

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

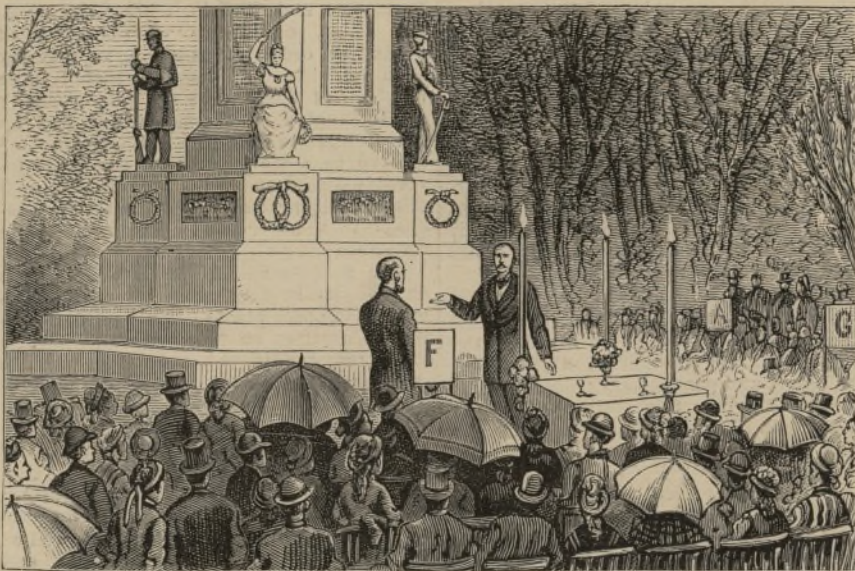
No. 1,149—VOL. XLV.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1877.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]

## DEDICATION OF THE ARMY AND NAVY MONUMENT IN BOSTON.

BOSTON'S great memorial of the war, the Army and Navy Monument, situated on Old Flag staff Hill, the highest elevation in the Common, was dedicated, according to programme, on Monday, September 17th, in the presence of many thousand spectators. The city was most elaborately decorated, and business generally suspended. At 11:25 A. M. the grand procession moved. At the corners of all the streets through which it passed the crowds were as dense as they could be packed, and the cheering was so long and continuous that it may be said from the moment of the order to move there was one continuous moving cheer along the line until the close. The pageant was almost equal in size to that of the 12th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. The State militia turned out in full force, the out-of-town regiments and companies furnishing complements of men. Following upon the First Brigade, and embraced under the head of the First Division, came the Grand Army of the Republic Posts of Massachusetts, who have never before made a more general parade. One hundred and seventy-six Posts from various parts of the State were in line, and the veterans received the warmest welcome. The distinguished men in line were everywhere greeted heartily, and none received such a perfect ovation as did General McClellan. He was cheered all along the route, and when upon the platform was compelled, in the midst of a speech, to rise and bow in response to cheers and



MARTIN MILMORE, THE SCULPTOR, DELIVERING HIS GREAT WORK TO THE CITY.

calls. As it was upon the Common, so it was along the route, and coming up State Street the General's carriage was literally besieged with people pressing forward in an endeavor to shake him by the hand. "Fighting Joe Hooker" was also a great favorite, and as he rode, escorted by

his old brigade, he attracted a great deal of attention. The size of the procession may be estimated from the fact that it took three hours and twenty minutes to pass a given point upon State Street, where it was moving without stop or halt. The head reached the Common at 2:40 o'clock, but it was fully 4:20 before the orator and invited guests, between rows of cheering people, marched upon the platform. Their arrival was most welcome, as the crowd about the monument was becoming weary with waiting. The unvailing was anticipated by a strong southwest wind, which completely stripped it of the linen covering long before the four sailors who were assigned for the duty of unvailing it received their orders.

Among those on the platform were General McClellan, General Hooker, Hon. Leopold Morse, several ex-mayors of the city, the Monument Committee, and members of past and present city governments. The ceremonies of dedication were opened with the performance of Keller's American Hymn by Colt's Armory Band of Hartford. At the conclusion of the hymn, Alderman Thompson introduced Rev. Warren H. Cudworth as the clergyman who had been chaplain of the First Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, for three years, and as chaplain of the dedication. After prayer, Mr. Martin Milmore surrendered the monument to Alderman Thompson. As Mr. Milmore rose to make his presentation remarks, he was greeted with hearty and long-sustained applause. At this point it was intended that the monument should have been unvailed, but the winds of the night



THE PROCESSION PASSING DOWN WASHINGTON STREET, OPPOSITE THE COMMONWEALTH HOTEL.

MASSACHUSETTS.—DEDICATION, SEPTEMBER 17TH, OF THE MONUMENT ERECTED ON THE COMMON BY THE CITY OF BOSTON, IN MEMORY OF HER SONS WHO DIED IN THE ARMY AND NAVY DURING THE REBELLION.



before had torn the cover from its fastenings and it had fallen down so that it covered only the emblematic figures. In consequence of this mishap the committee ordered it to be removed entirely, and as it was done something over half an hour before the exercises were commenced, many saw the structure in all its beauty who would not otherwise have seen it for several days. Mr. Thompson accepted the monument in a few words.

The Masonic dedicatory services, conducted by M. W. Percival Lowell Everett, Grand Master of Massachusetts, were next in order, and consisted of the usual ritual employed by the fraternity for the dedication of buildings and monuments, with two or three changes adapting it especially to the occasion. In its progress an address was to have been delivered by the Grand Master, who had prepared an able and interesting oration, but this part of the programme had to be omitted owing to the lateness of the hour. The Masonic ceremonies closed with the usual proclamation by the Grand Marshal, and an invocation by the Grand Chaplain.

The Grand Lodge having completed its interesting duty, the chairman of the committee, Hon. Francis Thompson, presented the monument to Mayor Prince, representing the City of Boston. Mayor Prince on behalf of the city accepted it in an eloquent address. Attorney-General Devens was then introduced, and delivered the oration of the day. The exercises closed in darkness with the benediction. In the evening the Common presented a beautiful appearance, lighted with calcium lights, which were thrown upon the monument, causing it to stand out in brilliant contrast against the dark background of the trees.

## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 6, 1877.

### TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00  
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00  
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

### CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

### POSTAGE FREE.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Newspaper in America.

An exquisite oleographic picture entitled

### "A Mother's Love,"

will be sold with No. 646 of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER. The picture is a work of art which will commend itself to cultivated tastes, and will constitute an ornament for every home. In the same Number two new stories will be begun, "That Mother-in-law of Mine," a humorous and satirical social sketch, and "Sweet is True Love," a novel replete with power and pathos.

### THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

THE note of preparation for battle is heard in the political camps, and the excitement and anxiety of those who hold or aspire to leadership shows that the Fall campaign of 1877 has fairly opened. It lacks the noise and tumult of a Presidential contest, but it has points of interest such as have never before been presented to the people of this country. A policy new to all sections and vigorously denounced in some quarters is on trial for its existence, and the friends of peace and fraternal forbearance are determined that conciliation shall prevail. In a few quarters the old war-cry of hate is heard, but it is only from the voices of a few irreconcilables. In all the camps the white banner of peace is the one prominent standard, and the land is happy in the assurance that the coming contest will show the mischievous inspirers of agitation to be in a hopeless minority.

The first skirmish of the campaign has taken place in Maine. It was not expected that the result would be other than a victory for the Republicans. Their column was led by Mr. Blaine, whose shrewd political partisanship has managed to give the majority that has always been at his back. Marshaled by so wily a leader, it was impossible for the Republicans to be defeated, and no one expected a different conclusion. In Massachusetts the Republicans have held their convention and renominated Governor Rice. Inasmuch as they have cordially indorsed the conciliatory plans of President Hayes, they have a reasonable hope of success. Had they failed to put themselves in harmony with the general desire for conciliation they must have at least endangered their prospects seriously, and probably would have met with a reverse. Turning from the New England to the Middle States, we find a different atmosphere. In Pennsylvania the Republicans have jeopardized their candidates by withholding the just indorsement that was due to the President's patriotism, and by trying to so conduct themselves as to appear on good terms with those who are determined to keep alive the fires of sectional agitation. There is good reason to believe that the Democracy of the Keystone State will this Fall recover the old vantage-ground they held in so

many hotly-disputed battles, in the days when there was no whisper of divisions, and the men of all sections of our common country were at peace with one another.

But it is in New Jersey that the revolution in public sentiment is especially noticeable. There the politicians who had the recent Democratic State Convention in charge had all things cut and dried for a gathering which should be only a servile imitation of its immediate predecessors. They came with their candidates and pledges, ready to pull the prearranged wires at the proper moment, and to gush with their little speeches of propriety. The popular pulse was at fever-heat with a desire to keep pace with the march of recent events, but the politicians did not know it. Fortunately the people proved greater than their leaders, and when one bold, honest man proposed the name of General George B. McClellan as the Democratic candidate for Governor, the delegates one after another took up the cry, and their heartfelt enthusiasm forced him at once to the front as the people's standard-bearer. The scene and its lessons were an inspiration. Forgetting their plans and stratagems, the leaders caught the spirit of the occasion, and with one voice pledged themselves to such a victory as should sweep the Radical agitators from out of power "in the Jerseys." The grandeur of the result has also electrified the Empire State. The Republicans are timidly plotting means to save something from the wreck, and will manage their nominations accordingly. The Democrats have learned the secret of victory, and will place at their head only men whose patriotism and integrity are above suspicion.

Looking at the campaign as thus far developed, it will be seen that the secret of success this Fall is to be found in the plan of fraternal reconciliation which has been boldly and persistently pointed out by President Hayes. His action was a new departure in politics, and therefore it could not be expected that it should at once meet the views of his political allies. They had planned to find future success in keeping up sectional enmities. Mr. Hayes determined that no effort should be lost on his part to make the reunion of the States a friendly as well as a civil compact. It was a bold movement for a man with his surroundings to make, but the event has shown that he thoroughly understood the popular heart. The spontaneous uprising in behalf of McClellan and the olive-branch in New Jersey, is proof that the President's policy is cherished even by those who have no special word of praise for the man who originated it. But this is by no means an exceptional proof. When President Hayes and his party, on a recent occasion, visited New England, they were met everywhere with hearty affection on the part of the people. Vermont, though heretofore extremely Radical in her views, gave him such a welcome as had not been anticipated by the most sanguine, and showed that, however much the wire-pullers may desire to continue preaching the gospel of hate, the masses have ceased to have sympathy with them. This feature of the times can be seen even more markedly at the South. There the men whom Mr. Hayes met on the field of battle in their uniforms of Confederate gray have been foremost to take him by the hand and thank him for all that he has done to do away with the unnatural hatreds that have so long divided our population. His progress through the States that were once in rebellion has been one continual ovation, as flattering to the chief executive as it is prophetic of a peace that will solidly unite the States.

There is a lesson in these opening days of the campaign that the politicians will do well to lay to heart. It is evident that the people are in no humor to be trifled with, and that they have had enough of divisions and agitation. In the policy of President Hayes they recognize the echo of their own honest wishes for conciliation. Their universal verdict will indorse such candidates as are openly in sympathy with their desires. The sign of political victory, this year, is the olive-branch of peace.

### AMERICAN ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE progress which art has made in the United States during the last twenty-five years is shown in many ways. No department of the Philadelphia Exhibition received more attention from the crowds of visitors from all parts of the country than the Art Gallery and the Annex, in which were displayed so varied a gathering of the products of the different schools of art. The interest which was so plainly shown at that time has not proved to be merely temporary. The exhibition at the Academy of Design last Spring was not only the best that has been gathered together within the history of the institution, but it attracted more attention, and was visited by a larger number of persons, than any of its predecessors. The display made by the foreign school of our native artists was highly creditable to their taste and skill, and notwithstanding

some crudities and mannerisms, their work was full of promise for the future. The criticisms which these works called forth, and the retorts which followed, stimulated the public interest in the subject, and probably no exhibition, with the exception of the Loan Collection, has done more for the culture of the popular taste in this city than that of the Academy of Design.

During the past Summer the art exhibitions that have been opened in different parts of the country have indicated the growing interest in the subject that exists in the smaller as well as the larger cities. That of the Art Department of the Chicago Exposition, which is still daily visited by crowds of spectators, comprises a large number of the best pictures in the Academy Exhibition, and a remarkably fine collection of the works of prominent European artists. Miss Durfee, to whose good taste and energy much of the excellence of the exhibition is due, has succeeded in gathering a collection of the works of our best American artists, as well as of examples of many of the leading Continental painters and English water-colorists, such as is seldom equaled even in New York. At St. Louis, Louisville and Buffalo, among the Western cities, collections of paintings of a similar order of merit have recently been on view, and have attracted large numbers of visitors. Even the little city of Burlington, in Vermont, has had its Art Exhibition, which, though not as extensive as some others, yet compared favorably with those in the larger cities, and afforded pleasure and mental profit to hundreds who otherwise would never have seen such charming pictures.

The success which has attended these exhibitions in the cities referred to, as well as in other places, should prompt similar enterprises on the part of those who are interested in the public good. The gentlemen who have taken the trouble to make the necessary arrangements have the satisfaction of knowing that they have aided in cultivating the public taste, and in giving a pure pleasure for which many at a distance from the great centres of Art long in vain. They are to that extent public benefactors. Good pictures, as well as good books, are valuable educators, and their silent teaching is often remembered when the spoken word is forgotten. And the aesthetic influence in a community of even a small collection of really good pictures can scarcely be estimated. In some a love of art is awakened, and in others the taste is cultivated, and the interest in what is truly worthy of being enjoyed is stimulated in no ordinary degree. In many communities a real service could be rendered the public by affording such facilities for artistic enjoyment and culture. A little trouble and effort only are needed. The expense can be met by a small admission fee. The artists are generally willing to send their works, with the hope of selling them, and the employment of a competent agent will be likely to result in securing as desirable a collection of European, as well as American, pictures as has been gathered in Burlington and Chicago.

Besides the interest which has been shown in these exhibitions of pictures, there are other indications of the increased attention which is given to art in different parts of the country. The visitors to the smaller cities of the West, as well as the East, will often be surprised at the contents of the shops which are, in a greater or lesser degree, devoted to the sale of pictures and engravings and other works of art. Not many years ago the most ordinary lithographs and chromos were the best that could find a sale; but nowadays a different class of works is called for, and some of the best specimens of modern European art may be found in the attractive rooms whose displays remind one of Schaus's and Goupil's. The dealers, too, report a steady improvement in the public taste, and each exhibition of what is really admirable in the different departments of art is a help in that direction. The display at Philadelphia and at the Loan Collection in New York, doubtless, did more for the interest of Art in this country than any similar exhibitions. At Philadelphia the curious visitor could discover in the midst of the trash which, unfortunately, was allowed to find its way into the galleries, some representative examples of the different schools of European art as well as some of the best works of our own artists in water-color and in oil, while the Loan Collection surprised the public by its display of pictures that would grace any gallery in Europe. These collections awakened an enthusiasm that it was pleasant to see, and it is well that the interest then excited should be fostered by exhibitions which, although moderate in extent, have attractions of their own, and which cannot fail to have a beneficial effect upon the future of Art in the United States.

### THE LATEST RING "EXPOSURE."

NEW light seems to be incessantly falling upon the transactions of the ex-New York Ring, though the tribulations of the "Boss" are not yet over. The examina-

tion of Mr. Tweed, now in progress in this city before an Aldermanic Committee, has caused great excitement in political circles hereabout, notwithstanding that but little has, as yet, been elicited which had not been the subject of rumor for several years. When it was first announced that Mr. Tweed would disclose all the facts relating to the frauds perpetrated during the period in which he figured so prominently, public attention was at once aroused, and it was expected that a full exposure of the thefts committed by the so-called "Tweed Ring," and all the persons implicated therein, would be furnished. That such belief has not, as yet, been justified by the testimony presented to the committee, is only too evident, and the grave doubts which have arisen as to the sincerity of Mr. Tweed in this investigation are not wholly without good basis. While the object of the examination is at present unexplained, and admits of various constructions, so far as Mr. Tweed is concerned, there can be but one explanation of the course which he has adopted—that he is making a bold move to regain his liberty. That any promise of freedom has been made him we do not assume, but that some hope lives in his mind is only too evident. To save himself, not others, from punishment, he has for years maintained a rigid silence, or when he spoke at all perjured himself, and it is to escape punishment that he now opens his mouth. In the light of other cases where criminals have turned State's evidence, it is questionable how we are to judge Mr. Tweed, and how we are to consider his testimony. Is it likely that he will testify indiscriminately against friend and foe? Are those to whom he looks for a release from his imprisonment to be implicated in crimes committed equally with those for whom he entertains a most bitter hatred, or who were, and now are, connected with a party against which, during his political life, all his efforts were directed? A careful review of the testimony already introduced before the committee gives answer in the negative. Would he have presented himself before the public in the unenviable light which he has done, when no court or authority could have forced him to obey the mandates of the Aldermanic Committee, unless he had the hope of liberty within his breast, however slight or unwarranted that hope may have been? Will the swearing away of an innocent man's reputation, or the saving of a guilty man, be an obstacle in the way of one who, by his own sworn testimony, has proven himself a perjurer, particularly when he thinks that way leads him outside of his prison bars? Is Mr. Tweed, then, such a disinterested witness that his word or oath is to be taken in opposition to that of others whose character has been above question until the present. Was it for fear of criminating himself that Mr. Tweed objected to proceeding with the investigation in the absence of his counsel, as was at least acquiesced in if not stated by him? How he could make a full confession, as he promised he would, without criminating himself, is a mystery. Unless it was the fear of criminating others, rather than himself, it is difficult to explain his course at the subsequent meetings of the committee, where he admitted that he had been guilty of embezzlement, malfeasance, bribery, and ballot-box stuffing, all of which admissions were made in the presence of his counsel retained for the purpose of preventing him from criminating himself.

Another notable feature in the case is, that none of the objections made by counsel were to questions tending to show the guilt of the witness. But where it was sought to connect others with some particular transaction—for instance, the stuffing of ballot-boxes (and, by reason of the failure of the memory of the witness, questions not strictly in accordance with the rules of evidence, but bearing upon the subject under consideration, were asked)—objections were frequently interposed. In some instances Mr. Tweed found it necessary to consult with his counsel, before venturing an answer to questions of apparent little interest to himself personally; and before answering the questions propounded by Mr. Morrissey in the New York Sun, and presented by the committee, he held a private consultation with his counsel outside the room where the committee met, after a statement from his counsel that he had not seen him for twenty-four hours. So far, what has been the result of the investigation? Mr. Tweed is discovered to be the legal owner of a claim against the city assigned to him by ex-Sheriff O'Brien, on which a suit was commenced by a Mr. Monheimer some six years ago, but which he has not ventured to bring to a trial. Mr. Voorhis, a supervisor in 1859, since dead, is accused of accepting a bribe of \$2,500 to remain away from a meeting of the Board of Supervisors at which inspectors of election were appointed. The various Boards of Supervisors, for a period of ten years prior to their abolition by the Legislature, are claimed to have collected a percentage of all claims presented before the board, a fact neither new, nor, in the light of our



past experience, astonishing. Of the persons who paid a percentage of fifteen per cent. on their bills to the Ring, only about a dozen names appear, a majority of whom are either now in prison or have become fugitives from justice, while others are dead. His statement that he bribed five State Senators with forty thousand dollars apiece, to secure their aid in the passage of the charter which put the "Ring" in absolute control of the city and its treasury, is in direct contradiction to his testimony under oath, made in 1872 at the investigation of the charges of corruption made against one of the Senators now accused. Have the motives of Mr. Tweed become so philanthropic that his statements now are to be taken without distrust? Have his moral sensibilities become aroused, and his character been reformed, so that now he would not falsify himself, even to escape from incarceration? We have failed to see any evidence of such reformation; and until we do, it seems that his oath in 1872 is as worthy of belief as the one of 1877. His relation of his connection with the Brooklyn Bridge fraud illustrates how readily he can remember facts, the mention of which is unlikely to injure his chances of release, by affecting any one whose favor he is desirous of courting. That Mr. Tweed has had ample opportunity to prepare every important fact relating to his strange career, long before the commencement of this investigation, is unquestioned. That all these facts are in his possession and knowledge can scarcely be doubted. The ease and rapidity with which he can call up those matters which most seriously affect those whom he hates and does not fear, indicate his ability to bring to light every transaction in which the "Ring" was a party. Any truckling to the hope of release, or endeavor to shield persons whose influence he may think will gain his purpose, will only raise doubts as to his sincerity, and will lose for Mr. Tweed the sympathy which many have felt for him in his unfortunate position.

### THE LARD INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES.

AN examination of the tabular statement of exports from the United States during the year ending June 30th, 1877, will disclose the remarkable fact that lard is one of the principal productions of this country. It will be seen from the following list that it stands sixth in the order of importance among the domestic exports of the year. The exports of domestic products during the year just ended were as follows:

1. Cotton.....	\$171,118,508
2. Breadstuffs.....	117,884,588
3. Provisions.....	67,288,758
4. Petroleum.....	61,789,438
5. Tobacco.....	28,825,521
6. Lard.....	25,562,665
7. Butter and Cheese.....	17,125,243

To this list could be added, for purposes of comparison, the value of gold and silver coin exported during the same period, which amounted in 1876-77 to \$43,135,738. It is a common fallacy that since the discovery of the gold and silver mines of California and Nevada, the precious metals have been the chief source of wealth of the country. A glance at the above figures will dispel this illusion.

It is to agriculture and not to mining that we must look for the true source of the nation's prosperity and wealth, and if we analyze the items selected from the general head of agriculture, we shall find lard occupying a position close to tobacco and superior in importance to butter and cheese. There are few persons to whom this information will not be new, and the importance of the subject combined with its novelty will warrant us in giving some account of an industry that has grown up so silently in our country. We are indebted to the *American Mail and Export Journal* for much recent information on this subject. The ordinary lard of commerce is the oily portion of the fat of the hog, separated from the animal tissues. Lard obtained from corn-fed hogs is the finest and best; the mash-fed animals yield the next best quality; while that obtained from animals fed on distillery refuse, being thin, flabby and lacking body, ranks lowest.

In the production of lard the entire fat of the animal is subjected to the process of rendering or melting, which is conducted at the temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, the operation being generally assisted by the admixture of small quantities of water. Thus rendered, crude lard of good quality has a rather insipid taste, is nearly odorless, and of a creamy-white or faint yellowish color. The pure article should be free from either taste or smell, and in color be absolutely white. According to chemical analysis, it is composed of thirty-eight per cent. of stearine and margarine and sixty-two per cent. of oleine, and an absolute analysis shows the enormous amount of seventy-nine per cent. by weight of carbon. The fact that water is used during the process of rendering the lard has led to the introduction of this fluid for

the purpose of "extending" the commodity, as much as thirty-three per cent. being found in some samples. Another way of adulterating the article, as practiced in England, has been described by Calvert. The fatty matters, as they arrive from America, are melted with a little water in false-bottomed copper pans, through which circulates a current of steam. The dirt and other foreign matters fall to the bottom of the pans, and the clear grease is allowed to run into a wooden vessel, when it is stirred in contact with cold water; it is then put under revolving wheels with a thick paste made of potato-starch, mixed with a little potash, alum and quick-lime, which appears to facilitate the assimilation of the water and starch by the fatty matter. This improved lard is then put on the market, its artificial firmness and whiteness causing it to be regarded as a superior quality, until the illusion is dispelled by the inconveniences attending its use, as well as by its generally unsatisfactory nature.

