

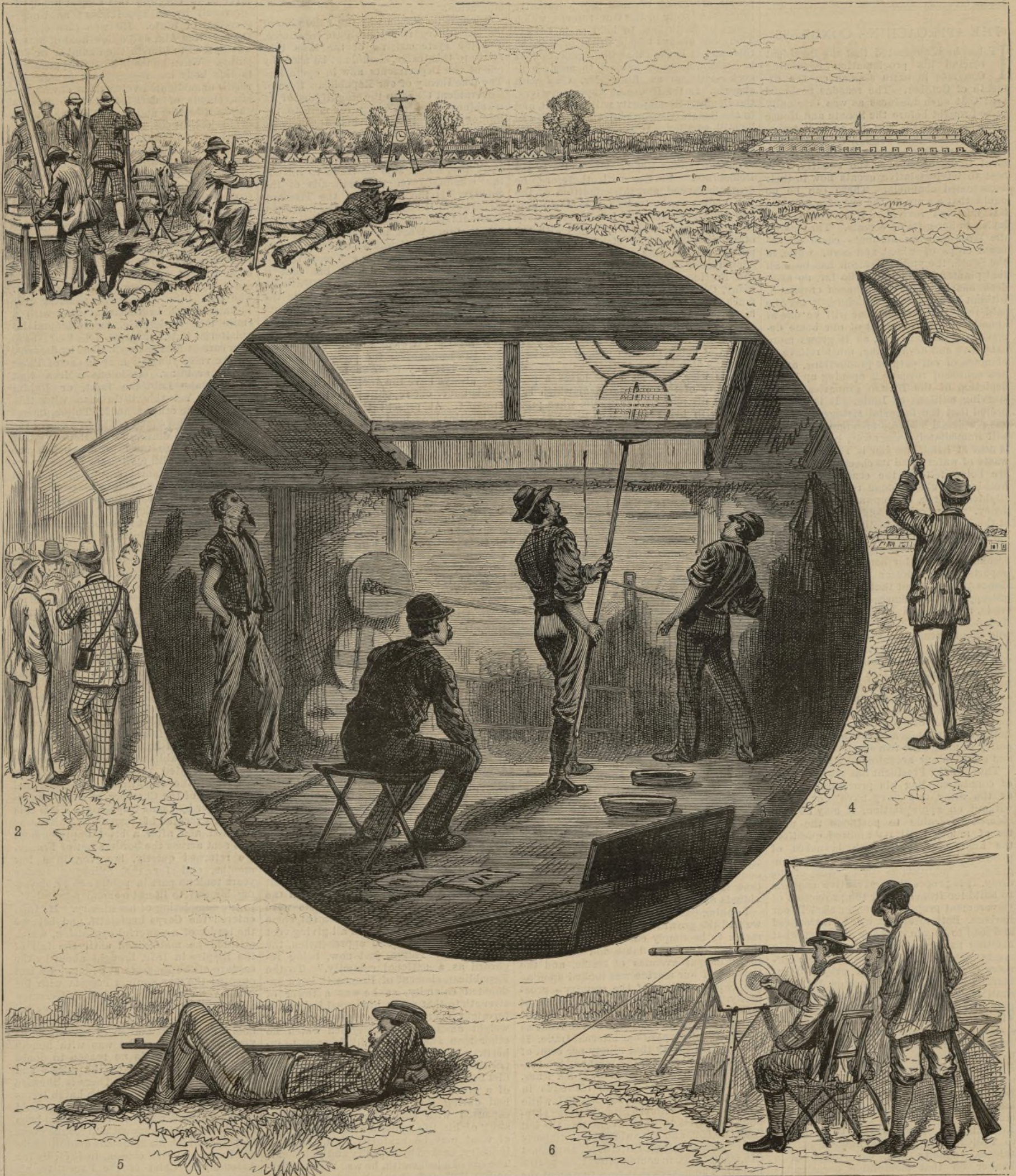
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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1. Sir Henry Halford "Coaching." 2. At the Lunch Booths. 3. In the Butts—Marking a Bull's-eye. 4. A Danger-Signal. 5. Dudley Selph. 6. Marking a Score.

NEW YORK.—THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE CONTEST OF 1877, AT CREEDMOOR—SCENES AND INCIDENTS DURING THE PREPARATORY PRACTICING OF THE TEAMS. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 39.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 22, 1877.

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THE APPROACHING CONGRESS.

It has been suggested that the President rescind his proclamation convening Congress in extra session on the fifteenth of October. The reasons assigned are: that such business as was originally to be brought before the Senate and House of Representatives can be as well transacted at the regular session so closely following, and that, in view of the improvement in business over the country, it is best to let legislative events flow in their accustomed channels. There can be no doubt that we are on the eve of a substantial business revival. Nature has been lavish in her gifts of cereals. Throughout the West glowing accounts come of unusual crops of wheat and corn, while in the South, the yield of cotton has been all that planters could wish. So far, no accident has befallen the tobacco crop, and, without going into particulars, it may be said that the present year will be one of abundance. Independent of our home demand, the Eastern war, as it grows more extensive and devastating, must relieve us of much of our surplus productions, and a new source of revenue is opening up in the depletion of the British granaries by the starving millions of India. It is not expected that the financial stringency which has perplexed business men and politicians will immediately pass away, but the dawn is near at hand, the sun is rising over the waste of waters, and its cheering influences are being felt in the centres of trade. Nothing should be done to arrest, in the slightest degree, this upward business tendency. Every one expects some excitement at the Fall elections in the several States, but the *furor* will be local and temporary. The whole aspect is changed when Congress speaks and acts, for both have a national importance and power for good or evil. Hence the argument that an extra session presupposes an emergency, a national crisis, and the bald idea, at this time, has its power overweak and capricious people, who manufacture mountains of molehills. Further, it is feared that aspiring and inconsiderate politicians may seize an opportunity in the extra session to go behind the business for which it is called, and inaugurate an unnecessary political excitement which will have a depressing influence on trade. For our part, we do not share in these apprehensions, yet it might be good policy to merge the two sessions into one, and go on in our accustomed way.

Thus far the President has made no sign of countermanding his proclamation, but as the army and navy have got along without an appropriation, it may be considered advisable to postpone the matter of money until its kindred question, the augmentation of both branches of public defense, can come up before Congress. In addition to an increase of the army, it is proposed in executive councils to build ten ironclads for the protection of Government property on water sites in our harbors. Both measures will be introduced and lead to debate, perhaps of a somewhat exciting nature, when Congress regularly meets. Then there is the troublesome currency question, involving a projected attempt to repeal the Resumption Act. We shall have on this subject, we fear, a display of anything but true statesmanship. The United States can boast of no Samuel Jones Lloyd, whose financial ability was such that Sir Robert Peel called upon him to devise a plan whereby the Bank of England might be saved, and the finances of the United Kingdom regulated. His plans succeeded, and for his services he is known to-day in the peerage as Lord Overstone and Fotheringay, of the County of Northampton. It will always be creditable to Peel that he availed himself of the talents, sagacity and experience of a banker on that memorable occasion in British parliamentary history. No doubt we have private citizens among us who

could do some such good work as Lord Overstone if the politicians in Congress, on both the Republican and Democratic sides, would consent to listen to their mature financial advice. But, unfortunately, nearly every prominent Senator and Representative has a personal and political axe to grind, and so there will, in all probability, be declamation enough on the financial bother to stir the public pulses up to an unnecessary fever-heat for the time.

The farmers have done their duty, and the business men mean to do theirs, that prosperity may once more bless the whole land. It is to be hoped that Congress will follow an example at once so laudable and patriotic. It should go to work with the single view of helping along the people in their grand effort to build up the fortunes of the Republic in all its parts. "You are a great people," once said the Portuguese Minister to Mr. Clay, "a very great people, sir!" Mr. Clay, whose love of country was of the most exalted kind, was delighted. "Tell me," said the Kentucky Senator, "why you think so, Mr. Minister?" "Why," replied the Portuguese, "the people are great because they constantly progress in spite of the Government, which seems to do its best to hold them back!" There has always been a world of truth in this, and it is time that the "powers that be" shall no more subject themselves to such criticism as filled Mr. Clay with chagrin. In the House of Representatives, the Democratic majority will be small, and in the Senate, the Republican majority will be still smaller. If the one Senator from South Carolina, and the two Senators from Louisiana are admitted, that body will stand thirty-nine Republicans to thirty-six Democrats. Parties will, therefore, be nearly balanced, and this condition of the two bodies ought to be favorable to wise and speedy legislation; for, if supremacy rests with one, it does not rest with the other, and, instead of strict party votes, patriotism and the good of the country should suggest compromises. Now that the President has restored sectional harmony, Congress should do nothing to mar, much less destroy, it. What we all want is peace, order, and that Roman love of country which will fasten the States together so indissolubly as to stifle hereafter the voice of hate and of ultraism. Congress should look to it that its legislation is wise, and such as befits a people weary of that demagogism which has brought distress to our doors, when prosperity with her benign face alone should have been seen.

PROBLEMS OF INTER-STATE COMMERCE.

ADVANTAGE is taken of the recent railway strikes, and the still more recent session of the National Board of Trade, to urge the necessity of establishing a Department of Commerce at Washington. The advocates of this measure say that with a well organized department, and monthly reports being made of the earnings, tonnage, and labor of all the railroads of the country, the Government would be enabled to provide for maintaining order and thus prevent the serious interruptions and fluctuations of our commercial relations. This implies a future right of guardianship on the part of the Government, by limitation of rates upon through traffic, where such traffic passes from one State to another, to and through competing points. Such guardianship could only be exercised by a clearing-house system, under which the railroads would manage their own business, subject only to the supervision of commissioners appointed to see that the rules and regulations of Congress are carried out. Of course, this is a very different thing from giving the Government control of the roads, but it suggests at the start the very serious question whether it might not be only the opening wedge for larger interference in time to come. The Government has never done well when it has gone into business that is better managed by private individuals or by corporations.

Looking back for a quarter of a century we find the growth of our inter-State commerce to be simply enormous. A generation ago the rivers, lakes and ocean were the principal avenues of traffic, and the tonnage of our marine was looked upon as the chief measure of the country's prosperity. Since that time the proportion of foreign commerce has vastly diminished, and the railroads now come to the front as the representatives of our internal trade. It is estimated to-day that ninety per cent. of all the traffic between the West and the seaboard is carried over the great trunk lines. The estimated value of the railroads in the United States is \$4,600,000,000, while the total value of American and foreign shipping employed in our foreign trade is but \$200,000,000, and the value of our imports and exports is only \$1,121,634,277 as against \$18,000,000,000 in commodities transported by rail. The figures that thus represent the enormous growth of our internal commerce are made an argument in behalf of a

Department of Commerce that shall properly present their statistics and present such returns and frame such regulations as shall tend to the general welfare. For example, we have a railroad that is controlled by one management, yet that extends, with its branches, into eleven different States, and has a business which is second only in extent and influence to that of the United States. Now it is of vital importance to know the extent of responsibility incurred in the different States, under so many and diverse laws with their varied interpretations, even if there should never be any general system of rules adopted by the Government for the guidance of the railroads. Though custom is said to make laws in the absence of all laws, it sometimes happens that custom is one thing in Massachusetts, another thing in Illinois, and something still different in New York. That there should be a given source of information on points relating to inter-State commerce must be conceded; but that it should necessitate the formation of a new and costly department of the General Government is quite another consideration.

There is no reason why the collection of statistics in regard to inter-State commerce, and the systematizing of the laws that relate to this traffic, should not be made by one of the Departments now in operation. The true theory of our Republican form of Government tends to the simplifying of its machinery and reducing its cost to the minimum figure, rather than to any increase in either direction. The report of the Secretary of the Treasury that now covers the commerce upon our sea-coast, rivers and lakes, might also be made to include the commerce on the railroads of the country. If the burden on the Treasury Department is now too large, the Secretary of the Interior might take the matter under his charge. What is wanted is not that the Government should assume any control of our internal commerce any more than it does of our foreign traffic, but that it should furnish to the country a clear idea of the inter-State commerce now in the hands of the railroads, with its advantages and drawbacks. When that is done the people can judge for themselves how far the railways are doing the best that can be done for the prosperity of the land, and if any changes are necessary, they always have the remedy in their own hands under our republican system of government. At present the United States authorities have no knowledge officially of any railroads doing business, except such as have had subsidies or government contracts; yet it would not be amiss to have some systematic returns of our internal commerce made to one of the bureaux already in existence, and the advantages would be very great.

In the future the railways are to play the most important part of all in the commerce of the country. Direct interference by the Government might be extremely mischievous, and this is certainly no time to increase the machinery and cost of the General Government. The problems of inter-State commerce are altogether likely to work themselves out to a satisfactory solution, if the public are kept properly informed as to the extent of our inter-State commerce, the hands into which it has fallen, and its relations to the people at large.

THE DEATH OF EX-PRESIDENT THIERS.

THE death, on September 4th, of ex-President Louis Adolphe Thiers deprived France of her most illustrious citizen since the first Napoleon, and the continent of Europe of one of its most distinguished statesmen. The suddenness of his carrying-off heightened the shock of the calamity, and we may readily accept the statement which came across the Atlantic cable on the following day, that "it would be impossible to convey an idea of the grief and consternation which prevail in Paris. At an early hour, although the weather was inclement, the streets were filled with people in great excitement, some actually shedding tears, and all giving vent to feelings of grief and apprehension, the death of M. Thiers, just now, being regarded as a national calamity." To the Republican element of France it is an undoubted calamity, as he was a tower of strength to that party, his sound judgment, foresight, energy and courage giving him a weight among his countrymen which no other man shared or is likely soon to inherit. In the exciting state of French politics, and the momentous electoral conflict now impending, his death was the loss of a great power for the cause which he had during the latter years of his life espoused with such signal ability. The story of his life teaches a valuable lesson of what may be achieved by determined industry, backed by capacity and judgment. The son of a locksmith, he was born in Marseilles, 1797, and, after being admitted to the Bar established himself in Paris, in 1820, in humble and almost destitute circumstances.

Being compelled to earn a subsistence, he began to write for the newspapers which, under the then existing Bourbon rule, were oppressed and hampered by government interference. It was while thus supporting himself with a slender income that he wrote the history of the French Revolution. The two opening volumes of this work were laid before the public in 1823, and created an immediate sensation, two editions being sold as rapidly as they could be produced. The name of Thiers was thus brought into notice, and this fortunate venture was the foundation of all his after success. His newspaper contributions were eagerly sought for, and were read in every portion of France. Entering with earnestness into the political arena, he was taken into the councils of the faction opposed to the ministry of Charles X., and he performed such good service for his new associates with his trenchant pen that not only was the Ministry overthrown, but the King himself was deposed. Louis Philippe, "the Citizen King," becoming his successor, Thiers was rewarded for his services in effecting this almost unlooked-for result by an appointment as Under-secretary of State. He was also elected Deputy from Aix, and a new field of action was opened to him in the Chamber of Deputies. When he made his first appearance in this body his insignificant person and shrill, unmodulated voice drew down upon him shouts of derision; but he quickly gained a footing and compelled the respect of his colleagues. A French writer in the "Gallery of Distinguished Contemporaries" describes his appearance as a legislator in the following words: "On entering the Chamber of Deputies on a parliamentary field day, you may see a little man in the tribune in a state of violent agitation. His head is only just visible above the marble rail that tops the narrow cage from whence each speaker in his turn perorates. The face that belongs to that head is a very plain one, and, as it were, hung behind a huge pair of spectacles, but the features are lively, mobile, expressive and original. The lips, thin, capricious, sneering like Voltaire's, are in continual play with a smile that is delicate, sarcastic and inquisitorial in the extreme. * * * Stop your ears at first and open them by degrees, for the voice you will hear is one of those shrill, scolding, strident voices that would make Lablache faint, or Rubini shudder. Yet this little man with this voice is none other than M. Thiers, one of the most eminent men of the day, one of the most powerful orators in the House. That squeaking voice utters words which are always heard with favor, and are often applauded with frantic enthusiasm. From that nasal larynx flows out a speech clear as crystal, rapid as thought, weighty and concise as meditation."

With patient effort he so far succeeded in overcoming the defects of his elocution that few men were listened to in the Chamber with closer attention than the little Deputy for Aix. He threw himself into parliamentary debate with such ardor that he speedily made himself both feared and respected. In six years he had become Prime Minister of France. He was then but thirty-nine years of age, and to all appearances he had reached the summit of his greatness.

But he was destined to live for yet loftier station and to render his country far greater services than those we have recorded. His public prominence continued until the fall of Louis Philippe in 1848, and it is not unlikely that, if his counsels had been followed, that unfortunate monarch would have retained his crown. Upon the establishment of the Republic, Thiers accepted the situation, and was elected to the Constituent Assembly, and a member of the Chamber of Deputies presided over by Louis Napoleon. When this usurper executed his *coup d'état*, Thiers was arrested, and after a brief imprisonment was sent across the borders out of France. He returned quietly, however, in a few months, and for the following twelve years took no part in public affairs, devoting himself to literature, and particularly to the completing of his history. He then entered the Corps Legislatif, and became the leader of a powerful opposition, which attitude he maintained until the fall of the Empire in 1870, brought about by the capture of the Emperor at Sedan. He had opposed the war against Prussia with his whole vigor. France, crushed by Germany and distracted by internal dissension, called upon Thiers to save her, and he responded nobly, despite his burden of seventy-three years. Endowed as he was with honors and wealth, there is no reason to doubt that he was actuated by the purest and most patriotic motives. There is likewise little reason to doubt that the harsh terms imposed by Germany upon France would have been much more severe had it not been for his tact and judgment and for the great respect in which his name was held throughout Europe. Being chosen, in 1871, by the Assembly as Chief of the Executive, his great measures were the immediate negotiation of the preliminary treaty of peace, the crushing of the Commune, and the wonder-

fully successful national loan for paying the German indemnity. In that same year his term of office was prolonged to three years, with the title of President of the Republic. In 1873, however, having failed to establish the Republic on a permanent basis by legislative enactment, he resigned his office, and was succeeded by MacMahon. In 1876 he was again elected to the Assembly, and continued down to his last day on earth the strongest supporter of the Republic in the National Council, and the mainstay of the Republican Party. His loss at this juncture places that party in great peril, from which nothing can save them but the exercise of cautious, united effort to counteract the schemes of the De Broglie Ministry. Such a calamity as M. Thiers's death could not have occurred at a more critical and inopportune moment for the fortunes of Republican France.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

THE institution of "commercial travelers"—*drummers*, as they are denominated in mercantile slang; *commis voyageurs* of the French—though of recent origin in this country, has assumed an importance as a factor in internal commerce which justifies its consideration at the hands of the business public, and more frequent notice on the part of the press than it commonly obtains. That it is, however, growing in the public estimation is made specially obvious by the fact that Dr. Young, in his recent admirable report on the "Internal Commerce of the United States," has conceded to this organization a high position as one of the "competitive forces affecting commercial movements between different sections of the country." According to this report, the establishment of this agency of commerce has "not only introduced important changes into the etiquette of trade, but it has been the means of developing new commercial movements, and of greatly extending the limits of the commerce of various cities." In fact, the methods of the commercial business have been completely revolutionized since the introduction of commercial travelers. This system serves the purpose of bringing business establishments into personal acquaintance with each other; saves provincial and country buyers the necessity of making long and expensive journeys—by carrying samples of goods to their own doors; acquaints manufacturers and importers with the changing tastes of different localities; enables the latter to gain a knowledge of the standing and business success and prospects of their customers by personal investigation without the interposition of mercantile agencies; and, in fine, effects in commercial relations what neither telegraph nor post-office could ever do half so well—an acquaintance with the business status all over the country through personal intercommunication. Of course, also, this system acts educationally, in rearing a body of expert and experienced men, whose knowledge of the ins and outs, tactics, and ways and means of business, is calculated to be of the greatest possible benefit to their employers in the meantime, and a most serviceable aid to themselves, when they in turn become employers. The number of commercial travelers in active employment in Great Britain is said to be about forty thousand; in this country, we had, in the good business times, as many as sixty thousand. The plan is still comparatively new here, and when trade revives under efficient and judicious legislation, this number will doubtless increase greatly.

