Madame de Pompadour.

It was the day in Paris that saw the young King Louis XV. bring home his bride, the Polish Princess Marie. The strains of full "Te Deums" swelled out in long billows through the doors of the churches to meet the crash of military march and fanfare. The great city was one mass of brilliant, changeful colour, one echo of joyous sound, one tumultuous gorgeous holiday. At a window in one of the principal streets, at a safe distance above the thronged, moving, living panorama, a little girl of three was enjoying very fully and deliberately the spectacle.

This child's name was Jeanne Marie Poisson, but not as Jeanne Poisson is she known in history. The humble citizen name was to be swallowed up in the title of Marquise de Pompadour.

It was necessary, however, in course of time, for her and her mother to make a choice from among the many lovers who surrounded her. M. le Normand d'Etioles was one of Jeanne's warmest, most constant suitors, and he was accepted.

What Jeanne was doing in marrying M. le Normand Etioles, without caring for him any more than she did for her hairdresser, was just what all other girls of her age were doing around her—and so we can scarcely blame her for her proceeding.

Had it not been for certain splendid temptations which came in her way, Jeanne might thus have played a brilliant and innocent part in the story of Parisian society of that period. Perhaps in this case, we might know her now as an author or an artist; but a very different path from that was before her.

One night—a night which was to decide fair Jeanne's destiny—she went, dressed in character, to a masquerade ball. Louis XV. was there, as he fancied, incognito. He had seen and admired Madame le Normand d'Etioles at some public place where they had chanced to be together; and, masked though she was, he at once recognized her grace of shape and movement. The King, believing himself completely disguised, followed the lady, and soon contrived to get into conversation with her on a sofa a little apart from the rest of the company. The astute Jeanne, who was as quick-sighted as she was beautiful, knew, from the very first moment, who was sitting at her side, but gave not the slightest outward sign of such knowledge. As the gilded ball of playful gallantry was being rolled nimbly up and down between the two, there rose first in Jeanne's mind a waking whisper of what she might become.

A "*Maitresse en titre*" was as much at that time a recognized personage at the French Court as the Prime Minister of France himself. She was to the full as highly honoured as that dignitary, and, if she played her cards well, she might hold quite as much power in her hands. She who had last filled the office was just dead when the King and Madame le Normand d'Etioles met at the masquerade. Jeanne was by nature aspiring and ambitious, and the question flashed through her brain, "Why should I not take her place?"

With that question the first drop of temptation filtered into Jeanne's soul. She did not, as has before been said, love her husband. Her grasping brain was enticed and drawn on by the prospect of vast power which now opened before her, for already the whole woman felt instinctively that she was fit to reign. That little drop of temptation then grew until it swelled into a great wave, which washed her away from all home ties, and landed her at length in the royal palace.

Jeanne does not seem to have been carried away at this time by any very strong passion for her royal lover; it was hardly likely she could be, when we consider his great mental inferiority to hers. A thirst for power was what chiefly led her on. Still, throughout her whole career she was very faithful to Louis, and very true in her devotion to his interests and to those of France.

Louis XV., according to the fashion of sovereigns of the day, made short work in the appropriation and exaltation of his favourite. M. le Normand d'Etoiles was civilly told that he was no more wanted in France, and Jeanne was made Marquis de Pompadour, the name under which we know her.

When we set aside Madame de Pompadour's connection with the King, there can be no doubt about the lofty and brilliant part she played in the history of France of that period. She roused Louis from his natural apathetic sloth of character, and sent him out as the head of his army, to win glory for France and himself. She held the reins of the government very much in her hands, and managed State affairs with a clear-sightedness and skill that would have done honour to a gray-headed Minister. She was a liberal patroness of men of art and letters. She founded hospitals, and tended herself the sick in their wards. Her fertile, inventive faculties produced all kinds of new fashions in dress and furniture; trade flourished under her auspices, and her brain may be said to have kept going three parts of the manufactories in France.

Marguerite, the Young Queen.

She is the only royal person who sees her friends in the street. She has one of the most winning and sympathetic of faces. She is a blonde, has large blue eyes, a lovely mouth, and, without the aid of art, has a fair, fresh complexion. She is not at all an insipid blonde; she has character in her face, tempered with a gentle and lively expression. The Italians call her "La Gentilezza Italiana." She is 30, perhaps a little over, but does not look over 25. Royalty does not seem to weigh very heavy on her mind, and she seems to have changed the traditional, stately, queeny air of bygone queens for the happy, cordial, affable look of a happy and beautiful woman, securely reposing in the love of her subjects.

She has an unpretending way of going out shopping in an entirely unroyal way, and one of the pleasures of the American in Rome is to find herself shopping beside the charming Princess, who is often unknown even to the shopkeeper. She is noted in the street for the plainness of her attire Her favorite jewellery is the marguerite—fashioned in the exquisite taste of Florentine handicraft.