The uses to which lard is put are interesting and numerous, its principal employment being as an adjunct of the culinary art. In the manufacture of pastry and cake, immense quantities of it are consumed by bakers and pastry-cooks, while the demand from restaurant and hotel-keepers, for general use, is enormous. Scarcely any table can be served without its presence upon it, and this will account for the great demand which exists for the article. Lard plays a part in the adulteration of butter, and the oily portion enters largely into the composition of the pure olive oil, "imported from abroad expressly for table use." Yellow soap is usually a soda soap, into the composition of which tallow, rosin and lard are important constituents. A brilliant white soap, very firm, is made from lard alone, with the necessary admixture of alkali. When lard is to be kept any great length of time, it should be preserved from contact with the air. If this precaution is neglected, oxidation takes place, and it becomes rancid. The addition of thirty-three per cent. of common rosin to lard yields a compound which renders leather very soft and permeable to air and moisture. It is also well adapted for lubricating the pistons of air-pumps, as it is found to protect the parts from corrosion and make a tight joint.

Pure lard has also been largely employed for general lubricating purposes. In order to obtain lard-oil, the crude material is placed in cotton bags and subjected to great pressure between wooden plates, when its liquid constituent, oleine, is given off and forms the lard of commerce. The pressed cake which remains is the stearine of commerce. This article, when prepared from corn-fed lard, resembles wax in appearance, and is highly prized. Lard-oil at one time had an extensive use as an illuminating material, but in this direction it has been displaced by petroleum. By far the largest proportion of the lard consumed in the world is the product of the United States. It is one of the great staple articles of the West, where land is cheap and corn is raised by the millard bushels.

The business of refining lard is conducted on a large scale in the East. One establishment, that of Wilcox & Co., employs four hundred men in the refining department, one hundred skilled workmen in the cooping division, fifty tinsmiths for making cans and pails, and many more in packing, shipping, etc. The lard is put up in tin or wood, in size from a pound package to a tierce of 320 pounds, and is shipped to all parts of the world. There is no drawback attending this business, as the crude material is home-made, and is not imported for the purposes of refining, hence the export trade represents a clear profit to the resources of the country. At the time of the Centennial Exhibition few articles of domestic production attracted so much notice as the finely displayed lard and its associate products, but very few of the visitors could know how many millions were invested in the business.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**FREIGHT MOVEMENTS.**—Business seems to be actually taking an upward start. The revival of the transportation business during the past few weeks, as reported by railroad men, has been one of the most remarkable features of the improved state of trade in the West. The Superintendent of the Cincinnati Division of the Panhandle Road states that 37,000 loaded freight cars were moved by him during August. Since the 1st of September the main Panhandle Line has been short of cars to fill the demand. The principal freight eastward consists of grain, flour and cured meats, but the return trade seems to grow equally as fast. Inquiry at the railroad offices shows that the jobbing trade is much larger than for the same period last year. In the meantime, freight rates are well maintained, both East and West. The prospect is now that September will be the heaviest month for freights that has been experienced by the Western roads for years.

**CROOK'S ESCAPE.**—General Crook narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of Crazy Horse on the occasion of the recent disturbance at Red Cloud Agency. Crazy Horse had been working

to breed discontent among the Indians, urging them to go on the war-path, but could not succeed. Among the Northern Indians he had been pretty powerful, but when he came to the reservation he found so many chiefs who were regarded as his superiors that he lost all his influence, and became angry and ill-natured. General Crook sent word that he wished to talk with him, and started out with an Indian agent and interpreter to see him. On the way down to the Indian camp, General Crook was overtaken by a courier, who stated that Crazy Horse, in conversation with his men, had said that he intended to talk pretty saucy to General Crook, and, in case the general should object, he would kill him. General Crook and his companion, who were unarmed, abandoned the idea of having a talk with Crazy Horse, and the plotter's arrest and death followed. Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Little Bad Man, Man-Afraid-of-His-Horses, No-Water, and other Indians, will go to Washington the latter part of this month.

**TURKEY'S RESOURCES.**—The Constantinople correspondent of the *London Times*, answering the inquiry how the Turks contrive to find money for carrying on the war, says: "A partial explanation is afforded by the facts that the Government is not paying the officials' salaries; that the army lives on the country it occupies, and the payment of the foreign debt is left in abeyance. The income, reduced as it is, suffices for the moment for such wants as are supplied from abroad and which must be paid for in cash; but the anxious question crops up, what will happen next year when the short crops have come in, no taxes can be expected, and large arrears will have to be met? No imports from abroad will have come forward, and all credit, public and private, will have been exhausted abroad. The condition of the working and lower classes even in the capital is becoming the subject of great anxiety, while in the provinces want and privation are such as no other people would patiently endure. When Winter comes upon them it is feared that there will be much misery and suffering, and it is fearful to contemplate what may be the results when the country shall have been utterly drained of all resources. Food, fuel and clothing will all be wanting, and the usual means of supply will not be available, all trade having been stopped through the war."

**A WAR ROMANCE.**—A very romantic story is told regarding the widow of Governor Pickens, of South Carolina. "She was very much grieved," says a correspondent, calmly, "at a newspaper article concerning herself, which spoke of her accepting Governor Pickens on condition that he obtained a Foreign Mission. She said that it seemed so mercenary and calculating in a girl of eighteen. The truth was that she was an only child, and the Mission to Russia was the mother's objection to the marriage. Governor Pickens was rejected, and had taken his passage for Europe. He wrote a farewell letter to his lady-love, but, before concluding, said it was not too late for her to change her mind, for if she would telegraph him after receiving the letter, and accept his proposals, he would meet her in New Orleans and let the steamer sail without him. She did accept, and a few weeks afterwards they sailed together as man and wife. The marriage proved happy, nothing but the war interrupting the course of true love. Governor and Mrs. Pickens returned to South Carolina about the time that State seceded. During their residence in Europe they had made many purchases of pictures, statuary, furniture, rare lace and jewels. These arrived at the port of New York in a sailing vessel, a month after their arrival. Everything was confiscated. Among the articles were busts of the Governor and his wife, by Powers. A New York gentleman purchased these at the sale, and after the war was over sent them to the owners in South Carolina."

**OUR GRAIN TRADE.**—It was admitted some months ago by British organs that, as all the European sources of wheat supply on which Great Britain usually depends, in order to make good its normal deficiency, are almost entirely closed, the United States and Canada will be the exclusive purveyors of the English grain markets. This assertion is strengthened by figures recently published. The harvest in France, as far as can be judged now, will scarcely suffice for internal wants, leaving nothing for exportation, for the yield is estimated to be about 90,000,000 of hectolitres, which is exactly the amount required by France for home consumption. In Switzerland the prospects are still worse, for there is a deficiency of 300,000 kilograms of wheat, which must be supplied by foreign trade, and, perhaps for the first time, American wheat will be forwarded directly to that country. The harvest in Germany is not good; and, though it is fair in Austro-Hungary and Russia, that cannot help the trade much, for both of the latter countries are in a troubled condition on account of the war, which has already caused the closing of the Russian ports on the Baltic, and which compels the Hungarian crop to abandon its old, easy road of the Danube, and to take the railroads crossing the Alps, in order to reach the markets of Central Europe. It is therefore evident that the American grain crop will be in large demand in the Old World, which will look for its wheat supply in the direction of the Atlantic, instead of that of the Black Sea.

**AN AUDACIOUS OUTRAGE.**—On September 19th an eastward-bound passenger train was stopped and robbed by thirteen masked men at Big Springs, Neb., a water station, 162 miles east of Cheyenne. There are only one or two houses beside the station. The robbers arrived in the evening, and took possession of everything. They tore the telegraph instruments out, and threw them away. The red lights were then hung out to stop the train, which reached there about eleven o'clock. The train stopped, and the robbers took possession. They secured \$65,000 in coin and about \$500 in currency from the express car. The through safe, which they left untouched, contained a very large sum of money. The passengers in the coaches were then visited, and deprived of their cash and valuables. It is stated that \$1,300 in cash, four gold watches

and a ticket to Chicago were taken from passengers; one of whom lost a gold watch and \$480. The arrival of a freight train evidently interfered with their plans, for, after putting out the fire in the locomotive of the express, they mounted and rode away, without disturbing the occupants of the sleeping-car. On the following day the Union Pacific Railroad and Express Companies offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of the thieves and the recovery of the money; a *pro rata* of the reward to be paid for the recovery of any portion of the money, or the capture of any of the robbers. The sheriffs of the surrounding counties, and commanding officers of military posts throughout Nebraska and Wyoming and along the Union Pacific Railroad, have been informed of the robbery, and everything possible will be done to effect the arrest of its perpetrators.

**AN OCEAN "TRAMP."**—Mr. Clemens, better known as "Mark Twain," in a letter to the *Hartford Courant*, solves the mystery of the bark *Jonas Smith*, reported spoken near Cape Fear, recently. He was on a voyage from Bermuda, May 25th, 1877, on the steamship *Bermuda*. The bark *Jonas Smith* was spoken with a signal of distress flying. She was ten days out from Bermuda, having left there for New York with five days' provisions for a crew of about fifteen colored men. A boat with three men came to the steamer and got a supply of beef, potatoes and sea-biscuit. The facts about the vessel's history and crew, as told by Mr. Clemens, are as follows: One of the three men who came to us in the boat was the captain and owner of the vessel. We questioned him freely, and all that he said was confirmed afterwards by three of our passengers who knew all about the matter. The poor old tub had been condemned officially in Bermuda and sold at auction, and, queerly enough, not as a whole, but by piecemeal, as one may say. For instance, one man bought the topmasts and all the sails, I think; another bought an anchor; another such odds and ends as skylights and such things; and this colored man bought what was left, viz., the empty hull and the stumps of the fore and main masts. He paid \$210 for his bargain. Then he bought three old rags, and made one do duty as a spencer on the mainmast, another as a jib, and a third as a sort of flying jib, or jib-staysail, whichever you please to call it. These had become rags indeed when we saw them, and practically appropriate to the wandering, food-soliciting ocean tramp, which the poor old outcast had been all these months that have since dragged by. One of our passengers said that the new owner of this solemn property was offered a sufficiency of ballast for his purposes for \$25, but he was not able to afford it, and so went to sea in all his perilous emptiness. His idea was to take the craft to New York, and sell her at a profit, either as a coaster or to be broken up

### NEWS OF THE WEEK

#### Domestic.

N. WASHBURN won the championship of the world at Creedmoor on the 18th.

THE Maryland Republicans met in Convention and nominated Dr. G. E. Porter for Comptroller.

AT Creedmoor on the 17th the Amateur Rifle Club team won the Inter-State long range match.

THE Army and Navy Monument on Boston Common was dedicated on the 17th with great ceremony.

YELLOW fever is spreading rapidly at Fernandina, Florida, and the Mayor has issued an appeal for aid.

THE Grand Lodge of the United States, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, met in annual session in Baltimore on the 17th.

DURING the week ending Saturday, September 22d, the price of gold in New York showed a further downward tendency, being quoted at 103½, 103¼, 103, and 102¾.

A DEFICIENCY of \$75,000 was found in the accounts of the Clairmont Savings Bank of New York City. It was closed by the Banking Department, and a receiver appointed.

THROUGH a favorable decision by the New York Court of Appeals, the managers of the Elevated Railroad in New York City will resume work at once in the interest of rapid transit.

PRESIDENT HAYES was received with great cordiality at Cincinnati on Sept. 15th, Louisville on the 17th, Nashville on the 19th, Chattanooga on the 20th, Knoxville on the 21st, and Atlanta on the 22d.

THE Massachusetts Republican State Convention met at Worcester on the 19th, under the chairmanship of Senator Hoar, and, after approving the President's Southern policy and his civil service reform scheme, renominated Hon. A. R. Rice for Governor.

THE New Jersey Democratic State Convention was held in Trenton on the 19th, and General George B. McClellan was nominated for Governor. The Prohibition Convention was held at the same time and city, and Rudolph Bingham received the nomination.

MR. TWEED resumed his disclosures before the committee of New York Aldermen, dealing principally with John Morrissey, John Kelly, the Brooklyn Bridge management, Erie Railroad, Tax Levy of 1870, armory leases, and the Ring Printing Company.

#### Foreign.

It was reported that the Porte would reject all attempts looking to mediation as long as the Russians occupied Turkish soil.

PRINCE BISMARCK and Count Andrassy held a lengthy interview at Salzburg, which is expected to strengthen the triple alliance.

MOUNT ST. NICHOLAS, a defense of the Shipka Pass, was captured by the Turks, and shortly after retaken by the Russians, who still hold it.

A LIVELY crusade against the Chinese has been in progress for several weeks in Placer County, Cal., involving murder and arson. Governor Irwin has been called upon to furnish troops to protect the Chinese.

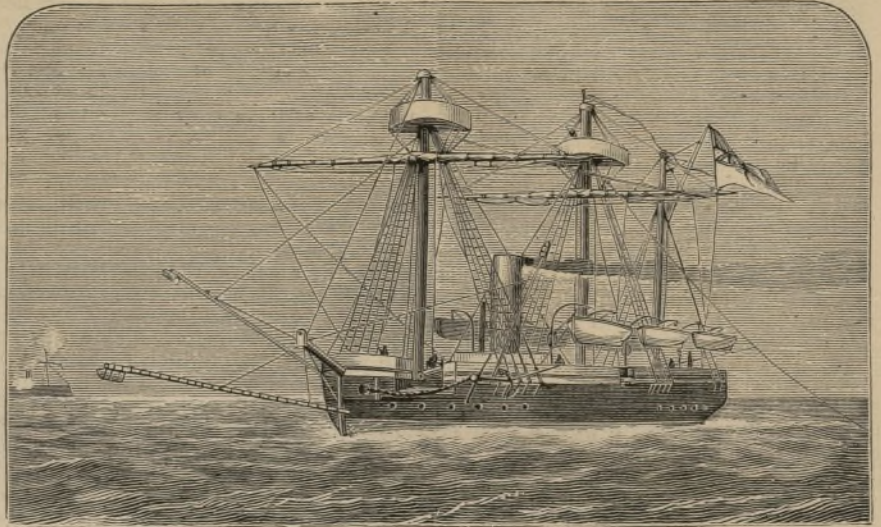
PRESIDENT MACMAHON issued a lengthy manifesto to the French concerning the ensuing elections for Deputies, asking a hearty support for the Government candidates. The French Republicans issued an address to counteract the effect of the manifesto.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



BULGARIA.—WOUNDED TURKS RETURNING FROM THE BATTLE OF KEZANLIK.



ENGLAND.—THE BRITISH TORPEDO-SHIP "FLAMINGO."



ENGLAND.—PONTOON PRACTICE AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES.



AUSTRALIA.—THE NEW COURTS OF LAW AT MELBOURNE.



ROUMANIA.—RUSSIAN DRAGOONS THRESHING GRAIN.



ENGLAND.—THE LADY GODIVA PROCESSION AT COVENTRY.



FRANCE.—PROFESSOR CAVILL SWIMMING ACROSS THE BRITISH CHANNEL.





1. Oak Bluffs, looking south. 2. A Dwarf Lamppost. 3. Tent People. 4. A Street Scene. 5. The Bathing-stairs. 6. A Household as seen from the Street. 7. Relating an Experience.  
MASSACHUSETTS.—SUMMER WATERING-PLACES—SCENES AROUND OAK BLUFFS, THE GREAT CAMP MEETING RESORT AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 70.



## OUR SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

## NOTES OF A TRIP TO MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

WE bid a long, last lingering adieu to Newport, and enter the cars en route for Martha's Vineyard, distant about fifty-five miles. Martha's Vineyard! the very name possesses a quaint fascination all its own—a coquettish Puritanism—a ring of the Mayflower that could only attach itself to some bright little isle where the tree-tops glisten white in the glory of dayshine, and the birds paint the skies with their songs. Passing Fall River, dashing by dimpled hills and drowsy dells, skirting cunning inlets with glittering green water flecked with purple shadows as the fleecy clouds roll onwards, past hooded homesteads and sleepy little towns that wink in the glowing sunlight, we finally, after a journey of three hours, reach Hood's Hole; and opposite, a little to the left, across the Vineyard Sound, lies the Mecca of our pilgrimage, hidden behind the shoulder of a sandy bluff, as innocent of vegetation as a newly turned billiard-ball. A throbbing steamer awaits us and our impedimenta; and what a display of modern model baggage! Saratoga trunks, buffalo boxes, valises, their scarlet morocco swathed in closely fitting wraps—regular canvas-back ducks; Russian leather portmanteaus mounted in nickel; solid black cases beneath the weight of which brawny porters quiver as if ague-stricken; perky hand-bags of curious design; and dressing-cases respectable in their grim antiquity. Coigns of vantage having been dexterously secured, we prepare for our view of the Vineyard, taking our seats very much as we would at a theatre, and anxiously awaiting the ringing up of the curtain.

## VINEYARD SOUND.

The village of Hood's Hole, or Holl, is much frequented by the cultured children of the Hub, one of whom, Hon. Joseph Story Fay, boldly asserts, in a lucubration entitled "The Track of the Norsemen," that the name should be written Hood's Holl as derived from the Norsemen, who, nine hundred years ago are supposed to have visited this coast. The Holl—we bow to the Norse tradition—is charmingly situated, commanding superb glimpses of Vineyard Sound, as thickly crowded with craft as the English Channel, 60,000 passing the "cottage city" annually, and "an uninterrupted view of over the way." Right opposite, on Naushon Island, stands the residence of Hon. J. M. Forbes, beneath the red tiles of which the President, in 1874, spent a long and lovely Summer's day. In the Sound the view is perfectly entrancing, and all that the most ardent lover of the poetry of sea, sky, and land could exact. The Vineyard hills form the background, sloping gently to the shore, and stretching away to the west the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay Head, while the vista discloses an endless billow plain of the deep and dark blue ocean, speckled with sails as white as the driven snow. On our left stands the old town of Falmouth, east of which lie the Falmouth Heights, and, more east still, the mushroom watering-place, as yet scarce two seasons old, of Menauhant, while away in the dim distance "the heel" of Cape Cod can be distinctly traced against the sky line. A man-of-war lies at anchor opposite the bluffs, like a great dozing watch-dog ready at a second's notice to wake into an alarming vitality. A few isolated cottages, bearing a close resemblance to bathing-boxes, stand upon the edge of the bluff, and while still engaged in speculating upon the occupation, habits and several characteristics of their inhabitants, we round the cliff of the Highlands, and Martha's Vineyard steals into view.

## THE COTTAGE CITY.

An elevated background of stunted foliage, very thick, very green, interspersed with cardboard-looking houses, white as snow-flakes. A tiny lake in the immediate foreground, a sort of mirror for this strange little city to gaze into and admire her own peculiar style of beauty. On the extreme left Sea View House and Oak Bluffs Dock. On the extreme right the Highland pier. In the semicircle, hundreds of cottages, minarets, pagodas, an enormous gospel-tent, hotels with bunting floating gayly everywhere, and everything basking in the dazzling sheen of the brightest and whitest of sunlight. Was it a toy? Was it a picture painted in those vivid colors with which the younger school of French art loves to illuminate the walls of the Salon? We had visited Passages, that quaintest of all quaint Old Spanish towns. We had inspected more than one Moorish "schaykah"; we had seen the booths in Donnybrook Fair; but anything like this we had never beheld, and we gazed from the deck of the slowing steamer, amused, fascinated, incredulous. Everything looked so small, everything looked so strange, everything looked so bright. Where did the inhabitants reside? Not in those sentry-boxes, those card-houses, those Lilliputian edifices—was this the Island of Lilliput, and was Gulliver not drawing upon his imagination, after all? Where do the 4,000 people dwell?—and, where, oh, where, do the 25,000 who sometimes swarm upon the island contrive to pitch their tents?

## MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

Martha's Vineyard is the largest island in New England, its extreme length being twenty miles, its average width five miles, while at one point it is ten miles wide. It boasts a range of hills, the highest of which is two hundred and ninety-eight feet in height. From this point the view fills the mind to a brimming satisfaction. Around and beneath stretch plains clad in green that vies with the fern for hue and freshness, white farmhouses peep from behind luxurious foliage, and gray granite boulders break this ocean of emerald-like islands. Lakes glitter as mirrors, and on the south a great fringe of golden sand is flecked by the ever-pulsating surf. The woods in the Vineyard are miniature—algæ, little mimic trees of exquisite variety, with leaves of a deep rich hue, and possessing a polished gloss rarely to be met with elsewhere. The island has been compared to the garden-isle of England—the Isle of Wight—the details being strangely similar, the rainbow-tinted cliffs of Gay Head closely resembling the yellow, red and white sands at Olive Bay. The hand of time will doubtless produce a replica of the older and more finished picture. There are four towns upon the island—Edgarton, Tisbury, Chilmark and Gay Head. Edgarton is the metropolis of the island. Within its bailiwick we have the camp-ground and the Summer resorts of Oak Bluffs, Katama and the Vineyard Highlands; we have three churches, a bank, Masonic lodge, custom house, court house and jail. It publishes the *Vineyard Gazette*, which has reached Vol. XXXI. Hotels and boarding-houses flourish beneath its fostering care, and in 1875 a population of 1,707 souls lived in marine rural felicity within the circumference of its invisible walls. Tisbury is famous for its woodland rambles, Chilmark for its rockings, Gay Head for its superb sea-views. Gosnold, which was incorporated as a town in 1874, consists of thirteen islands, Naushon being one of them,

celebrated for its gigantic beeches and its annual deer-hunt.

## IT RISES FROM THE SEA.

Martha's Vineyard was discovered in 1602 by one Bartholomew Gosnold, "a right sturdy" mariner, who might have served in the destruction of the Armada under good Queen Bess. To him is due the name, fame and distinction of building the first house and commencing the first settlement in New England. Captain Gosnold's good ship *Concord* sailed from England on Friday, March 26th, 1602, with him thirty-two persons, eight of whom were versed in the mysteries of reefing and steering. He had sailed with Sir Walter Raleigh, and resolved upon essaying a straight course across the Atlantic. He made land upon Friday, May 10th, having saved "the better part of a thousand leagues," and upon Saturday the 11th, cast anchor in fifteen fathoms, "took great store of codfish," and gratefully named the headland Cape Cod, a name which it retains unto the present hour of writing. Again upon a Friday, May 21st, Gosnold beheld "a disinhabited island," which he named Martha's Vineyard—a name subsequently applied to the larger island. Upon Friday—always Friday—May 28th, he took up his "abode and plantation" upon "a rocky islet containing near an acre of ground full of wood," where "we built our house and covered it with sedge, in building which we spent three weeks and more." On Friday—evidently the intrepid navigator's lucky day—June 18th, he, with his entire company, set sail for England, where he arrived on Friday, July 23d, 1602, with a cargo of sassafras, cedars, furs, skins and other kindred commodities. Sassafras, at that date in England, was estimated as being worth £330, or \$1,680, a ton, but, as Gosnold quaintly says, "we were informed before our going forth that a ton was sufficient to cloy England." The rocky islet upon which Gosnold built his house was "the first spot in New England occupied by Europeans, and the only one inhabited by them in the glorious days of Queen Bess."

