SIR GUY'S WARD.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER XI. (CONTINUED.)

When Miss Chesney has spent a moment or two inveighing silently against the hardness and unsharitableness of men in general and Sir Guy Chetwoode in particular, she accepts the situation, and presently starts boldly for the hollow in which lies the modest homestead of the venerable Mrs. Heskett.

The unconscious cause of the battle royal that has just taken place has evidently finished his pipe and lounged away through the woods, as he is nowhere to be seen. And Miss Chesney makes up her mind, with a view to killing the time that must elapse before dinner, to go straight to his mother's cottage, and, by proclaiming Sir Guy's leniency, restore peace to the bosom of that ancient dame.

And as she walks she muses on all that has passed between herself and her guardian during the last half-hour. After all, what did he say that was so very bad?

She had certainly compared him to Brutus, but what of that? Brutus in his day was evidently a shining light among his people, and, according to the immortal Pinnock, an ornament to his sex. Suppose he did condemn his only son to death, what did that signify in a land where the deed was looked upon as meritorious? Weak-minded people of the present day might call him an old brute for so doing, but there are two sides to every question, and no doubt the young man was a regular nuisance at home, and much better out of the way.

Then again she had likened him to the Medes and Persians; and why not? Who should say the Medes and Persians were not thoroughly respectable gentlemen, polished and refined? and though in this case there might be some who would prefer the manners of a decent English gentleman to those of the present Shah, that is no reason why the latter should be regarded so ignominiously.

She has reached this highly satisfactory point in her argument when a body dropping from a tree near her, almost at her feet, startles her rudely from her meditations.

"Dear me!" says Lilian, with much emphasis, and then knows she is face to face with Heskett.

He is a tall lad, brown-skinned as an Italian, with eyes and hair of gypsy dye. As he stands before Lilian now, in spite of his daring nature, he appears thoroughly abashed, and, with his eyes lowered, twirls uneasily between his hands the rather greasy article that usually adorns his brow.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he says, slowly "but might I say a word to you?"

"I am sorry to hear such bad accounts of you, Heskett," says Miss Chesney, in return, with all the airs of a dean and chapter.

"Sir Guy has been telling you, miss?" says the lad, eagerly; "and it is about my trouble I wanted to see you. They say you have great weight with the baronet, miss, and once or twice you spoke kindly to me, and I thought may-be you would say a word for me."

"You are mistaken: I have no influence" says Lilian, coloring faintly. "And besides Heskett, there would be little use in speaking for you, as you are not to be trusted."

"I am, Miss Chesney, I am indeed, If Sir Guy would only try me again. I don't know what tempted me last night, but I got my lesson then, and never again I swear Miss——"

Here a glance at Lilian's face checks further protestations. She is not looking at him; her gaze is concentrated upon the left pocket of his coat, though, indeed, there is little worthy of admiration in the cut of that garment. Following the direction of her eyes, Heskett's fall slowly, slowly, until at length they fasten upon the object that has so attracted her.

Sticking up in that luckless left pocket, so as plainly to be seen, is a limp and rather draggled brown wing, the undeniable wing of a young grouse.

"Heskett," says Lilian, severely, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing, miss," desperately.

"Heskett," still more severely, and with just a touch of scorn in her tone. "Speak the truth: what have you got in your pocket,?"

"It's just a grouse, then," says the boy, defiantly, producing the bonny brown bird in question.

"And a fat one," supplements Lilian. "Oh, Heskett, when you know the consequence of poaching, how can you do it?"

"'Tis because I do knowit,"—recklessly: "it's all up with me this time, because the baronet swore he'd punish me next time I was caught, and he never breaks his word. So I thought, miss, I'd have a last fling, whatever came of it."

"But it isn't 'all up' with you," says Lilian. "I have spoken to Sir Guy, and he promised to give you one more chance. But I cannot speak again Heskett, and if you still persist in your evil ways I shall have spoken in vain."

"You spoke for me?" exclaims he, incredulously.

"Yes. But I fear I have done no good."

The boy's eyes seek the ground.

"I didn't think the likes of you would care to say a kind word for such as me,—and without the asking," he says, huskily. "Look here, Miss Chesney, if it will please you, I swear I will never again snare a bird."

