

### The Laird o' McNab.

The Laird o' McNab—he is stalwart and stout.  
He's the wonder and wale o' the land round about;  
For a hero a Greek—for an heiress a grab;  
Have you never heard tell o' the Laird o' McNab?

The big Irish giant was slender and slim,  
Goliath of Gath but a pigmy to him  
The brawny McGregor, the red-headed Rab,  
An infant, in fact, to the Laird o' McNab!

His eye would set fire to the Thames or the sea;  
His oily voice wile the wild bird from the tree;  
For the eloquent eye and the gift o' the gab,  
There ne'er was the like o' the Laird o' McNab.  
No chief of Clan Alpine hath ever arrayed  
A figure so fit for the plume and the plaid;  
E'en in water-proof beaver, and doublet of drab—  
Irresistible still is the Laird o' McNab!

Whenever he hears there's a groan from the ground,  
When he dances the very stone walls shake around;  
He's a lift for a crane—he's a load for a cab,  
The broad, brawny fellow—the Laird o' McNab.  
For accomplishments, ladies, what more could you wish?  
He can dance like a bear, he can drink like a fish;  
He can smoke, he can snuff, and of pigtail a dab  
Ever soaks in the delicate cheek o' McNab.

The Laird o' McNab and the Laird o' McNish  
Sat down once to drink like a couple o' fish,  
But flat on the floor fell McNish like a swab,  
While sober's a judge sat the Laird o' McNab!  
McNab before Noah tracks six scores of staves,  
Counts kin with dukes, marquises, barons and squires;  
Let the Borden Buccleuch vaunt his doughty dad  
Hab,  
There were hundreds like him—in the line o' McNab!

Where lie his possessions, so fertile and fair?  
In the island of Skye and the County of Ayr,  
Their heritage, held since the reign of Queen Mab,  
Who granted the same to the Laird o' McNab.  
He's the Mac o' all Macs—that's beyond all dispute,  
From Bullers o' Buchan to the Island of Bute,  
From Ultima Thule on the south to St. Abb,  
Broad Scotland exults in the Laird o' McNab.

### LOVERS YET.

(By the author of "Madoline's Lover.")

"We will end this scene," said Lord Earle, turning from his unhappy wife, who was weeping passionately. "Look at your mother, Ronald; kiss her for the last time and go from her; bear with you the memory of her love and of her tenderness, and of how you repaid them. Take your last look at me. I have loved you—I have been proud of you, hopeful for you; now I dismiss you from my presence, unworthy son of a noble race. The same roof will never shelter us again. Make what arrangements you will. You have some little fortune; it must maintain you. I will never contribute one farthing to the support of my lodger's daughter. Go where you like—do as you like. You have chosen your own path. Some day you must return to Earlescourt as its master. I thank Heaven it will be when the degradation of my home and the dishonor of my race cannot touch me. Go now; I shall expect you to have quitted the Hall before to-morrow morning."

"You cannot mean it, father!" cried Ronald. "Send me from you—punish me—I deserve it; but let me see you again."  
"Never in life," said Lord Earle, calmly.  
"Remember when you see me lying dead that death itself was less bitter than the hour in which I learned that you had deceived me."

"Mother," cried the unhappy youth, "plead for me!"  
"It is useless," replied his father; "your choice has been made deliberately. I am not cruel. If you write to me I shall return your letters unopened. I shall refuse to see or hear from you, or to allow you to come near Earlescourt; but you can write to your mother—I do not forbid that. She can see you under any roof save mine. Now, farewell; the sunshine, the hope, the happiness of my life go with you, but I shall keep my word. See my solicitor, Mr. Burt, about your money, and he will arrange everything in my place."

"Father," cried Ronald, with tears in his eyes, "say one kind word, touch my hand once again."  
"No," said Lord Earle, turning from the outstretched hand. "That is not the hand of an honorable man; I cannot hold it in my own."

Then Ronald bent down to kiss his mother; her face was white and still, she was not conscious of his tears or his passionate pleading. Lord Earle raised her face.  
"Go," said he, calmly; "do not let your mother find you here when she recovers." He never forgot the pleading of those sorrowful eyes, the anguish of the brave young face, as Ronald turned from him and left the room.