In 1797 the Rev. Dr. Belknap visited the islet, and writes, "We had the supreme satisfaction to find the cellar of Gosnold's storehouse." In 1817 Hon. Francis Gray, Judge Davis and five others spent some time in exploring the remains of the house and fort, and in 1848 another party "examined the locality described with minute exactness in the journal of Gosnold's voyage, and the outlines of their works were distinctly visible." The *North American Review* for September, 1817, says, in recording the doings of the expedition: "Every feature of the scene reminded us of the narrative of its discoverers. The trees, indeed, have fallen and left no trace of their existence except the term 'Copicot' (shady), the appellation of a lofty promontory extending from the centre of the island toward the north, but the soil is still fertile; the beach, the lake, the islet, are unaltered, and are rendered by their natural beauties, no less than by the recollections with which they are associated, well worthy of the attention of a poet. The gigantic rocks near the western coast of the island, against which the waves dash with the foam and the fury and the deafening noise of a cataract, would form as grand a picture, in an epic poem, as *Acrocerania* or *Charybdis*."

In 1641 Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands were purchased by Thomas Mayhew, whose son was the first who undertook to evangelize the natives. In 1664 the Merrie Monarch, Charles II., who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one, by charter, caused these islands to become a part of New York, and thus they remained until William and Mary enrolled them, in 1692, within the limits of the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

## OAK BLUFFS LANDING AND SEA VIEW HOUSE.

Passing the Highland Landing, the steamer reaches that of Oak Bluffs, about a mile further on, where we disembarked upon a dock as lively with fashionably attired daughters of Eve, lounging mankind and howling hotel touts as the Quay at Calais or the pier at Pera. The imposing and picturesque-looking Sea View House stands right over the wharf, its piazzas thronged with tourists, to whom the arrival of a boat from anywhere is a subject fraught with the deepest importance and interest, and even the tiny steam-cars that run to Katama would seem to have stopped suddenly for the purpose of gazing at us from out their own open windows. Sea View House receives us with a smile of welcome and a "thrilling" menu, the very reminiscences of which, even while we write, are laden with epicurean flavor. From the hotel-balconies the views are varied, extensive, matchless. Its piazza, where tourists "most do congregate," hangs right over the ocean, the waves plashing musically at its base. The house accommodates 300 guests, containing, in addition to "the usual" billiard-rooms, an elevator; gas, too, may be enumerated amongst its manifold comforts. A plank walk, lined with seats, extends south of the hotel along the bluff for several hundred feet. This is the promenade of the Vineyard, and here the "Bluffers," i. e., the less serious and more showy portion of the community, disport themselves, especially at dewy eve. Edwin and Angelina gaze out to sea at the silvery reflection of the scimitar-shaped young moon, and—But why repeat the old, old story? Beneath this promenade is the bathing-place, some few boxes being erected on the sands, while the larger number are perched high in air, from out of which grimly cloaked females mysteriously and stealthily emerge, as if to do some deed of dreadful note. In justice to the fair sex at the Vineyard, we must declare that, when divested of the assassin-shaped cloak, their bathing-costume is much more slightly than that which is the mode upon our surly-beaten shores. Colors are introduced, dainty little hats—ay, and ribbons, to suit the complexion of the wearer—are worn, and the shape, while still protecting "shrinking modesty," is much more graceful than anything we have hitherto beheld. We hail this innovation with sincere pleasure, and bear our humble testimony in favor of a dress becoming, appropriate, which, devoid of puritanism, is equally free from fastness or vulgarity. The waters of Vineyard Sound are considerably warmer than those of Massachusetts Bay, the temperature north of Cape Cod varying from 47 to 62 degrees, while south it varies from 72 to 79 degrees.

## THE COTTAGES.

These remarkable specimens of architectural skill may be rented for the season from \$150 to \$500, according to size and situation. They are mostly uniform as to shape—a gaping entrance, wide as a church-door and Gothic in form, a railed balcony and a pointed window over the door; upon the stoop or piazza dwell the inhabitants. It is no figure of speech to say that they keep open-house in the Vineyard. The door yawns, exhibiting the interior in its entirety; the whole front opens like a doll's house. The cottages are nothing better than wooden booths; privacy is unknown. Everybody can tell what everybody else is doing. The economy of space is as carefully studied as on board a twenty-ton yacht. We were intensely amused at reading "Rooms to Let," pasted upon edifices apparently

consisting of but one apartment already more than fully occupied. Beds, bedding, and all the accessories are visible to the naked eye. The occupants while enjoying their meals might as well be in Madison Square as far as privacy is concerned. There is a calm indifference as to public scrutiny that mounts to the sublime. The single room is gayly decorated with cheap oleographs, flimsy *bric-a-brac*, gaudy worsted-work and many-colored flowers. A lace curtain drapes a second yawning door after the fashion of a set scene in a comedy. This curtain is adorned with cunning and elaborate devices, constructed out of the sad-colored leaves of last Autumn. At night dramatic effect is studied, and the ladies pose in the dimly lighted interiors. Lamps are placed with due regard to effect, sometimes behind banks of flowers, sometimes artfully concealed so as to throw the light full on the occupants. Young ladies read in languid positions. Men recline on sofas to the display of gorgeous slippers. Upon the stoops families are placed as if sitting for their photographs. Grouping seems thoroughly well understood, and attitude is everything. Visitors stare into the cottages as they would into cages at zoological gardens—approaching as closely as the bars will permit—while the inhabitants return the stare with stoic indifference. "Here we are! Come and look at us. We have nothing to conceal," is written over every portal. Some elderly, sour, grim-visaged females met our wondering gaze with a puritanical frown, as much as to say, "Man, go thy ways; this wanton prying but ill besemeth thee!" There are a few conventionally constructed villas fronting the ocean, but, as a rule, the cottages look as if set in the grove for the purpose of growing big and of being transplanted when arrived at maturity to Newport or Cape May. The first cottage was erected in 1859. We wandered up Clinton Avenue and got entangled amongst the trees. This avenue is inhabited almost solely by New Englanders, New York claiming six handsome villas only. We turned and found ourselves lost again. Asking the way, we followed the directions given us, with the attention we would have bestowed upon an experiment in dynamite, only to find ourselves hopelessly wandering like an overgrown babe in an undergrown wood. We appealed to a lamplighter, whose lamp does not reach much higher than his waist, and who sits upon what is vulgarly termed his "hunkers" for the purpose of trimming it. The illuminating power of his directions but served to light us into a maze as intricate as that at Hampton Court. What a chance for a modern Henry to establish a Rosamond in this oaken bower! He could defy a dozen Eleanors! The furniture in the cottages must have been introduced piecemeal, as no ordinary article could pass the trunks of the oaks, so close, so defiant, and so aggressive. Narrow paths neatly asphalted indicate the existence of a roadway. A wheelbarrow is a dangerous object to meet in one of them, and the nearest cottage must be invaded in order to clear the road. Mr. Barnum should hire this quaint little city and exhibit it in the Central Park.

## CLINTON AVENUE ILLUMINATIONS.

The illumination of Clinton Avenue is the sensation at the Cottage City—upon this occasion it was lighted up on the night of Monday, the 27th of August. The preceding Sunday is termed "Big Sunday," from the enormous number of excursionists who come to the Vineyard to witness the spectacle. Hotels ruthlessly turn away innumerable panic-stricken applicants. The rooms in cottages are rented at Centennial figures; tents are crammed, bathing-boxes utilized, even the harmless necessary umbrella is taken into confidence and compelled a double debt to pay. Itinerant musicians are to be found at every corner, but jugglers—fobid it, heaven! All Sunday the city is literally blocked; all Monday the crush increases, and when the hour comes for the signal-match to be struck, the sight-seers are wedged together like sardines in a box. Eight years ago Clinton Avenue was illuminated for the first time. The effect was so striking, so like the revival of an "Arabian Nights Entertainment," that it has since continued to be repeated with an increasing attractiveness and *clan*. This season the cottagers decided to make their feast of lanterns one that, for tasteful conception and brilliancy of effect, would surpass any attempts of previous years. And they succeeded beyond their most daring expectations. The *mise-en-scène* has been compared to a succession of gigantic Christmas-trees. Every cottage hung out its transparencies in kaleidoscopic colors. Every branch of every oak was alive with fiery birds. Chinese lanterns were suspended from every available twig, while flags and bunting reflected back their gayest colors. Such was the sight that met the gaze of Aladdin as he entered the gen's cave—a handsome vista of glowing rubies and sapphires and emeralds.

A procession, arranged by the ladies upon the Committee of Management, paraded during the evening, composed of some twenty youths and forty of the fairer sex, which lent additional *clat* to a scene weird-like, fascinating, and savoring of the nights when the good Haroun al Raschid wended his way through the bazaars of Bagdad.

## THE CAMP MEETINGS.

Martha's Vineyard has been termed "a pleasant, healthful, Christian watering-place," and one "not wholly fallen from grace." The first camp-meeting was held in August, 1835, nine tents only representing the week's residences in the woods of the followers, and, with the exception of the year 1845, meetings have been annually held ever since. "The occupation being temporary," says the admirable brochure of Messrs. Rockwell and Churchill, "the comforts of home were not expected." Straw was provided in large quantities, and thickly strewn about the tents. On this, with a coverlet or blanket or two, the occupants took their nightly rest. A curtain stretched at night across the tent formed it into separate apartments for men and women. The hour of retiring is announced by the blast of a trumpet or conch-shell; a watch was set; and then, after "family worship," the dwellers in the woods sought repose on their "beds of straw." In 1857 the tents numbered 320. When the cottages burst into existence a new order of things commenced, and families began to anticipate the camp-meeting by a month or six weeks, and to remain after it had terminated about the same length of time. Gradually "a season" came into being, which is now supposed to last until the middle of September. To some of the residents the camp-meetings are but religious picnics; to the excursionists, a thing to see and talk about in the long Winter nights; to the earnest, a source of refreshment and light, as

"—day laborers all.  
Early or late, or first or last, at the gate in the  
Vineyard wall."

The camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard is one of the sights of the world. A writer, Mr. Train, in referring to his having attended one, says that, although he saw the hanging gardens of a Chinese prince, the city of canvas at Melbourne in 1853, the French, Russian, Turkish and Sardinian camps in the Crimea, the Bedouin encampments, those of

the Ladrone pirates and the Sepoys, the Turkish villages of tents, and an emigrant's corral at Omaha, he has never beheld anything like the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting. In August, 1875, the Baptists resolved upon holding camp-meetings, selecting an oak grove on the lands of the Vineland Grove Company. The meeting was advertised, proved an immense success; similar annual meetings were arranged and an organization effected, under the name of "The Baptist Vineyard Association," incorporated under the general laws of Massachusetts. The mingling of the hymns from both camps in the stillness of the Summer's eve produces a solemn and harmonious effect that should be experienced in order to be realized.

A horse-car runs around the Cottage City, and out along the glassy little Lake Anthony, on to Highland Landing. A walk through the street or *cul de sac* is intensely amusing. The stores are open in front like Oriental bazaars, as are the restaurants. Stereoscopic views of the city are for sale on all sides. Mr. Brown's cottage from the front, from the rear, from the roof, from the street, from the corner, from the other corner, from next door, from over the way, from the top of the telegraph-post, from the main sewer, confronts you wheresoever you turn; also, Mr. Jones's pump, the handle lowered, raised, at an angle of forty-five, water flowing, dry; and Mr. Robinson's clothes-line—stretched, limp, adorned with the household underwear, or bare as a telegraph-wire. The likeness of a hideous-looking old crone, clasping a numerous progeny of hens and ducks in her lean and skinny arms, is also popular. This uninteresting old person is known as Nancy Luce, who resides in the upper part of the island, a semi-idiotic hen-wife, who celebrates the deaths of her poultry in affecting lines "In Memoriam." For want of better to do, visitors ride eight miles for the purpose of interviewing Nancy in her ill-favored hovel. *Chacun à son goût!* Tourists will buy photographs—it is part of their amusement—and will insist in spending whole hours in dreary little stores, poring over stereoscopic slides till their eyes ache. The guests of Martha's Vineyard are afflicted as their brethren elsewhere, and photography flourishes here as at the foot of the great pyramid of Cheops. Hiring a buggy attached to a horse—evidently a regular attendant at the camp-meetings, inasmuch as he endeavored to drop upon his knees at every turn of the road—we proceeded to explore the island.

## EXCURSIONS.

The promontory of Gay Head is well worthy a visit, the drive being simply "immense." To the lovers of natural scenery the views are grand, majestic, imposing; to geologists an excursion means a thing to remember, in the best sense of the term. "A section across Gay Head," says Professor Hitchcock, "four-fifths of a mile long, displays twenty-three bright-colored bands of clay, sand, conglomerate, lignite, and iron ore. The sands are white, yellow and green. The conglomerates contain fragments of bones and teeth, cemented with stones." Here is a chance not to be thrown away—a chance of "all sorts of fossils, from petrified quabags as big as your thumb nail, to the skeletons of monsters that might have swallowed the whale that swallowed Jonah." One of the finest, if not the finest, of lighthouses on our coasts adorns Gay Head. It is forty-five feet high, built upon a cliff 130 feet in height. Vineyard Haven should be visited, the drive over the hill to the harbor being very fine. Katama can best be reached by rail. This budding sea-plant promises well. It is but five years old, and already commences "to square up" to localities along the coast of twice its age, size and weight. Cape Cod can be reached by the morning boats of the Old Colony line. The quaint old town of Falmouth is well worthy a dreamy, indolent visit, while a sail in the steam-yacht that commences with Menauhant is in itself a sensation. Quisset is prescribed to those who yearn for absolute quiet, and the seductions of barb and bait—its harbor, situated on Buzzard's Bay, being completely landlocked. A charming trip, too, is the sail around the Elizabeth Islands to New Bedford, Wood's Hole and Falmouth Heights; and a day trip to Nantucket, leaving Oak Bluffs at nine o'clock and returning at four, should on no account be missed. There is no better "outing," as the Yorkshire folk say, than a trip to Martha's Vineyard. Leaving New York by a floating palace at 5 p. m., the Vineyard can be reached at nine o'clock upon the following morning. Intense variety, exquisite scenery and a new sensation can be obtained by a trip to this very peculiar and thoroughly charming "bit of an island."

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

## THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

## THE CITY OF CHEYENNE.

WE reached Cheyenne on April 21st. This city of the Plains has a reputation for vice and crime far in excess of any actually existing facts. By reason of this bad reputation it was natural that our party, composed as it was of inexperienced New Yorkers, should feel an indefinite apprehension of robbery and violence. Indeed the chief of the party strongly recommended a guard, and villainous-looking revolvers were for the first time taken out of over-stuffed valises and examined with an air of business. A short stroll through the city, however, served to dissipate these precautions fears, and it was not long after our arrival before the genial spirits of our party were hobnobbing on familiar terms with the noted characters of Cheyenne, and making themselves acquainted with the leading features of the place. The actual population of this so-called city is not more than 4,000 souls, but the transient populace enlarges this figure to something like 5,000. That is, there are upwards of 1,000 wayfaring strangers daily coming and going through here.

Cheyenne in 1867 was a village of tents, and at no time has it been so lively as during the first few years of its career. In 1869 the light frame structures had taken the place of the tents, and to-day there are many fine brick structures scattered through the city. It boasts of two daily newspapers, three hotels, two theatres, five churches, one fine school-building and twenty gambling-saloons. The moral influence of the church is felt in the closing of all saloons from 10 a. m. until 2 p. m. Sundays. Promiscuous shooting and cutting is becoming quite rare, and the courts administer justice uninterruptedly. Cheyenne's basis of wealth is chiefly the stock interest and the Government freight and Black Hills business. The first two will naturally increase largely with time, while the latter will diminish after the first flush to a steady traffic. There are no manufactures whatever. A railroad enterprise is contemplated between Cheyenne and Deadwood, under Union Pacific superintendence. Surveys are now being made, and it will depend upon the substantial gold



yield of the Hills whether its construction will be at once undertaken or not. A road is already in process of construction from Longmont, Col., which will be a continuation of the Colorado Central, and will connect with the road from Cheyenne to Deadwood.

#### THE BLACK HILLS.

The accompanying sketch of Black Hills starting from Cheyenne is a representation of an emigrant team as we saw it starting from Cheyenne for the Black Hills, a stage for the same destination being in the immediate background. The freight and passenger traffic to this new Eldorado is now assuming enormous proportions. The stage company sent out six first and twenty second-class passengers on that day, and they stated that their average for a long time had been ten first and twenty second per day, while there are many going with their own teams and various freight "outfits." The stage runs, carrying the mail daily, for Deadwood, and also from Sydney, another point on the Union Pacific, six days per week. A trustworthy gentleman, just in from Indian Creek, about one and one-half days' journey towards the Black Hills, stated that he met about one hundred freight teams with three to ten passengers apiece, between that point and Fort Laramie, while there were about one hundred and fifty between the fort and Cheyenne, making from 1,000 to 1,200 persons en route to the Hills in that short distance. At the depot were two car-loads of machinery for one mining firm just unloading for the Hills, and a large quantity of miscellaneous freight for various parties. From May 1st the daily stage is limited by its mail contract to three days for the whole distance, and expects to make it in sixty hours. When we consider that one of the Leslie party was in the Hills last year, in May and June, and seven weeks without being able to obtain any communication with the outer world, this, supplemented as it is by the telegraph, marks an astounding advance in extent and rapidity of communication, and shows that the value of the discoveries in the new gold regions is no longer open to question.

#### CHARACTER SKETCHES.

As is common with the majority of these Western cities, Cheyenne has many noted characters. Some are noted for their shooting propensities, others for their gambling, and some few for their liberality and public spirit. But to elaborate these three classes of individuals, it will be sufficient to indicate a distinctive type of the Western character represented by the well-known *Cherokee Bob* and *Old Zip Coon*. The former is an old Plainsman, whose clothes hung loosely about his attenuated form, tied together with strings, wearing a well-ventilated hat, and often appearing on the street with a single boot on. He is famous for his stories and the amount of liquor he can "stow away." *Old Zip Coon* is known and appreciated in every convivial circle in the Territory. He is an artist on the violin, which he manipulates to accompany the vocal melodies with which his brain is abundantly stored. We were favored with some of his choicest rhymes, which he delivered in a loud hitching voice that noted execrably with the high squeaking notes of his fiddle. The bland smile of his expressive features is finely portrayed in our sketch.

#### DEADWOOD.

A flying visit to the metropolis of the Black Hills by an advance member of our party has revealed the following characteristics: Deadwood is a city of a single street, and a most singular street it is. The frailty of human nature is illustrated in the buildings which grace its sides. These are a curiosity in modern architecture, and their light construction is a standing insult to every wind that blows. Paint is a luxury, and only indulged in by the aristocracy. The business street of Deadwood runs along the mountain stream, Whitewood, which flows between two lofty adjacent mountains. South Deadwood and Gayville each have their single street, which are offshoots from the Deadwood thoroughfare, at the union of the Whitewood and Deadwood Gulches. Wells are dug in the middle of the streets, all sorts of building material occupies them, and every manner of filth is thrown into them. The city is honeycombed by shafts run down into the bowels of the earth from every yard. A keen-eyed, money-grabbing set of men make up the population, and they are far from the blood-thirsty scoundrels the average newspaper correspondent would make them out. Shooting is not frequent, fighting only occasional, and property is perfectly secure. Our flying representative parted with only \$3 for hotel fare during his one day's visit, and could have obtained board for from \$12 to \$18 per week. On his return he expressed himself so well satisfied with the diggings that he may be said to have caught the "yellow fever."

#### Present State of the Garden of Eden.

PRINCE DE LIGNE, countryman and contemporary of Maria Theresa, wrote an essay "On the Location of the Earthly Paradise," and after some reflections on the hygienic influences of different climates, calls attention to the fact that "paradise traditions, in locating the Garden of Eden, differ only in regard to longitude, but not to latitude." The latitude keeps always near the snow boundary, a line just south of the regions where snow may fall, but will not stay on the ground. It passes through Tibet, Cashmere, Northern Persia and Asia Minor, and reaches the Meridian of Europe near the centre of the Mediterranean." The nation that "celebrated life as a festival" have lived along this line, and we may doubt if in the most favored regions of the New World human industry, with all the aids of modern science, will ever reunite the opportunities of happiness which nature once lavished on lands that now entail only misery on their cultivators. All over Spain and Portugal, Southern Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Persia and Western Afghanistan and throughout Northern Africa, from Morocco to the valley of the Nile, the aridity of the soil makes the struggle for existence so hard that to the vast majority of the inhabitants life from a blessing has been converted into a curse. Southern Spain, from Gibraltar to the head-waters of the Tagus, maintains now only about one-tenth of its former population, Greece about one-twentieth. As late as A. D. 675, a good while after the rise of the Mohammedan power, the country now known as Tripoli, and distinct from the Sahara only through the elevation of its mountains, was the seat of eighty-five Christian bishops and had a population of 6,000,000, of which number three-quarters of one per cent. are now left! The climate which, according to authentic description, must once have resembled that of our Southern Alleghenies, is now so nearly intolerable that even the inhumanity of an African despot forbears to exact open-air labor from nine A. M. to five P. M. Steamboats that pass near the Tripolitan coast in Summer, on their way from Genoa to Cairo, have to keep up a continual shower of artificial rain to save their deck-hands from being overcome by the

furnace air that breathes from the barren hills of the opposite coast. The rivers of some of these countries have shrunk to the size of their former tributaries, and from Gibraltar to Samarand the annual rainfall has decreased till failure of crops has become a chronic complaint. And all this change is due to the insane destruction of forests. The great Caucasian *sylicia* that once adorned the birth-land of the white race from the Western Pyrenees to the foot-hills of the Himalayas has disappeared; of the forest area of Italy and Spain, in the days of the elder Pliny, about two acres in a hundred are left; in Greece, hardly one. But even the nakedness of the most sterile tracts of Southern Europe is exceeded by the utter desolation of the Ottoman provinces.

#### German Student Dueling.

KONIGSHOFEN, on the Tauber, is the dueling-ground of the South German students. It lies on the line of railway between Heidelberg and Wurzburg, and is a sort of Plumstead Marshes for the fierce young Philistines whose honor can only be appeased by blood. The London *Echo* states that one day, about three months ago, a special carriage load of nearly one hundred Burschen from the universities of Erlangen, Wurzburg, Tubingen, Heidelberg, Basel and Strasburg was deposited at Konigshofen Station, with a couple of surgeons and with all the customary paraphernalia of offense and defense needed for a proper German Paukerel, even including a stock of bandages and some pounds of ice. They hired the great hall of one of the hotels for their learned consultations and their drinking. The proceedings were conducted with closed doors, but the suspicions of the hotel-keeper were at last aroused by the continual demand for fresh water, and by the fact that the water-vessels came back stained with blood. He sent for the local police, and no fewer than twenty-five of the learned youths were discovered to be scratched, although with wounds which were happily only skin-deep.

