

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## BURIAL OF THE REMAINS OF CUSTER'S COMPANIONS IN DEATH.

THE remains of the gallant officers who fell with General Custer at the battle of Little Big Horn, on the 25th of June, 1876, reached Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 3d of August last, en route for burial. Before the hour set for the funeral services at the chapel at Fort Leavenworth, on Saturday, 4th, five artillery caissons, drawn by bay horses, were placed on the north side of the chapel building, and were on the north guarded by

two companies of the Twenty-third Infantry, under command of Captain Joseph T. Haskell, while the band of the regiment was drawn up in line a short distance away. On the south side of the chapel a special column, consisting of the Provost Guard, were posted, the whole being under the immediate command of Captain C. S. Hsley, of the Seventh Cavalry, marshal of the day. The streets about the chapel and around the military prison were literally crowded with carriages of every description, there being fully three hundred in sight from the Provost-Marshal's headquarters. Inside the chapel the

scene was a most solemn one. Directly in front of the altar, and guarded on either side by an armed soldier, were arranged the caskets containing all that was left of the five officers who had been sent here for burial. They were arranged with heads towards the altar, the first on the west being the casket containing the remains of Colonel Yates; the second, Colonel Thomas Custer; the third, Captain A. E. Smith; the fourth, Captain James Calhoun; and the fifth, Lieutenant Donald MacIntosh. Each casket was draped in the folds of the Stars and Stripes. The first part of the

solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church was performed by Post Chaplain Rev. John Woart, after which the procession slowly filed out of the chapel, while the guard of honor took possession of the caskets, and, under command of the several officers, placed each one on a gun-carriage, while the Twenty-third Infantry Band rendered, with solemn effect, the old and well-known "Peyels Hymn."

After the coffins were properly arranged, the procession was formed in the following order: Twenty-third Infantry Band; Captain C. S. Hsley,



KANSAS.—BURIAL, AT FORT LEAVENWORTH, AUGUST 4TH, OF THE REMAINS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE SEVENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, KILLED WITH GENERAL CUSTER BY SITTING BULL, AT THE BATTLE OF LITTLE BIG HORN, JUNE 25TH, 1876.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. HOWELL.



...shul; Two companies Twenty-third Infantry, with reversed arms, under command of Captain Joseph T. Haskell; caisson, drawn by two horses, bearing the remains of Captain James Calhoun, guarded by Colonel J. Perin and Colonel R. Saxton; horse caparisoned in mourning, and led by a cavalry soldier; special escort of four men commanded by a sergeant; caisson, bearing the remains of Colonel Thomas Custer, guarded by Major J. P. Wright and Colonel D. G. Swain; horse caparisoned in mourning, and led by a cavalry soldier; escort of four men in charge of a sergeant; caisson, bearing the remains of Colonel G. W. Yates, guarded by Colonel E. R. Platt and Captain A. L. Varney; horse caparisoned in mourning and led by a cavalry soldier; escort of four men in charge of a sergeant; caisson, bearing the remains of Captain Algernon E. Smith, guarded by General A. P. Blunt and Captain A. G. Hull; horse caparisoned in mourning and led by a cavalry soldier; escort of four men in charge of a sergeant; caisson, bearing the remains of Lieutenant Donald McIntosh, guarded by Colonel C. H. Hoyt and Captain Wm. J. Volkmar; horse caparisoned in mourning and led by a cavalry soldier; escort of four men in charge of a sergeant.

At the cemetery the procession was received by several staff officers, and while the troops kept solemn time to the dirge played by the band, the citizens, numbering nearly two thousand, gathered within the grounds to witness the last rites. On the arrival of the procession at the graves, situated at the west side of the cemetery, directly east, and within a short distance of the monumental gun, the band halted on the south, and the troops filed in on the east side of the graves, while the pall-bearers brought in the caskets and placed them over their resting-places. The troops at the proper order reversed arms, and the burial service for interment was rendered by Post Chaplain Woot, who was accompanied by Rev. W. N. Page, of Leavenworth, and Rev. Mr. Anthony, of San Francisco.

After the service the remains of the departed soldiers were lowered into the ground, and the caskets were covered with a profusion of wreaths and bouquets, while the band rendered a beautiful and impressive piece of music so table to the occasion. At the conclusion of the burial services at the graves, the troops, under command of Captain Haskell, fired a salute of three volleys, each company loading with ball-cartridge, to show that, if ever the occasion offers, they will not, with blank-cartridges, avenge the death of their fallen officers and comrades in arms.

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## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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## THIS FALL'S STATE ELECTIONS.

DURING the present Autumn, nineteen States hold elections. Alabama and Kentucky have already spoken words of encouragement to their sister commonwealths. Literally, they have blazed the way for conservatism, and gallantly called upon thoughtful political leaders in the other States to couch their lances and lend their good right arms on behalf of peace, order and progress. On the 5th of

September, Vermont and California go to the ballot-box. The former runs a State ticket and elects legislators, and so great has been the enthusiasm with which Mr. Hayes and his party have been received by the countrymen of John Stark and Ethan Allen, that ultraism will receive a severe check, and possibly may be overthrown entirely. Undoubtedly, the State will go Republican, but the heart of the people will be found to have undergone a great change towards the policy of the man whose aim is to abolish sectional differences. California elects members of the Legislature, and past peradventure she will sustain the President, if present indications mean anything. Maine votes on the 10th of September, and, like Vermont, elects State officers and legislators. The ultra Republican Convention in that far-away State was not as harmonious as Blaine desired it should be. That pertinacious demagogue, who developed on the occasion the heart of Robespierre, the bluster and bragadocio of Danton, and the pettier sinuities of Talleyrand, was, for once, near drowning in a malodorous vat of his own creation. He wanted the Southern Policy of President Hayes denounced, and called upon his editorial fugleman to blow the blast of hate. But a patriot was found in the person of the President of Bowdoin College, who introduced a resolution enthusiastically indorsing that policy as one of preeminent conservatism and constitutionality. The over-zealous Senator finding himself in a trap, silenced his opponents by moving to lay on the table both the resolution denouncing Hayes and the resolution indorsing him. Still, with marvelous inconsistency, Senator Blaine caused to be retained in his prepared platform a plank announcing that Packard, the rejected Louisiana carpet-bagger, was really elected Governor of that State, and that Chamberlain was *de jure*, and should be *de facto*, Chief Executive of South Carolina! And yet Mr. Blaine had the effrontery to ask the President to share his bread and his roof during the visit of Mr. Hayes and his Cabinet in New England! Mr. Calhoun once said on a somewhat similar occasion: "I will sleep with no man who wants to cut my throat!" The President politely declined the invitation of Mr. Blaine. This bit of digression has a meaning. The genuine Republicans of Maine are discontented with the bloody-shirtism of Blaine and his confederates, who hold the doctrine of hate to be higher than that of love. The dissenters are growing stronger, and the splendid reception which has been given Mr. Hayes in his New England tour will increase the ill-feeling towards his antagonists and perhaps awe them into silence.

On the 6th of November Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nevada hold elections. In eight of the above thirteen States Governors and Legislatures are to be chosen. The Republicans claim five States, and one of these, Ohio, may be lost to them. The defection in the Republican ranks does not arise from the reported communistic declarations of Judge West, nor from any personal antagonism to him, but from his championship of the President. The malcontents hung out the ensanguined garment of Morton and Blaine at Columbus and Cleveland, and while the expected grand rally of the Draconians has not alarmed the country, it may draw enough from West to elect Bishop, the Democratic candidate. It is a remarkable fact in the history of politics that, never mind which of the gubernatorial candidates shall win, the indorsement of the Southern policy of the President is inevitable, for nothing short of it can satisfy the majority of the adherents of either party in Ohio. At the same time that Ohio votes, the great State of New York elects a State ticket and members of the Legislature, the latter of which will decide the fortunes of Senator Conkling. The fact that Conkling hurried home after a six weeks' absence from the time he left the Narrows is proof that he saw danger for himself ahead without a single buoy to indicate the sunken rock. The Senator, hitherto regarded as a very Caesar, although slightly Brummellized, has only told us how superior America is to Europe, how proud he is of New York, and, after laboring under a homesickness which would do credit to a boy whose fond mother had sent him on a visit to distant relatives, claps his hands and shouts when his foot is upon the heather of his own native hills. Not a word about general politics, nor the conservatism of President Hayes, nor the particular battles in November. He adopts the "still hunt" of Mr. Tilden, and, like Davy Crockett's coon, will likely come out at the same hole he went into. The Democrats are wicked enough to boast in advance that the Nazarite locks of the handsome Senator must be shorn with scissors handled by no Delilah. In a few words, they propose to permit Mr. Conkling to uninterceptedly enjoy the beauties of that Utica whose equal he saw not from John O'Groat's house to Land's End. Sensible people

just now have but small relish for the adulator of General Grant and the non-committal politician who, when the country is applauding Hayes to the echo, finds it convenient to be silent at a time when silence is unpatriotic.

Turning to Pennsylvania, Cameronian and other influences may jeopardize the Republican chances, yet he must be a sanguine Democrat who can see anything like certain victory for his party. The Democratic Convention which met on the 22d of August at Harrisburg was hostile to the President, but, aware that the people sustained him in his great act of justice to the South, the framers of the platform contented themselves with declaring this policy an "adopted" one. The truth is, Democratic leaders stultify themselves when they do not openly and unreservedly support Mr. Hayes in a measure which is now fruitful in good results, and they know it. Whether his treatment of the South be original or adopted, is not the question. The great heart is, at this moment, beating a cordial response to the immortal sentiment of Webster: "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable now and forever." No more alienation, no more sectional bickering, no more needless strife—these are the feelings which the Conservative masses of Pennsylvania, Ohio and other great States hold in common, and they must not be ignored for mere party ends.

There can be no question now as to the status of South Carolina, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia, the latter of which has nominated for the Governorship one of the purest and ablest men known to her galaxy of distinguished statesmen, General Holliday of the Valley. Although these States are Democratic, they have openly classed themselves among the supporters of that Presidential policy which has infused new industrial life into them, and made recuperation and prosperity a fixed present and future fact. Iowa ultraists have pronounced against the President, but they do not carry guns enough to do him particular harm. In Wisconsin, Minnesota and Nevada a better feeling prevails, and, while they will no doubt vote strongly Republican, Radicalism of the Blaine order will find no sure resting-place. The whole country is awakening to the fact that honor and patriotism and justice alike demand that it should honor the President who honors himself by a strict adherence to those constitutional principles which alone can make the Republic great and prosperous, and, as a necessary sequence, the whole people are rapidly growing to be once more contented and happy.

## A CHAPTER IN SOCIAL REFORM.

IF the main ultimate object of a Constitution is to protect the people of a community against the aggressions of rulers, in like manner it is a leading duty of the Government itself to protect its virtuous subjects from the wrongdoing of their depraved associates. The subject of prison management as a means of reform has long exercised the minds of philanthropists and social philosophers, and the past century has witnessed many notable strides towards the perfection of the system. In this country the State of New York has, under wise management, made a more decided progress than is probably visible in any other commonwealth, but with all that has been effected through the means of liberal donations of money, applied with judicious skill under the guidance of State authority, much remains to be accomplished before the work can be proclaimed a success. As this State is accepted as a model in respect to its system of penal and reformatory administration, and as its geographical position endows it with a larger share of the lower elements in whose behalf such efforts are demanded than any other State, a brief examination of the present aspect of the subject will be instructive. Some valuable points on the subject are derivable from the work performed during the past year by the Prison Association of the State, the officers of which are Messrs. Theodore N. Dwight, Sinclair Tousey and Elisha Harris. The subject is just now fraught with special interest. The great and increasing number of criminals, the overcrowded condition of the prisons, the increase and reckless depredations of habitual and professional offenders, and the presence of great numbers of young and nomadic rogues classed under the heads of tramps and vagabonds, as well as the overflowing houses of refuge and other institutions for juvenile delinquents, naturally tend to awaken deep concern regarding the causes of disorderly and criminal life by which the ranks of the dangerous classes are sustained. This increasing concern for preventable causes of crime, and for the saving care of children who are in immediate danger of falling into disorderly courses of life, constitutes an important element in the general increase of popular knowledge of the sources of crime. Dismal as this department of knowledge

and of public duty would be in the absence of means of rescue and prevention, the fields which bear their fruits where once were brambles and deadly miasmas, do not more truly show the rewards of human effort and culture than do the reformed and well-ordered lives of those who have ceased to do evil and learned to do well attest that the culture and correctional treatment of young offenders and the reformatory discipline of criminal cases transform them into useful citizens. The present force of the depredators and disturbers of society can be reduced very greatly by such means. Experience abundantly proves that saving and reformatory measures pay back to society a hundredfold more than they cost.

The records of crime in New York last year showed 3,582 convictions in courts of record, of which 2,276 ranked as state prison offenses. The existing system of jails, and of the petty courts which, by summary proceedings and otherwise, keep them filled with convicts for minor offenses, is not an American device. It is an utterly impracticable and unenlightened system, unworthy of the present state of civilization and unadapted to the purposes of public justice, and it was handed down to this State in Colonial times as a heritage from the Mother Country. The causes that have perpetuated the common jail, to serve the same uses as the gaol and bridewell of previous centuries, have also, at the same time, entailed a system of minor courts with summary powers to commit as well as to convict, and to sentence in such manner as to fill the jails. Traditional forms that have been followed for centuries, and which have the force of ancestral usages, have to be invaded and overcome before these absurd methods of vindicating the laws and repressing crime will be superseded by the truly correctional and preventive measures which best serve the purposes of public justice and promote wholesome results of penalties or discipline.

The sixty-seven jails in this State occupied as county prisons, according to the Prison Association, exemplify the same demoralizing and inconsistent methods of treating common offenders which these jails and old English models of them exhibited before the experience of disciplinary and reformatory means had been brought to bear upon the classes of offenders that were sentenced to expiate in jail all kinds of wrong-doing, for which such shame and discomfort were the traditional penalty, but never the adequate remedy. The testimony which local committees present, year after year, concerning the pernicious evils that are inherent in the jail system, confirms the opinion that the time has come when reasonable and harmless methods of separate detention for unconvicted persons in custody, and correctional treatment by self-supporting industries for all convicts who are punishable by imprisonment in a county prison, should, as soon as practicable, supersede the common jails. There certainly is no reason for perpetuating a system that is so pernicious and costly, however convenient it may be for temporarily immuring the great number of vagabonds and minor offenders who, more and more, annoy the peace and property of the people when out of jail. The reforms inaugurated in the common jails and prisons by Howard, the correctional methods of discipline by habitual industry and instruction as illustrated in American penitentiaries for minor as well as more obdurate classes of convicts under a Pilsbury, a Brockway, a Captain Felton and a Cordier, and under some of the trained Masters of Houses of Correction in Europe, conclusively demonstrate the superiority of industrial discipline over the old methods of expiatory confinement in county prisons. Yet the jail which Sir William Johnson constructed at Johnstown in 1776, and numerous other old county prisons in this State, continue to remind of the old ideas of expiation without means or even an effort for correctional treatment.

It is interesting to observe the localization of crime. Dr. Harris informs us that crimes increase throughout the world in about the same ratio as the population increases, but there are certain districts in which they decrease as the population increases. There are towns, cities and districts in which crime increases far more rapidly than the population. Generally the aggregate number of crimes increases as the density of the population increases, but this is not an inevitable tendency and result of increased density. Throughout England, Ireland and Scotland, the relative number of crimes to every 1,000, or every 1,000,000, of inhabitants is decreasing. Edinburgh and Glasgow have been steadily increasing in population, and in the past four years the ratio of crime has steadily decreased. The number of persons who make a vocation of some line of criminal life in the City of New York, and in several of the cities of this State, increases more rapidly than the population. The total number of State prisoners and felons now under sentence in this State falls but little short of 3,900. The asylum for criminal insane



adds upwards of 100 to this number, making the total a little short of 4,000 criminals of the rank of felons.

#### A NINETEENTH CENTURY REVIVAL.

THE most noticeable thing in recent English literature is the powerful influence exerted by that small, but zealous, coterie of which Morris, Rossetti and Swinburne are the chief prophets. Nor has anything in modern art attracted wider attention—not even the grotesque extravagance of a Doré—than the startlingly new, and yet studiously old, pictures of Millais, Holman Hunt, Noel, Paton, Madox Brown, and their fellows. Architecture, though groping backward through the Middle Ages in search of Gothic forms, has offered nothing so unfamiliar; but the arts of decorative adornment have been brought back to their medieval estate, and in furniture and wall-painting and needlework half the women of one's acquaintance are specialists, employing with nice discrimination terms of which they knew not the rudimentary meaning ten years ago. To restore and renew, rather than invent, has been the motto of an increasing and influential minority of poets, painters, architects and decorators. Each has not scorned to concern himself with the work of his neighbor. Rossetti is both painter and poet; Thomas Woolner is bard and sculptor; and Morris will sell you paper-hangings of his own design. The medieval revival has also assumed a religious phase, and the Church of England is at present concerned about nothing so much as ritualism, with its attendant machinery of confessionals, guilds, street-processions, etc. Ritualism means not only vestments and banners, but also a return to medieval doctrine as well as practice. Its promoters are not behind the pre-Raphaelites in zeal, for they are working for religion instead of art and poetry. It is a matter of life and death to them.

Many essayists and magazinists have written on pre-Raphaelite poetry and art, on the principles of household adornment, and on the spread of sacerdotal principles and practices in the Anglican churches; but few have perceived that all these things are growths from the same root, and not separate individualities. The nineteenth century will always be famous for its revival of medievalism; for that word, although sometimes used as a term of reproach, is the key-note of the whole. People began seriously to inquire whether "civilization" was really civilization all through, and they concluded that it was not. Homer would have been no greater had he traveled by rail, made lecture-engagements by telegraph, or worn a Waltham watch. It is questionable whether, socially speaking, Greek life was not worth as much as American. Ancient Greece Christianized would have been pretty nearly an ideal commonwealth. The cotton-gin does not shame the distaff, nor the hand-organ the lyre and lute. Modern luxuries would be dearly bought at the price of materialism. A materialistic millionaire, surrounded with all the paraphernalia of to-day, is a beggar beside the most careless troubadour with one coin in his pocket and one song in his heart. So the medievalists have reasoned. Ritualism, pre-Raphaelitism, and neo-medievalism, therefore, have all united in protest and war against the modern spirit that sets the loom above the poet's thoughts and the trip-hammer above the painter's stroke. Modern medievalism accordingly refuses to throw away the old until it proves the new. It likes the two candles on Queen Elizabeth's chapel-altar better than the gloom of an abbey destroyed by Vandals and abandoned to the bats. It prefers Raphael's Madonna to the goriest French battle-piece. It chooses a Japanese fire-screen in preference to a base-burner coal-stove. It would rather read the "Decameron" than the morning newspaper.

The medieval revival has had for its real foundation a determination to brush aside all conventionalities and imitations, and get back to nature itself. The pre-Raphaelite painters are almost painfully hard and real; the simplicity of Rossetti's or Morris's minor poems is sometimes obscure. But though the new fashion deserves caricature in many respects, it has much in it to challenge admiration. It is something to bring people back to nature, even though nature be painfully homely. The medieval revivalists, in whatever department they work, aim to combine the unworldliness and naturalness of the elder day with the wealth of resource and the mechanical accuracy of the present. If they succeed, the twentieth century will perceive that they have done tenfold more good than ill.

#### AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY.

A CIRCULAR has reached us from Indiana announcing that the first annual meeting of the State Archaeological Society is to meet at Indianapolis in October. Appended to the call are the names of many leading men of the commonwealth, and it is

easy to see that the movement has been entered upon with enthusiasm. At a previous but informal meeting, the collection of prehistoric relics from various parts of the State was very large, and formed an attractive and highly important feature of the gathering. Among the most conspicuous of the fine collections was one of pottery taken from the mounds of Missouri, embracing a great variety of novel forms, ornamented with heads of men and quadrupeds. This year an endeavor is made to procure additional relics of special value, or plaster casts, photographs and carefully prepared sketches, in case the specimens cannot be obtained. A contribution of scholarly papers, with diagrams and illustrations, is also to be a marked feature of the occasion.

