

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, Prophet, Seer and Revelator, and President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in all the World, died at Salt Lake City, on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 29th. He was born at Whittingham, Vermont, June 1st, 1801. He joined the Mormons in 1832, at Kirtland, Ohio, and his energetic shrewdness soon secured for him an influential status. In 1835 he was one of the twelve apostles sent out to make converts. On the death of Joe Smith in 1844 he was chosen President and Prophet. After the disasters at Nauvoo, he, with a majority of the sect, abandoned that location early in 1846. He then announced that the Salt Lake Valley had been re-

vealed as the Promised Land, and founded Salt Lake City in July, 1847. In the Spring of 1849, immigration having greatly increased the Mormon ranks, a State was organized by the rulers, which they termed Deseret, but which Congress refused to admit as such into the Union, constituting in place thereof the Territory of Utah, of which, in 1850, Brigham Young was appointed United States Governor. Up to 1854 this state of things existed, but the Mormons subsequently defied the laws and officers of the Federal authority. In 1857 President Buchanan appointed Alfred Cumming Governor of Utah, and sent an army of 2,500 men to enforce his authority. In November, 1857, Governor Cumming proclaimed the Mormons as in a state of rebellion, but in 1858 a compromise was effected by which

the Federal authority was to be respected, and Brigham Young left in power as President and Ruler of the Mormon Church.

He was six feet high, and uncommonly compact and well-muscled. He measured forty-four inches around the chest, and such was his breadth in mid-person that strangers who saw him for the first time, in his short, gray business-coat, imagined him a rather "stumpy" man, several inches shorter than he was. His head was of moderate size, with strong development of the basic and posterior regions of the cranium, and was by no means lacking in anterior breadth. His hair was chestnut if not colored, abundant in growth, and combed in a pedantic style into a foretop to the right side, with somewhat of the lop of a rooster's comb. Brigham

Young had nineteen wives; fifteen of these were his own for time and eternity; the other four were proxy wives, being widows of Joseph Smith. The children of their union with Brigham are credited to Joseph Smith, and go to swell his kingdom. All plural wives are known by their maiden names, to distinguish one from the other. The following is a correct list of Brigham's wives, in the order of their marriage: Mary Ann Angel, Lucy Decker, Mrs. Augusta Cobb, Harriet Cook, Clara Decker, Emeline Free, Lucy Biglow, Zina D. Huntington, Susan Snively, Margaret Pierce, Mrs. Twiss, Emily Partridge, Martha Boker, Eliza Burgess, Eliza R. Snow, Harriet Barney, Amelia Folsom, Mary Van Cott, and Ann Eliza Webb, the nineteenth and last.

(Continued on page 22.)



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—A VISIT TO THE LATE PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG, IN SALT LAKE CITY. FROM A SKETCH BY HARRY OGDEN.

Navigators Islands, stopping wherever convenient at the other islands on the route for the purpose of making trips into the interior. About April 1st the Feejee Islands will be reached, after which Australia will be visited, and then the Island of Formosa, the headquarters of Chinese trade, by junks, to the east coast. Guides and interpreters will be procured for that part of the island. The eastern portion of the island is entirely unexplored, and the mountain peaks, reaching an elevation of some twelve thousand feet, promise a new fauna and flora resembling those of temperate regions. An effort will be made to cross the island to the west, and explore the interior. Such an excursion promises to be of great geographical interest. Besides this expedition, several others for inland exploration will be sent out from Takao, under the direction of careful and skillful officers, while the vessel proceeds with the remaining members of the company northward to Nagasaki, in Japan. From this point the following route through and about that celebrated country will be followed: Leaving Nagasaki the course will pass through the Straits of Simonosaki into the great inland Sea of Japan. Shanghai will receive the attention of the voyagers, after which the vessel will proceed to Nankin. Returning from this protracted digression, the Formosan explorers will be called for about the 1st of October, 1878, and the voyage will be continued by the way of Hong Kong, Canton, Manilla, Borneo and Java to Calcutta. This point it is expected to reach towards the end of February, 1879, about one year after the departure from Valparaiso, as above indicated. Thence the expedition will visit in succession Ceylon, Bombay, Babylon and Nineveh, Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, Italy and Spain. At numerous points arrangements are made for inland trips for the purpose of visiting cities and objects of special interest at a distance from the seacoast. After a stop of several weeks at Plymouth, England, the vessel will leave that port on October 1st, 1879, precisely two years after her departure from this city, and will start on her home voyage, touching on the way at the Azores or Western Islands.

Such is a brief synopsis of the route which has been laid out with circumstantial detail by the management. It has manifestly been prepared with a special view to allowing as nearly as possible all attractive points to be visited. The entire tour has been carefully arranged so as to bring the company to every port at the most favorable season of the year, as nearly as human foresight and careful examination can determine it. It is not possible to anticipate all the chances of detention by weather, or by protracted explorations, so as to determine with precision all the details of reaching, remaining in and leaving every place included in the route, but it has been done as fully as practicable. The management gives its strongest assurance that no trouble or expense will be spared to carry out in good faith the scheme of the voyage. Of the two years of absence, fully two-thirds will be spent in port in making excursions and explorations. It is estimated that the distance traversed will be about fifty thousand miles.

It is no part of our purpose to speak of the business features of the expedition, for of course such great privileges of travel and observation are expensive luxuries to indulge in. But it is only proper to state that the expedition has the countenance and approval of many prominent members of the National Government, including President Hayes and Secretary Schurz. The vessel will be commanded and navigated by officers of the Navy. A scientist will furthermore accompany the party in the Government interest, and upon his return will publish an official report of the entire trip. To the young student the advantages of such an opportunity are beyond calculation. Two years spent in this way will be an education in itself, far transcending in its results the usual benefit acquired by four years of college life. Physical health and development will result from the fine training of fresh, natural life. The powers of observation and memory will be strengthened, the perceptive faculties will be educated, quickness of eye and ear will be gained, the qualities that make a man and fit him to do the best work in the world, in any condition of life, will be developed. He will learn to be a man of emergencies, prompt to act with decision and judgment. His intellectual powers will be quickened and invigorated by contact with men, contrasting nation with nation and race with race, by actual inspection of all that is rarest and most curious in all lands, by the reading of the great book of the world through eyes well skilled to point out to him all that is best worth knowing in it. The association of fine, cultivated society will be added to the other advantages offered; the unconscious influence of rare culture, of an atmosphere of refinement that brings out the best qualities and induces the finest manners in all men. Such an education is rarely to be bought. Nor is it to the scientific man alone that the expedition offers its advantages, but to the

practical man, the man of affairs, the traveler, the lover of art, the architect, the sightseer, a delightful way of visiting the whole world and its treasures—the mines and manufactures of the world, the scenery of all countries, the ruins, the buildings, the statues, the pictures—is offered at a reasonable cost.

THE RETURN OF THE PILGRIMS.

FROM the mountain and seaside the pilgrims of fashion are beginning to return to their domestic shrines. The prescribed three months of absence has been ended, and the edict of Mrs. Grundy once more permits the leaders of society to show themselves upon metropolitan streets and unfold the tale of their wanderings among the wild haunts of nature, and their sufferings at the hands of bucolic aborigines. Again the avenues grow gay with the presence of beauty *a la mode*, and the followers of Adonis enliven the public thoroughfares by their dilettante saunterings. The Summer has gone, with its delights of forest shadows and the sheen of surf-beat sands. The leaf withers and the seashore is deserted, but the haunts of Mammon grow bright with the pleasures and fashions of Autumn.

Everybody seems to have had a good time during their absence from home, yet the list of complaints is endless. Though people know perfectly well that the comforts and conveniences of the metropolis cannot be carried into the wilderness, yet they persist in indulging in grumbling because one and another luxury was not to be obtained in their absence. The same old stories are told of waiters who are deaf to any call except the clink of the almighty dollar, and clerks who persist in filling all the upper rooms before they allow ordinary mortals to sleep within reasonable distance of mother earth. Until everything can be had without money and without price we suppose the hotel proprietors will continue to be blamed. But the troubles of those who sojourn in large and well-known caravanseries are nothing to the sorrows of those who pass their Summer holiday in model farm-houses. There, if rumor is to be credited, all things are promised to people who pay their board regularly, but nothing is granted.

The advertisement which sets forth the pleasures of pastoral life for a mere nominal consideration, glows with a prospectus embracing all the beauties of Eden's garden and every comfort that Adam could possibly have enjoyed in that early home of humanity. The reality, however, seems to be something very different. Nature sometimes, but not always, makes up for the lack of other things. But when a rural inhabitant, fired by a desire to make money out of metropolitan pilgrims, selects a barren knoll, guileless of all shade, and proceeds to build thereupon a glaring white structure, with a sort of mansard roof upon it and the smallest of all porticos at the door, and then divides the interior up into as many small cells as will suffice for the temporary existence of perspiring humanity, he usually succeeds in perfecting an establishment that is too insecure for a prison, but in all other respects would answer the purpose of a place for reformatory punishment. Into such a place are gathered some thirty or forty people, selected without regard to their tastes and habits, but simply in accordance with their presumed ability to pay, and they are sentenced to pass months in each other's society. It may result in pleasurable sensations sometimes, but as a rule it is not largely productive of enjoyment. But then it answers the purpose of having been in the country. The requirements of social law and order have been fulfilled, and when the term of banishment has been ended and the time has arrived for a return to town, the pleasures of metropolitan life become much enhanced by the contrast.

It is pleasant now to notice that in the fashionable streets of our large cities the houses that have been hermetically sealed all Summer are again opened to the sunlight and once more give signs of human habitation. Let no ear be lent, even for a moment, to the idle whisper that, in certain of these lordly castles, their inhabitants have summered in the upper rooms, going out only by night for exercise, and letting it be understood that they are sailing up the Nile or sauntering through the lovely parks of Colorado. Such things may have happened, it is true, but the discreet domestic, who "is worth her weight in gold" and is paid proportionately for her silence, will tell no tales about her Summer purchases of provisions and the guests whom she entertained during the absence of the proprietors. All is rumor, therefore, and not to be believed; and when the neighbors of Dives—who know how badly he has been embarrassed for money all Summer—hear at his table the narrative of strange experiences among the mummies of the pyramids or narrow escapes from the scalping-knife of the red man, they will be careful not to raise their eyebrows with incredulity, nor to ask too many troublesome questions.

It is enough to know that the family are here, that the parlors are opened and the lace curtains exposed to the air of day—that the young ladies are seen at the theatre and in the parks and the young gentlemen at the clubs. Let it suffice that their pilgrimage of the dog-days has ended and town scenes and sights are once more blessed with their presence.

While it is true that the Fall months are the most desirable for country pleasures and sports, it is also undeniable that our cities present great attractions at this time of the year. Walking is now thoroughly enjoyable, and the streets are crowded. The parks are beautiful, and the weather permits one to pass an evening at the theatre. The stores put on their holiday attractions and fashion presents her kaleidoscope of changes for criticism. It cannot be denied that in these respects the return of our social pilgrims to town is admirably timed. Always welcome on their homeward flight, this year our cities are doubly glad to see the thoroughfares thronged, since it is believed that the depression of the past is finally banished, and the dawn of a better day of business activity is breaking around us.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

NATIONAL TIMBER LANDS.—For many years the Government has been systematically robbed by timber thieves. Wherever it has owned lands covered with timber of any value the depredations have been continuous and extensive, and the lands are rendered valueless. Timber-dealers will not buy them because they have been stripped of the best trees, and farmers don't want them because they are, as a rule, worthless for agricultural purposes. The Government has been endeavoring for many years to put a stop to this robbery, but has not been successful. Upon assuming the duties of Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Schurz had his attention called to this state of affairs, which he at once set about to remedy. He discarded all the methods formerly in use for the correction of the abuse, and proceeded upon a plan of his own. The result is that he has practically put an end to timber depredations, and has in his hands already, through legal seizure, felled timber the value of which amounts to three or four times as much as all the Government has heretofore recovered on this account. His course has been pursued quietly, and the thieves have had no inkling of his purpose until they found themselves in the meshes of the law. He is daily besieged by letters appealing for mercy or begging for a compromise, but he turns to all such petitions a deaf ear.

AMERICAN WORKMEN ABROAD.—The eagerness with which our unemployed artisans have been accepting propositions from steamship companies in this city to try their fortunes in Great Britain is likely to receive a quietus. A dispatch has been received at the State Department from the United States Consul at Liverpool, referring to the fact that thirty-five joiners have recently landed at that port for Manchester, under a contract to work at their trades for a given number of months. These men were brought over to take the places of the English joiners who were on a strike for higher wages. Referring to the landing of American mechanics under a contract, and the published statements in some American newspapers that fewer men are out of employment in England than in the United States, the Consul solemnly warns our mechanics against the danger of putting these statements to the test. These reports have induced many mechanics to leave the country for the purpose of bettering their condition, and the result has been a large amount of suffering and destitution. To avoid any further augmentation of their suffering, the Consul requests that public warning be given to American workmen not to go to England unless under positive contract. Able-bodied American workmen are daily calling upon the Consulate for relief. These men are greatly disappointed when they learn that Consuls have no funds for such relief purposes. Under these circumstances the Consul deems it his duty to inform the State Department that neither skilled nor unskilled workmen who come from abroad can find employment in England.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—Postmaster-General Key, shortly after coming into office, determined upon having a thorough examination made into the manner of doing business at the postage-stamp manufactory in New York City, in order to be assured that the interests of the Government were properly protected in this important branch of the service, and his intention has lately been carried into effect. The stamps are furnished by the Continental Bank Note Company of New York, who have held the contract since the 1st of May, 1873. To enable the contractors to promptly meet the requirements of the department it is necessary to keep constantly in stock a large quantity of stamps representing millions of dollars, and the Postmaster-General deemed it proper that after a lapse of more than four years the stock reports made to the department should be verified by an actual count of the stamps on hand. The work occupied five days, and resulted in finding on hand in the vaults of the company 182,044,160 stamps of the various kinds and denominations, representing a value of \$7,560,823.31. This result proved a net deficiency from the balance shown by the books of the contractors of 652 stamps, valued at \$18.74, the difference appearing in only five out of 123 items. The contractors will be required to pay the amount of the deficiency. The committee report that they carefully examined the character of the work as to the quality of paper, printing, gumming, etc., and found it very satisfactory. They note one deficit in the system of checks and safeguards otherwise regarded as adequate in the manner of disposing of the spoiled or condemned work. The deficit arises

from the inability of the Government agent, for want of sufficient clerical force, to count the spoiled stamps after the contractor. As a remedy, they recommend the employment of an expert to count the stamps after they are turned over to the agent for destruction.

THE MOONS OF MARS.—The greatest astronomical event of the present period was the discovery by Professor Hall, in August, of two satellites or moons pertaining to the planet Mars, which latter is now known to possess all the conditions which science regards as essential to the support of animal and vegetable life. On August 21st the official report of Rear-Admiral Rodgers, Superintendent of the Naval Observatory, in regard to the discovery, was received at the Navy Department. He says from observations made by Professor Asaph Hall, of the Observatory, with the twenty-six-inch refractor, the planet Mars has been found to have at least two satellites. Professor Hall finds, on examining his observing-book, that the satellite which was first discovered, and which he supposed was seen for the first time August 16th, at 11 hours 42 minutes, had been in fact observed August 11th, at 14 hours 40 minutes, but as he had no opportunity at that date to wait for the planet's motions, he failed to recognize the object as a satellite. It was, however, recognized and observed as such August 16th, and has been observed on the 17th, 18th and 19th of August. This satellite, has an apparent distance from the centre of Mars of 82 seconds, and its time of revolution around the planet is 30 hours. Its magnitude Professor Hall estimates as the 13th or 14th. The plane of its orbit has now a considerable inclination to the line of sight from the earth to Mars. At its elongations its angles of positions are 72 degrees and 252 degrees. The second satellite was discovered August 17th at 16 hours. It appears to be quite as bright as the first one, and down its elongations has nearly the same angles of position which correspond to the equator of Mars. Its apparent distance at the elongations and its periodic time are not yet known. The following are the preliminary elements of the outer satellite as calculated by Professor Simon Newcomb: Major axis of orbit, 82 seconds; angles of major axis, 70 degrees and 250 degrees; minor axis, 28 seconds; passage of satellite through western apsis August 19th, 16 hours 40 minutes. The period of the inner satellite or satellites is so short, probably less than eight hours, that it cannot be fixed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

ELIAS JESSUP received the Prohibition nomination for Governor of Iowa, on the 31st ult.

BEN DE BAR, the well-known actor and theatrical manager, died at St. Louis on the 28th ult.

A CALL was issued for the New York State Republican Convention at Rochester, September 26th.

BRIGHAM YOUNG died at Salt Lake City, Utah, on Wednesday afternoon, August 29th, in the 77th year of his age.

A MONUMENT to John Brown, executed at Harper's Ferry, Va., was dedicated at Osawatimie, Kansas, on the 31st ult.

ARRANGEMENTS were perfected by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for a loan of \$10,000,000 to liquidate pressing obligations.

IN the Iowa State Democratic Convention, held at Marshalltown on the 28th ult., John R. Irish was nominated by acclamation for Governor.

