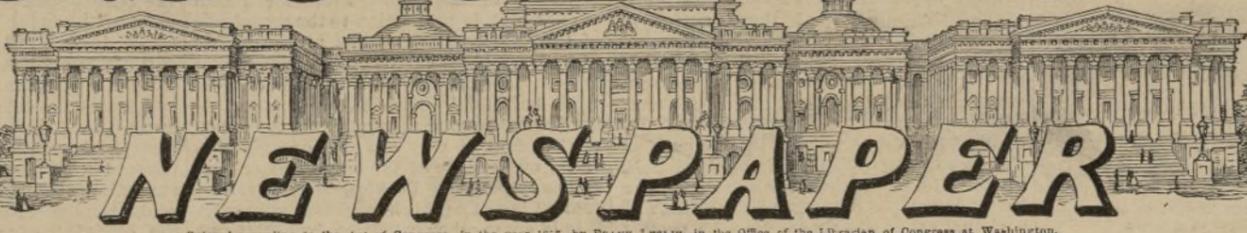


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER



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L. C. BRUCE, OF THE AMERICAN TEAM.



C. E. BLYDENBURGH, OF THE AMERICAN TEAM.

THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY.
SECOND INTERNATIONAL CONTEST
FOR ITS POSSESSION.
GREAT VICTORY OF THE AMERICAN TEAM.
THE second international rifle-match for the Centennial Trophy was contested by teams representing Great Britain and the United States

on Thursday and Friday, September 13th and 14th, at the range of the National Rifle Association at Creedmoor.

A long line of tents, devoted to various uses, stretched almost from the entrance to the targets, and behind these the military encampment was ranged in less regular order. Flags and streamers of all nations waved above the tents, and several of them were decorated with flowers and shrubs. Other tents, conspicuous by their size and completeness, no less than by their popularity, were those of Judge Stanton, President of the Association, and of General Dakin. Smaller, but doubtless most interesting to many, were the tents of the two teams. The arrangement of the range proper was more complete and better adapted to the convenience of both the marksmen and the public than last year.

Ropes were stretched in a semicircle about the firing-points, and distant from them about forty feet, and within these the spectators were not allowed to pass. Open-sided flies or canopies were rigged up to shelter the marksmen and the scorers from the sun. Large bulletin-boards with blank spaces in which to record every shot stood behind the firing-points in full view of the spectators, and at the further end of the range shone four newly painted targets, two for each team. To General Woodward and his Adjutant, M. B. Farr, had been assigned the general conduct of the match. Colonel Scott supervised the firing-points, and Captain Story, whom Captain Price assisted, was the statistical officer. The police arrangements were very complete, and the force on hand, commanded by Captain McCullough, adequate to the task of keeping the spectators in place and in order.

On the first day each team held a meeting soon

after arriving on the range to arrange a few preliminaries for the contest. Next came the choice for the targets. After the toss for the choice between General Dakin and Sir Henry Hallford, the captains of the competing teams, which the former won, targets K and W were chosen by the Americans, giving them the windward position, leaving targets X and I to the British team. Between the two teams, one of the targets was thrown down, thus leaving a space between them. The other long-range targets were also taken down, leaving the line of butts clear of targets with the exception of the four to be used. The teams were divided into four squads, and were assigned to the targets as follows:

AMERICAN.		BRITISH.	
K.	W.	X.	I.
Dakin,	Weber,	Rigby,	Halford,
Jackson,	Bruce,	Millner,	Lieut. Fenton,
Hyde,	Blydenburgh,	Fergusson,	Col. Fenton,
Allen,	Jewell,	Evans,	Humphrey.

The reserves, Hepburn and Lamb, of the American team, and Piggott and Gilder, of the British team, assisted the respective teams in various ways. E. Wells, L. Baeker, B. Doughty and J. McGlinsey were stationed in the butts to look after the interests of both teams. Major Fulton and Colonel Hitchcock were appointed scorers on the British side to represent the Americans, and Captain Bowlby and Mr. Armitage scorers on the American side to represent the British. Colonel Peel was appointed referee for the British team, and Judge Gildersleeve referee for the American team, while General Joseph R. Hawley acted as umpire.

The first gun for the teams to repair to the firing-points was fired at 10:45 a. m., and the American team, in a body, was the first to respond. Their

loose brown uniform was readily recognized, and as they filed under their respective tents, a round of applause burst out along the line. General Dakin's breast was covered with medals won in past matches, as were also the breasts of several of the others. The arrival of the British team was irregular, although Sir Henry Hallford was already at the firing-point, taking notes of the wind and

(Continued on page 59.)



THE ENGLISH TEAM PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST—MRS. HUMPHREY "COACHING" HER HUSBAND ON THE LAST TRIAL DAY.

NEW YORK.—THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH FOR THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY, BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TEAMS, AT CREEDMOOR, SEPTEMBER 13TH AND 14TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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**THE PRESIDENT AND THE
 EXTRA SESSION.**

PRESIDENT HAYES based his proclamation of an extra session of Congress on the fact that the Army Appropriation Bill failed to pass at the close of the last Congress. He added, indeed, that the extra session was for the consideration of such measures as, in the wisdom and duty of Congress, the welfare of the people might seem to demand. But the main purpose in convening Congress was specified distinctly enough to warrant a hope that Congressional oratory will not be wasted on dead issues of the past, or such live questions of to-day as are settling themselves without legislative interference, or on possible emergencies which can best be disposed of, not beforehand, but as they successively arise. What need will there be to wave again "the bloody shirt"? The country at large will be content should no attempt be made, either in the Senate or in the House of Representatives, to disturb the Electoral Commission's verdict upon the claim of Rutherford B. Hayes to be President of the United States. The people would condemn factious opposition to the policy which President Hayes so promptly adopted, and pursued with such energy, in view of the patent fact that the time was ripe for the full restoration of every Southern State to self-government under the Constitution. As Senator Bayard has said, with equal truth and force, the history of the States since the troops were removed is one of the very best arguments why Republicans and Democrats should approve of Mr. Hayes's policy on this subject. "I thank God for it!" exclaims the Delaware Senator. "Mr. Hayes has disposed of the only obstacle that stood between the suffering South and the full enjoyment of her constitutional liberties. He has not only carried out the Democratic policy, but he has carried the Republicans with him. I think he has the cordial support of fully seventy-five per cent. of his party." The problem of pauperism, which has remained unsolved for centuries in the Old World, has been sprung upon us here in the New World, unexpectedly, at the opening of the second century of our national independence. It is not insoluble, although a commonly accepted misinterpretation of the words of Scripture—"The poor ye have with you always"—makes it seem to be so. But Congress cannot now solve the problems of labor and pauperism, or spend much time in discussing them. It may, however, properly recognize their grave importance, and decide how far they come within the range of Federal legislation, sanctioning, if need be, public works of national interest that may afford employment to thousands of needy and industrious laborers. Congress may also admit the urgency of checking the lavish bestowal of public lands upon railroad corporations, and of establishing, in compliance with the suggestion of the Wisconsin Republicans, "such government regulations of inter-State railroads as their importance as natural highways and the interests of the people demand." It cannot ignore the pressing currency questions of the hour, on the right decision of which upholding the public credit depends; nor the questions of such a revision of the tariffs and of the navigation laws as is indispensable to the speedy revival of business and the full restoration of our former commercial prosperity. At a recent meeting of the Cabinet it was agreed that the President's Message, and the accompanying documents, should relate only to the business for which Congress is especially convened, and not to general subjects of legislation. The Message, therefore, will probably be brief, and the only estimates to be sent in will be those for the support of the army during the present fiscal year. The army estimates have already been prepared by the War Department and forwarded to the Treasury De-

partment, which will transmit them to Congress at the extra session. These estimates will doubtless supply most of the leading texts for Congressional discussion. The Senate, of course, will act upon the nominations of the persons who have been placed in office since the adjournment of the last Congress.

In this connection the captiousness of certain opponents of President Hayes is noteworthy. Some of these secret or avowed opponents, who suspiciously pretend to be more solicitous about civil service reform than the President himself, complain that there is "a strong flavor of disingenuousness" about his action (including his delay to act) in the case of the three chief officials of the New York Custom House. Others declare that it is a surrender on the part of the President and a virtual acknowledgment that he prefers not to make issue with Mr. Conkling on the civil service order. When it was announced, after a Cabinet meeting on September 6th, that it had been decided to make new appointments for the offices of Collector, Surveyor and Naval Officer of the Port of New York, and that the appointments would probably not be made till the Senate should be in session, a great outcry was raised in various quarters. The *Times* declared that the three cases mentioned are entirely distinct, and ought to have been frankly dealt with on their individual merits. Thus Mr. Cornell's appointment as Naval Officer was one of the last political tricks perpetrated under the old system, and his case should not have been "coupled" with the others. According to the *Times*, Mr. Cornell has rather ostentatiously disregarded the mandate of the Administration, and might very properly be dealt with according to his deserts—"which nobody can deny." In fact, it may be added that Cornell, Mr. Conkling's henchman, whose inherited wealth is his chief, if not sole, title to such distinction as has been conferred on him, long ago deserved dismissal from the Custom House, if only on account of his cruel alacrity in "beheading" worthy and competent clerks (unfortunately, however, neither partisans nor millionaires) in order to provide for protégés of his patron—in one signal instance, for the Senator's own sister. Previous to the announcement that Mr. Cornell was at length to be removed, Thurlow Weed is reported as having said: "I don't think Mr. Conkling will break openly with the President, unless Mr. Hayes gives him occasion to do so. The removal of Mr. Cornell would furnish such an occasion." Perhaps the Springfield *Republican* reflects most accurately the impressions made on the public mind, when, after much hesitation and much hope that the old bottles would hold the new wine, the Administration decided that the New York Custom House should have a new outfit of general officers—Collector, Surveyor and Naval Officer. "This is wise, provided always the new men are not of the same pattern as the old, and only Fenton's, or Morgan's, or Everts's men, instead of Conkling's. They should be free of all the factious and rival leaders of the party, and, especially, have the spirit and intelligence of reform inside of them." The same journal says of the President's action that, on the whole, it must be counted as another sign of the broadening purpose of the Administration to carry out the civil service reform policy in spite of the politicians.

Friends of the President aver that, had it not been for the objections of Secretary Sherman, who is anxious to propitiate Conkling, and do nothing that might tend to array the Senator against the Administration, the announcement of the contemplated changes would have been made immediately after the reception of the report made by the Jay Commission. One motive for the delay until October is, that it will allow time for the selection of the best men as successors of the present incumbents. Another is that it avoids the necessity of assigning reasons for the changes, inasmuch as the Tenure-of-office Act does not apply to changes made during a session of the Senate, and a controversy with Republican Senators is thus averted. A third motive may have been a desire to prevent any conflict with the New York Republican State Convention, and the jealousies and dissensions which a premature announcement would have provoked among Republicans on the eve of the election in New York. The delay was a good stroke of policy, as all will strive to secure the prizes. It shows that the zeal of President Hayes for civil service reform is "a zeal according to knowledge," and does not outrun his practical statesmanship. How wisely the Senate will sustain his patriotic efforts remains to be seen at the extra session.

**THE STRIKES FROM AN ENGLISH
 STANDPOINT.**

WHILE the press and public speakers in this country have exhaustively discussed the recent strikes, and public opinion has in a measure become settled as

to the relative claims of labor and capital, the views of the leading statesmen and economists on the other side of the Atlantic must be of more than passing interest to us, in the light of their greater experience in passing through similar crises. The consideration of our labor war, recently enunciated by Prof. Goldwin Smith, seems to embody a fair epitome of the views entertained in England. Professor Smith admits that, in proportion to the magnitude of the industries, there has probably been less of organized conflict between employer and employed in the United States than in other industrial countries, the country being too vast and the population too shifting to admit of very compact organization either on the side of the employers or that of the employed. Besides, the industrial conflict is not so much aggravated here as it is in some other countries by social and class antagonism. While the distinction between wealth and poverty of course cannot fail to exist, still the ascent of the employed into the employing class is so frequent that a very sharp line of social division is scarcely possible. The predictions that, if the peace of the industrial world in the United States was disturbed, the object of the attack would be the corporations, were inspired, according to Mr. Smith, by the exaggerated prejudice against corporations as impersonal and morally irresponsible powers "without bodies to be kicked or souls to be damned." Of all the corporations which shared the public dislike, the railroads were the most obnoxious, due partly to the overweening political power they exert, particularly in small States, such as New Jersey.

Other materials of discontent and disturbance, only too amply provided, he finds in a period of distress, which had thrown two millions of persons out of employment; which has no doubt been especially galling to the emigrants who had left their own country for what they had been led to believe was a land of perennial plenty. The combination of companies to reduce wages, the reduction being unquestionably necessary, both suggested and justified combinations of the employés. The men had a right, by united action, to resist the new rate of payment which the companies were endeavoring by united action to enforce; but they went beyond the bounds of right when they proceeded to prevent other workmen from taking the employment which they had themselves declined, and still more when they proceeded to stop the trains and take forcible possession of the property of the railroads. The worst outrages—the savage destruction of the railways, the incendiarism, and the pillage—are charged to the work of mobs unconnected with the railroads, and containing in different proportions more or less of a foreign element, the communistic character of which the maladies of European society and the shortcomings of European governments are responsible for. The bold stand taken by the Administration in the appalling crisis is commended, in sweeping aside all constitutional technicalities, and at once grasping and vigorously acting on the obviously correct principle that the railroads were national and that the destruction of them by bodies of armed rioters was an insurrection against the nation.

While public opinion seemed to have been somewhat less prompt than it would have been, perhaps, but for the unpopularity of the railroad companies, in the end it left little to be desired either in point of vigor or unanimity. The counselors of compromise were not many, and were soon drowned in the loud and general utterance of a worthier resolution, the press seeming to be perfectly stanch. The general obstruction of the railways, by suspending all communication, was calculated to prevent the combined action of the friends of order as well as the transmission of troops, and to paralyze resistance of every kind. Each place had to organize a defense, not only on the spur of the moment, but by itself. The mine of social and industrial discontent, which many feared would some time explode and blow society into the air, has exploded under the most perilous circumstances of industrial distress and in the hour of the Government's weakness, the bulk of the troops being engaged against the Indians. The effects of its explosion have been terrible enough, but we see how far it has been from blowing society, or any considerable portion of it, into the air. It may be hoped, therefore, that those who may have allowed themselves, under the influence of social alarm, to toy with the idea of imperialism or of any other organic change, will henceforth dismiss such imaginations with the vague terror which gave birth to them, and devote their energies to the good and, under the present Government, hopeful work of administrative reform. The French Empire, to which at one time a few wistful eyes were weakly turned, kept on foot, or at least paid for keeping on foot, an army of eight hundred thousand men, besides a vast police and a pestilent swarm of spies. A comparison between this force and the force ordinarily used for repressive purposes in the United States will give an approximate measure of the comparative

soundness of society under the two sets of institutions.

Professor Smith draws some practical deductions from the propositions we have thus briefly stated. Some of these are sound, while others are rather plausible than accurate. He recommends, first, that the Federal Government should assume the management of all the leading railroads in the United States—a proposition which will meet with some sympathizers here, but which in our judgment is based upon an entirely erroneous conception of the functions of the General Government. Secondly, he advises the enlargement of the regular army. In this we are more willing to coincide. An addition to the army, for the purpose of maintaining order, no doubt, has an ominous sound; but the people from whom the danger of disorder arises are not the offspring of republican institutions, trained to render free homage to the law; they are either emigrants, or, perhaps refugees, from European monarchies, imperfectly acquainted with any authority but that of force, destitute of the traditions of self-government, and subject to anti-republican influences of a special kind. It is useless to ignore the presence of these elements, or to blink the necessity of adapting the political system to them, so far as to place them under provisional restraint till they can be fully trained to self-government, and themselves become, like the mass of native American citizens, a force on the side of law and order. The intervention of the military is always a great evil; and the way to avoid that evil is to let law-breakers feel that adequate means of repression will always be at hand. A third suggestion of Professor Smith is that the several States organize a rural police for the maintenance of law and order. Some of these proposed remedies, or others not unlike them, will doubtless be adopted by the common sense of the country in the course of time, and good results then grow out of the melancholy affair. There seems reason to hope that the labor war may help to give public feeling a turn in the right direction. If it does, the calamity will not have been unmixed.

