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An Illustrated Monthly

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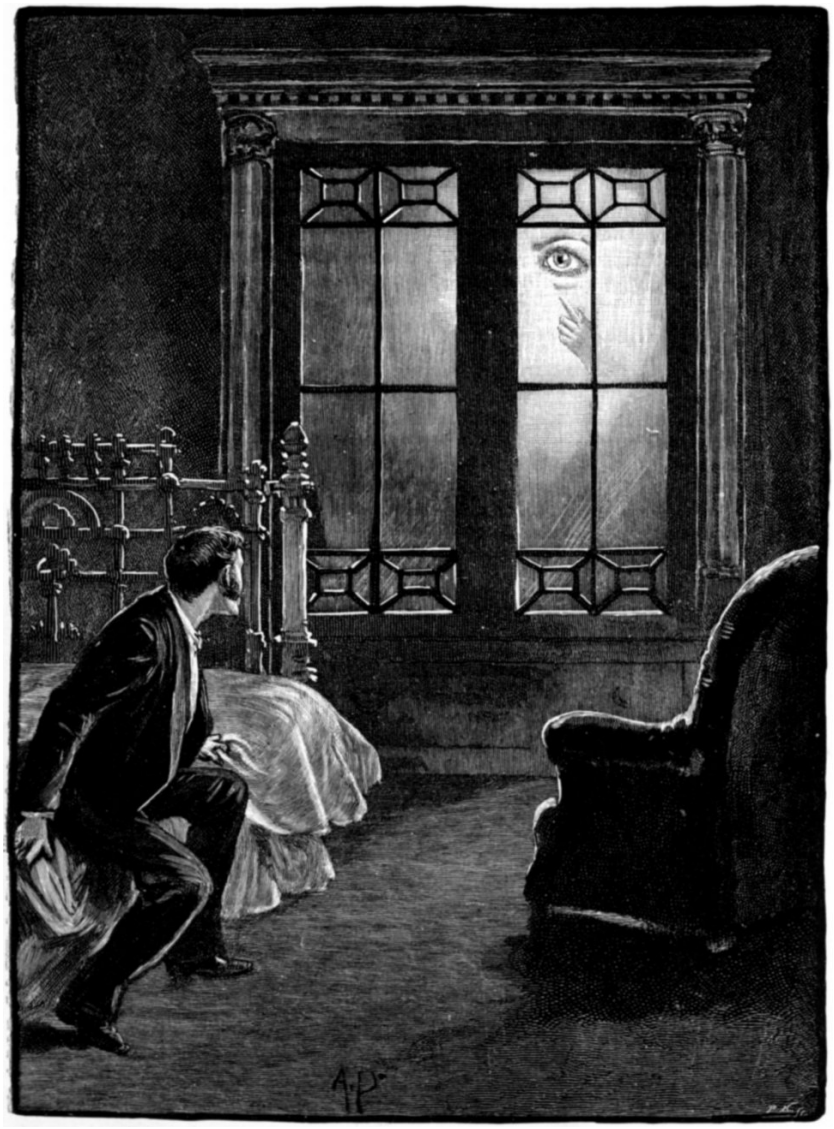


"THE HORROR OF STUDLEY GRANGE."

I was in my consulting-room one morning, and had just said good-bye to the last of my patients, when my servant came in and told me that a lady had called who pressed very earnestly for an interview with me.

"I told her that you were just going out, sir," said the man, "and she saw the carriage at the door; but she begged to see you, if only for two minutes. This is her card."

I read the words, "Lady Studley."

"Show her in," I said, hastily, and the next moment a tall, slightly-made, fair-haired girl entered the room.

She looked very young, scarcely more than twenty, and I could hardly believe that she was, what her card indicated, a married woman.

The colour rushed into her cheeks as she held out her hand to me. I

motioned her to a chair, and then asked her what I could do for her.

"Oh, you can help me," she said, clasping her hands and speaking in a slightly theatrical manner. "My husband, Sir Henry Studley, is very unwell, and I want you to come to see him—can you?—will you?"

"With pleasure," I replied. "Where do you live?"

"At Studley Grange, in Wiltshire. Don't you know our place?"

"I daresay I ought to know it," I replied, "although at the present moment I can't recall the name. You want me to come to see your husband. I presume you wish me to have a consultation with his medical attendant?"

"No, no, not at all. The fact is, Sir Henry has not got a medical attendant. He dislikes doctors, and won't see one. I want you to come and stay with us for a week or so. I have heard of you through mutual friends—the Onslows. I know you can effect remarkable cures, and you have a great deal of tact. But you can't possibly do anything for my husband unless you are willing to stay in the house and to notice his symptoms."


"LADY STUDLEY SPOKE WITH GREAT EMPHASIS."

Lady Studley spoke with great emphasis and earnestness. Her long, slender hands were clasped tightly together. She had drawn off her gloves and was bending forward in her chair. Her big, childish, and somewhat restless blue eyes were fixed imploringly on my face.

"I love my husband," she said, tears suddenly filling them —"and it is dreadful, dreadful, to see him suffer as he does. He will die unless someone comes to his aid. Oh, I know I am asking an immense thing, when I beg of you to leave all your patients and come to the country. But we can pay. Money is no object whatever to us. We can, we will, gladly pay you for your services."

"I must think the matter over," I said. "You flatter me by wishing for me, and by believing that I can render you assistance, but I cannot take a step of this kind in a hurry. I will write to you by to-night's post if you will give me your address. In the meantime, kindly tell me some of the symptoms of Sir Henry's malady."

"I fear it is a malady of the mind," she answered immediately, "but it is of so vivid and so startling a character, that unless relief is soon obtained, the body must give way under the strain. You see that I am very young, Dr. Halifax. Perhaps I look younger than I am—my age is twenty-two. My husband is twenty years my senior. He would, however, be considered by most people still a young man. He is a great scholar, and has always had more or less the habits of a recluse. He is fond of living in his library, and likes nothing better than to be surrounded by books of all sorts. Every modern book worth reading is forwarded to him by its publisher. He is a very interesting man and a brilliant conversationalist. Perhaps I ought to put all this in the past tense, for now he scarcely ever speaks—he reads next to nothing—it is difficult to persuade him to eat—he will not leave the house—he used to have a rather ruddy complexion—he is now deadly pale and terribly emaciated. He sighs in the most heartrending manner, and seems to be in a state of extreme nervous tension. In short, he is very ill, and yet he seems to have no bodily disease. His eyes have a terribly startled expression in them—his hand trembles so that he can scarcely raise a cup of tea to his lips. In short, he looks like a man who has seen a ghost."

"When did these symptoms begin to appear?" I asked.

"It is mid-winter now," said Lady Studley. "The queer symptoms began to

show themselves in my husband in October. They have been growing worse and worse. In short, I can stand them no longer," she continued, giving way to a short, hysterical sob. "I felt I must come to someone—I have heard of you. Do, do come and save us. Do come and find out what is the matter with my wretched husband."

"I will write to you to-night," I said, in as kind a voice as I could muster, for the pretty, anxious wife interested me already. "It may not be possible for me to stay at Studley Grange for a week, but in any case I can promise to come and see the patient. One visit will probably be sufficient—what your husband wants is, no doubt, complete change."

"Oh, yes, yes," she replied, standing up now. "I have said so scores of times, but Sir Henry won't stir from Studley—nothing will induce him to go away. He won't even leave his own special bedroom, although I expect he has dreadful nights." Two hectic spots burnt in her cheeks as she spoke. I looked at her attentively.

"You will forgive me for speaking," I said, "but you do not look at all well yourself. I should like to prescribe for you as well as your husband."

"Thank you," she answered, "I am not very strong. I never have been, but that is nothing—I mean that my health is not a thing of consequence at present. Well, I must not take up any more of your time. I shall expect to get a letter from you to-morrow morning. Please address it to Lady Studley, Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria."

She touched my hand with fingers that burnt like a living coal and left the room.

I thought her very ill, and was sure that if I could see my way to spending a week at Studley Grange, I should have two patients instead of one. It is always difficult for a busy doctor to leave home, but after carefully thinking matters over, I resolved to comply with Lady Studley's request.

"LADY STUDLEY HAD COME HERSELF TO FETCH ME."

Accordingly, two days later saw me on my way to Wiltshire, and to Studley Grange. A brougham with two smart horses was waiting at the station. To my surprise I saw that Lady Studley had come herself to fetch me.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said, giving me a feverish clasp of her hand. "Your visit fills me with hope—I believe that you will discover what is really wrong. Home!" she said, giving a quick, imperious direction to the footman who appeared at the window of the carriage.

We bowled forward at a rapid pace, and she continued:—

"I came to meet you to-day to tell you that I have used a little guile with regard to your visit. I have not told Sir Henry that you are coming here in the capacity of a doctor."

Here she paused and gave me one of her restless glances.

"Do you mind?" she asked.

"What have you said about me to Sir Henry?" I inquired.

"That you are a great friend of the Onslows, and that I have asked you here for a week's change," she answered immediately.

"As a guest, my husband will be polite and delightful to you—as a doctor, he would treat you with scant civility, and would probably give you little or none of his confidence."

I was quite silent for a moment after Lady Studley had told me this. Then I said:—

"Had I known that I was not to come to your house in the capacity of a medical man, I might have re-considered my earnest desire to help you."

She turned very pale when I said this, and tears filled her eyes.

"Never mind," I said now, for I could not but be touched by her extremely pathetic and suffering face, by the look of great illness which was manifested in every glance. "Never mind now; I am glad you have told me exactly the terms on which you wish me to approach your husband; but I think that I can so put matters to Sir Henry that he will be glad to consult me in my medical capacity."

"Oh, but he does not even know that I suspect his illness. It would never do for him to know. I suspect! I see! I fear! but I say nothing. Sir Henry would be much more miserable than he is now, if he thought that I guessed that there is anything wrong with him."

"It is impossible for me to come to the Grange except as a medical man," I answered, firmly. "I will tell Sir Henry that you have seen some changes in him, and have asked me to visit him as a doctor. Please trust me. Nothing will be said to your husband that can make matters at all uncomfortable for you."

Lady Studley did not venture any further remonstrance, and we now approached the old Grange. It was an irregular pile, built evidently according to the wants of the different families who had lived in it. The building was long and rambling, with rows of windows filled up with panes of latticed glass. In front of the house was a sweeping lawn, which, even at this time of the year, presented a velvety and well-kept appearance. We drove rapidly round to the entrance door, and a moment later I found myself in the presence of my host and patient. Sir Henry Studley was a tall man with a very slight stoop, and an aquiline and rather noble face. His eyes were dark, and his forehead inclined to be bald. There was a courtly, old-world sort of look about him. He greeted me with extreme friendliness, and we went into the hall, a very large and lofty apartment, to tea.

Lady Studley was vivacious and lively in the extreme. While she talked, the hectic spots came out again on her cheeks. My uneasiness about her increased as I noticed these symptoms. I felt certain that she was not only consumptive, but in all probability she was even now the victim of an advanced stage of phthisis. I felt far more anxious about her than about her husband, who appeared to me at that moment to be nothing more than a somewhat nervous and hypochondriacal person. This state of things seemed easy to account for in a scholar and a man of sedentary habits.

I remarked about the age of the house, and my host became interested, and told me one or two stories of the old inhabitants of the Grange. He said that to-morrow he would have much pleasure in taking me over the building.

"'HAVE YOU A GHOST HERE?' I ASKED, WITH A LAUGH."

"Have you a ghost here?" I asked, with a laugh.

I don't know what prompted me to ask the question. The moment I did so, Sir Henry turned white to his lips, and Lady Studley held up a warning finger to me to intimate that I was on dangerous ground. I felt that I was, and hastened to divert the conversation into safer channels. Inadvertently I had touched on a sore spot. I scarcely regretted having done so, as the flash in the baronet's troubled eyes, and the extreme agitation of his face, showed me plainly that Lady Studley was right when she spoke of his nerves being in a very irritable condition. Of course, I did not believe

in ghosts, and wondered that a man of Sir Henry's calibre could be at all under the influence of this old-world fear.

"I am sorry that we have no one to meet you," he said, after a few remarks of a commonplace character had divided us from the ghost question. "But to-morrow several friends are coming, and we hope you will have a pleasant time. Are you fond of hunting?"

I answered that I used to be in the old days, before medicine and patients occupied all my thoughts.

"If this open weather continues, I can probably give you some of your favourite pastime," rejoined Sir Henry; "and now perhaps you would like to be shown to your room."

My bedroom was in a modern wing of the house, and looked as cheerful and as unghostlike as it was possible for a room to be. I did not rejoin my host and hostess until dinner-time. We had a sociable little meal, at which nothing of any importance occurred, and shortly after the servants withdrew, Lady Studley left Sir Henry and me to ourselves. She gave me another warning glance as she left the room. I had already quite made up my mind, however, to tell Sir Henry the motive of my visit.

The moment the door closed behind his wife, he started up and asked me if I would mind coming with him into his library.

"The fact is." he said, "I am particularly glad you have come down. I want to have a talk with you about my wife. She is extremely unwell."

I signified my willingness to listen to anything Sir Henry might say, and in a few minutes we found ourselves comfortably established in a splendid old room, completely clothed with books from ceiling to floor.

"These are my treasures," said the baronet, waving his hand in the direction of an old bookcase, which contained, I saw at a glance, some very rare and precious first editions.

"These are my friends, the companions of my hours of solitude. Now sit down, Dr. Halifax; make yourself at home. You have come here as a guest, but I have heard of you before, and am inclined to confide in you. I must frankly say that I hate your profession as a rule. I don't believe in the omniscience of medical men, but moments come in the lives of all men when it is necessary to unburden the mind to another. May I give you my confidence?"

"One moment first," I said. "I can't deceive you, Sir Henry. I have come here, not in the capacity of a guest, but as your wife's medical man. She has been anxious about you, and she begged of me to come and stay here for a few days in order to render you any medical assistance within my power. I only knew, on my way here to-day, that she had not acquainted you with the nature of my visit."

While I was speaking, Sir Henry's face became extremely watchful, eager, and tense.

"This is remarkable," he said. "So Lucilla is anxious about me? I was not aware that I ever gave her the least clue to the fact that I am not—in perfect health. This is very strange—it troubles me."

He looked agitated. He placed one long, thin hand on the little table which stood near, and pouring out a glass of wine, drank it off. I noticed as he did so the nervous trembling of his hand. I glanced at his face, and saw that it was thin to emaciation.

"Well," he said, "I am obliged to you for being perfectly frank with me. My wife scarcely did well to conceal the object of your visit. But now that you have come, I shall make use of you both for myself and for her."

"Then you are not well?" I asked.

"Well!" he answered, with almost a shout. "Good God, no! I think that I am going mad. I know—I know that unless relief soon comes I shall die or become a raving maniac."

"No, nothing of the kind," I answered, soothingly; "you probably want change. This is a fine old house, but dull, no doubt, in winter. Why don't you go away?—to the Riviera, or some other place where there is plenty

of sunshine? Why do you stay here? The air of this place is too damp to be good for either you or your wife."

Sir Henry sat silent for a moment, then he said, in a terse voice:—

"Perhaps you will advise me what to do after you know the nature of the malady which afflicts me. First of all, however, I wish to speak of my wife."

"I am ready to listen," I replied.

"You see," he continued, "that she is very delicate?"

"Yes," I replied; "to be frank with you, I should say that Lady Studley was consumptive."

He started when I said this, and pressed his lips firmly together. After a moment he spoke.

"You are right," he replied. "I had her examined by a medical man—Sir Joseph Dunbar—when I was last in London; he said her lungs were considerably affected, and that, in short, she was far from well."

"Did he not order you to winter abroad?"

"He did, but Lady Studley opposed the idea so strenuously that I was obliged to yield to her entreaties. Consumption does not seem to take quite the ordinary form with her. She is restless, she longs for cool air, she goes out on quite cold days, in a closed carriage, it is true. Still, except at night, she does not regard herself in any sense as an invalid. She has immense spirit—I think she will keep up until she dies."

"You speak of her being an invalid at night," I replied. "What are her symptoms?"

Sir Henry shuddered quite visibly.

"Oh, those awful nights!" he answered. "How happy would many poor mortals be, but for the terrible time of darkness. Lady Studley has had dreadful nights for some time: perspirations, cough, restlessness, bad dreams, and all the rest of it. But I must hasten to tell you my story quite briefly. In the beginning of October we saw Sir Joseph Dunbar. I should then, by his advice, have taken Lady Studley to the Riviera, but she opposed the idea with such passion and distress, that I abandoned it."

Sir Henry paused here, and I looked at him attentively. I remembered at that moment what Lady Studley had said about her husband refusing to leave the Grange under any circumstances. What a strange game of cross-purposes these two were playing. How was it possible for me to get at the truth?

"At my wife's earnest request," continued Sir Henry, "we returned to the Grange. She declared her firm intention of remaining here until she died.

"Soon after our return she suggested that we should occupy separate rooms at night, reminding me, when she made the request, of the infectious nature of consumption. I complied with her wish on condition that I slept in the room next hers, and that on the smallest emergency I should be summoned to her aid. This arrangement was made, and her room opens into mine. I have sometimes heard her moving about at night —I have often heard her cough, and I have often heard her sigh. But she has never once sent for me, or given me to understand that she required my aid. She does not think herself very ill, and nothing worries her more than to have her malady spoken about. That is the part of the story which relates to my wife."

"She is very ill," I said. "But I will speak of that presently. Now will you favour me with an account of your own symptoms, Sir Henry?"

He started again when I said this, and going across the room, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

"Perhaps you will laugh at me," he said, "but it is no laughing matter, I assure you. The most terrible, the most awful affliction has come to me. In short, I am visited nightly by an appalling apparition. You don't believe in ghosts, I judge that by your face. Few scientific men do."

"Frankly, I do not," I replied. "So-called ghosts can generally be

"HE LOCKED THE DOOR AND PUT THE KEY IN HIS POCKET."

accounted for. At the most they are only the figments of an over-excited or diseased brain."

"Be that as it may," said Sir Henry, "the diseased brain can give such torture to its victim that death is preferable. All my life I have been what I consider a healthy minded man. I have plenty of money, and have never been troubled with the cares which torture men of commerce, or of small means. When I married, three years ago, I considered myself the most lucky and the happiest of mortals."

"Forgive a personal question," I interrupted. "Has your marriage disappointed you?"

"No, no; far from it," he replied with fervour. "I love my dear wife better and more deeply even than the day when I took her as a bride to my arms. It is true that I am weighed down with sorrow about her, but that is entirely owing to the state of her health."

"It is strange," I said, "that she should be weighed down with sorrow about you for the same cause. Have you told her of the thing which terrifies you?"

"Never, never. I have never spoken of it to mortal. It is remarkable that my wife should have told you that I looked like a man who has seen a ghost. Alas! alas! But let me tell you the cause of my shattered nerves, my agony, and failing health."

"Pray do, I shall listen attentively," I replied.

"Oh, doctor, that I could make you feel the horror of it!" said Sir Henry, bending forward and looking into my eyes. "Three months ago I no more believed in visitations, in apparitions, in so-called ghosts, than you do. Were you tried as I am, your scepticism would receive a severe shock. Now let me tell you what occurs. Night after night Lady Studley and I retire to rest at the same hour. We say good-night, and lay our heads on our separate pillows. The door of communication between us is shut. She has a night-light in her room—I prefer darkness. I close my eyes and prepare for slumber. As a rule I fall asleep. My sleep is of short duration. I awake with beads of perspiration standing on my forehead, with my heart thumping heavily and with every nerve wide awake, and waiting for the horror which will come. Sometimes I wait half an hour—sometimes longer. Then I know by a faint, ticking sound in the darkness that the Thing, for I can clothe it with no name, is about to visit me. In a certain spot of the room, always in the same spot, a bright light suddenly flashes; out of its midst there gleams a preternaturally large eye, which looks fixedly at me with a diabolical expression. As time goes, it does not remain long; but as agony counts, it seems to take years of my life away with it. It fades as suddenly into grey mist and nothingness as it comes, and, wet with perspiration, and struggling to keep back screams of mad terror, I bury my head in the bed-clothes."

"But have you never tried to investigate this thing?" I said.

"I did at first. The first night I saw it, I rushed out of bed and made for the spot. It disappeared at once. I struck a light—there was nothing whatever in the room."

"Why do you sleep in that room?"

"I must not go away from Lady Studley. My terror is that she should know anything of this—my greater terror is that the apparition, failing me, may visit her. I daresay you think I'm a fool, Halifax; but the fact is,

this thing is killing me, brave man as I consider myself."

"Do you see it every night?" I asked.

"Not quite every night, but sometimes on the same night it comes twice. Sometimes it will not come at all for two nights, or even three. It is the most ghastly, the most horrible form of torture that could hurry a sane man into his grave or into a madhouse."

"IT IS THE MOST GHASTLY, THE MOST HORRIBLE FORM OF TORTURE.

"I have not the least shadow of doubt," I said, after a pause, "that the thing can be accounted for."

Sir Henry shook his head. "No, no," he replied, "it is either as you suggest, a figment of my own diseased brain, and therefore just as horrible as a real apparition; or it is a supernatural visitation. Whether it exists or not, it is reality to me and in no way a dream. The full horror of it is present with me in my waking moments."

"Do you think anyone is playing an awful practical joke?" I suggested.

"Certainly not. What object can anyone have in scaring me to death? Besides, there is no one in the room, that I can swear. My outer door is locked, Lady Studley's outer door is locked. It is impossible that there can be any trickery in the matter."

I said nothing for a moment. I no more believed in ghosts than I ever did, but I felt certain that there was grave mischief at work. Sir Henry must be the victim of a hallucination. This might only be caused by functional disturbance of the brain, but it was quite serious enough to call for immediate attention. The first thing to do was to find out whether the apparition could be accounted for in any material way, or if it were due to the state of Sir Henry's nerves. I began to ask him certain questions, going fully into the case in all its bearings. I then examined his eyes with the ophthalmoscope. The result of all this was to assure me beyond doubt that Sir Henry Studley was in a highly nervous condition, although I could detect no trace of brain disease.

"Do you mind taking me to your room?" I said.

"Not to-night," he answered. "It is late, and Lady Studley might express surprise. The object of my life is to conceal this horror from her. When she is out to-morrow you shall come to the room and judge for yourself."

"Well," I said, "I shall have an interview with your wife to-morrow, and urge her most strongly to consent to leave the Grange and go away with you."

Shortly afterwards we retired to rest, or what went by the name of rest in that sad house, with its troubled inmates. I must confess that, comfortable as my room was, I slept very little. Sir Henry's story stayed with me all through the hours of darkness. I am neither nervous nor imaginative, but I could not help seeing that terrible eye, even in my dreams.

I met my host and hostess at an early breakfast. Sir Henry proposed that as the day was warm and fine, I should ride to a neighbouring meet. I was not in the humour for this, however, and said frankly that I should prefer remaining at the Grange. One glance into the faces of my host and hostess told me only too plainly that I had two very serious patients on my hands. Lady Studley looked terribly weak and excited—the hectic spots on her cheeks, the gleaming glitter of her eyes, the parched lips, the long, white, emaciated hands, all showed only too plainly the strides the malady under which she was suffering was making.

"After all, I cannot urge that poor girl to go abroad," I said to myself.

"She is hastening rapidly to her grave, and no power on earth can save her. She looks as if there were extensive disease of the lungs. How restless her eyes are, too! I would much rather testify to Sir Henry's sanity than to hers."

Sir Henry Studley also bore traces of a sleepless night—his face was bloodless; he averted his eyes from mine; he ate next to nothing.

Immediately after breakfast, I followed Lady Studley into her morning-room. I had already made up my mind how to act. Her husband should have my full confidence—she only my partial view of the situation.

"Well," I said, "I have seen your husband and talked to him. I hope he will soon be better. I don't think you need be seriously alarmed about him. Now for yourself, Lady Studley. I am anxious to examine your lungs. Will you allow me to do so?"

"I suppose Henry has told you I am consumptive?"

"He says you are not well," I answered. "I don't need his word to assure me of that fact—I can see it with my own eyes. Please let me examine your chest with my stethoscope."

She hesitated for a moment, looking something like a wild creature brought to bay. Then she sank into a chair, and with trembling fingers unfastened her dress. Poor soul, she was almost a walking skeleton—her beautiful face was all that was beautiful about her. A brief examination told me that she was in the last stage of phthisis—in short, that her days were numbered.

"What do you think of me?" she asked, when the brief examination was over.

"You are ill," I replied.

"How soon shall I die?"

"God only knows that, my dear lady," I answered.

"Oh, you needn't hide your thoughts," she said. "I know that my days are very few. Oh, if only, if only my husband could come with me! I am so afraid to go alone, and I am fond of him, very fond of him."

I soothed her as well as I could.

"You ought to have someone to sleep in your room at night," I said. "You ought not to be left by yourself."

"Henry is near me—in the next room," she replied. "I would not have a nurse for the world—I hate and detest nurses."

Soon afterwards she left me. She was very erratic, and before she left the room she had quite got over her depression. The sun shone out, and with the gleam of brightness her volatile spirits rose.

"I am going for a drive," she said. "Will you come with me?"

"Not this morning," I replied. "If you ask me to-morrow, I shall be pleased to accompany you."

"Well, go to Henry," she answered. "Talk to him—find out what ails him, order tonics for him. Cheer him in every way in your power. You say he is not ill—not seriously ill—I know better. My impression is that if my days are numbered, so are his."

She went away, and I sought her husband. As soon as the wheels of her brougham were heard bowling away over the gravel sweep, we went up together to his room.

"That eye came twice last night," he said in an awestruck whisper to me. "I am a doomed man—a doomed man. I cannot bear this any longer."

We were standing in the room as he said the words. Even in broad daylight, I could see that he glanced round him with apprehension. He was shaking quite visibly. The room was decidedly old-fashioned, but the greater part of the furniture was modern. The bed was an Albert one with a spring mattress, and light, cheerful dimity hangings. The windows were French—they were wide open, and let in the soft, pleasant air, for

the day was truly a spring one in winter. The paper on the walls was light.

"This is a quaint old wardrobe," I said. "It looks out of place with the rest of the furniture. Why don't you have it removed?"

"DON'T GO NEAR IT—I DREAD IT!"

"Hush," he said, with a gasp. "Don't go near it—I dread it, I have locked it. It is always in that direction that the apparition appears. The apparition seems to grow out of the glass of the wardrobe. It always appears in that one spot."

"I see," I answered. "The wardrobe is built into the wall. That is the reason it cannot be removed. Have you got the key about you?"

He fumbled in his pocket, and presently produced a bunch of keys.

"I wish you wouldn't open the wardrobe," he said. "I frankly admit that I dislike having it touched."

"All right," I replied. "I will not examine it while you are in the room. You will perhaps allow me to keep the key?"

"Certainly! You can take it from the bunch, if you wish. This is it. I shall be only too glad to have it well out of my own keeping."

"We will go downstairs," I said.

We returned to Sir Henry's library. It was my turn now to lock the door.

"Why do you do that?" he asked.

"Because I wish to be quite certain that no one overhears our conversation."

"What have you got to say?"

"I have a plan to propose to you."

"What is it?"

"I want you to change bedrooms with me to-night."

"What can you mean?—what will Lady Studley say?"

"Lady Studley must know nothing whatever about the arrangement. I think it very likely that the apparition which troubles you will be discovered to have a material foundation. In short, I am determined to get to the bottom of this horror. You have seen it often, and your nerves are much shattered. I have never seen it, and my nerves are, I think, in tolerable order. If I sleep in your room to-night—"

"It may not visit you."

"It may not, but on the other hand it may. I have a curiosity to lie on that bed and to face that wardrobe in the wall. You must yield to my wishes, Sir Henry."

"But how can the knowledge of this arrangement be kept from my wife?"

"Easily enough. You will both go to your rooms as usual. You will bid her good-night as usual, and after the doors of communication are closed I will enter the room and you will go to mine, or to any other that you like to occupy. You say your wife never comes into your room during the hours of the night?"

"She has never yet done so."

"She will not to-night. Should she by any chance call for assistance, I will immediately summon you."

It was very evident that Sir Henry did not like this arrangement. He yielded, however, to my very strong persuasions, which almost took the form of commands, for I saw that I could do nothing unless I got complete mastery over the man.

Lady Studley returned from her drive just as our arrangements were fully made. I had not a moment during all the day to examine the interior of the wardrobe. The sick woman's restlessness grew greater as the hours advanced. She did not care to leave her husband's side. She sat with him as he examined his books. She followed him from room to room. In the afternoon, to the relief of everyone, some fresh guests arrived. In consequence we had a cheerful evening. Lady Studley came down to dinner in white from top to toe. Her dress was ethereal in texture and largely composed of lace. I cannot describe woman's dress, but with her shadowy figure and worn, but still lovely face, she looked spiritual. The gleam in her large blue eyes was pathetic. Her love for her husband was touching to behold. How soon, how very soon, they must part from each other! Only I as a doctor knew how impossible it was to keep the lamp of life much longer burning in the poor girl's frame.

We retired as usual to rest. Sir Henry bade me a cheerful good-night. Lady Studley nodded to me as she left the room.

"'SLEEP WELL,' SHE SAID, IN A GAY VOICE."

"Sleep well," she said, in a gay voice.

It was late the next morning when we all met round the breakfast table. Sir Henry looked better, but Lady Studley many degrees worse, than the night before. I wondered at her courage in retaining her post at the head of her table. The visitors, who came in at intervals and took their seats at the table, looked at her with wonder and compassion.

"Surely my hostess is very ill?" said a guest who sat next my side.

"Yes, but take no notice of it," I answered.

Soon after breakfast I sought Sir Henry.

"Well—well?" he said, as he grasped my hand. "Halifax, you have seen it. I know you have by the expression of your face."

"Yes," I replied, "I have."

"How quietly you speak. Has not the horror of the thing seized you?"

"No," I said, with a brief laugh. "I told you yesterday that my nerves were in tolerable order. I think my surmise was correct, and that the apparition has tangible form and can be traced to its foundation."

An unbelieving look swept over Sir Henry's face.

"Ah," he said, "doctors are very hard to convince. Everything must be brought down to a cold material level to satisfy them; but several nights in that room would shatter even your nerves, my friend."

"You are quite right," I answered. "I should be very sorry to spend several nights in that room. Now I will tell you briefly what occurred."

We were standing in the library. Sir Henry went to the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Can I come in?" said a voice outside.

The voice was Lady Studley's.

"In a minute, my darling," answered her husband. "I am engaged with Halifax just at present."

"Medically, I suppose?" she answered.

"Yes, medically," he responded.

She went away at once, and Sir Henry returned to my side.

"Now speak," he said. "Be quick. She is sure to return, and I don't like her to fancy that we are talking secrets."

"This is my story," I said. "I went into your room, put out all the lights, and sat on the edge of the bed."

"You did not get into bed, then?"

"No, I preferred to be up and to be ready for immediate action should the apparition, the horror, or whatever you call it, appear."

"Good God, it is a horror, Halifax!"

"It is, Sir Henry. A more diabolical contrivance for frightening a man into his grave could scarcely have been contrived. I can comfort you on one point, however. The terrible thing you saw is not a figment of your brain. There is no likelihood of a lunatic asylum in your case. Someone is playing you a trick."

"I cannot agree with you—but proceed," said the baronet, impatiently.

"I sat for about an hour on the edge of the bed," I continued. "When I entered the room it was twelve o'clock—one had sounded before there was the least stir or appearance of anything, then the ticking noise you have described was distinctly audible. This was followed by a sudden bright light, which seemed to proceed out of the recesses of the wardrobe."

"What did you feel when you saw that light?"

"Too excited to be nervous," I answered, briefly. "Out of the circle of light the horrible eye looked at me."

"What did you do then? Did you faint?"

"No, I went noiselessly across the carpet up to the door of the wardrobe and looked in."

"Heavens! you are daring. I wonder you are alive to tell this tale."

"I saw a shadowy form," I replied—"dark and tall—the one brilliant eye kept on looking past me, straight into the room. I made a very slight noise; it immediately disappeared. I waited for some time—nothing more happened. I got into your bed, Sir Henry, and slept. I can't say that I had a comfortable night, but I slept, and was not disturbed by anything extraordinary for the remaining hours of the night."

"Now what do you mean to do? You say you can trace this thing to its foundation. It seems to me that all you have seen only supports my firm belief that a horrible apparition visits that room."

"A material one," I responded. "The shadowy form had substance, of that I am convinced. Sir Henry, I intend to sleep in that room again to-night."

"Lady Studley will find out."

"She will not. I sleep in the haunted room again to-night, and during the day you must so contrive matters that I have plenty of time to examine the wardrobe. I did not do so yesterday because I had not an opportunity. You must contrive to get Lady Studley out of the way, either this morning or afternoon, and so manage matters for me that I can be some little time alone in your room."

"Henry, Henry, how awestruck you look!" said a gay voice at the window. Lady Studley had come out, had come round to the library window, and, holding up her long, dark-blue velvet dress, was looking at us with a peculiar smile.

"Well, my love," replied the baronet. He went to the window and flung it

open. "Lucilla," he exclaimed, "you are mad to stand on the damp grass."

"Oh, no, not mad," she answered. "I have come to that stage when nothing matters. Is not that so, Dr. Halifax?"

"You are very imprudent," I replied.

She shook her finger at me playfully, and turned to her husband.

"Henry," she said, "have you taken my keys? I cannot find them anywhere."

"I will go up and look for them," said Sir Henry. He left the room, and Lady Studley entered the library through one of the French windows.

"What do you think of my husband this morning?" she asked.

"He is a little better," I replied. "I am confident that he will soon be quite well again."

She gave a deep sigh when I said this, her lips trembled, and she turned away. I thought my news would make her happy, and her depression surprised me.

At this moment Sir Henry came into the room.

"Here are your keys," he said to his wife. He gave her the same bunch he had given me the night before. I hoped she would not notice that the key of the wardrobe was missing.

"And now I want you to come for a drive with me," said Sir Henry.