#### Small Things.

In the animal kingdom are found myriads of forms so minute that their bulk is reckoned by less than the millionth part of a cubic inch, yet each one is endowed with organs of sense or assimilation sufficient to serve the purpose in their sphere of life. The vegetable kingdom, also, offers abundant specimens of microscopic forms, calculated to excite our admiration by the beauty and minuteness of their organisms. Such is notably the case in several forms of *Diatomacea*. The striated markings of *Pleurosigma fasciata* aggregate 64,000 to the inch, while *Amphipleura pellucida* often exhibit striae exceeding 100,000 to the lineal inch. And yet the skeletons of these three minute organisms are composed mainly of silica, the silica again being made up of silicon and oxygen. Notwithstanding the almost infinitesimal magnitude of the organic world, human skill is able to compete in the matter of minuteness. Platinum wire has been drawn so fine as to rival in minuteness the smallest fibre of the spider's web. Gold has been deposited upon the surface of other metals, and drawn to such an extreme thinness that a thousand-millionth part of a grain exhibited the visible characteristics of the metal. The oscillations of the horizontal pendulum can be measured to the 1-80,000,000th part of an inch, by the aid of a small mirror, a beam of light, and a graduated scale for reading the vibrations. Nobert, with a mechanical skill unsurpassed, has repeatedly ruled with a diamond-point upon glass the nineteenth band of his test-plate, consisting of lines less than the 1-112,000th of an inch apart, and it is claimed that he has succeeded in ruling plates covering 224,000 lines per inch, such as would aggregate in superficial areas to over 50,000,000,000 to the square inch.

#### Infernal Machines.

The French have had much to do with (so-called) infernal machines, which, under various forms, have been employed to assassinate successive sovereigns, but happily failed in the wicked attempt, though not without inflicting injuries on on-lookers. In 1804, when Napoleon thought that he had England pretty nearly in his grasp, a catamaran expedition was fitted out by the English to act against him. This catamaran was an oblong waterproof box lined with lead; it contained 1,500 pounds of gunpowder, various inflammable substances, clockwork to produce an explosion at a given moment and ballast to steady it. Being towed towards an enemy's ship, and left for the tide to float it onward, it would cling to the ship by means of grappling irons buoyed up with cork, and in a given number of minutes the clockwork, acting on a trigger, would explode the combustibles. Such at least was the theory, but chances of failure were found to be too numerous and varied in practice. Some years after this Colonel Colt, the inventor of the celebrated revolver, devoted a great deal of time to this subject of infernal machines, making many combinations which were useful as hints to later contrivers. In 1809, when Lord Cochrane was engaged against the French in the Bay of Biscay, he employed a destroyer most formidable in character. He filled a number of empty puncheons with about fifty thousand pounds of powder; on the tops of these puncheons were placed three hundred and fifty explosive shells, with fuses, and upwards of two thousand hand-grenades among and between them. The whole were bound and jammed together with cables, wedges and sand on board a small vessel called the *Decastator*. A fifteen-minute time fuse being ignited, the crew (Cochrane himself, a lieutenant, and four seamen) rowed quickly away in a boat. The infernal monster did not produce quite the kind of mischief intended. The explosion was one of the most tremendous ever heard, but the enemy's ships were rather too far away to be materially damaged, while Cochrane lost some of his gallant little crew by over fatigue and drowning by tumultuous waves.

#### Stealing a Secret.

The history of cast steel presents a curious instance of a manufacturing secret stealthily obtained under the cloak of an appeal to philanthropy. The main distinction between iron and steel, as everybody knows, is that the latter contains carbon. The one is converted into the other by being heated for a considerable time in contact with powdered charcoal in an iron box. Now steel thus made is unequal. The middle of a bar is more carbonized than the ends and the surface more than the centre.

It is, therefore, unreliable. Uniform work can not be made out of it. For many purposes it will answer, but where accuracy is required it fails. Nevertheless, before the invention of cast-steel there was nothing better.

In 1760 there lived at Astercliffe, near Sheffield, England, a watchmaker named Huntsman. He became dissatisfied with the watch-springs in use, and set himself to the task of making them homogeneous.

"If," thought he, "I can melt a piece of steel and cast it into an ingot, its composition should be the same throughout."

He succeeded. His steel became famous. Huntsman's ingots for fine work were in universal demand. He did not call them cast-steel. That was his secret. About 1770 a large manufactory of this peculiar steel was established at Attercliffe. The process was wrapped in secrecy by every means within reach—true and faithful men hired, the work divided and subdivided, large wages paid and stringent oaths administered. It did not answer. One midwinter night, as the tall chimneys of the Attercliffe Steel Works belched forth their smoke, a traveler stopped at the gate. It was bitterly cold, the snow fell fast, the wind howled across the moor. The stranger, apparently a plowman or agricultural laborer seeking shelter from the storm, awakened no suspicion. Scanning the wayfarer closely, and moved by motives of humanity, the foreman granted his request and let him in.

Feigning to be worn out with cold and fatigue, the poor fellow sank upon the floor, and soon appeared to be asleep. That, however, was far from his intention. He saw workmen cut bars of steel into bits, place them in crucibles, and thrust them into a furnace. The fire was urged to its extreme power, until the steel was melted. Clothed in wet rags, to protect themselves from the heat, the workmen drew out the glowing crucibles and poured their contents into a mold. Mr. Huntsman's factory had nothing more to disclose. The secret of making cast-steel had been found.

#### Revaccination.

The vexed question as to how often vaccination is needful is again discussed by the London *Lancet*, the best English medical authority, which distinctly deprecates the frequent repetition of revaccination as being useless and tending to unsettle the minds of people in regard to its preservative power. It states that revaccination, once sufficiently performed at or after puberty, need never be repeated. The nurses and other servants of the London Small-pox Hospital, when they enter the service, are invariably submitted to vaccination, which, in their case, is generally revaccination, and is never afterwards repeated; and so perfect is the protection that, though the nurses live in the closest and most constant attendance on small-pox patients, and though, also, the other servants are in various ways exposed to special chances of infection, the resident surgeon of the hospital, during his forty-one years of office there, has never known small-pox to affect any of these nurses or servants.

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

##### Turkish War Scenes.

One of our foreign pictures this week portrays a train conveying wounded soldiers and stragglers from the little Turkish force which attempted to defend the position of Kozanlik, at the head of the Shipka Pass, against General Gourka. After some sharp fighting the Turks were worsted, and only five hundred managed to escape to the station of Haskoi, on their way back to the headquarters south of the Balkans. The river shown is the Maritza, and the range of the Balkans may be perceived in the distance. The soldiers seemed in a deplorable state, both morally and physically speaking, and many of them were wounded. Threshing corn at Poudin depicts a detachment of dragoons abandoning for a time their swords and carbines and taking to more peaceful implements, such as the flail and fan.

##### The British Torpedo Ship "Flamingo."

This vessel, one of the latest additions to the fleet at Besika Bay, is a composite screw gun vessel of 774 tons, and carries three guns. In this new class of vessel it has been the aim of the constructors to combine good sea-going qualities and handiness under sail with great offensive power for attack with ram, gun and torpedo, whilst the vessel is defended against similar assaults by being provided with several water-tight divisions of the hull, and with numerous boats, which might act as guard-boats to ward off a torpedo attack. This class of vessel has also been furnished with a metal spur, which can be shipped or unshipped as thought desirable, the bows being so strengthened as to be capable of resisting the shock of ramming any description of vessel. The sketch represents the ship as she would probably go into action, the outrigger torpedoes being ready for lowering beneath the water, a Harvey torpedo towing on each quarter, and topmasts, etc., sent on deck.

##### Military Engineering on the Thames.

The performances of the A Troop of Royal Engineers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Harrison, in pontoon-bridging over the Thames, at Henley, form the subject of an illustration. This troop, consisting of two hundred men and five officers, with a hundred horses and the necessary wagons and apparatus, came from Aldershot, and encamped at Henley, April 25th, where they were daily employed, from eight o'clock till noon, in a series of exercises and experiments, watched by many curious spectators. Our illustration shows the bridge they constructed over the river, which was supported on a number of pontoons arranged in pairs, the two-boats of each pair being put close together, and the ends of the longitudinal floor beams resting upon them. The particular operation shown is that of preparing to open a section of the bridge for other boats to pass through it. The portion to be shifted is that which rests upon three pairs of pontoons approaching the near shore, as is evident from the efforts of the men upon those boats to haul away by ropes, on the one hand, and to shove out by boat-hooks on the other. The main body of this section is designed to hang forward in the stream in one solid piece; and when the opening has been used by the passing boats, this portion will be replaced in its former position.

##### The Melbourne New Law Courts.

The new building still under construction at Melbourne, the capital of the Australian Province of Victoria, for the Supreme Courts of Law and their offices, is an edifice of considerable magnitude. It is in the Italian style of architecture. It presents frontages to three streets, and the fourth front to a private roadway in the rear, each front extending 313 feet. The design forms on plan a quadrangle comprising eight courts of law, four on each of the side fronts, which are similar to each other in elevation and in general arrangement. Each court has separate entrances, and, with its several rooms and offices, is complete in itself; but they are all connected by a main corridor going all round the

building. The general public have access only to the galleries of the courts direct from the streets, as the admissions to the floors of the courts and to the interior of the buildings is limited to those having actual business with the courts.

#### The Godiva Procession in Coventry.

In this hard practical age it matters little whether an event is historical or legendary, if it can be made the basis of a financial speculation, and so we have now in England an annual Godiva procession, a gaudy spectacle attracting many thousands to the quaint old town, but which instead of bearing any similitude to the episode which it is supposed to commemorate, is the very antithesis of it. The Godiva of the romantic past, who "built herself an everlasting name," rode timidly through the deserted streets of a city whose every window, save one, was religiously closed and curtained but the Godiva of the prosaic present is but one member of a crowd of motley processionists who march through the town for the express purpose of being stared at and admired. The modern spectacle is well enough in its way, though there is no uniformity of costume to give it historical value, but one cannot help regretting the degeneracy of taste which could for one moment tolerate the association of such a gaudy pageant with the exquisite story, be it fact or fiction, of that noble-hearted lady who felt for the woes of the oppressed, and who dared to plead for them, and what is more to trust in them.

#### Professor Cavill Swimming the British Channel.

On the 20th of August Professor Cavill, who last year failed in his endeavor to perform the feat achieved by Captain Webb, tried again and succeeded. Starting late in the afternoon, from the French coast, at Cape Griz Nez, he swam all night accompanied by an attendant lugger, and a row-boat to show him the course, and about twelve hours afterwards arrived within fifty yards of the English shore, about a mile to the eastward of South Foreland Lighthouse. Here he was taken on board the lugger, not because of any doubt as to his ability to accomplish the remaining short distance, but on account of the dangerous rocks which line the coast at that point. Before starting, Mr. Cavill was well rubbed with porpoise-oil, and the voyage, or "swim," was accomplished almost without incident, if we except the "frequent administration of refreshment." He swam at a good pace, with a steady side-stroke, and when the task was over he did not appear nearly so much fatigued as after his unsuccessful attempt of last year.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Legion of Honor, instituted by Napoleon I., on the 14th of May, 1802, now numbers 69,273 members.

—A LADY whose pocket was picked remarked: "If we ladies choose to risk our handkerchiefs and pocketbooks in our outside pockets, we deserve to lose them."

—A LARGE mushroom is said to have forced its way through twelve inches of concrete covered with a thick layer of asphalt in the floor of the savings bank department of the general post-office in London.

—THE rice crop of Louisiana increased from 20,000 barrels in 1866 to over 175,000 barrels in 1877. The yield for this year is estimated by the New Orleans *Democrat* at nearly 170,000 barrels on a decreased acreage.

—IN this country the proportion of persons having sound teeth is only one in eighty; hence it comes that we have 12,000 dentists in active service, who use up annually half a ton of pure gold, besides cheaper filling material.

—VEGETABLE ivory in Central America has advanced from \$20 a ton a few years ago, to \$80. It is the hardened albumen of the seed of a species of palm. It is much used in this country for making buttons, hence its increase in value.

—THE proprietor of a bar-room in San Antonio, Texas, when his slate gets full, shuts up his establishment and goes out to collect his dues. Those who refuse to pay he whips, and that fact is so well understood that he has little trouble in settling his accounts.

—A CORRESPONDENT of the Tunkhannock *Republican* shows from an ancient record that John Depew, in 1772, a season of great destitution, sold a piece of land worth \$150, at a place called Wilkes-Barre Fort, in the Susquehanna settlement, for half a barrel of flour worth 23.

—A WOODEN model of Cleopatra's Needle has been placed in Parliament Square, Westminster, in order to ascertain the eligibility of the place as a site for the monolith itself. It stands in front of the statue of George Canning, and between those of Earl Derby and Lord Palmerston.

—SALT LAKE is gradually falling. It is fully nine inches lower than it was last Spring, and is perceptibly going down every week. In the Spring of 1877 the Lake was higher than it had been before since the valley was settled, and it is now said to be lower than it was at any time during the year 1876.

—INDIANA has a school population of 679,230, and of this number only 4,972 are unable to read and write. Last year 13,411 teachers were employed at these average salaries: In townships, \$1.93 per day; in towns, \$2.63; and in cities, \$3.28 per day. Indiana's school fund was, at last accounts, \$8,870,872.

—INCENSE ritual is on the increase in London. Thirty-nine churches now celebrate daily communion, against 11 last year; 340 have surpliced choirs, against 114; 35 have eucharistic vestments, against 14; 39 display candles on the altar, and since 1867 the use of incense has been extended from 3 churches to 16.

—A CASE of jilting, unparalleled for heartlessness, comes to light in an English court in the suit of a maiden of forty-nine, to recover damages from a lover to whom she had been engaged for over thirty years. He was poor, and she waited and waited, and then the faithless fellow up and married a well-to-do butcher's widow. He was mulcted \$1,250.

—A Moscow letter gives a melancholy picture of the amount of household goods thrown on the market there by the breaking up of peasant families, whose heads have been drafted into the army. Thousands of mattresses and tea-urns are offered for sale, the prices of provisions are rising, and the quarter setting day for rent and all bills was looked forward to with apprehension.

—THE Shah of Persia has sent to the South Kensington Museum, in London, a fine array of modern Persian carpets and embroidery. Some of the carpets made in Kurdistan are very beautiful, with flowers strewn over a white ground, and with well-marked borders of brilliant colors. Most of the embroidery is executed in chain-stitch after a pattern, the centre of which is a rosette surrounded by geometrically arranged flowers.





1. A Party of Gold Miners Starting for the Black Hills. 2. The Union Pacific R.R. Depot at Cheyenne. 3. "Old Zip Coon." 4. Scene in Front of the Inter-Ocean Hotel.  
ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF FRONTIER LIFE IN CHEYENNE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 70.



## HER LITTLE SHOE.

LITTLE Blue Shoe—sad little shoe!  
Face that was tender—heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown,  
Since into the sunlight she came,  
And one there is left and one there is gone,  
The tender, the bright little dame.  
I see her now—with the dancing eyes,  
The sea-shell tint, the glance so sweet,  
The glittering lip and laugh of surprise,  
And the bright blue shoes on the little feet.  
Little Blue Shoe! gay little shoe!  
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

Full many and many a year has flown  
Since the sunny day in June  
When she brightened the house that was now her  
own;  
Her laugh as gay as a tune.  
For now up the stair, and down the stair,  
And busily through the street,  
Fluttered so fast in matronly care,  
The little blue shoes and restless feet.  
Little Blue Shoe! bright little shoe,  
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

And many and many a year has flown,  
Each bringing a colder chill;  
And one there is left, and one there is gone—  
The little feet are still.  
All in the days of November gloom  
The house I am wandering through,  
And I find in a lonely, forgotten room,  
Lost in a corner, her little shoe!  
Little Blue Shoe! sad little shoe!  
Face that was tender, heart that was true!

FRANCIS FITZGERALD.

## 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 XI.—(CONTINUED).

"THANK you, Anthony," his sister said, inarticulately; and then she burst into hysterical weeping. "Anthony—Anthony, dear—I don't deserve it! I have been a trouble and grief and annoyance to you long enough; I had rather, please, Anthony—I mean I wish now to go and earn my bread somewhere. You see I have my little baby to support now, and—and it has no claim on you."

"Well, you have, you see," returned Anthony, barely glancing a moment at the infant, and then averting his head, whilst his brow and lips contracted with a sort of spasm. "But you are my sister, and it is my place to support you, and see that you come to no harm. Oh, would to heaven!" he added, in a choked voice, "that I had seen a little more clearly in the past! But I did not come to say that. I came in only to tell you that—you must not want for anything—you will remember that."

"I don't want anything, thank you, Anthony," she said, despondingly; "and I mean, as soon as I am strong enough, to go into some situation. I should like it, please, Anthony—I should, indeed," she pleaded, seeing refusal in his face. "It would do me good to feel independent, Anthony. I can be a housekeeper to some nice people who will let me keep my baby, and I can change my name, or—or they will think I am a widow."

"Don't let me hear you mention the subject again," said Anthony, with startlingly fierce abruptness, "if you are not quite indifferent to my wishes—if you have the least desire to atone—!" He stopped suddenly. "I mean, Lizzie," he went on, in a strangely subdued voice, "that I wish you to feel in exactly the same position as—as if you were not married. Your home is here—your home will always be here as long as I live, and your child's home. You must let me continue your allowance for pocket-money, and make it something more now. And I hope before long to be able to begin paying off the mortgages. I have taken to the sober farming line now," he wound up, with a mirthless laugh.

"Oh, Anthony, you are very good and kind," said Lizzie, gratefully; "but, indeed, I would like to go away. I do not like living here now—I cannot live here any longer, in fact, with Mrs. Parnell."

"Ah!" returned Anthony, slowly. "Well, you shall live where you please, Lizzie; only you must never let me hear you speak of earning your own bread."

An embarrassed silence succeeded; and then Lizzie, in trying to change her position, stirred the child, which awoke with a peevish cry.

"Let me help you; you want to be raised higher," Anthony said, hastening to her side; and when, with trembling hands, he raised her in his arms—the beloved, long-estranged young sister—and arranged the pillows beneath her head, and even gently pushed back the loose tresses of golden hair that strayed in a bright tangle over her shoulders, he felt for one moment as if all the dreadful past were a hideous dream, and that Lizzie—his pretty, capricious, self-willed Lizzie—was only in one of her old self-indulgent humors, perhaps with the excuse of a "dreadful headache," or a "horrid toothache," to be nursed and petted by her brother—"One of Lizzie's exhibitions of 'vice,'" as he used to say to tease her, "when there was nothing for it but to give her her head—pretty little filices sometimes had troublesome humors"—and the toothache or headache, as the case might be, was invariably cured by Lizzie getting into a cozy armchair by the fire, or into a corner of the soft old sofa, and Anthony going into Redcross to buy illustrated newspapers or a new novel, and bringing them home to her crammed into one pocket and a parcel of chocolate creams or macaroons in the other.

He smiled involuntarily at the remembrance of those times now, and of one afternoon, when they both sat side by side on that very sofa on which she was lying—it was down-stairs then, before the advent of Mrs. Parnell had filled the drawing-room with new showy furniture all ablaze with amber-and-scarlet striped patterns—and ate a dish of ripe pears and another of queen-cakes between them, and laughed until the tears ran down their cheeks over the reading of "The Adventures of the Dodd Family Abroad."

Lizzie, looking up and seeing him smile, smiled timidly too.

"You are laughing at my baby, Anthony, I suppose?" she said, coloring a little, but looking a little proud and happy too. "He is such a mite of a creature!"

"Oh, no!" Anthony answered hastily, an expression amounting to aversion darkening his whole face—and without another word he quitted the room. For dreadful and hateful to his sight as an unexpected witness against him from the world of spirits was that innocent new-born babe to unhappy Anthony Latouche.

Hastily as he had quitted his sister's apartments, he went slowly and softly down the stairs as a man who had been suddenly confronted with something grievous and terrible; his head swam, and, in fear of another attack like one of his previous ones, he hurriedly entered the dining-room and drank a large glass of water.

Mrs. Parnell was haranguing somebody in the drawing-room opposite—her dulcet tones he could easily distinguish—and he plainly overheard the concluding assertion as she swept noisily about the room near the door.

"I knew this—I wish to goodness she would take herself and her baby out of this house. A pretty thing, Mrs. Stirling with her squalling baby, and later on perhaps her runaway husband, upstairs in two of the best rooms in the house, and my visitors coming next week—the Miss Lobcocks, that's used to every elegance, and their maid with them, I dare say! A pretty addition Mrs. Stirling is to the house! I wish to mercy, whatever her brother is going to do with her, he'd do it at once. She's not going to stay where I am, in the way of all my friends—that's all I can tell her! And I think, as you're such a very dear and particular friend of hers," she continued, sneeringly, "it would be as good-natured a thing as you could do to tell her so. She should go into some situation; there are plenty of good situations that she could be got into, like a nursery-governess, or a matron of an asylum, or something of that kind, and send that child out to nurse. That's the proper thing to be done," concluded Mrs. Parnell, dogmatically.

"Certainly, Mrs. Parnell," said Anthony, crossing the hall, an awful, sneering smile distorting his face—"I agree with you, you see, without rightly understanding your wishes—something about getting rid of somebody out of the house, eh?"

"I did not know you were listening, Mr. Latouche," replied Mrs. Parnell, speaking with great dignity after the first effect of her alarm had passed away; but, as you've listened to my sentiments, you know them now—that's all I can say."

"But I am waiting to know your sentiments thoroughly, Mrs. Parnell," persisted Anthony; "the few words I caught in the dining-room are not enough. You were speaking about my sister—disapproving of her residing here, were you not?"

"Yes, I was," said Mrs. Parnell, bridling up, but looking rather uneasily at Anthony's smiling face and his lips bloodless with rage.

"Well—and suggesting that she ought to be compelled to reside elsewhere, were you not? Pray tell me, Mrs. Parnell. I am very anxious to hear your opinion on this point. My sister's residence in this house is not compatible with your residing comfortably here—that's it, I believe? Could not the matter be settled in any other way, do you think?"

"No, I don't think so," said Mrs. Parnell, with dignified resolution. "You know yourself that your sister—poor thing, she is greatly to be pitied, I know!—but she is not a person to be in a house where young unmarried ladies are visiting. The Lobcocks will be often here, since they're coming to Killeen in the bathing season, and Dora and her sister are coming on a visit next week; and I am sure, if they thought that that poor thing was living in the house yet, their ma would not allow them to come a step. Mrs. Lobcock is a most particular person—most particular—and her girls are beautifully brought up—they know nothing about such things, you know. I asked poor dear Dora here last Summer; and then, when that scandalous story came out, of course I had to put her off the best way I could."

"To what story do you refer, ma'am?" said Anthony, politely; and Ellen fairly trembled at Mrs. Parnell's persistently tampering with the mine that was ready to explode and overwhelm her.

"To that story about Captain Stirling!" replied Mrs. Parnell, tossing her head. "I must say I little thought the family I was marrying into would be so soon disgraced in such a way. It's been a great trial to me," added the good lady, in her martyr's voice.

"Doubtless it has, ma'am," said Anthony, smiling again. "Well, what can we do now? What would you propose?"

