

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,151—Vol. XLV.]

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 20, 1877.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



“From the opening of the proceedings to the close, the overbearing insolence of Mr. Conkling and his creatures was as conspicuous as the nature of the organization which imparted to them control.”—*N. Y. Times*.

“The only aggressive and positive things that were done at the Convention were aimed not against the Democratic Party but against the Republican President.”—*N. Y. World*.

A LEADER WITHOUT A FOLLOWING.

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537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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

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NEW YORK IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Democratic State Convention of New York has taken a right step to invite public confidence, by breaking away from all past entanglements and nominating an entirely new ticket. Though the present State officers are gentlemen of good ability and unimpeachable integrity, there has been a general feeling through the State that this was a good time to make a change, and that the important issues of the hour could best be promoted by such a course. The new men start out for the campaign under the favorable auspices of being in complete and openly professed harmony with the national Administration, thus securing for itself the approval of a large class of citizens whose cardinal principle in the present political situation is a determination that sectional peace shall remain unbroken. Because of these facts the skies that overhang the Democratic camp are peculiarly bright. The campaign, however, is only at its opening, and it will be the part of prudence to guard against all errors in the counsels of leaders, and any indiscretion in the treatment of allies.

It was impossible that the Democracy should do otherwise than indorse the pacification policy of the national Administration. Their leaders have already confessed that his course is precisely that which they would have marked out for Mr. Tilden had he sought their advice as President. They have not hesitated to express both their astonishment and satisfaction at this result. Though it was clearly indicated in the tone of Mr. Hayes's letters and speeches, they did not expect that he would follow out his own ideas so consistently, or dare to disobey the injunctions of the pronounced Radicals who volunteered to become sponsors for the Administration. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was incumbent upon the New York Democrats, whose chief city is the centre of nearly half the commerce of the country, to recognize the courage and consistency of the man who has done so much to quicken the vital forces of trade; and at the same time this indorsement cannot but be regarded by the Administration as a generous act on the part of those who are at least political opponents in name. That it will aid the Democratic Party at the polls there can be no manner of doubt. Heartily sick of the sights and sounds of war, the masses of our people will not consent to lend their countenance to any party that persists in keeping up a senseless and costly agitation. When peace involved the surrender of any portion of the popular rights, the case was different, but now the utmost that is demanded of any traditional enemy of the Southern people is the exercise of a forgiveness which it is unmanly to refuse. When the Republican State Convention, at its recent session, shouted clamorously for the renewal of agitation, it not only violated all the proprieties, but estranged itself from popular confidence. The Democracy have been quick to take advantage of this error, and it will add largely to their political capital.

The platform of the Democratic Convention is one that commends itself strongly to public confidence, in that it indorses resumption, the reduction of taxes, reform in the revenue, and the decrease of official expenditures, while at the same time it sets its face sternly against the granting of subsidies and the tyranny of corporations. Where there was so much that is in every way commendable in the resolutions adopted, it is a pity that the Convention should have laid itself open to criticism by reason of its acts. The general desire for pacification ought to have prompted the dominant section to make some little sacrifice in order to secure the good-will of the contesting delegations from the City of New York and other points. They represent certain fragments of the party, whether greater or less, and have their own political influence. It was not worth while to do anything that was calculated to incense them permanently, but, on the contrary, it was the part of shrewdness to keep them on the verge of expectation, even if nothing were done prac-

tically to favor them. In this campaign there is necessity for a thorough union of all who are opposed to continued Radical agitation, but it must be confessed that the Democratic leaders have thus far shown little care to court alliances, or to receive pleasantly such allies as came voluntarily into their camp. It is never safe to count upon a victory as already won, for the pride that rejects a political alliance as useless sometimes goes before a fall. The watchword of those who support the policy of pacification and reform ought to be "Unity."

Despite of all drawbacks, however, it may be regarded as probable that the Democracy will elect their State ticket this Fall. Minor local differences will not seriously affect the general result, and recent elections plainly indicate what that result will be. Indeed, the shrewdest of the Republican leaders express no expectation of carrying New York at this coming election, and will waste no powder in useless skirmishing. Their present plan of campaign is to secure the Senate and Assembly, if possible, and thus, so far as they can, to insure the election of a Republican United States Senator in 1879. In that election the State Senate to be chosen in November will participate, and if its complexion is Republican it can carry out the policy of the last two years, and prevent the passage of a Reapportionment Bill. On an equitable apportionment of the State, both branches of the Legislature would be Democratic, since the change of district lines would infallibly advantage the population of our cities. If, however, the reapportionment can be staved off by the choice of a Republican State Senate, the election of a Republican successor to Mr. Conkling will be among the probabilities. Looking without prejudice at the situation in New York it seems not unlikely that the Republicans will carry both branches of the Legislature. Their chief is a shrewd manager, and knew what he was about when he appealed from the clear heads and sound sense of city men to the more unreasoning prejudices of the rural districts. There the old war-cries have not yet lost their significance, and the bucolic orator still addresses himself to the bullet-holes in the "old flag." Knowing this fact, the men who are opposed to Hayes, and yet call themselves Republicans, are confident that they can manage the country counties, and they rely upon the disaffected portions of the Democracy—led by the contestants who were rejected at Albany—to divide the Legislative spoils in the city counties. Looking at the effect of these movements it must be confessed that it appears as if the Republicans were likely to gather up the substantial harvest of the election, while the glory of the victory that will sweep the State in behalf of the general ticket will remain with the Democracy.

It is impossible to say, of course, what may happen in the meantime to modify these prophecies. If the Democratic chiefs are wise they will make all haste to mollify the men of their own party who feel sore over their rejection at Albany, and to gather to their side the liberal element in the Republican ranks that is incensed over the unjust attack made upon President Hayes at Rochester. This last element carries with it a great deal of moral power. Our business men and the better class of thoughtful citizens of every grade, have no desire for fresh agitation; but, on the contrary, will do all in their power to put it down. Just at this point they are amenable to any counsels that pertain to peace, and the indorsement of the administration's just and generous treatment of the South. If the Democratic Party is wise enough to reach out a hand on either side, and draw to itself the malcontents of its own house who owe it allegiance, and those Republicans who have openly expressed their utter disapprobation of the proceedings at Rochester, it may succeed in combining such elements of strength as will give it, not alone the complete control of the State Departments, but the support of the Legislature. In order to carry out properly the schemes of reform inaugurated by Governor Robinson and his predecessor, it is absolutely necessary that the Legislature should be in harmony with the Executive. A little patience, combined with a little wisdom, can secure this result—whether it will or not remains to be seen. The campaign in New York involves such peculiar issues and singular combinations as to make it well worth the careful scrutiny of every student of political history.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN ENGLAND.

THIS famous obelisk, which the Khédive of Egypt some months ago presented to the English Government, as a trophy of the success of the British arms in Egypt, is now on its way to England, and will shortly arrive at its destination. A few years ago this interesting monolith was threatened with destruction, a Frenchman on whose ground it lay embedded in sand

having determined upon breaking it up for building purposes. General Sir James E. Alexander, learning of the proposed disposition of the mammoth stone, at once set to work to save it, and after many fruitless efforts to secure pecuniary aid, he applied to the Khédive, who gave him full power to remove the obelisk to England.

Cleopatra's Needle is a misnomer, as regards its resemblance to the instrument of female industry, as well as the connecting of it with the name of the last queen of Egypt, whose questionable relations with Cæsar and influence over Mark Antony brought shame to the former and ruin upon the latter. It is extremely probable that Cleopatra never saw "the needle," and it has no more real relation to her than Pompey's Pillar had to Pompey. The monolith is one of two obelisks, which, in accordance with ancient Egyptian usage, stood before the chief entrance to some public building. Wilkinson says that they originally stood at Heliopolis, and were brought from thence by one of the Cæsars to decorate the gorgeous city of Alexandria. Champollion attributed their erection at Heliopolis to King Moeris, who lived about 1350 B. C., and who is identified by modern Egyptologists with Amenophis III. It is now generally accepted as a fact, that the two obelisks now known as Cleopatra's Needles were originally erected at Heliopolis by Thotmes III., whose monuments have been found, not only throughout Egypt, but even in Northern Africa, as far West as Algeria, and are said to be in the best style of architecture and of the highest excellence of workmanship. The date of the reign of Thotmes III. may be placed (within a century or two) at 1500 B. C., probably earlier; though Rawlinson places it at about 1400 B. C. The exodus of the Israelites from Egypt is set down by Wilkinson as occurring during the reign of Thotmes III., who, he claims, was the Pharaoh of the Biblical narrative. The escape of the Israelites is calculated to have occurred in the fourth year of his reign; and if that be admitted, he could not have been drowned with his army in following the Israelites, as he ruled over Egypt for many years, during which time Egypt attained the summit of her glory and power. Mariette dates the Exodus in the reign of Rameses II., who was the greatest builder among the Pharaohs, and who constructed two magnificent subterranean temples at Ipsambul, in Nubia, and a large part of the temples of Karnak and Luxor, and other grand edifices. If Mariette is correct in his assumptions, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt must have taken place at about 1350 B. C. The removal of the obelisks from Heliopolis to Alexandria has excited some interest among antiquaries, and is not entirely free from uncertainty, either as to the time of the event or by whose authority it was occasioned. There is a statement that the removal was performed by Rameses II., but the difficulty about that assertion is, that Alexandria was not founded until about 332 B. C., somewhere in the neighborhood of one thousand years subsequent to his reign. The generally accepted presumption is that the removal was effected in the time of the Cæsars.

The obelisk that is now on its way to England has long lain half buried in the sand at Alexandria, and has been much maltreated. Sandys, who was in Alexandria in 1610, speaks of it as "another lying by, and like it, half buried in rubbish," a description which shows its long neglect. Mr. Fairholt, who traveled through Egypt in 1860, found it entirely buried in sand, and its existence could only be detected by looking down a square hole dug for that purpose, when a portion of the top of the obelisk, with the crowned hawks sculptured on it, could be seen. In an account of his travels, describing the two obelisks at Alexandria, he said, "Neither of them would be worth the trouble of removal to England; the expense might be better incurred on some antique elsewhere"—the truth of which remark is likely to be verified in the experience of the removal now in progress. No date has been assigned for the fall of the monolith now *in transitu*. The obelisk is of red granite, from the quarries in Syene, on the extreme bounds of Upper Egypt, and its dimensions are about the same as those of its companion, the shaft of which is about seventy feet long and tapering from eight feet two inches to five feet two inches in width.

