IN THE LAND OF ROBIN HOOD.

Go Where You May, King Arthur Is Really There.

LANDING PLACE OF KING UTHER.

The Remains of the Twin Castles, Tintagle and Terrabil—Robin Hood as a Leveler of Rank and Class—He Rescued Maidens in Distress and Men in Duress—Buried in the Grounds of Kirkless Hall.

HOW illimitable seem human cycles, yet how compact and little, when you are stumbling among the remains of that tremendous pagan stronghold, Dun Ængus, on the remotest precipice of Aranmore, on the most desolate of all Ireland's islands. The great archæologist, Dr. Petrie, termed it "the most magnificent barbaric monument in Europe." The legend is that Dun Ængus and the five other great forts, or duns, of the Aran Islands were built from 1000 to 1500 years before the Christian era, by the flying and fated Firbolgs. No matter about the legend. There they stand to-day, more weird, suggestive and awe-inspiring in their dread secrets of the people that were than ever could lie in the silence of the Lybian Sphinx. And then, away in the north, over beyond old Derry, what a thrill flashes through one when standing alone upon the walls of the mighty Grianan of Aileach, whose existence can be definitely traced to the period 1053 before Christ! Grianan, the mighty Dun, of which we read in the Dinnsenchas:

Aileach-Firin, plat of the king-rath royal of the world;
Dun, to which led horse-roads, through the five mighty ramparts.

So they did. You can trace them to this day as clearly as the paths in your own garden. On the crests of those circling mountains burned the signal-fires in the dim days, a tiara of flame to wake the helots and their herds. Thither to the Grianan they streamed, those skin-clad hordes. Within those very ramparts huddled the affrighted women and the flocks. Within those very walls kings watched over batties. There were the feasts of victory; the wailings and lamentations; the weird, wild rites; all a thousand years before barbarous man looked beyond the god of day to the one infinite God. But you did not sense this until your own feet had pressed the same earth theirs had trod, and your eyes had looked upon lone Errigal, like a cone of steel in the West, and, through the grim, dark passes, to the purple mists above Armagh and Tyrone.

In all that can be read of the "Land o' Cakes" how the true feeling is lacking, until one weds presence and actuality with the toneless tales of words. To know the weird straths and glens of the north, to breathe their air, drink in their wild and gorgeous colorings, to listen to the roar of their glorious waterfalls, to sail over their silent lochs, to tremble in their mighty storms, is to come very close in thought and sympathy to that grand and noble race which all the Roman legions could not conquer. Its desperate, fateful loyalty to the House of Stuart can never be fully understood until you have tramped from the Western Ocean to the German and wandered on Culloden Moor. Macbeth, King Duncan and Malcolm Canmore are mere creatures of Shakespeare's fancy, until you find in the musty records of old Inverness that they once walked its streets with all of your own passion, hope, ambition; and until you have stood on Tomnahaurich, by the Ness-side, you have never really known Hugh Miller, stonemason, great-heart and sage. Despite Dr. Johnson's matchless apostrophe to Iona, the story of Colomb's saintly isle, of the Christian enlightenment emanating from it to the whole British Isles and

THE GREATER PART OF EUROPE,

When nearly all the scenes lighted by the first fires of apostolic sacrifice had partially relapsed into superstitious barbarism, is as dreamful as the legends of the Holy Grail, until you have stood among the majestic ruins of Iona and wandered along its "Straid-na-Marbh," where lie countless chiefs, friars, abbots and kings. After you have passed an hour in the ancient churchyard of Greyfriars, in Edinburgh, you will begin to realize who were the Covenanters of Scotland, and what they endured for their consciences' sake. When you have come to the ruins of Lochmaben, Robert the Bruce, patriot king and warrior, first leaves the mists of legend and tradition, and welcomes you as a man of flesh and blood to his old home by the sedgy lake. Melrose, Dryburgh and all the grand monastic structure of the sunny, murmurous Tweed are poets' phantasms until you wander among their ruined cloisters and touch with your own hands the brave old stones of their majestic arches. Scott, the "Ettrick Shepherd," Carlyle, even Burns himself, are half ideal, until you have stood by the Ettrick and Yarrow, sadly left the princely Abbotsford, shuddered at the dolorous dearth and meanness of Carlyle's boyhood home at Ecclefechan, and heard with your own hearing the melodious songs of the Nith and the Doon.

If this is true of Ireland and Scotland how infinitely more impressive is this identification to the average American pilgrim in England, the mother-land of our own race and tongue. A mighty volume, and a sweet and tender one withal, could be made, relegating apparent realities to their home in myth-land, and beckoning from the realms of legend and tradition the actual beings whom imagery first swept from reality, and whom successive centuries of poetic fancy, shared alike by us from childhood to manhood, have placed further and further behind the ever-loved veilings of mystery and song. No two characters in the semi-mythology of Britain are better illustrations than those of King Arthur and Robin Hood. Antitypes as they were and are, the one the embodiment of the loftiest and noblest qualities in ruler and man, the other, jocund anarchist and Puckish freebooter and "leveler" of his time, both are objects of equal, though unlike, devotion not only in the literature of centuries, but in the breasts of millions who speak the English tongue.

The most curious thing about these two characters is that the least aids to identification are found among the high-minded and learned. Literature universally places them in shadowland. But go where you may among the English lowly, King Arthur is really there; Robin Hood with his faithful Little John, Friar Tuck and their hundred archers bold, are ever a goodly company, a helpful unconscious ethical counterpoise, it has sometimes seemed to me, where burdens and impositions of caste and condition are most grievous and sore to abide. A few years of wandering among the British lowly, more than all reading and study, have convinced me that both King Arthur and Robin Hood once really existed, and lived much the same manner of lives as the song and ballad makers, although responsible for their legendary character, have shadowed forth. I can take you into thousands of cabins in Devonshire, Cornwall and in Brittany—for King Arthur is even more a god to the Britons than to the West of England Armorican Celts.

WHERE BOOKS ARE UNKNOWN;

Where no manner of literature ever came; where history of clan and sept have been preserved from father to son; where the Arthurian legends live more bright and glowing than in all the printed tales of the Table Round. These absolutely bookless folk will take you to the very landing-place of King Uther; show you the real remains of the twin castles Tintagel and Terrabil; relate how Uther Pendragon besieged the Duke of Cornwall, slew him, and the same day wed his widow, Ygrayne, to whom the child Arthur was born, and reared by the enchanter, Merlin, under good Sir Ector's care, who restored to him the kingdom of Cornwall on Pendragon's death; how the noble King Arthur instituted the order of Knights of the Round Table, whose saintly acts in the service of God and man, until they fell into sin, were deeds of good and glory; how Arthur loved only and wed Guinevere, betrayed by Launcelot, and, at last, receiving his death wound in battle with his rebellious nephew's forces at Camelford (which the poets make Camelot), Arthur bade the loyal knight, Sir Bedever, carry him to Dozmare Pool, fling his sword Excalibur therein, when a boat, rowed by three queens, appeared. Into this Arthur was lifted and borne away into the island vale of Avillion, that his grievous wound might be healed. These folk say, and believe, that Arthur is still in fairyland; that his spirit often returns in the guise of a bird, the chough hovering about the old scenes with pathetic murmurings; and that he will surely "come again,"

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,

To reign as king should and might over his beloved England. Literature never provided a hundred thousand bookless folks with this. It remains because in it has been preserved, without books, a fadeless actuality.