He did not often accompany her, and the pleasure of this unlooked-for indulgence evidently tempted her.

"Very well," she answered. "Is Dr. Halifax coming?"

"No, he wants to have a ride."

"If he rides, can he not follow the carriage?"

"Will you do that, Halifax?" asked my host.

"No, thank you," I answered; "I must write some letters before I go anywhere. I will ride to the nearest town and post them presently, if I may." I left the room as I spoke.

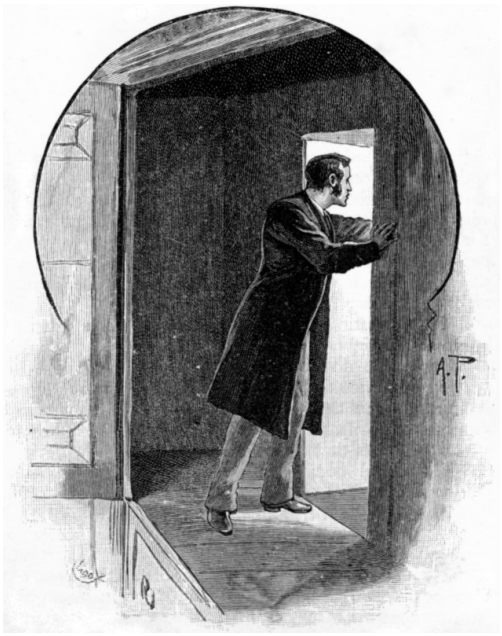
Shortly afterwards I saw from a window Sir Henry and his wife drive away. They drove in a large open landau, and two girls who were staying in the house accompanied them. My hour had come, and I went up at once to Sir Henry's bedroom. Lady Studley's room opened directly into that of her husband, but both rooms had separate entrances.

I locked the two outer doors now, and then began my investigations. I had the key of the wardrobe in my pocket.

It was troublesome to unlock, because the key was a little rusty, and it was more than evident that the heavy doors had not been opened for some time. Both these doors were made of glass. When shut, they resembled in shape and appearance an ordinary old-fashioned window. The glass was set in deep mullions. It was thick, was of a peculiar shade of light blue, and was evidently of great antiquity. I opened the doors and went inside. The wardrobe was so roomy that I could stand upright with perfect comfort. It was empty, and was lined through and through with solid oak. I struck a light and began to examine the interior with care. After a great deal of patient investigation I came across a notch in the wood. I pressed my finger on this, and immediately a little panel slid back, which revealed underneath a small button. I turned the button and a door at the back of the wardrobe flew open. A flood of sunlight poured in, and stepping out, I found myself in another room. I looked around me in astonishment. This was a lady's chamber. Good heavens! what had happened? I was in Lady Studley's room. Shutting the mysterious door of the wardrobe very carefully, I found that all trace of its existence immediately vanished.

There was no furniture against this part of the wall. It looked absolutely bare and smooth. No picture ornamented it. The light paper which covered it gave the appearance of a perfectly unbroken pattern. Of

course, there must be a concealed spring somewhere, and I lost no time in feeling for it. I pressed my hand and the tips of my fingers in every direction along the wall. Try as I would, however, I could not find the spring, and I had at last to leave Lady Studley's room and go back to the one occupied by her husband, by the ordinary door.



"GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT HAD HAPPENED?"

Once more I re-entered the wardrobe and deliberately broke off the button which opened the secret door from within. Anyone who now entered the wardrobe by this door, and shut it behind him, would find it impossible to retreat. The apparition, if it had material foundation, would thus find itself trapped in its own net.

What could this thing portend?

I had already convinced myself that if Sir Henry were the subject of a hallucination, I also shared it. As this was impossible, I felt certain that the apparition had a material foundation. Who was the person who glided night after night into Lady Studley's room, who knew the trick of the secret spring in the wall, who entered the old wardrobe, and performed this ghastly, this appalling trick on Sir Henry Studley? I resolved that I would say nothing to Sir Henry of my fresh discovery until after I had spent another night in the haunted room.

Accordingly, I slipped the key of the wardrobe once more into my pocket and went downstairs.

I had my way again that night. Once more I found myself the sole occupant of the haunted room. I put out the light, sat on the edge of the bed, and waited the issue of events. At first there was silence and complete darkness, but soon after one o'clock I heard the very slight but unmistakable tick-tick, which told me that the apparition was about to appear. The ticking noise resembled the quaint sound made by the death spider. There was no other noise of any sort, but a quickening of my pulses, a sensation which I could not call fear, but which was exciting to the point of pain, braced me up for an unusual and horrible sight. The light appeared in the dim recess of the wardrobe. It grew clear and steady, and quickly resolved itself into one intensely bright circle. Out of this circle the eye looked at me. The eye was unnaturally large—it was clear, almost transparent, its expression was full of menace and warning. Into the circle of light presently a shadowy and ethereal hand intruded itself. The fingers beckoned me to approach, while the eye looked fixedly at me. I sat motionless on the side of the bed. I am stoical by nature and my nerves are well seasoned, but I am not ashamed to say that I should be very sorry to be often subjected to that menace and that invitation. The look in that eye, the beckoning power in those long, shadowy fingers would soon work havoc even in the stoutest nerves. My heart beat uncomfortably fast, and I had to say over and over to myself, "This is nothing more than a ghastly trick." I had also to remind myself that I in my turn had prepared a trap for the apparition. The time while the eye looked and the hand beckoned might in reality have been counted by seconds; to me it seemed like eternity. I felt the cold dew on my forehead before the rapidly waning light assured me that the apparition was about to vanish. Making an effort I now left the bed and approached the wardrobe. I listened intently. For a moment there was perfect silence. Then a fumbling noise was distinctly audible. It was followed by a muffled cry, a crash, and a heavy fall. I struck a light instantly, and taking the key of the wardrobe from my pocket, opened it. Never shall I forget the sight that met my gaze.

There, huddled up on the floor, lay the prostrate and unconscious form of Lady Studley. A black cloak in which she had wrapped herself partly covered her face, but I knew her by her long, fair hair. I pulled back the

cloak, and saw that the unhappy girl had broken a blood-vessel, and even as I lifted her up I knew that she was in a dying condition.

I carried her at once into her own room and laid her on the bed. I then returned and shut the wardrobe door, and slipped the key into my pocket. My next deed was to summon Sir Henry.

"What is it?" he asked, springing upright in bed.

"Come at once," I said, "your wife is very ill."

"Dying?" he asked, in an agonized whisper.

I nodded my head. I could not speak.

My one effort now was to keep the knowledge of the ghastly discovery I had made from the unhappy husband.

He followed me to his wife's room. He forgot even to question me about the apparition, so horrified was he at the sight which met his view.

I administered restoratives to the dying woman, and did what I could to check the haemorrhage. After a time Lady Studley opened her dim eyes.

"Oh, Henry!" she said, stretching out a feeble hand to him, "come with me, come with me. I am afraid to go alone."

"My poor Lucilla," he said. He smoothed her cold forehead, and tried to comfort her by every means in his power.

After a time he left the room. When he did so she beckoned me to approach. "I have failed," she said, in the most thrilling voice of horror I have ever listened to. "I must go alone. He will not come with me."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She could scarcely speak, but at intervals the following words dropped slowly from her lips:—

"I was the apparition. I did not want my husband to live after me. Perhaps I was a little insane. I cannot quite say. When I was told by Sir Joseph Dunbar that there was no hope of my life, a most appalling and frightful jealousy took possession of me. I pictured my husband with another wife. Stoop down."

Her voice was very faint. I could scarcely hear her muttered words. Her eyes were glazing fast, death was claiming her, and yet hatred against some unknown person thrilled in her feeble voice.

"Before my husband married me, he loved another woman," she continued. "That woman is now a widow. I felt certain that immediately after my death he would seek her out and marry her. I could not bear the thought—it possessed me day and night. That, and the terror of dying alone, worked such a havoc within me that I believe I was scarcely responsible for my own actions. A mad desire took possession of me to take my husband with me, and so to keep him from her, and also to have his company when I passed the barriers of life. I told you that my brother was a doctor. In his medical-student days the sort of trick I have been playing on Sir Henry was enacted by some of his fellow-students for his benefit, and almost scared him into fever. One day my brother described the trick to me, and I asked him to show me how it was done. I used a small electric lamp and a very strong reflector."

"How did you find out the secret door of the wardrobe?" I asked.

"Quite by chance. I was putting some dresses into the wardrobe one day and accidentally touched the secret panel. I saw at once that here was my opportunity."

"You must have been alarmed at your success," I said, after a pause. "And now I have one more question to ask: Why did you summon me to the Grange?"

She made a faint, impatient movement.

"I wanted to be certain that my husband was really very ill," she said. "I wanted you to talk to him—I guessed he would confide in you; I thought it most probable that you would tell him that he was a victim of brain

hallucinations. This would frighten him and would suit my purpose exactly. I also sent for you as a blind. I felt sure that under these circumstances neither you nor my husband could possibly suspect me."

She was silent again, panting from exhaustion.

"I have failed," she said, after a long pause. "You have discovered the truth. It never occurred to me for a moment that you would go into the room. He will recover now."

She paused; a fresh attack of haemorrhage came on. Her breath came quickly. Her end was very near. Her dim eyes could scarcely see.

Groping feebly with her hand she took mine.

"Dr. Halifax—promise."

"What?" I asked.

"I have failed, but let me keep his love, what little love he has for me, before he marries that other woman. Promise that you will never tell him."

"Rest easy," I answered, "I will never tell him."

Sir Henry entered the room.

I made way for him to kneel by his wife's side.

As the grey morning broke Lady Studley died.

Before my departure from the Grange I avoided Sir Henry as much as possible. Once he spoke of the apparition and asked if I had seen it. "Yes," I replied.

Before I could say anything further, he continued:—

"I know now why it came; it was to warn me of my unhappy wife's death." He said no more. I could not enlighten him, and he is unlikely now ever to learn the truth.

The following day I left Studley Grange. I took with me, without asking leave of any-one, a certain long black cloak, a small electric lamp, and a magnifying glass of considerable power.

It may be of interest to explain how Lady Studley in her unhealthy condition of mind and body performed the extraordinary trick by which she hoped to undermine her husband's health, and ultimately cause his death.

I experimented with the materials which I carried away with me, and succeeded, so my friends told me, in producing a most ghastly effect.

I did it in this way. I attached the mirror of a laryngoscope to my forehead in such a manner as to enable it to throw a strong reflection into one of my eyes. In the centre of the bright side of the laryngoscope a small electric lamp was fitted. This was connected with a battery which I carried in my hand. The battery was similar to those used by the ballet girls in Drury Lane Theatre, and could be brought into force by a touch and extinguished by the removal of the pressure. The eye which was thus brilliantly illumined looked through a lens of some power. All the rest of the face and figure was completely covered by the black cloak. Thus the brightest possible light was thrown on the magnified eye, while there was corresponding increased gloom around.

When last I heard of Studley Grange it was let for a term of years and Sir Henry had gone abroad. I have not heard that he has married again, but he probably will, sooner or later.

The Queen of Holland.

BY MARY SPENCER-WARREN.

Her Majesty the Queen-Regent of Holland has graciously accorded special permission to the writer of the following article to visit the Royal Palaces of Amsterdam and The Hague to obtain photographs for publication in this Magazine: a

privilege of the greatest value, which is now accorded for the first time, the palaces never before having been photographed.

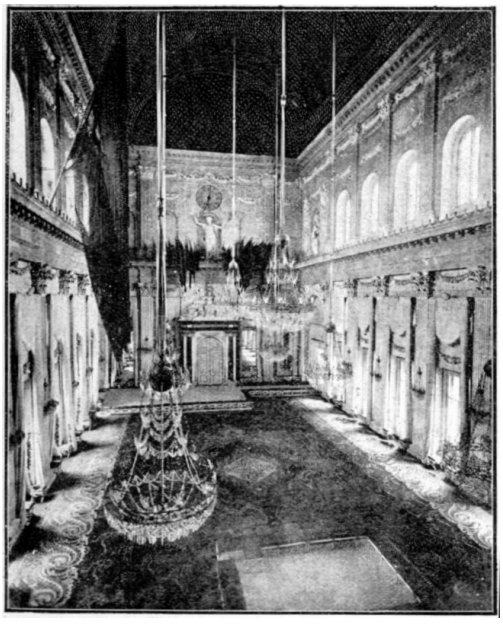
THE ROYAL PALACE, AMSTERDAM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

"I know a city, whose inhabitants dwell on the tops of trees like rooks." Thus spake Erasmus; and this literal fact makes Amsterdam a most curious as well as a most interesting place.

Were I writing of any one of Queen Victoria's Palaces, I should have no need to speak of its situation: but, travellers though we are, we do not all see these quaint Dutch cities, so a few introductory words may not come amiss.

A walk round the city reminds one of Paris with its Boulevards planted with trees, and Venice with its all-present canals; indeed, it is actually divided up into nearly one hundred islands, connected by over three hundred bridges. A curious thing is, that its inhabitants are really living below the level of the sea, which is stoutly dammed out. Thus, if necessary, water could be made its protection from any invasion.

To go back to the commencement, everything, streets, houses, and bridges are all built upon wooden piles driven into the ground. This is absolutely necessary, as the natural soil is such that no permanent structure can be put up otherwise. On how many piles this city stands it is impossible to form an accurate idea; one building—the Royal Palace (Het Paleis)—resting on some 13,659. This is situated on the Dam, the highest point of the city. It is 282ft. long; the height, with tower, being 187ft. It was built from 1648-1655 for a town hall, and only became a Royal Palace in 1808, when Napoleon first abode in it. As such, it has a great drawback, the want of a suitable entrance.



I enter now at the rear of the building, which—situated in the Gedempte Voorburgwal—is the entrance used by their Majesties. In spite of its civic associations, when once inside there is much of the state and grandeur inseparable from Royalty, and I soon determine that Holland can almost equal England for its palatial contents and embellishments. The staircases and corridors are severe to simplicity, but when I look round the first apartment I intend inspecting, I am struck with the immensity and the exceeding beauty of its

THE HALL OR RECEPTION-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

appearance. This is known as the Hall or Reception-Room, and is said to be the finest in Europe. Its proportions are certainly magnificent, 125ft. by 55ft.—a special feature being a remarkably fine roof, 100ft. in height, with entire absence of columns or other support. Roof, walls, and the hall entire are lined with white Italian marble, the floor having an inlaid copper centre representative of the Firmament. The large flag you see drooping from the roof is commemorative of the siege of Antwerp, being the one used by General Chassé on that occasion, the various groups of smaller ones being reminiscences of the eighty years' Spanish war and of Indian foes. Some very beautiful examples of the sculptor's art are manifest, the photographic work here introduced giving some idea of the exquisite detail and most remarkable execution of Artus Quellin and his able assistants.

Here you will observe an allegorical group denoting Plenty, Wisdom, and Strength, typical of the City of Amsterdam. We had a little adventure in securing views of this hall. At one end is a small gallery, used as the mainstay for the temporary orchestra, which is erected on festal occasions. Thinking our work could be better shown from that point, we proceeded to it by a dark and winding staircase in the rear.

All went well for a time, but during a period of watchful quietude our artist was suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with a gathering of rats of anything but peaceable aspect. It was too much for him! He made a wild rush for the staircase, which, being narrow and treacherous, resulted in a too rapid descent, a very forcible alighting at the foot, and a much bruised and shaken body.

For a few minutes we thought our photographic work would be closed for a season; but when spirits and energies revived, we began to think of the camera and the very long exposure plate up at the top; so up we went again with much clattering commotion to warn our enemies of our approach, and thus you have a view that one of our party will ever regard as dearly obtained.

Note the extremely delicate crystal chandeliers, for these are quite a feature in the Dutch Palaces; so graceful and handsome, and so unlike the generality of heavily-constructed appendages one is accustomed to behold. The other end of the hall has also some choice sculptured marble, but unfortunately part of it is hidden by the before-mentioned gallery. Could you obtain a clear view, you would see a figure of Justice, with Ignorance and Quarrelsomeness crouched at her feet: on one side a skeleton, and on the other Punishment. Above all is the figure of Atlas supporting the globe.

Here I am given a full description of the appearance of this hall when laid for the State banquet on the occasion of the somewhat recent visit of the German Emperor. Splendid, indeed, must have been the effect of the hundreds of lights gleaming upon the pure marble, the rare exotics, the massive plate, the State dresses, and the rich liveries; and I am not surprised at the enthusiasm of the narrator as he dilates on the grandeur displayed.

THE THRONE ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

Passing through the doorway immediately under Atlas, I am at once in the Throne Room. This is a fine apartment; its ceiling in alternate painted panels and arms in relief, Marble columns stand out from the rich oaken walls, rich draperies giving colour to the whole. I hear of a rare old painting and a fine chimney-piece hidden away behind the throne, but have no opportunity of seeing, so perforce turn my attention elsewhere. On either side are some glass fronted cases containing quite a collection of ragged and venerable regimental colours of unmistakable Spanish origin. Had I time to linger, I should hear of many fierce struggles and much gallant conduct ere these trophies were taken; but all this is of the past, and so I leave them, silent tokens of national pride.

The chandeliers here are of very unique and costly appearance: Royal Arms and crowns in ormolu, with pendants of curious device in pure crystal; three hundred and sixty-four lights are here displayed.

While I have been looking round, attentive servitors have been busily engaged in uncovering the throne and canopy for my inspection, and the crown which surmounts the chair is fetched from its safe keeping place, screwed on, and I am at liberty to thoroughly examine the most important piece of furniture in the kingdom.

It is essentially new looking; and really *is* so, only having been fitted up some three years since, on the death of the late King and the consequent accession of Wilhelmina, the present child-Queen. Virtually this seat is unoccupied, as five years must elapse ere the coming of age and coronation of her youthful Majesty. Meanwhile her mother is Queen-Regent, governing wisely and well, and endearing herself to the people in every way; but more especially in the care she manifests in the training of their future ruler to the proper regard of the important

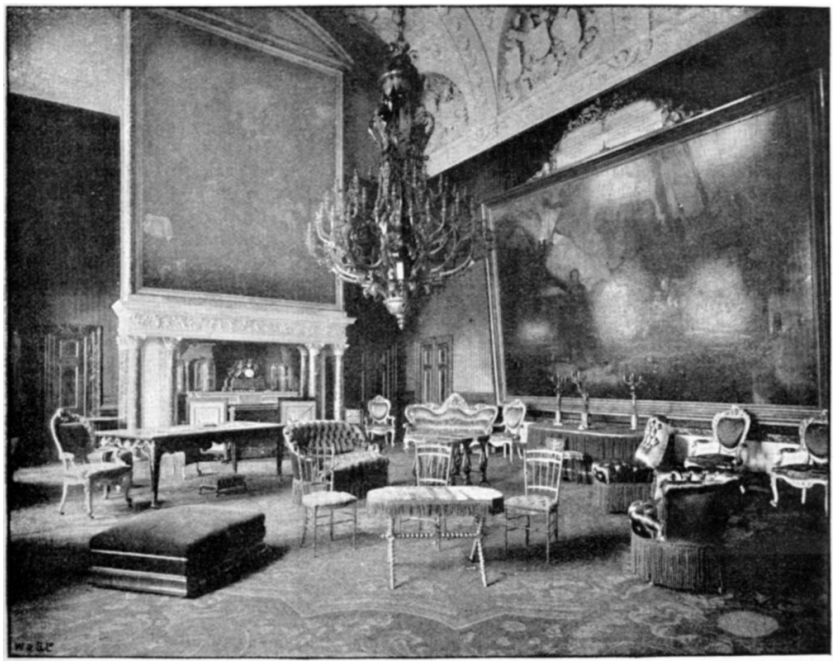
THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.
From a Photo. by W. G. Kuijer, Amsterdam.

position she will have to fill, and the faithful observance of duties appertaining to such a position.

THE QUEEN-REGENT.
From a Photo. by W. G. Kuijer, Amsterdam.

Accomplishments are imparted as a matter of course, but very much attention is given to formation of character, and many stories reached me of the wise method displayed, and the already promising result, giving much hope for a bright future. As most of my readers are aware, the Queen Regent and our Duchess of Albany are sisters, and all who know anything of the sweet-faced widow of our beloved Queen's youngest son will at once comprehend much of the sister whom she so nearly resembles.

Perhaps you would like a description of the throne. The chair is beautifully burnished, covered with ruby velvet, and edged with ruby and gold fringe; the back is surmounted by a crown containing sapphires, with lions in support; another crown and the letter W being wrought on the velvet immediately underneath. In front of the chair is a footstool to match. The canopy is curtained in ruby velvet, with lining of cream silk—in token of the youth of its future occupant—with fringe, cord, and tassels of gold. It is surmounted by crowns and ostrich plumes, on the inner centre being worked the Royal Arms, with the motto "Je Maintiendrai" standing out in bold relief. On either side the canopy may be noted the floral wreaths containing the "Zuid Holland" and "Noord Holland" respectively. The room—as are the major part of them—is richly carpeted with hand-made "Deventers" of artistic design and colour blend.



THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stewart, Richmond.

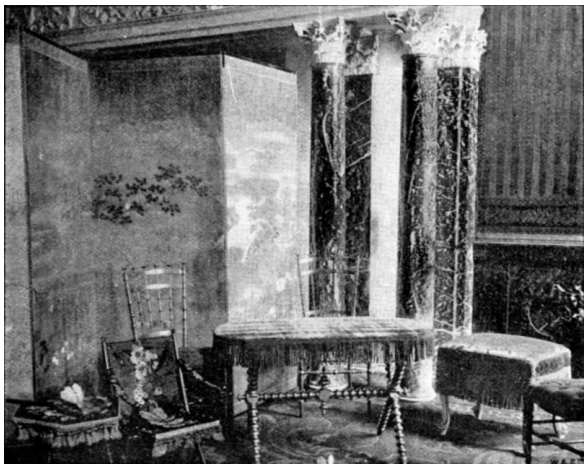
Leaving here, I pass on to a room which is of much importance, namely,

the sitting-room of Her Majesty the Queen. In the lifetime of the late King it was his habit to pass very much of his time here; thus, this was really His Majesty's audience chamber. Here he would have his little daughter of whom he was passionately fond—taking a great delight in listening to her merry prattle, and her amusing remarks on whatever attracted her attention. The windows of the room look out on to the Dam, a large square, which is quite the busiest part of the city. The view from these windows is a never-ending source of interest to the little Princess, and here she is wont to station herself, the inhabitants continually congregating and greeting her with hearty cheering.

The room has an artistic ceiling by Holsteyn, and on the walls are some paintings rich in detail, and of much historic interest. One of Flinck's largest works—"Marcus Curius Dentatus"—is at one end: at the other, one of Ferdinand Bol's—"Fabricius in the Camp of Pyrrhus." Facing the windows is one by Wappers and Eeckhout: one that irresistibly appeals to the hearts of all Hollanders. It is called the "Self-Sacrifice of Van Speyk," and depicts the brave admiral of that name blowing up his vessel rather than surrender.

Van Speyk was educated in one of the public schools for which Amsterdam is famous. Quite early in life he entered the navy, where his career was brilliant and his promotion rapid, but never did he so gain the devoted admiration of his countrymen as when he had nothing before him but death or defeat, and chose the former, calling on his men to jump and swim, if they cared to; if not, to remain and share his fate. Only one jumped: the others stood by their commander, faced death calmly, and won a never-dying renown for their heroism.

There is a wonderful chandelier from the ceiling centre, made of copper and ormolu, burning seventy-two lights, and of such enormous size that one wonders how many floors it would crash through if it were to give way; then I learn that it is supported by concealed cross-beams hidden away under the ceiling. After that information, it is a great deal more comfortable to walk about under it than hitherto, as the men in uncovering it had moved it, and it was still swinging backwards and forwards in anything but a reassuring manner. Some fine marble columns and a sculptured chimney-piece are worth attention, as are the costly hangings and carpet. Here I may say that the greater part of the furniture in this Palace is "First Empire" style, and of the costliest description.



A CORNER OF THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

What will, no doubt, greatly interest you is the accompanying photograph of small furniture specially made for her youthful Majesty, and used exclusively by her. The frames are of the finest over-burnish, the plush upholstery being decorated with the rarest specimens of art needlework. On one of the little tables you will note a battledore and shuttlecock, with another thrown upon the floor, as though the player had been suddenly interrupted in the midst of her play. Very ordinary make and shape are these toys, such as you may see in any middle-class English home, and each of them looking like favourites—judging from the signs of much use they present.

Play-days are not yet over for the Queen, and doubtless she does not wish to hasten their departure, for children are children all the world over, whether born in palace or cottage. This particular one is not to be envied by those of lower station, who have not the responsibility of position ever looming in front of them—for she is shut away from many youthful pleasures, and denied the constant companionship of those suited to her age.

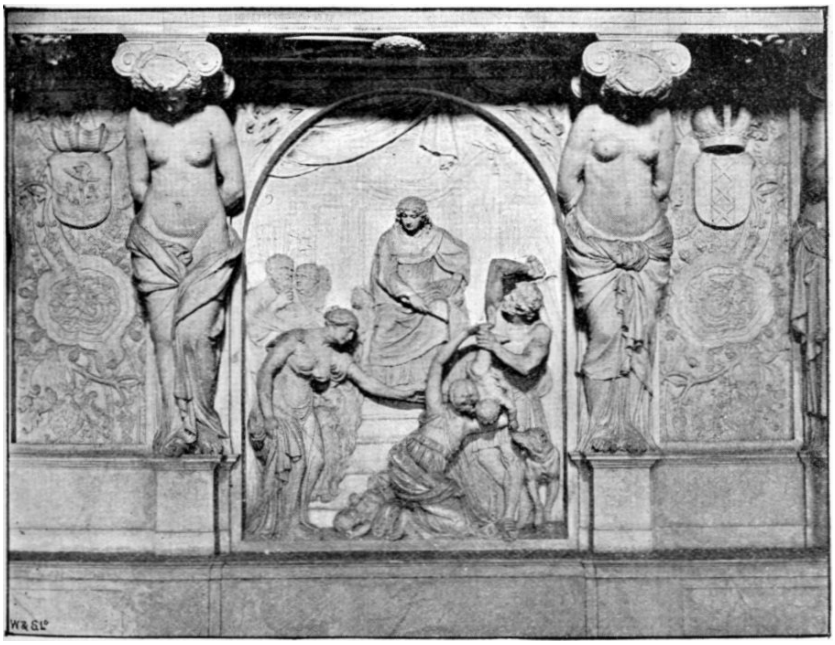
I heard a story that on one occasion, in playing with her dolls, she was thus heard to speak to a supposed refractory one: "Now, be good and

quiet, because if you don't I will turn you into a Queen, and then you will not have anyone to play with at all." That is sufficiently pathetic to speak volumes of what it is to be born in the purple, as was Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

PAINTED FRIEZE ON MANTEL-PIECE IN DINING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

The Hall of the Mosé is the next place I visit, used as the small dining room of the Royal Family. Unfortunately, this is just undergoing partial restoration, so no proper picture or description can be obtained. I observe a painted ceiling, some marble columns of the Ionic order, blue and gold furniture and hangings; and then some costly and rare paintings, three in number.

Facing the windows is a masterpiece of Jakob de Wit, "Moses Choosing the Seventy Elders." The figures are life-size, the painting—extending the entire length of the room—said to be the largest in Europe. There are marble fireplaces at either end, over one "Solomon's Prayer," by G. Flinck, and over the other "Jethro Counselling Moses to Appoint Judges from the People," by Bronkhorst. Quite a feature of this room is the wonderful deceptive painting by this master over each door, and on a continuous frieze. All of this is such an exact representation of sculptured relief, that it is almost necessary to touch it ere one can be convinced of its really level surface. I was told that this is the only known example of this truly wonderful work.



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

Continuing my way through the aides-de-camps' waiting-room—stopping merely to note one of Jan Livensz' works—I go on to the Vierschaar. Here the walls are lined entirely with white marble, and present a fine sculptured frieze representing Disgrace and Punishment, with reliefs emblematical of Wisdom and Justice. The one here presented is Wisdom, as shown in the Judgment of Solomon.

In the large dining-room may also be seen more of the matchless white marble ornamentation, and I should much like to linger and admire, but as Her Majesty the Queen-Regent has graciously promised me the *entrée* of other of her Royal Palaces, I am obliged rather to curtail my work in Amsterdam.

Just now their Majesties are not at this particular Palace, so I see

nothing of State dinners, receptions, and other functions, but although I do not see them, I hear very much; and it would seem that when they *are* here, the Palace is a sort of open house, and festivity is the order of the day. To all appearance the etiquette is not quite so rigid as at *our* Court, the Sovereign being more accessible to the people. Persons wishing to pay their respects call at the Palace about five days previous, write their name in a book kept for the purpose, then they are admitted on the specified day, provided no good reason exists for their exclusion. The people are eminently loyal, and speak of the little Queen in tones of warmest affection, an affection which is also extended to the Queen-Regent, who has evidently made herself a firm position in the country.

The Palace at Den Haag is before me now, but first perhaps you would like to know something of the Palace at the Loo, a place I had the privilege of seeing; though, as their Majesties were actually in residence there, photographic work was not possible.

The Loo is near Apeldoorn, and some considerable distance from Amsterdam. I have only the one day to spare, so am off early in the morning. Steaming out of the Central Station, I soon find myself speeding along in such comfortable, well-warmed carriages as would rejoice the unfortunate winter traveller in this country, who is all but dependent on his ability to pay for the not very useful foot-warmer.

The country is pretty but flat, dykes instead of hedges, windmills without number; hundreds of cows in the fields, very fine cattle, but they *do* look comical, for the majority of them are wearing coats!

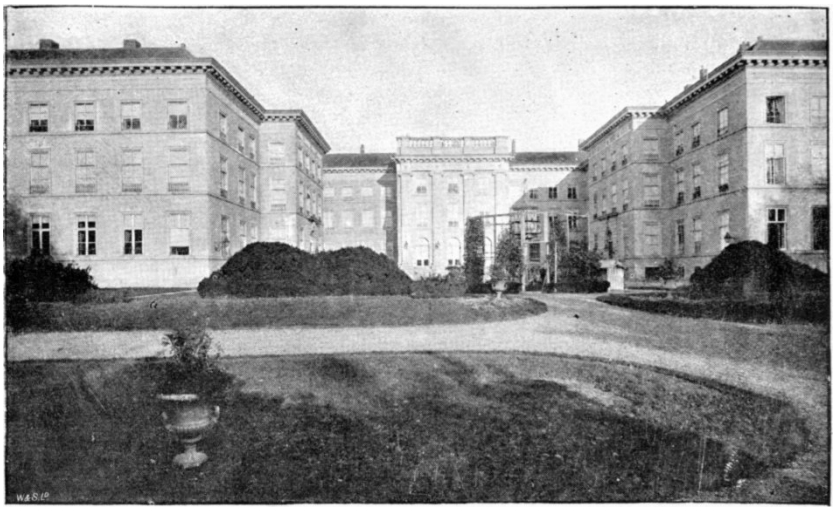
At frequent intervals along the line are road crossings, each with their little gatehouse, and each kept by a woman, who turns out as we pass, dressed in her long blue coat with scarlet facings, quaint, tall shiny hat, and in her hand the signal-flag.

At length I reach Apeldoorn, and there a difficulty presents itself. That the Palace is some distance away I am aware, but *how* far I do not know, or in which direction, and while I am parleying and gesticulating in a mixture of French, English, and a *few* words of Dutch, the only conveyance obtainable takes itself off, and I am left to tramp through the woods with a jargon of Dutch directions ringing in my ears, and a very faint idea of longitude or latitude in my mind.

The first part lay through a long, straggling village leading right into a beautiful forest. Given a fine day, and a certainty of route, it would have been simply grand; but as it soon poured in torrents, my situation was anything but enviable—in fact, I was almost in despair, when a huge cart laden with trunks of trees came slowly from a turning near.

Making the man in charge understand that I wanted the "Paleis," I found he was bound in the same direction. By this time the rutty roads were almost ankle deep in mud, so when I was invited to ride, I gladly scrambled to the top of the pile, and so jogged along; my good-natured guide trudging at the side, pipe in mouth, regardless of the weather. In such stately style, then, I at length sighted the Palace, but was careful to make a descent before getting *too* near, as THE STRAND MAGAZINE must make a more dignified appearance at a Royal residence than a wood-cart and a smock-frocked driver can impart.

Four or five men in State liveries bow profoundly as I enter, one of whom conducts me to an ante-room, and, after a short interval, through some long corridors, up some stairs and into the presence of one of Her Majesty's Gentlemen of the Household. A courteous interview with him, and I am asked to wait for Her Majesty's Private Secretary, who, out at present, will see me on his return.



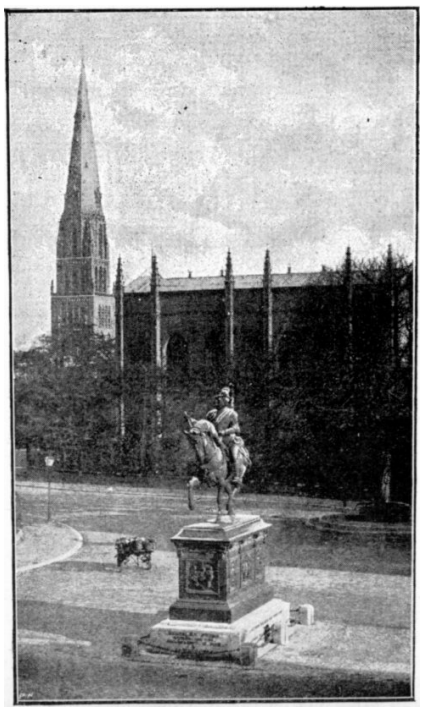
THE ROYAL PALACE AT DEN HAAG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

Of course I make the best use of the interval and see all I can of the Palace. A fine-looking and imposing building it is, standing back in a large quadrangle, the latter being gay with flowers. The outer rails are literally on the edge of the wood, and no more secluded spot can be imagined than this—the favourite residence of their Majesties. His Majesty the late King also preferred this residence to those more immediately near or in towns, and it was here he breathed his last.