It is well known that the West is extremely rich in relics of the mound-builders. If they can be gathered and retained in the vicinity of the localities where they were originally discovered, it is believed that the student of archaeology will be very materially assisted in the work of labor and comparison. The field for study is very large. Opinions have widely differed as to the identity of the prehistoric races in America. Their origin and ethnical relations, their arts and inventions, their religious rites and superstitions, ought to be thoughtfully studied before the steady march of improvement and civilization obliterates the remaining traces of their existence. For this reason it ought to be a matter of general congratulation that the intensely practical people of the Western States are moving in the matter of advancing our knowledge of this extremely interesting study.

The scientific investigation of American archaeology is yet in its infancy. All that has been accomplished in that direction has been done by individual effort, and through the personal zeal of enthusiastic scholars. Only the surface of this wide field of investigation has been touched here and there. Perhaps more has been done in the valley of the Mississippi than elsewhere, though Ohio and New York have offered almost as interesting points for investigation. Life has been so practical and stirring ever since the first European colonists came to these shores, that there seemed to be no time to look after the story of a people who passed away without leaving a name in the annals of the world. Wonder sometimes has grown almost up to the heat of action when some words of more than ordinary interest has escaped the pen of scientific investigators, but afterwards it was thought better to wait a time of greater leisure before methodically pursuing the inquiry. Yet our people have in the meantime found abundant leisure to study the ruins of Thebes and write eloquently concerning the Acropolis at Athens, though the remains of an old people lay unnoticed at the door of their homes, and patriotic pride should have prompted them to put some of their enthusiasm at work in exploring our own archaeological problems.

A distinguished American geologist holds that the Adirondack region is the oldest portion of the habitable earth. There the land first emerged from the waste of waters, and the sun first looked down upon the green leaf that reflected back its light. Its rocks are older—according to this theory—than the mountains of Europe or Asia, and the earliest protoplasmic forms of life crawled about its waters. Almost coeval with it is the ridge that forms the Atlantic coast of the United States, and the great City of New York stands solidly upon the primitive rock. If this theory be correct (and it is fortified by very scholarly research), it may happen that the fertile bosom of the Empire State holds in reserve some important information in regard to the prehistoric man. Perhaps, future travelers to the Adirondacks, who merely seek pleasure in the wonderfully beautiful scenery it offers to the eye, may chance to light upon secrets for which scholars have long searched in vain. Certain it is that there is abundant occupation for the archaeologist in even the few remains left at our doors by the strange people who vanished without a record; and it is altogether probable that the depths of the soil may yet reveal a story which will not only put the age of pyramids to the blush, but overtop the hoary antiquity claimed by the disciples of Buddha and Confucius.

Let it not be thought that this study is beneath the dignity of a people so practical and worldly-wise as ourselves. The refinement that comes from just such studies as this is the quality that is needed to tone down our ruder characteristics. Besides, we owe it to ourselves not to leave these ancient relics unstudied and undeciphered while so many give themselves to the fascinating researches engendered by travel in the Old World. The work of the mound-builders was all accomplished on our own soil, and they left no traces elsewhere. Their remains are mingled with the foundations of our homes, and cost no exertion to visit and investigate. It is the part of patriotism as well as of ambitious scholarship, therefore, to leave no stone unturned

by which we may be able to reveal to the world the identity of the ancient people whose graves still stand as sentinels by the cradles of our children.

#### SHARP PRACTICE AND LIBEL.

THE New York *Tribune*, of August 25th, contains a long account of the suits recently brought by Mr. Frank Leslie against a canvassing agent in Philadelphia, from which we make the following extract:

SARATOGA SPRINGS, August 20th.—An unusual event for this neighborhood of Summer pleasure-seekers has been Frank Leslie's first step in a libel suit against William W. Weigley, of Philadelphia, son-in-law of Colonel John W. Forney, with damages laid at \$10,000. Order of arrest was served on Mr. Weigley at Lake George on Thursday of last week, Mr. Leslie aiming to have the suit tried in this State. There is a large amount of unemployed curiosity here eager to know what challenge could have induced the genial and peace-loving proprietor of "Saratoga's Interlaken" to assume the offensive in a libel suit. When Mr. Leslie came to the village lately to attend the Kellogg concert, his "carry-all" wagonette being filled as usual by members of his family and guests, who are never absent from Interlaken, I asked him if he was preparing to give the public a legal sensation in the form of a libel suit. He answered that his business honor had been assailed, and while he did not think the details of the case were of the slightest consequence to the public, if I would see him at Interlaken in the morning, he would be glad to prove that, as a "newspaper" man himself, he had not under-estimated the value of the facts as an article of news.

"The facts out of which the libel suit has grown," said Mr. Leslie, "are briefly these: During the Centennial Exhibition I was publishing my 'Historical Register' in ten numbers, at fifty cents a number. Among my canvassing agents, who by arrangement were to work on their own account, receiving the usual commission, were W. W. Weigley, a son-in-law of Colonel Forney, whose name was to me a guarantee of Mr. Weigley's integrity, Mr. C. Taylor and R. H. De Berne. These three, on their own suggestion, secured my consent to use the 'Historical Register' as a medium for doing on their own part a Centennial souvenir business; that is, when they sold the work, if the purchaser chose to pay an extra dollar, he was to have some article on sale at the Centennial and varying in price, the article to be awarded by lot. I had no share in this extra dollar or in the souvenir business further than it was supposed to stimulate the sale of my work. But to protect my own reputation I stipulated that the extra dollar should be deposited with me, on the strict condition that if I did not approve of the goods to be distributed I should have the right to reject them and return the dollar to the subscriber. They hoped to get a large sum, like a hundred thousand dollars, in this way, and by purchasing the goods at a discount of say thirty per cent, to make thirty thousand dollars, more or less, by the transaction. The speculations did not meet their expectations. On the first distribution I refused to let many of the goods go out, they were so cheap. On going to Philadelphia, I found them with signs over their establishment representing it to be a branch of my New York house; these I compelled them to take down. During my absence in California, and against my orders, and contrary to the agreement with them, my clerks allowed the commission agents to get in debt for additional copies of the 'Register' to the extent of \$3,500. When I returned to the East I found they were owing souvenirs to 2,800 subscribers who had paid them the extra dollar. I went to Philadelphia to find that Mr. Taylor had withdrawn from the concern, and that Mr. Weigley was preparing to do likewise, leaving Mr. De Berne, a foreigner, to represent their obligations under the style, new to me, of R. H. De Berne & Co. They refused to deliver the souvenirs unless I should pay a second time for them, they already owing me \$700 more than the value of the souvenirs. And now, finally, De Berne & Co. issue to the 2,800 subscribers a circular headed 'Caution,' informing them that the souvenirs to which they are entitled have been delayed solely, as they allege, by my having neglected to keep my business contract with them. This is the libel for which I shall ask Mr. Weigley to answer, and I have also brought suit to recover the debt of \$3,500. If they were indeed doing business on my account I could sue them for embezzlement. I have refused to compromise with them, and it is a point in my favor that one of the partners, who is still responsible with them, repudiates the position the others have taken."

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.—The capitalists of California are beginning to show their hands in opposition to the Chinese. The San Francisco *Bulletin* relates, with evident satisfaction, that several leading and wealthy merchants and manufacturers who have heretofore employed Chinese labor are trying to devise a plan for substituting white boys and girls for Chinamen. The project, in a general way, is to organize a combination in order to produce the desired result. The process of gradual elimination of the Chinese element is believed by these merchants to be more effective than any attempt to gain their end by violence. A new phase of the Chinese question is therefore introduced to public notice.

THE SIOUX COMMISSION.—At the time of this writing the instructions to the Sitting Bull Commission are under the consideration of Secretaries Schurz and McCrary. They will comprehend a line of action which it is hoped will accomplish all that is possible without Congressional legislation in the conference to be held with the hostile Sioux and their leader for an understanding which will insure their submission and some satisfactory arrangement to that end between the British and United States Governments. It is true that Sitting Bull is a skillful diplomat, and will undoubtedly take advantage of the present international situation. The instructions will indicate to the Commission the proposition of the United States Government, which they will be authorized to make with due regard to treaty stipulations and the laws hitherto enacted for a just consideration of the rights of the Indians. In conformity with the well-known Indian policy of the present Administration, it will be more exacting in its requirements than hitherto. The Department expresses no opinion as to the results.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—A dispatch has been received at the Department of State from the

United States Chargé d'Affaires at Paris, dated August 10th, announcing that the immense exhibition buildings on the Champ de Mars and the Trocadero are approaching completion, and that all the foreign Commissioners are on the eve of entering into possession of the respective places assigned them. The greatest solicitude is felt by the administration of the Exhibition in regard to the intentions of the United States Government, no official assurance having been received therefrom. The Legation is in receipt of letters daily through the officer in charge of the Exposition from the United States applying for information, space, etc. The Commissioner-General has assured the Chargé d'Affaires that the space allotted to the United States in the original designs will be reserved to the very latest moment, but the time is rapidly approaching when, for the general good, questions of this kind must be irrevocably decided. The matter will be brought to the attention of Congress, in the hope of early action by that body.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—In these days of rapid transit (outside of New York City) and easy locomotion, a trip across the United States has become a commonplace affair. One meets a friend whom he has not seen for a few weeks, and learns that he has twice spanned the continent during the interval without being in the least astonished at the information. After all, however, it is a question whether the rapid rate of progression characteristic of the present generation is, in all respects, an improvement over the slower methods of a quarter of a century ago. Travel is said to be the fool's paradise, and the proverb fits accurately to the case of that large class of hasty tourists to whom even a pleasure trip presents itself merely in the aspect of a task to be hurried through as speedily as possible. At least one-half of such a journey is performed in the night-time. It is in this way that modern travel breeds superficiality instead of culture. Precisely in contrast to this was the railroad excursion from New York to the Pacific made lately by Mr. Frank Leslie with a favored party of companions. There has probably never been a similar trip made under equal advantages for obtaining a broad and circumstantial acquaintance with the innumerable points of interest which present themselves at every turn of our great transcontinental highway. This advantage which the excursion party enjoyed to its fullest extent is now being shared by the readers of THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER in the graphic series of pictures of the route now appearing regularly in these columns. This week's installment carries us a little further across the dividing line between Eastern and frontier civilization, and it is noticeable that the interest grows steadily as we lessen our distance from the Pacific slope. Utah and Great Salt Lake City will soon be reached, when the personal interviews with Brigham Young will invest the narrative with fresh and original value.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE annual session of the Sunday-school Parliament was held last week at Watertown, N. Y.

THE New Jersey State Democratic Convention, to nominate a candidate for Governor, will be held in Trenton, September 19th.

MEMORIAL services were held at Ocean Grove, N. J., on the 21st, in honor of the late Bishop James and the Rev. John H. Stockton.

THE New York Custom House Commission, in their third report, recommended the reorganization of the weighers' and gaugers' department.

GEORGE W. DILKS, Inspector of the New York Police, was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New York, L. O. O. F., at the annual session held in Newburg.

B. G. JAYNE arrested several members of a large band of skillful forgers in Chicago, and brought them to New York, while four others were captured by a detective agency in this city.

THE Pennsylvania State Democratic Convention convened at Harrisburg on the 22d, and on the following day adopted a platform, and nominated Judge John Trunkley for Supreme Judge, and U. P. Schell for Auditor-General.

PRESIDENT HAYES held a reception at the summit of Mount Washington on the 20th; at Plymouth, N. H., on the 21st; at Concord on the 22d, and at intermediate towns, and reached Washington on the 24th, well pleased with his Eastern trip.

A JOINT Conference Committee of the Western Union and the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph Companies decided upon a scheme for pooling receipts, the former company to have seven-eighths and the latter one-eighth. Telegraph rates in some sections of the country will be considerably advanced.

THE Nez Percés Indians stampeded 130 horses from General Howard's advance camp on the 20th, and, on being pursued by the troops, an engagement occurred in which several officers and soldiers were wounded. On the 24th Howard reached Virginia City, and General Sherman was at Helena, Montana.

DURING the week ending Saturday, August 25th, there was a steady decline in the price of gold in New York, shown by the following quotations: Monday, 105½ @ 105; Tuesday, 105 @ 104½; Wednesday, 104½ @ 104¼; Thursday, 104½ @ 104¼; Friday, 104¼ @ 104¼; Saturday, 103½ @ 104.

##### Foreign.

AN impression prevailed at Belgrade that Serbia will soon declare war against Turkey.

A BRITISH Royal Commission was appointed to examine the law and treaties relative to extradition.

A CONFERENCE is to be held soon at Gastein between Count Andrássy, of Austria, and Prince Bismarck.

EX-MINISTER WASHBURN was received by the Emperor of Germany and Prince Bismarck, and Minister Lowell by the King of Spain.

AN edict has been promulgated by the Emperor of China prohibiting the smoking of opium by the natives, the order to take effect three years after its date.

REPORTS of the progress of the war from Russian sources last week claimed a recapture of Kas-tendji, the occupation in force of a line from Tirnova to the Shipka Pass, a flank cavalry movement towards Sophia, a fierce battle at the Shipka Pass and repulses of the Turks.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



GERMANY.—THE BERLIN SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL TRAIN FOR WOUNDED RUSSIANS.



GERMANY.—THE BERLIN SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL TRAIN FOR WOUNDED RUSSIANS.



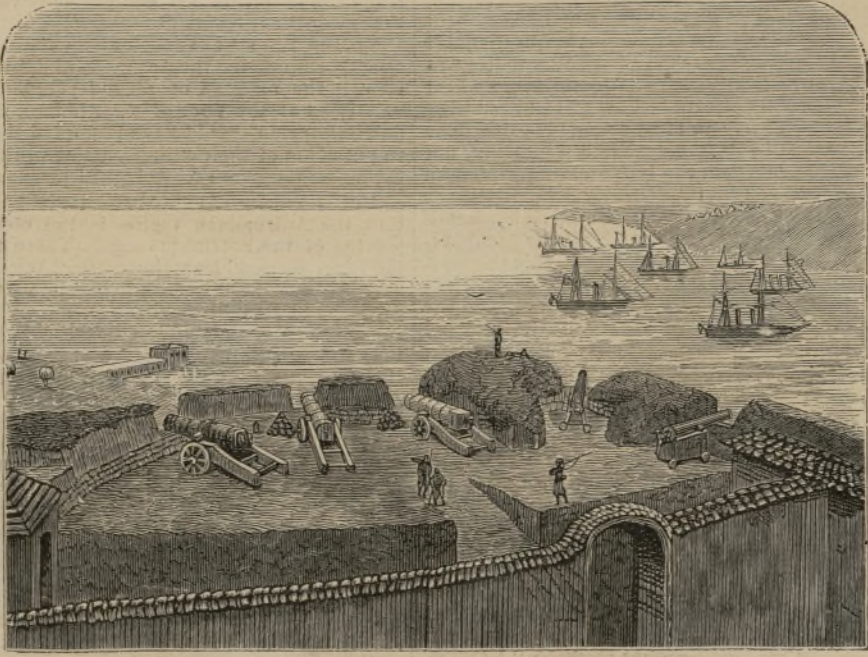
GERMANY.—THE OUTER SALLYPORT OF TUBINGEN CASTLE.



ASIA MINOR.—TURKISH IRREGULAR CAVALRY FOLLOWING THE RUSSIAN RETREAT FROM SLEVIN.



TURKEY.—RUSSIAN OFFICERS CHASTISING PILLAGING SOLDIERS IN BIELA.

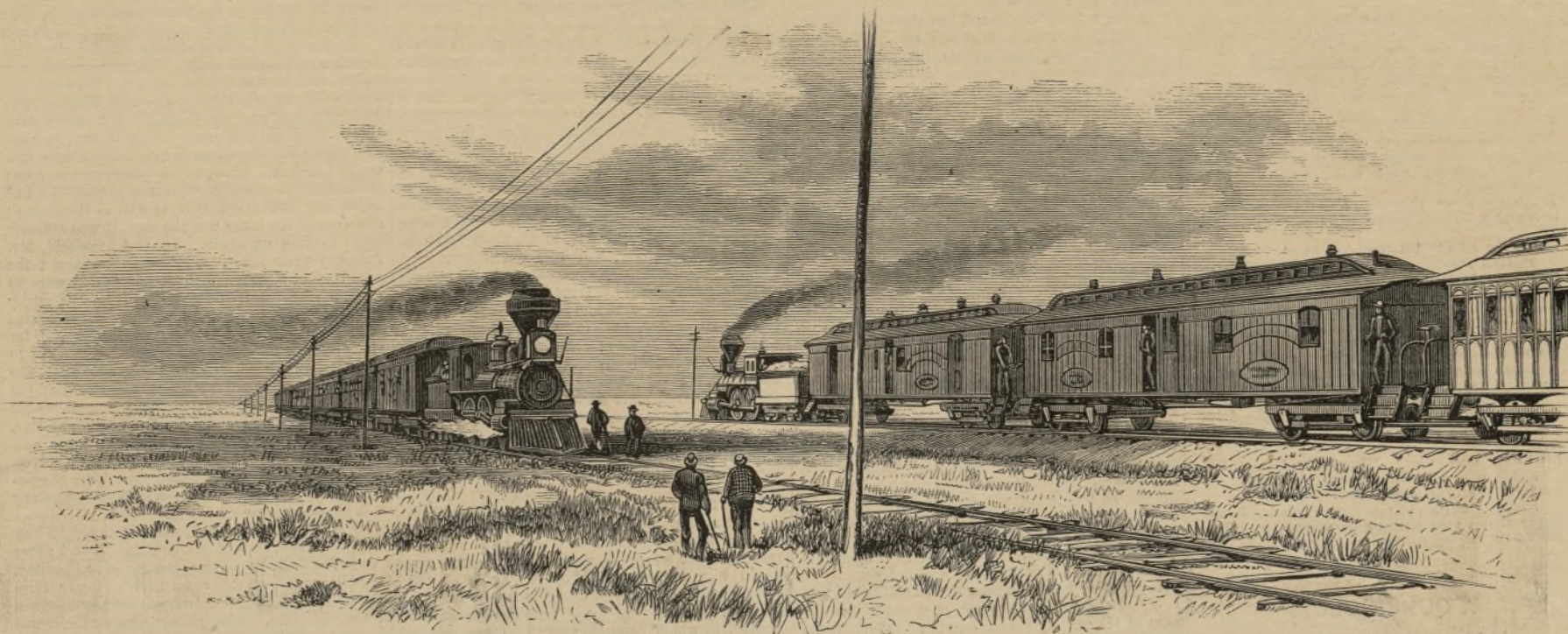


BULGARIA.—THE EGYPTIAN FLEET ANCHORED OFF THE ENTRENCHMENTS OF VARNA.

