows:—Dumb-bell exercise to music. Parallel Bars—Leader, C. Pugh, W. Chapman, R. Jones, F. A. Hunter, W. T. Pentney, P. Turtle, A. Leach, T. Burns, J. H. Hulls, G. A. Hood, H. Pope. Messrs. H. H. Burdett, D. M. Nelson, C. Wright, J. Brand. Indian Clubs by squad of Leaders and Members. Boxing—Mr. A. Bowman, Capt. P.P.A.B.C. (Amateur Heavy Weight Champion, 1889), v. Mr. J. Steers, M.A.B.C. (Winner of P.P. 11 st. 4 lb. open, Myddleton and Spartans 10 st. 10 lb. open, and Birmingham B.C. 11 st. open). Infantry Sword Exercise and Stick Practice by Leaders. Fencing and Salute in Quarte and Tierce, by Mr. H. H. Burdett v. Mr. D. M. Nelson. Bar Bells and Figure Marching. Horizontal Bar—Leader, Mr. H. H. Burdett, D. M. Nelson, C. Wright, C. Pugh, J. H. Hulls, W. Chapman, H. R. Jones, A. C. Leach, W. T. Pentney, J. Fordham. Free Exercises and Marching by

Leaders. Feats of Swordsmanship by Mr. H. H. Burdett. Mr. F. E. Marshall, of Harrow School, was so kind as to attend and present the prizes won at the various competitions which have been held. The under-mentioned were the recipients:—Winners of Ladies' Gymnastic and Calisthenic Competition (open to Lady Members of People's Palace Gymnasium)—Parallel Bars, 1st prize, Miss J. Seigenberg; 2nd prize, Miss E. Newport; 3rd prize, Miss B. Orchard. Vaulting Horse—1st prize, Miss E. Newport; 2nd prize, Miss L. Scudder; 3rd prize, Miss A. Hienemann. Bar-Bells—Misses S. Hale, F. Luckcock, and E. Newport, equal marks. Dumb Bells—1st prize, Miss S. Hale; 2nd prize, J. Baxter; 3rd prize, A. Heinemann. Indian Clubs—1st prize, Miss K. Turner; 2nd prize, Miss K. Kingston; 3rd prize, Miss J. Rotenberger. Free Exercises—Misses M. Scott, M. Luckcock, and Mrs. R. Edwards, equal marks. Winners of the Mens' Gymnastic Competition—1st prize, C. Pugh; 2nd prize, W. T. Pentney and A. C. Leach (tied); 3rd prize, H. R. Jones; 4th prize, P. Turtle; 5th prize, W. Chapman and E. Tucker (tied). Winner of the Indian Club Competition—1st prize, F. W. Chipps. Winner of the Open Amateur Fencing Competition—E. Nykerk (P.P. Gymnasium). Winners of the Open Amateur Boxing Competition—9 st., G. Josephs (P.P.A.B.C.); 10 st., T. A. Sniders (P.P.A.B.C.); 11 st. 4 lbs., J. Steers (M.A.B.C.); Heavy Weight, J. Patmore (C.L.R. and A.C.).

ALBERT E. JACOBS, } Hon. Secs.  
F. A. HUNTER, }

PEOPLE'S PALACE PARLIAMENT.

Speaker—Mr. WALTER MARSHALL.

Tuesday, 28th May. The last night of the Session. The aspect and temper of the House was very different to that at the exciting meeting which closed the Session of 1887-8. Very few Members turned up to see how proud and statesmanlike the new Cabinet looked in their occupation of the Government benches. The Cabinet was announced as follows:—

Premier .. .. .	W. H. TAYLOR.
Home Secretary .. .. .	A. L. LONDON.
Irish Secretary .. .. .	G. BILLINGS.
Chancellor of Exchequer .. .. .	H. J. HAWKINS.
Colonial Secretary .. .. .	J. S. GOLDHILL.
War and Admiralty .. .. .	J. WHITTICK.
Local Government .. .. .	W. H. MOODY.

The Premier did not bring forward a Ministerial statement, but after pressure stated the policy of the Government as to the preservation of the Union of the Empire, etc. After several members had spoken on the policy, the House dropped politics, and elected Messrs. Adams and Thompson as auditors of accounts. It was then decided to have a Summer Outing, and I hope all Members will co-operate for its success. The House adjourned until September 3rd. JOHN H. MAYNARD, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.

On Saturday last a small party of Ramblers left Cannon Street Station for Chislehurst. Arrived there, we ascended the hill, and passed through the archway, on to the Common, which is very beautiful just now; the furze is in full bloom, and ferns and wild flowers abound. Having seen the memorial stone, erected exactly ten years ago to the Prince Imperial, who was killed in Zululand, we entered St. Nicholas Church, the walls of which are ivy-clustered and very pretty. There are many painted windows, and memorial tablets adorn the walls, in some cases with figures. The date of the erection of the building is uncertain; there is, however, a record that the advowson was given about 1100-1108, by Henry I., to Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, and to the Priory of St. Andrew. After tea we walked to Orpington by the main road, which is beautifully shaded by oak trees; the birds sang merrily, and the party was in excellent spirits. Passing through the small village of Orpington, we crossed the fields to St. Mary Cray, and visited the blacksmith's shop, which is overhung by a huge chestnut tree, and at once suggests Longfellow's ballad, "The Village Blacksmith." While waiting for our train on the Chislehurst platform, we had the pleasure of hearing the nightingale from an adjacent wood at the back of the station. Taking the ramble as a whole, we had a very enjoyable outing, and those who could have come and did not, missed a great treat.—On Saturday next, June 8th, no ramble.—On Whit Monday it has been decided to ramble to Abbey Wood, because there are no excursion trains to Billericay on that day. Members are requested to meet at Cannon Street Station at 10.45 a.m., and take tickets to Abbey Wood Station; fare 1s. 8d. We shall have tea at the "Abbey Arms," close by the Station. Stewardess: Miss Marshall; Stewards: Messrs. A. Greenwood, L. Greenwood, and H. Rout.—On Saturday, June 29th, by kind invitation, we visit Lord Brassey's Museum. Members wishing to take part in this ramble are requested to leave their names at the General Office by Friday, June 14th, as the number is limited. A Special Committee Meeting will be held on Saturday next, June 13th, at 7.15 p.m. A General Meeting will be held on Monday, June 17th, at 8.30 p.m. in the Old School-buildings. Agenda—To