In like manner Robin Hood's land becomes the whole of England. Piercing their armor of sodden reserve you will find that the sober English peasant and the grave English workman, have minds full enough of chivalry and romance. Robin Hood is immortal with these, because, as a "leveler" of rank and class he represents an undefinable yet certain power to buffet the church and nobility. He is a rescuer of maids in distress and men in duress. He embodies the unconscious yet universal leaning towards Communism among the English lowly. Above all, he is the luminous type of that dearest thing to every lowly Briton's heart, "fair play," whether in frolic, freebooting or fight. Fairly defined, Robin Hood's land comprises the shires of Nottingham and Lincoln with the southern half of Yorkshire. There is not a ploughman, forester, gamekeeper, and, I would almost venture to say, any human being among the lowly, outside the factories, in this portion of England, who has not a clearer conception of the life, character and exploits of the merry outlaw than all the books could give. As is well known, the manuscript and old record researches by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, and assistant keeper of public records of England, made public in 1852, placed fairly within the domain of authentic history the facts concerning the actual existence and career of Robin Hood. He was born about 1290. His family were of some station, and seated

AT WAKEFIELD.

With many others he became an outlaw from having espoused the cause of the unfortunate Earl of Lancaster. He retreated with a hundred or more of his comrades to the depths of Sherwood Forest, not a score of miles from his birthplace. By their unequalled skill in archery, godless pranks with lords and bishops, robberies of the high to share with the lowly, and their adequate wits in all exegencies, they secured the loyalty of the peasantry roundabout and put to defiance the entire forces of the crown. At this juncture King Edward wisely pardoned Robin Hood, giving him service as one of the "valets, porteurs de la chambre," in the royal household. Here he remained for more than a year; to which existing vouchers for his payment attest. But the hunger for the greenwood was too strong. Begging the King for permission to visit the old chapel at Barnsdale, it was granted "for a s'ennight." Having once rejoined his comrades, he could not again be persuaded to leave them, and he continued the old outlaw's life until, resorting to the priory of Kirkless for surgical aid, he died from loss of blood and was buried in the grounds of the priory, now Kirkless Hall, four miles north of Huddersfield, and the seat of the noble family of Armytage.

But, precisely as I have found with the Cornish and Devonshire peasantry in identification of King Arthur and his land, it is among the lowly of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire are discovered innumerable proofs, in tradition, ballad and nomenclature, of the merry outlaw and his men. Literature has not created these for the delectation of an ignorant peasantry. The peasantry themselves have furnished, by word of mouth, the material—an! but an infinitesimal portion has been utilized—enabling writers, old and new to transfer the real Robin Hood to the Robin Hood of fiction and song. A close defining of Robin Hood's land would give it the area of Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire and Barnsdale Forest in Yorkshire, with a narrow strip of country leading northeast, through Southern Yorkshire, to the sea, near Scarborough, the latter being occasionally traversed by the outlaws when too closely pressed by the King's soldiery. In the outlaw's time but one highway traversed the region. That was the old Roman road from London to Berwick. Perhaps half a dozen hamlets, the one ancient city of Nottingham, so old that its history has been traced back 950 years before the Christain era and its first inhabitants dug holes in the rock for homes, and a few chapels, abbeys and priories of the rudest construction, could have been found in all the area. To-day a forest of chimneys stands where stood the giant English oaks. You can look from no open spot within it, without your horizon being clouded with their black silhouettes against smoke-laden sky. As many hundreds of towns and hamlets are in Robin Hood's land now as there were single ones in the archer-outlaw's time. But near the roaring of the forge, the clatter of the looms, and the mournful songs of millions of spindles, like the tiny nests of the meadow larks escaping the blades of the reapers, are little nests of English peasant's homes, bits of English copse and hedge, and patches of ancient English oak, which modern industry and modern landlordism have not quite effaced; and it is among these, seeking the wraiths and traditions of the olden Robin Hood's land and the new, that we will go pilgriming in our next.

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The next article by Mr. Wakeman will be "The Lowly of Liverpool," a study of the Liverpool working classes, with pictures of daily life along the docks, in the streets and among the slums of Marylebone.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

An Interesting Subject for Speculation and Research.

The variable coloring of chrysanthemums forms an interesting subject for speculation and research and can hardly be studied too minutely. At least one or two features of this tendency to sport I have not seen mentioned in print. Several years ago I bought a single plant of a fair maid of Guernsey, a white variety, with almost globe-shaped flowers and finely quilled petals. Next season I raised several plants from the original one and was surprised to notice that while some of them flowered after the fashion of the old stock others produced a flat flower, with petals as broad and open as Elaine or Puritan. At that time I had but the single variety and there were no other chrysanthemum cultivators in the vicinity. The sporting apparently all occurred in one season, and the variation appears to remain true, though of that I cannot speak positively. The original plant from which the others came is still in existence and has not changed its appearance. I have now marked several specimens of both forms and shall watch them carefully.

The plants of the flat-petaled form were left outside this fall till late in November, and both developed a rich purplish tinge on the lower side of the outer petals that was quite striking. From this fact and from the fact that Duchess, one of the most variable in coloring, is usually almost white when subjected to undue cold, it would appear that the state of the atmosphere has much to do with sporting. Duchess is also easily affected by poor light, becoming faint yellow instead of its usual "zinnia red" color. It will doubtless be found that heat and light are together accountable for about all there is of the change of color in chrysanthemums. But this does not explain the opening out of the petals of the fair maid of Guernsey.—Garden and Forest.

PAPER HORSESHOES.

The Need of Something That Is More Elastic for Horses' Hoofs.

The need of a more or less elastic horseshoe has led to many trials and experiments, which, not resulting in anything satisfactory, has kept the farrier's art in the same old rut of olden days. A new horseshoe has been made in Germany, and it is constructed of parchment paper or a paper prepared by a saturation of oil, turpentine, etc., and impenetrable to dampness or moisture. Thin layers of such papers are glued together until the desired thickness necessary for the horseshoe is attained by an agglutinant, which is indifferent to the action of moisture, and which will not get brittle when dry (especially casein gum, chrome gelatine, copper chromate, ammonia, or a mixture of Venetian turpentine). The leaves of such prepared paper can first be cut to the desired form, and holes for nailing on the shoe be stamped through, and the leaves glued together, one on top of another. Then the shoe has to undergo a very strong pressure, perhaps by a hydraulic press, is dried, and lastly rasped and planed. The holes can be bored in by boring machines similar to those used for brushes, instead of being stamped out. The fastening of these shoes can be done by nailing through the holes bored or stamped, as above described, or by gluing with bitumen, caoutchouc, or a mixture of gum ammonia, emulsion, one part; gutta percha, two parts. The fact of its getting rough makes the paper horseshoe a great advantage in preventing the slipping of the horse on smooth and slippery places.—The Age of Steel.