At present the commercial travelers of the United States form a "guild" among themselves, and have associations calculated to benefit and advance their interests as a body. Recently it has been stated that some five hundred of these shrewd business-messengers, belonging to New York, have formed a "hotel league," selecting one hotel in every town and city in the country, which they are in the habit of visiting; this with a view of obtaining special rates and particular immunities. The business is calculated to develop and utilize all the shrewdness and capacity which are a part of the birthright of the American man of business; and, though "drummers" furnish a staple subject for the exercise of newspaper wit, there is no doubt that this acute, intelligent and energetic body of men have done very much to advance internal traffic wherever they have been employed. But, besides all this, the constant employment of so large a number of men in duties requiring them to be always "on the move," and spending probably nine months in the year in traveling, could not but exert a very marked effect on the business of passenger transportation throughout the country.

"As to this," says Dr. Henry Young in his report, "every sale made by the commercial traveler tends to promote the prosperity of the city in which his business house is located, and to extend the commercial influence of that city. This creates competition with other commercial cities, and forces transportation lines to provide the requisite facilities to meet the new de-

mands of trade. At the present time there are very few manufacturing or commercial houses in this country which do not employ one or more commercial travelers, and it is an indisputable fact that the energy, tact, and persistency of these men have much to do in determining the direction of the commercial movements of the day." Twenty years ago the commercial traveler was regarded as a sort of privateer upon trade, and this repute undoubtedly caused his operations to be lacking in some of the essential characteristics of legitimate business transactions. But, as the avocation has increased in importance, it has advanced in dignity, and the almost opprobrious appellation of "drummer," at first applied to those engaging in it, has been exchanged for that of "commercial traveler," certainly one more befitting the occupation. Of course the introduction of the commercial traveler in business operations brought about not only competition between such houses as employed them, but among the travelers themselves. The stories which are narrated of the various devices resorted to by cunning drummers to outwit their fellows in making sales, or to "get the start" of them in reaching customers, would fill a goodly volume. All this is essentially the "life of trade," and in good times infuses a spirit of rivalry among all concerned, which results in the most active and spirited transactions. It is, therefore, seen that the institution of commercial travelers performs many and important functions, and acts to benefit numerous classes of trade. Transportation lines gain by them not only in passenger traffic, but by the freight which their mission sends to all parts of the country. Hotels reap their share of profit in offering them an asylum, and in bringing together, in the apartments allotted to the "samples" of the commercial traveler, representatives of the local trade, who generally leave some of their money either at the bar or the lunch-counter. Telegraph lines are flooded in busy seasons with the dispatches of the "travelers," conveying their orders to their respective firms. The Post Office conveys constantly their letters, displaying the state of the markets and the progress of their journeys. And so all classes gain, more or less, through the clever enterprise of the organization to whose merits and uses we have devoted the present article.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SUGAR CULTURE.—General Le Duc, the Commissioner of Agricultural Affairs, has for some time been engaged in the consideration of important matters affecting the sugar interests of the United States, with particular attention to the subject of the increasing growth of that staple in this country. He believes that there can be a saving of more than \$60,000,000 a year to this country by the production of the sugar at home that is now imported. The Commissioner is now in correspondence with sugar-planters and others in the South and Southwest, and has also received information from the growers of sugar beet in relation to his intention of endeavoring to decide upon some plan for increasing the growth of sugar in the United States. Planters and others generally agree that there can be much larger productions of sugar in this country than there is at present, and all who have communicated with the Commissioner on the subject assure him of their co-operation.

IMITATING GREENBACKS.—Many complaints have reached the Treasury Department that merchants and business men in various parts of the country have been in the habit of printing business cards bearing such close appearance to the United States and national bank issues that many people have been deceived thereby, and quantities of it passed as good money by parties who have gathered a number of these cards. These issues are all in violation of law, of which the persons employing such means of advertising their business seem to be totally ignorant. The penalty is a heavy fine and imprisonment. The practice, however, continues, and all because of ignorance of the law. Many indictments have been found against persons on this account, and the department now intends to prosecute to the full extent further continuations of this business, as a matter of protection to the community, the poor and more ignorant members of which are very thoroughly imposed upon.

THE WAR IN THE ORIENT.—In the East, there are some indications of a turn in the tide of war. Suleiman Pasha has failed to dislodge the Russians from the Shipka Pass, and has exhausted his fine army of veterans in the futile attempt. The Russians hold their ground in Bulgaria, and have resumed the offensive. Reports of jealousies on the part of the three leading Turkish generals are circulated, and, if true, this fact may have serious results on the campaign. It is a question whether military jealousy is not a greater calamity than military incompetency. We may look for some desperate fighting before the rainy season sets in, and it is likely enough that the Russians will occupy themselves during the winter with besieging the great fortresses of the Bulgarian quadrilateral. On the other hand, reports of efforts to restore peace are once more in circulation. The London Times appeals to Germany to try mediation; but Germany has her part to play decided upon, and will scarcely put herself out to allay English apprehensions. It is likely enough that the Turkish victories have somewhat disarranged the plans of the Triple Alliance. There seems little reason to doubt that the three Emperors had settled upon a project

for the partition of Turkey, as Poland was partitioned a century ago by the self-same three Powers. This project was based upon the certainty of a sure and rapid Russian success. Should the Turks continue to show an unsuspected vitality, it would be a problem for Germany and Austria whether or not to actively assist in their subjugation. At least we might reckon on their consent to allow Serbia to join in the war.

DESERT LAND FRAUDS.—The purchase of arable lands in California, under the provisions of the Act passed at the last session of Congress relative to the sale of desert lands in large bodies, has assumed such proportions as to have been the subject of consultation in Cabinet. This is believed to be one of the greatest swindles of late years, and the whole subject was referred to the Attorney-General for an opinion in regard to the legal points involved. An investigation, which will probably be made by Congress when it meets, bids fair to disclose some very sensational facts in regard to this matter. Whether the job had its inception in Congress, and whether the promoters of the bill had already perfected their plans, before its passage, for gobbling up immense tracts of valuable land in California, is not known; but no evidence of such conspiracy—at the time the bill passed—has been received by the President or the Cabinet.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S WILL.—The last testament of Brigham Young was read Sept. 3d, in the presence of all his wives and children and a few friends. Brigham Young, Jr., George Q. Cannon and Albert Carrington are named as his executors. The estate is largely real estate, and is probably worth \$2,000,000. The will was made four years ago, and his youngest child, born of Mary Van Cott, was then three years old. Brigham Young was the father of fifty-six children, and left seventeen wives, sixteen sons and twenty-eight daughters. The will aims to make an equitable division of the property between all the wives and children, with no preference to any. Most of them have already had something decided to them. On this a valuation was set, and it is to be charged to the recipients as part of their share, though not necessarily at the valuation he put upon it. That is to be equitably adjusted when the estate is divided, upon the youngest child coming of age. Meanwhile the income is to go to the various mothers according to the number of their children, and they can withhold it if the children behave badly. All are provided for as far as their present needs are concerned.

OSMAN PASHA.—On September 4th the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal* published a letter from a reliable gentleman, wherein it is denied that Osman Pasha, of the Turkish army, is General Bazaine, late Marshal of the French army, as stated in a cable telegram to that paper. The writer claims to have been well acquainted with Osman Pasha, and has a number of letters from him in his possession, and further says that Osman Pasha is an American, and a native of Hawkins County, Tenn. His name is R. Clay Crawford, and he was a colonel of a regiment of artillery during the late war. He afterwards entered the service of the Liberal Government of Mexico, and was made general of a division. He created considerable stir by the capture of Bagdad, Mexico, passing his forces over the Rio Grande from the Texas shore. He finally quarreled with Juarez, the Mexican President, and returned to the United States with a large fortune. He resided for several years at a beautiful country seat on the Delaware, near Philadelphia. His restless disposition caused him to seek excitement, and he entered the service of the Khedive of Egypt, was soon after transferred to the service of the Sultan, and commanded the Turkish army at Plevna.

SITTING BULL.—On September 6th the instructions of the Sitting Bull Commission were given to Colonel Corbin, Secretary, to be delivered to General Terry, who is designated President of the Commission. The instructions, after reciting the circumstances which led to war between Sitting Bull and the United States, and the facts of his retreat to British territory, declares that Sitting Bull's presence there promises to be a source of uneasiness to the Government of Canada, and a possible cause of diplomatic complication; and that the United States is willing to treat with the hostile chief on the basis of a pardon to himself and all his warriors for past offenses, and, in return, demands the unconditional surrender of their arms, ammunition and ponies, and that they proceed forthwith to such reservation as shall be selected by the Government of the United States for them. In the event of the hostile Indians declining to accept these propositions, the Commissioners are directed to suspend all further negotiations, and to come home, leaving the Canadian authorities to deal with these Indians as they think proper. It will be the further purpose of the Government of the United States to wage a vigorous war upon these hostile Indians should they, at any time thereafter, return to American territory; and with this view the military commanders of the line of northern forts will be directed to make frequent reconnaissances, and keep themselves fully advised of any attempts to cross the border.

MEXICAN RAILROADS.—The United States Minister to Mexico has transmitted to the Department of State an interesting report upon the railroads of that country, from which it appears that there is but one railroad of any extent in Mexico—that which runs from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, with a branch (292 miles) connecting the latter place with Puebla, and another branch (sixty-one miles) running from near Vera Cruz to Jalapa. All the other roads in the Valley of Mexico aggregate less than fifty miles. The road is controlled by English owners. The total indebtedness of the road is \$37,702,735. The total earnings in 1876 exceeded \$2,000,000, while the working expenses were only a fraction over \$1,300,000. The number of passengers carried over the road was 238,932, the fares amounting to \$354,559. The freight amounted to 123,517 tons. Fifteen per cent. of the customs dues was set apart yearly to pay the subsidy due

the company on the completion of the road, but the Government, in lieu of this, has agreed to pay \$560,000 yearly, for twenty-five years. In consequence of the steep grade on this road, heavy English engines have heretofore been used thereon, but at present the American Baldwin engines are being successfully introduced, and American cars are also superseding the English make. The want of railroads is acutely felt throughout Mexico, and the subject of concessions for their construction will, it is supposed, be a leading topic at the next session of Congress. The capital for their construction must come from abroad, to a large extent.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The rules for the government of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1878 have just been promulgated in a decree by President MacMahon of the Republic of France. Article 1 appropriates \$300,000 for prizes, which are to be distributed under the direction of an International Jury. Article 2 declares that the International Jury shall be composed of 650 members, 350 foreigners and 300 Frenchmen. The foreign jurors shall be selected from the different nations, according to the space occupied and the importance of the display made by them. Three hundred and twenty-five jurors are also to be nominated, who are to serve as substitutes, of which 175 will be foreigners and 150 Frenchmen. The French members of the jury are to be named by the "Superior Commission," and the foreigners by the Government of each country. All of the nominations must be made on or before January 1st, 1878. The prizes placed at the disposal of the International Jury in Article 6 are regulated as follows: Seventeen medals of honor and objects of art of French origin, 32 first medals, 44 second medals, and 48 third medals. Article 7 divides the prizes named in the preceding article among the four sections of the fine arts which correspond with the classes of the first group: First Section—Classes 1 and 2—8 medals of honor, 15 first medals, 20 second medals and 24 third medals. Second Section—Class 3—4 medals of honor, 8 first medals, 12 second medals and 12 third medals. Third section—Class 4—3 medals of honor, 6 first medals, 8 second medals, and 8 third medals. Fourth section—Class 5—2 medals of honor, 3 first medals, 4 second medals and 4 third medals. The jury for the groups of Objects of Art will comprise 63 members. The prizes to be awarded by the Jury for the products of agriculture and industry are as follows: One hundred grand prizes, and exceptional allowances in silver, 1,000 gold medals, 4,000 silver medals, 8,000 bronze medals, 8,000 honorable mentions. The medals will all be struck after one model.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S policy was indorsed by the Pennsylvania State Republican Convention.

WENDELL PHILLIPS received the nomination for Governor in the Massachusetts Greenback Convention on the 5th.

CRAZY HORSE, a Sioux chief, was arrested, and on attempting to escape was stabbed with a bayonet, from which wound he died.

The annual meeting of the Social Science Association was held at Saratoga, N. Y., and of the American Library Association in New York.

GESNER, the forger, was indicted; Galloway, an alleged accomplice, arrested and indicted, and Weston admitted to bail, and permitted to leave New York.

The visiting Governors were received in New York and given an excursion in the harbor. A committee was appointed to arrange for an annual gathering of all the Governors.

WILLIAM M. TWEED was examined as a witness by the Aldermanic Committee on Municipal Frauds in New York. He spoke freely and in detail of the history and operations of the various rings.

FIVE factories and twenty-two tenements on the west side of New York were destroyed by fire on the 3d, and several other buildings damaged. The loss of life had not been ascertained when this paper went to press.

FUNERAL services, arranged by himself before his death, were performed over the remains of Brigham Young at Salt Lake City, on the 2d. A memorial meeting was held the same day by the Mormons in Williamsburg, L. I.

DURING the week ending Saturday, September 8th, the price of gold in New York showed a steady downward tendency, opening on Monday at 104, it closed at 103½ and fluctuated thence at 103½, 103½, 103½ and 103½.

Foreign.

A DEFICIT of 11,000,000 Turkish pounds in the estimates for 1877-8 was conceded by the Porte.

UNITED STATES MINISTER NOYES was officially received by the President of France on the 5th.

The Councils of Dundee and Aberdeen voted to extend the freedom of their cities to ex-President Grant.

CHIEF JUSTICE SHEA, of the Marine Court of New York, received the freedom of the City of Cork, Ireland.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, the celebrated historian, statesman and ex-President of France, died suddenly on the 3d, aged 80 years, and was buried on the 9th.

GENERAL MELIKOFF, the most active and successful of Russian officers, was removed from the command of the forces in Armenia charged with exceeding orders.

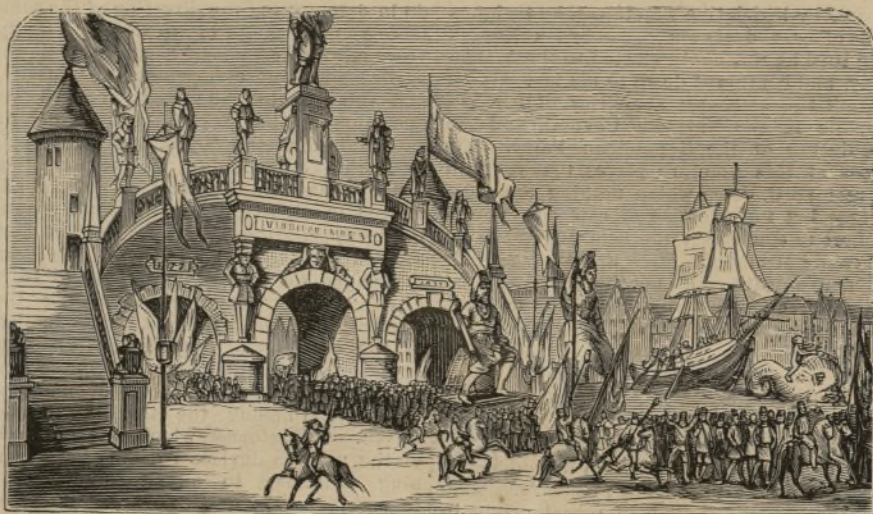
Up to Saturday, September 8th, Russian reports on the war claimed a victory over the Turks at a point five miles from Plevna, a renewal of the cannonading along the Shipka Pass, and the capture of Lovatz after a fierce engagement.

TURKISH authorities claimed a victory over the Russians near Plevna, a reinforcement of the armies operating near the Shipka Pass, a successful sortie upon, and defeat of the Russians in front of, Rustchuk, a complete surprise and defeat of the enemy on the Lom, the advance of Mehmet Ali to within eight miles of Biela, and of a large force toward Nissa.