The ancient method of moving an obelisk on land was to place it on rollers and have it drawn by a vast crowd of workmen, urged on by the lash of the task-master. The old plan of floating an obelisk was to dig beneath it wide ditches, put rafts in them under the stone, and fill the ditches with water. The rafts were afterwards connected into one, and the ditches enlarged into a canal. The operation of launching Cleopatra's Needle was novel and ingenious. An iron cylinder was built around the stone (the iron thus used weighing sixty tons), and now incloses it. The air spaces of the cylinder were so calculated as to be suffi-

cient to float the whole. The length of the cylinder is ninety-two feet, and its diameter fifteen feet. Two months were occupied in digging away the sand beneath the stone, pushing the stone with hydraulic jacks till it was parallel with the water's edge, and constructing a sloping road of broken rock to the water. Planks were placed around the cylinder and fastened, and the whole contrivance rolled sideways to the water. To make it roll, ropes were passed around it and wound upon winches fixed on vessels in the water. Other ropes also passed around it which unwound slowly from winches on shore behind the stone, to prevent it from rolling too fast. The strain was so great when first put on that the vessels dragged their anchors; steam-tugs were then substituted and when they put on full steam to go ahead the cylinder rolled. The movement was so slow that the greater part of two days was occupied in reaching the water. During its progress a hole eighteen inches across was broken in the cylinder by a stone, which was also wedged in the hole. The cylinder filled with water and had to be rolled back until the hole was uppermost, which was then patched, the huge affair again rolled to the water and the strange craft was afloat. It draws from eight to ten feet of water and has a displacement of 280 tons. Attachments like wings have been applied to prevent rolling. It is being towed slowly on its long voyage, and, though ungainly, is not unseaworthy. The question now is, What shall be done with it, when the gift of Mehemet Ali reaches the London docks? The critics say that if the monolith be placed in a certain public square, it will be dwarfed by the size of the buildings around it; if in another, they say it will spoil the architectural effects of the neighboring structures. To avail themselves of any beneficial results attendant upon public criticism, the authorities have, with creditable foresight, erected a wooden model of Cleopatra's Needle in one of the squares. This plan will enable them to determine what site will be most advantageous for the setting up of the great stone before placing it in position. Up to the present time it is a question undetermined whether Parliament Square, or the front of the British Museum, or the Thames Embankment, shall finally receive the 200 tons of sienite; but wherever it may be set up, Cleopatra's Needle is certain to be a unique feature in the London streets.

FREE LIBRARIES.

THERE is a desire manifested in several cities to establish free libraries for the public, which shall be available to all classes, and open both day and evening. As municipal burdens are already very heavy, and the educational people very active, a great deal is said on both sides. On the one hand, it has been urged that the use made of these libraries is of a kind that does not warrant public expenditure, and that they only help those who could well afford to help themselves. On the other hand, we hear all the usual arguments in favor of State education, and the unhesitating assurance that a general acquaintance with the English classics would reform our criminal classes, and put an end to pauperism.

There is little doubt that a large proportion of the readers only call for novels. Novel-reading may be a capital recreation as compared with boozing in a public-house, but when a number of readers are entered as "ladies of no occupation," it seems very doubtful whether their amusement is a legitimate object of municipal expenditure. In one city it is recorded that twenty patents a day are consulted on an average, and it is questionable whether information so evidently acquired for individual profit ought to be obtained free of expense. The best way of decreasing any particular class of readers is, of course, to lessen the number of books they are likely to call for, and we are surprised to see the enormous difference which exists between different libraries in this respect. In some there are no books under the head of fiction, while in one small city they have over 18,000, including juvenile story-books. We suspect that a great deal of care is necessary in managing these libraries, and that it is no easy course to steer between the narrow commercial interests on one side and the mere desire for amusement on the other. The number of readers is satisfactory, as is also the number of volumes called for, both from the lending and from the reference libraries.

The Mercantile Library Association of the City of New York, according to its fifty-sixth and last annual report, has on its shelves 171,492 volumes of books—a net increase of 8,033 during the past year. Of works on theology there were added 341 volumes; mental and moral sciences, 110; political science, 261; natural science, 181; literature, 1,496; history, geography and travel, 1,026; biography, 466; mathematics, 9; medicine, 132; arts 399; and English fiction, 5,777. This shows the relative number of readers in the

classes that are able to pay for amusement and instruction. What is now asked is the establishment of absolutely free libraries, based on the tastes of the classes that are unable to pay for the luxury. The matter is worth very serious consideration.

There is one matter in connection with such large free libraries of reference as are already established which deserves mention, viz., the hours at which they are opened and closed. Most of these are open to the public at 10 o'clock and closed at 5; some vary from this rule by an hour, but not more. The result is that they are practically closed except to the rich, the student, and men of leisure. There are many persons compelled to work through the day who would be very glad of the privilege of being allowed to go to these libraries in the evening to read and consult. There are mechanics, clerks and hard-working professional men whose only leisure is in the evening, and who have literary aspirations that might be helped along very materially if the facilities that the large libraries afford were placed at their disposal. To do this might, perhaps, entail an increased force of librarians, but the money thus expended would produce excellent results. To call a library free, or to say that it is public, when it is in reality closed to the mass of the people, is a misnomer, if nothing more. To be really free, they should be open as late as ten o'clock in the evening.

But this does not touch the point on which the public is most vitally interested. What is most desired is that there shall be libraries where books may be loaned out (under proper restrictions, of course) to those who desire them. The masses have no money to expend for literature, and the cheap daily papers do not meet their wants. They would like to read comfortably at home—by their own firesides. If reading could be provided them, they say it would keep their younger members off the street, and this is an end that is greatly to be desired. Looked at from every point of view, the matter is one that commends itself specially to those men of wealth who are considering how best they can advance the interests of their fellow-creatures.

AN IDYL OF AUTUMN.

THE last rose of Summer has been plucked from its stem, the last plunge in the briny has been taken, the last game of polo has been played, the last long, lingering look has been cast by "blue eyes and brown" upon the dying leaves of the expiring season, and the cry is "Homeward." Homeward from fishing villages, cliff-bound and bordered with golden sand and warm brown shingle. Homeward from silvery streamlets, rich in wooded banks, sloping upwards to the sky, delicate greens, transparent foliage, purple shadows and tremulous sunshine; homeward from palatial hotels in saucy Saratoga, languid Long Branch and Knickerbocker Newport; homeward from Sulphur Springs and artesian wells; homeward from the prairies and the Pacific Slope; homeward from Europe after the glare and blare and kaleidoscopic color-blending of sunny Spain, blue Italy, white France, brown England and emerald Ireland; homeward is the cry, and the panting, puffing steamboat and locomotive are strained to the uttermost limits of endurance to restore the absent ones to "home, sweet home." Express men smile, hackmen are jubilant, while gloom, "deep, dreadful, dangerous," hangs upon the elongated countenances of those frowsy personages whose avocations lie in caring for the houses of the happy beings who can afford to cozen the stifling, sweltering heat of the "nineties" by flitting. There is briskness in the air, there is life in the streets, and the windows of mansions devoted for the last four months to brown linen blinds, or to newspapers deftly inserted between the plate-glass and the shutters, now begin to display the lithe and lissom forms of our "womankind," or, in default thereof, gilded *bric-à-brac*, vases of flowers and the golden prisons of sweet-singing birds. Basement gates are graced by the portly presence of cooks engaged in earnest converse with the colored footman from next door, or fetching "spider brushes," sporting the most coquettish of caps and the most seductive of aprons. Nursemaids come to the surface with youthful charges gotten up in toilets, veritable poems of lace and broidery. Schoolboys, "creeping like snails unwillingly to school," compare notes as to their recent wanderings, upon the sidewalk. Ladies in sheath-like costumes, purse in hand, flit rapidly in the direction of the gorgeously arranged displays of the stores, while the languid employes in monster drygoods establishments burst into vitality and cease posing, yawning, and adjusting their finger-nails. Conductors of horse railroads become more vigilant at crossings, keeping the right hand upon the bell-strap in anticipation of that nickel harvest known as short fares. Carriages of every sort, shape, size and description commence to whirl along the avenues and to block the side-streets. The pulses of

the great city begin to swell and its gigantic heart to throb with a new life.

The coming season promises much, and will redeem much. In trade and commerce there is light in the East. That good ship, the South, having righted herself, is taking mighty cargoes from our Northern ports. The rotten branches are being hewn from the goodly tree of the State, and honest men, in disowning knaves and frauds, in separating the grain from the chaff—render signal service to the crippled country. The crops have been such as to cause the farmer unlimited satisfaction, and should the existing war call upon us for breadstuffs, we are in a position to feed "ten thousand armies." There is greater animation upon every side, greater cheeriness, and the very jingle of the new silver issue bears its own hopeful greeting. Socially, the season buds healthily. Already are our theatres doing what managers are pleased to term steady business. The lover of the drama can indulge his taste from the agonies of deep-dyed tragedy to the *chic* of opera-bouffe, while we are promised English opera and Italian opera, Heaven and Mr. Strakosch knows when; while varieties, music-halls, *et hoc genus omne*, boldly proclaim existing and forthcoming attractions with an audacity that carries conviction with it. Our artists—knights of the brush and chisel—return to us laden with vivid sketches and teeming with classical ideas; our authors, full of sensation titles for volumes in embryo, matter every atom of which carries name and fame and fortune; Society is on tip-toe of expectation. Monsieur Worth's consignments arrive weekly, causing hearts of wife, widow and maid to beat anxiously beneath their bodices, lest that "love of a dress" should have been injured, that "adorable hat" bruised, that "duck of a bonnet" crushed, and the grand question ament the mode of entering the newest umbrella-case-shaped garment becomes the leading agitation of the hour. Gwendoline asks Blossie "How are we to get into it?" and Blossie, shaking her charming head, gravely replies, "I'm sure I don't know." Our gilded youth are to be seen ornamenting the club windows, attired in English tweed, composed of that pattern so much the *mode* at Sing Sing, dashed with a gentle suspicion of the horse-cloth. They regret poor Brown and Jones and Robinson, lost to them through marriage, mourning over their departed brethren in words of solemn, earnest sympathy. Mrs. Smith's receptions are discussed, and Mrs. de Bodkin Thompson's afternoons—the Bond Allagham's fancy ball, the Dymoke Tindall's amateur theatricals, and other high hopes and hops of the coming season. If marriages are made in heaven, the seaside and riverside and mountain-side of earth have much to do with them, as many of our pastors will find even before the season commences "to swing," since the return to Winter quarters is ever the forerunner of the nuptial knot, unless, indeed, the gentleman and lady happen to have been sojourning at Newport, and then brave old Trinity Church sees the fetters falteringly forged. No longer shall our places of worship display a beggarly account of empty boxes, no longer shall the Rev. Josiah Orthodox waste the fragrance of his discourse upon the desert air, for the hour has arrived when his congregation shall again sit under him in the full freshness of renewed vitality and—faultless toilets. *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* The Summer season is dead, long live that Winter—Winter, with its fascinations for the rich, and its terrible realities for the poor.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE CROTON SUPPLY.—Between sixty and seventy millions of gallons of water pour through the Croton aqueduct daily for the use of the people of this city. This is a daily allowance of about six gallons of water for every man, woman and child in the city, or more than a good many of them, it is safe to say, drink in six months, and more than most of them use for all purposes. Reducing the allowance, to give an ample supply to the manufactories, car and livery stables, and other places of large consumption, there is still left an amount of water that cannot be legitimately used. A continuance of this waste, in the face of the warning of the chief engineer of the Croton Aqueduct, may bring about very unpleasant results.

