JENNIE JUNE IN EUROPE.

The Picture Gallery of the Duke of Westminster—Windsor Castle and Its Surroundings.

Stoke Pogis, Where Gray, Author of "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," is Buried.

The Resort of Shakespeare and Dr. Johnson's House.

LONDON, July 27.—One of the interesting events of our stay in London has been a visit to the Duke of Westminster's Gallery, one of the finest private galleries, if not the finest in London. The Duke of Westminster is very hospitable and very public-spirited. He gives his private riding school for bazaars and opens his magnificent suite of reception rooms, called his "gallery," and filled with admirable works of art of every description as well as pictures, for concerts, for charitable purposes, and at least three months in the year to holders of tickets, who are privileged to extend the courtesy to friends. The kindness is perfectly free and untrammelled, servants are not allowed to receive fees, and when our party arrived there, fifteen minutes in advance of the time—ten a. m.—of opening, and unaccompanied by our guarantee, Mrs. Felix Moscheles, who was not due till fifteen minutes later, we were politely received and allowed the entree at once. To describe the interesting pictures, or merely catalogue them, would require more than the space reserved for this letter, so I shall only indicate a few of the most striking features. One of these is the magnificent portrait of Mrs. Siddons by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which contains his name inscribed in the hem of her robe and by which he said he was willing to be judged and his name carried down to posterity. Another is the "Blue Boy," a figure of a graceful youth in blue page costume, painted by Gainsborough in answer to a challenge by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who insisted that blue as a color did not supply an artistic medium to the painter. The picture triumphantly refutes this idea. A wonderful small picture is Murillo's sleeping infant Christ, and a remarkable one Raphael's visit of Elizabeth to Mary the mother of the Savior. There are numerous examples of Claude Lorraine, Poussein and Rubens, and a curious portrait of Van Dyck, by himself, holding in his hand a sunflower. This picture certainly relieves Oscar Wilde from the opinion of originating the decorative and symbolic use of this high-colored emblem. A crystal clock with large disc of brilliants, a cabinet composed entirely of onyx and gold and exquisite old china, a stand of rare woods inlaid with pearl or ebony, are among the hundreds of other beautiful and rare objects. It was noticed particularly that small articles in daily use lay about in some of the rooms, such as books, with the small vases of flowers and the crystal dishes of roses and maidenhair ferns, or sweet-smelling carnations, forget-me-nots and mignonette.

Another memorable occasion was our visit to Windsor and Stoke Pogis, the latter a little village five miles from Windsor, only interesting as being the scene of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and the resting place of the author. Windsor is too well known to need lengthy description—its towers of York and Lancaster, its "round" tower, its battlements and terraces, are all historic. The queen occupies but a small portion of the south front of the massive pile of stone, and as she was in residence, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury on a visit, and the Duchess of Teck expected by the "1:10 train," we were not invited to prolong our stay. We saw the Queen, however, and the Princess Beatrice as they drove across the inner court in a low phaeton, which one of the young ladies of our party thought not half so handsome as our own, on their way to Frogmore, or on their return—I forget which, and it does not matter. Frogmore is where the Prince Consort's mausoleum is erected, a picture of which is presented below, and is frequently visited by the Queen.

It was rather touching to see the respect with which a gray-haired and reverend looking gentleman, with his nice wife and sweet-looking daughter, watched the approach of the Queen. "Not so much," as he afterwards remarked, when he met his family party on the North Terrace, "because she is the Queen, as because she has been an 'exemplary' wife and mother—has brought up her sons and daughters to perform their duty and exercised an 'influence' for good upon the whole nation." The North Terrace, the stables and St. George's Chapel are open to the public at certain hours—every day in the week but one—and also the Great Park and grounds including the "Long Walk," even when the Queen is at Windsor, as are all "Crown" properties and residence—so it is easy to see how strongly attached she must be to her own and only home of Osborne. The North Terrace commands the widest view of any within the walls of the castle. It looks out upon Eaton College and its surrounding neighborhood, and down into a wooded ravine, which is a tangle of luxuriant greenery, intersected with lovely walks and furnished with resting places beneath the fine old trees.