"Oh, Heskett, will you promise really?" returns Lilian, charmed at her success, "and can I trust you? You know you gave your word before to Sir. Guy."

"But not to you, miss. Yes, I will be honest to please you. And indeed, Miss Chesney, when I left home this morning I never meant to kill a thing. I started with a short oak stick in my hand, quite innocent like, and up by the bit of heath yonder this young one run across my path; I did't seek it, and may bad luck go with the oak stick, for, before I knew what I meant, it flew from me, and a second later the bird lay dead as mutton. Not a stir in it. I was always a fine shot, miss, with a stick or a stone," says the accomplished Heskett, regarding his grouse with much pride. "Well you have it, miss?" he says then, holding it out to her.

"No, thank you," loftily; "I am not a receiver of stolen goods; and it is stolen, remember that."

"I suppose so, miss. Well, as I said before, I will be honest now to please you, you have been so good to me."

"You should try to please some one higher," says Lilian, with a solemnity that in her is sweeter than it is comical.

"Nay, then, Miss,—to please you first, if I may."

"Tell me," says Lilian, shifting ground as she finds it untenable, "why do you never come to church?"

"It's so mighty dull, miss."

"You shouldn't find it so. Come and say your prayers, and afterwards you may find it easier to be good. You should not call church dull," with a little reproving shake of the head.

"Do *you* never find it stupid, Miss Chesney?" asks Heskett, with all diffidence.

Lilian pauses. This is a home-thrust, and her innate honesty prevents the reply that trembles on her lips. She *does* find it very stupid now and then.

"Sometimes," she says, with hesitation, "when Mr. Austen is preaching I cannot say I think it quite as interesting as it might be; but still——"

"Oh, as for him," says Heskett, with a grin, "he ought to be shot, miss, begging your pardon, that's what he ought. I never see him I don't wish he was a rabbit snug in one o' my snares as was never known to fail. Wouldn't I wring his neck when I caught him! maybe not! comin' round with his canting talk, as though he was the archbishop hisself."

"How dare you speak of your clergyman in such a way?" says Lilian, shocked; "you are a bad, bad boy, and I am very angry with you."

"Don't then, Miss Chesney," piteously; "I ask your pardon humbly, and I'll never again speak of Mr. Austen if you don't like. But he do aggravate awful miss, and frightens the life out o' mother, because she do smoke a bit of an evenin', and it's all the comfort she have, poor soul. There's the Methody parson below, even he's a better sort, though he do snivel horrid. But I'll do anything to please you, miss, an' I'll come to church next Sunday."

"Well, mind you do," says Lilian, dismissing him with a gracious nod.

So Heskett departs, much exercised in mind, and in the lowest spirits, being full of vague doubts, yet with a keen consciousness that by his promise to Miss Chesney he has forfeited his dearest joy, and that from him the glory of life has departed. No more poaching, no more snaring, no more midnight excursions fraught with delicious danger: how is he to get on in future, with nothing to murder but time?

Meanwhile Miss Chesney coming home flushed with victory encounters Florence in the garden wandering gracefully among the flowers, armed as usual with the huge umbrella, the guardian of her dear complexion.

"You have been for a walk?" she asks Lilian with astonishing *bonhommie*. "I hope it was a pleasant one."

"Very, thank you."

"Then you were not alone. Solitary walks are never pleasant."

"Nevertheless, mine was solitary."

"Then Guy did not go with you?" somewhat hastily,

"No. He found he had something to do in the Stables," Lilian answers, shortly.

Miss Beauchamp laughs a low, soft, irritative laugh.

"How stupid Guy is!" she says. "I wonder it never occurs to him to invent a new excuse: whenever he wants to avoid doing anything unpleasant to him, he has always some pressing business connected with the stables to take him away. Have you noticed it?"

"I cannot say I have. But then I have not made a point of studying his eccentricities. Now you have told me this one, I dare say I shall remark it in future. You see," with a slight smile, "I hold myself in such good esteem that it never occurred to me others might find my company disagreeable."

"Nor do they, I am sure,"—politely,—"but Guy is so peculiar, at times positively odd."