THE single-scul race for the amateur championship of the United States was won by Courtney, at Saratoga Lake, on the 28th ult., with ease.

IT was rumored that Sitting Bull, with 1,000 Sioux warriors, had re-entered the United States from Canada, for the purpose of joining Chief Joseph in the war in Idaho.

A PROTEST against the conclusions and recommendation of the commission on the investigation of the New York Custom House was forwarded to Washington by the weighers and gaugers.

By the wrecking of a train on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad early on Wednesday morning, 29th ult., twenty persons are known to have been killed and forty injured.

DUDLEY SELPH, of the Crescent Club, of New Orleans, made one of the largest individual scores that has ever been recorded at Creedmoor, 212 out of a possible 225, losing an extra 5 by making a bull's-eye on a wrong target.

DURING the week ending Saturday, September 1st, the price of gold remained quite inactive. Recovering from 103½ on the 25th ult., the lowest figure since the war, it was quoted up to the first at 104, 104¼, 104½ and 104¾.

THE Grand Jury at Columbia, S. C., on the 29th ult., found true bills against ex-Lieutenant-Governor Gleaves, ex-Treasurers Parker and Cardozo, ex-Comptrollers Dunn and Hoge, ex-Speaker Lee, Clerks of General Assembly Woodruff and Jones, ex-State Senator Owens and others, on various serious charges in connection with the discharge of their official duties.

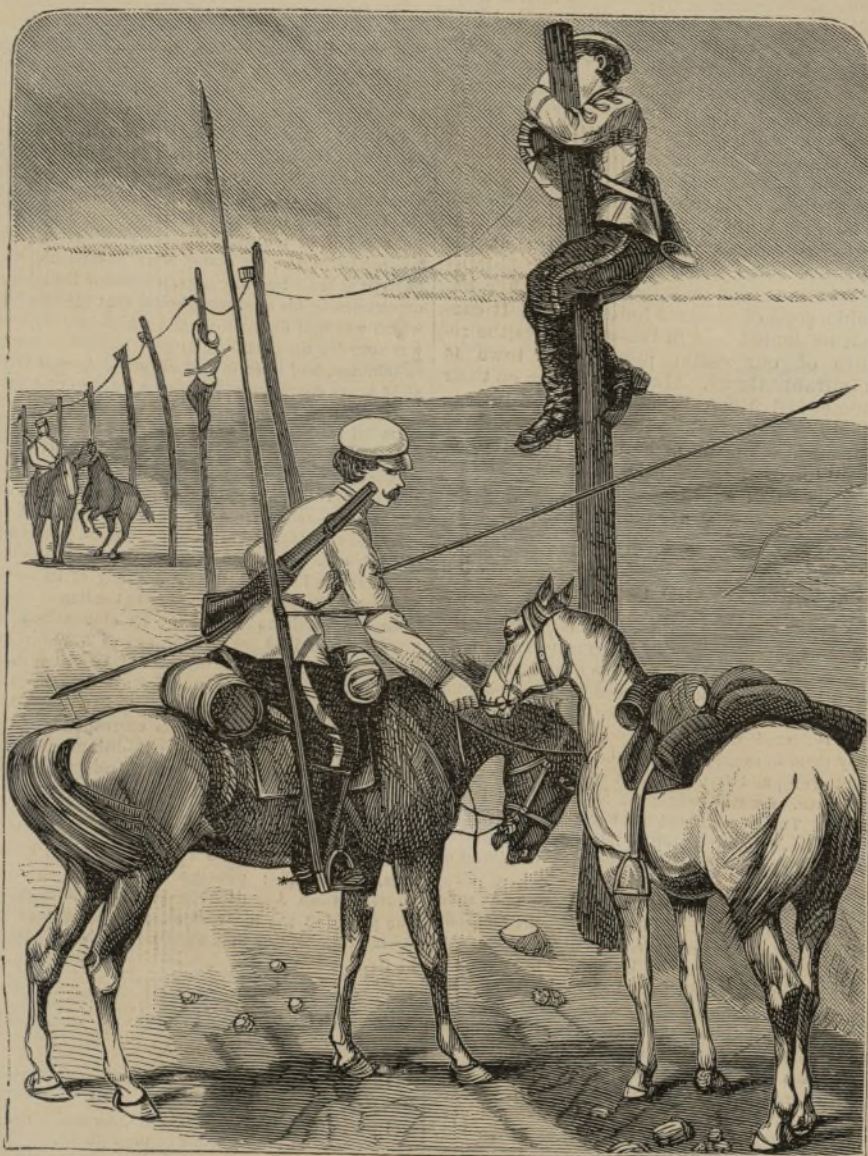
IN his annual report Comptroller Kelly announced the total debt of New York City to be \$132,096,902.22. The tax rate for 1877 is not to exceed 2.65 per cent., against 2.80 in 1876. The amount of appropriations for all purposes this year, exclusive of State taxes, is \$26,821,285.63, being \$909,820.55 less than last. Real estate increased in valuation and personal estate decreased.

Foreign.

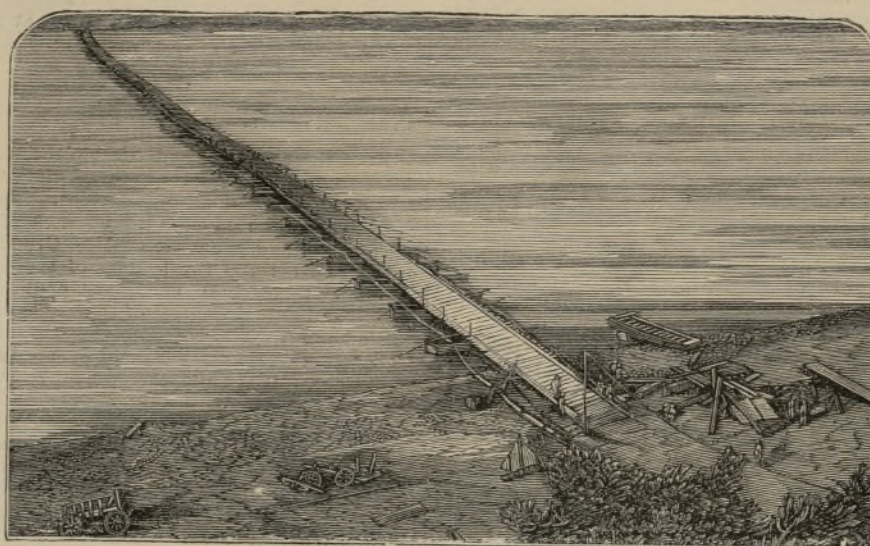
TURKISH advices claimed that Osman Pasha, who is believed to be ex-Marshal Bazaine, of France, has been strongly reinforced at Plevna, where he defeated the Russians in every attempt to carry the place. Suleiman's forces hold great strategic positions on three sides of the Russian army struggling for possession of the Schipka Pass over the Balkan Mountains. The siege of Nicols was raised by the withdrawal of the main part of the Montenegrin army, and Mehmet Ali claimed two victories over the Russian army of the Lom.

WAR notes from Russian sources up to Saturday night, 1st reported that the Czar's troops held all the positions of strength in the Schipka Pass, and had several times repulsed sorties of the Turks. Reinforcements were forwarded to make further attempts to capture Plevna. In Armenia the Turks were defeated with great loss at Kurukdere. Mehmet Ali failed in his movement to intercept Russian communications, and Prince Milan, of Serbia, resolved to declare war against Turkey, and will send his troops to the Drina and Timok Rivers to act in conjunction with the Russians.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



BULGARIA.—COSSACKS CUTTING THE TELEGRAPH COMMUNICATIONS ON THE RUSTCHUK ROAD.



BULGARIA.—THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE DANUBE BETWEEN SIMNITZA AND SISTOVA.



TURKEY.—SISTERS OF CHARITY FROM ST. PETERSBURG.



ENGLAND.—SWAN-UPPING ON THE THAMES.



TURKEY.—AN ALARM IN A TURKISH CAVALRY CAMP, NEAR SHUMLA.



TURKEY.—COMBAT BETWEEN COSSACKS AND BASHI-BAZOUKS, JULY 16TH.



TURKEY.—THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS WHO FIRST SET FOOT ON TURKISH SOIL.



VIEW ON THE PLATTE VALLEY PLAINS, NEAR COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, AS SEEN FROM THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.



A CITY ON THE PLAINS—KEARNEY JUNCTION, ON THE PLATTE RIVER, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE UNION PACIFIC AND THE BURLINGTON AND MISSOURI RIVER RAILROADS.
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—SCENES ON THE ROUTE FROM COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA, TO KEARNEY JUNCTION,
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 23.
Ayuntamiento de Madrid

THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG.

(Continued from front page.)

Brigham Young had forty-five living children; the most of them are grown and married. There are twenty-nine girls and sixteen boys in his family. Seven of Brigham's daughters taste the sweets of plural marriages. Two of the seven call Hiram B. Clawson husband, two are allied to George Thatcher, and two to Mark Croxall; the seventh is the second mate of Thomas Williams. Amelia Folsom was the only wife Brigham lived with at the time of his death. He had forsaken all for her. Upon this favorite wife was lavished all the care and attention the most devoted monogamist could possibly bestow upon his companion. In the President's household they had what is called "ration-day." Once a month each family receives five pounds of sugar, one pound of candles, a bar of soap and a box of matches. The rule with all the Prophet's wives—except the favorite—is that all food beyond the plainest fare, and all clothing except what nature demands for the protection of the person, the wife is expected to provide for herself and children. When about to seal another wife to himself either for time or eternity, the late President, as he always insisted upon being addressed, promised a good house and \$1,000 per year for pin money, the result of which was quite an accumulation of private dwellings belonging to his family.

The endowments, or secret rites of Mormonism, are a sort of allegory in blank verse, paraphrased from the Scriptures and Milton's "Paradise Lost." There are rooms fitted up with scenery adapted to the performance of a drama representing the creation of man, his fall, the coming of Christ, and the priesthood of Joseph Smith. In the performance President Young took the part of Elohim or head God, while other prominent men represented Jesus, Satan, Michael, and the Apostles. Different degrees of the Aaronic and Melchizedek priesthood are conferred, at each stage of which the candidate is required to take oaths of secrecy, accompanied with barbarous penalties, should they dare to violate them. They are also given a new name by which they will be known in the kingdom of God. The entire ceremony is of little interest to the outside world, except where the candidate takes a solemn oath to "bear eternal hostility to the Government of the United States, and avenge the murder of the prophet Joseph Smith." In this ceremony the women wear a long robe, which is placed on the right shoulder, is gathered at the waist with strings, and flows to the floor; there is an apron of linen covered with green silk and embroidered with fig leaves—the nearest approach to the paradisaical apron that is consistent with our climate. The men wear a cap of linen similar to those worn by stone-masons. The ladies' caps are of Swiss muslin, with a veil of the same, which has a pretty effect. The intensely funny appearance of the men in this costume is irresistible. This is the costume in which the Mormons are prepared for the grave.

Immediately after Brigham's death the Mormon papers came out in mourning with highly eulogistic reviews of his career. The co-operative and some other principal stores were closed and dressed with crape, flags were displayed at half-mast, and groups of Mormons and Gentiles gathered along Main Street and quietly discussed the probable effect of his death upon the vast institution. The funeral services were set for Sunday, September 2d, at 12 M., in the Tabernacle, which has a capacity of about 8,000. His remains are to be deposited in his family vault of stone in the Lion House grounds, in the city, and covered with earth.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Mr. Leslie's excursion party visited Salt Lake City twice, once in going out and again on the return trip. On the first call at the Lion House, the travelers failed to see Mr. Young, who was absent at St. George, his favorite resort in the Territory. On returning, however, from San Francisco via the Yosemite Valley and Nevada, the details of which interesting features of the trip will be fully related in due course of time in the "Across the Continent" series in these columns, they were more fortunate. An interview was obtained with the "Prophet" early one afternoon in his well-known office in the Lion House. The apartment was commodious and comfortably, though not richly, furnished. On the wall on one side were hung several unframed oil portraits of Mormon dignitaries, and on another side of the room were a number of commissions issued to Brigham Young by the United States Government. A few simple ornaments stood upon the mantel-piece, and an antique screen stood before the stove which imparted warmth to the room. President Young received the party as he was accustomed to receive all visitors, whether Mormons or Gentiles, in an affable but somewhat restrained manner. He spoke in a low tone, scarcely audible to others than those to whom he was directly addressing himself at the circular table in the centre of the room. His appearance at first meeting reminded one of a well-fed, well-kept Senator or bank president. The interview lasted for about three-quarters of an hour. Its details were duly recorded for publication, and will appear in the narrative of the Transcontinental Excursion, written by Mrs. Leslie, which will shortly be published in book form, in which work, owing to the brief interval that elapsed before Mr. Young's death, the incident will form a chapter of special interest. The Lion House in which the office, shown in our front-page engraving, is situated, forms with the Bee Hive House, the city residence of the late President. The two are connected with the owner's business offices, the general or sitting office being to the west of the business office. The Bee Hive is a large and peculiar but by no means imposing house, surrounded by an adobe wall, through which access is afforded by the Eagle Gateway. The gateway is surmounted by a figure of the national bird, with outstretched wings, emblematic there of ambition. There is a private school-house for the education of the Prophet's children, but he made no appropriation for the education of others. Nearly opposite the Bee Hive a new structure of the modern style of custom-house architecture is nearly complete, which is intended for some part of the Prophet's numerous family, and a little distance from this is Ann Eliza's cottage, which, although more aristocratic in appearance than the generality of cottages here, did not satisfy the ambition of that personage.

A QUEER CLUE.

CHAPTER II.—(CONCLUDED).

I HAD left the police force altogether, and was living very comfortably, my good lady and I, up at Islington, in the same street with my married daughter, who was doing very comfortably, too, her husband having a good berth in the city. I had always been of a saving turn, and had bought two or three houses; so, with a tidy pension, which I had earned by thirty years' service, I could afford to go about a bit and enjoy myself.

Of course, in all that time I had made the acquaintance of a good many professional people, and there were very few theatres or exhibitions that I couldn't get admission to. We—my wife and I, I mean—made it a rule to go everywhere that we could get tickets for; and whether it was the launch of a ship, the charity children at St. Paul's, or Sam Cowell at the Canterbury Hall, it didn't matter to us; we went. And it was at the Canterbury I first had the Combested murder more particularly recalled to my mind.

I was there by myself, the old lady not being willing to leave my married daughter—because, well, it was in consequence of her being a married daughter—so I went by myself. There was a young woman who sang a comic version of "There's a Good Time Coming," splendidly; and, as I was always of a chatty turn, I couldn't help remarking to the person that was sitting next to me how first-class she did it, when he exclaimed: "Hollo! why, never! Superintendent Robinson?" And then he held out his hand.

It was young Lytherly, but so stout, and brown, and whiskery—if I may say so—that I didn't know him.

"Mr. Lytherly!" I exclaimed, "I didn't expect to see you; and you're right as to my being Robinson, although a police officer no longer. Why, I thought you were in the army."

"So I was," he returned; "but I'm out of it now; and I'll tell you how it was."

It seems he had been to India, and got some promotion after three years' service; and had the good fortune to save his colonel from drowning, or, what was more likely in those parts, being taken down by a crocodile, under circumstances of extraordinary bravery. He did not tell me this last bit, but I heard so afterwards. Lytherly was always a wonderful swimmer, and I remember his taking a prize at London. The exertion or the wetting brought on a fever, and he was recommended for his discharge. The colonel behaved most liberally, but what was the best of all, the old fellow who kept the canteen at the station died about this time, and Lytherly had been courting his daughter for a good bit, more to the girl's satisfaction than that of her father; so then they got married, and came home to England, and he was tolerably well off. He naturally talked about the Combested murder, and said, frankly enough, that—except the people with whom he lodged, and they were suspected, he said, of perjury—he thought I was the only person in the town who did not believe him guilty of the murder.

"But murder will out, Mr. Robinson," he said; "and you will see this will be found out some day."

"Well, I am sure I hope it will, Mr. Lytherly," I answered him. "But as for 'murder will out' and all that, I don't think you will find any policeman or magistrate who will agree with you there; and there was less to help us when you had got out of the scrape in this Combested business, than any affair I was ever concerned in."

"I don't care," he says; "it will come out, Mr. Robinson. I dream of it almost every night; and my wife consulted some of the best fortune-tellers in India, and they all told her it would be discovered."

"Hum!" I said; "we don't think much of fortune-tellers here, you know."

"I am perfectly aware of that," he says; "and I shouldn't give them in as evidence; but if you had lived three years in India with people who knew the native ways, you might alter your mind about fortune-tellers. Anyway, you will remember when it's found out that I told you how it would be."

I laughed, and said I should; and after we had had another glass together, and he had given me his address and made me promise to call on him, we parted.

I told my wife all about it; and it is very curious to see how women are all alike in curiosity and superstition and all that; for, although my wife had been married to me for thirty years, and so had every opportunity for learning better, yet she caught at what young Lytherly—not so very young now, by-the-by—had said about these fortune-tellers, and was quite ready to believe and swear that the murder would be found out. It's no use arguing with a party like that; so I merely smiled at her, and passed it off.

