THE new invasion of the Soudan recalls to old members of the
Convinced. House of Commons memories of
the sad weeks and months of
eleven years ago, when the days passed and
resembled each other, inasmuch as they
brought sorrowful news from the far-off desert.
One of the home stories in which comedy
relieved tragedy is about the Duke of
Devonshire, at that time Lord Hartington,
Secretary of State for War in Mr. Glad-
stone’s Ministry. There had been one of
the innumerable debates on the Egyptian
policy of the Government,
which Lord Hartington
contributed a long and
weighty speech, justifying
the action of his colleagues
and himself.
“A most convincing
speech,” said a Liberal
member, who had been a
little lukewarm in support
of his leaders.
“I wish I had convinced
myself,” said Lord Harting-
ton, repressing a yawn.

How Gordon went to
Khartoum. On the new
movement on Dongola was
the speech of Sir Charles
Dilke. It was a
well-reasoned indictment of the
action of the Government,
a demonstration alike of
the uselessness and the
danger of the expedition.
A member of Mr. Gladstone’s Cabinet from
1880 to 1885, who from the Front Opposition
Bench listened to this speech, told me he
heard it with amazement.

“Dilke,” he said, “was largely responsible
for sending Gordon to Khartoum, and for all
that followed thereupon. Granville and he
settled the whole business in the pauses of a
quadriple at Waddesdon, the rest of the
Cabinet knowing nothing about it till Gordon
had received his orders.”

This throws a strange light on the
problem of how we are governed. To say
that the fateful expedition of Gordon was
arranged in an interval of a quadrille is
doubtless only a picturesque way of putting
the fact. It nevertheless clearly means that
Lord Granville, then Foreign Secretary, met,
under the hospitable roof of Baron Ferdinand
Rothschild, Sir Charles Dilke, at the time of
the occupation of Egypt Under Secretary for
Foreign Affairs, and though in 1884 at the
Local Government Board, an authority
on the Egyptian question; that the two
Ministers talked over the
suggestion that Gordon
should be sent to Khar-
toum; that they agreed in
approving it, and that
forthwith Lord Granville
placed himself in commu-
nication with General
Gordon.

Where the marvel comes
in is in knowledge that so
momentous a step, involving
as the event proved the
expenditure of millions
of money and thousands
of lives, should have been
settled, not in Cabinet
Council, but upon the
authority of the Minister
within whose department
the question fell. The Man
in the Street paces his
favourite thoroughfare
secure in the belief that
there are from fourteen to
eighteen seasoned states-
men accustomed to meet
at stated intervals in Cabinet Council, where,
after mature deliberation, steps fraught with
importance to the Empire are decided upon.
To learn that in a pause, whether in a polka
or a quadrille, the very existence of the
Empire may be staked, invests our Govern-
ment with fresh and painful interest.

It is not quite accurate to describe the
sensation as new. In the early days of the
present year, when trouble blazed forth in
the Transvaal, it was a matter of common
knowledge that the Cabinet did not hold regular meetings. Mr. Chamberlain occasionally called in a friendly way on Lord Salisbury, and went back to the Colonial Office to dispatch critical messages to the Cape. It was said at the time of the famous despatch in which the Colonial Secretary suggested to President Kruger the adoption of Home Rule as the only possible panacea for unrest at Johannesburg, his colleagues in the Cabinet were made aware of its purport only when, in common with other dispensers of the potential penny, they bought a morning newspaper.

That may, of course, be a fable. The authority for the story of how Gordon went to Khartoum stamps it as a fact.

Thus far a natural tendency to extinguish self-effacement has prevented volcanoes, discovery amongst new members of original gifts in the way either of painting or poesy. In the one art, Sir Frank Lockwood and Colonel Saunderson, whom the House is coming to regard as very old members, remain unrivalled, whilst Sir Wilfrid Lawson has none to dispute with him the Parliamentary Poet Laureateship.

It is additional evidence of the depressing effect of an overwhelming majority that none of these men of genius has this Session done anything brilliant. Colonel Saunderson has been very little with us, his gallant spirit unable to brook the monotony of proceedings governed by a majority of 150. Sir Frank Lockwood, relieved from the engagement of his Solicitor-Generalship under two Ministries, usually looks in between the rising of the Courts and the spreading of the dinner-cloth. He occasionally finds temptation irresistible, and there passes along the benches a sheet of paper, which members state opposite, observing the smile that ripples along as it passes, recognise as "Lockwood's last." Also, from time to time, there appear in an evening paper, or in a column of London correspondence, verses purporting to have been picked up by the Treasury Bench, or the Front Opposition Bench as the case may be, and "understood to be from the pen of a well-known member." But, as Sir Stafford Northcote once, with pathetic humour, said of himself, there is a lack of go about these later efforts, to be put down to the big majority.

A former member of the House of Commons, more prolific of master poesy even than Sir Wilfrid Lawson, was Mr. Warton. There were pauses in his Parliamentary career when, sitting silent with snuff-box in one hand and blazing bandana in the other, the member for Bridport, in the Parliament of 1880-5, refrained from interrupting Mr. Gladstone or howling at the sight of an Irish member on his legs. It was known in such rare circumstances that he was composing. Possibly—possibly.
the delight of an entranced House. It was during debate on the precursor of many Irish Land Bills. Much turned upon the principle in the Bill that came to be known as the "Three Fs." Sir Stafford Northcote, momentarily overcoming his mildness of critical manner, filled out these initials into the words, Fraud, Force, and Folly. Mr. Warton, inspired by this irritation from an unexpected quarter, forthwith dropped into poetry. One night he recited a long sonnet, of which only one verse lingers in the memory. It will serve as a fair specimen:

Fraud to steal what’s not their own;
Forced to keep all they can bore;
Folly sees no crime thus shown:
Fraud and Force and Folly.

Mr. Warton once, at least, did much better. He wrote a verse that will really scan, and is not lacking in the point and polish of epigram. It came about this way. In this same Parliament Mr. Pickering Phipps sat as member for South Northamptonshire. He was a flashy man, big-boned withal, devout, and a brewer. However late the House may have sat (and in that Parliament it not infrequently sat all night) Mr. Pickering Phipps, enthrone by the domestic hearth, commenced the following day with family prayer.

One evening he, amongst the most constant attendants of the House, was not present. Continued absence led to inquiry, which resulted in discovery that the Honourable member had met with a serious accident. Going down on his knees in morning prayer he broke his leg. The incident led to much sympathetic comment in the smoke-room of the House of Commons, and at other social gatherings of members. Mr. Warton broke forth into verse, as thus:

With upturned eyes and quivering lips,
Wrestled with Satan Pickering Phipps; But when he ceased for grace to beg,
The Devil came and broke his leg.

So great was the success of this *jeu d’esprit* that it moved, of all men in the world, Mr. Childers into poetry. He capped Mr. Warton’s verse with the following:

In Pickering Phipps’s case discern
A lesson it were well to learn:
’Tis not enough our prayers to say,
But we must watch as well as pray.

There is no doubt which of the two stanzas is the better. It is only fair to remember that Mr. Childers was a ‘prentice hand, whilst Mr. Warton was a regular passenger by the Clapham ‘bus, and mused nightly, in company with his snuff-box and bandana, on a back bench below the gangway.

The pity of it is that Sir George Sir George Trevelyan has laid down the pen, which nearly thirty years ago flashed forth pointed, polished verse that charmed undergrads at Cambridge, and, with some personal modifications, delighted the Dons. Since then Sir George has written one of the three best biographies in the language. He has risen to Cabinet rank in the political world, and grew grey in service at the Irish Office. But he has never done anything better in their way than his "Ladies in Parliament," his "Horace at Athens," and other verses written whilst he wore cap and gown at Cambridge.

"The Ladies in Parliament" was written during the lively times that followed on the rejection of the Reform bill of 1866. "A Fragment After the Manner of an Old Athenian Comedy" is its descriptive subtitle. The scene is laid at the south-east angle of Berkeley Square, where congregate a number of ladies. To them Lady Matilda (loquitor):

I think we’re just enough to form a House, And, as for Speaker, I have seldom seen a More proper person than our friend Selina. You, Charley, fetch the roller from the square, And prop it up to represent her Chair; Some pebbles underneath will keep it steady.

GAY: But where’s the wig?

LADY MATILDA: She’s got one on already.

This last line, though written by an undergraduate, has all the malice of a full-grown man. It peeps forth again in the perfectly irregular remarks of the 1st and 2nd ladies:

1ST LADY: As from her agitation I imply Matilda means to catch the Speaker’s eye. We used to notice, while together waiting Behind the bars of Lord Charles Russell’s grating, That on the verge of any fine display, Men twist their feet in that uneasy way.

2ND LADY: She’s rising now and taking off her bonnet, And probably will end by sitting on it. For oft, as sad experiences teach, The novice, trembling from his maiden speech, Drops flustered in his place, and crushes flat His innocent and all-unconscious hat. And my poor husband spied an evening suit By plumping down amidst a heap of fruit Which some admiring friend, his thirst to quench, Had peeled beside him on the Treasury Bench.

In a lilting chorus strung on the swinging metre of Aristophanes, the hoary-headed, seared-hearted undergraduate contrasts old times with the present, of course to the discredit of the latter. "But now," he laments—
But now the Press has squeamish grown and thinks
inventive rash.

And telling hits no longer lurk 'neath asterisk and
dash;

And poets deal in epithets as soft as skeins of silk,
Nor dream of calling silly lords a crew of ass's milk.
And satirists confine their art to cutting jokes on
Beales,
Or snap like angry puppies round a mightier Tribune's
heels.

Discussing whether he can scan and understand the lines
About the wooden Horse of Troy, and when and
where he dines,

Though gentlemen should blush to talk as if they
cared a button,

Because one night in Chesham Place he ate his slice of
mutton.

The reference to the wooden horse of Troy
lives, like the Cave of Adullam and the terrier,
so woolly that it was hard to tell which was
the head and which the tail, among the few
sentences that keep green the memory of the
great debate. The reference to Mr. Bright
eating his slice of mutton in Chesham Place
refers to the malevolent gossip that filled the
clubs of London when it was made known
that Lord Russell had actually entertained
the sturdy Commoner at dinner in his private
house.

Another dinner, the dinner in Hall, suggests
polished verse in another metre:—

We still consume, with mingled shame and grief,
Veal that is tottering on the verge of beef;
Veal void of stuffing, widened of its ham:
Or the roast shoulder of an ancient ram.

This, from “Horace at the University of
Athens,” echoes over the chasm of thirty
years the voice of the disappointed under-
graduate as he discovers what once more is
served for dinner.

Trevelyan of Trinity has long laid aside
the poet's pen, to the loss of the House of
Commons and the world. “As far as verse
is concerned, I'm pestered out,” he says, uncon-
sciously lapsing into undergraduate phrase.
Still, there lingers with this born and
cultured man of letters the passion for the desk.
Possibly—I am glad to think probably—
the cool shade of opposition, promising to
prevail over the next five years, may yield
fruit in succession to those rich plums, “The
Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay,” and
“The Early Life of Charles James Fox.”

I have received from various
SIR JOHN
parts of the country something
MOWBRAY, like fourscore letters calling my
attention to an odd slip of the
pen in the March number of THE STRAND
MAGAZINE. Writing about the Duke of
Devonshire's first taking his seat in the House of
Commons, I numbered Sir John Mowbray,
among the few men still living, though not in

the House, who may have watched the young
member for North Lancashire advance to
take the oath. The cloud of witnesses remind
me that Sir John is happily still with
us. Last of all, in the rear of the long list of
correspondents, comes Sir John also. “I
am there now in my eleventh Parliament,”
he modestly mentions, “and still take an
active part as Chairman of two Committees
on Standing Orders and Selection, posts
which I have filled for twenty-three years.
Pray pardon my mentioning this.”