**THE FUTURE OF THE
 TELEPHONE.**

AT the time that Professor Morse was petitioning Congress for a subsidy to enable him to finish telegraph-wires between Baltimore and Washington, an effort was made to kill the whole thing by throwing ridicule upon it. One astute member of Congress offered an amendment that an appropriation should be made to construct a line to the moon; but, notwithstanding the wit and satire expended against it, the enterprise proved successful, and the whole world was filled with amazement. This was the beginning of one of the greatest inventions of the age, and since its introduction we are prepared to receive almost any new thing with entire credulity, although at first it may appear to be among the impossibilities. The telephone is much like the telegraph in the wonder that it excites; but, unlike the telegraph, it is a new instrument, and has its brilliant future before it. Since the telephone was introduced at Philadelphia a year ago by Mr. Graham Bell, greater improvements have been made in it than were effected in the telegraph in many years. The instrument has been simplified to such an extent that it now looks like a butter-stamp or a door-knob, and can easily be carried in the coat-pocket. Instead of being a complicated machine, screwed to a table, and provided with clock-work and weights, it is simply a tube with a magnet and coil running through the centre. The wonderful simplicity of it fills every one with as much astonishment as does the certainty of its execution. No one anticipates such marvelous results from an apparatus that makes so little show, and this is probably one reason why the people have been so slow to adopt it. It is an instrument which no one can understand from a description, and no one will believe in it without seeing it; and after seeing it, it is necessary also to hear it in order to be fully convinced. The telephone has been changed from the box-form, which served very well for the transmission of musical sounds, but would not articulate, to a converging mouth-piece, by Professor John Pierce, of Providence, R. I. This slight modification is what has made the telephone a practical success. Another change made by the Providence experimenters, Professors Blake, Pierce and Channing, was to use the unipolar arrangement instead of the horse-shoe magnet; this reduced the size of the instrument, and led to the butter-stamp shape, which is the latest form adopted by the patentees. The telephone as now constructed consists of a holder, shaped like a butter-stamp, in the centre of which is a steel magnet, surrounded by a coil of silk-covered copper-wire. Within a distance of a sheet of paper is placed a disk of thin iron, such as photographers use in taking ferrotypes, of the size of a quarter-dollar. This is the diaphragm, the vibrations of

which are so rapid that they can repeat the waves produced by articulation and thus give to us the tones of the human voice. There are two knobs or handles containing this simple apparatus, so that two may listen to a reply, or a single listener may shut out external sounds by applying one to each ear. In sending a message the speaker places his mouth a short distance from the trumpet-shaped opening and enunciates distinctly. The sound of the voice sets the diaphragm in vibration, and this in turn induces currents of electricity along the wires which are exactly synchronous with the waves of sound; the copper wires carry the induced electric waves to the other end of the line, where they set another diaphragm in vibration, which then gives in facsimile the sounds of music or of speech which were sent from the distant station. The mouth acts like a magneto-electric machine in causing the iron diaphragm to move back and forth in unison with the voice. It has long been known that when a helix is made to revolve in front of a magnet a current of electricity is induced, which is so powerful, if a sufficiently large apparatus is employed, as to drive machinery, evolve the electric light, and perform all of the operations of electro-metallurgy; but no one thought that the modulations of the human voice could, in an analogous manner, be made to take the place of the revolving helix by means of a contrivance so simple as an iron disk, and if it had been suggested to a physicist that such a thing was possible, he would have said that the waves of sound would be too rapid for measurement, and that the instrument must fail. Mr. Graham Bell, not being a physicist by profession, was not afraid to try the experiment, and it was thus that the telephone became a reality. This ingenious man was engaged in teaching articulate language to deaf mutes. It was natural that he should analyze sound very accurately, and that speaking-trumpets and similar contrivances should occupy his attention. He was familiar with the observations of Henry and Page that the magnetization and demagnetization of a bar of soft iron is attended with the vibration of the bar, and that the movement of the particles is isochronous with the making and breaking of this electric current, and, he thought, why not let the voice make and break the current, and perhaps the vibrations will imitate articulation and give us speech? The physicist would have said that the waves of sound from the voice must follow each other too rapidly to admit of measurement, but he, not being a physicist, did not believe it, and tried the experiment, and the discovery was made. This was the Columbus egg all over again, and was one of the most important discoveries of modern times. It is a popular impression that the waves of sound traverse the wires, but this is a mistake—the sound starts the electricity, and that travels with immense velocity over the conducting wires. In order to use the telephone we must have the same system of conducting wires as is used with the telegraph. This is the only expensive part of the application; the telephone itself is so simple that it could be made for half a dollar. Mr. Bell does not propose to sell rights to use the invention, but to sell the instrument itself at a fixed price of say \$20. This is unnecessarily high, and must in time be very much reduced. In the city of Providence, R. I., there exists an apparatus for simultaneously lighting and extinguishing the street-lamps. Its novelty consists in the combination of compressed air for performing the mechanical part of the operation with an electric current for lighting the gas. The electric wires used for lighting are also adapted for telegraphic purposes, more especially for fire-alarm and police signals. Communication can be made by any policeman on duty with every police-office and engine-house by the use of a simple hand-instrument, not larger than a common door-key; but through this instrument he can receive no message back, and cannot even know that his information has been received at the point to which it was sent. By the use of the telephone in connection with the underground wires of the Providence lamp-lighting system, it has been discovered that the human voice can be employed with great advantage for communicating intelligence from one part of the city to the other, and that electrical instruments and skilled operators may be entirely dispensed with for instantaneous communication wherever wires extend. All messages can be made as private as any oral communications. No written evidence is left on file, and no third person is taken into the secrets of the message. Instead of using the system of messenger-dispatch now in vogue in New York and other cities, every citizen can have a telephone, by means of which he can communicate what he has to say with the central office, and from there the necessary steps can be taken to send it to its destination. It is hardly necessary to sketch the uses of which the telephone is capable, as they will suggest themselves to every intelligent reader. They are obviously very numerous,

and it is only a question of time to see the instruments extensively employed by all manufacturers, merchants, city authorities, government officials and private citizens. But, in addition to its great value for the transmission of messages, it has an important application as an instrument of research. In order to test the insulation of a cable, it is only necessary to attach the telephone and attempt to speak through it; if the voice is not heard, there must be a break somewhere. As an instrument in electromagnetic measurements and as a galvanometer, the telephone opens up a new and rich field. We can hardly appreciate its importance any better than we could the telegraph when it was first announced. It is impossible to predict what interesting discoveries may be made by means of it, nor can we anticipate all of its uses, but we already know enough to class it among the great benefactions of the day.

INTERNATIONAL RIVALRIES.

FOR the fourth time the laurels of an international rifle contest have been won by the American team. Their last victory leaves them the acknowledged champions of the world. Gratifying as the result is to our national pride, it is rendered still more pleasurable by the courtesy and good-will of our generous foemen.

The time has passed when nations were solely ambitious to make a display of arms defensive and offensive, and prided themselves chiefly on the extent of their armaments and the means of continuous butchery at their command. Sometimes the contingencies of the times call for vast standing armies, great fleets of war vessels and the plowing of fertile fields for fortifications, but the wisest statesmen of Turkey and Egypt are as sincere in their regrets over this waste of power as if they were members of the most civilized and Christian Cabinet under the sun. All national taste for barbaric splendor is vanishing rapidly even in Asia, the home of those who have always been wont to make their wildest dreams of display an accomplished fact. In America this taste has never had a home—at least, not since the days of Montezuma—and in Europe it has almost disappeared. Rulers have learned that the cotton factory is greater than the arsenal, and that the school-house is a more potent means of defense than any fortress that can be reared by human skill. The rivalry of nations, therefore, in these days develops itself in pushing and promoting material interests, and in making active enlightened industry contribute to the common good, rather than in permitting itself to indulge in any idle exhibition of warlike prowess.

There are other fields of rivalry, however, which carry with them a harmless share of excitement, and which are really part of the educational process of the people, that deserve to be cultivated by all who desire to promote national comity. Perhaps no one thing has occurred in recent years to increase mutual respect between the inhabitants of the British Isles and this country than the international rifle matches at Creedmoor. Generous antagonists have met in this arena and found that they had a world of sympathies in common, and that they could readily see laurels pass out of their hands into those of an ancient, hereditary foe without feeling in any way provoked over the result. The shot that is now heard around the world betokens no bloodshed, but means the cementing of the ties that bind together two great nations that speak the same language. This is a species of rivalry that is without a precedent in the older time, and may certainly be welcomed as the harbinger of better days. The mutual respect thus engendered cannot fail to secure peace for the world, and bring with it the good fruits of industry unbroken by war. Such is also the effect of the challenges that have passed between yachtsmen in this country and their transatlantic cousins, and the contests that have demonstrated the skill with which the oar may be handled. Excitement has run high over these contests. There has been much feeling, as might be expected, but no ebullition of ill-will has ever followed. On the contrary, both sides have seemed to feel happy that they have found in another nation foemen worthy of their sinews and skill. Thus far the international contests have been confined to this country and Great Britain and her colonies; but it may be reasonably expected that in time to come the Spaniards, Russians, Arabs, Norwegians and other peoples will be invited to contest their national sports with the imitative American. Certainly such an interchange of harmless challenges would tend to a mutual acquaintanceship and interest that would be far better than diplomacy as a means of keeping the peace of the nations unbroken.

As yet there has been no international contest of athletic champions. This must come next. Our young men are rapidly training themselves to a challenge of

muscular dexterity against the world. College students now strangely imitate the old Athenian days, when the academicians prided themselves as much upon their muscle as upon their ability to dispute in argument. It is a case in which education, like history, seems to repeat itself, and, if not carried to an extreme, its results will be beneficial. Better far that the youth shall strip himself for the wrestle or the race, than that he shall stand on the field of battle to risk his life for a cause in which he has no personal interest and from which he can gain nothing. Yet it must not be forgotten that these sports and rivalries are part of the pleasures of life and do not form any portion of its more serious duties. They are a most admirable vehicle for international courtesies as well as for individual companionship, but they ought not to be carried to an extreme. It may be only a fancy that we observe in some quarters a disposition to embarrass the student or the business man with his burden of the share in keeping up the credit of the nation, his educational institution or his personal clique. A hint on this point will suffice now, for it must not interfere with the hearty welcome and farewells extended by the whole nation to our friends and rivals from the other side of the Atlantic. They have deserved nothing but praise at our hands, and they should receive it without stint.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE MAINE ELECTION.—The Maine election, which has been carried by the Republicans by about the usual majority in an "off" year, was of little political significance, as there were no issues of importance plainly presented by the two leading parties. Williams, the Democratic candidate, undoubtedly lost some votes by his straightforward letter of acceptance, and the Greenback and Labor parties drew votes from both Democrats and Republicans, polling, it is reported, about three thousand. The money, tariff, civil-service, resumption, and other vital questions did not enter into the contest, the parties being either agreed upon them or indifferent to them. The canvass was extremely lukewarm and the vote a very light one.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S SUCCESSORS.—On Monday, September 10th, the Twelve Apostles of Mormonism issued an Epistle which they claim was a revelation from God. They say that on September 4th, joined with J. W. Young and Daniel H. Wells, they held a meeting, waited upon the Lord, who blessed them and revealed to them the steps they should take. John Taylor, Senior Apostle, and acting President of the twelve, is unanimously sustained in that position, and also the quorum of Twelve Apostles as the presiding authority of the Church. This was the plan pursued at the time of the death of Joseph Smith, and was so ordered by Smith and sustained by Brigham Young. To facilitate the transaction of business it was ordered that President John Taylor be assisted by John W. Young, Daniel H. Wells, and George Q. Cannon. The circular urges all saints to be faithful in building temples and paying tithing.

A WAR EPISODE.—A fortnight or so ago a Montenegrin chieftain who rejoices in the peculiar title of Pop Milo, a relative of Prince Nikita, felt irresistibly impelled to go down and objugate the Turks in Niksich. He rode down from the heights of Trebesch, armed only with his sword; and, after indulging in a flood of imputations touching the character of all the female relatives of the Turkish sons of pigs, invited the Niksich people to send forth their most valiant champion to single combat with him, at the same time exposing his breast to show that he wore no surreptitious armor. But the Niksich men did not feel inclined to come forth, and Pop Milo fell a victim to Moslem barbarism by a bullet through his heart. He was fifty years of age, and considered the handsomest man in Montenegro. When he fell the Niksichers sprang forth, cut his head off, carefully washed his face, combed his hair, and sent the trophy back into the Montenegrin camp.

THE EXTRA SESSION.—The estimates for the support of the army for the present fiscal year have been prepared by the War Department and sent to the Treasury Department, which will transmit them to Congress at the extra session. These are the only estimates to be sent in, the session having been called in consequence of the failure of the Army Appropriation Bill at the close of the last Congress; and as the President based his proclamation on that fact, adding, however, that it was for the consideration of such measures as in the wisdom and duty of Congress the welfare of the people might seem to demand, the question with regard to the President sending the usual annual message and reports of the executive departments to the extra session was not long ago considered in Cabinet meeting, when it was agreed, in view of all the circumstances and of precedent, that the message and accompanying documents should relate only to the business for which Congress is to be especially convened, and not to general subjects of legislation. It is thought, therefore, that the message will be brief. The Senate will, in its executive session, act upon the nominations of persons who have been placed in office since the adjournment of the last Congress.

BANK NOTE REDEMPTION.—The National Bank Redemption Agency has completed its annual assessment of the banks for the expenses of the agency. The total amount expended this year was \$357,966. The assessment is one-sixth of one per cent. Last year the per centage was about one-fifth of one per cent. This difference is due to a large increase in redemption, and to a slight reduction in the expenses. The assessment for the Boston banks is \$46,649, while the assessment for the New York City banks is only \$15,272. This is

due to the fact that there is much more circulation and greater activity in New England. The money from the Boston and New England banks comes in more rapidly than from any other section. The light redemptions for the New York banks are in part accounted for from the fact that many of them are reducing their circulation, and that the reductions do not appear on the bank books of the Redemption Agency. The reduction of circulation of National Banks is not going on as rapidly now as it has been. There are now 193 banks which have made deposits for the reduction of their circulation, and the deposits are not entirely exhausted. Three hundred and thirty banks at one time had deposits for the reduction of circulation. Twelve banks in New York City are reducing their circulation, four in Boston, seven in Chicago, two in Milwaukee, and five in St. Louis. There are 211 banks in voluntary liquidation. Since the inauguration of the National Bank system sixty banks have failed.

OSMAN PASHA.—The newspapers have been having a most agreeable experience during the week in making out a certain "R. Clay Crawford," in various places in the United States, to be Osman Pasha, commanding the troops at Plevna. The story was that Crawford, after swindling divers persons in this country, fled to Egypt, and was incidentally made a pasha in the Egyptian service, and that as soon as the war broke out the authorities at Constantinople, hearing of him, claimed him for a high command, and would not be refused. The Khedive then surrendered him, and they gave him the pashalik of Widdin—the most important in European Turkey—and thence he marched out and, true to his antecedents, "enchred" the Russians by sitting down in an impregnable position on their right flank. It was curious to see, once the story was started, how much information about "Clay Crawford" began to come in, how many people knew him here when he was a simple swindler, and how all doubt that he was really Osman Pasha was removed by the "evidence" that "Crawford's mother-in-law told the informant that he (Crawford) had left the country, but did not disclose the locality." It now appears that no American named Crawford has been in the Khedive's service, and that Osman Pasha is—as might have been expected—an Asiatic Mussulman, and that Crawford is most probably operating, not against the Russians, but against the boarding-house-keepers of the Old World, whose positions he has by this time doubtless often turned.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE New York State Democratic Convention was called for October 3d at Albany.

THE 100th anniversary of the Battle of Brandywine was fittingly commemorated on the 11th.

WILLIAM M. TWEED was examined further by the Aldermanic Committee on Municipal Frauds, and made startling disclosures.

PRESIDENT HAYES unveiled the monument at the Central Branch of the National Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio, on the 12th.

IN the Massachusetts State Democratic Convention, held at Worcester, William Gaston was nominated for Governor, on the 13th.

WILLIAM E. SMITH received the Republican nomination for Governor of Wisconsin. The platform favored the silver dollar of 1793.

A CONVENTION of the representatives of the laboring classes was held at Harrisburg, Pa., on the 10th, and a State ticket nominated.

DURING the week ending Saturday, September 15th, the price of gold in New York showed but slight fluctuation, being quoted at 103½, 103½ and 103½.

A NATIONAL party was organized by the workmen of Ohio, at Columbus, on the 13th, and a State ticket, headed by Stephen Johnson for Governor, nominated.

A STATE ticket was nominated by the Prohibitionists of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg on the 12th. In the platform it was declared that the Republican and Democratic parties had failed to permit the people to sanction prohibition.

ON Monday, 10th, Seldon Connor was re-elected Governor of Maine. The Republicans carried every county except two by a reduced majority, and the Democrats elected three Senators and twenty six Representatives.

THE fifth annual prize meeting of the National Rifle Association was opened at Creedmoor on Monday, September 10th, when six matches were contested. The Gatling gun was won by the team of the Forty-eighth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. On Tuesday the shooting was open only to teams of the National Guard of New York, and particularly of the First and Second Divisions. The inter-State, the Wimbledon Cup, and the short range matches were shot on Wednesday; California winning in the first, Dudley Selph, the second, and Company E, Second Regiment of Connecticut, the third. On Thursday the shooting in the International Match began, and resulted for the first day in a victory for the American Team of twenty-six points, the score being British, 1,629; American, 1,655. On Friday the second contest was held, in which the Americans scored at the three targets, 1,679, and the British, 1,613, giving the former a grand total of 3,334, and the latter of 3,242.

Foreign.

THE Peruvian Government decided to issue \$20,000,000 in paper money.

GENERAL GRANT received the freedom of the City of Glasgow on the 13th.

THE first decision of the International Fishery Commission was in favor of the United States.

M. GAMBETTA was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs. It is believed the decision will deprive him of his civil rights for five years.

By a collision of the ships *Avalanche* and *Foster* in the English Channel, on the night of the 11th, about one hundred lives were lost. Only twelve persons were known to have been saved.