"Well, if you ask me," answered Mrs. Parnell, pluming herself and speaking in satisfied accents, "I say, as I've said many and many a time, that you're no right to be obliged to support Captain Stirling's wife—as she says she is—and Mr. Parnell has less right; and of course his substance and his property as well as mine goes for the expenses of the house. And there's less right still that she should expect to have her child supported—only one must do what's proper and respectable. So I'd just get a nice, comfortable situation for her, as many ladies have to take, and glad to get 'em when they're unfortunate, and I'd put the child out to nurse; it won't cost more than five shillings a week till it's a year old. Of course it would be a mercy if it died; but that's neither here nor there." Mrs. Parnell had to pause to take breath from the multiplicity of the statements and opinions she was advancing. "And then nobody need be a bit the wiser. Say Mrs. Stirling has gone to stay with friends; that's the genteel way of alluding to it. And that would be what I consider the proper and sensible way to manage the whole affair."

"I am sure I am much obliged to you, and so would my sister be if she heard you, Mrs. Parnell," said Anthony, staring in a decidedly disconcerting manner at the lady he was addressing. "You have everything so neatly planned. And you're quite sure, are you now, that there is no other pos-

sible way of settling the affair? Elizabeth Latouche was mistress of Derrymore Castle for a great many years, recollect."

"Well, Mr. Latouche, that doesn't make her mistress now," averred Mrs. Parnell, whilst an angry pink color suffused her countenance.

"Who says so?" said Anthony, smiling. "I say it. And I should like to see any one who will deny it!" retorted Mrs. Parnell, getting into a rage as the only means of holding her ground.

"And what has altered the fact of her being the mistress of this house as she always was?" inquired Anthony, very calmly. "Her marriage?"

"Her marriage for one thing, and my marrying your brother for another," said Mrs. Parnell, in a very shrill voice. "And if a lady of property that comes into a family with her own plate and linen and ornaments and furniture and servants isn't to be the mistress of the house, I'd like to know who is!"

"And if the lady of property is obliged to go out of the family with her plate and linen and ornaments and furniture and servants," rejoined Anthony, sneering, "what then?"

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Mrs. Parnell, drawing herself up.

"She will leave the house, and I shall have to go with her!" thought Ellen, in cold dismay.

"Why, you see, Mrs. Parnell," said Anthony, suavely, "Mrs. Stirling—my sister—does not consider your residence in the house—in your present position at least—as compatible with her comfort; so, you see, I am afraid that we shall be likely to lose you. You were very good to take the management of the house in the obliging way you have," continued Anthony, smiling upon the victimized lady; "and I shall pay you for the use of your property and any little breakages and so forth; but you must really excuse my reminding you that you are only a guest in my house, and that your hostess, my sister, Mrs. Stirling, is not pleased at the manner in which you have attempted to assume authority."

That Anthony must be in one of his deadliest tempers before he could speak so coolly and deliberately Ellen well knew; and in the extremity of her anxiety she could scarcely forbear making signs of warning to Mrs. Parnell. But any such would long since have been lost upon that worthy person, whose rage and astonishment fairly rendered her helpless.

"Christopher! Christopher! come here, if you please," she called, in a choking voice, addressing her husband—"come here and see the insults and the usage I am suffering from your family that I was the unhappy woman," said Mrs. Parnell, growing tragic, "to ever quit my happy home in Dublin to enter into!"

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Christopher.

Truth to tell, good Christopher had often, since the date to which his spouse referred, wondered whether, in acquiring the relic of John Hutchinson, deceased, together with her portable and invested property, her violent temper, and her expensive habits, he had, on the whole, materially bettered his fortune, while, on the other hand, he had certainly suffered in his peace of mind and the quiet habits that were so dear to him. Christy was really a very amiable man to those pleasant persons who never wanted anything from him.

"I have just been telling your wife, Christy," said Anthony, steadfastly regarding his half-brother with a gleam in his eyes, "that, since she has chosen to make herself unpleasant to my sister, Mrs. Stirling, and quite forgotten her position as a guest in my house, she had better bring her visit to an end at once. She alludes to the property that belongs to her in the house, and I have assured her I will pay her for the use of it for the last twelve months, at the rate of a guinea a month, and pay for breakages as well. I think that is fair—don't you?"

"And what on earth is the matter," asked Christy, getting really angry, "that everything can't go on quietly as it did before?"

"Well, everything went on quietly, as you express it," said Anthony, his control over himself fast diminishing, "because, in the first place, I was waiting to see my sister assert her position as soon as her health and spirits returned, and, in the second place," he continued, with a withering glance at injured Mrs. Parnell, "to see if your wife would learn to behave herself properly in another person's house."

"What did you marry me for if you hadn't a proper place to receive me?" shrieked Mrs. Parnell, turning round on her husband.

"If you are going to scream and yell and make a din in our ears through that abominable temper of yours," said Anthony, savagely, "Christopher and I will leave you and go into another room to talk."

Sharply rebuked for the first time, perhaps, in twenty years, Mrs. Parnell was silent beneath this roughly spoken threat, and sat tossing her head and biting her lips.

"With you I have no quarrel, Christy," Anthony said, shortly and cynically—"you are a sensible fellow who manages to live in peace with everybody; but Mrs. Parnell must remember that, in her position as your wife, she must interfere as little with me and my sister as you do."

"Certainly," agreed Christy, uneasily, "but I am sure she is only anxious for your good—I have heard her say so many a time."

"I'll have nothing more to do with 'em—I wash my hands of both of 'em from this day out," Mrs. Parnell began.

"It would have been much better for you if you had made that resolution and kept to it before," said Anthony, darkly—"it is too late now. When you had the audacity to speak insultingly of my sister to my very face just now, you decided the matter against yourself. I did not know," he went on, crossing the room and placing himself directly in front of her, "when I gave my consent to your remaining for a time under the same roof with my sister, that I was exposing a delicate, high-bred girl to all the ill-usage your vulgar nature and your hard, unwomanly heart could tempt you to do, when you found yourself with a chance of being established where you had never hoped during the lifetime of your first husband to be received on terms of intimacy."

This was an awful blow, for it was, as Anthony was aware, perfectly correct.

"Am I going to stay to be insulted here?" exclaimed Mrs. Parnell, hysterically. "Am I going, or is there law in the land that I cannot have a separation, and have my own property and my own elegant house, which I was foolish enough to quit for this ill-usage—insults! Oh—oh!"

"If you had had one spark of kindly feeling, one atom of consideration for my sister in her sorrow," said Anthony, not moving a step from where he stood, "you would have nothing to complain of."

"I am sure Sarah has spoken very kindly of Lizzie to me many a time," put in Christy, irritably—"said how unfortunate she was, and all that."

"My sister has been extremely unfortunate in being subjected to annoyance and insults, when from personal troubles she ought to have had kind friends around her, as well as a happy home. I shall never forgive myself," Anthony added, abruptly and sternly, "for my share in her unhappiness, nor will I ever forgive any one else who has had a share in it either."

"I am not going to stay here in this house, Christopher Parnell," his lady began again, shaking her head and trembling very much, "so you need not think it! I that was used to nothing but my own elegant, respectable house and every comfort before I married—I am not going to stay here to be insulted by your precious family—you needn't think I am! Every article of my property shall leave this house this very week!"

"The most sensible conclusion you could arrive at," said Anthony, with a mocking bow, and quitted the room.

"He does not care—he does not care!" Ellen thought, with a feeling of bitterest pain and mortification. "He knows I am going back to the old friendless slavery without a kind word from Lizzie, without ever seeing his face, he does not care; he is sending me out of the house, he knows I cannot stay here now, and he does not care one iota!"

## CHAPTER XII.

NOTWITHSTANDING her doughty assertions, it was a severe trial to Mrs. Parnell's feelings to quit Derrymore Castle for any humbler residence. Put it on what grounds she might, she knew that it would be intensely mortifying to tell the Lobcocks and other dear friends whose envy she had excited that she was obliged to leave Derrymore Castle because of any one—she who was mistress of the mansion, head of the household, a "county queen," in short, in her highly-colored statements to her friends on the cream-laid note with her crest and monogram at the top, and "Derrymore Castle" in blue and gold letters beneath.

So intensely mortifying indeed was the prospect of being obliged to part with all these "aids to greatness" that, after she had indulged in a series of stormy reproaches towards her husband, and bewailed herself hysterically, and vented her temper thoroughly on Ellen Bruce, she condescended to listen to Christy's advice, and so permit that pacifically-inclined gentleman to inform Anthony after dinner the next evening that it was very far from Mrs. Parnell's intention to quarrel with any member of her husband's family, much less with Mrs. Stirling; she would not have spoken respecting her as she had done had she not been animated by a desire of arranging everything satisfactorily, being quite certain that his sister's presence in the house, since her unfortunate marriage, and more especially since the birth of her child, was a source of the greatest trouble and vexation of mind to him, Anthony Latouche; and she had, moreover, frequently heard Mrs. Stirling express a strong wish to leave the place.

"Yes," said Anthony, coolly, "my sister expressed a very strong wish to leave the house yesterday morning, but I positively forbade her to think of it. Her home is here, and her child's home, as long as I live; and when I die I hope to leave a provision behind me for Lizzie's son, if the child survives me."

Christy's brow darkened very considerably at this announcement.

"It is a pity you can't find Captain Stirling, too, Anthony," he said, sourly, "that you might support him also. I thought you were set against the man's name and race altogether. Whatever has changed you so much?"

"I am not set against my sister nor my sister's child," returned Anthony, shortly; and Ellen Bruce, who, in her distant seat, crocheting by the lamplight, was watching him furtively, saw his head droop on his chest as he spoke, and heard him breathe a long-suppressed sigh.

"Well," said Christy, after a pause, "as we have nothing, I am sure, but friendly intentions one to another, as relatives ought to have, I hope that there will be no more occasion for these unpleasant scenes, and that we can go on comfortably all together again."

"I hope so," returned Anthony, coldly. "If Mrs. Stirling will overlook the past, so will I. That is all I need say on that point; but as to our continuing to live in the same house"—here poor Ellen, off whose heart a great weight had rolled with his first words, and who was stooping over her work crocheting at random in her glad relief, looked up involuntarily with an imploring glance at him—"that will not, I think, be practicable," Anthony went on, deliberately disregarding the appealing look of the dark, earnest eyes. "A person of Mrs. Parnell's disposition," he continued, mercilessly, "could not possibly remain a member of a household wherein she would be only in a subordinate position, and have no voice whatever in the management of it, save such as a kind desire to be of assistance would dictate; however, Mrs. Stirling, who is naturally of an easy, yielding disposition, might manage to share the authority with her, Mrs. Latouche certainly would not."

"Mrs. Latouche!" ejaculated Christy, pushing his dry, gray hair up straight in a waterspout-shaped erection.

"Who is Mrs. Latouche, pray?" Mrs. Parnell asked of nobody in particular, in a scornful undertone.

"Who is Mrs. Latouche?" Ellen breathed faintly to herself, her heart giving one wild bound



of hope, and then seeming to sink down, grow cold and die.

"Who is Mrs. Latouche, please?" Mrs. Parnell demanded—"or is there such a person?"

"There will be, madame," said Anthony, coolly. "My wife will be Mrs. Latouche, and consequently mistress of my house—she and no other."

"Your wife! I had no idea you were thinking of getting married, Anthony. Better late than never, I suppose?" said Christy, with an uneasy effort at jocularity.

"We have all been kept in the dark indeed," put in Mrs. Parnell, her intense curiosity struggling with her temper.

"Yes, I am going to marry," Anthony said quietly, replying to his half-brother. "I did not intend to do so—nothing was further from my thoughts a few months ago; but I see now that it will be better for me and better for my sister that I should have a wife to manage our home, and to help me to live a better, at least a more useful, life than I have done. That's why I am going to marry," concluded Anthony, briefly.

"Well, and who is the lady that is to do all this?" inquired Christy, with a faint sneer, putting his hands into his pockets and jingling some loose pennies.

"A lady I became acquainted with a short time ago," said Anthony.

"Well, I hope you have made a good choice, whoever it is," remarked Christy, looking puzzled. "I advised you to marry long ago, you know."

"Yes, you advised me to marry Dora Lobcock," said Anthony, with a dry smile.

"Is it—is it Dora?" Mrs. Parnell said, quite excitedly. "I am sure, then, that—"

"No, it's not Dora," replied Anthony, looking across the room at Ellen Bruce for the first time.

"Hem!" Christy uttered, with a perceptible start, as his eyes followed the direction of his brother's glance, whilst Mrs. Parnell—with the enraging supposition occurring to her that Ellen Bruce, as a confidant of Anthony's and the lady he was going to marry, knew more of this affair than she did—slowly drew herself up with unutterable indignation, and withered Ellen with a look.

She drooped her eyes, her face crimsoning with confusion, and then growing deadly pale again.

A stillness that was horrible to her ensued—a stillness in which she could hear the throbbing of her own heart and feel the swift rush of the blood through her temples, when she seemed to grow sensible that those three pairs of eyes were looking into her very soul and discovering its secrets, to overwhelm her with contempt.

"Well, I suppose it's a secret, then, Anthony?" she heard Christy say, with another uneasy effort at jocularity.

"No—no secret whatever," replied Anthony, quite coolly; "I am going to be married within the next month—sooner, if the lady does not object. Do you object, Ellen?" he asked, with a smile.

"I, Mr. Latouche?" Ellen gasped.

"Yes—you—who else?" said Anthony. "I asked you to marry me, or said something tantamount to it weeks ago, you know; and you did not refuse me then. I hope you are not going to do so now?"

Ellen looked up, and, meeting Anthony's gaze earnestly, anxiously fixed upon her, his handsome, worn face looking gentler and more winning than she had ever seen it, as if pleading with her almost without much hope, her passionate love for him, her tender devotion to him in every way that his happiness or comfort could be furthered by her, gave her courage to speak, in spite of her womanly shyness and proud dread of being blamed or ridiculed before him.

"You know what I said before—the reasons I gave you, Mr. Latouche," she said in a low tone.

"I want to know what you are going to say now, Ellen?" Anthony retorted. "The reasons you gave for your unwillingness to marry me I ridiculed then, and I ridicule them now."

"Her unwillingness!" exclaimed Mrs. Parnell, in a tone of concentrated scorn and mockery.

Ellen rose to her feet, and stood with her slight, gracefully molded figure drawn up to its full tall height, a crimson spot burning in each cheek, and her dark eyes glowing like liquid jewels with the fire of emotion and indignation in their depths. Love and pride had transformed the pale, plain, depressed girl into a handsome courageous woman, ready to dare everything for the chosen lord of her heart.

"If you do not think the reasons I gave sufficient to deter you from wishing to make me your wife, Mr. Latouche," she said quietly and clearly, "I have no more to say—it shall be as you wish."

"And as soon as I wish, Ellen?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Ellen," Anthony said, very gently. "I trust you will never have occasion to repent having said so." (To be continued.)

## THE PRESIDENTIAL VISIT TO THE WEST.

A RECEPTION IN THE OLD HOMESTEAD, AT FREMONT, OHIO.

DURING the Western trip of President and Mrs. Hayes, amid all the popular ovations and official greetings, none were of a more delicate and cordial character than their reception by the citizens of Fremont, Ohio, which occurred on Sept. 14th. The morning was spent at the old homestead, in the outskirts of the town, and in the midst of a beautiful grove of oaks. Thither the citizens for many miles around made a pilgrimage, bearing hearty congratulations for their distinguished townsman. The house and grounds were soon filled with people, whom the President and lady received with all the familiarities of long acquaintance. It would, indeed, have been highly gratifying if circumstances had permitted Mr. Hayes a longer sojourn, but there were too many duties ahead.

The day was a gala one for the entire State of Ohio. The formal celebration began in the morning at sunrise with the firing of a national salute from the site of old Fort Stephenson. For this purpose the one piece of artillery used by Colonel Croghan in his defeat of the English at that place in 1813 was used. At ten o'clock the ceremony

of laying the corner-stone of the new City Hall, in Fort Stephenson Park, was performed by the Masonic fraternity, at which C. A. Woodward, Grand Master of Ohio, presided. Mr. Hayes was present, but took no part in the exercises.

At eleven o'clock an informal meeting of the Twenty-third Regiment was held at Birchard Hall. This was one of the most pleasant occurrences of the day. About three hundred veterans were assembled, including General Hayes, General Rosecrans, General Scammon, and Senator Stanley Matthews; Secretary McCrary, General Phil. Sheridan, General J. D. Cox, and Judge Force, of Cincinnati, were also present. President Hayes, as President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and stated that they would proceed to elect officers for the coming year, when he was immediately placed in nomination, and notwithstanding his objection, saying, "I am a one-term man, you know," which elicited hearty applause, was re-elected, as were also all the old officers. After the election, General Rosecrans made a short speech. Captain Ellen then, in a few appropriate words, presented the escutcheon of the Nation to President Hayes.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the Twenty-third Regiment, preceded by the Light Guard Band of Toledo, were conducted to the City Park by the Committee of Arrangements, the Mayor and City Council. Over 15,000 spectators were present. The President and Mrs. Hayes, Secretary McCrary and wife, Chief Justice Waite, Generals Phil. H. Sheridan, A. S. Rosecrans, J. D. Cox, S. S. Carroll, J. H. Duval, F. H. Duval, Scammon, Burnett, Kennedy and Buckland, Colonel Gibson, Senator Matthews and Major McKinley, were present.

At the close of the exercises the Twenty-third Regiment went to the residence of the President, where they partook of a bountiful repast; after which the evening was spent by the President in saying good-by to his old comrades and many friends who visited him for that purpose.

## THE NEW JERSEY DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

NOMINATION OF GENERAL MCLELLAN FOR GOVERNOR.

THE New Jersey State Democratic Convention was held in Taylor's Opera House, Trenton, on Wednesday, September 19th. The men who had the largest following for the gubernatorial nomination were Hon. Leon Abbett, President of the State Senate; William A. Righter, a defeated candidate for Congress; and John McGregor—the former of Jersey City, and the latter of Newark. A caucus of the Essex County delegates, just before the Convention opened, resulted in a vote of 67 for McGregor, 66 for Righter, and two for General McClellan.

The Convention was called to order at noon, and ex-Chancellor Williamson was chosen chairman. Of all the usual committees, the one on Resolutions only responded to the call for reports. They denounced the means by which the present Administration was placed in power, congratulated the supporters of free government that the President had found it necessary to adopt the Democratic policy of local self-government in the Southern States, and to abandon all further devices to perpetuate sectional jealousies, opposed all special legislation for corporate or individual interests at the expense of the people, and declared that the usury laws should be revised and reformed, and six per cent. should be restored as the uniform legal rate of interest of the State, without impairing the obligation of contracts. Great confusion existed in all parts of the house, the friends of the three leading candidates making every effort to win to their respective sides pledged and unpledged delegates from the less populated sections.

When the motion to proceed to nominations was carried a very perceptible calm ensued for a few moments. The Secretary called Atlantic County, and a whisper at the end of the hall could be heard, so still was it; but Atlantic County had no nomination to make. The Secretary continued calling until he reached Essex. Samuel Kalish nominated William A. Righter. Colonel Zulig nominated Don MacGregor, and there was a little applause and a good deal of hissing. The Chairman inquired if there were any further nominations from Essex County, when a delegate arose and with a brief speech presented the name of General George B. McClellan. The silence of the grave came over the body of 1,600 men. The faces of the professional politicians were whitened with surprise. Whips ran out to the hotels and lobbies reporting the action and inquiring excitedly what to do. Then from a point in the gallery a shrill voice shouted, "Hurrah for Little Mac!" and in an instant the cheer was caught up by hundreds of voices, handkerchiefs were waved, hats were thrown in every direction. The Chairman rapped in vain for order. No attention was paid him, and in the midst of the excitement, the Secretary called out Gloucester County. This had the effect of quieting the confusion for awhile. The chairman of this delegation, following the instructions he had received in the morning, presented the name of Judge Carter. When Hudson County was called, Charles Winfield arose and presented Leon Abbett's name, with the remark, "We have had enough of military men." A storm of hisses was the response as he sat down. Few of the delegates knew when John T. Bird or John P. Stockton were put in nomination. A Middlesex County delegate nominated Wright Robbins, and another nominated McClellan over again, and the delegation cheered him. Passaic County nominated John Hopper, and Warren County seconded McClellan's nomination. The nominations were completed, and an unseen delegate moved that "George B. McClellan, Little Mac, be nominated as the candidate of the New Jersey Democrats for Governor by acclamation." Another burst of wild, uncontrollable enthusiasm followed.

The Chairman impressed upon the Convention the self-evident truth that the voting must go on, or no candidate would be nominated; and amid a confusion so deafening that the Secretary had to ask over and over again for the vote, the different counties were called. In their excitement the county delegates forgot that they had voted, that the Chairman had the vote ready to announce, and that McClellan would receive no votes unless a new ballot was taken. Atlantic, Cape May and Camden were called, the vote scattering among Abbett, Stockton and Bird. Then Essex was called, and the Chairman announced 68 for Righter, 67 for MacGregor. Two more votes from the county were recorded for McClellan. Hudson cast all its votes but three for Abbett, and gave the others to McClellan. Gloucester County had intended to vote for Bird, but it cast its unanimous vote for George B. McClellan. The chairman of the Morris County delegation shouted that Morris County had changed its vote to McClellan. "Mercer does the same," came from the other side of

the hall. Then Hunterdon, Warren, Camden, and Cape May, one after the other, announced a change for McClellan.

After all the counties had been called the Secretary figured up the vote, which stood: McClellan, 804; Abbett, 156; Carter, 21; Stockton, 2.

Then there were loud calls for a unanimous nomination, but Hudson County stood firmly by the Hon. Leon Abbett. The excitement over the announcement of the result was so intense that the Chairman was obliged to adjourn the Convention before its other work was complete.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Prehistoric Dwellings.**—A monograph on the "Lake Dwellings in the Wurms," by S. von Schab, who has thoroughly explained this prehistoric dwelling-place, and arranged and collected its treasures, has just been published in Munich under the auspices of the Anthropological Society. It is illustrated with seventeen lithographic plates, partly colored, and with maps, plans, etc.

**To Prevent the Cloudiness of Mirrors.**—By wiping the glasses of optical instruments and of mirrors used as field instruments with a cloth dipped in glycerine, no deposition of moisture takes place on the sudden transition from a warm to a cold locality, and the cloudiness is thus prevented. The glycerine absorbs any moisture that may form, and keeps the instrument clear.

**Artificial Ebony.**—Artificial ebony is made in Europe, by an ingenious process, from seaweed. After treating it with diluted sulphuric acid, it is dried and ground, mixed with glue, gutta-percha and india-rubber, the two latter substances dissolved in naphtha, coal-tar, sulphur, alum and rosin. It is then heated to 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and on cooling it is said to be in every respect equal to ebony.

**Exhibition of Siberian Products in Bremen.**—Early in the Spring of 1876 an expedition was fitted out by the Geographical Society of Bremen to explore some of the hitherto unknown regions of Siberia. A zoological and ethnographical expedition started overland to explore the area between the Jenisei and the Obi. The party has since returned in safety, having been eminently successful in collecting fine specimens of the zoology, botany and mineralogy of the new region. The objects brought back by them have recently been on exhibition in Bremen, and have attracted much interest among the intelligent and educated merchants of that enterprising city.