I really cannot say how I came momentarily
to forget the member for Oxford University.
One familiar with the House of Commons
might almost as easily forget the Speaker in
his chair or the Serjeant-at-Arms by the
cross-benches. Sir John is one of the
oldest and most-esteemed members. Forty-
three years ago this very month of June he
was returned for the City of Durham, which
he represented till the great débâcle of 1868,
when he was returned for Oxford University,

a seat he holds to this day.

He ranges himself on the Conservative
side, but enjoys in equal degree the esteem of
all sections of the party opposite. Whenever
any procedure especially involving the dignity
of the House of Commons is to the fore,
Sir John Mowbray is certain to be invited to
take prominent part in it. His unique
position is indicated by the fact that in the
closing days of the Home Rule Parliament
he moved the election of Sir Matthew White
Ridley to the vacant Speaker's Chair and
was beaten in the division lobby. In the
following year, when the Unionists came

MR. H. MATTHEWS AS A LORD JUSTICE OF APPEAL.
back in overwhelming majority, it was Sir John Mowbray who was put forward to propose the re-election of Mr. Gully.

At this present time of writing, SIR JOHN rumour of the appointment of Sir Gorst. John Gorst as successor to Sir Hercules Robinson in the High Commissionership of South Africa is met by official protestation that Sir Hercules does not mean to retire. That may be the truth of the hour. But it is exceedingly probable that before the year has sped Sir Hercules Robinson will be back in London, and by no means improbable that Sir John Gorst will reign at Cape Town in his stead.

Such an event would be the Empire's gain and the loss of the House of Commons. There are few keener debaters than Sir John. The marvel to those familiar with the position he has won for himself in the most critical Assembly in the world is that his progress up the Ministerial ladder has not passed beyond the modest range of the vice-presidency of the Council. Amongst other things, Sir John, with his Parliamentary instinct, his wide knowledge, his industry, his patience, and his tact, would have made a model Leader of the House.

There was a period not far back when it seemed that Sir John Gorst's merits were about to receive due recognition. It was in the Session of 1889, at which time Mr. Henry Matthews's unpopularity at the Home Office was in one of its recurrent flushes. His appreciative colleagues in the Cabinet were unanimous in desire to see him promoted to a Lord Justiceship of Appeal, and it was agreed that Sir John Gorst should succeed him as Home Secretary.

Whilst this little arrangement was hatching, Sir Hercules Robinson, then Governor of the Cape, announced his desire to be relieved of the post. It was offered to Sir John Gorst, who, having this larger quarry in view, declined it, and Sir Henry Loch was inducted. Shortly after Sir John Gorst discovered that, in snatching at the shadow of the Home Secretaryship, he had lost the cheese of the Colonial Governorship. Mr. Henry Matthews remained at the Home Office, and Sir John Gorst returned to the India Office, constantly to comfort Lord Cross, and one night to delight the House of Commons with his Manipur speech.

When things go wrong in social or domestic life there is instinctive obedience to the spiteful injunction cherchez la femme. When things go awry on the Unionist side, whether in Parliament or general politics, there is a disposition to put the matter down to the account of Mr. Chamberlain. The rule does not fail in this respect. It is said Mr. Chamberlain objected to the promotion of Mr. Matthews to the peerage on the ground that at this political crisis an election in Birmingham would be inconvenient.

That is a matter on which I have no personal knowledge. But I vouch for the accuracy of the other portions of the narrative.

I suppose, underpaid taking them workmen all round, Her Majesty's Ministers are the most underpaid of British workmen. The highest salary is the £10,000 a year the Lord Chancellor draws, and that is in respect of a dual office. The actual salary of the Lord Chancellor is £6,000 a year, the
balance being due as Speaker of the House of Lords. It is pretty certain that no lawyer ever accepted a seat on the Woolsack without making pecuniary sacrifice. The same remark holds good with respect to the Law Officers of the Crown.

At the Bar barristers are, in accordance with ancient usage, forbidden to accept a brief amounting to less than a golden sovereign. On the Western Circuit there is a tradition how Sergeant Davey, whilst still a stuff-gownsman, was called to account for unprofessional conduct in taking silver from a prisoner. In his defence Davey said, “I took all the poor devil had in the world, and I hope you don’t call that unprofessional.”

In the same spirit of generous compromise the Lord Chancellor takes all the Treasury provides in the way of payment and learns not to regret the two, three, or perhaps five thousand pounds more he made in fees whilst still in practice at the Bar.

The case of Sir William Harcourt, on which I happen to have some precise information, will illustrate the position. When he resigned his practice at the Parliamentary Bar in order to enter upon political life he was earning £14,000 a year. It was in December, 1868, that he entered the House of Commons, as representative of the City of Oxford. Up to December last his servitude covers a period of twenty-seven years. Supposing he had not improved on a position gained whilst a comparatively young man, Sir William would, in this more than a quarter of a century, have netted £378,000. I believe it will come very near the mark if estimate of his receipt of Ministerial salary, within that time, is put at £45,000.

That is an instance where circumstances by chance make it possible to arrive at a pretty accurate comparison. In the case of Mr. Gladstone, whilst it would not be difficult to set forth his approximate aggregate Ministerial salary drawn during his sixty-three years of Parliamentary life, the sum of what he might have earned in one of half-a-dozen professions outside of politics can be only faintly imagined.

Q.C., M.P., tells me a true story of a bar infinitely full of pathos. A fort-night ago, a letter reached him in the handwriting of an old college friend, telling a pitiful story of a stranded life. The writer had been called to the Bar, hoping some day to land on the judicial bench, even if he did not reach the Woolsack. He had no influence and very little money. No business came his way. But he held on through long years, patiently hoping that some day his chance would come. Now he was sick, probably unto death, and had no money to buy food or medicine.

His old friend promptly sent a remittance, which was gratefully acknowledged. At the end of a fortnight it occurred to him that he would call on the sick man and see what more he might do to help him. Arrived at the address, the door was opened by a lady-like woman, still young, pretty in spite of the pinching of poverty. She gave his name and announced his errand. Whereat the lady, bursting into a passion of tears, told him he was too late. Her husband had died that morning.

“Would you like to see him?” she asked, wistfully.

The two walked upstairs to a small front room. On the bed lay the body of a man of about forty years of age, fully dressed in the wig and gown of a barrister. In his right hand he held a bundle of foolscap.

“What is that?” the old friend whispered.

“That,” said the widow, “is the only brief he received in the course of nineteen years’ waiting. He asked me to dress him thus, and put it in his hand when he was dead.”
Her Majesty's Judges.

III.

By E.

The ex-Lord Chancellor is my next judge. Now, Lord Herschell gave great offence to his party by refusing to place every Radical nominee in the Commission of the Peace, and steadfastly ignoring the preferential claims of the sons of toil to exercise judicial functions. While Radical members of Parliament argued that the best and, indeed, only way to reduce the silly J.P. institution to harmless inactivity was to vulgarize it, Lord Herschell persisted in his attempt to free his high office from all party taint, and maintained a resolute resistance to the claims of his political friends.

Into the merits of the controversy I have no desire to enter; I merely record the fact of its existence. Again, many of his judicial appointments did not find favour with the Bar, and one learned High Court judge was raised to his elevated position amid the executions of that part of the Bar which is actively political and quiescently Liberal. Indeed, I have heard certain "influential"—this stock word expresses a great deal—politicians declare that Lord Herschell was responsible for the Radical rout at the last election, but as I have heard other equally "influential" personages with even increased enthusiasm ascribe the defeat to Sir William Harcourt's temperance zeal, Mr. Labouchère's personal dislike of Lord Rosebery, the conduct of one Sir Visto in winning a certain race at Epsom, the resignation of Doctor Macgregor, the disaffection of Welsh Nonconformists, and the speeches of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, I attach absolutely no importance to the opinions of those who take a decided stand on the great J.P. question. Further, Lord Herschell, qua politician, is without my prescribed limits.

In his capacity of Lord Chancellor, I understand that he presided with dignity and firmness over the deliberations of those whom Birth or Beer has marked out as being fit to form part of the Legislative machine of this country. As a law reformer, he is indefatigable, and he assuredly is a very capable judge. His judgment in the Vaghiano case is itself a monument to his thoroughness and clearness of mental vision, and the reports teem with instances of his judicial perspicacity and ability. Reserved in manner, and not given to excessive jocosity, Lord Herschell has never been known to turn his back on a friend.

Lord Davey, who, after a brief and unexciting term of office in the Court of Appeal, now reposes in the House of Lords, is reputed to have made, during his last years at the Bar, a larger income than has ever fallen to the lot of any barrister within the range of tradition. And herein repute is apparently not far wrong, for Sir Horace Davey's practice was as remunerative as it was large. How many guineas he made, or how many cigars he smoked in any one week, no one
judgments were characterized by the conciseness and clearness which distinguished his arguments at the Bar; and in the House of Lords professional opinion speaks very highly of him. I don't suppose a Chancery barrister ever attained such a high position as at the termination of his career as a barrister Lord Davey could claim for himself.

Lord Justice A. L. Smith completes with the Master of the Rolls and Lord Justice Kay the Bench of No. 1 Court of Appeal, and a wonderfully constituted Court it is: Lord Esher cracks the jokes, Lord Justice Kay delivers considered judgments, and Lord Justice Smith, who seldom takes any part in the customary war of jest and repartee, makes things clear in an irreducible minimum of words. By not a few good authorities this Lord Justice of Appeal is held the best of all our judges, but the propriety of that opinion it is unnecessary for me to discuss.

Some years ago, when I was on my first circuit, I remember the case of a certain secretary of a benefit society who has not studied the present Lord of Appeal's fee-book and his account with his tobacconist can tell, but, in all probability, the proper adjective to use in this connection would be "incredible."

Chancery barristers—who are, in the main, a bit prosy and not given to romancing—even now speak in awe-stricken tones of their former colleague's smoking prowess and the huge fees so frequently marked on his brief. And this I assume to be true, since, for my own part, I invariably believe a Chancery man. He hasn't imagination enough to lie.

The least successful rôle that Lord Davey ever undertook was that of Parliamentary candidate, in which he was not very far removed from a failure. However, he undoubtedly created a great impression in one Welsh constituency, and it is on record that one of his supporters in a farewell speech declared that "to look on Sir Horace was to love him." Such an exuberance of adulation was, however, rare, and Sir Horace did not, in general, repeat on political platforms the triumphs he won in the Law Courts.

I have had little experience of him as a judge, but in the Court of Appeal his
coming before Lord Justice Smith. The man pleaded guilty to a series of exceptionally cruel murders, and put up a harangue to appeal for mercy. This was done in a speech that was both long and eloquent, and in its course the economic advantages of co-operative thrift were touched upon; the love of a woman for her husband was dealt with in a pathetic manner; the usual effect of long sentences on a convict's family; the irresponsibility of youth; the evils of drink; the ghastly position of a penniless outcast, and other cheerful topics were spoken about; a brilliant peroration winding up an oratorical flight on the quality of mercy.

The prisoner sobbed, the usual feminine scream occurred, and the clerk of the arraigns called on the prisoner to say why judgment should not be passed upon him. He made no reply, and the judgment was as follows:—

"The prisoner is guilty of this charge, and you must do seven years."

A more suitable anti-climax was never devised by the wit of man, and it proved a most excellent commentary on the baseless fabric of the speech ad misericordiam.

If all judges would follow Lord Justice Smith's example, an assize criminal court would be a tolerable place. But, alas! most judges make long speeches, and continually interject remarks.

A certain judge, who shall be nameless, was, not so very long ago, passing sentence on a wretched man who had killed his wife in circumstances showing extreme provocation. The jury strongly recommended him to mercy, and the judge stated he would consider the recommendation in awarding the punishment. In passing sentence he made a long and involved address, in the course of which he expressed his agreement with the jury's presentment, and favourably noticed all the points of the defence. Then, having glanced at the previous honourable career of the criminal, when everyone in court expected that six months' hard labour would about fit the case, he woke up from his benignity, and slowly and deliberately concluded:

"But my painful duty, and it is very painful, leaves me no alternative to the sentence I am about to pass upon you, and that sentence is that you be imprisoned and kept in penal servitude for the term of twenty years."