REPORTS on the Turco-Russian war up to Saturday, September 15th, represented that the Russians in Armenia were acting on the defensive, that their troops at Rutchuk fell back to the vicinity of Biela, that in an assault before Plevna three Turkish redoubts and the Heights of Grivitza were captured, that the Russians evacuated Ardaban, in Armenia, and the army of the Czarowitz retired behind the line of the Jantra, and that fighting had been resumed in the Shipka Pass. The capture of Niksich by the Montenegrins was confirmed.

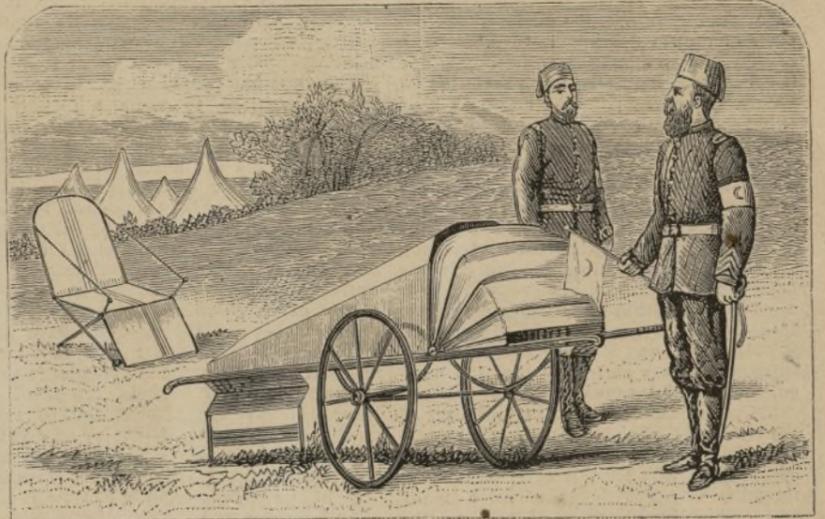
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 55.



ASIA MINOR.—THE LAST TURKISH SHOT IN THE DEFENSE OF KARS.



TURKEY.—DEATH OF AZIZ PASHA, NEAR HUSENDE.



BULGARIA.—A TURKISH FIELD HOSPITAL EQUIPAGE.



ASIA MINOR.—RE-EMBARKATION OF TURKISH TROOPS AT TCHAMCHIRA.



ENGLAND.—TRIAL OF LONDON DETECTIVES, CHARGED WITH CONSPIRACY.



BULGARIA.—THE CZAR OF RUSSIA'S TEA KITCHEN AT BIELA.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—A FITTING-OUT STORE FOR BLACK HILLS EMIGRANTS, AT SYDNEY.—SEE PAGE 54.



KANSAS.—DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO JOHN BROWN, ON THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF OSSAWATOMIE, AUGUST 30TH.—SEE PAGE 55.

IN BLACK RUSSIA.

"WHY, it is Musgrave! *ce cher Arthur!* I thought you, *mon ami*, to be in Spain still. What good wind, what wind of fortune, has blown you to us here, in Russia, pray tell me?"

Such were the words which reached my ears, as a gloved grasp was suddenly laid upon my arm, while I was traversing the railway platform at Minsk. I turned to find myself confronted by the smiling face of Demetrius Vassili, a Russian whom I had known for some three or four years at St. Petersburg, Paris, and wherever diplomatists and birds of passage congregate. He, this well-whiskered, glib-tongued Vassili, belonging to both categories, since, when I first knew him, in the Czar's capital, he was a professor of the university, while in Paris he was an underling of the Russian Embassy, and at Madrid a gentleman at large.

I confess that I did not much like Demetrius Vassili, though I was more than half ashamed of my prejudice, for the man was friendly, almost too ostentatiously so, was polite, genial, and one of those amiable persons who are always taking our good opinion by storm, as it were, by the graceful rendering of some little service or other. Vassili, when I was a raw lad, new to the Continent, had been kind to me once or twice, and I had repaid his good nature by taking his part when others spoke evil of him, in a vague way, behind his back, for he was not popular somehow. There he was, at any rate, and evidently delighted to see me.

"By-the-by!" abruptly put in my old acquaintance, linking his arm in mine, "I have to congratulate you, have I not? It is true that you are about to marry the beautiful Mademoiselle Marie, daughter of Count Constantine Orloff, the young lady who at Madrid, when I was there, broke all hearts?"

It was true that I was betrothed to Marie Orloff; indeed I was on my way then to her father's mansion, at which it had been arranged that I should be a guest until the wedding should take place, according to both the English and Russo-Greek forms, at St. Petersburg. Our engagement had come about in this wise. I, Arthur Musgrave, as an attaché of our legation at Madrid, had been thrown much in the society of the daughter of the Russian envoy, and had learned to love her, and had been lucky enough to teach her to love me. My chief difficulty was with the count, who was at first very much annoyed and displeased. Russia—youngest of nations—has an aristocracy that in pride and pretension rivals the "blue blood" of Spain, and every Muscovite noble is convinced that the English are, as Napoleon called us, a nation of shopkeepers, quite unfit to mate with their own upper classes. Fortunately for me, however, I was heir to an entailed property, small, indeed, but the rent-roll of which seemed respectable in continental eyes; while I was able to convince Count Orloff that my border ancestry had driven off Scottish cattle, and ridden in warden raids, at a time when his own forefathers were probably unbaptized Tartars, for it is a curious fact that the titled families of Russia are Georgian, Tartar, German, Swedish, anything but Russian.

All now was happily settled, and, as I have said, I was on my way to my future father-in-law's country chateau, a Summer residence in the lake district of Ostaschkoi, near Tver, on the Upper Volga. The count's estates lay chiefly in that neighborhood, and he had lately been appointed, by one of those abrupt transitions from one service to another, which are common under the Czar's rule, governor of the province.

"But what chance, M. Vassili, brings you here?" I asked, when we had shaken hands. "I heard of you last as in Rome."

"Here to-day, there to-morrow," answered Vassili, airily. "I have been in Asia lately, shall be at Wilna to-morrow, and in St. Petersburg next week. I serve a master who has dealings in far-away places."

"You mean the Emperor?" I inquired, and the Russian nodded with a look of good-humored mystery. At this moment up came a porter to tell me, cringingly, that my excellency must, he feared, be content to wait six hours or more for a train. There had been a movement of troops towards Poland, disordering the company's arrangements, and taking up the rolling-stock.

"The Emperor's orders, noble gospodin," he added, with a deprecatory shrug as he saw my vexed face.

Then Demetrius climbed in. His train, too, had been delayed by the concentration of troops on the Polish frontier. He, too, had some hours to spend at Minsk. He had ordered dinner at the Black Eagle, hard by. The landlord knew him well, and would serve up a tolerable repast. Would I be charitable, and share what would otherwise be a solitary meal?

Vassili gave me a good dinner, and we lingered long over our cigars and coffee, chatting of other scenes and old times. Then, at length word was brought that the train for Wilna was in sight.

"Now I think of it," said my host, in his careless way, "on your road to the count's chateau you will pass Staritza—yes!" he added, glancing at the open map that lay beside me on the table; "of course you will, and change horses there. I wish, if it be not too much to ask, that you would kindly give a message from me to the village priest, or papas, there—Pope John Petrovitch."

"I will, with pleasure," I replied; "but remember, my Russian is not very fluent, and I presume the priest talks no French."

Vassili laughingly assured me that the words were few and simple, and suggested that I should pencil them, from his dictation, on a slip of paper which he pushed towards me. These were the words of the message: "Your son" ("our clergyman marry, you know, like the laity," interjected Demetrius) "has been ill, but take comfort. He is doing well now, and, if he acts promptly, with the blessing of the Panagia, will succeed. He sends his love, faith and duty."

"I saw the pope's son," explained Demetrius, "the other day at Odessa. Young Cyril is a corn-dealer and hay-merchant, a pushing, speculative fellow, but as honest as the day. He was recovering from a fever, but hoped to fill his purse by buying

up all the—Ah! there is the railway whistle, so we must be quick! You'll do my errand then, dear Arthur, will you not, and gladden the heart of the good old man?"

It was not until long after Vassili and I had parted that it occurred to me to wonder why he should have charged me with such a message. It would have been simpler, surely, and more speedy, as a means of communicating with Pope John, to have relied on the post. But then these rustic priests were ignorant, and possibly the eyes of the papas were not very well accustomed to deciphering manuscript. At any rate, I would make a point of executing the commission.

"Pope John, English lord?" said the innkeeper at Staritza, falteringly, as I asked for a guide to show me the way to the parsonage, while the slow postilions were unharnessing, in the tardy fashion in which work is done in Russia, the tired horses from the carriage.

"Certainly," said I, observing his embarrassment. "Is the priest ill, or what is there surprising in a traveler's inquiring for him?"

The landlord bowed obsequiously. "You'll find the papas in good health, noble gospodin," he said, in sugared accents. "Yonder is the parsonage, with the white gable."

"Then I want no guide to conduct me there," said I, laughing, and at once walked across to the garden-gate. A neat, snug little dwelling was the parsonage, with its white walls, its tiny garden, full of humble potherbs and hardy flowers, and the sacred pigeons cooing softly as they sunned themselves upon its red-eaved roof. An ill-looking fellow opened the door in answer to my summons, scanned me narrowly, and, as I thought, with suspicion, and after some colloquy conducted me to what I guessed, by the few books and the many pictured saints on the wall, to be the priest's study. Ten minutes elapsed, and then in came the master of the house, Pope John.

"Forgive me, noble sir, if I have kept you waiting," said the priest, with as low a bow as he could have executed in the presence of his bishop. "You bring me news, I am told, of my dear son?"

I cannot say that the reverend gentleman impressed me very favorably. Pope John was a corpulent old man, with a snowy beard that would have done credit to a hermit; long white locks falling from beneath his black velvet skull-cap, a snuffy and frayed cassock, and dark-blue spectacles, from behind which a pair of keen, though half-shut eyes, surveyed me with a watchfulness that had in it something feline. The priest's voice, too, at once coarse and wheedling, grated on my ear, though nothing could exceed the bland urbanity of his reception of me. Twice over did I repeat the substance of Vassili's remarks concerning the young corn-dealer at Odessa, and twice, at the old man's request, did I mention every circumstance of my interview with Demetrius, "his kind and noble patron," as he called him; then I placed the written slip of paper, on which I had penciled the message, in the priest's hands, and declining his offer of refreshments, took my leave of him. As I left the parsonage I thought I heard some whispered talk, and then a low, sneering laugh.

"I am much mistaken," said I to myself, as I stepped into my carriage and gave my postilion the signal to start, "if Pope John, 'the good old man,' as Vassili called him, be not as consummate and greasy a humbug as any in Muscovy."

Then my thoughts reverted to rosy dreams of Marie and the future, and I sank into a reverie, from which I only awakened to perceive that my driver was proceeding in a leisurely manner that was most unusual, for, if Russians work slowly, they drive fast.

"Come, come, my lad!" said I, good-humoredly, "surely three good nags and a light kibitka ought not to go at a snail's-pace like this!"

As I spoke I heard the gallop of distant horses, mingled with the clank of steel. We were on a sandy road, traversing one of those huge pine-forests, the sombre gloom of which, alternating with the glare of the white sand, has occasioned the name of "Black Russia" to be assigned to these central provinces of the ancient Muscovy. Very soon we were overtaken by the hard riders in our rear, their swords clashing against flank and stirrup, their horses in a foam—in all, some five-and twenty mounted men. Most of them, by their long lances and barbarian equipment, I knew to be Cossacks, but others wore the uniform of gendarmes, and three at least were officers.

"Pull up! halt, I say!" shouted he who seemed to command; and in an instant my driver obeyed.

"Secure the foreigner!" was the next order; and with amazing quickness I was grasped by two of the dismounted troopers.

"Resist, and I fire!" growled a Cossack corporal, pressing the muzzle of his pistol to my left temple, while his soldiers dexterously chained my wrists together. Then, shaking off my stupor of surprise, I found my tongue.

"There was," I said, "evidently some mistake, some confusion of persons. My passport, if they would kindly look for it in the breast-pocket of my ulster, would prove me to be Arthur Musgrave, of the British Diplomatic Service, Junior Attaché of H. B. M.'s Legation at Madrid."

"Prisoner, you trifle with justice!" said the commandant, sternly, in French; and, indeed, when the morocco-case was drawn out and opened, it proved to be empty. My passport and papers were gone, inexplicably to me. As I stared blankly there was a roar of laughter, mingled with comments on my effrontery.

"Remove the pretended Englishman!" ordered the colonel; and I was thrust back into the carriage, a soldier on each side of me, and conducted to the town of Torjok, where I was lodged in jail.

I do not like, even yet, to recall what I underwent during the miserable three weeks that I spent in the prison of Torjok. It was not that the cell was narrow, the bed squalid and the fare hard and bad. I was young and strong, and could rough it. But it was maddening to be eternally examined and cross-examined by civil magistrates and military functionaries, none of whom would listen to the plain truth, and all of whom tried, by threat, promise, persuasion, to wring out of me a confession, which, as they said, would enable me to

claim the Czar's mercy and a lighter punishment for my crime. I was browbeaten, bullied, argued with, coaxed, but never accused of anything. When I inquired the nature of my offense I was jeered at. When I adjured my captors to write to the British Embassy, my prayer was treated as an impudent jest. And when I mentioned Count Orloff, the Governor of the Province, as my future father-in-law, I really thought the Judge of Instruction would have flown at my throat so angry was he.

"Only bread and water for the contumacious!" I heard him roar to the jailer as he went out. I thought between them that they would have driven me mad, and should have welcomed Siberia as a release.

I grew sullen at last, and refused to return any answer to the interrogatories with which they plied me. I began almost to doubt my own identity. It could not be myself, Arthur Musgrave, who was the tenant of this Russian den, and daily questioned as to my complicity in something extremely subversive of Church and State. Let them knout me, bang me, banish me if they would, I felt as though I were the only sane man among a pack of madmen.

"Here is the wretch, your excellency," said a voice one day as my cell-door was thrown open, with a clatter of swords and spurs on the stone floor that indicated the arrival of some distinguished personage; there the desperado is, lord governor!"

I looked up. There, in front of the group stood, in rich uniform, the breast of which sparkled with orders, the "excellency" in question. The recognition was mutual.

"Count Orloff!"

"What! Musgrave! Arthur, my dear boy, what terrible error is this?"

And to the scandal of the judge, the jailer, and the rest of them, the governor of the province hurried across the grimy floor to clasp my hands, and to order, in a voice that brooked no denial or delay, that my chains should instantly be taken off. "My poor fellow, how you must have suffered!" said the count, feelingly, as he saw how pale and haggard I had grown. And then came explanations, the cream of which was that there had been a socialist conspiracy, a widespread one, luckily detected in time, a prime mover in which had been my acquaintance, Vassili, who had evidently made a cat's-paw of me in inducing me to carry his message to the priest, while at the same time he had poisoned my English passports and papers, probably for the sake of escaping, in case of the worst, under my name.

"But Pope John, and his son," said I, bewildered.

"The real Pope John, a sad old rogue," answered the count, smiling, "had been arrested the day before you reached Staritza, and you found his house in possession of the police. The white-bearded person to whom you gave the message, disguised in the priest's clothes, was Major Bulow, of the Imperial Gendarmerie; and the message itself was an artful concoction, couched in a sort of verbal cipher, the key to which a traitor gave us, and which, but for our military precautions, would have led to a revolt of the Polish regiment at Tver, and a rising of the peasantry in fifty parishes. As it is, all is safe, and a telegram has just informed me that Vassili himself has been captured on the frontier. If ever a man deserved Siberia—but you are free, Arthur. Come with me, and Marie and I will teach you to forget this misery."

I have been married and happy now this many a year, but I do not think that the ill-omened face of Demetrius Vassili will ever be seen again on this side of the Oural.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM SYDNEY TO TRACY.

THE female members of our party, having discovered that Sydney is still so far a typical frontier town as to count its large population of "roughs" and take slight note of the members who die with their boots on, brave the savage winds on the platform and stare wildly about in search of desperadoes. Every man, being a possible murderer and a most probable gambler, is invested with a dark and awful interest, albeit most of them are sober and quiet-looking citizens, a little given to excess in the item of hair, eccentric as to their hats, and utterly rejecting "biled shirts," but by no means villainous in their physiognomy or make up, and with no visible instruments of offense or defense about them. One of the ladies, thirsting for information, struggles in the teeth of the wind as far as a little cabin, midway between the depot and the bluffs, and interviews a sociable-looking colored woman seated on the threshold, as to the morals of Sydney.

"Oh, it's quiet enough round 'er; nobody troubles me none," replies the cate-chist, with a broad grin.

"No fighting, or anything of that sort?" (in great surprise and faint disappointment.)

"Law, no! I don't never hear nothin'. Over yonder" (indicating, with an easy sweep of her hand, the opposite side of the railroad-track) "they gambles and fights most all the time, and they kills somebody among 'emselves every now'n then, but I hain't never seen anything of it. There's a lot over there in the buryin'-ground that was stabbed or shot or somethin'!"

A SYDNEY OUTFIT SHOP.