**Walrus-hide Belting.**—Mr. Joseph March, of Leeds, England, has a large factory for the manufacture of walrus-hide belting. It is stated that this belting cannot be equalled by any yet introduced for strength and durability for heavy work, when used upon large drums such as main driving. The thickness of the walrus-hide is from 1/2 an inch to 1 1/2 inches, so that belts of the substance can be made of all solid leather; and the fibres being longer than any other hide used in strap-making, it is remarkably tough and lasting. Some walrus-hide belts in the United States have been in constant use in forges, saw-mills and other large works, for twenty years, without giving out.

**Difference between English and American Watches.**—The English are very conservative in their industry, as is particularly shown in the manufacture of watches. Until recently they made watches by hand, but finding that the machine-made watch of America was likely to supersede them, not only in foreign, but home markets, they commenced the adoption of machinery. Still, the people are so accustomed to the old-fashioned, clumsy style, that they have been compelled to modify their machinery to suit the case. The English watch contains 800 distinct parts, more or less, which makes it heavy, complicated and costly. The American machine-made watch contains only 158 parts, and is admitted on all hands to be a perfect timepiece, and must be cheaper than its English competitor. The probability is that the manufacturers who have invested in the old-fashioned watch will lose their money, as they can scarcely expect to compete with America.

**Counterfeit Champagne.**—It has been estimated by experts that of the champagne drunk in the United States three-quarters is bogus and made here. The profits on the bogus liquor are enormous. The adulterated article is a cheap California wine, chemically prepared and aerated, and costing about twenty cents a bottle. The price of imported champagne varies from \$20 to \$35 a case, whereas the hypochlorite stuff costs no more than \$6 to \$8 a case, but is sold at the full price of the imported article. Unhappily the imported wine is also not always genuine. The only safeguard in such matters is to deal with houses whose reputation is above suspicion. In the case of colored wines, there is a simple way of detecting the artificial coloring matter. The suspected beverage is poured into a test-tube containing a small ball of gun-cotton. The cotton is then washed carefully in several successive waters. If the wine be pure the color will wash out of the cotton; if the tint remains, artificial coloring is probable.

**Decrease in the Number of Medical Students in Germany.**—For a long time there have been complaints of a serious falling off in the number of theological students in Germany. We now hear of a similar reduction in the medical faculty. The latter fact is partly accounted for on the ground that Jews are no longer excluded from Government appointments, and that therefore many of them have gone over to the departments of law and philosophy. Vienna is the most frequented of all the German universities for the study of medicine, there being at the present time 755 medical students in attendance, next follows Wurzburg with 547, Leipzig with 451, Munich with 440, Dorpat with 377, Prague with 353, Berlin with 281, Göttingen with 122, and finally Heidelberg, once so renowned for its medical faculty, with only 85. It is remarkable that Berlin, with its admirable hospitals and clinics, should be so far behind Vienna, and even small provincial towns. The fact illustrates how famous professors can draw students to a university.

**Detection of Crime by the Microscope.**—A Polish Jew enticed a female of his own sect to a cornfield, and there killed her with a butcher's knife. Suspicion being directed to the man, close examination of his garments elicited, first, blood spots; second, soil and vegetable matter on his shoes, and lastly, shreds of woolen fabrics sticking to his coat. To all of these substances the microscope was applied. The blood was declared to be human, and its nature and probable age determined; the soil was pronounced identical with that of the field in which the murder took place, the particles of vegetable matter were recognized as bits of cornstalks and leaves, and the identity of the dyed wool with the material of which the girl's shawl was made was established. This, together with other evidence adduced, despite the ingenious theories put forth by the defense, convinced the jury, who found the prisoner guilty, thus consigning him to the gallows. A somewhat similar case is reported from Germany. An express package containing bullion was opened, the gold abstracted and the box filled with sand. Specimens of the sand in the box and of sand taken from different railway stations on the express route were sent to the celebrated microscopist, Ehrenberg, who at once pointed out the locality from whence the sand in the box must have been taken. The station-master at that point was arrested, and it was not long before sufficient proof was forthcoming to convict him of the theft.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GAMBETTA and Grevy are personal friends.

THE Czar has five physicians on his personal staff.

THE merchants of Delhi have presented the Prince of Wales with a sword, which, with its jeweled hilt and scabbard and waist-belt, is valued at \$50,000.

IT is unofficially ascertained that Mr. E. A. Hoyt, of New York, has accepted the Indian Commissionership, and will enter upon his duties about the 1st of October.

DR. WILCOX, of Hartford, will accept the Yale Professorship which has been offered him. He will begin his work immediately, but will not leave his house in Hartford, and will still practice there.

LEVI COFFIN, well-known in ante-bellum days as president of the underground railroad, always a prominent anti-slavery man, died at his residence near Cincinnati on Sept. 15th. His age was about seventy-five years.

THE Rev. Dr. Schneider, who died in Boston on Sept. 14th, and who went as a missionary to Constantinople forty-two years ago, is said to have been the first to preach a Christian sermon in the Turkish language.

MISS MARY B. ODENHEIMER, daughter of the Episcopal Bishop of Northern New Jersey, a young artist who has won a place on the Academy walls, will study art in Paris this winter. She takes with her several orders for pictures.

GAMBETTA, although only thirty-nine, is already gray. He has fine features, waving hair thrown back from a broad brow, an erect head, and a mobile, expressive mouth. Owing to an ill advised action in his early youth, he has only one eye.

LOMOX B. SMITH, the old Richmond colored barber, is dead. He shaved Lafayette on his second visit to America, and was for ever after happy over the compliment the General paid him for the job. He was followed to the grave by the best people of the city.

GEORGE MULLER, the English philanthropist, now in New York, says that during the year ending May 26th, 1874, he received in gifts for the benefit of his work of charity, \$185,000, and between October, 1830, and May, 1874, \$3,085,000.

THE Barron Library at Woodbridge, N. J., was opened last week. It is the gift of the late Thomas Barron, a wealthy gentleman, and founder of the village, who left \$50,000 for this purpose. The structure is elegant and substantial, and cost \$16,000.

COLONEL R. H. GREEN died at his residence at Winslow, Ma., on Sept. 15th, aged ninety-four. He was a member of the Masonic Order for seventy-three years, and a son of Dr. Ezra Green, a surgeon in the Revolutionary army, who died at Dover, N. H., in 1847, aged 101 years.

MRS. BARTON, of Philadelphia, has given the University of Pennsylvania the sum of \$50,000, with which to endow the Rhea Barton Professorship of Surgery. It is intended as a memorial of her husband, the late Dr. Rhea Barton, who was at one time an eminent surgeon in Philadelphia.

JOHN RUSKIN lives in a moderate-sized house, half covered with creepers; its walls of a pale yellow, that looks almost white from a distance; its principal windows overlooking the Lake of Conistown, and facing the "Old Man's" rocky peak; the rest almost shut in by the trees at either side and the hill that rises up abruptly at the back.

MISS HELEN MAGILL, daughter of the President of Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, the only young lady who has ever been educated in the Boston Latin School, and who lately received from the Boston University the degree of Ph. D., has gone abroad to continue her studies in philology. Thought all the females knew that ology only too well.

THE late Crazy Horse was about thirty-two years of age, six feet in height, slender and light in color. His cheek-bones were not high; his features were small and delicate; his expression was gentle and sad; he was taciturn and absent-minded. Reckless daring on the war-path and a magnetic influence over his followers gave him prominence among the hostile Sioux.

EDMUND DE ROTHSCHILD is about to marry Mlle. Adelaide de Rothschild, the daughter of Baron Willy de Rothschild, of Frankfurt. Edmund de Rothschild's father, Baron James de Rothschild, married his own niece, Bette, the daughter of Baron Solomon de Rothschild. Her brother's daughter married Baron Willy de Rothschild, and now her son is going to marry Baron Willy's daughter.

GENERAL GRANT was bitterly attacked by a correspondent of the Dublin Freeman, who urges leading Catholics to stand aloof from his reception, because he publicly insulted the Irish nation by refusing to accept its congratulatory address; because he spoke so much about "priestly influence" and "priestcraft" in education in his Message of 1875, and because he has expressed his anxiety to see and shake hands with Garibaldi.

GENERAL CROOK says that the Indians are getting along splendidly since Crazy Horse's death, their camps being quieter than American villages. That unregretted savage he describes as a natural leader of men. In the fight with Custer, Crazy Horse rode through the shower of bullets, declaring that if his cause was just the Great Spirit would protect him, and as he escaped unscathed his influence over the Indians was naturally much increased.

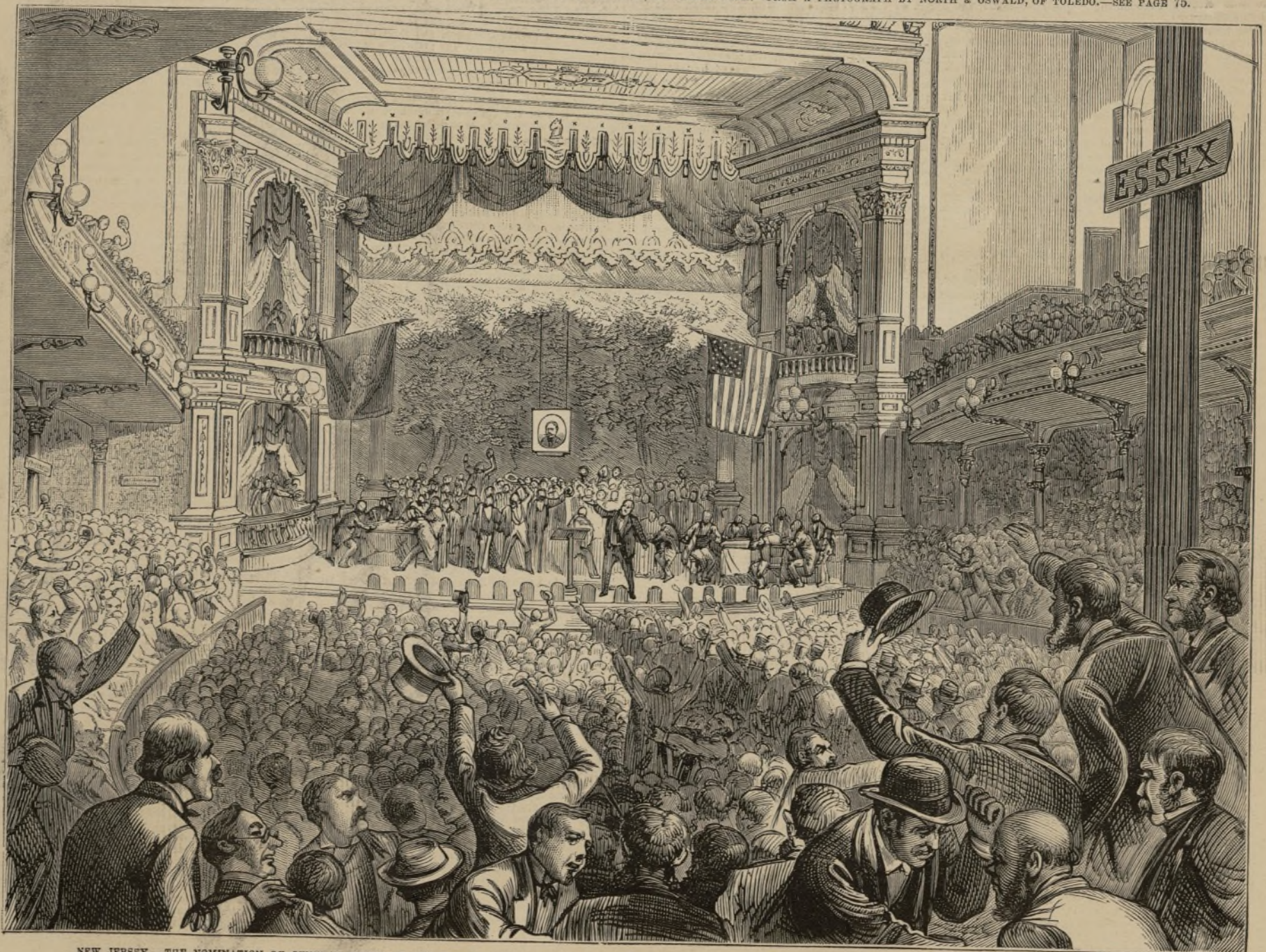
THIS is how the fee system worked with the college youths who acted as waiters at the Summer resorts. One of them writes: "Our wages are only \$15 a month, besides board and washing, and so we can regularly earn but \$28 a season. On the other hand, if we receive perquisites, we make in all from \$50 to \$100, or even \$150. My own daily record of fees shows that I received \$13 between July 5th and August 13th, in amounts varying between 25 cents and \$2 a day. Some guests who have remained a month leave their waiter from \$10 to \$20; or, if they have become interested in his history, perhaps they leave as much as \$40 'as a souvenir.'"

SIR BERNARD BURKE, Ulster king-at-arms, writes to a Paris paper concerning the vexed question of MacMahon's ancestors: "Ireland is too proud of the great names she has contributed to the military glory of France, such as Sarsfield, Mahony, Thomond and MacMahon, not to be interested in establishing their Irish descent. Now, Mahon, second son of Mortogh O'Brien, King of Ireland, who died at Lismore in 1119, and was great-grandson of the famous Brian Boroinne (killed 1014, on defeating the Danes at Clontarf), founded the MacMahon branch chiefs of Corcaviskin and Clonduralaw, County Clare. These MacMahons were the ancestors of Jean Baptiste MacMahon, the Marshal's grandfather, who became Seigneur of Equilly, and who by a document, dated 1749, established his descent from the O'Briens, Kings of Ireland."



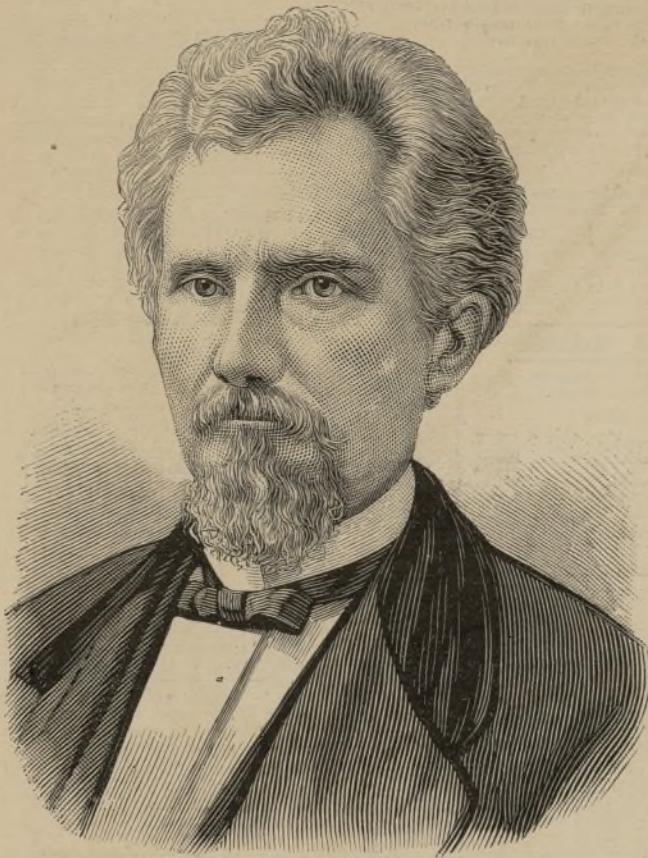


OHIO.—RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT AND MRS. HAYES AT THEIR PRIVATE RESIDENCE IN FREMONT, SEPTEMBER 14TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NORTH & OSWALD, OF TOLEDO.—SEE PAGE 75.



NEW JERSEY.—THE NOMINATION OF GENERAL GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN AS DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR, IN TAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE, TRENTON, SEPTEMBER 19TH.—SEE PAGE 75.





COLONEL F. W. M. HOLLIDAY, CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

F. W. M. HOLLIDAY,  
CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR  
GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

**COL. FRED'K W. M. HOLLIDAY**, candidate of the Conservative Party for Governor of Virginia, was born in Winchester, Va., February 22d, 1827. After receiving a thorough preparatory education, he entered the Junior Class at Yale College, and was graduated in the Class of 1847. He read law for a few months, and then entered the University of Virginia, from which he was graduated in law, moral philosophy and political economy.

Soon after, upon coming to the Bar, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of all the courts of Frederick County and Winchester. Devoting himself to his profession and literary pursuits, he still found time to serve his party as canvasser in several Presidential campaigns prior to the war, always declining political office.

At the first sound of the late conflict he threw down everything and went with the first troops to Harper's Ferry, and was appointed aid to General Carson, who was then in command. Returning to Winchester for a short time to arrange his official business, he accepted the captaincy of a company which had assembled and marched down from the mountains of Frederick and Hampshire and tendered him the command. He served for a while upon the border, and then joined the Thirty-third Virginia Regiment, Colonel A. C. Cummings, Stonewall Brigade. After accepting the command of this company and thoroughly organizing it, he was offered by General T. J. Jackson a position upon his staff, but declined on account of his company.

At the reorganization of the army in the Spring of 1862, he was elected a field-officer, and after going through the battles of McDowell, Winchester and Port Republic, and around Richmond, he lost his arm at Cedar Mountain, never having missed a battle nor

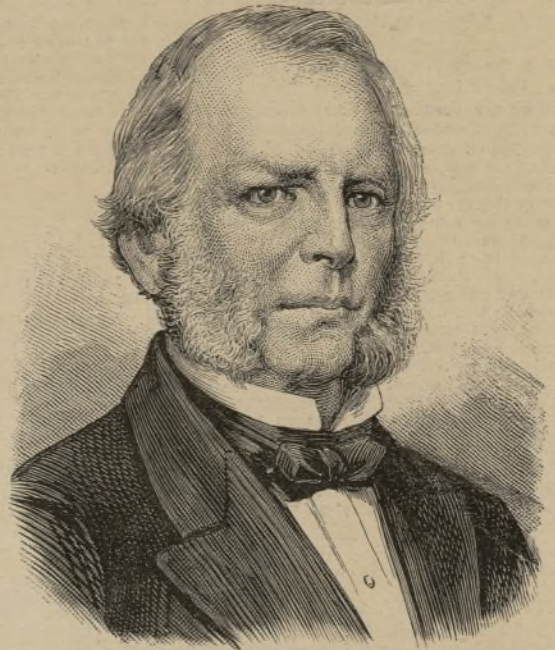
been absent a day from his command. Several times he attempted to return to the field, but was prevented by his wound.

After the war, Colonel Holliday returned to his home, and, while following his profession, has taken the deepest interest in public affairs, speaking in all the campaigns, and forwarding the political interests of Virginia whenever occasion offered. He has frequently been solicited by his friends to be a candidate for Congress or accept other political preferment, but has uniformly declined. For several years past he has been regarded throughout the State as a staunch anti-repudiationist. In a letter dated April 12th last, he wrote: "As to the State debt, I am opposed to repudiation. I would not have such a stigma cast upon my State any more than I would upon my private fame. But whilst I am thus opposed to repudiation, for the same general reason I am in favor of some speedy settlement of the debt, honorable to our State and satisfactory to the creditors. This is important, and pressing so; because the debt is increasing by reason of interest, and because I believe, so soon as we indicate a willingness and ability to pay the interest promptly, our bonds will at once go to par, and capital and population flow into our borders—and never till then. Neither is coming to a bankrupt or dishonest Commonwealth. The road to prosperity is not through the door of repudiation—that is the road to her doom. And I would not beckon her in that direction for all the honor any office she may have can confer. Indeed, what would the office be worth when won? It would be a 'barren sceptre' if not a disgraceful prize." And on July 24th, he closed a letter with these many words: "But if the people of Virginia are now resolved to go back upon a renown hitherto untarnished, by the repudiation of her plighted faith, they must find some other than myself to do their bidding."

The convention was held in Richmond, assembling August 8th last, and Colonel Holliday was chosen from a long list of eminent men for the gubernatorial candidacy. He is a man of fine presence, about six feet in height, straight, and robustly formed. He has been twice married and is now a widower, without children.

#### FUNERAL OF THE LATE BISHOP RAPPE, AT CLEVELAND, OHIO.

**THE RIGHT REV. AMADEUS RAPPE, D.D.**, Bishop of the Diocese of Cleveland, Ohio, from 1847 to 1870, died in St. Albans, Vt., on the 8th instant, aged seventy-six years. He was a native of France, and left Boulogne, where he was Spiritual Director and Chaplain of the Ursu-



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE JOHN EARLE WILLIAMS, PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN BANK.—SEE PAGE 78.

their arrival there on the 12th they were met by all the Catholic priests, societies and schools. The casket was placed on a funeral car, drawn by six white horses, each attended by a groom. An immense procession was formed and the body escorted to the cathedral. The remains were met at the cathedral door by the clergy and students, and from thence slowly escorted to the sanctuary, where the body was placed on the handsome catafalque temporarily prepared for its reception. The bier and canopy were covered with black crape trimmed with festoons of myrtle, relieved at intervals by small knots of tuberose and white immortelles. At the head of the bier was an elegant pillar of lilies and tube-roses, upon which was the inscription in dark flowers, "Amadeus Rappe." Suspended

over the pillars was an elaborate crown of flowers surmounted by a cross. At the foot of the bier stood a handsome cross of tuberose, while from the centre of the canopy, directly over the coffin, was suspended a white dove of flowers. The office of the dead was impressively chanted for about half an hour, after which it was announced that the body of the bishop could not be seen, but all who desired to see the coffin could do so, and nearly the entire congregation availed themselves of the opportunity.

The body lay in state in the cathedral all the previous night, and the guard of honor, consisting of twelve members from each of the Catholic parishes in the city, relieved each other at intervals in watching. The sorrow over the death of the good bishop was general. He was highly esteemed by all classes of citizens, Protestant as well as Catholic, and his deeds of charity, benevolence and good works will live long within the memory of all who ever knew him. The city flags were displayed at half-mast in his honor, according to a resolution of the Common Council. At 9 o'clock on the following morning (13th) a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated, the ceremonies lasting more than two hours.

