



## HINTS TO COLLECTORS. THE PICTURE POST CARD CRAZE

BY DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

ALTHOUGH my article is headed "Hints to Collectors," I must begin by saying that I am not a real collector in the proper sense of the word, for I break a fundamental rule of the true picture-card collector, which is that every card must be bought and posted and bear the stamp of the place where it was purchased, and from which it was sent, which constitutes its value in the eyes of connoisseurs. But it is not a rule which I have ever thought it needful to observe, as it would have entailed trouble on the many kind people who simply bought me whole packages of lovely specimens at one place or another, and despatched them to me in a lump; and, also, I have so many of my own, obtained at the different localities which I have visited, and which I have not sent through the post. But my conduct in this is quite irregular; and if you begin a collection, my dear readers, you must be guided by the proper rules of the game, and try to get your picture-cards from people who will post them in the orthodox manner. You may not get so many, perhaps, but your collection will be valuable.

Now, my Editor said in his best editorial manner, when we were discussing picture post-cards, "Of course, the great thing in the collection that would be gained would be knowledge of all kinds—geographical, historical, and general." This is quite true, and the truth of it is abundantly shown in the selection made, which, though only fifty in number, is full of wonderful life and vivid interest; and I hope, before my description of them is finished, you will have acquired an immense amount of knowledge, and so justified our Editor in his wise prevision.

My first picture-card was purchased at the Chicago Exhibition, and was one of those brought out in commemoration of it. There were four in the set, and I am told that their present value is five pounds, but I do not know if this be true. The American cards seem to

be made in America, but Germany appears to be the land where we may find the origin of most of the others; and, except as regards our printed or photographed ones, all our prettiest cards owe their origin to Germany also.

The most artistic cards for some years past have been those of Switzerland; but this year I find the cards in Norway surpass all I have seen for beauty and fine colouring; and, as someone said, "They are also charming for another reason—there is very little room to write on them; one never has any time in Norway."

I cannot say that my collection was begun with a view to self-improvement, for in fact it came into existence quite by chance, and a kind of natural process of accretion through the kindness of my friends. Indeed, it will always be doubly valuable to me as a memento of that, for each card recalls a world of tender thoughtfulness. Last winter, friends travelling in the East collected every card I should think that they could find, and posted them from every place they visited. And this summer I have a travelling friend who writes me a card every second day, which has formed a long continuous letter—sentence by sentence—breaking off sometimes in the middle of a word, which remains unfinished for me, until the next card appears. I have twenty cards or more, and my letter is not finished yet. This is an immense joke, and I know its perpetration has beguiled a tedious and lonely course of baths at a German Spa, and has been a constant amusement to us in England.

The "Ansichtspostkarten" Exhibition, which has been opened in Berlin this summer, is a wonderful evidence of the popularity of the illustrated post-cards, and a proof of the rapid development of an entirely new industry. No fewer than 30,000 specimens are shown—a vast number, which has sent my courage down to freezing point as a collector. Indeed, I felt much the same sensation when I heard,

not long ago, that a certain Royal lady, who is a collector, had arrived at something over six thousand! So I have resolved not to count mine again; and I intend to remain quite satisfied with my progress.

Picture-cards are of every kind; the prettiest and most pleasing to the eye are, of course, the coloured prints, or perhaps chromos, that are reproduced from water-colour paintings, like the Norwegian, Swiss, and some in Edinburgh, which are beautiful. Next to these I admire those in heliogravure of some of the old portions of the cities of Germany. These are new and very well produced. Most of our English ones are photographs, reproduced by process, either on grey or white paper. There are, however, coloured ones, but they are of German parentage.