Amplified satisfied, the interviewer withdraws and takes a hasty note in the recesses of the car. In the meantime our artists have gone in an opposite direction, and, among the outfitting shops, have found a mine of interest. The word "outfit" is peculiarly a Far-Westernism, applied indiscriminately to the movable belongings of a party and to the party itself; any body of people, whether it be a military command or a religious convocation, an exploring party or a sewing-circle, comes easily under that head. In the present instance the outfits are almost exclusively of emigrants to the gold region, and the outfitting shops, of which there are several, supply every possible need of the miner or of his family. Rifles, guns, revolvers—firearms of every description and every patent; knives, as numerous and in equal variety, ammunition, cartridge-belts and boxes, buckskin pouches and pow-

der-horns, are crowded side by side with tins and ironmongery, forks, spoons, flat-irons, tea-kettles, mining implements and bedding. There is a store of canned meats and vegetables; rolls of flannel, woolen checks, calicoes and hosiery; everything, almost, fit for domestic service, from a looking-glass to a rolling-pin, is jumbled together in this long, low, dark shop, and turned over and appraised by a crowd as heterogeneous as the stock itself. A strong, energetic-looking set of men are these Black Hills emigrants, fresh from the farm-lands of Wisconsin, or Iowa, or Kansas, or from the further Eastern States, where the gold fever has reached and laid hold of them, as of the famous old "Argonauts of '49." Whether they will be as successful in the struggle as were those, is still a question; but one pities the women who cast their lot with them—the tired, desponding-looking women, young and old, carrying heavy babies, and herding together their off-spring of larger growth—whom one sees wearily sitting about the outfitting shops or among their shabby boxes and bundles outside.

A MINERS' TRAIN.

Some huge, heavy emigrant-wagons, with their white canvas covers, are loaded and ready to start. A string of these—five or six—or of open wagons heavily loaded with stores, are hitched together and drawn by a "team" of from ten to sixteen mules in double harness, and the starting of one of these long trains is an interesting and exciting business—to a looker-on, at least, who, in Boston phrase, "admires" to see the plunging, backing, rearing and kicking of the mules, and to hear the fluent adjurations of the driver, punctuated with incessant cracks of his huge raw-hide whip. As we turn away from watching an exodus of the kind, a fresh-looking emigrant touches on the shoulder that favored member of our party who carries the pet Skye under his arm.

"Say, d'you want to sell your dog?"

"Well, I hadn't thought of it before," remarks Follette's guardian *pro tem*; which vague reply the would-be buyer evidently takes favorably, and proceeds to offer as high as five dollars for the animal, inasmuch as he "wants a good barkin' pup to scare the Injines away nights!"

INDIAN REMINISCENCES.

As at other stations along the route, we hear "Injun" stories at Sydney. The town dates its existence only so far back as the building of the railroad, whose progress was fiercely opposed at this point, as at all others, by the neighboring tribes; and the crumbling remains of breastworks formerly raised in preparation for their raids can be seen along the bluffs north of the town. Now nothing more alarming than a Pawnee scout is to be seen, and at the first glance at one of these warriors it is difficult to imagine them akin in race or habits to the strong, fierce toes of eight years ago. But, however civilization may have tamed or degraded an Indian—and the terms in this application seem to be synonymous—he keeps to the very end a gleam of the devil in his eyes, a covert, snaky glitter, that suggests all the horrors one ever heard, and sends a curious little chill down one's back, if they look long enough.

OFF AGAIN.

Our time is up—too soon for the artists and note-takers of the party—who come running wildly from all directions at the shout of "All aboard!" The hideous shrieks of departing engines, by-the-way, are rarely, if ever, heard on Western roads; the trains start smoothly and silently, a custom which is grateful to the ears and senses of the traveler, but occasionally attended with embarrassing results, as in the case of that stray member of our party, who, at Chicago, was counted among the missing in consequence of one of these ghostly departures. Scrambling on board, we take our places at the windows again, and now discover a fresh interest in the scenery, as the sharp, high lines of distant bluffs begin to draw nearer to the track, and take new shapes, for ever changing and always fantastic and strange. Long breastworks, as of smoothly hewn stone, cut sharp against the horizon, sometimes broken into abrupt notches, cropping out into square towers, or ridged with massive buttresses; walls of ragged calcareous rock, ochery yellow or warm brown, sweep upward from the plain, their steep fronts eaten out into niches and deep holes, from which it is not hard to fancy a wild face or two peering out. Sometimes they sink into the level of the plain and disappear, and then another furlong will bring us to some great monumental shape starting up alone and isolated from the dead flat, or cresting the ridge of a divide. They have taken the place of trees in the landscape, and no other shapes now come between the brown Plains and the low, gray sky.

The next stations after leaving Sydney—Berwison, Potter, Bennett and Antelope—are merely telegraph-stations or side-tracks, incidental dots along the plain that rather add to than detract from its vast loneliness. Adams and Bushnell follow, and then Pine Bluffs, so-called from a few low scrubby pines that fringe the bluffs. An Indian trail crosses here, traveled yearly by the tribes passing to and fro between the buffalo-grounds on the Republican River and Horse Creek and the North Platte.

Tracy is the last station of Nebraska, and here we are 5,149 feet above sea-level. The sun is going down as we pass the little side-track, and the heavy storm-clouds are shot through with lines of flame. The crumbling yellow bluffs have a coppery light upon them against the sky, and look more weird and wild than ever, as we slide past them, chasing the last gleam of sunset into the remote gray shadows of twilight.

DEDICATION OF BOSTON'S WAR MONUMENT.

THE demonstration attending the dedication of Martin Milmore's *chef-d'œuvre*, the Army and Navy monument, erected on Boston Common on Monday, September 17th, was the greatest since the memorable Bunker Hill celebration.

The monument is octagonal in form, covers an area at the base of thirty-eight feet square, and rises to a height of sixty-nine feet nine inches. The first or lower course forms the steps, three in number, which have a tread of two feet, and fifteen inches rise. From the steps starts the base of the monument, four feet two inches, with the projecting pedestals, four feet square, on which stand the bronze statues representing the Army, Navy, History and Peace. This section measures four feet ten inches in height, and between the projecting pedestals are panels in which are inserted bronze bas-reliefs representing the departure for and return from the war, a naval engagement, and scenes in the labors of the sanitary commission. These pedestals are enriched with emblematic wreaths, single on the sides, and double entwined on the ends, and delicately carved.

The next course is the die or main pedestal, four feet high, three inches high, the four sides of which contain inscribed panels. The one facing the south bears the following inscription, cut in bold, square, sunken letters:

TO THE MEN OF BOSTON
WHO DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY
ON LAND AND SEA IN THE WAR
WHICH KEPT THE UNION WHOLE
AND MAINTAINED THE CONSTITUTION
THE GRATEFUL CITY
HAS BUILT THIS MONUMENT
THAT THEIR EXAMPLE
MAY SPEAK
TO COMING GENERATIONS.

Upon the die rests the base of the column, four feet two inches high. This is in the Roman Doric order, and very ornate. Around the base of the shaft, which is seven feet six inches diameter, are four figures cut in alto relief, representing the four sections of the Union—North, South, East and West. The figures are easy and graceful in attitude. This section rises eight feet six inches, and is followed by the first band, or beautifully sculptured wreath, which breaks the monotony of the outline, and with those above produces variety and a very pleasing effect. Next in order is the fluted part of the column, five feet in diameter, which rises above the figures seven feet; another carved band; a plain section of the shaft, six feet five inches; another wreath band; a plain section six feet ten inches; and a band on which emblematic stars are cut. The capital of the column is unique in design and bold in effect. It is seven feet square, and above each side is poised an eagle finely sculptured in white marble. The topmost stone of all—upon which stands the bronze figure representing the "Genius of America"—is three feet eleven inches thick and five feet in diameter.

The statue representing the Army is that of a vigorous young man, of a thoughtful, intellectual countenance, full of character, and prepared for any emergency. The statue representing the Navy is that of a fearless, intelligent sailor, full of energy and resolution. With right hand resting on cutlass and left on hip, he stands the hero of a hundred conflicts on river and sea. That statue of Ohio, or History, represents a female sitting, carrying in her right hand a stylus, while her left hand holds a tablet which rests upon her right knee. The head is turned over the right shoulder, looking upward. Peace is represented by a female seated, and holding aloft in her right hand an olive-branch. Surmounting the column is the statue of America, the crowning feature of the monument, some seventeen feet in height. The head is encircled by a crown of stars; in her left hand she holds aloft the unfurled banner of the Republic, while in her right hand are two laurel wreaths, resting on a sheathed sword.

The immense amount of labor which the sculptor has performed can only be fully realized by a close inspection of the monument, and the fault which was freely found with Mr. Milmore on account of the delay in the completion of this great work must now be considered to have been unwarrantable in view of the perfect success which has resulted from his patient study of the figures and the details of the memorial. The modeling of five colossal statues, four alto-reliefs and four bas-reliefs, the latter containing on an average thirty figures on each tablet, all being carefully studied in detail, is the work of years, and to have completed the memorial earlier would have been equivalent to slighting some parts of the design, which Mr. Milmore would not do, because he felt that this work was the crowning effort of his life.

THE JOHN BROWN MONUMENT.

ON the 30th of August, 1856, a battle was fought at Ossawatimie, Kansas, between 400 Missourians from Lafayette County, under the command of J. W. Reid, and Rev. Martin White, and thirty or forty Free State citizens under command of John Brown and Dr. Updegraff. The engagement resulted in the death, on the Missourian side, of thirty-two men, and on the Kansas side, of David R. Garrison, George W. Partridge, Theron P. Powers, Charles Heiser and Frederick Brown, son of the Kansas leader. Brown's force was completely defeated, and after his retreat the town was burned.

On the anniversary of this engagement, this year, a monument erected by the town of Ossawatimie to the memory of the men who fell on the Kansas side was unveiled in the presence of about 4,000 persons, Senator Ingalls delivering the oration. The monument stands upon a knoll overlooking the town, and is made of white marble, the shaft being eleven feet high. Upon the south side, as seen in the engraving, is a full-length portrait of old John Brown, wreathed in evergreen, while beneath it, and on the other sides, are cut the names of the men who were killed in the fight.

After the exercises at Ossawatimie a reception was given to Senator Ingalls and other prominent persons.

SIR VINCENT L. HURLBERT, K.T.

DR. VINCENT LUMBARD HURLBERT, recently elected to the office of Right Eminent Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the United States, was born in West Ninden, Monroe County, N. Y., June 28th, 1829. At an early age his father, who was a practicing physician, moved to Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, where he remained till 1851, when he removed to Chicago, Illinois, where he still resides. The subject of this sketch attended two sessions of the Cleveland Medical College in 1849 and 1850, and in 1851 followed his family to Chicago. He graduated in the Rush Medical College, Chicago, in 1852, and at once began the practice of his profession in that city, where he has attained a large practice and established a reputation for remarkable ability and success in his business. For many years he has been devoted to the interests of Freemasonry in all the grades of the Order. He has filled important stations all the way from the Blue Lodge up to the Sovereign Supreme Council of 33 deg. in the Northern Jurisdiction, and has in every position acquitted himself with honor, and credit to the bodies he has represented. He has been closely identified with the creation and growth of Apollo Commandery No. 1, Chicago, now numbering over 500 Sir Knights. In 1871, at the regular session of the Grand Encampment in Baltimore, he was elected to the office of Grand Generalissimo. In 1874, at the session in New Orleans, he was elected to the office of Deputy Grand Master, and has now reached the highest place in the gift of the Order, being elected to the office of Grand Master at the 20th triennial convocation in Cleveland, August 30th, 1877.

Mrs. Grundy.

If ever virtuous and valuable female was ungratefully rewarded by this ungrateful world, it is she. Somewhere of other, whether as a sweet little cherub aloft or a viewless messenger of air among us we know not—"perhaps no man ever shall know"—she takes care of us, all and individually, she watches over our cradles, she institutes our funerals, she assists us in choosing our spouses, our hats, our houses, our friends, our religion, our dinner, she breathes her anflatus into our art, she prompts our literature, our pulpit eloquence, our evening-party ballads of affections. What should we do without her? Fancy having to settle all the details of our lives for ourselves—which quarter of the town to live in, what sort of house to have, what furniture, how many servants, what o'clock to dine at, at which part of the dinner to have the fish. Fancy having to find out our own wishes, to create our own tastes, to propound our own code of social morals. Nine-tenths of us would have our minds like the old fresco of the man clad in a pair of shears meditating into what fashion he should cut the provision of cloths and silks spread around him for his covering, and would wait in hesitating bewilderment unprovided with ideas at all; and the remaining tenth would live in a state of perpetual variation and experiment, and would be like independent hermits in a too-crowded desert, each an offense to all the others, and all the others in the way of each. There would be no certainty about anything; one lady would be found at family prayers at what we thought was her hour for morning-calls and scandal; one would summon us to attend her "at home" at 10 A. M.; our friends would scatter themselves round all the points of the compass, wherever their whims and the house-rents drew them; we should not know when it was right and when it was wrong to be in town; we should have no idea whether to betake ourselves

to meet, or if need were, to avoid, our acquaintances; the butler would demand our dining at one time of day, or of night, the cook would strike for another time. Nothing would be beyond discussion; and there would be no final argument. "Everybody does it;" "Nobody does it;" "People would think it strange;" "People will think we ought!"—the safe decisive phrases, to the point and unanswerable, how we should miss them in our interminable Sisyphian debates on everything to be, to do, and to suffer under the sun!

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Turkish Operations in Asia Minor.

When the war broke out, the Turks, inspired by a sudden fit of energy, determined upon an invasion of Russian Trans-Caucasia, and if possible to rekindle the fires of revolution which have never yet been completely extinguished amongst the unruly mountaineers of Circassia, Georgia, and Abkhazia. The success of the expedition was complete. On the Georgian coast a large force was landed at Tchamchira. Owing, however, to the energetic steps adopted by the Russians, the revolution was suppressed; the Russians, being reinforced, set to work to invest Tchamchira, which after some time the Turks determined to abandon, particularly as in a few weeks the anchorage would no longer be safe for the fleet. On July 30th Hobart Pasha proceeded with five vessels from Soukhoun to Tchamchira to re-embark the troops from the Georgian coast. The Russians kept quiet, and, with the aid of every boat in the fleet working day and night, the whole of the troops were brought on board in safety, and the little fleet set sail for Soukhoun Kaleh. "The Last Shot Fired in the Defense of Kars," on the 9th, when the Russians at length withdrew from the fruitless siege, is an incident worthy of note. It was sketched in the Kara-Dagh redoubt. This was the 17,458th shot fired by the Turkish batteries. The great Krupp gun was pointed, for the nonce, at the extraordinary elevation of 36 degrees, but we do not

suppose its parting fire had any effect in hastening the enemy's retreat.

The Death of Aziz Pasha.

The death of Aziz Pasha took place at the end of July during a skirmish near Huseudje. The General, with four battalions, had been ordered to protect the division of Fud Pasha, who was coming from the direction of Rostchuk. When near Huseudje, messengers brought intelligence that Fud Pasha had achieved the most difficult part of his march, and no longer needed aid. Aziz Pasha determined to make a reconnaissance. A forest being close by, scouts were sent to reconnoitre, and were received by a sharp musketry fire. Thereupon Aziz Pasha ordered two battalions to advance, and followed the troops, with his staff, on foot, and when within range of the enemy the latter opened a tremendous fire, and Aziz Pasha fell, struck by a bullet. His colleague succeeded in driving the Russians out of the wood, but the little victory was dearly purchased with the loss of one of the best generals in the Turkish army.

War Sketches on the Danube.

One of our foreign pictures this week represents a Turkish field hospital contrivance, in charge of a member of the "Red Crescent," the Turkish branch of the Red Cross Society. As the Turks pointed out at the beginning of the war, a Mohammedan army could scarcely work under a Christian symbol, so by a special agreement with the Geneva Convention they were allowed to substitute a "crescent" for the "cross" on their hospital flag. The sketch represents a doctor, his assistant and the bear and stretchers used on the field. Another picture illustrates the Russian fondness for tea. As coffee is to the Turk, so is tea to the Russian, and our sketch depicts the Imperial tea kitchen at Biela, the Czar's headquarters, especially adapted for the preparation of that indispensable Muscovite beverage, which, with a slice of lemon, and perhaps the slightest possible dash of rum, is one of the most refreshing tonics imaginable to a wearied traveler.

Trial of English Turf Conspirators.