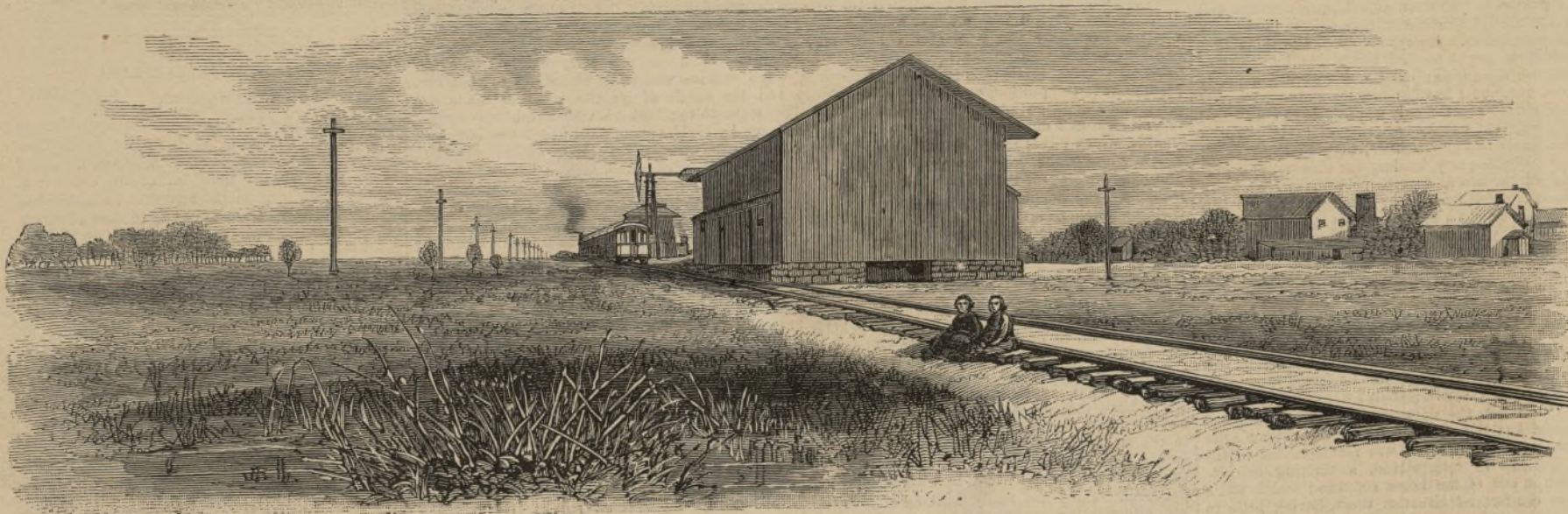


GERMANY.—A MEDIEVAL INSTITUTE OF LEARNING—THE FOUR HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TUBINGEN UNIVERSITY.





EASTWARD AND WESTWARD BOUND RAILROAD TRAINS PASSING ON THE PRAIRIE, NEAR FREMONT.



THE SCHUYLER STATION—DEPARTURE OF AN EASTWARD TRAIN.



OUR ARRIVAL AT THE TOWN OF COLUMBUS, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE LOUP FORK AND PLATTE RIVERS.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—THE PLATTE RIVER VALLEY, FROM FREMONT TO COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 9.



## LET IT BE.

LET be the river! What does it avail  
To struggle with the current's destined course?  
The strongest effort does but faint and fail,  
Skill yields, out-tired, to resistless force.  
The highest rock is overleapt by spray,  
The silent waters fret each bar away.

Vainly the bulwark fashioned deep and wide,  
New bed contrived, new turn by cunning wrought;  
Steady, resistless, onward flows the tide,  
Each gathering wave with gathering purpose  
fraught,  
Till, full and free, rejoicing in its strength,  
It sweeps to ocean's mighty arms at length.

Let be the river! Let the loved alone  
To meet the fate and shape the circumstance.  
We dream the future, fancying all our own,  
What does but wait the call of time and chance;  
Foredoomed, the path before the pilgrim lies,  
The sunset lurking in the morning skies.

Let be the river! Hall its rippling smile,  
Listen its song, and shiver to its sigh;  
Let its chafed beauty weary hours beguile,  
Watch how it darkens to the darkening sky;  
We cannot cloud or brighten, speed or check,  
Nor alter on its way the tiniest beck.

Let be the river, then! Where lilies float,  
And blue forget-me-nots beside it shimmer,  
Take gladness in its suns' reflected mote,  
And soothing from its moonlight's dreamy glimmer;  
Happy if still your faltering footsteps tend  
Beside its varying currents to the end!

## A QUEER CLUE.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

AS an ex-detective, I am often asked to relate my adventures, and at one time I was ready enough to do so; but I soon found that my tales were looked upon as dull, prosy things, and not at all like what detectives ought to have to say for themselves. Everybody seemed to think that detectives ought to find things out by a sort of magical divination; but I was reckoned a pretty good one, and I have known some of our greatest celebrities; and the only way any of us ever found anything out was by inquiring of everybody who was likely to know a little, keeping our eyes on any probable party, holding our tongues, and putting all the scraps together. Now and then we are befriended by a lucky chance, and when this happens, we get a hundred times more praise than when we puzzle out the darkest and toughest case. The last thing I was ever engaged in was of this kind. I was first concerned in it two years before I left the police, after, by-the-by, I had quite given up the detective branch; and I resumed it three years afterwards, that is, three years after I had left the police; and this is how it occurred. I must say, however, that I don't at all regard this as one of the dull, prosy cases I referred to; in fact, it was the most exciting affair I was ever engaged in.

I had left the detective work, as I said, and indeed had left London, for when I grew a little tired of the business, I was recommended to the authorities at Combestead, a thriving market-town in one of the home counties; and I had a very comfortable situation there, having little to do, very good pay, and being head of the borough police. Of course there is a great deal of difference between life in the country and life in town, and from a policeman's view it perhaps appears greater than it does to anybody else; and whereas I had often wondered how anybody could be detected in London, I was equally surprised to think how anybody could hope to escape in the country; for, excepting when strangers came down on some carefully planned burglary, we could nearly always tell where to look for our men if anything went wrong; in short, I knew everybody. As a matter of course, everybody knew me.

There was a middle-aged party lived in a quiet row of houses in Orchard Street—which ran parallel with our High Street—a Miss Parkway, who was reputed to be pretty well off, although not extremely rich, and reputed also to be rather eccentric. She lived by herself, in the sense of having none of her relatives with her; but there were other persons, although not many, in the large house where she lodged. I had my attention drawn to her by seeing her walking repeatedly in company with a young man of no very good character, who was fully twenty years her junior; and at last I heard she was going to be married to him. All the town professed to be surprised and shocked at this, but I wasn't. Whether detectives get hard of heart in such things or not, I can't say, but nothing in the way of a woman of five-and-forty marrying a man of five-and-twenty would ever surprise me; nor should I be surprised at the man marrying the woman if she had money, as in this case. After all, although I have said John Lytherly—that was his name—was of no very good character, yet there was nothing serious against him. He was a good-tempered, good-looking, easy sort of fellow, with a lot of cleverness about him, too, that always showed itself when it wasn't wanted, and never showed itself when it might be of service. He now called himself a photographer; but he had been a solicitor's clerk, an actor, a traveler for a wine-merchant, a barman, and had once, before his mother died, been bought out of the Lancashire. However, it was pretty well known that John was going to marry Miss Parkway, and half the young chaps in Combestead ridiculed and envied him by turns.

Matters progressed so far that it was known the lady had given orders to Bunnyman & Company, our chief bankers, to call in a thousand pounds of her money which was out on mortgage; and it was said she intended to buy one of the houses in the High Street and fit it up as a photographer's. It was also reported that old Mr. Bunnyman said: "I hope, Miss Parkway, that whatever you do with your money, you will do nothing that you have not well considered." And it was also said that Miss Parkway replied: "If I wanted to be preached to, Mr. Bunnyman, I should go to your brother, the ranter;" perhaps because Mr. Bunnyman had a brother who preached, though he wasn't a ranter at all. However, as these two were by themselves, I don't know how any one could have known what passed; and these confidential con-

versations in books and histories are certainly things I don't believe in.

It was known for certain, however, that she had not only given notice, but had actually withdrawn the money; and, among other things, it was said that she had admitted to her landlady, Mrs. Ambly, that the match with Lytherly would break off all intimacy with her friends. She only had one relative who came to see her, and that was a gentleman living some forty miles away, but he had not been to Combestead lately. Whether he was offended or not, neither the landlady nor lodger could say; but the latter feared he was, as she had written and told him exactly how affairs stood and what steps she had taken, but had received no reply to her letter. Lytherly seemed, very naturally, to be brightening up, and took our jocular congratulations—for I had my say as well as the others—in a good-tempered, although rather a conceited, style. One annoyance he felt, which was, that everybody to whom he owed money—which was every one who would trust him—was anxious to be the first paid; and, thinking that a little gentle pressure might help them, two or three of the tradesmen took out county court summonses against him; and this, as he said, was very hard on him and very selfish. However, there seemed a little chance that they would defeat themselves, for, harassed and worried by these doings, he was forced to ask Miss Parkway for an advance of money, being the first time he had ever done so. He had received money from her; but she had always offered it, and pressed it upon him when he made a show, if he was not actually in earnest, of wishing to refuse it. Whether she was in a bad temper at the time, or whether she was hurt at his making such a request, Lytherly could not say, but she refused to make the advance, and they parted worse friends than they had been for some time.

All this the young fellow let out at the Bell on the Saturday, as the refusal happened on the Friday. A great part of it in my hearing, for I generally took my pipe and glass at the Bell, and I saw that he was well on for tipsy. He had, indeed, been drinking there some hours, and would perhaps have stopped longer, but that the landlord persuaded him to go home. He was scarcely able to walk, and as I did not wish him to get into any trouble, which might mean also trouble to me, I followed him to the door, determined I would see him to his lodgings if necessary; but just then his landlady's son happened to come by. The poor chap, as I well remember, had been to the dentist's to have a tooth drawn; but his face was so swollen that Mr. Claws would not attempt to draw it till daylight, and the poor fellow was half-distracted with pain. He offered to see Lytherly home; and, as he lived in the same house and slept in the same room, of course he was the fittest party to do so; and so off they went together, and in due course of time I went home, too.

Next day was Sunday, and a quiet day enough it always was in Combestead. Younger men might have thought it dull, but it suited me. I had lived fifty years in London, and did not object to the steady-going ways of the little town; in fact, I took to going to church, and all sorts of things. Well, the day passed by without anything particular; and I was really thinking of going to bed, although it was only half-past nine, for I felt sleepy and tired, when I heard somebody run hurriedly up our front garden, and then followed a very loud double-knock at the door. I lived, I should mention, at a nice house in Church Street, which was a turning that led from the High Street into Orchard Street, where, as I have said, Miss Parkway lived. I was just about to drink a glass of eggshot, which is a thing I am very partial to when I have a cold, and this was Winter time; but I put the tumbler down to listen, for when such a hurried step and knock came, it was nearly always for me; and, sure enough, in another half-minute the door was opened, and I heard a voice ask if the superintendent was in; then, without any tapping or waiting, my door was thrown open, and I saw a young woman whom I knew as servant to Mrs. Ambly. The moment I saw her, I knew something serious was the matter; long experience enabled me to decide when anything really serious was coming.

"Now, Jane," I said, "what is it?"  
"Oh, Mr. Robinson!" she exclaimed (I forget whether I have mentioned before that my name is Robinson, but such is the fact), "come round at once to missus's, for we have found poor Miss Parkway stone-dead and murdered in her room."

And with that, as is a matter of course with such people, off she went into strong hysterics. I couldn't stop with her; so I opened my door, and, equally, as a matter of course, there I found the landlady and her servant listening. "Go in and take care of that girl," I said; "and one of you bring her round to Orchard Street as soon as she can walk." I didn't stop to blow them up, and they were too glad to escape, to say a word; so off I went, and found a little cluster of people already gathered round the gate of the house I wanted. "Here is the superintendent!" I heard them say as they made way for me. I hurried through, but had no occasion to knock at the door, for they were on the watch for me. Mr. and Mrs. Ambly were in the passage, and a neighbor from next door; all looked as pale and flurried as people do under the circumstances.

"This is a most terrible affair, sir," says poor old Ambly, who was a feeble, superannuated bank clerk. "We have sent for you, sir, and the doctor, as being the best we could do. But, perhaps, you would like to go into her room at once?"

I said I should, as a matter of course; and they led me to her room. There was a light there, and they brought more up, so that everything was plainly visible. The people had not liked, or had been afraid, to disturb anything, so the room was in the same state as when they had entered it. It appeared they had not been surprised at Miss Parkway not coming down in the morning, for this was not uncommon with her; but when the afternoon and evening passed away and she did not appear, and no answer was returned to their rapping at the door, they grew alarmed, and at last forced an entrance, when they found the furniture in confusion, as though a struggle had taken place, and poor Miss Parkway in her night-dress lying on her face quite dead. They lifted her on to

the bed, and, from the marks on her throat, had judged she died by strangulation. As I could do no good to her, I noticed as closely as I was able the appearance of the room, and especially looked for any fragments of cloth torn from an assailant's clothes, which often remain after a struggle; or a dropped weapon, or any unusual marks. But I could see nothing. There was no difficulty in deciding how the assassin had entered the apartment, and how he had left it, for the room was on the ground-floor, and the lower sash of one of the windows was thrown up, although the blind was drawn fully down. The furniture was knocked over and upset; the washstand, which was a large and somewhat peculiar one, of a clumsy and old-fashioned description, had been overthrown, and had fallen into the fireplace, where it lay resting on the bars in a very curious manner; while the jug had fallen into the grate, deluging the fireplace with water, but, extraordinary to relate, without being broken; not broken to pieces at any rate, although badly cracked. A great deal of noise had probably been made, and cries for help probably uttered; but Ambly and his wife were both deaf, and they and the servant all slept at the top of the big house in the front; while poor Miss Parkway slept at the bottom at the back, and in a room which was built out from the house itself.

I had time to hear and notice all this before the doctor came; and his attendance was, of course, a mere matter of form. No one could help or harm the poor woman now; so, with the information I had gained, I went to the house of the nearest magistrate, a very active gentleman and a solicitor. I ought to have mentioned that the drawers in which Miss Parkway kept her money and jewelry were forced open and every valuable abstracted; the only trace of them being a few links of a slight chain of a very unusual pattern, which, with a curious stone, the lady generally wore round her neck. This chain had evidently been broken by the violence used, and parts of it scattered about; the stone was gone.

Information was, of course, sent to Miss Parkway's relative who came sometimes to visit her. And the result of all the inquiries made was to make things look so very suspicious against young Lytherly, and so much stress was laid upon his quarrel with Miss Parkway on her refusal to lend him money—which seemed known to everybody—that I was obliged to apprehend him. I didn't want to hurt his feelings; so I went myself with a fly, although his lodgings were not half a mile from the town-hall, so as to spare him from walking in custody through the streets. I found him at home, looking very miserable, and when he saw me he said: "I have been expecting you all the morning, Mr. Robinson; I am very glad you have come."

"Well, I'm sorry," I answered. "But you may as well remember that the least said is soonest mended, Mr. Lytherly."

"Thanks for your caution, old friend," he says with a very sickly smile; "but I sha'n't hurt myself, and I feel sure no one else can do so. Why I said I was glad you had come, was because from Sunday night, when the murder was found out, until now, middle day on Tuesday, everybody has shunned me and avoided me as if I had the plague. I know why, and now it will be over."

I didn't put handcuffs on him or anything of that; and when we got into the street he saw the fly, round which there had already gathered at least a score of boys and girls, who had, I suppose, seen me go in. He looked round and said: "This was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Robinson; I shall not forget it." We drove off, and spoke no more until we arrived at the Town-hall. Here the magistrates were sitting; and here I found a tall, dark, grave-looking gentleman talking very earnestly to Mr. Wingrave, our chief solicitor. I soon found this was Mr. Parkway, the cousin of the murdered lady. He was giving instructions to the lawyer to spare no expense; to offer a reward if he thought it necessary; to have detectives down from London, and goodness knows what. Mr. Wingrave introduced me, and was kind enough to say that there was no necessity for detectives to be brought, as they had so eminent a functionary as myself in the town.

It was supposed that this would be merely a preliminary examination, but it turned out differently. A few of Lytherly's companions—although, as it transpired afterwards, they fully believed him guilty—were yet determined he should have a chance, and so subscribed a guinea for old Jemmy Croton, the most disreputable old fellow in the town, but a very clever lawyer for all that; and Jemmy soon came bustling in. He had a few minutes' conversation with Lytherly, and then asked that the hearing might be put off for an hour. This was of course granted; and by the end of that time he had overwhelming evidence to prove an *alibi*; for the landlady's son hadn't slept a wink for his toothache, and he was with Lytherly until dinner-time on Sunday; and then the accused went for a walk with a couple of friends, and did not return until after dark, having spent two or three hours at a public-house some miles off, as the landlord, who happened to be in the town, it being market-day, helped to prove; the rest of the time he was in the Bell, as was usual, poor fellow.

There was no getting over this. There was not a shadow of pretense for remanding him, and so—much to Mr. Parkway's evident annoyance—Lytherly was discharged. He became more popular than ever among his associates—although the respectable people of the town looked down upon him—and they had a supper in his honor that night, at which old Jemmy Croton presided. "In default of Lytherly, no clue could be found. Not a shilling of Miss Parkway's money was ever discovered in her apartments; so her murderer had got clear away with his booty. Many wiseacres said we should hear of Lytherly quietly disappearing after things had settled down."

Some little excitement was created by Lytherly attempting to get in the sole funeral carriage that attended the hearse; but Mr. Parkway would not permit such a thing, and was himself the only follower. It was very clear that the stranger, in common with many others, was not half satisfied with the explanation which had secured Lytherly's escape; and, as I was on the ground at the funeral,

I saw, as did everybody else who was there, the frown he turned on the young man, who, in spite of his rebuff, had gone on foot to the churchyard.

Mr. Parkway left that evening, having placed his business in the hands of Mr. Wingrave, for, as there was no will, he was the heir-at-law. Now this was a very curious affair about the will, because Miss Parkway had told her landlady not many days before that she had made her will, and, in fact, had shown her the document as it lay, neatly tied up, in her desk. However, it was gone now; and she had either destroyed it, or the person who had killed her had taken that as well as the money; and even if the latter was the case, it was scarcely likely to turn up again. So, as I have said, Mr. Parkway went home. The solicitor realized the poor lady's property; and all our efforts were in vain to discover the slightest clue to the guilty party. As for Lytherly, he soon found it was of no use to think of remaining in Combestead, for guilty or not, no one of any respectability cared to associate with him; and, as he owed to me, the worst part of it all was that old Croton, the lawyer, whenever they met at any tavern, would laugh and wink and clap him on the shoulder, and call upon every one present to remember how poor old Jemmy Croton got his young friend off so cleverly, how they "flummoxed" the magistrates and jockeyed the peelers, when it was any odds against his young friend.

So he went; and a good many declared he had gone off to enjoy his ill-gotten gains; but I never thought so; and one of our men going to Chatham to identify a prisoner, saw Lytherly in the uniform of the Royal Engineers, and, in fact, had a glass of ale with him. The young fellow said it was his only resource; dig he could not, and to beg where he was known would be in vain. He sent his respects to me; and that was the last we heard for a long time of the Combestead murder.

(To be concluded next week.)

## OUR NEW EL DORADO.

## SCENES IN DEADWOOD CITY, DAKOTA.

DEADWOOD CITY, in the Dakota division of the Black Hills region, is one of the liveliest and queerest places west of the Mississippi. It has grown more rapidly than any of the other new mining camps, and in the space of two years has attained a fixed population of 4,000, and a floating citizenship of 2,000 more. The numerous hillsides are covered with tents, while upon more eligible sites are over 1,000 rudely constructed houses and huts. A church, an academy, several newspaper establishments, four banks, theatres, gambling-rooms, club-houses, and a post-office, now offer accommodation to the strangely diversified inhabitants. Business activity characterizes every action throughout the day and night—all in haste, drive, push. Men with little means and others who cannot content themselves with the amenities of approved frontier life are literally cleaned out in a few days, and leave the region thankful that life is left. All the buildings are slapped together in a manner indicative of the owner's readiness to pull stake and vamoose as opportunity occurs. There are more traps in the streets to catch the unwary than in Broadway of New York. Large sums of money are continually changing hands, independently of gambling obligations, and the poor man, of whom there are hundreds of representatives, hasn't half the comfort of an inexperienced New Jersey tramp.

The cost of living is on a decidedly sliding scale. Some of the hotels have got down to 50 cents for a "square meal," or will take you in at \$10 per week without bed, and the restaurants announce their ability to give a man a meal at 50 cents or \$5, as he may elect. But hotel fare is uncertain, especially when there is no flour in the city. The several varieties of bacon—boiled, broiled or fried—form often the chief item at table, with a stub-radish or onion-top to give it a relish. When flour is up to \$20 per hundred, the bakers' loaves are a marvel of littleness. There is one commodity that seems to be always plenty—whisky.