"You amaze me more and more every moment. I have always considered him quite a rational being, not in the least madder than the rest of us. I do hope the new moon will have no effect upon him."

"Ah! you jest," languidly. "But Guy does hold strange opinions, especially about women. No one, I think, quite understands him but me. We have always been so—fond of each other, he and I."

"Yes? Quite like brother and sister, I suppose? It is only natural."

"Oh, *no*," emphatically, her voice taking a soft intonation full of sentimental meaning, "not in the very *least* like brother and sister."

"Like what then?" asks Lilian, somewhat sharply for her.

"How downright you are!" with a little forced laugh, and a modest drooping of her white lids; "I mean, I think a brother and sister are hardly so necessary to each other's happiness as—we are to each other, and been for years. To me, Chetwoode would not be Chetwoode without Guy, and I fancy—I am sure—it would scarcely be home to Guy without me." This with a quiet conviction not to be shaken. "Perhaps you can see what I mean? though, indeed," with a smile, "I hardly know myself what it is I *do* mean."

"Ah!" says Lilian, a world of meaning in her tone.

"The only fault I find with him," goes on Florence, in the low, prettily modulated tone she always adopts, "is, that he is rather a flirt. I believe he cannot help it; it is second nature to him now. He adores pretty women, and at times his manner to them is rather—er—caressing. I tell him it is dangerous. Not perhaps that it makes much difference nowadays, does it? when women have learned to value attentions exactly at what they are worth. For my own part, I have little sympathy with those foolish Ariadnes who spend their lives bemoaning the loss of their false lovers. Don't you agree with me?"

"Entirely. Utterly," say Lilian, in a curious tone that might be translated any way. "But I cannot help thinking Fortune very hard on the poor Ariadnes. Is that the dressing-bell? How late it has grown! I am afraid we must go in if we wish to be in time for dinner.

Miss Beauchamp being possessed with the same fear, they enter the house together apparently in perfect amity with each other, and part in peace at their chamber doors. Lilian even bestows a little smile upon her companion as she closes hers, but it quickly changes into an unmistakable little frown as the lock is turned. A shade falls across her face, an impatient pucker settles comfortably upon her forehead as though it means to spend some time there.

"What a hateful girl that is!" Lilian says to herself, flinging her hat with a good deal of vehemence on to the bed (where it makes one desperate effort to range itself and then rolls over to the floor at the other side), and turning two lovely wrathful eyes towards the door, as though the object of her anger were still in sight. "Downright detestable! and quite an old maid; not a doubt of it. Women close on thirty are always so spiteful!"

Here she picks up the unoffending hat, and almost unconsciously straightens a damaged bow while her thoughts still run on passionately.

So Sir Guy "adores pretty women." By the bye, it was a marvellous concession on Miss Beauchamp's part to acknowledge her as such, for without doubt all that kindly warning was meant for her.

Going up to her glass, Lilian runs her fingers through the rippling masses of her fair hair, and pinches her soft cheeks cruelly until the red blood rushes upwards to defend them, after which, she tells herself even Florence could scarcely have said otherwise.

And does Miss Beauchamp think herself a "pretty woman"? and does Sir Guy "adore her"? She said he was a flirt. But is he. Cyril is decidedly given that way, and some faults run in families. Now she remembers certain lingering glances, tender tones, and soft inneundoes meant for her alone, that might be placed to the account of her guardian. She smiles somewhat contemptuously as she recalls them. Were all these but parts of his "caressing" manner? Pah! what a sickening word it is.

She blushes hotly, until for a full minute she resembles the heart of a red, red rose. And for that minute she positively hates her guardian. Does he imagine that she—she—is such a baby as to be flattered by the attentions of any man, especially by one who is the lover of another woman? for has not Florence both in word and manner almost claimed him as her own? Oh, it is too abominable! And ——

But never mind, wait, and when she has the opportunity, won't she show him, that's all?

What she is to show him, or how, does not transpire. But this awful threat, this carefully disguised and therefore sinister menace, is evidently one of weight, because it adds yet a deeper crimson to Miss Chesney's cheeks, and brings to life a fire within her eyes, that gleams and sparkles there unrebuked.