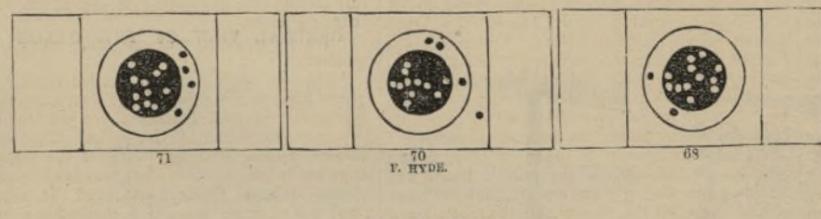
The Bow Street (London) Police Court has been engaged recently in an exhaustive investigation of three detective officers charged with "turf frauds." It is alleged that they were engaged in a conspiracy to obtain from the Countess de Goncourt, a French lady of property, various sums of money, on the pretense that the conspirators were largely engaged in betting "operations" on the turf, in the profits of which it was promised Madame de Goncourt should share on supplying part of the funds to work with. At first genuine remittances were forwarded to her as the result of the "operations," but afterwards worthless checks were sent. The men engaged in the frauds had a sham newspaper printed, containing professed particulars of racing, to be forwarded to their dupes in France. One of the most important witnesses against the officers was a convict named Kurr, who was brought out of prison to testify. The case has made great excitement among the fashionable as well as the "sporting" classes of both London and Paris.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

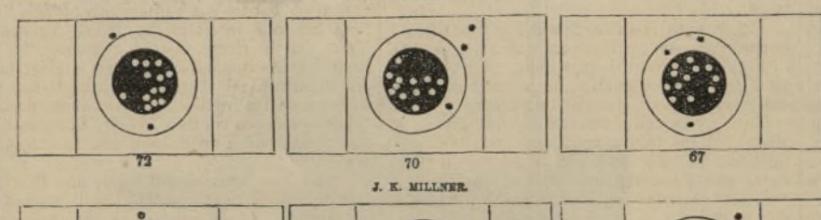
- CONVICT labor in England last year produced \$75,000.
- THE oldest copy of a bill of exchange known is one dated at Milan in 1325.
- SIR ARTHUR GORDON, Governor of Fiji, is persuading the natives to submit to vaccination.
- A TEAM of sixteen mules, drawing a wagon laden with 40,000 pounds of ore, is a common sight in Reno, Nevada.
- INDIANA has 3,986 miles of railroad and 533 of side-track, the total assessed value of which is over \$39,500,000.
- AT Landoff, N. H., is the grave of a Mrs. Bronson, who lived in three centuries. She was born in 1699 and died in 1801.
- THE law against employing workmen or women in any kind of manufacture after four o'clock P. M. is carried out in England with great rigor.
- IN France they estimate the daily consumption of bread at two pounds and a quarter per person, while in England it is not quite thirteen ounces.
- DURING the last year there were 10,819 boys and 10,311 girls born in Minnesota. There were 550 pairs of twins, eight sets of triplets and one of quadruplets.
- MR. SCUDAMORE, Director of the International Post Office at Constantinople, has resigned his post because his chief officer was dismissed for having been born a Bulgarian.
- IT has been proved in Nevada and other silver producing States of the West that capital devoted to agriculture pays better and more regularly than if put into gold and silver mines.
- A PARISIAN novelty is a tremendous cuff-stud for gentlemen's wear. It gives in microscopic figures a date for day and month up to the end of the century we live in, and is called a perpetual almanac.
- ONE result of the interest taken in rifle matches in the last few years is that the principal ocean steamers have established ranges on their decks, and instead of playing shuffleboard and pitch, passengers now amuse themselves by firing at targets.
- A WOMAN asked the Adjutant General of Maine for a pension a few days ago, on the ground that her daughter wanted to buy a new dress to wear to camp meeting, and when he declined to accede she departed, muttering that he was "a regular hog."
- IN many parts of the West stump-pullers have been almost superseded by dynamite cartridges, which are inserted under the stump in holes made by a long earth auger, and, on being fired, lift out and demolish the stump without making a large hole.
- IN a little French town not long ago a swarm of bees selected the letter-box as the resting-place, and proceeded to occupy it. The carrier, on attempting to open the box, was severely stung, and not until the bees had been smoked out was it possible to remove the letters.
- THE injunction of secrecy has at length been removed from the agent of the Pilgrim Society of Massachusetts, and he announces that the gentleman whose gift of \$32,300 purchased the immense statue of "Faith" which is to crown the national monument at Plymouth is the late Hon. Oliver Ames.
- AT a social gathering at Meriden a young man proposed the formation of a Shakespeare Club; but his ardor was somewhat dampened by the discovery that there was only one person in the room who had ever heard of Shakespeare, and that was a young woman who thought it was something like parlor-croquet.
- ONE of the midshipmen from the United States frigate *Constitution*, at Newport, is particularly bashful. On being introduced to one of the belles of the day, he seemed to think it necessary to apologize for so astounding a piece of presumption, and modestly stammered: "I beg your pardon, Miss —; it is not my fault; but ah! the captain ordered me to ask you to dance."

REPRESENTATIVE SHOTS OF BOTH TEAMS IN EACH DAY'S SHOOTING.

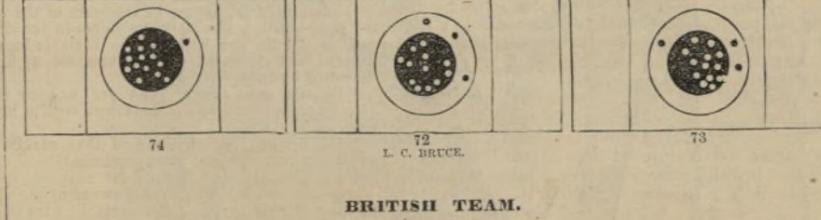
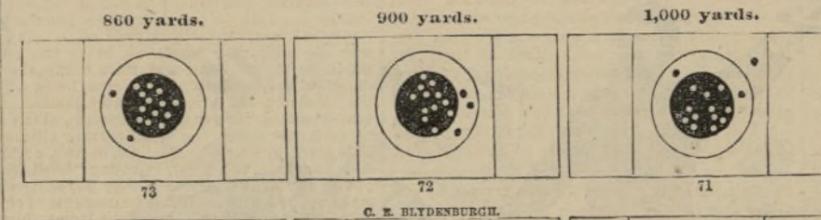
FIRST DAY—AMERICANS.



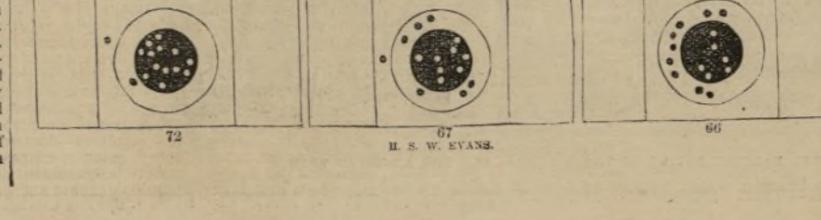
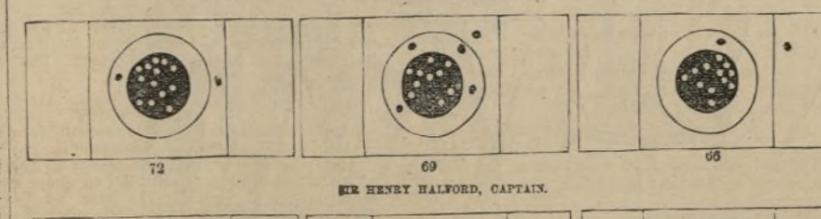
BRITISH TEAM.



SECOND DAY—AMERICANS.



BRITISH TEAM.





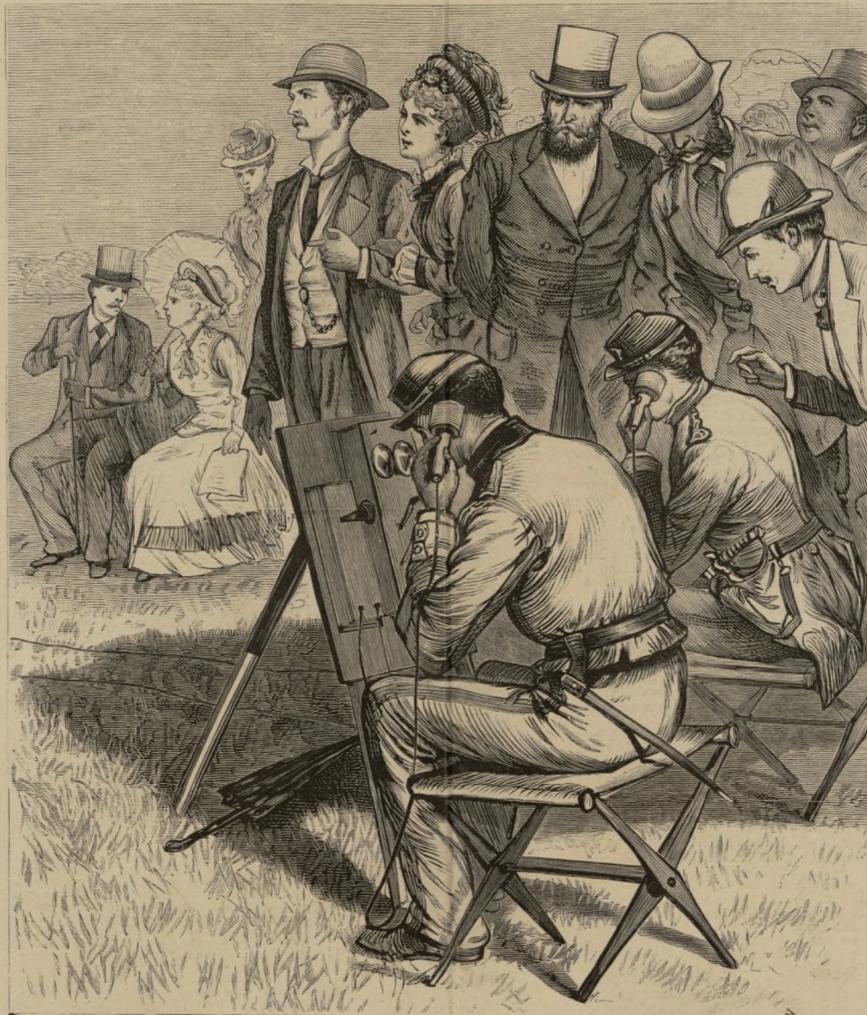
GENERAL VIEW OF THE RANGE OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION, AT CREEDMOOR, DURING THE FINAL CONTEST BETWEEN THE RIVAL TEAMS, ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH.



WARMING THE GUNS.



WATCHING THE WIND VANES.



RECEIVING MESSAGES FROM THE BUTTS BY MEANS OF A TELEPHONE.



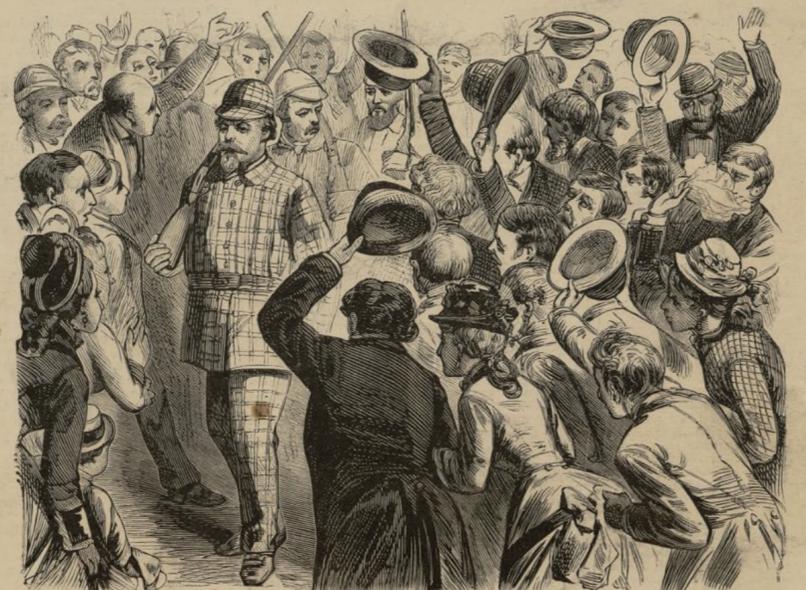
POLICE SUPPRESSING THE CHEERING.



THE CROWD BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS.



AFTER THE CONTEST.—SIR HENRY HALFORD PROPOSING THREE CHEERS FOR THE AMERICAN TEAM.



SPECTATORS CHEERING THE AMERICAN TEAM AT THE CLOSE OF THE MATCH.

NEW YORK.—THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL RIFLE MATCH FOR THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY, BETWEEN THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN TEAMS, AT CREEDMOOR, SEPTEMBER 13TH AND 14TH.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE TWO DAYS' CONTEST FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE FRONT PAGE.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

UNSEEN.

At the spring of an arch in the great north tower,
High up on the wall, is an angel's head;
And beneath it is carved a lily flower,
With delicate wings at the side outspread.

They say that the sculptor wrought from the face
Of his youth's lost love, of his promised bride;
And when he had added the last sad grace
To the features, he dropped his chisel and died.

And the worshippers throng to the shrine below,
And the sight-seers come with their curious eyes;
But deep in the shadow, where none may know
Its beauty, the gem of his carving lies.

Yet at early morn on a Midsummer's day,
When the sun is far to the north, for the space
Of a few short minutes there falls a ray
Through an amber pane, on an angel's face.

It was wrought for the eye of God; and it seems
That He blesses the work of the dead man's hand
With a ray of the golden light that streams
On the lost that are found in the deathless land.

THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES.

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

CHAPTER X.

SCARCELY twenty minutes afterwards Ellen returned. Anthony was seated in the store-room where she had left him, with his head buried in his hands.

"Well?" he said, looking up with a start; and Ellen paused regretfully, regarding his haggard face. That was another visible alteration in Anthony—the pallid, worn face and the feverish restlessness in his blue eyes.

"She will not take the money," answered Ellen, unwillingly laying down the note before him. "She says she has no need for it."

"What does she mean by that?" demanded Anthony, fiercely. "Hasn't she as much need of it now as she ever had?"

"I think not," said Ellen, gently. "You see, she does not go out, nor go into Redcross or Balinglass, or anywhere; and, besides—"

"Besides what?"

"Besides," said Ellen, the tears filling her dark eyes, and a bright color coming and going on her face, making her look almost handsome, "I know money is not what her poor lonely heart is aching and longing for. It is for a loving word—for the sight of a kind, forgiving smile; it is for—"

"Hush, hush!" broke in Anthony, in an agitated manner. "You don't know what you are saying. I forgive her—I forgive her for disappointing and grieving me—I can't forgive her for the wrong she has done herself. You are a good girl, Ellen," he added, after a pause, looking at her curiously. "I think you mean what you say. I think you care a little for my miserable sister and my miserable, wretched self. Do you?"

"Indeed, I would do anything to make you both happier, Mr. Latouche," replied Ellen, earnestly—"indeed I would; and that is why I beg and implore of you to be reconciled—to be friends again. Why should you not?" went on the eager pleader, laying her hand on Anthony Latouche's arm and looking up into his face. "She loves you better than any one in the world, except her husband, Mr. Latouche. Don't be angry," she said, clasping her hand tighter to detain him, and speaking fearlessly now in her excitement. "Next to heaven and her own soul a woman ought to love the man she marries; but, excepting him, and him only, I believe your sister loves you better than her life. And you love her—poor, dear, pretty creature!—and why will you let her," said Ellen, the tears streaming very fast down her cheeks, "mourn her life away, when one loving word from you would make her glad?"

"Nothing could make her glad unless I gave him back to her," declared Anthony, in a low, bitter tone. "She will mean and weep away her life for him, I suppose."

"Heaven forbid!" said Ellen, earnestly. "Surely, Mr. Latouche, if you will only bestir yourself in the matter now, and find out where he has gone—"

"No, no," interposed Anthony, hurriedly. "I will never make any further inquiries about him—never!"

He turned to leave the room, but paused again and moved back beside Ellen once more.

"Ellen Bruce, you are a good woman," he said, with a weary sigh—"a good woman—better, I know, than any one else in this house. I wish I had met you long ago."

"Why, sir?" asked Ellen, in surprise.

"Because," said Anthony, very gravely, standing before her, "you would have kept me straight—you would have been a safeguard to poor Lizzie; all this might have never happened if you had been here—would never have happened. You would have been a kind, sensible, affectionate sister to that poor girl—you would have kept a comfortable, orderly home for us. I would have been a prosperous man to-day, instead of what I am, if I had met you six years ago, and married you, Ellen Bruce."

"Mr. Latouche," said Ellen, with burning cheeks, and her poor, fond, faithful heart in an agony of happiness and fear, and pleasure and amazement combined, "you must not speak like that to me! You mean to speak very kindly and complimentary to me—far more than I deserve—but I am not a fit person for you to think that of me. I am little more than a servant, your sister-in-law's paid housekeeper and attendant—I could never think of—"

"I am not thinking of it now, Ellen," interrupted Anthony, as calmly and gravely as before—"I say I wish I had met you six years ago and married you—and I do wish it from my soul, vain wish as it is. But it is too late now, Ellen," he said, gloomily. "You will meet some one worthy of being your husband some day, I hope, and have a happy home of your own, and not be Mrs. Parnell's 'paid housekeeper' any longer. Her paid attendant indeed!" he muttered with a smothered

execration. "You are a lady by birth and breeding; you look like a lady, you speak like a lady—and that is what she never was, nor ever will be. A vulgar harpy—a selfish, ignorant virago—you her servant, forsooth! If I were fit to touch your hand, Ellen," he said, speaking passionately for the first time, "which I am not, I would soon show Mrs. Christopher Parnell who was the mistress of Derrymore Castle and who was not!"

"Why do you say you are not fit to touch my hand?" asked Ellen, seriously, though in spite of herself, her wild gladness, the joy that throbbled through every pulse of her being, brought such light to her eyes, such soft, happy curves around her lips, that her whole face was bright and glowing with hidden smiles. "You are a gentleman of good position—I, only a penniless, plain-looking woman, working for my bread. The condescension is all on your side, all the world would say."

