

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## SIoux CHIEFS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

### CUSTER'S SLAYERS IN CONFERENCE WITH THE PRESIDENT.

THE East Room of the White House presented a very odd appearance on the afternoons of September 27th-28th, when the famous Sioux warriors

Spotted Tail and Red Cloud, accompanied by twenty-two chiefs, made an official call upon the Great Father, the President. There were present, among others, Secretary Everts, Secretary Schurz, Commissioner Smith, General Crook, Lieutenant Clark, who commanded the Indian scouts at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Agencies; Doctor Irvin, the agent at the Red Cloud Reservation;

Mr. Hayt, recently appointed Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and who succeeds Mr. Smith; William Walsh, of Philadelphia, formerly of the Board of Indian Commissioners; Bishop Whipple, Assistant-Secretary McCormick, and several ladies, including Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Crook, wife of General Crook.

These chiefs made their visit at the suggestion of

General Crook and others in authority on the Plains, to ask that the treaty provisions of 1868 and 1869 be enforced. That treaty gave the Indians the right to select good agricultural lands, and pledged that the Government would aid them in selecting them. This, they claim, has not yet been done. The treaty has not been fulfilled.

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DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—OUR INDIAN ALLIES.—INTERVIEW OF A DELEGATION OF INDIAN CHIEFS WITH PRESIDENT HAYES, IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 27TH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.



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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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## THE POLITICIANS AND THE PEOPLE.

It was not wholly a surprise to those who were thoughtfully studying our political problems to find that the Republican Convention of the State of New York declined to give an unequivocal endorsement to the President's policy of civilization and reform. More had been gained than was expected, in the hearty acquiescence of such States as Massachusetts and New Jersey; and it was anticipated that there would be drawbacks somewhere. Those who have failed to obtain office under the new Administration have united with those whose political traditions, as extremists, have rendered them hopeless of obtaining any appointment, to create a break between the Chief Magistrate and those whose suffrages elected him. This state of affairs has been helped along by the secret discontent of those officials who are indignant because they are no longer allowed to dictate to primary meetings and control nominating conventions. It was a bold and brave act in a single man—even though he were President—to dare all these enemies, but the present inmate of the White House was equal to the occasion. Standing by the right at all hazards, the risk was the last thing he thought of, and he was content to abide the judgment of the people. His prevision was correct. At the North, as at the South, his policy has been already approved by the supreme fiat of the popular will, and the malcontents will find themselves ground to powder by the might of popular wrath.

Senator Conkling has delighted many of his foes and alienated more of his friends by his injudicious outburst of petty anger at Rochester. His admirers heretofore have had infinite confidence in his political tact. It was felt that after he had weathered the electoral storms of last Winter his fortunes could never be in danger of shipwreck by his own hands. But it seems now that the distinguished representative from the Empire State has never fairly forgiven the comparatively unknown man from Ohio, into whose unambitious hand the golden fruit of a Presidential nomination dropped unexpectedly a year ago. Envy that is nursed in secret grows by the bad passions it feeds upon, and now, upon the first public occasion that has offered, the disappointed candidate at Cincinnati uses his great influence to take a base revenge. Heedless that his action may retard the wheels of prosperity, check the growth of commerce, and rekindle the quenched fires of sectional agitation, he has hurled into the lines of his party the firebrand of hate, and taught his henchmen to renew the war-cries of a past that ought to be forgotten.

If this action had been taken by Mr. Blaine, when the Republican Convention of Maine assembled, few persons outside the limits of that extremely Radical commonwealth would have been surprised. On the contrary, it was expected that he would begin the work of agitation, and begin it forcibly. Many were disappointed that their prophecies proved untrue, and that the keen-sighted statesman from the Kennebec was so polite as to send the President a pressing invitation to visit his home, with the assurance of a very warm welcome. Mr. Blaine has always been known as a rough-rider in politics—a man wont to speak his own mind on any occasion with a great deal of earnestness. It was felt, however, that things were different when it came to the elegant Adonis of the Senate—the courtly statesman, whose manners were as elegant as his curls, and whose grave speech seemed always sugar-coated. That the New York Convention, marshaled by Mr. Cornell, most recalcitrant of officeholders, should set itself up against the reforms inaugurated by the Administration, was not a matter of surprise; but that the haughty Senator should stoop to rouse this tempest in a teapot, and should thus risk his laurels for the mere pleasure of personal opposition, was a suicidal piece of folly for which his worst enemies were not quite prepared. It may have been all right, in their opinion, to stand by Mr. Cornell, and the other gentlemen in high official

position in the State who owe their appointments to him, but it will be reckoned a rather costly friendship. It requires no prophet's divination to predict that it may cost Mr. Conkling the nomination to the Senate in 1879. Long before that time the man who stepped down from his exalted position to dictate a petty platform of puerile opposition to broad principles of justice will have been adjudged unworthy the suffrages of the Legislature for re-election as Senator.

Of course, Mr. Conkling has not gone into this battle without some idea as to its effect upon his political prospects. To him, as to all others who have watched the political history of the Empire State, it is evident that the Republicans can have no expectation of carrying their State ticket this Fall. They have abandoned all hope in advance, and are simply bent on saving as much as possible out of the wreck. Mr. Conkling's idea is that he can save the Legislature for himself. Under the present dishonest apportionment law the rural counties have an undue preponderance of representatives, and the Senate and Assembly districts have been so manipulated as to secure the return of as many Republicans as possible. Among the rustic population the allies of the handsome Senator expect to go this Fall, raising the old, ensanguined banner of hatred to the South, and bringing to the surface the old passions that should have been allowed to sleep for ever. He hopes by this means to draw out the full vote of the back counties and redeem the ground that has been lost or jeopardized of late years. The Senate that is to be elected will hold over to vote for a United States Senator in 1879, and every man gained in their circle is to count one for Mr. Conkling. It is a very pretty plan as it stands. The only trouble with it is, that it is likely to go wrong. Even if it could be supposed that such a majority could be secured in the State Senate as would render the election of a Republican successor to Mr. Conkling a matter of certainty, it does not follow by any means that he will be his own successor. On the contrary, the criticism that his conduct at Rochester has evoked will be likely in a year's time to render him a candidate to be avoided, or at least to be honored only with a complimentary vote. Even zealous partisans know that they have need to be led by men of broad and comprehensive views, and in their cooler moments despise the cheap wrath of the demagogue. The one great need of a popular leader is that he should forget himself and remember only the welfare of the people. It will be written of Roscoe Conkling, as of some of the chiefs among our old statesmen, that he perished, politically, by his own hand.

The truth is that the reform and pacification policy of President Hayes is too deeply rooted in the respect and affection of the people to be overthrown by the rash action of any combination of demagogues. In the six months that have elapsed since he assumed office, the change of feeling at the North, as at the South, has been most marked, and no man can now stay it. Prejudices have been cast to the winds, and more has been done for real unity than in ten years previously. To attempt any general diversion of feeling is folly—it can only be local at best, and temporary in its duration. The politicians will die hard. Their profession is at stake in the endeavor of the President to make civil service reform practical, and their chance of spoils is diminished just in proportion as North and South forget their old points of separation. Fortunately the people are greater than the politicians, and have found out the methods of expressing themselves. In Massachusetts, Vermont, and Rhode Island the masses have cheered Mr. Hayes to the echo, and an enthusiastic response has been heard from Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia. Wherever he goes the same spirit shows itself. It is not a tribute to the man, but to the deservedly popular policy he represents. The people are with him, and those who hurl wrathful words at President Hayes will find that their punishment is to come from the populace. The politician who betrays the people is doomed.

## METROPOLITAN TRANSPORTATION.

IN our commercial system there is no problem of more vital importance than the question of transportation. Experience has shown that what affects the cost of transportation, proportionately affects the whole current of commerce. Where the expense of the one is increased, the amount of the other is diminished, and vice versa. The truth of this is now forcibly presenting itself to the attention of the business community in this country, and more particularly the people of this city. With the advent of steam, the commercial laws, which at the beginning of this century were absolutely necessary to be observed to insure success, became abrogated; cities, which a few years ago controlled the trade of important sections of country, are now nonentities in the busi-

ness world. Combinations of capital, controlling and directing the power of steam, make and unmake localities at will. St. Marks and Pensacola, which at one time exported the cotton of Alabama and Florida, have lost their commercial prestige; while Savannah, Charleston and Norfolk have drawn away the great bulk of trade in that commodity through the means of steam railroads. New Orleans formerly controlled the entire trade of Texas, while the river trade by steamboat was immense; now St. Louis, by means of a system of railroads stretching far out to the Southwest, has secured to herself a great portion of the traffic of that vast region; and each year the number of steamboats on our Western rivers diminishes, in the face of an immense increase in the general volume of trade. Baltimore and Philadelphia have invested their capital in railways, extending to the granaries of the West, and these great organizations have not only diverted a portion of the export trade of New York, but have materially interfered with its business of supplying the interior with imported and manufactured articles. Only a short time since we had an illustration of the power of organized capital in the combination of the European steamship lines with our trunk lines of railway, by which freight was delivered a thousand miles inland cheaper than in New York, thus making New York a mere way-station. And at this time our merchants and manufacturers are compelled to ship goods destined for some point in the West eastward to Boston, and thence by a circuitous and far longer route to their destination.

In the face of facts like these it behooves business men to carefully study the phenomena, and endeavor to influence and direct the power which makes or mars their fortunes. The wonderful improvements in mechanical art are by no means ended; each year shows a material advance in this direction, and it is not an unwarranted prophecy to predict, that not many years will elapse before our inventors will, on land, have doubled the speed and reduced one-half the cost at which merchandise is now transported. If our transportation system can in the future be freed from the wrongs which have in the past accompanied the building of our improved highways, and the public thus be enabled to reap the benefit of the marvelous inventions of the age, there will be a steady and rapid progress towards cheap transportation which will astonish all who have not given this subject attention. Cheap transportation means commercial prosperity, for transportation is the chief factor in our modern commercial system. In connection with the cost of transporting merchandise between distant cities and towns, the terminal expenses of moving goods through a city should be considered. That this is a question of vital importance to business interest has been clearly proven in the history of every large town in this country. Wherever the cost of carrying freight to and from points of general commercial travel is excessive, business depression and dullness in trade are the result.

The very existence of a commercial city is dependent upon easy facilities and cheap rates for conveying goods from one point to another within its corporate limits. To effect cheap metropolitan transportation should be the aim and purpose of the city authorities. For this purpose streets should be well paved, and kept in repair, wide avenues should be laid out convenient to that portion of the city where commerce is now or is likely to be attracted. Steam railroads for the carrying of freight should be established and run through streets expressly reserved for that purpose, and in such manner as not to conflict with or impede the travel or interests of the public. To this last proposition the objection may be made that it is impracticable in a city like New York; but the same objection has heretofore been made to the elevated road, which is now an established institution in this city, with a fair prospect of a future increased usefulness from an extension of the road to the upper end of the island. The City of New York owes its past prosperity and rapid growth solely to the commerce which it attracted to itself by reason of its superior location and water privileges. To the retention of that commerce New York must look for a continuance of its success. Fine residences and valuable property have been sacrificed to make way for the extension of the business portion of our city. What were once the suburbs have now become the heart of the city. All our experience has been that to the demands of commerce everything must yield, and it is due in a great measure to the fact that in the past few years a most persistent effort has been made to resist the demands of trade, that New York has experienced such an extended term of business depression. With a system of free canals, free wharfrage at seaport towns, and a national supervision of interstate railroads for the purpose of securing uniformity, fairness, and protection to all interests, and also municipal reformation in the facilities offered for terminal transportation, commerce will receive an impetus

## RUSSIAN CIVILIZATION OF TO-DAY.

THE crisis in the great struggle between Moslem and Russian, which for centuries past has tinged red with blood the waters of the Danube and the fertile valleys of Armenia, is fast approaching; and there is every reason to believe that this time the decision will be a final one. If Turkey improves the advantages it has already gained over the Russian armies, or if Russia should be compelled to retreat before a coalition of the Western European Powers, in either case the moral and material forces of the Russian nation, which are now strained to the utmost, will be broken for a long time; internal troubles will probably arise, which will engross the whole activity of both nation and government, and Russia will disappear for a while from the stage of European politics. In the event of such an issue of the present war, the ultimate Turkish victory would prove to be of very little moment for the development of European civilization. The Moslem world has outlived its glory; it is rapidly decaying, and can never acquire any genuine influence on European affairs. It will remain what it has been heretofore: an obedient instrument in the hands of certain European Governments.

Of a far greater importance would be the consequences of an ultimate Russian victory for the future history of Europe. Adding a great deal to the prestige and power of Russia, it would bring the whole Slavonian race to the front of the contemporary historical stage, opening thus a new era, in which new political forms, new ideas and aspirations, would soon become predominant. In view of this latter emergency, it is of the greatest interest, not only for Europe, but for the civilized world in general, to become better acquainted with that new factor of civilization which may possibly arise.

Thanks to the existing form of government in Russia, as well as to some peculiarities of the Russian national character, which strike a foreign observer as not very sympathetic, the general opinion about that country is decidedly unfavorable, and an increase of its influence is dreaded as a danger for the progress of liberty, humanity and industry. Such an opinion, however, will prove, upon closer investigation, to be highly prejudiced, and based on facts which, always exaggerated, have now in a great measure disappeared from the national life of Russia. To be sure, the autocratic form of government, born out of the Tartar dominion, which it subsequently shook off, still exists in Russia, seemingly as strong as ever. But in order to judge rightly of its present importance, it is necessary to bear in mind two main points in the history of Russia, which are for the most part entirely overlooked by foreign observers. When the Czar's despotic power is discussed, one is generally inclined to see but its odious and dangerous features: a centralized and corrupt administration, political, social and economical oppression, brutalizing the people and rendering it a dangerous neighbor for free and civilized communities. But in judging thus, one overlooks, as we have said, two facts: First, that a strong, centralized government has been an absolute historical necessity for Russia; it was necessary for gathering all the available forces of the nation to shake off the fatal Mongol yoke, for creating out of the barbarous Slavonian races scattered over the broad expanse of what is nowadays the Russian Empire a nation and a state, and for pushing the latter on the road to European life and civilization. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that, however despotic and barbarous the Czarism may have been, it has never succeeded in interfering with the progress and intellectual development of the Russian nation, or in destroying the national institutions in which the actual spirit of the Russian civilization is embodied. The climax of glory and national importance of the Russian autocracy was reached by the Czar Peter the Great. He gave to the Russian nation the first powerful impulse towards civilization and industry, and the seed sown by him was not lost, but grew steadily up, despite the inability, weakness or tyranny of his unworthy successors. Since the reign of the great Czar almost every year of the history of Russia has been marked by some durable and steady progress.

The first and most important modern reform was the Emancipation Act of 1861, which not only gave to thirty millions of ex-serfs their personal liberty, but allotted to each village commune a certain portion of land, which constitutes, according to the ancient Russian custom, the common property of all the families forming the



commune, and which, in most cases, is sufficient to save its proprietors from utter destitution. Thus the formation of an extensive proletariat is scarcely possible in Russia, for all persons belonging to the working classes, even the workmen in factories, on railways, and the like, necessarily belong to some village commune, and consequently always have a house and a lot of land to fall back on in case of distress.

In 1864 the tribunals, which until then had distinguished themselves by the very reverse of justice and honesty, were subjected to a radical reform. The procedure was rendered verbal and public, the jury was instituted for criminal cases; all judges were declared irremovable except by sentence of a higher court; for petty criminal and civil cases Justices of the Peace were instituted, who are elected by the people for four years. The same year a law for the decentralization of administrative business in the provinces was adopted, instituting in every province and in every district an Assembly of Deputies elected by the local nobility, peasantry and townships. All local affairs pertaining to the sanitary, intellectual and economical condition of the people are intrusted to these assemblies, which have the right of levying local taxes and of voting the yearly budget of expenses. Last, not least, came the military reform of 1874, which subjects to the obligatory military service all Russian citizens without distinction of class or fortune.

All these reforms have given a powerful impulse to the Russian civilization. That this impulse is serious, and based upon a corresponding intellectual progress of all classes of the nation, the following facts suffice to show: There exist in Russia at the present time nine universities and sixteen special technical, medical and agricultural high schools, which contain together about 19,000 students. Every district town possesses its gymnasium or middle school (together more than 250), in which education is almost free, the fee being but 20 roubles (\$15) a year. The district and provincial assemblies since 1864 have founded twelve special seminaries for the education of schoolmasters, and have opened on the average about fifteen primary schools in every district, which gives a total of about eighty schools in each province.

This rapid sketch is, of course, extremely insufficient to show what has been done in Russia during the last twenty years. But still, from the facts we have attempted to condense in these few lines, the reader may himself deduce the right answer to the question: Is it just to represent the possible growth of Russian influence in Europe as the triumph of brutal force and barbarism?

#### UNDERGROUND TELEGRAPHS.

WHEN the system of telegraphy now in use was first discovered, it was thought to be necessary to construct a double line of communication to connect the opposite ends of the poles, and two wires were therefore put up across the country. After the lapse of a few years Steinheil announced that the earth was sufficient to carry the return current, and one of the wires was dispensed with. This was an important improvement, as it reduced the cost of material and diminished the time required to construct a line. It is a pity that Steinheil had not carried his suggestions further and pointed out a way by which the remaining wire could be buried out of sight, but various discoveries had to be made before such a course was possible. It was necessary to find an insulating material such as gutta-percha, and to invent methods by which any break in the insulation could be instantly located. This has been accomplished in recent times, and there is no longer any obstacle in the way of laying the wires underground. A new insulating compound, said to be well adapted for covering telegraph-wires, has been found in Russia. It consists of the refuse of ozokerite, mixed with india-rubber and gutta-percha. It is said to be impossible to break or crack this by fair treatment, and it is unaffected by any ordinary temperature. There are large deposits of the fossil ozokerite which are worked for the paraffine which the mineral contains. The supply is practically inexhaustible, but if it should fail, there will be no difficulty in adding to it from other sources. Paraffine has long been used as an insulator in telegraphy. It is obtained from bog head coal and from some varieties of petroleum, and was first discovered in the distillation of beech-wood tar. It is a remarkably stable and permanent substance, not affected by wet or cold, and not acted upon by ordinary chemical reagents. It can be furnished at a much less cost than gutta-percha, so that its use on long lines of wire is perfectly feasible. With such material at hand there is no longer any difficulty in securing the insulation requisite for the certain transmission of the electric current. If there were any doubts on the

subject, they ought to be set at rest by the example of the German Government. After carefully conducted experiments, the Berlin authorities have caused several lines of underground cables to be laid across the empire, already embracing a total distance of more than a thousand miles. The insulation is found to be perfect, the cost reasonable, and the advantages very great. The unsightly telegraph-poles which disfigure the streets of the city and mar the landscape of the country have been taken down. The underground lines are not affected by wind or snow or electricity in the atmosphere; this is a strong point in their favor independently of any other considerations. It is probable that the German Government will before long prohibit the setting up of any more poles either in the cities or the country. The numerous accidents which have occurred from the falling of these poles has led to great opposition to their construction, and as soon as the success of the underground system is proved beyond cavil, the poles will be banished from the land. If there are cogent reasons for complaint in Germany, what can be said for the United States? Many of our large cities are covered with a network of wires and disfigured by a forest of poles. Some of the streets are so encumbered by these eyesores that the fronts of stores and dwellings are fairly obscured by them. Whenever a heavy fall of snow occurs the wires are bent down to the ground, many of the strands are broken, and the poles are overthrown. Telegraphic communication, for the time being, is interrupted, the streets are blockaded, and the damage generally is very great. All of these nuisances, interruptions and losses can be obviated by the adoption of the subterranean lines. It is, therefore, somewhat remarkable that the telegraph companies have not proceeded to make the necessary alterations in their system of construction, and equally remarkable that the public authorities have not long since passed stringent regulations compelling them to adopt a new system. The power to control the right of way through our streets is vested in the municipal government, and no one is permitted to tear up the pavement and lay down pipes without due authority.