What I see of the interior is superbly grand, but it is more to the purpose that I have the honour of seeing their Majesties during the day, and the opportunity of some observation. The youthful Queen seems a most pleasing and intelligent-looking child, and is eminently child-like and unaffected in her manner and movements. Readers may be interested in knowing that, in addition to masters provided for Her Majesty's training, she has an English governess, under whose charge she is more immediately placed.

The Queen-Regent, as I have already said, much resembles her sister; not so tall, rather stouter, but with much the same gentle and rather sad expression of countenance. Strange that these two sisters should both become widows at an early age. One comfort they have, there is no very great distance between them; and though, of course, the Queen-Regent cannot leave her country much, there is nothing to prevent the Duchess of Albany going there; so a suite of apartments is kept for her at each Palace.

My interview with Her Majesty's Private Secretary is of the most pleasant, and I cannot but record my grateful appreciation of this gentleman's kindness and courtesy extended towards me throughout my stay in Holland; such courteous attention much facilitating my work.



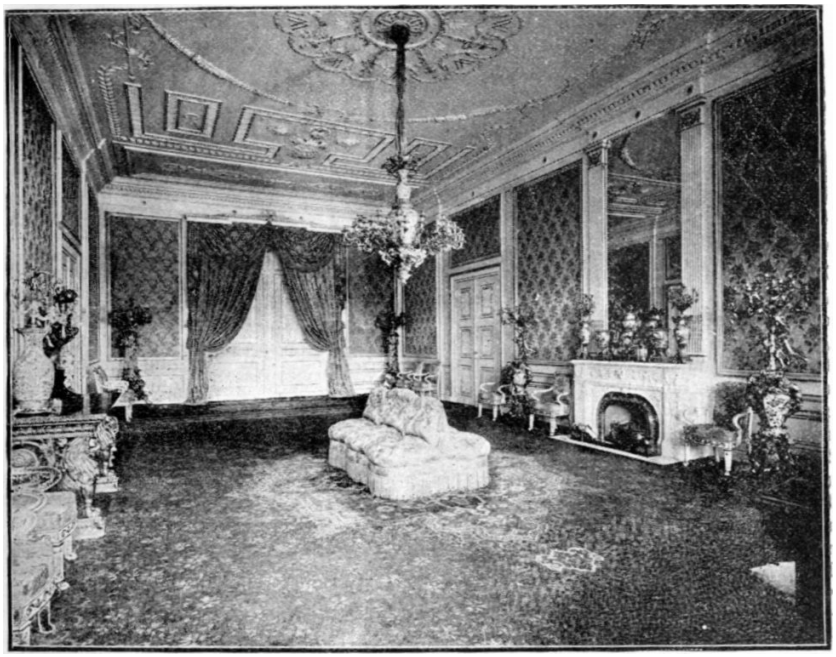
STATUE OF WILLIAM II, WITH THE CHURCH.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

Back again to Amsterdam; and the next day off in quite an opposite direction to Den Haag, one of the cleanest and most picturesque places I have ever seen.

Here the Palace was built by William II. It is in the Grecian style, and stands on the site of a former hunting-lodge, dating back to the 9th century. Facing the principal entrance is an equestrian statue of William II., at the back of which you note the church attended by the family. The entrance hall and staircase are lined with marble, the stairs themselves being of the same. Before proceeding up them, however, we go through to the pretty and well-kept garden and take a view from the lawn. In the right wing of the building as it faces you, the Queen's private apartments are

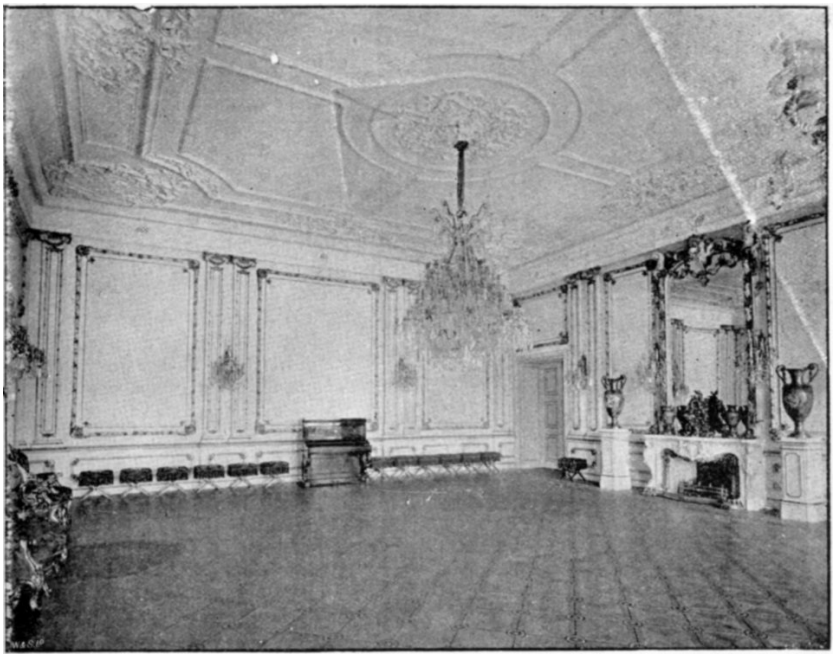
situated, the left wing containing the rooms occupied by the Duchess of Albany when at The Hague.

Now we pass up the grand staircase, where I pause to note the Ionic columns, the ormolu and porcelain candelabra, a Siberian vase from the Emperor Nicholas, five immense vases from the Emperor of China, a painting of William IV., and one of Maria of Stockholm and family.



THE LATE KING'S RECEPTION-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

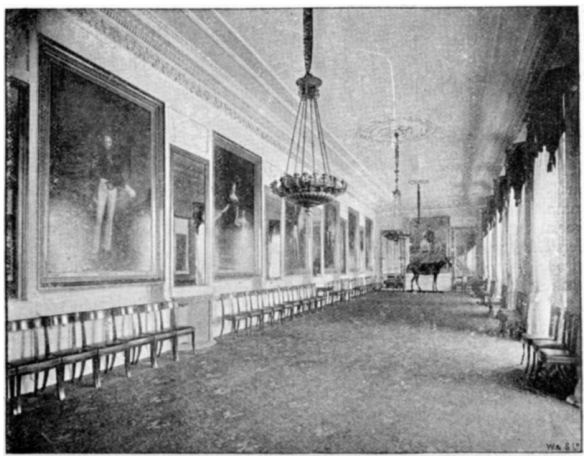
Leaving here, the first room I enter is the King's reception-room. This is a very bright looking and expensively fitted apartment, furnished in electric blue and gold, massive gold-framed panels, and a ceiling decorated in relief with arms and mottoes in gold and white. The chimney-piece is purest marble, the frescoes showing crowns, arms, etc. The candelabra are over-burnished brass and Dresden china, some being Japanese.



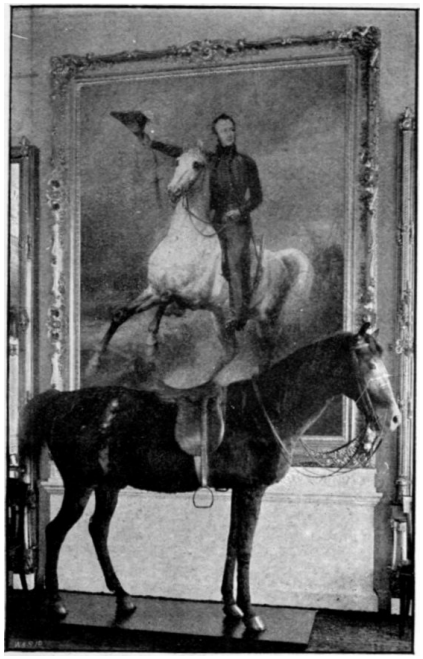
THE QUEEN'S BALL-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

The next room is most interesting, for it is a small ball-room, the ball-room in fact of Her Majesty the Queen. It has a beautiful inlaid floor, a white ceiling worked in relief, crimson and gold curtains, and furniture of the First Empire, some of it upholstered in gold silk, with a variety of colours intermixed. Here are shown some priceless Sèvres china, and a present of vases from the Emperor Napoleon. Also I note a fine marble vase from the King's Palace in Luxemburg. On the wall are some handsome gold-framed mirrors, and from the ceiling costly chandeliers with two hundred and twenty lights. The mantel is exquisitely carved marble, with an ormolu frieze. On one side you will note a small piano; it

is a French one, of very clear and fine tone, and beautifully finished in every respect. In this room Her Majesty the Queen may be imagined enjoying the balls given to the youthful aristocracy, something different to the State dances in the larger room; and, doubtless, by a long way, much more enjoyable. By the time the Queen can command the State balls, she will have commenced to feel the cares of her position; and will look back with real regret to the assemblies here, when she had merely to enjoy herself, a devoted mother observing the graver duties, her own greatest trouble, perhaps, being the acquirement of the tasks assigned by the governess and masters.



THE LARGE DINING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.



FAVOURITE HORSE OF WILLIAM II.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

The large dining-room has some fine family portraits on its walls. The first you will notice is that of William II., on horseback, leading an attack; the artist (Keirzer) has produced a first-rate work of both man and horse. Underneath this picture stands the favourite horse of William II., one which carried him through numerous engagements, and earned from his Royal master a gratitude and affection that caused him to wish for his preservation in a position where he would constantly be reminded of him.

The ceiling of this room shows some beautiful relief carving of fruit and flowers, also some fine fresco work; the chandeliers here are massive, as is the furniture and other appointments. The room is long and of not much width, but lofty and well-lighted.

The buffet adjoining the dining-room has some very costly and, at the same time, some very interesting contents. The Empire furniture is draped in rich crimson silk, the walls being covered with silk brocade of the same colour. The chimney-piece of sculptured marble, with an ormolu frieze, holds some choice antique porcelain vases and a valuable Roman timepiece. A massive chandelier hangs from the centre of a ceiling wrought with the arms of the house—this chandelier being solid silver. It was presented by the inhabitants of Amsterdam, while two silver lustres at the sides of the fireplace were presented by Rotterdam. Two exquisite statues stand in front of the windows, one of Venus, the other Diana, midway between which is an immense porcelain vase on a pedestal. This you will note in the view given of the room. It has special interest just now, as it was given by Marshal MacMahon, whose death recently occurred, and whose funeral —a State military one—I had the opportunity of witnessing a few weeks ago in Paris.

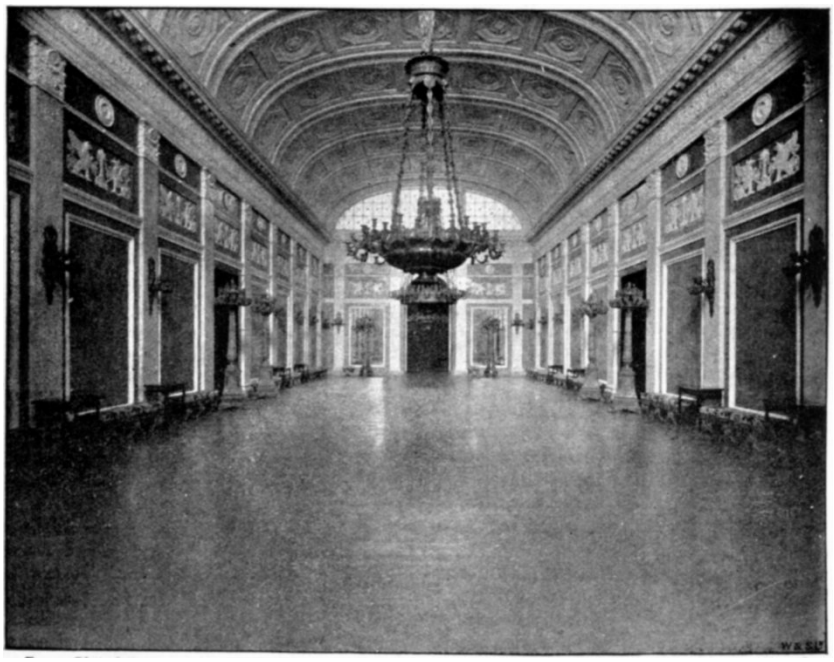
The windows are of very fine stained glass, the different panes giving portraits of Kings and Princes, under each being depicted battles they had fought. Note this rare Florentine mosaic table with pedestal of ormolu; then we will pass on to the crystal room, an ante-room to the ball-room. Some immense candelabra of purest crystal at once attracted my attention; not only were they of the largest I had ever seen, but they were absolutely unique in composition: the pedestals in support were ormolu and marble.

The appointments here are again in the First Empire style. The view here shown is looking into the small dining-room, the private dining-room of their Majesties. In it there is to be seen a costly collection of miniatures, nearly a

THE CRYSTAL ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

SIDEBOARD AND MINIATURES IN SMALL DINING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

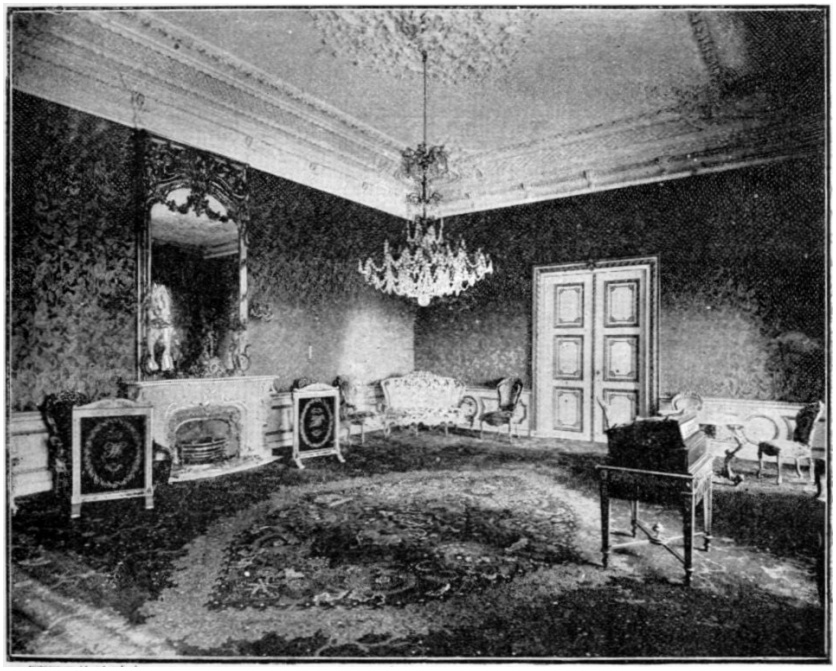
hundred and twenty in number, every one of them from the hand of Dutch masters. They are all beautifully framed in groups. In the photograph you will observe a finely carved side-board with some of these miniatures showing on either side. Also in this room you will find several specimens of engraving on brass and some Russian productions in malachite.



THE STATE BALL-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

Now to the State ball-room—a nobly proportioned room, but of somewhat severe aspect Some good relief carving is shown and a splendid parquetry floor; also some costly furniture, over-burnished and upholstered in crimson with floral devices. No doubt it has a very imposing and gay appearance when lighted up and filled with guests.

Nearly seven hundred lights are displayed, which would naturally cause a most brilliant effect. Somehow ball-rooms are never satisfactory when viewed in the day-time, unless you have an eye for proportions only; in that case this one could not fail to please, as it cannot be less than 90ft. long and is of magnificent height, added to by a glass concave roof.



THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

The Queen's reception-room is prettily hung in crimson with designs depicting art and music; the furniture bright and handsome in crimson and cream. On either side of the fireplace stand some crimson velvet screens in burnished frames, the crown and arms worked on the velvet in characters of gold. In the accompanying view you will observe a large album on a stand; this was given to the Queen-Regent by the ladies of Holland. It is of leather, with ormolu mounts, on the covers being painted panels and flowers worked in silk, these flowers being surrounded with rubies and pearls; and at either corner is a large sapphire. The interior shows pages of vellum, with names of subscribers beautifully inscribed.

This room will, of course, be the one where the young Queen will receive when she commences to reign.

From here I went to view a suite of apartments, formerly the property of Queen Sophia, the first Consort of the late King. These rooms are still in the same condition as when Her Majesty died; they are very fine rooms, and contain a vast number of curios of every description. They are lined entirely from floor to ceiling with mahogany; the furniture, which is massive, antique, and beautifully carved, being also of mahogany and tulip wood. I find one of Erard's grand pianos standing in the boudoir, and am told that it was a favourite instrument of the late Queen. There are some fine specimens of vases: one an "Adam and Eve," some of Swiss make, and others of Dresden. Also I note an exquisite model of a ship, an inlaid Empire mirror, and other treasures too numerous to particularize.

The tea-room is another that I must make brief mention of. It contains some valuable souvenirs in the form of vases, some from the Emperor Napoleon (these are jewelled), some from William IV. of Germany, and some from the Emperor Frederick. Then there are others from Berlin and Potsdam, and still others of Sèvres. On the marble mantel is a very intricate French timepiece, and over it an exquisite silver-framed mirror. An inlaid mosaic table is a feature here. The worth of it must be fabulous; the design is marvellously executed. Pope Pius IX. was the donor. This room is really the tea-room for the Royal ladies when in residence. Music is again to the fore, and here Steinway is the favourite, one of his grand pianos occupying the place of honour.

Now I go downstairs for a brief survey of the private apartments of the late King. I shall not attempt to describe them in detail, but content myself with mention of one or two things I specially noticed. I started with the billiard-room, a good-sized room and well fitted; but obscured by the covers denoting non-usage. One curious article I must note. It is a

OVER-MANTEL IN TEA-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

clock and musical-box combined, giving out a variety of twenty-seven tunes. The visible part of it is a pure alabaster representation of the tomb of our Henry II, supported by lions couchant. Rather a strange model for a musical-box containing lively airs, is it not?

Then I pass on through the King's dining-room, a stately and richly-appointed apartment. On through the Ministers' room, and so into His Majesty's private sitting-room. Here I cannot but linger, there are so many treasures rich and rare, the chief of which consists in the elaborate cabinets and other furniture, all of tortoiseshell and silver, quite the best I have seen of its kind. Some of it looks as though crammed with secret drawers, and I stand before it wondering whether Queen Wilhelmina will be as anxious to discover and overhaul them as *I* should be.

THE LATE KING'S SITTING-ROOM.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

I could tell you a deal more of what I saw at this Palace at Den Haag, but, doubtless, have said enough to show you something of its wealth of appointments and costly treasures. One cannot help thinking what a sum all this has cost, and what it must take to keep up so many places; but the Royal Family of the Netherlands have well-lined coffers, as it is not only their own country that owns their supremacy, but they have also many dependencies in the Indies, bringing in enormous revenues.

"T'HUIS IN'T BOSCH," NEAR DEN HAAG.
From a Photo. by Gunn & Stuart, Richmond.

I have mentioned three Palaces; I know of five; but will close with just a few words respecting a fourth, and a view of the same, which is charmingly pretty. This Palace is called "T'Huis in't Bosch," and is just a nice carriage drive from the town of Den Haag. It stands right in the midst of a beautiful park, with herds of deer and hundreds of gay-

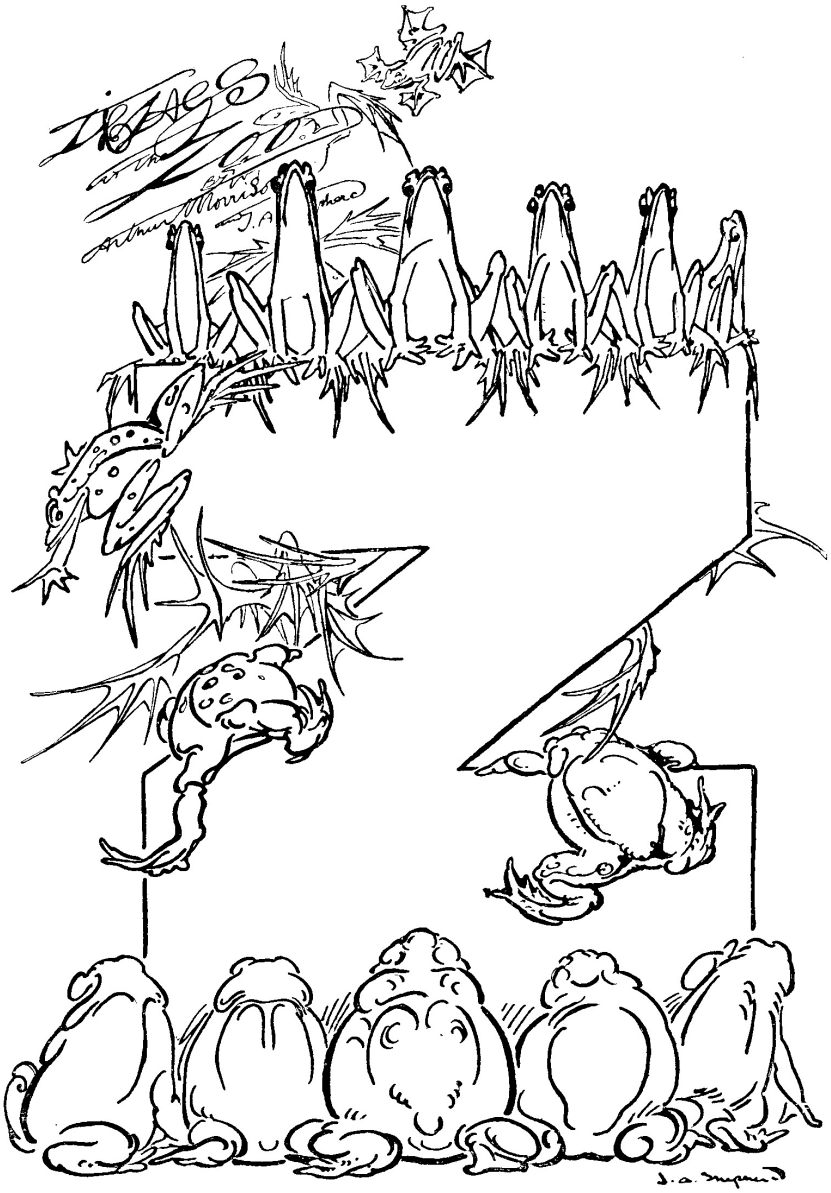
plumaged birds—a park that far and away surpasses even our vaunted Richmond Park—magnificent timber, dense undergrowth, wild flowers in profusion, and now and again winding lakes and streams, crossed by rustic bridges, and such views over hill and dale as would delight either an artist or an admirer of Nature. The above view of the house will give a good idea of its outside appearance. I have no time for interiors, or should be tempted to prolong this indefinitely. We have had a peep at the Palaces of Holland, and many of us will know more of the country and its reigning family for the visit.

Holland, with its youthful Queen, has a future we cannot wot of, but we all hope it is a prosperous and bright one, and we all agree in thanking Her Majesty the Queen-Regent for the opportunity of gaining this information, and wish for her daughter all the happiness and wisdom that she—the Royal mother—could desire for her.

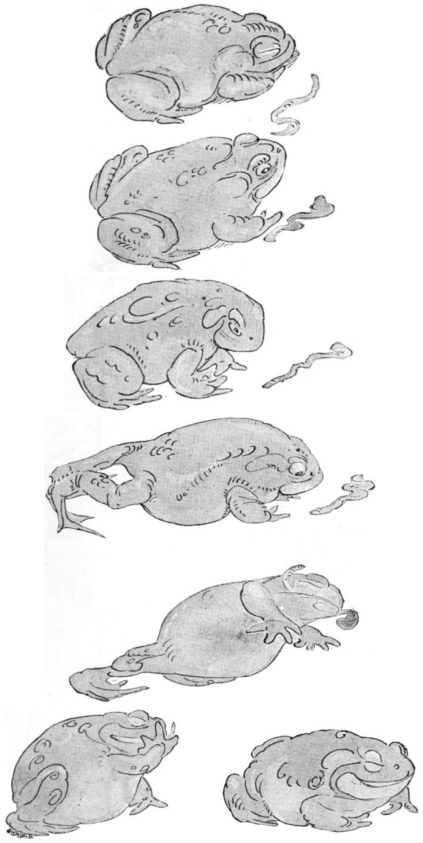
[The Illustrated Interviews will be continued as usual next month.]

Zig-Zags at the Zoo.

XIX. ZIG-ZAG BATRACHIAN.



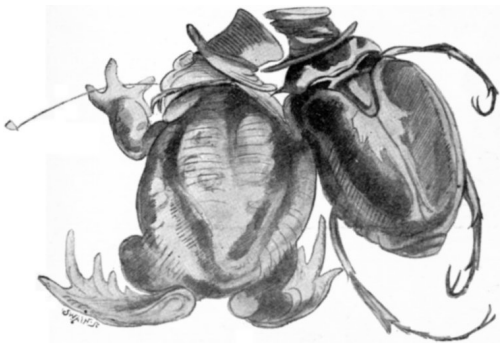
The frog and the toad suffer, in this world of injustice, from a deprival of the respect and esteem that is certainly their due. In the case of the frog this may be due largely to the animal's headlong and harlequin-like character, but the toad is a steady personage, whose solemnity of deportment, not to speak of his stoutness, entitles him to high consideration in a world where grave dulness and personal circumference always attract reverence. The opening lines of a certain famous poem have without a doubt done much to damage the dignity of



A SMALL LUNCH.

the frog. "The frog he would a-wooing go" is not, perhaps, disrespectful, although flippant; but "whether his mother would let him or no" is a gross insult. Of course, it is a matter upon which no self-respecting frog ever consults his mother; but the absurd jingle is immortal, and the frog's dignity suffers by it. Then there is a certain pot-bellied smugness of appearance about the frog that provokes a smile in the irreverent. Still, the frog has received some consideration in his time. The great Homer himself did not disdain to sing the mighty battle of the frogs and mice; and Aristophanes gave the frogs a most important chorus in one of his comedies; moreover, calling the whole comedy "The Frogs," although he had his choice of title-names among many very notable characters—Æschylus, Euripides, Bacchus, Pluto, Proserpine, and other leaders of society. Still, in every way the frog and the toad are underesteemed—as though such a thing as a worthy family frog or an honourable toad of business were in Nature impossible. It is not as though they were useless. The frog's hind legs make an excellent dish for those who like it, as well as a joke for those who don't. Powdered toad held in the palm is a fine thing to stop the nose bleeding—or, at any rate, it was a couple of hundred years ago, according to a dear old almanac I have. On the same unimpeachable authority I may fearlessly affirm a smashed frog—smashed on the proper saint's day—in conjunction with hair taken from a ram's forehead and a nail stolen from a piebald mare's shoe, to be a certain remedy for ague, worn in a little leather bag. If it fails it will be because the moon was in the wrong quarter, or the mare was not sufficiently piebald, or the nail was not stolen with sufficient dishonesty, or some mistake of that sort.

"THINK I COULD MANAGE THAT BEETLE, TYRRELL?"



EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

Personally, I am rather fond of frogs and toads. This, of course, in a strictly platonic sense, and entirely apart from dinner. A toad I admire even more than a frog, because of his gentlemanly calm. He never rushes at his food ravenously, as do so many other creatures. Place a worm near him and you will see. He inspects the worm casually, first with one eye and then with the other, as who would say: "Luncheon? Certainly. Delighted, I'm sure." Then he sits placidly awhile, as though thinking of something else altogether. Presently he rises slightly on his feet and looks a little—very little—more attentively at the worm. "Oh, yes," he is saying—"luncheon, of course. Whenever you like, you know." And he becomes placid again, as though interested in the general conversation. After a little he suddenly straightens his hind legs and bends down over the worm, like a man saying, "Ah, and what have we got here now? Oh, worm—*ver au naturel*—capital, capital!" After this

there is nothing to do but to eat, and this the toad does without the smallest delay. For leisurely indifference, followed by a business-like grab, nothing can beat a toad. Almost before the cover is lifted, figuratively speaking, the worm's head and tail are wriggling, like a lively moustache, out of the sides of the toad's mouth. The head and tail he gently pats in with his hands, and there is no longer any worm; after which the toad smiles affably and comfortably, possibly meditating a liqueur. I have an especial regard for the giant toad in one of the cases against the inner wall of the reptile-house lobby. There is a pimpliness of countenance and a comfortable capaciousness of waistcoat about him that always make me wonder what he has done with his churchwarden and pewter. He has a serene, confidential, well-old-pal-how-are-you way of regarding Tyrrell, his keeper. Of late (for some few months, that is) the giant toad has been turning something over in his mind, as one may perceive from his cogitative demeanour. He is thinking, I am convinced, of the new Goliath Beetle. The Goliath Beetle, he is thinking, would make rather a fit supper for the Giant Toad. This because he has never seen the beetle. His mind might be set at rest by an introduction to Goliath, but the acquaintanceship would do no good to the beetle's morals. At present Goliath is a most exemplary vegetarian and tea-drinker, but evil communications with that pimply, dissipated toad would wreck his principles.

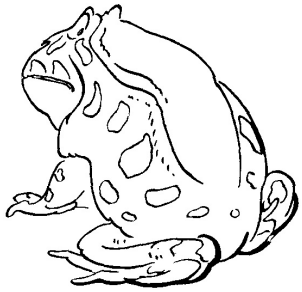
"DON'T SQUEEZE SO, TYRRELL!"

Why one should speak of the Adorned Ceratophrys when the thing might just as well be called the Barking Frog, I don't know. Let us compromise and call him the Adorned C., in the manner of Mr. Wemmick. I respect the Adorned C. almost as much as if he were a toad instead of a frog, but chiefly I admire his mouth. A crocodile has a very respectable mouth—when it separates its jaws it opens its head. But when the Adorned C. smiles he opens out his entire anatomical bag of tricks— comes as near bisecting himself indeed as may be; opens, in short, like a Gladstone bag. From a fat person, of course, you expect a broad, genial smile; but you are doubly gratified when you find it extending all round him. That, you feel, is indeed no end of a smile—and that is the smile of the Adorned C.

"WANT ME TO BARK?"

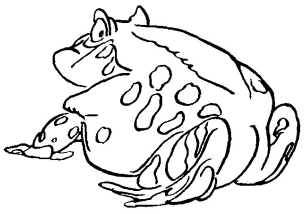
But,

"HE CALLS THIS WINDING ME UP!"

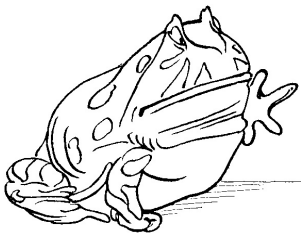


"SHAN'T BARK—"

"SO THERE!"



"STOW THAT, TYRRELL!"

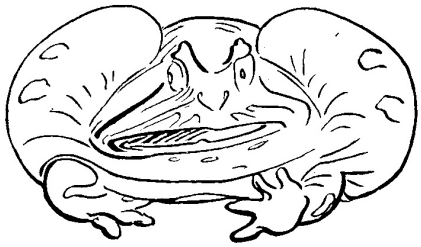


"HE'S ALWAYS DOING THAT."

"I'LL GET SO WILD IN A MINUTE!"

"GUR-R-R-R-."

notwithstanding this smile, the Adorned C. is short of temper. Indeed, you may only make him bark by practising upon this fact. Tyrrell's private performance with the Adorned C. is one that irresistibly reminds the spectator of Lieutenant Cole's with his figures, and would scarcely be improved by ventriloquism itself. The Adorned C. prefers biting to barking, and his bite is worse than his bark—bites always are, except in the proverb. This is why Tyrrell holds the Adorned C. pretty tight whenever he touches him. The one aspiration of the Adorned C. is for a quiet life, and he defends his aspiration with bites and barks.



"WOW, WOW!"

"SNAP! WOW-WOW!"

"WHAT, GOT TO GO BACK?"

Tyrrell touches him gently, cautiously, and repeatedly on the back until the annoyance is no longer to be tolerated, and then the Adorned C. duly barks like a terrier. Now, the most interesting thing about the Adorned C., after his mouth, is his bark, and why he should be reluctant to exhibit it except under pressure of irritation—why he should hide his light under a bushel of ill-temper—I can't conceive. It is as though Patti wouldn't sing till her manager threw an egg at her, or as though Sir Frederick Leighton would only paint a picture after Mr. Whistler had broken his studio windows with a brick. Even the whistling oyster of London tradition would perform without requiring a preliminary insult or personal assault. But let us account everything good if possible; perhaps the Adorned C. only suffers from a modest dislike for vain display; although this is scarcely consistent with the internal exhibition afforded by his smile.

"GOOD NIGHT, TYRRELL!"

With the distinction of residence in the main court of the reptile-house itself, as also with the knowledge of its rarity, the Smooth-clawed Frog sets no small value on himself. He lives in water perpetually, and is always bobbing mysteriously about in it with his four-fingered hands spread out before him. This seems to me to be nothing but a vulgar manifestation of the Smooth-clawed Frog's self-appreciation. He is like a coster conducting a Dutch auction, except that it is himself that he puts up for the bids of admiring visitors. With his double bunch of four fingers held eagerly before him he says—or means to say—"'Ere—eight! Ain't that cheap enough? Eight! Going at eight. Who says eight? Now then—eight; for a noble frog like me!" Presently, he wriggles a little in the water, as though vexed at the slackness of offers; then he drops one of the hands and leaves the other outstretched. "'Ere—four! Anythink to do business. Four! Nobody say four? Oh, blow this!" and with a jerk of one long paddle he dives among the weeds. "Them shiny-lookin' swells ain't got no money!" is what I am convinced he reports to his friends.

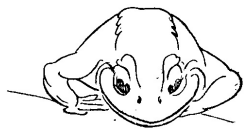
The Smooth-clawed Frog has lately begun to breed here, a thing before unknown; so that his rarity and value are in danger of depreciation. But such is his inordinate conceit of himself that I am convinced he will always begin the bidding with eight.

"HAPPY?"