It was the very next day that Mrs. Robinson and myself had agreed to go and see a new exhibition of paintings which some one was starting in London, and tickets were pretty freely given away for it; but the same reason which stopped my wife from going to the Canterbury, stopped her from going to the exhibition. I went, of course, because I couldn't be of any use, under the circumstances, to my married daughter; and a very good exhibition it was too. There were plenty of paintings, and I had gone through all the rooms and entered the last one. There were very few persons, I was sorry to see, in the place, so that you could have an uninterrupted view of any picture you pleased. After glancing carelessly round the room, for one gets a kind of surfeit with pictures after a bit, I was struck by a gloomy-looking painting to the left of the doorway, and which I had not noticed on my first entry. When I came to look closer into it, I was more than struck—I was astounded. It was a picture representing the finding of old Trapbois, the miser, in the "Fortunes of Nigel." The heavy, dull room was lighted only by the candle which the young nobleman held above his head; and it appeared to be excellently painted. But what drew my attention was that, as part of the confusion in which the struggle between the old man and his murderers had placed the room, the washstand had been upset and fallen into the fireplace, and the ewer had rolled into the grate, where it was shown as unbroken, although the water was flooding the boards—all exactly as I had seen the same things five years before—so exactly, that I was perfectly sure no chance coincidence had produced the resemblance, but that whoever had painted this picture had seen the room where Miss Parkway was murdered, and had had the features of the scene stamped on his memory. Who so likely to have the scene so stamped, I instantly thought, as the murderer himself? As this rushed on my mind, I could not repress an exclamation, although pretty well guarded as a

rule. The only other person in the room heard me, and came to see what had excited me so strongly. Apparently he was disappointed, for he looked from the picture to his catalogue, then to the picture again, then at me, back to his catalogue, and then went away with a discontented grunt. I did not move, however, but remained quite absorbed in the study of this mysterious painting; and the more I looked, the more convinced I became that it was copied from the scene of Miss Parkway's murder. There were several little points which I had not at first noticed, and in fact had quite forgotten; such as the position of the fire-irons, the direction in which the water had run, and so forth, which were all faithfully shown in the picture. To be brief, I had made up my mind before I left the room that I had at last found the real clue to the Combested murder.

The artist's name was Wyndham; and I determined that I would very soon, as a natural beginning, make some inquiries about this Mr. Wyndham; and indeed I began before I left the exhibition. I engaged the hall-keeper to have a glass with me at the nearest tavern, and when I got fairly into conversation with him, asked carelessly where Mr. Wyndham lived, as I thought I had known him many years ago, giving a description of some entirely imaginary person. The hall-keeper said: "No—that was not the sort of man at all. Mr. Wyndham was" (here he described him); "and he doesn't live at the west end of London, as you said, sir, but at a place in Essex, not very far from Colchester." He knew where he lived, because he had several times posted letters to him at "The Mount." This was about all I got from the hall-keeper, but it was as much as I wanted.

I am not greatly in the habit of taking other people into my confidence, but this was altogether an exceptional case; so, after a little reflection, I went straight to the address John Lytherly had given me, and told him what I had seen. He of course introduced me to his wife, a very pretty, dark-eyed young woman; and when I had told all, they exchanged looks less of surprise than triumph. "Oh, it is coming all right!" he exclaimed. "I knew the murder would cry out some day. And now you will have a little more respect for Indian fortune-tellers."

"I am not quite sure about that," I said. "But don't you go making so certain that we are going to find out anything, Mr. Lytherly; this may be only an accidental resemblance." Because, as you may suppose, I had not told him how confident I felt in my own mind.

"Accidental! Nonsense!" was all he said to that; and then he asked me what was the first step I proposed to take. I told him that I thought we ought to go down to this village and see if we could learn anything suspicious about Mr. Wyndham; and by my old detective habits, and the way in which the officers about would be sure to help me, I thought we might reckon on finding out what was wanted. He was delighted, and asked when we should start, and when I said that very night, he was more delighted still.

It is always my rule to strike the iron while it's hot, and nothing could possibly be got by waiting now; so I had made up my mind just to run home, get a few things in my bag, and go down by the ten o'clock train. My wife, you may be sure, was very much astonished; but, as I expected she would be, was just as confident in the murder being found out as young Lytherly himself. Of course the latter was ready. And we were put down at our destination about twelve o'clock, too late for anything that night, but still we were on the spot to begin the first thing in the morning. And, accordingly, directly after breakfast we began. John Lytherly would have begun before breakfast, but, as an old hand, I knew better than that; because the party we were after, allowing he was the right party, after five years' rest, wasn't going to bolt now; so it was no case for hurrying and driving. Well, soon after breakfast, I sauntered into the bar, and began talking to the landlord, who was an elderly sort of party about my own age, and who bragged—as if it were a thing to be proud of—before we had talked three minutes, that he had lived, man and boy, in Chumpley, which was the name of the lively place, for more than fifty years.

"Then you're just the fellow for me," I thought; and then began talking of an old master of mine who was now living somewhere down in this neighborhood, by the name of Wyndham.

"Wyndham? Let me see; Wyndham?" says the landlord, putting on his wisest look. "No; I can't remember any party of that name. There's Wilkinson, and Wiggins; perhaps it's one of them."

I told him they would not do; and then added that the party I meant was something of an artist, painted pictures partly for pleasure and partly for profit. This was only a guess of mine, but it was a pretty safe one.

"Oh! there's lots of them about here!" exclaims the old boy, grinning very much, as if it was a capital idea. There's Mr. De Lancy Chorkle, Miss Belvidera Smith, Mrs. Galcon Whyte, Mr. Hardy Canute, and a lot more; but I don't think there's a Wyndham."

"Ah, well, it don't matter," I said, very carelessly still; "I may be mistaken. I heard, however, he lived down here at a place called the Mount. Is there such a place?"

"Is there such a place?" says the landlord, with as much contempt in his voice as if I ought to be ashamed of myself for not knowing. "Yes, there is; and a first-rate gentleman artist lives there too; but his name ain't Wyndham; his name happens to be Parkway, sir, Mr. Philip Parkway; though I have heard that he is too proud to paint under his own name."

"I think, landlord," I said, "that I'll have just three-penn'orth of brandy, cold;" which I took and left him without another word, for, when I heard this name, I felt struck all of a heap, because it made a guess into a certainty, though in a way I had never dreamt of. I couldn't even go back to Lytherly for a little while; it was all so wonderful, and I was so angry with myself for never having thought at the time that the man who, of all others in the world, had the most to gain by the poor woman's death might have been the one who killed her. In the bitterness of my feeling I could not help saying that any one but a detective

would have pounced upon this fellow at the first. However, I got over the vexation, and went back to Lytherly to tell him my news. We were each very confident that we had the right scent now; but yet it was not easy to see what we were to do. I could not very well apply for a warrant against a man because he had painted a picture; and so we walked and talked until we could think of nothing better than going down to Combested, and, with our fresh information to help us, seeing if we could not rake up something there.

We came to this resolution just as we reached a toll-gate, close by which stood a little house, which appeared to be the beer-shop, baker's, post-office and grocer's for the neighborhood. Not much of a neighborhood, by-the-by, for, excepting a few gentlemen's seats, there was scarcely another house within sight. One small but comfortable-looking residence, we were informed by the chatty old lady who owned the "store," was the Mount, where Mr. Parkway lived. He was a very retired, silent sort of a gentleman, she said, and people thought his wife didn't have the happiest of lives with him. He had been married for a few years, the old lady went on; soon after a relation had died and left him a good bit of money. Before that he only rented apartments in the village; but then he married Miss Dellar, who was an orphan, with a good bit of money too, but quite a girl to him, and they went to live at the Mount. At this point the old lady broke suddenly off, and said: "Here they are!" going to the door immediately, and dropping her very best courtesy. We followed her into the little porch; and there, sure enough, was a low carriage, drawn by one horse, and in it sat a gloomy, dark man, whom I had no difficulty in recognizing, and by his side a slight, very pretty but careworn-looking young woman. Mr. Parkway looked coolly enough at us, and we as carelessly returned his glance, for we were both so much changed since the Combested days, and there was little fear of his remembering us.

It seemed they had called about a servant which the post-office keeper was to have recommended, and Mrs. Parkway alighted from the carriage to write some memorandum on the business. Parkway had never spoken, and I thought I could see in his harsh features traces of anxiety and remorse. Lytherly had followed Mrs. Parkway into the shop, and, as I could see from where I stood, on the lady asking for a pen, he drew his gold pencil-case from his pocket, and offered it, as probably containing a better implement than any the post-office could afford. The lady stared, looked a little startled, but after a moment's hesitation accepted it with a very sweet smile. While Mrs. Parkway was engaged in writing her letter Lytherly stood by her side, and sauntered out after her. I had been waiting in the porch watching her husband, whose face was so familiar to me that I half expected to see a look of recognition come into his eyes; but nothing of the sort happened. Lytherly watched them drive off, then, turning suddenly round, exclaimed:

"It's as good as over, Robinson! We've got them!"

"Why, what is there a-fresh?" I asked. "Just sufficient to hang the scoundrel," said Lytherly. "You remember, of course, that among other things which were stolen on the night of the murder was a curious locket which poor Miss Parkway used to wear, and that some fragments of the chain were afterwards found."

I remembered this very well, and told him so.

"Very good," he continued. "I gave that locket and chain to the poor old girl; it was the only valuable I possessed in the world; and Mrs. Parkway has the central carbuncle in her brooch now."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, not knowing exactly what I did say at the moment.

"It is a fact," he said; "and I can swear to it. What is more to the point, perhaps, is that, although the stone is in a strange setting, and no one but myself, probably, would recognize it, yet I can identify it. On the side are my initials cut in almost microscopic characters. If they are there, that settles it; if they are not, put me down as an impostor, and fix the murder on me if you like."

There was a good deal more said after this, but the upshot of it was that we went over to Colchester, and laid the matter before the authorities; when, after a little hesitation, a warrant was granted for the apprehension of Mr. Philip Parkway, and two officers, accompanied by Lytherly and myself, went over to execute it.

It was after nightfall when we arrived at the Mount; and, on knocking at the door, we found that Mr. Parkway was in; but his wife was out, having gone up (so the elderly woman that was called by the footboy informed us), to play the harmonium at the weekly rehearsal of the village choir. "About the only amusement she has, poor thing," the woman muttered, and she seemed in a very bad temper about something. We said we wanted to see her master, and that she need not announce us. And, as I live, I believe that woman guessed directly who we were, and what we had come for. At any rate, quite a glow of triumph came into her face, and she pointed to a door nearly opposite where we stood. We opened it, and found ourselves in a sort of large study, where, seated at a table, reading, was the man we wanted. He looked up in surprise as we entered, and, the light falling strongly on his face, while all the rest of the room was in darkness, I thought I saw a paleness come and go on his gloomy features; but that might have been a fancy.

"What is your business?" he began; but Mr. Banes, the chief constable, cut him short.

"I am sorry to inform you, Mr. Parkway," he said, "that I hold a warrant for your arrest, and you must consider yourself in custody."

Parkway stared at him, mechanically closed the book he was reading, and said: "On what charge, sir?"

"For murder," says Banes; and I was sure Parkway did turn very white. "For the murder of Miss Parkway, at Combested, in 1866."

Parkway looked from one to the other of us for a few seconds without speaking; at last his eyes settled for an instant on Lytherly; then turning to Banes, he said, pointing straight at Lytherly: "It was that man, I have no doubt, who set you on."

"You had better not say anything, sir," said the

chief constable, "but just give your servants what orders you wish, and come with us, as we cannot stop."

"I dare say it was he," continued Parkway not answering Mr. Banes, but seeming to go with his own thoughts. "I fancied he was dead, for what I took to be his ghost has been in my room, every night for this month past. Where is my wife?"

We told him she was not at home, and that we were anxious to spare her as far as possible; but he gave such a bitter smile, and said: "She will certainly be vexed to have had a husband that was hanged; but she will be glad to be a widow on any terms."

We didn't want to hear any more of this, so got him away; not without some little trouble, though; and if there had not been so many of us, we should have had a scene; as it was, we were obliged to handcuff him.

The servants, four of them, were naturally alarmed, and were in the hall when we went out. Mr. Parkway gave a very few directions, and the elderly woman grinned quite spitefully at him.

"Don't insult the man now he's down," I said, in a whisper, while Parkway and the two officers got into the fly. Lytherly and I were to ride outside and drive.

"Insult him! the wretch!" she said. "You don't mean to suppose he has any feelings to hurt. He has been trying to drive my poor young mistress—that I nursed when a baby—into her grave, and he would have done it if I had not been here. The only excuse is, he is, and always has been, a dangerous lunatic."

"We drove off, and I saw no more of her, and never heard how Mrs. Parkway took the intelligence."

The lady was present at the preliminary examination; and, to her great surprise, her carbuncle brooch was taken from her and used against her husband. This examination was on the next morning, and we obtained more evidence than we had at first expected. Not only was the carbuncle marked as Lytherly had said it would be, but I had been up at the station, being unable to shake off old habits, and had made some inquiries there. Strangely enough, the man who was head-porter now had been head-porter there five years ago (it is a very sensible way, railways have of keeping a good man in the same position always; promotion generally upsets and confuses things); and he was able, by secondary facts, to fix the dates and to show that not only did Mr. Parkway go to Combestead for the funeral, but that he went to London and back just before; from London, of course, he could easily get to Combestead, and his absence left him about time to do so. We proposed then to have a remand, and get evidence from Combestead; but it was never needed.

Parkway had been expecting this blow for years, and always kept some deadly poison concealed in the hollow of his watch-seal. This he took on the night after his examination, and was found dead in his cell by the officer who went the rounds. He first wrote a very long and minute confession, or rather justification, showing that his motive had been to prevent his cousin's marriage with Lytherly, whom he seemed to hate very much, although the young man had never harmed him. He said he went expressly to Combestead to get possession of the money his misguided relative had drawn, and to kill her. He felt that if he left her alive she would carry out her scandalous plan, and therefore it was his duty to kill her; so in doing this he felt he had committed no crime, but had only been an instrument of justice. So I suppose he was, as the housekeeper declared, a dangerous lunatic.

However, the reward of one hundred pounds had never been withdrawn, and I got it; it was paid out of Parkway's estate too, which was about the strangest go I ever heard of. Lytherly and his wife are great friends with Mrs. Robinson and myself; indeed we have usually one of their young ones staying with us, when we haven't one or two from my married daughter. Mrs. Parkway, I heard, sold off at the Mount, and went away; and some time after I saw by the papers that she was married to some one else. I hope she made a better match the second time.

In the whole, on looking back, I am inclined to think that of all the clues by which I ever found anybody out, this was the queerest.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM COLUMBUS TO KEARNEY JUNCTION.

THE steady rise in the grade from Omaha has been so gradual and continuous that one is at first surprised to discover themselves, at this point nearly fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and yet, although the whole surrounding landscape seems low and level, there is a curious sense of elevation in the purity of the air and the strong sweep of the winds—by feeling rather than sight, one is conscious of being so much nearer cloudland.

Passing the little station of Jackson, we reach Silver Creek, and begin to count one hundred and odd miles from Omaha. We are now just south of the extreme corner of the Pawnee Reservation, a tract of land said to be one of the finest in the State which now lies wholly unoccupied, this particular body of the Government's "wards" having turned their backs upon it, and gone into the Indian Territory. The tribe has dwindled to a few handfuls since the days, not far distant, when they lorded it over the Platte Valley, fought the Sioux and massacred the settlers, and dotted with lodges all the willowy surface of the Plains. Not far from Silver Creek we are given a flying glimpse of this savage life in the shape of a band trailing eastward. We have no means of ascertaining the tribe, but it is a picturesque and not unpleasing sight—the string of shaggy Indian ponies, ridden by grim, blanketed "bucks," trailing their lodges behind them, the papoose-laden squaws, and a brown children driving a stray pony or two in their. They pass close by the track, and as

we rush past them all their faces, hideously shining with red paint, are turned up to our windows and seen for an instant before we leave them far behind.

The afternoon is wearing late, and before reaching the supper-station at Grand Island sunset overtakes us. Not such a sunset as you and I have seen in the East, but a marvel of cloud-scenery, a solemn, splendid pageant, the likeness of which is unrolled nowhere but above these great Plains. All the little fleecy, flying clouds, and all the great snowy banks that drifted and piled in the sky to-day have gathered together and massed themselves in the west, "Pelion on Ossa," rising to the very zenith, in stormy blue-black domes and ragged peaks, whose bases burn with long lines of gold and fire. And such a sweep of clear shadowy blue heaven beyond! we seem never to have known before the height and depth and vastness of the sky, or seen more than a little strip or a tiny acre or two of that limitless field. Here the lower world is lost and forgotten in the wonder overhead; the earth is a vague, dusky unreality, and the heavens all islanded with solid hills, darkened with mountain chains and grim, black ramparts, and aflame as with the light of a thousand conflagrations. Into our very car flashes the wonderful glow, and the peaceable "pale-faces" at the windows burn as ruddily as so many war-painted Shoshones. Everybody is exhausting their vocabulary of adjectives—the fluent of speech call Ruskin to the rescue to express their rapture, and the rest subside into "oh's" and "ah's!" Nobody ever saw the like before, but the chances are that we shall all see it again, for these stormy sunsets are characteristic of the Plains, and this one by no means exceptional in its splendor.