When Lady Earle awoke to the consciousness of her misery, her son had left her. No one would have called Lord Earle hard or stern who saw him clasp his weeping wife in his arms, and console her by every kind and tender word he could utter.  
Lord Earle did not know that in his wife's heart there was a hope that in time he would relent; it was hard to lose her brave boy for a few months or even years, but he would return, his father must forgive him, her sorrow would be but for a time. But Lord Earle, inflexible and unflinching, knew he should never in life see his son again.

No one knew what Lord Earle suffered; as Valentine Charteris said, he was too proud for scenes. He dined with Lady Charteris and her daughter, excusing his wife, and never naming his son. After dinner he shut himself in his own room, and suffered his agony alone.

Earlescourt was full of bustle and activity. The young heir was leaving suddenly; boxes and trunks had to be packed. He did not say where he was going; indeed, those who helped him said afterward that his face was fixed and pale, and that he moved about like one in a dream.

Everything was arranged for Ronald's departure by the night mail from Greenfield, the nearest station to Earlescourt. He took with him neither horses nor valets; even his valet, Morton, was left behind. "My lady" was ill, and shut up in her room all day.

Valentine Charteris sat alone in the drawing room when Ronald came in to bid her farewell. She was amazed at the unhappy termination of the interview. She would have gone instantly to Lord Earle, but Ronald told her it was useless—no prayers, no pleadings could change his determination.

As Ronald stood there, looking into Valentine's beautiful face, he remembered his mother's words, that she cared for him as she cared for no other. Could it be possible that this magnificent girl, with her

serene, queenly dignity, loved him? She looked distressed by his sorrow. When he spoke of his mother, and she saw the quivering lips he vainly tried to still, tears filled her eyes.

"Where shall you go," she asked, "and what shall you do?"  
"I shall go to my wife at once," he replied, "and take her abroad. Do not look so pained and grieved for me, Miss Charteris—I must do the best I can. If my income will not support me, I must work; a few months' study will make me a tolerable artist. Do not forget my mother, Valentine; and bid me 'God speed.'"

Her heart yearned to him—so young, so simple, so brave. She longed to tell him how much she admired him—how she wanted to help him, and would be his friend while she lived. But Miss Charteris rarely yielded to any emotion; she laid her hand in his and said, "Good-bye, Ronald—God bless you. Be brave; it is not one great deed that makes a hero. The man who bears trouble well is the greatest hero of all."

As he left his home in the quiet starlit night, Ronald little thought that, while his mother lay weeping as though her heart would break, a beautiful face, wet with bitter tears, watched him from one of the upper windows, and his father shut up alone listened to every sound, and heard the door close behind his son as he would have heard his own death-knell.

The next day Lady Charteris and her daughter left Earlescourt. Lord Earle gave no signs of the heavy blow which had struck him. He was his attentive host while they remained; he escorted them to their carriage, and parted from them with smiling words. He went back to the house where he was never more to hear the sound of the voice he loved best on earth.

As days and months passed by, and the young heir did not return, wonder and surprise reigned at Earlescourt. Lord Earle never mentioned his son's name. People said he had gone abroad, and was living somewhere in Italy. To Lord Earle, it seemed that his life was ended; he had no further hope; he formed no further plans; ambition died away; the grand purpose of his life would never be fulfilled.

Lady Earle said nothing of the trouble that had fallen upon her. She hoped against hope that the time would come when her husband would pardon their only son. Valentine Charteris bore her disappointment well. She never forgot the simple chivalrous man who had clung to her friendship and relied so vainly upon her influence.

Many lovers sighed round Valentine. One after another she dismissed them. She was waiting until she saw some one like Ronald Earle—like him in all things save the weakness which had so fatally shadowed his life.

### CHAPTER IX.

In a small pretty villa, on the banks of the Arno, Ronald Earle established himself with his young wife. He had gone direct to Eastham, after leaving Earlescourt, his heart aching with sorrow for home and all that he had left there, and beating high with joy at the thought that now nothing stood between him and Dora. He told her of the quarrel—of his father's stern words; and Dora as he had foreseen, clung round his neck, and wept.

She would love him all the more, she said. She must love him enough to make up for home, and every one else.  
Yet strange to say, when Ronald told his pretty, weeping wife all that happened, he made no mention of Valentine Charteris—he did not even utter her name.