AN UNAPPRECIATED JOKE.

An Indian Brave Who Did What Two Young Ladies Requested Him to Do.

Two young women were alone one day, writes a correspondent from Yankton to the Springfield Republican, when a young Indian brave whom they knew came to see the man of the house. The man was away and the Indian sat down to wait for him. During this interval, the girls, being of a lively turn, began asking him questions about his former mode of life; among other things they asked him to give a warwhoop and show them how he scalped people, but he gave no answer. Some time after when they were talking of other subjects, and had forgotten all about him, he sprang up suddenly, gave a warwhoop that made the housetop ring, then, snatching a big knife that lay on the table, with one hand, he took the top-knot of one of the girls in the other, and ran the back of the knife around her scalp. They were each scalped in this manner and were nearly frightened out of their wits, but he sat down and began to laugh and told them he had only done what they had asked them to do. They soon recovered from the shock and laughed heartily at the Indian's joke.

THE SOLID MEN AND SOLID WORK.

All Ready for the the Builders' National Convention.

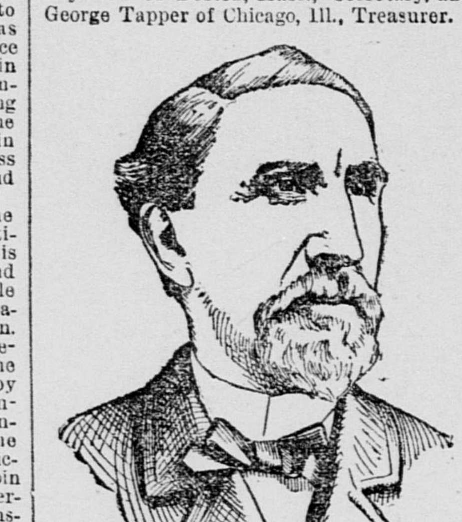
How the New York Exchange Will Entertain Notable Guests—Arbitration and Other Important Subjects to be Discussed.

Special Correspondence of THE SUNDAY CALL.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26, 1891.—The National Association of Builders holds its fifth annual convention in New York beginning February 9th. The meeting is notable because of the representative men who will be called together, the important questions which will be discussed and the widespread interest in the decisions to be reached.

First, as to the men. The association was organized in 1885. The delegates to its convention are elected by building exchanges, or similar bodies having membership in the association. Each city is represented by a delegate at large, who is a Director of the association, and by one additional delegate for every fifty members or fraction thereof. About forty cities are represented.

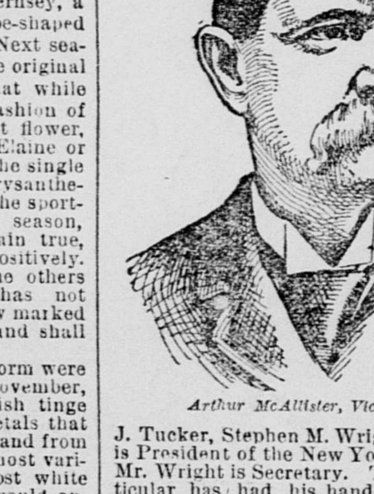
The officers of the association are: John J. Tucker of New York, President; Arthur McAllister of Cleveland, Ohio, First Vice-President; Anthony Ittner of St. Louis, Mo., Second Vice-President; William H. Sayward of Boston, Mass., Secretary, and George Tapper of Chicago, Ill., Treasurer.



John J. Tucker, President.

Among the delegates who will be present are the following whose names are well known in the trade throughout the country: O. W. Norcross, Elisha Littlefield, E. Noyes Whitcomb, James Smith of Boston; George C. Prussing, W. P. Ketcham, Joseph Downey, John Rawle, W. H. Alsip, C. W. Gindele, M. B. Madden, R. Viesling, F. E. Spooner, W. Goldie, D. V. Purington, P. B. Wight, of Chicago; D. W. C. Bellville, E. D. Tippett, M. P. Scully, of Cincinnati; John D. McGilvray, F. N. Davis, of Denver; B. F. Swain, David Pullman, W. U. Louvett, Captain Goss, of Kansas City; George W. Libbey, E. F. Dobson, of Minneapolis; W. Harkness Jr., Stacey Reeves, John S. Stevens, Charles Gillingham, Murrell Dobbins, Samuel Hart, George Watson, of Philadelphia; Edward E. Scribner, J. W. Makinson, John H. Donohue, of St. Paul.

The regular delegates will of course be accompanied by a host of members from the several exchanges. Not less than a thousand men are expected to attend the banquet, which will be one of the features of the entertainment offered by the New York Builders' Exchange to its guests. Ever since last March the committee appointed by the exchange has been considering the question of properly receiving what will unquestionably be the largest and most influential company of builders ever assembled. The exchange appointed a committee of one hundred for this purpose, which, as is the rule with such bodies, selected an executive committee to do the active work. It consists of these men: Marc Eidlitz (Chairman), Charles A. Cowen, George Moore Smith, Frank E. Conover, John M. Canda, Richard Deeves, Otto M. Eidlitz, Robert C. Martin, Henry W. Redfield, William C. Smith, John



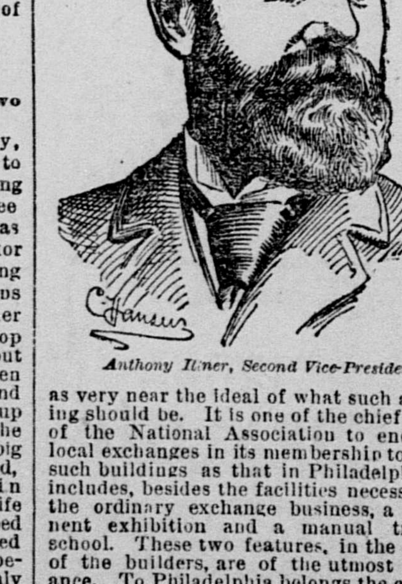
Arthur McAllister, Vice-President.

J. Tucker, Stephen M. Wright. Mr. Tucker is President of the New York Exchange and Mr. Wright is Secretary. The latter in particular has had his hands full making the arrangements for the convention and for the entertainment of the guests.

The general programme includes daily sessions of the convention at Masonic Hall. Forenoons and afternoons will be occupied in this way. On Monday evening the builders will visit the New York Trade School at First avenue and Sixty-eighth street. There will be general sight-seeing at all available hours on Tuesday. The biggest theater party ever given in New York will occur on Wednesday evening. The Committee of Arrangements has made a bargain for a whole theater—one of the Broadway houses—and they will run it to suit themselves. The regular attraction will be given, but special gags will be introduced, and a "gag" committee has been preparing them during several weeks. It is a pity that the general public will not be permitted to discover what sort of a gag can be turned out by the rules governing bricklaying and masonry. Handsomely engraved invitations and gorgeous souvenir programmes will also be included in the list of special attractions. The house will be docorated for the occasion.