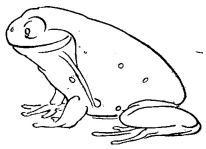
"I AM HAPPY."

"WHY SHOULDN'T I BE HAPPY?"

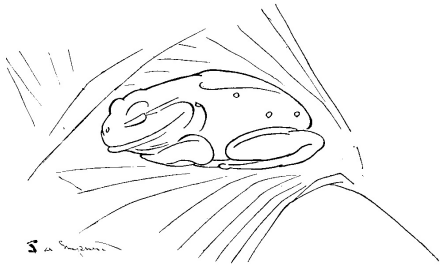
"THE SOCIETY LODGES ME."



"TYRRELL FEEDS ME."



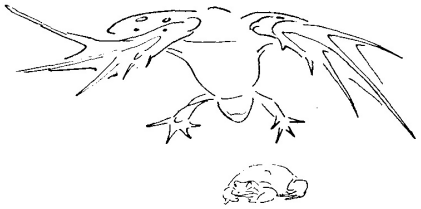
"NO EXPENSE TO ME, YOU KNOW."



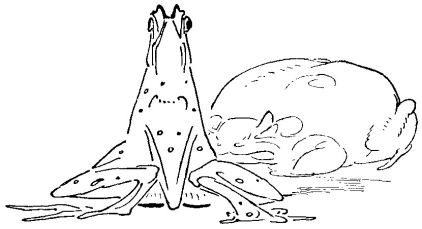
"GOOD DAY TO YOU."

If you rejoice in the sight of a really happy, contented frog, you should stand long before White's Green Frog, and study his smile. No other frog has a smile like this; some are wider, perhaps, but that is nothing. A frog is ordained by Nature to smile much, but the smile seems commonly one of hunger merely, though often one of stomach-ache. White's Green Frog smiles broad content and placid felicity. Maintained in comfort, with no necessity to earn his living, this is probably natural; still, the bison enjoys the same advantages, although nobody ever saw him smile; but, then, an animal soon to become extinct can scarcely be expected to smile. In the smile of White's Green Frog, however, I fear, a certain smug, Pecksniffian quality is visible. "I am a Numble individual, my Christian friends," he seems to say, "and my wants, which are few and simple, are providentially supplied. Therefore, I am Truly Happy. It is no great merit

in my merely batrachian nature that I am Truly Happy; a cheerful countenance, my friends, is a duty imposed on me by an indulgent Providence." White's Green Frog may, however, be in reality a frog of excellent moral worth: and I trust that Green's White Frog, if ever he is discovered, will be a moral frog too.

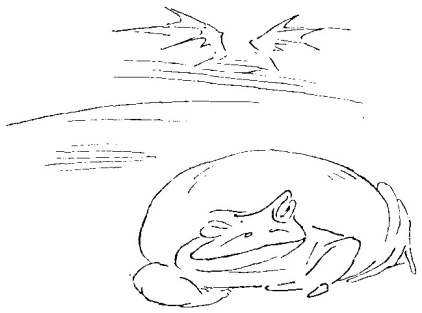


"HERE WE ARE!"



"HOW DO? I'M OFF."

By-the-bye, some green frogs are blue. That is to say, individuals of the green species have been found of the skyey colour and sold at a good price as rarities. When it was not easy to find one already blue, the prudent tradesman kept a green frog in a blue glass vase for a few weeks, and brought it out as blue as you might wish. The colour stayed long enough, as a rule, to admit of sale at a decent price, but was liable to fade after. As I think I have said, the toad is distinguished by a placid calm denied to the frog; therefore it is singular that the ordinary toad's Latin name should be *Bufo vulgaris* —a name suggestive of nothing so much as a low—disgracefully low—comedian. *Bufo vulgaris* should be the name of a very inferior, rowdy clown. The frog is a much nearer approximation to this character than the toad. The frog comes headlong with a bound, a bunch of legs and arms, with his "Here we are again! Fine day to-morrow, wasn't it?" and goes off with another bound, before the toad, who is gravely analyzing the metaphysical aspect of nothing in particular, can open his eyes to look up. The toad has one comic act, however, of infinitely greater humour than the bouncing buffooneries of the frog. When the toad casts his skin he quietly rolls it up over his back and head, just as a man skins off a close-fitting jersey. Once having drawn it well over his nose, however, he immediately proceeds to cram it down his throat with both hands, and so it finally disappears. Now, this is a performance of genuine and grotesque humour, which it is worth keeping a toad to see.



"EH?"

"WHAT?"

"WHO'S THAT?"

The Helmet.

From the French by Ferdinand Beissier.

"But, uncle—I love my cousin!"

"Get out!"

"Give her to me."

"Don't bother me!"

"It will be my death!"

"Nonsense! you'll console yourself with some other girl."

"Pray—"

My uncle, whose back had been towards me, whirled round, his face red to bursting, and brought his closed fist down upon the counter with a heavy thump.

"Never!" he cried; "never: Do you hear what I say?"

And as I looked at him beseechingly and with joined hands, he went on:—

"A pretty husband you look like!—without a sou, and dreaming of going into housekeeping! A nice mess I should make of it, by giving you my daughter! It's no use your insisting. You know that when I have said 'No,' nothing under the sun can make me say 'Yes'!"

I ceased to make any further appeal. I knew my uncle—about as headstrong an old fellow as could be found in a day's search. I contented myself with giving vent to a deep sigh, and then went on with the furbishing of a big, double-handed sword, rusty from point to hilt.

This memorable conversation took place, in fact, in the shop of my maternal uncle, a well-known dealer in antiquities and *objets d'art*, No. 53, Rue des Claquettes, at the sign of the "Maltese Cross"—a perfect museum of curiosities.

The walls were hung with Marseilles and old Rouen china, facing ancient cuirasses, sabres, and muskets, and picture frames; below these were ranged old cabinets, coffers of all sorts, and statues of saints, one-armed or one-legged for the most part and dilapidated as to their gilding; then, here and there, in glass cases, hermetically closed and locked, there were knick-knacks in infinite variety—lachrymatories, tiny urns, rings, precious stones, fragments of marble, bracelets, crosses, necklaces, medals, and miniature ivory statuettes, the yellow tints of which, in the sun, took momentarily a flesh-like transparency.

Time out of mind the shop had belonged to the Cornuberts. It passed regularly from father to son, and my uncle—his neighbours said—could not but be the possessor of a nice little fortune. Held in esteem by all, a Municipal Councillor, impressed by the importance and gravity of his office, short, fat, highly choleric and headstrong, but at bottom not in the least degree an unkind sort of man—such was my uncle Cornubert, my only living male relative, who, as soon as I left school, had elevated me to the dignity of chief and only clerk and shopman of the "Maltese Cross."

But my uncle was not only a dealer in antiquities and a Municipal

Councillor, he was yet more, and above all, the father of my cousin Rose, with whom I was naturally in love.

To come back to the point at which I digressed.

Without paying any attention to the sighs which exhaled from my bosom while scouring the rust from my long, two-handed sword, my uncle, magnifying glass in hand, was engaged in the examination of a lot of medals which he had purchased that morning. Suddenly he raised his head; five o'clock was striking.

"The Council!" he cried.

When my uncle pronounced that august word, it made a mouthful; for a pin, he would have saluted it bare-headed. But, this time, after a moment's consideration, he tapped his forehead and added, in a tone of supreme relief:—

"No, the sitting does not take place before to-morrow—and I am forgetting that I have to go to the railway station to get the consignment of which I was advised this morning."

Rising from his seat, and laying down his glass, he called out:—

"Rose, give me my cane and hat!"

Then, turning towards me, he added, in a lowered tone and speaking very quickly:—

"As to you—don't forget our conversation. If you think you can make me say 'yes,' try!—but I don't think you'll succeed. Meanwhile, not a word to Rose, or, by Saint Barthélemy, my patron of happy memory, I'll instantly kick you out of doors!"

"AT THAT MOMENT ROSE APPEARED."

At that moment Rose appeared with my uncle's cane and hat, which she handed to him. He kissed her on the forehead; then, giving me a last but eloquent look, hurried from the shop.

I went on scouring my double-handed sword. Rose came quietly towards me.

"What is the matter with my father?" she asked; "he seems to be angry with you."

I looked at her—her eyes were so black, her look so kind, her mouth so rosy, and her teeth so white that I told her all—my love, my suit to her father, and his rough refusal. I could not help it—after all, it was *his* fault! He was not there: I determined to brave his anger. Besides, there is nobody like timid persons for displaying courage under certain circumstances.

My cousin said nothing; she only held down her eyes—while her cheeks were as red as those of cherries in May.

I checked myself.

"Are you angry with me?" I asked, tremblingly. "Are you angry with me, Rose?"

She held out to me her hand. On that, my heart seething with audacity, my head on fire, I cried:—

"Rose—I swear it! I will be your husband!" And as she shook her head and looked at me sadly, I added: "Oh! I well know that my uncle is self-willed, but I will be more self-willed still; and, since he must be forced to say 'yes,' I will force him to say it!"

"But how?" asked Rose.

Ah! how? That was exactly the difficulty. But, no matter; I would find a way to surmount it!

At that moment a heavy step resounded in the street. Instinctively we

moved away from each other; I returned to my double-handed sword, and Rose, to keep herself in countenance, set to dusting, with a corner of her apron, a little statuette in its faded red velvet case.

My uncle entered. Surprised at finding us together, he stopped short and looked sharply at us, from one to the other.

We each of us went on rubbing without raising our heads.

"Here, take this," said my uncle, handing me a bulky parcel from under his arm. "A splendid purchase, you'll see."

The subject did not interest me in the least.

I opened the parcel, and from the enveloping paper emerged a steel helmet—but not an ordinary helmet, oh, no!—a superb, a monumental morion, with gorget and pointed visor of strange form. The visor was raised, and I tried to discover what prevented it from being lowered.

"It will not go down—the hinges have got out of order," said my uncle; "but it's a superb piece, and, when it has been thoroughly cleaned and touched up, will look well—that shall be your to-morrow's job."

"Very good, uncle," I murmured, not daring to raise my eyes to his.

That night, on reaching my room, I at once went to bed. I was eager to be alone and able to think at my ease. Night brings counsel, it is said; and I had great need that the proverb should prove true. But, after lying awake for an hour without receiving any assistance, I fell off to sleep, and, till next morning, did nothing but dream the oddest dreams. I saw Rose on her way to church in a strange bridal costume, a 14th-century cap, three feet high, on her head, but looking prettier than ever; then suddenly the scene changed to moonlight, in which innumerable helmets and pieces of old china were dancing a wild farandola, while my uncle, clad in complete armour and with a formidable halberd in his hand, conducted the bewildering whirl.

"MY UNCLE SAT SMOKING HIS PIPE AND WATCHING ME."

The next day—ah, the next day!—I was no nearer. In vain, with clenched teeth, I scoured the immense helmet brought by my uncle the previous evening—scoured it with such fury as almost to break the iron; not an idea came to me. The helmet shone like a sun: my uncle sat smoking his pipe and watching me; but I could think of nothing, of no way of forcing him to give me his daughter.

At three o'clock Rose went into the country, whence she was not to return until dinner-time, in the evening. On the threshold she could only make a sign to me with her hand; my uncle had not left us alone for a single instant. He was not easy in his mind; I could see that by his face. No doubt he had not forgotten our conversation of the previous evening.

I went on rubbing at my helmet.

"You have made it quite bright enough—put it down," said my uncle.

I put it down. The storm was gathering: I could not do better than allow

it to blow over.

But suddenly, as if overtaken by a strange fancy, my uncle took up the enormous morion and turned and examined it on all sides.

"A handsome piece of armour, there is no doubt about it; but it must have weighed pretty heavily on its wearer's shoulders," he muttered; and, urged by I know not what demon, he clapped it on his head and latched the gorget-piece about his neck.

Struck almost speechless, I watched what he was doing—thinking only how ugly he looked.

Suddenly there was a sharp sound—as if a spring had snapped—and—crack!—down fell the visor; and there was my uncle, with his head in an iron cage, gesticulating and swearing like a pagan!

I could contain myself no longer, and burst into a roar of laughter; for my uncle, stumpy, fat, and rubicund, presented an irresistibly comic appearance.

"THREATENINGLY HE CAME TOWARDS ME."

Threateningly, he came towards me.

"The hinges!—the hinges, fool!" he yelled.

I could not see his face, but I felt that it was red to bursting.

"When you have done laughing, idiot!" he cried.

But the helmet swayed so oddly on his shoulders, his voice came from out it in such strange tones, that the more he gesticulated, the more he yelled and threatened me, the louder I laughed.

At that moment the clock of the Hôtel-de-Ville, striking five, was heard.

"The Municipal Council!" murmured my uncle, in a stifled voice. "Quick! help me off with this beast of a machine! We'll settle our business afterwards!"

But, suddenly likewise, an idea—a wild, extraordinary idea—came into my head; but then, whoever is madder than a lover? Besides, I had no choice of means.

"No!" I replied.

My uncle fell back two paces in terror—and again the enormous helmet wobbled on his shoulders.

"No," I repeated, firmly, "I'll not help you out, unless you give me the hand of my cousin Rose!"

From the depths of the strangely elongated visor came, not an angry exclamation, but a veritable roar. I had "done it!"—I had burned my ships!

"If you do not consent to do what I ask of you," I added, "not only will I not help you off with your helmet, but I will call in all your neighbours, and then go and find the Municipal Council!"

"You'll end your days on the scaffold!" cried my uncle.

"The hand of Rose!" I repeated. "You told me that it would only be by force that you would be made to say 'yes'—say it, or I will call in the neighbours!"

The clock was still striking; my uncle raised his arms as if to curse me.

"Decide at once," I cried, "somebody is coming!"

"Well, then—yes!" murmured my uncle. "But make haste!"

"On your word of honour?"

"On my word of honour!"

The visor gave way, the gorget-piece also, and my uncle's head issued from durance, red as a poppy.

Just in time. The chemist at the corner, a colleague in the Municipal Council, entered the shop.

"Are you coming?" he asked; "they will be beginning the business without us."

"I'm coming," replied my uncle.

And without looking at me, he took up his hat and cane and hurried out.

The next moment all my hopes had vanished. My uncle would surely not forgive me.

At dinner-time I took my place at table on his right hand in low spirits, ate little, and said nothing.

"It will come with the dessert," I thought.

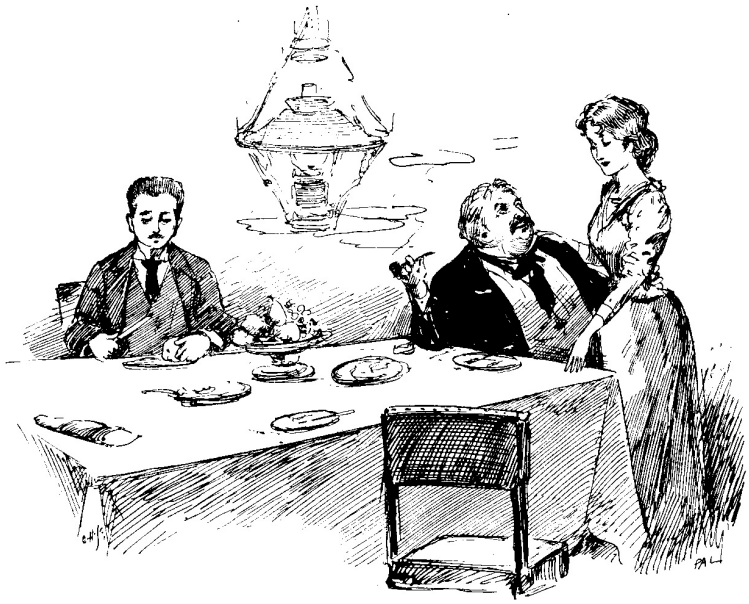
Rose looked at me, and I avoided meeting her eyes. As I had expected, the dessert over, my uncle lit his pipe, raised his head, and then—

"Rose—come here!"

Rose went to him.

"Do you know what that fellow there asked me to do, yesterday?"

I trembled like a leaf, and Rose did the same.



"DO YOU LOVE HIM?"

"To give him your hand," he added. "Do you love him?"

Rose cast down her eyes.

"Very well," continued my uncle; "on this side, the case is complete. Come here, you."

I approached him.

"Here I am, uncle," and, in a whisper. I added quickly: "Forgive me!"

He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Marry her, then, donkey—since you love her, and I give her to you!"

"Ah!—uncle!"

"Ah!—dear papa!"

And Rose and I threw ourselves into his arms.

"Very good! very good!" he cried, wiping his eyes. "Be happy, that's all I ask."

And, in turn, he whispered in my ear:—

"I should have given her to you all the same, you big goose; but—keep the story of the helmet between us two!"

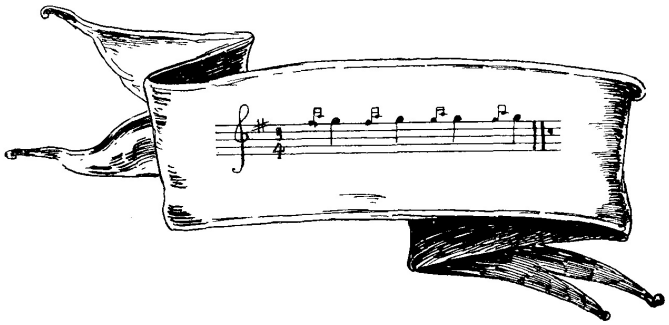
I give you my word that I have never told it but to Rose, my dear little wife. And, if ever you pass along the Rue des Claquettes, No. 53, at the place of honour in the old shop, I'll show you my uncle's helmet, which we would never sell.

The Music of Nature.

BY A. T. CAMDEN PRATT.

II.

Reference was made at the close of the last article to the voice of the dog, and his method of making his feelings and desires understood. It is, of course, well known that this is an acquired habit, or accomplishment. In a state of Nature the dog does not even bark; he has acquired the art or knowledge from his companionship with man. Isaiah compares the blind watchman of Israel to dogs, saying, "They are dumb; they cannot bark." Again, to quote the argument of Dr. Gardiner: "The dog indicates his different feelings by different tones." The following is his yelp when his foot is trod upon.

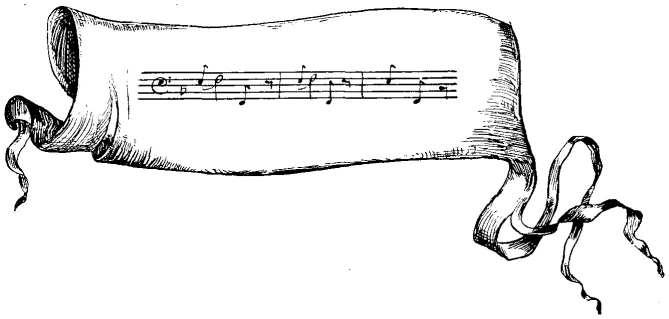


DOG YELPING.

Haydn introduces the bark of a dog into the scherzo in his 38th quartette. Indeed, the tones of the "voice" of the dog are so marked, that more than any other of the voices of Nature they have been utilized in music. The merest tyro in the study of dog language can readily distinguish between the bark of joy—the "deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home," as Byron put it—and the angry snarl, the yelp of pain, or the accents of fear. Indeed, according to an assertion in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," the horse knows from the bark of a dog when he may expect an attack on his heels. Gardiner suggests that it would be worth while to study the language of the dog. Perhaps Professor Garnier, when he has reduced the language of the monkey to "A, B, C," might feel inclined to take up the matter.

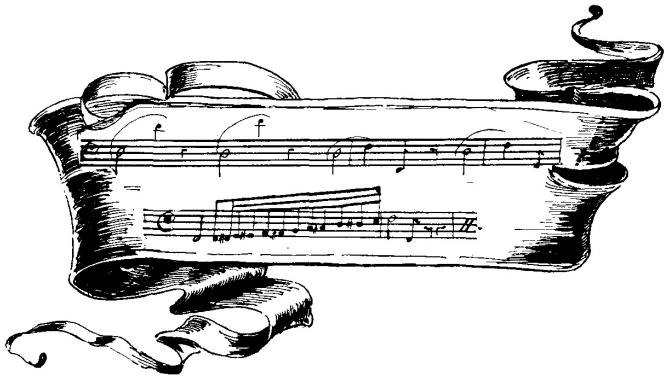
Next to the dog there is no animal in which there is more variation of sound than in oxen: "Their lowing, though rough and rude, is music to the farmer's ear save one who moans the loss of her sportive young; with wandering eye and anxious look she grieves the livelong day." It is specially difficult in the case of oxen to suppose that they have a language; but it is impossible to doubt that the variations of their lowing

are understood of one another, and serve to express their feelings if not their thoughts.

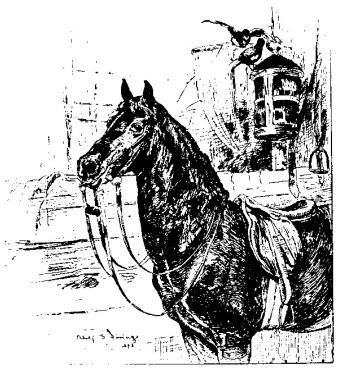


THE OX.

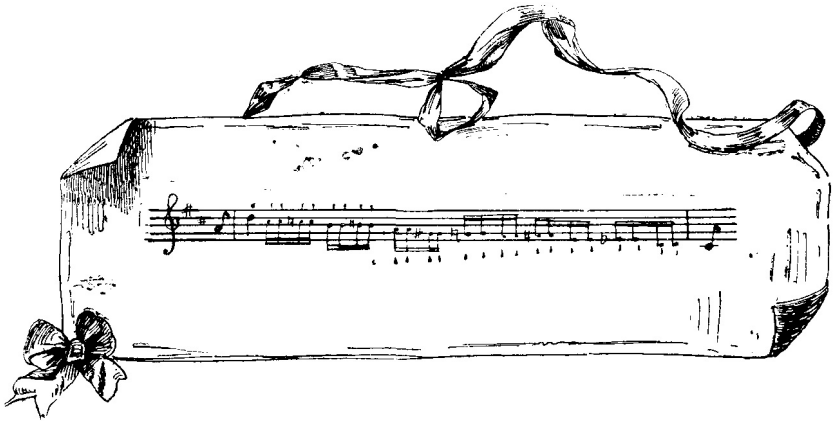
In the matter of exclamations, one knows how readily these may be imitated upon the violin, or in the case of the deeper or more guttural sounds, on the violoncello. The natural effect is greatly aided by the sliding of the finger along the note, especially in the case of the lowing of cattle; but there are other exclamations that are readily reduced to music. Gardiner gives one or two interesting cases, and the common salutation, "How d'ye do?" may be instanced. It usually starts on B natural, and the voice rising to D ends on C; whereas, the reply, "Pretty well, thank you," begins on D, and falling to A, ends again on D. After a few attempts on the piano, the reader will be able readily to form these notes for himself.



COW LOWING.



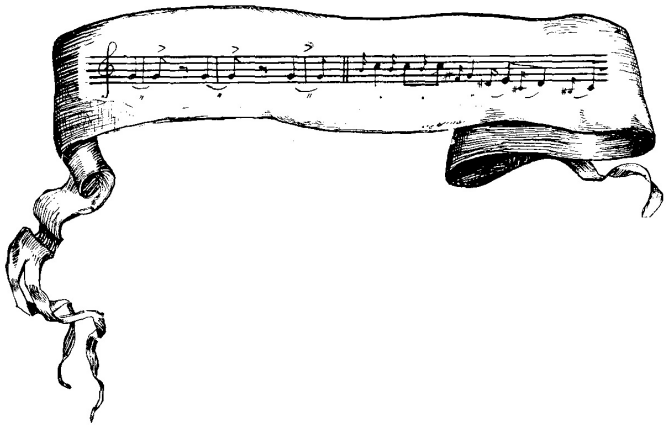
The horse, on the other hand, is rarely heard, and, though having a piercing whinny which passes through every semitone of the scale, it is scarcely ever varied.



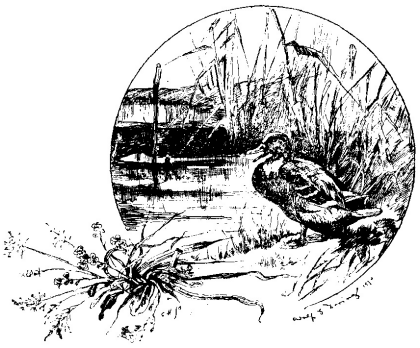
HORSE NEIGHING.

THE CHIRP OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

The music of the insects has already been alluded to, and everyone will agree with Gilbert White that "not undelightful is the ceaseless hum, to him who musing walks at noon." The entomologist has laboured hard to show us that the insect has no voice, and that the "drowsy hum" is made by the wings; a fact which, being beyond all cavil, puts to the blush the old-world story of Plutarch, who tells us that when Terpander was playing upon the lyre, at the Olympic games, and had enraptured his audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm a string of his instrument broke, and a *cicada* or grasshopper perched on the bridge supplied by its voice the loss of the string and saved the fame of the musician. To this day in Surinam the Dutch call them lyre-players. If there is any truth in the story, the grasshopper then had powers far in advance of his degenerated descendants; for now the grasshopper—like the cricket—has a chirp consisting of three notes in rhythm, always forming a triplet in the key of B.

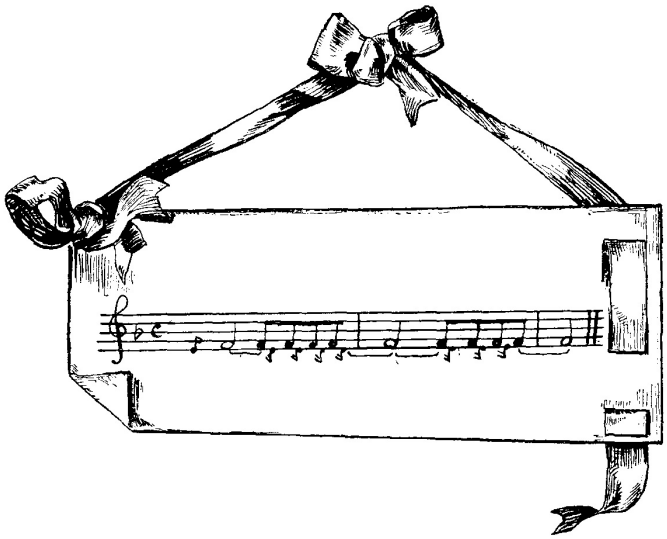


FLY BUZZING.



Gardiner, on the authority of Dr. Primatt, states that, to produce the sound it makes, the house-fly must make 320 vibrations of its wings in a second; or nearly 20,000 if it continues on the wing a minute. The sound is invariably on the note F in the first space. The music of a duck's note is given in the annexed score.

In conclusion, an article on the music of Nature would not be complete without an allusion to the music of the winds and the storm. Admirers of Beethoven will recall numerous passages that would serve as illustrations. One particularly might be mentioned—the chorus in "Judah" (Haydn), "The Lord devoureth them all," which is admirably imitative of the reverberations of the cataract and the thundering of mighty waters. The sounds at sea, ominous of shipwreck, will also occur to the minds of some. At Land's End it is not uncommon for storms to be heralded by weird sounds; and in the northern seas sailors, always a superstitious race of people, used to be much alarmed by a singular musical effect, which is now well known to be caused by nothing more fearsome than a whale breathing.



DUCK.

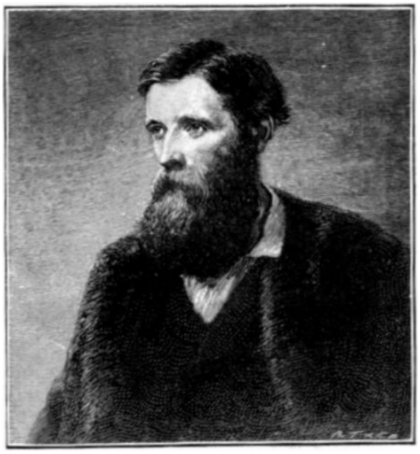
These instances might be still further multiplied, but enough have, perhaps, been given to excite some general interest in "the *Music of Nature*."

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of Their Lives.

SIR HENRY LOCH.

BORN 1827.

AGE 22.
From a Painting.



AGE 39.
From a Painting by G. Richmond, R.A.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Foster & Martin, Melbourne.

Sir Henry Brougham Loch, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., whose name has recently been so prominently before the public in connection with the disturbances in Mashonaland, is Chief Commissioner at the Cape. In his diplomatic career he was taken prisoner during the war with China; and, with Mr. Boulby, the *Times* correspondent, was carried about in a cage by his captors, and exhibited to the natives. After his liberation he returned to England, and was appointed Governor of the Isle of Man, and subsequently Governor of Victoria; and, in 1889, was appointed to succeed Sir Hercules Robinson as Chief Commissioner at the Cape.

MADAME BELLE COLE.

AGE 8.
From a Photograph.

AGE 20.
From a Photo. by Naegeli, New York.

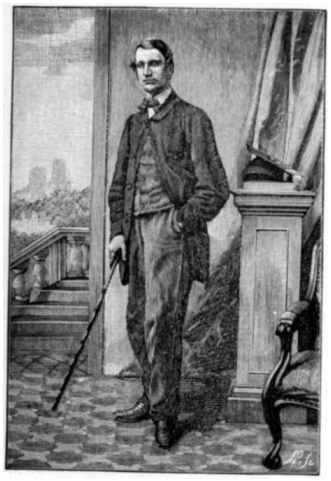
It was in Jubilee Year that the British public were first charmed by the singing of this admirable American contralto. She sang in London,

and successive audiences were quick to confirm the judgments of Sir Joseph Barnby and certain other critics who had heard her only in private. Her advance to the front rank of English singers was exceedingly rapid, and her position amongst us was long since made secure. Madame Cole has taken part in nearly all the great musical events in this country during the past four years. She has sung everywhere in London—with the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, at the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, at the Ballad Concerts, at the Monday Popular Concerts, at Sir Charles Hallé's Concerts, and at Bristol, Chester, Leeds, Birmingham, and other leading towns. As seems to have been the case with most well-dowered musicians, Madame Cole's talent owes something to heredity. Musical ability, greater or less, may at all events be traced back in her family for a considerable period. Madame Cole's first distinct success in public was gained with Mr. Theodore Thomas, during that gentleman's first "grand transcontinental tour from ocean to ocean" in 1883.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Walery, Regent Street.

THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

BORN 1843.

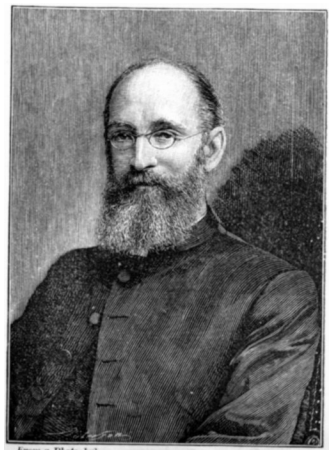


AGE 17.
From a Photograph.

AGE 23.
From a Photo. by Wheeler & Day, Oxford.

Professor the Rev. Mandell Creighton, M.A., was born at Carlisle, and educated at Durham Grammar School and Merton College, Oxford. He was ordained deacon in 1870 and priest in 1873, and in 1875 accepted the living of Embleton, in

AGE 48.
From a Photo. by H.S. Mendelssohn, Newcastle.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Northumberland. In 1884 he was elected to the newly founded professorship of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Cambridge. In 1885 he was appointed by the Crown canon residentiary of Worcester

Cathedral. He is the author of several historical works: "Primer of Roman History," 1875; "The Age of Elizabeth," 1876; etc. His principal work is a "History of the Papacy During the Period of the Reformation." He was appointed Bishop of Peterborough in 1891.

LORD WANTAGE.

BORN 1832.

AGE 17.
From a Drawing.

AGE 32. *From a Photograph.*
AGE 41. *From a Photograph by Chémar Frères, Brussels.*

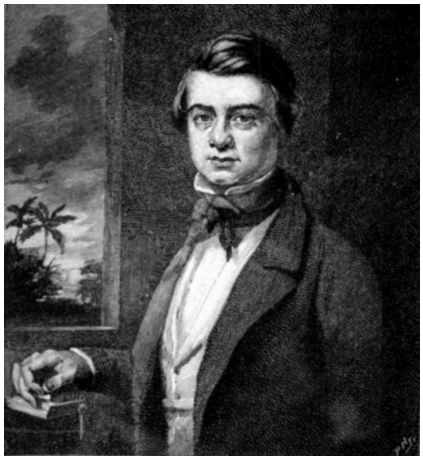
Robert James Loyd-Lindsay, K.C.B., V.C. is the eldest son of the late Lieut.-General James Lindsay. He was educated at Eton, and at an early age entered the Army. He served in the Guinea, 1854-5, part of the time as *Aide-de-Camp* to the Commander in-Chief. At the battle of Alma, amidst great disorder, he reformed the line and stood firm with the colours. At Inkerman he distinguished himself by charging and repulsing a strong body of Russians with a few men; for which distinctions he was justly awarded the Victoria Cross. Lord Wantage was Equerry to the Prince of Wales, 1858-9; and has been Extra Equerry to His Royal Highness since 1874. He is also the Lord Lieutenant and a County Councillor of Berkshire. He married, in 1858, Harriet Sarah, only child of the first Baron Overstone.

AGE 50.
From a Painting by W. Onless, R.M.

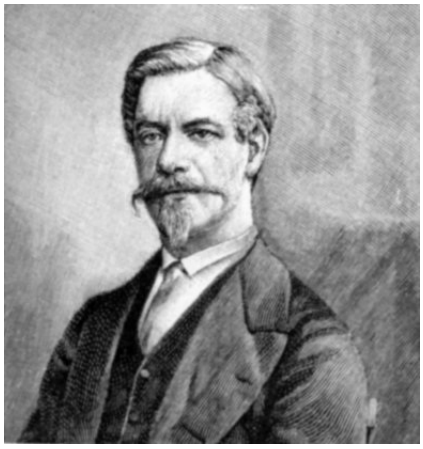
PRESENT DAY.
From a Photograph by W. & A. H. Fry, Brighton.

SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, BART, M.P.

BORN 1826.



AGE 20.
From a Painting.



AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Southwell Brothers, Baker Street, London.

AGE 42.
From a Photo. by Bourne & Shepherd.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., M.P., D.C.L.(Oxon), LL.D. (Cantab), of The Nash, Kempsey, near Worcester, entered the third class of the Bengal Civil Service in 1846. He was Secretary to Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, and eventually was appointed Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces, and the Political Resident at Hyderabad. He was Foreign Secretary to the Governor-General, and Finance Minister of India, from 1868 to 1874. In January, 1874, he was appointed to superintend the relief operations in the famine-stricken districts of Bengal. He became Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in 1875; was created a Baronet in August, 1876; and was appointed Governor of the Presidency of Bombay in January, 1877, which office he held till March, 1880. He sits for the Kingston Division of Surrey.

A Terrible New Year's Eve.

BY KATHLEEN HUDDLESTON.

In a little Belgian village not many miles from Brussels the winter sun shone brightly. It shone through the quaint old windows of a little, red-tiled cottage, and on the figure of a girl who stood in the centre of the kitchen reading a long, closely written letter. Over the blazing fire, where the "pot au feu" was simmering, bent an old woman, and the girl's voice came joyously to her as she stirred the savoury mess.

"My aunt, Paul has sent for me. At last he has got permanent work. It is nothing very great at present, but it may lead to better things, and the pay is enough, with what he has saved, to enable him to rent a little 'appartement.' If I can, he wants me, with our little Pierre, to catch the coach at 'Les Trois Frères' to-morrow. We should then reach Brussels by night and spend our New Year together."

As Babette spoke, her cheeks all flushed with hope and joy, the eyes of both the women rested on a cradle that stood in the room. In this, baby

Pierre, only a twelvemonth old, lay sleeping peacefully.

"MY AUNT, PAUL HAS SENT FOR ME."

Then said the old woman, sadly, "I shall miss you, dearest, and the baby too. Still, it is only right you should go. Perhaps in the summer you may return for a bit. Time passes quickly. A year ago you were weeping over Paul's departure; and now, behold, you are going to join him, and lay in his arms the son he has never seen."

Babette nodded. She was between tears and smiles. There was grief, true and deep, at leaving the dear old aunt, who had been so good to her and to her child. There was joy at the thought of seeing again the brave young husband whom she had wedded in the little village church two years before, and from whom the parting had been so bitter, when he left her, just before the birth of their baby boy, to seek work in the Belgian capital.

But there was no time to waste. After the simple mid-day meal there were many things to be done, and all through the short winter day they were busy. There was a bundle of warm wraps to be put together for Babette to take with her. Her little trunk, with Pierre's cradle, and some odds and ends of furniture, would follow in a few days, when her aunt had collected and packed them all. Her little store of money was counted over. Alas! it was very slender. She must travel quickly and cheaply if it was to last her till she reached Brussels.

"Jean's cart will take you as far as 'Les Trois Frères,'" said the old lady, cheerfully, after finding that counting the little heap of francs and half-francs over and over did not increase them. "That will save something. You can catch the coach that stops there at two, and by six you will be in Brussels. I pray the little one may not take cold."

Babette agreed to all her aunt suggested. Jean was a farmer of the village; well-to-do and good-natured. She knew he would gladly give her a seat in his waggon, which was going next day to "Les Trois Frères," an inn six miles from the village. The coach for Brussels stopped there twice a week, and when once she had taken her place in it, the worst of her journey would be over.

They went to rest early that night, and by eleven next morning the last good-bye had been said. Pretty Babette was seated by the side of Farmer Jean, with her baby boy, wrapped up in numerous shawls, clasped tightly to her, and the great Flemish horses were plodding, slowly but surely, towards "Les Trois Frères".

The day was not as bright as the preceding one. Snow had fallen during the night, and the sky looked heavy, as though there were more to come. Babette shivered, in spite of her long, warm cloak. The roads were freezing hard, but they managed to proceed for a mile or two, and then suddenly there came a sway and a lurch, for one of the horses had slipped and fallen on the snowy road, and the other was trying to free himself from his struggling companion by frantic kicks and plunges.

Farmer Jean had a man with him, and between them they got the poor animal up, while Babette stood in the cold highway, her baby peeping wonderingly from the folds of her cloak.

The horse was bruised and cut about the knees, but otherwise unhurt, so the men resumed their places; Babette climbed back to hers, and the heavy cart went jolting on. The farmer cracked his whip, and whenever the road grew worse he or his man got down and led the horses. In spite of this, their progress grew slower and slower.

"I don't like to say so," said the master, "but we've two more miles to go, and it is past one o'clock now. My girl, if the coach is gone, I'll get you back and drive you in again next time it passes."

But Babette would not hear of this. Not to see Paul by nightfall! Not to be clasped in his arms, she and little Pierre together, in one warm embrace! Not to spend New Year's Day with him! No! she would not think of it. And yet when, more than an hour later, they rolled into the yard of "Les Trois Frères," there was no sign of the Brussels coach. It had started half an hour before. "Les Trois Frères" was a quiet, homely inn, little used excepting when the coach stopped there. Babette, pale and trembling, got down and ran into the bar, where the landlord stood smiling behind a row of bright pewter taps.

"Am I too late for the coach?" she cried. "Has it gone?" And then, when the man told her she was indeed too late, all strength and energy left her, and she sank sobbing on the wooden bench by the door.

There were two other men in the room, who looked at her curiously; she was such a pretty girl, even in the midst of her grief. One was an old pedlar, with his well-filled pack on the floor beside him. He had a pleasant, homely face, and thin, bent figure. The other was a middle-sized, powerful fellow, clean shaven and beetle-browed, and dressed in shabby, ill-fitting garments. It was hard to tell what his rank in life might be. He stared once again at Babette, and then handed his glass to the host to be re-filled. The pedlar was the first to break the silence.

"'CHEER UP, MY LASS', HE SAID KINDLY."

"Cheer up, my lass," he said, kindly; "I too have missed the coach, and I too must reach Brussels to-night. I have two thousand francs in notes and gold in my pocketbook, which are the savings of a lifetime, and I am going to pay them into the bank tomorrow. Then I shall give up my trade and start a little shop."

"I would not talk too much about them in the meantime, friend. In some countries it might be dangerous, but we are honest in Belgium."

It was the other man who spoke, and his voice, though rough, was not unpleasant. He paid the landlord, caught up his stick, and with a curt "Good-day" passed out of "Les Trois Frères."

"He, also, perhaps, is going to Brussels. He means to walk, and if he, why not I?" said the pedlar. He had come in cold and tired, and the landlord's good ale had made him slightly loquacious. "Yes, I shall try and walk. The roads are better walking than driving. It is not so very many miles, and most likely I shall be overtaken by some cart going the same way." And he rose as he spoke.

Babette rose also and caught him eagerly by the hand. "I will walk with you," she cried. "I am strong, well shod, and the fastest walker in our village. We can get to Brussels before dark, in spite of my having my boy to carry. Oh! bless you for thinking of it, for now I shall see Paul before the year is out."

Nor would she be dissuaded. Farmer Jean came in and said something about snow. "The sky was darkening for it already." But Babette was firm. The landlord's buxom wife came forth from an inner room and offered her a lodging for the night, and then, when she could not persuade her, helped her to wrap the baby up afresh, and finally made

her place in her pocket a tiny flask of brandy, "in case," she said, "the snow should overtake them."

So they started. Babette had spoken the truth when she called herself a good walker. She was but twenty, and was both slight and active. The pedlar too, in spite of his bent form, got over the ground quickly. They had put four or five good miles between themselves and "Les Trois Frères" when the snow began to fall. It came down steadily in thick, heavy flakes. Babette drew her cloak yet closer round her boy and they plodded on, but walking became more and more difficult, and they grew both weary and cold. Suddenly, by the roadside, several yards ahead, they saw a man's figure. He was coming to meet them, and drew near rapidly, and then they recognised their friend in the shabby brown clothes, who had left the inn so shortly before them.

"I saw you coming," he explained, "so came to meet you. Madame"—with a bow to Babette, polite for one so uncouth looking—"can go no further to-night; the storm will not pass off yet. I live not far from here with my mother and brothers, and if madame likes, we can all take shelter under my humble roof. It is but a poor place, but you will be welcome, and doubtless we can find two spare beds."

They could do nothing but thank him and accept his offer. Even Babette acknowledged that all hope of reaching Brussels was now over. The New Year would have dawned before she and her husband met.

The wind had risen and the snow, half turned to sleet, was now beating furiously into their faces. It was all they could do to keep their feet. They struggled on after their guide as best they could, till he turned out of the high road into a lane; and thankful were they when he stopped, and, pushing open a gate that creaked on rusty hinges, led them up a narrow, gravelled pathway to a small, bare house, flanked on either side by some dreary bushes of evergreens.

In answer to his peremptory knock, the door was opened by a man slighter and shorter than himself, but sufficiently like him to be known as his brother, and the travellers staggered in—the door, with a heavy crash, blowing to behind them.

Perhaps now for the first time it really struck Babette that she had been headstrong in persisting in her journey, and in trusting herself and child to the mercy of utter strangers so far from home. The same thought passed through the old pedlar's mind, but it was too late to retreat, so they silently followed their new host and his brother. They went down a passage and into a room, half kitchen, half parlour, snugly and even comfortably furnished.

"A MAN AND A WOMAN SAT OVER THE FIRE."

Heavy wooden shutters dulled the noise of the boisterous gale outside. A thick red curtain hung over the door, and a cheery log fire burnt in the stove. A man and woman sat over it; the man, a tall, repulsive-looking creature, with unkempt hair and matted beard, his age apparently about fifty. The woman looked seventy or more. She too had once been tall, but now old age gave her a withered, witch-like appearance, in spite of her great height. She was dressed in limp, faded garments, with a tattered

shawl crossed over her chest, and had a scared, miserable look in her bleared old eyes. There were a few words of explanation from the man who had come home, and then, in gruff but not unkindly tones, he bade Babette be seated, and told his mother to get some supper speedily. She spread a coarse cloth on the wooden table, and when all was ready, lifted a large black saucepan from the stove and turned out a smoking, savoury-looking stew. The youngest son produced a bottle containing the thin acid wine of the country, and another of spirits. As he set them on the table, Babette noticed that across one of his hands, which were much smaller and whiter than those of his brothers, there ran a dull red scar that looked as if he had had a bad cut there. Then they all sat down, excepting the old mother, who busied herself in waiting on them.

"It's the last good meal you'll get for some time, I'm thinking," she croaked, as she watched them devouring their supper, "unless you turn to and find more work than you've done lately. The landlord called for his rent again to-day and swore he would wait no longer, but turn us out if we did not pay in three days' time."

"Curse him!" muttered the man who had brought the strangers in, half under his breath; then aloud he added, "Shut up, good mother: remember, we have visitors; and one a man of property, who will hardly sympathize with our poverty."

Babette looked up as he spoke, and intercepted a glance so strange and savage that passed between the brothers and then rested on her friend the pedlar, that involuntarily she shuddered and turned pale.

The old man, however, did not appear to notice anything unsatisfactory in the appearance or manners of his hosts. He had eaten to his liking, and had allowed the grim-looking eldest brother to fill his glass again and again with "Genievre" till his face began to flush, and his eyes grew dazed and heavy. Babette felt more and more uneasy. Oh! to be back at "Les Trois Frères" again, or even out in the snowy road! Anything would be better than sitting in this lonely house, with those three forbidding faces glaring on her. She rose hastily and caught up her sleeping child. "I am very tired, good people," she said, timidly, "and I must start betimes in the morning. If I might go to bed now, I should be so thankful."

In answer to her request, the old woman lighted a candle, and Babette followed her upstairs into a small, low chamber. There was no superfluous furniture in it, but the little bed looked clean and inviting, and the curtains that hung in front of the tiny window were made of light, fresh-looking chintz. Facing the bed was a door, leading apparently into another room. Babette wondered if it was the one her friend the pedlar was to occupy, but she was not long left in doubt. The old woman wished her good-night and left her, and Babette, after hushing her boy to sleep again, had just sunk wearily into the one chair the room boasted, when she heard a slow, heavy step ascending, and knew the pedlar was coming to bed. He shut the outer door behind him, and began arranging his pack.

Babette could hear the pedlar moving backwards and forwards with uncertain, tired footsteps. There was no sound below, even the wind was hushed. She drew aside the curtains and looked out, and saw that the snow had ceased to fall, and lay thick and white on the ground.

Then there came a sudden presentiment upon her. A sense of danger, vague and undefined, seemed to surround her. It was all the more terrible on account of its vagueness. She did not know what she feared, yet the terror of something horrible was strong upon her.

She slipped off her boots, and stole gently up to the door that divided her room from the pedlar's.

"Sir," she whispered, "you are very, very tired, and will sleep heavily. I am so anxious, I don't know why; but forgive me and do trust me. Push your pocket-book that contains your money under the door. See—it does not fit tight! We don't know who the people of the house are: they may try to rob you. I will tie it up inside my baby's shawls, and will give it back to you as soon as we are out of this place. Oh, would to God that we had never entered it! Your money will be safe with me, and they will never think of looking for it here. Will you give it me?"

In answer to her pleadings, a shabby little leather book was pushed into

her room. As she picked it up and proceeded to hide it securely away beneath the baby's many wrappings, the pedlar said, in a voice rendered hoarse and indistinct by the spirits he had partaken of in such unaccustomed quantities: "Here, my dear, take it. It will, I know, be safe with you. I feel so tired that I don't think a cannon would wake me to-night once I get to sleep." He groped his way to his bed, and flung himself down on it, dressed as he was. Soon Babette heard him snoring loudly and regularly, and then she took off her clothes, and rolling her cloak around her, lay down by the side of her child.

In after years, when she looked on that awful time, she often wondered how, feeling as she did that she was surrounded by so many unknown perils, she had ever closed her eyes. Perhaps the long walk and the excitement she had undergone accounted for the profound sleep into which she fell almost immediately, and from which she was aroused in the dead of night by a noise in the next room. It was neither snore nor cry. It was more like a long, shuddering gurgle, and then—silence! Frightful, terrible silence, broken at last by the sound of stealthy footsteps and hushed voices. Babette sunk down on her pillow again, her baby clutched in her arms. A voiceless prayer went up to Heaven for the child's safety and her own, for already she heard them approaching her door, and made sure her last hour was come. Through nearly closed eyelids she watched two of the men enter; the one who had brought them to the house and his elder brother. They were muttering curses, low but deep.

"To have risked so much for nothing!" whispered one. "Can she have it, or was the old fool jesting with us?"

"It's a jest that has cost him dear," answered the other, as he watched his brother search the girl's clothes and then slip his murderous hands beneath her pillow. He withdrew them empty.

"Shall we settle her?" he asked, "or let her go? Is it not best to be on the safe side?"

But the smooth-shaven one said, decisively: "Let her alone; we have enough to answer for. See, she is sound asleep, and if not, it will be easy to find out before she reaches Brussels how much she knows. Let her be."

Babette lay like a log, stirring neither hand nor foot. In that awful moment, when her life or death was trembling in the balance, her mother love, that divine instinct implanted in every woman's breast, came to her and saved her. She knew that if she moved her baby's life was gone—her own she hardly cared about just then. But those little limbs that were nestling so soft and warm against her own, and that little flaxen head that was cuddled against her arm, for their sake she was brave.

"SHE LAY MOTIONLESS"

So she lay motionless and listened, fearing that the men would hear even

the quick, heavy throbs of her heart. But they did not. They searched quickly and systematically amongst all her clothing. They felt under her pillow again, but never thought of looking at the shawls of the baby who lay so peacefully by her side; and then at last they crept away and closed the door gently behind them.

The room was in utter darkness. For ages, as it seemed, Babette lay there, afraid to stir, and listening vainly for some sound; then she sat up, all white and trembling.

"My God!" she thought. "What awful thing has happened? Oh, give me strength and courage, for my baby's sake."

As an inspiration, there came to her the thought of the little bottle that the good-natured landlady of "Les Trois Frères" had given her. She felt in the pocket of her dress and drew it out, taking a long, deep draught of the fiery spirit. She had been on the verge of fainting, though she knew it not, and the brandy put new life into her. She listened for a long time and then gently—very gently—she crept out of bed and drew aside the little curtain from the window.

Perhaps a wild idea of escaping into the cold, dark night outside, aided by a sheet or blanket, flashed through her brain. If so, she soon realized that it would not be practicable. The window was not high, but it was small, and divided by thick, old-fashioned bars of iron. To get out was impossible.

"SHE STOOD CONSIDERING."

As she stood considering, a thin, flickering moonbeam crept in and partially lighted up the room. It fell on to the door that led into the pedlar's chamber, and showed her something dark and slimy that was flowing slowly—slowly from under it into her room. She did not cry out or fall senseless. She bent down and put her hand into it, and saw that it was blood—her poor old friend's life-blood—for she knew now beyond all doubt that he had been murdered for the sake of his supposed wealth.

She knew she was helpless till morning. To get out of the house was impossible, for to do so she must pass down the stairs and through the room below, where probably they were either sleeping or watching. If she had courage and could only let them think she knew and suspected nothing, she might still escape. Surely they would not dare to murder her also, for they knew her husband would be expecting her next day, and would be looking for her if she did not come.

With another prayer, this time uttered shiveringly, for the soul of the pedlar, she nerved herself to get into bed again, and lay there till morning with her child against her heart; gazing with staring, sleepless eyes at the door which divided her from that awful room; keeping surely the most terrible vigil that ever woman kept.

At last the morning dawned, clear and bright. A frost had set in, and the roads were clean and hard, the sky was blue. If it had not been for that ghastly stain that had crept across the far end of her room, she might almost have thought that the events of the night had been but a fearful dream.

Her child awoke, fresh and smiling, and she could hear them stirring in the living room below. She felt that now, indeed, the hardest part of her task was still before her. On a little table by the side of her bed there was a small, cracked looking-glass. When she was dressed she looked

into it and saw that it reflected a face death-like in its pallor, with burning lips and feverish eyes. She took the bottle from her pocket again and gulped down the rest of its contents. It sent a flush into her cheeks and steadied the sick trembling that was shaking her through and through.

Without stopping to think or look round again, she took up her boy and descended the stairs, and entered the room where they had supped on the previous night.

The old woman was its sole occupant now. She was bending over the fire frying something for breakfast, and the table in the centre of the room was prepared for the meal. She looked if possible more untidy and slovenly than when Babette had last seen her, and greeted the girl with a feeble smile.

Then she poured her out a cup of coffee, and Babette had sat down and begun to sip it (for she knew she must make a pretence of breakfasting) when the eldest son came in. There was a very uneasy look upon his evil-looking face.

"How are you?" he asked, sullenly, as he sat down opposite her. "I hope, rested. Did you sleep well?"

Never afterwards did she know how she found courage to answer him as she did, quietly and firmly:—

"Yes, very well, thank you. But my friend—he must have over-slept himself—why is he not down?"

The old woman dropped a plate with a clatter and turned round. The man looked Babette straight in the face as he replied, and she met his glance with one just as steady.

"The pedlar is gone," he said, as he sugared his coffee carefully. "He paid his bill and was off before seven. You will probably see him in Brussels, for he was going there."

"Yes," repeated Babette, "I shall very likely meet him in Brussels, but I don't even know his name. And I, too, good people, ought to be starting. The morning is fine, and walking will be easy." She drank down her coffee as she spoke and rose. "I cannot eat," she exclaimed, seeing that they both looked suspiciously at the thick slice of currant-bread, that lay untouched on her plate. "I think I am excited at the thought of seeing my husband again. It seems so long since we parted, and now we shall meet so soon."

In her own ears her voice sounded far away and unnatural, but they did not seem to notice anything strange in her. The old woman, with a meek "Thank you," took the humble payment she tendered, and they let her go; only the big, burly eldest son stood at the door and watched her as she went slowly down the little pathway and out through the creaking gate into the snowy road. She only looked back once, and then she saw that a dingy signboard hung in front of the house. The picture of what was meant for a cow, and had once been white, was depicted on it, and the words "A la Vache Blanche" were clumsily painted underneath. So the house was an inn, evidently, and as Babette read the words she dimly remembered having heard, long ago, that there was an inn of that name not far from Brussels. It was kept by some people named Marac, whose characters were anything but good, and who had been implicated in several robberies that had taken place some years before, although the utmost efforts of the police had failed to trace any crime directly home to them.

"Oh, heavens! Why did I not see that sign last night?" the girl thought, despairingly, as she trudged along the hard, frosty road. "It would have saved his life and perhaps my reason."

She sped along faster and faster, for the house was now quite out of sight. In the distance the way began to wind up-hill, and a stunted, leafless wood straggled along one side of the highway. Babette was just considering whether going through it would shorten her journey, when a woman, dressed in the ordinary peasant costume of the country, emerged from it and came towards her with quick, firm steps. She was tall and rather masculine looking. The black Flemish cloak she wore hung round her in straight, thick folds. She carried a market basket on

one arm; a neat white cloth concealing the eggs and butter that probably lay underneath.

"Good-day," she said, in thick, guttural tones, as she reached Babette. "Are you on the way to Brussels?"

Babette made way for her to pass, somewhat shyly.

"Yes," she said, "and I am in haste; but the roads are heavy and I have my baby to carry."

As she answered, her eyes happened to fall on the stranger's right hand, which was ungloved and clasping the basket. And as she looked her heart seemed suddenly to quiver and stand still, for across that strong right hand there ran a deep red scar, precisely similar to the one she had noticed on the previous night on the hand of the youngest brother at the "Vache Blanche."

It did not take long for the whole horrible truth to flash across her. Doubtless they had felt insecure after their terrible deed, and the youngest Marac had been dispatched after her, disguised as a woman, with instructions to way-lay her by some shorter cut, in order to find out if she was really ignorant of the frightful way in which the pedlar had met his untimely end.

As these thoughts chased each other through her mind, she felt as if her great terror was slowly blanching her face, and her limbs began to tremble till she could hardly drag herself over the ground. But her baby's warm little heart, beating so closely against her own, once more gave her strength. She dropped her eyes so that she might no longer see that awful hand, and tottered on by the new-comer's side, striving to imagine that it was indeed only a harmless peasant woman who was walking by her and trying to remember that every step was bringing her nearer to Brussels and protection. Her companion glanced at her curiously, and Babette shivered, for she fancied she saw suspicion in the look.

"You seem tired." she, or rather he, said, always speaking in the same low, thick tones. "Brussels is barely two miles off, and it is yet early, but perhaps you have not rested well. Where did you sleep?"

Too well did the girl know why that question was asked her, and now that her first sickening horror was over, her brave spirit nerved itself once more.

"I was journeying with a friend yesterday," she replied, "when the snow-storm overtook us. Luckily we met a man whose home lay in our road. He was very good, and took us there and gave us supper and beds."

The stranger laughed.

"A good Samaritan, indeed! And your friend? Where is he now? Did he find his hosts so hospitable that he was unable to tear himself away?"

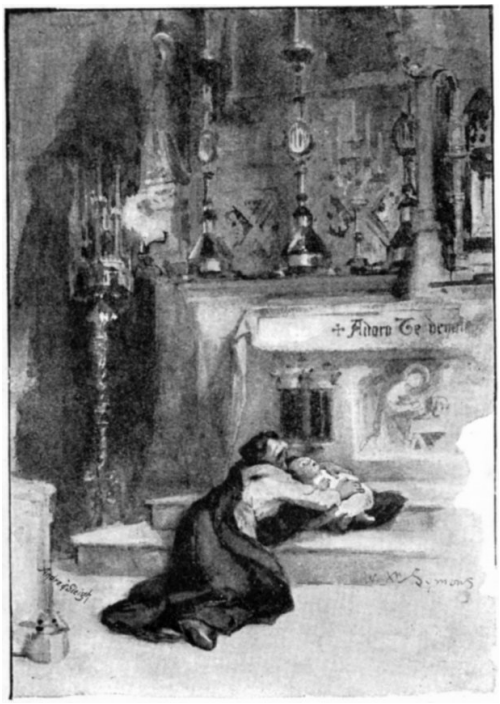
"No," said Babette, gently, "he started early; before I came down he was far on his road. They were very good to me, and gave me coffee before I left. I am a poor woman, and could do but little to repay them. The two francs I gave them were almost my last."

This speech, uttered in such a soft, even voice—for Babette had schooled herself well by now—seemed to satisfy her companion, and they walked on side by side in silence for what seemed to the poor girl the longest hour she had ever passed.

At last, in the far distance there rose the spires and roofs of Brussels. The chiming of church bells came gaily towards them through the frosty air, and Babette knew that her terrible journey was well-nigh ended. At the entrance of the town the stranger stopped.

"GOOD-BYE."

"Good-bye," she said, curtly; "I am late for the market, and must sell my eggs quickly or shall not get my price."



"SHE SANK DOWN IN A HEAVY, DEATH-LIKE SWOON."

She turned down a side street and disappeared, and Babette felt her strength and mind both failing her now that she was out of danger. She staggered weakly into a big, dim church, by the door of which the parting happened to have taken place. Here she sank down in a heavy, death-like swoon in front of one of the side altars, with her baby wailing fretfully at her breast. When she came to herself again she was seated in the sacristy, and her hair and face were wet with the water they had flung over her. By her side stood a black-robed, kindly-faced curé and two or three women, who were trying to force some wine down her throat. By degrees her strength came back, and she raised herself and asked piteously for her child. Then, when he was in her arms, she told her story.

Wonder, horror, and bewilderment all dawned in turns on her hearers' countenances, and it was not until she unpinned her baby's shawls and handed the shabby pocket-book to the priest that they were quite certain they had not to deal with some poor, wandering lunatic. But when the money had been looked at and replaced, then, indeed, they saw the necessity for prompt action. The curé caught up his hat, and, after whispering a few words to the women, hurried out of the sacristy.

"He is gone to the police," said one. "Poor child"—laying her hand caressingly on the girl's damp hair—"what hast thou not passed through! Mercifully the mass was not over, so we found thee at once. Lie still and rest. Give me but thy husband's name and address, and in one little half-hour he shall be by thy side."

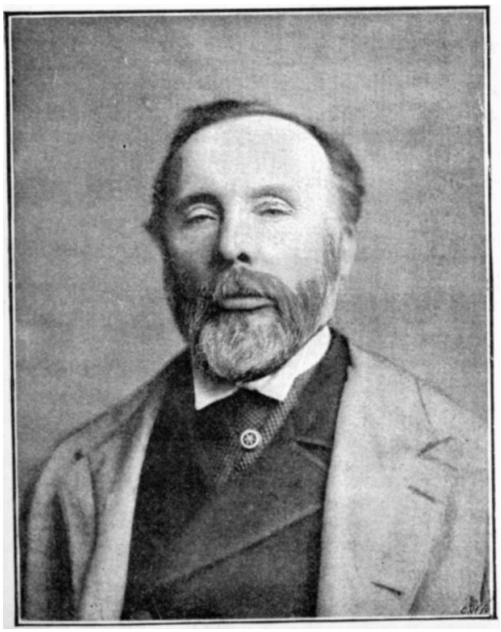
And so he was, and then, when she had been examined by the chief of the police and sobbed out her story all over again, from the shelter of Paul's broad arms, she felt safe at last. She went peacefully home with her husband, and after a good night's rest in the little rooms he had taken for her, she was able to listen calmly when told next day of the capture of the whole Marac family. They had been taken red-handed in their guilt, for had not the pedlar's body been found in a disused cellar under their house?

He was brought to Brussels to be buried, but his name was never known, and his money was never claimed. Probably, as he had told Babette, he had been a friendless old man, wandering alone from place to place.

The police were generous. Half his money was given to the poor and the rest was handed to Babette, and helped to furnish her new home. A simple stone cross now marks the unknown pedlar's grave: but flowers bloom there abundantly, and though nameless, he is not forgotten. Many a prayer is uttered for him both by Babette and her children, for the memory of that terrible New Year's Eve will never fade from her mind.

Personal Reminiscences of Sir Andrew Clark.

BY E. H. PITCAIRN.



SIR ANDREW CLARK.

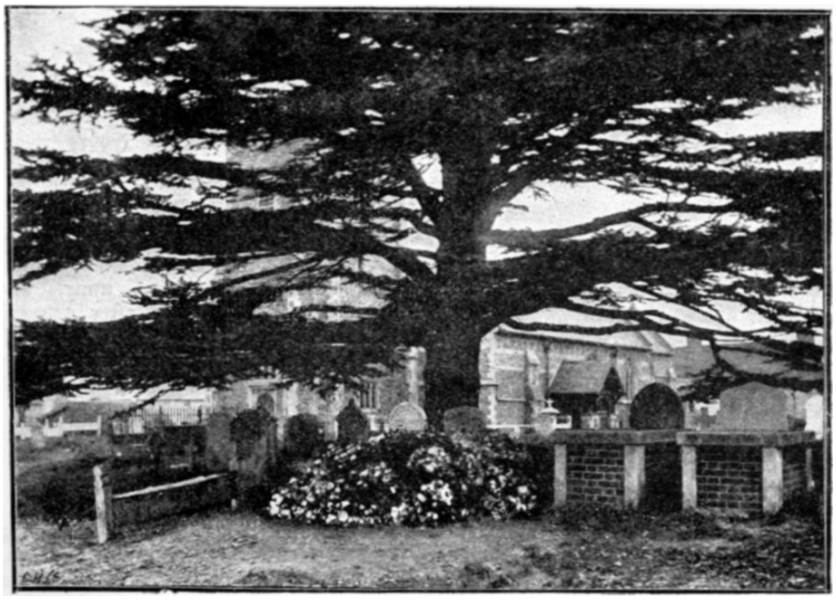
With a heartfelt pang, hundreds read in an evening paper on October 20th of the serious illness of Sir Andrew Clark, so truly spoken of by George Eliot as "the beloved physician." Only the previous day he had presided at the Annual Harveian Oration as President of the College of Physicians.

He had more than one warning by severe attacks of illness, and by the recurrence of very painful symptoms, that he was over-taxing his strength, but they were unheeded. A patient once told him he had a horror of having a fit. "Put it away," said Sir Andrew; "I always do." There was only one person to whose fatigue and exhaustion he was indifferent that was himself.

It is said that he always hoped to die in his carriage or consulting-room, and it was in the latter, while talking with a lady (the Hon. Miss Boscawen) about some charity, that he was seized with the illness which ended so fatally. In his case it is no morbid curiosity which makes thousands interested in every detail concerning him.

On one day as many as six hundred people, several of whom were quite poor patients, called to ask how he was, and daily inquiries from all parts, including the Royal Family were a proof how much he was respected. Very peacefully, on Monday, November 6th, about five o'clock, he passed away, and on the following Saturday, after a service at Westminster Abbey, he was buried at Essendon, near Camfield, the property he had so lately bought and where he spent his last holiday. The world has already been told how the English nation showed their respect for the President of the College of Physicians, and in him the profession he so dearly loved was honoured.

What was the reason of this demonstration of respect? Because individuals seem to have felt a sense of irreparable *loss*. Very many have the idea that there are few others with his gifts who would respond in the same way to their demand for sympathy and help; for Sir Andrew's interest in each patient was real. There was an attractive force about him, difficult to describe, and which only those who knew him could understand, for he was nothing if not original. It is impossible in this brief sketch to give an adequate portrait of a great personality and to tell the story of his life's work. I shall but try to mention some of his distinctive qualities and characteristics, illustrated by a few facts. Two or three real incidents sometimes give a better idea of a man's character than pages of generalities.



THE GRAVE IN ESSENDON CHURCHYARD.
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith.

Sir Andrew was born at Aberdeen in October, 1826. His father died when he was seven years old, and his mother at his birth. To the end of his life he regretted never having known a mother's love. His childhood, spent with two uncles, does not seem to have been very happy, and he had no brother or sister. He was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, and at the former place took his degree.

As a young man he gained first medals in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, materia medica, surgery, pathology, and practice of physic.

At twenty-two, in very delicate health, he entered the Royal Navy as assistant-surgeon, and was appointed to the hospital at Haslar. His subsequent medical career is pretty generally known. He obtained almost every possible honour, culminating in the Presidency of the College of Physicians for the lengthy term of six years.

Sir Andrew was devoted to the College. He made an excellent President, and a dignified, courteous, and just chairman. His successor will find it no easy task to fill his place.

He took an intense interest in all that concerned the welfare of the College, and gave many proofs of his affection, one of the last being a donation of £500 last year towards its redecoration. Not a great many laymen know the College by sight. It is a corner building in Trafalgar Square, the entrance facing Whitcomb Street. The meetings of the Fellows are held in the magnificent library, lined with 60,000 volumes, chiefly classics. Opening out of the library is the Censors' room, panelled with old oak, and hung with portraits of former Presidents, chiefly by old masters. At an examination the President sits at the end of the table with his back to the fireplace, the Registrar (Dr. Liveing) opposite, and the Censors on either side. In front of the President is a cushion with the Caduceus, the Mace, and the Golden Cane. It was in the library that Sir Andrew presided at the Harveian Oration the day before he was taken ill.

Sir Andrew could not be judged of by the surface. As Sir Joseph Phayres truly says: "I have known him intimately, and the more I knew him the more I respected and admired him." Those who knew him best loved him best. One has only to read how one leading man after another writes of him with enthusiastic appreciation (in the *Medical Journal*) to learn what his colleagues thought of his medical skill and personal character.

A bishop recently spoke of him as the truthful doctor: and a young girl, who from a small child had stayed with him, told me he would always correct himself if he had told an anecdote the least inaccurately; and one day this summer when walking round their garden with him she said the caterpillars had eaten all their gooseberry trees; "I mean the gooseberry *leaves*," she added. Sir Andrew immediately said, "I am glad you are particular to say what is exactly true"; but, she added, there was always *something* to remember in everything he said. With regard to another point, a clergyman who knew Sir Andrew very intimately once told me that "No man of this century had a more keenly religious mind; he was so saturated with thoughts of God and so convinced that God had spoken to

man. He was intensely religious, with a profound sense of the supernatural; he certainly was a great example to very busy men in the way he always managed to find time for church, and even when called away to a distance he would, if possible, go to a church near where he happened to be." In addition to these qualities, he was very just, sympathetic, and generous.