Ronald's arrangements were soon made. He sent for Stephen Thorne and his wife, and told them how and when he had married Dora.  
"I am sorry for it," said Stephen. "No good will ever come of such an unequal match. My girl had better have stayed at home, or married the young farmer who loved her. The distance between you is too great, Mr. Earle, and I fear me you will find it out."

Ronald laughed at the idea that he should ever tire of Dora. How little these prosaic, commonplace people knew of love!  
The good lodge-keeper and his wife parted from Dora with many tears. She was never to brighten their pretty home with her sweet face and gay voice. She was going away to strange lands over the sea. Many dark fore-bodings haunted them; but it was too late for advice and interference now.

The first news that came to the villa, on the banks of the Arno was that Stephen Thorne and his wife had left the lodge and taken a small farm somewhere in the county of Kent. Lady Earle had found them the means, and they had left without one word from Lord Earle. He never even asked whether they had gone.

Despite his father's anger and his mother's sorrow, despite his poverty and loss of position, Ronald for some months was very happy with his young wife. It was so pleasant to teach Dora, to watch her sweet dimpled face and the dark eyes grow larger with wonder, to hear her simple naive remarks, her original ideas, to see her pretty artless ways; above all it was pleasant to be so dearly loved. He often thought that there never had been, never could be, a wife so loving as Dora. He could not teach her much, although he tried hard. She sang simple little ballads sweetly and clearly; but although master after master tried his best, she could never be taught to play—not even so much as the easy accompaniments of her own songs. Ronald hoped that with time and attention she would be able to sketch, but Dora never managed it. Obediently enough she took pencil and paper in her hands and tried, but the strokes would never come straight. Sometimes the drawing she made resembled something so comical that both she and Ronald laughed heartily; while the consciousness of her own inferiority grieved her, and large bright tears would frequently fall upon the paper. Then Ronald would take the pencil away, and Dora would clink round his neck and ask him if he would not have been happier with a cleverer wife.

"No, a thousand times no," he would say; he loved Dora better in her artless simplicity than he could have loved the cleverest woman in all the world.  
"And you are quite sure," said Dora, "that you will never repent marrying me?"  
"No, again," was the reply. "You are the crowning joy of my life."

Two long bright years had passed away before Ronald began to perceive that he could educate his pretty young wife no

further. She was a strange mixture of ignorance and uncultivated poetry. She could speak well; her voice was sweet, her accent, caught from him, good; she never noticed any deficiencies, but if he met an English friend in Florence and brought him home to dine, then Ronald began to wish that Dora would leave off blushing and grow less shy, that she could talk a little more, and that he might lose all fear of her making some terrible blunder.

The third year of their married life dawned; Dora was just 20, Ronald 23. There had been no rejoicing when he had attained his majority; it passed over unnoticed and unremarked. News came to them from England, letters from the little farm in Kent, telling of simple home intelligence, and letters from Lady Earle, always sad and stained with tears. She had no good news to tell them. Lord Earle was well, but he would never allow his son's name to be mentioned before him, and she longed to see her son. In all her letters Lady Earle said, "Give my love to Dora."

In this, the third year of his married life, Ronald began to feel the pressure of poverty. His income was not more than three hundred a year; to Dora this seemed boundless riches; but the heir of Earlescourt had spent more in dress and cigars. Now debts began to press upon him; writing home he knew was useless. He would not ask Lady Earle, although he knew that she would have parted with the last jewel in her case for him.

Ronald gave himself up to the study of painting. A pretty little studio was built, and Dora spent long hours in admiring both her husband and his work. He gave promise of being some day a good artist—not a genius. The world would never rave about his pictures; but in time he would be a conscientious, painstaking artist. Among his small coterie of friends some approved, others laughed.

"Why not go to the Jews?" asked fashionable young men. "Earlescourt must be yours some day. You can borrow money if you like."

Ronald steadily refused to entertain the idea. He wondered at modern ideas of honor—that men saw no shame in borrowing upon the lives of their nearest and dearest, yet thought it a disgrace to be a follower of one of the grandest of arts. He made one compromise—that was for his father's sake. As an artist, he was known by Dora's name of Thorne, and, before long, Ronald Thorne's pictures were in great request. There was no dash of genius about them; but they were careful studies. Some few were sold, and the price realized proved no unwelcome addition to a small income.

Ronald became known in Florence. People who had not thought much of Mr. Earle were eager to know the clever artist and his pretty, shy wife. Then the trial of Ronald Earle began in earnest. Had he lived always away from the world, out of society, the chances are that his fate would have been different; but invitations began to pour in upon him and Dora, and Ronald, half tired of his solitude, although he never suspected it, accepted them eagerly.