Thursday evening will witness the grand banquet in Lenox Lyceum. It is a spacious hall, but the services of expert designers have been required to solve the problem of getting in seats enough. On Friday the whole party will be taken to Philadelphia by special train. The trip will be under the direction of the New Yorkers, but the entertainment in the Quaker City will be in charge of the local exchange.

The special reason of this visit is to give the builders a chance to see the home of the Philadelphia exchange, which is regarded

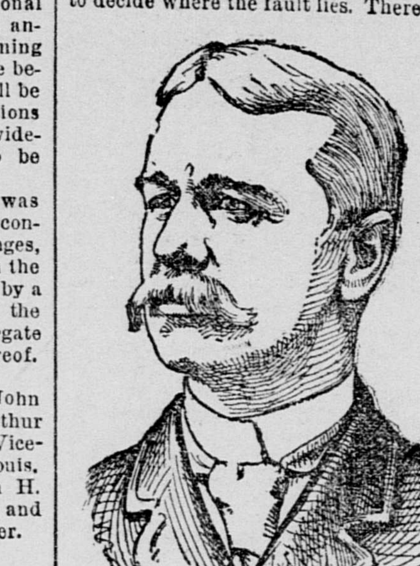


Anthony Ittner, Second Vice-President.

as very near the ideal of what such a building should be. It is one of the chief objects of the National Association to encourage local exchanges in its membership to put up such buildings as that in Philadelphia. It includes, besides the facilities necessary for the ordinary exchange business, a permanent exhibition and a manual training-school. These two features, in the opinion of the builders, are of the utmost importance. To Philadelphia belongs the credit of first carrying out successfully the designs of the association.

The permanent exhibition is intended to bring peace out of the three-cornered warfare which has always been waged among owners, builders and architects. It is worth while speaking of it here, because the idea is so prominent in the minds of the builders, and because the coming convention and the visit to Philadelphia will doubtless result in the establishment of similar exhibitions in other cities. The builder has always claimed that he was unjustly at the mercy of the architect. The latter, according to the ordinary business form, holds the certificates of pay, and the builder cannot get his money unless the architect is ready to say that his designs have been carried out. A builder sometimes finds it hard to make an architect state distinctly what kind of work he wants in the various parts of a building. The architect makes his plans, the builder goes ahead with the work, and the owner is not satisfied. Then the owner goes to the architect with a "kick," and the architect lays the blame upon the builder.

"This isn't the sort of wall I intended," he says, and the builder can only reply that that was the sort he understood was required. It is often impossible for the owner to decide where the fault lies. There is need



W. H. Sayward, Secretary.

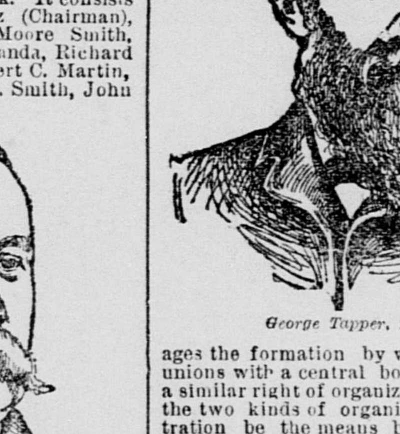
of some satisfactory arrangement of samples which remain unchanged and can always be used as a reference in case of disputes. This is what the Philadelphia Exchange Building supplies. Therein is a wall 58 feet long by 4¾ feet high, divided into twenty-one parts, of which eleven are of stone and ten of brick. They illustrate twenty-one standard forms and styles of finish. A numbered placard is affixed to each of these divisions, and on it a full description of the material and methods used in construction of such a wall.

There is no juggling with samples of that kind. An owner can select what he wants, and the architect can designate it by number. When the work is done it is easy to see whether the plan has been followed by the builder.

In the basement of the Philadelphia Exchange Building is the trade school, and the builders will have a chance to compare it with that under Colonel Auchmuty's charge in New York. The importance of establishing such schools is strongly set forth in the "declaration of principles" of the national association. The association urges the establishment of manual training as a part of the public school course, but if that were done there would still remain the need of the special night schools under the direction of the various local trades organizations for the benefit and improvement of apprentices. Colonel Auchmuty's school teaches bricklaying, plastering, plumbing, carpentry, various kinds of painting and blacksmith's work. Doubtless there will be addresses and debate upon the trade school question in the coming convention.

But the most interesting of all the subjects to be considered is arbitration. This matter has been for the past year under consideration by the following committee: J. Milton Blair, Cincinnati; Anthony Ittner, St. Louis; George C. Prussing, Chicago; Marc Eidlitz, New York, and David A. Woelpper, Philadelphia. A report has been prepared for the convention, and, whatever may be its nature, there is no doubt that it will be warmly debated.

The subject is intricate. In the first place the association recognizes and encourages the formation by workmen of trades unions with a central body. It also claims a similar right of organization. Given, then, the two kinds of organizations, shall arbitration be the means by which in general disagreements shall be settled? If so, what are proper questions for arbitration? How shall the joint board of arbitration be formed?



George Tapper, Treasurer.

The association is not a unit on the first of these questions. It will probably be debated; and among the champions on either side will be Mr. Sayward of Boston and Mr. McAllister of Cleveland. The former is inclined to look with favor upon any reasonable plan of arbitration; the latter is a Scotchman with plenty of fight in him, and he objects to dictation.

The association will probably recommend some plan of arbitration to the several exchanges. It can do no more. There is no provision for enforcing action. Hitherto, however, the orders formulated in the general convention have had a widespread and important effect.

As to the proper subjects for arbitration I had a conversation with an officer of the association, who told me that as a general rule the builders granted the workmen the right to decide for themselves the question of hours and pay. This was not a matter for arbitration. In the same way, the builders assert, the question of employing or discharging this or that man is a matter for the "bosses" to decide and should not come before the board of arbitration. Such an arrangement, if agreed upon by masters and workmen, would seem to amount to a permanent arbitration upon certain questions.

As to the constitution of the board, the gentlemen to whom I have referred thought the standing committee of the exchange would answer as its representative to meet a similar body from the trades union.

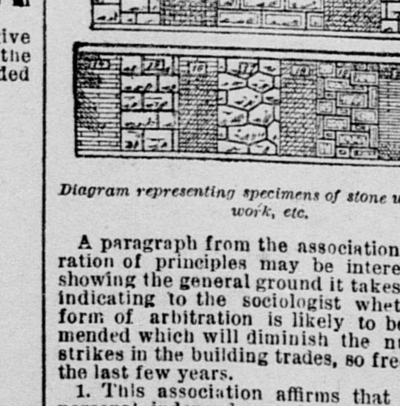


Diagram representing specimens of stone work, brick work, etc.

A paragraph from the association's declaration of principles may be interesting as showing the general ground it takes and as indicating to the sociologist whether any form of arbitration is likely to be recommended which will diminish the number of strikes in the building trades, so frequent in the last few years.