"Then all the world would be wrong," said Anthony, grimly; "it would be on yours. There, Ellen, I am not going to say any more—to commit myself, as a lawyer would say; and he laughed harshly. "I am never going to repeat this conversation again, Ellen," he went on, "nor allude to that disinterested offer of mine again; so never think twice of it. I told you what I wished might have been. It can never be now. Ellen," he said, suddenly, "will you shake hands with me?"

Ellen extended her hand in silence.

"What are you crying for?" he demanded. "Regretting me—eh, Ellen? Regretting that you are never to have the bliss of putting up with my drunken humors and my sober tempers, and with being sworn at, and with things thrown at your head if I was out of sorts—eh, Ellen?"

"You are wronging yourself!" sobbed Ellen, quite convulsively; for the picture of domestic bliss which Anthony had just drawn had in no wise perverted the feelings of this infatuated young woman. In her secret soul she rather thought what a joy it would be, what a proud, sweet privilege, to have Anthony all to herself, to be the legally authorized person to amuse his petulant fancies and soothe his raging tempers.

"Why, surely," said Anthony, a little quiver of emotion softening his voice, "it can't be that you care for me, that you have fallen in love with me, you foolish girl?"—his voice quite broke down as he spoke to her. "You foolish girl!" he continued, in a whisper. "Poor, foolish Ellen, you must have had an empty heart when drunken Anthony Latouche could fill it—eh, Ellen? You are not so foolish? You don't care anything for me?"

"I do!" said Ellen, frantically, a wild impulse hurrying her on to pour out the innermost secret of her heart in a confession, and then fly to the ends of the earth. "I do—I do! I love you—I love the ground you walk on! Oh, go away! I am disgracing myself! Oh, go away, Anthony—Mr. Latouche—go away! I am ashamed of myself! You oughtn't to have asked me that!" wept poor Ellen, helplessly.

"I did not think any one on earth cared for me," said Anthony, slowly. "I'll remember this always—that you cared for me, and said you loved me. I cannot offer you any return for your love, Ellen," he added, very slowly, and in a very low tone. "Not that I do not care for you. You are the first woman I ever really wished to make my wife. You would have been a hundred times too good for me in my best days. But I cannot marry you, Ellen—there is a reason for it—I can never marry you. Try to think less of me—forget me in that way. Be kind to my sister, Ellen—that is all I ask. I hope before I die that I shall be able to make you some return for your kindness in thinking so well of me," he faltered. "Ellen," he whispered, "I am not fit to touch your hand—but for the sake of what might have been—will you give me a kiss?"

There was a tone of dreary pain in his voice—a dreary, despairing look in his blue eyes; his face was not that of a lover, but of a hopeless man who is turning his back on the coveted hope of his life.

And poor Ellen finished her dreary wooing by clasping him in her arms, and Anthony's dry, fevered lips pressed one burning kiss on hers, and then he left her.

"I must not stay down here crying," she whispered to herself a minute afterwards, raising her face from a tear-drenched handkerchief. "I must go and bathe my eyes, or Mrs. Parnell will come in and—"

She stopped with a pang of affright, for opposite to her, in the open doorway, stood the figure of Mrs. Parnell herself—determination in her attitude, judicial severity on her countenance, wrath and suspicion in the sparkle of her hard, brown eyes—majestically attired in flowing robes of silk, ermine-trimmed mantle, and sumptuous bonnet, laden with nodding white feathers and black jet pendants, just as she had returned from her afternoon drive.

"What was Anthony Latouche doing here?" she said, in somewhat of the same tone in which a judge asks, "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say?"

"He—he—was talking about—about Mrs. Stirling," Ellen faltered.

"And you were crying about Mrs. Stirling, I suppose?" interrogated Mrs. Parnell, scoffingly. "You're going to blind me with such an answer as that, you think?"

"I don't want to blind you," Ellen said, striving hard for composure. "I tell you Mr. Latouche was speaking about his sister ever since—he came in here."

"What was he saying about his sister?" persisted her inquisitor, not relaxing a muscle.

"A good many things," said Ellen—"about her marriage, and so forth."

"What did he come down to you in the store-room for to talk about his sister?"

"Well, perhaps he can tell you why himself, Mrs. Parnell," replied Ellen, with a flash of anger. "All I can tell you is that he did come."

"Oh, that is the way it is to be now, is it?" said Mrs. Parnell, with an insulting smile. "Miss Ellen Bruce is going to lord it now, is she? We're going to have another pretty story about private marriages and private wedding-rings and runaway husbands that don't want you one of these fine

mornings. Upon my word," exclaimed Mrs. Parnell, growing inarticulate between rage and indignity, "this is more—beyond any one's belief! This is what all the watching and running and currying favor with the sister was for! You double-faced, sly—"

"Mrs. Parnell," said Ellen, suddenly, "you are telling lies—wicked lies!" And then she began to think that, after all, there was a good deal of truth in her accusation in the main; and she stood silent, indignant and mortified, but trying, for Anthony's sake and for Lizzie's, to keep from provoking her irate mistress further—nor could her coarsest taunts provoke her into saying another word.

"I have my eye on you, my lady," concluded Mr. Parnell's better-half, when she was exhausted by the length of her harangue—"I have woke up to you now, my lady! I'll watch your clever game and spoil it!"

And again was worthy Mrs. Parnell as good, or as bad, as her word—indeed, that excellent person developed hitherto unknown qualities, and exhibited quite abnormal capability for harassing the lives of her dependents.

Ellen found herself condemned to a down-stairs existence at all times. Mrs. Parnell dismissed one of the servants, and obliged Ellen to make up for the deficiency. Anthony was very much employed on his new farm, and Nick Byrne with him—the man was like his shadow—and Mrs. Parnell ruled undisputed. And the weary days and weeks went on, and the first snows of Winter whitened the mountains around the dark, lonely waters of Glendisane, and only two events occurred to Lizzie to break the hopeless monotony of her existence.

One was the death of Mrs. Prendergast, who had been ailing and confined to her room for some time. Lizzie had seen her only once since her marriage had been made known. The poor old lady had quitted her house for the first time for some years, and visited Lizzie in a formal manner, acknowledging her as her nephew's wife, called her "Mrs. Stirling, my dear," several times whilst speaking to her, and kissed her in a stately manner when she took her leave.

But Lizzie felt sorrowfully in her heart that her old friend regarded in a very different light the woman who had deceived her and carried on a clandestine acquaintance with her nephew to the length of marrying him secretly, from the gay, innocent girl whose society, in many a pleasant afternoon visit, had been one of the joys of her lonely life.

And now she was dead, and all opportunity to seek her forgiveness, to atone for the past, was gone; and gone with her, also, Lizzie felt, helplessly, was another of the faint links that held Richard, her husband, to her.

For the second event was the arrival of a curt reply to a long letter which Lizzie had written to Sir Henry Stirling—written secretly, and after much thought—written carefully, endeavoring—ah, useless design!—to propitiate Richard's offended relative, and to ask him earnestly for news of her husband's whereabouts, if Sir Henry knew of it.

In the curt reply Sir Henry begged to acknowledge Mrs. Richard Stirling's letter, dated three weeks previously, to which he would have earlier replied but for his absence from Redingdale Court. Sir Henry Stirling knew nothing whatever of Captain Stirling's whereabouts, Captain Stirling having kept his own counsel in this as in other matters; and in Captain Stirling's concerns, either present or future, Sir Henry begged to assure Mrs. Stirling that he felt not the slightest interest.

That was all; and, as Lizzie Stirling put away the cold, almost insulting letter, her last gleam of hope, she felt as if the desolation of widowhood had come upon her, for, had she seen the coffin-lid closed over his dead face, and wept beside Richard Stirling's grave in the old churchyard of Knockliffy, he could not have seemed more utterly parted from her, or more dead and sundered from her for ever in this world, than he was now.

Never since that night—how long ago it seemed!—that miserable night when they two had parted in anger, without one loving word—never since then had she heard of him or from him by so much as a verbal message.

Once the awful thought occurred to her and haunted her that he had met with sudden death; but she drove away the idea as absurd; for surely she would have heard of it, or Anthony would have heard, or Ellen Bruce would have heard. Ellen had ridiculed her improbable fears in the same moment that she mentioned them, telling her sharply that such absurd fancies were solely the result of her sedentary, moping life.

And Ellen spoke all the more positively and angrily to reassure the forlorn young wife, because Lizzie's words had touched a shrinking dread in her own heart; "for surely," she thought, "if Richard Stirling were still alive, he would not have forsaken her so utterly."

So the time wore on, and Christmas came and went, and the snows and storms of Winter passed away, and the white snowdrops drooped, and the golden crocuses blazed in the bright spring sunshine.

Late one evening, in the beginning of May, Anthony Latouche returned from the Glendisane Farm, where he had been staying for the previous two days, to find the household at Derrymore Castle in confusion, the servants running distractedly hither and thither, and the doctor's carriage standing before the porch. He entered at the wide-open door, and called loudly and impatiently to know what was the matter; but no one came in answer to his summons, and with hasty steps he was rushing up the staircase, when Ellen Bruce ran down and stopped him.

"Hush! You must not make any noise," she said, holding up her hands warningly; "she is very ill, and the doctor says—"

"Who—who is ill? For Heaven's sake, Ellen, say it's not Lizzie—not Lizzie!"

"Yes," said Ellen, with a shocked look. "Did you not see your brother or Mrs. Parnell?"

"Will you tell me if my sister is ill or dying, or what is it?" asked Anthony, clutching her arm.

"Oh, Anthony, she is very bad," replied Ellen, with a sob. "No, you must not go up—the doctor and nurse are there. We did not know. She

never told anybody—kept it all to herself, poor darling."

"Is she insensible—dead? Will you tell me, is she dead?" said Anthony, tottering back and clinching his hand on the balustrade.

"No, not dead yet," Ellen faltered, crying bitterly, "but the doctor says she cannot live, nor—the little child."

"What child?"

"Your sister's—Mrs. Stirling's little child, Anthony," said Ellen, timidly. "Oh, Anthony, if she is able to recognize you, won't you—won't you—in the valley of the shadow of death, won't you be reconciled to her? Heaven help her, dying, widowed and alone, and leaving her baby fatherless! Oh, Anthony, for the sake of the mother that bore you both, won't you go and speak lovingly to her?"

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Anthony, slowly, with a dazed stare, "that my sister Lizzie has a child, and that she is dying?"

"Yes, she has a child—a little boy," Ellen answered, with quivering lips, "and the doctor says he fears she cannot possibly recover—and oh, Anthony, your heart cannot be hardened against her now!"

"Oh, no, no!" he said, in the same dazed way. "My heart hard against Lizzie?—oh, no! My heart hard against her? No—I am afraid of her. She might curse me, Ellen—the curse of the widow and fatherless, you know, is an awful thing—I saw it in the Bible. And the child? Why, that is Richard Stirling's child—and they would have the right to curse me! Ellen, I did it—I made them so—ay, widow and fatherless. Oh, merciful Heaven," he cried, with a sort of scream. "this is the worst of all! I'll go mad! I cannot endure it!" And as she had seen him fall to the ground at the sudden discovery of his sister's marriage, so he fell now, in spite of Ellen's struggle to hold him up—fell in a kind of fit, and his servant, Nick Byrne, had to be summoned to assist him to his room.

Three days and nights Richard Stirling's hapless wife lay between life and death, and then her youth and the mercy of Heaven turned the balance in her favor; and when, near a week afterwards, she awoke from a long sleep, in possession of all her faculties, though so weak and weary that she could not lift the wasted white hand where her little wedding-ring hung so loosely, she saw sleeping beside her her tiny, puny babe—a poor little morsel of humanity, with a grieved, miserable face, as if it had encountered a great many of the miseries of the battle of life already.

CHAPTER XI.

"DON'T you think it's almost time that Mrs. Stirling came down-stairs again?" Mrs. Parnell said, dryly. "I think nursing and fussing herself up-stairs in her bedroom, with a large fire in the room, is not quite the way to recover her health."

"She is very weak yet, Mrs. Parnell," answered Ellen, deprecatingly, "and she feels the room cold if the fire is even let down. She has no appetite."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Parnell, with a short, sarcastic laugh. "And there is more beef and chickens and wine and things used on her account than would support a family! It's long until I would get the attention, if I was sick," said Mrs. Parnell, in an injured tone, "that Mrs. Richard Stirling gets! The whole house has been upset for four weeks now, with nurses and doctors, and running about, and cooking and attending on her account. Of course people like to be indulged," went on Mrs. Parnell, flinging herself back indignantly in her easy-chair, "and as long as she and that horrid, crying, sickly child are indulged, they'll take it easy. You are not going to attend her any more, at all events, after this week—that I'm determined on, Ellen Bruce. Is that bit of sweetbread ready yet? I feel quite sinking for a morsel of food. You've been so busy making blanc-mange for Mrs. Stirling that you couldn't attend upon me, I suppose?"

The hot sweetbread, deliciously browned with egg and bread-crumbs, having been done ample justice to, along with a tumbler of sherry-and-water and a thick slice of pound-cake—Mrs. Parnell's "sinking" condition resulting from having partaken of a very substantial breakfast nearly four hours previously—Ellen was hastening away, when the lady imperiously detained her.

"I have something for you to do, please, besides nursing Mrs. Stirling's baby. I don't pay you for doing that. Go up and bring down my green rep dress; I want it ripped up and sent to be dyed a darker shade, and done up with velvet for next Autumn."

And Ellen was obliged to go.

"You have not seen Mr. Latouche anywhere about the house, Bridget, have you?" she asked, eagerly, meeting the cook on the stairs.

"No, Miss Bruce," responded that functionary; "but Miss Lizzie's asking for you."

"Mrs. Stirling is asking for me, is she?" said Ellen, with an accent of regret. "Dear me, what shall I do?"

"Oh, Ellen, can't you come in and sit with me for half an hour?" Lizzie said, entreatingly, raising herself from the sofa by the window. "I want to talk to you about baby, and a great many other things—can't you, Ellen?"

"My darling, I cannot," Ellen replied, hurriedly. "Mrs. Parnell wants me to do some work for her; and she will get so angry if I say anything about putting it off. Perhaps I could bring—"

"Oh, no, no! Don't make her angry with you on my account, Ellen," said Lizzie, quietly. "Perhaps you can come in in the afternoon some time. Oh, Ellen, it is so lonely! And I have just seen Anthony riding out on Silver Sally—he uses her sometimes, you know—and it made me think of the time I used to ride out with him every day long ago. Ah, Ellen, that was a very happy time, though I did not think so!"

"My poor, dear pet, please heaven it will all come back again," returned Ellen, soothingly. "With a light heart and a glad face you will be able one day to look back at this past sorrowful time."

"Yes, it will be past some time, I suppose," said Lizzie, a little bitterly—

"Be the day weary, or be the day long, At length it riageth to even-song."

But I do not think I shall have much to say to glad faces and light hearts, Ellen."

"Ellen, are you bringing down that dress?" a shrill voice cried midway up the staircase.

In obedience to the warning voice Ellen disappeared instantly, and Lizzie was once more alone again. The day was stormy, with lowering clouds and a warm southwest wind, confirming its promise of abundance of rain, with odd drifting showers that beat passionately against the casements and drenched the June roses until they drooped their sweet wet faces earthwards, and poured perfumed draughts from their overlaid chalice into the thirsty cups of the blue convulvi and the richly tinted pansies beneath.

"I wonder shall I ever ride again?" Lizzie mused, with a dreary feeling of wonderment about her possible identity with gay, happy Lizzie Ja-touche. "I wonder how I should feel to ride Silver Sally away through Glendisane Pass, and by Aranmoe Waterfall, as I used to do?"

Then she looked down at her wedding-ring, and her little ailing, weakly babe, and some hot tears fell on its face as she stooped to kiss it, and thought how dearly she had bought Richard Stirling's love, and her brief, brief happiness.

"Poor little baby—poor little baby!" she moaned, rocking it in her weak arms—"if you knew how deserted and helpless and friendless your mother is as well as yourself!" and, raising her head as she spoke, she saw through the half-open door her brother Anthony standing outside and glancing in.

She trembled violently as she half fell back on her cushions. She had not seen him since the birth of her child, nor indeed for a week or two previously, and in her weak state and with her disordered nerves, she shrank from him in terror, as though he were a wild beast.

Anthony had tried to move away unseen, but the frightened flush dyeing all the waxen-pale face, the look of fear, and the convulsive tightening of her arms around her child made him turn back again to look.

"Well, Lizzie, are you getting stronger?" he said, entering a few steps into the room, and speaking with a perceptible effort.

"Yes, Anthony—thank you," replied poor Lizzie, shrinking, more frightened still.

"I did not know you were up, or I should have come in to see you before," said Anthony, formally, as if he were speaking to a stranger; "but I heard from Ellen how you were, you know. You will soon be well again, I hope."

"Yes—I hope so," faltered Lizzie, nervously.

"You—you must have change of air to make you quite strong," he went on, gravely. "You had better go down to Killeen, to the shore, for a month. I will send and get nice lodgings for you."

(To be continued.)

THE CENTENNIAL TROPHY.