This is but one instance of a common fault. I do not for a moment mean to say that the judge in question intended to torture the prisoner; in all probability he merely meant to explain the severity of his sentence, but he undoubtedly forgot that his duty is to administer the law and not to inculcate the principles of morality.

In murder trials, again, I have heard judges lecture the convict and read long sermons about penitence and prayer. But it does no good at all: it may gratify the lazy loungers who throng our criminal courts, but it does not edify the officials or the Bar; and as for the prisoner, in what frame of mind is he to hear the story of his own brutality and profit therefrom? A few explanatory words may be needed, but the fewer the better for all concerned.

The judge who in former days was known as "Arthur Charles," and is the greatest living authority on ecclesiastical law, is a very sound judge.

Better in a Divisional Court than at the rough-and-tumble work of assizes, he is ludicrously out of place at the Old Bailey, and is just a little too cautious for Nisi Prius. Still, many competent men speak very highly of his abilities, and in this case I shall be content to adopt their views.

Latterly, Mr. Justice
Charles has been very unwell, but I trust—and in this expression, I feel sure, everyone “connected” with the Bar will join—that he will speedily be restored to health, and be able to return to the duties which he has hitherto so ably discharged.

Some years ago, in a certain assize town, a dismal joke was perpetrated on a worthy, if slightly dull, member of the Bar, and it happened in this wise. One or two of the more lively circuit spirits foresaw the possibility of a laugh at the expense of the aforesaid member, and handed him a dummy brief—which they had made up—subscribing the name of the solicitor to the Treasury, and containing instructions to apply for the postponement of the trial of R. a. Jones. It is on record that the “member” sat up half the night studying the conflicting statements and confused facts in his brief, and the next morning, in a terribly nervous condition, he applied to the judge for leave to make an application.

“Certainly,” said the judge—I think it was the late Mr. Justice Lush—“what is your application?”

“My lord,” the “member” began; “the prisoner, Jones, has been committed to take his trial for wilful murder, and I am instructed to ask your lordship not to take the case these assizes on this ground: Mr. ‘Mark,’ the great expert in insanity, is at present out of England, and the Treasury particularly desire his attendance at the trial. I am also instructed to ask for the costs of this application.”

There was a burst of laughter from the uninitiated, and the judge blandly asked:—

“What is the number of the case in the calendar, Mr.—?”

The “member” rose to the occasion:—

“My lord, the case is not in the calendar. The prisoner was committed only yesterday.”

“Very extraordinary,” the judge muttered: “and the Treasury instructed you yesterday, you say?”

“Yes, my lord.”

“Is your solicitor here?”

“No, my lord; he is ill.”

At this point history relates that the judge smiled pityingly, and asked:—

“Do you ask for costs against the prisoner?”

“These are my instructions, my lord.”

And then somebody whispered to him to sit down, and the judge, who had seen through the whole farce, kindly let the application drop, and went on with the business of the Court.

Now, I shudder to think what would have been the consequences had such a judge as Lord Morris been in the place of Mr. Justice Lush when the momentous application was made.

The course that fine type of an Irishman, shrewd, witty, and bubbling over with good nature, would have taken is easy to conjecture. His sense of humour would have caused him to discover the perpetrators of the joke, and forthwith commit them to prison, for contempt of Court; and then what would have happened it is delicious to contemplate. The leading juniors of the circuit in prison, work must have been at a standstill; and we can imagine the irony of a situation in which a prisoner
had to plead for a postponement of his trial, on the ground that his counsel was in prison!

What possibilities the joke fully developed is capable of it is difficult to summarize, but Lord Morris would probably have discovered them had he been the judge.

Would that he had been!

Nowadays Lord Morris is a Lord of Appeal, and is as popular as a member of the appellate court of the Lords as he is in the lobby of the House of Commons. Never at a loss for a joke, a storehouse of amusing anecdotes, he is one of our most popular judges.

I remember once hearing one of the hyper-aesthetic youths who decorate the ranks of the Bar exclaim, on seeing Mr. Baron Pollock enter a court, "By Jove, what a dear old thing he is—don’t you think so?"

In all probability the reply I made was not calculated to please my informant, for I hate both effeminate ways and mincing language, but there can be no earthly doubt that this judge is on very good terms with the Bar.

Our senior puisne judge, he has been no less than twenty-three years on the Bench, during which lengthened period he has borne himself with dignity and well and truly discharged his duties. Latterly he has been trying election petitions, and in that ungencial task has experienced the ill lot of all election petition judges.

For not only has he been misstated in court by the scarcely dignified mangling of factitious counsel, but out of court newspapers have misrepresented him, and anonymous correspondents have attacked him. Indeed, to such an extent have they gone, that on one occasion the learned Baron declared "in cathedra" that he didn’t “care a dump" for anonymous letters.

The election petitions have a great deal to answer for, and perhaps this phrase constitutes not the least of their responsibilities.

Mr. Justice Gainsford Bruce is a judge who stands high in the opinion of Admiralty men. Nor indeed is his reputation confined to that sphere of forensic labour. Of a somewhat melancholy appearance, he is never so effective as when sentencing a man to death, and he would make an even more sensational ending to a "horrible murder" trial were he to speak louder and give the prisoner the benefit of the commiserative sentences he employs at such a time. A man who is standing between two warders, with the prospect of speedily meeting another eminent official of the Home Office, surely should be allowed to participate in the pleasure of a scene in which he is the central figure. But few judges give him the opportunity, and here I think I may enter my emphatic protest against the "mumbling" fashion which has apparently of late years commended itself to our judges. Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, don’t some of our judges speak out? If what they have to say is worth hearing, one would like to hear it, and should hear it. If it is not worth hearing, then why do they speak at all?

Indistinctness doesn’t lend the charm of dignity to a judicial personality, and imperfect articulation is not—except perhaps in the Chancery Courts—a mark of exceptional worth.

When one hears Lord Esher, one is tempted to possibly ejaculate: O! si sic omnes!
Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes is the youngest of the judges, and the second judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division. He is really a very capable judge, but should look to it that he doesn't become generally inaudible.

Oh! if only the judges would each and every of them take to heart and practise the elementary advice of the voice producer, and speak so that the person farthest off in the building could hear, what a blessing it would be! It is not a matter of wonderment that law reporters are such a solemn, unhappy-looking body of men, when they have to follow the gentle murmurings of a judge, and sent in a verbatim report of his judgment. But I mustn't let my pen run away with me on this subject. Besides, I feel strongly on it, and that is a good ground for abstaining from urging of it. One word, however, in conclusion. Mr. Justice Barnes's judgments are worthy of the fullest report, and, in extenuation of his low speaking, let me say nine-tenths of the judges suffer from the same complaint.

Mr. Justice Kennedy is, at present, much too careful, too scrupulous, and altogether too conscientious.

The late Lord Justice Bowen defined the three judicial stages, which he said every judge traversed, as follows: The first—I believe I am summarizing correctly—in which the judge is always afraid he is not doing right; the second, in which he is sure he is always right; and the third, in which he doesn't care whether he is right or not.

Now, Mr. Justice Kennedy is in the first stage, and as no judge can ever be entirely satisfactory unless he is in the second stage, it is to be hoped our learned judge will soon enter that blissful state.

As I have before remarked during the progress of these notes, speedy administration of some sort of justice is better than the tardy administration of the exact law. And besides, in the waste of life, accuracy is a very unreal blessing.

Although counsel and solicitors make the most trifling application a matter of vital importance, it matters little, if anything, in the long run whether an interrogatory is properly allowed or improperly excluded, or whether a pleading is rightly struck out or not. And then again, what rubbish it is to say that it is better that a hundred guilty persons should be acquitted than that one who is innocent should be convicted. It is exactly the other way about. Most "innocent," people should, if they had their deserts, be in gaol, and every guilty person out of gaol renders individual security less substantial.

For my part, I detest those parrot cries which startle the thinker at every turn. To
take another example, which doesn’t concern my subject in the least, and therefore, according to present-time fashion, is doubly appropriate. The so-called truism “Every man is held innocent by the law until he is proved guilty” is as absurd as truisms generally are. The converse, here again, is the truth, the true position of affairs being that if a man in the dock cannot satisfactorily explain his presence there, he must be sent to prison.

Well, to return: Mr. Justice Kennedy thinks too much of the intrinsic merit of every party’s case, and takes too much trouble in endeavouring to hold the balance of justice fairly. But this he will grow out of. Every day he improves on the past, and in time I have no doubt that he will make an excellent judge. As it is, he is an uncommonly good lawyer, and has been specially praised by the Court of Appeal. But at present he lacks the dash which spells success.

Let me give an example of how things should be done. Some little time ago, I applied for judgment under Order XIV, s. 1. My application was granted, and the other side appealed. The appeal came on for hearing before a certain judge.

The other side produced a huge affidavit, and without a moment’s hesitation the said learned judge, saying he couldn’t wade through the whole affidavit, discharged the order and gave the defendants unconditional leave to defend. It was an unwarrantable exercise of the judicial prerogative, and yet we were satisfied.

“Doesn’t keep you hanging about all day,” my solicitor genially remarked, and the lay client ruffled his brow and said: “Knows his business, doesn’t he? Sharp’s a needle.”

I was a bit overcome, but even I was gratified. I knew the judge was wrong.
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TEDMAN’S world-famed Hippodrome and Menagerie (which, as might be gathered from the flaring posters that enlivened all the dead walls of the town, had been patronized by several of the Crowned Heads of Europe) was about to honour Littlethorpe with a visit. Not that, in an ordinary way, the proprietor of this regal show would have deemed Littlethorpe worthy of such a distinction; but, as he took care to give out, it was a convenient halting-place between two important centres. Therefore, with the triple object of resting his horses, holding a couple of full-dress rehearsals, and affording the inhabitants a treat of a lifetime, he decided upon a one-day’s sojourn. On their part, the public in general displayed a due appreciation of his laudable intentions, and prepared to accord the show a vociferous welcome.

In the early hours of the morning the great, cumbersome waggons, plentifully begrimed with mud, rumbled through the streets, and filed off one by one towards the market-place. The faded pictorial embellishments which adorned the sides, representing riderless horses career ing through the air, and ladies—whose fantastic garb some what reminded one of the natural characteristics of an ostrich—alighting on the bare backs of the fiery steeds, evoked much wondering comment among those who witnessed the procession from the neighbouring windows.

By ten o’clock two enormous tents, one circular, the other oblong, were struggling to maintain their upright position in the face of a pretty stiff breeze, which threatened every moment to level them to the ground. Strings of horses, spotted and speckled like the patriarch Jacob’s kine, were led down to the river, followed by an enthusiastic and admiring crowd. The members of the equestrian troupe wandered off through the town in search of breakfast; and, judging by the roar after roar that came from the zoological section of the show, an erstwhile king of the forest was clamouring loudly for his.

Punctually at noon the grand mid-day procession set out to parade the streets, in all the splendour of gold and silver tinsel, waving banners, and tawdry finery; accompanied by the blare and crash of a brass band. The market-place was deserted save for one or two swarthy attendants, who lounged in and out of the tents. Occasionally, above the distant strains of the band, could be heard a frantic shout of delight from the multitude who witnessed the procession.

The oblong tent was set apart for the menagerie. Inside, the close, fetid atmosphere seemed to have a very drowsy effect upon the solitary custodian, for he lay stretched face downwards on a
pile of straw in the corner, his head pillowed upon his arms. The great breadth of back, the girt and sinewy hardness of his powerful limbs, proclaimed him to be a veritable Hercules. He was none other than the renowned and much-advertised lion-tamer, Signor Petro Farrell: otherwise plain Peter Farrell.