St. George's Chapel contains the tombs of some of those Englishmen who have devoted their lives to the service of the Crown, and notably the

cenotaph, dedicated to the memory of the unfortunate Princess Charlotte, famous for its veiled figures of weeping women. In this Chapel have been celebrated all the royal marriages, and there is great discontent among the members of the household at Windsor because Whippingham Church was preferred by the Princess Beatrice for her nuptials with Prince Henry of Battenberg. "Whippingham Church," said the young cicerone, who escorted us around the stables, "won't 'old 300 people, and they can't hentertain as many as that at Hosborne, but there's no accounting for tastes." The bay horses, he explained, were for "Ministers and such," when they came to visit the Queen; the cream-colored horses for "royalties." Two beautiful black mountain ponies are kept for service at Balmoral. He opined, also, rather significantly, that the Queen would not lose much of the society of the Princess Beatrice after her marriage, but would only gain that of the Prince, her husband, who is a nice, rather Monaguish looking young fellow. Leaving Windsor, we drove directly down the "long walk," lined on either side with noble trees set so thickly that a complete wall hundreds of feet high is formed, which give cool shade on the hottest day; past the "model" farm, through the great park, over the "Victoria" and "Albert" bridge to quaint "old Windsor" and out to Eaton and Eaton School, where the boys were enjoying their noon recess in the cricket ground or hastening back in troops to the afternoon recitations. The ride to Stoke Pogis is lovely, through quiet lanes, lined with trees or thrifty hedgerows, and as we had not time to stop anywhere for luncheon we improved the occasion by laying in a store of the great, delicious English strawberries and current buns, which we lunched upon with appetite and shared with our driver. The most conspicuous objects upon the way were the carved stone lions at the entrance of the grounds and park, 1,000 acres in extent, of a fine country house, once intended as a home for the Prince of Wales, now owned and occupied by (according to our coachman) "Coleman's Mustard." This condiment is placarded in large letters throughout England, and we were quite glad to find out that its proprietor had not only a local habitation but so sumptuous a one.

The quiet graveyard at Stoke Pogis is disfigured by an imposing monument in shocking bad taste which some man with more money than brains was permitted to erect, but which stands there quite useless—a monument of his own stupidity—for the collective sense of the people would not permit the remains of the poet or the simple inscription on the wall of the church to be disturbed to satisfy the vulgar desire for reflected glory of one individual. So the poet still reposes in peace by the side of his mother under the old lateral tombstones, and the daisies and buttercups grow up about him and the ivy clings green about the walls of the little church that he loved and in the shadow of which he rests. "Gray's Elegy is one of the perfect poems in the English language. Its tone, sentiment and imagery are all in unison, and are unmarred by a single flaw in language or construction. It was formerly required of every child in English schools that they should acquire this poem by memory; and it says something for the literary taste of some American schools to day that they make this exquisite work a principal lesson in English literature; the poem itself, be it understood, not somebody's talk about it and its author and his antecedents, of which so much of our present day "literature" is composed.

The last day of our stay in London eclipsed all previous experiences. We went with an American friend, long resident abroad, to lunch at the old "Cheshire Cheese" tavern, Wine Office Court, Fleet street, the resort of Johnson, and even Shakespeare, where the old timbered doors, the settees, and fireplaces the pewter mugs and spoons, and leaded diamond-paned windows remain, where you can sit in the very spot where the famous old doctor took his pint of home brewed and Boswell got off his quaintest epigram:

Earth has no land nor land a town, I wis—
No town a house, or house a lord, like this.

The authorship of this is unknown and may have been Boswell himself.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's own house—with historic inscription—is just around

the corner in Gough Square, a small court rather than square, and there is a triangle of courts and alleys and "yards" and narrow lanes and old cheap houses in the locality, so that it is difficult for even a London cabman to find the exact spot. But once found there is no mistaking it. Sala and others have described it, and an inscription by the door announces that it was rebuilt in 1667. It is still famous as ever for its "rumpsteak pudding," which is compounded of a crust made with suet, fresh cut steak, mushrooms, an oyster or two, a famous sauce piquente and a little pounded bisquit or flour; for its Welsh rabbit stewed with ale; for its stupendous chops, which must be cut from sheep grown on purpose: for its mustard and bread and cheese and its habitues stick to the long clay pipes, several of which we brought away; and our admiration of the great Christmas bowl in which the rumpsteak pudding is made so won upon the presiding genius of the kitchen, which we were allowed to inspect, that she gave us a small, square tin—a square jelly cake tin in miniature—as the veritable (with a twinkle) self same little tin in which Johnson had his cheese stewed. Joke or not, the "old Chesire cheese" is an interesting and curious fact. And whether Shakespeare visited here or not, Goldsmith and Voltaire, Pope, Bolingbroke and Congreve, as well as rare Ben Jonson and his talky biographer, were certainly frequent guests. An old play, now in a well-known library in Edinburgh, contains the following references to this famous resort:

"Come to the cheese, good friends, come to the cheese.
There I'll engage that thou shalt quickly find
The creature comforts that thou need'st so much.
Thy body's famished first for want of sack;
And next for lack of something good to eat.
Haste to the cheese, good friends, haste to the cheese."