Dora did not like the change; she felt lonely and lost where Ronald was so popular and so much at home.  
Amongst those who eagerly sought Ronald's society was the pretty coquette, the Countess Rosali, an English lady who had married the Count Rosali, a Florentine noble of great wealth.

No one in Florence was half so popular as the fair countess. Amongst the dark glowing beauties of sunny Italy she was like a bright sunbeam. Her fair, piquant face was charming from its delicate bright coloring and gay smiles; her hair, of the rare color painted by the old masters, yet so seldom seen, was of a pure golden hue, looking always as though the sun shone upon it.

The fair dainty lady had a great desire to see Mr. Thorne. She had seen one of his pictures at the house of one of her friends—a simple little thing, but it had charmed her. It was merely a bouquet of English wild flowers; but then they were so naturally painted! The blue-bells looked as though they had just been gathered. One almost fancied dewdrops on the delicate wild roses; aspray of pink hawthorne, daisies, and golden buttercups, mingled with woodbine and meadow-sweet, told sweet stories of English meadows.

"Whoever painted that," said the fair countess, "loves flowers, and knows what English flowers mean."  
The countess did not rest until Ronald had been introduced to her, and then she would know his wife. Her grave, silent husband smiled at her evident admiration of the handsome young Englishman. She liked his clear, Saxon face and fair hair; she liked his simple kindly manner, so full of chivalry and truth. She liked pretty Dora too; but there were times when the dainty, fastidious countess looked at the young wife in wonder, for, as she said one evening to her husband, "There is something in Mrs. Thorne that puzzles me—she does not always speak or look like a lady."

Few days passed without bringing Ronald and Dora to the villa Rosali. It would have been better for Ronald had he never left his pretty home on the banks of the Arno.

### CHAPTER X.

Going into society increased the expenses which Ronald and his wife already found heavy enough. There were times when the money received from the sale of his pictures failed in liquidating bills; then Ronald grew anxious, and Dora not knowing what better to do, wept, and blamed herself for all the trouble. It was a relief then to leave the home over which the clouds lowered, and seek the gay villa, where something pleasant and amusing was always going on.

Countess Rosali gathered around her the elite of Florentine society; she selected her friends and acquaintances as carefully as she selected her dresses, jewels, and flowers. She refused to know "bores" and "nobodies"; her lady friends must be pretty, piquant, or fashionable; any gentleman admitted into her charmed circle must have genius, wit, or talent to recommend him. Though grave matrons shook their heads and looked prudish when the Countess Rosali was mentioned, yet to belong to her set was to receive the "stamp of fashion." No day passed without some amusement at the villa—picnic, excursion, soiree, dance, or what its fair mistress preferred, private theatricals and charades.

On the occasion of a later visit of Ronald and Dora to the Countess Rosali, poor

Dora more than once gave painful evidence of her lack of high breeding and education, which so terribly annoyed her husband that he under the excitement of the moment spoke injudiciously to her of her manner, and, as that was the last time the countess ever invited Mr. Earle and Dora alone, by slow degrees it became a settled rule that Dora should stay at home and Ronald go out. He had no scruple in leaving her—she never objected; her face was always smiling and bright when he went away, and the same when he returned. He said to himself that Dora was happier at home than elsewhere, that fine ladies frightened her and made her unhappy.

Their ways in life now became separate and distinct, Ronald going more than ever into society, Dora clinging more to the safe shelter of home.  
If any true friend had stepped in then and warned them, life would have been a different story for Ronald Earle and his wife.

Ronald's story became known in Florence. He was the son of a wealthy English peer, who had offended his father by a "low" marriage; in time he would succeed to the title. Hospitality was lavished upon him, the best houses in Florence were thrown open to him, and he was eagerly welcomed there. When people met him continually unaccompanied by his young wife they smiled significantly, and bright eyes grew soft with pity. Poor, pretty Dora.

Gradually, slowly, but surely, the fascination of the gay and brilliant society in which Ronald was so eagerly courted, laid hold on him. He did not sin willfully or conscientiously; little by little a distaste for his home and a weariness of Dora's society overcame him. He was never unkind to her, for Ronald was a gentleman; but he lingered no more through the long sunny mornings by her side. He gave up all attempts to educate her. He ceased to tease her about books; he never offered to read to her; and pretty, simple Dora, taught by the keen instinct of love, noted it all.