All the glory has departed when we reach Grand Island. We have passed four thriving "towns"—Clark's, Lone Tree, Chapman's and Lockwood—which boast two or three stores apiece, and where, according to the guide-book, trade is "lively"; and now, as the twilight gathers, we approach the ever-welcome supper-station. Grand Island, so called after a large and well-settled island in the Platte River, is a place of considerable consequence, and its recently built hotel, fronting close on the track, has the reputation of furnishing the best meals along the route. The large, white building looms up quite imposingly in the dusk, with cheerful light in its many windows, and a vista of crowded tables within, round which neat-handed waitresses flit to and fro, while the traveling public engages in a terrific attack upon the dishes. Outside there is a fair proportion of mere lookers-on, like ourselves—parties who have come provisioned for the trip, and to whom dinner and supper-stations are interesting merely as affording chances for a constitutional on the platform. Quite a long promenade is built out on either side of the hotel, inclosing a grassy square in front, where a tiny fountain plays refreshingly; and a real treat is the short, rapid walk there in the fresh wind, with the starlight brightening overhead.

Here we saw the first tufts of buffalo-grass—that richest and most nutritious of all the varieties for which Nebraska is famous, and formerly the uniform carpeting of the whole Platte Valley. It grows in thick, short bunches, never exceeding two or three inches in height, with curiously crimped blades, matted so as to give it an elastic spring to the tread. Dry and withered as it looks, it is wonderfully sweet and rich, and furnishes, winter and summer, a perpetual forage to the herds that rove in its neighborhood. Like the buffalo which it feeds, however, it is gradually disappearing under the foot of the settler, and it is rarely that a bunch can be found so near the line of the wayside stations as the little dried one that we picked up tonight.

Darkness gathers while we loiter at Grand Island—if darkness it can be called, that is so lighted up with the rising moonbeams. An illumination of another kind is prepared for us further on, in the shape of a prairie-fire, a bright, hot patch of flame away to the south of us; and hardly have we flopped on the platform to look at this, than another is discovered in the north, and gradually the whole night through which we are rushing is dotted with these far-away conflagrations, round which we can here and there see dark figures moving, as the settlers gather to fight the terrible foe. We are fast gaining that section of the country where vegetation dwindles down to a mere stubble; even the cottonwood is thinning out, and only along the borders of the river we see its dusky fringe in the distance. Patches of alkali crop out occasionally, like a thin coating of hoar-frost, between the rapidly increasing tufts of buffalo-grass; it is a weird, wild-looking world, between the moonlight and firelight, from which all familiar features seem stricken out. Then the lights of Alda twinkle through the dark, and we thunder over its iron bridge, spanning the tiny stream known ambitiously as Wood River. In the days of '59 and '60, when Alda was a frontier settlement, this stream was thickly fringed with timber, and hence its name; but the building of the Union Pacific road made imperative demands upon this generous growth, rapidly swallowing it up for fuel and other needs. Some of the first log-houses are still to be seen in this vicinity—venerable ruins of seventeen years' standing.

Wood River and Shelton are the next stations in our course, followed by Gibbon and Shelley, also known as Kearney, near which the old fort of that name—a reminiscence of the "dashing Phil"—was formerly situated. Kearney, once a flourishing point for the shipment of cattle, and a rendezvous for stockmen and herders, is now almost deserted, and the ruins of its old "corral" can be seen from the car-window, near the side-track, depot and other buildings. Kearney Junction, four miles beyond, is a rapid little five-year-old town, with a population of one thousand, and a goodly show of brick and mortar and neat frame buildings. Here, for the first time, the westward-going tourist will look upon a town literally without a tree; not a patch of shade or a cluster of friendly green—not even an apology in the shape of a shrub—appearing to variegate the tawny brown stretch, upon which these little white houses are dotted like a child's toy-village set up at random on the nursery floor. The crops raised here are said to be excellent, and the grazing lands and facilities for stock-raising are fine; but one cannot help thinking that the sun-baked dwellers at Kearney Junction must be willing to barter some of these advantages for a hand's-breadth of foliage. The Burlington and Missouri Railroad here connects with the Union Pacific, and the little town is an outgrowth of this junction. Besides its ordinary active flow of life, it is occasionally enlivened by a raid from Texan herdsmen, whose cattle are driven up now and then to graze in the vicinity; and these visits are usually productive of a murder or two, or a row at the least, these modern followers of the pastoral life being anything but "gentle shepherds." Collin with the pipe and the crook is obsolete; your guardian of the flocks to-day sweeps the country like a centaur, with jangling spurs, flashing bowie-knives in his boots, a ready revolver or two, and in place of amorous ditties, a round of unique oaths, always ready on the shortest notice and in the most unlimited quantity.

Dying on the Scaffold.

EVEN the bad who die on the scaffold, whither they had often sent better men than themselves, yet die with dignity, and so win, if not our respect, yet our sympathy. Northumberland, for instance, in spite of his recantation and his abject letter, in which he begged so hard for his worthless life, yet met his death with fortitude. Of almost every one it might be said, "He nothing common did or mean upon that memorable scene." It is certainly strange that none, so far as we can remember, burst out on the scaffold into execrations against the tyrant who had sent him there. On the contrary, if any meanness is shown, it is, to our mind, shown in the prayers so commonly uttered by the sufferers, not for the penitence, but for the happiness of the man who had sent them to so hard an end. Poor Anne Boleyn, in almost her last words, prays "for the life of the king, my sovereign lord and yours, who is one of the best princes on the face of the earth, and who hath always treated me so well that better could not be." Even Sir Thomas More, when told that "the king's pleasure is further that at your execution you shall not use manie words," replied, "I had purposed somewhat to have spoken, but of no matter wherewith his grace or any should have had cause to be offended." More, if any man, might with justice, at the shambles, have reproached the butcher who sent him there. No doubt it was, in many cases, a consideration for those whom he left behind, whose fortunes were entirely in the king's hands, that closed the sufferer's mouth. He might hope that, if he refrained from upbraiding, some part of his estate might have been spared for his widow and his orphans.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Cossacks Cutting the Telegraph.

Amongst other useful services which the Cossacks perform for the main army, is destroying the telegraphic communication between two important centres of the enemy; and in our cut they are represented cutting the lines between Rustchuk and the headquarters of the Turkish army at Shumla.

Eastern War Sketches.

The events of the Russian invasion of Turkey are thickening rapidly, and as we write, rumors are arriving by cable which indicate the progress of movements on a large scale in which success is variously credited to both the Russian and the Turkish forces. In the meantime we present in this issue several pictures from the seat of war, which, if not of startling significance, are interesting. The alarmed cavalry camp needs little explanation. A detachment of Turkish cavalry from Shumla have encamped for the night near that fortress, but, aroused by the report of "Muscov!" "Muscov!" "Russ!" "Russ!" from their patrol, are rapidly striking their tents, and are hurrying to boot and saddle and reconnoitre with all possible speed. One novel feature has been developed in the present combat, in the use of photographing at the seat of war, it being the first time that that art has been in any noteworthy degree utilized to illustrate the events of a campaign. We give this week engravings of three photographs thus specially taken. One represents a view of the bridge which was constructed by the Russians between Simnizta and Sistova after they had succeeded in crossing the Danube and securing the latter town. We gave an account of the manner in which the bridge was constructed at the time. "Sisters of Charity from St. Petersburg" are some of those patriotic and courageous women who, after a brief education in nursing and medicine at the Russian capital, flock to the theatre of war to succor the sick and wounded. The last illustration depicts a group of the first Russian officers and soldiers who set their feet on Turkish soil during the recent crossing of the Danube, and who have all accordingly been decorated for their arduous and an expedition which at the time was looked upon as a most dangerous undertaking. As it was, the first soldiers to land had to do so under a most withering fire from the Turks.

Swan-upping on the Thames.

The privilege of keeping swans upon the river Thames has always been very jealously guarded. As early as the time of Henry VI. it was ordained that any one stealing a swan's egg should be punished with a year's imprisonment, besides being fined at the king's will, and still heavier penalties were inflicted for stealing, snaring, or driving the swans themselves. In Henry VIII's time all swan-herds were appointed by royal license, and were not allowed to mark a bird except in the presence of the king's swan-herd or his deputy. When the swan made its nest on the bank of the river instead of on an island in the stream, one of the young birds was always given to the owner of the soil in order to induce him to protect the nest. The principal owners of swans upon the Thames at the present time are Her Majesty the Queen, the Dyers' and Vintners' Companies of the City of London, and the authorities of Eton College. The ancient custom of "upping" or marking, which forms the subject of our engraving, is still continued every year, commencing on the first Monday in August and lasting for four days, the remaining two days of the week being devoted to feasting and rejoicing. The birds are very strong and active, and it requires courage as well as activity and perseverance to effect their capture. All the cygnets of the year receive the mark found on the old birds in whose company they swim, and if the parent birds are found to belong to different owners the brood of cygnets is equally divided. These marks are made by cutting across the upper part of the bill, and the pinion-leaders are also severed to prevent the birds taking flight when they reach maturity. After a time, if the marks become indistinct they are deepened by the swan-herds. At one period the Vintners' Company possessed more than five hundred swans, but the number is now much less, as, since they have ceased to be served up at great banquets their value has greatly declined.

A Fight of "Irregulars" at Haidar Keul.

One of our foreign pictures this week represents a skirmish such as are constantly taking place between the irregular troops of both the Russian and Turkish armies, the actual scene represented having been sketched near the village of Haidar Keul, Bulgaria, on July 16th. The troops engaged were Cossacks and Circassians and Bash-Bazouks, and the affair, though simply a skirmish, may serve to show the type of character of these irregulars who have obtained so great a notoriety during the past three months. Of the Bash-Bazouks and Circassians we have already frequently spoken. The Cossacks are of various tribes, and, except those of the Don, being exempt from the law of universal service, cannot all be sent away from their homes even in time of war. They may be divided into several classes, the Cossacks of the Don, who alone are liable to general service everywhere, the Kuban Cossacks, the Cossacks of the Terek, the Astrakhan Cossacks, the Orenburg Cossacks, the Cossacks of the Ural, and of Siberia, the Siemirychenski and Transbaikali Cossacks and Cossacks of the Amur. The three first divisions and those of the Ural furnish detachments for the Imperial Guard, and have a certain proportion always

ready for service in time of peace; the rest are only available in war, and then only for local and frontier defense. The most important body also are the Don Cossacks, regiments of whom, in addition to the Guard regiments, have now been distributed among the various army corps. Their dress is a tunic, loose shaggy trousers, a cloak and a sheepskin cap. Other Cossacks have fur caps. The arms of the Don Cossacks and several other tribes consist of pikes, Circassian swords and rifled carbines. Curiously enough, only the Cossacks of the Guards wear spurs, perhaps because most of the tribes would find it difficult to use them, as they have a peculiar seat on horseback, with their legs tucked up very high.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE house of M. Thiers is watched by Parisian policemen in plain clothes.

—SIX different colleges furnish the waiters for the Glen House, at the White Mountains, this Summer.

—MOST of the very valuable articles lately stolen from the British Museum have been recovered in Belgium.

—THE engineers of Marseilles have, it is said, discovered that since the opening of the Suez Canal the level of the Mediterranean has sunk 3½ inches.

—IT is reported that the Government is to build a signal station and observatory on the top of Ascutney Mountain, in Windsor, Vermont, at a cost of \$20,000.

—THE Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph says that it is an insect or grub which is killing the firs and spruces—the trees looking as if a heavy fire had run through the woods.

—IN Sumatra, the expedition of the Dutch Geographical Society has discovered a mountainous region of great beauty and fertility, peopled only by a few wretched Malays.

—A MASSACHUSETTS man has invented an extension piano-stool just like a common one when closed, but which can be pulled out into halves, thus accommodating two performers.

—ONE firm in New York, engaged in the manufacture of matches, consumes per annum 700,000 feet of white pine lumber, 100,000 pounds of sulphur, and 150 tons of straw-board for boxes.

—THE officers and crew of the *Vesta*, the Russian merchantman whaler, which fought the Turkish ironclad off Kustendje, have been granted special pensions and salaries for life by the Czar.

—A NEWSPAPER at Ashland, Ky., says that an investigation of the records of the State show that not a single man or woman in the whole Commonwealth is under the present laws legally married.

—THE export of Icelandic horses to England is increasing, and promises to be very profitable to the breeders, these horses involving little trouble or expense, and fetching a comparatively high price in England.

—A MACHINE has been invented, mounted on wagon-wheels, which is intended for use on farms in the West. It deluges the ground behind it with smoke from burning chips and brimstone, and holds the smoke down long enough to suffocate every potato bug, locust and other insect that comes within its influence.

—PROVIDENCE seems to be in a fix over a breakdown of its big pumping engine through its being placed over a bed of quicksand. The building still continues to settle, and it is understood that the makers of the engine decline to repair and guarantee it, and one paper calls the \$250,000 building and engine "practical wrecks."

—A SINGULAR lawsuit is being prosecuted in Rensselaer County. A landslide in the town of Scho-dack filled up a creek, and turned the water in a different direction. The owner of a mill further down sees the farmer who owns the land on which the slide occurred, to compel him to restore the stream to its former condition.

—WORKMEN are engaged deepening the channel of the Delaware River in the vicinity of Trenton. A gravel bar, lying almost directly in the course of raft navigation, which has caused much damage to rafts by striking on it, is now being removed. The expense of the work is borne conjointly by the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

—THE potato-bug has made its appearance simultaneously in different parts of Aroostook County, Me., and a few of the grubs are found in nearly every neighborhood. A leading branch of farming is raising potatoes for the numerous starch factories, and the crop for the county alone may be roughly estimated at two million bushels. Considerable anxiety is felt, for should the depredations of the bugs become general it would be a terrible calamity.

—A MINERAL has been found in Kern county, Cal., which is puzzling the geologists, no one knowing what to call it. It is opaque; in color, tin white; lustre, metallic; laminated; soft; yields to the finger nail; leaves a streak the color of amalgam on the back of looking-glasses; it is unchanged by a heat which reduces a Hungarian crucible; is perfectly insoluble in nitric or muriatic acids or any of their combinations, and has a specific gravity about equal to that of mispickel.

—ACCOMMODATION for Hindoo woman on the Eastern Bengal Railway is receiving unusual attention from the company. Special and well-retired waiting rooms are to be provided at the principal stations, with screens placed across the platforms leading from the rooms to the reserved carriages. Sedan-chairs will be used in conveying female passengers from the rooms to the cars, and the present practice of reserving a particular compartment by painting on the door "Reserved for native females" abandoned.

—THE German Government is laying down subterranean telegraph wires as rapidly as possible. A line has been already opened between Berlin and Mayence, and it is now intended to join Frankfurt and Strasbourg in a similar manner. The cost of these wires is eight to ten times greater than the ordinary above-ground telegraphs; but when once constructed they are not liable to be injured by storms or bad weather, and it would be much more difficult for an enemy to destroy them, since he would have to find out exactly where they are buried, and then dig down to reach them.

—PRESCOTT, the capital city of Arizona, our latest El Dorado, is situated in a small valley or basin, surrounded on all sides by mountains, and has a picturesque location. At the first glance it strikes the tourist as being an extremely home-like place, recalling many of the features of a New England or Western New York village. The population is now about 4,000, and is increasing with wonderful rapidity, as the fertile valleys adjacent and the rich mining districts round about are filling up. Most of the houses are of brick and wood, two or three stories in height, solidly constructed, and exhibiting good architectural taste. There are few Mexicans and Indians, and in consequence adobe structures are a novelty. The city is 155 miles east of the Colorado River, 250 miles northeast of Yuma, and about the same distance northwest of Tucson, the second city in the Territory.



PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE SUPERIOR STREET ARCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIS S. ADAMS.

OHIO.—THE TWENTIETH TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS OF THE UNITED STATES, HELD AT CLEVELAND, AUGUST 27TH.—SEE PAGE 30.



THE PROCESSION PASSING UNDER THE WATER STREET ARCH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOCK & SPRAGUE.



1. The Old Residence. 2. The New Residence. 3. Mrs. Emmeline Young's House. 4. Mrs. Amelia Young's House. 5. Mrs. Cobb Young's House. 6. Social Hall. 7. Metropolitan Schoolhouse
SOME OF THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCES IN SALT LAKE CITY.



VIEW ON MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S DEATH, AUGUST 29TH.

UTAH.—THE DEATH OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, PROPHET, SEER AND REVELATOR, AND PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN ALL THE WORLD.—SEE PAGE 17.

NEW YORK IN THE DOG DAYS.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
Even my Phyllis has hasten'd away,
And poor Corydon's broken his lute.
Ne'er before saw I such a stampede,
There is really nobody in town,
I can't write, nor indeed can I read,
So in sorrow I sit myself down!
Yes, in sadness I throw myself down!

Oh! Solitude! where are those charms
That Zimmermann tells us about?
I'd rather repose in those arms
Than Phyllis for me would hold out,
Than to stroll all alone on the Mall,
With its "sweet shady side" all unswept;
I think of the angel who fell,
And of her over whom I've just wept!
Yes, on Phyllis's shoulder I wept!