DECREASE OF SALES.—Postmaster-General Key has received a letter from Postmaster James, of New York City, calling his attention to the remarkable decrease in the sale of postage-stamps at that office. The sales for the quarter ending September 30th, 1876, were \$592,614, and for the quarter ending September 30th, 1877, \$556,487, showing a decrease of \$36,127. Postmaster James says there can be no doubt that this decrease is caused by the irregular practices of postmasters at minor offices throughout the country in disposing of postage-stamps in New York City in the various methods heretofore published. The Postmaster's object in again calling the Postmaster-General's attention to the facts, is to add to the evidence already in his possession of the necessity for some change, by legislation, in the system which renders such irregularities not only possible, but inevitable.

RAILWAY FRAUDS.—For many years past it has been customary for Congress to make an appropriation for temporary clerk pay in the Treasury

Department. The theory on which this appropriation was made is that frequently the Treasury Department has to furnish extraordinary statements to Congress, and to do other work which, not being foreseen, cannot be estimated for in the regular way. The idea that if it is necessary at any time to have performed this sort of extraordinary work, the fund is there out of which to pay for it. Under several recent administrations of the Treasury Department, notably that of Boutwell, this appropriation was largely used by the Secretary out of which to pay additional salaries to certain favorite clerks in the Secretary's office. The last Congress appropriated for temporary clerk pay, \$50,000. This appropriation became available on July 1st, 1877. It appears now that this appropriation is nearly exhausted; that it will not last beyond the present month.

A LONG NEEDED REFORM.—The heating and ventilating apparatus of the House of Representatives has been completely remodeled during the recess of Congress. It is believed that, with the new system of heating and ventilating the hall, and with the additional avenues for the entrance of fresh air, the atmosphere of the hall can be kept in a condition which will insure the health of members and others in attendance on the meetings of the House, without creating the drafts of which so much complaint has been made in the past. The Hall of the House has been one of the worst ventilated rooms of public assembly in the country, and the health of scores of members of Congress and others has been greatly impaired, either by breathing the foul air or by the currents of warm or cold air which have been forced in upon their feet. All this, it is believed, has now been remedied.

THE EQUINOCTIAL.—A violent storm of the character of those which about this season are called "equinoctials" through some popular fallacy took place on Thursday, October 4th, lasting well into the night. Dispatches from all parts of the country bring reports of disaster from its frenzy. Railway embankments were washed away by suddenly swollen streams and trains were wrecked. On the Pickering Valley Railroad an excursion train was thrown down an embankment forty feet high, and eight lives are known to have been lost. On the Belvidere Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad several persons were killed, and on the Wilmington and Northern an engineer was killed. The steamer *Massachusetts* of the Providence Line was driven ashore on Rocky Point, Long Island, but her two hundred passengers were rescued. All along the coast and on the lakes there was great damage to shipping; and at various places on shore houses were unroofed, fences were destroyed, and trees were uprooted.

PUBLIC TIMBER.—The Government has met with considerable success in disposing of the timber seized in Louisiana and Minnesota for having been cut on public lands. Offers have been received recently from lumbermen in Minnesota, who propose to purchase the logs now in the possession of the Government, and to pay market rates for them. Some of these offers have been accepted and others are under consideration. In Louisiana the lumbermen succeeded in getting an order from the Court, directing that the logs should be sold at public auction, and they then combined to bid only a nominal rate for them. The United States sent an agent, who bought the logs for the Government at extremely low rates, and now the lumbermen are purchasing from the Government at market prices. Of course, the first sale was subject to a decision by the Courts whether the seizure of the logs was a valid one or not; but if the judgment should be against the Government in the Louisiana cases, the amount to be returned into the Court would be only that which was paid at the public sale, and the excess which the Government subsequently received at the private sale would go into the Treasury.

THE PATENT OFFICE.—It will not be necessary, after all, to entirely rebuild the Patent Office. A commission appointed by Secretary Schurz to investigate the condition of the building and walls of the Interior Department have submitted their report, in which they say that the walls are entirely safe, and that, after the building is rebuilt, they will bear any weight that is likely to be put on them. They recommend that the roof be rebuilt with iron beams, the covering to be of copper; and, as space is evidently already much needed to accommodate the great and growing business of the Patent Office and of the Interior Department, which has, in fact, compelled the dangerous use of the spaces within the roof for storage of combustible materials, the board suggests the propriety of constructing another building across the middle of the court-yard, running north and south, to consist of the same number of stories as the present front and wings, to have a central corridor and two rows of rooms on each story, and to be of fireproof construction. The two court-yards which will then exist will be of dimensions which can be readily roofed with iron and glass, which will make it possible to use all the lower portion of them for storage of models.

THE APPROACHING SESSION.—There seems to be considerable diversity of opinion expressed in political circles in regard to the probable length of the special session of Congress. It has generally been supposed that when the Senators and Representatives once organize the two Houses, the new members, especially, would be so anxious to introduce bills and make speeches, that the session would continue until about the time of the regular meeting. It is now suggested by some who are familiar with the desires of members, that the session may continue only a few weeks, or perhaps not longer than two. The reasons assigned for this belief are that the members will see the utter impossibility of passing the Army Appropriation Bill before the first of December, if the question of an increase of the army is involved in the consideration of that Bill, as it is almost certain to be. The House may, therefore, in order to give the new Speaker an opportunity to arrange the committees more at leisure, pass a resolution similar to those adopted in

July and August of last year, authorizing the War Department to pay such sums as may be due to the army on the basis of the appropriation for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1876. Such a resolution as this might be agreed to on any Monday by a suspension of the rules, and without being considered by a committee; or the Speaker might appoint the Committee on Appropriations, and a general understanding be had that there should be no other business, except, perhaps, the introduction of bills.

OUR GERMAN TRADE.—The Department of State has received from the United States Consul-General at Berlin a communication concerning the development of our trade with Germany. Meeting the wants and peculiarities of the German market is the most urgent requirement to effect this development. This can be best accomplished by the establishment of agencies. The superiority of almost all articles of American manufacture is fully recognized, but in a large number of cases the American articles, on account of their style and finish, are kept for show in the windows, the exorbitant prices being demanded for them precluding their sale. In the matter of American boots and shoes, for instance, their superiority in make and finish is fully acknowledged, but the shape of the heels does not suit the Germans, who prefer heels less wide and somewhat higher than the present American style. This seemingly simple matter of taste interferes materially with the trade; we must accommodate the tastes of those for whom we cater. With all drawbacks, our trade with Germany is steadily on the increase. Our imports therefrom for the last five years were a little over \$228,000,000, while our exports thereto amounted to \$277,000,000 during the same period. The increase of our exports of manufactures has been decidedly pronounced. Our exports of manufactures to Germany for the year 1872 amounted to \$1,555,000, while it amounted in 1876 to \$5,246,000. The Consul-General says that by proper efforts on the part of our manufacturers and dealers a much greater ratio of increase may be accomplished henceforth.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
Domestic.

WENDELL PHILLIPS was nominated for Governor of Massachusetts by the Workingmen's Convention on the 1st.

THE National Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church was held in Boston, opening with considerable ceremony, on the 3d.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, M. C. from Georgia, was in New York City last week, and held daily receptions.

An impairment of \$120,000 in the capital of the Brewers' and Malsters' Insurance Company was discovered and ordered to be made good.

THE centennial anniversary of the Battle of Germantown, Philadelphia, and defeat of the Continental troops, was celebrated on the 4th.

THE New York and Savannah steamer *Magnolia* was abandoned at sea, owing to having sprung a leak that could not be stopped. All of the passengers and crew were saved.

COLONEL DAVID H. ARMSTRONG, Vice-President of the Board of Police Commissioners of St. Louis, was appointed United States Senator from Missouri, to succeed the late Mr. Bogey.

A FINAL conference with the Sioux Indians was held in the White House on the 1st, and after receiving money and presents they came to New York, and spent some time examining the sights and making purchases.

FREDERICK A. SAWYER, ex-United States Senator and ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, together with Mr. Haines and Mr. Brooks, were found guilty of having defrauded the Government through the famous Roddy claim.

DURING the week ending Saturday, October 6th, the price of gold fluctuated in New York as follows: Monday, 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ @ 103; Tuesday, 103 @ 102 $\frac{3}{4}$; Wednesday, 103; Thursday, 103 @ 102 $\frac{3}{4}$; Friday, 102 $\frac{3}{4}$ @ 102 $\frac{3}{4}$; Saturday, 102 $\frac{3}{4}$ @ 102 $\frac{3}{4}$.

THE Most Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore and Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, died in Newark, N. J., on the 3d. He will be succeeded by Bishop Gibbon, of Richmond.

THE New York State Democratic Convention met in Albany on the 3d, threw out all the Anti-Tammany delegates, approved the President's Southern policy, opposed subsidies to railroads, urged the prompt resumption of specie payments, and nominated candidates for Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer and State Engineer.

WALL STREET was thrown into intense excitement on the 2d by the discovery that William C. Gilman had forged and raised a large amount of insurance scrip, and had disappeared. Investigations showed the forgeries to amount to \$352,500, and that they had been in progress for twelve or fifteen years. Mr. Gilman had stood uncommonly high in the estimation of moneyed men.

Foreign.

AS WAS expected, M. Grevy was accepted as the leader of the Republicans in Paris.