Were one to set up housekeeping he would encounter some difficulty—first, in the way of getting a house at all; second, in the matter of paying at the rate of \$25 per month for room; and last, but not least, the market prices. Run over the list and see: Flour, \$20 per sack; best steaks, 30 cents per pound; vegetables, 15 to 20 cents per pound; coal oil, \$3 per gallon. If you put your washing out, the festive Chinaman, who is here with his "washed house," charges \$3 per dozen. As for servants, if you can afford the luxury, a tolerable one can be had at \$50 per month.

There is not much law or order in Deadwood. Courts have been established, and the city is policed; but the police happen to be in league with the gamblers, who rule the town, and so criminals are apt to go unwhipped of justice. The saloon men refuse to pay their licenses, \$100, and defy the law. Claim jumpers and town-lot jumpers have things pretty much their own way. For the first theatre opened in the city the orchestra-chairs were made of stakes driven into the ground, with a round piece of board about the size of your hand nailed on top—admission, \$2.50; reserved seats, \$5. They ran a sort of variety show, and sung in the jokes and stage business as broad as possible. The can-can was danced for some time until the boys got tired of it, and they said: "Give us some singin', or we'll clean out the place. We want somethin' elevatin'." and the manager had to import a female sentimental vocalist, at a big expense, to appease the patrons. She sung "Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer," "Consider the Lilies," "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," and other high-toned music, and it looked as if the boys would go crazy with delight. But they got tired of it in about a week. Fanny Garrison was the singer. There are now the Gem Theatre, the Bella Union, the Melodeon, and the Cricket; the former making a specialty of the ballet, the second of "new stars in rapid succession," and the two latter of variety shows and all kinds of gambling.

Saloons start up all over the place like mushrooms, with whisky at four bits a drink. Those who have insufficient capital, or are merely experimenting, as it were, put two barrels up on end, nail a board across for a bar, and deal it out. A miner who wants to treat pours some gold-dust on the barrel-head and says, "Set 'em up." They never weigh the dust. Sometimes a man won't put down enough dust, but they never say a word; and if he's a little tight, and pours out \$10 or \$15 worth, they never mention it. There is no regularity about anything. A man opens a place of business and



makes lots of money, then he gets the prospecting fever, starts for the gulches and shuts up the shebang. When a place is closed up it means that the owner is out digging, has been killed in a fight, or is off on a spree. If you are a greenhorn at mining they will sell you, cheap, a quartz claim in which the gold veins they show you have been put by drawing the edge of a twenty-dollar gold piece over the rock, or, if they think that you are very green, they will just use the end of an old brass cartridge. You can buy a placer-claim, into which the gold has been "washed," by the aid of an old shot-gun.

The newspapers, as now published, are bright, personal, gossip, and quite rich in "outside" intelligence. Upon one, the *Daily and Weekly Champion*, the establishment of which is herewith illustrated, sixteen persons are employed. They find room to devote from twelve to twenty hours daily in a building fourteen by twenty feet, a very low story in height, and contains, in addition to the editorial quarters and the usual news and job cases, racks, imposing-stones, three presses, type enough to run three ordinary newspaper offices, to say nothing of the tiers of printing material, such as print paper, envelopes, all styles of flats, demys, folios, letter, note, bill and other paper.

Our engraving represents this building, with a typical crowd of headwooders.

From living evidence along Deadwood Gulch, Whitewood district and Montana vicinity, it is reasonable to conclude that the Hills country was many years ago prospected and mined by skilled labor. In many places along these gulches there are proofs that others have taken the rich harvest of gold, and what seems valuable and paying diggings now are only tailings. But what became of that party who worked these same placer-mines many years ago remains food for conjecture. The tall pines are now standing upon the ground they sluiced, and probably stand, too, as a monument over their graves; trace of their trail is seen through the mountains; a wagon chain still dangles from a lofty pine, imbedded by years of growth in its trunk, where, perhaps, some early explorer chained his horse or ox, and both together perished. Then, along through Whitewood district, are found hewed pine-logs, thirty feet in length, overgrown by pines and saplings, showing by the shot and bullets that penetrated some of these timbers that a fight had taken place. Then sluice-boxes are found, buried from six to eight feet under the earth, showing, by stages of decay, that twenty or thirty years have elapsed since they were built, and that rains and storms have buried them beneath the earth's surface.

At Golden Run there is a mine of rich ore, into which a run had been cut many years ago. The timbers in the cut show marks of a terrible siege, undoubtedly by the Indians, assailing the miners while at work. The timbers show marks of many years' standing, and in several places they are perforated with shot and bullets. Again, in the heart of Deadwood, where thrived the saplings and the sturdy pines, was recently unearthed a grindstone of primitive construction, and of native rock, eighteen inches in diameter and three inches in thickness. The centre bar was in part preserved, being impregnated with mineral substance. On exposing the stone to the influence of the atmosphere it fell into two pieces, the stone splitting lengthwise with the grain. From these facts many miners are led to conclude that the hills have, many years previous to their coming, been prospected for gold, and the pioneers of that day have long since perished.

#### LADIES' OUTDOOR SPORTS ON STATEN ISLAND.

DURING the Spring of this year, the ladies of New Brighton, Staten Island, organized a club for the purpose of cultivating out-of-doors sports. Arrangements were concluded with the lessees of the Cricket Club Grounds at Camp Washington, near the Tompkinsville Landing, for the exclusive use of the property on every Friday during the season, and a sufficient space on other days to enable them to practice their various games. The opening day of the club's first season was Tuesday, June 12th, when exhibitions of almost every game and sport adapted to women were given before an attractive company. Since then the ladies have kept up their exercise, frequently indulging in match-games of archery, croquet, lawn-tennis, the amusing Aunt Sally, and other tests of skill, nerve and patience. The officers of the "Ladies' Club for Outdoor Sports" for the present year are: Mrs. Robert Emmet Robinson, president; Mrs. John G. Dale, vice-president; Miss Krebs, treasurer; Mrs. Charles H. Stebbins, secretary; Mrs. John H. Pool, Mrs. H. Eugene Alexander, Mrs. P. Ferd. Kobbe and Mrs. R. B. Whittemore, directors, from each of whom invitations can be had upon written application.

#### SEWING-GIRLS IN THE OCEAN.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Cornell White two excursions were given the sewing-girls of New York City to Rockaway last month, on his new steamboat the *Columbia*, the first on the 4th, the second on the 11th. On each occasion there were about 1,200 women, old and young, on the boat. Mr. White and Captain Gardiner, of the Rockaway Police, had called upon the proprietors of all sorts of amusement-booths, the dispensers of bathing-suits, and the veteran Sandy Spencer, and all responded by offering the girls gratuitously whatever in their line they desired. On the trip down, the girls were treated to lemonade. Shortly after landing they were served with lunch of clam-chowder and sandwiches, and then each girl was ushered into a dressing-room and furnished with uncouth bathing-suits, and nearly a half-hour passed in frolicking in the surf. When called from the water and dressed, some sped away to the dancing pavilion, others sauntered along the beach, gathering shells and watching the bathers, while groups promenaded the walks, marveling at the sword-swallower, laughing at Punch and Judy, keeping time with the musical imitations of the Georgia darkey, Whistling Jack, and expressing much curiosity in the savage-looking creatures who ride the camels.

Both trips were made on exceedingly favorable days, and were unattended with any accident or painful reflection.

#### The Indian Tiger.

THE tiger, the tyrant of the Indian jungle, has, as is due, the precedence over his feebler or less dreaded congeners. Skirting the base of the Himalayan range, extending east and west for many hundreds of miles, is a tract of land covered with jungle called the Terai. This is his chosen home. Cradled in the long, leathery grass of the jungle, he

gambols about in his infancy, playful as a kitten, and usually attains when full grown the length of nine or nine and a half feet. Wild hogs, deer, and all the larger species of game are his usual prey; but sometimes a pair of tigers will take up their abode within a mile of a village, sallying out from their lair every three or four days to pull down a bullock or a buffalo, always selecting the fattest in the herd. The strength of their muscular forearms is enormous. Captain Baldwin says: "I remember in Assam a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high, seizing one of the largest oxen, and again leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields and over two hedges." In his old age, when his teeth becomes worn, he not unfrequently becomes a man-eater; and such is the devastation he then occasions, that whole villages are sometimes deserted, and extensive districts laid waste from dread of these feline scourges. In these disastrous circumstances the advent of an English sportsman, with his rifle and elephants, is hailed as a godsend by the whole neighborhood. A tiger when brought to bay often "spits" exactly like a cat. Contrary to the received opinion, tigers seldom roar; but at night the forests resound with the hideous din of their cries, which resemble the caterwauling of a whole squadron of gigantic tomcats. In making the charge the tiger utters a series of short, vicious, coughing growls, as trying to the nerves as the most terrific roar. Tiger-hunting, even from elephant-back, is always accompanied by danger.

#### Austrian Military Practice.

THE Austrian military authorities have determined to establish at Stiefenfeld a school of artillery, with an organization similar to that of the existing school of musketry at Brüek. Thirty-seven officers and eighty men are to be instructed annually in the new school, the men being exercised principally in pointing and laying guns, the officers in conducting experiments, determining trajectories, ranges, etc. The course of instruction is to begin each year in the Spring, and to conclude when Winter sets in. It has also been decided that the men belonging to the siege artillery and the engineers of the Austrian Army shall be specially exercised this Summer. A mimic bombardment of Komorn will be carried out by the former, while the latter will throw a pontoon-bridge across the Danube, toward the end of August, in the presence of the Emperor. Owing probably to financial considerations, there will not be any regular Autumn manoeuvres on a large scale in Austria this year; but, nevertheless, the troops will be exercised in combined manoeuvres in the vicinity of each of the large garrisons. For instance, the garrison of Vienna, which consists of detachments of the First, Second, and Twenty-fifth Divisions of Infantry, will be reinforced by calling in the battalions quartered at Brüek, Klosterneuburg, Mauer, etc., and will manoeuvre, in conjunction with a force of artillery, cavalry and engineers, during the last week of August and the first seven days of September. Similar manoeuvres will also be executed by the garrison of Linz, in concert with the troops stationed in the Prague military district, and it is expected that the Emperor and Archdukes will be present at these latter exercises.

#### Population of Asia.

THE entire population of Asia is larger by about twenty-five millions than the estimate given in last year's issue of Behm and Wagner's work. The increase mainly falls upon the East India Islands and Anam, the figures in the case of the latter being more than double those given in the tables of last year—viz., 21,000,000. The population of British India is rather less than last year, being 188,093,700, that of Burma being about 2,750,000, including tributary or protected States. The whole population of British India is close on 239,000,000. In a map of India, which accompanies the work, the varying density of the population in India is shown, from five inhabitants to over 750 per square mile. The greatest density is found, of course, about Calcutta, as also in patches all along the east coast and over all the northwest provinces. The population of China is given as 405,000,000, with 38,500,000 of outlying people. Hong Kong seems to have decreased by upwards of two thousand since last year, the number now given being 121,985. Japan is set down as 33,299,014. With regard to Africa, the population of Algeria was, in 1875, estimated to be 2,448,961. The population of Egypt shows a slight increase over last year, being now 17,000,000. The inhabitants of Port Said now number 9,650, and of Ismailia 3,779. Many details are given concerning the area and population of the Soudan and Central and West African States, the results of recent explorations. The British possessions in South Africa show an increase of territory and population, the latter numbering, according to the latest data, 1,333,702. According to the latest statistics, the whole population of Australia amounts to 1,867,000; of New Zealand, to 421,326. In the Fiji Islands the native population seems to be rapidly decreasing. It is calculated now not to exceed 70,000, while the white, who in 1872 numbered 2,940, were last year only 1,650.

#### How Japanese Fans are Made.

In his just published report to the Foreign Office, her Majesty's acting Consul for Hiogo and Osaka, in Japan, tells us that the latter place is the principal city for the manufacture of the *ogi*, or folding fans, all descriptions of the bamboo kind being made there, while the figures, writing, etc., are executed in Kiyoto. The superior fans, called *uchiana*, are manufactured in Kiyoto, and are extensively used by the better classes of Japanese, while the inferior kinds of the same description come from Fushimi and Tokio. Mr. Annesley cites from a local authority some interesting particulars respecting the manufacture of the *ogi*, or folding fans, of which the following are the salient features: "When the printed sheets which are to form the two sides of the fan have been handed over to the workman, together with the bamboo slips for the ribs, his first business is to fold the two sheets which are to form the fan so that they will retain the crease. This is done by placing them between two pieces of heavily oiled paper, which are properly creased, and the four are then folded up together and placed under pressure. When sufficient time has elapsed the sheets are taken out and the molds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The next process is to take the ribs (which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire), and 'set' them into their places on one of the sheets after it has been spread

out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining piece of paper. The fan has to be folded up and opened three or four times before the folds get into proper shape, and by the time it is put by to dry it has received an amount of handling that no foreign paper would endure. The qualities of native paper now used are not nearly so good as those of which the old fans were made, and in consequence the style of manufacture had to be changed. Instead of first pasting the two surfaces of the fan together, and then running in the painted ribs, the ribs are square, and, as mentioned above, are pasted in their places. The outside lacquered pieces and the fancy work are all done in Osaka and Kiyoto, and some of the designs in gold lacquer on bone are really artistic, but the demand for the highly ornamented fans is not great. When the insides are dry, the riveting of the pieces together (including the outer covering) is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan."

#### A Frozen Dinner.

A LETTER from Siberia says: "Our dinner-party in the evening—and it was really a dinner-party—was extremely merry. Each one laid his stores under contribution. Some brought out frozen bread, others frozen caviare, others frozen preserves, others again sausages, which could not be bent, even if put across the knee and pulled with the strength of both arms. Can you imagine without laughing the appearance presented of seven half-famished people sitting at a table with thirty different dishes before them, and unable to touch one except at the risk of breaking their teeth? Nothing could be done except to wait patiently for the various dishes to be thawed. Gradually as each article of food softens, faces brighten, and when at last a knife entered one of the dishes, there were shouts of triumph, which announced the beginning of the meal. At the close of the dinner we ate excellent fruit, which had been kept frozen. Throughout Siberia, as soon as very cold weather sets in, all fruits are placed out of doors with a northern exposure that the sun may never touch them. They are frozen through and through, and retain their flavor as completely as if they had just been plucked from the tree. When placed on the table they are as hard as wood, and when they accidentally fell on the floor they made the same sound a wooden ball would make. The heat of the dining room gradually softens them and they resume their original form. While eating some game one day I asked, out of curiosity, how long it had been killed, and was told over two months ago. When cold weather sets in every butcher kills all the meat he will need during the Winter. Fish become so solid that in all the markets they are seen standing against the wall on the tails, no matter what their length or weight may be.

#### The Perfect Sausage.

WE may mention a circumstance of especial interest to scientific men, in connection with the manufacture of this new food. The *Erbswurst*, or pea-sausage, was produced by the Germans in such large quantities during the Franco-Prussian war that it was found to be absolutely impossible to procure a sufficient number of skins and bladders to contain the preparation. All sorts of substitutes were tried. Oiled fabric and vegetable parchment, as well as other waterproof materials, were essayed in vain, for an envelope was required which was elastic and unaffected by boiling water. At last a chemist stepped in and solved the problem. He proposed the use of gelatine mixed with bichromate of potash, or, in other words, the process employed by photographers nowadays in producing what are termed carbon-prints. It is well known that if a solution of gelatine and bichromate of potash is spread upon paper and exposed to light, the gelatine becomes insoluble in a very short time, and will effectually resist the action of cold or hot water to dissolve it, this principle being in fact that upon which photographic prints are produced, the portions of a surface which refuse to wash away, constituting a picture. This same mixture was used for treating the sausages. The food was pressed into proper shapes and then dipped into the bichromated gelatine solution, after which it was exposed to daylight for a couple of hours, when the gelatine formed a tough skin around it, capable of being boiled with impunity.

#### The Largest Railway Station in the World.

THE new railway station at York, England, the largest in the world, is not terminal, like the old one; trains will run, without backing or shunting, straight through it. It is situated on a slope, rising from the banks of the Ouse. The main entrance, which looks upon the city walls, is from the south side through a portico 150 feet by 55 feet, and this is approached by a broad drive under an archway near the end of Lendel Bridge. The length of the platform is to be 1,500 feet, while the covered part of the station is in length 800 feet, and in breadth, 234 feet. The height is about 50 feet. The superficial area of the platform at York is 171,951 feet, and that at St. Pancras, London, 165,360 feet. The roof consists of four semi-circular spans, the largest of which is that in the north centre, which is 81 feet wide, and covers four lines of rails. That springing from the north wall is 55 feet wide, and embraces a platform and three sets of rails.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Berlin Society's Hospital Trains.

The Berlin Central Committee of the International Association for the Relief of Sick and Wounded Soldiers in the Field has caused two complete ambulance-trains, for the Russian army in the Bulgarian campaign, to be constructed at the chief carriage-factory of the Posen Railway, at Guben. Each train consists of twenty-five carriages. The first carriage is for the accommodation of two medical men or surgeons, each of whom has a comfortable couch to sleep on, a cupboard, writing-desk, lavatory, and other conveniences; the hinder part of this carriage is occupied by the surgeons' assistants. The carriages devoted to provisions for the daily wants of the traveling patients contain everything that is required for an orderly household; a complete kitchen, with cooking ranges for baking, stewing, and boiling, is of course included, as may be seen in our picture. This kitchen-carriage is followed by its tender, which comprises a larder or pantry and cellar, and a scullery. The carriages designed for the reception of the sick and wounded are very judiciously arranged, with portable beds on each side, six at one side and four at the other, the space left by the four beds at one side being fitted by

a table and washing apparatus, supplied with water by pipes. The draining-off of foul water and the ventilation of these carriages are well provided for. The interior of all the carriages is lined with oil-cloth on the walls and floors, and mats are laid down. The Red Cross is painted on the exterior, with an inscription, in Russian letters, stating that they belong to the Berlin Central Society for the Sick and Wounded. The Emperor of Russia expressed his thanks, and those of the army, for this beneficent gift in aid of suffering humanity. Both the hospital trains have been made complete, with their furniture, and have been sent to Bucharest.

#### The 400th Anniversary of the Tubingen University.

The city of Tübingen, situated on the river Neckar, in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, is celebrated on account of the University founded in 1477 by Count Eberhard with the Beard, who was, a few years afterwards, elected the first duke of Wurtemberg. On the 10th of October, 1477, the first lecture was held in the university building, wherein fourteen professors taught theology, law, medicine and philosophy. The salary of the professors was from about \$100 to \$400 per year. The castle at Tübingen called Hohentübingen was built by Duke Ulrich in 1535. The saltpetre, represented in our picture, was only completed in 1608 by Duke Frederick. At present the castle contains the library of the university.

#### Sketches of the Russian Invasion of Turkey.

The first serious defeat suffered by the Russians in their invasion of Turkish Asia Minor was in the battle fought at Zewin or Slevin, about midway on the road from Erzeroum to Kars. One of our foreign engravings represents the Turkish irregular cavalry dashing off in pursuit of the retreating enemy. Another picture gives a view of one of the entrenchments of the important fortress of Varna, the principal seaport on the Bulgarian coast, the head of the railway to Rustchuk, and the place of landing for stores and reinforcements for the European army. The fortress has been put into a thorough state of repair, and has received large consignments of heavy siege guns for its defense. The fort represented was taken by the Russians during the war of 1828. In the distance may be seen the Egyptian fleet, which brought from Alexandria the Egyptian contingent to the Sultan's army.

#### The Sacking of Biela.

We have already illustrated and described the capture of Biela by the Russian army on the Danube. After the occupation of the place by General Arnoldi, the town was entered and garrisoned by a detachment of infantry, and, owing to some strange negligence in not placing patrols about the streets, the soldiers commenced plundering, and after a while no longer distinguished between the deserted houses of the hated Turks and the dwellings of their beloved Bulgarian brethren, whom they had crossed the Danube to set free. The officers used all their personal influence to check the pillage, and when they caught the plunderers thrashed them soundly with the flats of their swords.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THERE are a few camphor-trees growing in Florida, the seeds of which were brought from China.