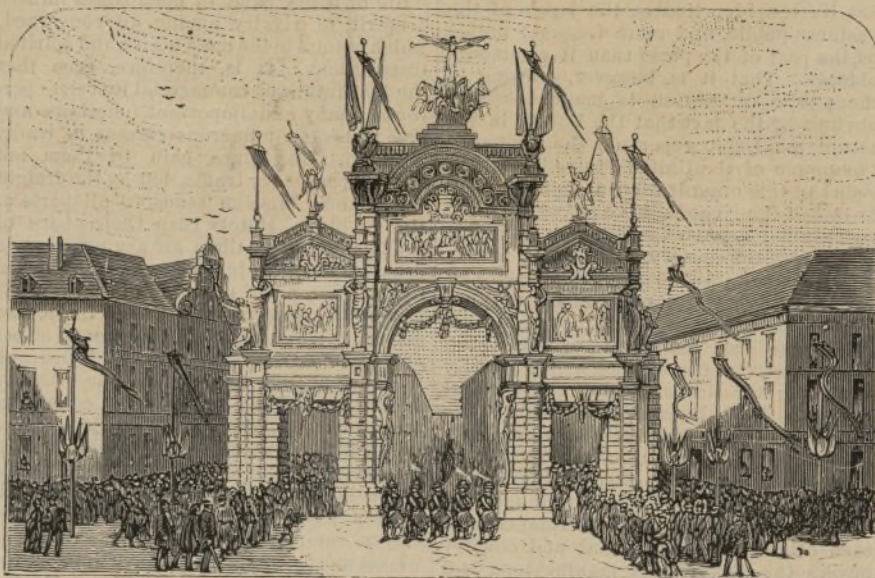
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 39.



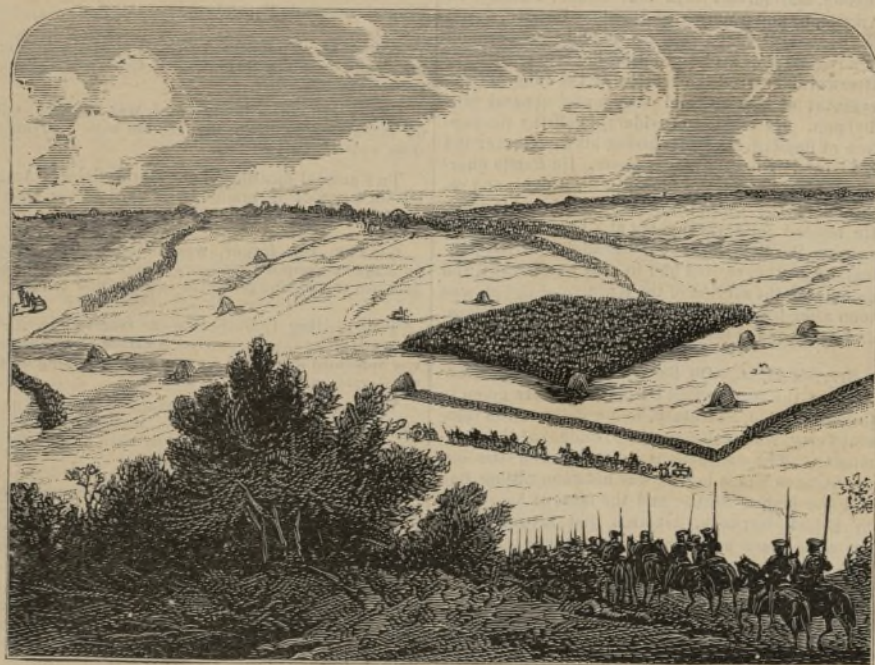
TURKEY.—RUSSIAN TORPEDO-BOATS ENGAGING THE BATTERIES NEAR SILISTRIA.



BELGIUM.—CELEBRATING THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF RUBENS, IN ANTWERP—SCENE ON THE ST. WALBURGE PLACE.



BELGIUM.—CELEBRATING THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF RUBENS IN ANTWERP—THE SCENE AT TENIER'S SQUARE.



BULGARIA.—RUSSIAN INFANTRY GOING INTO ACTION AT PLEVNA.



ASIA MINOR.—CAMP FOR WOUNDED RUSSIANS, NEAR KARS.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIAN ATTACK UPON THE TURKISH LINES AT PLEVNA, JULY 31ST.



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SYDNEY, THE NEAREST RAILROAD STATION TO THE BLACK HILLS.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

ON THE PLAINS FROM KEARNEY JUNCTION TO SYDNEY.

THE first night on the Plains is probably passed by every curious and enthusiastic traveler in spasmodic efforts, more or less, to keep awake and see as much as the darkness will reveal to him from his section-windows. If there be a moon, the temptation is irresistible; and, drawing back the curtains, he will lie, as we did, dozing, waking, and staring lazily out, conjuring up fantastic shadows in the moonlight of distant tepees, herds of grazing buffalo, which, by the prosaic sunshine, would turn out mere barnyard cows, howling coyotes, and dark shapes unknown that traverse the plain with flying leaps and disappear into mystery. Then a warm red star twinkles out near the track, and we come upon some little wayside station, with glowing windows and wide-open door, and a wakeful lounge or two on the platform, seen for a second as we rub our sleepy eyes open, and gone again as swiftly.

So, in our first night-ride, we pass a host of little towns and "side-tracks"—Stevenson, Elm Creek, so called from the little stream which runs down from the northwestern bluffs into the Platte River, and which we cross further on; Overton, Josselyn, and then Plum Creek, a place with a history—such a history as most frontier towns can tell, repeating each other with painful fidelity through details that would put a dime-novelist to the blush. The overland stage-company had formerly a station at this point, and the Indians and settlers met in sharp conflicts more than once. In 1867 a band of Cheyennes, commanded by a chief euphoniously known as Turkey Leg, succeeded in wrecking a train on a small culvert near the creek, firing the cars and capturing all the merchandise, bales of goods, etc., with which they were laden. In the moment of their triumph, when reveling among the spoils with which they had strewn the Plains, they were discovered by a detachment of Pawnee scouts belonging to the command of Major North, and here ensued a brisk fight between Turkey Leg's

Cheyennes and the forty-eight Pawnees under Uncle Sam, which ended in the utter rout of the hostiles.

military reservation and fort of that name. A few miles beyond Gannett, the next station, our train goes roaring over a pile-bridge spanning the North

tributaries of streams and springs in the rugged hills through which it passes. A few years since it formed the southern boundary of the Sioux Reservation, now shifted further north. Fort Fetterman, the scene of the terrible Fetterman massacre of 1868, is built on this stream.

RECEDING CIVILIZATION.

Next comes North Platte, notable for its great dairy and cheese manufactory, an enterprise still—like the town—in its infancy, but promising well for the future. The stations are fast growing smaller and fewer as we travel West. Nichols and O'Fallon's, Dexter, Alkali and Roscoe are mere side-tracks, with the usual long, low, brown depot and platform, the big section-house and tank. In Alkali we find a reminiscence of Bret Harte, whose terse, clever word-painting comes up perpetually in the mind of the Western traveler, and has given us an almost photographic glimpse of the station, with its "sagebrush, sand and alkali" stretching east and west, and of the station-master, and Cicely and Polly. Between this point and Ogallala, the county town nine miles beyond, another Indian fight is recorded. It is well that these battles leave no scars behind them, or the whole surface of the lonely land through which we are traveling would be darkened with ugly reminders of bloodshed. Brule, the next station, has also its Indian associations, having borrowed its name from Spotted Tail's band of Brule Sioux, and being situated, we are told, just south of Ash Hollow, a famous camping-ground of the tribes.

JULESBERG.

Big Spring and Barton follow, and then comes Julesberg, marked as one of the "hard" places on our route. It took its name from one Jules Berg, a Frenchman, notorious in the early records of the frontier, who was killed by the still more notorious desperado, Jack Slade. The feud between these worthies had long run high, when Slade at last captured his victim, and proceeded to dispatch him by easy stages, with a refinement of cruelty borrowed, perhaps, from his neighbors the Pawnees and Cheyennes. He bound Berg to a post, and, planting himself within range, devoted an hour or two to pistol-practice on the animated and helpless target, stolidly ignoring the prayers for death that were poured out into his ears, and only taking final aim when the living body was



"ARBOR DAY" IN NEBRASKA.

Coyote and Cozad are passed, the former a mere station and section-house; Willow Island, Warren and Brady Island, and McPherson, situated near the

Platte, near its junction with the main river. The North Platte rises in Colorado, near the Medicine Bow Mountains, and its waters are fed by countless



A STREET OF "DUG-OUTS," ON THE HILLSIDE IN SYDNEY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL ON THE PLAINS, IN NEBRASKA. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

riddled with wounds. The list of murders charged to this man is a fearful one, and the host of stories one hears of him testify equally to his savage cruelty and savage courage; but it is a curious fact that this stoicism broke down in the face of his own end, and the cool dare-devil, who had braved any odds in a free fight, turned utter coward in the hands of a vigilance committee, with the noose at his throat. What with such murderous brawls as these and the horrors of Indian raids, Julesberg has had a black record in the past.

A DETENTION

Those of us who are wakeful and watchful through the small hours find food for speculation in the sudden stopping of the train between Julesberg and Chappall. Nobody is sufficiently wide awake to ask the reason why, but, as the gray morning breaks—a rainy and desperately dark morning, too—we are told that a freight-train, a few miles ahead, has been wrecked, and we are stationary until the track is cleared of debris. "If the rain would only stop!" cries every one, panting for a run over the Plains; but it pours on relentlessly, and we stare out at the desolate scenery through a steady and almost blinding storm.

Some of us are not sorry for a glimpse of the Plains in this new phase—a vast brown ocean of low hills, poetically called "divides," rolling away, wave beyond wave, into the distance; the broad Platte close by us, marked by its dark line of willows and cottonwood; the leaden-gray sky overhead, the white sheets of slanting rain, and the wind—such a wind!—shrieking round the cars, and converting the telegraph-wires into the chords of a ghostly harp. Nobody knows what the wind can do and say save those who have felt its fierce buffets on the Plains. The romantic young woman of the party, emerging upon the platform with the intent of poking for trophies among a pile of buffalo-bones close to the track, is instantly knocked flat by these roving breezes, and soaked with a gust of rain which cures her of all desire to walk abroad; the men, nevertheless, brave the elements, and getting well to the lee of the train, take a short turn on the wet, sodden ground. North of the track, just under one of the steep divides, is a solitary rancho, with a corral and thatched stables and stockyard; and, by way of entertainment, we watch two rough-riders, in shiny india-rubber, who are busy turning out herds of cattle and horses to pasture, and driving them hither and thither over the hills. Then the sketch-books come into play, and the pens also; the rain drips in and we dodge its encroachments from table to table, and the wind runs up and down its wild gamut of sobs and cries for two—three—five mortal hours, while we sit writing.

A SHIP OF THE PLAINS.

The signal is given at last, and we start. Only a short distance on we pass the wrecks of the train which came to grief in consequence of cows; the cars and engine are splintered and smashed, and the six unhappy beasts who chose to disport themselves on the track at so critical a moment are involved in the ruins; but no human lives had been lost or even endangered. And now we run close to the river-side, so that from the windows we can look down on the sandy shallows and into the brown rippling water. The land is growing more hilly as we rise towards the Tarance Plains, and the ever-changing lines of the divides are perpetual curves of beauty. Then, as the river recedes again, we are met by the old wagon-road or emigrant-trail passing close to the track, its deep ruts worn still by wheels, and many a little heap of bleached bones marking the spot "where the slow-footed cattle lay down to die," in some hungry march long ago. Near Lodge Pole we pass our first emigrant "ship of the Plains"—the great canvas-top wagon so familiar in pictures of Western life, the team of horses turned loose to graze, an ox browsing near them, and another huge brute lying on its side, with a rough group of wet and dejected men standing over him. He has dragged his last load, poor fellow! and next year his bones will make another little white landmark in the long, weary journey.

"ARBOR DAY" IN NEBRASKA.

A pleasant feature of the scenery since we left Omaha has been the constant succession of pretty groves of trees which have dotted the Plains, giving to the expanse of prairie frequently the appearance of a noble park. This is due to the wise foresight of the settlers, who, in seeking to protect their farms, avail themselves of the same opportunity for beautifying them. The Nebraskans celebrate a special day in the Spring months as a holiday, in which the entire population join hands in a hearty exercise at tree-planting; this is called Arbor Day. The tree most popular is the cottonwood, which grows very easily, sure to start, and is quite luxuriant in foliage; however, it is valuable for shelter and stove-wood only, not for manufactures. As an instance of rapidity of growth, there are trees in the Platte Valley, which, planted as cuttings, have in thirteen years measured twenty-two inches in diameter. Little boys are tempted by large premiums from their parents to test their capacity at tree-planting on Arbor Day, and astonishing rapidity has occasionally been known, one farmer in one day having planted from sunrise to sundown, 14,000 trees, and in the course of one Spring season over 200,000. Settlers, as fast as they arrive, aim to accomplish two things. First, to break the sod for a corn field; next, to plant timber shelter. The winds which blow from the west are very constant, often fierce, and a shelter is of immense value to stock and fruit-trees. Hedges of white willow, several miles in length, have been laid, which, at five years from cuttings, have been a perfect fence fifteen feet high; one farm alone has four miles of such continuous fence, which at four years of age was a complete protection. The rapidity of growth in the rich alluvial soil of the Platte Valley reminds one of tropical luxuriance.

The rain ceases, but the wind has no mind to abate its wrath. Increasing our speed to make up a little for lost time, we rush past Lodge Pole and Colton, with curious eyes for the new features of the country, constantly appearing by the way. We have fairly entered the region of buffalo-grass, and its little tufted cushions cover the whole land, mixing now with dry bunches of cactus, whose green, prickly pads show scarcely two inches above the ground. As we near Sydney the divides grow steeper and bolder, taking rather the form of overhanging bluffs, in whose shelter, just south of the track, we soon discern a little cluster of white tents, and a bare, square barracks, and then the straggling outskirts of the town, as we slacken our speed near the depot.

SYDNEY.

Another "hard" place is Sydney; notable for this and for its importance as the nearest railroad point to the Black Hills, the starting-point of the weekly stage-line to the Spotted Tail agency, and the chief outfitting post, next to Cheyenne, for emigrants, miners, etc., to the gold regions. A military post also gives life to the place. The white

tents we saw yonder were an encampment of Pawnee scouts, bound for the Powder River country, and some of these dark warriors present themselves on the platform, buried in blue army coats three sizes too large for their slight proportions, with their long, shaggy hair blowing about their faces. Stiff officers, with gold straps and buttons, are stirring about among the long-booted and slouch-hatted civilians; there is quite a little knot of men about the depot—a little excitement, but not too much, for the cause is only a murder—a gambler has been shot just over the way, and was carried into the depot, but that was fully an hour ago, and public interest has died out.

We brave the resentful attacks of the wind, and, buttoning overcoats tightly and grasping our hats with a firm hand, dismount from the cars. Twenty minutes are allowed here for dinner, and these twenty minutes we take for investigations—not at first in the town proper, on the plank sidewalks and among the shops and saloons and outfitting stores, but on the bare slope at the foot of the bluffs lying northeast, where a queer little village of dug-outs is nestled to the hillside. We cross a wide patch of bare, baked earth, hard as iron and covered, instead of grass, with an abundant crop of cinders, bones, old iron, broken crockery, broken bottles, decayed boots and such like debris of civilization, and stop beside a group of emigrant wagons drawn up together, the unharnessed horses staring blankly about them in search of a stray blade to nibble, and the shaggy drivers, blue with cold, bustling about among their stores. Two men have put up a little tent and lit a fire inside, and there they sit, cooking some mess in a black kettle, while the ragged canvas flaps and rocks and the tent-pole creaks dismally in the wind, which will not be kept out by any such thin devices. There are three or four such tents, scarcely high enough for a big man to stand upright in them; these, with the wagons, are grouped about the flat, while higher up toward the bluffs the sod-roofed dug-outs are seen, each bristling with a rusty stove-pipe in lieu of chimney, and some boasting a roughly glazed window beside the low doorway. There is a goodly show of clothes-lines up among these simple habitations, with flapping linen dancing about in the wind; a horse or two tethered along the bluff, rubbing his nose on the sterile soil, and a wandering cow, and of course there are children; but here, as elsewhere, we are obliged to take the female population on trust, for not a solitary representative do we see.

THE SUMMER WATERING-PLACE SEASON.

NOTES ON A TRIP TO NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, the feled, petted and caressed—the "Paradise of the West," "Queen of the Seas," the "Italy of America," and the "Brighton of the United States"—for by this litany are her praises sung—is situated on Rhode Island, a name derived from "Roode Eiland," given to the channels in 1614 by one Adriaen Block, an intrepid Dutch navigator.

HER EARLY HISTORY.

The island was formerly known as Aquidneck. In 1637 the General Council of Massachusetts notified William Coddington and fifteen others "that they had license to leave the Colony"—in other words, very plainly telling them to "get out." The sixteen, in conformity with this polite but significant hint, having shaken the dust of Massachusetts from off their shoes, landed on the Island of Aquidneck, which they subsequently obtained by deed from the Indians for the consideration of "forty fathom of white beads." In 1639 Coddington, leaving Pocasset, now Portsmouth, came to Newport, and there, with seventeen followers, settled—"exiled of exiles." In 1656 the Quakers, finding their reception by the other colonies the very reverse of warm, wended their way to this "Isle of Peace," and to-day their descendants inhabit the homesteads founded by these wanderers two hundred and twenty-one years ago. Dean Berkeley, in 1728, pronounced Newport "the most thriving place in the New Country," its population at that date having risen to four thousand six hundred and forty. During the year 1736, three hundred and fifty-four vessels cleared out of its port, and regular packets plied between Newport and London. It will summon a smile to the countenance of the most grim-visaged New Yorker to be told that "they (the New Yorkers) might in time, on account of their great natural facilities, become formidable rivals in trade and commerce, were they to possess themselves of an energy and an enterprise equal to that of the Newporters." *Tempora mutantur!* The Newporters loved not the English rule, and despised the "Hanoverian rats," as the members of the reigning House of Hanover were contemptuously termed, with the hearty good-will of the "best bearded Jacobite amongst them all." They were the first to offer resistance to British authority, and the fort at Newport opened fire upon His Britannic Majesty's ship *Squirrel* so early as the year 1764. On the 6th of December, 1776, the British, under General Clinton, took possession of the town and island, holding them for nearly three years. Earl Percy succeeded General Clinton, General Prescott succeeded the Earl, and our Major Barton "stole" General Prescott. The story of the capture is too well known to bear more than the briefest possible recapitulation here. Four miles out of Newport the British General Prescott took up his quarters in a quiet old country mansion, exquisitely situated near the roadway leading to Lawton's Valley. He felt perfectly secure in his red coat, his sentry and the guard-ship which lay at anchor in the bay beneath his very nose. Major Barton, however, was of a different opinion, and conceived the idea of taking Prescott within the American lines. On a lovely summer night, the 9th of July, 1777, the gallant major caused two whale-boats to be launched, manned by picked crews, and, landing at Redwood Creek, succeeded in disarming the sentinel, making prisoner the General, and passing under the shadow of the guard-ship, in reaching the American camp in safety. The gate and pathway remain, and the little ravine through which the daring fellows clambered is at this hour, just as upon that memorable summer night. Newport and the island suffered terribly during the Revolution. Homes were ruthlessly pillaged and razed; the town almost entirely destroyed, four hundred buildings being laid in ruins, and, save for the royal crown on the summit of its spire, Trinity Church would have shared the common lot, while the public records were wantonly carried away and sunk in the seething waters of Hell Gate. Up to the war of Independence the history of Newport is one of steadily increasing prosperity, but with that glorious struggle comes the crash. Crushed, but not annihilated, Phoenix-like she has arisen from her ashes, and, laying aside all thoughts of commerce, has assumed the rôle of beauty, a part which, aided by

nature and by art, she now plays to the uttermost pitch of perfection.