(Continued from front page.)

right, in order that he might dictate to his men with as much certainty as possible what should be the proper elevation, wind allowance, etc. The British team wore no regular uniform. The white scarfs around their hats, the knickerbocker breeches and other peculiarities of dress were the recognizable features about them. The ladies seemed to be indispensable at the firing-points. Mrs. Humphrey acted in the capacity of coach, and her judgment was said to be excellent. Mrs. Colonel Fenton sat behind a telescope and spotted the shots made, besides keeping score for her husband.

The signal to begin firing was given promptly at eleven o'clock, when Judge Stanton, the President of the Association, called to the captains, who met him in the space between the two teams, and announced the opening of the match.

The shooting immediately afterwards began, preceded by the usual snapping of caps and firing of warming cartridges in order to lubricate the barrels, as well as to attain their medium temperature.

At the end of the firing at 800 yards, the teams dined, each in its own tent, and an interval of more than an hour was occupied in like manner by the crowd. At 2:30 o'clock the shooting began again, and there was no further recess until the close of the day, except that necessitated by moving back to the 1,000 yards range, at which the firing began at 4:45 p. m. At 6:05 p. m. the last shot of the American team was fired by Jewell, who completed his score with a bull's-eye, and fifteen minutes later Rigby, of the British team, made an equally creditable ending.

The contest on the second day was a repetition of that of the first, and being the decisive one, attracted a much larger crowd of spectators and produced the utmost interest and excitement. The Americans shot at the targets X and I, and the British at K and W. Jackson, Allen, Dakin and Hyde had target X; Jewell, Bruce, Blydenburgh and Weber, target I; Sir Henry Halford, Lieutenant Fenton, Colonel Fenton, and Humphrey, target W, and Milner, Rigby, Evans, and Fergusson, target K. I. S. Adams, of last year's Canadian Team, acted as coach to the squad on W; Major Waller on K; I. S. Conlin on X, and F. Steele on I. The umpire, referees, and other officials were the same as on the previous day.

The first gun was fired at ten forty-five and the second promptly at eleven o'clock. The wind-gauge marked twelve precisely. Some minutes were spent in "blowing off." General Dakin opened the ball at 11:10 with a centre. Sir Henry Halford did not fire the first shot until ten minutes later.

At 12:25 the Americans stopped firing, having scored the astonishing aggregate of 575. Bruce and Weber led with 74 each, having made each 14 bull's-eyes and a centre. Blydenburgh had 73 and Jewell and Hyde 72 each, and none of the others fell below 70 out of a possible 75. The crowd cheered the team enthusiastically as they passed out to their tent. The wind had meantime veered completely around to 6 o'clock, and the British were rolling up bull's-eyes at a great rate. A few minutes later it swung about to twelve again, and the balance of the day was completed it was back to 6. One of Humphrey's shots brought the watchers out of the butts and caused the danger signal to be displayed. He was given a "centre." The Englishmen stopped at 1 o'clock with a score of 559. The highest individual aggregate was 72, Rigby, Halford and Evans tying, and their lowest 64, which was Humphrey's. At 1:50 p. m. the third gun announced the beginning of the second division

of the day's shooting. The wind was still, at 2 o'clock blowing from the southeast. General Dakin led off at 2 o'clock with a bull's-eye, amid loud applause, which the officers of the range and the police vainly tried to suppress.

The crowd was in an enthusiastic humor, and cheered again and again whenever the oft-recurring white disks showed that the skill of the champions was not flagging. Jackson, Allen, Bruce, and Blydenburgh were especially picked out as the recipients of popular favor by reason of their magnificent shooting. Colonel Scott and others appealed to the spectators again and again to keep quiet, as they were disturbing the marksmen, but to no purpose. When 10, 11, and 12 bull's-eyes went up on the bulletins alongside of Allen's name, the cheers became greater and greater in volume, and when on his thirteenth shot he scored only a centre, the general disappointment and dissatisfaction found vent in a loud groan. Counter-cheers were also given at intervals for favorites on the British side. The Americans were through soon after three o'clock. The British continued firing until 3:40 p. m. The scores stood: Americans, 554; British, 536. None of the Englishmen reached 70, while four of the Americans were above it.

At 4:05 p. m. the gun to begin at the 1,000 yard range was fired, and ten minutes later Dakin's first bullet struck just outside the bull's-eye of the X target, making a "centre." Halford followed quickly with a "maggie," but the promise of speedy work thus held out was not redeemed.

The Americans finished at 5:30 and the British at 5:40 p. m. The score at the 1,000-yard range stood: Americans, 550; British, 518. The Englishmen were all low down in the sixties except Lieutenant Fenton, who had an aggregate of 70. Of the Americans, Jewell and Bruce had 73 each, Blydenburgh 71, and Allen and Weber 70 each. Bruce's full score of 219 was never before equaled, except once by Dudley Selph, in New Orleans, last Spring, and then only in point of figures. Bruce's is the best 219 ever made, for the reason that his aggregate at the 1,000 yard range is the best. Selph scored a clean string of 15 bull's-eyes at the 800-yard distance, and thereby gained his advantage. As soon as the firing ceased all barriers were broken down. The two teams were surrounded by a frantic mob just outside the ropes and cheered to the echo. Judge Stanton, President of the National Rifle Association, mounted a chair and formally announced the victory of the Americans. After three cheers for the British team had been given and repeated, Sir Henry Halford, in response to loud calls, took the Judge's place and made a brief speech, after which each of the victors was in turn called out. Further cheers were given and the two teams repaired to the President's tent and drank wine.

The following is the running record of each day:

FIRST DAY.

Table with columns: Round, High est pos., American, British, American lead, British lead. Rows 1-45.

SECOND DAY.

Table with columns: Round, High est pos., American, British, American lead, British lead. Rows 46-90.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Breathing through the Nose.—The habit of breathing through the mouth is denounced by physicians as highly pernicious. The air, loaded with dust and malarious germs, is taken in unstrained, and thus poisons the blood. The nose is intended to serve as a dyalizer; it separates the impurities, and only allows the pure air to enter the lungs. Savages never allow their children to contract the habit of breathing through the mouth, but, on the contrary, are careful to suppress any tendency that way.

Cobalt Electrotyping.—Mr. J. Adams, of Boston, has found that the simple salts of cobalt, when associated with another electrotyping such as the chloride of ammonium, or sulphate of ammonia, or the chloride of magnesium, or the sulphate of magnesium, can be used so as to produce good results in practical cobalt-plating. Nothing astonished foreigners more at the Centennial than the admirable manner in which nickel and cobalt-plating was accomplished by American exhibitors. It is an art which has been invented and developed to perfection in this country.

Physiological Action of Glycerine.—M. Catillon has made a very elaborate research on this subject. He finds that glycerine, when administered in considerable doses, has a very decided power of lessening the decomposition both of the fatty and of the azotized constituents of the body. Animals increase in weight under its influence, and the daily amount of urea excreted is lessened. In moderate doses glycerine acts as a mild laxative, and improves both the appetite and the digestive powers. A great excess produces death, the post mortem lesions being similar to those after acute poisoning by alcohol.

To Preserve the Colors of Dried Plants.—This is accomplished by absorbing the moisture with alcohol to which salicylic acid in the preparation of one part of the acid to 600 parts of the spirit has been added. Carefully heat the liquid to boiling in an evaporating dish and draw the plant slowly through it, using more expedition with violet flowers as they are apt to bleach; shake off the excess of liquid, put between blotting paper and press in the usual manner. The salicylic acid is said to preserve the colors, and the alcohol withdraws the water without destroying the tint. A frequent change of the blotting pads is desirable. The process is expensive, but may be worth trying for particularly valuable specimens.

A Neat Lecture-Room Experiment.—Mr. E. J. Hallock, of Columbia College, has devised an ingenious method for showing in a small way the principle employed in the manufacture of soda-ash, according to the ammonia-salt process of Solvay. A tall diffusion jar is filled with a concentrated solution of common salt. Carbonic acid is made to pass through this liquid from below, while a current of ammoniacal gas enters at the top. The two gases act on the brine, decomposing it and producing sal-ammoniac, which at once goes into solution, and bi-carbonate of soda which falls down in a fine powder being insoluble in such a menstruum, the sal-ammoniac solution can be drawn off and the bi-carbonate of soda collected on a filter. After drying, this is subjected to a high heat by which one equivalent of carbonic acid is expelled, and there remains the simple carbonate or soda-ash.

Digestion in Plants.—M. Morren, of Liege, is an ardent supporter of the theory of digestive organs in plants analogous to those known to exist in animals. It is indubitably proved, he states, that certain plants have the power of attracting, retaining, killing, dissolving, and absorbing insects and even higher animals. Moreover, digestion is not exclusively confined to carnivorous plants, but is common to them all, and appears to be the necessary condition of assimilation. On this hypothesis it is very easy to explain the presence of the same organic bodies in plants that are found in animals. Formic acid, for instance, is found in ants and in plants; butyric acid in animals and in tamarinds; palmitic acid in animal fats and in palm-sugar; oxalic acid in the venal secretion and in almost all plants. Basing his argument on these data, Professor Morren concludes that there is a remarkable similarity of functions in the vegetables and animals best illustrated by carnivorous plants.

Platinum Photographs.—Mr. William Willis, Jr., of London, England, has brought out a platinum printing process, which bids fair to afford pictures quite as permanent as those toned with gold. He employs the neutral oxalate of potash as his reducing agent. In his process the paper is coated with a salt of platinum in addition to ferric oxalate. On exposure to light under a negative a picture is produced, on account of the change from the ferric to ferrous oxalate. The platinum salt is not acted upon because the ferrous oxalate is not in solution. The moment, however, the faint picture is floated on a warm solution of the neutral oxalate of potash the ferrous oxalate is dissolved, and in the instant of solution reduces the salt of platinum in contact with it, and so forms the picture. As metallic platinum is quite unaltered by any atmospheric influence, and is, moreover, unattacked by most chemical reagents, it follows that the prints produced in this way must be unusually permanent. The process is worthy of a fair trial by the photographic fraternity.

What our Bug and Fish Scientists are Doing.—Fish culture and bug extermination are now occupying unusual attention. Professor S. F. Baird is very active in adding to the food resources of our ponds and rivers, and has already been the means of introducing many million fish into our various waters. He has been summoned to Halifax, N. S., to give testimony before the International Commissioners appointed to adjust the question of damages to the fisheries between the United States and Canada. Another naturalist, Professor E. S. Morse, has gone to Japan to aid the Government there in establishing natural history collections and schools for the study of animal life. He will be greatly missed from the annual meeting of the American Association. Professor A. S. Packard has joined Professor Riley in the West for the purpose of studying the grasshopper in his birthplace. Professor F. W. Putnam is hard at work in Cambridge, Mass. Several other professors are preparing to accompany Summer schools to the sea-shore or the mountains, according to the objects in view. The season bids fair to be a busy one, and there is no doubt of the increase of our knowledge from so many industrious workers.

American Association for the Advancement of Science.—The twenty sixth meeting of the American Association is to take place this year at Nashville, Tenn., on and after the 29th day of August. It will be remembered that a meeting was called in the same place in 1860, and that in consequence of the civil war it was deemed prudent to postpone it. Peace and good-fellowship being now restored, the Southern people are anxious to receive their Northern friends with more than the usual hospitality of such occasions. Great preparations are making to entertain the guests and to make the meeting in every way a success. All of the Southern scientists have resolved to be present, and large delegations are expected from the North. The officers appointed for this year are: President, Simon Newcomb, of Washington; Vice-Presidents, Edward C. Pickering, of Cambridge, O. C. Marsh, of New Haven; Permanent Secretary, F. W. Putnam, of Cambridge. Besides the above, there are chairmen of sections and members of standing committees. If the meeting is not successful it will not be the fault of the Southern people, who are displaying the utmost enthusiasm on the subject and are fast completing all of their arrangements.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

"DR." SLADE, the American medium, is in Brussels, giving séances by daylight.

THOMAS CARLYLE lives in a small, unpretentious house on an old drury street in Chelsea, England.

THE Rev. Edwin Hall, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Auburn Theological Seminary, died on the 8th inst.

DR. ANDERSON, President of Rochester University, who has been dangerously ill, is now reported convalescent.

MR. LAYARD, the British Minister at Constantinople, has received a firman from the Sultan authorizing excavations at Nineveh.

PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB enters, this month, upon the duty of superintending the Nautical Almanac, Professor J. H. C. Coffin having retired.

MAX VON WEBER, the famous engineer, son of the composer of "Der Freischütz," is to be appointed chief of the German railway department.

MR. FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, the President of the New York Historical Society, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain.

HON. JOHN L. STEVENS, of Augusta, Me., formerly editor of the Kennebec Journal, has been appointed Minister resident to Sweden and Norway.

It is announced that ex-Governor Jewell and his wife will celebrate their silver wedding anniversary and the marriage of their youngest daughter, Florence, on the 6th of October.

MRS. DAVENPORT designs, it is said, to present her late husband's magnificent wardrobe to needy members of the profession, preferring this course to selling or retaining it.

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, of Germany, is shortly to be married to the Prince of Meiningen, and her good grandmother, Queen Victoria, will, it is reported, go to Berlin to witness the ceremony.

Mlle. RICHARD, a girl of eighteen, who carried off the first prize at the Conservatoire, is a new celebrity in Paris. She is a marvelous mezzo-soprano. In plumpness she reminds one of Mme. Albani.

THE Hon. Wm. B. Richards, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, the Hon. A. A. Darrin, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Province of Quebec, and the Hon. Chief Justice Robinson, have been knighted.

It is no secret that Thiers, during the last weeks of his life, was constantly watched by Government spies. He was followed by detectives whenever he appeared on the streets, and the movements of his friends were reported from day to day.

MISS ELLEN MAGILL, daughter of the President of Swarthmore, the only young lady who has ever been educated in the Boston Latin School, and who lately received from Boston University the degree of Ph. D., has gone abroad to continue her studies in philology.

PROFESSOR ASAPH HALL, the discoverer of the moons of Mars, began life, it is said, as a carpenter, and with a meagre education. He married a school-mistress, and it was this wise lady who induced him to study higher mathematics, and who herself became his instructor.

PRESIDENT CLARK, of the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, who recently returned from Japan, says: "The Japanese are a people able and willing to do right. I never saw a quarrel in Japan, and never saw nor heard of a Japanese student in America or Japan accused of immorality."

In 1848 James Otis Phillips sailed from Boston for California. Soon after, all trace of him was lost, and he has been mourned as dead. About a week ago a letter was received from him, stating that he was a resident of New South Wales, where he has a wife and eight children. He has seven brothers and sisters living in the vicinity of Boston.

BISHOP DUBOIS, of Galveston, was twice captured by the Texan Indians. Once the savages tied him to a tree and were preparing to burn him to death, when he pleaded with them, speaking the Spanish language; told them he was a chief, and asked to see their chief. He was sent for, and the good bishop represented himself as chief in the Church, whereupon he was released.

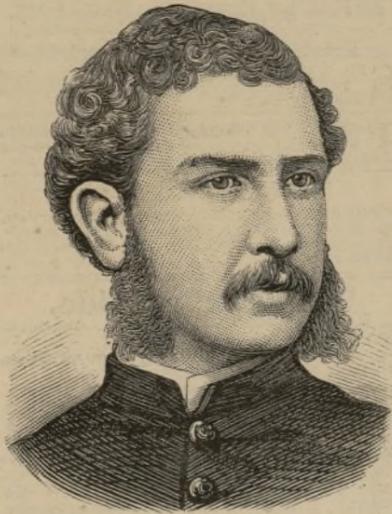
AMONG the scientists who are to sail on the two years' cruise around the world are Professor Wilder, of Cornell, Professor Schaffer, of the University of Berne, Professor Jenney, of the University of Michigan, and Professor Merriam, of Yale. The vessel is to be under the command of Captain John W. Philip, United States Navy, and, in addition to her full complement of officers, will carry four hundred passengers.

BISHOP HAVEN caught a malarial fever in Liberia, and described it in this way: "An African forest was growing up within me, the tops whereof were made visible. When the scrapings from the roots of the tongue were placed under a microscope, their roots were in the spleen and liver. Black specks moving swiftly up and down these ferns and gross trunks and branches were probably monkeys leaping from tree to tree of this inward African forest." The bishop has had no such flight of the imagination since he asserted that the country was suffering for a third-term President.

The identity of Osman Pasha bids fair to be as perplexing a problem as that of the author of the Junius letters. Americans claim the name for R. Clay Crawford, and the Turkish Legation reports that the Marshal was born in Asia Minor of Mussulman parents. It is left for a Jewish newspaper, published in Pesth, to give a more detailed portrait of the hero of Plevna. According to this authority Osman Pasha was born in Hungary of Jewish parents named Wolf. On attaining his majority he changed his name to Farkas. He participated in the revolution of 1848, and after the subjection of Hungary he fled to Turkey and adopted the Mohammedan faith. His great powers as a linguist attracted the notice of the Sultan's household officers, and after a brief sojourn he was named a professor in the military school at Constantinople. His course in that capacity gave such high satisfaction that he was soon charged with the superintendence of the education of the Sultan's children. During the Crimean war he conducted all the correspondence between the Turkish, French and English armies, and on the conclusion of peace the Sultan raised him to the dignity of a Pasha, when he assumed the name of Osman. In the early part of the struggle precipitated by the Montenegrins upon Turkey he was given an important post, and was once captured by a body of irregular soldiers in the mountains of Montenegro. This statement is confirmed by his brother Bernhard Wolf, who is at present a leading member of the Jewish synagogue in Pesth, and who says he is in the constant receipt of letters from Osman, narrating his varied experiences and defending the Mohammedan faith with all the zeal of an orthodox Turk.