Perhaps the greatest leap forward has been taken quite recently by some of our English Railway Companies, notably the London and South Western, and the South Eastern, Chatham and Dover, who have placed at most of the stations on their lines penny-in-the-slot machines, containing picture post-cards with a stamped halfpenny on them. They are photographed views on a card which has an engraved scrollwork in colour, and are the work of an English firm. They have only one drawback, viz., they are too thin and cheap-looking; and all our English cards fail in being too small. They would look better to be the size of the ordinary penny post-card for abroad. Some beautiful cards have been sent me from Frankfort in relief stamping, the picture itself being from a photograph, I think. The march of luxury is evidently going on in them, and perhaps they may also advance in price, from the modest penny, or ten centimes abroad.

I must now devote some of my space to telling how to keep your cards, both with a view to order, preservation, and ready reference. It will depend entirely on how you

regard them, what you will do with them and how you will keep them. If they be thought of as merely the results of an ephemeral fashion, they matter but little; and you will probably do what I have seen done several times—you will stick them on a wall with drawing-pins, and without order or much care, except to say to those who see them you have so many hundreds or thousands. The room selected is often the smoking-room, and thus they afford subjects for conversation. The wall may be covered with some material to make a pretty surface, and of a colour to relieve the monotony of the uncoloured cards; but otherwise they are not considered.

In Germany there are books (which, I believe, can also be obtained here) for putting them into as an album; and these are good as far as they go; but, personally I never like books—they take up too much room; and, as yet, I am able to take mine with me on my travels, and so I like to have them kept in some less bulky form. Last year I took my whole collection out to dinner with me one evening, and found when I arrived that my friends had been busy in planning for its preservation. They had selected as a present a delightful portfolio, with pockets and a power of prodigious expansion, as a suitable receptacle in which to keep it; and when the cards were installed therein, as they were immediately, it proved to be the very thing I wanted. I told you, you will remember, that my picture-cards had shown me the loving kindness of my friends.

The other way of keeping the collection, if you do not like any of these three, is to have those long letter-boxes, and give up a box to each country. You will soon learn that you must have plenty of elastic bands to hold your treasures together, and these should be thin, and very elastic, so that they come off and on

easily, and do not damage the edges of the cards in doing so.

There is one benefit about this collection of picture-cards, and that is that the cards take up so little room that you need make no special arrangements for it, or go to much expense if you purchase specimens for yourself.

Having, I trust, informed you of everything I know about picture post-cards, I may proceed to tell you about the cards now illustrated, some of which are very interesting. The group of seven which forms the heading of this article are all of them wonderfully representative of their separate localities; and, should you be choosing them, that is what you should look for more than anything else.

The first, which is marked Fig. 1, of this group is a view of Oxford, forming one of an excellent series of photo-prints of various views. If you know Oxford you will recognise this as the High Street, taken just where it is most picturesque and full of interest. The next (Fig. 2) is also a photo-print, of the Castle of Goyen, one of the many castles in the mountains about Meran in the Tyrol. This was for a long time occupied by an English family, and is still used as a residence. The next (Fig. 3) is a view of Berne, including the cathedral spire and the last new bridge, and is a coloured print. The centre one is one of my most lovely Norwegian cards—a scene at the Voringvos Fall. The wildness and grandeur are well shown, and the colouring is exquisite.

The next (Fig. 5) is one of a series of caricature pictures of the various Swiss mountains, drawn by the well-known artist, Hansen of St. Gall. They were quite the rage when they came out two years ago; but to people who love the mountains they seemed an insult, in spite of their undoubted cleverness. The one in question, of "the Matterhorn laughing," seems a poor mockery in view of its

sinister reputation and of the sad tragedies with which it is connected, beginning with that so graphically narrated by Mr. Whymper in his well-known book, in which four valuable lives were lost. This card is in colour, from a water-colour sketch, and the boldness of the touches is very evident in the reproduction.