THE HARBOR AND THE HOSTELRY.

A lovely morning in August found us steaming into the harbor, which is charmingly situated in the very lap of a gently undulating hill.

"We saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses quaint and brown."

The wharves which "but one hundred years ago" resounded to the busy hum of industry, have totally disappeared, and the waters that gave shelter to the flags of every nation under the sun serve but as a coigne of vantage for a few saucy-looking yachts and a dozen picturesque fishing-boats. Upon the left lies the old town, teeming with imperishable memories, and on the right, stretching far away in the distance, the modern city. Behind us Fort Adams, the largest fort, with the exception of Monroe, belonging to the United States, and out across the dark blue waters of the bay, the Dumpings shimmering in the gorgeous day-shine. The stage takes us to the Ocean House, and already are the sojourners at this aristocratic hostelry out upon the piazza wooing the balmy morning breeze which flutters around them, laden with a thousand perfumes from nature's own sweet laboratory. The Ocean House is situated upon Bellevue Avenue, of which more anon, and can accommodate four hundred guests. It was originally built in 1843, burned in 1845, and rebuilt in 1845-6. The season opens upon the 25th of June, closing upon the 15th of September. Hops are held every Saturday night, which the cottagers attend; but as it is considered "bad form" by the *crème de la crème*, whose nod is unwritten law, to do ought save look on, these extremists, like the celebrated Tenth British Hussars, "don't dawdle." A corridor stretches right through the hotel, along which and at either side chairs and couches are ranged. Upon this sacred way it is considered the correct thing to promenade for an hour or so in the evening, while the band, a very excellent one, discourses Strauss, Lecocq, or Offenbach. The flirtation is all done on the piazza, and very well done, too. Mankind occupy the piazza from rosy morn to dewy eve in every attitude short of the professional acrobats, when that boneless individual plait his legs around his throat in the form of a true lover's knot. Their chairs are "tip tilted"—Mr. Tennyson will pardon this—while their bodies are anywhere, everywhere, over the place, and the wilting weed is indulged in, in a dreamy ecstasy. It is a misnomer to call this hotel the "Ocean" House, inasmuch as it is built inland beneath the shade of trees, and not a glimpse of the deep and dark blue ocean is obtainable save from the windows of the very topmost apartments. This hostelry serves as a filter for the cottagers, and a sort of general rendezvous.

The guests spend the major portion of the time in visiting among the villas, and as a consequence the ebb and flow, the coming and going, serve to render the ladies' entrance one of the brightest and prettiest "wee corners" it is possible to imagine.

THE SOCIETY.

The society at Newport is severely exclusive. Everybody knows everybody else, and outside that charmed circle the casual visitor is a pariah—a homeless wanderer.

The ladies' dress *à ravir*; the toilets are fresh from Paris, bearing that unmistakable Frenchness which is so crisp, so faultless and so fetching. The Gainsborough hat, worn at the back of the head, holds its own against all comers, and with one fair girl, whose face resembled that of the Virgin Mother in Raphael's masterpiece, the leaf of her hat, trimmed in pale yellow, seemed like an aureole. The young men affect the English style much, in slinky gray tweeds and round black hats. Very low shoes, like dancing pumps, of patent leather, and howling silk stockings, with shrieking stripes of sanguinary hue, are the correct form. These are the youths who lie in wait for the daughters of 'Pisco financiers, Chicago pig-stickers, dollar-laden relicts, and real-estate elderly maidens. The Newporters are early risers, and nine o'clock finds the ladies fresh a-day-dawn en route to their morning shopping and then cliffwards for the bath. The bathing-ground is a charming inlet of the bay, forming three sides of a square with a beach of about a mile in length. The surf is not by any means as crest-laden as that at Cape May or the "Branch," but the contiguity of the Gulf Stream renders the water warm and delicious, though scarcely bracing enough. At one o'clock the ladies retreat, when the gentlemen take possession of the briny, wherein they plunge, puff and paddle a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.

THE BEACHES.

The view from the beach is absolutely charming. On the right the cliffs stretch away in the hazy distance, towering sixty feet in solemn sternness over the toying water, which ever and anon licks their very feet in abject and loving submission—their summits crowned with emerald verdure, soft and dreamlike, their slopes surmounted by villas, splendid, quaint and picturesque. Near the horizon a long line of pale azure, with white spires faintly visible in the seen, and on the left, far out to sea, Easton and Sachuest Points, faithful sentinels, ever at their posts. The Cliff Walk is the promenade of Newport, extending a considerable distance and open to all, although studded with the most splendid residences on the island, whose grassy slopes and ribbon borders stretch its entire length. This is the only instance of high, rock-bound, open coast from Maine to Florida. One of the most remarkable villas, a little inland from the beach, is that which belonged to the late Charlotte Cushman. All gables and corners and perky little windows, it is a compromise between a Tudor homestead in "merrie" England and a Swedish farmhouse.

Breaking the Cliff Walk are the Forty Steps, or Conrad's Cave; the Boat-house, famous for its clam-bakes, and Spouting Rock. The latter is a cave into which, the wind and weather being favorable, the water rushes with tremendous velocity, and, returning, is thrown from fifty to a hundred feet into the air, through an opening in the roof of the cave. On the eastern side of the island is situated "Purgatory." This is a chasm one hundred and sixty feet in length, from eight to fourteen feet wide at the top, from two to twenty-four feet wide at the bottom, and sixty feet deep. It is said that the gentleman with the cloven foot has passed right through this cleft, dragging with him an offending squaw, whose frantic clutches at the surrounding rocks may still be seen by the naked eye. Hanging Rock is another place of interest to the sight-seer, and a little further east lies Whitehall, the home of Berkeley, whose prophetic line,

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,"

has become familiar in our mouths as a household word. Still further east is Sachuest beach, where in 1778, Major Talbot captured a British man-of-war armed with ten eighteen-pounders and ten swivels.

THE TURNOUTS.

Everybody drives at Newport. The visitors live upon wheels, and vehicles of every sort, shape, size and description may be seen upon Bellevue Avenue between the hours of five and seven o'clock p. m. The "turnouts" are splendid, the equipages superb. We have stood in Paris on the Avenue de l'Impératrice, watching the thousands whirling out to the Bois de Boulogne; we have leant against the rails in Rotten Row, gazing with profound admiration at the dash of the upper ten thousand; we have lounged at the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid, and beheld the teams of sunny Spain; but the display at Newport is the extracted essence of all. From the four-in-hand, "tooled" by a Jehu with sang azur written upon his handsome face, to the tiny basket-phaeton, driven by a dainty little lady in a cloud of white, resembling a basket of clothes coming home from the wash; from the imperious landau, the coachman's and footman's liveries built by Poole, to the cobweb-wheeled buggy, the best specimens of the handicraft of Longacre, and the horseflesh of Tattersalls, would seem to have turned out at this gay and glittering watering-place. Outwards they whirl along the avenue, past the Ocean House, with its brilliant throng of guests upon the piazza—out past gardens and *peasances*, in all the glory of tinted foliage and dazzling bloom—out past the chateau of Mr. George Peabody Wentmore and the chalet of Mr. Loring Andrews—out past the residence of Bancroft, the historian, and the Barreda Mansion, whose walls alone cost half a million dollars—out past coquettish little villas coyly peeping from behind leafy bowers, and stately homesteads coolly insolent in their stare—out past vine-covered cottages and trellised mansions—out to the bright, saucy sea-breeze that awaits them with kisses at the turn to the Ocean Drive. The sea lies as if in a dream, luminous in green, rich in purple and brilliant in blue, motionless, save where the silver-flecked foam goes floating outward, as the puritanical steel-gray rock repulses its amorous advances. Away to the east is the Coggeshall Ledge, and in the west the lighthouse on Brenton's Reef swings dreamily at her moorings. The Drive is seven miles long, skirting the shore, winding in and out, and up and down; the bare rocks, the scanty vegetation, and, above all, the stone walls, reminding us of the wilds of Connemara. Hither do the Newporters hie day after day, each succeeding visit revealing new and more enchanting beauties, while the Neck is considered the Mecca of all the true believers on the island. The avenues at Newport are very English in their appearance, being carefully walled or fenced in, the gardens tended with artistic care, and the lawn-grass as green velvet set out to the sunshine. Were a London man to be set down in Newport, having been transplanted thither on a magic carpet, he would rub his eyes, imagine himself at Twickenham or Richmond, and immediately inquire the nearest road to the Star and Garter.

THE OLD QUARTER.

Thames Street, the most important business street, is indeed a veritable relic, narrow, winding, and full of tumble-down houses, with drooping eaves, cross-timbered, and dating from the close of the seventeenth century; it resembles the Rows at Chester, or the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. At the Parade at the southwest corner of Thames Street stands the City Hall, used as a granary in 1763. The escutcheon of William Coddington, first Governor of Rhode Island, adorns the building. Above Thames Street is the house occupied by Commodore Perry after the battle of Lake Erie. The Vernon House was formerly the headquarters of Rochambeau, commander of the French forces; and here the Newporters gave a grand ball and reception in honor of Washington. Lafayette occupied a house at some little distance. The State House, built in 1742, i. e. tastefully designed after the eighteenth century free classic style. From its steps Major John Hardy, on the 20th of July, 1776, read the Declaration of Independence, and, strange to say, upon the same day fifty years the gallant major read the same document on the same spot. In the Senate Chamber hangs the famous portrait of Washington, painted by Stuart and presented by him to the town. The Jewish Synagogue was erected in 1763, and, though not used, is maintained by the interest of \$20,000, left by one Judah Touro. In 1774 there were three hundred Jewish families living in Newport.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

In Touro Park stands the old stone mill which has puzzled archaeologists and petrified architects. "It is of a circular form resting upon eight round columns. It is twenty-three feet in diameter and twenty-five in height, and it is said, was formerly covered with stucco. The wall above the arches is about a foot and a half thick and is perforated with three loopholes. On the east side is what appears to be a fireplace, which is complete with the exception of the hearth. There was formerly a floor just above the arches, and the places where the timbers rested are distinctly visible." That at one time it was used as a mill is beyond yea or nay, as the will of Governor Arnold, in 1677, bequeaths "the stone mill."

Professor Rahn says that it is of Danish origin, and erected at a period not later than the twelfth century. Longfellow sings of it in his "Skeleton in Armor":

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to leeward.
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking seaward."

Mr. F. J. Moulton loves to connect it with the wild wanderings and daring prowess of the old Viking kings. Be that as it may, it is a strange and weird landmark "upon the bank and shoal of time." The Perry Monument, erected at a cost of \$30,000, by Mr. August Belmont, stands in Touro Park. The original Liberty Tree, dedicated to the Sons of Liberty by one William Reed, in 1776, at the head of Thames Street, was cut down by the British; its successor likewise perished; but a third, planted during the centennial year, gives goodly promise of reaching a full and honored age. Close to the Liberty Tree dwell the descendants of Hon. William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and in the identical house once occupied by that distinguished patriot.

TRINITY CHURCH.

This sacred edifice was erected in 1726 at a cost of ten thousand dollars, and is one of the oldest in the States. In peace and war, in good and evil times, the brave old church remains unchanged. Its large square pews are in the same condition as when the families of the British soldiery occupied them and prayed for Church and State. The clerk's pew and reading-desk are still to the fore, and the chancel, minus the royal arms, which the Liberty Boys patriotically tore away, remain as when originally constructed. The bell in the tower was

presented by Queen Anne. Bishop Berkley made a gift of the organ to the church, and, as we have already stated, were it not for the royal crown upon the top of the spire, this splendid and time-honored edifice would have been razed to the ground upon the evacuation of the town by the British. The cemetery, "God's acre," attached to the church, is well worth a visit, some of the graves bearing date two centuries back, while the inscriptions are both quaint and curious. In the season the "old Trinity" congregations are a goodly sight to see, the outpour of colors being almost dazzling, and fairly outshining the prismatic hues of the stained glass. As many as two hundred equipages await the throng of fashionable devotees, to whirl them to their palatial residences "umbly" termed cottages; but Newport proper doesn't drive on the Sabbath save to church—it leaves that sinful and vulgar practice to those who snatch the seventh day from the cares of Boston and New York, and it shrugs its haughty shoulders in contemptuous pity as the sorely taxed hacks rumble past.

The Redwood Library, of the Doric style of architecture, and built by the architect of the famous Bienenheim House presented to the Duke of Marlborough by Queen Anne, is well worthy a visit. In 1747 one Abraham Redwood gave five hundred pounds sterling for the purchase of books, and the King of England contributed eighty-four volumes, among which is a copy of the celebrated "Doomsday Book." It is also worthy of note that the first free school in America was organized in Newport in 1641. The first printing-press used in Newport was brought over from England in 1716 by James Franklin. It was originally used in Boston, the Boston *News Letter* being printed upon it, Benjamin Franklin working as a type-setter. Newport now boasts a daily and a weekly, both well edited, and good, gossip journals.

THE POLO MANIA.

Newport has gone crazed over polo. It is bad form to miss a game, and worse not to be *au courant* upon the merits of both pony and player. "Polo Day" draws everybody worth knowing to the Westchester polo-ground. All the turnouts enter the inclosure, from the four-in-hands to the basket-phaetons, and while the howling swells put on their "piles of dollars," fair and gentle maidens risk gloves of ten buttons upon the issue of the eventful struggle. What glided youth would not wish to lose to Gwendoline or Blossie? The rapture of gazing at the tiny hand as she murmurs, "I take four-and-three-quarters," or "Pale primrose please," more than repays the miserable outlay. Thus is defeat occasionally more delightful than victory. Fort Adams is much frequented, as the drive thither can be made by the edge of the ocean, or a tiny steam-ferry is utilized, scooting right under the shadow of the guns. The hops at the fort are a recognized institution of the season, and Tuesdays and Fridays marked in ivory tablets with scrupulous care.

THE CLIMATE.

The climate of Newport is considered very healthful in Summer, on account of the cooling breeze from the ocean; in the Winter because of its contiguity to the Gulf Stream, which takes the "bite" out of King Frost. The vegetation is remarkably luxuriant, the green being as verdant as that of the Emerald Isle. In fine, it is one of those lovely spots which would seem especially created for the *dolce far niente*, for lotos-eating, and for quaffing the champagne of life, with its beaded bubbles of joy at the brim of the goblet. Here nature and art, with arms interlaced, abandon themselves to fascinating postures that fill the senses with the beautiful; here is the poetry of the earth never dead.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH.

FINAL PRACTICE OF THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TEAMS.

WITH the exception of the latter part of the past week, the competing riflemen have had fine opportunities for practice on the range at Creedmoor. On Tuesday, September 4th, the American and British teams and the Crescent City Rifle Club, of New Orleans, spent the day in practice, and some remarkably high scores were recorded, notwithstanding the prevalence of a strong and veering wind. The highest eight American scores amounted to 1,654, out of a possible 1,800, a greater score than has ever been attained either in practice or actual competition, being fourteen points ahead of any previous highest total. Blydenburgh made a clean score of fifteen bull's eyes at the 800 yards range. The British team reached a total of 1,584, J. K. Milner leading with a total of 206 on the three ranges. It was decided by the Crescent City marksmen to adopt the Sharp rifle, and as it was a new weapon, their scores were not as high as on other days, Dudley Selph falling considerably behind his previous score, the highest of all has ever been made by any marksman. On Wednesday the Amateur Rifle Club joined the riflemen. The entire American team and reserves were out, but only nine of the British team practiced. The best scoring was at the 800-yard range, and in this the British led, gaining 547 in a possible 600, to 510 by the Americans. At the 900-yard range the Americans, with 545, led the British by fifteen points, while at 1,000 yard range the Americans scored 524 and the British 502, aggregating at the three ranges a total of 1,609 for the former to 1,579 for the latter. Every accommodation possible has been provided the foreign riflemen, and all speak highly of the degree of cordiality with which they were received on their arrival, and which has characterized their subsequent treatment.

HOLIDAY OF THE GOVERNORS IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE visiting Governors, after their reception and season of sight-seeing in Philadelphia, reached New York City on Monday, September 3d. On Tuesday morning, accompanied by their suites, they left the Fifth Avenue Hotel in carriages and were driven to the City Hall, where Mayor Ely received them in a formal manner in the Governor's Room. A number of prominent officials, representative business men and leading citizens, had assembled in the room to welcome the visitors. As the Governors passed up the stairs, two by two and arm-in-arm, they were met at the door of the Governor's Room by Mayor Ely, who greeted them cordially, and presented to them the group of gentlemen in waiting.

Among the visitors were Governors Porter, of Tennessee; Anthony, of Kansas; Young, of Ohio; Axtell, of New Mexico; Garber, of Nebraska; Newbold, of Iowa; Hartman, of Pennsylvania; Bedle, of New Jersey, and ex-Governors Hoffman, of New York, and Salomon, of Wisconsin. Governor Robinson, of New York, was prohibited attend-

ing by his physician, on account of the inflammation in his eyes. After the company had inspected the Revolutionary furniture in the room, studied the painted faces of the great men of the State, and signed the register, the doors were opened and the public given an opportunity for paying their respects to the distinguished gentlemen.

The Chamber of Commerce had appointed a reception committee, headed by President Babcock, by whom the Governors were escorted to Castle Garden, where the Commissioners of Emigration explained the operation of their bureau. Thence the party, increased by invitations from the committee to about six hundred persons, embarked on the *Thomas Collyer* for a sail down the harbor. When between Forts Hamilton and Wadsworth the excursionists were greeted with salutes, while nearly every passing boat whistled or waved a welcome. The steamer passed down to Sandy Hook, and after being headed for the city, lunch was served on the lower deck, after which the hosts and guests indulged in brief speeches. On arriving at Blackwell's Island the majority of the company went ashore and hastily examined the different buildings under the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction, returning to the city in time for dinner and the theatre. On Wednesday various public institutions were visited, and in the evening the party of Governors separated, after appointing a committee to arrange for an annual gathering of the Governors of all the States and Territories.