receive Mr. Moody's resignation as Hon. Assistant Secretary; to elect two auditors; and other business.—The Boating Trip is postponed to an early date in July, on account of the principal boat being engaged.

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

PEOPLE'S PALACE SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

We are holding our usual weekly meetings on Monday evenings, in the Technical Schools, Room 1. No meeting Whit Monday. For the information of intending members, I will put before them the advantages of joining our Society:—Speed practice, outlines, phrasograms, etc. We have a Phonographic Library, circulating the following and other works amongst members of the Phonetic Journal: "Reporters' Magazine," "Shorthand Magazine," "Reporters' Journal," "Phonographic Punch," "Shorthand Star," "Orwell Phonographer," "Shorthand Weekly News," "Phonographic Lecturer," "Leaves from the Note-book of T. A. Reed," "Ivanhoe," 3 vols.; "Thankful Blossom"; "Tom Brown's Schooldays"; "Representative British Orations," 2 vols.; "Technical Reporting"; "Reporters' Assistant"; "Reporters' Reading Book"; "Vicar of Wakefield"; "Benjamin Franklin"; "Julius Caesar"; "Gleanings from Popular Authors"; "Things of Nature"; "Phonography in the Office"; "Learning to Report"; "Reporters' Magazine," 2 vols. Entrance fee, 1s.; subscription, 6d. per quarter. Further information from G. T. STOCK, Hon. Sec. H. A. GOLD, Hon. Lib.

People's Palace Junior Section.

JUNIOR BEAUMONT C.C. v. FERNDALE C.C.—The above-mentioned clubs met at Lake's Farm, Wanstead, and after an exciting and interesting game, the Ferndale came off victorious. We may add that the Ferndale expected to play the Senior Club, not the Juniors.

The full scores are as follows:—

BEAUMONT.		FERNDALE.	
W. G. Frith (Capt.) .. .. .	1	Mackeraeff .. .. .	2
Jagers .. .. .	15	Williams .. .. .	6
Byford .. .. .	5	Brown .. .. .	4
Gurr .. .. .	0	Notton .. .. .	14
Pocknell .. .. .	0	Tubbs .. .. .	8
Lester .. .. .	3	Bennett .. .. .	0
Harvey .. .. .	6	Virgo .. .. .	3
Sanderson .. .. .	1	Jones .. .. .	4
Branch .. .. .	0	Howes .. .. .	1
Winyard .. .. .	2	Hobdud .. .. .	0
Spider .. .. .	1	Lockwood .. .. .	0
Byes .. .. .	5	Byes .. .. .	4
Total .. .. .	39	Total .. .. .	46

JUNIOR RAMBLERS.

On Saturday, June 1st, the Members of the above Club, accompanied by Mr. Lowther, went to Waltham Cross after being shown the Abbey, which was built in 1060, and was very interesting; we were shown Harold's Bridge built at the same time, and still in good preservation. After a bath there was tea and another walk, and then home. B. LOLOSKY, Hon. Sec. F. SEABORNE, Assist. Hon. Sec.

BEFORE entering for a Beauty Show, it may be desirable to know what is the standard of the particular country in which it is held. In Europe everybody professes admiration for white teeth, but in Japan teeth, to be considered beautiful, must be yellow, and in India red. A blooming complexion is surely much to be desired, but the women in Greenland besmear their faces with blue or green pigments, and Russian ladies would think themselves ugly if they did not paint their cheeks the colour of whitewash. What shape of nose is the most beautiful? We can only reply with a shrug of the shoulders. In Persia it is a crooked nose, in Hayti a snub nose, and there mothers crush the noses of their offspring betimes to give them the required shape. In Russia turn-up noses are all the go. The Germans like slender figures, the Turks have a preference for *embonpoint*; we admire faces of oval form, in Turkey round faces carry the palm. Among Western Europeans a high, massive forehead, is regarded as indicative of great intelligence; in Greece a low forehead is the chief characteristic of beauty. Civilised Europe appreciates fair, brown, and black hair, each according to its merits; the Marianne Islanders place white hair in the first rank. The Persians detest red hair, and the Turks fairly worship it. All however, are agreed in admiring a small mouth.

## Maiwa's Revenge.

OR  
THE WAR OF THE LITTLE HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

PRESENTLY, from a walk, as the wounded elephant gathered himself together a little they broke into a trot, and after that I could follow them no longer with my eyes, for the second black cloud came up over the moon and put her out, as an extinguisher puts out a dip. I say with my eyes, but my ears still gave me a very fair notion of what was going on. When the cloud came up the three terrified animals were heading directly for the kraal, probably because the way was open and the path easy. I fancy that they got confused in the darkness, for when they came to the kraal fence they did not turn aside, but crashed straight through it. Then there were 'times,' as the Irish servant-girl says in the American book. Having taken the fence, they thought that they might as well take the huts also, so they just ran right over them. One hive-shaped hut was turned straight over on to its top, and when I arrived on the scene the people who had been sleeping there were bumbling about inside like bees disturbed at night, while two more were crushed flat, and a third had all its side torn out. Oddly enough, however, nobody was hurt, though several people had a narrow escape of being trodden to death.