I think, in this Desert so drear,
This Sahara of sadness and sin,
That living is deucedly dear,
That I've got dissipatedly thin!
I sigh when I see my pale face,
And know that I've no one to blame
But myself—I must slacken the pace,
Or next season will see me the same!
But I fear that next year'll be the same!

Mr. Zimmermann ne'er could have known
What a dreary place New York becomes
When all the nice women have flown,
And one's been to the last of the "Drums!"
If he had, he'd have been but a churl
To have raved about Solitude's joys;
For each boy has run off with each girl,
And the girls have gone off with the boys!
How I envy those fortunate boys!

Oh! when you are sailing the sea,
And when you are climbing the hill,
Or sipping post-prandial tea,
And trying your evenings to kill—
Think of those whom you've left all behind,
And whose only amusement in life
Is to watch every change in the wind,
And (oh! horror!) to talk to one's wife!
Tho' there may be worse ills than a wife!

THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHEs.

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

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"HOW dreadfully those dogs are howling to-night!" she said, pressing her hands on her temples. "Every time that horrible long-drawn outcry comes I feel shocked afresh. I wish he were safely back. I wish he were safe. Oh, Anthony, if I had even the right to let my anxious distress be perceived! What a fool—a miserable fool—I am! I ought to drink some raw brandy, as he does, to prevent me from making myself so contemptible; and I will, too, if this howling does not stop. I cannot endure it! There! Hark at them now, yelling more like a pack of fiends than mere ordinary fox-hounds! What can make them so terribly restless to-night? There, there! Good heavens, what is the matter?"

The intermittent howling and yelping had all ceased suddenly for a moment, and then burst out in a full-throated hunting cry, begun by the leader of the pack, and joined by a demon-chorus of about thirty canine voices, not with the "musical chiding" of the chase, when the wariest hound proclaims the joyful news of a "find," but in varied notes, indicating maddened eagerness, impatience, fury and pain, as if something had excited them beyond endurance. Guided by some sudden, terrified impulse, Ellen rushed into the drawing-room, threw back the shutter, flung up the window, and called out to know what was the matter.

"Ellen, Ellen, oh, come to me! Save me!" she heard; and, almost flinging herself out through the open sash, she rushed in the direction of the voice.

"Miss Lizzie, what is the matter?" she gasped. "The dog—the dog! This brute Venom is trying to tear me!" she heard, through the darkness, spoken in convulsive sobbing and agitation; and there, standing with her back at the kennel-yard door, she saw Lizzie, wrapped tightly in her shawl, trying to keep off the savage half-bred dog Venom, who was keeping her at bay with fierce growls and threatening fangs uncovered, whilst the imprisoned hounds inside, hearing the disturbance, rent the air with clamorous outcries.

It was Lizzie's nervous dislike to dogs at any time, and her utter terror now that made the brute viciously triumphant; but, as Ellen rushed to the rescue, quite determined on conquering Venom by fair means or foul, and for that purpose snatching up an iron railing bar that lay near, the amiable quadruped instantly retreated, barking furiously, her tail between her legs as she went.

"Miss Lizzie, what has happened? What made you come this way? Were you discovered by any one?" she said, breathlessly.

"I don't know—I don't know! Oh, Ellen, take me in! I have almost killed myself running home," sobbed poor Lizzie, "and—and—I might as well not have gone."

"Was he not there?" Ellen asked, pityingly.

"Yes—but," she sobbed, "he says he cannot—Oh, how my chest aches! That brute has torn my dress to pieces. Oh, Ellen, Ellen, I have been a miserable foolish girl—a miserably foolish creature, Ellen dear. He says he must—must keep silence a little longer. Sir Henry has got some word of some 'entanglement'—that was Richard's word, 'entanglement,' Ellen—and he is furious with him, and he wants me to wait until Christmas; and I had rather die at once. I shall die. I cannot live in this way. No, Ellen, it is of no use saying 'Hush.'"

With all that was tenderest and gentlest in her nature roused into fullest sympathy by the misfortunes which were closing in around the life of the fair, unhappy girl whose existence she had once fancied enviously, was all sunny and rose-strewn, Ellen assisted Lizzie up to her room, helped her to undress, bathed her flushed tear-swollen face, and listened between whiles to the

miserable story of the "entanglement" in which, truly enough, she had enmeshed her young life.

"I thought to see him to-night," she said, slowly and wearily she was too worn out and exhausted for further weeping—"and just arrange for a meeting to-morrow with my brother, and then let us face all—face it honestly as those who love each other honestly, and are not ashamed of each other should do. Did we not choose each other in the sight of Heaven and before men? Did he not take me and swear to be faithful to me?" went on Lizzie, with a convulsive sob, "and has he tired of me so soon? I will never seek him again—never—never! Let him seek me now, or never see me again. Oh, Ellen, if I had so determined and acted from the first, what should I not have saved myself! Oh, Ellen, if girls only knew beforehand what misery, what mortification, they are bringing on themselves by a clandestine love-affair, no matter how innocent, or pure, or devoted, or charming it may seem! Oh, Ellen, I wish I had never seen him—and I love him so—I love him so! It is that which wrings my heart, for I think he has begun to feel his love and respect for me fading since I have ceased to have any for myself."

"Hush, my darling—hush!" Ellen said, tenderly, all coldness and distance vanishing as she listened to poor, fair, erring Lizzie's bewailing account of the ruin of her fondest hopes—she who was so beautiful, she who by right should be beloved.

"I believe that horrible, stealthy creature Nick Byrne was somewhere in the wood, dogging my footsteps, although I neither saw nor heard him," she said, presently; "how else could Venom have been there?"

"She may have wandered up from the road, and, as you ran, pursued you. I cannot imagine why the brute dared to track you down, though," Ellen remarked, uneasily thinking.

"Nor would she, unless she was purposely ordered to do so; I am sure he was there somewhere—I am sure he will do more mischief if he can," Lizzie said, shuddering. "I do not know what will come of this night, Ellen; I feel as if it were not half over yet."

"So do I," thought Ellen; but she only said, soothingly, "Try to go to sleep, dear, and we will hope for the best. Oh, Miss Latouche," she added, suddenly, pausing at the dressing-table, "where is your diamond brooch? You did not take it out with you?"

"Yes, I did," replied Lizzie, quietly, with a despairing kind of a sigh. "I have lost it, I suppose."

"Oh, nonsense! It is only somewhere in your dress," Ellen said, as she searched diligently, but without success.

"No, Ellen, I know it is gone," Lizzie announced. "I felt my collar loosen as I ran down the wood-path, and thought I heard something fall, but in my haste I could not attempt to stop—the dog was after me at the time, I heard her yelping. It is gone. There, there, don't trouble yourself. I have lost more than the diamond brooch, Ellen."

"Oh, we will search well for it to-morrow, and perhaps it is only just at hand somewhere," Ellen said, cheerfully. "Even in the wood-paths large flashing diamonds might be easily found. You will see. I have a conviction that you will have your brooch again. I know it is not lost. Good-night, Miss Latouche."

"Good-night, Ellen. Oh, Ellen, Ellen, don't ever love any one!" moaned Lizzie, raising herself up to kiss her kind friend—"don't, Ellen dear! No matter if one be lonely, it is better to be that than wretched."

"It is indeed, dear," said Ellen, quietly, as she went down-stairs again.

She was just in time to receive Mrs. Parnell, as that lady entered and the carriage drove around to the stables; and, as she was fortunately in a rather amiable temper, Ellen succeeded in inducing her into her dressing-gown and putting away her rich silk dress, her ornaments and false hair, without more than three or four rebuffs or fault-findings. And then Ellen was once more free—free to return to her vigil waiting for Anthony Latouche's return—waiting, whilst the fire burned low in the grate, and the room grew chilly in the silence of midnight—waiting, with never a sound to break the ghostly stillness save the hoarse tick of the great eight-day clock on the stairs—waiting, whilst she strained her ears to catch the most distant sound of an approaching step, and her heart beat slow and painfully, and a tremor of sick anxiety began to steal over her frame.

"Would to Heaven it were morning!" she moaned aloud, almost unconsciously. "I suppose I am a weak, superstitious fool, a silly woman, wanting in proper self-esteem, to madden myself as I am doing about his safety. Surely that is no concern of mine. Oh, Anthony, Anthony, if I only had the right to wait up here until daylight for you, and hear you rebuke me for doing it, but still acknowledge my right! Oh, if anything has happened! There—those horrible dogs are beginning again! No, it is the wind rising. How absurd I am! But—but it is not the wind. Heavens, what is it? What is it?"

Her white, dry lips went on convulsively shaping the words, although no sound issued from them; for a chill, supernatural horror had taken possession of the girl's whole frame, the blood in her veins seemed to turn into ice, her very hair to stiffen on her head. The sound she had fancied at first was the night-wind blowing down the mountain-glens and, sighing around the house, had risen into a long, dreary wail—not a moan of the wind, but an awful, voice-like sound, filling the air, although it did not rise above a wail, passing further away from a moment, and then seeming to return, until the drear, supernatural cry seemed to fill the very atmosphere of the room, and then, with a soft, gasping, sobbing sound, died away into utter silence again. And Ellen Bruce, fallen on her knees by the window, prayed aloud in a frenzy of grief and dread.

"I have heard that once before," she said in a terror-stricken whisper; "that is the warning of coming woe. It follows their name, too, I have been told—that is coming woe to the last of the Latouches!"

CHAPTER VIII.

AS Ellen Bruce knelt there and prayed, and the tears, almost frozen in their source, fell slowly over her pale, cold cheeks, she thought of the coming woe, at the portent of which she yet trembled, in varied shapes of approach. She thought of some ghastly news which should paralyze them with fear of sickness, of disgrace, of death. She strove to prepare her mind for the worst—for weary waiting, for some sudden, awful tidings, for the story of some fatal accident, for the sight of Anthony's mangled body brought into the home of his fathers only to die; and, as she prayed and shuddered and strove to nerve herself, she heard the echo of a coming step up the avenue. There was a moment's pause, as though the comer waited to look around, and then he ascended the steps, fitted a latchkey slowly and bunglingly into the lock, entered, and shut the door softly behind him.

"It cannot be—it cannot be!" she said in joyful surprise.

Anthony himself came home well and quietly; Anthony came home peacefully and soberly—came home well and strong, to eat the supper she had prepared for him, and to go to bed in health and strength and safety after all her midnight terrors! "Oh, heaven be thanked!" she ejaculated, wiping away the joyful tears that almost blinded her, and hurrying out to meet him.

He was standing at the foot of the stairs, with his bedroom candle lighted—standing as if he were listening for the sound of any one stirring—so intently that Ellen's appearance startled him violently; and his face, as he started and gazed at her, was as white as death, his eyes glittering—the very expression of his features seemed altered as he forced an odd smile and spoke to her in an odd, subdued voice.

"You waiting up, Miss Bruce? Very late, isn't it? I didn't leave Gower's, you see, until late; and then I stopped to speak to one or two; and then I walked over to Redcross to speak to the saddler. But I could not see him—it was rather late."

"Will you not take some supper, Mr. Latouche?" she said, preparing to leave the room. "It is here waiting for you."

"Thank you—yes—a little brandy, I think. I do not feel very well—I feel cold; and, as he spoke, he dropped heavily into the nearest seat, shivering audibly.

Ellen set the spirit-lamp alight again, and, as the water began to simmer, poured it out, and mixed a small quantity of brandy with it.

"I am afraid he has had too much already, he looks so strange," she thought, but handed it to him, and turned to leave the room.

"Good-night, Mr. Latouche," she said, with a smile. "It is rather late, and I must be up early."

But, as she moved past him, Anthony almost dropped the glass in his sudden motion, as he caught at her arm and sprang to his feet.

"Ellen, don't go—I shall not be a minute. Wait for a minute," he gasped, hoarsely. "I—don't like this room—it is so dark and lonely at this hour; wait for me."

"Well, for a few minutes, then, sir," she said, uneasily, moving away, and pretending to arrange the sideboard. "There is certainly something the matter with him," she thought. "What shall I do?"

"Would you not like me to make up the fire freshly? You seem cold, Mr. Latouche—perhaps you have caught cold," she began.

"Yes—yes, I have," he said suddenly, shivering again. "I feel very ill, Ellen. I think I shall go to bed at once. Give me more brandy and water. Don't be afraid, Ellen—it will not make me drunk."

She poured out the spirit afresh as he bade her, and was about to add some water, when he stopped her by an impatient gesture.

"Give it to me—give it to me as it is," he said, feverishly—"something with some taste in it, something to put a little life into me—I feel half dead."

"Shall I send for the doctor, Mr. Latouche," asked Ellen, in alarm, "or," she added, with a sudden thought, "your sister? I will run up and tell her that—"

"No, no, don't attempt to do anything of the kind!" he said, fiercely. "My sister indeed! What does she care?"

"I am sure she would care a very great deal," replied Ellen, in surprise. "I am sure she would be angry if she thought I did not tell her that you—"

"Hold your tongue!" cried Anthony, savagely interrupting her, and striking the drinking-glass on the table and shivering it to pieces. "My sister is a disgrace to my name—I wish she was dead!"

He dashed the fragments of glass about the room like a madman, snatched up his candlestick, and tramped heavily up-stairs to bed.

"He has heard some horrible, slanderous story, that has infuriated him," said Ellen, in dismay. "Now, if Captain Stirling has an atom of manly feeling, he will surely come forward at once and save poor Lizzie of course he will," she reiterated, reassuringly—"of course he will. He is only to hear that his brother is angry, or that malicious gossip is afloat—of course he will call on her brothers, or write to them at once, and everything will be explained and acknowledged; and, as a true and tender lover," smiled Ellen, thinking rather scornfully of handsome Richard Stirling, it must be owned, "he should scarcely have let matters come to an extremity."

And so, pondering anxiously the future prospects of the lovers, and the near prospects of Anthony Latouche's fierce displeasure against them both, and against herself poor Ellen Bruce!—as well, for her share in the matter, she fell into a heavy sleep and weird dreams which seemed to come and go and come again, in a sort of distressing phantasmagoria of events and persons and places, through which, however, continuously appeared one silent feature; and when she awoke, with a weary sigh, some four hours later, in the dim gray dawn of the Autumn morning, the memory of this portion of her dream started up afresh before her—the memory of a dreary, bewildering search after some one or something which invariably led her to the mountain-brow above the lake, to the very edge of the dark, sullen precipices of Glendisane, looking with shrieking dread down those horrible smooth gullies in the face of the cliff, which, with scarcely a break, ran sheer down to the black deep water five hundred feet below.

"My mind was so filled with fears and forebodings last night, I suppose," she thought. "What on earth should make me dream of Glendisane cliffs, where I never was but once in my life? I wish I did not worry myself so about them all," she thought, tossing restlessly. "There will be some unpleasantness, I suppose, and Anthony will rage and storm at every one as he did at me last night, and then all will be right, and they will go away and live happy together—that will be the end—a handsome young pair, who will care for nothing in the world beside each other. Why do I trouble myself about them?" said poor Ellen, with a spasm of the old bitter, envious feeling. "I had better get up and bring out all the plate, as it has to be cleaned to-day."

But in spite of herself and the cold and selfish resolve she strove to adhere to, her yearning, womanly heart and warm, sympathetic nature were stronger still. Lizzie, unhappy Lizzie, with her wan face and tear-dimmed eyes, sitting spiritless and silent at the breakfast-table, and Anthony's vacant place—he had gone out an hour earlier on horseback, leaving word he was gone to see about his new saddle to the saddler at Redcross—aroused all Ellen's pity, anxiety and troubled thoughts afresh.

"And, if there be no one else generous enough or courageous enough to do it," said Ellen, with another angry recollection of Richard Stirling, "and there should be trouble coming, I declare solemnly I will tell Anthony Latouche myself—let him swear at me or strike me if he likes," said poor Ellen, trying to wipe away the tears that had rushed into her eyes and blinded her so that she could not see the chasing on the silver epergne she was carefully cleaning.

"What's that you are saying?" Mrs. Parnell asked, suddenly looking up from her occupation of counting silver forks.

"Nothing," replied Ellen, confusedly; "I was thinking Miss Latouche did not look well this morning."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Parnell, coldly. "Where is the other dessert-fork? I have only eleven of the second dozen here."

"The twenty-four were there a minute ago," answered Ellen, nervously, as upon every occasion of plate-cleaning there was invariably a disturbance respecting some missing article, which as invariably was found in the plate-basket or elsewhere immediately afterwards.

"Oh, here it is!" said Mrs. Parnell, taking the fork from beneath a loose paper. "I hope you keep my silver separate from the Latouches' silver, Ellen. I've no idea of my expensive plate, engraved with my crest and monogram," Mrs. Parnell went on, grandly, "being used turn about with theirs—old battered things, fifty years old if they're an hour!"

"Yours is kept separate, Mrs. Parnell," replied Ellen, shortly.

"And there's another thing I want to say, too," said Mrs. Parnell, sitting down, to Ellen's dismay, as she foresaw a prolonged period of "nagging" in consequence. "I am not going to have my linen, nor any of my things, used in Miss Lizzie's or Mr. Anthony's rooms. They don't pay me for the wear of them, and I don't see why I should be at any loss on their account. I see you have put my dressing-table covers and flounces into Lizzie's room. Just take them away again, if you please."