The greatest patron of the fine arts in Florence was the Prince di Borzezi. His magnificent palace was like one vast picture gallery. He saw some sketches of Ronald's, and gave an order to him to paint a large picture, leaving him to choose the subject. In vain by night and by day did Ronald ponder on what that subject should be. He longed to make his name immortal by it. He thought once of Tennyson's "Dora," and of sketching his wife for the principal figure. He did make a slight sketch, but he found that he could not paint Dora's face; he could not place the dimpling smiles and bright blushes on the canvas, and they were the chief charm. He therefore abandoned that idea.

Standing one day where the sunbeams fell lightly through the thick myrtles an inspiration came to him. He would paint a picture of Queen Guinevere in her gay sweet youth and bright innocent beauty—Guinevere with her lovely face and golden hair, the white plumes waving and jewels flashing, the bright figure on the milk white palfrey shining in the mellow sunlight that came through the green trees. Lancelot should rise by her side; he could see every detail of the picture; he knew just the noble, brave, tender face Sir Lancelot should have; but where could he find a model for Guinevere? Where was there a face that would realize his artist dreams of her? The painting was half completed before he thought of Valentine Charteris and her magnificent beauty—the very ideal of Queen Guinevere.

With renewed energy Ronald set to work. Every feature of that perfect face was engraved upon his mind. He made sketch after sketch, until, in its serene, sweet loveliness, Valentine's face smiled upon him.

### CHAPTER XI.

"Queen Guinevere" was a success far beyond Ronald's dearest hopes. Artists and amateurs, connoisseurs of all ranks and degrees, were delighted with it. The great charm of the picture was the lovely young face. "Whom was it like?" "Where had he found his model?" "Was ever any woman so perfectly beautiful?" Such were the questions that people seemed never tired of repeating.

The picture was hung in the gallery of the palace, and the Prince di Borzezi became one of Ronald's best patrons.  
The Prince gave a grand ball in honor of a beautiful English lady, who with her family had just arrived in Florence. Countess Rosali raved about her, wisely making a friend where any one else would have feared a rival.

Ronald had received an invitation, but was prevented from attending. All the elite of Florence were there, and great was the excitement when Countess Rosali entered the ball-room with an exceedingly beautiful woman—a queenly blonde—the lady about whom all Florence was interested—an English heiress, clever as she was fair, speaking French with courtesy and grace, and Italian with fluent skill; and when the Prince stood before her, he recognized in one moment the original of his famous "Guinevere."

The countess was in danger—a fairer, brighter star had arisen. Valentine Charteris was the belle of the most brilliant ball ever given in Florence.  
When the Prince had received his guest, and danced once with Miss Charteris, he asked her if she would like to see his celebrated picture, the "Guinevere," whose fame was spreading fast.

"Nothing," she said, "would please her better;" and as the Countess Rosali stood near, the prince included her in the invitation.  
"Certainly I never tire of the 'Guinevere'—a novel weary of the artist's triumph, for he is one of the most valued of my friends."

Prince Borzezi smiled, thinking how much of the fair coquette's admiration went to the artist's talent, and how much to his handsome face.  
They entered the long gallery, where some of the finest pictures in Italy were hung. The Prince led the ladies to the southern end. Valentine saw before her a magnificent painting—tall forest trees, whose thick branches were interwoven, every green leaf distinct and clear; she saw the mellow light that fell through them, the milk-white palfrey and jewelled harness, the handsome knight who rode near; and then she saw her own face, bright, smiling, glowing with beauty, bright in innocence,

sweet in purity. Valentine started in astonishment, and her companion smiled.  
"There can be no doubt about the resemblance," said the Countess. "The artist has made you Queen Guinevere, Miss Charteris."

"Yes," said Valentine, wonderingly; "it is my own face. How came it there? Who is the artist?"  
"His name is Ronald Thorne," replied the Countess. "There is quite a romance about him."

The Countess saw Miss Charteris grow pale and silent.  
"Have you ever seen him?" inquired the Countess. "Do you know him?"  
"Yes," said Valentine; "my family and his have been on intimate terms for many years. I knew that he was in Italy with his wife."