The case would appear to be otherwise with the suspending of wires overhead, as the various companies engaged in the diverse forms of telegraphy take possession of our thoroughfares, plant dead trees on all the corners, and make themselves generally at home on the highways in a way that bespeaks a striking disregard for life and limb, as well as for the comfort of good citizens. If the directors of these companies have not yet learned that their way of going to work is distasteful to the community and detrimental to life, it is high time they were reminded of their disregard of public sentiment. When the first line of wire ever mounted for telegraphic purposes was put up in Göttingen, about the year 1838, by Gauss and Weber, these distinguished professors applied to the municipal authorities for permission to do so; their request was granted and the experiment proved a perfect success. After the lapse of a short period of time, during a violent thunder-storm the lightning struck one of the wires (for in those days there were two) and melted it off. This was a disastrous blow for the great physicists, and they applied for permission to repair it, but much to their amazement the city authorities declined to allow them to do so. Whether the mayor, with unusual prescience, foresaw the abuse of the privilege of stretching wires across towns likely to arise in the dim future, or whether he was moved by the complaints of the peasants that the wires caused electric currents to play across the country, to the injury of their crops, has never transpired; at any rate, Gauss and Weber were obliged to remove their remaining wire, and the introduction of the telegraph was postponed a dozen years, to the detriment of mankind and the personal glory of Professor Morse. This episode in the history of the telegraph serves to illustrate our point, that the control of the upper air is as much within the province of the city government as is the soil. The old Latin proverb says: "To whomsoever the land belongs, it is his from the centre of the earth to the skies;" and so it is with the government—it controls all above and all below, and ought to exercise its power for the common benefit.

In the city of Paris the sewage, water-conduits, gas-pipes and telegraphic conductors are all laid down by one directing head, and, as a consequence, they have the best system in the world. No stench assails the nostrils, no leakage overflows the streets, no gas escapes from the mains, no heads are broken by falling telegraph-poles, but all the arrangements are perfect. The best thing that other nations can do is to copy the Paris system as far as possible. We believe that the insulated telegraph-wires, or rather cables, are there laid down in iron pipes. In case of any break in the connections, the fault can be located by means

of a galvanometer, and it is never necessary to dig up any length of line in order to repair the break. It was at first thought that, in time of mobs and riots, the populace would dig up the wires, but this is not an easy thing to do. They do not know where to search for them, and, as there are usually duplicate lines in the side streets, even if one is destroyed the other serves to keep up the communication. When the wires are suspended in the air it is easy enough to utterly destroy them; when they are concealed, the chances are altogether in favor of their preservation. Every argument would, therefore, seem to be in favor of adopting the European system of underground telegraphs, especially in our cities. They have been shown to be practical, economical, more secure, less dangerous, and in every way preferable to the cumbersome, clumsy and unsightly lines that now disfigure our country.

There would appear to be no valid reason why the poles should not be abolished, and the underground cables substituted in their stead.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM.**—As an exaggerated statement relative to the annual consumption of opium by the Chinese in the Pacific States has obtained a wide circulation, the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics furnishes the following official figures: Opium, prepared for smoking, imported into the United States during the fiscal year 1877, and on which a duty of six dollars per pound was paid, amounted to 47,428 pounds, costing at the port of shipment \$502,662, of which 46,615 pounds, costing \$494,236, came into San Francisco. During the preceding three years the average value of opium for smoking which entered into consumption in the United States was a little less than \$600,000 per annum. The addition of duty and freight will largely increase the cost of this article, but will not exceed a million dollars a year. The cost to consumers at retail will, however, considerably exceed that sum.

**A LUNAR SPECULATION.**—Mr. George R. Cather, in recounting the reasons given by Professor Newcomb before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, at Nashville, why the satellites of Mars were not sooner discovered, makes the suggestion that these satellites are of recent origin, and says: "This may be groundless, yet it is but fair, if there should be such a probability, let its weight be ever so little or great in the solution of the question, it should be stated for what it is worth. But as a reason, it is of greater importance than at first glance may be imagined; for, if it is admitted as a remotely probable reason, it suggests the profoundest problem of the age—that is, that the satellite systems of the planets have been supplied by the asteroidal belt of our planetary scheme—a theory I propounded several years ago, and which since has become a solid conviction of my mind, as careful investigation of our planetary structure has confirmed me in this opinion."

**AFFAIRS IN SITKA.**—An army chaplain recently arrived at Portland, Oregon, from Sitka, brings information of a deplorable state of affairs since the withdrawal of the troops from that place. There is now no protection, either for life or property. Not the slightest semblance of law exists, either civil, military, or naval, and there is no power whatever to restrain the lawless elements. At present there are not more than fifteen white men residing at Sitka with their wives and children, and to oppose this number there are several hundred Indians. Since the departure of the soldiers the Indians have become very bold and impudent. They get drunk and swagger about the town day and night, and have no respect whatever for the rights of the whites. Residents of Sitka informed Mr. Collins that they are in hourly fear of their lives and property, and that they intend to abandon the country as soon as possible. The Collector of Customs at that port is powerless, and his authority is utterly disregarded. The Indians have already begun to plunder the Government buildings, carrying away doors and windows, and tearing down and burning for fuel the stockade around the deserted fort, and there is no authority to interfere and prevent the demolition. Sitka Jack, the leading Indian chief in that Territory, has invited a number of northern tribes to come down to Sitka, where they will hold a grand pow-wow about the 1st of October. Among the settlers it is feared this meeting of Indians will be the signal for a general plunder of the town and probable massacre of the inhabitants. A Government steamer was at Sitka a few weeks ago, but the Indians regarded it with the utmost contempt, saying they could very easily capture it if they desired.

**AN EXTINGUISHED LAW.**—Judge Duval, in the United States District Court, sitting at Austin, Texas, has recently decided that the laws of that State prohibiting miscegenation are unconstitutional. The case was that of Lou Brown, who had been arrested under the laws of that State to answer an accusation of "marrying a person descended from negro ancestry," and upon this charge was delivered into the custody of a sheriff. Judge Duval issued a writ of habeas corpus, on which the prisoner was brought before him. There was no dispute as to the facts of the case, but the sheriff's return showed that the woman was held under an act of the Texas Legislature, passed on the 12th of February, 1855, forbidding any white person to marry a negro, or a person of mixed blood descended from negro ancestry, to the third generation inclusive. In rendering his decision discharging the woman, Judge Duval used the following language: "So far as I have been able to discover, there has been no law passed by the State of Texas since the abolition of slavery prohibiting marriages between the white and black races. The only question presented before me is, whether this act of 1855 is now in force and operative? My conclu-

sion is that it is not, because it was passed in the interest and protection of slavery, before that institution had been abolished, and when the negro was not a citizen of the United States, and because it fixes a penalty upon the white person alone. It is a prohibition based solely upon color, and operating on the white race alone. Marriage between the two races is wholly abhorrent to my sense of fitness and propriety, and I presume it would be no violation of the Constitution and laws of the United States—inasmuch as marriage is but a civil contract, to be regulated by the laws of the several States—were the State of Texas now to pass a law forbidding such marriages, under penalties extending to both races alike. But until this is done I think the matter must be considered as one of taste merely, and left for its control to the potent influence of public opinion.

**A ROMANCE REALIZED.**—The story of "Evangeline" is repeated with wonderful fidelity in all its details in the experience of a young French girl, a resident of Marseilles. She was engaged to a sailor, to whom she was to be married on his return from a voyage to New York. He did not return, and after a year she got a berth as stewardess's assistant on one of the Havre steamers, to come here in search of him. On the passage a rich American lady became interested in her story and resolved to help her find out her lover. In New York she learned that he had gone to Canada. For months she traveled about the Dominion, sometimes close on his track and again losing every clue as to his whereabouts. She returned to New York, and one day, while standing at a Broadway crossing waiting her turn to get across, she saw the object of her long search on the other side. She shrieked his name and ran into the middle of the street, but a policeman caught her and saved her from the wheels of the string of vehicles. She never again saw the Gabriel she had so long sought and so nearly found. She learned then that he had sailed for San Francisco, and so went overland to California to meet him. Arrived on the Pacific Coast, she found that her lover had fallen overboard just outside the Head, and been drowned. Meanwhile the body of a young man dressed in sailor's clothes was cast ashore on the beach, carried to the coroner's office, and, not being identified, was interred in the public cemetery. A water-soaked pocket-book was taken from the dead man, which contained only a few letters written in French and unaddressed. The girl, hearing of this, went to the coroner's office, and found that the letters were hers. The waves had tardily and partially recompensed her devoted search, and she was able to find the grave of her lover.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

A RECEIVER took charge of the Montclair and Greenwood Lake Railroad.

PROPERTY worth \$675,300 was destroyed by fire in Providence, R. I., on the 27th ult.

DURING the week ending September 29th, the price of gold in New York remained quite easy, being quoted at 103½; 103¾; 103¾ and 103.

It was reported that ex-Comptroller Connolly offers to restore \$1,000,000 for immunity from legal proceedings by the authorities of New York City and County.

A FIRE occurred in the Patent Office, at Washington, on September 24th, which destroyed a large number of valuable models and property, worth \$1,500,000.

DR. WILLIAM A. NEWELL, ex-Governor and ex-Congressman, of New Jersey, received the nomination for Governor in the Republican State Convention held in Trenton on the 25th September.

JOHN S. MORTON, President of the Permanent Exhibition, and of the West Philadelphia Railway Companies, acknowledged having issued a large quantity of fraudulent stock of the latter corporation.

JAMES MALLONY, of Milwaukee, received the Democratic nomination for Governor of Wisconsin on the 26th September. The platform opposes resumption and the financial policy of the Administration.

PRESIDENT HAYES was received by the citizens of Atlanta, Ga., on the 22d September, held a public reception at Lynchburg, Va., on the 24th, and returned to Washington on the 25th, highly delighted with his Southern trip.

THE New York State Republican Convention met at Rochester on the 26th September, and on the following day put in nomination a State ticket. Strong speeches were made by Senator Conkling, Congressman Platt and George W. Curtis. Anti-administration resolutions were adopted.

IN the Minnesota Republican State Convention Governor Pillsbury, Lieutenant-Governor Wakeland, Secretary of State Irgens, and State Treasurer Pfaender, were renominated for the third, and Commissioner Marshal, for the second term. The President's civil service and Southern policies were approved, and the early resumption of specie payments was favored.

##### Foreign.

MEHEMET ALI was outnumbered by the Russians, and forced to retreat to his former position on the Kara Lom.

M. LEVERRIER, the celebrated French astronomer and discoverer of the planet Neptune, died on the 23d September.

GENERAL GRANT was hospitably received at Newcastle, England, on the 22d September, and at Sheffield on the 26th.

A MANIFESTO written by the late M. Thiers on the political situation of France a short time before his death was published.

A BODY of 16,000 men, with food and ammunition, succeeded in cutting through the Russians and entering Plevna to the relief of Osman Pasha.

THE Satsuma rebellion in Japan terminated, and the rebel chiefs Saigo, Kirino and Murata committed suicide. A formal submission took place on the 24th ult.

SIR JOHN BENNETT was again elected to the Court of Aldermen of London, and again rejected. His constituents threaten to force the Court to receive him by electing him a third time.

THE Montenegrins continued their advance in Herzegovina, occupied Piva, and burned Blek and the surrounding villages. They defeated the Turks at Gotschko, and now hold the whole territory as far as Fotscha.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



BULGARIA.—RUSSIANS CAPTURING A HEIGHT IN THE SHIPKA PASS.



TURKEY.—GREEK REFUGEES EMBARKING AT BALTSCHIK.



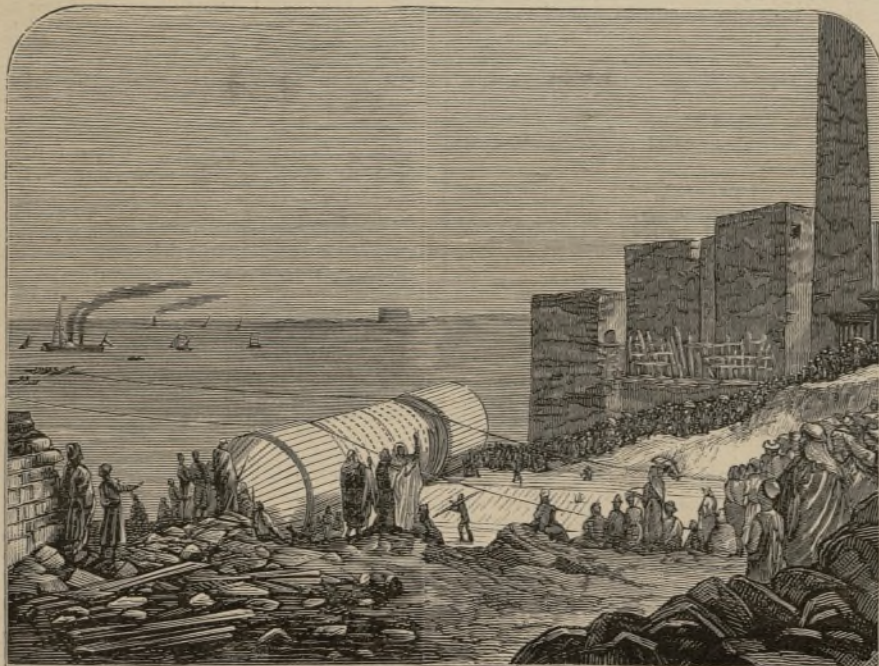
TURKEY.—BAKER PASHA LEAVING CONSTANTINOPLE FOR THE FRONT.



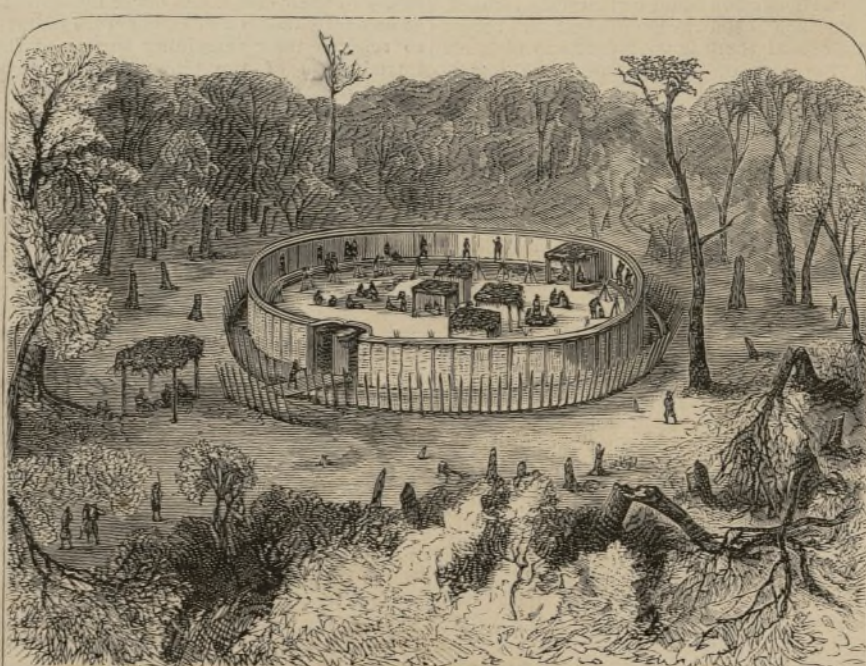
BULGARIA.—TURKS ATTACKING THE RUSSIAN POSITION IN THE SHIPKA PASS.



ASIA MINOR.—FUGITIVE TURCO-ARMENIANS ON THE ROAD TO ERIVAN.

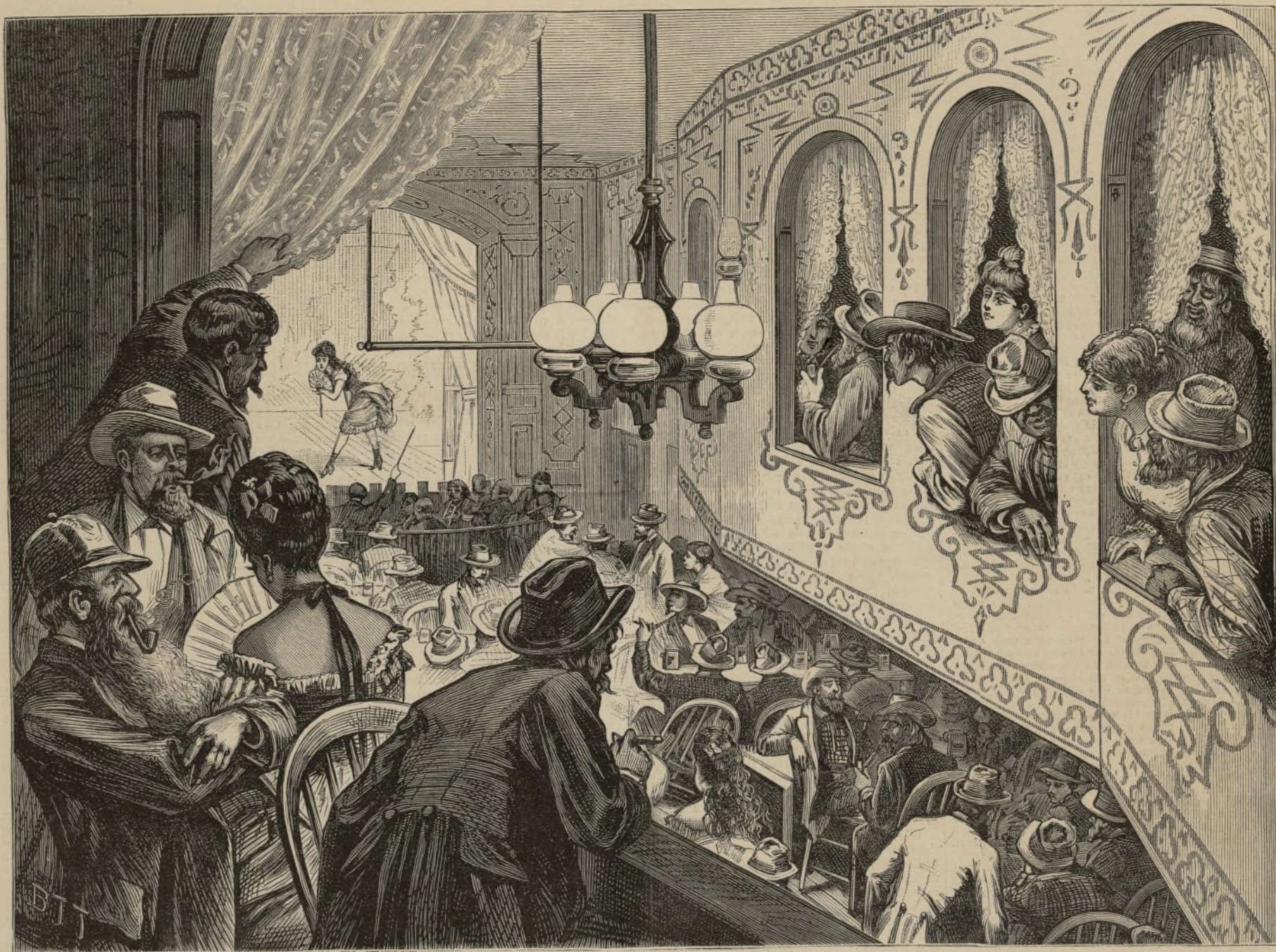


EGYPT.—LAUNCHING CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AT ALEXANDRIA FOR TRANSPORTATION TO ENGLAND.



ASIA MINOR.—A TURKISH OUTPOST IN GEORGIA.





THE WESTERN DRAMA—A VARIETY SHOW ENTERTAINMENT IN CHEYENNE.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

## THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

WESTERN LIFE AND EXCITEMENTS—"HELL ON WHEELS"—ONWARD FROM CHEYENNE TO SHERMAN.