CAMFIELD HOUSE, ESSENDON.
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith.

I have come across many friends who knew him well, and it is interesting to note that the same cardinal points seem to have struck everyone as the key-notes of his life. In almost identical words each one speaks of his strong faith, his strict veracity, and his intense devotion to duty. One of his old friends said to me the other day: "*Nothing* would tempt Clark away from what he thought right; his conscientiousness was unbounded."

His love of metaphysics, combined with a very high motive, made him naturally interested in the *whole* man—body, mind, and spirit. To quote the words of a well-known bishop: "It was his intrepid honesty which was so valuable a quality. In Sir Andrew Clark men felt that he wished to do them good, and to do them the best good, by making men of them."

SIR ANDREW CLARK'S HOUSE IN CAVENDISH SQUARE.
From a Photograph by Mavor & Meredith.

The bishop told me a characteristic anecdote illustrating this: "A clergyman complained to him of feeling low and depressed, unable to face his work, and tempted to rely on stimulants. Sir Andrew saw that the position was a perilous one, and that it was a crisis in the man's life. He dealt with the case, and forbade resort to stimulants, when the patient declared that he would be unequal to his work and ready to sink. 'Then,' said Sir Andrew, 'sink like a man!'" This is but one of many incidents showing his marvellous power in restraining his patients and raising them to a higher moral level. The writer could tell a far more wonderful story of the saving of a drunkard, body and soul, but it is too touching and sacred for publication. At the top of the wall of that well-known consulting-room (in which Sir Andrew is said to have seen 10,000 patients annually), immediately facing the chair where he always sat, are the words: "Glory to God."

CENSORS' ROOM—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith.

With regard to his profession he was an enthusiast. He termed medicine "the metropolis of the kingdom of knowledge," and in one of his addresses to students, said: "You have chosen one of the noblest, the most important, and the most interesting of professions, but also the most arduous and the most self-denying, involving the largest sacrifices and the fewest rewards. He who is not prepared to find in its cultivation and exercise his chief recompense, has mistaken his calling and should retrace his steps."

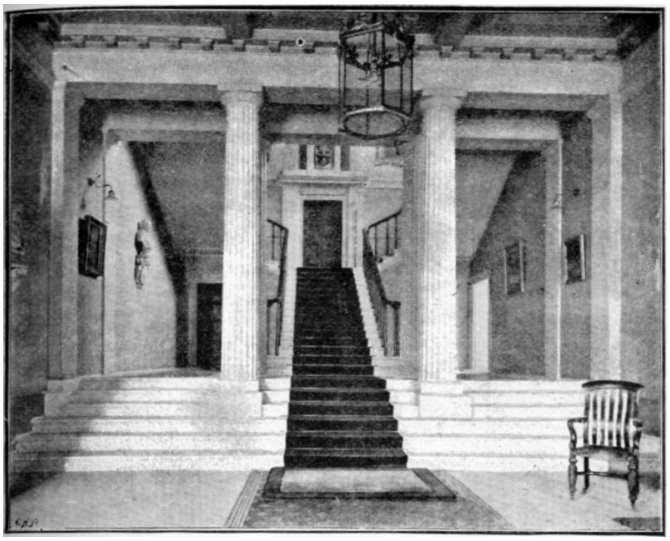
He had an ideal, and he did his utmost to live up to it. His words in many instances did as much good as his medicine.

To explain what I mean I cannot do better than quote part of a letter received since Sir Andrew's death, from a delicate, hardworking clergyman, whom I have known some years. After speaking of Sir Andrew's painstaking kindness, "never seeming the least hurried," he says: "He had a wonderful way of inspiring one with confidence and readiness to face one's troubles. I remember his saying once, 'It is wonderful how we get *accustomed* to our troubles,' and at another time, while encouraging me to go on with work—reading for Orders: 'If one is to die, it is better to die doing something, than doing nothing.' I have often found that a help when feeling done-up and useless. In the old days when people used to go and see him without an appointment, I have often sat for hours in his dining-room, feeling so ill that I felt as if I should die before I saw him, but after having seen him I felt as if I had got a new lease of life. I was not at all hypochondriacal or fanciful, I think, but that was the moral effect of an interview with him. I believe he revolutionized the treatment of cases like mine, and that he, to a certain extent, experimented on me; at any rate, he treated me on philosophical principles, and told me often" (he went to him for twenty years) "that I had become much stronger than he had expected. He said to me several times: 'You are a wonderful man; you have saved many lives.'"

This my correspondent understood to mean the experiments had been successful.

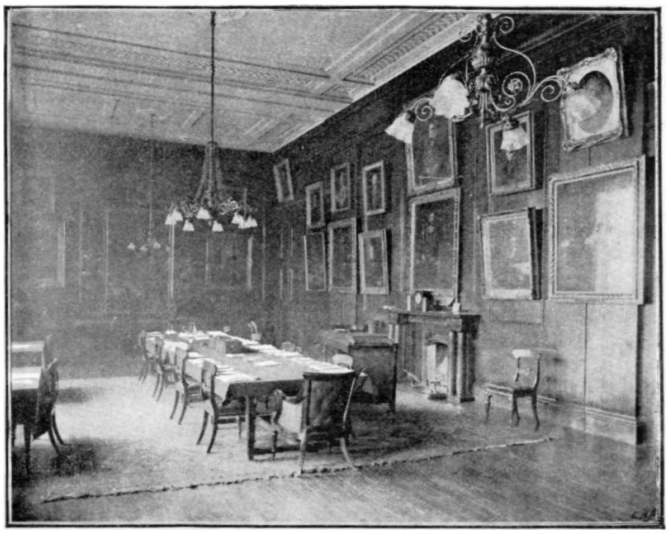
"He once said that if I had died at that time, there was not a doctor in London would have approved of his treatment. He gave a description of my case some years ago, in a lecture I think at Brighton—but of course without the name. The particular weakness was valvular disease of the heart, the consequence of rheumatic fever, and this treatment was founded on the principle that Nature always works towards compensation. He told me many years ago that that particular mischief was fully compensated for."

He loved his work and never tired of it. He often told the story how his first serious case, and encouraging cure, was himself. With severe hemorrhage of the lungs, he was told it would be at the risk of his life if



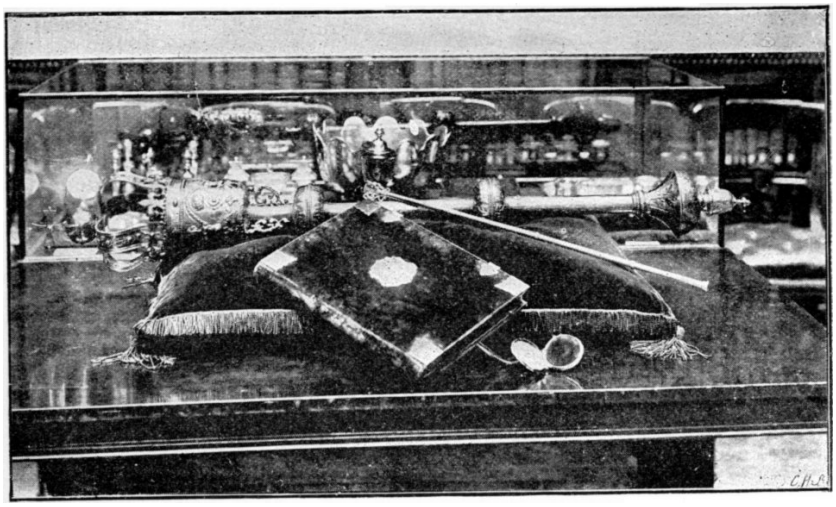
ENTRANCE HALL—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith

he went on with his studies. A doctor, however, he made up his mind he would be, and that he would begin by making every effort to cure himself. With characteristic



THE READING ROOM—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith

determination, he persisted in a strict regimen of diet and fresh air. "I determined," said Sir Andrew, "as far as my studies would allow me—for I never intended to give them up—to live in the fresh air, often studying out of doors; and in a short time I was so much better that I was able to take gentle exercise. I got well, and I may almost say I got over the trouble which threatened me." The lungs were healed, and a result which seemed inevitable avoided. He would often say he obtained his first appointment at the London Hospital chiefly out of pity, the authorities thinking he would not live six months, but he outlived almost every one of them.



THE CADUCENS, MACE, BOOK, AND SEAL—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith

No man could have kept on for fourteen and sixteen hours a day, as Sir Andrew did, without unbounded enthusiasm and an absorbing interest.

His enormous correspondence must have been the great tax. Most people are disinclined to write a dozen letters at the end of a hard day's work; but Sir Andrew often came home at eight o'clock with the knowledge that letters would occupy him until after midnight. His letters averaged sixty per day. These would be answered by return, except where minute directions were inclosed.

Only the other day, a friend of his told me, Sir Andrew came in the morning, a short time before he was taken ill, looking very tired and worried. On being asked the reason, he said he had not slept all night, for he went to see a patient three days before, and because he had not sent the table of directions, the patient wrote saying he would not try his treatment. "I never slept," said Sir Andrew, "thinking of the state of mind to which I had unavoidably reduced that poor patient."

In order to get through his work he had a light breakfast at 7.30, when he read his letters, which were opened for him. From eight until two or three he saw patients, his simple luncheon being taken in the consulting-room. He would then go to the hospital, College of Physicians, or some consultation; he had often after that to go to see someone at a distance, but he never worried a patient by seeming in a hurry, however much pressed for time.

He had a very strong sense of responsibility, and would never rest himself by staying the night if it were unnecessary. A rich patient in Devonshire once offered him a large sum to stay until the next morning. "I could do you no good," said Sir Andrew, "and my patients will want me to-morrow." Among his patients were almost all the great authors, philosophers, and intellectual men of the day. Longfellow, Tennyson, Huxley, Cardinal Manning, and numerous others were his warm friends. He always declared he caught many a cold in the ascetic Cardinal's "cold house." An old pupil truly says Sir Andrew had the rare faculty of surveying the conditions and circumstances of each one, gathering them up, and clearly seeing what was best to do. Professor Sheridan Delapine says: "He was specially fond of quoting Sydenham's words: 'Tota ars medici est in observationibus.'"

After asking what was amiss and questioning them on what they told him, he would say: "Give me a plan of your day. What is your work? When do you take your meals? Of what do they consist? What time do you get up, and when do you go to bed?" Notwithstanding the keenness of his eye and natural intuition, which found out instantly far more than was told, he not only eagerly and attentively listened, but *remembered* what his patient said. Sir Henry Roscoe gave me a striking instance of this, and I cannot do better than quote his exact words:—

"I first made Sir Andrew's acquaintance about twenty years ago at Braemar, where he was spending the autumn, and, as was his kindly wont, had with him a young Manchester man, far gone in consumption, to whom he acted as friend, counsellor, and physician. In our frequent walks and talks, I confided in the eminent doctor that I had suffered from that frequent plague of sedentary men, the gout. 'Come and see me any morning in Cavendish Square before eight,' said he, 'and I will do what I can for you.' Many years slipped by; living then in Manchester, I never took advantage of the kind offer, and I never saw Sir Andrew until some eight years afterwards. I was calling on my old friend, Sir Joseph Whitworth, who at that time had rooms in Great George Street. As I came quickly out of the front door, Clark's carriage drove up, and almost before it stopped the Doctor 'bounced' out and we nearly ran against each other. In one 'instant-minute,' as our American friends say, he accosted me: 'Well! How's the gout?' He had no more idea of meeting me at that moment than of meeting the man in the moon, and yet, no sooner had he seen my face—which he had not looked upon for eight years—than the whole 'case' flashed upon him. Since that time I have often seen him, and I shall always retain not only a high opinion of his great gifts, but also an affectionate remembrance of his great-heartedness."

Literary people and brain-workers particularly interested him, and they found in the kind doctor a friend who understood them. He would advise all writing that involved thought to be done in the morning before luncheon. The evening might be spent in "taking in" or reading up the subject of a book or paper, but there must be no giving out. For brain-workers who were not strong, he insisted on meat in the middle of the day; he declared that for this class it was "physiologically wicked" even to have luncheon without.

To one who spoke of fatigue after a comparatively short walk, he replied: "Walk little, then. Many who work their brain are not up to much exercise. I hardly ever walk a mile myself; but that need not prevent men having plenty of fresh air."

THE LONDON HOSPITAL
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith.

Some people laugh at his rules for diet, etc., forgetting that these simple directions are based on deep knowledge of the human frame. Let them laugh. Many who have tried them know they have been different people in consequence. His incisive words—"My friend, you eat too much!" "My friend, you drink too much!" would not he appreciated by all; but Sir Andrew thought nearly all diseases were the outcome of the constant and apparently unimportant violation of the laws of health. Those who were hopelessly ill would always hear the truth from him, but he would leave no stone unturned to lessen their suffering. Many an incurable patient has he sent to a home from the London Hospital, and visited them afterwards. Only the other day I heard of patients he had sent to St. Elizabeth's, Great Ormond Street, where incurable patients are nursed and cared for until they die, and never left the hospital without leaving a guinea with one of the nuns. Sir Andrew had no stereotyped plan. It was not merely the disease, but the individual he treated. A friend told me he saved her aunt's life. She could not sleep, and Sir Andrew ordered them to give her breakfast at five, "for after tossing about all night she might sleep after having some food," and so it proved.

THE HARRISON WARD—LONDON HOSPITAL.
From a Photo. by Mavor & Meredith.

To others who might get well, he would say: "Fight for your life."

Twelve years ago a lady (whom I met lately) had hemorrhage of the lungs three times. She was told by seven doctors in the country that she "had not a week to live." She had young children, and determined to make a great effort to see Sir Andrew Clark. He prophesied she would get well, providing she at once left the damp climate where she was then living and made her permanent home at Malvern. A week after she had taken his remedies she walked up the Wrekin. From that day she saw Sir Andrew once every year, and looks upon herself as a monument of his skill.

"Die to live," was a favourite saying of Sir Andrew's. "In congenial work you will find life, strength, and happiness." This certainly was his own

experience. Only in July last he said to the writer of this notice: "I never know what it is to feel well now, but work is the joy of my life."

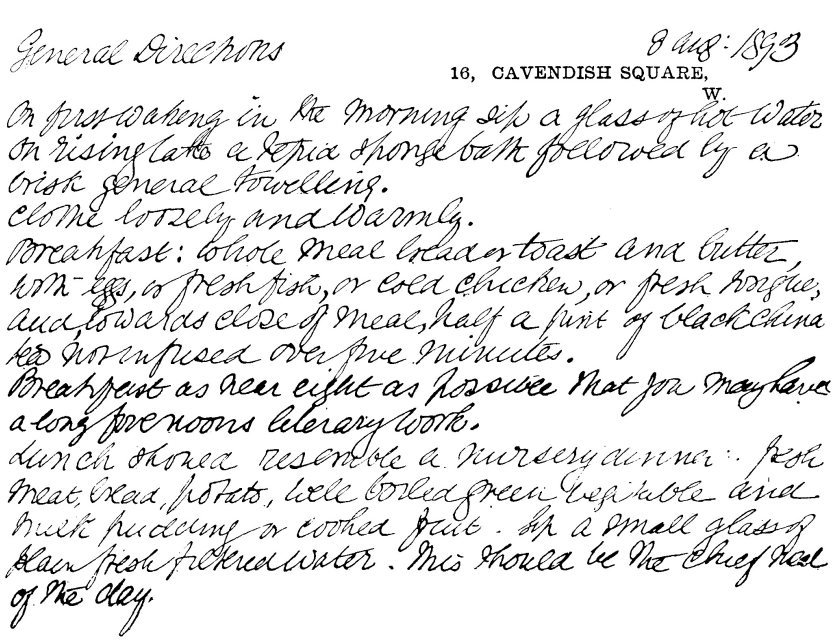
He could, however, place strict limits as to how much a *patient* might work. It is well known how docile and obedient a patient he had in Mr. Gladstone. One evening, coming downstairs muffled up to avoid a worse cold, he was met by Sir Andrew with the greeting, "Where are you going?" "To the House," said Mr. Gladstone. "No, you are not," replied his friend; "you are going straight to bed!" and to bed he went. Sir Andrew also limited the time Mr. Gladstone should speak. On one occasion, however, notwithstanding the fact that the peremptory adviser was present, watch in hand, Mr. Gladstone, after throwing down the written speech as the clock struck, went on for another half-hour! [1] This disobedience was the exception which proved the rule.

Mr. Gladstone was a friend for whom Sir Andrew had the highest respect and veneration, and hardly ever passed a day without going to see him. Shortly before he was taken ill he said: "For twenty years I have never heard Gladstone say an unkind or vituperative word of anyone."

With respect to fees, he always took what was offered: sometimes he would receive £500 for a long journey, sometimes two guineas. The following is no doubt but one of many similar experiences. After a hard day's work he was urgently summoned to a place 120 miles from London. It was a very wet night. There was no carriage to meet him; no fly to be had. After walking a mile or two he arrived at a small farm, and found the daughter suffering from an attack of hysteria. Sir Andrew, with his usual kindness, did what he could and evidently gave satisfaction, for when he left the mother said: "Well, Sir Andrew, you have been so kind we must make it double," and handed him two guineas. He thanked them and said: "Good-bye."

NURSE HARRISON—LONDON HOSPITAL.
(The nurse who tended Sir Andrew Clark in his last illness.)
From a Photograph by Mavor & Meredith.

Sir Andrew would never hear of charging more than his usual fee because a person happened to be very rich. In a word, he was honest. On one occasion when going to see a patient in the south, the doctor who was to meet him in consultation met Sir Andrew at the station, told him they were rich, and quite prepared to pay a very high fee. But Sir Andrew replied: "I did not come from London," and naming the place where he was staying, said, "My fee is only a third of the sum you name." Sir Andrew was not indifferent to fees; on the contrary, he rather took a pride in telling how much he earned. He is said to have once received £5,000 for going to Cannes, the largest *medical* fee known. Some, however, have wondered who did pay him—so numerous were his non-paying patients. From Anglican and Roman Catholic clergy, sisters, nuns, and all engaged in any charitable work (unless rich men) he would never consent to receive a fee, at the same time making it felt that unwillingness to accept his advice "would deprive him of a pleasure"; and it was felt that this was literally true, and if anything the patients whom he saw "as a friend" were shown more consideration than others. "Come and see me next week," he said to one who demurred to the necessity for going again, knowing he would not accept a fee, "and I will arrange that you shall not be kept waiting."


General Directions 8 Aug: 1893
16, CAVENDISH SQUARE, W.
On first waking in the morning sip a glass of hot Water
On rising take a Tepid Sponge bath followed by a
brisk General Towelling.
Clothe loosely and warmly.
Breakfast: Wholemeal bread or toast and butter,
Hot-eggs, or fresh fish, or cold chicken, or fresh bovine,
and, towards close of Meal, half a pint of black China
tea not infused over five minutes.
Breakfast as near eight as possible that you may have
a long forenoons literary work.
Lunch should resemble a nursery dinner: fresh
Meat, bread, potato, well boiled green Vegetable and
Suet pudding or cooked fruit. Sip a small glass of
clear fresh filtered water. This should be the Chief Meal
of the day.

FACSIMILE OF A PRESCRIPTION WRITTEN BY SIR ANDREW CLARK.

The present Lord Tennyson writes: "We are among the many who are much indebted to Sir Andrew Clark. It was in a great measure owing to him that my father recovered from his dangerous attack of gout in 1888, when 'he was as near death as a man could be.' After this illness Sir Andrew paid us a visit, at Aldworth, in the summer of 1889. He told us that he had come in spite of a summons from the Shah, to which he had replied that the Shah's Hakim could not obey, as he had promised to visit his old friend—the old Poet. Sir Andrew added: 'This disobedience of your humble and devoted physician for the sake of his friend, the crowned King of Song, struck the crowned King of Kings so much that, so far from being offended, he took a noble view, and, as a mark of signal honour, sent me the Star of the Second Class of the Lion and Sun of Persia.'"

SIR JAMES CLARK.
(Eldest son of Sir Andrew Clark.)
From a Photograph by Wyrall, Aldershot.

Sundays were often spent out of town, at Hawarden and elsewhere, and latterly at Camfield, the house so lately purchased. Both this and his town house were entirely furnished, as he wished each to be complete in itself.

Already at Essendon the example of his life was felt to be a power for good, as well as the kind interest he took in his poorer neighbours, inviting them up to his house, promising to give the men a dinner at Christmas, etc. Yet Sir Andrew was no "country gentleman"; his favourite recreation was books. On being asked: "Which way are we looking? In which direction is London?" he replied: "I don't know." "Don't you know how the house stands, or what soil it is built upon?" and again he had to plead ignorance.

Nevertheless, his love of neatness made him notice if a place was in good order. One day, driving over to see some neighbours, after congratulating them on the well-kept garden, he was getting into the carriage, when he suddenly remembered he had not told the gardener how much pleased he was with the whole place, and with his usual courtesy insisted on going back to find him.

One of Sir Andrew's holidays was a trip to Canada, when he accompanied the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, on the former being appointed Governor-General there. This he did as a friend, and in no way in a medical capacity. He was most popular on the voyage out among the passengers, keeping the ship alive with jokes and amusing stories, and many called him "Merry Andrew." He was almost boyish in his keen enjoyment of a holiday. He was evidently devoted to music, and

was delighted with the beautiful string band the Duke of Edinburgh brought on board at Halifax. In Canada, Sir Andrew was most warmly received and universally liked by everyone. Amongst others he made the acquaintance of Sir John Macdonald.

The Princess told me without doubt there was one predominating interest in his mind, and that the supernatural—whether at a British Association meeting, the College of Physicians, or speaking privately to his own friends. He realized the impossibility of explaining by scientific methods the supernatural. He would often say: "There is more in Heaven and earth than this world dreams of. Given the most *perfect* scientific methods, you will find beyond abysses which you are powerless to explore."

He had the greatest charm of mind, and, needless to say, was a delightful companion. His topics of conversation were extremely varied: he liked dialectics for talk and argument's sake, and enjoyed talking to those who had somewhat the same taste. Possibly for this reason he did not fully appreciate children, although they amused him, and he liked to understand their ideas. A friend of Sir Andrew's staying with him at the time told me the following characteristic anecdote: One afternoon during his autumn holiday in Scotland the footman came in to put coals on the fire, and a child (a relation) coughed vehemently. "Why do you cough so much?" said Sir Andrew. "To make James look at me," said the child. Sir Andrew was "solemnly interested," and afterwards took it as a parable of a woman's nature, which, speaking generally, he considered morally and ethically inferior to a man's. In his opinion very many women were wanting in the two great qualities—justice and truth—considering their own, their children's, or their husband's interests first rather than what was absolutely right.

One subject that interested him very much was heredity, and he had, of course, countless opportunities of studying it. "Temperance and morality," he would say, "are most distinctly transmitted, especially by the mother; but," said Sir Andrew, "in spite of heredity, I am what I am by my own choice."

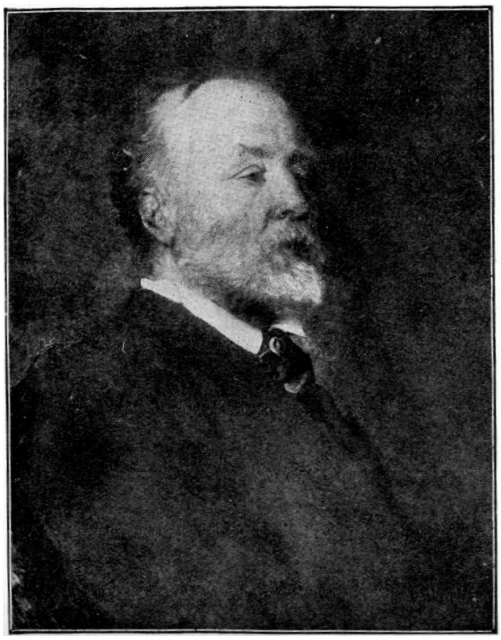
Sir Andrew was a great reader. Metaphysics, philosophy, and theology were his favourite subjects, especially the latter—he also occasionally read a good novel. Reading was his only relaxation, for it was one he could enjoy while driving or in the train. Dr. Russell, who was with him when going to attend the tercentenary of Dublin College, tells the story how Sir Andrew not only read but wrote hour after hour in the railway carriage, and, in addition, listened to the conversation. Dr. Russell Reynolds, Sir James Paget, Sir Dyce Duckworth, and Sir R. Quain were of the party, and the two latter joined Dr. Russell in remarking with him that it would ruin his eyesight. "I am using my eyes, not abusing them," replied Sir Andrew; "you cannot injure any organ by the exercise of it, but by the excess of exercise of it. I would not do it were I not accustomed to read and write without the smallest amount of mischief."

I much regret that lack of space prevents my describing the London Hospital as I should like. Of most hospitals Sir Andrew was a governor, but his great interest was the London, of which he and Lady Clark were both life governors.

While Sir Andrew was visiting physician he came regularly twice a week, as well as for consultation. He was interested in everything that concerned the patients, and always had a kind word for the nurses. One nurse in the Charlotte Ward (Sir Andrew Clark's) said he used literally to shovel out half-crowns at Christmas when he asked what the patients were going to do. Everyone speaks Of the pecuniary sacrifice and strain his connection with the hospital involved. He endowed a medical tutorship, also scholarships for students. Students, nurses, etc., would eagerly listen to his informal expositions in the wards, as he invariably showed a grasp of the subject that was equally minute and comprehensive. "He would start from some particular point and work his way point by point down to the minutest detail, not bewildering by a multiplicity of facts, but keeping them all in order with perfect handling, until the framing of the whole thing stood out luminously clear to the dullest comprehension. An old pupil says his well-known authoritative manner was the result of a profound and laboriously acquired knowledge of his art, acquired by years of careful work in hospital wards and post-mortem rooms."—*Medical Journal*.

Happily there are two portraits of Sir Andrew. The last beautifully

painted picture by Mr. Watts (which by the great kindness of the artist is allowed to be reproduced in this sketch) was only finished a few days before Sir Andrew was taken ill—for he could only sit from eight till nine a.m. It is one of the series Mr. Watts is so generously giving to the nation, and he "thinks it one of his best." Sir Andrew himself was delighted with it, saying in his hearty way to Mrs. Watts: "Why, it *thinks*!" The position in the picture by Frank Holl is unfortunate.



SIR ANDREW CLARK.
From a Painting by G.F. Watts, R.A.

Very imperfectly I have described the varied work of a man of limitless energy, with an exceptionally keen appreciation of men and things. A great man has passed away, and we are poorer in consequence.

Footnote 1: (return)

The substance of this anecdote which I quote from memory, appeared in the *Daily News*, and happened at Newcastle.

Beauties:—Children.

From a Photo. by Heath & Bradnee, Exeter.

From a Photo. by J. Hargreaves, Barrow-in-Furness.

From a Photo. by Medringtons, Ltd., Liverpool.

Winnifred Emma Heale.
From a Photo. by Heath & Bradnee, Exeter.
Edith Marguerite Dickinson.
From a Photo. by J. Hargreaves, Barrow-in-Furness.
Myrta Vivienne Stubbs.
From a Photo. by Medringtons, Ltd., Liverpool.

Kathleen Keyse
From a Photograph.
Madge Erskine
From a Photo. by Allison & Allison, Belfast.
Dorothy Birch Done
From a Photo. by Stanley Hurst, Wrexham.

Evelyn Mary Dowdell.
From a Photo. by G. Ridsdale Cleare, Lower Clapton, N. E.
Nelly M. Morris.
From a Photo. by J. W. Thomas, Colwyn Bay.
Aligander Smith.
From a Photo. by Norman, May, & Co., Ltd., Malvern.

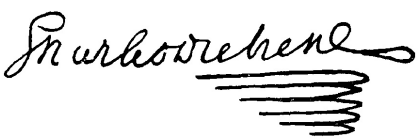
The Signatures of Charles Dickens (with Portraits).

FROM 1825 TO 1870.

(Born 7th February, 1812; died 9th June, 1870.)

BY J. HOLT SCHOOLING.

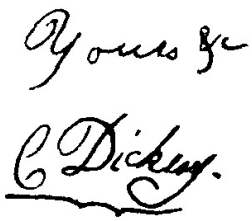
"Everybody knows what Dickens's signature is like"—says the reader who bases acquaintance with it upon the familiar, gold-impressed facsimile on the well-known red covers of his works—"a free, dashing signature, with an extensive and well-graduated flourish underneath." (No. 1.)



NO. 1.—FAMILIAR "BOOK COVER" SIGNATURE.

Aye! But have you ever seen an original Dickens-letter? Have you ever handled, not one, but hundreds of his documents—letters, franked envelopes, cheques signed by Dickens, cheques indorsed by him, legal agreements bearing his signature, and the original MSS. of his works?

Owing to the kindness of owners and guardians of Dickens-letters, etc. I have been able to supplement the materials in my own collection by numerous facsimiles taken direct from a priceless store of Dickens-MSS. Here are some of the specimens. We will glance over them, and in doing so will view them, not merely as signatures, but also as permanently-recorded tracings of Dickens's nerve muscular action—of his *gesture*. The expressive play of his facial muscles has gone, the varying inflections of voice have gone, but we still possess the self-registered and characteristic tracings of Charles Dickens's hand-gesture.



NO. 2.—WRITTEN IN 1825.

In No. 1 we have the signature of Dickens as he wrote it when aged forty-five to fifty; in No. 2 there is the boy's signature at the age of thirteen, written to a school-fellow. This youthful signature shows the existence in embryo form of the "flourish" so commonly associated with Dickens's signature. It is interesting to note that the receiver of this early letter has stated that its schoolboy writer had "more than usual flow of spirits, held his head more erect than lads ordinarily do," and that "there was a general smartness about him." We shall perhaps see that the direct emphasis of so many of Charles Dickens's signatures which is given by his "flourish" may be fitly associated with certain characteristics of the man himself. We may also note that high spirits and vigorous nervous energy are productive of redundant nerve-muscular activity in any direction—hand gesture included.

AGE 18.
From a Miniature by Mrs. Janet Barrow.

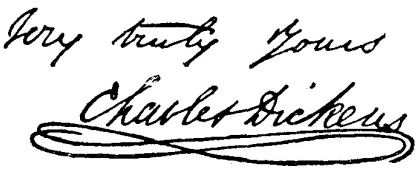
AGE 23.
From a Miniature by Miss R. E. Drummond.

Let us look at some other early signatures. Hitherto they have been stowed away in various collections, and they are almost unknown.

The next facsimile, No. 3, is remarkable as being almost the only full signature out of hundreds I have seen which lacks the flourish; this specimen is also worth notice, owing to the "droop" of every word below the horizontal level from which each starts—a little piece of nerve-muscular evidence of mental or physical depression, which may be tested by anyone who cares to examine his own handwriting produced under conditions which diminish bodily vigour or mental *élan*.

NO. 3.—WRITTEN IN 1830.

The writing of No. 4 is very like that of No. 3; the easy curves below the signature are cleverly made, and while they indicate much energy, they also point to a useful confidence in self, owing to the deliberate way of accentuating the most personal part of a letter—its signature.



NO. 4.—WRITTEN IN 1831.

No. 5 is the facsimile of a signature to a letter which was written in the Library of the British Museum to "My dear Knolle"; the letter ends: "Believe me (in haste), yours most

truly." At this time—1832—Dickens was a newspaper reporter, and it is curious to notice that in spite of "haste" he yet managed to execute this complex movement underneath the signature. Its force and energy are great, but we shall see even more pronounced developments of this flourish before it takes the moderated and graceful form of confident and assured power.

NO. 5.—WRITTEN IN 1832.

There is still more force and "go" about No. 6: it was written on "Wednesday night, past 12," and also in haste. Dickens was reporting for the *Morning Chronicle*, and was just starting on a journey, but yet there are here two separate flourishes; one begins under the *s* of *Charles* and ends under the *C* of that name; the other starts under the capital *D* and finishes below the *n* of *Dickens*.

NO. 6.—WRITTEN IN 1833 OR 1834.

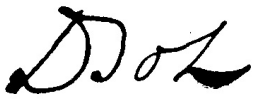
The intricacy of the next facsimile, No. 7, is an ugly but a very active piece of movement. This group of curves is equal to about a two-feet length of pen-stroke, a fact which indicates an extraordinary amount of personal energy. Dickens was then writing his "Sketches by Boz," and this ungraceful elaboration of his signature was probably accompanied by a growing sense of his own capacity and power. During the time-interval between the signatures shown in Nos. 7 and 8, the first number of the "Pickwick Papers" was published—March, 1836—and Charles Dickens married Catherine Hogarth on the 2nd of April in that year. The original of a very different facsimile (No. 9) was written as a receipt in the account-book of Messrs. Chapman and Hall for an advance of £5.

NO. 7.—WRITTEN IN 1836.

NO. 8.—WRITTEN OCT. 1, 1836.

NO. 9.—WRITTEN IN 1837.

The six facsimiles numbered 9 to 15 deserve special notice. The originals were all written in the year 1837, and I have purposely shown them because their extraordinary variations entirely negative the popular idea about the uniformity of Dickens's handwriting, and because these mobile hand-gestures are a striking illustration of the mobility and great sensibility to impressions which were prominent features in Charles Dickens's nature.



NO. 10.—WRITTEN IN 1837.

NO. 11.—WRITTEN NOV. 3, 1837.

Common observation show us that a man whose mind is specially receptive of impressions from persons and things around him, and whose sensibility is very quick, can scarcely fail to show much variation in his own forms of outward expression—such, for example, as facial "play," voice-inflections, hand-gestures, and so on. Notice the originality in the position of the flourishes shown in No. 9, and compare the ungraceful movement of it with the much more dignified and pleasing flourishes in some of the later signatures. A whimsical originality of mind comes out also in the curious "B" of "Boz" (No. 10).