GREAT FIRE IN NEW YORK CITY.

EARLY on Monday morning, September 3d, a fire broke out in Hale's extensive piano factory, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets and Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, and, although all the apparatus of the Fire Department above Canal Street was on the spot, spread with such rapidity that by three o'clock in the afternoon the eight-story factory, five other factories, twenty-two tenements, eighteen stables and a number of shanties, trucks and wagons, and one steam fire-engine, were destroyed, and four factories and sixteen tenements damaged.

The piano factory was filled with combustible material, was poorly constructed, and unprovided with the means of escape and fighting fire that such a large building should have. But a few moments, comparatively, had elapsed after the engines got to work when the supply of water gave out; and had not the harbor steamers *Havemeyer* and *Fuller* reached the foot of Thirty-sixth Street promptly and forced water to the engines, a much larger tract of ground would have been burned over. As the fire broke out in the factory after all the workmen were at their places, a panic quickly ensued, and prevailed until long after the flames were under control. Men flocked to the windows and roof in the attempt to escape, but the ladders of the department were too short to reach them, and the heat too intense and smoke too stifling to permit the firemen to extend them by lashing; men, therefore, leaped from the windows to the ground, and from the roof to adjoining ones. Many crowded the tin pipes that carried water from the gutters, and, as the weight broke them, fell, struggling frantically, in a heap of killed and maimed men on the ground. As the wind veered constantly, the flames reached over the streets, and, settling upon row after row of tenements, speedily enveloped them, driving their inmates into the crowded, smoky streets. The firemen and policemen had their hands full of work. High officers of both departments arrived at the scene at an early hour, and remained until all danger of further destruction had passed. Ambulances from the hospitals were in attendance, and a large force of physicians and surgeons were in readiness for the work of relief. At our latest advices but two persons had been reported killed. On Friday morning Mayor Ely set a force of men at work digging out the debris, to ascertain if any bodies had been buried beneath the ruins, and the work will be continued until all doubt is removed. In all, eighty buildings were either destroyed or damaged. The loss of property was variously estimated at from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000, covered by insurance of about one-half.

Clothes-Pins.

INSIGNIFICANT as the common wooden clothes-pin is itself, its manufacture forms no mean part in American industries, and the numerous factories in New England and other States furnish employment to thousands of people. There are several large clothes-pin manufactories in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and one in the vicinity of Saratoga, N. Y., each of which is capable of turning out a thousand boxes, or 72,000 pins, per week. There are several small factories scattered throughout Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont, and all are run by water-power. As a rule, those engaged in the manufacture of clothes-pins are Quakers. Beech, white birch and poplar are the woods used in making the article, the birch and poplar being considered the best. The machinery employed is very simple. The wood is first sawed into logs four feet in length, and then cut into small square sticks by means of a cutting-machine. Each stick, after being rounded in a lathe, is passed into another machine which throws out a number of perfectly formed pins at one cut and with great rapidity. The pins are then thrown into a large revolving cylinder and smoothed by friction with each other. New York and Boston are the principal markets for this ware, and hence they are shipped in large quantities to the West, and to England and Australia. Over 100,000 boxes of pins are annually sent to England, and a corresponding number to Melbourne, Sydney, New Zealand, and the Sandwich Islands. Owing to the depression in business during the past two years, prices have fallen off twenty-five per cent., and some of the manufacturers in New England have ceased operations because they could buy cheaper from the West than they could manufacture themselves, besides saving the expense of packing and transportation. The price depends entirely upon the finish and number in a box.

Evenings Abroad.

If evenings at home are sometimes dull, evenings abroad are often nearly intolerable, and most people must have learned by sad experience that they are among the most serious drawbacks to the pleasures of travel. They are all very well, of course, in great capitals, though even there they may easily begin to drag heavily if you are thrown back upon the resources of the place with no better company than your own. You dine when you please, and linger over dinner as long as you like; daily with your coffee and cigar, and drop in at the opera or theatre; and, if you care to make

a study of the follies of mankind, you may carry on your investigations into the small hours. Nor need your evenings be dull in the height of Summer when you are taking your recreation in a pedestrian tour among the mountains. Whether you like it or not, you must half turn night into day, counting repose in any inn of Switzerland or Tyrol, after, say, 5:30 in the morning, is a fruitless strain on the flesh and a severe vexation of the spirit. The household has been astir with the early cocks; guides and porters have been clamoring under your windows; thundering knocks have come to the doors of the drowsy neighbors on either side of you, who have proceeded to make their toilets with blundering alacrity; and every board of the partitions and flooring in the wooden-built house has been creaking and creaking in the general scramble. Consequently, in self-defense, you fall into the prevailing habits, and to escape the sufferings which experience has taught you to dread, are constrained into retiring to bed betimes. You make a long siesta somewhere in the middle of the day; arrange to arrive late at your destination, for what you may call either dinner or supper; and then stretch your stiffening muscles in a gentle stroll in the twilight, before resigning yourself to repose. The cities on the Continent are few and far between where one can count with any confidence on a lively evening, and it is only during the longest days of the year that things are much better even in the mountains.

Folk Dirges in Greece.

THE near relations in Greece leave their dwelling as soon as they have closed the eyes of the dead to take refuge in the house of a friend, with whom they sojourn till the more distant connections have had time to arrive and the body is dressed in holiday gear. Then they return, clothe themselves in white dresses, and take up their position beside the bier. After some inarticulate wailing, which is strenuously echoed back by the neighbors, the dirge is sung, the chief female mourner usually leading off, and whomsoever feels disposed following wake. When the body is lowered into the earth the best beloved of the dead—his mother, or, perhaps, his betrothed—stoops down to the ground and imploringly utters his name, together with the word "Come!" On his making no reply, he is declared to be, indeed, dead, and the grave is closed. The usage points to a probability that all the exhortations to awake and to return with which the dirges of every nation are interlarded are remnants of ancient makeshifts for a medical certificate of death; and we may fancy with what breathless excitement these apostrophes were spoken of in former days, when they were accompanied by an actual, if faint, expectation that they would be heard and answered. It is conceivable that the complete system of making as much noise as possible at funerals may be derived from some sort of notion that the uproar would wake the dead if he were not dead at all, but sleeping. As elsewhere, so in Greece, the men take no part in the proceedings beyond taking one last farewell just before they return from the scene. Preface are still employed now and then; but the art of improvisation seems to be the natural birthright of Greek peasant-women, nor do they require the inspiration of strong grief to call their poetic gifts into operation; it is stated to be an unusual thing to hear a girl stringing elegies over some lamb, or bird, or flower which may have died while she works in the fields. The Greeks send communications and even flowers by the dead to the dead. "Now is the time," the folk-poet makes one say whose body is about to be buried, "for you to give me any messages or commissions, and if your grief is too poignant for utterance, write it down on paper and bring me the letter."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Russian Gunboats Attacking Turkish Batteries.

Among our foreign pictures this week is one representing the engagement of July 27th at Budshak, on the Danube, between Rassova and Silistria, where the Russian gunboat *Fulgur* and the torpedo boats *Rundnica* and *Zinzar* were opposed to the Turkish batteries on the right bank of the river. It took place about six miles below Silistria. The Russian boats had come up from Tchernavoda to make a reconnaissance. The cannonade on both sides went on briskly for some time, and one of the gunboats had its screw-propeller damaged. A Turkish monitor, from Silistria, at length came down to join in the conflict. Its appearance in the distance warned the Russian boats to a timely retreat, and they got back safely.

The Rubens Tercentenary.

On August 17th the 300th anniversary of the birth of Rubens, the great Flemish painter, was celebrated at Antwerp, Belgium. The festivities were continued through the space of a week. On the 18th there was sung, by one thousand performers, before the statue of Rubens in the Place Verte, an original cantata, composed by Paul Benoit, followed by salvoes of artillery, the ringing of the chimes throughout the city, and a procession with flambeaux. The next morning begun with salvoes of artillery and bell-ringing, and the town clubs paraded with banners and music. A competition in chorus-singing was held by forty-seven societies—Belgian, French, German and Dutch—and the exhibition of paintings and works of art, organized by the Société Royale pour l'Encouragement des Beaux Arts, was opened. On the same day the exhibition of engravings after Rubens and objects belonging to him, organized by the Académie d'Archéologie de Belgique, was opened gratuitously. An agricultural show, a fruit show and a flower show were held simultaneously. The museum, the finest picture-gallery in Belgium, containing six hundred pictures, most of them collected from the suppressed monasteries and churches of Antwerp, was opened gratuitously throughout the *fêtes*. There was also an assault of arms, a banquet, several concerts and an illumination. On August 20th there was a historical procession marching with torches through the streets. Horse-races, a cattle-show, boat-races, pigeon-flying, a popular ball, a balloon ascent, and many special dramatic representations in Flemish, the language of the people, interested the lower class in the festival. Our foreign cuts include two pictures of the procession of August 20th. It is worthy of note that the town of Siegen, in Germany, which also claims the honor of being Rubens's birthplace, celebrated the 300th anniversary of his birth in June last.

The Battle of Plevna.

July 31st will long be remembered as one of the blackest days in the Russian military annals of the present campaign, for on that afternoon one of the finest divisions of the Russian forces in Bulgaria sustained a crushing defeat. On the 19th and 20th of July the Russians had suffered defeat before Plevna, and it was accordingly decided to attack the town and positions in

force. Thus General Krüdener was ordered to march from Nicopolis upon the right of the Turkish positions, while General Prince Shaskosky should attack them from the south and left. The Turks were commanded by Osman Pasha, and, as the communication with Widdin was uninterrupted, they were able to obtain heavy reinforcements, bringing their number up to some 40,000 or 50,000, while the Russians only mustered 32,000. Moreover the Turks had great advantages from their positions, as Plevna lies in a valley running directly north and south, and is commanded by a series of ridges and waves, upon three of which the Turks had established strong entrenchments and powerful batteries. The Russian attack began early on the morning of the 31st ult., General Krüdener opening fire from a ridge on the right, above the river Grimca, and his example was speedily followed by Prince Shaskosky. The infantry moved forward in one large undulating line down into the valley. They were warmly received by the Turks, but nevertheless pushed on the reserves, rapidly filling up the gaps made by the Turkish deadly fire. The Turkish positions were neared, and suddenly the officers waved their swords, the soldiers closed up into one concentrated mass, and then a general charge was made upon the entrenchments, which, after a bloody struggle, were carried, the main earthworks being subsequently abandoned by the Turks, and the Russians thus become masters of the first Turkish position. Flushed with success, General Shaskosky now ordered his men to charge the second ridge, but although this position was occupied for a few moments by the Russians, the Turkish fire proved too deadly for them to hold it, and at about 6 p. m. Turkish reinforcements coming up compelled the Russians to retire after a most determined conflict. Then ammunition failed the Russians, and though reserve after reserve appeared, it was only to swell the slaughter; the retreat at last became general, and the Turks advancing, struck without stint. They had the upper hand for once, and were determined to show that they knew how to make the most of it. They advanced in swarms, recaptured their first position, and then began to shell the ridge from which the Russians originally began the attack. About 9 p. m. the staff quitted the ridge, and then came a night of horrors.

A Russian Camp for Wounded.

Our picture represents one of the buildings erected by the Red Cross Society of Russia for the receipt of the sick and wounded. The sketch is taken at Magra, near Kars, in Asia Minor. In addition to the staff of regular surgeons attached to these buildings, there are many young ladies acting as nurses and doing the minor duties of looking after and attending to the wants of the wounded, who, if any important engagement is going on, are brought into the building in quick succession from the battle-field. Most of the nurses in our sketch are from the neighborhood of Tiflis, one of whom, standing on the right, was very active in the Servian Campaign.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—IN two recent attempts to sound the Northern Ocean with lines one mile and a half in length, no bottom could be found.

—BISHOP HAVEN, speaking of his trip to Africa, represents the Christian people as the only ones who address when they go to bed.

—WHAT'S in a name. The Heathen Chinese in San Francisco have a society called "The Mansion of Divine Bliss Bone Company of the Golden Mountains."

—THREE men were found hanging from a tree in Texas, and one of them was placarded: "They stole horses; here is where we found them, and here is where we left them."

—FOUR brothers in Illinois have got rich by drawing houses. One is a house-mover, one an architect, one an actor, and one had lucky tickets in a real estate lottery.

—A LADY at a country house recently filled the shower-bath with ink, and blotted one of her acquaintances by the proceeding. He said she might have blackened his character with impunity, but his person she should have respected.

—THE restoration of Strasbourg Cathedral will soon be completed. Fourteen statues of emperors and kings who have ruled that part of Germany, from King Pepin down to Henry IV., have been added to the sculptural embellishments.

—THE highway along the Canadian bank of the Niagara River between the Horseshoe Fall and the village of Clifton is pronounced to be in a very dangerous condition, and the construction of a parapet-wall along the bank is demanded.

—AT the close of the first centennial of the United States there were 25,717,997 hogs in the whole country; 15,963,100 were in or en route to Cincinnati, and the rest chiefly between St. Louis and Chicago. This is less than two-thirds of a hog to a citizen.

—A LEGAL bushel of oats must weigh thirty pounds in Maine, New Hampshire and New Jersey; thirty-four pounds in Canada, thirty-six pounds in Oregon, thirty-five in Missouri, thirty-three in Iowa and thirty-two pounds in Massachusetts, New York and most other States.

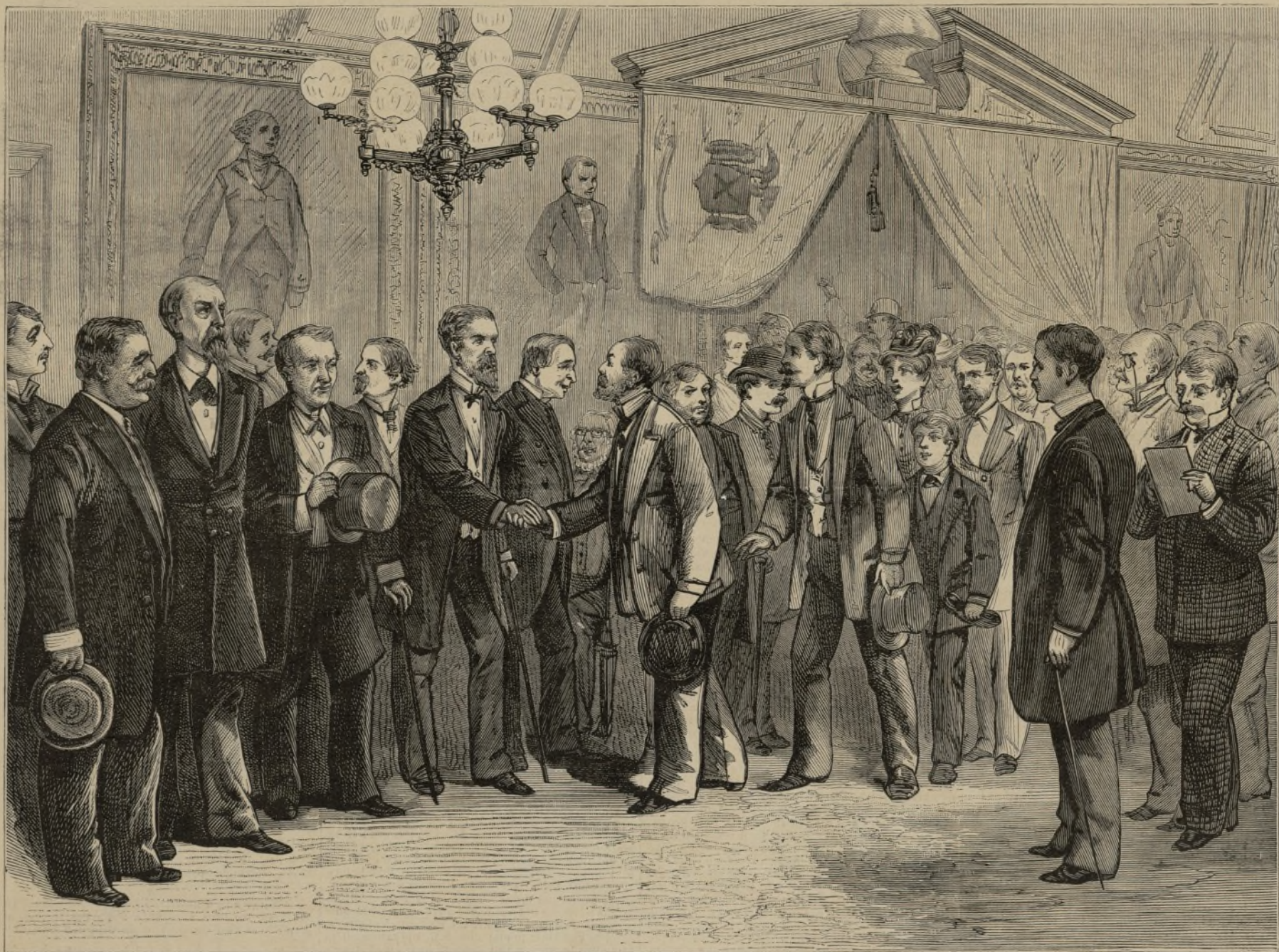
—GERMANY furnishes annually 120,000 fox-skins, 30,000 pine martens, 60,000 stone martens, 280,000 polecats, 8,000 otters, 8,000 badgers and 60,000 hare-skins. In rabbit-skins she sends out only 800,000, as compared with the 6,000,000 of France. The list closes with 400,000 domestic cat-skins.

—A VIRGINIAN soldier, shot squarely through the head in one of the battles of the Rebellion, was bayoneted through the brain by a peculiar philosopher of his company, who thought it a friendly thing to do. The wounded man recovered, and now walks the streets of Spartanburg, S. C.

—A RAILROAD ballasted with silver! That is partly true of one in Nevada, over which ore-trains run. Silver dust has been sprinkled over the road-bed until the earth essays at \$50 a ton. The gathering of this metal would cost more than it would be worth at present, but in time the accumulation will repay the trouble.