1. This association affirms that absolute personal independence of the individual to work or not to work, to employ or not to employ, is a fundamental principle which should never be questioned or assailed; that upon it depends the security of our whole social fabric and business prosperity, and that employers and workmen should be equally interested in its defense and preservation. While upholding this principle as an essential safeguard for all concerned, this association would appeal to employers in the building trades to recognize that there are many opportunities for good in associations of workmen, and, while condemning and opposing improper action upon their part, they should aid and assist them in all just and honorable purposes. That while, upon fundamental principles, it would be useless to confer or arbitrate, there are still many points upon which conferences and arbitration are perfectly right and proper, and that upon such points it is a manifest duty to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by associations to confer together, to the end that strikes, lockouts and other disturbance may be prevented. When such conferences are entered into care should be taken to state clearly, in advance, that this fundamental principle must be maintained, and that such conferences should only be competent to report results in the form of resolutions of recommendation to the individuals composing the various organizations, avoiding all forms of dictatorial authority.

In preparing to receive the visiting members of the craft, the New York Mechanics' and Builders' Exchange has been assisted by the Building Trades Club, an organization which is the only one of its kind in the country. Of course the club members are nearly all members of the exchange, but the club as a body acts independently. It has handsome rooms at 20 East Twenty-first street, and these will be prepared for the reception of the visiting builders. Among the interesting things which they will see there—exclusive of a first-rate lunch—will be a fine collection of photographs of all the principal buildings in the city. The handsome, well-lighted room now used for billiard-playing will include both the lunch and the photographic exhibition.

No doubt the visitors will vote unanimously that the Building Trades Club is a great institution, even as it stands, though it is nothing to what it will be if its ambitious designs are carried out—and there is no reason to doubt that they will be. The club is negotiating for the lease of a new home, which one of the members told me was now a "palatial residence." When they get it they will fit it up in a manner well fitted to supply both business and social needs. The first floor will be used for business purposes. There will be opportunities for conferences between men engaged in different departments of building work; between contractors and sub-contractors, for instance. Stenographers and typewriters will be furnished by the club and all sorts of documents can thus be speedily prepared. On the floors above will be the rooms for social purposes; the cafe and parlor. It is an institution likely to be duplicated, or at least imitated, in other large cities by and by. Its membership is drawn exclusively from those actively engaged in building work. It has been in existence only a year and a half, but is already an assured success.

The club "talks shop" and is not ashamed of it. Within its walls one hears nothing but discussions upon subjects relating to buildings.

"The chappies in the clubs on the avenue talk clothes and society," said a member to me, "and the athletic club men talk singing and rowing. Our conversation is a little more solid, that's all. The club has done a great deal in introducing builders to each other socially. Men who have been bidding against each other and doubtless hating each other for years meet here, and learn that they're both good fellows after all."

PARIS HOME DECORATIONS.

Taste Running to Bountiful Draperies and Variety in Furnishings.

Fin de siecle sleeping apartments contain cosy nooks like a boudoir and reveal the prevailing taste of the day for numberless knicknacks and odd pieces of furniture, uniformity being entirely banished from highly artistic and comfortable rooms.

No less than three different kinds of chairs and two stools are displayed in one of the prettiest of these, together with four fancy tables, the latter intended for various purposes. One placed at the head of the bed has two square shelves, covered with embroidered mats or towels, on which are placed the lamp, watch-case, etc., and the verre d'eau in Bohemian glass.

By the window stands a gypsy table, with a work-box close to the vide-poche or work-bag, and facing an easy chair. On the elegant chiffonier in dark palisander, mounted with ormolu fittings, stands a jewel casket, two flower vases, miniatures and photographs, and the cabinet above contains some choice books, various knicknacks being placed on the side shelves. The cabinet near the door is fitted with objects of virtu.

However, the great display of draperies forms the leading decorative feature of the room. The arrangement of the window curtains and the Italian blind, with its straight rows of gauze or surah silk bouillonnes, is a study in itself. From the top hangs a draped festoon in flowered material, caught up at one angle with a rosace, which secures the drooping fan plaiting in plain material, contrasting with the opposite one in figured stuff. A second drapery, much longer, droops from under a straight formal valance in plush, cretonne or cloth, bound with galloon. The long curtain on the right side is looped up with a chenille cordeliere, while the other one is replaced by graduated and narrow folds.

A less complicated drapery heads the portiere hanging, which is conveniently lifted up by means of cords and hooks springing from the top. This looping up displays the lining—a light colored material powdered with pompadour flower, and set off with bands of a warm but deep tint. The low chair and bedspread, together with the carpet, are in harmony with the cheerful walls.

Over the bed, placed in a corner against the wall, is a canopy with vandyked valance, tassels and rosettes, finished off with long plaitings; from under this fall on each side two pairs of curtains, overlapping each other, and cunningly draped to produce a pretty effect, but not to exclude fresh air. The top curtains are in figured material, and those under are in elamine striped with guipure, like the straight hanging spread along the wall, the whole length of the bed, which is in some cheerful enameled wood, with upholstered panels and draped foot valance.

During the daytime the quilt is stretched over two bolsters, one at each end, to make head and feet match. The ceiling is entirely hidden under folds of plain material, arranged as rays, starting from the center, where a hook supports a glass chandelier with pink candles, and to break the uniformity a circle is described with a ruching or coil.—Paris Edition of Herald.

A PAIR OF OPERA GLASSES.

They Cause a Humorous Incident in a New York City Theater.

A humorous incident occurred recently at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Five people became involved in a complication over an opera glass. In one row of orchestra chairs four people sat in adjoining seats. A young woman and her escort sat next the aisle, and two young men held the adjoining seats. The young men were friends, but did not know the pretty young woman who sat next or her escort.

Directly behind the young woman sat a young man. During the first intermission the two young men in front went out to see a friend, leaving a pair of opera glasses on the seat next the young woman. The glasses slipped to the floor after the youths had gone out, and the young man behind picked them up, and thinking the young woman had dropped them touched her on the shoulder and held out the glasses. She accepted them smilingly and surveying the house passed them to her escort. He asked her where she got them, and she nodded toward the young man. The escort bowed his thanks to him and turned the glasses on the boxes.

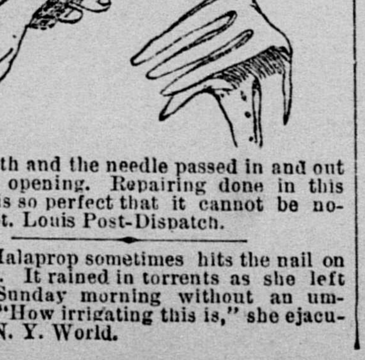
Finally the young woman returned the glasses to the young man, who, thinking the lady wished him to have a few peeps himself, smiled and surveyed the house. As he finished and was handing them back to the kind young woman, the two youths came back. One of them grabbed for the glasses, but the young man could not permit any such performances. The young woman's escort took a hand in, too, for he did not wish the obliging youth behind to suffer. He knew the glasses belonged to him. So did the young lady. The young man knew they belonged to her. The two youths knew they belonged to them, and for five minutes there was a comedy of errors as funny as anything in fiction. An eye-witness explained the error, and the comedy was over.—Ex.

A GLOVE-MENDER.

A Device to Repair Gloves Neatly and With Ease.