"On arrival I found the old headman in a state painfully like that favoured by Greek art, dancing about in front of his ruined abodes as vigorously as though he had just been stung by a scorpion.

"I asked him what ailed him, and he burst out into a flood of abuse. He called me a wizard, a sham, a fraud, a bringer of bad luck! I had promised to kill the elephants, and I had so arranged things that the elephants had nearly killed him, etc.

"This, still smarting, or rather aching, as I was from that most terrific bump, was too much for my feelings, so I just made a rush at my friend, and getting him by the ear, I banged his head against the doorway of his own hut, which was all there was left of it.

"'You wicked old scoundrel,' I said, 'you dare to complain about your own trifling inconveniences, when you gave me a rotten beam to sit on, and thereby delivered me to the fury of the elephant' (*bump! bump! bump!*), 'when your own wife' (*bump!*) 'has just been dragged out of her hut' (*bump!*) 'like a snail from its shell, and thrown by the earth-shaker into a tree' (*bump! bump!*).

"'Mercy, my father, mercy!' gasped the old fellow. 'Truly I have done amiss—my heart tells me so.'

"'I should hope it did, you old villain' (*bump!*).

"'Mercy, great white man! I thought the log was sound, but what says the unequalled chief—is the old woman, my wife, indeed dead? Ah, if she is dead all may yet prove to have been for the very best,' and he clasped his hands and looked up piously to heaven, in which the moon was once more shining brightly.

"I let go his ear and burst out laughing, the whole scene and his devout aspirations for the decease of the partner of his joys, or rather woes, were so intensely ridiculous.

"'No, you old iniquity,' I answered; 'I left her in the top of a thorn-tree, screaming like a thousand bluejays. The elephant put her there.'

"'Alas! alas!' he said, 'surely the back of the ox is shaped to the burden. Doubtless, my father, she will come down when she is tired,' and without troubling himself further about the matter, he began to blow at the smouldering embers of the fire.

"And, as a matter of fact, she did appear a few minutes later, considerably scratched and startled, but none the worse.

"After that I made my way to my little camp, which, fortunately, the elephants had not walked over, and wrapping myself up in a blanket, was soon fast asleep.

"And so ended my first round with those three elephants.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST ROUND.

"ON the morrow I woke up full of painful recollections, and not without a certain feeling of gratitude to the Powers above that I was there to wake up. Yesterday had been a

tempestuous day; indeed, what between buffalo, rhinoceros, and elephant, it had been very tempestuous. Having realized this fact, I next bethought me of those magnificent tusks, and instantly, early as it was, broke the tenth commandment. I coveted my neighbour's tusks, if an elephant could be said to be my neighbour *de jure*, as certainly, so recently as the previous night, he had been *de facto*—a much closer neighbour than I cared for, indeed. Now when you covet your neighbour's goods, the best thing, if not the most moral thing, to do is to enter his house as a strong man armed, and take them. I was not a strong man, but having recovered my eight-bore I was armed, and so was the other strong man—the elephant with the tusks. Consequently I prepared for a struggle to the death. In other words, I summoned my faithful retainers, and told them that I was now going to follow those elephants over the edge of the world, if necessary. They showed a certain bashfulness about the business, but they did not gainsay me, because they dared not. Ever since I had prepared with all due solemnity to execute the rebellious Gobo they had conceived a great respect for me.

"So I went up to bid adieu to the old headman, whom I found alternately contemplating the ruins of his kraal and, with the able assistance of his last wife, thrashing the jealous lady who had slept in the mealie hut, because she was, as he declared, the fount of all his sorrows.

"Leaving them to work a way through their domestic differences, I levied a supply of vegetable food from the kraal in consideration of services rendered, and left them with my blessing. I do not know how they settled matters, because I have not seen them since.

"Then I started on the spoor of the three bulls. For a couple of miles or so below the kraal—as far, indeed, as the belt of swamp that borders the river—the ground is at this spot rather stony, and clothed with scattered bushes. Rain had fallen towards the daybreak, and this fact, together with the nature of the soil, made sporing a very difficult business. The wounded bull had indeed bled freely, but the rain had washed the blood off the leaves and grass, and the ground being so rough and hard had not taken the foot-marks so clearly as was convenient. However, we got along, though slowly, partly by the spoor, and partly by carefully lifting leaves and blades of grass, and finding blood underneath them, for the blood gushing from a wounded animal often falls upon their inner surfaces, and then, of course, unless the rain is very heavy, it is not washed away. It took us something over an hour and a half to reach the edge of the marsh, but once there our task became much easier, for the soft soil showed plentiful evidences of the great brutes' passage. Threading our way through the swampy land, we came at last to a ford of the river, and here we could see where the poor wounded animal had lain down in the mud and water in the hope of easing himself of his pain, and could see also how his two faithful companions had assisted him to rise again. We crossed the ford, and took up the spoor on the further side, and followed it into the marsh-like land beyond. No rain had fallen on this side of the river, and the blood-marks were consequently much more frequent.

"All that day we followed the three bulls, now across open plains, and now through patches of bush. They seemed to have travelled on almost without stopping, and I noticed that as they went the wounded bull got up his strength a little. This I could see from his spoor, which had become firmer, and also from the fact that the other two had given up supporting him. At last evening closed in, and having travelled some eighteen miles, we camped, thoroughly tired out.