—A LADY at a Summer resort, whose unruly children annoy everybody in the hotel, the other day said to a noted teacher, sitting near her at the table: "Professor, do you believe in the use of the rod in the management of children?" The professor glared at her annoying children, and grimly replied: "Sometimes, madam; but there are cases when I should prefer the revolver!"

—PRESCOTT, the capital of Arizona, is a thoroughly American place, while Tucson, a most ancient settlement, is a genuine Mexican town, being composed of one-story adobe buildings, and having narrow streets filled with Mexicans. In a Spanish map, dated 1775, it is set down as the *Presidio* of Tucson, and was then, as now, the principal place in the Territory. In 1867 it was designated the capital city of the Territory, and held the honor until last Winter, when the Legislature transferred the title to Prescott. Tucson lies in the Santa Cruz valley on a stream that rises a short distance below the Sonora line, and is about 2,500 feet above the sea level. It has at present a population of 5,000, only about 1,000 of which is American.



NEW YORK CITY.—POPULAR RECEPTION TO THE VISITING GOVERNORS, IN THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM IN THE CITY HALL, SEPTEMBER 5TH.—SEE PAGE 39.



NEW YORK CITY.—DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF HALE'S PIANO FACTORY, ON WEST THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, SEPTEMBER 3D.—SEE PAGE 39.



LONG ISLAND SOUND.—OUR SUMMER WATERING-PLACES—AN EVENING CONCERT ON THE PALACE STEAMER "MASSACHUSETTS," OF THE PROVIDENCE LINE, WHILE EN ROUTE FROM NEW YORK TO PROVIDENCE.—SEE PAGE 43.

THE LILY.

BEAUTIFUL Lily, dwelling by still rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook delivers
Its waters to the weir!

Thou loapest at the mill, the whirr and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid the hurly
And rushing of the flume.

Born to the purple, born to joy and pleasure,
Thou dost not toil or spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy presence
The meadow and the lin.

The wind blows, and uplifts thy drooping banner,
And round thee throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the luted sunbeam rides resplendent
With steel blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure, bearest
The message of some god.

Thou art the Muse, who far from crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless ditties
That come to us as dreams.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED).

ELLEN found Lizzie in a small inner room off the drawing-room—a bright, pretty little nook, with a large window with flowing muslin draperies, within which was a wicker easy-chair, a jardinière, and Lizzie's canaries; but her face was averted from them all, and, leaning in an angle of the window, she was gazing out wearily at the white chrysanthemums.

"Miss Latouche—my dear—I have come," said Ellen, gasping with excitement, "to beseech of you not to let this go on any longer. Take matters into your own hands, my dear, I entreat of you. Do yourself justice. Since Captain Stirling has failed in his duty to you, as I consider he has done, do not fail in your duty to yourself, Miss Lizzie, dear. I hate calling you by a name you have no right to—it's wronging—that name and dishonoring yourself. Mrs. Stirling—Lizzie Stirling, my darling, heaven knows I love you, and am anxious only for your welfare," went on Ellen, sobbing in her passionate entreaty—"don't be angry with me when I tell you, Lizzie Stirling, that for your own sake I will never consent to let this matter—"

"What is that you are saying to my sister?" The question came hoarsely from Anthony's dry lips, and Anthony, with trembling limbs and a wild, ashy-pale face, was standing, or rather holding, by the door that opened into the drawing-room, not ten feet distant.

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," Lizzie half shrieked, "you have ruined us both!" and, in her absolute dread of that wild, fierce, blanched face, she shrank back as if to hide herself behind the curtains.

"No, I have not," said Ellen, boldly, putting her arm around her and drawing her forward. "You should rather say I have saved you from any worse consequences of this secrecy about your marriage. Mr. Latouche," she went on, speaking clearly and decisively, although her spirit quailed within her at the frightful emotion, suppressed though it was evident, in Anthony's haggard face and bloodshot, glaring eyes, "I am telling you what Captain Richard Stirling meant to tell you very shortly; but I think that there has been too much delay already, and I anticipate him. Your sister is his wife. Captain Stirling married your sister three days before your brother married Mrs. Hutchinson. She has been his wedded wife for nearly two months. Some money-disagreement with his uncle, Sir Henry Stirling, has been the only cause of Captain Stirling's not claiming his wife before, but I hope, now that you—"

"Were you—were you married? You were his lawful wife, then? You were married to him, then?" Anthony said, huskily, his words nearly inaudible, as he came a step or two forward, staring at his sister. "It was your husband, then, that you met last night, girl? Your lawful husband? Speak, will you?"

"Yes," answered Lizzie, growing very pale and cold—"yes, Anthony, Richard Stirling is my lawful husband. See, here is my wedding-ring. Oh, Anthony, dear brother," she cried, in a passion of fear and hope commingled, "do try to forgive me! I loved him so dearly, Anthony, I could not marry any one else, though I was so sorry to disappoint you. Oh, Anthony dear, do forgive us—we loved each other so much!"

A moment longer her brother continued gazing at her in a kind of frenzied doubt and fear, and then his face grew rigid, not with wrath or vengeance, but with a sort of stony horror. He looked like one petrified where he stood; but, whilst the two affrighted girls watched him, he reeled forward and fell heavily to the floor.

"Heaven have mercy on me!" Ellen heard him mutter, convulsively, and then he swooned away.

CHAPTER IX.

"AND, in my opinion, as I said before, the whole affair is perfectly scandalous," said Mrs. Parnell, with lofty scorn. "The idea of a respectable young lady being married in that kind of a way, without her white silk dress, or her bridesmaids, or white favors, or anything that a lady, when she's a bride, ought to have!"

The startling fact of Miss Latouche's marriage had just been briefly announced to the whole household. Anthony Latouche had requested the presence of his stepbrother and Mrs. Parnell in the drawing-room, having also rung the bell for

the servants; and, when they had all entered, looking smugly from one to another, and glancing from Anthony's rigid features to his sister's downcast eyes and white, mute face, he had briefly informed them that his sister wished him to acquaint them with the fact that she was married—had been married two months previously, during her visit to Dublin, at the church of Saint Margaret's, by the Reverend George Moseley, curate of that church—Anthony gave every detail in a dry, hard voice and business-like, mechanical manner—to Captain Richard Stirling; he had paused with a sort of spasm in his throat as he uttered the name of the man he had hated so bitterly. She was, therefore, he had concluded, with a slight wave of his hand, not Miss Latouche; nor was she to be addressed by any other name from that moment than the name that was her legal one—Mrs. Richard Stirling.

"Do you wish me to say anything else?" he had said, looking at his sister for the first time. "No," Lizzie had replied, crimsoning painfully as she met the astonished and inquisitive gaze of every eye, "only—only—Oh, Anthony," she had muttered, imploringly, "say that I hope my husband, Captain Stirling, will soon be here! Tell Christy Richard will soon be here! Tell him that he—"

"Tell him yourself!" Anthony had retorted in a hoarse, suppressed voice. "I am not going to express any hopes concerning him!"

"I will, then!" Lizzie had said, with a flash of her old spirit. "Christy, I hope that my husband will be very soon able to arrange his affairs, so that I shall be able to join him and go abroad with him to India, as I believe he intends rejoining his regiment immediately."

"I hope so too, Lizzie," Christy had responded, quite amiably, as he said to himself, "What on earth could be gained by getting into a passion now that the mischief was done?"

"The reason why Captain Stirling did not announce our marriage at once," poor Lizzie had continued, striving to speak with the dignity befitting a wedded wife, "was on account of some business matters—some money arrangements which he was anxious to come to with his uncle, Sir Henry Stirling. I trust that they will be very shortly arranged, and that I—I—can rejoin Richard, my husband."

In spite of her dignity, the forlorn girl-wife, bereft of every succoring presence, save perhaps that of poor Ellen Bruce, standing timidly in the background, had scarcely succeeded in her confident utterances; there had been a deep silence as her trembling voice ceased—a deep silence which no one had offered to break; and, after another passionate glance of entreaty at Anthony's rigid, sullen face and averted gaze, she had turned away despairingly, and, blind and deaf to everything but her own misery, had stood leaning in the angle of the window, where Ellen had found her, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, with aching head and worse-aching heart, and eyes blinded with tears, whilst the mellow Autumn sunlight shone on the year's last flowers, and the gold of the ruined woodlands lay scattered on the short, crisp sod, and the bees hummed gayly amidst the white, stony jasmine-blossoms, as "busy" as of yore, though

"Summer had o'erbrimmed their clammy cells,"

and, when she had grown weary of her lonely weeping, she had stolen away up-stairs, avoiding a meeting with any one, and shut herself into her own room.

Her first feeling at the continued absence of her sister-in-law, as the day wore on, and no visit or message came to disturb her, was one of relief; but after several hours she began to understand that in a person of Mrs. Parnell's inquisitive and meddling disposition there was assuredly more in this complete silence and avoidance than any good feeling or delicacy prompted.

The dinner-hour arrived, and Lizzie, shrinking from encountering them all, lay down on her bed, determined to tell whoever came to summon her that she had a violent headache, and would prefer a cup of tea—which was perfectly true.

But no summons came. The twilight waned and the room grew dark and cold, and then, by degrees, was illumined with the light of the rising moon, and the hours passed on, and she heard the household retreating to bed, but no one came to inquire the cause of her absence—whether it was illness, or what; and at length poor Lizzie, with a forlorn, childish feeling of weakness, hunger and loneliness, sobbed herself into a sleep of exhaustion.

Meanwhile the state of affairs was being calmly and satisfactorily explained to herself by Mrs. Parnell in the cozy retirement of her dressing-room, whilst she discussed, by herself, a capital supper of cold pigeon pie, sundry glasses of hock, a raspberry tart, and a glass of hot brandy-and-water to finish with. Comfortable little savory suppers, with wine and "something hot" to follow, were especially favored by Mrs. Parnell, as indeed were all other means and appliances for bestowing comforts and indulgences on that excellent and valuable person—herself. And the office of preparing and serving this meal was one which Ellen Bruce was especially required to fill.

Even on this night, when she had but just returned from the country town, whither she had been sent by her mistress early in the day, she could not be spared.

"For, if she doesn't work for me, I find she'll go and work for other people," the good lady said, sapiently. "And besides, from this day out, I'm going to show her and everybody else who is to be first in this house, and who is not! It is high time, too, I think," she said, scornfully, beginning to help herself to pigeon-pie for the third time. "Miss Lizzie Latouche, or Stirling, or whatever she likes to call herself, is rather under a cloud now, I fancy. She'll scarcely attempt to play mistress of Derrymore Castle very soon again after the pretty story of this morning."

"I wonder if that fellow—that Captain Stirling—is going to take away his wife soon, or leave her to us altogether?" she began abruptly, draining a glass of hock, and looking sharply at Ellen.

"I don't know, I am sure," Ellen answered, quietly. "I hope so, for her sake, she seems so fond of him."

"Fond of him!" retorted Mrs. Parnell, in a high key. "She'd need to be fond of him to excuse her disgracing her family! I am sure, if I had had the least idea of such goings-on, Mr. Parnell might have waited a while for me! I am not used to such goings-on in any family I'm related to," said Mrs. Parnell, impressively and severely.

"Has Mrs. Stirling said anything—has she said anything about her husband to you, Mrs. Parnell?" Ellen asked, anxiously. Several times during the day, when she came into contact with persons who were likely to possess any information concerning him, had Ellen striven to obtain some knowledge of Richard Stirling's movements, without betraying her own uneasiness and anxiety on poor Lizzie's account; but without the slightest success. No one knew anything of Captain Stirling. Captain Stirling had not been seen since he was staying, in the previous August, at Glendisane with his aunt, Mrs. Prendergast.

"No," replied Mrs. Parnell, with exceeding brevity, "nor she's not likely to, I am thinking."

"Why?" Ellen said, hurriedly.

"Why?" retorted her employer, sharply. "Because she has nothing to tell—nor ever will have any more to tell about him than she has told!"

"But she is his wife—his wedded wife," said Ellen, angrily; "he was passionately in love with her—he will come and claim her without delay, I am sure. Of course he will!"

"You seem wonderfully sure and certain of everything about the business, Ellen Bruce," Mrs. Parnell remarked, vindictively. "You were playing go-between, I suppose, instead of minding the work that you're paid for doing."

"Mrs. Parnell, I should be paid more for less work in any situation anywhere," said Ellen, her temper rising.

"Then why don't you go and find the situation?" demanded the lady, with a sneer.

"Because I don't choose," said Ellen, trembling with indignation.

"Well, then, I'll choose that you shall one of these days, if you don't mind!" cried Mrs. Parnell, her face flaming, partly at the girl's defiance, partly from the hot brandy-and-water she was imbibing. "I am going to make alterations in this house, and if you don't mind yourself and keep a civil tongue and do your work, you will be the first to be altered! I have had my eye on you this good while," the lady continued, assuming the rôle of a furious virago with extraordinary ease for so genteel and amiable a person as she appeared when in company, "with your prying and whispering and carrying messages. It would be more than your life is worth if Anthony Latouche heard what finger you've had in the pie, I can tell you!"

Her words were spoken almost at random in her violent harangue, but they had a sudden and unlooked-for effect on Ellen. She grew deadly pale, and burst into tears.

"Ah, you may cry!" her employer said, tauntingly. "It's very fine to be saucy to the hand that feeds you. Your uncle Dillon's usage was nothing to what you would get from Anthony Latouche, if he knew of your goings-on. I saved you from being starved and beaten and dragged down-stairs by the hair of your head—there, stop your crying—and this is my thanks! I saved you from that; and I'm saving you now from being turned out-of-doors this minute. Ay, and you might be glad if it was only turning-out you got! But I'm for peace and quietness and respectability, such as I've been used to always, and I'll have to shelter you as I did before."

Mrs. Parnell's unfortunate "companion" being by this time subdued to a state of silent, tearful unhappiness, her protectress continued, magisterially:

"But I'm not going to be put aside for Miss Lizzie or Miss anybody else. I am very quiet, and I'm not fond of interfering; but I'm going to be mistress in my own house, Ellen Bruce, and Mrs. Stirling—as she calls herself—is not going to be lady and manager here any longer. She has no right to be here, nor no right to be supported here; but if her brother chooses to keep her and support her, that's another thing. If he doesn't, she ought to go and earn her bread. But, as I said before, I am for peace and quietness, and everything that a respectable lady likes to see in her house, and I am not going to treat Lizzie Latouche as she deserves. But I'm going to put things to rights, Ellen Bruce, and you are going to do what I tell you, and no one else. There, stop your whining and crying; I have had a nice set-to of it, indeed," Mrs. Parnell said, in a martyr-like voice, "when I wished to lie down quiet in my bed after the annoyance of this day. A nice scene I've had here with you! You ought to be with those that could deal with you, Ellen Bruce—I am not able for it. Shut that door after you!"

And Mrs. Parnell was as good as her word.

From that day forward the new mistress who had supplanted the fair young girl, under whose control the household had gone easily, carelessly, as it seemed good in everybody's eyes to go, made her presence seen, felt and heard to the utmost limits of her authority and by all those who came beneath the sceptre of her power. And that sceptre was a rod of iron to the servants, to Ellen Bruce, and, most of all, where Richard Stirling's hapless girl-wife was concerned. She had no spirit left to resist this treatment, she had no one to appeal to for help, so Mrs. Christopher Parnell's sway was absolute and undisturbed. To her stepbrother Lizzie never would, under any circumstances, have dreamt of appealing; to her brother Anthony—Anthony, who had loved her so dearly, indulged her girlish fancies, petted her, flattered her, tyrannized over her, and was ruled by her all her life—she dared scarcely speak; Anthony was her reckless, jovial, fierce-tempered, light-hearted brother no more. She saw that he witnessed Mrs. Parnell's behavior towards her, and interfered not—that was enough for her. She dared never provoke that awful fury in face and voice that she witnessed on the day the story of her marriage was made known, when he fell as one dead from the violence of his passion. Besides, what did it matter who cared for her? Richard had deserted her—Richard, her handsome, idolized lover, her "Dick darling" that the poor little soul had sinfully worshipped for his beauty, his excellence, his manly qualities, and, above all, his fond,

passionate, faithful love for her. Dick had quarreled with her, had spoken sharply to her, had said—what she shrank in wounded love and pride from telling Ellen Bruce—that he wished he had never seen her, that their marriage was a fatal mistake, and that she would be the ruin of him, or words to that effect. It is true that she had angered him, that she had said first that she wished she had never seen him, and that she wished she could undo what she had done. She had not meant this, of course, but Dick had meant what he said, very evidently, for he had rid himself of her, forsaken her, left her to whatever fate might overtake her—left her when her name was gossip for the country-side, and she was an alien in her brother's house. Richard, her lover, her wedded bridegroom, who had sworn to love her and cleave to her until death should part them, had deserted her without a word of love or pity. Was it any wonder that others should be cold and cruel and insulting?

So she wore her wedding-ring, and the diamond engagement-ring he had given her, and called herself Mrs. Stirling, but shrank from everybody, and hid herself away in her own room, and shed tears and broke her heart in secret, and her beauty faded with the fading flowers of the sweet Summer-time; and when the cold, dull, November days came, one would scarcely have recognized, in the pallid, sad, smileless face, the thin, stooping figure, moving about so languidly, lovely, high-spirited Lizzie Latouche.

She never rode now; she never left the grounds, except when once or twice she went to church and studiously avoided looking at any of the congregation. She did not think, in her dull despair at everything, that her brother noticed her failing health, or pitied her for her ruined life. The blow that her lover's perfidy had struck to her heart had almost paralyzed her in thought and feeling. She never resented Mrs. Parnell's sneering rebukes, Mrs. Parnell's offensive assumption of authority, which extended itself even to Lizzie's laundress's accounts and the furniture in her rooms and the food she ate.

"Of course you must understand," said that lady, dictatorially, "that, as your interests are not ours now, whenever your husband sends for you—as you say he will—you cease to have any connection with the business of the family. You see, Mrs. Stirling, it is to me that your brothers will look for the comforts of home in future; and I must beg that you won't give away any of that black-currant jam again to those old women. I think of the enormous expense of this house, and out of whose pocket comes the money to pay for it, you see, and you don't—that's the difference. And I must beg, Miss Latouche—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Stirling—that you won't allow your dog to sit on the sofas, which I've had covered with new chintz entirely at my own expense. And now that I am mentioning these things, I must beg that you will," and so forth.

And Lizzie never retorted; she shrank more and more out of the way of the managing lady who queened it in Derrymore Castle, and brooded and mourned in secret.