"Ah," rejoined the Countess, eagerly, "then perhaps you know all about his marriage? Who was Mrs. Thorne? Why did he quarrel with his father? Do tell us, Miss Charteris."  
"Nay," said Valentine; "if Mr. Thorne has any secrets I should not reveal them. I must tell mamma they are in Florence. We must call and see them."

"I was fond of Mrs. Thorne once," said the Countess, plaintively; "but really there is nothing in her."  
"There must be something both estimable and lovable," replied Valentine, quickly, "or Mr. Thorne would never have married her."

Prince di Borzezi smiled approval of the young lady's reply.  
"You admire my picture, Miss Charteris?" he asked.  
"The more so because it is the work of an old friend," said Valentine; and again the Prince admired the grace of her words.

"Any other woman in her place," he thought, "would have blushed and coquetted. How charming she is!"  
From that moment Prince di Borzezi resolved to woo and win Valentine if he could.

Lady Charteris was half pleased, half sorry to hear that Ronald was in Florence. No one deplored his rash, foolish, marriage more than she did. She thought Lord Earle stern and cruel; she pitied the young man she had once liked so well; yet for all that she did not feel inclined to renew the acquaintance. When Valentine asked her to drive next morning to the little villa on the banks of the Arno, she at first half declined.

"I promised to be Ronald's friend years ago," said Valentine, calmly; "and now, mamma, you must allow me to keep my word. We must visit his wife and pay her every attention. To refuse would imply a doubt of me, and that I could not endure."

"You shall do as you like, my dear," replied Lady Charteris; "the young man's mother is my dearest friend, and for her sake we will be kind to him."  
It was one of those Italian mornings when the fair face of nature seemed bathed in beauty. The air was full of the music of birds; the waters of the Arno rolled languidly on; oleanders and myrtles were in full bloom; birds sang as they sing only under the blue sky of Italy.

It was not yet noon when Lady Charteris and her daughter reached the little villa. Before they came to the house, Valentine caught one glimpse of a pretty pale face looking from the garden, a pale face with large dark eyes. Could that be pretty, smiling Dora? There were the shining rings of dark hair; but where were the smiles Ronald had described? That was not a happy face. Care and sorrow were in every line of it.

They were told that Mr. Thorne was in his studio, and would see them there. They had sent in no card, and Ronald believed the "two ladies" to have called on some business connected with pictures. He started with surprise when Lady Charteris and Valentine entered. There were a few words of confused greeting, a hurried explanation of the circumstances that had led Sir Hugh to Florence; and then Valentine looked long and steadily at the only man she had ever cared for. He was altered; the frank, handsome face looked worn and thin; it had a restless expression. He did not look like a man who had found peace. Lady Charteris told him of her last visit to Earlescourt—how his mother never ceased speaking of him, and his father still preserved the same rigid, unbending silence.

"I have seen your picture," said Lady Charteris. "How well you remembered my daughter's face!"  
"It is one not easily forgotten," he replied; and then another deep silence fell upon them.

"Where is Mrs. Earle?" asked Valentine. "Our visit is chiefly to her. Pray introduce her to mamma. I know her already by description."  
"I left my wife in the garden," said Ronald; "shall we join her there?"  
They followed him into the pretty sunlit garden, where Valentine had seen the pale, sad face.

"My wife is timid," said Ronald, "and always nervous with strangers."  
Dora was sitting under the shade of a large flowering tree, her hands folded, and her eyes riveted on the distant hills; there was something in her listless manner that touched both ladies more than any words could have done. A deep flush crimsoned her face when Ronald and his guests stood before her. She rose, not ungracefully; her white eyelids drooped in their old shy manner. As Ronald introduced his wife, something in the girl's wistful face went straight to Lady Charteris' heart. She spoke not a word, but folded Dora in her arms, and kissed her as her own mother might have done.

### To be continued.

An exhibition of a novel character is to be held at London in August next. It will comprise all temperance and non-alcoholic drinks, the machinery for their preparation and the various modes of packing them, as well as machinery for cork-cutting, bottle cleaning and kindred industries. There will also be shown a quantity of artistic tea and coffee services in silver and china, etc., and, as being peculiarly appropriate to the season, ice-making machines and appliances for refrigeration.

Sara Bernhardt will join a company on Saturday, beginning with the "Dame Aux Camelias," now for the first time licensed in England.

Mr. Gladstone has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.