It is quite a difficult matter to repair one's gloves so neatly and perfectly that it cannot be detected as an unprofessional's work, but a little invention shown in our sketch facilitates this work to such a degree that even untrained hands can do it with neatness and dispatch.

The apparatus is made of nickel, and consists of two parts, which press against each other by means of a spring. Part of the top edge is provided with small teeth in close range to each other. The seam of the glove to be mended is carefully pressed between



these teeth and the needle passed in and out at every opening. Repairing done in this manner is so perfect that it cannot be noticed.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Mrs. Malaprop sometimes hits the nail on the head. It rained in torrents as she left church Sunday morning without an umbrella. "How irrigating this is," she ejaculated.—N. Y. World.

"WILLIE REILLY'S WHITE SHIRT."

Archæological Researches Regarding a Popular Song.

Howard Fielding Talks With Several of the Illustrious Dead Who Lay Claim to the Origin of a Very Bad Tune.

Written for THE SUNDAY CALL.

Schiedam, a suburb of New York, boasts of being a very lively town, and of possessing a cemetery containing some of the deadest men in these parts, if seniority of decease counts for anything. I have some relatives in Schiedam—two maiden aunts, not quite so old as the cemetery, but very interesting relics for all that. They promised to make a pleasant little party for us if we would come up for an evening.

We, of course, meant Maude and myself. We took a vote on the invitation and decided not to attend the festivities in a body. It was thought more advisable to send a small sub-committee, consisting of myself, to represent our household. As my relatives intimated that they would have some of the girls at the house, and play games, I did not object to being a sub-committee.

I don't propose to dwell on this party. The "girls" were girls when my aunts were, and they haven't been since, which is a great many years now. We didn't play Copenhagen or Postoffice—we amused ourselves more intellectually. I escorted one of the girls to her home, far, far away on the other side of the graveyard. It was three miles if we went around the cemetery and only a mile and a half if we went through it, but my companion was a timid young thing, and insisted on the long road. But after I had seen her to her venerable doorstep I needed something to cheer me up, so I took the short cut.

Fielding alone with the song.

I speak of the nature of my entertainment on that evening in order to convince the reader that my experience in the Tombs—I should say among the tombs—was not the creation of a mind unbalanced by dissipation. Not a man there was calmer than I. As a proof of this, I mention the fact that I whistled a popular song entitled "Willie Reilly's White Shirt," as I climbed the graveyard fence. I had caught the tune in New York, and had long waited an opportunity to whistle it in a solitude that would conceal my degradation. For it was such a bad tune; so shamelessly suggestive of every other bad tune; so offensive to a sensitive ear; in short such a thoroughly typical popular song that I had felt guilty when I carried the remembrance of it home with me. And yet I could not shake it off. It had clung to me for days; my mouth had been perpetually in a pucker with it; and every night the silent whistle in my brain had lulled me to sleep with "Willie Reilly's White Shirt."

There was nothing coarse in the words; they even had a moral purpose. Willie was represented as residing in the Fourth Ward, and the song appealed directly to the young men of that locality. Who could say that it might not be the means of leading many of them to emulate Willie's example and procure white shirts for their own use, thus distinctly advancing in the path of civilization. I said as much to Patrolman Cassidy of that district, and he replied that I was not the first one to think of this possible result, for he had noticed that the washerwomen were hauling in their clothes lines earlier in the evening since the song had become popular.

No, no; the words were pardonable, but the tune—ah, there was the crime. It had the property of contagion. It was a musical disease. I felt that if I didn't whistle it all out of my system I should lose my appreciation of every sweet and honest melody. So I piped away lustily among the gravestones, expecting to do myself much good and nobody any harm.

"Young man," said a voice at my elbow, "where did you get that tune?"

I turned hastily, with a cold feeling in my spine, and saw a tall, thin man leaning over his own gravestone. By the dim moonlight I discerned that it had been erected to the memory of Edgar Smith in 1865.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "If I had any idea it would disturb you——"

"Oh, never mind," replied the ghost. "I suppose you intended to be complimentary."

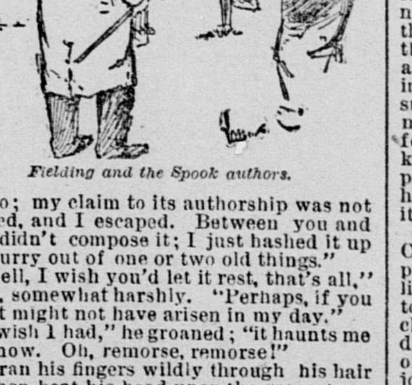
"Complimentary?"

"Yes. In life I was reputed to have written that tune. It was a popular war melody and went by the name of 'Johnny Griffin's Retreat.' I had supposed that it was forgotten."

"You must be mistaken," I replied; "that is 'Willie Reilly's White Shirt,' and was perpetrated by C. A. Jenkins. Perhaps I didn't whistle it correctly."

"Oh, yes you did, near enough," said the ghost. "It went this way," and he finished the air from the point where he had interrupted me.

"That's it," I admitted, "and I consider your claim established. But may I ask—I don't want to be offensive, you know—may I inquire what was done about it when you arrived—that is, did they make it very hot for you on account of this thing?"



Fielding and the Spook authors.

"No; my claim to its authorship was not allowed, and I escaped. Between you and me, I didn't compose it; I just hashed it up in a hurry out of one or two old things."

"Well, I wish you'd let it rest, that's all," said I, somewhat harshly. "Perhaps, if you had, it might not have arisen in my day."

"I wish I had," he groaned; "it haunts me even now. Oh, remorse, remorse!"

He ran his fingers wildly through his hair and then beat his head upon the gravestone.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked, sympathizing with his distress, though I couldn't help thinking that it was more than he deserved.

"No, no; take it away, that's all."

I took it away. Even after this fearful warning I couldn't keep it out of my head, and before I had gone twenty paces from the spot I was whistling it again.

"Say, my friend," said a voice on my right, "did that fellow Smith tell you he composed that song?"

"No, he didn't," said I, confronting this second specter boldly, "he confessed that he stole it."

"Probably he knew that you would meet me," continued the ghost; "I'm the man he stole it from. My name is Cyrus J. Perkins, and I was buried before Smith was born. Look at my date, 1819. I composed that song—"

He was interrupted by a deep groan, which proceeded from a somewhat older portion of the cemetery. The groan was followed by a voice:

"Perkins, why will you pervert the facts in this shameful manner. You know that you stole that song from a revolutionary ballad composed by me and called 'General Clinton's White Horse.' My young friend, if you want to go into the archæology of that song, just ascribe its authorship to Levi C. Whitcomb, originally of Connecticut."

"When were you buried, Whitcomb," inquired a spectre whom I perceived looking down at us from a sparsely populated district up near the brow of the hill. The voice had a slightly foreign accent, which suggested sunny Italy.

"Seventeen eighty-one," answered Whitcomb shortly.

"Fifty years before that date," said the voice, "I was assassinated by a mob because I played that tune on a hand-organ, which I did not know contained anything calculated to offend. Believe me, sir; I am the Count Beppo Spermaceti."