PLATINUM is stated in the books to have the atomic weight 197.2; but Herr Seubert, after much research, concludes that its atomic weight is 194.46.

Princess Louise's Life at Rideau Hall.

She is, like so many English women, a good walker and a fair rider, and during her first winter here she could be met almost any day miles away from her home. She "did" much of the vicinity of Ottawa on foot, always *sensibly* shod and dressed, and in slippery weather carrying a cane. Almost invariably she wears a veil. It has been the subject of much comment, and the curious often complain that the public never sees her face. Her reason for wearing it probably lies as much in the fact that she suffers terribly from neuralgia as from any wish to thwart the curious gaze. Both the Princess and Marquis readily adopted winter sports, and many a merry snow-shoe tramp was organized from the Government House; and when the spring opened, and the rafts from the Upper Ottawa began to come down by hundreds, they enjoyed the grand and exciting fun of running the rapids above the Chaudiere Falls, and coming down through the "slides" upon these log rafts.

From this slight glimpse into it you see that Rideau Hall is by no means a Castle of Indolence. The Princess is a busy woman, and her range of duties is a very wide one. Her artistic pursuits are, without doubt, nearest her heart, and you often see her abroad with her sketch-book, filling it with souvenirs of her Canadian home. She has a snug little sketching box, which can be whisked about from place to place as she desires it. Fortunately for one of her artistic nature she lives in a region surrounded by loveliest views, and whichever way the eye turns, it is gladdened by some picture never to be forgotten.

The Princess is a communicant at St. Bartholomew's, the little English church at New Edinburgh, which stands near the grounds (the rector of which is chaplain for Rideau Hall), while the Marquis of Lorne comes into the city, and is a regular attendant at "the kirk." Her Royal Highness has always taken an active interest in church affairs, and to her the little church is indebted for a fine chime of bells. The children of the Sunday-school are regularly entertained at the Hall with a Christmas-tree and party. She visits hospitals, schools, and convents, and carries on all the work of a charitable lady in private life. Much of her good work is done in a quiet, unostentatious manner, which fully carries out the Biblical injunction; but a princess cannot hide from the public the work of one hand, even if she can keep it a secret from the other, and so we from time to time catch a glimpse of her true, kind heart.

All of these public duties do not interfere with those of a more domestic character. She, of course, has a small army of servants. There is a *chef* and *un garcon de chef*, and I would be afraid to say how many more *pour faire la cuisine*; there are maid-servants and men-servants for each particular kind of work, and a housekeeper to oversee them all. But, in spite of much aid, the Marchioness of Lorne is at the head of her establishment. She does not think it beneath her dignity to go into the laundry and instruct the maids concerning their duties, or to give an occasional eye to the marketing when it is brought in. A story I have just heard about her makes her quite rival in housewifely attainments the queen of good King Stephen, who, from the "peck 'o barley meal," concocted that historical pudding so well known to the student of Mother Goose. A friend of mine was lately dining at Rideau Hall, and during the dinner she remarked upon the excellence of the oyster *pates* to one of the ladies in waiting to the Princess. "Yes," she replied; "they were made by her Royal Highness."

The immediate household at Government House consists of two or three ladies in waiting and several aides-de-camp. The military secretary and his wife occupy a handsome house near by, where the Princess often calls informally, or takes a five-o'clock "school-room tea" with the secretary's children.—ANNIE HOWELLS FRECHETTE, in *Harper's Magazine for July*.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's Home.

He lives at Palace Station, seven miles south from the centre of the city. A little over a mile in a cab brought me to the house. It is delightfully situated on a piece of ten acres, sloping towards the south. Mr. S. showed me the fernery, the flowers and the garden. Then we went to the stable; and as he opened the door, Mr. S. said: "There, you may eat your dinner off any part of the stable you please, it is so clean." Nor was the praise extravagant; the straw in the stalls had, at its outer edge, a narrow rim of straw matting, so that, in a sense, it might be said that the stalls were carpeted. Over two of the stalls were the names of the occupants, "Brownie" and "Beauty." Mr. Spurgeon said: "My horses are under the law. They observe Saturday. On that day, they are never taken out, no matter who wants to go anywhere. So that when they carry me to town on Sunday, their Sabbath is not interfered with."

An Astonishing Fact.

A large proportion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents to try. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively so'd by all Druggists on the Western continent.

HERE is a story for those little boys who have a mind to run away with the circus. Leotard Carlo was made a performer in the ring when he was only two years old, beginning as a posturant for riders, and afterward becoming expert on the trapeze. He wore the brightest of spangled costumes, smiled industriously while at work, and altogether was an object of envy to juvenile spectators. A few days ago a pitiably ragged and wan lad of twelve was caught stealing a drink of milk from a can in one of our city streets. Being arrested, he said that he was Leotard Carlo, that lameness had incapacitated him from gymnastic feats, and that for months he had been a starving, shelterless tramp.