"Before dawn on the following day we were up, and the first break of light found us once more on the spoor. About half-past five o'clock we reached the place where the elephants had fed and slept. The two unwounded bulls had taken their fill, as the conditions of the neighbouring bushes showed, but the wounded one had eaten nothing. He had spent the night leaning against a good-sized tree, which his weight had pushed out of the perpendicular. They had not long left this place, and could not be far ahead, especially as the wounded bull was now again so stiff after his night's rest that for the first few miles the other two had been obliged to support him. But elephants go very quick, even when they seem to be travelling slowly, for shrub and creepers that almost stop a man's progress are no hindrance to them. The three had now turned to the left, and were travelling back again in a semicircular line toward the mountains, probably with the idea of working round to their old feeding grounds on the further side of the river.

"There was nothing for it but to follow their lead, and accordingly we followed with industry. Through all that long hot day did we tramp, passing quantities of every sort of game, and even coming across the spoor of other elephants.

But, in spite of my men's entreaties, I would not turn aside after these. I would have those mighty tusks or none.

"By evening we were quite close to our game, probably within a quarter of a mile, but the bush was dense, and we could see nothing of them, so once more we had to camp, thoroughly disgusted with our luck. That night, just after the moon got up, while I was sitting smoking my pipe with my back against a tree, I heard an elephant trumpet as though something had startled it, not three hundred yards away. I was very tired, but my curiosity overcame my weariness, so without saying a word to any of my men, all of whom were asleep, I took my eight-bore and a few spare cartridges, and steered toward the sound. The game path which we had been following all day ran straight on in the direction from which the elephant had trumpeted. It was narrow, but well trodden, and the light struck down upon it in a straight white line. I crept along it cautiously for some two hundred yards, when it suddenly opened into a most beautiful glade some hundred yards or more in width, wherein tall grass grew and flat-topped trees stood singly. With the caution born of long experience I watched for a few moments before I entered the glade, and then I saw why the elephant had trumpeted. There in the middle of the glade stood a great maned lion. He stood quite still, making a soft purring noise, and waving his tail to and fro. Presently the grass about forty yards on the hither side of him gave a wide ripple, and a lioness sprang out of it like a flash, and bounded noiselessly up to the lion. Reaching him, the great cat halted suddenly, and rubbed her head against his shoulder. Then they both began to purr loudly, so loudly that I believe that in the stillness one might have heard them two hundred yards or more away.

"After a time, while I was still hesitating what to do, either they got a whiff of my wind, or they wearied of standing still, and determined to start in search of game. At any rate, as though moved by a common impulse, they suddenly bounded away, leap by leap, and vanished in the depths of the forest to the left. I waited for a little while longer to see if there were any more yellow skins about, and seeing none, came to the conclusion that the lions must have frightened the elephants away, and that I had had my stroll for nothing. But just as I was turning back I thought that I heard a bough break upon the further side of the glade, and, rash as the act was, I followed the sound. I crossed the glade as silently as my own shadow. On its further side the path went on. Albeit with many fears, I went on too. The jungle growth was so thick here that it almost met overhead, leaving so small a passage for the light that I could scarcely see to grope my way along. Presently, however, it widened, and then opened into a second glade slightly smaller than the first, and there, on the farther side of it, about eighty yards from me, stood the three enormous elephants.

"They stood thus: Immediately opposite and facing me was the wounded one-tusked bull. He was leaning his bulk against a dead thorn-tree, the only one in the place, and looked very sick indeed. Near him stood the second bull, as though keeping a watch over him. The third elephant was a good deal nearer to me and broadside on. While I was still staring at them, this elephant suddenly walked off and vanished down a path in the bush to the right.

"There were now two things to be done—either I could go back to the camp and advance upon the elephants at dawn, or I could attack them at once. The first was, of course, by far the wisest and safest course. To engage one elephant by moonlight and single-handed is a sufficiently rash proceeding; to tackle three was little short of lunacy. But, on the other hand, I knew that they would be on the march again before daylight, and there might come another day of weary trudging before I could catch them up, or they might escape me altogether.

"'No,' I thought to myself, 'faint heart never won fair tusk. I'll risk it, and have a slap at them. But how?' I could not advance across the open, for they would see me; clearly the only thing to do was to creep round in the shadow of the bush and try to come upon them so. So I started. Seven or eight minutes of careful stalking brought me to the mouth of the path down which the third elephant had walked. The other two were now about fifty yards from me, and the nature of the wall of bush was such that I could not see how to get nearer to them without being discovered. I hesitated, and peeped down the path which the elephant had followed. About five yards in, it took a turn round a bush. I thought that I would just have a look behind it, and advanced, expecting that I should be able to catch a sight of the elephant's tail. As it happened, however, I met his trunk coming round the corner. It is very disconcerting to see an elephant's trunk when you expect to see his tail, and for a moment I stood paralyzed almost under the vast brute's head, for he was not five yards from me. He too halted, having either

seen or winded me, probably the latter, and then threw up his trunk and trumpeted preparatory to a charge. I was in for it now, for I could not escape either to the right or left, on account of the bush, and I did not dare turn my back. So I did the only thing that I could do—raised the rifle and fired at the black mass of his chest. It was too dark for me to pick a shot; I could only brown it, as it were.

"The shot rung out like thunder on the quiet air, and the elephant answered it with a scream, and then dropped his trunk and stood for a second or two as still as though he had been cut in stone. I confess that I lost my head; I ought to have fired my second barrel, but I did not. Instead of doing so, I rapidly opened my rifle, pulled out the old cartridge from the right barrel and replaced it. But before I could snap the breech to, the bull was at me. I saw his great trunk fly up like a brown beam, and I waited no longer. Turning, I fled for dear life, and after me thundered the elephant. Right into the open glade I ran, and then, thank Heaven, just as he was coming up with me the bullet took effect on him. He had been shot right through the heart, or lungs, and down he fell with a crash, stone dead.