WITH a dash of grim, suggestive humor, purely Western, Cheyenne was dubbed, in its infancy, "Hell on Wheels." Probably it no longer deserves the title; but in spite of its fine churches and the sober testimony of the guide-book to its peaceful and law-abiding populace, one cannot but suspect that the devil has still a lien on the town. Our first study of its distinctive features is by moonlight and lamplight—moonlight of the duldest, and lamplight which creates giant shadows, and throws only feeble glimmers by way of illumination; a Doré-ish sort of effect, wherein every careless street-lounger takes on the aspect of a prowling assassin, and the very dogs are clothed in the dignity of mystery. Prosaically speaking, the street-lamps are infinitesimally few and far between, and the lights hung out from shops and saloons are chiefly in the way of lurid red and blue transparencies. At every ten paces, one is confronted by a luminous sign of this sort, with the legend,

"FARO," or "KENO," in great white letters; or we are informed through the same medium that this is the "Monte Saloon," and that is the "Arcade," or the "Montana." Plenty of loungers around these doorways watch us as we pass: dirty Mexican "greasers"; savage-looking miners, high-booted and shaggy-haired; typical "roughs," with big dogs lurking at their heels; scouts in buckskin; and here and there a boy in blue, from Fort Carlin, or Russell, three miles north of the town. The sidewalks are crowded with such vagabond strollers; but it is an orderly crowd, and there is little noise and no visible drunkenness, although it seems to the casual observer that every second house hangs out the sign of a bar-room.

For two or three blocks the main street of Cheyenne keeps up a character of solid respectability, with neat brick buildings, a large hotel and an attractive show of shop-windows; but it soon drops such mimicry of the "effete East," and relapses into a bold disregard of architectural forms and proprieties. The oddest examples of this are in the two theatres, owned and "run" by an enterprising citizen, who also keeps one of the largest gambling establishments in town; and who, with the generous courtesy of a Western man, gave the ladies of our party a full exhibit of the same by daylight—the masculine members having studied it during the hours of darkness. The larger of the theatres—"variety shows" in the fullest sense of

the term—connects with the gambling-rooms and bar, in a long, low brick building, which hangs out numerous flaming red signs under the moonlight. Entering the bar-room, the curious visitor is confronted by a glittering show of chandeliers, fresh paint, cheap gilding and mirrors, and some extraordinary frescoes, supposable of Yosemite views, which blaze in every conceivable gradation of color over the bar itself. Turning to the right, we enter a passage leading to the parquette, or pit, of the theatre; a narrow flight of stairs passes up to what, in the East, would be the dress-circle; but in the Cheyenne house is a single tier of small boxes, open at the back upon a brightly lighted passage-way. At the head of the stairs is another and smaller bar, from which the waitresses procure strong drinks, to be served to order in the boxes aforesaid; and over the staircase is posted a gentle hint, couched in the words: "GENTS, BE LIBERAL"—a hint not likely to be ignored in Cheyenne, we fancy.

From these little boxes, gay with tawdry paintings and lace hangings, we look down upon as odd a scene as ever met critical New York eyes. The auditorium departs from the conventional horse-shoe pattern, and is shaped rather like a funnel, expanding at the mouth to the width of the stage. It is so narrow that we, leaning out of one box, could almost shake hands with our opposite neighbors. The trapezes, through which the wonderful

mile. Somebody is flying and frisking like a bird, are all swung from the stage to the back of the house, so that her silken tights and spangles whisk past within a hand's-breadth of the admiring audience, who can exchange civilities, or even confidences, with her in her aerial flight. Below, the floor is dotted with round tables and darkened with a sea of hats; a dense fog of cigar-smoke floats above them, and the clink of glasses rings a cheerful accompaniment to the orchestra, as the admiring patrons of the variety business quaff brandy and "slings," and cheer on the performers with liberal enthusiasm. The house, for all its cheap finery of decoration, its barbaric red and yellow splashes of paint, and bizarre Venuses and Psyches posing on the walls, is wonderfully well-ordered and marvelously clean; the audience, wholly masculine, is unconventional (let us put it courteously), but not riotous. As for the performance, it is by no means bad, and the trapeze feats are indeed exceptionally startling and well executed. The hours of the entertainment are from 8 p.m. until 2 a.m., while the doors of the connecting gambling saloon are never closed.

So three-quarters of the town are up and stirring until the stars fade. By daylight it looks more commonplace, but has its peculiar interest still, and we snatch what time we can, before the inexorable engine starts, to hurry through the dusty wooden-paved streets, and among the shabby, loose-jointed



THE TOWN OF SHERMAN, WYOMING TERRITORY, 8,242 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA—THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN CHEYENNE AND SHERMAN.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



looking shops. The streets are full this morning, for an emigrant train starts at noon, and there are four or five families camping in tents around the railroad depot. We look in at them in passing—men, women, children and household stuff crowded together inside the flapping canvas, with such a very few old battered trunks tied round with rope, and such a queer assortment of movables. One family we notice in a very new white tent, which the man has spent nearly an hour putting up in the teeth of a high wind, has a little pile of ancient brown books, much bethumbed, laid away on a packing-box; but this evidence of literary taste is exceptional.

Strolling among the shops of Cheyenne we pass a good half-hour at Josselyn & Park's, the "old established" jeweler's firm, where each of us find something to covet among the stock, and we look at moss-agates tastefully set, and heavy chains wrought of gold straight from the Black Hills, which might have come out of Tiffany's workshops. The feminine curiosity-hunters pull over a box full of unpolished agates, petrifications, arrow-heads from the Plains, and such like treasures, and secure the richest thereof at a literally nominal price; and then we turn to an ammunition-dealer's, admire his arsenal of knives and firearms, and his museum of stuffed beasts and birds, combat a strong inclination on the part of the romantic young woman to purchase a fringed leather game-pouch and belt, which would be "so convenient for carrying specimens and things," and so by slow degrees get back to the railway station again.

How loath we are to leave these stirring, crowded streets, and this quaint little world of men! Every one whom we meet is a splendid possibility for a story-writer—a walking chapter of Bret Harte—an artist's model ready draped and finished. Look at that rich dash of color in the dusty gray street—a Mexican rider on a fierce little mustang, his great white sombrero rolled up at the side, his long wild hair blown back, his scarlet cravat flying, and the wind whirling out his great blue cloak, showing the purple jacket underneath, and the silver buckled belt, stamped leather stirrups and flashing silver spurs, and the gleam of a pistol at his side—there! he has gone, with a clatter of hoofs and a cloud of dust, and no one turns to look after him except we "down-Easters," who never saw such riding before out of a traveling circus. And there comes a real Adonis of scouts, a tall, brown, broad-shouldered hero, with a dash of the dandy about him, in his weather-stained buckskin suit, fringed and beaded at the seams, the bright necktie knotted low at his handsome throat, the sealskin cap tossed to one side on the long wavy hair, and an aristocratically small foot fitted to an exquisite nicety in his cavalry boots. Our female scribblers of notes announce the fact that small feet and tight boots are essentials in the make-up of a real hero of the West; all the "Jim Bludsoes" and "Tennessee's Partners" are *bien chaussés*. They are equally enthusiastic over the good breeding of a Cheyenne crowd, wherein the variegated rough springs aside to let a woman go by, and the prettiest face that ever peeped out of a Pullman-car window is insured against rude stares. Could we boldly assert the same of a Sunday afternoon promenade on "the" avenue?

Westward once more, with Cheyenne behind us; before, a new world of red granite buttes, crowded down to the track; short, steep cañons, where we toil up-grade behind two panting engines, between ragged walls of rock; stunted pine-trees clinging here and there along the tawny ridges of the divides; far away the sharp pale-blue peaks of the Black Hills—the Wyoming Hills, not the gold-mountains of Montana—and southward, a single glittering white cone, like frosted silver, which they tell us is Long's Peak. As we pass Buford, the fourth telegraph station from Cheyenne, the Turin Mountains show their heads, peeping clear-cut above the northern horizon, and we hear how that notable terror of the frontier, Jack Slade, once had his lair in their vicinity. Heavier still grows the grade, yet we are scarcely conscious that it is so rapid, for the horizon-line sweeps level as ever, and the long, low billows of the divides seem to break no higher than before. But here we are at Sherman, and, turning to the invaluable guide-book, we read that we are 8,242 feet above the sea. If we doubted it while seated in our car, we can doubt no longer on emerging upon the plain. Such winds as these never run riot on a lower level, and though we are informed that it is "only a fresh breeze," it appears so far like a cool tornado that nobody cares to extend their walk very far over the divides. How the people of Sherman—for it has a population—manage to live in a perpetual high gale is more than the average traveler can conceive; but here we see scattered about a dozen or so of wooden houses, a little brick hotel, and the inevitable "saloons" which start up like mushrooms along the line of the frontier. No wilder or more grandly lonely landscape has yet unfolded itself before us than this vast billowy sweep of low hills, tawny with the little withered knots of buffalo grass, and gray with tiny bunches of sage; the scattered boulders of rough red-gray granite, the long line of rocky buttes against the northern horizon, bristling with stunted black pines; and, stooping down to meet it all, the flawless blue of an intense noonday sky, barren of a single cloud.

## FOUNTAIN VIOLET.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE espousals of Gratia Fairlocks and myself Adolphus Sweetlove, could not be stigmatized as mercenary. Neither of the contracting parties coveted the other's wealth. Let me be frank. We had, between us, no money at all, or less. For albeit Miss Fairlocks enjoyed a net income of one hundred and thirty pounds a year, she had impignorated that revenue for three years to come, in consideration of an immediate payment of two hundred and twenty, for the sole purpose, it would appear, of losing this latter sum in a certain undertaking which, on the eve of floating triumphantly into the market, stuck in the mud, and that of so clinging a character, that the directors are not, to this day, purged of the consequences of the immersion.

My own pecuniary resources were even less ample than Grace's. I was, to own the truth, slightly in debt, and, at the epoch of my marriage, I had at my command just thirty-five pounds sterling! For the better comprehension of the following singular tale, I must recur, very briefly, to the circumstances of my ante-nuptial life.

On the death of my parents, which occurred during my absence on service in India, I found myself in the somewhat unusual position of scarcely possessing a blood-relation in the world. I could, indeed, boast (but rarely did) of an uncle, my mother's only brother, Mr. Lewcraft. But this gentleman, for all legitimate avuncular ends, might as well have flourished in another age.

Mr. Lewcraft's country seat, Fountain Violet, was perched upon a bleak hill, overlooking the entrance of a western harbor, renowned in past days for sending forth many a hardy mariner, sometimes to defy his country's foes, sometimes its excise, for the very formation of the rocky sea-face, and the character of the adjacent country, marked it out as a spot expressly designed by the foresight of nature for an important "run."

Wherefore "Fountain Violet" no man knew. Fountain there was none; nor even a hedge or bank on the wind-swept down under which a violet could nestle. The edifice itself was, as to its outside, low-browed and forbidding; as to its interior, dark and draughty, full of echoes, strange wind-whistles, and melancholy croaking sounds, as if the aged mansion, conscious of a tendency to collapse, were debating with itself whether it should try yet another tussle with Time.

My uncle had acquired this cheerful property for a very moderate sum; the mansion, in addition to its other attractions, having the reputation of being haunted. Mr. Lewcraft was understood not to discountenance this rumor. Owing, it was whispered, to some grievous wrong or disappointment in early life, the lord of Fountain Violet lived the life of a misanthrope, and was more than suspected of being a miser too.

An avenue of stunted limes, representing almost the only vegetable life of the domain, communicated with a narrow path winding down the cliff, and ending in a little sheltered cove just within the harbor's mouth, of a size sufficient to contain any vessel up to a hundred tons. Herein lay the link that still connected Mr. Lewcraft with the outer world. He had always loved the sea, and wooed it in all its changeable moods with the serene indulgence of a lover. From a harbor-punt he had proceeded to a stout fishing wherry, and at length became the master of a splendid forty-five-ton cutter yacht, now snugly berthed in the little natural harbor just described.

On board this vessel my uncle was known to spend the greater part of his very ample leisure. What he did there, even at times when it was manifestly impossible to put to sea, was a subject of much speculation to the seafaring youth of the neighborhood, who, weatherbound themselves, devoted their idle hours to vain efforts to penetrate the proceedings of the "Ogre," for by that agreeable title was the lord of Fountain Violet popularly known, partly from his mysterious, prowling ways, partly from the fact that the unsparring dentist, Time, had, with cruel pleasantness, punched out every alternate tooth in Mr. Lewcraft's head, thereby imparting to his countenance an aspect of greed and ferocity.

Work of some sort was at all times going on in the *Cockatoo*. Gossip affirmed that Mr. Lewcraft had conceived a theory connected with the stowage of ballast, which, when perfected, would be likely to work a complete revolution in that essential feature. His table at Fountain Violet was known to be strewn with models, sketches, diagrams, calculations, all bearing upon the point in question. But the nature of the invention, or discovery, was inexorably confined to the proprietor himself, and to a certain shaggy old sea-dog, of morose manners, who had obtained his discharge from the coast-guard to take command of the *Cockatoo*.

I think I have only to add that my uncle's modest establishment, at this period, consisted of an aged cook, believed to have no other name than Louisa (by the itinerant fish-merchants, with whom she occasionally drove hard bargains, roughened into "Squeezer"), and a younger lady who did the meaner chores, and was, thanks to her prodigious stature but scraggy form, familiarly accosted as Maypole Moll.

I fly back, on Love's own wings, to my Grace. Our formal betrothment, I would here record, took place at the theatre, during a scene in which Mr. Irving (for whom, though I don't know him, I have ever since cherished a warm personal attachment), in a brisk conversation with one Lady Anne, dwelt strongly on the expediency of a sudden and definite engagement. We felt the justice of his arguments, we gazed in each other's eyes, we returned to our respective homes affianced.

Now arose the question of means. At a cabinet council, held in the beautiful gardens of the Star and Garter, Richmond, the budget was exhaustively discussed. Grace and I agreed upon that fusion of our joint possessions known among lawyers as "hotchpot." The expression is happy. It has a cheerful, domestic, simmering sound, as if in happy augury that, come what may, we should never want a dinner. Our spirits rose in proportion. Strong in our genial hotchpot, we should bid defiance to poverty, hunger, and all the lesser ills of the unprovided flesh. In this dainty little dish each was to dip at pleasure, and to repeat the process until all was gone, except twenty pounds, reserved for our marriage trip.

There was a sweet and trustful disregard of business in this arrangement, quite in keeping with our frame of mind, and it brought its own reward. If you could have seen my little blushing Grace's half-arch, half-mournful appeals to the money-box! It was as a sacred shrine, which nothing would have induced her to approach in my absence. Could tills be opened in such bewitching fashion, and five-and-sixpence be extracted by such fairy fingers, I doubt much if any injured proprietor could find it in his heart to invoke the outraged laws. When I discovered that all was gone, save the twenty pounds agreed on, I could scarcely regret that the preparation of Grace's *trousseau* had left nothing at all for mine.

"Don't you think, Adolphus," asked Grace, presently, "that it would be only kind to inform your uncle, Mr. Lewcraft, of our little plan?"

"If, by 'little plan,' you allude, Miss Fairlocks, to the trifling incident of my intended marriage, I see no particular objection, save that ink is expensive, and, having now to consider—"

"Now, be serious; how often, in the course of your life, have you written to this gentleman—your sole relation, sir?"

"Re-peatedly," was my bold reply.

"How often?" persisted my cross-examiner.

"Hem!—thrice."

"What did he answer to the first letter?"

"Nothing."

"To the second?"

"My sole relation continued mute."

"To the last?"

"Mr. Lewcraft forbade reply."

"Adolphus," said Grace, after a little pause, "to oblige me, try him once more."

"It won't come," I responded, gloomily.

"What won't come?"

"The check, love."

"As if I had been thinking of that!" said Grace, tossing back her glistening locks—ringlets, bless them, were in fashion then. "But write."

We did write—we—for it was a joint effort of authorship, Grace suggesting the matter, and I the stops; result, a pretty and catching composition, finished off with an ingenious interlacing of those names about to become one.

Grace felt confident that Mr. Lewcraft would incontinently reply, perhaps welcome us to Fountain Violet, and embrace the earliest opportunity, when alone with me—most likely over a bottle of fine old port as crusty as the owner—to say, "My dear boy, here's to you and your sweet little wife. Dolly, we have been too long estranged. Henceforth, be this your home, and, my dear fellow, regard yourself as my heir!"

Without being quite so sanguine, I was certainly conscious of a faint hope that the step we had announced to him might strike some long-silent chord in the heart of the solitary old man, which might tend to unite us more closely for the future.

An answer did arrive. On the fourth morning, I found on my breakfast-table a letter sealed with the family arms and large enough to have contained marriage settlements, or, at least drafts of the same. Could my uncle have been so generous? Venerable relative—much misunderstood! The impost demanded by the postal authorities had been twopence, an excess into which Mr. Lewcraft must have been betrayed on no slight grounds. Impatient as I was, I determined that Grace should be the first recipient of the news, and hurried off, breakfastless, to her home. My darling's eyes sparkled like sapphires, as they lit on the imposing seal. With a glance of timid triumph she tore it open. Out dropped a neatly-folded sheet of thick cartridge-paper, such as is occasionally used for folding up tobacco. Blank? Not quite. In the centre of a page appeared, in my uncle's crabbed characters, his nuptial blessing:

"More fools you!"

"Old br—"

At the end of three weeks, certain symptoms in our money chest seemed to suggest the expediency of deciding upon our future course, hitherto only vaguely referred to as an intention to return to London and "buckle to."

"If my figures be correct," I observed to my wife, after some certain calculations, "we may take another week, and arrive, Mrs. Sweetlove, in the metropolis, with sufficient resources to defray a cab to—well, say anywhere within the four-mile radius—and there commence our career of usefulness with—let me see—yes—exactly fifteen shillings."

Grace appeared to regard this prospect as, on the whole, rather satisfactory.

"Remember, dearest," she observed, cheerfully, "that in less than two years and a half we shall be rich. I regain my income, you know."

"In which interval," I said, with another hasty calculation, "our existing means will supply us with, for the first two years, something under one farthing a day, for the succeeding half year, nil! Hang this fifteen shillings! I disdain the provision. It pays no interest. As capital it is insufficient. Far better rely upon that hardly-earned, whose every step must of necessity be in the direction, at least, of affluence."

"Dolly, dear, how clever you are!" exclaimed Grace. "I never thought of that before!"

During our absence from the busier haunts of men, there had occurred in London an incident unexampled in its nature, and destined to exercise considerable influence on our future lot.

Mr. Lewcraft, who had never within the memory of any one of his neighbors been known to leave Fountain Violet except to put to sea, suddenly appeared in the metropolis, and presented himself to the astonished gaze of his solicitor and agent, Mr. Tobias Earwaker, Cophthall Court, city-rents.

Why, did Mr. Earwaker turn so pale, and grip the arms of his office-chair as if he had been confronted by a spectre? To say truth, his old client's appearance was not reassuring. White and worn, with a harassing cough, and a strange, wistful glitter in his restless eyes; clad in a long brown coat, threadbare, and hanging about his attenuated frame like that on a scarecrow, Mr. Lewcraft stood there, the very personification of the eager, wealthy, but dying miser, clinging to the last to his idol, gold, yet fearfully conscious that it must, within the briefest space, be to him less, or worse, than nothing.

Nor, when my uncle spoke, was the hoarse, sepulchral voice—therefore not unpleasant, and full of the melody of money—out of keeping with his changed exterior.

Mr. Earwaker, recovering himself, rose hastily. "My dear, good sir! this is indeed a pleasant surprise!"

"Perhaps, Earwaker, the pleasure may be diminished when I—"

A cough interrupted the speaker, and he sank into a chair.

"Aha! how is that, my good friend?" asked the lawyer, in whose voice a slight tremor might be detected. "By-the-way, how well you are looking?"

"If what is called 'daylight,' in Cophthall-court, gave you any title to judge of a man's looks, I should say you were a flatterer, Earwaker," croaked my uncle. "Tut, man! you may read death in my face. But to business. I am here, Earwaker, to tender you my very sincere acknowledgments for the ability and integrity with which you have managed my numerous investments, and to relieve you of all further duties respecting them."