At the further end of the tent stood a long cage, capable of being divided into two compartments by means of a sliding barrier. It contained the lions. Gaunt, skinny, hungry-looking brutes they were, the bones sticking out sharply through their tawny hides. From end to end of the cage they moped, in a ceaseless, monotonous tramp, like restless spirits who know no peace. Every minute or so one of them would rear up his head suddenly and glare through the bars, as if contemplating an imaginary crowd, and then resume his weary round.

The Polar bear seemed to vie with them as to the extent of ground he could cover, but the brown specimen sat upon his haunches looking decidedly mournful and out of sorts. Signor Farrell slept through it all. An occasional growl or a snarl did not appear to disturb the quietude of his slumber. But when the two hyenas became engaged in a lively discussion over the thigh-bone of a horse, he raised his massive head, and glovered around the tent with sleepy eyes.

With a sudden twist of the body he rolled over on his back, and for some minutes lay there contemplating the fluttering canvas overhead. Then he indulged in a mighty yawn, shook himself, and sat upright. In a listless sort of way he plucked a straw from the heap, and began toying with it indolently. His manner was thoughtful and preoccupied; it almost seemed as if he had something on his mind—something, perhaps, which had been suggested to him in his sleep.

Having given the matter, whatever it was, five minutes’ grave consideration, he dismissed it with an impatient “I shaw!” and sprang to his feet. Lounging across the tent, he went up and stood before a cage which contained the latest addition to the menagerie. It was a black panther, a full-grown specimen of this somewhat rare variety, known to be the most ferocious of the whole species. Farrell had been trying his hand at taming the brute; but as yet, though his reckless daring often prompted him to foolhardy feats, he had never ventured into the cage for more than a second or two at a time.

Striding up and down, with the stealthy, gliding motion of a cat, the fierce beast kept its head persistently turned towards the man, and regarded him with savage, blinking eyes. With his face close to the bars, Farrell watched every movement of the animal, as if each had a significance which he alone understood. Then he seemed to drop back into a reverie; and in this fit of abstraction he commenced striking idly at the panther with the straw in his hand.

A loud shout outside, the cracking of whips and rumble of wagons, announced the return of the procession. The lion-tamer swung round on his heel, and stalked off to prepare for the afternoon performance. As he moved away, the black panther stood still, with head erect, and glared after him in a way that suggested implacable hatred.

An hour or so later, the tent was densely packed from end to end. When Farrell appeared on the scene, armed with his short whip, and marched boldly up to the lions’ den, the hush of awe fell upon the spectators. He proceeded to lash the cowed brutes round and round the cage, made them leap through hoops of fire, and perform other surprising feats, all of which elicited shouts of applause from the multitude. The display wound up with what was designated “a lion hunt,” in which there was a tremendous flashing and banging of pistols, and a wild skurry on the part of the beasts to get into the corners.

When it was all over, and the tamer had backed out of the cage, the manager mounted the steps to address the crowd. He extended a cordial invitation to all present to attend the performance that evening, promising them that, among other marvellous attractions, they would witness an extraordinary and unique feat of daring on the part of the celebrated Signor Petro Farrell. He so worked upon their curiosity, there was scarcely a man or woman in the assembly who did not resolve to avail themselves of the opportunity, even if it cost them their last sixpence.

In the interval, after the animals had been fed, Farrell wandered into the deserted tent, and again approached the cage of the black panther. Somehow, it seemed as if an irresistible impulse drew him to that spot. It was growing dark now, and in the gloom he could just distinguish the red glare of the creature’s eyes as it crouched down in a corner.


Farrell turned round sharply, and found himself face-to-face with the ring-master, Mark Radford, the only member of the
whole troupe with whom he was upon any sort of intimate terms.

"You're not afraid of him, are you?" continued Radford, pointing to the dark recess in which the panther lay.

"Afraid? No!" returned Petro, contemptuously. "I've got the mastery over him already; I can quell him with my eye. Besides," he went on, vehemently, "if he cuts up rough, I could strangle the brute before he had time to get his claws into me. Oh, no; it isn't the panther I mind; but—"

"But what?"

"I'm afraid of that woman!"

"What woman?"

"Come outside, Mark," said Farrelli, taking his friend by the arm, as if impelled to confide in him. "I'll tell you the whole story right off, and then you can judge whether I have cause to feel a bit uneasy about the panther."

They strolled out of the tent, arm in arm. Two or three glaring naphtha lamps, suspended from poles, threw a broad fringe of light around the entrance, glimmering faintly upon a row of intent, eager faces in the background. The two men turned aside, and wandered off into the darkness. When they came to the low wall which bounded the market-place, Farrelli stood still and listened. Then, as if assured that they were alone, he seated himself upon the edge of the wall, and commenced his story.

"You remember that fellow Vallard, Mark?" he said, with a seriousness that convinced the other there was some startling disclosure coming.

"Should think I do," replied Radford; "'Rowdy' Vallard, we used to call him. A good bare-back rider, but a desperately cantankerous, quarrelsome sort of fellow. He left us very suddenly, too; and no one seemed to know what became of him."

"Yes," muttered Farrelli, "that's so. Well," he went on, sternly, "you'll hear now what befell him. When we were running the show up in York last winter, I had the ill-luck
to fall foul of that man Vallard. It was about a girl. I had noticed her happiness around the circus for two or three days—wanted to become a rider, or something of the kind. I managed to strike up an acquaintance with her. She told me her name was Florence Mayhew, and bit by bit it came out that she had a sweetheart in the show. But for the life of me, though I kept nagging at her about it, I couldn't get her to say which of us it was. I thought of you, Mark; it struck me that a good-looking, six-foot chap like you was just the sort of fellow to take a girl's fancy. And, as I brooded over this notion, I believe I was almost beginning to hate you."

- "Stuff and nonsense, old man!" interposed Radford. "I never set eyes upon this north-country lass of yours to my knowledge."

"I know, I know," Farrelli replied, hastily. "I was mistaken: got on an entirely wrong scent. One night, when the performance was over, I set out for a quiet ramble through the streets. I wandered on through slums and alleys, until I got down close to the river.

"It was a dismal and deserted spot. As I looked around, I saw a man and a woman on ahead. I knew at once who they were—Vallard and Florence Mayhew. Her secret was out now; but I couldn't help wondering what she saw in that brute to attract her.

"They seemed to be wrangling about something. Suddenly they stopped short, as if to argue the matter out. While I stood watching them, I saw Vallard raise his hand to strike the girl. My blood boiled, Mark: the next second I was at his side, and flung him on the flat of his back in the mud. He got up and went for me furiously. We had a stand-up fight; and—well, he came off second best,' as we say in Ireland.
THE BLACK PANTHER

When it was all over I turned towards the girl, half expecting she would throw herself into my arms or something of that sort. She gave me a look—you should have seen it, Mark—and flew at me like a tigress. Good heavens! I little guessed what a demon was in that woman! She screamed with passion; she tore at me savagely; and shouted that I had killed her sweetheart. I shook her off, and left them to square matters up between themselves.

I took a smart turn of a mile or two along by the river, for I felt a bit ruffled, and wanted to walk it off. I was coming back slowly, not minding much how I went, when I came upon a huge pile of timber stacked up on the bank. Just as I passed, a man sprang out upon me with a knife in his hand. It was Vallard. He made a savage blow at me, but I managed to twist myself out of the way in the nick of time, and let him have a heavy right-hander in return.

He dropped the knife and reeled back as if half stunned. His heel caught in a stray log; he tried hard to keep his feet, clawing the air with his hands as his body swayed out over the brink. Then, before I could reach him, down he went into the river!

I rushed to the side and peered over. He must have gone to the bottom like a stone, or else the current whipped him away out of sight, for I never set eyes on him again. I tore up and down the bank, shouting for help, but there wasn't a soul within hearing. I stood still to listen for a cry from the drowning man. The only sound that reached my ears was the rushing and gurgling of the water.

I gave up the search at last, and went home considerably sobered. The rest of that night I sat in my room thinking the matter out. I came to the conclusion there was nothing to be gained by making a fuss over it, and determined to keep my own counsel.

A day or two later the girl turned up at the show, and began to make inquiries about Vallard. One evening I happened to meet her: she stopped and looked at me—and upon my word, Mark, I never got a worse look from any of those savage brutes over there. I believe she partly guessed that I had a hand in her lover's disappearance.

Shortly after that we went on tour, and I was beginning to think I had got out of the mess uncommonly well. I never heard of Vallard's body being recovered; there was no mention of the affair in the papers, and the whole thing seemed to have blown over quietly.

One night—it was at Huddersfield, I remember—when I went into the tent, ready for my turn, the first person I laid eyes on was Florence Mayhew. What on earth brought her there, I wondered? She was standing in the front row, just like an ordinary spectator, but it was easy to see by her looks she had some special reason of her own for being present. All the time I was in the cage with the lions I felt that those dark eyes of hers were glued upon me. I didn't mind it much at first—thought it was only some strange whim on her part, for women sometimes take queer fancies into their heads, you know, Mark.

But the very next night she was there again, watching me like that black panther did a while ago. The strange part of it was, she seemed anxious to avoid me the moment my performance with the lions was over. I couldn't for the life of me make out what she was up to; it worried me; and, to tell the truth, Mark, I didn't altogether like the look of it.

We moved on to another town. Well, I was done with the girl now, at any rate, I told myself. Not a bit of it! She turned up at the evening performance, went through the same part, and disappeared. Next day the show was at Stalybridge; and Florence Mayhew was there, too. Night after night, no matter where we went, she came and stood in front of the lions' cage, never addressing a word to anyone, but watching me through the bars as if that was all she had to live for.

I tell you, Mark, her presence there every night was beginning to have a queer effect on me. It was like that trick of letting water drip on to your hand: you think nothing of it at first—you feel quite sure you can stand it all right; but you cave in mighty soon, for all that.

I was getting to dread that girl, because I know she had a grudge against me; and women generally have a queer way of revenging themselves. What she was driving at, what her motive was in following me about from town to town, was a constant worry to me. To be haunted in this fashion, without having the faintest notion of what it meant, is bound to tell upon you in the long run. I was completely in the dark: that was the worst of it.

When this sort of thing had been going on regularly week after week, I felt that I must get at the bottom of it somehow. I sat
are done for! And that is what the woman was trying to do!"

- He got off the wall, took his friend by the arm, and the two began pacing slowly up and down.
- "If you had known her, Mark," he went on, thoughtfully, "you wouldn't wonder at her doing a thing of this kind. You see, it was an easy way of seeking to revenge herself upon me: all she had to do was to watch and wait. She must have felt that the very fact of keeping her eyes steadily fixed upon me night after night was bound to take effect sooner or later. And she was right. More than once I caught myself on the very point of looking round at her. I had to fight against the impulse; it was dragging at me from the moment I entered the cage—and every night it seemed to be growing stronger."

"What did you do to get rid of her?"

"Nothing. At first, in a sudden burst of rage, I made up my mind to wait for her outside the tent the next evening, and strangle her on the spot. Then something prompted me to fight it out with her, and not give her the satisfaction of knowing that she had got the better of me in any way. I have stuck to that ever since; and this silent, deadly struggle is still going on between that woman and myself. How it will end, God only knows."

"But why the deuce don't you have her turned out?" cried Radford, vehemently.

"No, Mark," replied the other, with fierce decision; "I have pitied my will against hers; and, call it obstinacy, perversity—anything you like, I but won't budge from that. This thing is bound to run its course now, and will last until one or other of us caves in."

"Well, Peter, if I were in your place, I'd be long sorry to risk my life in this way, merely for the sake of spiting a woman."