To the next (Fig. 6) it is a far cry from Switzerland—to Egypt; and we find ourselves in a hot atmosphere by the side of the Nile, and with a group of palms in front of us. This view has a background of yellow sunset, and it is, I am afraid, of German origin, as they could not produce anything of the kind in Egypt. In Fig. 7 we have an engraved card, a view of the famous "Drei Zinnen" in the Dolomites—those three wonderful peaks which come into view after you leave Toblach and have passed the beautiful smooth Dürrensee and Monte Cristallo reflected in its green depths. Then the "Drei Zinnen" tower over you, and you feel you have really arrived in the Dolomites, with their wonderful and peculiar forms and brilliant colouring, *The Untrodden Peaks*, as described by Amelia B. Edwards in 1873. Very few of them remain so now, for in spite of their difficulties and dangers mountaineers of all nations, especially English, hurried to surmount them after the book had been written. There is a curious coincidence about two of these cards. Lord Francis Douglas was the first to climb the centre one of the "Zinnen" in 1863, and he afterwards perished in 1865 on the Matterhorn, represented on the card next but one (Fig. 5) to the last, in making the first ascent also. It is these incidental things that give a special interest to any collection of picture-cards; and the great tragedy that marked the first ascent of the Matterhorn will be remembered for many a year to come, both among the Swiss mountains and in English homes.

(To be concluded.)

## THE LANGUAGE OF GIRLS.

By ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, Author of "Old Maids and Young."

### PART I.

#### AT HOME.



PAPER on the subject of the language of girls at home must, the present writer premises, contain specimens of girls' language of a kind not so common as to lack all interest for those to whom the common is the dull,

while equally they must be of a kind not so uncommon as to be displeasing to those to whom the uncommon is the undelightful. In other words, that species of girls' language at home which lies midway between the universal and the unique must be sampled.

On that assumption there is instanced in this paper nothing which the writer conceives to be unparalleled, from the story of the thing said by the least exalted damsel to the story of the thing said by the princess.

There is possibly not in every family, and yet there is indubitably in most families, one member of the Cassius type under the aspect of that Roman in which Julius Cæsar termed him "a great observer." This person takes stock of all that is going on, and now and again bursts out with some such alarming announcement as—the speaker was an Irish girl who addressed the assembled home-party—

"Fam'ly, we've all taken to saying *vous* for 'was'!"

That sort of intimation is startling, but is probably productive of good.

Few again are the homes in which there is not an inmate to whom is given, or to whom might fitly be given, the title of "the grammarian." This person, when a girl, often conveys a rebuke in language which, if not courtly, is yet so picturesque as to be unforgettable. The following case seems one in point—

"To who did you send it?" was asked.

"*To-who!* Don't speak like an owl, Ethel!" was the prelude to the answer in which Ethel was duly told to WHOM the article referred to had been sent by the grammarian.

It's hardly in a body's power to keep at times from being sour, according to a famous poet. When the body is one of a home-party, woe betide the others when these times dawn. It was in sour vein that a maid Marion spoke thus—

"I don't pretend to be the pink of politeness, but at least I know what politeness is. Some people don't."

There is all but invariably sourness in self-deprecation. That is why sisters and brothers and all the others succumb to dismay when a speech is opened with the announcement, "I don't pretend," or "ONE of the things I do know," or "We can't—all of us—be geniuses," or when a request for information

is ushered in with the words, "Perhaps you will *deign* to tell me."

There is a type of girl who is commonly said to make herself at home everywhere. The truth regarding her is that she behaves everywhere as she would behave in the home that is hers, and such agreeableness—or disagreeableness—as attaches to her so doing is intimately bound up with the character of that home. Such a girl said lately at the table of a learned lady with whom her acquaintance was but of some hours' duration—

"You say 'perfectly' where you should say 'absolutely.' *Yes, you do!*"

The closing asseveration was made in answer to a look in the face of the lady which said not "Do I?" but "I am not perfect, my little friend, and you are absolute."

There are persons who consider that such a girl should be pumped on at the Queen's pleasure—there was such a person at that table; other persons consider that pump-water would not remedy her case. Probably it would not. The mistake made by her is that she speaks without premeditation, as does the girl who evolves a bull. "What are you going to give Alice for a wedding present?" was said to such a girl. "A silver biscuit tin," was the answer.