—AT Deerfield, Mass., the scene of an Indian massacre in colonial times, an angler recently pulled up on his hook a large tomahawk.

—THE peach was originally a poisonous almond-tree, but cultivation and transplanting have made it one of the most delicious of all domestic fruits.

—THEY don't wait for leap-year in Java, but if a young woman is in want of a husband she places an empty flower-pot on the roof of the front portico, as a sign.

—ACCORDING to the last census, the number of Jews residing in the Kingdom of Italy is 35,356. This shows an increase over the census of 1861 of only 1,633 souls.

—THE formation of a new volcano in Finland is expected. A hill near the River Tana is emitting smoke, and the snow in the neighborhood has suddenly melted.

—THE total length of the streets of San Francisco is 110 miles, and the city has paid out for all work, improvement, and care upon them in the past year \$282,682.

—HERBERT SPENCER has now rather more than half completed the system of synthetic philosophy which has been slowly growing under his hand during the last seventeen years.

—SPIDERS are known to be right-handed! Dogs, horses, monkeys, show by their daily acts that, like man, the right fore-legs and fore paws can be used more advantageously than the left.

—ANIMAL magnetism is no new discovery, but was practiced by people in Vienna about 1774, and for a while had great success. It was known in France and England in 1788, but was finally forbidden as a public exhibition.

—BEARDED women have been known in every age. One was seen at the court of the Czar Peter I., in 1724, with a beard so long as to reach nearly to her waist. Margaret of the Netherlands is known to have a long beard.

—THE Vicksburg *Herald* is strong in the belief that in the parishes of Louisiana and counties of Mississippi adjacent to Vicksburg, 50,000 industrious laborers could gain a comfortable subsistence from the soil, and still there would be room for more.

—THE magnitude of photography as an industry has received striking illustration from the figures presented at the late session of the Berlin Photographic Society. During the past year 49,000,000 cartes-de-visite were produced in Germany; the number of photographers employed was 3,000, and the quantity of nitrate of silver used was about 9,000 pounds.

—THE young ladies in Upper Sandusky, O., are aiding the Murphy temperance movement in the following manner: When a young man calls upon one of them with matrimonial intentions he finds a Murphy badge on one corner of the centre table, and on the opposite corner the representation of a mitten, and he is asked to decide which corner he accepts.

—THE bones of the mammoth purchased in Germany by Professor Ward, of Rochester, acting for Mr. Brooks and intended for the University of Virginia, arrived in Rochester last Thursday. The parts were in fourteen boxes, weighing more than seven tons altogether. The freight from Stuttgart, Germany, to New York was \$682, and from New York to Rochester \$86.

—A BREAK in the dam across Tone's Bayou, leading from the Red River in Louisiana, is drawing off the water so that Red River navigation is seriously threatened. The New Orleans *Picayune* says: "There are 175,000 bales of cotton which have been contracted for to be brought to this city, which can never be got here, and will not commence to come until Red River is made navigable for the boats destined for that trade."





NEW YORK.—AFTERNOON EXERCISE OF MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' CLUB FOR OUTDOOR SPORTS, AT CAMP WASHINGTON, STATEN ISLAND.—SEE PAGE 7.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.  
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO  
THE PACIFIC.  
THROUGH THE PLATTE VALLEY, FROM  
FREMONT TO COLUMBUS.

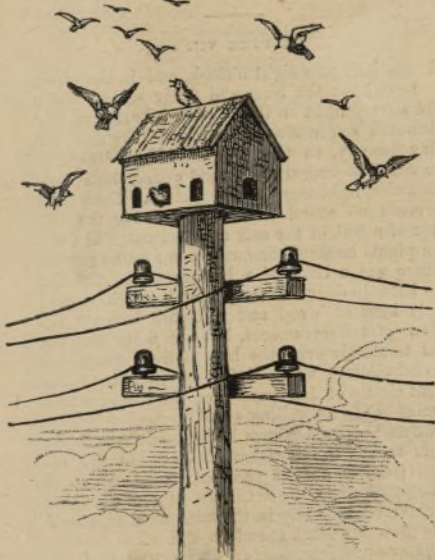
THE chief beauty and interest of the Plains, so far on our journey, is borrowed from their relation to the sky. The Platte Valley, with its absence of marked features and strong lights and shadows, is something like an expressionless human face; to which, on this windy April afternoon, our first one "out" from Omaha, the rolling cloud shadows lend life and change and incessant variety. Great masses of white cumuli pile up in the blue, trooping westward like ourselves, before a strong, driving wind; the sun wakes hot on the tawny and brown mat of last year's grass, and, as far as eye can reach, there is no shade and no motion in the landscape, except from these hurrying clouds.

The long, parallel lines of smooth, shining rail, and the diminishing ranks of telegraph-posts, stretching away from our track as we sit on the rear platform, are wonderfully important and suggestive features in the scene. Watching all day, you will scarcely see a curve in that long "iron trail"; only now and then, for a few miles, a side-track travels with us, and unites at some little station or round-house. Soon after Fremont is left behind us, we find vast excitement in the approach, on one of these switches, of a train bound East;



AN INDEPENDENT MENNONITE.

every window full of heads and arms, chiefly feminine and infantile, for all the men, as the engines "slow up" and stop, seize the opportunity to rush out and exchange greetings on *terra firma*. Our photographer, diving into the curtained section which has been set apart for the storage of bags, hampers and instruments, rummages wildly for his plates and chemicals. Our artist, constituting himself assistant, snatches the camera and disappears; and presently there is diffused over the easy, lounging group of dusty passengers, brakemen in shirt-sleeves, and trin, gold-buttoned conductors outside, a universal and frigid atmosphere of "sitting for their pictures." Everybody strikes a hasty attitude and composes his features; the engineer reclines gracefully against his cow-catcher, and all



AN INHABITED TELEGRAPH POLE, CLARKS, NEBRASKA.



SELLING PRAIRIE DOGS.

the hands, with one instinctive impulse, seek sheltering pockets, while artist and photographer shift their tripod from spot to spot, hit the happy point of sight at last, and fix the picture. And then there is a scramble for the platforms again, and the engines, with a puff and a wheeze, start their muscles and sinews of iron. In another minute there is only a trail of brown smoke hanging over the plain beside us, and we are once more alone on the great empty waste.

The little station of Ames is passed, and North Bend, some ten miles westward, when somebody on the back platform—the favorite coign of vantage—raises a shout of "Indians!" Everybody rushes for the first sight of the original lords of this soil, and we are rewarded by a cluster of lodges, or, as they are better known, tepees, pointing their white cones within a stone's throw of the track, and close by the scattered buildings and tank-house of North Bend. While they show at present in the sunshine, but this evident gloss of newness will not last long. They are composed of freshly dressed skins, and have a picturesque and holiday aspect, the first and last of the kind which we shall see on our journey. As for their denizens, we are prepared for meanness and squalor, and agreeably surprised by a general decency and dignity which savors quite strongly of the Cooper braves. Perhaps in this flying glimpse many objectionable details of the picture are lost; but we see only a group of tall, motionless figures, bare-headed and blanketed, with long black braids framing each furrowed and stern face; some chubby children, blanketed likewise, standing over a camp-fire, and two or three squaws, with their swathed-up and mummified papooses. "Why, they are really handsome!" cries the enthusiastic young woman of the party, who has never seen an Indian before.

"Make the most of them," says a visitor from the next car, an old traveler on the Plains; "I have crossed twelve times, and those are the most favorable specimens of the Indian that I ever met on this route. You'll find nothing of that sort among the Plutes and Shoshones further on."

The tepees have disappeared while we are talking of them, and the sketchers have had no time to transfer this exceptional encampment to paper. Lounging on our easy seats we discuss Indians and the Indian question, the march of civilization, and the chances of buffalo along our route, and learn, to the disgust of some of the party, that we may expect to meet with nothing wilder than the great



CHILDREN SALUTING THE EXCURSION TRAIN, AT CLARKS, NEBRASKA.

herds of cattle which have begun to dot the plains. Within the last three years the buffalo have entirely disappeared from the belt of land traversed by the Union Pacific, and only their bones lie bleaching where the trails used to run due north and south. The antelope are fast following, having already retreated west of the Rocky Mountains, and the principal targets for pistol-practice on the platform will be prairie-dogs and ground-owls, whose villages we shall soon pass.

Schuyler, grandly denominated "the county-seat of Colfax County," is the next station of consequence, and here again our photographer is on the alert with his instruments. There is a fair sprinkling of neat houses and a show of white paint; and here, by the station, is that universal feature in a Western landscape, the tank-house and tall skeleton windmill, whirling briskly in the strong wind. The "population of eight hundred" is thinly represented by masculine stragglers on the



PAWNEE SCOUTS OFF DUTY—A SCENE AT A RAILROAD STATION.

platform and around the few stores; brown-bearded men, with slouch hats, and pantaloons tucked in their big cowhide boots, and not a woman in sight, if we except two specimens of three feet high, who take prominent positions on the railroad ties, as soon as the camera is mounted. We frequently wonder where, in these sparse settlements which the guide-book respectfully designates "thriving towns," the women manage to secrete themselves, for we never catch sight of a skirt or a bonnet traversing their wide, straggling streets.

A stretch of barren prairie again, grazing cattle far away, and the eternal dance of the silent cloud-shadows. Here and there we pass a solitary rancho, on a low "dug-out," that grave-like mound of earth thrown up yonder, with its boarded front and rough door, crowned, perhaps, with a pair of spreading ox-horns. In the Indian skirmishes of a few years back, these mole-like burrows, with their roofing of solid earth and stout raw-hide, did good service in protecting the beleaguered settlers; now they serve a more peaceful end, and are used chiefly as store-houses, standing apart by the mud and thatch-built stable and large corral of some lonely rancho.

The afternoon is wearing on as we reach Columbus. This "county" is a neat, thrifty-looking little settlement, too utterly unlike an Eastern town or village to be designated by either name; our brief pause gives us the general impression of broad, shadeless streets, neat stores and a smart brick building or two, with a glaring white hotel fronting the track. From this point last year 29,700,000 pounds of wheat were sent over the Union Pacific road, and one of the most prominent features in our passing glimpse of the town is the tall grain-elevator, with its adjoining store-houses. There is so strong a family likeness between all these baby cities, that the traveler turns in despair to his guide-book to learn the characteristic points, and the difference in population. Columbus is a very twin of Schuyler, just passed; but it overtops that small rival by twelve hundred souls, and gains in dignity accordingly—on paper.

Our artists availed themselves of every opportunity on the route to take flying sketches of the characteristic features of the country. Many were the human oddities that presented themselves to our wondering eyes, some only long enough to attract a stare of admiration as



A VILLAGE OF PRAIRIE DOGS DIVING INTO THEIR BURROWS.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE ROUTE ACROSS THE NEBRASKA PRAIRIES  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



we were whirled rapidly by, while others at the various stopping-places were, unconsciously to themselves, reproduced in the sketch-books, to be presented at some future time to the gaze of an admiring public. Now it would be an independent female member of the Order of Mennonites, regaling herself with a pipe on the platform of a passing train, oblivious to everything but the soothing influence of "the weed." Again the pencils would be brought into play to depict the appearance of a party of Pawnee scouts, or of a group of children standing ankle-deep in a pool by the track—the remnant of a recent storm—and saluting our train with cheers and waving hats. Vendors of prairie dogs were occasionally encountered with their living prey carefully boxed up after the Washington Market fashion. And these quaint little animals deserve more than a passing notice. Their little villages are seen on every side for many miles after leaving Sydney, and are never-failing sources of interest to travelers. The animals are always fat, and are about sixteen inches long and of a grayish-red color. The Indians eat them, professing to prefer them to squirrels. They live underground in extensive communities, in slanting burrows, terminating, after a descent of six or eight feet, in wide chambers. These latter they sagaciously excavate at a little higher point than the bottom of the passages, whereby their larger apartments, which they sometimes share with rattlesnakes and owls, are not subject to be overflowed by rain-storms. The little fellows squat like rabbits on their plump haunches at the entrances to their burrows, peering inquisitively about them in every direction. At the approach of an intruder they give a quick, sharp yelp, not loud enough to be called a bark, and disappear headforemost into the earth. But their curiosity is more powerful than their timidity, and in a short time their little noses are seen emerging from the holes as they peep cautiously out to discover the source of their alarm. They are somewhat difficult to shoot, as they are as rapid as swallows in their movements, and for the same reason it is not always easy to capture them alive. Mr. Leslie bought a couple of the little fellows on the homeward trip. The boy who offered them for sale had secured them in a box with three thin slats of wood, and it was not long before they set vigorously to work to gnaw their way out with their sharp teeth. A handful of grass was given them, which they ate with avidity, and so long as they were plentifully fed there was no further effort on their part to work their way into liberty. They ate grass ravenously, showing an especial predilection for clover. They kept in good condition until they reached Saratoga, where their history suddenly and unhappily ended. The box containing them was deposited temporarily on the sward, near Mr. Leslie's Summer residence, until a servant could take them in charge, but when he arrived they had disappeared from the cage. The little creatures doubtless enjoyed so greatly the smell of the fresh sod and the glimpse of freedom from which they had so long been debarred, that they attacked the imprisoning slats with determination and gnawed their way to liberty.

## THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHESES.

By the Author of "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," "THE DOOR OF THE ALBATROSS," "A SECRET OF THE SEA," etc.

### CHAPTER VI.

IT was late in September—the time when "A spirit haunts the year's last hours"—when the silvery morning mists hovered long over the still waters of the mountain lakes ere they rolled upwards over the heather-crimsoned crags and precipitous slopes of Glendisane—when the morning dew lay like hoar-frost on the grass, and the purple atmosphere of noontide was clear and crisp and bright.

A few hardy Autumn flowers yet lingered here and there, the scarlet geraniums flamed in a mass of velvety blossom, and the hollyhocks in sheltered corners showed their roses luxuriant still. But still the year was waning; the evenings were chilly and were growing dark and long; and those who love home in the firelight and lamplight began to look forward to evening work and books, and games and music, and all that makes home the pleasantest place on earth—that is, when the first essentials of home are not wanting—love, sympathy in tastes, forbearance and good temper. Alas! for the bitter mockery of a home when these are wanting!

Derrymore Castle had never been at any time an ideal home. It had lacked parental love and guidance for the children; it had lacked the presence of a wise, controlling spirit; it had lacked wealth and the pleasantness which wealth can supply. But, on the whole, and excepting some dark days, it had been gilded with country-life pleasures and utter freedom. Now, however, a change had come over all things. The house had always owned two masters—the real and the nominal one—but its one fair mistress's sway had been sole and undisputed from the hour she came home from school, a golden-haired, lily-like maiden of fourteen. Anthony Latouche, her father, could not afford to pay her school-bills any longer, on account of his tremendous losses on the race-course. But now another mistress had arisen, and Lizzie, deposed from her place, had surrendered her prestige and authority without a struggle, much to Anthony's unreasonable displeasure; but Lizzie's behavior was altogether displeasing to her fiery-tempered, tyrannical young brother of late.

The brief period of her fancied accordance with his wishes had begun and ended in her visit to Dublin. For, when the wedding festivities were over, and the charming widow, Mrs. Mountjoy Hutchinson, had bestowed herself on Christopher Parnell, to have and to hold her and her invested property together—for the astute Christopher had driven the lawyers a hard bargain in the matter of settlements—and Anthony fondly hoped that in the pleasant leisure time succeeding Lizzie would be brought to see her own interests in a better light, she had most bitterly disappointed him. She had absolutely repelled Mr. Samuel Sutton's advances so decidedly and with so much determined repulsion in her manner that the affronted swain retired in high dudgeon, informing Anthony that "he wasn't going to make himself cheap in that kind of way, if Miss Latouche didn't know her own mind for a week."

Anthony had coaxed and stormed, scolded and pleaded, by turns, but not an inch was Lizzie's steadfastness—or "her abominable obstinacy," as he called it—shaken by aught he could say or do. So

now, baffled and bitterly chagrined, Anthony pursued towards his sister a system of chilling indifference and sullenly distant tone in looks and bearing, for, knowing that she loved as well as feared him, he thought that the desire for reconciliation might make her willing to obtain it on his own terms.

But Lizzie, though sad and spiritless, and timidly striving to avoid incurring blame, and to please the hard, coarse, exacting natures amongst whom her lot was cast, showed no signs of revoking for one hour her decision respecting her unwelcome suitor.

"And I say," said Anthony, fiercely, as he poured out a fresh glass of brandy and added a little water thereto, "that there must be some reason—some confounded reason—at the root of this behavior! Lizzie was never one to hold out stiffly and obstinately as she is doing; there is some one spurring her on to it, as I said before. She doesn't get a letter or message from that vagabond, unless I am blind altogether—and she does not see him or speak to him, that I'll swear—besides I know he is not here. But I am convinced there must be some cause for her persisting so in this obstinacy of hers."

"Oh, I dare say she will grow more reasonable by-and-by! I would not press her too close, Anthony," said Christopher, coolly, from the other side of his desk. "Wait a while patiently: Mrs. Parnell will use her influence—women can talk each other into those things. Don't trouble yourself so much about it, Anthony."

Christy was always for pacific measures. Blustering and storming "never paid," he used to say.

"If I can't talk her into it, your wife can't," retorted Anthony, rudely. "She'd do more for me any day than for Mrs. Parnell."

"Women have a good deal of influence over each other, Anthony—more than men imagine," his wise stepbrother remarked placidly, studying a debtor-and-creditor account of farm-produce. "You see how sensibly Lizzie has acted in not interfering with Mrs. Parnell in the house—far better than I hoped for, indeed."

"Yes, indeed," said Anthony, with a scowl on his flushed face, and finishing off the brandy-and-water; "and I am not quite so well pleased as you, Christy, to see my sister, who always was, and always will be, the mistress of this house, unless I ever bring a wife of my own into it—to see her make herself a nobody for a stranger only just come into the family."

Christy did not in the least resent the slight offered to his wife. "Hard words break no bones" was another maxim of his.

"I think Lizzie has acted very sensibly," he said, working out a sum in reduction. "Mrs. Parnell knows more about housekeeping, and has her own servants, and is accustomed to manage things as she pleases."

"She sha'n't manage things as she pleases here, then!" exclaimed Anthony, bringing down his fist on the table. "Mrs. Mountjoy Hutchinson and her servants coming to queen it over Lizzie Latouche! Upon my honor, that's a nice state of things!"

"I would recommend you," said Christopher, coolly, with a glance at the half-empty brandy-bottle, "not to make an enemy of Mrs. Parnell; she is well disposed to be your friend and your sister's friend. Let her manage affairs in her own way, Anthony, and you will profit well by it."

"What profit will it be to me in any event?" asked Anthony, grumbling. "And Lizzie does not want any one to manage for her. I could always manage my sister and her affairs well enough before that scoundrel came into the place!"

"Well, the scoundrel is not in the place now, and the right man is," said Christy, with his faint, sniggering laugh, "and the right woman will be here in a day or two—eh, Anthony? You think we've been forgetting you, eh? You think we've not been planning your good fortune, too, my dear boy? Nonsense, man! Let the women alone for managing these things, and you'll see your sister rolling in riches, and yourself with eight thousand down in hard cash, and prospect of as much more—as much more, my boy," cried Christy, rubbing his hands and growing quite gleeful—"and a blooming young lady for a wife before we eat our Christmas dinner!"

Anthony's eyes glittered with excitement; his hot hands trembled.

"Eight thousand down, and as much more?" he repeated, huskily, in his eagerness. "You mean that girl of the Lobcocks?"

"Yes, to be sure," replied Christy—"pretty Miss Dora and eight thousand pounds in her pocket! That's something like a prospect for you!"

"Faith, Mrs. Parnell ought to try to accomplish the first part of her work before she undertakes any more," said Anthony, with a sneer. "She ought to let us see how she will succeed in making my sister's match before she tries to make one for me. So that's what Miss Dora is coming down for, is it?"