"Very well, Mrs. Parnell," returned Ellen, dryly. "I told Miss Latouche they were yours, but she said of course you would not mind."

"But I do mind very much," said Mrs. Parnell, with acerbity of voice and manner. "Miss Latouche takes a good many things rather easy, I think."

There was an innuendo in her tones, and Ellen looked up quickly.

"Yes," said the lady, avoiding Ellen's eyes, however, and tossing her head angrily as she pretended to examine one of the engraved crests, "Miss Latouche fancies people do not mind a great many things. I have determined that I will mind them, whoever does or does not! That's what I've done, Ellen Bruce," she said, her forehead growing pink with anger, and a very stormy light in her hard, cold eyes, as she nodded decisively.

"I don't really understand you," said Ellen, breathlessly.

"Oh, you'll understand me soon enough!" said the lady, oracularly. "Just you mind your own business, and don't be making yourself so busy about Lizzie or Anthony Latouche as you are doing—that's all, Ellen Bruce. Things may turn out better than I expect, but until they do I'm not going to have my property used for their convenience."

She paced up and down the room for some minutes, her skirts rustling excessively, and her head thrown back in what she fancied was a stately manner.

"I came here intending to do them both a favor and help them on in the world, which it would be my duty and my pleasure to do," she continued, loftily, "and for which, as a girl without a penny of fortune, Miss Lizzie ought to have been thankful and delighted, and Anthony as well. But there's my thanks," said Mrs. Parnell, waxing diffusely indignant in her mode of expression—"to tell me to my face this day not to mention the subject again to her! Nothing less—said it to my face!" said the lady, wrathfully, as if it would have been better to have addressed the back of her head. "And he, forsooth, that I was worrying myself about, without a hundred pounds in the world, only as he makes a bargain on a horse, to tell me, much as his sister told me, that he did not care what his sister did, and that he wanted no one to dictate to him! I wash my hands of the two of them from this day out," concluded Mrs. Parnell, with a gesture of excommunication; "and, though I have married into the family, I will take care I will come to no loss by them."

"Miss Latouche will not marry Mr. Sutton, you mean?" said Ellen, tremulously.

"Marry Mr. Sutton?" echoed Mrs. Parnell, in a high key. "It will be well for Anthony Latouche if his sister marries anybody, or gets anybody to marry her either, as far as I see, still as he is an old saucy as she is." And, having by this time worked herself up into a state of vituperative excitement, Mrs. Parnell sailed majestically from the room, morally armed cap-d-pie for any verbiage encounter which might ensue.

"This is dreadful," said Ellen, rising hastily, her face crimson with indignation; and, without suffering her determination to slacken, she rushed up-stairs in search of Lizzie.

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH RIFLE TEAM OF 1877.

THE members of the British Rifle Team of 1877 arrived in New York City on Saturday, August 25th, and went shortly after to Garden City to spend the Sabbath in rest. They were met in the Lower Bay by a deputation representing the American Rifle Association and formally welcomed to the city and country.

On Monday they began practicing at the range at Creedmoor, and will continue doing so until the day of the contest, excepting now and then a short excursion.

Sir Henry Halford is the captain of the British team, but will not take part in the actual contest. He has had much experience in rifle shooting, is wealthy and enthusiastic, and is therefore a good man for a leader. He will be remembered as the host of the American Team in England in 1875. He was a member of the English eight in the Elcho Shield contest as long ago as 1862, and since that time has been recognized as one of the best marksmen in England, and has won a great number of prizes.

A. P. Humphrey, a member of the team, is a young barrister. He was born in Cambridge, and is the son of Professor Humphrey, one of the most distinguished physicians in England and a prominent lecturer in the university. Young Humphrey was a member of the University Rifle Corps, and while still an undergraduate won the Queen's prize at Wimbledon, in 1871, with a score of 68 out of a possible 84 at eight hundred, nine hundred and one thousand yards. He shot for the Elcho Shield in 1872, when he made 156 on the old target, and again this year, when he scored 192. He has the reputation of being a very steady shot, and is likely to improve with regular practice. He is now a private in the Inns of Court Volunteers, composed chiefly of barristers. The regiment is popularly known in London as "The Devil's Own" and is celebrated for its marching powers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Fenton obtains his title from the Twenty-fourth Lancashire Regiment of Volunteers. He is an old rifleman. In 1868 and 1869 he made the highest score for the English eight at Wimbledon with 151 and 145 points respectively. In 1870 he was at the bottom of the list, but in 1873 he led again with 153 points. During the next three years he scored 183 on each occasion at Wimbledon. This year his score for the Elcho Shield was 199.

H. S. Evans, another member of the team, is an old Etonian. He was a member of the English Team for the Elcho Shield in 1866, and scored 144 points. In 1875 he made 183 points, and 1876, 182. He, too, belongs to the "The Devil's Own." He was in this country with the Irish Team last year.

Sergeant Gilder won the Dudley Prize at Wimbledon in 1874, but with this exception has not hitherto done much remarkable shooting in public.

F. T. Pigott is a sergeant in the Cambridge University Rifle Corps, and shot for the first time this year in the contest for the Elcho Shield. His score was 177. He is not known as a prize-taker.

Lieutenant Fenton, one of the Irish members of the British Team, is well-known as a most trustworthy shot, having, it is said, never scored a miss in a match. He was a member of the Irish Team for the Elcho Shield in 1876 and 1877. He is well known here, having shot in both the international matches at Creedmoor.

John Rigby, the head of the gun-making firm of Rigby & Co., of Dublin and London, is also well known here, having shot in the international match at Creedmoor in 1874, on which occasion he made the highest score for his team. He has shot repeatedly in contests for the Elcho Shield, and is one of the best known marksmen in Ireland. He made 198 in the Elcho Shield contest this year.

Major S. S. Young is an officer in the English Rifle Brigade. He first shot at Wimbledon as a member of the Irish eight in 1873, and in 1875 led with 200 points. This year his score was 199.

Sergeant N. Ferguson, of the First Inverness Regiment, is an old Scottish marksman, having been a member of the eight which in 1863 first contested the possession of the Elcho Shield. He has been shooting regularly ever since, and has won many prizes. His score for the Elcho Shield this year was 184. In 1875 he scored 201.

R. W. Dunlop is captain of the Scottish Team at Wimbledon. He first shot with the Scottish Team in 1866, when he made 146 points on the old target. In 1874 he scored 181.

The following table will show the scores made by the men during three days of preliminary practice in England:

	208	195	192	595
N. Ferguson.....	184	180	197	561
John Rigby.....	197	191	180	568
Lieut-Colonel Fenton.....	185	183	191	559
H. S. Evans.....	166	166	193	555
R. W. Dunlop.....	183	188	180	551
F. T. Pigott.....	182	173	186	541
S. S. Young.....	176	178	187	541
Sergeant Gilder.....	177	177	180	534

THE AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM OF 1877.

THE American Rifle Team, as selected after a lengthy and close competition, is a remarkably strong one, embracing several well-known faces.

General Thomas Spencer Dakin is the only rifleman entering the lists on our part who has shot in every international contest since the famous match of 1874. General Dakin, who commands the Second Division of the New York State National Guard, located in Brooklyn, is forty-six years of age. He is a native of Orange county, in this State; is tall, powerful and striking in appearance. His head is well formed and massive, and his eye clear and penetrating. He commenced his career as a rifleman some four years ago, when the Creedmoor ranges were opened. He has expended more time and money in making experiments with ammunition and rifles than any other private marksman who visits Creedmoor. At first he shot in the 11th position, but before the Dollymount match came off

he became convinced of the difficulty of holding his way to a place on the team which was victorious at Dollymount in 1875, and might have been on that of last year as well as this. He is a steady and reliable rather than brilliant shot. He comes on the reserve with a total of 1,160, and Mr. Lamb follows close at his heels with 1,158 out of a possible 1,350 points.

Major Jewell, by his unparalleled shooting this year, may well lay claim to be called the champion long-range rifleman of Creedmoor, if not of America. He is about thirty-five years of age, rather small in stature and not stout in person, but is a member of the firm of Jewell Brothers, flour merchants, of Brooklyn, and holds his present rank in the National Guard service, where he fills the position of brigade inspector of rifle practice in the Fifth Brigade, Second Division. He has only commenced rifle shooting since the Creedmoor ranges were thrown open. Last year he failed to qualify for a place on the American team, but changing his rifle, he took the International Mid-Range Prize offered by the Centennial Commission, making a clear score of ten bull's eyes in as many shots at 600 yards. He has repeatedly made 213 out of a possible 225 points. He uses the same description of rifle that Dakin does. His position is a peculiar one. He lies on his back, supports the rifle barrel between his knees; does the most part of the holding with his left hand, which firmly grasps the barrel about eight inches in front of the breech, while the right hand holds the small of the stock, upon which the tangent scale is fixed. He rests the right side of his head against the edge of the butt, upon which is placed a small cushion to protect the side of the face from the effects of the recoil. In the late competitions for places on the team of 1877, he stands first man, having made the enormous total of 1,220 out of a possible 1,350 points, thus accomplishing the unequalled average of 203.4.

Mr. L. L. Allen is also a Brooklynite. His age is about thirty-five years. He is of fair complexion, tanned a good deal by exposure to the sun; has very light eyes; is about the medium height—five feet eight or nine inches—and not stoutly built, but of a wiry frame. He was in the national team of last year, and shoots mostly for the pleasure derived from the sport. He uses the same sort of rifle that Jewell does, and shoots from the back position, rising the heel and grasping the barrel in the left hand, knuckles downward, while the right presses the piece into the hollow of that shoulder and touches the trigger. In the recent competitions he is just one point behind Jewell, having made 1,219 out of a possible 1,350 points, which, consequently, gives him the splendid average of 203.1-6.

William H. Jackson, who is a new shot at Creedmoor, was born in Boston in the year 1832. He graduated at the public schools of his native city, and at an early age adopted the profession of a civil engineer. In 1861 he entered the United States Volunteers as captain of Company C, of the Thirtieth (infantry) Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers. He served the Union cause for two years, at the end of which period he was mustered out on account of disability. He was present at the battles of Bull Run, Lookout Mountain, and participated in the operations on the Tennessee, and around Chattanooga. In 1863, he tried his luck in Colorado Territory, where he engaged in the mining and lumber business. Since his return to Boston, a short time ago, he has resumed the practice of his profession as a civil engineer. In December, 1875, he shot a rifle match for the first time; and claims to have commenced long range practice last Spring. He shoots the same kind of a weapon that Allen, Dakin, and Jewell do, and won it in a match near Boston, at the Spring Meeting of the Massachusetts Rifle Association, on a score of 152 out of a possible 180 points. He takes the back position, and uses the heel verrier sight. He stands fourth man in the competitions just finished, having achieved a total of 1,201 points out of a possible 1,350, which is equal to an average of 200.1-6.

Mr. L. Weber resides in Brooklyn, and occupied an enviable position in the American team last year. He is about forty-eight years of age, of middle height, light complexion, with blue eyes, and shoots for amusement and the benefit of his health. He uses the Sharps rifle, shoots in the "Fulton" position, and during the last three years has frequently distinguished himself at the Creedmoor butts. He made for his present place in the team 1,195 out of a possible 1,350 points, which leaves him the very high average of 199.1-6.

Mr. Frank Hyde is a man of forty-five summers. He was formerly the agent of a sewing-machine company, but is now associated with the rifle manufacturing company whose gun he uses. Last year he shot well up for a place on the national team, but he and one or two others had to give way to Colonel Gildersleeve and Bodine, whose advent into the team was thought to have materially strengthened it. Hyde shoots from the back position, and uses the heel sight. This year he made, in the team competitions, 1,191 out of a possible 1,350, which gives him an imposing average of 198.7-6.

Leslie C. Bruce is by birth a Kentuckian. He is about thirty years of age, rather tall and well built—the ladies in Europe were said to have considered him a good-looking of fair complexion, and possessing the inevitable bluish-gray eye of the marksman. He has distinguished himself as a crack shot ever since the Creedmoor ranges were opened in 1872. He was on the reserve of the American team that conquered at Dollymount in 1875, and won a place on the team of 1876, but generously gave way to make room on it for Colonel Gildersleeve. This year he stands seventh man on the national team, having made a total of 1,172 out of a possible 1,350 points. His average is very high, being 195.1-3. He shoots in the Fulton position, and uses the same kind of a rifle that Dakin does.

C. E. Blydenburg is the most distinguished rifleman of his years, for he is not over twenty-two. He is a young man of liberal education, having graduated at Columbia College School of Mines, and is, therefore, a civil and mining engineer by profession. But for his extreme youth he might have been on last year's team, and this season he has won his way into the charmed circle of representative riflemen in the face of a field full of competitors. He shoots from the Fulton position, and uses the same kind of a rifle. He wins his way this year into the team on a total of 1,169 out of a possible 1,350 points, a fine record, equal to the high average of 194.5-6.

Messrs. L. L. Hepburn and S. Lamb, Jr., form the reserve of the team in the order in which they are named. Hepburn is a master mechanic of recognized ability, and a principal foreman in the works of Messrs. E. Remington & Sons, of Ilion, in this State.

He shot in the first international match in 1874, won his way to a place on the team which was victorious at Dollymount in 1875, and might have been on that of last year as well as this. He is a steady and reliable rather than brilliant shot. He comes on the reserve with a total of 1,160, and Mr. Lamb follows close at his heels with 1,158 out of a possible 1,350 points.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Research Fund.—The Chemical Society of London has a research fund raised by voluntary subscriptions now amounting to £3,000. The fund is used to encourage scientific investigations which have no immediate practical value and could not be undertaken in the ordinary way of business.

Sanscrit Manuscripts.—The most ancient manuscripts now extant are those written in the Sanscrit language. A recent examination of the paper used for the Vedas discloses the secret that the stock was saturated with arsenic, and the paper prepared with it thus became unattackable by worms or insects.

Lake Superior Copper.—During the past year nine hundred thousand tons of copper ore have been shipped from the Lake Superior district, which is a gain of one hundred thousand tons over last year. While prices have been low compared with former years, they have, as a rule, been remunerative to the mine-owners. Nearly all the mines will work during the winter.

Bleaching Silk and Wool.—Tessie du Motay employs binoxide of barium for this purpose. The material is pulverized and thrown into boiling water, and after the bath has partially cooled, the articles to be bleached are introduced, and the bath kept at a temperature of 86° Fahr. to 194° Fahr. for two hours. The stuff is then taken out, put into an acid bath and then washed. If necessary, the barium-bath is repeated, as also the subsequent washings.

Enormous Consumption of Albumen.—It is said that in Alsatia the cotton-printers use annually the albumen of 37,500,000 eggs, or as many eggs as 250,000 hens could lay. If we add to this the number of eggs required for food we shall arrive at an enormous total consumption. The demand for albumen has led to many attempts to make it from blood. Two pounds of dry albumen represents 3½ oxen, 10 sheep, 17 calves, or 366 eggs. Efforts in this direction are proving more and more successful, and there are a number of factories in Europe where blood is thus economized.

Geographical Surveys.—In a recent monograph on the value of topographical surveys in reference to public health, Dr. James T. Gardner, Director of the State Survey of New York, calls attention to the defective drainage and consequent prevalence of malarial diseases in several populous districts of New York which would have been perfectly healthy if a topographical survey had preceded the settlement. In many localities it is not too late to remedy the evil, and unquestionably a due regard to the health of a country demands that the drainage should be systematically laid down after proper surveys have been made.

Grindstones.—Mr. J. E. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, has published a valuable pamphlet on grindstones containing all the literature of this important subject. The use of grinding processes in machine shops is rapidly increasing. Rolling, stamping and squeezing metal into shape and exact size without calling for planing, turning, or milling operations, are practices of great economic value in mechanism. Cutlery of all kinds, knives, forks, scissors, scythes, besides many parts of engines and other machines are forged to exact dimensions, and the emery-wheel or the grindstone and hone give the finish. Mr. Mitchell's pamphlet on "How to Use a Grindstone," will therefore prove of positive value to mechanics.

Chemical Analysis.—Many persons have as great a fondness for dabbling in chemistry as for carpenter work, and the time appears to be approaching when no well-regulated household will be without a laboratory. For the use of such persons and for students in schools of applied science, Professors Douglas and Prescott, of the University of Michigan, have, through D. Van Nostrand, publisher, New York, got out a practical guide in qualitative chemical analysis which is admirably arranged and easily understood. The authors have pursued the two methods of classification of the elements by which those which are first found in the way of analysis are put first, and those last found come last. Formerly the reverse process was pursued, and the student was taught in a back-handed way. The book will be received with favor by students as well as by practical men.