Among members of the average contemporary English home, it is usual to affect great insensibility, a thing that is done often, but not always, with a large measure of success. Partings are a great strain on hearts that are

guineas. Very many girls take this examination on account of its not being so stringent as the minor, therefore not requiring so long a period of study, nor necessitating a three years' apprenticeship as with the latter; but, unfortunately, very many are content to remain with this qualification only, instead of using it as a stepping-stone to the minor. This qualification is, however, accepted by many of the smaller provincial hospitals, by some doctors, and is necessary to be admitted as a pupil in one of our largest provincial hospitals; but with this one exception it is advisable to have twelve or eighteen months' experience in practical pharmacy before attempting to obtain this qualification, since it is a very mistaken idea some girls hold that, after a few months' study at a pharmacy school to enable them to pass this examination, they can, without any real practical experience, obtain appointments. If they do so, by their inexperience they bring the whole question of the employment of ladies in pharmacy into disrepute.

It is then very essential to obtain practical experience, either by serving a pupilage of twelve or eighteen months in the dispensary of an institution, the fee for which averages about

ten guineas, or by apprenticeship to a chemist: this latter course is the better one unless desiring a hospital career. A few ladies having pharmacies of their own receive pupils; doubtless the number of these former will be augmented in a few years. Also, some gentlemen take lady apprentices; the fee for a three years' apprenticeship to a chemist varies greatly according to the amount of instruction given, etc. Now for a few remarks concerning appointments available after qualification.

*Hospital Appointments.*—Very many of these are open to female dispensers; and it speaks well for lady dispensers that those hospitals once opened to women invariably appoint a lady on any successive vacancy occurring. The larger institutions require the minor qualification, salaries varying from forty pounds to eighty pounds indoors and from sixty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds outdoors. In smaller hospitals, for which the apothecaries' qualification is sometimes considered sufficient, the remuneration seldom exceeds fifty pounds outdoors.

*Doctors' Dispensers.*—These appointments, very many of which are open to ladies, are

often the most sought after, in spite of the fact that the remuneration is usually not great. Some medical men require the minor qualification; by others the Apothecaries' Hall certificate is accepted.

*Wholesale Chemists.*—A few openings present themselves in the laboratories for lady pharmacists; also, ladies are employed in superintending female labour in the packing of drugs, perfumery, etc.: these posts are often very lucrative; where poisons are concerned, qualification is essential, otherwise it is not so, though preferred, and these engagements usually leave the evening at one's own disposal, and afford a good opportunity for study.

Lastly, in chemists' shops, either as mistress of their own pharmacy—suitable for those possessed of business capabilities and capital—or as manager or assistant to a pharmacist. But few ladies hold either of the two latter positions: those who do, find the work congenial and fairly remunerative, and being usually well received by the public. This field is likely to further open up for really experienced women.

R. KATHLEEN SPENCER.

## THE PICTURE POST-CARD CRAZE.

### HINTS TO COLLECTORS.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.

#### PART II.



THE page of forty-three picture post-cards comprises some from both England and the East, the Continent of Europe and America, and opens with one of the most lovely views in Europe, that of Chillon, as seen from Territet, with the Dent du Midi and its

seven heads, as a background. On the right, too, we see one of those beautiful boats with their picturesque sails, which make a complete picture of themselves, even without their background of snowy peaks.

We have not many examples of portraiture amongst our cards, so we are naturally pleased to have the two (9 and 11) with the portraits on them, respectively of Longfellow and Lord Byron, with their several homes in the background, *i.e.*, the house at Concord and Newstead Abbey. These two form part of a set of Eminent-Writer cards, in colours; and which comprise Dickens, Shakespeare, Tennyson, Scott, and Burns. The card between (10) is a Jubilee commemoration of 1897, a pretty, though rather garish card, with very gay colouring, and much gilding about it, and portraits of the Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales.