"I was in hopes, sir, that your visit was rather with the intention of adding to them," said the lawyer. "Curiously enough, I had been just examining a list, newly prepared for your inspection, of—I really think—the very soundest and most promising—"

"No matter," interrupted Mr. Lewcraft. "My

mind is fully made up. I am about to realize every shilling."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the other, with a sort of gasp, as one who has received a shower-bath. "But, sir, the prices—"

"I'll take my chance. Everything sold for the next account. You will merely hand over the scrip, etcetera."

"I should surely watch my opportunity, sir."

"Don't I tell you, my good friend, the thing is done?" asked my uncle, with some impatience. "Everything is sold for the next account; here is a duplicate list." And he produced a paper wherein every description of stock, shares, etc., in Earwaker's custody, belonging to Mr. Lewcraft, was noted down in a very clerical fashion, indeed.

"Sold!" echoed the lawyer, faintly. "You have, then, already instructed Bilkham—?"

"Passing his office, I thought I might as well save you that trouble," said Mr. Lewcraft, indifferently.

"I shall, of course, observe your directions. But, excuse me, my good friend, have you reflected on the serious loss of income? So much money—let us, at a rough guess, call it sixty thousand—lying dead, sir, dead!" remonstrated the lawyer.

"What is dead is beyond misfortune, Earwaker," said my uncle, with a grin so peculiar and sinister that it almost appalled the other. "Banks break, stocks fall, schemes collapse, men rob. For whatever time is left me here, I will know no banker but myself."

"My dear sir, you astonish me."

"Prepare to be still more astonished," said my uncle, quietly. "Be good enough to remit to me the proceeds of these several sales, as far as practicable, in specie."

"In specie! Sixty thousand—"

"If you will be the bearer yourself, Earwaker," said Mr. Lewcraft, with grim politeness, "you will be a welcome visitor—my first—to Fountain Violet."

"Mad, or a miser," pondered the lawyer, bowing his thanks, with a troubled smile.

"One last surprise for you, Earwaker," resumed my uncle. "I have made my will."

"Not, I trust, without professional aid, my dear sir? Take heed. You know the proverb!"

"I could not consult you for a reason," replied Mr. Lewcraft, apologetically. "Providence has, you know, left me singularly bare of those not-unmixed blessings, blood-relations. There remains but one, my nephew, Adolphus Sweetlove, between whom and myself little correspondence has been wasted, and no love lost at all. That young gentleman, possessing nothing himself, has lately married a young lady of equal fortune. He wrote not seeking my approval, but coolly advising me of his intended marriage. My acknowledgement was brief, almost epigrammatic," said my uncle, with a hoarse chuckle. "The parties married, and are, I conclude, subsisting on the hope that a relationless old uncle, in despair of better channels for his posthumous wealth, might bequeath a portion to them. It was natural. I could not bring myself wholly to disappoint these anticipations. Now this nephew of mine is a fine gentleman—is what is now recognized, I am informed, in courtly circles, as a swell. Well, sir, I have a yacht, a fine vessel, that has cost me," continued Mr. Lewcraft, with a wry face, "much, and is, from the secret of construction she carries about with her, more valuable than anything of her tonnage afloat. I left Adolphus my yacht, bequeathing all else that I possess to—to—"

My uncle paused, and slowly extended his hand. As the other took it, his heart seemed to stand still. There was no mistaking Mr. Lewcraft's tone.

"Yes," resumed the latter, pressing the lawyer's cold, thin digits affectionately, "yes, Earwaker, my friend of thirty years, to whose sound advice my financial prosperity is mainly due; who, better than yourself, would have earned this proof of friendship?"

"Would have!" thought Earwaker, with a shiver.

"However, on reconsidering the matter, I judged it more expedient to apply a test. Dividing my possessions as I intended, I have reserved to Captain Sweetlove the option of taking either yacht or mansion, with the contents of either, as his taste may suggest. And I think I can guess what will be his decision! Ha! my time is up. Within a few days, then, Earwaker, I shall look for you, you human argosy, at Fountain Violet."

With these words my uncle took his leave.

"I think I could hazard a guess as to that gentleman's errand!" was the frank remark of another client of Mr. Earwaker's, who had been biding his time in the ante-room. It was young Pogson, a medical man, who had just purchased a practice in the neighborhood.

"The deuce you could! And what?"

"To execute his last will and testament!" said Mr. Pogson, poking his friend and legal adviser playfully in the ribs. "That man has not three months to live."

Mr. Earwaker looked at him but made no reply.

(To be concluded next week.)

FUNERAL OF THE LATE M. THIERS.

M. ADOLPHE THIERS, the historian, statesman and ex-President of the Republic of France, who died on the 3d of September, was buried in Père-la-Chaise Cemetery, Paris, on the 5th.

The room in which M. Thiers died is a small *salon* at the end of the new wing of the Pavillon Henri IV., overlooking the Seine. It contains two windows, one opening on the Rue du Château-Neuf, and the other on the garden attached to the hotel. Between these two windows stands the fireplace, opposite it a sofa, and here and there around the room are placed a few chairs. It was in that small *salon* that M. Thiers breakfasted; it was there that, after having become unconscious, he was undressed and laid upon the small, red-covered camp-bed which accompanied him wherever he went; it was there that he expired at six o'clock in the evening. His body was left there until the following day, when it was removed to the large *salon* of the hotel, which was transformed into a temporary chapel. Our illustration shows the dead statesman lying upon the bed in the little *salon*, with his head slightly raised upon a pillow. His arms are placed



outside the coverlet, and a large crucifix is on his breast. Over the foot of the bed was thrown the red tartan shawl he was accustomed to wear around his shoulders whenever the cold made its use necessary.

It had been announced that, by order of President MacMahon and his Government, there would be a State funeral at the Hospital of the Invalides. But the family and personal friends of M. Thiers, pleading his own express desire, chose to have the funeral conducted in the ordinary manner, at private cost. They would have consented to let the religious service be performed at the Church of the Madeleine, for the more ample accommodation of a very large number of spectators; but this was refused by the Archbishop of Paris, M. Guibert, so that it was in the small parish church of Notre-Dame de Lorette that the solemn ceremony took place, before conveying the body to the cemetery. As a precaution against disturbance of the peace, troops were kept ready in several of the Paris barracks, and the Ministry sat at the Elysée Palace on Saturday morning, receiving frequent telegraphic reports of the state of the city; but there was not the slightest disorder throughout the day.

At half-past ten o'clock, the gates of M. Thiers's mansion in the Place St. Georges were opened to the persons invited and provided with cards. About this time the hearse appeared before the gate of the hotel. It was a magnificent car, with silver stars glittering on its black cloth, with its massive wheels, its four allegorical figures at the corners, and its six jet-black horses. But what especially distinguished this car from ordinary hearses was the profusion of flowers, wreaths and bouquets under which it literally disappeared, for every flower and every bouquet was a mark of reverence from a part of France.

At half-past eleven the courtyard, the gardens and the drawing-rooms of the house contained as many as they could hold of those who were to follow the cortege. At this moment, two by two, eight porters, each carrying on his shoulder a black staff edged with silver, bearing wreaths of flowers and immortelles, for which there had not been room on the car, ranged themselves on each side of it. Four other porters, each carrying a cushion bearing M. Thiers's decorations, placed themselves behind the car; then came the servants and the family. The funeral procession was about to commence. Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador, his head uncovered, was standing in the rain, and only replaced his hat when the coffin was laid on the car. No other chief of the diplomatic missions being at this moment in Paris, the *Chargés d'Affaires*, or First Secretaries of the Embassies and Legations, ranged themselves behind Prince Orloff, who wore the grand chain of the Legion of Honor. The members of the family and the persons invited by them, as also the members of the Institute, followed, and the funeral-car advanced towards the little church of Notre-Dame de Lorette. The Senators, ex-Deputies and different deputations walked behind it; the deputation from St. Germain, where M. Thiers died, was allowed to precede the cortege, carrying the enormous tricolor flag of that town. Among the deputations was one from the town of Bellort, in Alsace, which M. Thiers succeeded in preserving to France when all the rest of that province was given to Germany. A squadron of cavalry led off the procession, a funeral band followed, and soldiers, their muskets lowered, lined the cortege on each side.

The church, though small, is of harmonious proportions, and was admirably decorated. Its walls and pillars were veiled by black drapery spotted with silver. Escutcheons bearing the letter "T" appeared at intervals; an imposing catafalque, the summit of which rested on four columns with silver capitals, rose from a dais to the roof, its four immense draperies forming a cross, and joining the four corners of the nave. Four statues, life-size, leaned on the columns, and hundreds of wax-lights threw a soft light on the whole congregation.

The religious service in the church of Notre-Dame de Lorette was ended at one o'clock, and the procession set out for the cemetery of Père-Lachaise. Its route was along the entire north side of central Paris, from the west to the east end. The hearse entered the cemetery, and passed a short distance on the main avenue, where the coffin was taken from it, and was borne along a sidewalk, followed on foot by the family and friends, to a small edifice, in the form of a chapel, which is the private vault of the "Famille Dosne-Thiers," that is to say, of the united families of M. Thiers and his wife. All the floral crowns and bouquets were here deposited by their bearers. The priest now recited the concluding prayers of the service for the dead; after which five speakers addressed the mourners and visitors, as is customary in France, with some observations upon the character of the deceased, and the assemblage dispersed.

#### SIoux CHIEFS IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

(Continued from front page.)

Meanwhile the whites are crowding in upon the Indian reservations, and General Crook fears an outbreak unless the present chiefs can be satisfied. Arrangements were made in the East Room for the conference, a circle of chairs being formed on the south side, the President occupying a place on the outer range in full view of the Indian visitors. The Indians arrived a few minutes before noon. They were in full costume, with a plentiful application of paint and ornaments of feathers. Four interpreters—half-breeds—accompanied them. The President and nearly all the Cabinet soon after appeared. The Indians were severally presented to him by name, the ceremony being conducted by Lieutenant Clark, Spotted Tail being the first introduced. Some of them merely shook hands with much gravity, while others broadly smiled and uttered enthusiastic "hows." White Tail was particularly happy to shake hands with the President, and several times exclaimed: "How d'ye do! how d'ye do!" before releasing the President's hand.

After the ceremony of introduction Mr. Welsh addressed the President, saying that the Indians had asked him to present their case. They wished to thank him for his interest in their behalf, and for the evidence of his desire to be President of all the people. These red men claimed to be his children, and therefore had a claim upon his generosity and justice. They had some regrets to utter, and some requests to make. They complain of the frequent changes in the superintendencies, and say that permanent officers would give them great advantages, and this they asked. They say it would be as unwise to make frequent changes in the Coast Survey as in the Indian superintendencies; but the special subject of their visit is to present their objections to removing to the Missouri. They had reasons for not going there, and think that the only purpose of the Government was to drive them into the river. They could not there become civilized, as their women would become corrupt, and other evils follow to the men by the influence of bad white men. Therefore, something should be done to save

them. They want to remain where they are, and be authorized to select lands, the Government to assist them in agricultural pursuits. They were all anxious for civilization, and want to become citizens at the earliest possible time.

The Ogallallas were then heard, Red Cloud being the first speaker. After shaking hands with the President, he delivered an oration through the interpreter, and at its close shook the President's hand a second time and resumed his seat. He was followed in turn by Big Road, who then made his *début* into civilization: Little Wound, Little Big Man, who was stabbed by the late chief Crazy Horse, when the latter was resisting imprisonment at Sydney, Neb., on the 5th; Iron Crow, Three Bears, American Horse, Young-Man-afraid-of-his-Horses, Yellow Bear, and He Dog. Spotted Tail spoke on Friday, and was responded to by the President.

Black Coal, of the Arrapahoes, next spoke, his interpreter being Friday, a native of that tribe. The orator, like those who preceded him, asked for all the appliances of civilization: the whites use, and particularly food and annuities. The conference here closed, the President saying he had much business to attend to, but would be glad to see them all the next morning. The Indians were then separately presented to Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Crook by Lieutenant Clark, and to Secretaries Evans and Mcrary, Attorney-General Devens, Postmaster-General Key, and others. After this the Indians left the Executive Mansion in omnibuses.

#### A Journalistic Outfit.

The special correspondent of the *Paris Temps* communicates to his paper the following list of articles with which war correspondents accompanying the Russian army in Asia must be supplied: 1. A passport from the general Staff, with which, immediately upon his arrival, the correspondent has to present himself to the Chief of the Corps or detachment which he means to accompany. By means of it he is, for instance, to have each telegram and letter acknowledged by the general Staff. 2. A number of photographs of himself for the chiefs of the different corps and detachments. One of them he is to keep, in doubtful cases as to his identity, to compare with the rest. 3. An emblem in the form of a shield, in the centre of which the letter K is affixed to a black and yellow ribbon. This mark is worn in the button-hole, to serve as a passport that he may walk about without being molested. 4. A "Padrojoia," or march route of the Government, whereby the correspondent may secure post-horses at each relay, except in cases of *vis major*. 5. An "Atkotoi List," entitling him to an escort, he being obliged to have with him a Cossack or Tshapur, for safety's sake. 6. A private servant, versed, if possible, in several languages. 7. A double-barreled gun, for occasional hunting, the right barrel for shot, while the left is rifled, adapted to the shooting of balls, also a revolver and a dirk-knife. 8. A European saddle for himself and one for his servant, with bridle and bit. 9. A tent with a Persian carpet and hammock. 10. A "bourdonk," with at least six "tunks" of cachetic wine. "Bourdonk" is a sort of canteen made out of the whole skin of a hog, or the hide of a ram or ox, retaining the shape of the animal. A "tunk" holds five bottles. 11. A large pair of saddle-bags full of provisions, preserves, tea, sugar, cognac, etc., etc., tin plates, table-set, and everything required to sustain life in a perfectly wild country: cigars, cigarettes and tobacco. 12. Quinine and extract of genti. 13. A very handy portfolio, with writing material. 14. As little baggage for himself as possible; a warm overcoat and blanket are indispensable in the mountains and at night. 15. A black suit of clothes, vest, pantaloons, white cravat, light-colored gloves, and a hat for wear and tear. 16. A number of articles impossible to be mentioned. 17. Money—Russian half-imperials, Turkish medschidjes, which are twenty-franc pieces; the Russian paper money, if possible, must be of recent date, being better current. The Russian army passes gold coin. The correspondent is also to be supplied with a goodly quantity of Russian silver change. He is to find room for all of the articles mentioned in a telega, i. e., a vehicle used in that part of the world. The most essential is not to be forgotten, which, strange to say, is Persian insect-powder.

#### Slow and Sure.

HASTE in making one's plans is less valuable than slowness and sureness in the consideration, and all due speed and promptitude in carrying them out. Hasty impressions of things are as certain to be wrong as hasty impressions of people; and that half knowledge that results from a superficial scamper through places is almost worse than no knowledge at all. Undue haste, indeed, which must not be confounded with energetic action wisely considered and powerfully performed, is a form of unwisdom to be deprecated wherever met with, and is sure never to come to good ends. It is better to go up-stairs step by step with safety, if a little slowly, than to break your shins by mounting two at a time and tumbling over your own feet; and it is better to come down at a sensible and rational speed than to make one stride, and that a long one, from the top to the bottom, with a broken neck or a bruised back as the result of your over-speed. It is better to go quietly up the mountain than to rush along at railroad pace and lay the foundations of a heart-disease in consequence; and in all things "slow and sure" goes further than "rash and swift," and the accomplishment of the end is more important than the quickness of the means by which that accomplishment may be brought about, but also may be entirely frustrated instead.

#### Editions of the Bible.

MR. STEVENS, who has arranged and catalogued in chronological order the numerous Bibles and parts of Bibles exhibited at the Caxton Exhibition, in London, being fully qualified for the task by the attention he has paid to the subject during more than a quarter of a century, as the result of his labors tells us that he has a printed list of some 30,000 Bibles, representing about 35,000 volumes, published between the discovery of printing and the present time. He also tells us, what will astonish most readers, that between the invention of printing, in 1450, and the discovery of America, in 1492, "the editions of the Bible alone and the parts thereof, in many languages and countries, will sum up not far less than 1,000, and the most of these of the largest and costliest kind." We are inclined to think that there is exaggeration in this statement. Still, the activity of the early printers in Bible production was great, and it soon extended itself to

translations in the vernacular languages of Europe. "Prior to the discovery of America," says Mr. Stevens, "no less than twelve grand patriarchal editions of the entire Bible, being of several different translations, appeared from time to time in the German language, to which add the two editions by the Otmars, of Augsburg, of 1507 and 1518, and we have the total number of no less than fourteen distinct large folio pre-Reformation or anti-Lutheran Bibles. No other language except the Latin can boast of anything like this number."

#### A Coat Lined with Money.

A WAR correspondent writes: "Comedy goes side by side with tragedy here as everywhere, and even at a time like this men can laugh. A Jew, who has come down from Eski-Saghra, is in a condition of much perplexity about the means to be adopted for the recovery of a stolen coat. Anticipating evil times in Eski-Saghra, the Jew had sewn up his money in the lining of his heaviest fur overcoat, and with this held himself ready to leave town at any moment. Somehow when the dreaded time arrived he missed the coat, and had to come down here without it. Walking about the streets of Adrianople, he described this very coat upon the shoulders of a big Circassian, with whom he entered into humble parley for its recovery, professing to have taken a great fancy to it, and offering a most un-Jew-like price for it. While he pretended to examine and admire the fur, he ascertained by touch that his money remained undisturbed. The Circassian declined to sell, and the Jew then put in a claim as owner of the coat, and succeeded in bringing the Circassian before the governor of the town. The governor declined to consider the Jew's claim proved, and that hapless Hebrew is now following the Circassian like a second shadow, beseeching him with perpetual iteration to strike a bargain. It rests on Rochefoucauld's authority that a man can always enjoy the misfortunes of his friends, and the friends of this especial Hebrew seem to find some consolation for their own sorrows in watching and laughing at the countless ruses and manoeuvres with which Jewish ingenuity inspires the hunter of the coat."

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

##### The Fighting in the Shipka Pass.

The Shipka Pass has as yet been the scene of the sharpest fighting of the present Russian campaign. When upon the advance of Suleiman Pasha General Gourko retired from the south of the Balkans into the pass, he was promptly followed by the Turkish commander, who evidently cherished a hope of speedily obtaining possession of the Russian position, and of thus driving the invader northwards into the arms of Osman and Mehmet Ali Pashas. In this, however, notwithstanding repeated attacks and the undoubted bravery of his men, who are without doubt the flower of the Ottoman Army, he unmistakably failed. The seven days' fighting, which began on August 21st, terminated with the aggregate loss of some 17,000 or 20,000 lives, and with little advantage gained on either side. As may be seen in our pictures in this issue, the Shipka Pass is not a pass at all in the proper sense of the term. There is no gorge, no defile between high walls of rock, but simply a section of the Balkans of less than the average height, the surface of which, from the Jantra River on the north to the Tundja Valley on the south, is sufficiently continuous to afford a practicable road. On either side of this ridge, which was held by the Russians, are various hollows and valleys, which, however, are not continuous, while occasionally the ridge is flanked by a spur of a mountain higher than itself, furnishing an admirable point whence the Turks could shell the Russian positions. The Turkish infantry, being massed together in the valley unperceived, would thence suddenly attack the ridge with the hope of carrying it by assault, and the Russians at one time, before General Radetzky arrived, were in great danger of being completely surrounded. The Russians on their side would frequently attack the Turkish positions on the heights with varying success—the ultimate result being that the Russians gained possession of the crest formerly occupied by the Turks on their right wing—the Turks falling back on to the next ridge.