"So I believe," answered Christy, with a dry smile; "only remember I have told you in confidence—let you see one hand, as you say when you are card-playing. And I have told you, Anthony," he said, lowering his voice and glancing somewhat apprehensively out of the dusky, ivy-shaded window-panes which looked out over the garden beneath, "in order that you may not interfere in affairs which—excuse me—you don't quite understand. Let Mrs. Parnell and me manage for you and Lizzie; she's a sensible, pious woman, with no nonsense about her, and she knows how to tame down girls with a lot of stuff in their heads, and make them glad to see which side of their bread is buttered—never fear, she will. I don't say she'll have much trouble in that way with Miss Dora," Christopher added, with an unpleasant smile.

The window of Christopher's office-sanctum being ajar, cunningly contrived to catch a glimpse of the barnyard and the men at work, and to survey almost in the same glance the well-stocked fruit and vegetable garden, the luxuriant products of which were such a source of income, it was little wonder that almost every word of the latter part of the conversation had been overheard by Ellen Bruce in the garden beneath.

She had come out to select some vegetables for the cook, and, pausing in carefully gathering some late cucumbers and a melon from one of the forcing frames, had unintentionally caught several words. But, when their purport was announced in Christy's craftily triumphant tones, and Anthony seemed to hearken in complacent acquiescence, a change came over the listener's face such as those who only knew or pitied the patient slave—Mrs. Parnell's lady-housekeeper and "companion"—would never dream of.

"I will hear it all now—I will hear all if I die for it!" she muttered, the wild fire of a jealous passion lighting up her face, flashing in her eyes, burning in a scarlet flush on each thin cheek, making her dry lips tremble as they parted with each gasping breath.

She pushed the long, sappy cucumber vines aside, or trod them down, and crushed the yellow melon-blossom in a manner that would have maddened even calm Christopher, if he could have witnessed it, and shrank in close beneath the masses of ivy in which the open window was half buried.

Ellen Bruce listened until she heard the last word of Christopher's announcement, and then, after a moment's silence, heard Anthony say something indistinctly about the young foxhound which Nick Byrne was training, and heard him quit the room, with his usual loud, striding step, and then she went back to the melon-bed, picked up the fallen fruit, removed the bruised leaves and flowers, and returned to the house, carrying her basket.

"Get me a glass of water, Bridget, please," she said, a little hoarsely, as she dropped heavily into a chair by the kitchen-table. "Dull, heavy weather this, cook, isn't it? I feel quite faint."

"Deed and you don't look well at all, at all, Miss Bruce," that person responded, with a half-pitying, half-contemptuous glance at poor Ellen's lividly pale face and roughened features. "Them's the cucumbers for pickling, aren't they, miss?"

"Yes, those are the ones for pickling," Ellen said, quietly sorting them; "those are for dinner to-day. Thank you, Bridget."

"Misther Anthony is desperate fond o' them cucumbers," the cook remarked parenthetically, as she laid them aside.

"Yes—so he is—I think," Ellen said, the livid paleness giving way to a crimson flush, as she roughly flung the cucumbers into the salad-bowl, shook the leaves off her lap, and walked out of the kitchen. As if she had not known this peculiar fancy of Anthony's long ago, and always carefully gathered and prepared them herself on this account!

Poor Ellen! She walked slowly up the stairs to her own room—at the top of the house, as usual—slower and slower, as she went up. The last flight of steps was steep and angular, and she moaned with each breath she drew, as though she dragged her footsteps with a torturing wound.

It was dusky and shadowy, even in the day-time, up in that attic chamber; but Ellen groped her way in, like one stricken with sudden blindness, locked the door, and, with a bitter, moaning cry, threw herself on the little bed in the recess near the door.

"I might just as well die at once!" she cried, with a kind of choking sob, and then lay still, not weeping, not bewailing herself, but staring at the wall, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, gasping feverishly now and then, but else dumb and still, as a mortally stricken creature.

Her senses seemed to have quitted her in this trance of passionate, utter despair beneath the blow which had shattered the one bright creation, the one golden, tender, secret, idolized hope that had ever dawned in her desolate heart—its very wild presumption, its very hopelessness had made it dearly cherished as a treasure held by a frail tenure.

But with the rude rending asunder of the bonds which had held it to her innermost heart had come a rough awakening to the sense of the utter indifference with which she had been regarded, and the mercenary instincts of the nature from whose tenderness she had been mad enough to expect sympathy for her.

Her senses seemed to have quitted her, for she was not conscious of the presence of another person in the room—not conscious of Lizzie Latouche's frightened, pitying gaze being fixed on her, of Lizzie Latouche's voice whispering tremulously to her and beseeching her to tell her what ailed her.

"Who? What is it? What are you doing here?" she demanded, springing up, as, at length, Lizzie in alarm bent over her, and tried to lift her in her arms.

"What is the matter, Ellen? Oh, Ellen, can I do anything?" she said, the tears welling into her eyes.

"No, Miss Latouche, nothing," replied Ellen, briefly putting Lizzie away, and sitting up on the side of her bed. "Did you want me?"

"No," Lizzie said, half repulsed and half attracted; "I came up to sit in your room only for peace, Ellen. I thought no one would be likely to follow me up here. I did not mean to intrude."

"Oh, you are not intruding!" returned Ellen, coldly. "What right should I have to tell you that you were intruding, Miss Latouche?"

"As much right as I should have," said Lizzie, gently, though she felt mortified by the unhappy girl's distrust of her. "I will go at once; but I wish you would let me help you if I can. You don't know how I feel for persons in trouble, Ellen," she added, pleadingly.

"You cannot help me, Miss Latouche; it is only a—trouble of my own," said Ellen, gloomily; "unless you please to help me by not thinking of the matter again. I assure you it is of no importance to any one but myself. It is very kind of you," she added, rather bitterly—"indeed you are always kinder to me than any one else in the house—except Mrs. Parnell, of course," she added in a sarcastic afterthought.

"Mrs. Parnell is not kind to you," said Lizzie, impatiently, as she rose to go; "no kinder than she is to me, when she is making my life a burden to me."

"I fancied from what I have heard that she

was intent on making your life most joyful to you," remarked Ellen, coldly.

"How?"

"You know best, Miss Latouche," Ellen said, briefly.

"By helping my brother to force me into marrying Mr. Sutton?" interrogated Lizzie—and her pale, fair face crimsoned with shame and anger. "This is why I detest her, I tell you. But they cannot do that, not if I—if I—but they cannot! They never will—never can!" and she laughed with a kind of feverish triumph.

Ellen looked at her steadily, with a glitter of a rising determination in her dark eyes.

"Why do you say that, Miss Latouche?" she whispered. "You cannot resist. Your brother has influence, authority, and all that."

"Yes I can," returned Lizzie, in another whisper—and her violet-gray eyes met the glittering intelligence of Ellen's feverish bright dark ones, and the flush that rose in Ellen's face receded from hers.

"Miss Latouche, I know," Ellen said, in a low, clear voice.

Lizzie's very lips grew white as she convulsively clasped her hands on Ellen's shoulders and said:

"You won't betray me? Because, because, Ellen," she muttered, clinging tighter to her, and trembling in a fever of fear and delight, "I am—I am to meet him to-night in Knocklofty Wood, for the last time in this secrecy and fear. He is going to tell Anthony to-morrow. He has been away trying to regulate matters with that horrid cross old uncle of his—Sir Henry—and he says—I got a letter from him—Oh, Ellen, Ellen, you won't betray me, will you?"

"Do I look like it?" asked Ellen, briefly. "Recollect there is nobody I want to curry favor with, or it might be worth my while."

"Oh, Ellen, hush! Don't laugh!" implored Lizzie. "If Anthony knew—oh, if Anthony or Nick Byrne caught the least inkling! And it is to be the last time to meet like this; and, Ellen, will you help me?"

"I will," she returned, with a flash of her eyes.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"To let me out by the garden-gate—the back-gate—and let me in again, Ellen," Lizzie whispered, tremulously—"as you did that—that morning—you remember?"

"I remember letting you out," said Ellen, rather grimly—"about the letting in I think there was some danger. Don't take that morning for an example, Miss Latouche. I hope there will be no mishap to-night. Isn't that a lonely place you are going to—this side of Knocklofty?"

"Yes," replied Lizzie, gazing at Ellen with a vague sensation of fear, "it is lonely, Ellen; but it is the only place in which we can meet; and then he—Richard—instead of coming down through the wood with me, goes up over the brow of Glendisane, over the lake, and then comes down by the waterfall to Mrs. Prendergast's, so that we should not be met walking together. But that is all over now—this is the last time," she repeated, gladly; "so, Ellen, if you will help me to-night, there will be no need of helping me any more—and it makes me so happy! I told Richard that I could not live on any longer deceiving every one, and they believing I might be coaxed into marrying Samuel Sutton! I dread to-morrow, and yet I long for it. Ellen, what is the right time? Richard will be there at nine o'clock."

"It is only five o'clock now, Miss Latouche."

"And yet how dark it is! How horribly those fox-hounds are yelping and whining! Listen, Ellen! It is a perfect howl! Dreadful brutes! Poor things! I think Nick Byrne half starves them. Oh, Ellen, if he should see me going, or Anthony discover anything!"

"Anthony shall not discover anything," retorted Ellen, sharply. "He and Mrs. Parnell are doomed to disappointment, Miss Latouche."

### CHAPTER VII.

IT was half-past eight o'clock, and in the misty moonlight the trees and taller shrubs had a weird silvery light on their topmost branches, and all beneath was in blackest shadow. The dew was falling heavily, so that the moist garden-paths were noiseless beneath the tread of footsteps; and those swift, light steps which traversed them just now made no sound to be heard above the odd flutter of a leaf, or the soft mystical rustle of dew-laden plants holding communion one with another.

There was a click of a key turned in the tall iron-barred door leading out through a disorderly kind of wood and turf-yard beneath the shadow of tall sycamores, but the noise was too slight to startle even the bats circling about the old outbuilding, which belonged indeed to the ancient Castle of Derrymore, on the site of which the more modern dwelling stood.

Two dark-draped figures had passed through the garden to the tall iron-barred door, but one returned from it, and, as she returned, heedless of the dripping dews, she sat down on a garden-seat and shivered violently in the still warm night-air as she drew her black shawl about her.

"There is no fear, surely," she muttered to herself, trembling strangely still. "Why should I feel so oddly? I fancied, when I shut that door behind me and saw her disappear through the twilight, that I—What is the matter with me? Anthony is from home. No one dreams of Captain Stirling being in the country—no one dreams, except myself, how matters stand between them, unless Mrs. Parnell has any evil ideas in that evil brain of hers; but I feel as if there were something awful about to happen! What makes me keep thinking of Glendisane and those black crags over the lake? I seem to see them, those long, steep gullies running down from the very brow to the water's edge. It would be horrible if one slipped! They are so black, so bare—worn in the rock. How ill I feel! I wish she were safely home again. I did not think I could feel like this for any one's troubles but my own. I am growing soft-hearted, I suppose. What I heard to-day has made me so perhaps," she laughed, bitterly. "I had better go in and see if that man Nick Byrne is safe at his work in the stable-yard or in the kitchen—the wretch seems to be always prowling about with that abominable dog of his,



He is not near the kennels, for the dogs are howling too loudly—poor brutes, I should like to go and feed them all, so that they could not eat a bit more, to vex him."

But when Ellen returned to the house, she found that faithful retainer, Nick Byrne, in the kitchen, quietly seated at his supper, and on her entrance he rose respectfully, putting one finger towards the parting of his thin dust-colored hair, and asked if Miss Bruce would please to tell him when Mr. Anthony would be home, as he wanted to see him about that young fox-hound, Don Cosack."

"About half-past ten, I believe," Miss Bruce said, coolly. "That man always gives some reason for the simplest question he asks me," she muttered angrily to herself, as she left the kitchen.

Mrs. Parnell was absent, spending the evening with some acquaintances. Her lord was, as usual, immersed in his monetary affairs, and the house was very silent as Ellen went into the dim-lighted, empty dining-room to prepare Mr. Anthony Latouche's supper, to be ready for him when he returned. He had said one night, with a pleased look, that Miss Bruce knew how to make things look inviting; and poor Ellen had never suffered any one but herself since to lay the snowy cloth on the supper-tray, with the dainty plate of sandwiches, or slices of roast fowl, or tart—the wine, brandy, ale, or whatever he might fancy, placed near his hand, with gleaming glasses, spoons, and knives. To-night, however, all the pleasure, all the secret satisfaction of her task was gone.

"But it is my business to do it, and I may as well do it with the best grace I can," she said, with a dreary smile, "until Miss Lobcock supplies my place."

Poor Ellen! Not so soon could she take back the heart she had given away too readily—not so soon could she unlearn all the tender lessons that heart had taught itself, and recall her erring feet from the pleasant paths they had begun to tread.

Jealousy, bitter, mute despair, fierce pride, and throbbing, yearning tenderness kept up a wild combat in Ellen's heart as her hands mechanically moved through their various duties. It was nearly ten o'clock when she had quite finished, and, raising the lamp higher, and stirring up the small fire to burn brightly, she turned to leave.

"Misther Anthony not come home yet, Miss Bruce?" the cook asked, passing up the back staircase to bed.

"No, not yet—it is early," Ellen said.

"Yes, but—" The woman paused, as if rather doubtful of the wisdom of confidences with a reserved person like Miss Bruce. "He's likely to walk home from Captain Gower's, Miss Bruce—and he's not one to come a dangerous road by himself, you know. That's what Nick Byrne was sayin', an' he went to thry if he could come across him by the road to Glendishane. Yes, miss, as like as not he'd come that way for shortness; an' he's not oversteady in his head sometimes, you know."

"You—you don't mean he would come over the mountain, above the lake, at this hour?" Ellen said, her heart seeming to stand still.

"Oh, law, no, miss!" the cook replied, laughing. "Sure no one would go that way, on'y men after sheep, or some one like that—the road by the waterial goin' out to Glendishane, Miss Bruce. You don't know the country, I suppose?"

"No," she said faintly, and went back into the dining-room, and sat down to wait until the half-hour after ten struck; and then she stole out softly, through a side door, into the garden, unlocked the great door leading into the sycamore-grove, and, returning, hung the key on the nail by Mr. Parnell's office door, amongst the other labeled keys, of which his keen eyes would have detected one amongst the number missing. She did so not a moment too soon, for as she went down the hall he came out, lighted his bedroom candle, and, collecting all his keys, methodically went up-stairs to bed.

(To be continued.)

### The Mosques of Stamboul.

THE mosque of Suleiman is considered one of the most glorious monuments of Osmanli architecture. The court facing the entrance is surrounded on three sides with colonnades, which are covered with twenty-three domes. A fountain with a cupola stands in the centre of the court; the minarets spring from the four corners of the outer court. The effect is very striking and elegant. Attached to this mosque are numerous endowments—three schools, four academies for the four sects of the faithful and another the reading of the Koran, a school for medicine, a hospital, a kitchen for the poor, a resting-place for travelers, a library, a fountain, a house of refuge for strangers and a mausoleum. Several of the imperial mosques are as richly endowed. Mohammedan charity begins at the mosque, and all good Mussulmans are very much at home in their houses of prayer. The fourteen great mosques are built upon the self-same plan. The mosques measure 225 by 205 feet, and are enclosed on the entrance side by a forecourt and in the rear by a garden or cemetery. Besides these imperial mosques are about two hundred and twenty others, built by individuals of inferior rank, and three hundred or more chapels, some of which are chiefly frequented by women. Constantine the Great surrounded his city with a wall thirteen miles in length, having twenty-eight gates and many a lofty tower. These walls still stand, tottering, and are wonderfully picturesque. In parts of the old fortifications you can see the breeches made by catapults and battering rams. Of all the gates, there are no two alike, and each has something of its own that is either beautiful or interesting. One of the pleasantest excursions about the City of the Sultan is the exploration of the walls and towers. There are cemeteries by the way, and mosques and a thousand cafés to beguile you. You may float under the walls in a caïque, for their very foundations are laid in the sea on one side of the city. You may ride, or drive, or walk. You may have a distant view of the Mosque of Eynob, where the Osmanli sultans gird on the sword of Osman. Eynob was the standard bearer and the companion in arms of the Prophet, and was killed at the siege of Constantinople by the Arabs, A. D. 668. Mohammed II. having had the tomb of Eynob revealed to him in a vision, the mosque and mausoleum were erected on the spot. They are far too holy for a Christian to enter, even in his stocking feet, which

is rather a pity, inasmuch as this mosque is one of the most elegant and beautiful of any near the capital. At the Greek Church, buried on one side of the cypress groves, there are some miraculous fish, red on one side and brown on the other. These fish were in the frying-pan, perfectly resigned to their fate, when Constantinople was taken; that was a little too much, and they leaped out of the frying-pan browned on one side only. If you don't believe it inquire at the Greek Church, and see these precocious wrigglers swimming about in the fountain as gayly as if they were not well done on one side and raw on the other.

### A Brave Belgian.

THE bravery of the Belgian slater Caris, who, when on top of the bellry of the Church of Ville sur Oultie, in Belgium, and while holding on his shoulders a workman who had climbed there to fix a lightning-rod, endured without moving and without a cry, the pain produced by molten lead falling upon his arm, and so saved his careless companion from being cast headlong to the ground, has made his name *caram, clarum et venerabile*. It has also brought to the brave fellow a reward more substantial. The editor of the London *Builder*, having recorded the story and satisfied himself of its truth, sent Caris a sum of money. The Belgian Major-General Bartels appealed to the officers of the army and got up a testimonial for him; the King of the Belgians forwarded to him a special gift in addition; and the Count of Flanders added his name to the list of subscribers. We learn that Caris has received some plots of land, and that "the rest of his life will be easier than it has been."

### Statistics of Idleness.

THE Philadelphia *Ledger* protests against the talk about "3,000,000 unemployed men" in this country as mischievous extravagance. It cites the census to show that in 1870 the employed, male and female, over ten years old, numbered 12,505,923; and calculates that, by increase of population, this number may now be about 15,000,000. Of these all but about 4,700,000 are employed in "agricultural, professional and personal pursuits," leaving only this 4,700,000 among whom the "3,000,000 unemployed" must be mostly found. The *Ledger* adds: "The female operatives employed in manufactures, mining, trade, transportation, etc., in 1870, numbered 372,648; and those in 1877, by twenty per centum increase, amount to 477,177; deducting this number from the foregoing 4,678,391 leaves a remainder of 4,231,214 males of all ages in 1877 depending for employment on manufactures, mechanics, mining, trade, transportation and the other occupations in which employment is slack. There are the figures; and it is from the ranks of that remainder of 4,231,214 males of all ages that the '3,000,000 of unemployed men' are to be brought. Looking at these figures, there can be no difficulty in understanding the monstrous absurdity and wickedness of such talk. It is as much as to say that three-fourths of all the males connected with manufacturing, mechanical, mining, trade and transportation occupations are idle! Every workingman who looks around him knows it must be grossly false."

### Indian Princes.

THE Indian princes and nobles are greedy of diamonds beyond all people, and there is but one country in the world in which any product of nature is held more precious than this wonderful combustible gem, whose nature indeed we know, but whose genesis is still a moot question for science. That country is Burmah, the land of the white elephant, where the finest rubies sheltered in earth's breast are found, and are rated far above diamonds. As the King of Siam prizes his cats so the King of Burmah prizes the rubies of his country, jealously prohibiting the export of them, so that the beautiful aluminous stones—which do but glow with a clearer and richer color when they are exposed to fire in which the diamond would be consumed and disappear—can only be procured by stealth or favor of private individuals. No European has ever been permitted to see the king's wonderful ruby, "the size of a pigeon's egg and of extraordinary quality"; and the sale of the two magnificent rubies which were brought to England in 1875—the finest ever known in Europe—caused such excitement, that a military guard had to escort the persons conveying the package to the ship. Five days' journey southeast of Ava lies the home of the blood-red gems, the jealous earth in which the people believe that they ripen, becoming from their original colorlessness, yellow, green, blue, and, last of all, the matchless ruby red. Next to these rank the rubies which are found in the Tartar wilds of Badakshan, and which the people there believe are always found in pairs. When one of the seekers has discovered one he will frequently hide it until its mate is found.