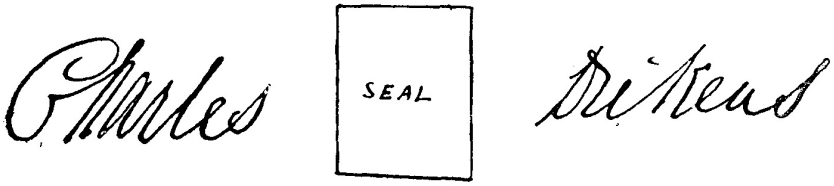
The next pair—Nos. 11 and 12—are interesting. No. 11 shows the signature squeezed in at the bottom of a page; the flourish was attempted, and accompanied by the words: "No room for the flouish," the *r* of *flourish* being omitted. No. 12 was written on the envelope of the same letter.

NO. 12.—WRITTEN NOV. 3, 1837.

AGE 25.
From a Drawing by H. K. Browne.

AGE 29.
From a Drawing by Alfred Count D'Orsay.

AGE ABOUT 30.
From a Drawing by R.J. Lane, A.E.

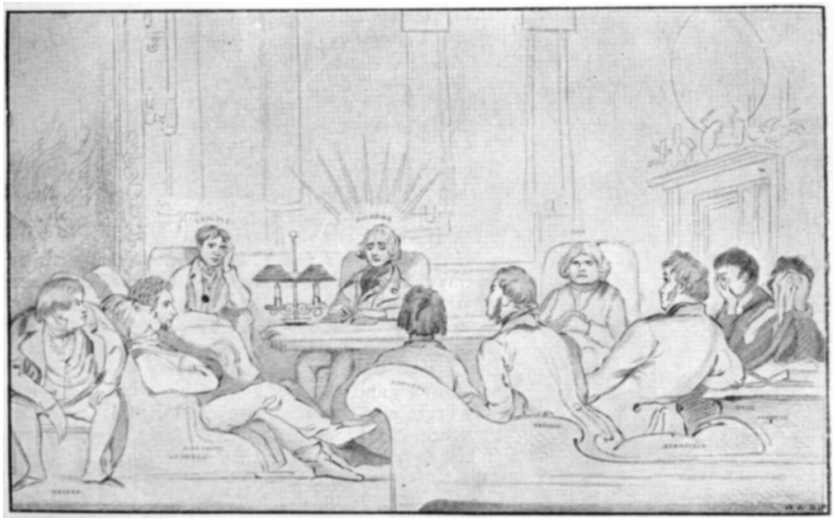


NO. l3.—WRITTEN NOV. 18, 1837.
Taken from the Legal Agreement re "Pickwick."

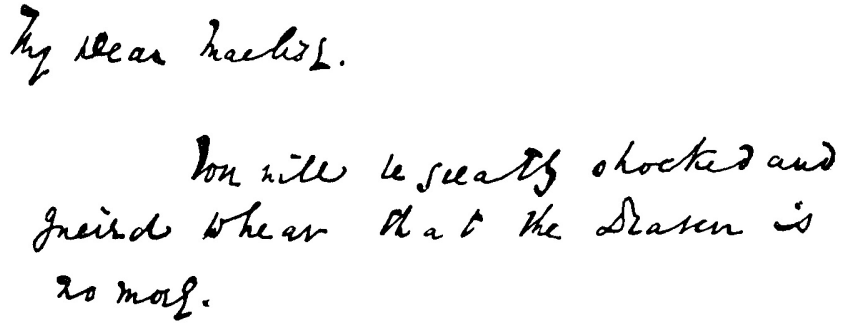
No. 13 is a copy of a very famous signature: the original is on a great parchment called "Deed of License Assignment and Covenants respecting a Work called 'The Pickwick Papers,'" and which, after a preamble, contains the words: "Whereas the said Charles Dickens is the Author of a Book or Work intituled 'The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club,' which has been recently printed and published in twenty parts or numbers," etc. It is probable that the fact of the seal being placed between *Charles* and *Dickens* prevented the flourish which almost invariably accompanied his signatures on business documents; the marked enlargement of this signature takes the place of the flourish, and shows an unconscious emphasis of the *ego*. It would be almost unreasonable for us to expect that so impressionable a man, who was also feeling his power and fame, could abstain from showing outward signs of his own consciousness of abnormal success. Yet, in the private letters of Dickens, the simple "C. D." is very frequent; a few examples of it are given in this article, and their present number in no way represents the numerical relation of these simple signatures to the more "showy" ones. It may at once be said that this point of difference is alike interesting to the student of gesture and to the student of Dickens's character. He was certainly a very able man of business, and the wording of his "business" letters fully bears out the idea conveyed by his "business" signature—so to speak—that Dickens was fully aware of his own powers, and that, quite fairly, he did not omit to impress the fact upon other people when he thought fit. Both the wording and the signature of many of his private letters are simple and unostentatious to a high degree. This curious fact, which is now illustrated by Charles Dickens's own hand-gesture, ought to be remembered when people talk about Dickens's "conceit" and "love of show." My explanation is, I think, both logical and true.

AGE 30.
From a Portrait-Bust by H. Dexter.

No. 14 closes this series for the year 1837. It shows a quaint and pretty signature on a wrapper.

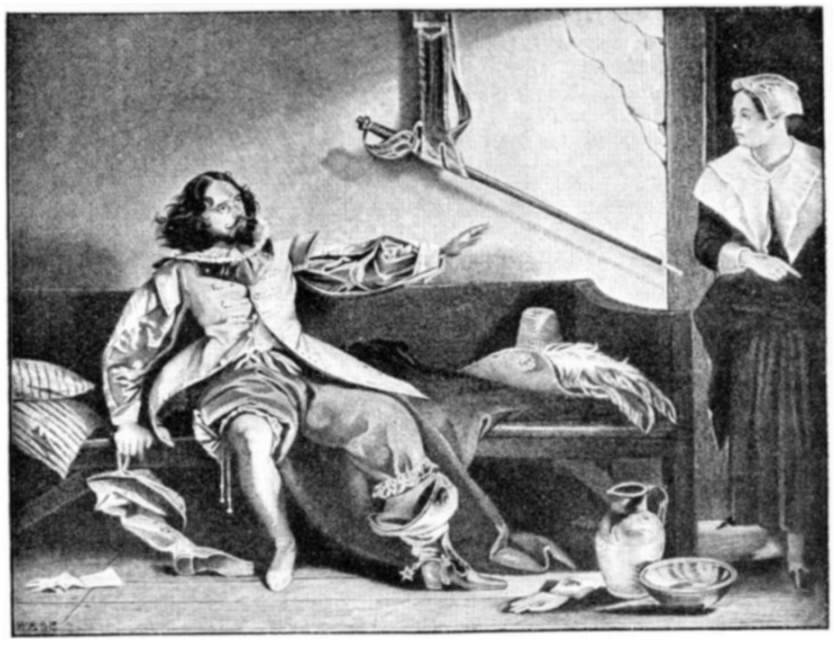


CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES," 1844.
From the original Sketch by David Maelise, R.A.

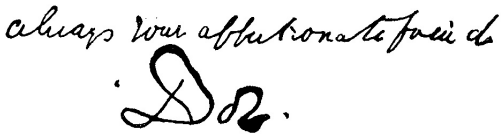


NO. 15.—WRITTEN MARCH 12, 1841.
(Announcing the Death of "Raven", a prominent character in "Barnaby Rudge")

No. 15 shows part of a very humorous and famous letter announcing the death of the raven which figures in "Barnaby Rudge." Notice the curious originality of form shown in the capital *Y* and *R*. The wording of this letter is also quaintly original, and the sensitive mind of this man again caused his nerve-muscular action—his gesture—to harmonize with his mood. Points of this kind, which the handwriting of Dickens illustrates so well, have a deeper meaning for the observant than for the casual reader of a magazine article; they indicate that these little human acts, which have been so long overlooked by intelligent men, do really give us valuable data for the study of mind by means of written-gesture.

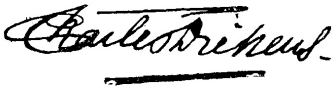


CHARLES DICKENS AS "CAPTAIN BOBADIL" IN "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR."
From a Painting by C.R. Leslie, R.A.



NO. 16.—WRITTEN IN 1841

NO. 17.—WRITTEN IN 1841.



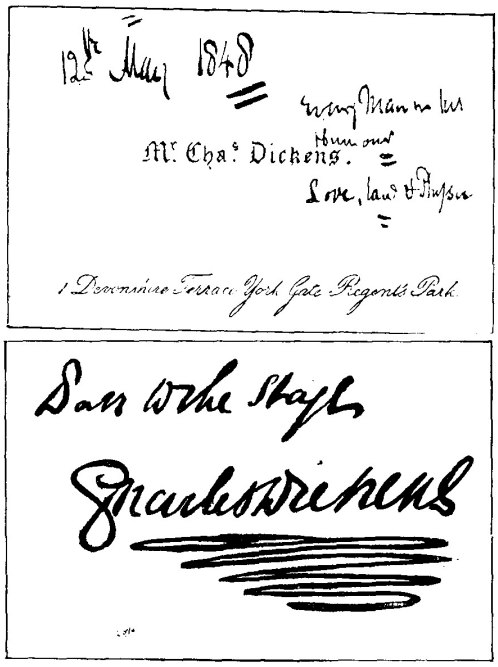
NO. 19.—WRITTEN IN 1845.

NO. 18.—WRITTEN IN 1843.

In No. 16 we see another and very original form of the "Boz" signature. No. 17 has a curious stroke of activity above the signature. No. 18 is a fine, strong signature.

AGE 44.
From the Painting by Ary Scheffer.

No. 19 is remarkably vigorous and active. The well-controlled activity and energy of the signatures are now strongly marked. No. 20 explains itself; the curious *P* of *Pass* is worth notice.



NO. 20.—WRITTEN MAY 12, 1848. (PASS TO THE STAGE.)

CHARLES DICKENS AS "SIR CHARLES COLDSTREAM" IN "USED UP", 1850.
From a Painting by Augustus Egg, R.A.

CHARLES DICKENS IN HIS STUDY, 1854.
From the Picture by E.M. Ward, R.A.

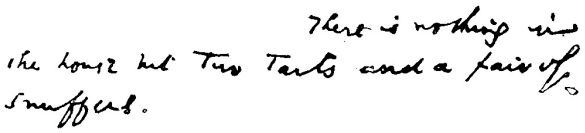
NO. 21.—WRITTEN JULY 22, 1854.

No. 21 is a stray illustration of clever and gracefully-executed movements which abound in Dickens's letters.

NO. 22.—WRITTEN WHEN ILL, OCT. 29, 1859

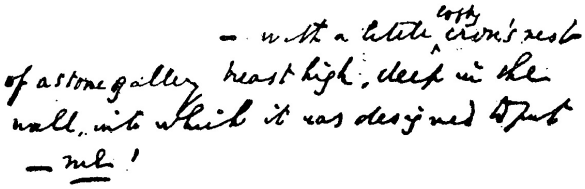
See, in No. 22, how illness disturbed the fine action of this splendid organism; but illness did not prevent attention to detail—the dot is placed after the *D*.

AGE 47.
From an Oil Painting by W.P. Frith, R.A.



NO. 23.—WRITTEN NOV. 1, 1860.

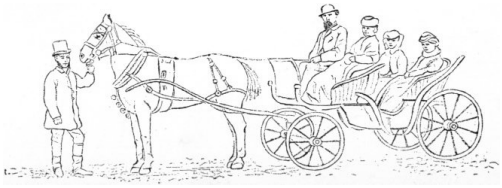
NO. 24.—WRITTEN JAN. 17, 1861.



NO. 25.—WRITTEN NOV. 25, 1861.

When on a reading tour, Dickens wrote at Bideford the letter from which No. 23 has been copied. After writing that he could get nothing to eat or drink at the small inn, he wrote the sentence facsimiled. The exaggeration of the words is matched by the use of two capital *T*'s in place of two small *t*'s. The letter continues: "The landlady is playing cribbage with the landlord in the next room (behind a thin partition), and they seem quite comfortable." No. 24 is another instance of the variation which, in fact, obtained up to the very day before death. No. 25 was written at Berwick-on-Tweed; it is an amusing letter, and states how the local agents wanted to put the famous reader into "a little lofty crow's nest," and how "I instantly struck, of course, and said I would either read in a room attached to this house ... or not at all. Terrified local agents glowered, but fell prostrate." By the way, notice, in No. 25, the emphasis of gesture on the *me*.

DICKENS AS "RICHARD WARDOUR" IN "THE FROZEN DEEP."



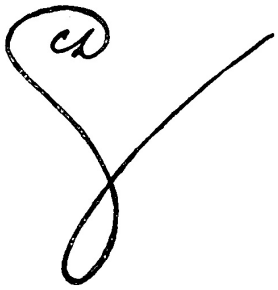
DICKENS IN HIS BASKET CARRIAGE.
From a Photo. by Mason.

AGE 49.
From a Photograph.

AGE 51.
From a Photo. by Alphonse Maze, Paris.

AGE 56.
From a Photograph by Garney, New York.

CHARLES DICKENS READING TO HIS DAUGHTERS, 1863.
From a Photograph by R. H. Mason.

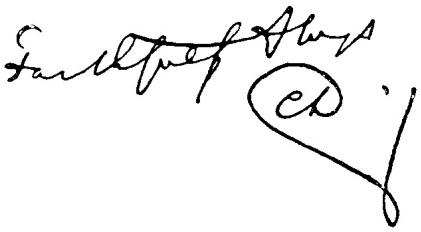


NO. 26.—WRITTEN FEB. 3, 1864.

NO. 27.—WRITTEN JUNE 7, 1866.

No. 26 is written in one continuous stroke with a noticeably good management of the curves. The graceful imagination of this is very striking.

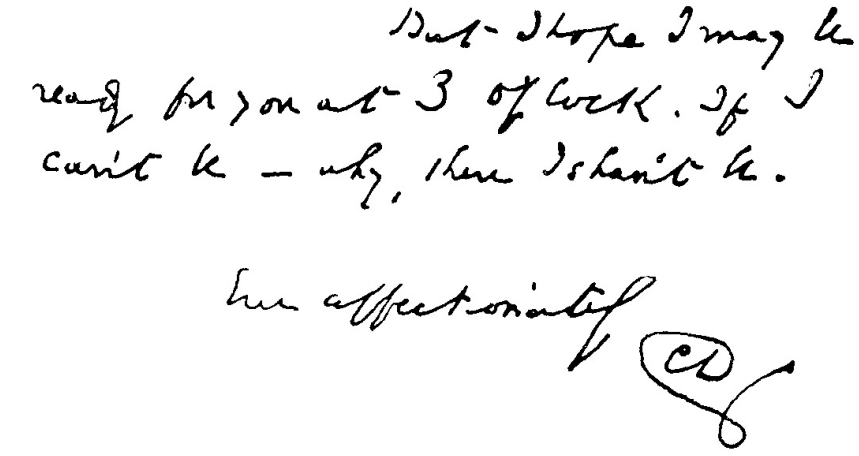
No. 27 shows the endorsement on a cheque.



NO. 28.—WRITTEN JUNE 6, 1870 (THREE DAYS BEFORE DEATH).

NO. 29.—WRITTEN JUNE 8, 1870 (ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH).

But we near the end. Doctors had detected the signs of breaking up, which are not less plain in the written gesture, and had strenuously urged Dickens to stop the incessant strain caused by his public readings. The stimulus of facing an appreciative audience would spur him on time after time, and then, late at night, he would write affectionate letters giving details of "the house," etc., but which are painful to see if one notices the constant droop of the words and of the lines across the page. Contrast the writing in No. 28, broken and agitated, with some of the earlier specimens I have shown you. This was written three days before death. The wording of the letter from which No. 29 has been copied tells no tale of weakness, but the gesture which clothes the words is tell-tale. The words, and the lines of words, run downward across the paper, and No. 29 is very suggestive of serious trouble—and it is specially suggestive to those who have studied this form of gesture: look, for example, at the ill-managed flourish.



NO. 30.—WRITTEN JUNE 8, 1870 (ONE DAY BEFORE DEATH.)
From the last letter written by Charles Dickens.

Now comes a facsimile taken from the last letter written by Charles Dickens. It has been given elsewhere, but, not satisfied with the facsimile I saw, I obtained permission to take this direct from the letter in the British Museum. This was written an hour or so before the fatal seizure. Every word droops below the level from which each starts, each line of writing descends across the page, the simple *C. D.* is very shaky, and the whole letter is broken and weak. Charles Dickens was not "ready" at "3 o'clock"—he died at ten minutes past six p.m. And so ends this too scanty notice of a great man's written-gesture.

> NOTE:—Considerations of space and of the avoidance of technicalities have prevented a really full account of the written gesture of Charles Dickens; scanty as the foregoing account is, the illustrations it contains could not have been supplied by any one collector of Charles Dickens's letters. I express my sincere gratitude to the many persons who have enabled me to give these illustrations, and only regret that one collector refused my request for the loan of some very early and interesting letters.

J.H.S.

The Mirror.

By George Japy.

It has always been said that the Japanese are the French of the Orient. Be that as it may, it is very clear that in certain traits which characterize the French, there is no resemblance whatever between the people of those two nations.

Almost as soon as a French baby (a girl, be it understood) is born, its first instinct is to stretch out its tiny hands for a mirror, in which to admire its beautiful little face and its graceful movements. This natural, and we may say inborn, taste grows with the child's growth, and ere the fair girl has reached her seventeenth year, her ideal of perfect bliss is to find herself in a room with mirrors on every side. There is indeed a room in the Palace of Versailles which is the elysium of the Frenchwoman. It is a long room with looking-glasses from ceiling to floor, and the said floor is polished so that it reflects, at any rate, the shadow of the feet.

Now, in the little Japanese village of Yowcuski a looking-glass was an unheard-of thing, and girls did not even know what they looked like, except on hearing the description which their lovers gave them of their personal beauty (which description, by-the-bye, was sometimes slightly biased, according as the lover was more or less devoted).

Now it happened that a young Japanese, whose daily work was to pull along those light carriages such as were seen at the last Paris Exhibition, picked up one day in the street a small pocket hand-mirror, probably dropped by some English lady-tourist on her travels in that part of the world.

It was, of course, the first time in his life that Kiki-Tsum had ever gazed on such a thing. He looked carefully at it, and to his intense astonishment saw the image of a brown face, with dark, intelligent eyes, and a look of awestruck wonderment expressed on its features.

Kiki-Tsum dropped on his knees, and gazing earnestly at the object he held in his hand, he whispered, "It is my sainted father. How could his

portrait have come here? Is it, perhaps, a warning of some kind for me?"

"HE PICKED UP ONE DAY IN THE STREET A SMALL POCKET HAND-MIRROR."

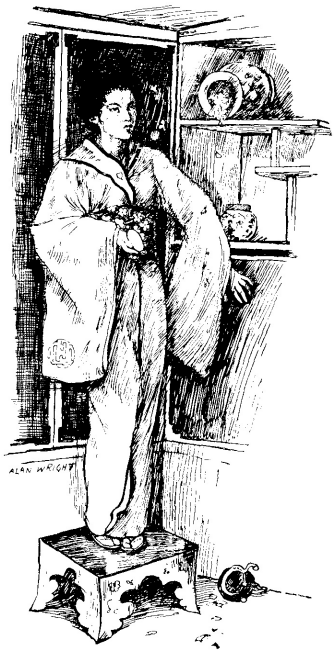
He carefully folded the precious treasure up in his handkerchief, and put it in the large pocket of his loose blouse. When he went home that night he hid it away carefully in a vase which was scarcely ever touched, as he did not know of any safer place in which to deposit it. He said nothing of the adventure to his young wife, for, as he said to himself "Women are curious, and then, too, *sometimes* they are given to talking," and Kiki-Tsum felt that it was too reverent a matter to be discussed by neighbours, this finding of his dead father's portrait in the street.

For some days Kiki-Tsum was in a great state of excitement. He was thinking of the portrait all the time, and at intervals he would leave his work and suddenly appear at home to take a furtive look at his treasure.

Now, in Japan, as in other countries, mysterious actions and irregular proceedings of all kinds have to be explained to a wife. Lili-Tsee did not understand why her husband kept appearing at all hours of the day. Certainly he kissed her every time he came in like this. At first she was satisfied with his explanation when he told her that he only ran in for a minute to see her pretty face. She thought it was really quite natural on his part, but when day after day he appeared, and always with the same solemn expression on his face, she began to wonder in her heart of hearts whether he was telling her the whole truth. And so Lili-Tsee fell to watching her husband's movements, and she noticed that he never went away until he had been alone in the little room at the back of the house.

"ALWAYS WITH THE SAME SOLEMN EXPRESSION."

Now the Japanese women are as persevering as any others when there is a mystery to be discovered, and so Lili-Tsee set herself to discover this mystery. She hunted day after day to see if she could find some trace of anything in that little room which was at all unusual, but she found nothing. One day, however, she happened to come in suddenly and saw her husband replacing the long blue vase in which she kept her rose leaves in order to dry them. He made some excuse about its not looking very steady, and appeared to be just setting it right, and Lili-Tsee pretended there was nothing out of the common in his putting the vase straight. The moment he had gone out of the house, though, she was up on a stool like lightning, and in a moment she had fished the looking-



"WHAT WAS IT SHE SAW?"

glass out of the vase. She took it carefully in her hand, wondering whatever it could be, but when she looked in it the terrible truth was clear. What was it she saw?

Why, the portrait of a woman, and she had believed that Kiki-Tsum was so good, and so fond, and so true.

Her grief was at first too deep for any words. She just sat down on the floor with the terrible portrait in her lap, and rocked herself backwards and forwards. This, then, was why her husband came home so many times in the day. It was to look at the portrait of the woman she had just seen.

Suddenly a fit of anger seized her, and she gazed at the glass again. The same face looked at her, but she wondered how her husband could admire such a face, so wicked did the dark eyes look: there was an expression in them that she certainly had not seen the first time she had looked at it, and it terrified her so much that she made up her mind not to look at it again.

She had no heart, however, for anything, and did not even make any attempt to prepare a meal for her husband. She just went on sitting there on the floor, nursing the portrait, and at the same time her wrath. When later on Kiki-Tsum arrived, he was surprised to find nothing ready for their evening meal, and no wife. He walked through to the other rooms, and was not long left in ignorance of the cause of the unusual state of things.

"So this is the love you professed for me! This is the way in which you treat me, before we have even been married a year!"

"What do you mean, Lili-Tsee?" asked her husband, in consternation, thinking that his poor wife had taken leave of her senses.

"What do I mean? What do you mean? I should think. The idea of your keeping portraits in my rose-leaf vase. Here, take it and treasure it, for I do not want it, the wicked, wicked woman!" and here poor Lili-Tsee burst out crying.

"I cannot understand," said her bewildered husband.

"Oh, you can't?" she said, laughing hysterically. "I can, though, well enough. You like that hideous, villainous-looking woman better than your own true wife. I would say nothing if she were at any rate beautiful; but she has a vile face, a hideous face, and looks wicked and murderous, and everything that is bad!"

"Lili-Tsee, what do you mean?" asked her husband, getting exasperated in his turn. "That portrait is the living image of my poor dead father. I found it in the street the other day, and put it in your vase for safety."

Lili-Tsee's eyes flashed with indignation at this apparently barefaced lie.

"Hear him!" she almost screamed. "He wants to tell me now that I do not know a woman's face from a man's."

Kiki-Tsum was wild with indignation, and a quarrel began in good earnest. The street-door was a little way open, and the loud, angry words attracted the notice of a *bonze* (one of the Japanese priests) who happened to be passing.

"My children," he said, putting his head in at the door, "why this unseemly anger, why this dispute?"

"Father," said Kiki-Tsum, "my wife is mad."

"All women are so, my son, more or less," interrupted the holy *bonze*. "You were wrong to expect perfection, and must abide by your bargain now. It is no use getting angry, all wives are trials."

"But what she says is a lie."

"It is not, father," exclaimed Lili-Tsee. "My husband has the portrait of a woman, and I found it hidden in my rose-leaf vase."

"I swear that I have no portrait but that of my poor dead father," explained the aggrieved husband.

"My children, my children," said the holy *bonze*, majestically, "show me the portraits."

"Here it is; there is only one, but it is one too many," said Lili-Tsee, sarcastically.

The *bonze* took the glass and looked at it earnestly. He then bowed low before it, and in an altered tone said: "My children, settle your quarrel and live peaceably together. You are both in the wrong. This portrait is that of a saintly and venerable *bonze*. I know not how you could mistake so holy a face. I must take it from you and place it amongst the precious relics of our church."

So saying, the *bonze* lifted his hands to bless the husband and wife, and then went slowly away, carrying with him the glass which had wrought such mischief.

Handcuffs.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY INSPECTOR MAURICE MOSER,

Late of the Criminal Investigation Department, Great Scotland Yard.

The ordinary connection of ideas between handcuffs and policemen does not need very acute mental powers to grasp, but there is a further connection, a philological one, which is only evident at first sight to those who have made a small acquaintance with the science of words.

The word "handcuff" is a popular corruption of the Anglo-Saxon "handcop," *i.e.*, that which "cops" or "catches" the hands.

Now, one of the most common of the many slang expressions used by their special enemies towards the police is "Copper"—*i.e.*, he who cops the offending member. Strange as it may seem, handcuffs are by no means the invention of these times, which insist on making the life of a prisoner so devoid of the picturesque and romantic.

We must go back, past the dark ages, past the stirring times of Greek and Roman antiquity, till we come to those blissful mythological ages when every tree and every stream was the home of some kindly god.

In those olden days there dwelt in the Carpathian Sea a wily old deity, known by the name of Proteus, possessing the gift of prophecy, the fruits of which he selfishly denied to mankind.

Even if those who wished to consult him were so fortunate as to find him, all their efforts to force him to exert his gifts of prophecy were useless, for he was endowed with the power of changing himself into all things, and he eluded their grasp by becoming a flame of fire or a drop of water. There was one thing, however, against which all the miracles of Proteus were of no avail, and of this Aristæus was aware.

So Aristæus came, as Virgil tells us, from a distant land to consult the famous prophet. He found him on the sea-shore among his seals, basking in the afternoon sun. Quick as thought he fitted handcuffs on him, and all struggles and devices were now of no avail. Such was then the efficacy of handcuffs even on the persons of the immortal gods.

Having established this remote and honourable antiquity, we are not surprised at the appearance of handcuffs in the fourth century B.C., when the soldiers of a conquering Greek army found among the baggage of the routed Carthaginians several chariots full of handcuffs, which had been held ready in confident anticipation of a great victory and a multitude of prisoners.

The nearest approach to a mention that we find after that is in the Book of Psalms: "To bind their kings in chains and their nobles in fetters of iron." But in the Greek, the Latin, Wickliffe's, and Anglo-Saxon Bible we invariably find a word of which handcuffs is the only real translation. It is also interesting to note that in the Anglo-Saxon version the kings are bound in "footcops" and the nobles in "handcops."

In the early Saxon times, therefore, we find our instrument is familiar to all and in general use, as it has continued to be to this day. But during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries there is no instance of the use of the word "handcop"; its place is taken by "swivel manacle" and "shackbolt," the latter word being often used by Elizabethan authors.

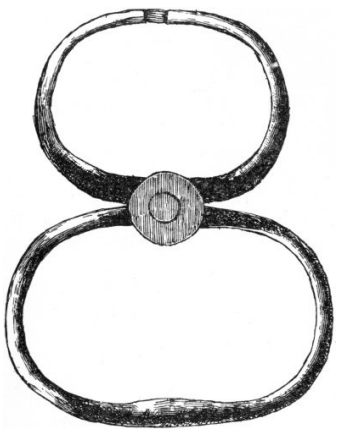
Handcuffs, like other things, have improved with time. Up to 1850 there were two kinds in general use in England. One of the forms, most common in the earlier part of this century, went under the name of the "Figure 8." This instrument does not allow the prisoner even that small amount of liberty which is granted by its modern counterpart. It was chiefly used for refractory prisoners who resorted to violence, for it had the advantage of keeping the hands in a fixed position, either before or on the back of the body. The pain it inflicted made it partake of the nature of a punishment rather than merely a preventive against resistance or attack. It was a punishment, too, which was universally dreaded by prisoners of all kinds, for there is no more unbearable pain than that of having a limb immovably confined.

The other kind of form known as the "Flexible" (No. 1) resembled in general outlines the handcuffs used every day by detectives.

NO. 1.—THE "FLEXIBLE."

Contrivances, chiefly the result of American ingenuity, for the rapid and effectual securing of prisoners have not been wanting, and among them the "Snap," the "Nippers" (No. 3) and the "Twister" must be mentioned.

The "Snap" (No. 2) is the one which used to be the most approved of. It consists of two loops, of which the smaller is slipped on the wrists of the person to be arrested, the bars are then closed with a snap, and the larger loop is held by the officer. The manner in which the "Twister" (No. 4) was used savours very much of the brutal, and, indeed, the injuries it inflicted on those who were misguided enough to struggle when in its grasp caused its abolition in Great Britain.



NO. 2.—THE "SNAP."

Its simplicity and its efficacy, together with the cruelty, have recommended it for use in those wild parts of South America where the upholder of the laws literally travels

with his life in his hands. It consists of a chain with handles at each end; the chain is put round the wrists, the handles brought together and twisted round until the chain grips firmly. The torture inflicted by inhuman or inconsiderate officers can easily be imagined. When we see the comparative facility with which the detective slips the handcuffs on the villain in the last act of Adelphi dramas, we are apt to be misled as to the difficulty which police officers meet with in the execution of one of the most arduous parts of their duty.

NO. 3.—"NIPPERS."

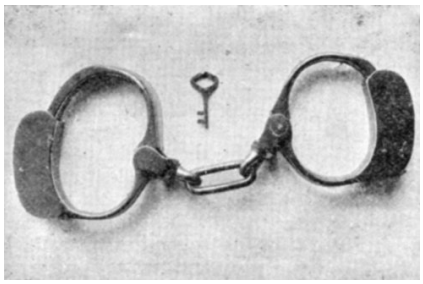
The English hand-cuffs (No. 1) are heavy, unwieldy, awkward machines, which at the best of times, and under the most favourable circumstances, are extremely difficult of application. They weigh over a pound, and have to be unlocked with a key in a manner not greatly differing from the operation of winding up the average eight-day clock, and fastened on to the prisoner's wrists, how, the fates and good luck only know. This lengthy, difficult, and particularly disagreeable operation, with a prisoner struggling and fighting, is to a degree almost incredible. The prisoner practically has to be overpowered or to submit before he can be finally and certainly secured.

NO. 4.—THE "TWISTER"

Even when handcuffed, we present to a clever and muscular ruffian one of the most formidable weapons of offence he could possibly possess, as he can, and frequently does, inflict the deadliest blows upon his captor. Another great drawback is the fact that these handcuffs do not fit all wrists, and often the officer is nonplussed by having a pair of handcuffs which are too small or too large; and when the latter is the case, and the prisoner gets the "bracelets" in his hands instead of on his wrists, he is then in possession of a knuckle-duster from which the bravest would not care to receive a blow.

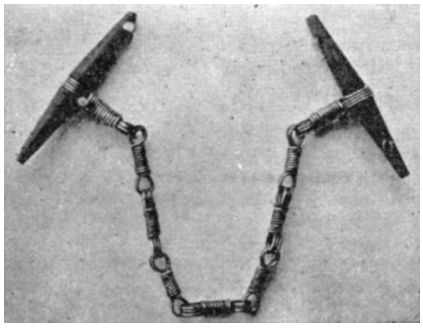
On the occasion of my arresting one of the Russian rouble note forgers, a ruffian who would not hesitate to stick at anything, I had provided myself with several sized pairs of handcuffs, and it was not until I had obtained the very much needed assistance that I was able to find the suitable "darbies" for his wrists. We managed to force him into a four-wheeler to take him to the police-station, when he again renewed his efforts and savagely attacked me, lifting his ironed wrists and bringing them down heavily on my head, completely crushing my bowler hat.

NO. 5—"AMERICAN HANDCUFF" (OPEN).



NO. 6—"AMERICAN HANDCUFF" (CLOSED).

As the English handcuffs have only been formed for criminals who submitted quietly to necessity, it was considered expedient to find an instrument applicable to all cases. The perfected article comes from America (Nos. 5 and 6), and, being lighter, less clumsy, and more easily concealed, finds general favour among the officers at Scotland Yard. In fact, such are its advantages that we must presume that it differs considerably from the Anglo-Saxon "Hand-cop" and the somewhat primitive article used upon the unwilling prophet of the Carpathian Sea. This and the older kind, to which some of the more conservative of our detectives still adhere, are the only handcuffs used in England.

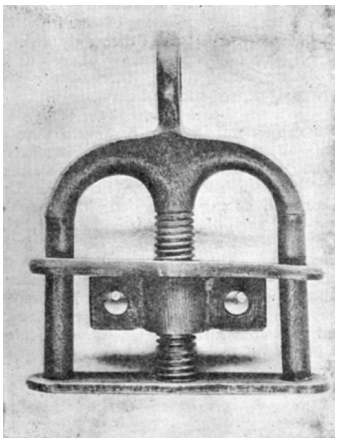


No. 7—"LA LIGOTE."

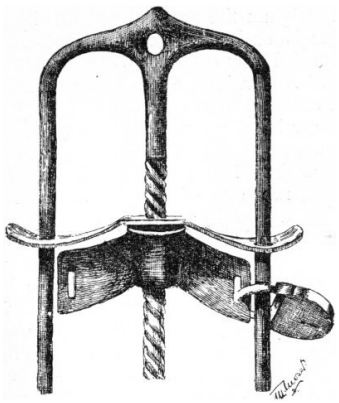
The ingenious detective of France, where crime and all its appurtenances have reached such a state of perfection, is not without his means of securing his man (No. 7). It is called "La Ligote" or "Le Cabriolet." There are two kinds: one is composed of several steel piano strings, and the other of whip-cords twined together, and they are used much in the same way as the "Twister."