##### Greek Refugees Embarking for Varna.

Among our foreign war pictures this week is one showing the embarkation of a large number of Greek women and children at the port of Baltschik, to go on board the Austrian Lloyd's Company's steamer *Austria*, which was engaged by the European Consuls to convey them to Varna. They were all that survived of the Christian population of Kavarna, a small town about ten miles east of Baltschik, which had been inhabited partly by Turks and partly by Greeks. We are informed that in July, when the Russian troops entered the Dobrukscha, large parties of Circassians and Nogay Tartars, retreating from the Dobrukscha, came down upon these sea-coast towns, which had been abandoned by the Turkish Governors. They were armed with the Henry-Martini or Winchester rifles, for the service of the Turkish Government; but, instead of using these against the Russian invader, they chose to pillage the Sultan's Christian subjects. The Turkish inhabitants of Kavarna would not exert themselves to protect their Christian neighbors. These made vain attempts at resistance, but were soon overpowered; the men were either slaughtered or put to flight, their houses were plundered and burnt, but their women and children, as many as could escape from the town, found refuge in the caves along the seashore at Cape Kalakra. These are the people whom we see at Baltschik, crowding the boats in the harbor, eager to quit the land in which they have suffered terribly from the ferocious and licentious rage of their fellow-subjects, under the Sultan's reign.

##### Baker Pasha Leaving Constantinople for the Front.

Shortly after Mehmet Ali Pasha replaced Abdul-Kerim Pasha as Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish forces, Baker Pasha, who for some time past had been organizing a force of Turkish gendarmes, was given command at the front, and ordered to the headquarters at Shumla, together with several of the British officers who were serving with him. We give a picture representing him bidding adieu to his wife on board the Austrian Lloyd's steamer which was to convey him to Varna. Since his arrival in camp Baker Pasha has done good service, and is much loved by his men, who say that the "English Pasha" tells them to "follow" and not to "go on, like many of his Turkish colleagues." In the battle on the Lom he fought with great bravery, and has since been decorated with the Osmanieh.

##### Fugitive Armenians.

Owing to the pillage and cruelties committed by the irregular Circassian troops of the Turkish army, notwithstanding all the efforts of Mukhtar Pasha to prevent them and punish the offenders, there has been a general exodus of the Armenians and other Christians from many of the villages on the borders of the Caucasus to the Russian lines, where they hoped to find a sure pro-

tection. Our sketch depicts a train of the fugitives, who are hurrying to the Russian camp with as much of their household goods as they can manage to carry off with them.

##### Launching Cleopatra's Needle.

As our readers are already aware, the Khédive of Egypt some months ago presented this famous obelisk to the English Government. The operation of launching it began on August 28th, and two days later the obelisk, inclosed in the iron cylinder which had been prepared for its reception, and which has been already illustrated by us, was successfully launched. The needle in its iron case was towed round to the harbor for the fittings to be completed, and proved very steady at sea. The length of the cylinder is ninety-two feet, and its diameter fifteen feet. The iron ship has a draught of nine feet, and a displacement of 280 tons. Our picture represents the first day's proceedings, when the rolling of the huge monster into the sea was begun.

##### A Turkish Outpost in Georgia.

The Turkish soldier, according to trustworthy accounts, is enduring and brave, and even in a lonely outpost in the midst of a thick forest, surrounded on all sides by enemies, as was the case with the advanced pickets of the camp at Tchamchira, he appears perfectly at home and cheerful. Our illustration shows one of these advanced posts on the rising ground in the rear of the camp. It is very neatly constructed, and strong to a degree that none but a military man would suppose. It is oval in shape, and the sides are formed in the following manner: Two rows of palisades are driven deep into the ground, and these being wattled together, the space between is filled with earth well rammed down, so that the structure becomes like a solid wall. Outside is a wide ditch, fringed with a row of sharpened stakes, and inside a few low huts, constructed of boughs, offer shelter to the men on guard. The sentries are posted in the trees, care being taken to render them as invisible as possible to the enemy by an arrangement of leaves and branches. Small holes are left here and there for the rifles to pass through when repelling an attack.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SEVEN thousand emigrants have arrived in Oregon this year.

A FRENCH paper observes that philosophers pass their lives in not believing in what they see, and in trying to guess at what they don't see.

—THE carriage which was presented to Daniel Webster thirty-two years ago, and was afterwards presented to President Pierce, is now owned by a hotel proprietor in Laconia, New Hampshire.

—A FARMER was asked why he did not take the newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."

—THERE is a publishing house at Stettin, Germany, which has existed for 300 years. It is that of the Hesselands, which was established in 1577, and a history of which has just appeared.

—ON a grave-stone at South Seabrook, Mass., is the following inscription: "Be she dead—are she gone—is I left here all alone—yes, I am, cruel fate, how unkind to take she and leave I behind."

—THE Palace of the Kings of Babylon is still so called by the natives under the name of the Kar. It is a vast mass, 700 feet each way. The walls are eight feet thick, one within another, and are strengthened with buttresses.

—HONOLULU travelers visiting the crater of Kilauea during the first week of September, represent it as very active and brilliant. The old South lake was, on the 10th September, about 1,000 feet in length and 600 feet in width, boiling and spouting.

—IT is said that Paris is now the scene of more suicides than any other city in the world. Lately there have been not less than three cases a day. On Saturday, July 7th, eight persons attempted to destroy themselves, and these were of an age ranging from ten years to sixty.

—A TRAMP applied to a lady in Des Moines for something to eat, and, to the inquiry why he didn't go to work, said there was not any chance to work at his trade now. The lady asked what his trade was. "Shoveling snow," was his confident answer. He got his dinner.

—WOODED land receives more rain than bare land in its immediate neighborhood. Pine forests attract more moisture than other forests. Pine-trees also retain in their branches more than half of the rain which falls on them, while leafy trees permit more than half of the rainfall to reach the earth immediately.

—IRISH moss is gathered in the bay near Scituate, Mass. The water is clear, and the "mossers" in their boats can easily see to gather with long rakes bunches clinging to the rocks below. The preparation of the moss for market consists simply of washing and packing. Brewers use it largely instead of higher-priced isinglass.

—AN immense cave has been discovered in Josephine County, Oregon. It has been found to be over five miles in extent, and the exploration is not yet completed. The stalactite formation overhead is said to be unique, being similar to that in other caves of which more is known. A party will shortly make a thorough investigation of this mammoth cavern.

—THE London West India Docks, in the Isle of Dogs, formed in 1800 and in 1802, cover sixty-eight acres, and the buildings, etc., seventy-two more. They cost \$1,500,000, and hold 204 vessels. The shed near the quays is a quarter of a mile long, and the framework and supports are wholly iron. Beneath are extensive vaults for rum and spirits, wholly lighted by daylight reflectors and reflections.

—IN connection with the celebration of the Fourth Centenary of the Tübingen University, there has recently been published in Germany a photo-lithographic reproduction of the early Hebrew manual discovered in the British Museum. This work, by Conrad Pelican, is at once the first Hebrew grammar written by a Christian, and the first book printed with Hebrew type in Germany. It dates from about 1500.

—AN engineer of a train coming into Paterson (N. J.) the other day was horrified to see a boy deliberately take off his coat, turn down his collar, and lay down on the track with his neck across the rail. The scared man screamed on his whistle, shut down the brakes, reversed the engine, and stopped the train, just in time to see the boy rise and retreat, with fingers to his nose. The train will not be stopped next time.

—THE curious fact has recently been pointed out that at every beat of the heart the whole body is projected a small but perfectly observable distance in a direction from foot to head—that is, so that any pressure exercised by the feet would undergo a diminution, while a pressure exercised by the head would be increased. When the heart contracts, a quantity of blood is propelled down the aorta, while at the same time, the whole body is caused to recoil with a velocity which bears the same ratio to the velocity of the blood as the weight of blood driven out bears to the weight of the body.





THE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS.



THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE IN THE SMALL SALON IN THE PAVILION HENRI IV., AT ST. GERMAIN.



THE DOSNE-THIERS TOMB IN THE PÈRE-LACHAISE CEMETERY.

FRANCE.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE EX-PRESIDENT THIERS, IN PARIS, SEPTEMBER 8TH.—SEE PAGE 86.



LAUNCH OF THE  
"AMBASSADRESS."

THE new schooner-yacht *Ambassadors*, built by David Carl, at City Island, for William B. Astor, was launched successfully on Saturday, September 22d. She is the largest yacht ever built in this country, and, with one exception, the largest yacht in the world. Her dimensions are: Length, 148 feet; beam, 29 feet; depth of hold, 12 feet and 3 inches.

On the starboard side of the companionway is the captain's room; large wine-lockers and a chart-room are opposite. The main saloon is 21 x 23 feet in dimensions, and is separated from the after-cabin by sliding-doors. On the starboard side are three state-rooms connecting with the bath-room. The size of the owner's room is 14 x 11 feet. There are other state-rooms on the port side, making six in all. The cabin extends the entire width of the yacht; after this comes the officers' mess-room, and the cabins of the first and second mate of the yacht. The mainmast is ninety-three feet in length and foremast ninety-one feet. She has two entire suits of canvas, one for cruising and one for racing, the latter not to be finished until the return of the craft from her Winter cruise. In the racing suit she will spread at one time about 6,000 yards of canvas. Her frame consists of white and live oak, chestnut, hackmatack and Long Island locust, and she has ninety tons of iron ballast. The yacht will register 468 tons, carpenter's measurement. Her bow is ornamented with elaborate scroll-work, in the forward part of which is the medallion head of a woman, the figure-head proper being the arm of a woman holding a missile in her hand. The name on the stern forms an inverted arch, with the letters "N. Y.," in gilt, in monogram above it, with elaborate gilt scroll-work across the taffrail.

The *Ambassadors* is said to be an admirable sea-boat, and a vessel in which Mr. Astor can safely take his family into any waters. She will be entered in the New York Yacht Club, and will be fitted in racing trim next season. Mr. Astor intends taking a Southern trip during the Winter.

Upon her deck at the time of the launch were the artists, Miss Corina Goodell, Miss Gertie Emanuel, Señor Ferranti and Señor Caragani. Accompanying this party were Mr. S. Decatur Horton, with his sisters, Misses Lizzie and Annie Horton, of City Island, near neighbors of Mr. Carl. The visitors were, after the launch, shown all through the yacht by her captain, S. W. Freestone. The usual ceremony of breaking a bottle of champagne over the stern was performed by Miss Marion Horton.

NEW ARMORY FOR THE SEVENTH  
REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y.

THE corner-stone of the new Armory for the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., will be laid

with interesting ceremonies on Thursday, October 4th. The building will occupy the whole of the block bounded by Fourth and Lexington Avenues and Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh Streets.

For several years the officers and members of the Seventh Regiment have realized the necessity

of an armory in the upper part of the city, and have anxiously sought for a site for that purpose. It was not until the year 1873 that it was determined to accept as a site for a new armory this block of ground. It had been believed that this was too far up-town; but a map, carefully pre-

pared, showing the residences of officers and members, demonstrated the fact that, at that time, a considerable majority resided nearer to Sixty-sixth Street than to Tompkins Market Armory at Sixth Street. Upon this statement the representatives of the regiment unanimously accepted the block of ground above named as the site for the new Armory, and in September, 1874, it was duly leased by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to the Field Officers of the Seventh Regiment for military purposes.

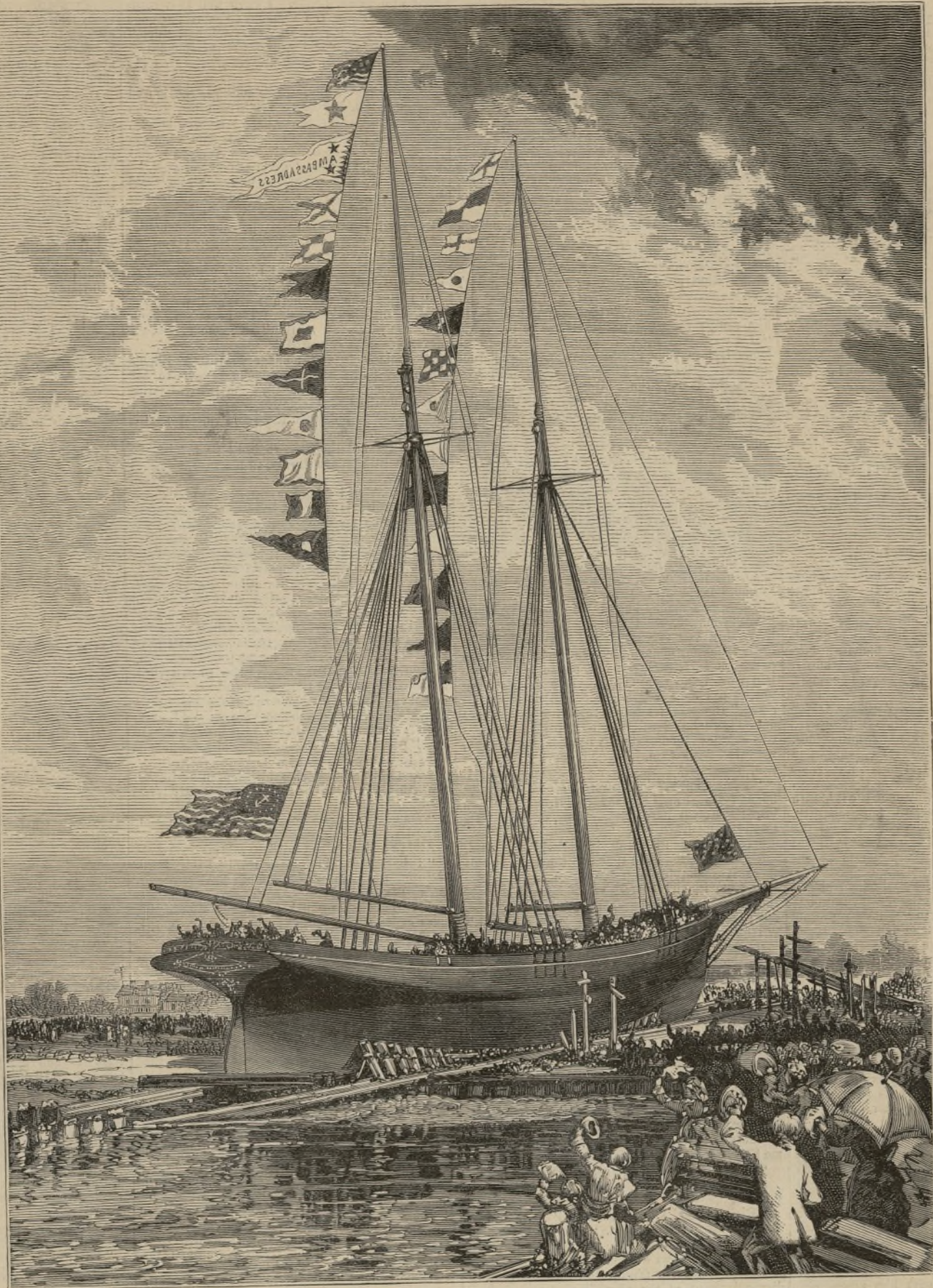
It is proposed that the building shall be of brick, with granite trimmings, plain and substantial, yet constructed with due regard to proper architectural effect, as well as to easy defense. The main regimental drill-room will be about 200 x 300 feet in size, and so arranged that it can be divided into two company drill-rooms, or thrown into one large battalion or regimental drill-room, as occasion may require; this drill-room will be upon the ground-floor, and spanned by a roof, without columns. Connected with this structure, and facing on Fourth Avenue, will be a building containing the company armories; rooms for field, staff and non-commissioned staff; for board of officers; for the band and drum corps; for the janitor and armorer; besides several rooms of considerable size, for squad drills, and the instruction of recruits in the manual of arms, the manual of rifle practice, and the school of the soldier. This building will be two stories high, with Mansard roof, and cover the Fourth Avenue front. In the basement of the building will be the heating apparatus, and a range, or gallery, for rifle practice.

The entire cost of the building is estimated at a little less than \$330,000. A large amount has already been subscribed by the officers and privates of the regiment, banking and mercantile houses and private citizens, and it is the intention of the Board of Officers to raise the entire amount required by subscription.

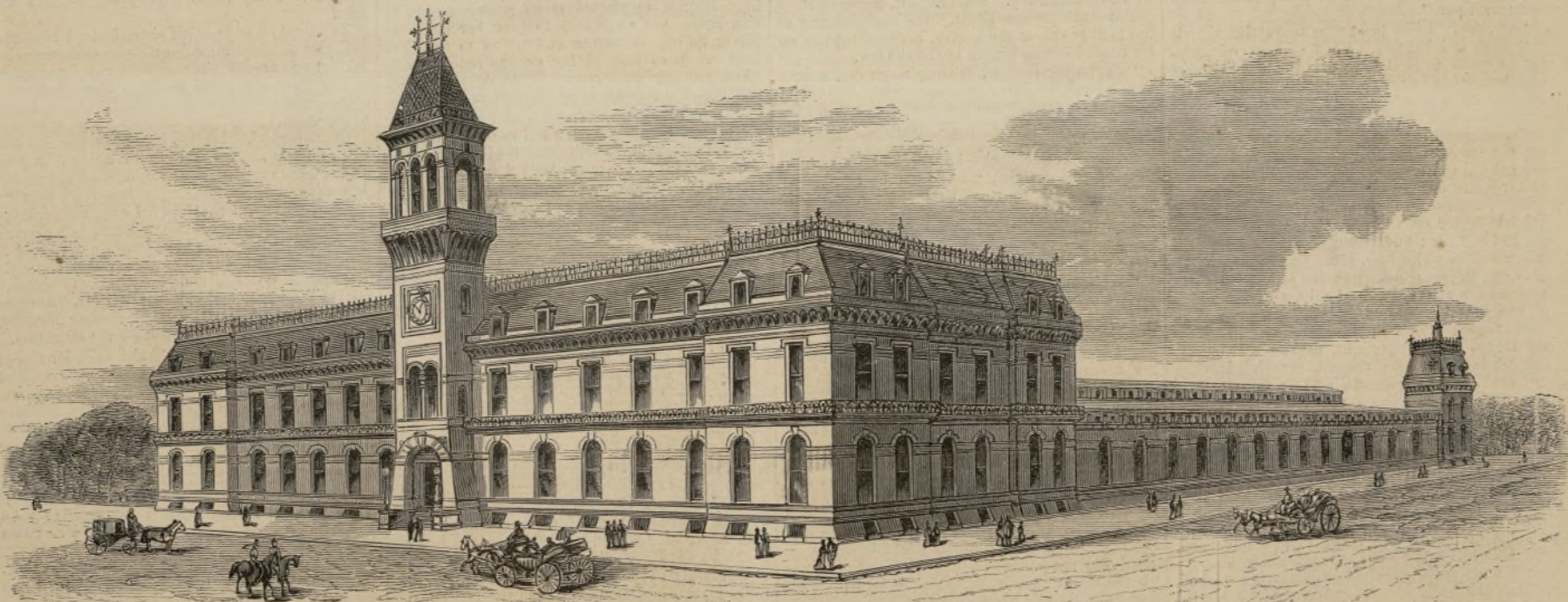
## A TREE THAT RAINS.

THE Consul of the United States of Colombia in the Department of Lereto, Peru, has recently called the attention of President Prado to a remarkable tree which exists in the forests adjoining the village of Moyobamba. This tree, known to the natives as Tamai-Caspi (rain tree), is about fifty-eight feet in height at full growth, and the diameter of its trunk is about thirty-nine inches. It absorbs and condenses the moisture in the atmosphere with astonishing energy, and it is said that water

constantly exudes from its trunk and falls like rain from its branches. So abundant is the water supply that the soil near by is turned into a marsh. The tree gives forth most water when the rivers are dry during the Summer season, and when water generally is scarce.



NEW YORK.—LAUNCH OF WILLIAM B. ASTOR'S YACHT "AMBASSADRESS," AT CITY ISLAND, SEPTEMBER 22D.



NEW YORK CITY.—NEW ARMORY FOR THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, N. G. S. N. Y. IN COURSE OF ERECTION ON FOURTH AVENUE AND SIXTY-SIXTH STREET.