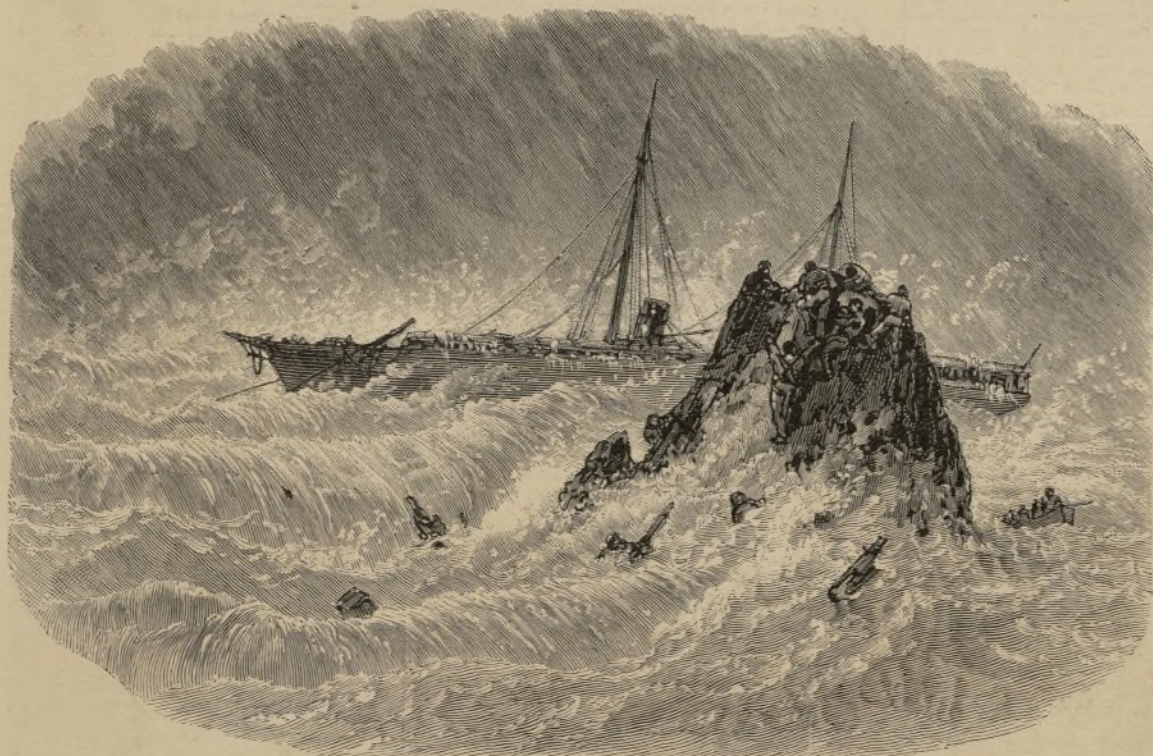
After the ceremonies were concluded the remains were conveyed through the centre aisle of the church, placed upon the funeral car, and from thence escorted to the basement of the cathedral, where they were deposited in the crypt beneath the main altar of the cathedral.



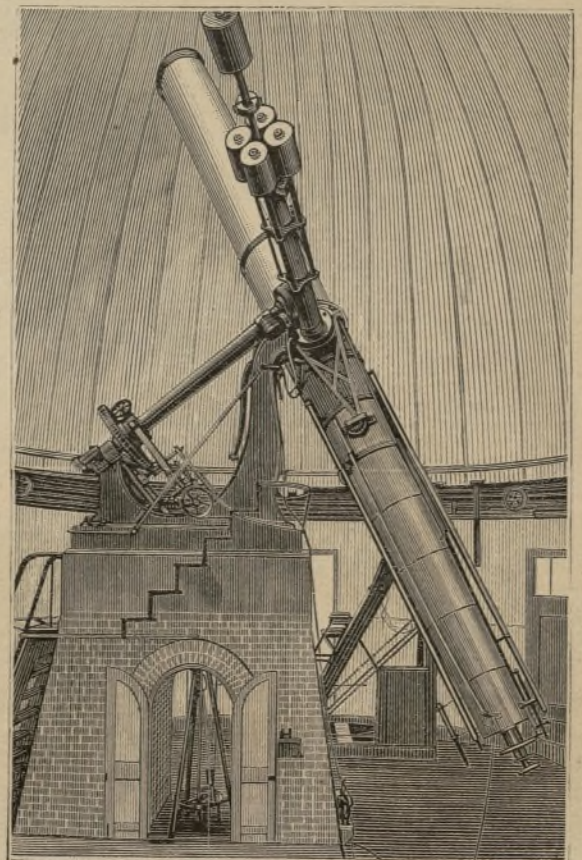
OHIO.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE RIGHT REV. BISHOP RAPPE, AT CLEVELAND, SEPTEMBER 13TH—ARRIVAL OF THE CORTÈGE AT THE CATHEDRAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. M. GREENE.

lines, for the United States in 1840. On the 10th of October, 1847, he was consecrated Bishop of Cleveland, and shortly after he began the erection of the present beautiful cathedral. In 1870, owing to his age and consequent infirmity, he was relieved from the laborious care of the diocese.

His remains were removed from St. Albans to Cleveland, and upon



CHILL.—WRECK OF THE STEAMER "ETON," BY A TIDAL WAVE, NEAR VALPARAISO, JULY 15TH.—SEE PAGE 78.



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—26-INCH EQUATORIAL TELESCOPE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON.—SEE PAGE 78.



### WRECK OF THE STEAMER "ETON" OFF THE COAST OF CHILI.

THE Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Eton* was wrecked at a point a little to the north of the mouth of the Choapa, eighty-five miles from Valparaiso, and twenty from Los Vilos, Chili, on the morning of Sunday, July 15th. As soon as intelligence of the disaster was received, the English steamer *Amethyst* and the Chilean gunboat *Chacabuco*, with physicians, nurses, medicines and food, were dispatched to the locality. Many of the crew and passengers had taken to the rocks for refuge, but the sea was so high the gunboat was unable to render any assistance, and these survivors, frenzied with exposure and starvation, threw themselves into the sea. The *Amethyst* was more successful, and rescued forty-three persons, from which number it is assumed that one hundred and twenty-four of the passengers, officers and crew were lost.

Earthquake shocks in the neighborhood of the fatal spot are frequent, and only in May last there was an unusually severe shock, accompanied by a destructive tidal wave. Since then the sea has been subject to much disturbance, with a very strong "shore set"; and, as it was intensely foggy at the time, it is thought the disaster was due to some such unusual condition, rather than any negligence or incompetency on the part of the officers.

### THE LATE JOHN EARLE WILLIAMS.

JOHN EARLE WILLIAMS, President of the Metropolitan Bank, of this city, died at his late residence at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, on Thursday morning, September 20th, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Mr. Williams was born at Newport, R. I., in April, 1804, and, before he had attained the age of twenty-one, was made cashier of the Newport Bank. He was afterwards connected with one of the banks in New Bedford, Mass., and in 1844 was appointed cashier of the City Bank of Boston, where he remained until 1851. In Boston a system known as the Suffolk system was in vogue, by which the relative value of the city and county notes was regularly settled without confusion and with very little inconvenience. Mr. Williams decided that the introduction in New York City of a system similar to that known as the Suffolk was practicable and, when once established, would grow greatly in the favor of business men. Being a man of great energy and ability he soon founded a banking association, and in May, 1851, the Metropolitan Bank was opened at 54 Wall Street with a capital of \$2,000,000. Mr. James McCall, an old and esteemed merchant, was made President, and Mr. Williams, who was the leading spirit in the movement, was elected cashier.

In 1857 he was elected President of the bank, and its capital was increased to \$4,000,000.

The present site of the bank, corner of Broadway and Pine Street, was purchased soon after the bank was started. The bank has been prosperous in every way. As Mr. Williams was its President at the time of his death, he had seen twenty years of service in that position. He was regarded as a sound financier, and his name was often mentioned when it became necessary to refill the office of Secretary of the Treasury. His admirers claimed that the office had never been filled by any man having one-half the ability of Mr. Williams. He was decided in all his ways, and his opinions on any question up for discussion were given promptly and yet deliberately, and in the fewest words possible. His superior executive ability and natural qualifications gave him great influence over his associates among the bankers in this city.

Mr. Williams was also a prominent member of the Sanitary Commission during the war, and for many years prior to his death was Treasurer of the Children's Aid Society. Among his associates and friends he has been esteemed for his kindness of heart and cheerful disposition. During the past fifteen years Mr. Williams has resided at Irvington, and he has manifested much pride in his home on the Hudson. He leaves a wife and two daughters. He was ill of pneumonia about two months ago, from which he only partially recovered. The immediate cause of his death, it is stated, was Bright's disease.

### TELESCOPE WITH WHICH THE MOONS OF MARS WERE DISCOVERED.

THE discovery of the moons of the planet Mars by Professor Asaph Hall, of the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, last month, while exciting the profound consideration of the astronomical and scientific worlds, naturally calls attention to the instrument and its housing with which the bodies were first seen. It is known as the twenty-sixth inch equatorial, the object glass has a focal length of 32 feet, 5.8 inches, and a clear aperture of 26 inches. The contract for its construction was made with Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, Mass., in 1870, the work to be completed in four years at a cost of \$40,000. After signing the contract the firm ordered the glass disks from Birmingham, England, but, such was the difficulty of casting disks of the required size, they did not reach this country until the end of December, 1871. The figuring was finished in the following Autumn, the mounting completed in the Summer of 1873, and on the 20th of November of that year regular observations were made with it at its present location. The construction of the telescope and the building of the dome were under the immediate direction of Professor Newcombe. The south wing of the old observatory was extended to make room for the great dome. The foundation of the dome is rubble-stone, forty-three feet exterior diameter, and two feet thickness of wall. It extends seventeen feet below the main floor, and on an average about twelve feet below the surface of the ground. The dome turns on sixteen rollers, connected by a linked coupling like those in the Dublin Observatory. Sheets of galvanized iron covered the outside of the framework, while the inside is lined with canvas. The opening for observation is 6.5 inches in width, and extends nearly six feet beyond the zenith. A fall of about fifty pounds is sufficient to start the dome in motion, and less than that will maintain the motion.

### Girlhood.

LET Lord Byron say what he will of bread-and-butter girlhood is a beautiful season; and its love—its warm, uncalculating, devoted love—so exasperating in its simplicity, so keen from its freshness, is the very poetry of attachment; after years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end destroys its im-

mortality; and, thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings, the chances and changes of life, commonplace employments and pleasures, and, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. The divinity turns out an idol. We are grown too wise, too worldly for our former faith, and we laugh at what we wept before; such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter—than tears. Happy girlhood! that knows none of these vicissitudes, that goes laughingly along the road of life—ay, even enjoying bread-and-butter.

### FUN.

A MATTER OF FORM.—Fitting a lady's dress.

LUMINARY FOR IMPETUOUS INDIVIDUALS.—A rush-light.

A CORD YOU CANNOT BREAK, BURN, CUT, OR TIE A KNOT IN.—A chord of music.

A WESTERN paper speaks of "a tramp with a sort of half-jantry air about him." Most of them do have a sort of demi-jantry air about them, that's a fact.

SCIENCE says that it took millions of years to evolve man from the clam; observation shows that it takes less than a minute to transfer the clam into a man.

THERE is probably no piece of wood that can be brought up to such a degree of polish as the solitary cracker-barrel cover in a grocery bar. It would almost make a reflector for a hanging lamp.

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman. "True, sir," replied the other. "And I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything I had about me."

A FARMER out West was recently robbed of a bag containing a large sum of money in silver dollars. It is unnecessary to state that that farmer is now one of the warmest advocates for the restoration of the silver dollar.

WHEN a man leaves our side and goes to the other side, he is a traitor, and we always felt that there was a subtle something wrong about him. But, when a man leaves the other side, and comes over to us, then he is a man of great moral courage, and we always felt that he had sterling stuff in him.

A STORY is going the round of the London clubs about the Dean of Windsor. He is probably the best known man about Windsor Castle, and one of the most welcome guests at the royal table. It seems that he suffers from sleeplessness, and very frequently he walks for hours through the night in the castle grounds. A few weeks ago one of the sentries challenged the old gentleman, and as he could not give the password the soldier ran him into the guardroom. Explanations followed and the dean went home to bed.

A YOUNG man writes to a New York paper that he wants to be an editor, to which the editor of the New York paper replies: "Canst thou draw up a leviathan with a hook thou lettest down? Canst thou hook up great ideas from the depths of thine intellect, and clean, scale and fry them at five minutes' notice? Canst thou write editorials as they may be wanted—to measure? Canst thou write an editorial to fit in a three-quarter column of the paper, which shall be in length just twenty-two inches, having three inches of the sentiment four inches from the beginning, and nine inches of humor in the middle, and an outburst of maxims and precept nine and three-quarter inches long at the close?"

"YES, de mince-pie season is coming nearer," mused Brother Gardner, as he saw a man tacking up a mince-meat sign at the Central Market yesterday—"jogging right along dis way, like a yoke o' oxen gwine home to tea after a hard day's work. Howsumever, de mince-pie season doan' nobber worry me 'tall. In de fust place, de brandy an' de meat is so mixed up dat when you think you is drinkin' de brandy you is only nibblin' on de meat, an' when you sets out to nibble de meat de brandy gits embarrased in de windpipe. Dar isn't nough meat to pay for de trouble ob choppin', an' too much brandy to frow away 'mong de chil'en." He gave his back one more rub, and added, "No, I haven't de least 'ress in de advent ob de mince-pie season, an' it dis loathin' feelin' is due to de fact dat I know of a family who is gwine to keep deir meat an' taters in de barn dis Winter, den I can't help it."

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

Does it pay to be compelled by debility and languor to abandon active business when brain, nerve and muscle can be braced up, and the whole system restored to a healthy condition by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

HAPPY TIDINGS for nervous sufferers, and those who have been doped, drugged, and quacked. Pulvermacher's Electric Belts effectually cure premature debility, weakness and decay. Book and Journal, with information worth thousands, mailed free. Address, PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, O.

### FRANK LESLIE'S "LADY'S JOURNAL" CATALOGUE OF FASHIONS FOR 1877-'78.

OUR semi-annual catalogue includes our complete stock of Fall and Winter Styles, among which will be found the latest and most fashionable European and American designs for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Basques, Polonaises, Jackets, Wraps, etc. This complete catalogue consists of a handsome cloth-bound book of one hundred illustrated pages printed on delicate tinted paper, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 75 cents; paper-bound copy, 50 cents. A good selection, forming a Pamphlet Catalogue, will be sent on receipt of address and a three-cent stamp. An elegantly-colored Plate of Fashions, showing the actual shades and materials to be worn in carriage, street and house-costumes, will be sent, securely incased, post-free, for 75 cents; tinted or uncolored Plate, 50 cents. All orders for patterns or any of above-mentioned articles should be addressed, FRANK LESLIE, No. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Shoes—Good Wearing, Easy Fitting—with style and low price combined. "EUGENE PERRE & SON, 81 Nassau Street.

Asthma.—Thousands of the worst cases of Asthma have been relieved by using JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY. In no case of purely asthmatic character has it failed to give relief.

Every one speaks well of it, and those who have been there once patronize the place ever afterwards. It is necessary to add that we refer to the Colonnade Hotel, on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Try L'Amérique Cigarettes.—Mixture of Perique and Vanity Fair. Best yet for Summer smoking.

The delicate structure of the skin renders it sensitive to the slightest obstructions, whether arising from sunburn, dust, or the changing air and wind. Burnett's Kallistion is prepared expressly to remove these.

Bitter Water.—Attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Bouche Fils & Co., No. 37 Beaver Street, Sole Agents for the sale of the celebrated Friedrichshall Bitter Water. The superiority of the Friedrichshall over all other varieties of bitter waters is generally admitted, while its price is one-half lower than that of other varieties.

Magie Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames. Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalethoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

### ADVERTISING RATES

For any of Frank Leslie's Publications which contain Advertisements furnished upon application.

Address, MANAGER, FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, 537 Pearl St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED, Pen & Pencil Sketches of the GREAT RIOTS. An Illustrated History of the Riots, Road and other Riots, by Hon. J. T. Headley. The best selling book for Agents. Now ready, 550 pages, 63 Illustrations, \$2. E. D. TREAT, Publisher, 805 Broadway, New York.

### PATENTS SECURED.

Have always customers for valuable Patents. Call at 24 Barclay Street, in Patent Office.

HERY GERNER.

SOMETHING NEW! for SCROLL & FRET SAWYERS! Scroll Saw Decorated Wood Co., 84 Chambers Street, New York City, Sol. Importers and Manufacturers.

Elegantly embellished patterns in bright colors and gold transferred on the wood, by the well-known process of Decalcomanie.

By this process the sawyer is enabled to produce articles of great elegance with the same labor as from ordinary patterns. Send for circular and price-list.

### THE GREAT AMERICAN STRAWBERRY!

CENTENNIAL PREMIUM, EIGHT BERRIES WEIGHING ONE POUND. Description and price by mail, and Catalogue of PLANTS, SEEDS and BULBS for Fall Planting sent on receipt of letter-stamp by BELLEVUE NURSERY CO., Paterson, New Jersey.

## Frank Leslie's POPULAR MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER,

Excellent, Attractive and Cheap, is now ready with the following

### CONTENTS:

#### LITERATURE.

England's Queen. The Mysterious Letter. The Last Birthday Rhyme. Natural Curiosities at Mackinac Mich. The Amazon Captive. By Geoffrey. Aborigines of Siberia. By Thomas W. Knox. A Yorkshire Comparison. Sergeant Bond and the Horsedealer. A Lion Hunt in Africa. The Commune of Paris. By an Eye-witness (Alvan S. Southworth). An Old-fashioned Hero. By Etta W. Pierce. The Pallah Antelope. Jan Barentz, Shoemaker and Naval Hero. Wonders of Electricity. The Nurse's Story. Teaching Chaffinches. The Reward of Kindness. Preparing for Training Day. The Dreamland of Love (continued). The Bread-Fruit Tree. Agnes.

The Lumberman of the Aroostock. Chinese Falconry. Scene in Guadeloupe, West Indies. Lord Chesterfield, A Representative man of the Last Century. By Henry Burton Baker. How Leeches are Fattened. A Turkish Café. Saffron Culture in the Abruzzi. The Ebony Bridal. By Ella B. Washington. Our Turn Now. Bonnie Lady Ann. Once Too Often. Hunting Antelopes. The Fair One with Golden Hair. The Escape of Lady Arabella Stuart. Captain Sam's Change. By the Author of "Helen's Babies." Curious Story about a Hawk. Origin of Cinderella. Pottery and Porcelain. By Professor Charles A. Joy. Recent Progress in Science. Entertaining Column.

#### ENGRAVINGS.

England's Queen: Queen Victoria.—The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.—The Duchess of Kent.—Kensington Palace, birthplace of the Queen.—Princess Victoria in her 17th year.—Queen Victoria on the Morning of her Accession.—Balmoral in its original Condition.—Balmoral, showing the New Buildings erected by the Queen.—Victoria and Albert.—A Levee at Buckingham Palace.—Queen Victoria Countess's Birthday.—Trooping the Colors on the Queen's Birthday.—The Queen Receiving Distinguished Soldiers of the Ashantee War.—Queen Victoria and the Princess Beatrice in her Royal Railway Car.—Queen Victoria Visiting the London Hospital.—A Royal Garden Party.—Lord Lytton reading the Proclamation declaring Victoria Empress of India.—Queen Victoria Opening Parliament in 1877. The Mysterious Letter. A Birthday Rhyme. Natural Bridge.—Sugar-Loaf Rock, Mackinac Island. The Amazon Captive. By Geoffrey. Aborigines of Siberia: An Ostiak Hunter.—Tongooose Hunters.—Chamans exercising an Evil Spirit. A Lion Hunt in Africa. The Commune of Paris: A Procession of Vengeances.—Citizens dragging off Cannon before the German Entry.—Communists' Cannon at Montmartre Pointed to Sweep the City.—The Commune Proclaimed in Front of the Hotel de Ville.—General Cluseret.—Theophile Ferré.—Gustave Flourens.—Louis Nathaniel Rossel.—Pressing Men for the Communist Army.—Execution of Generals Thomas and Lecomte by the Communists.—Rue de la Paix and Place Vendôme, held by the Communists.—Burning the Guillotine in the Place Voltaire.—Action with the Government Troops at Courbevoie.—Wounded Communists brought into Paris.—Scene at a Barricade.—Demonstration of Females.—The Petroleuses.—Worshippers Expelled from the Church of St. Sulpice by the Mob.—People Escaping over the Walls by Night.—Fall of the Front of the Ministry of Finance, Rue Rivoli.—Execution of Archbishop Darboy and other Hostages.—Portrait of Archbishop Darboy.—Arrest of Archbishop Darboy.—Funeral of the Archbishop after the Restoration of Order.—Ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud.—Ruins of the Porte St. Martin Theatre.—Ruins of the Hotel de Ville.—Fall of the Column Vendôme.—Women Arrested by the Govern-

ment Troops.—Fight in the Nave of the Pantheon.—Government Troops Pursuing Communists in the Catacombs.—Vinoy's Forces Driving Communists from their last Position in Père la Chaise.—Communist Prisoners in Cellars at Versailles.—Female Communist Prisoners at St. Lazare.—Burial of Communist Dead at Père la Chaise.—Communist Trials at Versailles.—Reading the Sentence.—Execution of Rossel, Ferré, and Bourgeois, Communist Leaders, at Satory. An Old-fashioned Hero. The Pallah Antelope. Jan Barentz, Shoemaker and Naval Hero. The Wonders of Electricity: Experiment of the Abbé d'Auteroche. The Nurse's Story. Teaching Chaffinches. By Harrison Weir. The Reward of Kindness. Preparing for Training Day. The Dreamland of Love. The Bread-Fruit Tree. The Lumberman of the Aroostock. A Case of Real Distress. Chinese Falconry. Scene in Guadeloupe, West Indies. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield. How Leeches are Fattened.—Driving Horses into a Leech Swamp. Evening. A Turkish Café at Cairo. The Ebony Bridal: Preparing the Wedding Garment; The Wedding Ceremony; Marching to the Feast; Making the Bed; The Ball. Our Turn Now.—The Great Horned Owl. Bonnie Lady Ann of Dundee. Once Too Often. The Fair One with the Golden Hair. The Escape of Lady Arabella Stuart. Captain Sam's Change. Curious Story about a Hawk. Pottery and Porcelain: Filling the Oven; Old English Terra Cotta Chimney Top.—Insurrection on Baked Clay from Babylon.—Brick with Inscription from Babylon.—Egyptian Water Jar; Ancient Egyptian Vase.—Ancient Peruvian Pottery.—A Roman Pottery dug up in London. Papa's Return.

Every Number gives 128 pages of excellent reading, embracing what would require volumes in other form; and, with a hundred illustrations, furnishes reading full of interest, timely and educational.

The "POPULAR MONTHLY" can be found at all news-depots.

128 Pages Quarto. 100 Illustrations. Price only 20 Cents.

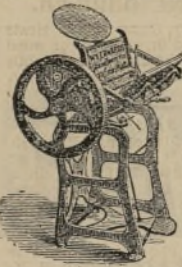
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50, POSTAGE FREE.

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York City.



**ANNUAL SALES**  
OF  
**BOYER'S**  
CARMELITE  
**MELISSA CORDIAL**  
(Eau de Melisse des Carmes.)  
IN PARIS ALONE,  
**1,300,000 BOTTLES.**  
RELIEVES Apoplexy, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Colic, Headache, Indigestion, Faintness, Chills and Fever, etc.  
General Depot at BOYER'S, No. 59 Park Place, New York.  
**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

**ASTHMA D. LANGE'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.**  
Having struggled twenty years between life and death with **ASTHMA**, I experimented by compounding roots and herbs and inhaling the medicine. I fortunately discovered a sure cure for **ASTHMA** and **CATARRH**. Warranted to relieve any case of Asthma instantly, so the patient can lie down to sleep. By mail, **\$1.00** per box. Address, D. LANGE, Office 73 Astor House, New York, or Apple Creek, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists.



**W. Y. EDWARDS,**  
126-PAGE CATALOGUE  
OF PRESSES, TYPE, ETC.  
NEW YORK.  
Send 15 cents for  
Catalogue.

**RUSSIAN-TURKISH BATHS,**  
**GIBSON'S BUILDINGS,**  
Cor. Broadway and Thirteenth Street.

THESE BATHS are the largest and most complete in the city. They contain the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the Russian and Turkish. The Russian, in the application of vapor, and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, procuring a powerful and invigorating effect; the Turkish, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body.