Any attempt to escape is quickly ended by the pain to which the officer who holds the instrument can inflict by a mere turn of his hand. One wrist only is under control, but as the slightest sign of a struggle is met by an infliction of torture, the French system is more effective than the English.

The Mexican handcuff (Nos. 8 and 9) is a cumbersome and awkward article, quite worthy of the retrograde country of its origin.

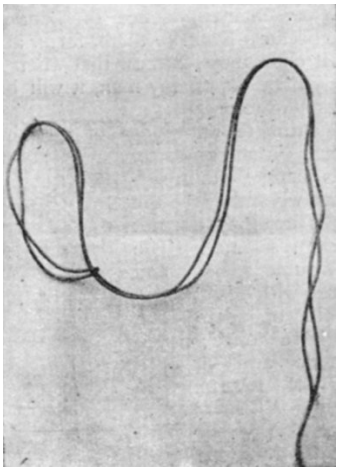


No. 9.—"LA POUCETTE."

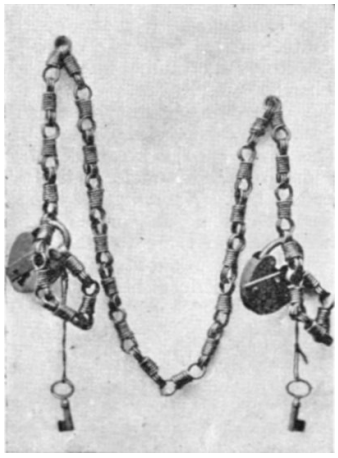


NO. 8.—"MEXICAN HANDCUFF."

No. 10 shows an effective method of handcuffing in emergencies.



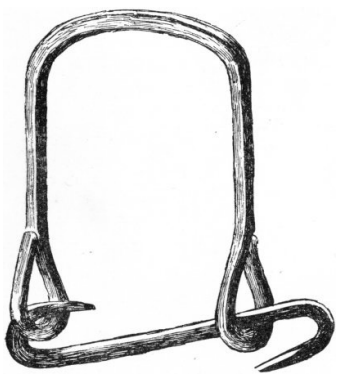
NO. 10.—"LA CORDE."



NO. 11.—"MENOTTE DOUBLE."

The officer takes a piece of whipcord and makes a double running knot: he ties one noose round the wrist of the prisoner, whose hand is then placed in his trousers pocket, the cord is lashed round the body like a belt, and brought back and slipped through the noose again. The prisoner when thus secured suffers no inconvenience as long as he leaves his hand in his pocket, but any attempt to remove it would cause a deal of suffering.

No. 11 is another handcuff of foreign make, and is merely used when a raid is about to be made, as it allows to a certain extent the use of the hands. It is useful for prisoners who are being conveyed by sea.



No. 12 is mostly used in Eastern Europe.

My personal experience of handcuffs is small, because I dislike them, for in addition to their clumsiness, I know that when I have laid my hands upon my man, it will be difficult for him to escape.

My intimate knowledge of all kinds of criminals in all kinds of plights justifies me in saying that when they see the game is up they do not attempt resistance. The only trouble I have had has been with desperadoes and old offenders, men who

NO. 12.—"EASTERN HANDCUFF."

have once tasted prison-life and have a horror of returning to captivity.

Expert thieves have been known to open handcuffs without a key, by means of knocking the part containing the spring on a stone or hard substance. It will be remembered that when the notorious criminal "Charles Peace" was being taken to London by train, he contrived, although handcuffed, to make his escape through the carriage window. When he was captured it was noticed that he had freed one of his hands.

I was once bringing from Leith an Austrian sailor who was charged with ripping open his mate, and as I considered that I had a disagreeable character to deal with, I handcuffed him. Naturally, he found the confinement irksome, and on our journey he repeatedly implored me to take them off promising that he would make no attempt to escape. The sincerity of his manner touched me and I released him, very fortunately for myself, for I was taken ill before reaching London, and, strange as it may appear, was nursed most tenderly by the man who had ripped a fellow mate.

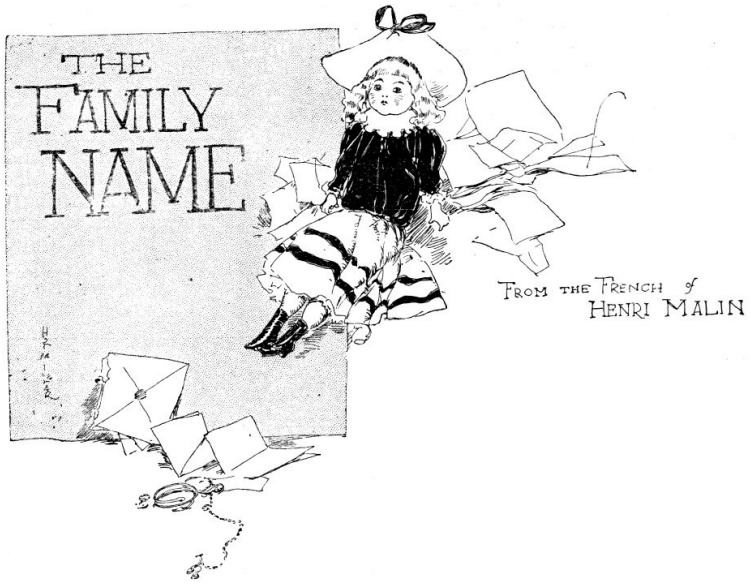
In Belgium the use of handcuffs by police officers is entirely forbidden. Prisoners are handcuffed only on being brought before the *Juge d'Instruction* or *Procureur du Roi*, and when crossing from court to court. Women are never handcuffed in England, but on the Continent it is not an uncommon occurrence.

Regarding handcuffs generally, in my opinion not one of the inventions I have mentioned now in use is sufficiently easy of application. What every officer in the detective force feels he wants is a light, portable instrument by means of which he can unaided secure his man, however cunning and however powerful he may be. I myself suggest an application which would grip the criminal tightly across the back, imprisoning the arms just above the elbow joints. Such an instrument would cause him no unnecessary pain, while relieving officers from that part of their duty which is particularly obnoxious to them, viz., having a prolonged struggle with low and savage ruffians.

I cannot refrain from relating a piquant little anecdote told to me by a French colleague, who had occasion to make an arrest, and came unexpectedly on his man. Unfortunately he was unprovided with handcuffs and was somewhat at a disadvantage, but being a quick-witted fellow, he bethought himself of an effectual expedient. Taking out his knife he severed the prisoner's buttons which were attached to his braces, thus giving the man occupation for his hands and preventing a rapid flight. I am indebted to M. Goron, Chief of the Detective Department in Paris, and other colleagues for some of the specimens here reproduced by me.

The Family Name.

From the French of HENRI MALIN



I.

One afternoon, Mons. Sauvallier received from his younger son—a lieutenant in garrison at Versailles—the following letter:

"Versailles, May 25, 1883.

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"A terrible catastrophe has befallen me, one which will be a blow to you also. I am writing about it, because I dare not face you; I deserve never to see you again!

"Led astray by a companion, I have been gambling on the Bourse, and am involved in yesterday's crash, in which so many fortunes have been suddenly swamped.

"I scarcely dare to tell you how much I have lost. Yet I *must* do so, for the honour of the Sauvalliers is concerned. Alas! you will be all but ruined!

"I owe the sum of four hundred and sixty-eight thousand francs. Oh! what a miserable wretch I am!

"When I found that the smash was inevitable I went mad, and entered my room with the intention of putting an end to my wretched existence. But more sober thoughts prevailed: I changed my mind. I had heard that officers were being recruited for Tonquin, and I determined to volunteer for this service. My suicide would not have bettered matters; it would rather have left an added blot upon our family name. Out there, at all events, my death may be of use; it will cause you no shame, and may perhaps move you to a little compassion for your guilty, but most unhappy and despairing son, who suffers agonies at thought of the trouble he has brought upon you, and who now bids you an eternal farewell!

"CAMILLE SAUVALLIER."

Mons. Sauvallier, who had been a widower for several years past, was one of the most respected business-men of Paris, the owner of a foundry, a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce, and an officer of the Legion of Honour. He had two sons: Camille, the lieutenant: and August, an artist of some originality, who was the husband of a charming wife, and the father of a little six-year-old maiden named Andrée. Mons. Sauvallier had always deterred his sons from embarking in trade. He had shrunk from exposing them to the ups and downs of business life, its trying fluctuations, its frequent cruel mischances. He had arranged that at his death his estate should be realized: he did not wish the business to be sold outright, in case it should pass into the hands of strangers who might sully the hitherto unblemished name of Sauvallier.

And now, in spite of all his precautions, a disaster greater than any he had dreamed of had overwhelmed him.

"HE ROSE WITH DIFFICULTY."

Leaning back wearily in his arm-chair, with haggard eyes he re-read his son's letter, in order to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Yes! It was too true! Camille had ruined, perhaps dishonoured, him! It seemed as though the objects that surrounded him—the very walls and furniture—were no longer the same! As one staggering beneath a too heavy burden, he rose with difficulty, his limbs stiff, yet his whole frame agitated; then he sank back into his chair, with two big tears flowing down his cheeks.

By hook or by crook he *must* procure the sum, and the debt should be paid to-morrow. It would be a difficult task. The wealth of

the manufacturer consists of material and merchandise. Would so hurried a realization yield the necessary amount? He could not tell. Again, when this debt was paid, would he be able to fulfil his engagements? Bankruptcy stared him in the face. A Sauvallier bankrupt? An officer of the Legion of Honour, a judge of the Tribunal of Commerce, insolvent? Never! He would die first!

But before it came to that, he would try every expedient: he would strain every nerve.

So all night long the poor man planned and calculated, and in the morning, with heavy heart, proceeded to put his plans into effect.

He visited his numerous friends and told them of his trouble, which elicited much sympathy. In order to help, some made large purchases of him, paying ready money, others advanced or lent him money. All day until the evening he was running about Paris collecting cheques, bank-notes, and orders.

"HE NOW BROUGHT THE SUM THUS GAINED."

In the evening, as he sat down to ascertain the result of the day's efforts. Auguste came in with his wife and Andrée. To help his father, the artist had parted with some of his pictures at a sacrifice, and he now brought the sum thus gained.

Andrée, unconscious of the trouble of her elders, began to play with her "Jéanne," a doll nearly as big as herself, which her grandfather had given her some time previously, and which she loved, she said, "as her own daughter."

But the child soon observed the sadness of her parents and her dear grandfather, and she looked with earnest, inquiring gaze from one to the other, trying to discover what was amiss. She saw her father lay down his pocket-book, she watched her mother place upon the table her bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings, and rings, while Mons. Sauvallier thanked them with tears in his eyes. With a very thoughtful, serious expression on her little face, the child turned towards her doll, embraced it with the emotional fervour of a last adieu, then carried it to her grandfather, saying, in sweet, resigned tones: "Take it, grandpapa! You can sell her, too."

Mons. Sauvallier wept upon the neck of his little granddaughter, murmuring, "You also, my angel? Oh, that miserable boy!"

II.

Thus Camille's debt was paid, and the honour of the Sauvalliers was saved. But the father's fortune had gone!

He was able, however, to retain his business. He said to himself that he must work still, in spite of his threescore years; that he must labour incessantly, with the anxious ardour of those beginning life with nothing to rely upon save their own exertions.

He reduced his expenses, gave up his own house and went to live with his son, sold his carriage and horses, discharged his servants, and stinted himself in every possible way. Auguste became his designer, Auguste's wife his clerk. Each accepted his or her share of the burden bravely and uncomplainingly, as an important duty which must at any cost be accomplished.

The conduct of this old man, so jealous for his name, so upright, so courageous in misfortune, excited profound sympathy. All who knew him pitied him; orders flowed in, and soon a quite exceptional activity pervaded the establishment from basement to roof, inspiring Mons. Sauvallier with a little hope. But one persistent fear disturbed his sleep, and troubled his waking hours. It was that some day he might hear that Camille had been gambling again, and was once more in debt. He had forbidden all mention of his erring son, but the thought of him was ever present, and lay like an incubus upon his heart.

One year passed, then another. The foundry still flourished; work positively raged therein. It had no rest; it also, as though endowed with a conscience, did its duty nobly. Its furnaces glowed like ardent eyes; its mighty puffing and snorting shook the ground: the molten metal, red and fuming, flowed from its crucibles like blood from its body. At an early hour of the morning was heard its piercing summons to the work-people, and all the night long its glare illuminated the sky.

III.

The campaign of Tonquin was in full swing. In the midst of an unknown country, harassed by innumerable difficulties, the French soldiers were contending painfully with an irrepressible, ever-rallying foe. The smallest success served to excite the popular patriotism, and all awaited impatiently the tidings of a decisive victory.

One morning, Auguste, looking very pale, entered his father's office, and handed him a newspaper. There, amongst "Latest intelligence," Mons. Sauvallier read the following:—

"LEADING THEM ON TO THE ASSAULT."

"From the camp entrenched at Dong-Song. February 12th, 1885.—To-day, Captain Sauvallier attacked the enemy with extreme vigour, fought all the day against considerable forces, and captured successively three redoubts. In attacking the last of the three, his soldiers, overpowered by numbers, were about to retreat; but, although seriously wounded in the head and thigh, the gallant officer, borne by two men, succeeded in rallying his company and leading them on to the assault. His conduct was admirable, but his condition is hopeless. I have attached the cross to his breast. This brilliant feat of arms will enable me to enter Lang-Son tomorrow.—GENERAL BRIERE DE L'ISLE."

Upon reading these words, Mons. Sauvallier felt a strange emotion, in which anguish mingled with joy. For a moment he was silent; then he

said to his son, "You think that it is he? He is, then, a captain?"

He read the despatch again, then murmured softly: "The cross! Condition hopeless!" And a tear rolled down his cheek.

Two hours later the family received a formal intimation of Camille's deed and state from the Minister of War, and on the following day all the journals were praising Captain Sauvallier, son of the respected founder, of Grenelle. And now they gave details. Camille, it appeared, had been nominated captain a few months back. Throughout the campaign he had distinguished himself by his imperturbable coolness under fire, and reckless scorn of the death which he seemed to seek.

His act of heroic energy stirred the enthusiasm of Press and populace, and the name of Sauvallier was on every lip. Camille's portrait appeared in the shop-windows; the illustrated journals depicted him before the redoubt, carried upon the shoulders of two men, his sword pointed towards the enemy, encouraging his soldiers by his voice, gesture, and look, his forehead bound with a handkerchief, and his face bleeding.

Mons. Sauvallier could not go out of doors without seeing his son's presentment. From the news-stalls of the boulevards, the corners of the streets, the publishers' shop-fronts, a ubiquitous Camille watched him pass, and seemed to follow him with his eyes. Almost at each step the father received congratulations, while complimentary letters and cards covered his table to overflowing. But, alas! the telegrams which he received daily from Tonquin left him little hope that he should ever again behold in the flesh this dear son, of whom now he was so proud.

"HERE HE IS!"

One morning, three months later, Mons. Sauvallier was at work in his office, when the door opened softly, and disclosed Andrée's curly head. The little one seemed in high spirits, her eyes sparkled with glee. "See, grandfather, here he is!" she said, and led into the room Captain Sauvallier.

Auguste and his wife followed the pair. Mons. Sauvallier, taken completely by surprise, rose quickly from his chair, then stood motionless, overcome by his emotion. He saw before him Camille, with the scar upon his forehead, and the cross upon his breast—Camille, the hero of the hour, who had shed such lustre upon the family name!

Timid and embarrassed, like a child who has been guilty of a fault, Camille stood with bowed head, and when he saw how much his father had aged, he knew that it was his conduct which had wrought the sad change, and his contrition was deepened tenfold.

But as he was about to throw himself at his father's feet, Mons. Sauvallier, with a sudden movement, clasped him to his breast, exclaiming, in a voice full of tears, "No, Camille! in my arms! in my arms!"

Father and son, locked together in closest embrace, mingled their sobs, while Auguste and his wife, looking on, wept in sympathy.

The silence was broken by Andrée. The child had vanished for a moment, but speedily reappeared, fondling her precious doll, which, it is needless to say, had not been sold. Holding it out to the captain, she said in her liveliest manner: "Here is Jeanne, uncle! You remember her? Give her a kiss directly! Don't you think that she has grown?"

The Queer Side of Things—Among the Freaks.

MAJOR MICROBE.

"I've been in the show business now going on for forty-three years," said the Doorkeeper, "and I haven't yet found a Dwarf with human feelings. I can't understand why it is, but there ain't the least manner of doubt that a Dwarf is the meanest object in creation. Take General Bacillus, the Dwarf I have with me now. He is well made, for a Dwarf, and when he does his poses plastic, such as 'Ajax Defying the Lightning,' or 'Samson Carrying off Delilah by the Hair,' and all the rest of those Scripture tablows, he is as pretty as a picture, provided, of course, you don't get too near him. He is healthy, and has a good appetite, and he draws a good salary, and has no one except himself to look after. And yet that Dwarf ain't happy! On the contrary, he is the most discontented, cantankerous, malicious little wretch that was ever admitted into a Moral Family Show. And he ain't much worse than an ordinary Dwarf. Now, the other Freaks, as a rule, are contented so long as they draw well and don't fall in love.

"The Living Skeleton knows that he can't expect to live long—most of them die at about thirty-five—but, for all that, he is happy and contented. 'A short life and a merry one is what I goes in for,' he often says to me, and he seems to think that his life is a merry one, though I can't myself see where the merriment comes in. So with all the rest of my people. They all seem to enjoy themselves except the Dwarf. My own belief is that the organ of happiness has got to be pretty big to get its work in, and that there ain't room in a Dwarfs head for it to work.

"I had a Dwarf with me once—Major Microbe is what we called him on the bills, where he was advertised as the 'Smallest Man in the World,' which, of course, he wasn't; but, then, every Dwarf is always advertised that way. It's a custom of the profession, and we don't consider it to be lying, any more than a President considers the tough statements lying that he makes in his annual message. A showman and a politician must be allowed a little liberty of statement, or they couldn't carry on their business. Well, as I was saying, thishyer Major Microbe was in my show a matter of ten years ago, when we were in Cincinnati, and he was about as vicious as they make them. The Giant, who was a good seven-footer, working up to seven and a half feet, as an engineer might say, with the help of his boots and helmet, was the exact opposite of the Dwarf in disposition. He was altogether too good-tempered, for he was always trying to play practical jokes on the other Freaks. He did this without any notion of annoying them, but it was injudicious; he being, like all other Giants, weak and brittle.

"What do I mean by brittle? Why, I mean brittle and nothing else. It's a good United States word, I reckon. Thishyer Giant's bones weren't made of the proper materials, and they were always liable to break. He had to take the greatest care of himself, and to avoid arguing on politics or religion or anything like that, for a kick on the shins would be sure to break one of his legs, which would lay him on the shelf for a couple of months. As for his arms, he was for ever breaking one or two of them, but that didn't so much matter, for he could go on the stage with his arm in splints and a sling, and the public always supposed that he was representing a heroic soldier who had just returned from the battle-field.

"HE FOUND THE DWARF ASLEEP ON A BENCH."

"One day the Giant put up a job on the Dwarf that afterwards got them both into serious trouble. The Giant was loafing around the place after dinner, and he found the Dwarf asleep on a bench. What does he do but cover him up with a rug and then go off in search of the Fat Woman, who was a sure enough Fat Woman, and weighed in private life four hundred and nineteen pounds. The Giant was popular with the sex, and the Fat Woman was glad to accept his invitation to come with him and listen to a scheme that he pretended to have for increasing the attractions of Fat Women. He led her up to where the Dwarf was asleep on the bench and invited her to sit down, saying that he had arranged a cushion for her to make her comfortable. Of course she sat down, and sat down pretty solid, too, directly on the Dwarf. The Dwarf yelled as if he had room for the voice of two full-grown men, and the Fat Woman, as soon as she felt something squirming under her, thought that one of the boa constrictors had got loose, and that she had sat down on it. So naturally she fainted away. I came running in with one of my men as soon as I heard the outcries, and after a while we managed to pry up the Fat Woman with a couple of cart-rungs and get the Dwarf out from under her, after which she came to in due time and got over her fright. But the Dwarf was a good deal flattened out by the pressure, and I was afraid at first that his ribs had been stove in. It turned out in the end that he was not seriously injured; but he was in the worst rage against the Giant that you can imagine, and would have killed him then and there if he had been able to do it.

"I knew well enough that in course of time the Dwarf would get square with the Giant, no matter how long it might take and how much it might cost. He was as revengeful as a Red Indian. I warned the Giant that he must keep a sharp look-out, or the Dwarf would do him a mischief; but he said 'he calculated he was big enough to take care of himself, and that he wasn't afraid of no two-foot Dwarf that ever breathed.' Of course, this sounded brave, but my own belief is that the Giant was pretty badly frightened. I noticed that he never allowed himself to be alone with the Dwarf, and was always careful to mind where he stepped, so as not to get tripped up by strings stretched across the path, or anything of that sort. The Dwarf pretended that he had forgotten the whole business, and was as friendly with the Giant as he had ever been; but I knew him well enough to know that he never forgot anything, and was only waiting for a chance.

"Pretty soon little accidents began to happen to the Giant. One day he would find that his helmet, which was made of pasteboard, had fallen into a tub of water, and gone to everlasting jelly. This would oblige him to show himself bare-headed, which took off several inches from his professional height. Another day his boots would be in the tub, and he wouldn't be able to get them on. I've seen him go on the stage in a general's uniform with carpet slippers and no hat, which everyone knew must be contrary to the regulations of the Arabian army, in which he was supposed to hold his commission.

"One night his bedstead broke down under him, and he came very near breaking a leg or so. In the morning he found out that someone had sawed a leg of the bedstead nearly all the way through, and, of course,

"HIS HELMET HAD FALLEN INTO A TUB OF WATER."

he knew that the Dwarf had done it. But you couldn't prove anything against the Dwarf. He would always swear that he never had any hand in the accidents, and there was never any evidence against him that anybody could get hold of. I didn't mind what games he played on the Giant as long as the Giant wasn't made to break anything that would lay him on the shelf, and I told the Dwarf that I was the last man to interfere with any man's innocent amusements, but that in case the Giant happened to break a leg, I should go out of the Giant and Dwarf business at once. But that didn't scare him a particle. He knew that he was worth his salary in any Dime Museum in America, and more than that, he had money enough laid up in the bank to live on, assuming, of course, that he could draw it out before the cashier should bolt to Canada with it. So he was as independent as you please, and told me that if I chose to hold him responsible for other people's legs he couldn't help it, and had nothing to say about it.

"At that time I had a Female Samson. She wasn't the Combined Female Contortionist and Strongest Woman in the World that is in my show at present, but she was in about the same line of business. These Strong Women are all genuine, you understand. You can embellish them a little on the handbills, and you can announce that the cannon that the Strong Woman fires from her shoulder weighs a hundred or two pounds more than it actually weighs; but unless a Strong Woman is really strong and no mistake, she might as well try to pass herself off as a Living Skeleton or a Two-Headed Girl at once. The fact is, the great majority of Freaks are genuine, and the business is a thoroughly honest one at bottom. Why, if you told the exact truth in the handbills about every Freak in my show, barring the Tattooed Girl and the Wild Man, they would still constitute a good drawing attraction in any intelligent community.

"This Female Samson was a good sort of woman in her way, though she was a little rough and a bit what you might call masculine in her ways. She didn't like the Dwarf, and he didn't like her.

"SHE PULLED HIM OVER TO HER BY HIS COLLAR."

"The Freaks were all at supper one night when the Dwarf said something insulting to the Female Samson. He sat right opposite to her, and she just reached across the table and pulled him over to her by his collar. Then she stretched him across her lap and laid into him with her slipper

till he howled as if he was a small boy who had gone in swimming on Sunday and his mother had just found it out. It wasn't so much the slipper that hurt him, though the Female Samson put all her muscle into the operation, but it was the disgrace of the thing; and when you remember that the Dwarf was forty-two years old, you can understand that he felt that the woman had taken a liberty with him. However, the next day he seemed to have forgotten all about it, and when the Giant reminded him of the circumstance, which he did every little while, the Dwarf would grin and say that we must let the women do what they liked, for they were a superior sort of being.

"One of the Female Samson's best feats was done in company with the Dwarf and the Giant. She had a horizontal bar fixed on the stage, about ten feet above the floor. On this bar she used to swing head downwards, just hooking her knees around it, as all the trapeze artists do. It looks sort of uncomfortable, but it is nothing when you are used to it. I had a trapeze chap once who would often go to sleep that way in hot weather. He said that all the blood in his body went into his head, and that made him feel sleepy, while it cooled off his body and legs. There's no accounting for tastes, but as for me, give me a good bed where I can stretch out, and I'll never ask to sleep on a trapeze bar.

"As I was saying, the Female Samson would swing on this bar, and then she would take the Dwarf's belt in her teeth and hold him in that way for five minutes. There was a swivel in the belt, so that the Dwarf would spin round while she was holding him, which he didn't like much, but which pleased the public. After she had swung the Dwarf she would do the same act with the Giant. She had to be very careful not to drop the Giant, for he was terribly afraid of breaking a leg, being, as I have said, particularly brittle; but she always said that he was as safe in her teeth as he would be if he was lying in his bed.

"It must have been about a fortnight after the Dwarf was sat on by the Fat Woman, and a week or more after he had been corrected in public by the Female Samson, that we had an unusually large evening audience, and everybody was in excellent spirits. The Female Samson had swung the Dwarf in her teeth, and after she had let go of him he had climbed up on a chair just behind her, and stood with his arms stretched out over her and the Giant as if he was saying 'Bless you, my children,' which was a regular part of the act, and never failed to bring him a round of applause, and induce people to say, 'What a jolly little chap that Dwarf is!' When the Female Samson had got a good grip of the Giant's belt, and had raised him about five feet from the floor, the Dwarf leaned a little bit forward and ran a pin into the Female Samson's ankle, or thereabouts. Nobody saw him do it, but it was easy to prove it on him afterwards, for he dropped the pin on the floor when he had finally got through with it, and everybody recognised it as one of his scarf-pins.

"The woman would naturally have shrieked when she felt the pin, but she had her mouth full of the Giant, and she couldn't do more than mumble a little in a half-smothered sort of way. The Dwarf paid no attention to that, but gave her another eye-opener with the pin. It went in about an inch, judging from what the Female Samson said when she described her sufferings, and it must have hurt her pretty bad; but she was full of pluck and bound to carry out her performance to the end. She stood three or four more prods, and then, not being able to stand it any longer without expressing her feelings in some way, she unhooked one leg and fetched the Dwarf a kick on the side of the head that reminded him that it was about time for him to get into his own room and lock the door, and convinced him that there ain't a bit of exaggeration in the tough stories that they tell about the kicking powers of an army mule. The kick sent the Dwarf clean across the platform, and the people, not understanding the situation, began to cry 'Shame.' Whether this flurried the Female Samson or not, or whether she lost her balance entirely on account of having unhooked one leg, I don't know. What I do know is that she slipped off the bar, and she and the Giant struck the floor with a crash that would have broken planks, if it had not been that the platform was built expressly to stand the strain of the Fat Woman.

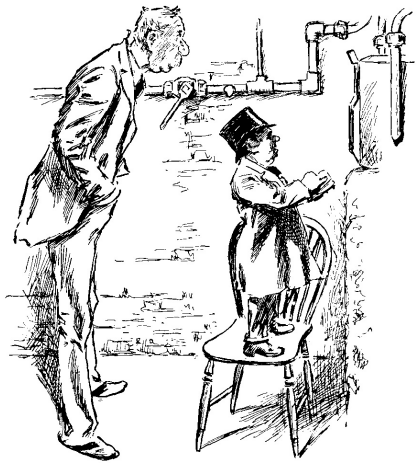
"It wouldn't have been so bad if she had just dropped the Giant, and hung on to the bar herself. In that case he would probably have broken his left leg and arm and collar bone, just as he did break them, but his ribs would have been all right. As it was, the Female Samson's head came down just in the centre of him, and stove in about three-fourths of his ribs. She wasn't hurt at all, for, being a woman, and falling on her

head, there was nothing for her to break, and the Giant was so soft that falling on him didn't even give her a headache. When some volunteers from the audience had picked up the Giant and put him on a stretcher and carried him to the hospital, where the doctors did their best to mend him, the Female Samson had a chance to explain, and the finding of a long scarf-pin on the platform, just under the bar, was evidence that she had told the truth, and corroborated the red stain on her stocking.

"IT TOOK FOUR MEN AND A POLICEMAN TO HOLD HER."

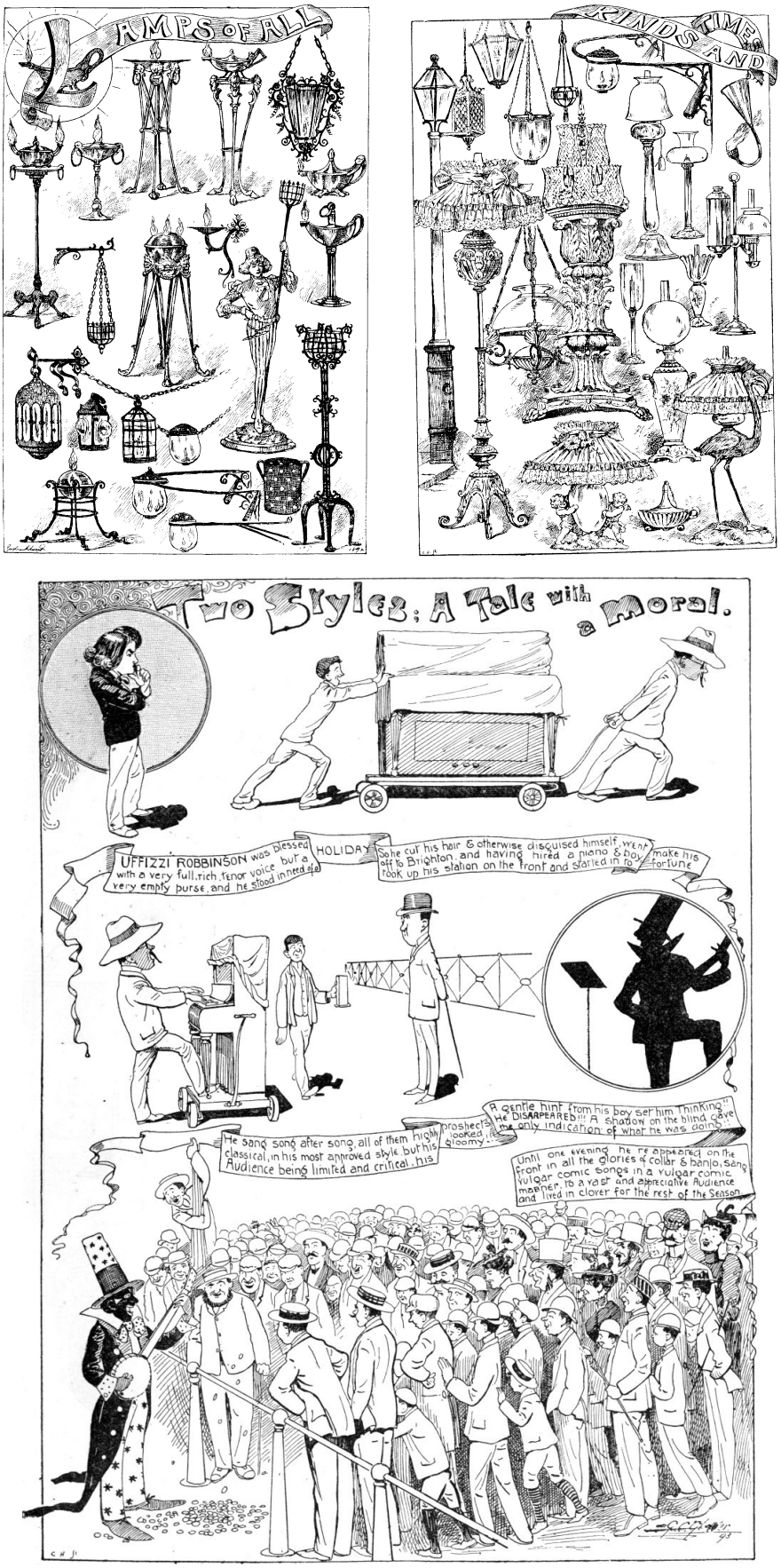
"It took four men and a policeman to hold her, and get her locked up in her room, she was that set on tearing the Dwarf into small pieces, and she'd have done it too, if she could have got at him. He had sense enough to see the situation, and to discharge himself without waiting for me to discharge him. He ran away in the course of the night, and I never saw him again. I don't think he ever went into another Dime Museum, and I have heard that he got a situation as inspector of gas meters, which is very probable, considering what a malicious little rascal he was. Well, we have to deal with all sorts of people in our business, and I suppose it's the same with you, though you haven't mentioned what your business is. But you take my advice and steer clear of Dwarfs. There ain't a man living that can do anything with them except with a club, and no man likes to take a club to anything as small as a Dwarf."

W. L. ALDEN.



Lamps of all Kinds and Times.

Two Styles: A Tale with a Moral.



Uffizzi Robbinson was blessed with a very full rich, tenor voice but a very empty purse and he stood in need of a HOLIDAY.

So he cut his hair & otherwise disguised himself & went off to Brighton, and having hired a piano & boy took up his station on the front and started in to make his fortune.

He sang song after song, all of them highly classical, in his most approved style, but his audience being limited and critical, his prospects looked gloomy.

A gentle hint from his boy set him thinking!! He DISAPPEARED!!! A shadow on the blind gave the only indication of what he was doing!!

Until one evening he reappeared on the front in all the glories of collar & banjo, sang vulgar comic songs in a vulgar comic manner to a vast and appreciative audience and lived in clover for the rest of the season.

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