"Go back to your cage, old Whale Oil," said Whitcomb, sternly; "you are trying to ruin my reputation."

"And furthermore," continued Count Beppo, "there is a lady of my country in the third walk to the left who was a member of an operatic chorus and died in 1729. She remembers that song in her youth; in her youth, mind you!"

I looked at Whitcomb and he melted away into thin mist, taking his pretensions with him.

"I am gratified to have the Count Beppo Spermaceti substantiate my claim."

The words were spoken in Dutch of a somewhat antique pattern, but, on the whole, good enough Dutch for a ghost. The speaker stood looking at me over the gravestone of Peter Yollis, who died in 1629. Of course it was not the original gravestone; it was a comparatively new one erected by the later Yollises. But it was the same old Peter; there was no mistaking his antiquity.

"I refrained from buying the song next morning."

"The late Mynheer Yollis," said I respectfully, "will pardon me for presuming while still living (and on a small salary at that) to address the distinguished dead, but if the lady to whom the Count Beppo refers heard the song in her youth which must have been passed in Italy, or considering her profession, perhaps I should say Latium."

"Exactly, my friend," said Yollis, interrupting; "I composed the song while there, before coming to this country. It was republished here, and I dedicated it to Hendrick Hudson. Of course I didn't care a —, well, we will say a dike, which means much the same thing. Of course I didn't care a dike for Hendrick, but I thought his name would help sell the song, you understand."

"Yes," I admitted, "the same thing is done to-day."

"I was accused, sir, falsely accused of stealing the melody, but it was wholly and entirely original with me."

"Strange," said I musing, "that is just what Mr. C. A. Jenkins says."

I climbed the grave-yard wall in a meditative mood. Something in my experience with the departed had cured me of that song, and when in New York the next morning I heard a man shout in my ear, "All the latest songs of the day: 'Willie Reilly's White Shirt,' etc," I was able to restrain my desire for a copy. HOWARD FIELDING.

FONDNESS FOR JEWELS.

A Roumanian Belle Presented in Her Best Light to the World.

The women of Roumania are said to be beautiful. Their charms are not of the frail Anglo-Saxon type, but of the more rugged order peculiar to Southeastern Europe. The women of Roumania are peculiarly fond of jewelry. In this respect their tastes differ from those of their more highly educated Northern sisters only in the fact that the former are less discriminating. They wear their trinkets on all occasions when they don their better attire, and the quantity of jewelry necessary to satisfy their ambition is surprising.

The greatest obstacle in the way of the gratification of the Roumanian belle's passion for jewelry is the poverty of the person upon whom she relies for its purchase. Nearly all Roumanians are peasants, and

A Roumanian Belle.

even those who occupy positions of dignity and honor are comparatively poor. It is obligatory upon the women, therefore, to temper their requirements to the purses of their husbands, brothers or lovers. As a rule their jewelry is of brass or other base metal, thinly plated.

As shown in our engraving the Roumanians are partial to beads and bangles.

Not only do they wear a profusion of the latter about their heads, but necklaces of them and strands of beads, relieved by them at frequent intervals, are very much affected. They are also very freely worn as ornaments for the loose draperies that predominate in the construction of the Roumanian woman's gowns. Considerable skill is displayed by some of the better dressers in the gracefulness with which they catch up with these bits of metal the folds of the materials composing their attire.

Rings are seldom worn except by the wealthier people, and earrings are simple in design and—like the necklaces—cheap in material. Our picture is said to faithfully represent the features and dress, including the jewelry, of a typical Roumanian beauty. Notwithstanding its cheapness and simplicity, the latter, it must be admitted, harmonizes with the rather swarthy complexion, the large flowing sleeves, the loose hair and the bright colors that, in combination, are expected to present the Roumanian belle in her best light. The attitude of the artist's subject is in itself suggestive of her fondness for jewelry. Though evidently posing for a portrait, her mind is not free from a keen appreciation of the trinkets strung in profusion about her neck, and her left hand has sought a favorite necklace and carresses it with unmistakable pride.

But what of the Roumanian jeweler? Clearly his lot is not one of opulence, either present or prospective. He who earns a good living for himself and his family by catering to the taste for trinkets of a Roumanian clientage must have a large patronage indeed. While he may, without much capital or skill, serve the public as manufacturer, jobber and retailer all at one time, his profits must be reckoned in small coin indeed. It is not improbable that some Roumanians have little reckoning of profits to do.—Jeweler's Weekly.

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THE RIDING-SCHOOL.

How an English Master Instructs His Class of Ladies and Gentlemen.

Scene—A riding-school, on a raw chilly afternoon. The gas is lighted, but does not lend much cheerfulness to the interior, which is bare and bleak, and pervaded by a bluish haze. Members of the class discovered standing about on the tan, waiting for their horses to be brought in. At the further end is an alcove, with a small balcony, in which Mrs. Bilbow-Kay, the mother of one the equestrians, is seated with a young female friend.

Mrs. Bilbow-Kay—Oh, Robert used to ride very nicely indeed when he was a boy, but he has been out of practice lately, and so, as the doctor ordered him horse-exercise, I thought it would be wiser for him to take a few lessons. Such an excellent change for any one with sedentary pursuits!

The Friend—But isn't riding a sedentary pursuit, too.

Mrs. B.-K.—Robert says he doesn't find it so.

(Enter the Riding Master.)

Riding Master (saluting with cane)—Evenin', gentlemen—your 'orses will be in directly; 'ope we shall see some ridin' this time. (Clatter without; enter Stableman with horses.) Let me see—Mr. Bilbow-Kay, sir, you'd better ride the Shar; he ain't been out all day, so he'll want some 'andling. (Mr. B.-K., with a sickly smile, accepts a tall and lively horse.) No, Mr. Tongs, that ain't your 'orse to-day; you've got past 'im, sir. We'll put you up on Lady Loo; she's a bit rough till you get on terms with her, but you'll be all right on her after a bit. Yes, Mr. Joggles, sir, you take Kangaroo, please. Mr. Bumpas, I've 'ad the Artful Dodger out for you; and mind he don't get rid of you so easy as he did Mr. Gripper last time. Got a nice 'orse for you, Mr. 'Arry Sniggers, sir—Frar Diavolo. You musn't take no notice of his bucking a bit at starting—he'll soon leave it off.

Mr. Sniggers (who conceals his qualms under a forced facetiousness)—Soon leave me off, you mean!