M. GAMBETTA appealed from the findings and sentence of the Correctional Tribunal.

THE Sultan decreed that henceforth Osman Pasha should be known as "The Conqueror."

MEHMET ALI was superseded in the command of the Army of the Danube by Suleiman Pasha.

Mlle. TERESA TITIENS, the great operatic singer, died in London on the 3d, from a cancer.

THE Sacred Congregation of the Vatican pronounced against the canonization of Christopher Columbus.

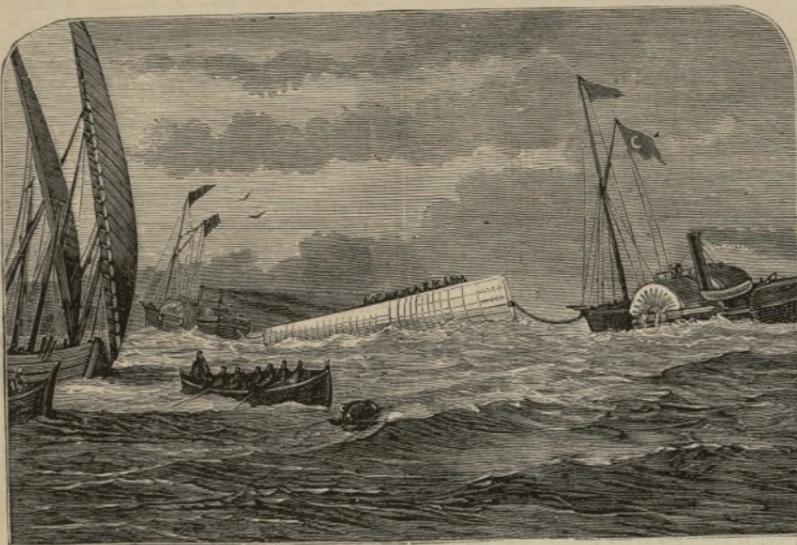
CHINA is making great preparations for representation in the Paris Exposition, and has been assigned an immense space.

A REPORT was published showing the deaths from famine in the Madras Presidency, India, during the present visitation, to be 750,000.

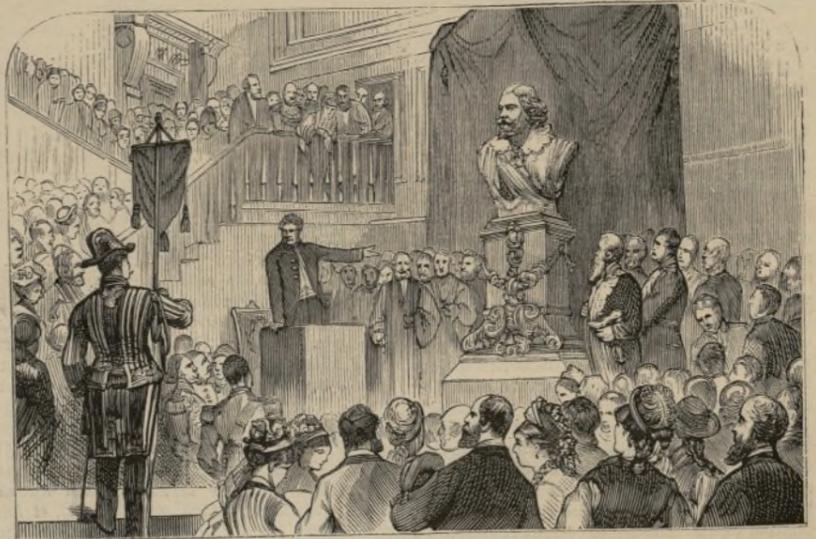
GENERAL TODLEBEN, the Russian engineer, who constructed the defenses of Sebastopol, was appointed Chief of Staff to Prince Charles of Roumania.

A SEVERE battle occurred between the Turks and Russians on the 3d at Alexandropol, forty miles from Kars, General Melikoff making a general attack on Moukhtar Pasha's entire line.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 103.



EGYPT.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN TOW OFF ALEXANDRIA.



BELGIUM.—INAUGURATION OF THE RUBENS BUST, IN THE ANTWERP MUSEUM.



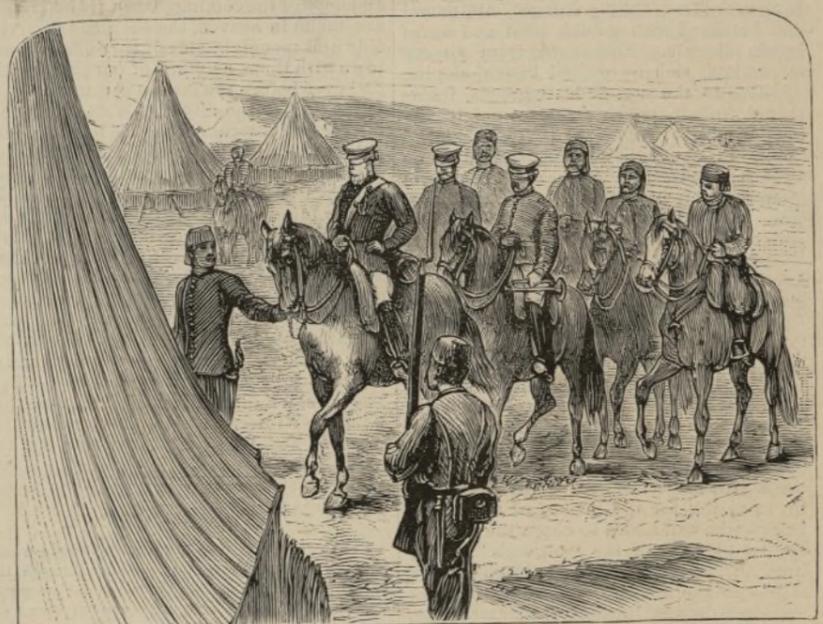
CHINA.—EXPOSING CHILDREN FOR SALE IN SHANTUNG.



BULGARIA.—PEASANTS FLEEING FROM CIRCASSIAN IRREGULARS.



TURKEY.—WARNING THE CITIZENS OF CONSTANTINOPLE NOT TO FIRE AT THE ECLIPSED MOON.



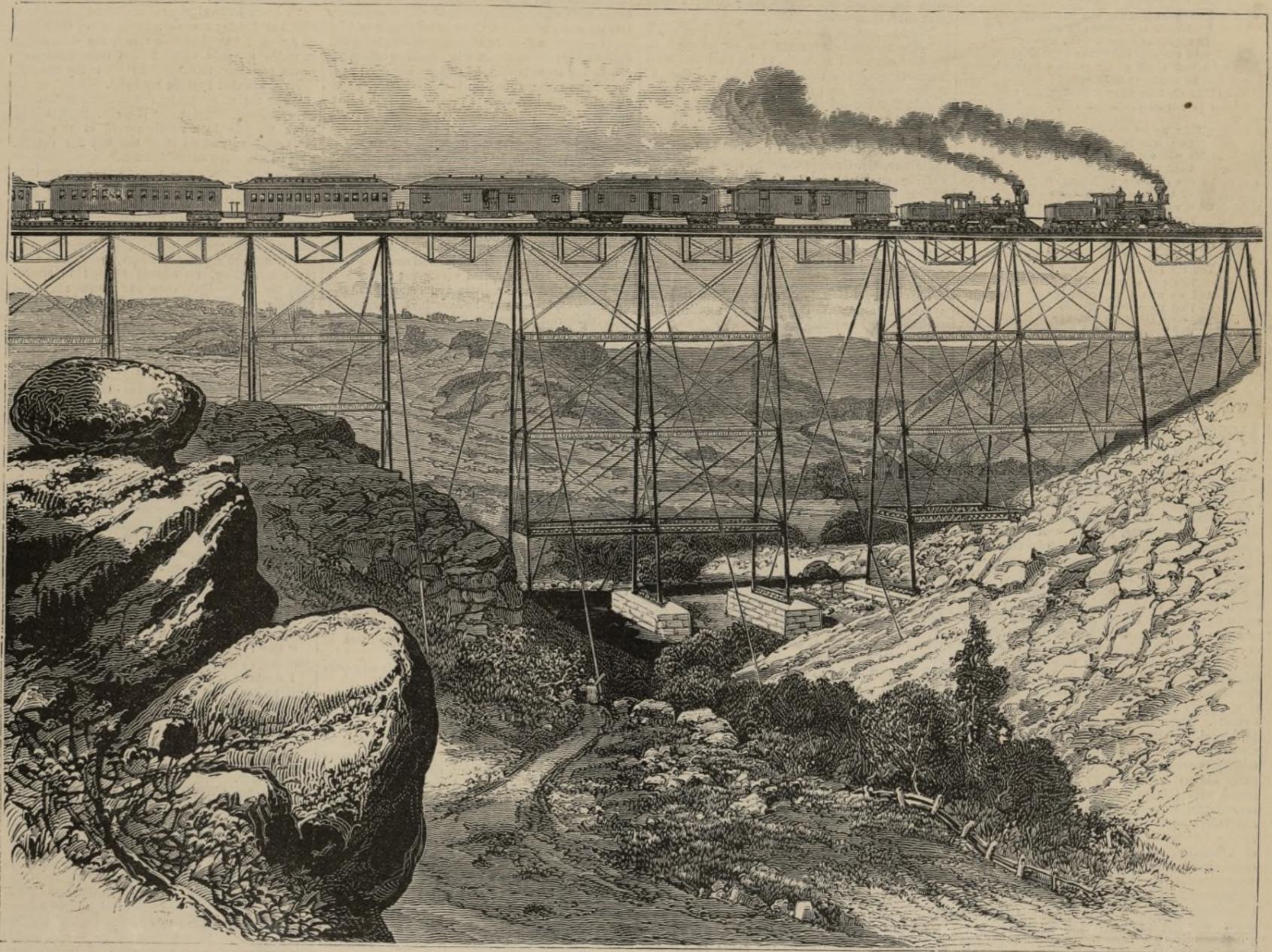
BULGARIA.—ARRIVAL OF A RUSSIAN FLAG OF TRUCE AT FUAD PASHA'S HEADQUARTERS.



BULGARIA.—TURKISH INFANTRY STORMING THE VILLAGE OF KIZILA.



BULGARIA.—THE WOUNDING OF GENERAL DRAGIMIROFF AT THE SHIPKA PASS.