The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

**HOURS OF BATHING:**  
From 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., and on SUNDAYS from 7 A. M. to 12 M.

**DAYS FOR LADIES:**  
MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.



Bryant's "New Patent Improved" Reese's Adjustable Stencil Letters are perfection. Every Merchant and Business Man needs them. Outfit and Brass Alphabet by mail, postpaid, 60c. Agents wanted for above and twenty new articles. O. G. BRYANT, Only Manufacturer, Chicago.

**BUSINESS, PLEASURE, MEN, BOYS.**  
**CAXTON'S**  
Self-Inking, only \$14.  
COLUMBIAN PRESSES, Self Inking, from \$27 to \$60; will do the work of a \$250 Press. Presses from \$3.50. Stamp for catalogue, C. R. TIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

### A Special Offer TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER.

A Genuine Swiss Magnetic Time-Keeper, a perfect Gem for everybody desiring a reliable Time-Piece, and also a superior Compass, usual watch size, steel works, glass crystal, all in a superb Ovoid Hunting-case, warranted to denote correct time, and keep in running order for two years. Perfection guaranteed.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT.

#### COUPON.

On receipt of this Coupon and 50 cents to pay for packing, boxing and mailing charges, we promise to send each patron of this paper a GENUINE SWISS MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER.

Address, Magnetic Watch Co.,  
ASHLAND, MASS.

This is your ONLY OPPORTUNITY to obtain this beautiful premium, so order AT ONCE.

**MARCY'S OIL SCIOPTICONS**  
With New Improved and Carefully Selected  
**MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES,**  
L. J. MARCY, 1240 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.  
For convenience and efficiency, for private or for public use, they stand  
**UNRIVALLED.**  
Circulars free. Catalogues, 10 cents.  
Scioptic Manual, 6th Ed., 75 cents.  
Specimen Scioptic Slide, 25 cents.

THE ORIENTAL SECRET SHOULD BE KNOWN TO all who wish to gain unalloyed affection. None can resist its magnetic influence. Price, \$1. Secured by copyright. Beware of imitations. Address, JOHN FRANCIS AYRES, M. D., Boston, Mass.

**60** Assorted Cards, 10 Snowflake, 10 Damask, Repp, etc., name on all, 12c. Dime Co., Clintonville, Ct.

## Frank Leslie's SUNDAY MAGAZINE

[CHARLES F. DEEMS, D.D., LL.D., Editor,]

FOR OCTOBER,  
Splendidly Illustrated,

Universally admitted to be one of the Cheapest, Most Attractive and Entertaining Publications of the day, is ready for delivery with the following

### CONTENTS:

#### LITERATURE.

A Glance at Jerusalem and Portions of the Holy Land. By James McCarroll.  
An Eastern Woman and her Dove.—Odd Musical Instruments.  
Poem: Clouds.—Thoughts on going to Sleep.—Thoughts on Waking.  
Trust.—"With Fingers Weary and Worn."—A Great Truth.  
Love and Pledge.  
Self-Sacrifice.  
Telling her Beads.—Tartar Porcelain.  
Poem: The Grasshopper.—The Strange Mustard Seed.  
The Age of a Besetting Sin.  
The King Vulture.—The Boa Constrictor.  
The Kingslayer.  
Poem: Life's Onlies.—A Physician's Prayer.—How Spurgeon found Christ.  
What Shall We Do With Our Doubts?—The Secret of a True Life.  
The Torpedo.  
The Ordeal of the Deep.  
Authorship of "The Ninety and Nine."  
A Scholar's Sick-bed Solaces.—Poem: The Trance.  
Poem: Old Homes. By James McCarroll.  
Church of St. Erasmus, Gaeta.—George Whitefield.  
Milan Armour, Sixteenth Century.  
Fresh from the Garden.—Photographing an Eclipse of the Sun.  
Stories from the Talmud and other Jewish Sources.  
Bavarian Superstitions.  
How to be Miserable.—Poem: The Dying Actress. By John W. Overhill.—Gentleness of Heart.—The next Pope.  
The Pterois.  
Alypius of Tagaste. By Mrs. Webb.  
The Home of the Water-Lily.  
The Home Pulpit: No Man Dieth to Himself. By the Editor.  
The Cathedral at Athens, Greece.  
Lady Jane Grey.—A Submerged City.—Creation a Tangible Memorial of the Miraculous.  
Drink.—What is the Sun.—The Justifying One.—Poem: Forsaken.—"Hard Work."—Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Isaac.  
Modern Jerusalem.  
Plan of the City of Jerusalem.  
Costumes of Bethlehem.  
A Street Scene in Jerusalem.  
David's Tower.—The Place where Jesus Met His Mother.  
Lower Arcade of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.  
Under the Walls of Jerusalem.—Royal Caverns.  
Wilson's Arch, Haram Wall.—Rock-cut Cistern under Solomon's Temple.  
Where Christ was Stripped.—The Place where Jesus was Crucified.  
The Holy Sepulchre.—Where Christ was Taken Down from the Cross.  
Church of the Holy Sepulchre.  
Latin Chapel.—Relic venter before the Church.  
Bethlehem.  
Nazareth.—Joppa.  
Ancient Jewish Vessels and Ornaments.  
An Eastern Woman and her Dove.  
"With Fingers Weary and Worn."  
The Queen of her Set.  
High Falls, Trenton.—High Falls, from East Cliff, Trenton.  
"Will he Never Come Back?"  
Tartar Porcelain.  
Telling her Beads.  
The King Vulture.—The Boa Constrictor.  
The Kingslayer.  
The Torpedo.  
The Ordeal of the Deep.  
Old Homes.  
Church of St. Erasmus, at Gaeta, Italy.  
Milan Armour, Sixteenth Century.  
Fresh from the Garden.  
Photographing an Eclipse of the Sun.  
An Eastern Scribe.  
My Fruit is Better than Gold.  
At the Fountain.  
The Pterois.  
Escape from Phylis.

This Magazine has, within the space of a few months, taken so firm a hold on the general public, that it may now be said to rank among the first publications of either the Old or the New World. It numbers among its contributors some of the ablest writers, lay and clerical, on either side of the Atlantic; and is so perfect in all its departments as to bid defiance to anything like successful rivalry.

Each number contains 128 finely-printed pages, teeming with stirring tales, instructive sketches, religious topics and essays, together with subjects of general interest, all of which are profusely illustrated.

The "SUNDAY MAGAZINE" is published at the unusually low subscription price of

**\$3 a Year, or 25 Cents a Copy,**

And will be forwarded at these rates free of postage to any address.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,  
537 Pearl Street, New York City.



**F. J. Kaldenberg**  
Received the only prize awarded by the International Jury for American-made meerschaum pipes, at the Centennial Exhibition, 1876.  
An unrivaled assortment of Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar-holders, Amber Goods, etc., etc., always on hand.  
Factory and Warehouse, 117 Fulton Street.  
Branch Stores: 6 Astor House, Broadway, and 71 Nassau Street, New York.  
Send for Illustrated Price List.

**PRINTING THE VICTOR PRESSES, AND ENTERPRISE!**  
Large Illustrated Catalogue, 1c. Hand-Inkers, \$8 to \$20. Two stamps, J. COOK & CO., Mr. West Meriden, Ct.

**Mrs. & Miss STEERS' SCHOOLS,**  
No. 12 EAST 47th STREET and 62 WEST 12th STREET.  
Kindergarten attached to each School. Omnibus from 12 East 47th Street.



**60** ELEGANT CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10c., postpaid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

The Prayer Meeting.  
Fig Tree of Paradise.  
The Invalid's Portion.  
The Bones Broken.—A Prayer.—Comfort for the Heavy Laden.  
The Pony that Pumped for Himself.—A Church-going Dog.—Mixed Motives.  
Poem: There Laid they Jesus.  
How to Ward off Sunstroke.—Wild Beasts and Snakes in India.—"Broder, de Grass Grow."  
The Summit of Chimborazo.  
A Brand Plucked from the Burning.  
Poem: Vale!  
Poem: My Flowers.—A Feast of Cherries.  
"Ah! You Little Rogue, you!"  
Wit and Wisdom of Children.  
Poem: Why He Takes Them.—The Caxton Memorial Bible, 1877.—Architecture of Birds.  
Mozart.—Khasne Pharaoh; or, Pharaoh's Treasury.  
Elizabeth Christine, Wife of Frederick the Great.  
Queen Victoria's Grandchildren.  
Poem: Striking for Wages. By George W. Bungay.  
At Sea.—The Fisher's Wife and Child.—Polycarp.—The Future Seat of Catholicism.  
The Two Bills: A Fable.—Too Certain.  
The Bishop of Lincoln, England, on Absolution.—Caught in the Rapids.  
The Countess Ebersburg's Noble Work.—Poem: John Bunyan. By the Rev. R. Furman, D.D.  
Poem: Saturday Night.—Never Do This.—Missed.—An Efectual Barrier.  
Christ a Diamond.—God Loves Bad Children.—Epigrams.  
A Time to Laugh.  
At Home and Abroad.—Astor Memorial.  
Missions.  
Y. M. C. A.—Unto Him.  
Editor's Portfolio.  
Editor's Note Book.  
Editor's Letter Book.—Standing Answers to Correspondents.—Editor's Library Table.  
Odds and Ends.  
October.  
Music: The Lord's Day Morning!

#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

Entrance to a Tomb near the Sphinx.  
Cleopatra Follows along the Banks of the River.  
Children of the Desert.  
"Remember Lot's Wife."  
The Home of the Water-Lily.  
"He Steamed Down 'The Narrows.'"  
Cathedral at Athens, Greece.  
Lady Jane Grey.  
Prince Leo.—Harry Ellis.  
Albert Tabbert.—"Little Romeo."  
The Fig-tree of Paradise.  
There Laid they Jesus.  
"The Eyes of Compassion."  
A Sagacious Horse.  
A Church-going Dog.  
The Summit of Chimborazo.  
A Brand Plucked from the Burning.  
"Ah! You Little Rogue, you!"  
A Feast of Cherries.  
Mozart Practicing the Piano under Difficulties.—Mozart in Trio.  
Khasne Pharaoh; or, Pharaoh's Treasury.  
At Sea.  
The Fisher's Wife and Child.  
Polycarp.  
Striking for Wages.  
Caught in the Rapids.  
John Bunyan.  
The Astor Memorial Reredos, Erected in Trinity Church, New York City.  
The Pope Blessing the Polish Pilgrims at the Vatican.  
Pilgrims in Rome Buying Rosaries from the Holy Land.  
Institution of the New Bishop of St. Albans by the Archbishop of Canterbury, England.—New Chapel for Early Morning Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, England.  
Priests Blessing the Emperor of Russia at the Ploesti Station, Roumania.—Church and Shrine of St. Romanus, Abyssinia.  
Letter from the King of Siam.

### Agents Wanted.

**\$10 to \$25** a day sure made by Agents selling our Chromos, Crayons, Picture and Chromo Cards, 125 samples, worth \$5, sent postpaid for 85 cents. Illustrated Catalogue free.  
J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, BOSTON. [Established 1830.]

**WANTED,** Men to distribute circulars for cash. Address, Dr. J. R. Heisley, Salem, New Jersey.

**MEN WANTED** to sell goods to Merchants. NO PEDDLING from house to house. **\$85 a month.** HOTEL AND TRAVELING EXPENSES PAID.  
QUEEN CITY GLASS & LAMP WORKS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

**\$1200** Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. Address S. A. GRANT & CO., 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

**\$2500** A YEAR. Agents wanted. Business legitimate. Particulars free. Address, J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**\$3** GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, A. COULTER & CO., Chicago.

**\$95** A Month and Expenses. **CANDY & NOVELTIES** TO SELL TO DEALERS. Sample FREE. Send stamp for reply. Address, H. SMITH & CO., Confectioners, Cincinnati, O.

**\$57.60** AGENT'S profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit \$500. New articles, just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address, W. H. CHIDESTER, 218 Fulton St., N. Y.

**AGENTS WANTED.** For particulars address, **WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,** 829 Broadway, New York City, New Orleans, La., Chicago, Ill., Or San Francisco, Cal.

**Frank Leslie to Book Agents.**

The People will not be Deceived.

Every family requires an authentic

**History of the Centennial Exhibition,** and wants the one that was planned before the opening of the Fair, and required the labor of our large corps of Artists, Photographers, Engravers and Draughtsmen for ten months to execute the illustrations, every one of which was made expressly for this work. This is the only history yet written, and in it are the only authentic illustrations giving a complete panorama of the Exposition from its inception to its close—Pictures of Active Life within the Centennial Grounds—Art Exhibits surrounded by visitors, giving at once a correct idea of dimensions by comparison.—State Days and other attendant pageantry.—Character Sketches true to life—in fact such a vivid portraiture as gives the reader a perfect knowledge of all branches of the Exhibition.  
Every one on seeing specimen pages and prospectus of

Frank Leslie's

### HISTORICAL REGISTER

OF THE  
**CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION**

Involuntarily expresses a desire to possess it—the secret of the extraordinary success of our Agents, who universally pronounce it the easiest book to sell they ever handled. **20, 30, and 50** subscribers a day are reported from scores of Agents. The book contains 336 mammoth pages, equal to 1,842 octavo pages, and would make three such books as are announced as Centennial Histories. 8vo., 600 pp. Our 1,000 exquisite engravings cover a surface equal to 1,381 full octavo pages. In fact, our work is equal in size to three 8vo. books of 600 pp. with 460 full-page illustrations in each, and printed on paper three times the weight and cost used in ordinary octavo books.

Address, for price, terms and territory,

**AGENCY DEPARTMENT,**

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,  
537 Pearl Street, NEW YORK.

**AN ARRAY OF SPLENDID STORIES**

IN

Frank Leslie's  
**Boys' & Girls' Weekly**

**BLUNDERING TIM;**

OR,  
**The Amusing Adventures of an Irish Boy,**  
Just commenced.

**THE MARKED BOY;**

OR,  
**The Treasure Secret,**  
By ROGER STARBUCK.

**THE BOY HERDERS;**

OR,  
**Chincapia Dick and his Chums,**  
A Splendid Story of the Plains.

**ROMEO on the RAMPAGE;**

OR,  
**High Jinks Among the Redskins.**

**COUNTRY BOARD;**

OR,  
**How Three City Boys Spent Their Vacation,**  
By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG.

**FIDELITY JACK;**

OR,  
**The Middy's Foe and the Middy's Friend.**

**The Boys of Bircham School.**

Other fine stories will follow, making the Boys' & Girls' WEEKLY a perfect treasure of amusement.

Buy it and show it to your friends, and tell them what capital stories it contains.

**5 Cents a Copy, \$2.50 a Year.**

Address,

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl St., N. Y.



The Best Works of the Best Authors  
WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

Frank Leslie's

## HOME LIBRARY

OF  
STANDARD WORKS

By the Most Celebrated Authors.

New books, by new authors, have been forced on the people, and enjoyed a brief popularity, soon to be succeeded by others equally short-lived. It is estimated that but one in one hundred live ten years. Standard works by standard authors have lived but in the knowledge of librarians and scholars, the people losing sight of these in the accumulating rubbish of

### NEW BOOKS.

These proven works of accepted standard authors are known to the masses only by name. Now we offer them as home companions, costing little, worth much. Every household can have them all, and every member of the family can have access to the great minds made famous in English literature, and the works as well as the names of Dumas, Reade, Collins, Dickens, Edwards, Scott, Lytton, Payn, Linton, Hugo, Broughton, Eliot, Mulock, and their compeers, will become home companions, and give life-long pleasure by closer acquaintance. We append the Numbers, titles and authors, comprising

Frank Leslie's

## HOME LIBRARY.

No. 1—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"Hard Cash."

By CHARLES READE. Price only 20 cts.

No. 2—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"The Moonstone."

By WILKIE COLLINS. Price only 20 cts.

No. 3—SINGLE NUMBER.

"A Vagabond Heroine."

By MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS. Price only 10 cts.

No. 4—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"The Caxtons."

By LORD LYTON. Price only 20 cts.

No. 5—SINGLE NUMBER.

"From Dreams to Waking."

By E. LYNN LINTON. Price only 10 cts.

No. 6—SINGLE NUMBER.

"Murphy's Master."

By JAMES PAYN. Price only 10 cts.

No. 7—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

By VICTOR HUGO. Price only 20 cts.

No. 8—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"Good-by, Sweetheart!"

By RHODA BROUGHTON. Price only 20 cts.

No. 9—SINGLE NUMBER.

"Hannah."

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Price only 10 cts.

No. 10—SINGLE NUMBER.

"Peg Woffington."

By CHARLES READE. Price only 10 cts.

No. 11—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"White Lies."

By CHARLES READE. Price only 20 cts.

No. 12—SINGLE NUMBER.

"Sword and Gown."

By the Author of "Guy Livingston." Price only 10 cts.

No. 13—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"Eugene Aram."

By LORD LYTON. Price only 20 cts.

No. 14—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"In Silk Attire."

By WILLIAM BLACK. Price only 20 cts.

No. 15—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"Robinson Crusoe."

By DANIEL DEFOE. Price only 20 cts.

No. 16—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"Scenes in Clerical Life."

By GEORGE ELIOT. Price only 20 cts.

No. 17—SINGLE NUMBER.

"Scenes in Clerical Life."

By GEORGE ELIOT. Price only 10 cts.

No. 18—DOUBLE NUMBER.

"Granville de Vigne."

By "QUIDA." Price only 20 cts.

To be followed by other popular books, from the most popular authors, in single and double numbers, as the length of the story demands.

PRICE 10 & 20 CENTS. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Sent postpaid, on receipt of price, to any address.

Back Numbers always on hand, and will be supplied by your Newsdealer or by the Publisher on receipt of the price named.

Frank Leslie, Publisher, 537 Pearl St., New York.



THE NET RESULTS.

BOSS TWEED—"It's surprising how raking up old remembrances brings one's old pals to the surface!"



### MARK THIS! UPON THE CONDITION

of the stomach and its near allies, the liver and the bowels, depend physical health and clearness of intellect. If these organs are inactive or in a state of irritation, the toning, regulating, soothing influence of

Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

is urgently required. Sold by all Druggists.

## The Woodruff Expedition Around the World. FINAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Directors have the pleasure to announce the 25th day of October next as the date of sailing. To secure well-selected staterooms, immediate application is necessary.

TERMS: Two thousand five hundred dollars, payable by instalments, covering the two years of voyage. Applicants' fees fully secured. Detailed information is contained in Descriptive Pamphlet, to be had on application.

HEADQUARTERS: ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, NEW YORK.

DANIEL MACAULEY, Secretary.

## AUTUMN FASHIONS.

THE LATEST STYLES JUST RECEIVED FROM PARIS,

AND PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN

## Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal.

SACQUES, PROMENADE COSTUMES, CHILDREN'S DRESSES,

Fall and Winter Styles.

### "WHAT NEW YORKERS ARE WEARING."

Also, an intensely interesting Serial Story, entitled

### "PENELOPE."

Each Number contains more Fashion Matter than any other paper published in this country, in addition to which there are Short Stories, Poems, Items of Interest, Gossip, Sparks of Mirth, and amusing cartoons upon the follies of the day.

HUSBANDS, BUY IT FOR YOUR WIVES.

For sale by all News Agents, 10 cents weekly; or, send 10 cents to our address, and you will receive a copy by return mail.

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.



INLAID-FLOORS.  
National Wood Mfg Co.,  
950 BROADWAY near 23d St.,  
NEW-YORK.

JOHN FOLEY,  
MANUFACTURER OF FINE



GOLD PENS AND PENCILS,  
NO. 2 ASTOR HOUSE, BROADWAY, N.Y.

HENKELL & CO. HOCK WINES

Journu Freres Claret Wines.

CHARLES GRAEF, Sole Agent,  
65 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

## Pommery "Sec" Champagne.

## SOZODONT

An article that is at once a **teeth preserver** and **breath purifier**, and yet so pleasant and convenient to use, its exceeding popularity does not surprise any one. Time has fully established the fact that **SOZODONT** possesses these excellent qualities in an eminent degree. Every person who has ever used it proclaims it a perfect antidote to dental decay. **Pure teeth** are essential to a **pure breath**, and both are enjoyed by all who use the balsamic **SOZODONT**. It removes all disagreeable odors from the mouth arising from **Tobacco, Spirits, or Catarrh**. Sold by Druggists.

## TIFFANY & Co.

UNION SQUARE.

Respectfully announce to the public that they have associated with them in business **MR. HERMAN MARCUS**, of the late firm of **Starr & Marcus**, which firm was **DIS-SOLVED** by mutual consent on the 1st day of June last.

## Friedrichshall

## BITTERWATER

THE ONLY RELIABLE.

The best for popular and domestic use where a purgative is required. Does not interfere with business occupations. Superior to and cheaper by one half than other bitter waters.

The certificates of the most eminent medical authorities throughout the world, and the millions who have used it, prove its undisputed merit.

A wineglassful or more before breakfast.

Sold everywhere.

The trade supplied by the sole agents,

BOUCHE FILS & CO., 37 Beaver Street, N. Y.

John Habberton's New Book,

### "SOME FOLKS,"

For which everybody is on the *qui vive*, is a large 8vo. volume of over 500 pages, handsomely illustrated. In it are Thirty-six Sketches, dealing with Grown Folks, Women Folks, Men Folks, Baby Folks, Good Folks, Bad Folks, Righteous Folks, Wicked Folks, and Peculiar Folks in all parts of the country; and in point of Interest, Humor, Pathos and Moral Reflection, far above the author's best efforts in his other now world-known books. The Price is \$3, and already 5,000 copies have been sold by agents, who are enthusiastic over its success. Active men and women can make money canvassing for this book. Address,

DERBY BROTHERS, Publishers

27 Park Place, New York.

### \$3 PRINTING PRESS.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!

It Pays! Card Press, \$3; Larger Sizes, \$6, \$9, etc. For business or pleasure; old or young. Send two 3-cent stamps for Illustrated Catalogue to the makers.

KELSEY & CO.,  
Meriden, Conn.



### FLOWERS.

C. L. ALLEN CO.'S

General Bulb and Plant Catalogue now ready  
Free to all applicants.

Address,

C. L. ALLEN CO.,  
Queens, N. Y.

### AN INVESTMENT THAT WILL PAY.

Purchasers of No. 646 of

Frank Leslie's

## Chimney Corner

Secure, at a mere nominal price, a large and exquisite OLEOGRAPHIC PICTURE, full of artistic beauty and tenderness, entitled,

### A MOTHER'S LOVE,

18 x 29 inches in size, exclusive of margin; and can begin two very clever novels,

### That Mother-in-Law of Mine,

By NUGENT ROBINSON;

A Story bubbling with Fun, Wit and Humor, under which the satirist thrusts keenly at many a folly; and

### Sweet is True Love,

By the Author of "MILDRED TREVANION,"

One of the most charming Love Stories ever written.

No. 646 appears October 1st.

Price of Paper and Picture, 30 Cents.

Order in advance from your newsdealer so as not to be disappointed.

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl St., N. Y.