But Anthony noticed everything; and though at first, in his rage against his sister, he was almost glad of her punishment, yet, as time went on, and he saw her day by day changed into a cowed, listless, faded creature, he raged against her in his heart for thus suffering for her misplaced love, and he pitied her intensely, and hated Mrs. Parnell with desperate hatred.

"I'll pay her out for it some day!" he muttered, fiercely.

But he suppressed all outward signs of his hatred, except a certain ferocious sneering politeness, of which Mrs. Parnell was thoroughly afraid; for, changed as his sister was, no greater was the change than that which had come over Anthony.

He drank a good deal still, but never to intoxication; his language was quieter, his voice quieter, and, greatest change of all, Anthony was striving hard to make and save money. He had sold off his dogs and his horses, except some promising colts and a couple of good cart-horses, and he announced his intention to Christopher of taking the Glendisane Farm, now that the tenant's time was expired, and stocking it and laying some of it down in seed.

"I have money enough," he said, decisively, "and I have calculated everything closely"—when Christopher, good, kind, disinterested brother, began warning him against rash speculation.

"I am going to take a leaf out of your book, Christy," he said, with a cold smile; "I have been saving up a little, and with the money for the horses and dogs, I'll do very well. I am not so ignorant as you think"—with another sneer, which vexed disinterested Christopher very much—"and I will superintend and work myself too. I'll do very well, Christopher," he added, with a fierce, mirthless laugh; "I'll make money, I know—the devil always helps his followers."

"Then you're not going to hunt this season?" said Christy, slowly. It was really odd how gravely that excellent person had received the news of his prodigal brother's reformation—one would almost have supposed Christy was seriously discomposed and disappointed thereby.

"No," replied Anthony, abruptly and fiercely; "I could not show my face in the field."

"Don't you think," said Christy, coolly—his stepbrother's credit or discredit was not of over-weening importance to him—he had never found it produce the slightest alteration in the aspect of the market, or affect in the least the price for pigs or butter, "something should be done about that man Lizzie married? She—"

"No," interposed Anthony, in a very low decisive tone.

"Well," said Christopher, rather crossly, at getting the worst of the argument every way, "I think we ought. Every one is talking of it."

"I tell every one that my sister prefers remaining with me," returned Anthony, in the same low, mechanical way, as if he were saying something he had learned by heart.

"Well," said Christy, with a shrug, "my opinion is that when a man marries a woman, he is bound to support her; and if he doesn't do it willingly, he should be made to do it."

"I can support my sister," answered Anthony, in the same tone.

However, the conversation suggested something to him; for, a few minutes afterwards, as Ellen Bruce was busy in the store-room, the low window of which she had thrown open in order to cool sundry jars of pickles she had just brought in from the kitchen, the space was darkened by some one leaning on the sill and looking in.

She drew back with a start as she recognized Anthony, for Mrs. Parnell's words hung over her like an awful threat—the words that would cause her to incur Anthony Latouche's displeasure, and make him banish her from his presence for ever. Poor Ellen! And she had always avoided meeting him, timidly admiring him at a distance, thinking of him, dreaming of him, pitying him, and sometimes, when in a wildly sanguine mood, picturing some far-off happy time, when he might, if he were left alone—Lizzie and her husband gone away happily, Mr. and Mrs. Parnell grown older and quieter—think, Anthony being lonely, that Ellen could at least keep a comfortable home—might—ah, who could say? The blood flushed her face to her temples, and her heart beat madly, and threatened to suffocate her ere she recovered from her fright at seeing him at the store-room window. Anthony pushed the door open and entered the room.

"I want to speak to you, Miss Bruce," he said, rather hurriedly and with a strange uncertainty of manner, shutting the door first and then immediately afterwards opening it widely.

"Yes, sir," responded Ellen, pushing away the pickle-jars confusedly, mixing up walnuts, tomatoes, and onions indiscriminately.

"Can I speak without interruption or eavesdroppers?" he asked, frowning. "Where is Mrs. Parnell?"

"Gone out in the carriage, Mr. Latouche."

"I want to speak to you in confidence—in confidence, mind," he reiterated, with another frown—"about—about my sister."

"About Mrs. Stirling? Yes," said Ellen, striving to be calm. "Oh, she has told him—she has told him!" she thought, despairingly. "I knew she would when I vexed her about the linen this morning."

"About my sister," repeated Anthony, sternly—he had never called her by her husband's name but on the one occasion when he had announced her marriage. "I want to know from you—you are in her confidence in some degree, I believe?"

"Yes," faltered Ellen—"she was always very kind to me, and I am grateful to her for it."

"Well," interrupted Anthony, with another spasmodic frown, as if something had suddenly hurt him, "I wish to know from you—I do not wish to hold any communication with my sister myself—I wish you to tell me if—if there is anything she wants. I always gave her her allowance for her dress and little things," he added, huskily, "and I find it is owing to her. Give her this ten-pound note, Ellen, will you?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Latouche," said Ellen, gladly; "but I wish, I do wish, sir, you would give it yourself. She grieves so for your displeasure against her, and—"

"No, no, I will not," he broke in, "I could not—that is—Ellen," he said, huskily again, looking out of the window whilst he spoke, "my sister has ruined me—ruined me! I have ruined myself!" he cried, striking his hand on the table. "She has ruined the future I laid out for her and for myself," he went on, more quietly. "She has brought discredit on her name. Heavens," he muttered, hoarsely, "was it not that that drove me mad—mad—making me not care what I did or what were the consequences, so that I had revenge? Her name sullied—my pretty sister, my handsome Lizzie that I was so proud of, and kept so high—her name to be common country talk! It drove me mad, Ellen Bruce," he said, abruptly. "I went mad, I tell you, when I heard one day that it was common talk that my sister and—and that man used to meet, and to be seen about at all hours of the night. Nick Byrne heard people talking—"

"And Nick Byrne foully lied!" cried Ellen, passionately. "Your sister met her husband, Captain Stirling, only once since her return from Dublin—on the night you know of."

"What night? I never met him! Who says I met him?" demanded Anthony, suddenly; and Ellen saw that great drops of sweat suddenly started on his brow. "I heard it, I tell you, when I was coming home, and I meant—I meant to go after him and horsewhip him, or something of the kind. Then, when I knew she was married, of course I could do no more. He deserved a bullet through him!" he added, with an outburst of sudden rage. "He deserved whatever befell him—no death could be too much for him, the mean scoundrel!"

"What?" cried Ellen, with a gasp of terror, "nothing has happened to him, has there?" "Oh, Anthony," she went on, in her excitement forgetting her fear and reserve, "don't kill her by telling her that he is dead!"

"Dead? Nonsense!" said Anthony, wiping his brow. "How do I know anything about him? He's gone abroad, away from his creditors, I dare say. Give me a drink of water for heaven's sake—I am choking!"

"I suppose he has," assented Ellen, sadly, as she brought the water. "He was very much embarrassed, poor Mrs. Stirling told me. Poor little soul! How she grieves her heart out about his absence and silence and—"

"Ah, I dare say!" interposed Anthony, roughly. "Women always go on like that about some worthless fellow they are well rid of. Give her that money for me; and, Ellen, I wish she would go out more—go out and ride."

"She would, if you would ride with her; I know she would be delighted; oh, do, do!" Ellen pleaded, with sparkling eyes. "It would do her such good. Her health is failing, Mr. Latouche. Do let me tell her you would like her to ride out with you to-day or to-morrow—may I?"

With a dreary smile Anthony shook his head. "No, Ellen, no," he said, slowly—"there's a great gulf between Lizzie and me for evermore."

(To be continued.)

SIR EDWARD LEE has undertaken to manage the Dublin Exhibition Palace for one-and-twenty years.

SUMMER CONCERTS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.

ON the 7th of May last the passenger line between Boston and New York, which was abandoned in 1847, was revived under the name of the Providence line. The Providence and Stonington Steamship Company during the present season are running the *Rhode Island* and *Massachusetts* between Providence and New York direct, connecting at Providence with an express train which makes the run between Boston and Providence, forty-two miles, in one hour. The train leaves Boston daily, except Sundays, at 6 P. M., and runs direct to the steamboat wharf in Providence. A covered way has been built to protect passengers while they are walking the dozen or twenty steps that lie between the railroad and the steamer.

The *Massachusetts* was completed for this season. She is 325 feet long, 46 feet beam, and 16 feet hold. Her engine has a 90-inch cylinder and 14 feet stroke. In every respect, she is of unusual strength. She has a grand saloon or state-room hall, arranged with gallery and second tier of rooms. Including several family apartments, she has about 200 rooms, each provided with an electric bell. In addition, there are about 220 berths for passengers.

The dining-room is on the main deck, instead of below, a feature, on a night passenger-boat, original with the Providence and Stonington Steamship Company, and first introduced by Captain Babcock on the *Rhode Island*, where it has proved very popular. Aft of the dining-room is a cabin fitted with state-rooms and berths exclusively for ladies. In addition to the ordinary steam and hand-pumps for extinguishing fire, steam pipes have been run to all parts of the vessel, so that by the turn of a valve, a fire can be extinguished before it has fairly started.

During the long midsummer days the trip from Boston to New York is exceedingly delightful. The railroad-ride will not begin until the cool of the day. At 7:15 the steamer leaves Fox Point, and in the sunset sails down past green fields and cottage villages; past the terraced banks of Pawtuxet and the rocky bluffs at Silver Spring; past boat-loads of joyous excursionists and beautiful Rocky Point; past Patience and Prudence and Beaver Tail, until at length the lights flash out from Narragansett Pier, and Point Judith rises in the distance, like three thousand miles of sea. Presently the boat turns southward, and her passengers bid adieu to Narragansett Bay for a time.

About an hour before the departure of the beautiful vessel from New York, passengers flock on board, and the wharf and all adjacent standing-places are filled with people, attracted by the excellent music of the band in the grand saloon. The concert is continued until the neighborhood of Fort Schuyler is reached, when supper is ready. At eight o'clock the musicians resume their places, and for two hours give a miscellaneous concert to an audience that fills every available portion of the huge saloon and its vicinity.

The Dipper in England.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic* tells of his dismay when in speaking to some English friends about the star group of the "Dipper," and of its being the only one of the constellations whose appearance really conforms with the name, he was met with the query:

"What is a dipper?"

"Here," he says, "were people with whom I could talk an hour about Locke, Berkeley and Hume, who didn't know, after all, what a dipper was!"

When he tried to explain, the result was:

"A ladle! We understand. Oh, yes. A ladle!"

"In this case," the writer adds, "not only the words but the things varied; that is, they don't have 'dippers,' strictly so called, in England."

When Professor Proctor was asked by the editor of *St. Nicholas* to write a paper on the constellation of the "Dipper," he appeared embarrassed for a moment, and then said:

"Oh! you mean the 'Cleaver.' We call that constellation the 'Cleaver' in England."

A Russian Peasant's Savings.

IN one of the small provincial towns of Southern Russia a savings bank has recently been established, the second clerk of which, while lounging at his desk on a "flat" day in Summer, was startled by the entrance of a heavy looking peasant, slouching, grimy, unkempt, the very last man one would expect to see in a bank, except for the purpose of robbing it. The apparition came timidly up to the counter, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, my good fellow, what may you want here, pray?"

"If it pleases you, father, I want you to take charge of some money for me. Our folks say that I might be robbed of it, and that it will be safer with you."

"Money, eh? Why, how much money have you got, then? Four roubles? Five? Ten?"

"No, it must be more than that, I fancy. My wife and I couldn't manage to count it all, though we've been at it all morning."

So saying, the gentleman in sheepskin produced a tattered, filthy, leather bag, and poured out before the clerk's astonished eyes a perfect pyramid of bank bills of all values from one rouble to fifty. The amazed clerk hastily summoned his two colleagues, and the three, after a long spell of counting, satisfied themselves that the total amount was not less than 20,000 roubles (\$15,000). The peasant, who had stood watching the operation with a look of childish curiosity, pocketed his receipt and walked off as coolly as if nothing had happened; but the next morning he reappeared and addressed himself to the same clerk.

"God be with you, father. Do you take care of gold, too, as well as bank-bills?"

"What, gold? Why, you'd better start a bank yourself! How much gold have you got, in heaven's name?"

"Two boxes full."

At this point the banker himself, who had been listening to the conversation with the deepest amazement, came forward and announced his intention of accompanying his strange customer home and taking charge of the gold himself. The unwashed capitalist joyfully accepted the offer, and the pair drove out to a hamlet about two miles from the town. Here the peasant led his companion to a small, mean-looking hut, and opening a shed on one side of it displayed two battered wooden boxes, through the breaches in which gold pieces were escaping in all directions, while beside them lay the

dirty bag which had held the bank bills of the day before. The banker asked in amazement:

"How long have you had this money?"

"My father and grandfather saved it up," answered the peasant, "and buried it here; and I dug it up the other day because I'm going to shift my quarters."

"But, with all this money, why don't you and your wife live in better style?" asked the banker, looking around at the miserable hovel.

"Why should we, father? We do very well as we are."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Photographing Spirits.—One method is to take advantage of the optical principle known as fluorescence. Paint on a white screen with sulphate of quinine (which is colorless) something shadowy to represent the "etherial being." Expose this to bright sunlight for a short time, and then place the unsuspecting believer in "guardian angels" before this screen, photograph in the ordinary way, and at the same time a hazy picture of the quinine drawing will appear to hover over the sitter. The invisible rays from the fluorescent quinine have actinic power and can be photographed, so that in this way we obtain pictures of the invisible. The experiment is interesting scientifically, and it is a pity that it is sometimes employed to deceive the credulous.

Table Salt for Current Coin.—In parts of Yunnan salt cakes are as much current coins as are copper tokens in the rest of the empire. The natives boil salt and let it set in a mold, flat below and round above, and every cake is made to weigh about half a pound. They use these cakes for change, eighty of them being equal to a gold coin. The hill tribes of China attach great value to salt, and the chief aim of their constant raids on Chinese villages is to steal it. As the Silver Commission propose to use a metal for coinage which is largely required in the arts, and fluctuates as much in market value as dry goods, perhaps it would be well for them to consider whether it would not be equally wise to substitute salt for small change, stamping each cake, as they do in China, with the Government seal.

Low Rate of Infant Mortality in Tasmania.—Mr. E. C. Howell, Government Statistician, has published a comparison of the statistics of Tasmania with those for South Australia, Victoria, Queensland and New South Wales for the five years 1869-73, from which it appears that the average number of deaths of infants under one year to one hundred births for each colony was: South Australia, 14.24; Victoria, 11.86; Queensland, 11.07; New South Wales, 9.57, and Tasmania, 9.45. The proportions which the deaths of children under five years of age bore to one hundred deaths of all ages was: South Australia, 54.17; Queensland, 46.33; Victoria, 45.50; New South Wales, 42.14, and Tasmania, 28.08. These results show the advantages possessed by Tasmania in regard to the low rate of mortality among infants and children. Mr. Howell considers it to be chiefly due to the remarkable salubrity of its climate. The Summer heat of Tasmania is not nearly so great as in the other colonies, and hence bowel complaints, cholera morbus, and the like, are less frequent.

The Magic Lantern Used for Signs of Restaurants and Shops.—The principle of the magic lantern has been introduced in London for drawing attention, after dark, to restaurants and shops. It is necessary to have a lamp overhanging the pavement, the lenses are fitted into the bottom of this lamp, the words to be read are painted on the slide, which has an opaque ground, and thus the advertisement is thrown in letters of light on the pavement. An ordinary gas jet affords sufficient illumination, and when the apparatus is once adjusted the announcement appears every time the lamp is lighted without any further trouble. The cost need not be high, as camera lenses are now made very cheaply and in large quantities. It would be scarcely possible for any one to pass an establishment of this kind without having his attention called to it, and, as the slides can be made amusing and grotesque, every one would be apt to stop and take a look. It is impressing an old instrument into the service of advertising.

American Watches.—One of the Swiss Commissioners at the Centennial Exhibition has recently been addressing the watchmakers of La Chaux-de-Fonds on the dangers of competition in watch-making to be anticipated from America. He declared that a fifth-rate watch of Waltham make could not be excelled by one in 50,000 of Swiss manufacture. A watch made by machinery was so correct as to require no adjustment. It was a complete production the moment it was struck from the dies, and only needed to be put together, oiled and set in motion to perform its work perfectly. He stated that unless the Swiss were willing to substitute machinery for hand-made work, they must soon expect to be outstripped in the markets of the world by their more skillful American competitors. This tribute from a foreign expert confirms what has frequently been asserted by our own dealers that the American watches are equal, if not superior, to any made in Europe. It only remains for our domestic manufacturers to put down the price to rates that must defy competition and drive all but special styles entirely from our market.

Heated Air Instead of Oxygen in the Lime Light.—In this journal for May 19, 1877, we gave an illustration of the Fletcher hot-air blow-pipe which, it will be remembered, consists of an ordinary blow-pipe jet with double tubes for gas and air, and an arrangement for heating the air before it becomes mixed with the gas. This contrivance gets up a heat sufficient for fusing a platinum wire. We now hear that Mr. Woodbury applies this contrivance as a substitute for the oxy-hydrogen blow-pipe. The intense jet is made to play upon a lime cylinder by which is produced a concentrated flame of very intense brilliancy and pure actinic color, admirably suited for the scintillon or other magic lantern and for photographic enlarging purposes. The apparatus is neither complicated nor costly, and, as oxygen gas is dispensed with, there is a decided saving of trouble and expense. The lime cylinders occasion some trouble, as they are apt to crack and crumble to pieces. Mr. Woodbury hopes to obviate this inconvenience and thus to perfect the instrument so that it can be used for taking pictures at night or for copying at all times.

Troubles of a Perambulating Photographer.—A writer in the *British Journal of Photography* gives an entertaining account of the trouble he encountered in attempting to take street scenes. His vehicle is the object of great attention, and the crowd make many surmises as to its uses, being from time to time presumed to be an ambulance, a small box carriage, or, when near a cemetery, a hearse. The horse being black helps to corroborate the last idea. When the operator encounters a difficulty in taking a photograph from the pavement he gets into the gutter, and the passing carriages keep the crowd from the front of the camera. He then focuses the lenses, takes his bearings and turns the camera about towards the crowd, asking them to keep quiet while he counts one, two, three, up to fifteen. The assistant, in the meantime, puts the plate in, turns the camera back to its proper position, makes the exposure while the boss assures the throng that if they will only keep quiet they can have the pleasure of seeing their faces for sale in shop-windows, side by side with ballet-girls, bishops, lords and ladies. The dodge generally succeeds, and thus the picture is obtained.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. LINCOLN's Postmaster-General, Montgomery Blair, is now a Democratic candidate for the Maryland State Senate.