## OUR OWN.

I had known in the morning  
How wearily all the day  
The words unkind  
Would trouble my mind,  
I said when I went away,  
I had been more careful, darling,  
Nor given you needless pain;  
But we vex "our own"  
With look and tone  
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening  
I may give you the kiss of peace,  
Yet it might be  
That never for me  
The pain at the heart should cease!  
How many go forth in the morning  
That never come home at night!  
And hearts have been broken,  
By harsh words spoken,  
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,  
And smiles for the sometime guest,  
But oft for "our own"  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love "our own" the best.  
Ah! lips, with curse impatient!  
Ah! brow, with that look of scorn!  
'Twere a cruel fate,  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of the morn.

## 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 XII.—(CONTINUED).

ELLEN sat down again, and a mist seemed to surround her, blotting out the red glow of the firelight and shrouding even the lamp near at hand; her cold, trembling fingers quivered over her work, which suddenly became full of knots and wrong stitches, and utterly unmanageable. In a kind of desperation she cut the threads hastily with a penknife, and cut her own finger in a smart, deep gash likewise.

"What are you doing?" said Anthony, taking the knife from her hand; and when Ellen looked up in confusion she saw that they were quite alone.

To those dull-hued, monotonous, subjective lives which know no times of gladness, no seasons of fullness and fruition, love comes as the blossoming of the aloe-tree—all the gray, bare life is hidden beneath the outcome of radiant youth, beauty, color, perfume, transformed by the wand of the mighty enchanter, conformed to whatever existence he directs to be led whilst the power of his enchantment lasts.

To Ellen Bruce, with her lonely life, her hidden feelings, her repressed affections, her toilsome, monotonous existence, seeing all the prosaic realities of a life of servitude and dependence, with not even the sanguine gleams of womanly hopes or fancies to brighten it—to her, standing without the pleasant circle of enjoyment, amusement, admiration, or innocent triumphs, all her miserable girlhood and lone, dreary womanhood out in the cold, denied every possible advance to a warmer, brighter, fuller life, her youth passing, her spirits fading, her temper deteriorating from the constant unrelieved pressure of petty worries and thankless labors—to her the touch of Anthony Latouche's hand clasping hers as his right, as her betrothed husband—he, her first, her only dream of love—was simply a magnetical charm that opened the gates of Paradise to her; it was holding to her lips a cupful of the richest wine of life until she drank deep and long of that draught the power of which throbbled through every pulse of her being.

As he pushed away her work, and, leading her over to the fireside—for the Summer night was wet and stormy—seated himself beside her on the sofa, and, drawing her into his arms, kissed her like a lover, and asked her if she really cared enough for him to marry him and bear with him afterwards, there was scarcely a recognizable identity, either inwardly or outwardly, between Anthony Latouche's shy, radiantly happy bride, who had passed into a world where pain, sadness, sorrow, anger, strife, envy, were not known or remembered, and the gloomy-tempered, lonely, neglected girl, who was Mrs. Christopher Parnell's drudge.

"How much better you look than when you were in Dublin, Ellen!" Anthony remarked in a sort of surprise. "The air of this place seems to agree with you."

"Oh, yes! I like to be near mountains, the air is so fresh and bracing," Ellen said, gravely, trying to speak as if it were only the mountain air that had made her eyes so bright and given her cheeks such a clear, warm blush, that had taken away the lines around her mouth and on her brow, although it certainly had the effect of making her stronger, healthier, and more active, and, as a natural consequence, had improved the contour of her figure and the tints of her complexion.

Ellen had grown more careful in her dress also. She had copied some of Lizzie's pretty things that she had lent her; and, in her dark blue dress with trimmings of white lace, made by herself, on the body and sleeves and around the jaunty little silk pocket worn at the side, and a knot of light blue at the throat—she had heard Anthony say he liked to see the two blues worn together—she looked in the firelight, as she sat by his side, such a tastefully dressed, graceful, ladylike girl, that Anthony Latouche felt for a few moments almost a glow of pride and pleasure at the thought that she would soon be his wedded wife—felt for a few moments as if he knew what a successful, happy lover's love was like—felt for a few moments as if the sunshine of the present and the promise of the future had glided over with brightness the memory of the past.

As the thought passed through his mind, with a smile in his eyes he lifted Ellen's left hand, which he had held all the time clasped in his.

"I must see what sized wedding-ring to buy, Ellen," he said, gayly. "What nicely shaped fingers you have, and—what's that, Ellen? Ellen, it's blood! It's blood, I tell you—all over my

hand and yours! I knew it would—I knew it! Merciful Heavens!"

He sprang to his feet and glared frenziedly about, holding his breath, whilst his eyes seemed starting from their sockets.

"It's only my finger—I cut my finger, Anthony dear!" Ellen said, amazed and shocked. "What are you afraid of? It is only a little blood from my finger which touched the back of your hand—there—I have wiped it off."

With a groan of relief he threw himself down on the sofa again, and, as Ellen timidly put her hand on his arm to soothe him, he flung his arms around her, holding her in a vise-like grasp, and, burying his face on her shoulder, Ellen felt him shudder convulsively from head to foot.

"I have no right to marry; I shall be punished for it sooner or later," he muttered. "I have no right to try to be anything but what I am—a miserable, heaven-forsaken wretch—a miserable wretch, that my own wife or my children—if I ever have any—would turn from and hate!"

"Anthony, Anthony," the woman who loved him said, with a passionate tremor in her voice, "if I were your wife, all the crimes in the Decalogue laid to your charge and proved would not make my heart one degree less yours than it is. Anthony dearest," she whispered, "my love, if there is anything troubling you—anything you would feel better in confiding to one who would be true to you in life and death—tell me—tell me, Anthony."

"There is nothing—nothing I should feel better in confiding to any one, at all events," he said, slowly. "I am only a miserable, wretched fellow, Ellen, as bad as bad can be; and I have drank so hard in my time that it is telling horribly on my nerves and brain. At least I think that must be how it is. I used not to be nervous and fancy all sorts of hideous things."

Ellen's heart grew very heavy as she listened to him, but she strove to speak cheerfully.

"Yes, you used, I know; but you are trying to break yourself of that dreadful practice. It would kill you very soon, you know, Anthony—break you down, and turn you into a miserable, paralyzed man, perhaps; but, please heaven, you will give it up as quickly as you can. Poor fellow, it has done you a great deal of injury already," she said, tenderly whispering as she bent over him, "but I will try to help you, and you will be able to become strictly temperate by-and-by, with Heaven's help. I know you hate it, don't you, Anthony?"

"I don't know," he answered, gloomily, sitting up and thrusting back the hair from his damp brow; "I must have it sometimes, or I believe I should go mad."

"No, no; don't speak like that," she said, softly stroking the hand that lay on her arm. "If there is something distressing you, repent and turn from it, and Heaven will forgive you; and then you need not be so unhappy, though one must always remember a wrong deed with regret."

He made no reply, but sighed heavily.

"Have you told your sister, Anthony? I hope she will not be displeased; she likes me, I know," Ellen said, presently, to divert his thoughts. "Will you not go up and tell her?"

"Do you want to get rid of me, Ellen?" he asked, with a dreary laugh. "My courtship is not particularly cheering, I admit. Come up with me, and we will both tell Lizzie."

"Mrs. Stirling was sitting in an easy-chair by the fire, her golden hair streaming over her shoulders and hanging below the fringes of the crimson shawl she wore over her white dressing-gown. She started eagerly as she saw both enter together.

"Ellen—Anthony! Have you anything to tell me?" she cried, looking from one to the other.

"Yes, we have, Lizzie," said Anthony at once. She started from her seat, and ran over to meet them.

"Richard! I know—I know!" she cried, almost sobbing with delight. "I have been thinking so much of him all the evening. I knew he was coming, or news of him."

Her joyous voice failed utterly; the agony of disappointment at the blank look her questions evoked made her almost faint as she tottered back slowly and sat down again.

"You haven't any news, then?" she whispered, huskily.

"No, poor darling," Ellen said, tearfully, kneeling down beside her—"no news yet. I am so sorry we disappointed you. Your brother has something he wishes to tell you."

"Well, what is it?" she asked, uttering her words mechanically. "What is it, Anthony?"

But Anthony was silent. He was standing at the further side of the hearth, his head leaning on his hand, his face hidden in the shadow.

"Supposing Richard Stirling never comes back any more," he said, suddenly, with suppressed rage in his voice, "are you going to spend your life in an up-stairs room fretting out your existence?"

"He will come back—he will," Lizzie replied, weeping passionately; "I know if he be alive he will come back to me. He loved me, Anthony, whether you choose to believe it or not," she cried, fearfully. "Whatever were his faults, I know he loved me; and I know that he will surely come back to me if he be living."

"Well, and if he be dead?" said Anthony, in a sombre tone.

"Then I shall know it, and try to wait patiently until I can go to him," answered Lizzie, wiping away her tears and looking up at her brother with her beautiful delicate face, solemn in the earnest truth of her love. "Richard, my husband is my husband still—living or dead he is my husband, my one, only love, my little baby's father. If my darling will never come back to me, I will go to him some day—that is all. I shall not weep and mourn away my life, as you say; I will try, when I am strong again, to work—to work very hard," said Lizzie, lifting up her little pearly hands; "I will not be a useless burden or a trouble to any one, I hope."

"I did not mean to—to grieve you, Lizzie," her brother told her, brokenly; "only for your own sake I would give my life to see you happy. Poor child! I only came up to tell you that I am going to marry Ellen, and Mrs. Parnell is go-

ing away, and you shall be as you used to be, in your own home, Lizzie. I know well that Ellen will never make you unhappy; she is too good and kind, and too fond of you—tell her, Ellen."

"Ellen? You and Anthony!" exclaimed Lizzie, amazedly. "I never dreamt of it. How did it all come about?"

A little regretfully, as was natural, she looked from her tall, handsome brother to the woman that was to be his chosen wife. "Neither beauty, money, nor position," she thought, with a pang—"only a poor housekeeper! Poor Anthony! But perhaps he loves her; I never thought of that."

"Your brother asked me to marry him," said poor Ellen, humbly, "because he thought you would be happier and things would be more comfortable if I just went on managing the house, you know, dear, and helping you, and keeping you company."

"My goodness," thought Lizzie, with a kind of dismay, "such reasons for marrying!"

"I hope you will both be very happy," she said, a little awkwardly. "I—I am very glad. You are very good to think so much of me. I never was more surprised."

Something in her manner grated on Ellen's feelings. "She cannot reconcile herself to her brother marrying a servant," she thought, with bitter humiliation.

Anthony had quitted the room almost as his sister spoke.

"Shall I put the baby to bed for you?" asked Ellen, a little constrainedly, in her turn, rising as she spoke.

"Ellen," said Lizzie, a little sorrowfully and reproachfully, "surely you have some other reason for marrying my brother than merely to keep his house?"

"Why, Mrs. Stirling?" inquired Ellen, coldly. "What reason do you suppose I have?"

"Why, that you care for him—that you love him," replied Lizzie, angrily. "It is a sin to marry without love."

"He does not love me," said Ellen, quietly—"he is marrying me simply for the reasons I gave you. It is very sordid of me and very improper, I suppose, not to have refused him when I knew he asked me only for those reasons."

"Well, I hope that you will make him happy and that he will make you happy," returned Lizzie; "but I think no one but a woman who deeply loved poor Anthony should marry him. She will have to bear with so much."

"You did not ask me," said Ellen, in a whisper, "whether I was not a woman who deeply loved him."

"Do you, Ellen—do you really?" Lizzie asked, earnestly.

And in a lower whisper Ellen said: "I have loved him since the first time I saw him—on the night of the ball at Mrs. Hutchinson's—you remember?" He spoke so nicely, so kindly—no one ever did so before—and I don't know how it was, but I loved him—oh, Lizzie, have loved him so dearly!"

The last words were uttered in Lizzie's ear under the loose wavy tresses; and then Lizzie turned and warmly kissed and welcomed her future sister.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THIS day week—only seven days more—and I shall be Anthony's wife," Ellen Bruce said to herself, and then, as she sat down to rest by the mountain roadside, where the purple heather grew thick and tall, and the club-mosses covered the moist, peaty earth with a deep green carpet, she began to weave pleasant plans, and to look with glad eyes into the realities of the future that was so near at hand.

"I will make his home so comfortable—I will help him to save money, so that he can pay off some of the mortgages every year. He shall see what a good manager I shall be," she told herself, heart-glown at the thought of the many ways in which she could uphold and strengthen the man who was taking her for his helpmeet. "He is marrying me without a shilling—I shall literally not have a shilling to call my own after I pay for those few things I have bought—but that is no matter; I shall do very well, and Anthony shall see that, if I have brought him no fortune, I will help to make one for him. I think he is happier," she said, shyly smiling to herself, as she plucked sprays of the beautiful pale pink and blood-red heather-blossoms. "He looked brighter and gayer this afternoon when he went off riding with Lizzie than I have seen him since he was in Dublin. He was so pleased at my persuading her to ride again, and so pleased to hear her laugh at Silver Sally's whinnying and trying to turn her head round to look at her on the saddle again."

"You are our good angel, Ellen, dear," he said, and kissed me twice over. I did not do much to be thanked so, I am sure, poor, dear fellow!" She had been across the hill to the Glendisanne Farm to look at some choice fowls which were there, and give directions about them to the caretaker, and, instead of returning by the way she had gone, she continued her way over the mountain-side, which gradually rose higher and higher, over the heather-grown slopes, until she had reached one of the lower crests of Glendisanne, and could catch a glimpse beyond and far below of the silver shield of the lake's surface glittering in the afternoon sun. By pursuing her way over the crest of the mountain she could descend the brow over Knocklofty Wood and so return home.

Walking lightly in the happiness of her heart over the smoothly cropped sod, and singing softly as she went, she had reached the higher crest of the mountain above the lake-precipices ere she was aware. "A dreadfully dangerous place!" she said, with a shiver, nervously drawing back, although she was fifty yards from the brink. "How the short, crisp, slippery sod slopes down! They really ought to build a little embankment or something of the kind here; but I should like to look over and down at the lake if I could."

Cautiously moving nearer, and holding by some granite rocks deeply imbedded in the ground, she reached a spot where by leaning forward she could see the dark water far below, lying in the shadow, and saw the sunlight striking on the projecting

ridge of bare red rock that ran down the edge of the dark gully, ribbed here and there with black shiny mosses, or an odd belt of frail gray sedge, stirring in the breeze that ceaselessly sighed over the serried ranks of sloping rock, the breeze that arose from the coolness of the dark deep waters into the heated Summer air.

One long glance satisfied her curiosity, and with another shudder she was drawing back, when her eyes caught sight of what seemed like a scintillating star lying on a little ledge beneath some sedge, almost at the very brink of the precipice.

"How wonderfully that mica sparkles in the sunlight!" she said. "No diamond could be more brilliant than that. What can it be? I could not get near it."

She was moving a few feet further to try to obtain a better view of the glittering object lying on the grass, when she was startled by an angry shout just at hand.

"Heigh! I say! What are you doing there? I say!" And, before Ellen could discover who was her interlocutor, a tall, stout lad, wearing a flannel jacket and corduroys, and followed by a large shepherd's dog, rushed between her and the edge of the cliff, and, catching her arms roughly, pushed her back a dozen paces.

"Ar' a yeh goin' to dhrown yerself dead, or cliff yerself? Or what ar' a yeh goin' to do?" he said, excitedly. "That's a dhreadful dangerous spot, miss," he added, looking rather abashed at Ellen's surprised face; "ye'd be down in twenty fathom o' wather or dashed in bits agin the cliff afore yer could say 'Save us!'"

"Did you think I was going to throw myself over the cliff?" asked Ellen, indignantly, although the changing expression of the boy's face amused her intensely. "Pray what sign of a mad woman do you see about me?"

The lad scratched his head sulkily, but on seeing Ellen's eyes laughing he reddened and grinned.

"Faix, miss, I med sure yeh war goin' to do somethin' or another to yerself," he said, awkwardly; "an' anyhow that was a dangerous spot yeh were in. People've fell over there afore now."

"Have they?" questioned Ellen.

"They have, miss," said the boy, shaking his head. "An' if ye'd seen what I've seen, an' got as great fright as I have about that place, ye'd be afraid of it, too."

"I dare say," allowed Ellen, not quite heeding him. "By-the-way, do you see that thing sparkling in the grass? It was that I was trying to reach."

"Oh, that's nothin' but a bit o' granite!" the boy said. "No, though, 'tisn't—I'll see what it is." Going as near as he dared, he lay down on the sod, and, stretching down his arm, secured the prize.

"Faix, it's a grand brooch—no less!" he said, excitedly. "Is it yours, miss?"

"No—yes—that is, it is Mrs. — Yes, I know who owns it!" gasped Ellen, amazedly. "How did it come here? Heavens and earth, how did it come here?"

The scintillating star of light was truly from diamonds flashing in the sun, and the diamonds were studding the gold horse-shoe brooch that Lizzie had lost on the night of her last meeting with Richard Stirling. She had dropped it in the wood, she told Ellen—felt it drop as she fled from Nick Bryne's spy-presence and his savage dog; but, though Ellen had searched carefully every foot of the way, she had failed to find it.

To no one else had Lizzie mentioned the loss of the jewel, shrinking from telling her brother when and where it had been lost, and, as time went on, in her great heart-trouble and despair she had almost forgot the matter. "It fell in the wood-path, and of course was picked up by some person next day," she said to Ellen. "No, I shall never make an inquiry about it."

And now how was it found on the very edge of the dark precipice above the lake?

"Faix, it's a grand brooch, entirely," the boy said, rather wistfully, looking at it. "That's raal goold, miss."

"Yes, it is a valuable brooch," remarked Ellen, scarcely knowing what she was saying. "If you come to the Castle this evening, I will give you something for finding it. I have nothing worth offering in my purse."

"Oh, sure, anything ye plaze, miss!" said the boy, bashfully.

"How did it get there? How could Lizzie's brooch have got there?" she muttered, as she walked hurriedly home with the brooch in her hand.

Neither Anthony nor his sister had yet returned, but, just as Ellen came down-stairs after removing her hat and mantle, she saw them ride up together to the door, and stood smiling to see Anthony's gratification evident in his face as he helped Lizzie to dismount.

She never looked lovelier in her life. Her fair face was perfectly radiant from exercise, her slim form grown more rounded, her habit fitting in ceaseless perfection.

"Oh, Mickey, is that you? I have not seen you this long, long time," Ellen heard her exclaim pleasantly. "Why, you have grown quite a man!"

"What do you want?" Anthony said, shortly.

"The lady told me, plaze, sir, to come," Mickey faltered, his old fear of Mr. Latouche evident in his face, when Ellen, coming forward, recognized the lad she had met on the mountain.

"Oh, yes, it is 'all right!' she said, hurriedly, beckoning the boy into the hall. "Does Mrs. Stirling know you?" she asked.

"What, miss?" Mickey said, stupidly. "Sure Miss Latouche knows me, miss, an' Mither Anthony, too. Me people lives out beyant be the watherfall o' Aranmore, miss, an' I work wud Mither Nowlan, o' Knockrath Farm, miss. I'm wud him near a year."

"That lady, I mean—that is Mrs. Stirling—she was Miss Latouche. Does she know you?" Ellen persisted.

"Oh, yis, miss, sure, yis!" replied Mickey, brightening. "Sure I heard Miss Latouche was married. Yis, miss, she knows me."

"Well, there—there is half a sovereign for you," said Ellen, putting the coin hastily into his hand; "but do not talk about it. Mrs. Stirling has



fretted very much about losing her brooch. Go and buy something for yourself, Mickey, and say nothing more about it."

"Oh, very well, miss! Oh, faix, yeh can depend upon me!" declared Mickey, sagely. "I doesn't tell things, miss."

"Well, that will do now. Good-evening," said Ellen, anxious to be rid of him before Anthony came in—she could hardly tell why. But just as she was hustling Mickey out by the side-door, Anthony entered, meeting them face to face.

The boy shrank aside from him, with a look of mingled defiance and fear, which aroused Anthony's irritable temper.

"Hallo! What the hangman do you look at me like that for, young man?" he said, sharply. "One would think I had shot your grandmother."