Then it quietly dies, and nurse entering finds her little mistress again calm, but unusually taciturn, and strangely forgetful of her teasing powers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

British Cattle Restrictions.

An important conference was held recently in Glasgow for the purpose of discussing the action of the Board of Agriculture in scheduling Canadian cattle. Called by the Clyde Navigation Trust, the meeting contained representatives from the chief local bodies of Glasgow, and from Dundee, Aberdeen and Newcastle. The Chairman, ex-Provost Browne, of Glasgow, announced that they had met for the purpose of endeavoring to secure a return to former arrangements, under which Glasgow had yearly handled 30,000 and 40,000 head of Canadian cattle. During his long experience not a single case of pleuro-pneumonia had ever been detected amongst them, and he believed the same to have been the case in Dundee and Aberdeen, despite the statement of the Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Andrew Leith said that the Dundee Harbor Board had spent an enormous sum of money in order to meet the requirements of the trade, and expressed his opinion that, while the city had benefitted, the farmers of Forfarshire, Perthshire and Fifeshire, had also derived much advantage from obtaining Canadian cattle for fattening purposes in place of having to breed and raise them locally. Mr. Andrew Hutcheson, a member of the Perthshire County Council said that he did not think a genuine case of pleuro had been demonstrated to have occurred amongst any of the animals landed at Dundee by the Hurona and Monkseaton." Mr. W. Bell expressed his belief, as a farmer, that the profits realized from Canadian cattle during the past season had done much to save the agriculturists of Forfar from serious loss. Ex-Bailie Taylor, of Dundee, speaking as a large farmer, also stated his firm belief that not a single case of contagious pleuro had been found amongst the cattle from Canada and added, that, as Canadian cattle were much more easily fattened than others, a strong effort should be made to have these unwarrantable restrictions moved. A committee was appointed and arrangements made for meetings of farmers throughout the country to discuss the question.

This action and the statements made are very gratifying and may have some effect, even upon Mr. Herbert Gardner. But many of the remarks suggest another side to the whole question. If it is so profitable for Scotch farmers to fatten Canadian cattle, would it not be better for the Canadian farmer to do it himself? Whether these restrictions, therefore, be removed or not, it may all turn out for the best in the end.

Hunting For an Old Man.

In the biography of Dr. Norman MacLeod there is an amusing account given of a visit he paid to one of the Western Islands to see a man who was celebrated in the district for his great age. The doctor found an old man (we can only quote from memory) sitting on a bench outside the house and gave him the usual greeting: "I heard that you were a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." "It'll be my faither you want to see," said the old man of the bench. So the visitor went inside and there sitting over the peats, was a very old man indeed, bent and doubled up, but still, for all that, with all his wits about him. "Good day to you," said the good doctor; "I have heard about you, a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." Then he, too, declined the imputation and pointed with his stick to the "ben," of the house. "It'll be my faither you want to see," said this old man of the fireside. So there in the "ben," the original Simon Pure was discovered at last, a very, very ancient old man indeed, as may well be imagined.

THE HAWAIIAN REVOLUTION.

Description of the Island—Its Population Resources, etc.

Hawaii—Owyhee, as it used o be written, and may even now be pronounced with an approach to correctness—is not a large place, since Ontario contains thirty-three times its area and twenty-five times its population. Hawaii, or the Sandwich Islands, has seen some governmental troubles and revolutions since Captain Cook discovered the place upwards of a century ago, and was, it is supposed, eaten by the natives. After this last spasm of cannibalism they accepted Christianity, but rapidly dwindled in numbers. They were 200,000 in Captain Cook's time, and there are now fewer than 40,000. But the islands have a productive climate, and occupy a highly convenient position on one of the great highways of commerce. Their capacity to produce wheat, bananas, sugar, rice, and other things, but chiefly sugar, combined with what is called their strategic location, makes them important in some degree. There is no other coaling and refitting station between Auckland and San Francisco.