### A Japanese Print Shop.

THE shops scattered through Tokio, where cheap prints are sold, attract attention from the gay colors of the pictures, strung on lines for public observation, and by the crowd of interested spectators generally clustered before them. The trade evidently supplies a popular want, and we need not be surprised to find, therefore, that in a city of the dimensions of the capital it has attained to very large proportions. The business has received a fresh impetus from the outbreak of the civil war, though the occupation itself is of very ancient origin. The variety of these prints and their artistic merit astonish one. A prominent house, one of the largest in Tokio, has already issued one hundred and thirty sets of pictures, each comprising three engravings, on themes suggested by the Kagoshima insurrection. These are mostly exaggerations of personal prowess conventional to Japanese martial art, very absurd many of them, yet all executed in a manner that not merely amuses but instructs. The work itself, when we consider the price for which the pictures are sold, commands admiration. The first step in the production of a novelty is the employment of an artist, of whom there are several famous for this specialty in Tokio, who designs the scenes desired, and draws them in ink on the finest paper. These sketches, which bring the artist from one to three dollars a piece, are most beautifully done, judged by any standard. The next step is the wood-engraving, which is also performed in the most delicate manner. Rarely can one see more exquisite specimens of the graver's skill than on some of these humble blocks. The wood-cutters, at the best, can earn by their industry from seven to ten dollars a month; twenty-five cents a day is good average pay. To cut the more complicated plates requires from a week to ten days. The whole expense of preparing one of these

prints, then, including designing, cutting the original plate and the color plates, of which latter there are sometimes upward of twenty required for one picture, inks, etc., is about seven dollars. They sell on an average, for five cents a set of three pictures. While quite a novelty, however, they maintain a "fancy price," sometimes, where a great hit has been made, going for as much as fifteen cents a set; and, on the other hand, antiquated prints may be bought for a cent a sheet.

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Bleaching Wool.**—It has been found that the method of bleaching wool by means of oxalic acid, combined with glycerine, or used alone, has the effect of causing the fibres of the wool to become felted. This is now remedied by saturating the oxalic acid with soda, potash, or ammonia, thus forming a soluble oxalate. The bleaching is effected in the same manner; that is to say, with pure water, exempt from lime, and the wool preserves all its suppleness and soft touch.

**Report on Fertilizers.**—The fourth annual report of Professor Gessmann, State Inspector of Fertilizers of Massachusetts, has appeared in the annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and in the form of a special pamphlet of forty-two pages. Besides accounts of analyses of the common commercial fertilizers—guano, superphosphates, bone-dust, potash, salts, etc., it gives analyses of a number of waste products of value as fertilizers, and is replete with interesting and valuable matter.

**Agricultural Experiment Stations.**—The value of experiment stations to the agriculture of Europe is now fully conceded, and we hear of the organization of new establishments for special investigation at appropriate localities. One for wine-culture has been founded at Würzburg, one for garden-culture at Potsdam, one for general work in agricultural chemistry at Florida, in the southern part of Spain. Portugal, Turkey and Greece are now the only European countries without agricultural experiment stations.

**Glycerine and Lime Juice.**—Lime juice is preserved in a fluid condition, free from fungoid growths, even in very cold climates, by the addition of a small quantity of glycerine. It is said that sailors prefer the scurvy to lime juice because the flavor of the latter is so nauseous, but when corrected by glycerine no one will object to taking it. A correspondent of the London *Times* suggests the following way of conquering the North Pole: Add, says this writer, a lump or two of loaf sugar, a *souppcon* of lemon oil, and then a good pour of hot water and fluid lime juice and old rum, and the North Pole must surrender.

**The Simplon Tunnel.**—A French company has secured important concessions from the Italian Government, and is seriously contemplating the construction of a tunnel under the Simplon Pass. The projected road is to commence at Brigue, and the tunnel will have a length of 18,340 meters. On the Italian side the end will be near d'Isella, and the line is to proceed thence to Dorno d'Ossola. The total length of the connections will be 46,900 meters. Considering the near proximity of the St. Gotthard Tunnel, it is a question whether another expensive engineering undertaking can be made to yield satisfactory returns. The cost of penetrating the Alps is enormous.

**Jablochhoff's Electric Candle.**—In the electric candle of Jablochhoff a fusible mixture of kaolin is substituted for the carbon point hitherto employed, and one battery power can drive any number of lights instead of being confined to one, as heretofore. Recent experiments with the new light at the West India Docks, London, were completely successful. Electricity was generated by a steam-engine of two and a half horse power. Four ordinary lamp-posts, each having a simple spherical globe of opal glass surrounding the disk in which the kaolin and carbon candles were fixed, were set up, and when the connecting wires were placed in circuit, the four candles emitted a brilliant white light that was momentarily blinding, notwithstanding the opal globes that materially valued the intensity of the glare. The whole dock was made as light as day, and the most delicate shades of color on a pattern card were as distinctly seen as in bright sunlight. It was found that the candles afforded sufficient light for unloading ships.

**The Rinderpest.**—Mr. Henry J. Winsor, United States Consul at Sonneberg, Germany, has been investigating this subject, and sends an interesting report to the Department of State. It is difficult to destroy the poison of the rinderpest. It attaches readily to all substances, and may be communicated for an indefinite period. Hides, dry or salted previous to shipment, or frozen and salted after shipment, if from infected animals, carry the infection to foreign ports, and can destroy animals there. Mr. Winsor says that the poison will not only propagate itself by means of neat cattle, but will attach itself to sheep, goats, dogs, cats, fowls, pigeons, etc. Hay, straw, leather, wood, and even the earth are media for its dispersion. It is easily carried about by clothing, especially woollen garments. Upon all these objects the poison adheres for a long time without losing its active principles. The German Government have enforced such stringent laws in reference to the sale of infected hides that no fear of exportation to foreign countries need be entertained.

**Breeding Emus in Scotland.**—A correspondent of *Land and Water* gives an interesting account of his breeding of emus in Scotland. The female bird laid in all nineteen eggs, at intervals of five days each. The hatching was undertaken by the male bird. On the 1st of April the cock sat down in the nest, but for several days scattered the eggs about; soon he commenced to sit close, and till May 28th, when the first young were hatched, never left the nest, except on one or two occasions, when he took a race round the field for exercise. He was never seen to touch food during the whole period of incubation, which lasted for fifty-eight days, though both food and water were kept constantly beside him. The cock is naturally very thin after his long fast, but is quite hearty, and seems determined to murder his wife, if possible, for not taking her part in the tedious process of incubation. The hen had to be kept in a separate inclosure, but the cock twice jumped a high partition and gave her a sound thrashing; no other harm was done. The young emus were beautiful creatures, and at last account were doing well.

**Sebastin—A New Explosive.**—A Swedish chemist has recently invented a new variety of dynamite to which he has given the name of sebastin. Instead of saturating infusorial earth with nitro-glycerine, he takes a finely divided and exceedingly porous charcoal, prepared by carbonizing young trees over an open fire. The charcoal is pulverized in a wooden mortar, but not too fine, else it will not so completely absorb the nitro-glycerine. When properly prepared the charcoal will absorb five or six times its weight of nitro-glycerine without any risk of subsequent separation of the oil. The carbon not only serves as the best absorbent for the oil, but it also plays an important part in the combustion. In the explosion of dynamite the oxygen goes off without being utilized, but in the explosion of sebastin a part of the charcoal is burnt by means of the liberated oxygen. To furnish still more oxygen and thus complete the combustion of the charcoal, some saltpetre is added. Thus additional expansive force is obtained from the carbonate acid generated as well as from the heat of combustion. The best results are obtained by employing seventy-eight parts by weight of nitro-glycerine, fourteen of the wood charcoal, and eight of nitrate of potash.

### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CHRISTINE NILSSON has donated \$5,000 to a London hospital for throat diseases.

PATTI, since here separation, has her letters addressed to Madame Nicolas.

MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE has been re-elected president of the Town and Country Club of Newport.

DR. ENOCH POND, Professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary, has reached his eighty-sixth year.

THE Grand Sherceef of Morocco, with the Sherceefa, is visiting England. The Sherceefa is an English lady.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has been honored by another University degree. Tübingen has just made him Honorary Doctor.

REV. GEORGE HARRIS, of Providence, declines the professorship of theology in the Bangor Seminary, to which he was recently elected.

MRS. N. R. ALLEN, of Maquoketa, Iowa, obtained some time ago the appointment of notary public, and since then has done business in that capacity.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN has been given a title of nobility by the Czar, at the request of the Grand Duchess Catherine of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

FATHER HYACINTHE, as citizen Loyson, will be a candidate for the French Assembly at the approaching election. He is nominated by the Radicals.

LORD DUFFERIN, his wife and daughter, when visiting Rockwood, Manitoba, were drawn in a Red River cart by thirty oxen under a triumphal arch built of sheaves of wheat.

TITIENS has so many calls of condolence that she sends her visitors, whom she is unable to see, cards containing these words: "Mlle. Therese Titiens returns thanks for kind inquiries."

IT is reported in Paris that Mme. Adelina Patti has telegraphed to Max Strakosch that she has accepted his offer to pay her \$2,000 each for fifty-one operatic performances in this country next season.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS is reputed to have real estate worth \$1,410,476, personal property to the extent of \$1,884,165, and resident bank shares worth \$149,904; a total valuation of \$2,844,545, a decrease of \$402,695 from last year.

GENERAL STRYKER, who is traveling in Europe, writes home that he has examined the archives of Hesse Cassel, and there obtained a copy of the Hessian report of the battle of Trenton, and personal history of many of the officers who took part in the battle.

MISS REBECCA TAYLOR, who ministered as nurse from 1826 to 1860 at the Massachusetts General Hospital, died in Boston on the 17th ult., at the age of 85 years and nine months. Her pay was continued up to the time of her death, in consideration of her faithful services.

At last accounts Senator Morton could move his left thumb, and seemed mentally bright and clear. While there are doubts as to his speedy recovery, there are strong grounds of hope. The street in which his house is situated is thronged constantly by carriages and pedestrians interested in his state.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN WALKER, the hero of Mr. Whittier's poem of "The Man with the Branded Hand," is living in extreme poverty in a forlorn shanty on Black Lake in Michigan. He is seventy-nine years old, and probably still wears the scars of the letters "S. S."—slave-stealer—in the palm of his right hand.

THE late W. L. J. Kiderlen, of Philadelphia, bequeathed \$61,000 in bonds to the Protestant Episcopal Hospital of that city, and \$5,000 to the American Bible Society of New York, and \$5,000 to the American Tract Society in New York, under the condition that from the interest arising therefrom a colporteur shall be constantly kept in the field.

Of the large taxpayers in Newport, R. I., Governor Van Zandt and wife pay on \$31,700; estate of Paron Stevens, \$77,700; William Beach Lawrence, \$197,100; ex-Governor Seth Padelford, \$50,000; A. Agassiz, \$26,200; J. G. Bennett, \$46,700; Nathan Appleton, \$21,100; August Belmont, \$134,000; and George Bancroft, \$37,800; and the largest is the estate of Edward King, \$1,577,700.

THE Queen's maids of honor are all granddaughters of peers who are not below the rank of earl, that being a *sine qua non* of eligibility for the position. They receive \$2,000 a year, and if they marry the Queen presents them with \$5,000. Each is on duty about two months in the year. Since the Prince Consort's death they have had a dreadfully dull time of it. Many of these ladies have remained on until past fifty.

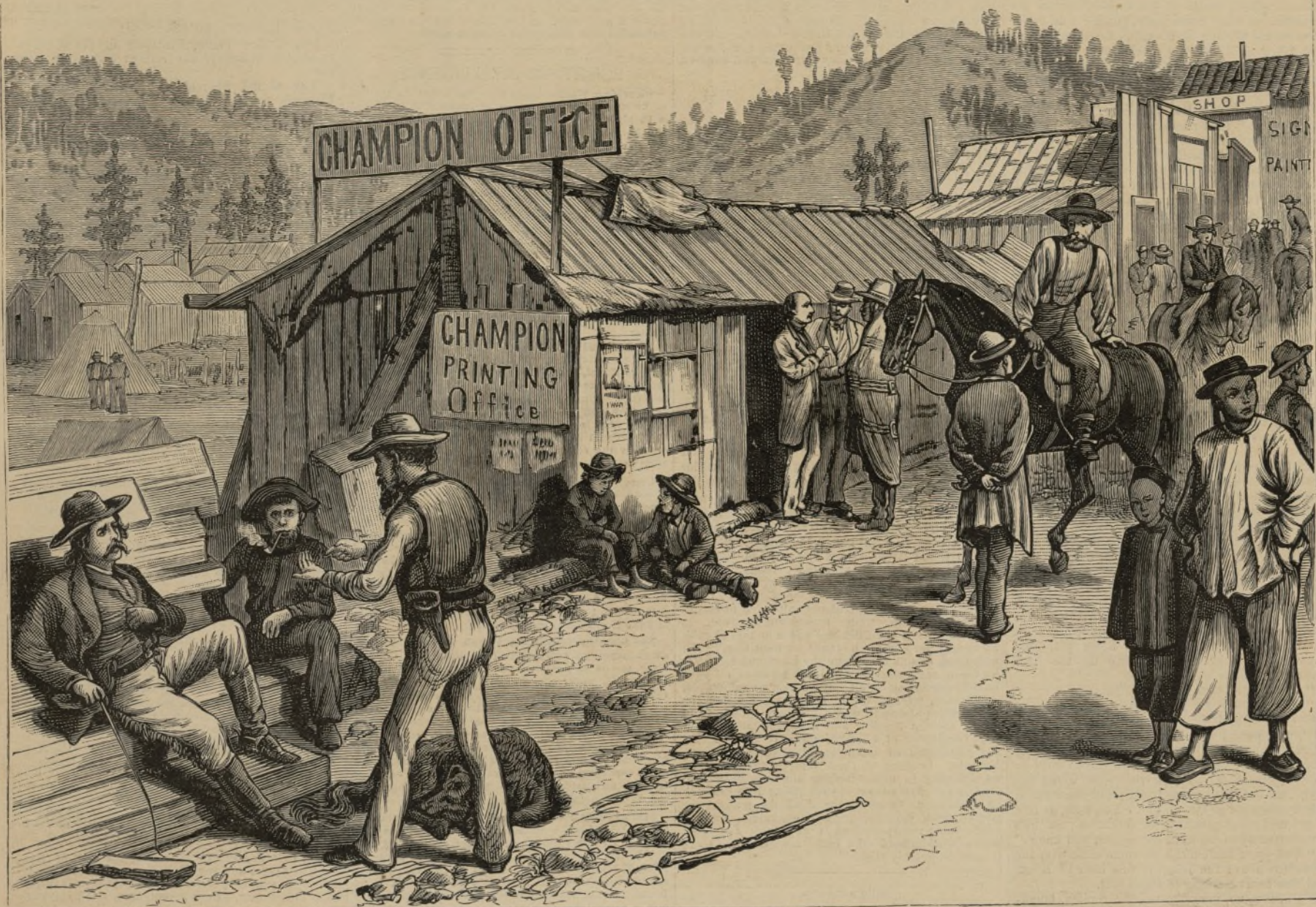
MR. WILLIAM GOODMAN, living near Vail's Gate, Orange County, N. Y., was born July 4th, 1776, and is, therefore, now in his 102d year. A few days ago he raked and bound 300 sheaves of oats in one day, and on the following day raked and bound 330 more. With this he assisted in doing the chores about the house, and helped to take care of sixteen cows and other stock. He seems as bright and cheerful as a lad of fifteen, and is a fine specimen of a well-preserved old gentleman. He served the country in the war of 1812.

THE richest English heiress now on the engaged list is Crawshaw, the daughter of the vulcan of the hills in South Wales. Her dowry is said to be \$500,000, and she is about to bestow this, with her hand and heart, upon a briefless barrister on the South Wales circuit. These ironmasters' daughters have a very considerate way of selecting poor men for their husbands, for Sir George Elliott's daughter married one of the special correspondents of the London *Daily News*, and quite recently the heiress of a Durham colliery proprietor bolted with the editor of a north country newspaper.

THE Ocean Grove camp meeting, near Long Branch, has brought to public attention a new woman preacher in Mrs. Lizzie Smith. She has been a "worker" for many years, but only recently she stepped to the front as a successful evangelist. She is probably forty years of age, and is tall and pleasant-looking, with the aspect of a woman of good intellect and strong determination. She wore her hair short and curling, and over it a square of lace, giving her somewhat the look of a Sister of Charity. Indeed, her manner has something of austerity, and not much of the unctuousness that is the Widow Van Cott's principal characteristic.

MR. EPH KEYSER, sculptor, of Baltimore, achieved a brilliant triumph in Berlin, about three weeks ago. He was awarded the "Meyerbeer" prize of twenty-two hundred thalers, which is a bequest by the brother of the composer, given annually to the best artist and sculptor, alternately, among the Jewish race, throughout the world. There is a very large number of competitors every year from every part of the world. It was awarded to young Keyser by the unanimous vote of the Senate of the Academy of Arts at Berlin for a figure of "Psyche," and some very fine original bas-reliefs and other work. Mr. Keyser is twenty-six years of age. He has studied four years in Munich and one year in Berlin. A condition of the prize is that the winner must spend a year in Rome for study.





DAKOTA.—SKETCHES OF FRONTIER CIVILIZATION—A SUNDAY SCENE IN DEADWOOD CITY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. R. MANVILLE.—SEE PAGE 6.

#### ANNUAL REGATTAS AT DETROIT.

THE fifth annual regatta of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen took place at Detroit on the 15th and 16th of August, and the ninth annual regatta of the Northwestern Amateur Rowing Association, at the same place, on the two following days. The four-oared shell race, of which we give an illustration, was pulled on Thursday afternoon, 16th. There were originally eight entries, but the Watkins crew withdrawing, left the Wolvenhook Club, of Greenland, N. Y.; the Zephyr, of Detroit; the Emerald, of Saginaw City, Mich.; the Excelsior, of Detroit; the Sho-wae-cae-mette, of Monroe, Mich.; the Union Springs, of

Union Springs, N. Y.; and the Eureka, of Newark, N. J.

The stake-boats were reached and rounded amid the wildest excitement, the Wolvenhooks turning first, Emeralds second, Sho-wae-cae-mettes third, Excelsiors fourth. The Emeralds succumbed first, and the Wolvenhooks spurred desperately to prevent the Monroe from getting the lead, but they got it and kept it. The Emeralds followed their example, and crawled past the Wolvenhooks, and the four boats went over the finish in a bunch—as beautifully a contested finish as the most enthusiastic oarsmen could hope to see. After the cheers and hazzas had become stilled in a measure, it was found that the Sho-wae-cae-mettes had won in

18:50, with the Emeralds 18:53, Wolvenhooks 18:57, Eureka 19:00½, the Excelsiors close behind them, and the Union Springs distanced. The Zephyrs protested, but failed to change the result.

There were elegant prizes given the victors, manufactured by Roehm & Wright and M. S. Smith & Co., of Detroit. We present pictures of the four leading ones, two made by each of these firms.

The champions of the pair-oared race will wear a laurel wreath of green gold suspended from a scroll-bar of red gold, left blank to receive the name of the owner in black letters. A narrow scroll of red gold, bearing the inscription "Detroit," spans the wreath horizontally, and serves to hold in place two miniature crossed oars of red

gold, the leather wrapping near the handle being represented by means of green gold, and the whole forming an ornament which any oarsman might well be proud to wear.

The Northwestern Association four-oared shell prizes consist of a design somewhat resembling the Maltese cross, elaborately engraved and ornamented, surmounted by crossed oars, and bearing the inscription "4-oared shell," the whole being formed of red gold, surmounted by a laurel wreath, and suspended from a red gold cross-bar, left blank to receive the name of the winner.