Damascus is the next (12) example, and I hope you will see that there is a cab-stand in the great square, a fact which is commented upon at once by everyone, because they have no idea that Damascus is so civilised. The sole legend imprinted on this by the sender is "Broiling," and the date was last April. Number 13 is a coloured card from Jerusalem, and represents the Jews' Wailing-place—of which you have often heard—beneath the

great Wall of the Temple. This was posted at Jerusalem, and purchased there. The next three (14, 15, 16), are respectively Brighton, and the Pavilion, Guernsey, St. Peter's Port, and Oban; all of them are specimens of the cheap printed card, this being the earliest form of card which usually appears, to be succeeded by something better later on. The next card (17) perhaps you will recognise at once as the large basin-fountain in the Pincian Gardens, under the trees. In the distance St. Peter's is seen and the Vatican. This card, like 38, the other Roman, is a colotype. The latter represents the Forum, at the back of the Capitol; showing the whole length of the Via Sacra to the Arch of Titus, and the Colosseum in the distance. At the extreme left are the three columns of the Temple of Peace; then comes the Arch of Septimus Severus, and then, in the centre, the range of columns of the Temple of Vespasian.

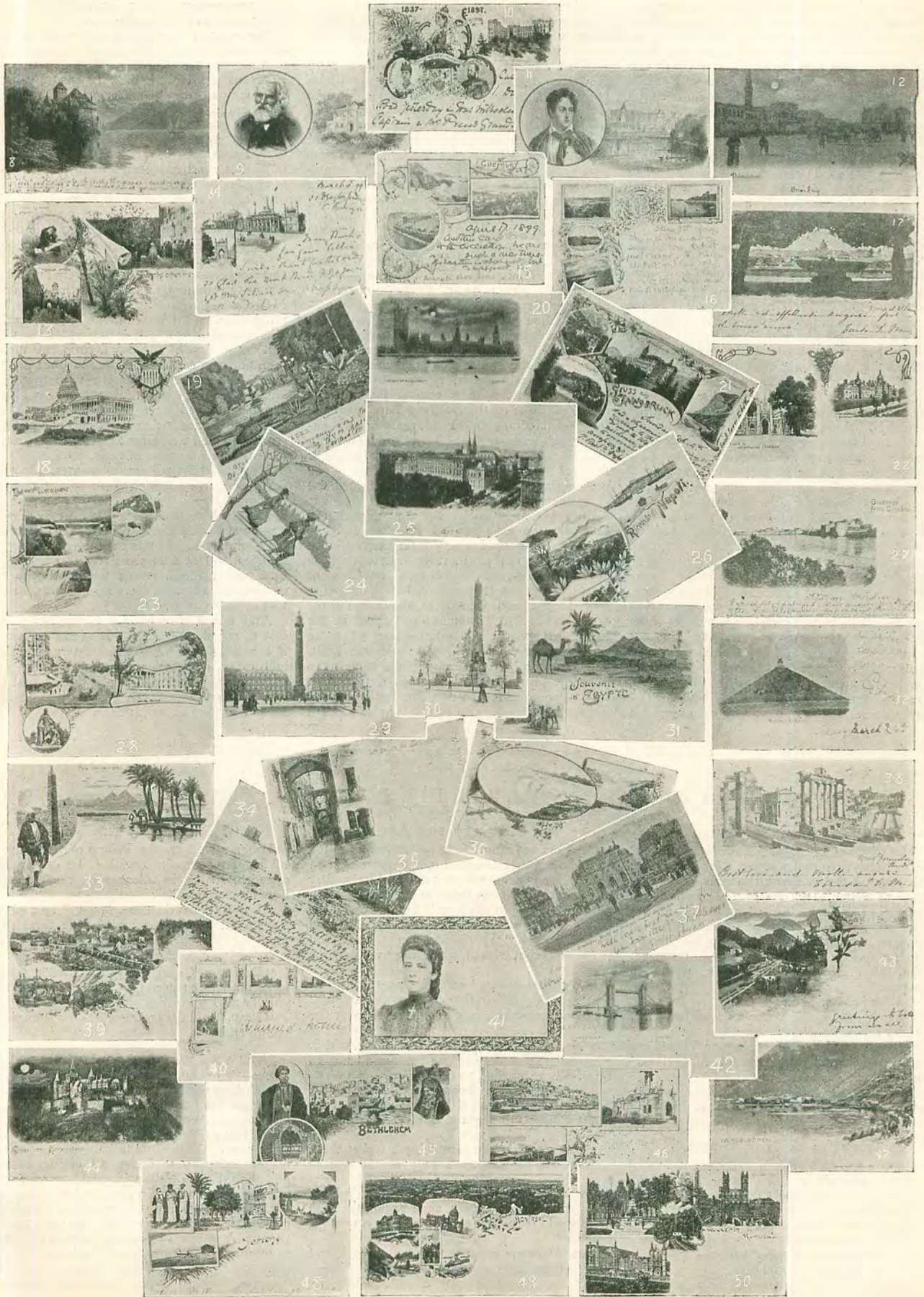
Flying over the waters to Washington (18) we reach the New World, and see on the card the Capitol, which is the most celebrated and beautiful building in America. Next to this comes (19) a view of the gardens at Baden, and then comes (20) a view of the Houses of Parliament from the Thames by moonlight, on blue-toned paper. The next (21) is more interesting, as it gives us a glimpse of Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, and two of its castles, Weyerburg and Schloss Ambras. The first is associated with the Emperor Maximilian I., who lived there. Both are inhabited and are in excellent condition. Two cards (22 and 28) represent Baltimore, the capital of Maryland, one of the finest of American cities. The card shows the entrance gates of the celebrated Greenmount Cemetery, and the richly-endowed Johns Hopkins University and Hospital. In (28) we see the Battle Monument, one of those which give to Baltimore its soubriquet of "Monumental City." Baltimore derives its name from Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore. The original Baltimore is a tiny village, near Skibbereen, co. Cork, in Ireland. Baltimore