Although the native population has decreased, the number of foreign residents has risen. The hard work of the island of Hawaii is done by about 30,000 coolies drawn from Japan and China. The sugar plantations, the banking, the trade, the professions, and all the Government offices are conducted by a white colony of about 6,000, of whom 2,500 are British, 2,000 Americans, and 1,500 Germans. There are also about 9,000 Portuguese, but these are of little political weight, and may be counted with the coolies. It may be said therefore that the active population consists of the 6,000 white commercial and official people and their 40,000 servants, the greater part of the latter being little above the condition of slavery. They are most of them what are called "contract labourers," and occupy a very much less free condition than the workers of this continent. Under these circumstances the fiction of the sovereignty of Queen Liliuokalani has been kept up since the death of her brother Kalakaua—the year before last—without much real basis. The bulk of influence and trade has been American, and the whites have controlled matters. There was a revolution in 1887 which greatly reduced the powers of the Hawaiian monarchy, and even before this the King did not enjoy much supremacy. The monarchs have been content to draw their pay, to pose as King or Queen, and to let the more active whites govern. There would have been no trouble now had not the Queen—who, by the way, is a Presbyterian—determined on the unwise step of attempting to reverse all this and to have a native Government with real power. But there is no doubt a trade policy at the back of the revolution and the desire for annexation with the United States. A reciprocity treaty between the islands and Washington was made in 1875, and this led to a very prosperous condition of things. until 1890 Hawaii grew the only free sugar that went to the United States. The present American tariff, by making all raw sugar free, abolished this profitable trade and practically ruined the plantations. As American planters and investors hold from one-half to three-fourths of the crops, and perhaps two-thirds of the entire capital of the islands, the desire for annexation can be understood. But there are treaty obligations with France and England which will have to be considered, and it is by no means likely that annexation will be permitted. The greatest part of the growth of the trade of Hawaii took place under what may be called an accidentally favourable position. That this has led to a wish on the part of the sugar planters to get hold of the bounties enjoyed by cane rooted in American soil will probably not be deemed by Britain an adequate reason for an important coaling station passing under the sway of the United States.

CHOLERA.

How to Prevent its Coming—Its Cause and Cure.

Sir Spencer Wells, formerly President of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, Eng., writes on "How to Prevent the Coming of Cholera." The writer is one of the most distinguished of living scientists and his words carry weight. He first gives a simple account of the properties of the cholera germ as revealed by modern research. The cholera microbe is a comma-shaped species of infinitesimal vermin which from its vibrating qualities has been named "vibrios." The cholera visitations of past years have proven that its natural sphere and means of subsistence is water; that the germs cannot be carried by the wind for any distance, but only travel by the direct route of human travel; filth in itself is not sufficient to generate cholera, although it is a predisposing cause of disease.

"In all the visitations of cholera to England the poison has been brought in the same way, always from Hamburg, and always first attacking damp, low-level, crowded districts, where (as Sir John Simon put it) a 'dense population lives in the atmosphere of its own excrements and refuse.' But mere dampness and the vapor of putrefaction, however powerfully they may aid in the destructive work of the cholera poison, will not generate it afresh. The seed is not recreated. It is preserved and carried. It passes over the strong, healthy people who live in high and dry places, breathe fresh air, and drink pure water. It decimates the feeble, sickly people who are crowded in damp, low-lying districts, who breathe foul air and drink fæcalized water."

The primary preventive of the spread of cholera is pure drinking water. In impure water only does the insidious germ actually thrive, but there are no tests by which the presence of organisms hurtful to human beings can be ascertained. There are chemical tests which will decide whether or not organic matter is present in water, but they cannot determine whether the organisms are injurious to health. All filtered water even should be boiled for five minutes, and the filter itself should be boiled four minutes once a week.

A much more important matter is the disposition of the dead bodies of cholera patients. It has been proven that poisonous germs are preserved by earth, and that it is only a question of time when even the body that has been interred in a coffin will impregnate with living organisms the surrounding earth. The researches of Darwin and Pasteur have also shown that the earth worms in time bring these germs to the surface and disseminate them abroad. In a Yorkshire village part of a closed graveyard was taken into the rectory garden. The earth was dug up, and scarlatina soon broke out in the rectory nursery, and from thence spread over the village. It proved to be of the same virulent character as the scarlatina which 30 years before had destroyed the villagers buried in the precise part of the churchyard which had been taken into the garden and dug up. No other explanation could be offered. The same state of affairs has been found true in smallpox, yellow fever and all zymotic and germinal diseases. Even consumption has been spread by the agency of earth so impregnated. In the city of Philadelphia about a thousand persons die every year of typhoid, and it has been distinctly proved that the water supplied to the city is contaminated by leaking and drainage from seven large cemeteries.