GENERAL LONGSTREET is now a resident of Georgia, and an applicant for the position of United States Marshal of that State.

THE Prince of Wales has sent £500 sterling for the relief of the famished Hindoos, and Florence Nightingale heads a movement to succor them.

GAMBETTA is the exact reverse of a man of action—that is, of immediate, direct action; he is a man of active thought, whose thought is to be carried out by the acts of others.

It is proposed that Prince Louis of Battenburg, now in the British navy, a penniless cadet of the House of Hesse, shall be made King of Bulgaria, when that region is conquered by the Czar.

THE Princess of Wales has, by her own wish, been elected a "Dame Chevalière of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem," a philanthropic society, presided over by the Duke of Manchester.

THE Baroness Burdett-Coutts expresses her sympathy for the turbaned Turk in a practical way. She has just given \$5,000 to the Turkish Compassionate Fund, making a total subscription of \$10,000.

EARL RUSSELL recently celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. It is sixty-four years since he first entered Parliament as a member for Tavistock, and thirty-one since he assumed his first Premiership.

THE London *Post's* correspondent at Berlin states that Prince Gortschakoff has authorized the Russian Minister at Washington to open negotiations for an extradition treaty between Russia and the United States.

DE TOURVILLE, who is under sentence of death for pushing his wife over a precipice in the Tyrol, "receives" by her will, lately proved in London, a fortune of \$200,000. The news is poor consolation for De Tourville.

MADAME BOTTA, of New York, has given to the French Academy 20,000 francs, the interest to be used every fifth year for a prize to be given to the best published work, in French, on the condition of women. This prize will be given for the first time in 1881.

DR. CONROY, the Papal Alegate to Canada, has alarmed the Ultramontanes and delighted the liberal Catholics by becoming a patron of the St. Patrick's Literary Society of Quebec, an organization so unorthodox that it is alluded to as the "Gubord Institute."

IN 1840 the late Alvin Adams was not worth a dollar. Last week his express carried in one day, \$27,000,000. In 1840, with the assistance of one man and one boy, he did what little there was to do. To-day the concern of which he was parent employs nearly 15,000 persons.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the famous English surgeon, has hit on a new method of spending his holiday. He has 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.

SARDOU will be received into the bosom of the Academy November 15th, M. de Sacy making the speech on behalf of the Immortals. M. Thiers's death makes a vacancy, but for which the party would be complete, and if the Duc d'Audiffret-Passquier runs again there may be a warm political contest.

MINNIE HAUCK, the American prima donna, who has been singing in Germany for several years, has met with greater success in that country than any other artist, with the possible exception of Lucca. After six months' time she was made Court-singer, a fact without a parallel in the musical history of Berlin.

MRS. HARRIET LANE JOHNSON, who presided at the White House in the reign of her uncle, Mr. Buchanan, is said to be still, although forty-five or more, a very pretty woman. She has white hair, regular, high-bred features, sparkling blue eyes and a dimpled chin, is a charming, polished talker. Her husband is a stout, good-humored gentleman, very proud of his wife.

THE Prince of Wales is said to be in treaty for a new London residence, Marlborough House proving unhealthy for the royal children, and the hitherto unfashionable north end of the British metropolis rejected that Hackney is to be chosen as the spot. Clissold Park—or, as it is otherwise called, Stoke Newington Park—has been inspected by Sir William Gull and other authorities, and pronounced admirably adapted, from a sanitary point, to the purpose in view.

AN English exchange thus speaks of a talented Philadelphia girl, the granddaughter of the late esteemed Signor Blitz: "The coming prima donna is a Dutch lady. Her name is Jenny Van Zandt, and since she was eight years old she has been connected with the stage. She is now studying music at Milan. At ten years old she wrote a four-act tragedy by way of amusement during play-hours at school. It is expected that she will be brought out at Her Majesty's in 1879."

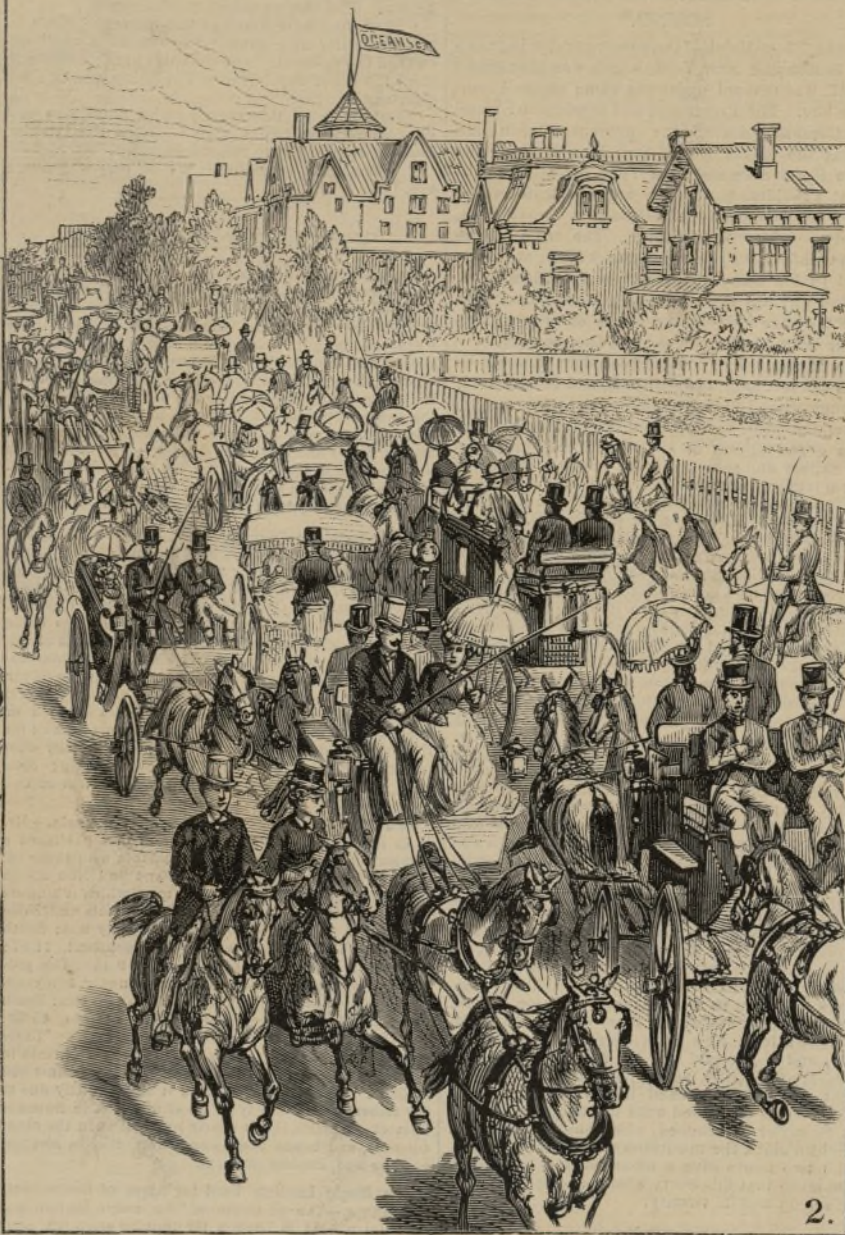
MADAME DE AGUIERO, Prim's mother-in-law, has just died at Paris. When the Marshal was shot at Madrid, receiving seventeen wounds, his old mother was lying seriously ill at Barcelona. She heard of the attack, but died in ignorance of its fatal result, for Prim's widow, counterfeiting her husband's handwriting, wrote to the poor old dame from day to day letters full of pious frauds about how slight his wounds were and how favorable were the prospects of his speedy recovery.

WHILE the Emperors of Germany and Austria were visiting at Ischl, a young lady desired to present the former with a costly bouquet, but her courage failed her at the last moment, and she begged an officer in Prussian uniform to perform the office for her. He at once complied, gave the Emperor William the present, and returned to express His Majesty's thanks to the fair donor, who was rather surprised to see this Prussian officer then enter the Emperor's carriage and take a seat beside him. On asking who he was, she discovered that it was the Emperor of Austria in Prussian uniform.

WE perceive that Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the famous musical conductor, and the originator and leader of Gilmore's celebrated band, is about to proceed to Europe with his magnificent organization, where he intends to measure his strength with any similar combination of talent, and where he hopes to add fresh laurels to the American name. With a view to raising a fund for the purpose of carrying out his magnificent Garden project, he has inaugurated at his magnificent Garden in this city a series of monster concerts, at which a host of the most exceptional artists, vocal and instrumental, now appear nightly, delighting the thousands who crown the fairy land of the Hippodrome. The object being, in a certain sense, a national one, it ought to be sustained vigorously, and the more so as those who may patronize it cannot fail to be both surprised and charmed with the performance.



1.



2.



3.



4



5.



1. Arrival of summer cottagers at the hotel on a hop evening. 2. Afternoon scene on Bellevue Avenue Drive. 3. The old stone mill, a favorite retreat of children. 4. A cozy chat on the beach. 5. A morning airing on the beach. 6. An afternoon game of Polo by the Westchester Club.

RHODE ISLAND.—OUR SUMMER WATERING-PLACES—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE AT NEWPORT.—FROM SKETCHES BY HARRY OGDEN.—SEE PAGE 38.

THE BURRALL MONUMENT.

THE monument erected to the memory of Sir Edward Burrall, Past Generalissimo of Everts Commandery, No. 18, Knights Templar, of Rock Island, Ill., is a natural boulder, of a material foreign to that part of the country, and supposed to have been carried into the Mississippi Valley during the

glacial period by an iceberg. Its greatest diameter is eight feet six inches, and its smallest seven feet six inches, being in shape an irregular spherical-ovoid. The Burrall family lot is situated in Chippaewock (Indian name for "City of the Dead") Cemetery, and this natural monument is placed in the centre of the lot. Mr. Burrall was born in Canaan, Conn., April 13th, 1815. When he was



ILLINOIS.—MONUMENT ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR EDWARD BURRALL, K.T., AT ROCK ISLAND.

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ACCIDENT TO THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE, AT COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

SHORTLY before daylight on Saturday, August 25th, a violent storm of wind and rain, that assumed the character of a cyclone, struck the



IOWA.—PARTIAL DESTRUCTION BY A CYCLONE, AUGUST 25TH, OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD BRIDGE, CONNECTING COUNCIL BLUFFS WITH OMAHA.—PHOTO. BY P. F. CURRIER, OMAHA.

eighteen years of age the family removed to Mercer County, Ill., and engaged in farming. In 1849 Mr. Burrall went to California, and remaining there one year as a miner, he returned to Illinois and entered upon a mercantile business, from which he retired in 1865. He died at Rock Island, April 26th, 1876. He was an influential member of the Rock Island Board of Education, Vice President of the Rock Island National Bank, President of the Library Association, and a Mason of long service and high standing, being created a Knight Templar in 1867, and filling the office of Generalissimo from 1870 to 1876. The monumental boulder was transported, dressed and erected by the firm of J. H. Cleland & Company.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE E. L. DAVENPORT.

FUNERAL services over the remains of the late E. L. Davenport, the favorite tragedian, were held in the Fourth Universalist Church, New York City, on Wednesday morning, September 5th, conducted by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin, a life-long friend of the genial actor. The large church was literally packed with professional and social acquaintances of the deceased, while hundreds of people, unable to gain entrance, gathered in clusters on the sidewalks in the vicinity. The pall-bearers were Judge Daly, Judge Brady, George K. Goodwin, Edward D. Stephens, John W. Forney, Frank Mayo, Henry C. Jarrett and Augustin Daly.

The remains were in a large and heavy casket, covered with black cloth, and surmounted by beautiful floral pieces. At the head was an ivy cross, five feet high, bearing in flowers the words, "Our father," and over it was a dove just taking flight. At the foot was an American flag made of red and white pinks, tea-roses, immortelles, and other flowers, from George S. and Lewis Leland. A white Roman shield, made of flowers, and bearing on its face, in purple immortelles, "The noblest Roman of them all," from Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Fiske. A large floral pillow, inscribed "From the E. L. Davenport Club," A



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE TRAGEDIAN, E. L. DAVENPORT, IN THE FOURTH UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, SEPTEMBER 5TH.



THE LATE LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, HISTORIAN, AND EX-PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

were erected and traffic resumed as usual. The cost of this bridge was something over \$2,000,000. It is 92,750 feet long, consisting of eleven spans of 250 feet each. The cost of the two spans alone which were destroyed must have been, originally, about \$350,000. The bridge rests on piers, each consisting of two hollow columns of wrought-iron one and three-fourths inches thick and eight and one-half feet in diameter, which are sunk to the bed-rock of the river, in one case eighty-two feet, and filled with concrete and masonry. The bridge, which is fifty feet above high-water mark, has a railroad track and accommodations for horse-cars and ordinary travel.

THE LATE M. THIERS.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, the eminent statesman, historian and ex-President of the Republic of France, died suddenly Monday evening, September 3rd. He was born at Marseilles on the 16th of April, 1797. His parents belonged to the working-classes, but some of his relatives were persons of influence, who procured his admission into the Lyceum of Marseilles, where he received a

good education. Thence he went to Aix to pursue the study of the law, completed his course in 1820, and practiced at the Bar from 1818 to 1821. In January, 1830, he, Mignet and Carrel started the *National*, which promoted the change of dynasty effected by the revolution of the following July. Under Louis Philippe he became an official in the Treasury and a member of the Chamber of Deputies. On joining Soult's Cabinet, October 11th, 1832, as Minister of the Interior, he procured with Dentz the arrest of the Duchess de Berry, and immediately left the department. This act he had deemed necessary for the pacification of the Vendée at the time when all the military resources were needed for the relief of Antwerp in the interest of Belgian independence. Resuming office in December as Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, he obtained large appropriations for public works. Early in 1834 he returned to the Interior Department, and quelled the bloody insurrections at Lyons and Paris. After ministerial combinations which revealed his disagreement with Soult and Molé, and his rivalry with Guizot, he finally retained his office under the Duke de Broglie, and at the same time took his seat in the French Academy. The attempt of Fieschi upon the king's life (July 28th, 1835), from which M. Thiers barely escaped, made him support the restrictive press and jury laws, known as the laws of September. He resigned with the other ministers in January, 1836, on the rejection of the bill for the conversion of the rentes, but in February became premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. On August 25th he retired, chiefly on account of the king's opposition to armed intervention in Spain. His successor, Molé, in vain tempted him, in 1838, with the Russian mission, to get rid of his influence. He was reinstated as premier March 1st, 1840, and proposed the fortifications of Paris and extraordinary armaments to prepare for war, in view of the complications arising from Mehemet-Ali's conflict with the Sultan; but being again baffled by the king's "peace at any price" policy, he resigned, and was succeeded by Guizot, October 29th.

Shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution of 1848, he made withering attacks upon Louis Philippe's pusillanimity in foreign affairs, and favored political reforms. He supported Louis Napoleon for the Presidency, and fought a duel with Bixio for repeating a rumor, which he denied, that he had previously disparaged such an election. Elected to the Legislative Assembly, he was one of the most active leaders of the reactionary majority.

In January, 1851, however, after the removal of Changarnier, he raised his warning voice against a new Napoleonic empire. He was arrested on the *coup d'état* of December 2d, imprisoned till January 9th, and banished till August 7th, 1852. He kept aloof from politics until the apparent relaxation of the autocratic régime encouraged him in 1863 to solicit the suffrages of Paris

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

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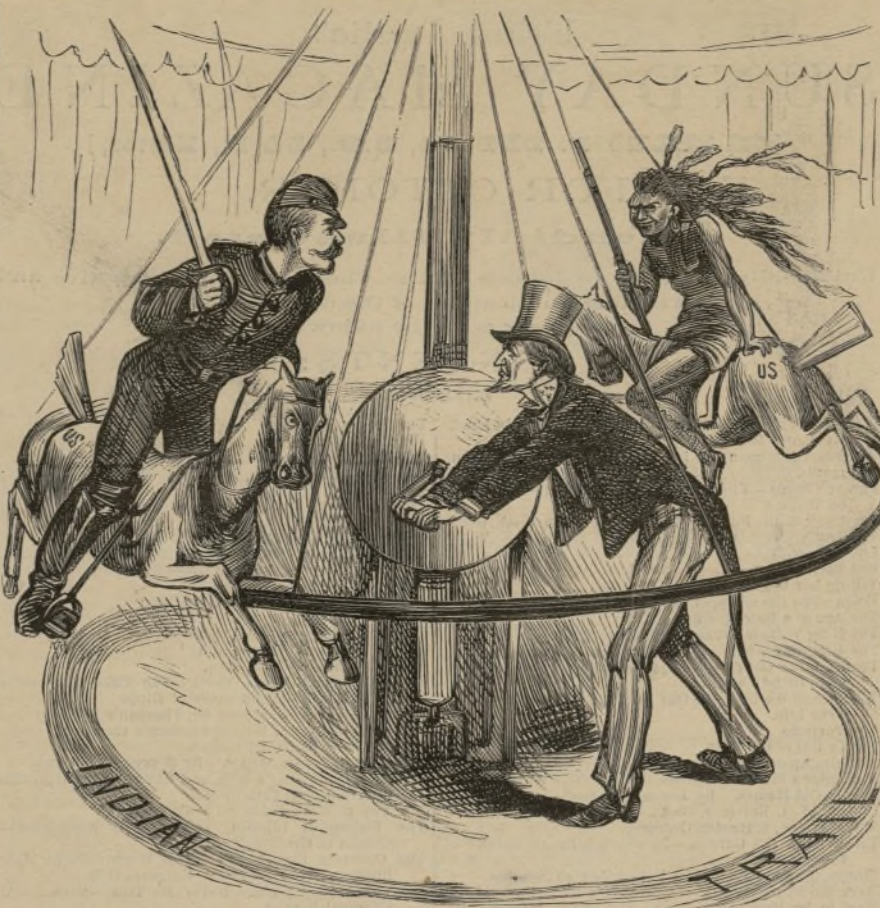
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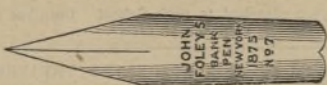
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