"Perhaps so; but, my dear fellow, there are no two of us alike. After all, you must remember, Mark, it was by my hand her lover met his death—though it was done in self-defence—and I won't deprive her of the chance of requiting me for it, if she can. I can pretty well defy her so long as I stick to the lions only; I've got such a hold over the brutes by this time that I feel fairly at home.
with them. But the first night it falls to my lot to enter one of the other cages, where I'm not at all so sure of my ground, and have to watch every twist of the tail, every blink of the eye; it will be quite a different matter then. That's the reason I don't feel easy in my mind about the panther. And do you know, Mark? he added, pulling his companion up suddenly, "it's a queer idea, but when I watch that creature prowling about his cage, it almost seems to me as if the woman had bewitched him. They both appear to regard me with the same deadly enmity: he looks at me exactly as she does."

"Peter," said his friend, sententiously, "you're not yourself, old man. You let this thing prey upon your mind too much. What you want is a good stiff dose of brandy. That will spirit you up, I'll be bound. So come along, and I'll administer the remedy."

The two men disappeared through the darkness, and did not return until they had to push their way through the surging crowd that swarmed around the tents. The band had already struck up; and, thrilled by its strains, the people fought desperately for tickets. Excitement and expectation were in the air; Stedman's grand show was about to display its many attractions.

Farrelli parted from his friend, and each branched off to their respective tents. The circus took the lead in the entertainment; but the moment it was over there was a rush for the menagerie. The crowd seemed to think that the best part of the performance was yet to come; for lions, tigers, and hyenas were not seen every day in Littlethorpe.

The spacious tent was crammed to its utmost extent. The dromedary came in for a good deal of attention, and the wily elephant fared sumptuously upon biscuits and cakes. The greedy little eyes of the monkeys gleamed with delight at the many hands stretched out with nuts, while the brown bear devoured buns with belitting solemnity.

In the midst of the excitement there was a sudden hush, the crowd began to sway and surge forward towards the rope which was stretched across the further end of the tent. All eyes were turned expectantly in the direction of the lions. Signor Farrelli appeared upon the scene, his tight-fitting costume displaying to advantage his massive chest, and the great swelling muscles of his powerful limbs.

He shot a keen, searching glance through the crowd in front; and then, with a jaunty air, stepped briskly into the cage. He was greeted with a roar that shook the tent, and made the spectators feel they were getting good value for their money. The lashing and scramble commenced; the lions growled and snarled, but Farrelli drove them round with his whip, and sent them backwards and forwards through the hoops. The burning of red lights and flashing of firearms followed, at the conclusion of which the tamer emerged triumphantly from the cage.

The event of the evening was now about to take place. The spectators were prepared for something with a strong dash of danger in it; something that could be talked over with wonder and admiration for months afterwards.

The manager mounted a stool, and with a hand on each hip, proceeded to announce:—"Ladies and gentlemen, Signor Farrelli will now perform a feat of daring hitherto unattempted by any tamer in Europe or America. In the cage to the left you see a specimen of the fierce black panther, or jaguar, an animal which, in its native state, roams the tangled forests of South America in search of its prey. Signor Farrelli will enter the panther's cage in your presence, and thereby demonstrate the dominion which man is capable of exercising over the most ferocious of the brute creation."

The assembly cheered; Signor Farrelli looked. He whispered a few words to the manager, and moved away towards the cage. The panther was prowling up and down, watching the crowd with a sort of wondering interest. As Farrelli approached, the beast paused in the midst of a stride, and glared at him defiantly. The tamer mounted the steps fearlessly, the spring lock of the wicket clicked, and the next second he had slipped into the cage.

With a savage growl the panther whisked round and crouched against the opposite wall. At one side stood the man, erect, motionless, undaunted, in the full consciousness of his mighty strength and indomitable will; at the other the infuriated beast cowered, its body quivering with rage, the small ears laid flat with the head, and the tail flapping against the floor.

The spectators kept perfectly still, and looked on with bated breath. It almost seemed as if a sound—a motion—would break the spell which held man and beast apart. The tension was so great that even a stifled exclamation might cause it to snap.

Suddenly there was a slight movement in the centre of the crowd, and a woman pushed her way to the front. Those who were closest
to the cage saw a strange look appear at that instant upon Farrelli’s face; he grew deathly pale; his features twitched convulsively; and for one half-second his eyes were withdrawn from his enemy. It was enough! The spell of the throat. The panther struck him full on the chest, the savage claws were dug into his flesh; then, with a crash, man and beast went down, and rolled together on the floor.

A shudder ran through the horrified crowd; the women screamed and fainted; the men pressed forward towards the ropes, with white, agitated faces, as if fascinated by that deadly encounter. Two attendants came running up with heavy iron bars, sprang into the cage, and rained blow after blow upon the panther’s head. They succeeded in separating the combatants; the beast, dazed and half-strangled by that awful grip, was driven back into a corner, while the man rose from the floor and staggered out of the cage.

That Farrelli had come in for a severe mauling was only too evident. His clothes were torn into shreds, his mangled arm hung by his side, the blood flowed freely from the numerous gashes in his chest; but, standing erect, he faced the crowd with a fierce and determined aspect. His angry eyes swept through the swaying throng, flitting from one white face to the other as if in search of that relentless enemy of his.

But the woman was gone. From that hour she passed out of his life, never to trouble him again. When he failed to discover her in the crowd, his head suddenly drooped, and he leaned heavily upon his friend Radford, who had hastened to his assistance.

“Well, Mark,” he whispered, grimly, as he limped away, “she has had her revenge, you see. We are quits now; and—I forgive her!”
Cricket and Cricketers.

Their Opinions on Players and Pitches.

With the tide of cricket enthusiasm sweeping over the land, with a heavy fixture list to be gone through, excitement will this season run high. Discussion will, no doubt, wax hot in athletic circles upon the respective merits of players individually, county teams, and even the different grounds patronized. Such has been the case, year after year, in the past; such will be the case in seasons to come. From the opinions we append, however, a fair estimate of the various phases of the game may be obtained. Mr. W. G. Grace, it will be observed, is not included in the series of those who have been interviewed.

Mr. A. C. Maclaren.

Mr. A. C. Maclaren was induced to spare a few minutes from his scholastic duties at Harrow.

"Who are the best amateur batsmen?" he queried, in part reply to a question. "I should say Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, and Mr. F. S. Jackson amongst the amateurs. The professionals? Oh, Abel and Ward. Both are blessed with the necessary patience, and their defence is very strong. I have, however, a great opinion of J. T. Brown as a batsman on any wicket, and his inability to add to his reputation last season I put down to his want of a rest. Brockwell, too, is sure to come to the front again. Gunn I should leave out of my list, also Shrewsbury. The former, although by no means done with, I reckon as having passed his prime, and the latter has practically finished his first-class cricket. Hayward, however, should not be overlooked. He has played himself into quite the front rank.

"Bowlers? Mr. C. L. Townsend and Mr. F. S. Jackson I consider to be the two best of the amateurs. The former is very tricky and can disguise his break, and I have always thought the Yorkshire amateur a much better bowler than most people imagine. Mr. C. J. Kortright, too, appears to be more reliable than Mr. S. M. J. Woods, although he does not get exactly the same class of batsmen to contend against. Then there is Captain Hedley. He is very difficult to play upon a sticky wicket. Of the professionals, I look upon Richardson as little short of a marvel.

For dogged determination he is not to be beaten. I should say Peel comes next to the Surrey man. He has lost none of his old cunning, and upon a nasty wicket there is not a bowler who can make better use of it or find out the batsman's weak points quicker than he does. Briggs on a soft wicket is as clever as ever, but if he has a fault it is displayed in a tendency to feed the batsman too much. On a hard wicket Mold is one of our finest bowlers; Pougher is quite in the front rank; Hirst has improved considerably, and Davidson is most persevering. Lohmann I thought was just as difficult when I played against him last August, and I have the highest opinion of Mead.

"Who should I class as the hardest hitters? Mr. E. Smith and Mr. H. T. Hewett, and F. H. Sugg and Bean. Baker also possesses a fine free style. An All England eleven? Well, that is a difficult thing to suggest, but on last season's form, I should take Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. F., S. Jackson, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Mr. C. L. Townsend, with Ward, Abel, Lilley, Richardson, Peel, and Pougher.
Mead has perhaps a better claim than the latter, but Pouger has always proved very successful against the Australians. Cricket of late years has greatly improved. Indeed, there appear to be more fine cricketers to-day than there were before. University cricket, however, appears to have deteriorated somewhat lately, judging from the small number of University men who play cricket in the vacation. County cricket, however, is very different to playing almost the whole of your matches upon your own ground and amongst your own friends.

Then in conclusion Mr. MacLaren gave his opinion upon that much debatable question, the choice of innings.

"When the wicket is at its worst," was his remark, "and the glass is high, with no prospect of rain, I should always make a point of putting the other side in. It is generally admitted, however, that it is a risky proceeding to put your opponents in first. A wet wicket, of course, is an easy wicket, the ball coming along straight and true, but keeping a trifle low. On an occasion like this, no captain would think twice about going in to bat."

Mr. C. W. Alcock.

Mr. C. W. Alcock, as secretary of the Surrey C.C., has been brought into personal contact with the leading players for years past. Asked his opinions upon the leading batsmen, he hesitated not a moment in mentioning the names of Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. A. C. MacLaren, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and Mr. L. C. H. Palairet as being in the front rank of the amateurs, and Shrewsbury, Abel, and A. Ward amongst the professionals.

"And who should you class as the best wicket-keeper?" was asked Mr. Alcock.

"Of the amateurs, I should say Mr. McGregor," was his reply. "That is, of course, when he is fit and well. Last season he injured his hand, and was, consequently, not seen at his best. Of the professionals," he continued, "Lilley or Storer, with Wood, are about the best. And bowlers? Richardson, of course, and Mold, of the fast bowlers; and Loemann, Mead, Briggs, Peel, and Tyler of the slow. Messrs. Kortright and F. S. Jackson and Captain Hedley are, in my opinion, the best of the amateur fast bowlers, and Mr. Townsend of the slow. The latter varies his pace considerably, and is able to make the ball break back in either direction."

"Which bowler would be the best, from a wicket-keeper's point of view?"

"Well, personally, I should prefer Richardson to Mold of the fasts. He is not so bumpy, and there is a greater certainty in knowing where the ball is coming. Of the slow bowlers, a wicket-keeper has only to learn their peculiarities. Some are naturally easier to take than others, but every wearer of the pads and gloves has his favourite.

"No, I cannot say I think the 'class' of the game has gone back. I think we are equally as good, taken all round, as we ever were, and our best eleven should defeat the Australians on almost every occasion. We have, however, profited considerably from the lessons taught us by the Colonials. Blackham standing up to such a bowler as Spofforth, for instance, without a long-stop, was a revelation. University cricket I don't think will vary much, but I do not see there is any difference in the class of player turned out by either. Of the various grounds in the country I should say Brighton is the easiest. It is a very fast wicket, dry and open, and the bowling of the county has not been quite so good as might have been desired of late years."
CRICKET AND CRICKETERS.

Mr. G. O. Smith.

Mr. G. O. Smith is of opinion the University cricket begins and ends too soon. "Of course," was his remark, "this cannot be helped, as the season must take place at the same time as the term. Yet this must always be a drawback to the game at the Universities. Many men do not get into form until the term is nearly, if not quite, over. Besides this, the Varsity Eleven has to be chosen chiefly from the first few practice matches in the Parks, such as the Eleven v. Sixteen, etc. If a man has not got into form by then, or does not happen to come off, he has practically lost all chance of distinguishing himself. A player is very rarely tried because of consistent form in college matches; he must, therefore, do well in the Parks at the beginning of the season, if he is to get his "Blue." The college cricket matches are always keenly fought out and enjoyed by both sides. Their restriction, however, to two afternoons very often necessitates a drawn match. This is perhaps a pity, although it would be difficult to make a different arrangement."

Upon the subject of winning the toss, Mr. Smith says: "Take first innings, whether on a dry or a wet wicket. It is very seldom we find this rule departed from, and then not always with success. If, however, the wicket is damp, but not very wet, and there is a strong, drying sun and every prospect of fine weather, then to put one's opponents in may be the right thing. Under all other circumstances, take the first innings."