"But in escaping from Scylla I had run into the jaws of Charybdis. I heard the elephant fall, and glanced round. Straight in front of me, and not fifteen paces away, were the other two bulls. They were staring about, and at that moment they caught sight of me. Then they came, the pair of them—came like thunderbolts, and from different angles. I had only time to snap my rifle to, lift it, and fire, almost at haphazard, at the head of the nearest, the unwounded bull.

"Now, as you know, in the case of the African elephant, whose skull is convex, and not concave like that of the Indian, this is always a most risky and very frequently a perfectly useless shot. The bullet loses itself in the masses of bone, that is all. But there is one little vital place, and should the bullet happen to strike there, it will follow the channel of the nostrils—at least I suppose it is the nostrils—and reach the brain. And that was what happened in this case—the ball struck the fatal spot in the region of the eye and travelled to the brain. Down came the great bull all of a heap, and rolled on to his side as dead as a stone. I swung round at that instant to face the third, the monster bull with one tusk that I had wounded two days before. He was already almost over me, and in the dim moonlight seemed to tower above me like a house. I lifted the rifle and pulled at his neck. It would not go off! Then, in a flash, as it were, I remembered that it was on the half-cock. The lock of this barrel was a little weak, and a few days before, in firing at a cow eland, the left barrel had jarred off at the shock of the discharge of the right, knocking me backwards with the recoil; so after that I had kept it on the half-cock till I actually wanted to fire it.

"I gave one desperate bound to the right, and, my lame leg notwithstanding, I believe that few men could have made a better jump. At any rate, it was none too soon, for as I jumped I felt the air made by the tremendous downward stroke of the monster's trunk. Then I ran for it.

"I ran like the wind, still keeping hold of my gun, however. My idea, so far as I could be said to have any fixed idea, was to bolt down the pathway up which I had come, like a rabbit down a burrow, trusting that he would lose sight of me in the uncertain light. I sped across the glade. Fortunately the bull, being wounded, could not go full speed; but wounded or no, he could go quite as fast as I could. I was unable to gain an inch, and away we went, with just about three feet between our separate extremities. We were at the other side now, and a glance served to show me that I had miscalculated and overshot the opening. To reach it now was hopeless; I should have blundered straight into the elephant. So I did the only thing I could do: I swerved like a coursed hare, and started off round the edge of the glade, seeking for some opening into which I could plunge. This gave me a moment's start, for the bull could not turn as quickly as I could, and I made the most of it. But no opening could I see; the bush was like a wall. We were speeding round the edge of the glade, and the elephant was coming up again. Now he was within about six feet, and now, as he trumpeted or rather screamed, I could feel the fierce hot blast of his breath strike upon my head. Heavens! how it frightened me!

"We were three parts round the glade now, and about fifty yards ahead was the single large dead thorn-tree against which the bull had been leaning. I spurred for it: it was my last chance of safety. But spurt as I would, it seemed hours before I got there. Putting out my right hand, I swung round the tree, thus bringing myself face to face with the elephant.

(To be continued.)

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

## PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 8th, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.

APPRENTICES' & WORKMEN'S  
INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

ARTISTES:—

MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

## BAND OF H.M. SCOTS GUARDS

(By permission of COLONEL H. STRACEY),

Conductor—MR. EDWARD HOLLAND.

Musical Director to the People's Palace, Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

1. MARCH .. .. "Richard" .. .. Werner.

2. OVERTURE .. "Light Cavalry" .. .. Suppé.

3. NEW SONG .. "Douglas Gordon" .. Laurance Kellie.

MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

"Row me o'er the strait, Douglas Gordon,  
Row me o'er the strait, O my love," said she;  
"Where we greeted in the summer, Douglas Gordon,  
Beyond the little kirk, by the old trysting tree."  
Never a word spake Douglas Gordon,  
But he looked into her eyes so tenderly;  
And he set her at his side,  
And away across the tide,  
They floated to the little kirk,  
And the old, old trysting tree.

"Give me a word of love, Douglas Gordon,  
Just a word of pity, O my love," said she;  
"For the bells will ring to-morrow, Douglas Gordon,  
My wedding bells, my love, but not for you and me.  
They told me you were false, Douglas Gordon,  
And you never, never came to comfort me."  
And she saw the great tears rise,  
In her lover's silent eyes,  
As they drifted to the little kirk,  
And the old, old trysting tree.

"And it's never, never, never, Douglas Gordon,  
Never in this world that you may come to me;  
But tell me that you love me, Douglas Gordon,  
And kiss me for the love of all that used to be."  
Then he flung away his sail, his oars, and rudder,  
And he took her in his arms so tenderly;  
And they drifted on amain,  
And the bells may call in vain,  
For she and Douglas Gordon,  
Are drowned in the sea.

4. SELECTION .. "Mikado" .. .. Sullivan.

5. SOLO EUPHONIUM "Nazareth" .. .. Gomod.

MR. W. ARCHER.

6. SONG .. "Sunshine through the Mist" .. Van Lennep.

MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

There are shadows where once was sunshine,  
Gloom where reigned but light,  
And we tire so soon, my darling,  
With the weariness of night.  
Shall we now for aye be waiting,  
For a day that will not come,  
Must our lives be ever pleading,  
And our hearts be ever dumb?  
Is it never, never coming,  
That sunshine after rain?  
That hour to show us, darling,  
We have not liv'd in vain.