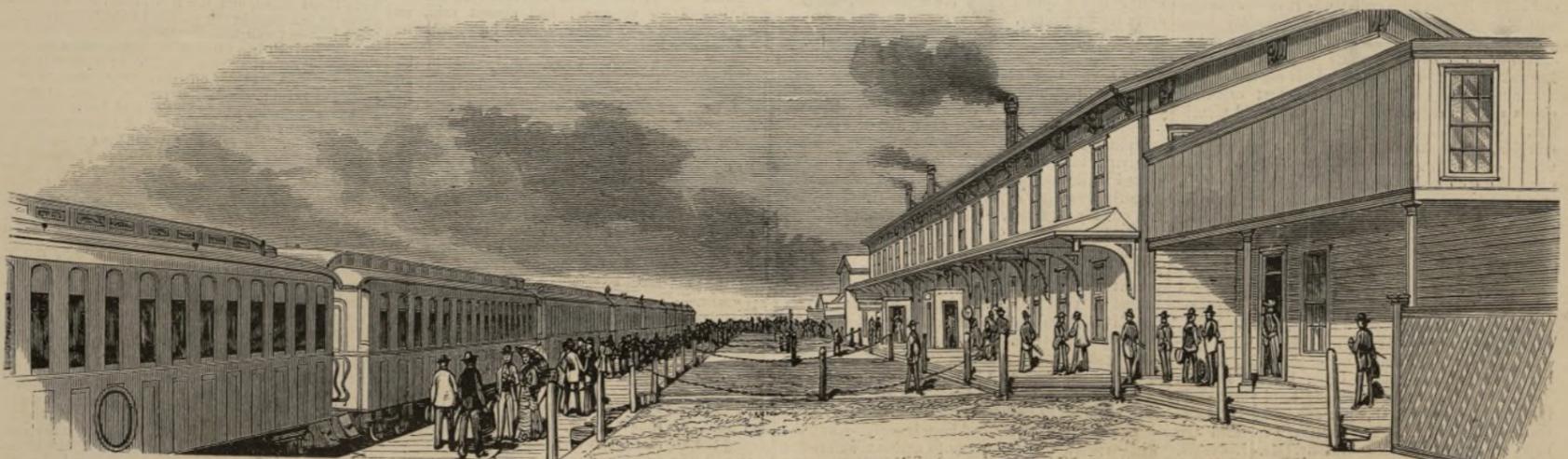
THE EXCURSION TRAIN CROSSING THE DALE CREEK IRON VIADUCT, NEAR SHERMAN, U. P. R. R.



THE WYOMING PENITENTIARY, NEAR LARAMIE.



WEIGHING THE LADIES AT LARAMIE.



THE ARRIVAL AT LARAMIE STATION, THE "GEM CITY OF THE MOUNTAINS."

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE FROM SHERMAN TO LARAMIE STATION. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 102.

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

I WONDER if the oak and maple,
Willow and elms, and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
Of the day their lives must fall?
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
Or of the crimson spray,
That shall be when chill November
Bears all the leaves away?

"If die we must," the leaflets
Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the colors of all the earth
Until we pass away.
No eye shall see us falter;
And before we lay it down
We'll wear in sight of all the earth
The year's most kingly crown."

So, trees of the stately forest,
And trees by the trodden way,
You are kindling into glory,
This soft autumnal day,
And we who gaze, remember
That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together
May come through ripening frost

FOUNTAIN VIOLET.

A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

POGSON'S business was dispatched as quickly as civility permitted, and dismissing his easy-mannered friend, the lawyer sat back in his chair, and strove to realize the position in which he found himself placed. It was, as will be seen, a strange and critical one.

Earwaker was the son and successor of a solicitor of good repute, who bequeathed to him a considerable practice, relating chiefly to matters connected with commerce and finance. The younger man, while inheriting most of his father's business qualities, possessed one failing which the latter had not—ambition. Debarred by circumstances from a higher career, he saw his road to social distinction only through the acquisition of wealth—commanding wealth. To this object he had devoted his life, his moneyed connection furnishing many an opportunity for those daring operations which, if successful, lay the foundation of a mighty fortune, if they do not achieve it at a stroke. More than once, he had held the prize he aimed at almost in his grasp. But reverse almost always followed victory. Nay, a series of mishaps would sometimes reduce his accumulated gains almost to where they began. Wearied at length with fortune's caprices, Earwaker—losing his habitual coolness and caution—connected himself with a scheme which, successful at first, began to falter and lose ground under the pressure of difficulties, against which no human foresight could have provided. Money—a little more money—and all would be well. Nay, the result was certain—so, at least, said all concerned. The little money was supplied, became more, very much more, and by this time it had grown to be a question of sink or swim. More than one faint heart sought to adopt a middle course, and, abandoning the ship, greatly augmented her peril. Still, the position was not desperate, provided only that assistance was immediate and effectual. All eyes turned towards the man who had been the chief promoter of the undertaking—the shrewd financier, Earwaker. That gentleman's resources, though far from equal to the claim now made upon them, represented no inconsiderable amount, but these could not be realized on the instant, and the necessity would not brook an hour's delay. In a fatal moment, the hitherto honest man fell into temptation. The much-needed money was obtained, but it was at the cost of Mr. Earwaker's conscience, and on the security of every fraction of Mr. Lewcraft's property—between fifty and sixty thousand pounds—then in his agent's custody. No wonder if, at my uncle's apparition, Mr. Earwaker looked a little disturbed!

And now what was to be done? Through what would have been a very dismal cloud indeed, the lawyer thought he saw a gleam of light. According to his client's statement, the latter had, by his will, virtually given his nephew the choice of fortune or yacht! Now, probably, no man on earth—save Earwaker himself—knew of what that fortune consisted. Certainly, his nephew did not. What if, realizing his uncle's expectation, perhaps his wish, the young man preferred the handsome, well-appointed yacht to the dreary, impoverished-looking edifice on the bleak hill, and such poor property as was likely to be found there? But hold. Conscience! Was he not bound to apprise the young man of the wealth within his very grasp? In that case—ruin. Suppression was not falsehood, nor always treachery. At all events, call it in this case both, what was it in comparison with the crime of which he had already been guilty? No—there was no escape. With a deep-drawn sigh—farewell tribute to integrity—Mr. Earwaker accepted what seemed his doom.

I must condense details. The first essential object was the redemption of the deposited securities. With a heavy heart, and at a tremendous sacrifice, Earwaker converted into money the whole of his own remaining property, realizing some thirty thousand pounds. With the aid of a city friend, and a further heavy sacrifice, he contrived to raise the remainder, twenty-five thousand, thus placing himself in a position to release the securities, and to complete, in due course, the bargains entered into by his principal.

"All this risk, loss and anxiety to gratify a miser's whim!" muttered Mr. Earwaker, ungratefully, and, returning worn out from his broker's, he sank wearily into his chair.

A little surprise awaited my uncle on his returning to Fountain Violet. Upon his table lay a letter from the secretary of the local yacht club, in which that gentleman, after apprising Mr. Lewcraft of the approaching regatta, expressed the hope of the committee that he, Mr. Lewcraft, would compete for a prize cup of one hundred pounds, limited, it was politely added, to vessels of from forty to forty-five tons, chiefly with the view of inducing Mr. Lewcraft to enter his fine cutter *Cockatoo* for the race.

"We must spot this new dodge," the chairman

of the committee had observed, frankly. "Let's entice the beggar out. Offer a jug of sovs. That'll fetch him, if anything will."

Ill and fatigued as he was, my uncle—so his servants reported—appeared for the moment to regain health and strength, as he read this civil letter. His eyes sparkled with delight, and though, at one passage he grinned sardonically, it was evident that the writer's object was achieved.

"Send Bob Grantham," said my uncle, regaining his composure.

That veteran appeared. Hirsute alike in aspect and attire, Mr. Grantham looked like a tame bear walking on its hind legs, the resemblance being favored by his speech, which was, to speak more strictly, growl. Few but his familiars could readily interpret Bob Grantham.

"How goes your work, Bob?" asked my uncle, eagerly.

Bob sounded a bass note, signifying "Finished."

"Ready for—?"

"This time, a long, low rumble, like a train in a tunnel, intimated that it only awaited the gov'nor's final instructions.

"Good. I enter for the cutter-race a month hence," said my uncle. "We'll take the shine out of some of them—ha, Bob?"

Mr. Grantham was seized with a chuckle that shook his shaggy frame from head to foot. As this, with Bob, was somewhat unusual, Mr. Lewcraft awaited with some curiosity for the next growl. When it came, the mysterious substance can only be interpreted as:

"Wot odds, gov'nor—so long's as they leaves the shine in we?"

This joke—for joke it evidently was—Mr. Lewcraft received with an approving smile, and forthwith, now that his momentary excitement was over, very wan and weary, retired to rest.

My uncle had returned, even after that brief absence, much changed and enfeebled. It was perhaps for that reason that, during the succeeding week or ten days, he scarcely visited his beloved *Cockatoo*, contenting himself with giving Bob Grantham special orders as to the selection of the half-a-dozen hands who were to form her crew under Bob in the coming race.

The next incident I have to record was the arrival at Fountain Violet of Mr. Earwaker's confidential clerk, in charge of sundry chests of no great size, but of unusual strength and weight, of which, it was noted, he declined to lose sight; he was the bearer of apologies from his principal, who was at the moment too unwell to travel, and also of twenty-five thousand pounds in specie, besides several thousand more in notes.

"Hang it!" Mr. Earwaker had muttered, out of patience, "he must take the balance in paper. It's all the easier to hide, and, if he intends to use old sofa-cushions and invalidated crockery as his future depositories, far more eligible."

After the arrival and dismissal of the auriferous messenger, Mr. Lewcraft was observed to rally somewhat, notwithstanding that his nights seemed disturbed. Old Louisa, the cook ("Squeezer") and Maypole Moll could often hear the old man prowling stealthily about the house at untimely hours, apparently with some object beside exercise, for he was heard opening cupboards, sounding panels, fumbling about the stoves, etc., sometimes not returning to rest till dawn. He now crept down to his yacht every day, and was engaged with Bob Grantham and another old selected seadog, very like Bob, but shaggier, in perfecting the invention that was to make the *Cockatoo* renowned for ay. Both the seadogs now dwelt on board, and so determined was Mr. Lewcraft that no one should surprise his secret that the men kept alternate watches, and were armed.

During this time my uncle made several excursions into the town, usually visiting the local bank, and always using a carriage, having now grown too weak to return on foot up the hill. So deathlike was his look, that Louisa, alarmed, took counsel with Mr. Grantham and Maypole Moll, and, with the concurrence of those advisers, expressed her fears, by letter to Mr. Earwaker and myself that her master would shortly be found dead in his chair or bed. It now wanted but three days to the regatta.