R. M. (after distributing the remaining horses)—Now then—bring your 'orses up into line, and stand by, ready to mount at the word of command, reins taken up in the left 'and with the second and little fingers, and a lock of the 'orse's mane twisted round the first. Mount! That 'orse ain't a bicycle, Mr. Sniggers. (Mr. S., in an undertone, No; worse luck!) Number off! Walk! I shall give the word to trot directly, so now's the time to improve your seats—that back a bit straighter, Mr. 'Ooper. No. 4 just fall out, and we'll let them stirrup-leathers down another 'ole or two for yer. (No. 4, who has just been congratulating himself that his stirrups were conveniently high, has to see them let down to a distance where he can touch them by stretching.) Now you're comfortable. ("Oh, are we?" from Mr. S.) Trot! Mr. Tongs, sir, 'old that 'orse in—he's gettin' away with you already. Very bad, Mr. Joggles, sir—keep those 'eels down! Lost your stirrup, Mr. Jelly! Never mind that—feel for it, sir. I want you to be independent of the irons. I'm going to make you ride without 'em presently. (Mr. Jelly shivers in his saddle.) Captin' Cropper, sir; if that volunteer ridgment as you're goin' to be the Major of sees you like you are now on a field day, they'll 'ave to fall out to larf, sir! (Mr. Cropper devoutly wishes he had been less ingenuous as to his motive for practicing his riding.) Now, Mr. Sniggers, make that brute feel 'oo's the master! (Mr. S.—"He knows, the brute!")

Mrs. B.-K.—He's very rude to all, the class, except dear Robert—but then Robert has such a nice easy seat.

The R. M.—Mr. Bilbow-Kay, sir, try and set a bit closer. Why, you ain't no more 'old on that saddle than a stamp with the gum licked off! Can-ter! You're all right, Mr. Joggles—it's on'y his play; set down on your saddle, sir! . . . I didn't say on the ground!

Mrs. B.-K. (anxiously to her son, as he passes)—Bob, are you quite sure you're safe? (To friend)—His horse is snorting so dreadfully.

R. M.—'Alt! Every gentleman take his feet out of the stirrups, and cross them on the saddle in front of him. Not your feet, Mr. Sniggers, we ain't Turks 'ere!

Mr. S. (sotto voce)—There's one bloomin' Turk 'ere, anyway!

R. M.—Now, then, walk! Trot! Set back, gentlemen, set back all—'old on by your knees, not the pommels. I see you, Mr. Jelly, kitchin' 'old o' the mane—I shall 'ave to give you a 'ogged 'orse next time you come. Quicken up a bit—this is a ride, not a funeral. Why, I could roll faster than you're trotting! Lor', you're like a row o' Guy Foxes on 'orseback, you are! Ah, I thought I'd see one o' you orf! Goa-ron, all o' you; you don't come 'ere to play at ridin'—I'll make you ride afore I've done with you! 'Ullo, Mr. Joggles, nearly gone that time, sir. There, that'll do—or we'll 'ave all your saddles to let unfurnished. Wa-alk! Mr. Bilbow-Kay, when your 'orse changes his pace sudden, it don't look well for you to be found settin 'arf-way up his neck, and it gives 'im a bad opinion of yer, sir. Uncross sterrups. Trot on! It ain't no mortal use your clucking to that mare, Mr. Tongs, sir, because she don't understand the langwidge—touch her with your 'eel in the ribs. Mr. Sniggers, that 'orse is doin' jest what he likes with you. 'It 'im, sir; he's no friends and few relations!

Mr. S. (with spirit)—I ain't goint to 'it 'im. If you want 'im 'it, get up and do it yourself!"

R. M.—When I say "Circle Right"—odd numbers 'll wheel round and fall in be'ind even ones. Circle Right!......Well, if ever I—I didn't tell you to fall off be'ind. Ketch your 'orses and stick to 'em next time. Right In-cline! O' course, Mr. Joggles, if you prefer takin' the animal for a little ride all by himself, we'll let you out in the streets—otherwise p'raps you'll kindly follow yer leader. Captin Cropper, sir, if you let that curb out a bit more, Reindeer wouldn't be 'arf so nasty with yer. Ah, now you 'ave done it. You want your reigns painted different colors and labeled, sir, you do. 'Alt, the rest of you. Now, seein' you're shook down in your saddles a bit—("Shook up's more like it!" from Mr. S.)—we'll 'ave the 'urdles in and show you a bit o' Donnybrook! (The class endeavors to assume an air of delighted anticipation at this pleasing prospect.) (To Assistant R. M., who has entered and said something in an undertone.) Eh, Captain 'Edstall here, and wants to try the gray cob over 'urdles? Ask him if he'll come in now—we're just going to do some jumping.

Assist. R. M.—This don't look much like going over 'urdles—'cept in front o' the 'orse but I'll tell the Captain.

The hurdles are brought in and propped up. Enter a well turned-out Stranger, on a gray cob.

Mr. Sniggers (to him)—You ain't lost nothing by coming late, I can tell yer. We've bin having a gay, old time in 'ere—made us ride without sterrups, he did!

Captain Hedstall—Haw, really? Didn't get grassed did you?

Mr. S.—Well, me and my 'orse separated by mutual consent. I aint whot you call a fancy 'orseman. We've got to go at that 'urdle in a minute. How do you like the ideer, eh? It's no good funking it—it's got to be done!

R. M.—Now, Captin—not you, Captin Cropper—Captin 'Edstall, I mean, will you show them the way over, please?

(Captain H. rides at it; the cob jumps too short and knocks the hurdle down to his rider's intense disgust.)

Mr. S.—I say, Guv'nor, that was a near thing. I wonder you weren't off?

Captain H.—I—ah—don't often come off.

Mr. S.—You won't say that when you've been 'ere a few times. You see, they've put you on a quiet animal this journey. I shall try to get him myself next time. He be'aves like a gentleman, he does.

Captain H.—You wont mount him, if you take my advice—he has rather a delicate mouth.

Mr. S.—Oh, don't mind that—I should ride him on the curb, o' course.

(The class rides at the hurdle, one by one.)

R. M.—Now, Mr. Sniggers, give 'im more of 'is 'ed than that, sir—or he'll take it.... Oh, Lor, well, it's soft falling luckily! Mr. Joggles, sir, keep him back till you're in a line with it.... Better sir, you come down true on your saddle afterward, anyhow.... Mr. Parabole!.... Ah, would you?.... Told you he was tricky, sir! Try him at it again. ....Now—over!....Yes, and it is over, and no mistake!

Mrs. B. K.—Now, it's Robert's turn. I'm afraid he's been overtiring himself, he looks so pale. Bob, you wont let him jump too high, will you?—Oh, I daren't look. Tell me, my love—is he safe?

Her Friend—Perfectly—they're just brushing him down.

AFTERWARD.

Mrs. B.-K. (to her son)—Oh, Bob, you must never think of jumping again—it is such a dangerous amusement!

Robert (who has been cursing the hour in which he informed his parent of the exact whereabouts of the school)—It's all right with a horse that knows how to jump. Mine didn't.

The Friend—I thought you seemed to jump a good deal higher than your horse did. They ought to be trained to keep closer under you, oughtn't they? (Robert wonders if she is as guileless as she looks).

Captain-Cropper (to the R. M.)—Oh, takes about eight months, with a lesson every day, to make a man efficient in the cavalry, does it? But, look here—I suppose four more lessons will put me all right, eh? I've had eight, y'know.

R. M.—Well, sir, if you arsk me, I dunno as another arf-dozen 'll do you any 'arm—but, 'o course, that's just as you feel about it. (Captain Cropper endeavors to extract encouragement from this Delphic response. Punch.