Let our hearts not fail or falter,  
Our spirits droop not yet,  
The sun oft woos the flow'ret,  
Whilst with rain they still are wet.  
And the cross we bear of sorrow,  
And the cleansing fires of pain,  
May pass from our lives for ever,  
And a golden joy remain.  
It is coming that hour when tears are past,  
When life shall be all gladness,  
And joy be ours at last.

7. VALSE .. .. "Trauno" .. .. Millocker.

8. DUET .. .. "Quis est Homo" .. .. Rossini.

MDLLE. NEOMI LORENZI AND MADAME OSBORNE  
WILLIAMS.9. SOLO PICCOLO .. "L'Oiseau du Bois" .. Le Thiere.  
MR. BREWER.

10. SONG .. .. "Robert, toi que j'aime" .. Meyerbeer.

MDLLE. NOEMI LORENZI.

Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime,  
Et qui rigus qui rigus ma foi,  
Tu vois mon effroi—grâce pour toi même  
Grâce pour moi.

Quoi ton cœur se dégage  
Des serments les plus doux,  
Tu merendis hommage,  
Je suis à tes genoux.

Grâce, grâce, etc.

On mon bien suprême,  
Toi qui j'aime,  
Tu vois mon effroi.

Grâce, grâce, etc.

11. SELECTION .. "Robert Bruce" .. .. Bonnisseau.

12. SONG .. "The Old, Old Story" .. Blumenthal.

MADAME OSBORNE WILLIAMS.

Summer moonbeams, softly playing,  
Lights the woods of Castle keep;  
And there I see a maiden straying,  
Where the darkest shadows creep.  
She is listening, meekly, purely,  
To the wooer by her side,  
'Tis the "old, old story" surely,  
Running on like time and tide.  
Maiden fair, oh have a care,  
Vows are many, truth is rare.

He is courtly, she is simple,  
Lordly doublet speaks his lot:  
She is wearing hood and whimple,  
His the castle, hers the cot.  
Sweeter far she deems his whisper  
Than the night-birds dulcet trill,  
She is smiling, he beguiling,  
'Tis the "old, old story still."  
Maiden fair, &c.

The autumn sun is quickly going  
Behind the wood of Castle keep,  
The air is chill the night wind blowing,  
And there I see a maiden weep.  
Her cheeks are white, her brow is aching,  
The "old, old story"—sad and brief—  
Of heart betrayed and left nigh breaking,  
In mute despair and lonely grief.  
Maiden fair, &c.

13. GALOP MILITAIRE "Pleine Carriere" .. .. Bohm.

## Calendar of the Week.

June 6th.—Jeremy Bentham died this day, 1837, being then in his eighty-fifth year. He was the greatest of modern writers on moral and political philosophy. He was possessed of a dwarfish body with a gigantic intellect. He inherited a competency from his father, and lived in Queen Square Place, Westminster, where for half a century he hardly ever stirred beyond the limits of his own garden. In 1823 he founded the *Westminster Review*, which for many years faithfully represented his principles.

June 7th.—Easter Law Sittings end. Epsom Races. Oaks Day.

Bishop Warburton died this day, 1779. Who is there who now cares for this once great spirit? He was the friend and defender of Pope, and he wrote the "Divine Legation of Moses," a remarkable book, endeavouring to prove that because there is no mention of a future world in the Pentateuch, its author must have been divinely inspired. This paradox he maintained with immense vigour and learning. Lord Bolingbroke addressed a pamphlet to Warburton, entitled "A Familiar Epistle to the most Impudent Man Living."

On this day, 1780, London was in the hands of the most violent and the most dangerous mob that ever got for a moment the upper hand. It is the day of the Gordon Riots. Those who want a graphic and faithful description of the day will find it in Dickens's *Barnaby Rudge*. When next morning the troops were brought to act, 210 rioters were killed, 248 were wounded, and of the prisoners taken twenty were hanged. Newgate had been forced, and 300 prisoners let loose. Lord Mansfield's town house was sacked and burned, and every house that was inhabited by a Roman Catholic was destroyed.

June 8th.—The eighth of June must be commemorated for many illustrious people, who were born or died on this day, Cagliostro, among those born. Nero, Mohammed, Edward the Black Prince, Bürger the German Poet, and Douglas Jerrold, all died on this day.

Concerning Nero, an admirable account of this imperial madman will be found in De Quincey. Washington Irving has written a life of Mohammed—to be sure the author knew no Arabic, but his history is readable. Douglas Jerrold had no adventures to record: he lived, he wrote: he made many witty remarks, most of which were cutting and some cruel: as for what he wrote it is nearly all forgotten. I wonder if the Librarians are ever asked for the works of Douglas Jerrold. Those who want to know about Cagliostro may consult Carlyle concerning this most impudent quack and impostor.

June 9th.—Whit Sunday. Day of St. Columba. This saint was an Irishman, who in the year 565 began an attempt to convert the Scottish Highlanders. He formed, with this object, a monastery on the little island of Icolmkill, near Staffa. Here he educated royal and noble youths from the mainland to educate, and from this place he sent forth monks to preach.

The last of the astrologers by profession, William Lilly, died on this day, 1681. The so-called science of astrology, however, is by no means dead; and there are still living among us men who cast nativities, consult the stars, and predict future events from the position of the planets. As nothing foolish or mischievous ever really dies, but is constantly re-appearing after due intervals of contempt, I suppose that astrology will again before long rear its head.

June 10th.—Whit Monday. Bank and general holiday. May the day be fine and warm, and may the name of St. Lubbock be blessed!

One of the most unfortunate of princes in history—though they are a truly unfortunate class of beings—was born this day, being the son of James II. by his second wife. He was carried out of the country while still a baby, and lived for seventy-seven years, always in the hope of being recalled by a repentant people. Alas! they never did repent. Thackeray's story of Esmond gives an admirable account of the state of English politics and party when the Pretender was a young man.