The important day opened brightly, with all the stir and flutter belonging to such occasions. Some minor matches came off with effect, but the great interest centred in the cutter match, fixed to start at noon.

Long before that hour six of the seven competitors were at their moorings, the seventh buoy remaining so long unoccupied that doubts began to arise whether, after all, the *Cockatoo* would put in an appearance. However, at half-past eleven that vessel was seen to issue majestically from her cove, and take up her position. All acknowledged her to be a magnificent specimen of her class, sitting like a queen upon the water, and looking every inch a winner.

As the committee's boat, according to custom, pulled alongside, Mr. Lewcraft, who, though now very ill, had insisted on accompanying the race, was seen reclining on a pallet on deck. Conditions of the match having been formally explained, my uncle's visitors paid him a deserved compliment on the fine appearance of his yacht, receiving in return a gracious and wholly unexpected invitation to come on board and inspect her. Eagerly accepting it, the gentlemen dived below, and quickly returned, with faces of genuine astonishment.

"My dear Mr. Lewcraft," said one, "you are, of course, the best judge of your vessel's trim, but permit us to ask, are you not something short of ballast? Your space and head-room are marvellous. It is to be hoped that you have not sacrificed stability to convenience. Unless I am mistaken," the speaker added, glancing to windward, "there will be weather enough to try the stiffest of you!"

"Gentlemen, you will see," was Mr. Lewcraft's only response as he bowed them farewell.

The sea, meanwhile, had been increasing, and the wind freshened so rapidly as to amount, before the starting-gun was fired, to half a gale. Such was the threatening aspect of things that all the yachts, except the *Cockatoo* and her next neighbor, the *Dione*, struck their topsails before the start.

Bang! Open flew white acres of canvas, and away bowled the yachts, the *Cockatoo* last, and

taking it so easy that, but for the death's-head and cross-bones—my uncle's lively racing colors—still flying aloft, she might be thought only a spectator. Her crew, all of the Bob Grantham type, could be seen lounging, rather than bustling, about the deck; nevertheless, she was seamanly handled; appeared, despite her large topsail, as stiff as a house; and, long before the storm-mist shut the race from view, had left her nearest competitor full half a mile astern.

At two o'clock on that day, Mr. Earwaker, looking very pale and anxious, made his appearance at Fountain Violet, to learn with great surprise (I would not give it a worse name), that his supposed dying friend was sailing a stormy match on the high seas!

Had Captain Sweetlove arrived? On being assured that he had not, Mr. Earwaker composed himself and took some luncheon. An interesting colloquy then ensued between himself and Squeezer, in which the latter detailed with great minuteness her master's recent condition and doings, his failing intellect, his nocturnal wanderings, his snatches of feverish rest during the day, in which exclamations might be heard to escape him, etc., all pointing to one and the same predominant idea. "Gold! gold!" he would mutter. "More gold! All gold, I tell you. All gold!"

"Have you, my good friend," asked Mr. Earwaker, "any reason to suppose that your poor master, whom you watch and serve with such kindness and fidelity, has been in the habit of—of concealing what money he has by him about the house, now?"

"Such, sir," replied Squeezer, "are my convictions, likewise Mayp—that is, Moll's. There ain't a hole or corner in the house not stuffed with bank-notes, gold and silver, and what not. Bless'ee, we've heard it chinking most nights in the week!"

"It is as I thought," mused the lawyer. "The miser's fancy full upon him. Oh, might the sea but swallow him, and that before his nephew comes! With him come explanation, reconciliation, my disgrace and ruin. Ha! how the wind shakes this old place!" he went on involuntarily, as a tremendous gust howled by. "Don't ships go down in weather like this?"

Squeezer shivered, and owned that it was possible.

"I—I think I'll stroll to the cliff. The yachts, they tell me, should be returning," said Earwaker, and he went out.

Despite the weather, groups were assembled on the cliffs, eagerly watching. Few sails were visible, most of those not engaged in the race having run for shelter from the increasing gale; but in the far distance a snow-white speck, in strong relief against the black horizon, seemed to be attracting every eye.

"'Tis she, sure enough," said a coastguardman, examining her through his powerful glass. "Topsel's gone or struck, but—blazes! how she travels! If she don't round that ere flag-boat in half-an-hour, my name's not Bill Jerdine, nor her'n *Cockatoo*!"

Bill was a true prophet. On swept the gallant yacht in solitary grandeur. Of the rest, the *Dione* alone remained in the race, a mile or more astern, and with a terrific heel, while the *Cockatoo* sailed like a moving rock.

The report of the winning-gun was inaudible in the storm, but the flash and smoke announced the *Cockatoo*'s victory. As she rounded the flag-boat, however, a strange thing occurred. Her distinguishing flag—the death's-head and cross-bones—which, by custom, should have been flown till sunset, was seen to sink half-mast high!

But now in smooth water, she was quickly surrounded by boats, the excitement on shore increasing in proportion. Very soon the news was told. Bob Grantham, with sobs that shook his shaggy frame, announced that his master lay dead on the wave-washed deck.

"He had seemed werry weak," Bob explained, "but didn't complain nuffin." Half-an-hour since, however, he had beckoned Bob, and, with a very labored utterance, bade him thank the hands for the skill and attention to duty to which he owed his victory, his last words—according to posthumous testimony—being these: "Coom wot may, Bob, you take her in a winner. Give us your hand, old friend, and now don't ye look at the gov'nor agin till you hears the winnin'-gun." "And, by jingo," added Bob, fairly bursting into tears, "when we run to him he was gone."

Not having been apprised of old Louisa's fears so quickly as Mr. Earwaker, I only reached Fountain Violet late that day. The solicitor met me on the threshold, feelingly communicated the news, and conducted me to the chamber of the dead. I had not seen my poor uncle for twenty years, and was prepared for a great change. But, no; in the calm of death those twenty years had vanished. With his closed lips and eyes the old man looked as young—I had almost said, as comely—as my dear mother's dead face had been described to me.

In the evening, after a melancholy meal in the hushed house, Mr. Earwaker suddenly addressed me.

"I fear, my dear sir, that important business will demand my presence in London to-morrow, or, at latest, the following day. It would, perhaps, facilitate matters were we at once to ascertain what steps should be taken in regard to your poor uncle's affairs. There is reason to suppose they will not cause us much trouble," concluded Mr. Earwaker, with a significant smile.

"Of that you are a better judge than I," I replied, innocently. "I should fancy, however, that my poor uncle expended his means chiefly on his yacht."

"Quite so. At any rate, the keeping of this old mansion must have cost him little. The land is worth something, though the site is somewhat bleak for building purposes. It cannot be worth much. We can, with your approval, proceed at once to business. Your uncle's will lies, I am told, in that cabinet, of which Louisa has found the key. Shall we examine?"

I assented, and Mr. Earwaker, with professional promptitude, selected and opened the document.

In a few lines it declared the dispositions already known, i. e. the yacht and contents on the one part, the mansion and contents on the other; myself to have the choice.

Mr. Earwaker folded up the paper, and looked at me inquiringly.

"I know little of the value of land hereabouts, sir," I said, after a pause; "still less of the worth of a yacht; but—this vessel, the only object in which my poor uncle took a cordial interest, seems, somehow, to commend itself to my choice."

Mr. Earwaker grasped my hand. "The notion, my young friend, does you honor," he exclaimed, warmly. "We can, then, if you think fit, join in a rough record of this little arrangement; and so clear the way for details, which I can carry out in London."

This was done. And now an impulse, as irresistible as it was unaccountable, suddenly seized me, and would not relax its hold. It urged me to go at once on board the vessel—now virtually my own—there to pass the night. Mr. Earwaker, perhaps once more approving of the sentiment that seemed to suggest this idea, made but a faint resistance. Nay, he offered himself to accompany me to the little cove and present me to the custodians of the yacht as their new master.

Although the wind was still raging, the night was bright and clear. We were received on board by Bob Grantham and his mate, both of whom, a little to my surprise, wore pistols and carried life-preservers of a formidable size; and, matters being explained, Mr. Earwaker took his leave. Wearied and conscious of a curious depression, I soon retired to rest.

Next morning I was aroused early. A letter from Mr. Earwaker.

"My dear sir," he wrote, "it has just occurred to my mind that a friend and client of my own is seeking a yacht just the size of the *Cockatoo*. Like yourself, I am ignorant of the market value of such vessels; but remembering that my client is rich, and accustomed to indulge his fancies, I have fixed on a price which must, I think, meet your most sanguine estimate of her value—three thousand pounds. Will you accept it?"

"Yours, etc., T. EARWAKER."

Much perplexed, I made a confidant of Bob Grantham.

"Don't you ha' nuffin to say to'n, gov'nor," was Bob's counsel, given with decision.

I wrote a few words, declining the offer. In half an hour I received a second note.

"On my own responsibility I increase my friend's offer to five thousand pounds. T. E."

Mr. Grantham, on being shown this, fell into such convulsions of laughter that he looked like a tipsy bear.

"You say, 'Won't do, gov'nor.'"

A little later arrived a third note:

"Have telegraphed. Answer, 'Carte blanche.' Will you take ten thousand, or what? T. E."

"I'll tell 'ee what, gov'nor," growled Bob. "Come along o' me."

We descended to the hold, Bob's comrade following. Then the two powerful fellows labored about the ballast till they had laid all bare to the very bottom. Within the false keel—of immense strength—lay rows upon rows of golden coin, sovereigns, amounting in number to nearly eighty thousand, and in weight little under two tons.

This was my uncle's ballast secret. I have space for but a word more.

Grace and I agreed to purchase Fountain Violet, sold at a reasonable price for the benefit of the bankrupt estate of a gentleman lately resident in Copthall-court, City-rents.

We are happy, prosperous; I trust, deeply grateful also to the Source of all good gifts. At all events, when I look on the best of those He has bestowed on me, I feel inclined to bow my head, and—say Grace.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE ROUTE FROM SHERMAN TO LARAMIE.