The writer sums the situation up with the following ringing and sensible paragraphs:

"If we are ever to abolish cholera we must do all that is possible, collectively and individually, to raise the standard of national health. Next, we have to protect the people from the seeds of infective diseases, We must intercept the transit of diseased travelers, not by unnecessary and vexatious quarantine restrictions nor interference with commercial and social intercourse between healthy places, but we must insist on careful inspection of all arrivals from infected ports. The work of the family or the individual must be left to the family doctor. But the lessons which the cholera of 1892 should teach everyone are that a supply of pure drinking water must be obtained; that when this is impossible impure water must be boiled, and when anyone dies the body must be cremated, not buried in the earth."

The Ways of the Czar.

The Czar's daily habits of life are those of a Pope rather than of a secular monarch, his relaxations those of a prisoner rather than of a potentate, When residing at Gatchino he generally rises at 7 a. m., whereas few noblemen in the capital leave their beds much before midday; and I am personally acquainted with two who rise with the regularity of clockwork at 3 o'clock every day. He then takes a quiet stroll in the uninteresting, well-watched palace park, returns to early breakfast, and engages in severe manual labor as a preparation for the official work of the day.

The latter consists mainly in the reading and signing of enormous piles of edicts, ukases, laws, and reports, all of which he conscientiously endeavors to understand. Upon the margins of these documents he writes his decisions or his impressions with a frankness and abandon which laughs prudence and propriety to scorn. Those who maintain that he is kept in complete or even partial ignorance of the cruel measures adopted in his name, or else that his boasted love of his people is but the varnish of hypocrisy, are as much astray in the matter of fact as in their appreciation. Cold-blooded cruelty or savage hatred is not the correct name of the motives that inspired the slaughter of the Amalekites by Saul, or the autos da fe of Arbues de Epila; and it should not be forgotten that there is a moral ailment called a false conscience, the effect of which is to poison the action without vitiating its source. "Men never do wrong so thoroughly and so cheerfully," says Pascal, as when they are obeying the promptings of a false principle of conscience."

To fancy, therefore, as many English optimists do, that the Emperor needs only to be informed of the fact in order to repeal the cruel laws and remodel the system of government which is ruining his people is as reasonable as to delude one's self with the pleasing notion that an illiterate peasant needs but a pair of spectacles in order to enable him to read his Bible.

Heavy Life Insurance.

The Earl of Dudley is said to have his life insured for $6,250,000. The Queen Regent of Holland has insured her life for a sum equivalent to over half a million sterling. John Wanamaker, Postmaster-General of the United States under President Harrison, holds a life accident policy of insurance for $1,300,000, the risk being divided between twenty-nine insurance companies. The life of the Prince of Wales is insured for $800,000, or, according to a late report, $1,000,000. The late Charles Henry Crompton-Roberts, an hotel keeper, of Boston, and a few others held policies for $500,000 each. Boston is famed for the heavy insurances upon the lives of its citizens, amongst which was a policy of $250,000 on the life of the late editor of the "Boston Herald." The lives of six other Bostonians were insured for sums of $200,000 and upwards. In England a life insurance policy is rarely taken out for more than $100,000, and in London and Manchester thousands of commercial men hold policies for that amount. In the case of large insurance policies granted by any insurance company, it almost invariably protects itself by reinsuring a portion or portions of the risk. The life insurances in force in the entire world is estimated at upwards of $90,000,000,000.

The popular idea that water is purified by freezing has been again disproved by recent careful experiments, which show that the average amount of impurity retained by the ice is 34.3 per cent, of organic matter. As organic matter is the more objectionable of the two, the case is worse than was formerly supposed.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with **typhoid fever**, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.** Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and **tonic medicine**, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.