received a million dollars from the famous George Peabody, and built a fine institute with it. This is also shown on the card.

Niagara Falls (23) is the next picture, a general view of it, showing the Canadian shore part of the rapids, and, lower down, the Canadian Fall only. These views are taken in summer. The Norwegian (24) "ski" may be seen in the next card, and as both a man and a woman are shown, you may see how the Norwegians look in winter, striding over the snow. The University at Vienna (25) comes next; a photo-print, and a general view (26) of Naples, from Pasillipo, with the smoking cone of Vesuvius in the distance. We are still in Italy when at Brindisi (27); this is the point of embarkation for the P. and O. steamers; and here Virgil died, B.C. 19. It was also the great port of embarkation for the Crusaders, in the eleventh century; and was the chief Roman naval station in the Adriatic. Paris appears in the next (29), the column of the Place Vendôme is given; and (30) our column, the Egyptian Obelisk, which we call Cleopatra's Needle, a pretty little coloured picture. Next to it is a view of the far-off land of its making, (31) Egypt, and a dromedary in the foreground. From thence we take an abrupt flight to (32), the monument on the field of Waterloo, and the Belgian lion. This card was posted on the spot, and is a photograph.

The Pyramids in the (33) distance, from the Nile, a group of date-palms and an obelisk, bring us back to Egypt again; and the next two (34 and 35) are of Cannes and San Remo—a very frequently sketched subject is the latter. In fact, the practice of throwing arches across from house to house, in those narrow streets, makes any Italian town or village look picturesque. Niagara (36) again on the Canadian side, and (37) Dresden, that beautiful Saxon capital, where so many of our compatriots reside for education and economy.