The Truths of Science.—We extract the following from a recent address before the Pharmaceutical Society of Edinburgh, on the "Relations of Chemistry to Modern Thought," by H. B. Baildon: "Nature as revealed by science displays an inexorable consistency and incorruptible veracity. There is no magic, no jugglery anywhere to be found; a result honestly obtained in the laboratory yields a fact true for uncounted worlds. Nature plays the same game fairly throughout; never recants or takes back a move; pays her losses promptly, ay, generously. And the qualities she rewards are excellent, too. Untrifling vigilance and inexhaustible patience, incorruptible fidelity to fact, joined with an unclouded, cool reason, a lucid, strong imagination, and an absolutely fearless loyalty to truth, are the virtues that win her confidence. No shrieking to be heard hereabouts then; rather a wonderful and calm process of culture to be witnessed."

What is Steel?—The Treasury Department is infected by a desire to participate in the discussion on steel which has been carried on with so much vigor among scientific men and in a recent order, reversing previous decisions, declares that the product of the Martin, or open hearth process, may be either iron or steel, and is subject to a higher or lower duty, according to the decision of the customs officer, based upon tests, to be applied in each individual case. In the meantime American manufacturers are somewhat alarmed at such a decision, as they have not a very elevated opinion of the average customs officer, and the principle of "you pay your money and takes your choice," while it may answer for the showman, is deemed to be unseemly in Government transactions. The highest authorities in the country, Mr. A. L. Holley and Dr. R. W. Raymond, say that the product of the Martin process is steel—that ought to settle the question.

A New Device for Raising Water.—M. Th. Foucault has invented a new apparatus for raising water by means of ammoniacal gas. If strong aqua ammonia is heated to the boiling point of water, so much ammoniacal gas is given off as to give rise to a pressure of 7½ atmospheres. By forcing the gas into a strong reservoir in which there is a layer of petroleum upon which ammonia has no action, and, after it is filled, allowing the boiler to cool by aid of a jet of cold water, the gas will return to the boiler, thus creating a vacuum in the reservoir. If now the reservoir is connected by a pipe with the source of water and the stop-cock opened, water will rush in to fill the reservoir. By heating the boiler and again expelling the gas, it exerts a pressure on the water and drives it out of the tank, and by condensation a vacuum is again produced and a new supply of water rushes in. The inventor claims that the consumption of fuel is insignificant compared with that of a steam-engine of equal capacity.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

VICE-PRESIDENT WHEELER is making a short sojourn at the Twin Mountain House, N. H.

TYNDALL'S latest honor comes from the University of Tübingen, which has made him an honorary doctor.

MADAME ETHELKA GERSTER, the new Hungarian prima donna, who is taking rank among the highest, is only 20 years old.

MRS. WILLIAM HYDE and Miss Sarah R. Sage, of Ware, have given to Mills Seminary, at Brooklyn, Cal., \$2,000 to found a scholarship for the daughters of clergymen, in memory of their father, the late Orrin Sage.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is personally popular in the British House of Commons, and it is with no pleasure that either political friends or political foes concur, as they do, in the opinion that his leadership has not been a success.

MR. IRVING is fortunate in his friendships. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has a box at the Lyceum by the season, for which she pays three hundred guineas, and whenever Mr Irving has a benefit this munificent lady sends him a purse of fifty guineas.

SENATOR THOMAS W. FERRY lives in an old-fashioned two story brown frame house at Grand Haven, Michigan. He is a bachelor, and his aunt, an unmarried lady nearly seventy years old, presides over his household. He has just recovered from his severe illness.

A NEW thing in balls has been hit out in London by a charming Spanish leader of fashion, Madame Murieta, recently made Marchioness of Sauterre. She attempted to break up the usual rush to the supper-room by serving supper in half a dozen different bedrooms.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE SEWARD always wears a small black skull cap. The reason assigned for the habit is that the cap covers the scars upon the head which still remain from the wounds received while endeavoring to shield his father, the late Secretary Seward, from assassination.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the famous English surgeon, has hit on a new method of spending his holiday. He has had constructed a house-boat, charmingly fitted and furnished, and in it, accompanied by his accomplished daughter, he is about to start on a sketching tour on the Thames.

AMADEUS, the ex-King, has been applied to more than once to furnish notes for a history of his brief reign in Spain, but it is a painful subject; and though personally he came out of the trial well, he prefers it should be forgotten, and has desired his aides-de-camp to keep silent on the subject, a wish hitherto respected.

"MME. MUSTACHE," who derives her name, the only one she is known by, from a dainty strip of black hair on her upper lip, is a fine-looking, plump, little Frenchwoman, about forty years old, who keeps a farobank and "deals her own game" in Dpadwood. She has followed her "profession" for fifteen years, and that is all anybody knows about her.

ABOUT the time of the close of our war John Bright was troubled with an affection of the throat, so that he could not get out a single sentence without clearing that organ, the effect being sometimes painful. But this year all that has disappeared; his voice is as sonorous as the note of an organ, his manner is buoyant, his memory much improved, and he seems destined to worry the Tories a good deal more than they had anticipated.

THE poet Stoddard began life at fifteen as an office-boy; served a while as a cloth-sponger in a tailor shop; tried blacksmithing with poor success, and then was apprenticed to an iron-molder. Meanwhile he wrote poetry and burned it. At last he made money enough to publish a book of poems, one copy of which was sold. He now lives in a little house on East Fifteenth Street, New York. Among his treasures are a box of manuscripts of English authors and a lock of John Milton's hair.

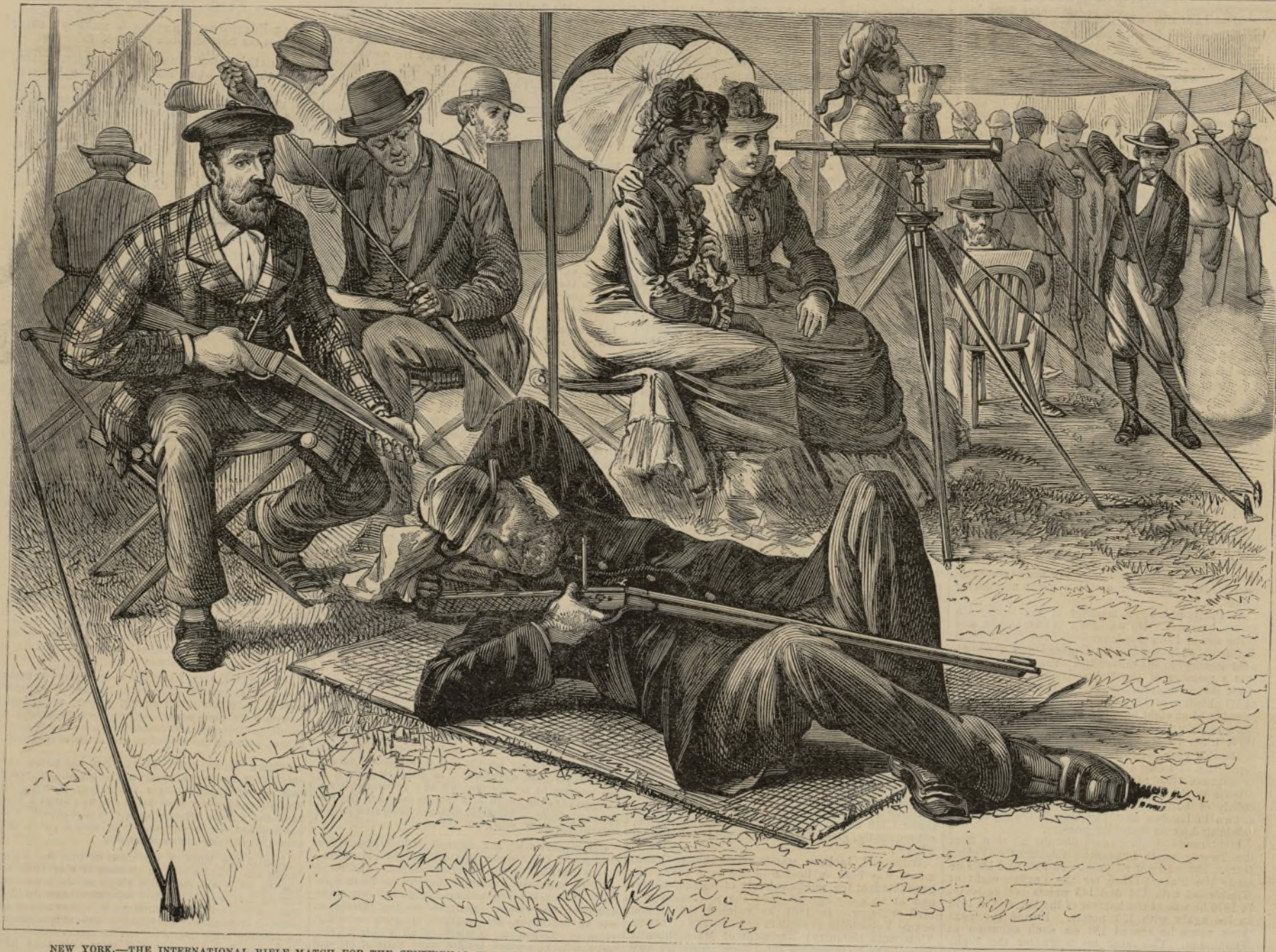
GENERAL LE DUC, Commissioner of Agriculture, thinks he has solved the "Chinese problem" for the Pacific Slope. He has been making inquiries into the capacities of the soil and climate of California, and is firm in the conviction that tea and sugar can be profitably raised there. He will make practical experiments on a large scale, and if the Chinese can be induced to take hold of the work, he thinks their competition in other departments of labor will be withdrawn, and so the question of what to do with the heathen will be settled.

AT White Sulphur Springs there are three gentlemen of the Hampton family, of South Carolina—Wade Hampton, the Governor; his son and namesake, and his (the Governor's) brother. Miss Grundy says she never saw so strong a family resemblance, and all look near the same age. All are tall, portly men, have dark hair and whiskers mixed with gray, and all wear both hair and whiskers in the same style. They wear side whiskers which meet the mustaches and end there; the chins are clean shaven. All mingle much in the society of the place.

THE only Russian general who is said to have distinguished himself in the Armenian campaign is Tergukasoff. The manner in which, with ten battalions, he thoroughly defeated the Turks, with twelve, on the 16th of June; the stubborn resistance by which, with only eight battalions, he checked Mukhtar Pasha's onslaught on the 21st; his gallant retreat with a half division, in front of twenty-three Turkish battalions, and his dashing flank march from Iglyon to Bayazid and the relief of that place, in front of two Turkish corps, both superior to him in numbers, stamp him as a commander of the first class.

CARDINAL MANNING, of England, is an indefatigable worker, getting through more business in seven or eight hours than most men could accomplish in sixteen. His ascetic face, with its keen, penetrating eyes and sharply cut features, wears the stamp of intellectual supremacy. He almost always wears the ordinary undress robes of a Catholic bishop, his scarlet skull cap and stockings denoting his cardinalial rank; and, as he rises to greet you, his attenuated figure gives an impression of greater tallness than he really possesses. He receives you with an unstudied dignity and a frank kindness, and at once leads you to talk of the business which has brought you to see him.

CHARLES O'CONNOR is seventy-three, and looks remarkably well for a man so many physicians tried to kill. He has been spending the Summer at Newport, and a correspondent there relates that he began life as a newsboy. His father was a rampant Irishman (he himself is a native New Yorker), who had been imprisoned in the old country for taking part in one of the innumerable rebellions. Coming to America, he set up a fiery anti-English weekly, the *Military Monitor*, at the outbreak of the War of 1812. Charles, then eight years old, carried the inflammable *Monitor* to his subscribers, beginning early Saturday morning, and not finishing his route often until midnight. He had to cross to Brooklyn and Jersey City in a small-boat. He did his duty faithfully, for he had the energy of his father, even as a child, and after he reached manhood he improved upon his inheritance.



NEW YORK.—THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH FOR THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY—SIR HENRY HALFORD, OF THE BRITISH RIFLE TEAM, TAKING HIS FIRST SHOT AT THE RANGE AT CREEDMOOR, L. I., AUGUST 29TH.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 27.

DESTRUCTION OF GAYVILLE, DAKOTA, BY FIRE.

THE town of Gayville, two miles from Deadwood, Dakota, was almost entirely destroyed by fire on the morning of Saturday, August 18th. It originated in the X 10 U 8 restaurant, owned by Mr. Varnes. The ceiling of the building was cloth, and the stovepipe, passing through, set a fire which spread with such rapidity that the entire building, in a few moments, was one mass of flame. On the first excitement the people in the adjoining buildings commenced removing their goods into the street, hoping to save all movable articles, and not supposing the fire would spread to the other side of the street. In spite of all efforts to check the course of the flames, they spread with surprising rapidity to the buildings above and below, and

in a few moments caught Campbell's billiard-hall on the opposite side. The fire continued with such fury, and extended its course so swiftly up the gulch, that it was deemed advisable to try some speedy method to check its further progress. Accordingly Mr. Hierb's building was blown up. This had the desired effect of stopping the devouring element in its path of destruction. At this time great efforts were made to save the dwellings in the rear of Main Street, and were successful, with two exceptions. It was now evident that the city was doomed, and further attempts to save the business portion of it were abandoned. All exertions were directed to preserving the planing-mill of Messrs. Miller, Silkenon & Co., just east of Main Street. The building was covered with blankets, and water was thrown thereon in such profusion that the effort was successful and the building was saved. The fire was finally checked at the Dead-

wood Saloon, which building, together with the Gayville Brewery and the Gayville Bakery at the upper end of the street, alone remain to mark the once flourishing town of Gayville. Goods were moved in all directions. Several hundred men were busily employed in carrying all kinds of merchandise, furniture and household goods of every description to places of safety. The side hills and the opposite side of the gulch were literally covered with every description of movable property. The citizens of South Bend, Central City, and all adjoining points, lent every aid in their power to save and protect property. In three hours about two hundred houses, ranging in value from \$50 to \$2,500 each, were destroyed. The total loss is estimated at \$60,000. There was no insurance. Our photographer lost everything save the clothes on his back, some instruments, and a few articles of family value.

INVENTION TO DESIGNATE STATIONS AND STREETS ON RAILROAD AND STREET CARS.

THE Station Indicator is an ingenious device invented and patented by Lieutenant J. W. Graydon, United States Navy, to be employed on a railroad or street-car to show to the passengers the name of the station, city, town or street that he is approaching. The names are placed upon an apron that is moved by two revolving cylinders, which are turned by means of a rod extending down through the forward part of the car. At the base of the rod is a shoe, placed near to and inside of the forward wheel. At a point near each station is an inclined plane about an inch and a half high, made stationary on the track. The shoe, when the car is moving, strikes this plane, causing the cylin-



DAKOTA.—DESTRUCTION OF THE TOWN OF GAYVILLE BY FIRE, ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 18TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. A. SCHILLER.



OHIO.—MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF COLONEL R. L. MCCOOK, IN WASHINGTON PARK, CINCINNATI, UNVAILED AUGUST 23D.

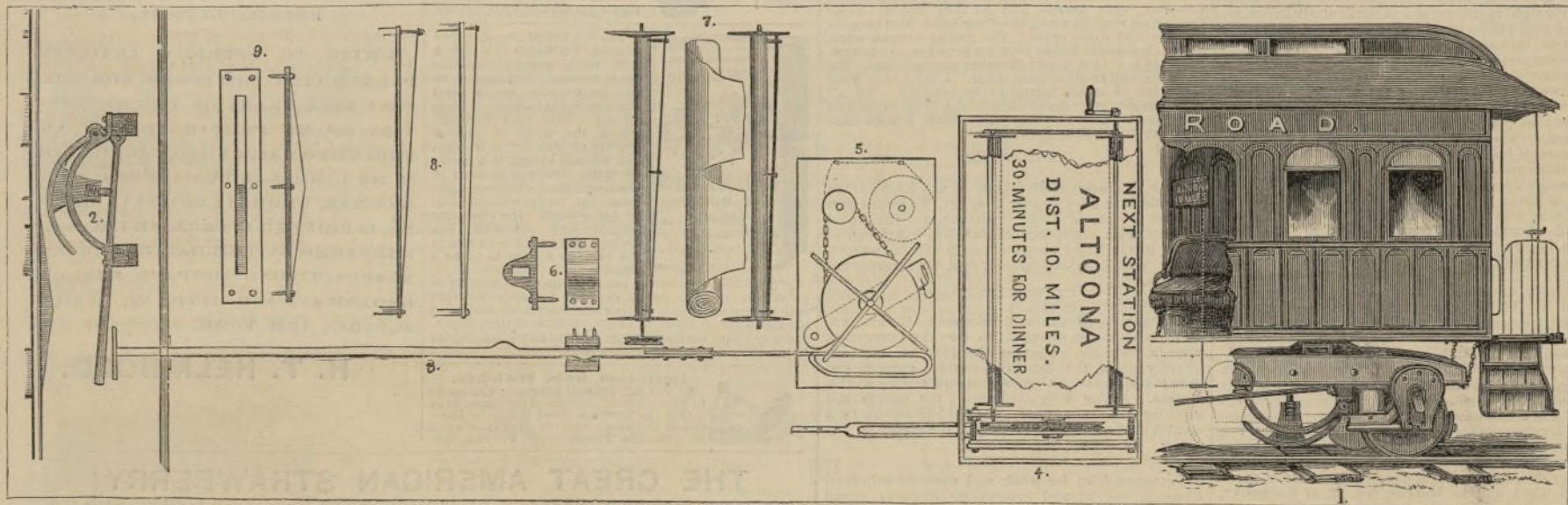


NEW YORK.—THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH FOR THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY—ASPIRANTS FOR THE AMERICAN TEAM COMPLETING THEIR SCORE AT CREEDMOOR.—SEE PAGE 27.