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE MONUMENT ERECTED ON THE COMMON BY THE CITY OF BOSTON TO THE MEMORY OF HER MILITARY AND NAVAL HEROES OF THE LATE WAR, DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 17TH.
 FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. P. SOULE, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 54.



LIEUTENANT CHARLES L. COOPER, TENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

LIEUTENANT CHARLES L. COOPER

WAS born in the city of New York, March 6th, 1845. On the breaking out of the war for the Union, and when a mere stripling in age, though large in stature and build, his ardor in the cause led him to enlist in the Seventy-first Regiment of New York, called out for thirty days, for immediate defense of the City of Washington. Having returned home and received honorable discharge, he visited friends at Poughkeepsie. The Government demanded more men. The Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., of that city, was endeavoring to quickly fill its ranks to march on a call of three months' service. Young Cooper joined the command, wrote to inform his father of his action, and marched away again to wherever duty might call. He served faithfully the required time, returned with his regiment, and thence to his home.

When the Government authorized the establishment of a Military Academy in Philadelphia for the instruction of young soldiers who had seen service, to be trained to become officers of regiments of colored troops then about to be formed, the young man, who aspired to be an officer in the aid of the Government, having undergone necessary instruction, passed a very successful examination, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Regiment of U. S. Colored Troops, September 5th, 1864—promoted to First Lieutenant March 5th, 1865. This regiment, coming in the division commanded by General William Birney, did gallant service and made a valuable record. Here the attention of General Birney was drawn to the activity and bravery of the tall young officer. He was sent for and talked with by the General, who, being struck with his quality and soldierly bearing, appointed the young lieutenant on his staff. In this capacity he served with distinction and showed genuine ardor and grit.

When the closing battles of the war were fought before Petersburg, he resumed his place with the officers and men of his regiment, and fought with them up to the final victory for the army of the Union.

On being mustered out of service, he again resumed his military studies, and through the influence of General Dix, Thurlow Weed, A. A. Low, and other citizens, who knew of his valuable services, he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army, and assigned to duty in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Infantry, July 28th, 1866. He was promoted to the grade of First Lieutenant October 5th, 1867. On the 1st of January, 1871, he was assigned to the Tenth Cavalry, where he has since remained.

In the early part of August last intelligence reached New York from Fort Concho, in Western Texas, that a company of United States Cavalry belonging to the Tenth Regiment, under the command of Captain Nicholas Nolan and Lieutenant Charles L. Cooper,

while in search of a band of hostile Indians, had been lost on what are known as the Staked Plains—a sandy, waterless region in Northwestern Texas. Later reports said they had made their way to Double Lake in a very exhausted condition, having been four days without water. Following those reports, a dispatch was received from Chicago, August 8th, and derived from "official

has been in the public prints until the 8th of September, when a letter was received from Lieutenant Cooper, one of the officers of the company, dated Fort Concho, Texas, August 30th, in which he informed his father of his safety, and gave an interesting account of the terrible sufferings of himself and others. Several of the men were sun-struck; provisions became useless, for there was no water and



NEW YORK CITY.—EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM M. TWEED, BY THE COMMITTEE OF ALDERMEN ON MUNICIPAL FRAUDS, IN THE CITY HALL, SEPTEMBER 12TH.—SEE PAGE 62.

information," stating that a desperate fight had taken place on the Staked Plains between Government troops and Indians, and that the soldiers, who were much exhausted from want of water, had all been killed. It was further added that a list of the killed, consisting of two officers and thirty-one men, would be forwarded as soon as received. Since that dispatch was published, nothing definite

no prospect of obtaining any to moisten the rations; and the lieutenant was obliged to kill one of his horses, the warm blood of which he divided among the men. The guide gave up the trail, believing that the detachment could not overtake the Indians, and a search for water ensued. This proved the most trying part of the task. Every horse but two either dropped dead from exhaustion or was killed



SIR VINCENT L. HURLBERT, K.T.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYDER, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—SEE PAGE 55.

for the blood; and when the little party reached Double Lake, where the first relief was obtained, they found their loss to be four soldiers and one citizen dead, and twenty-three Government horses and two mules. There also was found a party of troops and friendly Indians that had been sent out in search of the company, reports having been circulated that all the officers and men had been massacred. As the famished men were conducted into camp the troops turned out *en masse*, and such wild hurrahs and firing of guns were seldom heard on a peaceful occasion.

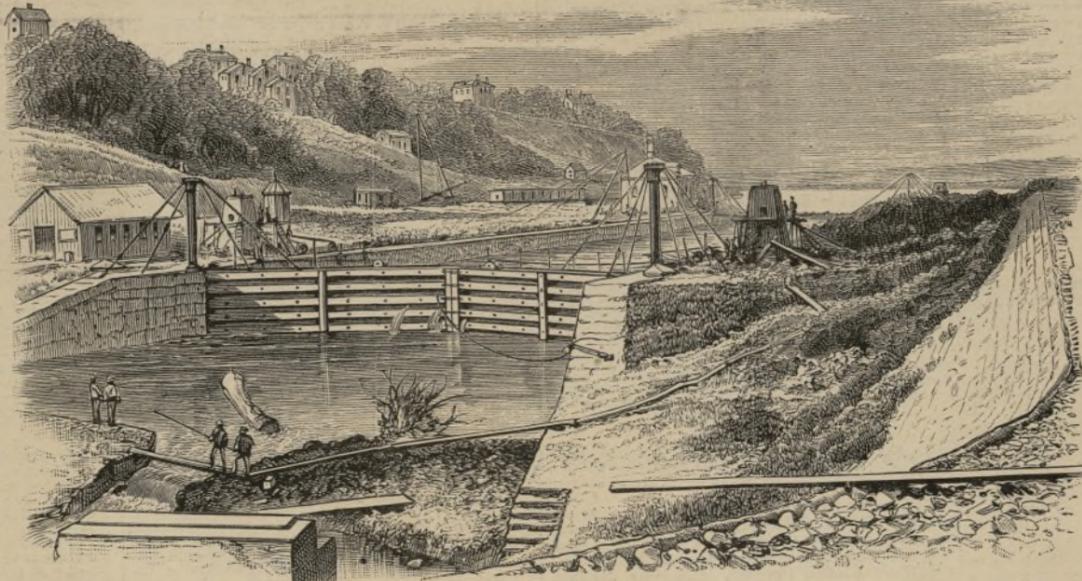
GOVERNMENT CANAL AROUND THE DES MOINES RAPIDS.

THE canal constructed by the General Government to overcome the obstruction to navigation caused by the Des Moines Rapids in the Mississippi was formally opened on Wednesday, August 22d.

The canal extends along the Iowa shore, from Keokuk to Nashville, a distance of seven and six-tenths miles, is 300 feet wide in embankment and 250 feet wide in excavation; minimum depth of water, 5 feet; maximum depth, 8 feet, which is sufficient to float the largest steamers that ply the waters of the Upper Mississippi. The embankment inclosing the canal is 10 feet in width on top, with a rip-rap covering 2 feet thick and carried 2 feet above extreme high-water mark. The fall in the entire distance which the canal extends is 1,875 feet.

There are two lift-locks and one guard-lock, each 350 feet long and 80 feet wide on top. These are built of solid cut-stone masonry, and are pronounced by experts who have examined them to be very substantial and highly creditable specimens of engineering skill. Sluices of sufficient capacity to control the surplus water carried into the canal by the numerous streams emptying therein during their frequent floods are built around the locks. These were not included in the original estimate, and have materially increased the cost of the work.

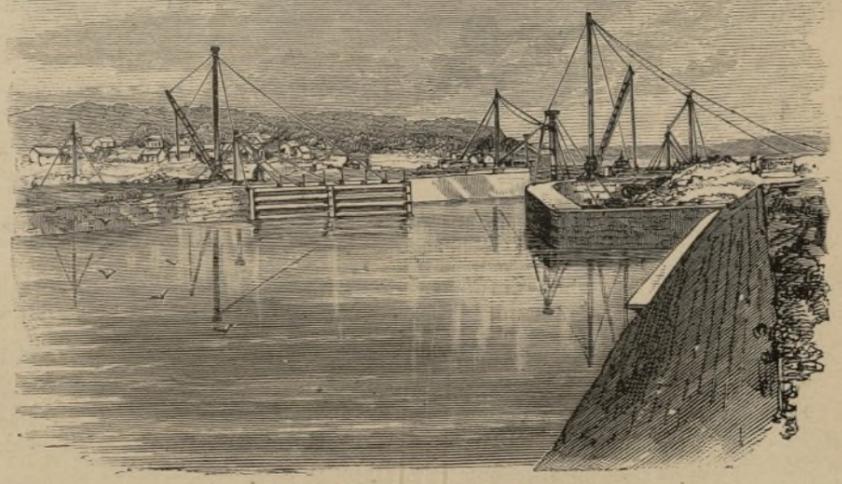
The machinery for operating the lock-gates and wickets is made from an original design by Major Amos Stickney, the officer in local charge of the improvement. This plan consists of a system of pulleys, chains, and wire ropes operated by means of a pump forcing the water into hydraulic cylinders sunk behind the walls back of each gate, connected by means of iron pipes with an engine situated near the head of the lock, so that one man at the engine can handle the massive gates and wickets with ease and precision. The work was inaugurated on the 8th of October, 1867. Owing to the inadequacy of the appropriations and the delays and damages incident thereto, it



VIEW OF THE LOWER LOCK.



VIEW OF THE MIDDLE LOCK.



VIEW OF THE GUARD LOCK.

IOWA.—OPENING OF THE GOVERNMENT CANAL AROUND DES MOINES RAPIDS, AT KEOKUK, AUGUST 22d.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. P. LIBBY, KEOKUK.

has been prosecuted at irregular intervals, and has occupied nearly ten years. The canal has cost the Government so far \$4,281,000. It is estimated that \$100,000 will yet be required to finish the work, and Congress will be asked to make an appropriation of this amount at the next session.

On the day of opening the Government steamer *Moulana* and Keokuk Northern Liner *Northwestern* passed through the canal and locks successfully, and returned in less than four hours, taking several hundred passengers. Each of the officers in charge express themselves as entirely satisfied with the working of the machinery. These rapids have been the greatest obstruction to navigation in the river, and in low water were always impassable, and the cost of transporting goods and passengers around them by rail has fallen on individuals, and will now be saved. The amount thus saved will amount to about \$100,000 annually.

INVESTIGATING MUNICIPAL FRAUDS. EXAMINATION OF WILLIAM M. TWEED.

In obedience to a resolution of the Board of Aldermen, William M. Tweed appeared before its committee to investigate municipal frauds, in the Chamber at the City Hall, on Thursday, September 6th. The room was crowded with spectators, anticipating racy developments. Mr. Tweed testified to the formation of the first combination, composed of himself, Walter Roche and John R. Briggs, in 1859, when \$2,500 were paid the late Peter P. Voorhies, a Republican member of the Board of Supervisors, to absent himself on the day the inspectors of election were chosen. He afterwards enlarged his statement by saying that the first combination for any purpose consisted of Elijah P. Purdy, John R. Briggs, William C. Conner, Isaac Bell, Jr., and himself, and that Roche, Briggs and himself always "went together for everything." In the year 1864 the ring was enlarged by the addition of Henry Smith, in 1865 by John Fox, in 1866 by James Hayes, and in 1869 by Andrew J. Blakely and Isaac J. Oliver. The Board of Supervisors was abolished in 1870, in consequence of a quarrel between Fox, Hayes and Tweed; the two former believing the latter had too much power, and the latter being unwilling to let the former take it from him.

The Tweed ring proper was formed under the administration of Mayor Hoffman, when Mr. Cornell was Street Commissioner, Mr. Tweed his deputy, and Mr. Brennan Comptroller. These four met every day in the City Hall and dined together "socially" for three or four years. As the time of some of the ring expired, their places were taken by Hall, who succeeded Hoffman; McLean, who stepped into Cornell's office, and Connolly, to whom Brennan had given way, Tweed himself remaining. Peter B. Sweeney joined the party frequently at the "social" dinners. Mr. Tweed asserted emphatically that on these occasions the talk was simply on political matters, and the subject of money was never mentioned.

On account of the illness of Mr. Townsend, Mr. Tweed's counsel, the examination was adjourned until Wednesday, the 12th, when a much larger crowd gathered in the Chamber of the Aldermen. The evidence given went to show the method by which his for work and materials furnished the city had been marked up at least fifteen per cent, to furnish a sum to be divided between the ring, who, as the Board of Audit, passed the bills, and developed the names of several firms by whom this overcharging had been done. Mr. Tweed also testified that he was induced to buy, for \$150,000, one-half of James O'Brien's claim against the city, which had been assigned to Monheimer, upon representations that Mr. Tilden's hostility to him would be repressed, and the ex-Governor elected to the Assembly in O'Brien's district. The names of Ingersoll, Garvey, Miller, Watson, Keyser, Jacobus, and many other familiar ones were announced, together with the manner of manipulating the bills, and the fraudulent amounts. The inquiry was adjourned to the 15th.

FUN.

AN ink-factory is to be started at Washington, D. C. This is a movement in the write direction.

GENERAL Howard is not personally acquainted with Chief Joseph. This is what embarrasses operations between them.

WITH the paper dollar worth about ninety-seven cents, isn't it about time for butchers, grocers and landlords to recognize the fact?

Two men sitting opposite each other at a restaurant table in Chicago the other day, were observed to grab a piece of green corn a-piece, bow politely, and exclaim, "Ear's to ye!"

"HOME's the place for boys," said a stern parent to his son, who was fond of going out at night. "That's just what I think when you drive me off to school every morning," said the son.

AT a Harrison County (Ky.) wedding the bride in a playful mood kicked the groom's hat off without touching his head. After they have been married a few years her activity will not be appeased until she has kicked his head off without touching his hat.

PROFOUND philosophy, deep fraternal affection, and intimate acquaintance with natural history were betrayed by a little twelve-year-old over in Brooklyn the other day, when they rushed in and told him that the goat was butting its out of the baby, aged four. "De goat ca—ant' buck de baby so long as de baby holds on to de goat by de tail," was his reply.

PET NAMES.—Some short time ago a Vicksburg woman was trying hard to get her drunken husband home, and, as she pulled him along the street, her words and actions were so tender that a citizen halted and said, "Well, all drunkards' wives haven't your disposition." "S-h-h! don't say anything," she replied in a whisper; "I've got to call him pet names to get him home, but wait till he drops into the hall—be there then."

A YOUNG lady whose personal charms give her the right to be disagreeable was present a few days since at a party, during which quarrels between husband and wife were discussed. "I think," said an unmarried older son who was present, "that the proper thing is for the husband to have it out at once, and thus avoid quarrels for the future. I would light a cigar in the carriage after the wedding-breakfast, and settle the smoking question for ever. "I would knock the cigar out of your mouth," interrupted the belle. "Do you know, I don't think you would be there?" quietly remarked the elder son.

"OH, you pushed that ball. Why, don't deny it, for I saw you do it. Why, how can you look me straight in the face, Sarah Jane, and say you didn't? Why, I know you did. I won't play any more, because you cheat, and you needn't come round to our house any more, for I'm mad at you and won't let you see my new Spring hat, and hereafter I won't ask you over to play, but will only invite the Jones girls. There, you spiteful thing!" The above remarks were overheard the other day while two young ladies who were neighbors were playing the first croquet game of the season.

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Their work is divided into more than forty different branches; each workman has his own part to perform, and is never allowed to change from one branch to another.

The different parts are separately inspected, and passed from one to another to add to other parts until the instrument is complete.

Their foreman superintends the general business of manufacturing, and has as assistants a foreman in each department, whose duty is to carefully watch the making of the different parts and keep the departments evenly balanced.

Their Reed Department.—Much of the good quality of the Organ and Melodeon depends on having perfect Reeds. It is necessary to have the most perfect machinery to cut, burr, stamp, plane, etc., etc., as well as to use the utmost care in selecting metals and using proper proportions for the composition of reed metal.

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From the fact that their reeds are celebrated for their uniformity, evenness and sweetness of tone, they very often receive orders for them, or solicitations from manufacturers to supply them with what they require; but as they never sell any part of their instrument separate, they always decline to fill such orders.

In case the owners of their instruments should at any time be so unfortunate as to break a reed, they can, by sending to Messrs. GEORGE A. PRINCE & Co. the block upon which the reed is riveted, receive by return mail a new one properly tuned.

Parties should inclose the block in an envelope, with proper directions for returning.

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When they commenced the manufacture of their instruments, not one other factory of the kind was in existence. It is true that reed instruments, under various names, were manufactured in England, France and Germany, and in New Hampshire a reed instrument called the Seraphine, also Melodeon; but the Exhaustion Bellows and Method of Voicing the Reeds (which has given their instruments such unprecedented popularity) was unknown.

Their success, and the wonderful demand for their instruments, has brought into existence hundreds of factories, some of which have produced quite creditable instruments, but the majority are made to sell, and would be dear at any price. See and hear their Organs before purchasing any other, and you will thus avoid the annoyance of being incumbered with an instrument which you find (when too late) is a source of vexation and regret.

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