The next picture-card (39) is one that I found full of interest. It is a view of Milkveh Israel ("the Hope of Israel"), one of the



agricultural colonies established in Palestine. Perhaps you may know that, about sixteen years ago, there was a great movement for the establishment of these colonies in the Holy Land, to which were transported many of the persecuted Jews from various parts of Europe. The first years proved a failure, and the colonies did not thrive. But about five years ago a famous scientist professor, Waldemar Haffkine, took up the subject, and through his efforts the numerous "Lovers of Zion" societies formed a union, with headquarters in Paris and a representative at Jaffa. And this was the beginning of better and more orderly work, and was also the commencement of "Zionism," which, perhaps, you will remember, held a Conference last year at Bâle. These colonies owe everything to the munificence of Baron Edmond de Rothschild, who has subsidised them to the extent of a million pounds. The Mikveh Israel Colony is about a mile from Jaffa (46), in the Plains of Sharon, with a lovely view over the green fields to the purple haze that surrounds the mountains of Judea. It was established thirty years ago by Charles Nutter, who lies buried in the grounds; and it is an agricultural school, with 100 Hebrew pupils, and 600 acres of highly cultivated orange trees and vines. The pupils are trained to become gardeners, and as such have obtained so good a name that they are sought for even in France. This colony is now self-supporting, and the wish of its founder is gratified. The inscription on his tomb reads: "He did good to his brethren. How many are his merciful works. Mikveh Israel his hands established. Born 5586, died 5643." Altogether, there are ten or more of these colonies in Palestine, near Jaffa. Some of them speak pure Hebrew, and I am sure, when you eat the beautiful Jaffa oranges, you will be interested in hearing that most of them are grown by the Jews in their own land. I am told that the change has effected wonderful results in the way of physical well-being; from the bent, narrow-chested dwellers in ghettos, the inhabitants have become sturdy and straight; and their moral development is

equally remarkable. Would you like to know that the trumpet of ram's horn still summons them to worship, or to a fight for their fields and gardens with the prowling Arabs?

With the next card we find ourselves in Newbury, Berkshire, an English town which boasts of two battles, a castle, and three sieges, as well as the memorable one of Shawe House in the Parliamentary Wars. Perhaps you will recognise (41) the portrait of the poor Empress of Austria, who was murdered in Geneva last year. These memorial cards were very plentiful almost directly after the sad event. The portrait is one taken in early youth, but is said to have been the only one she liked herself, and in later life the Empress would not be photographed, I believe. A romantic picture (42) of the Tower Bridge on blue paper—a photo-print—is the next card. This is one of a very good series.

The last card (43) on this line is a photograph taken on the summit of Pilate—the mountain which towers over Lucerne—and was posted on the top as well as written there. As the cradle of a great line, Hohenzollern (44) will be of interest to you. It is a huge castle on a conical peak in the northern slope of the Swabian Alps, near the town of Hechingen. The family of Hohenzollern traces its descent from a Count Thassilo, who is said to have founded the castle about the year 800, and the head of the line is the present Emperor of Germany. Does Bethlehem (45) interest you, even though it be not picturesque, and looks hot and unsheltered from the burning sun of Palestine? The dress of the people is very little altered since the time of our Lord, it is asserted. Jaffa (46) I have already mentioned, but I want you to recollect that the ancient name of it was Joppa, and that it is mentioned three times in the Old Testament and three in the New. It was the landing-place of those cedars of which the First Temple was built, and later on we remember that it was the port of Jerusalem, from which it is distant thirty-one miles. To-day there is a railway between these cities, and Jaffa is quite modern

and progressive, with a large fruit trade, as well as one in cotton and corn.

The next is Norwegian (47)—Lærdalsören—it looks a lovely village, and is one of my prettiest cards. Jericho (48) takes us back again to the Holy Land. It was one of the most famous cities of ancient days, but is now represented by the miserable village of Eriha, near the northern extremity of the Dead Sea, eighteen miles from Jerusalem. There are very few traces of antiquity about it, and none that can be identified with the buildings of any era of the past, excepting some traces of a Roman road.