Frederick Barbarossa died this day, 1183. Everybody knows that he is not really dead, but is sitting in an

underground hall; his red beard has grown clean through a stone table, his knights sit around him; all are waiting for the signal to arise and smite the enemies of Holy Germany.

June 11th.—Day of St. Barnabas. Formerly a saint's day, kept in great honour, probably because it happened close to Midsummer, when the days are longest. The old saying ran—

Barnaby bright, Barnaby bright,  
Longest day and shortest night.

At Glastonbury Abbey they used to show, besides the famous thorn which only blossomed at Christmas, a certain miraculous walnut tree, which never budded till the day of St. Barnaby. Priests wore garlands of roses and woodruff on this day. It was before our time; one would like to see a bishop with a wreath of roses round his head.

Many interesting people are associated with this day, notably Roger Bacon, who died at Oxford on June 11th, 1294. This truly remarkable man was born at Ilchester, in Somersetshire. He was educated at Oxford and Paris. He joined the Franciscan Order, and after many years of research and discovery, he was rewarded by a prohibition to place on record any of his results. When the Pope removed this prohibition, he published his three great books, called the *Opus Majus*, the *Opus Minus*, and the *Opus Tertium*. As for what he discovered, it seems pretty certain that he invented the camera obscura, the air-pump, and the diving bell: that he knew something of the properties of gun-powder, and that he understood the nature and use of lenses.

June 12th.—The Duke of Berwick was killed at the siege of Philipburgh on this day, 1734, being then sixty-three years of age. Why should we remember the Duke of Berwick? He was the son of James the Second and Arabella Churchill, sister of the great Duke of Marlborough. When his father was deposed the young Duke followed him to France, when he entered the French service, and proved himself almost as great a general as his uncle the Duke of Marlborough. Like his uncle, too, he was cold and reserved. As for other people connected with this day, Dr. Arnold of Rugby died: Charles Kingsley was born: Harriet Martineau was born: and William Collins, the poet, died upon this day.

## Animals as Doctors.

ANIMALS get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, airy places, drink water, and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun.

The warrior ants have regularly organised ambulances. Latrielle cut the antennæ of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded, it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass.

When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung on the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered.

A terrier hurt its right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry.

Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold water, which M. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods.

In view of these interesting facts we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practised by animals, may, in the interest of psychology, be studied with advantage. Many physicians have been keen observers of animals, their diseases, and the methods adopted by them, in their wonderful instinct, to cure themselves, and have availed themselves of the knowledge so obtained in their own practice.

The Amateur Stone-breaker.

IT is told of the eminent geologist, Professor Sedgwick, that once when on his way to Scarborough, where he had an engagement to dine, he stopped by the wayside, and perching himself on a heap of stones, pulled out his geological hammer, and began chipping away at some promising specimens. While he was thus engaged a lady drove up in a four-wheeled chaise, and mistaking him for a stone-breaker—for the professor was not noted for special regard to dress—got into conversation with him, asking whether he could earn his living by his occupation, how many children he had, and if he had brought them up to stone-breaking (to all of which the professor, enjoying the joke, replied in character), and finally gave him a shilling and drove off.

On his arrival at Scarborough, the first person the professor met at the table of his friend was the lady in question! The lady did not recognise him in his more refined attire, but expressed her conviction that she had seen his face before. The professor's eyes twinkled.

"Don't you remember speaking to a man on the road, asking him how many children he had, and giving him a shilling? Here it is, and I intend to keep it in remembrance of you."

A Puzzle-Box.

A MERIDEN clothing-dealer recently offered a light overcoat to any person who solved the "anti-rattle-box" puzzle. This consisted of a short cylindrical wooden box securely sealed. The point was to shake the box without rattling the contents. On the box was printed, "You can't do it; but it can be done."

Those who got hold of the boxes, after shaking them in different ways, cut them open and found the contents to consist of pieces of tin of different shapes. As no method of doing the trick could be thought of, it was generally supposed that the puzzle could not be solved.

Charles M. Fairchild, assistant to Superintendent Fitzgerald, of the Meriden Electric Light Company, came into possession of one of the boxes. He dissected it, noticed the bits of tin, thought for a moment, and then, taking a piece of magnetised iron, replaced the cover on the box, and applied the magnet to one end. It was strong enough to attract all the small pieces of tin and hold them fast to the end of the box, however violently it was shaken. He got the overcoat.

EVERY man has his price, but he doesn't always get it.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS,

MILE END ROAD, E.

In connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education.

Time Table of Evening Classes

For the SPRING TERM, commencing April 24th and ending July 19th.

The Winter Session for the Technical, Science and Art Classes, will commence on September 30th next.

The Workshops are replete with requirements, well filled with Tools, etc. The Lectures will be fully demonstrated with Experiments, Diagrams, Dissolving Views, Specimens, Practical Demonstrations, etc. The Lecture Rooms are commodious and well supplied with apparatus, etc. The Physical and Chemical Laboratories are well fitted and supplied with all apparatus required for a thorough practical instruction. Separate Lavatories and Cloak Rooms are provided for Male and Female Students. Students also have the privilege of using the Library and Refreshment Room. The Practical and Technical Classes are limited to Members of the Trade in question.

General Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
† Ambulance .. ..	G. Stoker, Esq., M.D.	Tuesday ..	8.15	s. d.
† Arithmetic—Elementary	Mr. A. Sarll, A.K.C.	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Commercial	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
" Advanced .. ..	"	"	7.0-8.0	2 6
† Book-keeping—Elem.	"	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	2 6
" Interme. .. ..	"	Thursday ..	7.0-8.0	2 6
" Advanced .. ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 6
Grammar & Compn. Advn.	Mr. D. Isaacs, B.A.	Saturday ..	7.30-8.30	4 0
Civil Service—Boy Clerks	"	Tuesday ..	"	"
Female Clerks (Prelim.)	"	"	"	"
Excise (Beginners) ..	"	"	6.30-10.0	12 0
Customs (Beginners) ..	"	"	"	"
Lower Div. (Prelim.) ..	"	"	"	"
" (Competitive) ..	"	Tuesday ..	8.0-10.0	12 0
Excise & Customs (Adv.)	"	Thursday ..	8.30-10.0	"
Female Clerks (Com.)	"	"	"	"
Male Telegraph Learners	"	"	"	"
Boy Copyists .. ..	"	Thursday ..	6.30-8.30	10 0
Female Tele. Learners	"	"	"	"
Female Sorters .. ..	"	"	"	"
† Shorthand (Pitman's) Ele.	Messrs. Horton	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Advan. .. ..	and Wilson	"	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Report .. ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	5 0
† French, Elementary ..	Mons. Pointin	Monday ..	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " M. & Wed. ..	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
" " Intermediate ..	"	Monday ..	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Advanced .. ..	"	Wed. & Fri.	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Conversational ..	"	Wednesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Commrcl. Corres.	"	Friday ..	8.0-9.0	4 0
German, Advanced ..	Herr Dittell	Wednesday	9.0-10.0	4 0
" " Beginners .. ..	"	"	7.0-8.0	4 0
" " Intermediate ..	"	"	8.0-9.0	4 0
† Elocution (Class 1)	Mr. S. L. Hasluck	Thursday ..	6.0-7.30	3 6
" " (Class 2) .. ..	"	"	8.0-10.0	3 6
Shakespeare Class ..	"	Monday ..	8.0-10.0	3 6
Writing .. .. ..	Mr. T. Drew	Tuesday ..	8.0-10.0	2 0
† London Matriculation ..	Mr. W. Coleman,	Tu. & Fri.	6.0-10.0	31 6
" " Intern. Arts ..	B.A. (Lond.)	"	"	"
" " B.A. Degree .. ..	"	"	6.0-10.0	42 0

\* For Course of Five Lectures. † See Class Prospectus for details of Classes.

Special Classes for Females only.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Plain Needlework, Garment Making & Art Needlework	Mrs. Scrivener	Monday ..	7.0-9.0	s. d.
Dressmaking .. ..	"	"	7.0-9.0	5 0
" " " " .. ..	"	Tuesday ..	7.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " .. ..	"	"	7.0-9.0	4 0
" " " " .. ..	"	Wednesday ..	7.30-9.30	4 0
" " " " .. ..	"	Thursday ..	5.30-7.30	7 0
" " " " .. ..	"	"	6.30-8.30	4 0
" " " " .. ..	"	Friday ..	7.0-9.0	4 6
Millinery .. .. ..	Miss Newall	Tuesday ..	7.30-9.30	4 0
Cookery .. .. ..	Mrs. Sharman	Thursday ..	7.30-9.30	3 0
" " " " .. ..	"	"	6.30-7.30	7 6
" " " " .. ..	"	"	"	"
Elementary Class, including Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, etc.	Mr. Michell	"	8.0-9.30	2 0

Musical Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Singing, Elementary ..	Mr. Orton Bradley	Thursday ..	8.0-9.0	2 0
" " Advanced .. ..	"	"	9.0-10.0	2 0
Choral Society .. ..	"	Tues. & Fri.	8.0-10.0	2 0
Orchestral Society ..	Mr. W. R. Cave	Friday ..	8.0-10.0	2 6
Pianoforte .. .. ..	Mr. C. Hamilton	Monday ..	8.0-10.0	"
" " " " .. ..	"	Tu. & Thur.	5.30-8.30	9 0
" " " " .. ..	"	Wed. & Fri.	5.0-9.0	9 0
Violin .. .. ..	Mrs. Spencer	Monday ..	6.0-10.0	5 0
" " " " .. ..	Mr. W. Jackson	Tuesday ..	6.0-10.0	5 0

\* Ladies will be admitted to these Classes at Reduced Fees, viz., 1/-

Practical Trade Classes.

SUBJECT.	TEACHER.	DAY.	HOURS.	FEES.
Upholstery, Cuting, & Drap.	Mr. G. Scarman	Wednesday	7.30-9.0	5 0
Filing, Fitting, Turning,	Mr. A. W. Bevis	M. and F. ..	8.0-10.0	5 0
Patn. Making & Mouldg.	(Wks. Sec.)	"	"	"
Carpentry and Joinery ..	Mr. W. Graves	M. and Th..	7.30-9.30	5 0
Wood Carving .. ..	Mr. Perrin	M., W. and F.	7.30-9.30	6 0
" " " " .. ..	(S.A. Medallist)	"	"	"
Etching .. .. ..	Mr. Costello	Tu. and Th.	7.30-9.30	6 0
Photography, Photographers	Mr. E. H. Farmer	Wednesday	10.0-10.0	5 0
" " Non-Professionals	"	"	10.0-10.0	21 0

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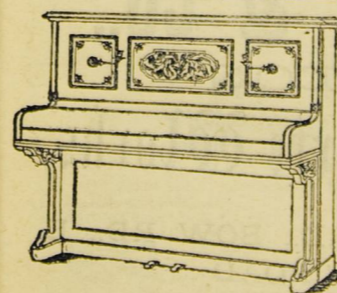
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