THE down-grade commences, and we descend, by double-engine power, to the great Laramie Plains. The grotesque rock-masses are heaped near the track, and painted far away against the gray horizon, where certain ominous low clouds are gathering. Midway between Sherman and Dale Creek we come upon the Skull-rocks, huge, rounded boulders of pale reddish-gray granite, worn smooth by some prehistoric chiseling process, and heaped in a great pile, through whose interstices bristle gnarled and stunted little pines. The eyes that love color are never weary on these plains; every hour brings them a new study, and the last is ever the best—as now, when the warm, tawny rocks, the olive-black pines, and the faint, cool, silvery gray-green of the sage-brush create a sober harmony of color that fits well with the great sweep of outline. The sage-brush has rapidly increased since we left Cheyenne, disputing every inch of ground with the buffalo-grass; its little bunches, not exceeding six inches in height, are dotted far and near, a tough, tenacious growth, whose soft foliage has a peculiar pungent odor accounted by most noses intensely disagreeable. No other root will live among the alkali patches; but even on the dreary Humboldt Desert we shall see these little gray-green tufts dotting the powdery white soil.

Dale Creek Bridge appears in sight, and there is a rush to the platform, that each one may enjoy to the uttermost the sensation of crossing on a spider's web. Seen from a distance this marvel of light iron trestle-work, spanning the deep rocky bed of the stream, has the airiest and most gossamer-like effect; but it is a strong and substantial structure, over which our long train goes roaring in safety, though not without many shivers and few shrieks from those weaker vessels on the platforms who are averse to seeing a hundred and thirty feet of empty space yawning below them. Very far down they seem, those great ruddy granite boulders, round which the little thread of water crawls and trickles, far enough to give one a dizzy qualm as he leans over the unsteady railing and stares into the chaos of rock and sand and stunted pine under his feet, and catches a fleeting glimpse of the few tiny cabins, like a child's card-house, that perch among the boulders. And then shooting like a flash over the iron network we are on the solid soil again, and before, and below us, reach the brown willows of the Laramie Plains.

From the base of the Black Hills to that of the Medicine Bow range these plains stretch away their endless ridges and ragged buttes—forty miles in width, and in length one hundred. Away to the southwest the Medicine Bow Mountains rise in sight, and the Diamond Peaks prick up sharp and clear, painted in dusky blue against the chilly sky. Still further south there is a line of shining peaks, "with the snow five thousand Summers old"—peaks that are always white and cold, even in August days, when the shadeless, blazing sun bakes the dry soil, and the air is stinging with blown alkali dust. The level valley of the Platte, which we thought so grandly desolate yesterday, becomes monotonous and tame in our memory, measured with this wild, stern waste, whose foregrounds are all breastworks and cliffs and castles of strangely fretted and craven sandstone, whose middle distance is all a heaving sea of brown and purple and gray divides, and whose background is the range of eternal snow-hills, the clear, violet peaks, and the forever-changing sky. Hour by hour the buttes take wilder and more fantastic shapes; there are the strangest arabesques cut deep in their tawny and red surfaces, weird intaglios, like the "picture-writing" of some past age—uncouth figures, hewn out like Egyptian gods; long rows of rugged columns, pyramids starting up from a level plane, and crumbling turrets crowning an endless line of smooth, stratified wall, beyond which one can fancy anything wild and wonderful, but nothing more wonderful than what we see. We are fairly descending the slope of the Black Hills, the first range or outpost of the Rockies, and are still nearly eight thousand feet above the ocean—higher than Mount Washington—think of it, ye among us who have boasted of climbing those six thousand and odd feet!—and still above us and beyond us, new peaks are rising, lonely and unattainable in the distance. As we pass Tie-Siding, the track runs almost due north, and the western horizon is barred across with a solid blue rampart of mountains.

Tie-Siding is a telegraph-station, with a sparse scattering of cabins, chiefly tenanted by teamsters and woodcutters, and a saloon or two. Not far away over the divides are some large sheep-ranches, and to supply the dash of tragely element essential in a frontier town, there are the solitary graves of two soldiers, killed in an Indian skirmish twelve years back. Then comes Harney, a side-track merely, and Red Buttes, where the fantastic rock-shapes are splashed with a warmer coloring, and even the soil is ruddy. Age after age has chiseled away the softer rock from these great up-tilted masses, leaving their fantastic skeletons, as it were, standing up grimly on the Plains. Time's fingers are working on them still, and it is hard to say how soon the tireless process of disintegration will bring these wonderful bits of sculpture down to the level of the soil. But there they are to-day, at least, and we are lucky who see them from a car platform.

Fort Sanders is the next station—a military post, established here in 1866, and probably not destined for long occupation by the United States troops. Its clustered group of log-houses and barracks, inside the high stockade, crowd close to the track. We catch a glimpse of a private or two off duty, and of the corral full of Government horses, pricking up their ears at the long train shooting by. The post is directly on the old military road which crosses the Black Hills, through Cheyenne Pass, to old Fort Walbach and to Forts Carlin and Russell, near Cheyenne.

The little tables are being hooked into place at every window, and the fresh white table-linen handed out, which means that the afternoon wears late, and we are nearing the supper-station. This is Laramie, a thriving town, with its three thousand inhabitants, its brick and stone "blocks" and public buildings, and its boastful title of the "Gem City of the Mountains." Compared with Cheyenne, its aspect from the railroad is imposing, but it lacks the dash and picturesqueness of the other towns, as well as the stirring crowds that so delighted us. It is essentially a busy place, and will become more so as the great mineral resources of its neighborhood are developed—the soda lakes, the mines of cinnabar, plumbago, iron, and a dozen other ores, and the rich beds of clay and limestone, whose extent is as yet only partially estimated.

Taking our constitutional on the long platform, we have a view, just west of the track, of the Wyoming Penitentiary, whose grim, square proportions our artist is hastily sketching down in the ubiquitous sketch-book. The laws of the land are evidently respected in Laramie—nowadays at least; its infancy of eight years ago was quite as stormy as any period chronicled in the histories of Cheyenne, Sydney or Julesburg; but those days of tents, saloons, dug-outs and gambling-dens are to a certain extent past, and we are told, as a notable fact, that churches are now patronized and the play of cards and dice (ostensibly) suspended on the first day of the week. Brawls and murders are no longer incidents of daily occurrence, and judges and juries have done away with the wholesale practice of lynch-law, a change of administration which, it is to be feared, does not meet with the whole-souled approval of some of the "oldest inhabitants." A grizzly-pated old frontiersman, browner than an Autumn leaf, gave us his views on this subject with melancholy frankness, as we paced the platform.

"Thar was a time," he remarked, with a stern shake of the head, "when it was mighty onsafe to kill a man out yer; but it's gettin' to be easier nowadays. Murder's done with 'em-punty now. I tell you, young fellers, there never was but one judge, or justice, that made no mistakes, and that was Judge Lynch, and we didn't gain much by gettin' red of him!"

Argument fails in the face of assertion, so we accept our aged friend's view of the case in assenting silence, and stroll on. At the end of the platform an interested group is collected round Fairbanks's scales, where almost every woman in the train will have taken her turn before the engine starts, and weights will be compared and "guessed" at with as much eagerness as if the same process had not been gone through with, and the same results announced, at least twice during the preceding twenty-four hours. Our fair fellow-voyagers let no opportunity slip for ascertaining their exact avoirdupois, and chronicling the pounds gained since they shook the dust of New York from their small button-boots, and here they are, as usual, anxiously inspecting the scales, and crying out that they certainly aren't true, because, according to this, somebody has actually "lost two pounds and a half since day before yesterday!"

We hear glowing accounts of the merits of Laramie as a supper-station, but are content to take them on faith. Nor are we sorry to return to the hotel-car when the twenty minutes are up, for the cold winds, to which we have not yet become acclimated, are sweeping uncomfortably round the corners of the platform, and there is a chill as of snow in the air. Nay, as we scramble upon the cars, somebody declares that he feels a wandering flake in his face; and we prepare ourselves, as for a new sensation, for an April snow-furrow on the Laramie Plains.

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL PARK.

A SCENE ON THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND.

OUT upon the green velvet grass, with the bright sunlight sheening through the umbrageous foliage, rich in the glory of Autumn reds, russets and gold, merry childhood sports in the full frenzy of childhood's glee. Life is no "throb of pain" to the frisking youngsters who dance merrily around the Maypole held aloft by that dainty miss, who, crowned and garlanded with flowers, blithely carols, if not Mr. Tennyson's "I'm to be Queen of May, Mother," possibly warbles some charming nursery rhyme less word-painted, and all the more enduring. Her companions join in gleeful chorus, especially the piquante little lady whose hair is cut down on her forehead as were the locks of the rakehell cavaliers when merrie England was ruled by that merrie monarch who never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one! Nine maids of honor to that queenly dame holding her floral court; nine young, fresh, innocent, mirthful children with eyestaring merriment and sunshine, and faces all aglow from joyous excitement and healthful exercise. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may! Here are tints from the pink blush of the white to the crimson of the damask. And the toilets! Where but in this dear land of ours are the toilets of the children so beautiful, so elaborate, so tasteful and so becoming? Not in the Bois de Boulogne or the gardens of the Tuileries; not in Kensington Gardens or the Regent's Park; not in the Paseo at San Sebastian, or the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid; not *Unter den Linden* at Berlin, or on the Corso at Rome. The "get up" of these tender buds of girlhood is simply perfect, and the faultless taste displayed in their toilets will assert itself when they reach to the tremendous dignity of long frocks in bearing off the palm for that matchless elegance which is now the acknowledged heritage of our daughters. These little ladies are exclusive, the game being confined to their own sex, to the chagrin of two young gentlemen on the left, one of whom is engaged in bestowing condign punishment—mimic, let us hope—upon his companion, who, unluckily for himself, has just bitten the dust. Two other youths are

grave, majestic, inundated with a flood of harmonious light, the calm features of the once inscrutable Sphinx look down upon us, as many centuries ago they looked down in their grand repose upon the wondering father of history. Time has pressed lightly on these Titanic temples and vast tomb places, but from their shadowy portals the worshippers have gone for ever. Desolate and state-fallen, they open now only to admit the curious stranger.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Cleopatra's Needle Afloat.

On September 9th the cylinder containing the Egyptian obelisk was finally and successfully launched into water deep enough to float it. Soon afterwards the wooden casing was stripped off, and amid the cheers of the crowds that lined the shore, the strange craft was taken in tow by two tugs, one ahead and the other astern, and was conveyed around the harbor. During the voyage of nine miles the cylinder behaved remarkably well, and showed itself seaworthy in spite of a heavy ground-swell that prevailed.

The Bust of Rubens in Antwerp.