"I didn't look no way at yeh," the boy returned, sulkily, but still, in evident mortal fear, slinking past. "And faix it's no wonder I'd be afraid o' yeh," he muttered, looking back over his shoulder as Anthony left the hall and ran up-stairs.

"What do you say that for?" said Ellen, angrily. "Mr. Latouche is a good, kind man."

"Oh, isha—faix, I know enough about him, miss, to be afraid ov him," was Mickey's oracular reply as he touched his cap again and, thanking her, trudged hastily away.

"Had you a nice walk, Ellen?" Lizzie asked as they sat down to dinner—only those three, Mrs. Parnell having, in her mighty scorn, left the house the very day after she had learned who it was that was to supplant her in the mistressship of the household; and about ten days previously Christopher had also removed to a house near Redcross which he had taken, and which Mrs. Parnell was obliged "to put up with for a while," as she said, loftily.

Thus ignominiously had ended the usurper's reign; and to those who were delivered from the infliction of her presence the freedom and peace and loving friendliness of their everyday life was like the enjoyment of some rare holiday.

Lizzie had resumed her old place in the household, not so much the mistress as the pet—the indulged, obeyed, admired pet—and Ellen, with firm hand and wise head, ruled, directed, advised, taught and helped; and so well and so kindly did she do it that there was no rebellion, and but little murmuring, beneath her sway, even from the old servants.

But for the wedding-ring on Lizzie's hand and the baby wrapped in her red shawl and sleeping on the sofa, the past might have been all a dream, and the present a very happy reality. Anthony thought, as he sat at the foot of the table, and looked from his fair young sister, smiling and radiant in her youth and beauty—for hearts cannot be always sad when one is but two-and-twenty—to his betrothed wife at the head of the table—the two young women who loved him—his sister and his wife, his beloved Lizzie, and his kind, true-hearted Ellen—poor, foolish Ellen, who had fallen in love with him in spite of his indifference, his rough ways, and the trouble he had given her many a time—good, kind girl! And for a few moments the bright sunshine of love and peace and gratitude glowed in his heart and in the light of his eyes.

"Had you a nice walk, Ellen?" Lizzie repeated. "It was such a delightful afternoon. Which way did you go?"

"I went by the old Redcross road, but I came home over the mountains, over Glendisane."

"Over Glendisane, and—and—down through Knocklofty Wood?" interrogated Lizzie, her smile fading.

"Over Glendisane—just over those horrible dark gullies in the cliffs over the lake, and down through Knocklofty Wood," Ellen replied.

"What took you that way?" Anthony said, abruptly; and Ellen, looking up, saw that his brow was dark as night, and that his pale lips were compressed over his teeth.

"I—don't know," she stammered in alarm. "It was so pleasant along the crest of the mountain—and—besides—"

"Besides what? Do speak out!" he said, fiercely.

Both the girls looked at him in astonishment, and the tears rose to Ellen's eyes.

"Nothing. Only I was going to tell Lizzie I found something she had lost—her brooch," said Ellen, so discomposed by his evident anger as not to be able to avoid telling what she had found, as she had intended.

"What brooch? Where—where did you lose it?" he asked, dropping his knife and fork and half rising from his chair.

"My diamond brooch!" cried Lizzie, flushing crimson with gratified surprise and the memories the sight of the long-lost trinket evoked. "Yes, I lost it long ago. Ellen, where did you find it?"

"I found it on Glendisane, at the very edge of the precipice," replied Ellen; and as she uttered the words a kind of presentiment of horror stifled her voice suddenly, and when she raised her eyes she saw a reflection of that horror in the eyes of her listeners.

"What could bring it there?" Lizzie said, faintly. "I lost it in the wood."

"When did you lose it?" asked Anthony, sitting down again and beginning to pour out some wine and he looked as if his sister's answer was known to him already.

"Long ago," Lizzie faltered—"on the very evening I saw Richard last. What could bring my brooch up there, Ellen? Do you think that—that he picked it up? Oh, Ellen, do you think anything happened to him?" she half shrieked, reading some portion of the presentiment of horror in Ellen's rigid, lividly pale face.

"Nonsense! Tell her that is nonsense," Anthony muttered, hoarsely—"tell her, Ellen, that is nonsense!"

"That is nonsense, Lizzie," Ellen said, feebly, soothing the weeping, terrified girl with caresses. "Nothing has happened to Richard Stirling. He is only gone abroad for a while—that is all."

She forced her lips to utter the comforting words, syllable by syllable, whilst in her own shrinking heart she felt that she was uttering falsehood—empty, vain falsehood; but the chill horror was numbing her very soul, and in the agony of her spirit, clear-seeing into the awful

truth, she felt that all her world, all its light and love and life, had suddenly gone down into a yawning gulf of dark despair.

Anthony Latouche spoke not a word more, and when dinner was over he went out of the room—went up-stairs and locked himself into his own room.

The Summer moon was shining full into the empty sitting-room, where Ellen sat alone, keeping a vigil with her own thoughts—the thoughts she dare not relieve with words.

Lizzie had gone up-stairs with her baby some time before, and she could hear her softly singing him to sleep. He was growing a pretty little creature, with bright dark eyes, and the promise of curly brown hair on his small pate, at present covered only with dark silky floss.

"He will be Richard's very image," Lizzie had said, with a flush of proud delight when she made this important discovery.

On this night, before she carried him up-stairs, she had shown Ellen his little sleeping face, and had said again:

"He is so like Richard, Ellen—my poor—lost darling—my lost husband!"

"Lizzie, dear, don't say that," Ellen had returned, faintly.

"He is lost, Ellen," Lizzie had said, kissing off the tear that had fallen on her baby's brow—"he is lost to me, and heaven alone can tell if he be not lost to me for ever in this world. What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Yes—no. I am very tired," Ellen had said, with a smothered groan, turning away from the sight of the bereaved girl-wife and the helpless baby lying on her breast. And so alone she sat there in the moonlight, until the placid brightness and the calm surrounding her, with her distracting thoughts and pain-wrung spirit, drove her to extremes.

"I must see Anthony and speak to him plainly, whatever be the consequences," she said, rising; but she had not taken a step towards the door when the echo of a pistol-shot rang through the stillness of the house.

In another minute Ellen was frantically striving to force in Anthony Latouche's locked chamber-door, and the terrified servants that ran to her help were unable, in their paralyzed fear and confusion to be of the least assistance, until a small, lithe man rushed up the staircase, drove them all back with a sweep of his arm, and with blows and kicks splintered the panels, and with the strength of a maniac wrenched the door off its hinges.

"Master Anthony, Master Anthony!" he cried, with a shrill scream; "me poor darlin' fellow, he wasn't worth yer killin' yerself for! Oh, Master Anthony, me darlin' boy!" And before even Ellen could reach him the man—Nick Byrne—had sprung forward and lifted up the senseless form of Anthony Latouche, with the blood welling from a wound in his throat, and the pistol, smoking yet, just dropped from his nerveless hand.

"Master Anthony's killed himself! Oh, Master Anthony's killed himself—shot himself dead!" the women screamed, making the house resound with noisy sobs and hysteric cries.

"Hold your tongue! How dare you say such a thing?" Ellen said, turning round with stern threatening in her rigid face. "Do you not see he was cleaning his pistols, and his hand was not steady? He had been drinking!" and she pointed to the fatal brandy-bottle that stood on the table, half emptied, beside the revolver-case, brushes and sponges.

"You madman!" she hissed fiercely into Nick Byrne's ear. "Do you want to brand him as a murderer in his grave?"

And the wretched fellow, cowed and heart-broken, burst into bitter womanish weeping as he held his beloved master in his arms, and Ellen strove to restore him to consciousness before the doctor should arrive.

(To be continued.)

### When the Birds Wake Up.

A FRENCH ornithologist has lately been investigating the question of at what hour in Summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing. He states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning. At about half-past two the blackcap begins, and the quail apparently wakes up half an hour later. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush; and the chirp of the robin begins at about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tom-tit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much-celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedge-row birds have been up and about.

### Jolly Young Tars.

THE two young cadets, the Prince of Wales's eldest sons, have luxurious quarters on the training-ship *Britannia*. A part of the ship has been fitted up for them and their suite at a cost of nearly \$15,000. Their diet is not bad. They have for breakfast: On Sunday, eggs and tea; Monday, fried bacon, cocoa and coffee; Tuesday, fried bacon, curry and cocoa; Wednesday, sausages and cocoa; Friday, fish, cocoa and coffee; Saturday, eggs, bacon and cocoa. At 8:45 muster and proceed to studies until twelve noon. Dinner at 12:15, which usually consists of beef, mutton, veal, meat-pies, fresh and salt pork. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, in addition, fruit-pies, plum-puddings and blanc-manges. Sunday fowls alternately at each table and salt pork. After dinner they are permitted to go ashore for one hour, when they return to study until four. At four, milk and cake, then again ashore where cricket, lawn-tennis, etc., are provided until 5:30. In Summer they also bathe from the shore. Tea at seven, with cold beef, except on Thursday, when they have jam in lieu of beef. Studies from eight till nine. At 9:15 prayers, and at 9:30 they retire for the night.

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Paris Green for the Destruction of the Potato Beetle.**—The best way to apply the arsenic poisoning is to mix one part of it with thirty parts of plaster-of-Paris, gypsum—this is more economical than to use flour, as it has the additional advantage of being a good fertilizer and thus two points are gained. It should be applied early in the morning, while the vines are yet damp with dew, and the operation repeated as often as the rains wash or the winds blow it off. Care must be taken not to breathe any of the mixture in applying it to the plants.

**Young Lions Nursed by a Terrier.**—Within the last few months lion cubs have been born in the Central Park Museum and in the Berlin Zoological Gardens. In both instances the mother refused to nurse her offspring, and the cubs were given to a large terrier, whose puppies were taken away, and who plays the part of foster-mother. The dogs seem to be as fond of the cubs as if they were their own offspring, and cover them with caresses, though they are nearly as big as themselves. It is said that lions reared in this way are not so gentle as those captured and tamed.

**The African Locust in Germany.**—The African locust has been found in the fields on the Berlin and Ashaff Railroad, where the insects have laid waste extensive tracts of land covered with good crops of grass and grain. Appreciating the necessity of prompt measures, however, the proprietors of the land put a large force to work and succeeded in destroying a great part of the insects before they could escape, digging numerous ditches and canals into which they could be swept and then covered with lime. Whether these insects laid their eggs before they were killed is, of course, impossible to know at present.

**Uses of Asbestos.**—A curious exhibition was recently organized at the Simonetti Palace, on the Corso, in Rome. It is a display of asbestos in all the stages through which it passes, from the time that it is taken out of the bowels of the earth until it appears as a manufactured article. Asbestos is a native compound of silicate of magnesia, and has the property of resisting fire. The ancients discovered a means of covering it with napkins, making wicks for lamps and winding sheets for purposes of cremation, so that the ashes of the deceased could be collected unmixed with those of the wood which had formed the funeral pyre. The process of working this textile has been rediscovered, and it is now made into incombustible clothing, theatrical properties, cardboard, paper, roofing material, and steam packing.

**Is Water a Mineral?**—The definition of a mineral adopted in most works is as follows: A mineral is any inorganic, homogeneous, natural substance. This definition obviously includes water, which is, accordingly, always described in books on mineralogy. Water, like many other minerals, can exist in more than one form, and if the temperature of our globe was much lower than it is, we should only have it in the form of the transparent crystalline solid known as ice, which, like other minerals, such as sulphur, metallic lead, metallic mercury, etc., has its own peculiar point of fusion; thus sulphur melts at 226° F., water at 32° F., mercury at 390° F. All these substances still further resemble one another in their capability of being converted into a gaseous form at certain fixed temperatures. These facts, with many others, prove water to be as much a mineral as calcite or gypsum.

**Medicated Ice.**—It sometimes happens that topical treatment of the throat is required for young children. The little patient cannot gargle, and the brush or spray fills them with terror. It has been suggested to apply the remedy in the form of ice. Although the frozen pellets are not so tasteless as pure ice, the flavor is so much lessened by the low temperature, and probably also through the parched tongue not appreciating anything disagreeable, that the children take them without complaint. The process of freezing the mixture is very simple. A large test-tube immersed in a mixture of pounded ice and salt is the only apparatus required, and in this the solution is easily frozen. When quite solid, a momentary dip of the tube in hot water enables one to turn out the cylinder of ice. Any one of the three following formulas may be tried: 1. Sulphurous acid,  $\frac{1}{2}$  drachm; water,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  drachms—mix and freeze. 2. Chlorate of potash, 1 scruple; water, 1 ounce—dissolve and freeze. 3. Solution of chlorinated soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  drachm; water, 1 ounce—mix and freeze.

**Hypodermic Use of Morphia.**—Serious symptoms sometimes immediately follow the injection of minute quantities of morphia. Dr. Chouppé has found out that this arises from the canula of the syringe having penetrated one of the minute veins, so that the morphia is thrown directly into the venous circulation. When this is the case, the patient, in twenty-five or thirty seconds after the injection of an ordinary dose, is seized with tinglings in the hands, which soon pervade the body, and are accompanied by very intense itchings. The veins of the neck become swollen, the face is flushed, and the pulse beats violently, rising to 120, or even to 160. In about a minute and a half a cold sweat pours off the surface, and in three or four minutes all urgency has ceased, although the heart may continue agitated for some hours after. In order to prevent the occurrence of these effects, the operation should be performed very slowly, so that injection may be at once stopped when tingling of the hands commences. It is evident that none but experienced persons should be permitted to perform the operation.

**Haeckel's History of Creation.**—Professor Ernest Haeckel, of the University of Jena, is one of the most advanced evolutionists of Germany. He holds that all animal and vegetable species are descended from common, most simple and spontaneously generated prototypes, and adopts Darwin's conclusions in showing why a progressive transformation of organic forms took place, and what causes, acting mechanically, effected the uninterrupted production of new forms and the ever-increasing variety of animals and men. He deals with the descent of man in a directly practical sense, while Darwin only treats it in a general way; and at the very outset he disagrees wholly with Darwin, in the latter's final conclusion relative to the descent of all organic beings "from some primordial form, into which life was first breathed by the Creator." In support of his views, he has published an extensive work, which has been translated under the title of "The History of Creation." This book has created a great sensation on account of its outspoken atheistic character, and it has naturally called out several able replies. Haeckel discusses the question of man's genealogy from three standpoints: First, the study of the development of the individual, which he declares to be a short, quick repetition of the development of the tribe or chain of ancestors to which it belongs, determined by the laws of adaptation and inheritance; second, the study of the development of the tribe from paleontological and geological records; and third, the study of comparative anatomy, or the investigation of the chain of different, but related and connected, forms which exist side by side at any one period of the earth's history. Regarding all these, he affirms that the laws of inheritance and adaptation known to us are completely sufficient to explain the perfect parallelism of the three developments. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the correctness of the author's conclusions, every one must admit that he has treated the subject with profound learning and entire sincerity.

### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Rev. Father Bessonies, Vicar-General of Vincennes, it is said, will succeed to the vacant Bishopric of Indianapolis.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN's monument at Springfield, Ill., is nearly completed. The groups of statuary are being lifted to their places.

MR. IRISH, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, is the first native of that State ever nominated by either party for that office.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the great war correspondent of the *London Daily News*, receives \$5,000 a year, whether he is employed or not.

GENERAL FORREST, the ex-Confederate, who was supposed to be at the point of death, has passed the crisis of his disease, and is now recovering.

MISS CRESWELL, daughter of the late English postmaster at Gibraltar, has been appointed to her father's post with a salary of \$3,000 a year.

A MONUMENT to Karl Wilhelm, the composer of the "Wacht am Rhein," was unveiled lately at Crefeld, his native town, amid a great concourse of spectators.

REV. DR. JAMES A. DUNCAN, a distinguished divine of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and President of the Randolph Macon College, died at Ashland, Va., on the 24th.

SIGNOR MASOTTI, Secretary of the Commission for the Dissolution of Religious Corporations at Rome, whose function it has been to take possession of the suppressed monasteries, has been married civilly, the Cardinal-Vicar having refused the nuptial benediction.

CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE, of the United States Supreme Court, is a tireless worker, and the Court does as much now in two months as it used to in three. It sits eight months out of the twelve, yet the docket is from two to three years behind. It re-assembles October 8th.

The contest over the will of Mary Danser, the gambler's daughter, who left her fortune to charities in New York, has been compromised, the relatives agreeing to let the \$225,000 of specific bequests stand, on the condition that the residue of \$200,000 be handed over to them.

The Pope has made Dr. Battistini his physician, and summarily dismissed Dr. Pelegrino. The change is said to be due to household influences and to representations made to the Pope that his doctor was giving information to others concerning the unsatisfactory state of his holiness's health.

LIEUTENANT S. C. BARNEY, of Maryland, an old naval officer, who was summarily dropped from the list in 1863, is to be reinstated and retired as a Rear Admiral, with back pay, amounting to over \$55,000. He was suspended, it is said, on a false representation maliciously made to Secretary Welles.

The granddaughter of the famous Duke of Wellington, Miss Victoria Alexandrina Wellesley, has just been married to Mr. F. Hamilton, Member of Parliament for the County of Dublin. The young lady is Queen Victoria's goddaughter, and her Majesty sent her a bridal gift of a magnificent India shawl and an opal locket.

THERE is talk of transferring to France the body of the great painter, Louis David, which for fifty-two years has rested at St. Gudule, Brussels. He was exiled from France in 1816, when sixty-eight, for having been a member of the convention and voting for the execution of Louis XVI. There is a committee of artists, and if the consent of the Government can be obtained the removal will take place.

THE Emperor William's favorite grandchild is the Princess Charlotte of Prussia, aged eighteen, and betrothed to Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Meiningen. She is amiable and accomplished, and would be quite pretty but for a somewhat overhanging brow and heavy jaw. She is the old Emperor's constant companion and favorite reader, as he finds her fresh young voice pleasanter and clearer than the tones of his secretary.

THE ritualistic martyr, Arthur Tooth, intends to resign the living of St. James's, Hatcham, whether the judgment in the Court of Appeals is given for or against him. A bequest of \$50,000 has set his orphanage upon its legs. He will break ground at Croydon for a large orphanage with a proprietary chapel, and will devote himself to extra-parochial work. The labors of the ritualistic clergy among the lower classes have always commanded respect.