A second mention in the same work is to the following effect:

"Heaven bless the cheese and all its goodly fare;
I would to Jove I could go daily there.
Then fill a bumper up my good friend, please;
May fortune ever bless the 'Cheshire cheese.'"

The left hand room upon entering the "Cheshire," and the table at the right, with the wooden settle on one side and the window at the end, was the table occupied by Johnson and his friends almost uniformly. This table and the room are as Johnson and his friends left them in their time. Johnson's seat was at the end, his back to the window; Goldsmith sat at his left hand. The latter is buried on the opposite side of Fleet street from the Cheese, in Temple Churchyard. The following is the inscription upon the stone:

Here Lies
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
Born 10th of November, 1728.
Died 4th of April, 1774.

Goldsmith, it is said, lived and died at 2 Brick Court Temple, in the same building where Blackstone wrote his Commentaries. JENNIE JUNE.

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Jennie June

Marrying for Money.

I had a conversation recently with a very clever and attractive New York lady, who, among other misfortunes, was afflicted with $2,000,000. She said she would never marry, because she would not believe that any man wanted her for any other reason than her gold. "And what," I asked, "do you lose thereby? If a gentleman takes you because you are so pretty, the small-pox, a fall from a horse, any accident may destroy your beauty, and where will his love be if it is for that reason only he took you? If another one falls in love with you because you are so fresh, so young, so lively, time is safe to destroy all that, and your hold on him is lost. But if he takes you for your money, you need only beware of dangerous speculations, and you will always keep the charm that brought him to your feet, and you have nothing to fear." "That is one way of looking at it," she said; and so completely did she embrace my opinion that barely a year after I received an invitation to her wedding with an English nobleman.—*Temple Bar.*

James D. Fish, of the defunct Marine bank is employed in the shoe department of the penitentiary. In marching to and from his work he is not forced into the common rank, but is permitted to walk alone. Friends have furnished his cell with a carpet and easy chair.

TWENTY-FOUR O'CLOCK.

Applying the New Time Notation to Clocks and Watches.

The pioneers and others who have taken an active and successful part in the introduction of standard time have all along acknowledged that the system now in general use, which divides the day into two parts of twelve hours each, beginning and ending at midday and midnight, is altogether contradictory and confusing, and is cumbersome, because in noting the hours, which are repeated every day, they have to be explained as either ante meridian or post meridian. The railway officials have been most alive to this anomalous condition of things, because they have found as great difficulty in making up their time schedules as the public usually have in deciphering them. Railroad men, therefore, would be a unit for the adoption of the twenty-four hour system. At the meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, on the 21st of last January, the Committee on Standard Time reported that since the June previous they had communicated with a large number of prominent men in all parts of the country, and found 92 per cent of them decidedly of the opinion that the hours should be counted in a single series, from 0 to 24. Replies from railway officials representing over 50,000 miles of road were also received favoring the change. The telegram interests were also reported to be in full sympathy with the new system, and the President of the Western Union Telegraph Company was given as authority for the statement that, besides reducing the number of errors, twenty millions of messages would be saved annually in transmission if it were adopted. The proposed change has been widely discussed, both in this country and in Europe, and in both sections there is to be noted a growing sentiment in its favor. Scientific men have used the 24-hour system for their special purposes for a long time, and this year the observatory at Greenwich, England, changed their astronomical time from beginning the day at 12 o'clock noon to 12 o'clock at night. In other words, the day at that institution begins now at midnight, counts up to 12 o'clock noon, and then forward to 24 o'clock at midnight. One of the practical difficulties of making the change to the proposed 24-hour system is that our time-pieces, both in mechanism and system of notation, are all based on the 12-hour system. Various devices have been suggested to adapt the proposed system to the present style of watches and clocks, all of them more or less ingenious or simple. One of the very best which has so far been shown has recently been patented in this country and Europe, and may, therefore, be deemed