In a comparison of players, the old Oxford "Blue" would select Messrs. W. G. Grace, MacLaren, Ranjitsinhji, Abel, Ward, and Shrewsbury as the best batsmen, with Messrs. C. L. Townsend and S. M. J. Woods, and Richardson and Mead as the bowlers. Sir T. C. O'Brien and Messrs. S. M. J. Woods and L. Smith, and Sugg and Maurice Read he considers to be the hardest hitters. Brighton and Lord's he particularizes as his favourite grounds, and Messrs. W. G. Grace, Stoddart, MacLaren, McGregor, Jackson, with Richardson, Mead, Briggs, Abel, and Mold would be some of his selections for an All England Eleven.

Mr. K. J. Key.

"University cricket is the backbone of the amateur cricket world." So said Mr. K. J. Key, the Surrey captain, when questioned upon the subject. "If matches with the Universities were not to be considered first-class, then county cricket as a game for amateurs would receive its death-blow. It would become, as Association football now is, at the mercy of professionals only. University cricket has certainly shown a revival during the past two or three seasons, although the bowling is still weak. Personally, I do not think the class of the game has gone back in the least during the last twenty years, but other teams have improved all round.

"The Varsity Elevens have therefore to compete each year with more complete and organized opponents, instead of the scratch teams they opposed ten years ago. Then take cricket in general. It has improved enormously. The class of professional has also become much better, as the pay is better, and as so many more matches..."
are played in the season. This means they are enabled to earn much more, and consequently competition is much keener. The grounds are better, and the bowling has to be much more accurate, and as a result of this the general public take much more interest in the game. Australian cricket? I consider it is perfectly marvellous, considering the small population, the absence of professionals, who devote the whole of their time to the game, and the small number of matches played.

As a matter of fact, they average two days a week at the most there, while here every first-class cricketer would be playing five days a week. African cricket, I should say, is not very good. How should I proceed upon winning the toss? If the wicket was sticky and the grass was rising, and if there was little fear of more rain, I should put the other side in. In any other case whatever I should go in first."

In conclusion, Mr. Key remarked that Messrs. F. S. Jackson (captain), Stoddart, W. G. Grace, Townsend, and Ranjitsinhji, with Richardson, Abel, Peel, Storer, Mold, and A. Ward, would be his choice for an all England team. Mr. A. E. Stoddart and Abel he considered the best amateur and professional batsmen; Mr. F. S. Jackson and Richardson the best amateur and professional bowlers; and Brighton the easiest ground, although it was run closely by Gravesend, if the state of the wicket was not considered.

MR. G. L. JESSOP.

The play of Mr. Gilbert Le Jessop for the Gloucestershire County Eleven last season was a revelation to many of the most sanguine supporters of the "county of the Graces," as it has been aptly named. For free, fearless hitting it would be hard to surpass the young Anglo-Australian. He is equally as good in the field, and, taken all round, formed last year one of the most reliable preceptors of the team. Chatting upon the subject of cricket a few weeks ago at Cheltenham, Mr. Jessop expressed an opinion that Mr. W. G. Grace was still the best of our amateur batsmen.

"And who would you class as the leading professional?" was asked him.

"Albert Ward, certainly," was the reply: "he is equally as good in offensive or defensive play. Of the amateur bowlers," continued Mr. Jessop, "I should say Mr. C. L. Townsend would occupy the premier position. Richardson would do the same amongst the professionals."

"And who are the hardest hitters?"

"Amateurs or professionals?"

"Both."

"Well, Mr. S. M. Woods" (this with a smile) "and Tunnicliffe. Of the various grounds I have played upon, I should say Brighton was the best and easiest upon which to score runs."

"And now for an all England Eleven, Mr. Jessop?"

"Mr. W. G. Grace first. Then Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. A. C. Maclaren, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, and Mr. C. L. Townsend, with Ward, Lilley, Richardson, Davidson, Pougher, and Brown. In conclusion, I may say that as regards the choice of innings, supposing I were fortunate enough, as captain, to be successful in the spin of the coin, if the wicket was wet, and there was no chance of its drying under the influence of the sun, I should go in. If there was any probability, however, of the wicket getting
taked, I should put my opponents in. On a dry wicket, I should invariably go in first if I was afforded the opportunity."

"Mr. A. P. Lucas."

Mr. A. P. Lucas, the Essex cricketer, expressed an opinion that Mr. W. G. Grace, Lilley, and Peel would constitute a formidable side. With respect to the game itself, I certainly consider cricket has greatly improved of late. There are several reasons why this should be so. "Two are that players take a keener interest in the game from a county point of view, while the grounds are much better than was the case in former years. I have little to say about how I should proceed in the event of my winning the toss. I should almost invariably go in first, whether the wicket was dry or very wet. If, however, the wicket was drying slowly after a lot of rain and under a hot sun, then I might put the other side in, but it would only be under exceptional circumstances."

J. Briggs.

"Johnny" Briggs, as he is familiarly named, the Lancashire County, All England, Anglo-African, and Anglo-Australian cricketer, considers that with so many first class players, amateur and professional, it would be a matter of the greatest difficulty to say definitely who was the best. There is not the slightest doubt, however, that the game is improving season by season. "The reason for this," says Briggs, "is there are so many..."
at the public schools and Universities who are anxious to secure their ‘Blues’ that a high standard is reached and maintained. Speaking of an All England Eleven,” he remarked, in answer to further questions, “it would be quite possible to select one side, and then, perhaps, you might be able to find another team that would possess an equal chance of winning a match. Of course, when it comes to All England v. Australia, the eleven should be selected upon their form alone, and without any prejudice or bias being imported into the matter. The easiest scoring ground in England, I should say, would be found at Brighton—that is, speaking of first-class cricket alone. The choice of innings? Well, you must consider the spin of the coin often wins or loses a match. The general rule is to go in if you win the toss. There are times, naturally, when you may put your opponents in first with good results. A good, true, dry wicket is certainly better to bat on than any other. You have only to ask bowlers if I am not correct in my assertion. We have, at present time, so many good pitches, that it would be invidious to mention any particular ground.”

Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower.


“Cricket at the Universities? Well, the season there is so short that many players who may come up from their various public schools with big reputations frequently have no chance of showing their real form. They may be unable to do themselves justice during the first three weeks or so, the result being that the term is over and the team selected before they have an opportunity of recovering themselves. Consequently, it is by no means a certainty that the best cricketers secure their ‘Blues.’ The number of first-class cricketers who have been to Oxford and Cambridge and have never secured their ‘Blues’ is a proof of my assertion. Cricket, however, in my opinion has improved considerably of late. More money and trouble are expended on making good ‘grounds’, and almost every club has a professional attached, by whose means a young player who has shown sign of aptitude is coached up in the game. At public schools, too, there is always one master who takes a keen interest in the cricket of the school, and who spends his leisure time in coaching the boys. All this has a beneficial effect on cricket, and assists in the improvement of the game.”

Then, to a concluding question respecting the most powerful hitters of the day, Mr.
Leveson-Gower, without the slightest hesitation, remarked he should form a quartette of Messrs. S. M. J. Woods and J. J. Lyons, with Frank Sugg and Tunnicliffe as the professionals.

Alec Hearne.

Mr. W. G. Grace, in Alec Hearne's opinion, is undoubtedly the best of the amateur batsmen, and A. Ward of the professionals. Of the bowlers he is inclined to consider Mr. C. L. Kortright and Mr. C. L. Townsend as the leaders, fast and slow, with Richardson (fast) and Mead (medium) as representatives of the "professors." Upon the subject of hard hitters, Hearne has no hesitation in classing Mr. C. I. Thornton as the most powerful wielder of the willow ever seen. These opinions paved the way to further conversation upon cricket generally. "The best ground?" remarked the popular professional. "That is a very difficult question to answer. There are so many; but I think the Birmingham, Trent Bridge, Taunton, and Brighton are the best pitches I have played upon, with Gravesend as the easiest upon which to score runs. University cricket? That is, of course, first-class, with the exception of their bowling, which is often very tame. If the latter were but up to the standard of their batting and fielding, they would lose very few matches. Cricket all round, however, has greatly improved of late. Some of the reasons for this are because we have better wickets, keener play, and greater competition.

"Australian cricket, I think, should rank next to English. Their best teams were the 1880, 1882, and 1884 elevens. African and American cricket is improving rapidly. My opinion is that in about a couple of years' time they will be enabled to send across elevens good enough to compete with any of our first-class counties. Choice of innings? If you win the toss, of course you inspect the wicket, and if it is wet you should put your opponents in but seldom. When the wicket is caking, however, and on a fine, fast-drying day, then you might put them in to bat first. Upon a dry wicket always put your opponents in the field, and keep them there as long as you can."

In answer to a closing question, Hearne suggested, as some of the members of an All England team, the names of Messrs. W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, L. C. H. Palairet, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, A. C. MacLaren, with Ward, Abel, Richardson, Lohmann, and Lilley.

From these opinions it appears that Mr. W. G. Grace maintains his position as the premier amateur batsman of the day. Honours are easy with one or two of the amateur bowlers, although there is a preponderance of opinion in favour of Mr. C. L. Townsend. Brighton is admittedly the easiest ground for run-getting, while, upon the whole, the class of cricket has, and is, improved. Not the least significant of the opinions are those respecting the opportunities of University players who may desire to secure the much-coveted "Blue."
The Romance of the Museums.

V.

By William G. FitzGerald.

Among relics with histories must certainly be mentioned Mr. Tracy Turnerelli's famous Beaconsfield wreath, whereof a photograph is reproduced below. Turnerelli's great idea was to get up a workman's penny subscription as a tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's policy, which brought about "peace with honour," after the famous Congress of Berlin.

The plan was, that each county or large town was to be asked to furnish the cost of one leaf, on the back of which the name of the place contributing the leaf was to be engraved. From calculations he had made, the famous crank found that the cost of each leaf would be about £5, and thus, that each leaf would represent the subscriptions of 1,200 working men. Many humorous questions and doubts were started by the critics of the scheme. For one thing, said some, the "Conservative working man" has no existence outside Lord Beaconsfield's imagination. But Turnerelli proved the contrary. For no fewer than 52,800 working men readily paid their pennies. The wreath was then ordered of Messrs. Huntand Roskell, the well-known jewellers of Bond Street, and it is really a fine piece of workmanship. The wreath cost £500; and, as a matter of history, this is important, because the amount subscribed was only £220, which shows that more than half the money must have come from some source other than the workmen. This wreath, which is now in Madame Tussaud's Museum, and was photographed for me by Mr. Edwin J. Poyser, the managing director, has thirty-four leaves of different sizes, and on the back of each leaf is engraved the name of the town that subscribed for it. The largest bear the names of London, Oxford, Norwich, Sheffield, Accrington, Leamington, Greenwich, and Birmingham—all these being of equal size. Some towns gave much smaller leaves; and in several cases three or four towns combined to give one leaf. Thus a little one was provided by the united subscriptions of Holywell, Leicester, Hertford, and Heyward.

When completed, this wreath was put on show, first at the rooms of the makers and afterwards at the Crystal Palace; and it was also shown to the Prince of Wales and other members of the Royal Family. When everything had been arranged for its presentation, Lord Beaconsfield, to the amazement of everyone, declined to have anything to do with it. Of course, this refusal was the subject of much comment, and many reasons were assigned for it. Turnerelli's own explanation was that, according to a high legal functionary, the wreath was a typical Imperial diadem, which could only be legally offered to a Sovereign, and that, therefore, its acceptance by Lord Beaconsfield would be an insult to the Crown.
Beaconsfield's letter to Turnerelli, declining the wreath, is dated June 16th, 1879; and the disappointed man sold it to Tussaud's for the mere intrinsic value of the gold. Mr. John T. Tussaud assures me that Turnerelli inserted an advertisement in the papers magnanimously proclaiming that all those who had contributed could have their pennies back if they wrote to him for them.