THE MCCOOK MONUMENT AT CINCINNATI.

THE monument erected to the memory of Colonel Robert L. McCook by his surviving comrades of the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, in Washington Park, Cincinnati, was unveiled on the morning of Thursday, August 23d. During the war the McCook family was represented in the Union army and navy by eighteen members. Robert L. McCook was fired upon by a squad of Forrest's cavalry near Salem, Ala., on the 6th of August, 1862, while being removed in an ambulance to a hospital, as he was suffering from camp dysentery, and died twenty-four hours after receiving the fatal shot.

Colonel McCook was the first commander of the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, the first German regiment raised in Cincinnati. He was the only American by birth in the regiment, and it is certainly a most striking tribute to his character that fourteen years after his death this monument should be raised to him by the faithful German hearts of his command.



LIEUTENANT J. W. GRAYDON'S INVENTION TO DESIGNATE STATIONS AND STREETS ON RAILROAD AND STREET CARS.

der placed in the car to revolve, thus displaying at every revolution a name marked on the apron. In front of the shoe is a wire broom, which keeps it free from all obstructions. A strong spiral spring is so arranged as to take all excess of motion imparted by jolting or the cars being heavily loaded.

In the illustration, Fig. 1 shows the rear of a parlor-car having side cut away to exhibit the position of the indicator as placed in the bulkhead of dressing-room. The rod which turns the cylinders is shown by a dotted line, as is also the shoe attachment under the car. The arm placed at right-angles to the lever rests on a heavy spiral spring, working in a tube attached to the guide of the shoe. When the shoe meets the incline it is thrown up, and raises the lever, which meets in its ascent the square plate on the lower end of the rod, and this is moved up to the bottom of the car. Then the lever stops, and the spiral spring takes up all increase of motion caused by jolts, etc. By this means a uniform vertical motion is given to the rod. Fig. 2 shows the shoe, lever, tube and spiral spring, and double incline. Fig. 3 shows rod connected to pusher, the arms of the latter resting on the guides. The rod has two projections on it, which, when ascending or descending, come in contact with the forward or after side of lower guide and give the necessary oscillating motion to pusher; when the pusher ascends it takes the course of the vertical portion of guide, pushing with it the arm of the large wheel. The pusher then returns to its original position, taking the left hand or outer course of guide. By so doing it clears the next arm of large wheel which has come into position for next motion of rod. Fig. 4 is a front view, with a portion of "apron" torn away in order to show the reels and the interior working. This also gives a side view of wheels and chain, with the pusher and rod, also radial arms of large wheel. Fig. 5 gives an end view of indicator, showing wheels and chain, with



OHIO.—NEW CITY HALL, ON THE CORNER OF SUPERIOR AND WOOD STREETS, CLEVELAND. PHOTOGRAPHED BY K. A. LEIBICH.

The monument occupies a commanding position in Washington Park—which is situated in the north-western portion of the city, and adjoining the German districts—and directly opposite the new Music Hall now building. It is of gray granite, twelve feet high, and surmounted by a large-sized bust of Colonel McCook. In the bust he is represented in the undress uniform of a colonel, with the overcoat thrown open and back. The Western rolling shirt-collar and plain knot tie complete the dress. The face is smooth, the long, abundant hair parted on the right side and thrown back. The handsome, well-cut features are strongly marked and have a keen, determined expression, as if in the act of command. The angular jaw and firmly set mouth contribute to the impression of determination stamped upon the face, which is approvingly vouched for as an excellent likeness by the surviving brothers of the favorite commander. The bust rests on a square pedestal of gray granite twelve feet high, making the whole height over fifteen feet. The panels of the pedestal are polished. The monument faces the new Music Hall, and on the die in raised letters appears as inscription the name, "Colonel R. L. McCook." Around the spire there are thirty-four stars in bas-relief—the number of States in the Union the year McCook fell. Around the cap on which the bust rests are four laurel wreaths, and on the front the acorn—the emblem of the Fourteenth Army Corps, to which the regiment belonged.

NEW CITY HALL, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE new City Hall at Cleveland, Ohio, which was completed in the Summer of 1875, has a frontage of 216 feet on Superior Street, and 125 on Wood Street. It is four stories in height, with mansard roof, and was built, chiefly of stone from the

Independence quarry, for a business block, but, when nearly completed, it was leased by the Common Council for a City Hall and public offices. The facade is divided by elaborate pilasters into nine parts, the centre one being used as the main entrance, the others as stores for the first floor, and offices for the rest. Passing the entrance, the visitor has a view at one glance through the stairwell of the successive flights of steps, made of native oak. Ascending the first flight, a longitudinal hall is reached, at either end of which is a stairway leading to the floors above and the minor entrances. In the immediate front are the reading rooms and public library, well lighted and thoroughly ventilated. The Council Chamber is on the next floor, a beautiful and spacious apartment, supplied on the front and rear with an abundance of committee, cloak, clerical and other necessary offices.

The building was erected by day's work, cost \$345,000, and is leased for \$3,600 per year.

TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

THE twentieth triennial convocation of Knights Templars of the United States was opened in Case Hall, Cleveland, Ohio, on Monday, August 27th. Early in the morning visiting commanderies began to arrive, and Oriental Commandery, of Cleveland, assisted by Hanselmann, of Cincinnati, Reed, of Dayton, and others who had recently arrived, acted as escorts, meeting them at the depot and conducting them to their various headquarters. By noon the streets were alive with knights, bands of music, and thousands of spectators, many of whom were from abroad. An unusually large number of ladies were in attendance, many going with their husbands from distant cities. The hotels were all crowded, and accommodations were afforded in private families. In the evening the streets were alive with people. The principal feature was the reception at Case Hall, where a concert was tendered by the Oriental Commandery of Cleveland. There was a magnificent audience collected. After an overture by the orchestra, Sir Knight Spaulding, chairman of the Reception Committee, made a few remarks, introducing Sir Knight W. G. Rose, Mayor of the City, who gave an address of welcome on the part of the city. He was followed by Sir Knight Brown, who gave a welcoming address on the part of the Oriental Commandery. Sir Knight C. C. Keifer, of Toledo, followed with an address on the part of the Grand Commandery of Ohio. The concert followed, and was received with great pleasure. During the evening about twenty bands were giving serenades at the various State headquarters.

On Tuesday there was a grand parade of State, local and visiting knights. It was not only successful as an immense pageant, but also on account of its completeness. There were by actual count while marching 4,435 men in the line and fifty-six bands of music. The procession was the most beautiful of its extent that has ever passed through the streets of Cleveland. The handsome uniforms, brilliant banners and glistening instruments of the richly attired bands were splendid in the sunlight, and the movements of the bands and commanderies in line were remarkable, as a rule, for grace and precision. Perhaps as well drilled a body as marched was the Cleveland police, leading the procession. The movements in passing under the arch approaching the City Hall were finely done, and the sight at that point was particularly imposing.

The procession occupied one hour and forty-five minutes in passing the City Hall, and as the last division passed by, the grand officers again took their carriages and followed in the line.

When the right of the line reached Erie Street the left was just passing up towards Prospect, so that it reached the entire distance from the square formed by Erie, Prospect, Wilson and Euclid, a distance of fully five miles. It was half-past eleven o'clock when the right of the column halted. After the entire command had been formed on the north side of Euclid Avenue, the captain-general and his staff rode down the line to the left and escorted the grand officers in carriages to the right, the divisions, beginning at the left, falling in in proper order, thus reversing the procession. When the grand officers reached the right, Oriental Commandery, the Grays, and police escort fell in and preceded them to the place of holding the session of the Grand Commandery, in the new Court Building. The divisions marched to convenient streets and disbanded, and the parade was at its close.

At nine o'clock on Wednesday morning the knights repaired to the Fair Grounds attended by an immense crowd, and eleven commanderies engaged in a competitive drill for prizes. Each commandery was allowed thirty minutes to drill. The prizes were awarded as follows: To Detroit Commandery, No. 1, first prize, a beautiful banner; Raper, No. 1, of Indianapolis, second prize, a silver libation set, and to Monroe, No. 12, of Rochester, N. Y., a set of Commandery jewels. The prizes were the gift of Oriental Commandery of Cleveland. Six United States Army officers acted as judges.

A Slight Mistake.

A CLEVERMAN, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a couple of days, visiting in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father which stated that he had "married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there was weeping, and wailing, and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things said. The tidy home was neglected, and, when the day of arrival came, the house was anything but inviting. At last Rev. Mr. — came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and, as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous, and evidently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked, "Where is our mother?" "In Heaven," said the good man. "But where is the widow with six children whom you wrote you had married?" "Why, I married her to another man, my dears," he replied, delighted at the success of his joke.

A D'BATIN society of cullud gemmen in South Carolina are discussing the question, "Which is the most beneficial to the country, the lawyer or the buzzard?" It need not be stated that the buzzard was honored by carrying off the honors of the day.

FUN.

A MICHIGAN widow recently hid her cow away under the bed to save it from the tax-collector. This may be called a genuine case of "cowhiding by a female."

WHEN the sluggard asked Solomon, in a time of great commercial depression, what he should do, and Solomon told him to go to the ant, he didn't seem to like the ant, sir.

It makes a boy heart-sick as the Winter's wood begins to loom up in steadily growing piles in the backyard, and he sees his mother making preparations for organizing him into "a workingman's party."

NEIGHBORLY.—"Can't stop a minute; baby's crying; but I just ran over to tell you that Mrs. Jones's husband came home a moment ago just as tight as he could be. Only think! Must go—knew you were not at the window to see him get home. Awful! Good-by, love."

IN requesting a waiter at Mansfield to pass him the mustard, Mr. Secretary Sherman explained that he spoke for himself alone, and did not wish to be understood as representing the wishes or preferences of the President. The mustard was then passed, the waiter stating that the act on his part had no political significance.

At a brilliant wedding, the pew-opener showed some very worthy but socially obscure people into pews. As soon as the clerk discovered it, he hastened to the pew-opener, and exclaimed: "Did you give those common people that pew?" "Yes," "What on earth did you do that for? Did you not know that they were only free-seat trash?"

MAMMA (who has been quietly watching certain surreptitious proceedings).—"Willie, who helped you to that cake?" Willie (promptly).—"Hebben, mamma." Mamma (sternly).—"Sh—sh—sh, you naughty boy! how dare you tell such stories?" Willie.—"Tain't my fault if it is a 'tory, ma. Didn't pa tell beggerman zat hebben helped zhose zat helped themselves?"

SHAKESPEARE AT MIDNIGHT.—Husband (as Romeo) experimenting with his night-key at the front door—"Too early seen unknown, and known too late." Wife (as Juliet), leaning out of the bedroom window, her cheek upon her hand—"Rummy, oh! rummy, oh! wherefore art thou rummy, oh?" Husband (looking up pathetically).—"Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye than twenty of their swords!"

THE HANDKERCHIEF TRICK.—A would-be swell, wishing for an excuse to speak to a beautiful woman in the street, with whom he was unacquainted, drew his nice white cambric handkerchief from his pocket, as he approached her, and inquired if she hadn't dropped it. She glanced at the handkerchief, nodded assent, thanked him, and marched on, leaving the exquisite to be laughed at by his companions.

AN UNLUCKY LOT.—A man picked up a purse in the street, one day, and advertised the fact. In ten days he was visited by sixty-one men, women, boys and girls, all claiming to have lost money. The sum found was but eleven dollars; but of each visitor who called, the finder asked, "So you lost fifty dollars, did you?" Nine-tenths of the applicants promptly replied, "Yes, sir." "Ah," said he, "yours was another purse."

AN OAKLAND huckster bought a fine mule by auction on California Street. He paid \$140 for it and christened it Martin Luther. After trying for three days to put its harness on from a second story window, the owner resold it for \$14, on long time, and under the style and title of Sara. It was purchased by the city government, and will henceforth be used to suppress riots. It is calculated that when backed gently but firmly into a mob, this faithful animal will be equal to four Gatling guns and a howitzer.

THEY loved each other, though he seemed to put more animation into it than she did. The parents, however, were averse, and so they stated. Then the young man haunted the river bank, and became morose and wrote epics. The young woman wept. When Cassandra heard this, he sent her the following epistle: "I call you Dolly for the last time. We have been all in all to each other. I shall bear your loss with as much fortitude as possible. We all must come to it. One plunge in the silent river and all is over. How we shall miss you! I shall continue at the store as heretofore."

GOOD TEA BISCUIT OR CAKES of any kind cannot be made with poor baking powder. To insure perfect success in all kinds of baking, get the Royal Powder in tin cans, securely labeled, every can of which is warranted absolutely pure and full weight. Loose or bulk baking powder sold for Royal is not genuine.

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IMPORTANT INVENTION.

MR. GEORGE WOODS, the ingenious organ-builder, has succeeded in applying to his parlor-organs a Swedish invention for the ready tuning of organ-pipes, which is proving of great interest to musicians, and is likely to work a revolution in the reed-organ business. The following is from "Scribner's" in regard to it:

"IMPROVEMENT IN ORGAN BUILDING.—In making wooden open-flue pipes for organs, a new method of constructing and grouping the pipes, and a supplementary system of tuning, has been brought into practical use that is worthy attention. In place of a row of pipes, each standing alone in its rank or register, an octave or more of the register is grouped together, all the pipes being cut from one solid block of wood. For the smaller pipes the front and back walls and the sides of the pipes are of a continuous piece of wood. For larger pipes, say from Middle C upward one octave, the front and back of the set or block of pipes are composed of single thin

pieces of board, and the sides of the pipes are formed by inserting vertical strips between the front and back giving two strips to each pipe, and thus leaving a hollow space between each pipe. The tuning is secured by cutting down the front and back of each pipe at the top. At the front a thin sheet of metal is secured in guides over this opening, and by sliding this up and down, the pipe is altered in length, and is thus easily tuned. At the back of each set or block of pipes is placed a horizontal plate designed to extend over all the openings at the back of the pipes. This slides freely up and down, and when it is raised the pitch of every pipe in that block is lowered in exactly the same proportion. The set of pipes in a rank is supplied with this arrangement and, by means of suitable machinery, all these plates may be moved at once by turning a lever at the organ-deck, and by lowering or raising the plates the entire rank is raised or lowered in pitch at the same time and in the same proportion. This ingenious and interesting method of construction is designed to furnish a compact and solid set of pipes for a reed-organ, when all the pipes must be securely in place so that the organ can be packed for transportation and to supplement and enrich the reed-organ tone. The tone of pipes made in this way is full and strong and resembles the common 'Claribel' stop in pipe organs, and in a reed-organ such a register adds greatly to the power of the instrument and gives an extra stop of a pleasing character."

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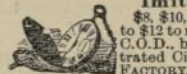
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The above cut is an exact representation. The rifle uses either fixed cartridges, which can be got everywhere (we will send a box for 35 cents), or RELOADABLE CENTRAL FIRE shells, which can be reloaded hundreds of times; box of these complete (six shells), 50 cents. Cut this advertisement out and preserve it.

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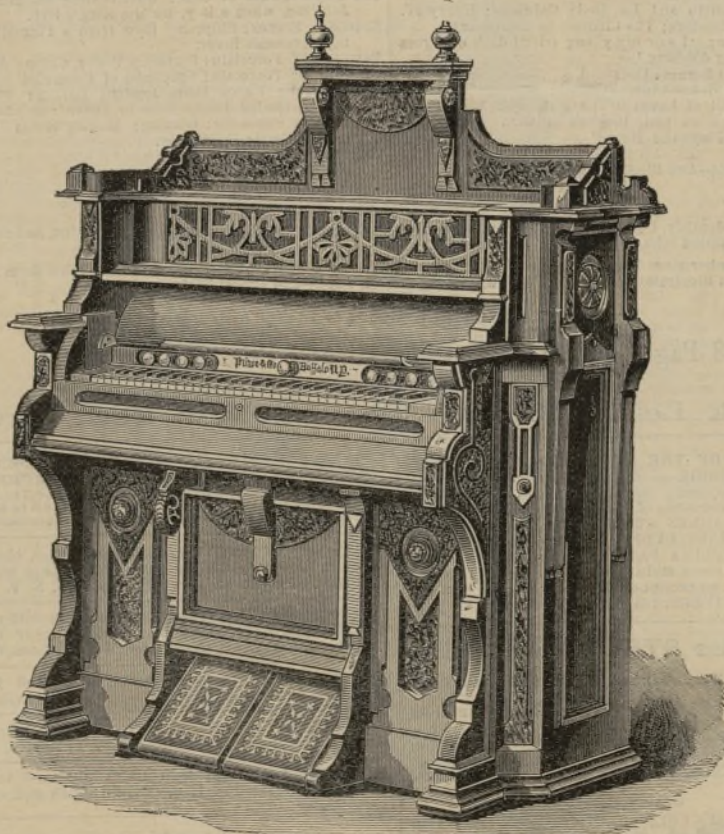
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