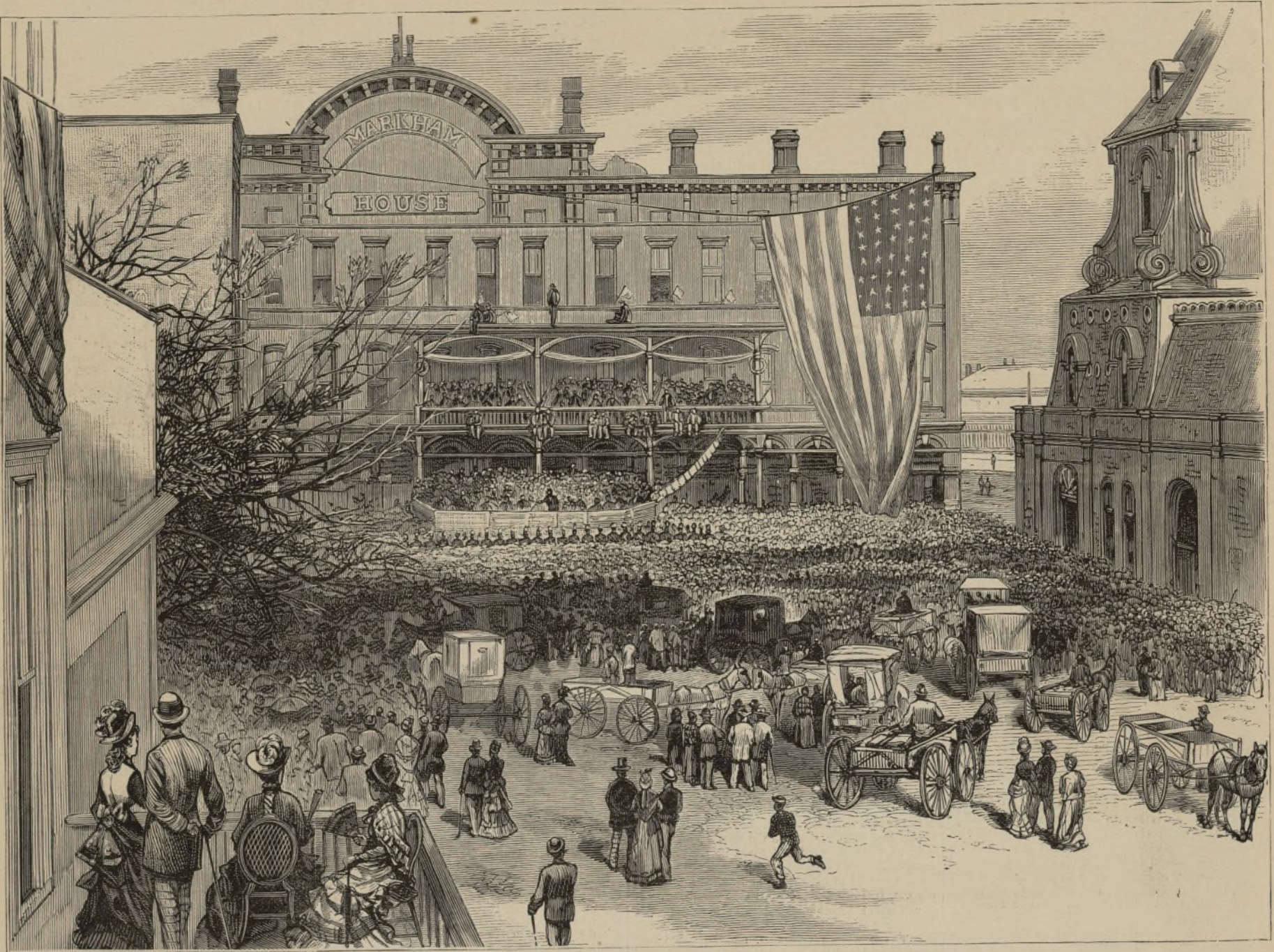
The property left by Thiers, besides his library and objects of art, which are left to the State, is estimated at about \$2,700,000. It comprises the hotel of the Place St. Georges, in Paris, three neighboring houses, lots in the Avenue de l'Impératrice, mining and railroad stocks, and French, Russian and American Government bonds. Mme. Thiers is his sole executor. Among his minor legacies is one of \$450 a year to Louis, his valet, and \$2,400 a year to be divided among several other servants.

GENERAL FEDOR RADEZKY, the commander of the Russian troops in the Shipka Pass, is reported to be one of the bravest and most experienced generals of the Russian Army. Born in 1820 from a noble family of the province of Kasan, he passed almost all his life among the hardships and dangers of the border warfare in the Caucasus. He has taken a prominent part in more than 150 battles and skirmishes, and possesses three St. George crosses—a distinction very rarely met with in the Russian Army. He has, moreover, during his long military career, won the universal respect of subordinates and comrades by the cordiality of his manners and the high moral standard of his character.

T'ANG, the Governor of Soochow, is perpetually going about in disguise and playing practical jokes upon the unsuspecting citizens. An old fellow complained late in July that his son, an able-bodied lad of thirteen, refused to support him. T'ang ordered father and son to be brought before him, and after questioning them closely gave each a dollar. "Now go," said he, "and get a good meal at the restaurant around the corner and then come back to me." Hastily disguising himself in a coarse robe, he entered the cook-shop behind them and noticed that while the boy contented himself with a little rice and a square of bean curd, the father called for soup, pork, and all the delicacies he fancied. In the end, the good boy, who carried cakes in his sieve for his mother, was patted on the back, and the gluttonous father was soundly flogged.

JOHN HARBERTON proves to be as prolific as he is a popular author; already four books from his pen have sold so rapidly and extensively as to excite the attention and wonder of the whole book world. He now ventures in the subscription field with a large octavo volume of over 500 pages, liberally illustrated. The book is issued under the enigmatical title of "Some Folks." Five editions have been sold by book agents, and the canvass has not been fairly begun. The publishers predict a sale of a quarter of a million copies. The success of "Helen's Babies," "Other People's Children" and "The Scripture Club of Valley Rest" surely point to such a result. We believe that Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" is the only subscription book that has reached an equal figure.





RECEPTION OF PRESIDENT HAYES IN FRONT OF THE MARKHAM HOUSE, SEPTEMBER 22D.—FROM A SKETCH BY HORACE BRADLEY, ATLANTA.

## THE PRESIDENTIAL TRIP.

## RECEPTION OF THE PARTY IN ATLANTA, GA.

AFTER the rousing demonstrations in his honor in Louisville, Ky., on September 17th, President Hayes received the hospitalities of Nashville on the 19th, Chattanooga on the 20th, Knoxville on the 21st, and Atlanta, Ga., on the 22d. By half-past ten o'clock in the morning the space in front of the Markham House was filled with crowds of eager and interested spectators. As it was only definitely known the day previous that the Presidential party would visit the city, no time had been permitted for any elaborate display of mottoes or decorations. Still there was a goodly exhibition of flags, and, what was better, a large and earnest audience.

Upon the arrival of the party in the city a reception committee took them in carriages about the new Atlanta, and briefly narrated the story of the city's progress from the time of its destruction near the close of the war. The procession of vehicles made quite an imposing spectacle, and attracted much attention. After the tour of the city had been made, the party were driven to the Markham House, where a band of music restored the good graces of the impatient crowd.

The President was escorted to a temporary stand, and introduced to Governor Colquitt by Mayor Angier. The Governor welcomed the President to the State of Georgia in a brief and hearty speech, to which Mr. Hayes responded in a manner and sentiment that elicited frequent interruptions of applause and approval. Mr. Everts and General Key followed the President with pertinent remarks.

After the demonstration, Mr. Hayes received a large number of the citizens, conversing freely upon public questions. He attended a banquet in the evening, and after that Governor Colquitt gave a reception in the Executive Mansion to the President and suite, and citizens generally.

## THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

## ARREST AND DEATH OF THE SIOUX CHIEF CRAZY HORSE.

CRAZY HORSE, an Ogallalla Sioux chief, after being at war with the whites for twelve years, surrendered, with his principal warriors, to General Crook, at the Red Cloud Agency, Nebraska, on the 6th of May last. After his surrender, Crazy Horse lived peaceably in Nebraska, under military control. He was, however, closely guarded against any attempt at rescue by the dog-soldiers of his band. On September 5th, information was received that he and his warriors were about to decamp and join Sitting Bull, with whom he was supposed



THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY PASSING DOWN WHITEHALL STREET, ATLANTA.—FROM A PHOTO. BY W. KUHN &amp; SONS, ATLANTA.

to have been in secret communication. General Bradley immediately took precautions against the threatened flight. He had Crazy Horse conveyed to Red Cloud, whence he sent him to Sydney, the nearest railway station, with a view of sending him to Florida. On arriving at Sydney, Crazy Horse attempted to escape while being disarmed. He drew a knife and wounded Little-Big-Man, one of his own chiefs, in the arm. In the affray, Crazy Horse received a bayonet-stab in the side, from which he died in a few hours.

The remains were delivered to his friends after his death, and the usual preparations made for the Indian burial. The commanding officer at Camp Sheridan furnished the best coffin the quartermaster's department could turn out. This was elevated about three feet above the ground by means of a rude scaffold, an unusually low grave for an Indian, many of whom sleep their last sleep in the tops of trees. Here, upon an exposed mound or bluff, not far from the Agency, repose the remains of the famous Minneconjoux, who is said to have taken the scalps of thirty whites with his own hands. To secure him immunity from fatigue and cactus, and enable him to outstrip his enemies in journeying through the happy hunting-grounds, his favorite war-pony was led to his grave and there slaughtered. In his coffin were placed costly robes and blankets to protect him from the colds, a pipe and some tobacco, a bow and quiver of arrows, a carbine and pistol, with an ample supply of ammunition, sugar, coffee, and hard bread, and an assortment of beads and trinkets with which to captivate the nut-brown maids of Paradise.

Then dancing began in all the villages, this being an exhibition of grief as well as of gladness, and was kept up throughout the night and following day. Eight of the chief mourners, stripped to the skin and most fantastically besmeared with paint, were left without food or drink to guard the corpse and do the howling for the friends. All Sioux, whatever the sex or age, in passing the elevated grave, for several days after the funeral, prostrated themselves and joined in the lamentation.

Little-Big-Man, who assisted in the capture of Crazy Horse, and was stabbed by him in the wrist with a dagger while the chief was resisting imprisonment, accompanied Spotted Tail and Red Cloud on a visit to the Great Father in Washington, and attracts a large share of attention.

## BURNING OF FLOATING PALACES ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

SHORTLY before midnight on Wednesday, September 19th, a fire broke out on board the *Grand Republic*, the largest

GEORGIA.—THE PRESIDENTIAL SOUTHERN TOUR.—INCIDENTS OF PRESIDENT HAYES'S RECEPTION IN ATLANTA, SEPTEMBER 22D.





NEBRASKA.—DEATH OF THE SIOUX CHIEF CRAZY HORSE, AT SYDNEY, SEPTEMBER 5TH.—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH CAMP SHERIDAN ON THE WAY TO THE GRAVE.  
FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. HAMILTON.

and finest river steamboat in the world, while she was lying at a pier at the foot of Lesperance Street, St. Louis. Before the arrival of the steam fire-engines the flames had entirely enveloped the vessel and had communicated to the iron-hulled stern-wheeler *Carondelet*, plying between Memphis and New Orleans, which, with the *Grand Republic*, was undergoing repairs. Both vessels were burned to the water's edge, and sank. The *Republic* was built at Pittsburgh in 1868 by Captain Donaldson, her owner, and cost three hundred and seventeen thousand dollars. She was the most magnificent, and one of the largest steamers ever built for the Western rivers. The *Great Republic* was the original name of this beautiful steamer, whose dimensions and elegance were always attractive and subjects of wonder. In the Winter of 1874 the *Great Republic* was chartered by Grand Duke Alexis to go from Memphis to New Orleans, but being blockaded by ice at Belmont, the mammoth

steamer *James Howard* made the trip for the distinguished foreigner. The *Great Republic* did not prove profitable to Captain Donaldson, and had to be sold by the United States Marshal at New Orleans, when she was bought by Captain Thorweigan, for the small sum of forty thousand dollars.

In the Winter of 1875-76 a new hull was built for the steamer, and she was then named *Grand Republic*. Last Fall the *Grand Republic* entered the Memphis and New Orleans trade, and continued until the close of the season. The *Grand Republic* had a carrying capacity of three thousand tons, and accommodations for two hundred and eighty cabin passengers and five hundred deck passengers.

The grand cabin was the most handsome steamboat apartment afloat. It was fitted up in the Gothic style, and ornamented with columns, scrollwork, etc. The magnificent saloon was ventilated

with extra high sky-lights, and there were numerous passageways leading to the main and upper decks. The furniture was the most luxuriant.

The iron steamer *Carondelet* was built and used as a gunboat by the United States Government during the war. Two years ago the hull was bought by W. D. Lowe and others, who converted her into a great freight steamer, having a stern-wheel and but one stack, which was located aft. The machinery of the *Belle of Aton*, burned at New Orleans, was put into the *Carondelet*, and the steamer sunk on her second trip, the accident occurring below St. Louis. The *Carondelet* was raised and repaired, but being offered for sale by the United States Marshal, was purchased by Brown & Jones, of Memphis, for twelve thousand dollars. These gentlemen subsequently sold the *Carondelet* to Captain J. F. Hicks and Alf Grissom for twenty thousand dollars, and the latter put her in the Memphis and New Orleans trade.

#### A PEARL FARM.

THE cultivation of edible oysters, as carried on at Whitstable, Rochester, and the Isle of Wight, and, above all, in the oyster *parcs* on the west coast of France, is, with the high prices realized by these bivalves, a very remunerative enterprise. There are, of course, many risks to be run, but in a successfully conducted oyster-farm the undertaking gives wonderfully profitable results. This being the case with *Ostrea edulis*, worth, even at the present high prices, only four cents or six cents apiece, it is probable that if the cultivation of the pearl-bearing oyster, or mussel, could be similarly carried on, even greater profits would be secured. This, at least, seems to have been the kind of argument which has commended itself to the notice of Lieutenant Mariot, of the French Navy, who has been spending his leisure hours in the South Pacific in rearing the pearl oyster in artificial reservoirs.



MISSOURI.—BURNING OF THE STEAMBOATS "GRAND REPUBLIC" AND "CARONDELET," AT ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 19TH.



His experiments have been attended with such good results that he has actually induced his oysters to produce what Mr. Buckland is so anxious to see in this country—a "good fall of oyster." If not in England with the native oyster, at least in the Pacific with its pearl-producing cousin, "heat and tranquillity" appear to be the secrets of success in the art of breeding these mollusks. The next thing to getting them to produce young is to induce the young to live and grow; and finally, to prevail upon the creatures to fulfill the greatest aim—in man's eyes—of their existence, and manufacture gigantic pearls. The island of Pomotou, in Oceania, is the scene of M. Mariot's experiments, and his success has led him to induce some friends to attempt the introduction of the Oriental pearl oyster to French waters, and there to add a pearl farm to the many industries connected with the production of edible oysters. The manufacture of artificial pearls, as carried on by the Chinese and by skilled artists in Vienna and Paris, is reaching so high a state of perfection, that it is difficult to detect the difference between the real and sham genus. But the trade has led to an increase in the value of real pearls, and the man who can produce actual gems on his own farm may calculate on the immediate realization of a fortune.

#### Curiosities of Wills.

An English newspaper, the *Newcastle Chronicle*, contributes to the list of curiosities of wills: "Some years ago an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in £1 bank-notes. The eldest daughter got £51,200, and the younger £57,344. Here is a singular bequest by a Frenchman. It may truly be styled 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.' Vagueas, a famous French grammarian, was in the receipt of several pensions, but so prodigal was he in his liberalities that he not only always remained poor, but was rarely out of debt. His will contains much that is original, but the following is an especially characteristic clause. After disposing of all the little he possessed to meet the claims of his creditors he adds: 'Still, as it may be found that even after the sale of my library and effects these funds will not suffice to pay my debts, the only means I can think of to meet them is that my body should be sold to the surgeons on the best terms that can be obtained, and the product applied, as far as it will go, towards the liquidation of any sums it may be found I still owe; I have been of very little service to society while I lived, I shall be glad if I can thus become of any use after I am dead.' Whether the creditors accepted this well-intentioned bequest in part satisfaction of their claims is not recorded. The following is an extract from the will of John Hylett Stow, proved in 1781: 'I hereby direct my executors to lay out five guineas in the purchase of a picture of the viper biting the benevolent hand of the person who saved him from perishing in the snow, if the same can be bought for the money; and that they do, in memory of me, present it to —, Esq., a king's counsel, whereby he may have frequent opportunities of contemplating on it, and, by a comparison between that and his own virtue, be able to form a certain judgment which is best and most profitable, a grateful remembrance of past friendship and almost parental regard, or ingratitude and insolence. This I direct to be presented to him in lieu of a legacy of three thousand pounds I had by a former will, now revoked and burned, left him.'"

#### FUN.

NOT PAUSABLE.—Perpetual motion.  
MEN WHOSE BUSINESS DRIVES THEM TO THE WALL.—Bill-posters.  
FOR "BULLS" AND "BEARS."—In these dull times brokers in mining stocks are lying on their oars.  
A MUSQUITO cannot fly as high as an eagle, but he can bully all the Christian graces out of a man a great deal quicker.  
SOMEBODY says, "Every failure is a step to success." This will explain why the oftener some men fail the richer they become.  
A BALTIMORE belle, just from Vassar, when told by the waiter that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed, "What has happened to the goose?"  
MISS VIOLET FANE, who, earlier in the season, said, "Oh, for some new-found name by which to call him!" has since married him, and has now decided to call him Old Beeswax.  
A FARMER was asked why he did not take the newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."  
REAL-ESTATE business is not so profitable just now. The tenant is waiting for the landlord to lower the rent, while the landlord is waiting for the tenant to raise it, with the chances ten to one that the tenant can't raise a cent of it.  
THEY say the poorer the quality of the illuminating gas the greater velocity it will attain in rushing through the meter. This explains to the American people the amazing phenomenon they have sometimes witnessed of the index-figures on the meter-dials making thirteen revolutions a minute.  
A LARGE, ferocious dog, finding his way into a shop filled with customers, created great alarm, when a raw-looking shopman remarked that if they would give him what he wanted it was most likely the dog would leave. What could a dog want in a draper's shop? Why, he wanted muzzlin', of course.  
THE other day a father gently said, "Don't stuff victuals into your mouth that way, my son: Oliver Cromwell didn't eat after that fashion." The boy, after pondering for a while, remarked to himself, "And I don't believe Oliver Cromwell wolloped his boy for finding a bottle of whisky in the shed when he was hunting after a horseshoe, either!"  
STARTLING INFORMATION.—A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe-shop with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

HIS REPUTATION.—"Pray, Brother A., what is the reputation of Mr. B. in your parish?" "Well, sir, all I can say is, that such is the estimation of Mr. B. among us, that when I read from the pulpit that passage in the Psalms, 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright,' the eyes of the whole congregation are not turned to that part of the gallery where Mr. B. sits."  
A PUBLIC spouter, while making a speech, paused in the midst of it and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?" Instantly a man rose in the assembly, and, with one eye partially closed, modestly replied: "I think, sir—I do indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to tramp the country together, we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir! and I'd not say a word during the whole time, sir."

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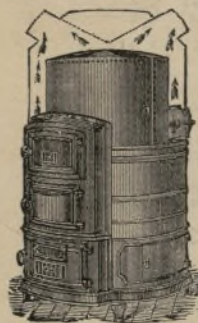


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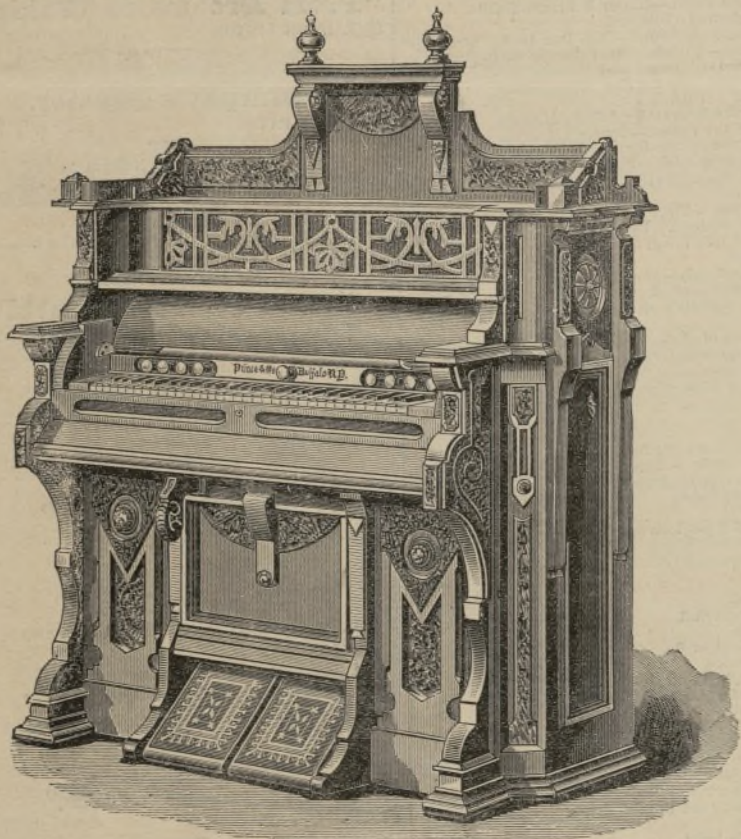


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