The prize for the senior four-oared shell race was a shield, crossed by a shell-boat and a pair of oars, suspended from a clasp for the owner's name. For



MICHIGAN.—ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN, AT DETROIT.—THE RETURN FROM THE FOUR-OARED SHELL RACE, ON AUGUST 16TH. FROM A SKETCH BY WARREN A. HALL.



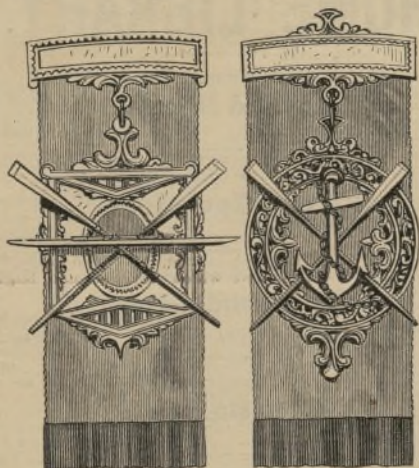


PENNSYLVANIA.—PROFESSOR ARTEMAS MARTIN, THE DISTINGUISHED MATHEMATICIAN.

the double-screw there was a circular pendant supporting an anchor, entwined with rope from ring to fluke, and crossed oars, also with clasp.

PROFESSOR ARTEMAS MARTIN.

WHEN at its last commencement Yale College conferred the honorary degree of Master of Arts on Artemas Martin, of Erie, Pa., nearly everybody asked his neighbor who the man was, and what he had done to merit such high distinction, and acknowledged the force of the proverb, "A prophet hath no honor in his own country." Professor Martin, as he is now entitled to be greeted, is a bachelor, aged forty-two, who has for several years lived with his parents and sisters on what



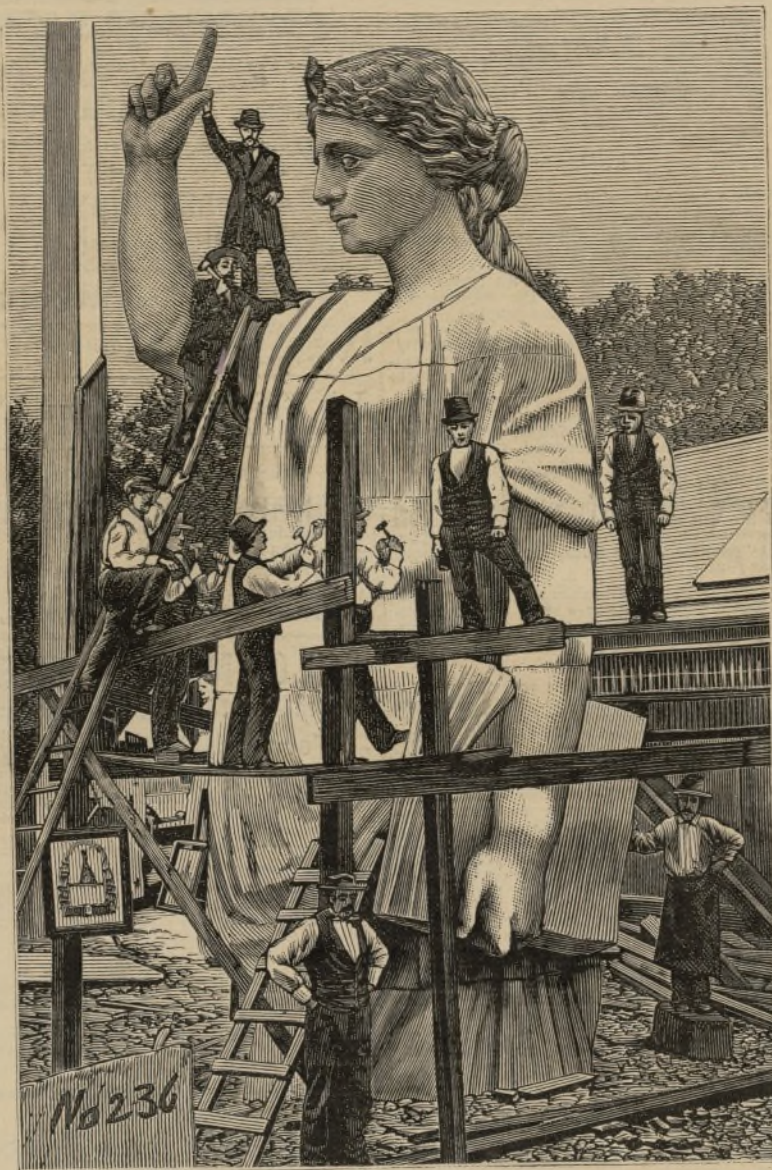
Prize for Senior Four-oared Shell Race.

Prize for Double-screw Shell Race.

MICHIGAN.—PRIZES AWARDED AT THE DETROIT REGATTAS, AUGUST 15TH TO 18TH.

is known as "The Old Noble Farm," now owned by Mr. Joseph McCarter, in the McDannel neighborhood, East Millcreek, about a mile east of the city limits of Erie, on the Lake Road. His occupation is that of market-gardener, and for the last half-dozen years every Wednesday and Saturday morning has found him selling vegetables on State street. To his neighbors he has been known only as a market-gardener.

In mathematical circles, both in this country and Europe, few names are better known than that of Artemas Martin. He is a regular contributor to the *Educational Times*, of London, England; to the *Messenger of Mathematics*, of Cambridge, England; to the *Analyst*, of Des Moines, Iowa; and the mathematical department of the *Yates County Chronicle*, of Penn Yan, N. Y. He was editor of the mathematical department of the *Schoolboy Magazine* till its discontinuance. He is now editor of the department of higher mathematics in the *Normal Monthly*, published by the well-known



MASSACHUSETTS.—STATUE OF "FAITH," FOR THE PILGRIM MONUMENT, IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT PLYMOUTH.

mathematical author, Professor Brooks, at Millersville, Pa. Finally, he is editor and publisher of the *Mathematical Visitor*, an annual, of which the first number was issued from Mr. Glazier's press last March.

He is an affable, modest gentleman, possessing a most comprehensive and valuable mathematical library, and what renders the honor all the greater is the fact that he is not a graduate of any college, being strictly self-educated.

STATUE OF "FAITH" FOR THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

THE statue of "Faith," which is to crown the national monument in course of erection at Plymouth Rock, Mass., in honor of the Pilgrims, is forty feet high, and comprises the cubic contents of more than two hundred life-size statues. It will rest upon an octagonal pedestal, forty-two feet high, with one foot upon Forefathers' Rock. In her left hand Faith holds an open Bible, while with the right uplifted she points her index finger to heaven.

The figure is the work of the Hallowell (Me.) Granite Company, from their white granite. Preparations were made for quarrying the blocks early in July of last year. By the first of September nearly half of the sixteen pieces, allotted to as many sections of the model, were quarried and hauled to the sheds for cutting. The right arm as it lay in its rough weighed seventy tons, being the longest piece. Four tons were chipped off in the dressing. The head and left shoulder were cut from a single piece, which weighed twelve tons. Every piece was cut so accurately, and the joinings so evenly made, that all are banded together into one solid, self-sustaining mass. The figure was completed by the middle of July last, and its shipment executed in cars built expressly for the pur-

pose, and the last piece was set in position on the 9th of August. The statue was designed by H. F. Billings, of Boston, who died before its completion, and will cost \$40,000, which sum was given for the purpose by a person who desires his name to remain unknown for the present.

MISS CLARA BARTON,

THE AMERICAN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

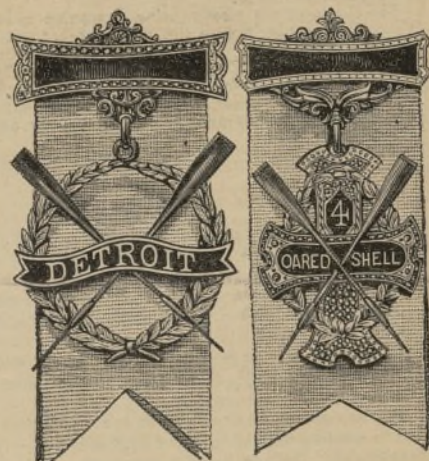
CLARA BARTON is the youngest child of Captain Stephen Barton, of Oxford, Mass., a non-commissioned officer under "Mad Anthony Wayne." Captain Barton, who was a prosperous farmer and leader in public affairs, gave his children the best opportunities he could secure for education.

Clara's early education was principally at home, under direction of her brothers and sisters. At sixteen years of age she commenced teaching, and followed the occupation for several years, during which time she assisted her oldest brother, Captain Stephen Barton, Jr., a man of fine scholarship and business capacity, in equitably arranging and increasing the salaries of the large village schools of her native place, at the same time having clerical oversight of her brother's counting-house. Subsequently she finished her school education by a very thorough course of study at Clinton, N. Y. Miss Barton's remarkable capability of organizing and execution was manifested in the fact that she popularized the public school system in New Jersey by opening the first free school in Bordentown, commencing with six pupils in a mere tumble-down building, and leaving 600 in the fine edifice at present occupied. This work occupied her less than a year. At the close of her work in Bordentown she went to Washington, D. C., to recuperate and occupy herself in congenial literary pursuits. Early in her residence there she was, without solicitation,



MISS CLARA BARTON, THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF AMERICA.

appointed by Hon. Charles Mason, Commissioner of Patents, to the first independent clerkship held by a woman under Government. Her thoroughness and faithfulness fitted her eminently for the position of trust she held, and she retained it until the incumbency of President Buchanan, when, being suspected of Republican sentiments, she was deposed, and a large sum of undrawn salary withheld. She returned to Massachusetts and spent three years in the study of art, *belles lettres*, and languages. Shortly after the election of Abraham Lincoln she was recalled to the Patent-office by the same Administration which had removed her. She returned as she had left, without question, and taking up her line of duty, awaited developments. When the Civil War commenced she refused to draw her salary from a Treasury already over-taxed, resigned her position, and at once devoted herself to the assistance of suffering soldiers. Her



Prize for Pair-oared Race.

Prize for N. W. A. Four-oared Shell Race.

MICHIGAN.—PRIZES AWARDED AT THE DETROIT REGATTAS, AUGUST 15TH TO 18TH.

work thus commenced before the organization of Commissions, she continued it outside, and altogether independent of them, but always with the most cordial sympathy with their work. Miss Barton never engaged in hospital service. Her chosen work lay on the battle-field from the beginning until the wounded and dead were attended to. Her supplies were her own, and were carried by Government transportation. Nearly four years she endured the exposures and rigors of soldier-life Over and over, under fire in battle, her clothing was pierced with bullets, torn by shot, but she escaped unscathed. Firm in her integrity to the Union, never swerving from her belief in the justice of the cause for which the North was fighting—on the battle-field she knew no North and no South. Her ministrations were as freely given to the men in gray as to those who wore the blue uniform that she loved. Sometimes, indeed, she fell under suspicion from Union officers who were unacquainted with her faithful care of wounded prisoners; but



HURKING CORN FOR DINNER.



DOING THE SIDE-SHOWS AFTER BATHING.

NEW YORK.—THE WORKING-GIRLS' EXCURSION TO ROCKAWAY BEACH, AUGUST 11TH.—SEE PAGE 7.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



these she met, as she did the fire of the enemy, with courageous calmness, and now Confederate and Union soldiers alike bless her, and none doubt her loyalty. At the close of the war she met exchanged prisoners at Annapolis. Aided by Dorence Atwater, the young soldier who kept the death record, present United States Consul at Talita, and husband of Princess Moelia, she conducted an expedition, sent at her request by the United States Government, to identify and mark the graves of 13,000 soldiers who perished at Andersonville. From Savannah to Atlanta they were the first trains which had passed since the destruction by Sherman of the railroads. These they were often obliged to repair, straightening bent rails, and laying the track as they passed. The work was accomplished, and the cemetery inclosed in August, 1865, and her report of the expedition was issued in the Winter of 1866.

Sanctioned by President Lincoln, she established the "Search for Missing Men," which (except the printing) was carried on entirely at her own expense, to the extent of several thousand dollars, employing from ten to fifteen clerks.

In the Winter of 1866, when she was on the point, for want of further means to carry out her plan, of turning the search over to the Government, Congress, without solicitation from her, voted \$15,000 for reimbursing moneys expended and carrying on the work. The search was continued until 1869, and then a full report made and accepted by Congress.

In 1869, her health failing, she went to Switzerland to rest and recover. There she was at the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian War, and immediately tendered her services, and served, as here, on the battle-fields, under the auspices of the "Geneva Cross."

Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Baden, daughter of the Emperor of Germany, invited Miss Barton to aid her in the establishment of her noble Badish hospitals, a work which consumed several months. On the fall of Strasbourg, she entered the city with the German army, and organized labor for women, conducting the enterprise herself, employing remuneratively a great number, and clothing over 30,000; entered Metz with hospital supplies the day of its fall, and Paris the day after the fall of the Commune. Here she remained two months, distributing money and clothing, which she carried, and afterwards met the poor of every besieged city in France, extending succor to them. She is a representative of the "International Red Cross of Geneva," honorary and only woman member of the "Comité de Strasbourgeois," was decorated with the "Gold Cross of Remembrance" by the Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden, and with the "Iron Cross of Merit" by the Emperor and Empress of Germany.

She is one of the most retiring of women, never voluntarily coming before the world, except at the call of manifest duty, and shrinking with peculiar sensitiveness from everything verging on notoriety. Her residence is at Dansville, N. Y., where, in the retirement of her home, surrounded by her books, she devotes herself to much needed rest, study, and benevolent efforts.

#### Royal and other Gluttons.

Is the correspondence of the Princess Palatine there is a marvelous account of the capacities of Louis XIV. for the assimilation of food.

"I have often seen him," writes the princess, "eat four large plates full of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate of salad, two large slices of ham, some mutton dressed with garlic sauce, a plate of pastry, and then some fruit and hard-boiled eggs."

Perhaps one could forgive much in such a dinner, but to wind up with hard-boiled eggs seems wholly indefensible. In any case, it was one of those meals over which Elia would have forbidden the saying of grace, unless it were such a prayer as La Tolone, a gentleman of Touraine, was in the habit of offering up after every copious repast—and all his repasts were copious.

"Lord, give me grace to well digest what I have eaten."

It is reported of this same worthy that he regarded all things human, and apparently all things divine as well, from the sole point of view of their bearing upon dinner.

"It will be a fine day for a walk," said some one in his hearing.

"Yes, and a fine one for eating," quoth La Tolone.

Among royal gluttons, by-the-way, few seem to have equaled the Emperor Claudius Albinus, whose usual breakfast consisted of five hundred figs, a hundred peaches, ten melons, a hundred beca-flores, four dozen oysters and a quantity of grapes. The Emperor Maximinus gorged himself very much in the same fashion, and ultimately grew so fat that his wife's bracelets served him excellently instead of rings. Kings, alas! are often outdone by their subjects. Thus we read of a comedian, Phagon by name, who, in the presence of the Emperor Aurelian, devoured a wild boar, a sheep, a sucking pig and a hundred rolls, besides drinking twenty-four measures of wine. According to the *Nuits Parisiennes*, which, however, are not written with the strict accuracy which is characteristic of the works of Hallam and Grote, there was once a woman of Syria who daily consumed thirty chickens, and complained she could never get enough; but it is stated that Macedonius cured her of this inordinate appetite by making her drink holy water. Perhaps the woman was as mythical as the French soldier who is the hero of the following (and wholly unedifying) story: A discussion had arisen at a dinner-party as to the capacities of the human stomach, and whether, indeed, as there seemed almost reason to believe, it was capable of indefinite expansion.

After some surprising feats of gluttony had been narrated, an officer in the Royal Guard said he quite believed them, for he had a soldier in his company who could eat a whole calf at a sitting, and think very little of the achievement. The company laughed, but the officer assured them he was serious, and a heavy bet was the result. On the appointed day the parties repaired to a restaurant, and the soldier was soon seated at table. The officer had been careful to order that the different portions of the calf should be served in a variety of appetizing forms. The soldier dispatched one dish after another with astonishing rapidity. Those who had betted against his powers were losing all hopes, when he was observed at the seventh or eighth dish to look grave.

"Ah! ça, mon capitaine," he objected, "I think it is high time for them to serve the veal, otherwise I can't answer for my being able to make you win your bet."

He had thought that all the previous dishes were merely intended to serve as stimulants to his appe-

tite, which having been made apparent, the other side expressed themselves ready to pay at once.

The story reminds one of the English farmer, who, after dispatching a score or so of apple-dumplings, observed that they were very good, and that some day he would come and make "a regular meal of them."

#### FUN.

WHAT is a boy's idea of the shortest cut to manhood?—A short pipe.

COMBINING BUSINESS WITH RECREATION.—An undertaker led the Pittsburgh mob.

DURING last year (ending June 30) 1,060,258,969 postage-stamps were issued by the Department. Who says we're not a write-minded people?

BURLINGTON MAN (to fruiterer).—"Give me twenty five cents' worth of grapes." Fruiterer (in amazement).—"We don't cut our grapes; you'll have to take a whole one."

Now does the wily bank-director find a deficit of ten thousand dollars, and exclaims, "This comes of supporting men in idleness." Ordered, that there be a reduction of ten per cent. on the salary of the night-watchman.

VERY COOL.—Miss Rose—"Goodness! the fire is out. I thought it very cold." Lover—"Shall I get my overcoat and put it on you?" Miss Rose—"Oh, no; but" (glancing at the clock) "hadn't you better put it on yourself?"

"MARTHA'S VINEYARD'S a darned Yankee fraud," said a Western tourist after a brief sojourn here. "There isn't a grape grown on the whole island, and not a soul I met had ever seen Martha, or could tell where she lived."

"WERE you a member of the army?" asked a traveler of a wooden-legged man. "Yes, sir," was the reply; "I was membered by a recruiting officer, dismembered by a Russian artillery, and re-membered by a peg-leg manufacturer."

HIS BOLD BROTHER.—Odd Jobber—"I wish I'd got my brother on this here job with me." Inquiring Employer—"Why, my man, your brother specially?" Odd Jobber—"Why ye see, sir, he's got a rare cheek on him, my brother has. Why, he'd think no more of asking for a quart of beer over a job like this, than nothink."

"THESE are such small peaches," said the man to the dealer. "Wal, ya-as," answered the dealer, "they are rather little, but what else can you expect but they would be stunted-like, takin' inter 'count the war this year, an' hard times, an' the strike, an' what not, an'—". This was all the other man stopped to hear of the argument.

THE reputed scarcity of young men at the watering-places this year is confirmed by the testimony of the young men themselves. One of them says he entered the hotel at a place which shall be nameless under the fire of thirty or forty pair of covetous female eyes. "I'm not a stingy man," he adds, "yet the unspoken sentiment of my heart at that moment was, 'Thank you, but there isn't enough of me to go round.'"

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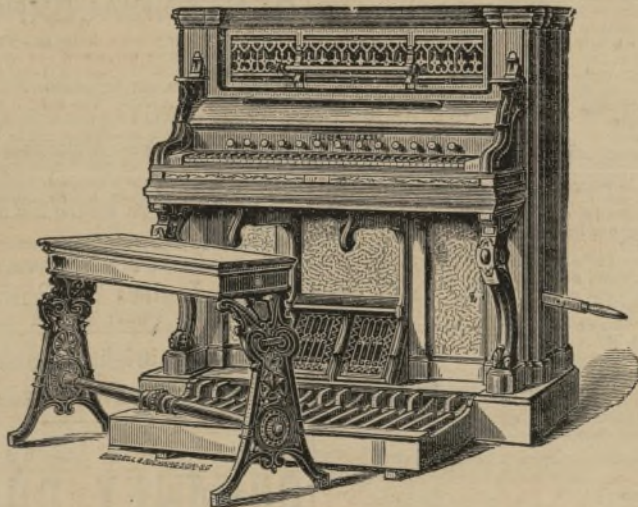
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