For the scenes of 49 and 50—the next following—we must cross the Atlantic to the great River St. Lawrence, where, at the head of the navigation of the ocean, and at the commencement of that of the rivers and lakes, stands the commercial capital of the Dominion of Canada—Montreal. Here the river is two miles wide, and it is spanned by the celebrated Victoria Bridge, and it is 620 miles from the sea. The view of the city is from the mountain, and you can see the river in front of you. The last card represents the twin towers of Notre Dame, the beautiful cathedral, which is capable of containing 12,000 people. These two towers are 220 feet high, and one of them contains a bell weighing 29,400 pounds, while the other has a chime of bells.

Montreal has had several names. In 1535 Jacques Cartier landed here and found an Indian village called Hochelaga, and he renamed it Mount Royal. A century after it was named Ville Marie, which name it retained for a long time. It was taken by the English in 1760, and at that time it was surrounded by a wall, a ditch, and a fort, and it had a citadel, but all these have disappeared in the vast increase of the city.

And now I have spun my yarn about one fifty of my picture-cards. It seems to me as if I had a dozen fifties more interesting still, and every day brings me others new and charming. I told you—did I not?—that my dear collection was the gage of the loving-kindness of my absent friends.

## VARIETIES.

### THE VICAR'S WIFE.

The wives of our rectors and vicars should be models of common sense. Unfortunately this was not the case with the vicar's wife who came to reign over one of the best set up parishes in Wessex. She was rather an underbred lady. During a garden-party, given to improve acquaintanceship with the neighbourhood, a servant came up and said, "Please, m'm, Mrs. Lee, up to Starrow, wants to see you."

"Who is Mrs. Lee?"

"Please, m'm, she is the wife of Jan Lee, the pig-killer."

"You should say Mary Lee or Jane Lee, but never 'Mrs.' of people of that class," corrected the vicarress.

And yet she wondered, so long as she resided there, why she did not make headway in that parish.

### THE GIRL IN LOW SPIRITS.

If you are full of care and doubt,  
Lock yourself in and "have it out."  
Discuss your troubles, pro and con,  
Your thinking-cap first putting on.  
But do not have your griefs arrayed  
Before your friends on dress parade.  
Be cheerful—or appear to be—  
If you wish for popularity.  
The world had rather grin than groan,  
"We all have troubles of our own."

### THE POET AND THE ARTIST.

Authors are often made unhappy by finding that their illustrators had misinterpreted their ideas. Tennyson, we are told, had frequently a bad half-hour from this cause. In the poem of "The Lady of Shalott," for example, the lady's hair is never mentioned. Mr. Holman Hunt, however, represents her with flying masses of crimped hair, spreading over her like a veil.

"My dear Hunt," said the poet, when he first saw this illustration, "I never said that the young woman's hair was flying all over the shop."

"No," said Hunt; "but you never said it wasn't." And after a time Tennyson came to be wholly reconciled to the design.

He never quite forgave the same artist, however, for giving King Cophetua a long flight of steps to descend to meet the beggar-maid.

"I never said," he complained, "that there were a lot of steps. I only meant one or two."

"Well, but," retorted Hunt, "the flight of steps doesn't contradict your account. You merely said, 'In robe and crown the king stopt down.'"

But Tennyson was not to be appeased, and kept on declaring that he never meant more than two steps at the outside when he penned the lines.

### "I DON'T PASS THE TIME."

When a well-known Bishop of the Church of England was in Trinidad, he once asked a negro, sitting in idleness by the roadside, how he managed to pass the time.

"I don't pass de time, massa," he replied. "I jes' sit in de sun and let de time pass me."

### A TRIFLE.

"Professor," said the girl graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting. "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray," said the professor, "do not mention such a trifle."

HOW TO LIVE TO ONE HUNDRED AND TEN.—The late Dr. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson used to say that the normal period of human life is about a hundred and ten years, and that seven out of every ten average people could live as long as that if they lived in the right way. They should cultivate a spirit of serene cheerfulness under all circumstances, and should learn to like physical exercise in a scientific manner. No one, he held, need be particularly abstemious in regard to any article of food, for the secret of long life does not lie there. A happy disposition, plenty of sleep, a temperate gratification of all the natural appetites, and the right kind of physical exercise, would insure longevity to most people.