A curious relic of Roman civic life is seen in the above reproduction; it is an ancient circus placard found at Porto Portese (Ianuvium). This is a thin oblong slab of stone, about 3ft. long, the upper corners being pierced with holes for cords, so that it might be hung outside the theatre to warn late arrivals that there was no room within. This is evident from the inscription, which may be thus freely translated: "Circus packed." "Uproarious applause." "Doors shut."

Now, obviously, we have here the prototype of the "House full" boards, hung outside our own theatres, not so much for the convenience of late comers, as to advertise the "big business" that is being done.

A very interesting fact in connection with this inscription-slab is that it was specially reproduced in platinotype last December as to form a Christmas card, which was sent across the Atlantic by the staff of the Lyceum Theatre, as a mark of the esteem and respect in which they held their distinguished chief, Sir Henry Irving.

There is a capital story connected with the fine guinea seen in the accompanying illustration, for it is closely associated with an historic wager, made in the House of Commons between Pulteney and Sir Robert Walpole. On February 11th, 1741, Sandys informed Walpole in the House that he should on the following Friday bring an accusation of several articles against him. The Minister at once rose, thanked him for his notice, and after requesting an impartial hearing, declared he would not fail to be "in his place," since he was unconscious of having committed any crime. So saying, Walpole laid his hand on his breast, and exclaimed, "Nil conscire sibi nulli pallescere culpa."

Pulteney at once got on his legs, and remarked that the right hon. gentleman's logic and Latin were equally faulty; he had mangled Horace, who had written "Nulla pallescere culpa." The Minister defended the quotation, and Pulteney repeating his assertion, he offered to back himself for a guinea. The challenge was accepted, and Sir Nicholas Harding, Clerk of the House, was nominated arbitrator. Harding decided against Walpole, whereupon the guinea was instantly thrown to Pulteney, who caught it, and held it up to the House, exclaiming: "This is the only money I have received from the Treasury for many years, and it shall be the last."

The photograph reproduced is from this identical guinea, which Pulteney deposited in the Medal Room at the British Museum, with an autograph memorandam narrating
the circumstances of the bat, and saying one or two nasty things about the loser. "This guinea, I hope," concludes Pulteney, priggishly, "will prove to my posterity the use of knowing Latin, and encourage them in their learning."

Few objects in the British Museum have such romantic histories as that which attaches to the Moabite Stone, a cast of which is here shown. This world-renowned stone is nearly 3,000 years old, having been erected by Mesha, King of Moab, in the year 890 B.C., as a commemorative offering to his god Chemosh, for delivering him from serious trouble. King Mesha recorded his tardy victories in the Phoenician language; but he could have had no idea how his alien posterity would fight over the slab—which, by the way, was set up at a place called Dibon, to the east of the Dead Sea, where it was discovered in 1868 by a Prussian missionary, the Rev. Augustus Klein.

One day the son of the sheikh, with whom Dr. Klein was staying, told him of a certain mysterious stone with an indecipherable inscription. Of course, the reverend gentleman inspected this stone without delay, and copied a complete alphabet from the inscription; then he found himself compelled to resume his journey. The value of the find was at once perceived by the experts to whom Dr. Klein showed his copy of the writings, and the Arabs were immediately approached on the subject of its purchase.

Now, the Arabs, like the keen business men they are, and ever have been, immediately put a fancy price on the stone; the Franks could have it, they said, casually, for a paltry thousand pounds! Furthermore, the rascals pointed out gravely that a blight on their crops, and numerous other agricultural misfortunes, could not possibly fail to descend upon them the moment the sacred stone had disappeared from their midst.

The Grand Vizier interposed, but was defied, and eight months' fruitless negotiation followed. At last a fair price was paid to the local sheikh, who promised to get the stone safely away. But he had reckoned without his subordinates, who at the last moment declared, without the least semblance of regret, that the slab should not be removed.

The French Government next arrived upon the scene in the person of a scientific representative (M. Ganneau), who vainly offered the assembled Arabs a big price. Well, then, might he take an impression of the inscription? They would see; but in the meantime he must do nothing. The Frenchman did take a few impressions, however, whereupon the Arabs grew furious and all but destroyed his wax tablets, finally giving him a wholly unlooked-for "impression" in the shape of a sword thrust in the back as he fled from their dangerous proximity. After this exciting affair the Arabs broke the Moabite stone in pieces, distributing the fragments as charms among the chief families of the district. Crushed and torn as were the impressions of the inscription taken by the French envoy, M. Ganneau, they were yet decipherable, and proved of inestimable value in piecing the fragments together subsequently; for M. Ganneau did succeed in buying up these fragments, with the assistance of Captain (now Major-General Sir Charles) Warren; and the famous stone was then restored and presented to the Louvre by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund.

In my opinion, the most extraordinary printed work in the British Museum is the Chinese Encyclopaedia, part of which is shown in the illustration. That this monumental work is a library in itself will be evident from the fact that it was published "complete in 6,109 vols." The Museum
THE ROMANCE OF THE MUSEUMS.

THE CHINESE ENCYCLOPAEDIA (PUBLISHED IN 6,109 VOLS.).

authorities, however, have bound it up into a modest thousand, arranged in ten table cases, at the south end of the King's Library. Anyone wishing to look up a subject in this Encyclopædia simply asks one of the courteous assistants for "The Koo Kin Too Shoo Tseih Ch'ing—Pekin, 1726," and the exact position of this mine of Celestial knowledge will at once be indicated.

The eminent Orientalists who discuss this work cannot have a particle of humour in their composition. "The historical and literary encyclopædias of China," says one, oracularly, "form a marked feature" (sic.) "in every library in that country." I should think they do, indeed. "If Chinese literature contained nothing else," declares another philological enthusiast, "it would be worth while to learn the language in order to read it"—i.e., this magnum opus. But does the professor think, poor finite, our lives resemble Tennyson's immortal brook?

It seems that the Koo Kin, etc., is an improved edition of the Wan Heen Tung Kaou, by Ma T'wan-Lin. One learns that the new edition—which was small—owes its appearance to the Emperor Kien Lung (1735-95), who, probably, dictated it aloud—hence his name—though this latter statement is by no means certain. And, of course, I need hardly say that the supersession of Ma's work was by no means intended as a slight upon that distinguished personage.

Everything about this Encyclopædia was of great value—especially the type, which was of copper, and cast specially for the new edition. Before long the Chinese Government—"yielding," as we are deliciously informed, "to a severe monetary crisis"—ordered the copper type to be melted down and made into innumerable "cash." I learn further that "there are very few copies in existence, and it is but rarely that one finds its way into the market." "Copies" is good, considering the 6,109 volumes; and one marvels how a copy "finds its way" anywhere without a special train.

Babbage's Calculating Machine, part of which is shown in the next illustration, would require a whole volume to do its marvellous history anything like justice; and, indeed, such a volume exists, written by Major-General Babbage, son of the famous inventor, who was kind enough to come from Cheltenham to these offices for the purpose of giving the writer really authentic details concerning what was unquestionably one of the sensations of the nineteenth century. In the year 1819, Babbage really commenced operations by taking a number of wheels to a wheel-cutter at Lambeth to have the teeth cut in them. Towards the end of July, 1823, the inventor commenced upon the Difference Engine which is the subject of the illustration, and he worked on it for four years regularly, with the result that in October, 1827, he had spent £3,475. The very first Difference Engine made, however, was put together between the year 1820 and June, 1822; it consisted of from six to eight figures. A bigger and more perfect engine was afterwards commenced in 1823 for the Government.

The latter—which our artist has photographed—was to have six orders of differences, each consisting of about twenty places of figures; it was also intended to print the tables it computed. In 1827, Babbage's wife died, and he was advised to travel on the Continent, being in a low state of health. He left the drawings, however, in order that...
the work might be carried on in his absence, and he also gave his banker instructions to advance £1,000 while he was away. In the beginning of 1829 the Government directed the Royal Society to inquire into the machine, and the Administration also directed that a fireproof building should be constructed in East Street, Manchester Square, close to Babbage's house, No. 1, Dorset Street, in which it was intended to place the machines when finished. One day, early in 1832, finding he could no longer make payments in advance, Babbage informed the engineer in charge of the works that in future he would not pay him until money was received from the Treasury. Thereupon, the mechanic struck work and dismissed his men; one of these, in receipt of two guineas a week, was afterwards the famous engineer, Sir J. Whitworth.

Babbage's troubles had just commenced. His best draughtsman came to him one day and said he had just received a tempting offer from the French Government: whereupon his tortured employer had to give him a substantial increase of salary in order to retain his services. After the strike of the inventor's men, years of delay and anxiety followed, Babbage applying repeatedly to the Government for its decision upon the subject: but in vain. Notwithstanding that the Difference Engine was suspended, this indomitable man still continued his inquiries, and, having discovered principles of far wider extent, he ultimately embodied them in the Analytical Engine; both machines can be seen on application at the South Kensington Museum. For upwards of twenty years Babbage maintained, in his own house and virtually at his own expense, an elaborate establishment for carrying out his views. He died at his London house on October 18th, 1871; and Sir Robert Peel admitted in the House of Commons, in March, 1843, that although £17,000 had been spent by the Government on the machine, Babbage himself had never received a shilling.

And yet the invention was not wholly useless. An eminent and wealthy manufacturer of Manchester came to London and saw this machine, and, on inspecting it closely, he found mechanical contrivances which he subsequently introduced with the greatest advantage into his own spinning machinery. Of course, even after the machine had been definitely cast adrift by the Government, a vast amount of interest was taken in it by the public. Many members of both Houses of Parliament were very fond of putting puerile questions to the inventor. "Pray, Mr. Babbage," cried one of these ancient dandies, "if you put the wrong figures into the machine, would the right answer come out?"

The fame of Babbage's Calculating Machine spread to the ends of the earth. Count Strzyelecki once told Babbage that the Chinese inquired after it. The guileless Celestials were anxious to know whether the machine could be carried in the pocket. The inventor assured them, however, through his Excellency that "it was essentially an out-of-pocket machine."

The Difference Engine seen in the above illustration was not exhibited in 1851. Its loan was refused to New York, and also to the Dublin Exhibition of 1847. It was, however, exhibited in the Exhibition of 1862, but space for its drawings was refused; and that the authorities had a low opinion of the thing will be evident from the fact that pay-
ment of 6s. a day for a competent person (formerly Babbage's secretary) to explain the mechanism was refused by the Commissioners. General Babbage, the inventor's son, assured me that Wellington, when Premier, went to Lambeth to personally inspect the machine, and having seen it at work—for side of the entrance. This is a prehistoric "dug-out" canoe, more than 35 ft. long, which for generations served as a bridge to connect two big meadows at North Stoke, about three miles above Arundel. In all probability this scoured oak-trunk would still be serving its very useful purpose, were it not for certain

it is quite perfect in its way—he directed the Chancellor of the Exchequer to arrange further grants, his idea being that the calculating part should be finished first, in order that there might be something of real value to show to Parliament in return for the money of the nation. — General Babbage further assures me that when the machine was abandoned, it could, in his opinion, have been entirely completed for £500.

It is scarcely correct to speak of the next article as being in the British Museum, the fact being that it lies underneath the great colonnade of that famous institution, on one improvements carried out by the Lord of the Manor, Lord Egremont, of Petworth. Much of its length was buried in either bank of the creek it spanned, consequently the workmen did not at first realize how tough was the job they had tackled. It took eleven horses with chains and ropes to drag the canoe-bridge from its bed; and then it was noticed that three equidistant bars had been left, partly to strengthen the bottom, and partly also to serve as footholds for those who worked the paddles. This canoe may be safely regarded as a relic of the aboriginal Britons, wrought before or soon after the arrival of the Romans among them.
HERE was once a most beautiful maiden named Viorica. Her hair was of a golden hue, her eyes were blue as the heavens, her cheeks like milk, her lips red as cherries, and her slight, graceful form was supple as a reed. All mankind rejoiced when they beheld the beauteous maiden, but not so much on account of her surpassing loveliness as because of her great industry, and her exceeding skill in weaving and in all kinds of embroidery.

All her linen, her dresses, and even her Sunday stockings she had embroidered with flowers. Her little hands could not rest for a single moment; she worked whilst walking in the fields and meadows, as well as in the house. All the young men were in love with the beautiful Viorica. She, however, paid no heed to them; she did not wish to hear of love or marriage; she had no time for that, she said, she must look after her mother.

But the hour at length arrived when her mother fell ill, and all Viorica's love was unable to chain her to the earth. The beautiful maiden had to close the beloved eyes, and was left all alone in the little house now so desolate. For the first time in her life, Viorica's little hands lay idle in her lap.

How could she work? She had no longer anyone to work for.

One day, shortly after her sad loss, she was sitting on the doorstep looking sorrowfully out into the distance, when her attention was attracted by something long and black that moved rapidly over the ground towards her. She looked with curiosity at the moving mass, and saw it was an endless procession of ants. From whence they came she could not discover, the wandering host stretched so far. At a short distance from the cottage they halted, and formed an immense circle round about the astonished maiden. Several of them, apparently the leaders of the host, then stepped forward, and said:

"We know you well, Viorica, and have often marvelled at your industry, which closely resembles our own, a thing we very rarely find among mortals.

"We know also that you are alone in the world, and therefore beg you to come with us and be our queen. We will build you a palace that shall be larger and more beautiful than any house you have ever seen, only first you must promise to remain with us all your life long, and never again return to dwell among men."

"I will willingly remain with you," replied Viorica; "I have nothing to keep me here except my mother's grave; that I must visit from time to time to plant it with fresh flowers."

"You shall certainly visit your mother's grave, but you must speak to no one on your way, otherwise you will be untrue to us, and our vengeance will be terrible."
So Viorica went away with the ants. They journeyed on for a long time, until at length they reached a place where it seemed suitable to build her a palace. Then she saw how much less skilful she was than the ants. She could never have erected such a building in so short a time. There were galleries one above the other leading to spacious rooms, and ever higher and higher: at the summit of the building were the rooms for the larvae, who had to be carried out into the sunshine, and brought in again swiftly should raindrops threaten. The bed-chambers were adorned in the most costly manner with the leaves of flowers, which were nailed to the walls with the needle-like leaves of the fir-tree; and Viorica learned to spin cobwebs; these formed the carpets and the coverings for the beds.

But though all the rooms in the palace were beautiful, their beauty was as nothing when compared with the apartment destined for Viorica. Many passages led thither, thus in a few seconds she could receive news from every part of her kingdom, and these passages the industrious little ants daily strewed with the leaves of the crimson poppy to form a rich carpet for the feet of their beloved queen. The doors were rose leaves fastened together by a silken thread, so that they might open and shut without noise. The floor of Viorica's chamber was covered with a soft, thick carpet of forget-me-nots, into which her rosy feet sank, for she did not need shoes here: they would have been much too rough, and would have spoilt the beautiful carpet. The walls were covered with carnations, honeysuckle, and forget-me-nots, cleverly woven together; these flowers the ants also constantly renewed, and their freshness and sweet perfume were almost overpowering. The curtains were of the leaves of lilies, spread out like a pavilion; the couch which the diligence of the little ants had stored up in many weeks' work was composed entirely of the dust of flowers, and over it was spread a coverlet of Viorica's spinning. When she lay there wrapt in slumber she was so beautiful that the stars would have fallen from Heaven could they have seen her. But the ants had placed her chamber in the centre of the palace, and guarded their beloved queen most closely and jealously. There was not one of them would have ventured to look on her while asleep.

In the ants' little kingdom everything was most perfectly arranged. Each ant strove to do more work than the others, and to be the one who should best please the industrious queen. Her orders were carried out with the rapidity of lightning, for she never required too much at a time or ordered impossible things, while her commands were issued in such soft, gentle tones that they sounded more like suggestions or kindly advice, and one sunny glance from her bright eyes was deemed by all a more than sufficient reward for any amount of toil.

The ants often said they had the sunshine continually in their house, and exclaimed much in their good fortune. To show their gratitude to Viorica they built her a platform, where she could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine should her room feel too small and close. From thence she could see the height of the palace, which already resembled a mighty mountain.

One day as she sat in her chamber embroidering the wings of butterflies on a dress, with the silken thread of a caterpillar that the ants had brought her, she heard a noise about her mountain. It sounded like the noise of voices, and the next moment all her subjects were crowding around her alarmed and breathless.

"Our house is being destroyed!" they cried. "Wicked men are knocking it down. Two, three galleries are already destroyed, and the next is threatened. What shall we do: oh, what shall we do?"

"What, nothing more than this?" said Viorica. "I will stop this immediately, and in two days the galleries will all be rebuilt."

Saying this, she hastened through the labyrinth of passages and suddenly appeared on her platform. Then she beheld a handsome youth, who, having disembarked from his boat, was busily engaged destroying the ant mountain, his attendants assisting him with swords and lances. On seeing her they at once stopped their work, while the handsome youth, half-blinded by her beauty, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed in admiration at the slim figure in shimmering garments that stood before him. Viorica's golden hair fell in thick masses around her feet; a soft flush overspread her features, and her eyes gleamed like the stars. She lowered them for a few seconds before the youth's admiring gaze, but at length, raising her lids, she opened her rosy mouth and said, in a musical voice:

"Who is it dares lay insolent hands on my kingdom?"

"Pardon, most gracious maiden!" cried the astonished youth; "I am a knight and a king's son, but henceforth I will be your
most zealous defender! How could I guess that a goddess, a fairy, ruled this kingdom?"

"I thank you," replied Viorica. "I require no other service than that of my faithful subjects, and only desire that no human foot should enter my kingdom."

With these words she disappeared suddenly, as would willingly have trodden under foot in his anger and impatience, for although he questioned them it seemed they either did not hear or did not understand his words, but continued their work and ran quite boldly about his feet, as if certain of their safety. At length, in despair, the prince mounted his horse and plunged into the forest, where he rode about all night trying to devise a scheme by which he might win this most beautiful maiden for his wife.

Viorica always lay down to rest later than her subjects; she used to look after the larvae herself every night, and feel if their little beds were soft enough; and so, holding a glow-worm on the tip of her finger, she raised one flower curtain after another, and looked tenderly on the young brood. Then, returning to her chamber, she dismissed all the glow-worms and fire-flies which for many hours had lighted her at her work. Only one little glow-worm remained with her whilst she undressed. Usually it was only a moment before she was sunk in deep sleep; tonight she tossed restlessly from side to side, twisted her hair round her finger, sat up and lay down again, and then she was so warm—oh! so very warm! She had never before found there was too little air in her kingdom. Now she longed to hasten out into the open air, but feared she might be heard and her evil example infect others. She had already, pressed by her subjects, been obliged to pass many a hard sentence, and to banish ants from the community on account of forbidden wanderings; she had even been compelled to sentence some to death, and to watch with bleeding heart whilst they were pitilessly stung to death by the others.

The next morning she was up before any of the ants, and astonished them by building up one of the galleries alone. That she had at the same time looked out into the forest, and also listened a little, she did not even..."
know herself. She had scarcely returned to her chamber, when some ants came running in in great consternation: "The wicked man of yesterday is here again, and is riding round our mountain."

"Leave him alone!" said Viorica, the queen, quite calmly. But the heart of Viorica the gentle maiden beat so loudly she was obliged to throw a deep breath.

After this a noticeable unrest took possession of her; she wandered about much more than formerly, complained that the larvae were too little in the sun, and carried them out herself, but only to bring them in again just as quickly; moreover, she often contradicted herself when giving her orders. The ants could not tell what had happened to her, and exerted themselves doubly to make everything good and beautiful; they also surprised her with a new and magnificent curtain, but she scarcely looked at it, and quite forgot to praise.

The tramp of horse's feet could be heard daily round the mountain, but for many days Viorica did not show herself.

She was now seized with a longing for the society of mankind such as she had never before experienced. She thought of her village, her little home, her mother, and her mother's grave that she had never visited.

A few days later she told her subjects that she intended visiting her mother's grave, whereupon the ants, terrified, asked if she were no longer happy with them that she remembered her home.

"Oh, no," said Viorica, "I shall only be away for a few hours. I will be with you again before nightfall."

She forbade any of them to accompany her, but a few ants followed her at a distance without her noticing them. Arrived at the village, she found every place so altered that she knew she must have been away a long time. She began to reckon how long it would have taken the ants to build the great mountain in which she dwelt, and she told herself that it must have taken years. Her mother's grave was no longer to be found, it was so overgrown with grass, and Viorica wandered about the churchyard weeping bitterly because this also had grown strange to her. Evening came on, and still poor Viorica sought for the grave she could not find. Then close beside her sounded the voice of the king's son. She wished to flee. But he held her fast, and told her of his great love in such soft and tender words, that, with bent head, she stood still and listened. It was so sweet to hear once more a human voice speaking of love and friendship. It was only when darkness had quite fallen that she remembered she was a queen forgetting her duty and not a forsaken orphan, and that the ants had forbidden her to hold any communication with mortals. Swiftly she fled from the king's son. But he followed her until they came quite close to the ant mountain, when she begged and implored him to leave her. This he at length consented to do, but not
until she had promised to return the following evening.

She crept in softly and gropped her way carefully along the narrow passages, but often paused and looked round anxiously, for she seemed to hear strange sounds, as of a swift tripping and whispering all around her. It was, however, only the anxious beating of her own heart; for, as soon as she stood still all was quiet. At length she reached her chamber and sank exhausted on the couch; but no sleep visited her eyes. She felt she had broken her promise, and how could she be any longer respected since her word was not sacred? She tossed restlessly to and fro. Her pride revolted against secrecy; still she hesitated to reveal her adventure of yesterday, for she knew the ants, their fierce hatred, and their pitiless punishments. Oftentimes she raised herself on her elbow, and always she seemed to hear the swift tripping of many thousand feet: it was as if the whole mountain were alive.

As soon as she felt the approach of morning, she raised the flower curtain to hasten out into the open air. But how astonished was she when she found the opening completely blocked up with the needle-pointed leaves of the fir tree. She sought a second, a third, and so on all the openings; but in vain, all were alike entirely filled up. Then she began to call aloud, and, behold! immediately, through many thousand invisible openings, the ants came in in crowds.

"I wish to go out into the open air," she said, sternly.
"No, no," replied the ants, "we cannot let you go out, else we should lose you.
"Do you then no longer obey me?" she asked.
"Oh, yes, in all things except this one. You may tread us under your feet as punishment; we are ready and willing to die for the welfare of the community. The honour of our beloved queen must be preserved at all cost."

Viorica bent her head, and tears streamed from her eyes. She implored the ants to give her her liberty; the stern little creatures silently, and with one accord, departed, and she was left alone in the sweet-scented chamber. Oh, how poor Viorica wept and lamented, and tore her beautiful hair; then she began with her delicate fingers to tear her way out, but alas! all that she tore away was as swiftly rebuilt, and, at length, she threw herself on the ground baffled and exhausted. The ants then returned, bringing her the sweetest flowers, nectar, and dewdrops to quench her thirst, but of her complaints they took no notice. Fearing that her lamentations might be heard by the king's son, the ants built the palace ever higher and higher, until at length it became a mountain that towered far above all the mountains around, and it received the name of the Ant Mountain, which name it still retains.

The king's son has long since ceased to wander round the mountain, but the unfortunate maiden has never ceased to weep, and when the stillness of night reigns over the forest, the sound of Viorica's weeping may be heard to this day.
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