The Rubens Tercentenary festival at Antwerp, in August, has already been illustrated in our foreign page. In this issue we give the scene which occurred at the Antwerp Museum at the unveiling of the bust of Rubens. The attendance was very large, comprising the municipal and academical authorities, detachments of military, foreign delegates and members of the administration and judicial bodies. The bust, by M. Pecher, when uncovered, was highly praised, and will form a fine ornament to the entrance-hall of the gallery of ancient pictures. The inauguration ceremonies were brief, but quite impressive.

The Famine in China.

The crops having failed in the Province of Shantung, great distress has prevailed there for the last few months. In addition to hunger, the people have suffered intensely from the cold, the winter being always severe in that part of China. Immense numbers of refugees have been flocking southward to Chinkiang, where they have erected straw huts in every sheltered spot, and are now

he could in no way excuse such barbarity, but retorted that the Cossacks themselves frequently committed great cruelties on the Turkish women and children. "I was not aware of that," answered the officer; "I will inform the Grand Duke of it." The eyes of the Russians were again bandaged, and they were reconducted outside the limits of the camp by Captain Annesley, an Englishman serving with the Turks.

The Turkish Army Capturing Kizila.

On August 30th the Turkish troops, under Mehemet Ali, made a reconnaissance in force near the town of Karahassankoi, which at one time nearly assumed the proportions of a general engagement, and which will be memorable in history as the first occasion in the war in which the Turks ventured to make a charge across the open fields upon Russian intrenchments. The main incident of the day was the storming of the village of Kizila, situated at the end of a beautiful valley at the base of a ridge of hills. Here the fighting was most furious, for the Russians had long lines of intrenchments, such as are shown in a picture on this page. But in spite of the obstinate resistance, the Turks stormed the trenches, and, after a bloody conflict, drove the Russians out at the point of the bayonet. The latter rallied three times, but were totally routed. At the same time the Turks were storming the village, their cavalry drove the Russian infantry up and down the streets. In Bulgarian villages the entrance-doors are placed almost at right angles to the streets, so that the enemy had only to put up large stones, or clumps and roots of trees against them, to form capital barricades. As these commanded the whole street, the difficulty of taking the streets was very great; but the previous successes had lent extra energy and courage to the Turkish troops, and on they rushed in the face of an awful fire, until the village was taken with as great a success as the trenches.

The Wounding of General Dragimiroff.

On the 24th ult., during the fighting in the Shipka Pass, the Russian General Dragimiroff, after bringing the reinforcements from his own division, the Podolsk regiment, to General Radetsky, joined that officer and his staff, who were surveying the battle from the slope of a peak. The bullets here were singing like a nest of angry wasps. One bullet struck, on the left knee, General Dragimiroff, who had been standing calmly in the face of the fire looking down upon the battle. One of the best generals in the Russian army was *hors de combat*. He is as brave as he is skillful; he never so much as took his spectacles off, but gently sat down, and, ripping up his trowser-leg, bound a handkerchief round the wound. Surgeons were immediately summoned, and, as soon as the general's injuries could be attended to, he was carefully borne off the field.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Paris Exposition of 1878 is to cost \$8,000,000. The original calculation was about \$7,000,000.

—THE cost for Maryland for supporting 1,500 troops for twenty-one days, during the labor riots, was but \$3,861.76.

—"HELEN'S BABIES" have traveled as far as Melbourne, Australia, where Mrs. Scott-Siddons has been reciting selections from them.

—THERE are 31,000 acres of State lands in Holmes County, Fla., which can be purchased at the rate of seventy-five cents per acre.

—IN Virginia and North Carolina the acreage planted in tobacco is fifty per cent. larger than last year, and the yield promises to be better in the same ratio.

—THERE is a man actively engaged in buying up horses in Quebec and vicinity, and the people there have got it into their heads that he is an agent of the Russian Government.

—THE beach at Galveston is the largest and broadest in the world, extending twenty-five miles, fronting the unbroken tide of the Gulf of Mexico on the south and east.

—TWO MEN swam across the Mississippi River and back at New Orleans, on a wager, recently. One made the distance in thirty-three and the other in thirty-six minutes.

—A FAMILY residing near the Lebanon Valley Railroad, Pennsylvania, is composed of three blind old ladies, and the son of one of them, who has been an invalid over thirty years.

—THE building has been completed and the machinery placed for a new cotton-mill at Savannah, Ga. It will have 7,300 spindles and 123 looms, and will be exempt from taxation.

—HENCEFORTH British regiments are to be supplied with the well-known spiked helmet of the German soldiery, and the shako is to be discarded, except, perhaps, in the case of rifle regiments, and, may be, in that of the militia.

—THE State Department has received a plaster cast of a remarkable treaty of the Greeks of 400 B. C., containing mention of the first political acts of Alcibiades. It was discovered in Greece in April last, and presented by General Meredith Reed.

—THE stringent regulations in force in St. Louis against commercial travelers will soon be submitted to the courts by a test case. The United States Supreme Court has already decided that local laws discriminating against "drummers" are unconstitutional.

—FROM the Shreveport *Times* we learn that the people of North Louisiana, East Texas, and South Arkansas, who are dependent on the Red River as an outlet for their products, intend to ask at the next session of Congress for an appropriation of \$200,000 to secure low-water navigation in that river all the year round.

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

—A TRAMP got a ride from Hornellsville, N. Y., to Binghamton, N. Y., recently, by passing himself off as the owner of a valuable team of horses and riding with them in the car. The deception was discovered when the owner, who had made the trip in a palaco car, was presented with a bill of \$3.60 for his own transportation.

—TURKISH women do all their shopping at the doors of the stores in Pera, and the merchant—generally a Greek or an Armenian, who speaks Turkish—must go to the carriage-window with the things they wish to purchase. An ordinance of the Minister of Police prohibits Turkish women from entering any store in the Frank quarter.

—THE European watering-places have been crowded this year. The London *World*, of September 5th announces no fewer than 40,000 visitors at Wiesbaden; 20,000 at Baden, despite the withdrawal of the gambling tables; 14,000 at Aix-la-Chapelle; more than 11,000 at Ems, and 40,000 at Prymont. The lowest on the list in Germany is little Rowhal, with 44 guests.



RUSSIAN TROOPS DEFENDING THEIR TRENCHES.

enjoying the delicious excitement of a bicycle, while a pair of girls are tossing a ball from one to the other close by. In the background a nursemaid sits smiling, probably at an approaching policeman, while her charge is harassing her with repeated infantine queries, to which, in her pleased abstraction, she finds it impossible to reply; but children are not to be put off, and that sturdy little urchin will have a satisfactory answer before he ceases his importunities, or he will know the reason why. Further back a nursemaid wheels her sleeping charge in a perambulator, while a little girl lags behind tugging at her dress. In the near foreground a charming group of four are having high tea, and that juvenile Mrs. Camp, in the sunshine stirs her souchong with the air of an elderly maiden of fifty. That baby, popping up his pink toes, is sadly interrupting the confidential confab of the two ladies in the corner, who are dwelling in full-flavored language upon the merits and especially the demerits of the irrelative employers. Again on the left we have nursemaids in Normandy caps and those aprons which make the fortunes of stage *soubrettes*. Mark the eager anxiety of that tiny toddler to join in the revelry whirling in front of him, and the lace fixings of the infant in arms. A young lady leans against a tree, engaged in the thrilling pages of a dime-novel, while her charge "sleeps like an infant." Bright, beautiful picture! Morning of life. Play on, ye merry children—play on, for the time will come when you may discover that as gold is tried by fire, so the heart must be tried by pain.

The Land of the Pharaohs.

THE past lends to Egypt a charm more entrancing than its cloudless skies and delicious climate. Go where you will, antiquity meets you at every turn. Around you lie the ruins of cities whose very names have been obliterated in the silent march of the ages. Before you flows the sacred river upon whose waves floated centuries ago the little ark of the outcast Hebrew infant and the golden barge of the gorgeous daughter of the Ptolemies. Time was when this old Nile was the highway down which many successive nations rushed to conquest, for the Ethiopian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Roman and the Saracen have all lorded it in turn in this ancient realm of the Pharaohs. Now, vexed no longer with the fleets of rival monarchs, the mighty river rocks with slumbering swell the lotus lilies on its tranquil breast, and its lonely banks, which have rung so often in days gone by to the shrill paeans of triumph, the palms in the sultry noontide throw their long shadows athwart the ruined temples and colossal statues, grand in execution and faultless in detail, which reveal in every outline the perfection to which the arts of architecture and sculpture were carried in their earliest cradle. The soil is strewn with fragments of broken columns and defaced colossals. Buried beneath the drifting sand of the desert lie the glories and yet grotesque masterpieces of the Egyptian chisel. Serene,

living 'a the most wretched manner. Many of them are only too ready to part with their little ones in order to procure the means of subsistence. This deplorable state of things is shown in our picture, which represents a mother conveying her children to Chinkiang to sell them.

Bulgarian Peasants Flying from the Circassians.

When the Turks evacuated the Dobrukscha, they left behind the Circassian irregulars, who entirely depopulated the country, driving the inhabitants before them in the direction of Varna. After a while, however, the natives escaped and returned by thousands, mostly on foot, the Circassians having appropriated their horses, and sometimes almost naked, their clothing having also been appropriated. Frequently a woman's petticoat would be the entire wearing apparel available for a man. Our picture was taken near Kustendje, where the cavalcade was passing the line of mounds known as Trojan's Wall. The tunnels on the hills mark old battle-grounds, being filled with human bones. Two walls, the inner one of stone, extend from Kustendje to Tchernovoda, and for six miles from the former place there are three walls. At frequent intervals fortified camps also occur. The country is almost destitute of trees.

The Moon's Eclipse in Turkey.

An ancient oriental legend states that the shadow which veils the moon during an eclipse is a huge dragon trying to devour our valuable satellite. As such a deed, if accomplished, would prove exceedingly awkward to the world in general, Mussulmans from time immemorial have been in the habit, when this monster makes his appearance, of firing at him with muskets loaded with ball. Since the declaration of war, however, the Turkish authorities determined to put a stop to a custom which gave rise to serious troubles, and, accordingly, previous to the recent eclipse, criers were sent round the streets of Constantinople announcing that no gun was to be fired at the moon, under the penalty of a fine of \$30, confiscation of the weapon, and several days' imprisonment. This order was obeyed throughout the capital, and the eclipse of the 23d ult. was probably the first which has not been saluted with salvoes of small arms for some centuries past. One of the most curious features of the affair was the phraseology of the crier, who loudly averred that the sun was about to intervene between the earth and the moon, and accordingly would overshadow the latter for some hours.

A Russian Flag of Truce.

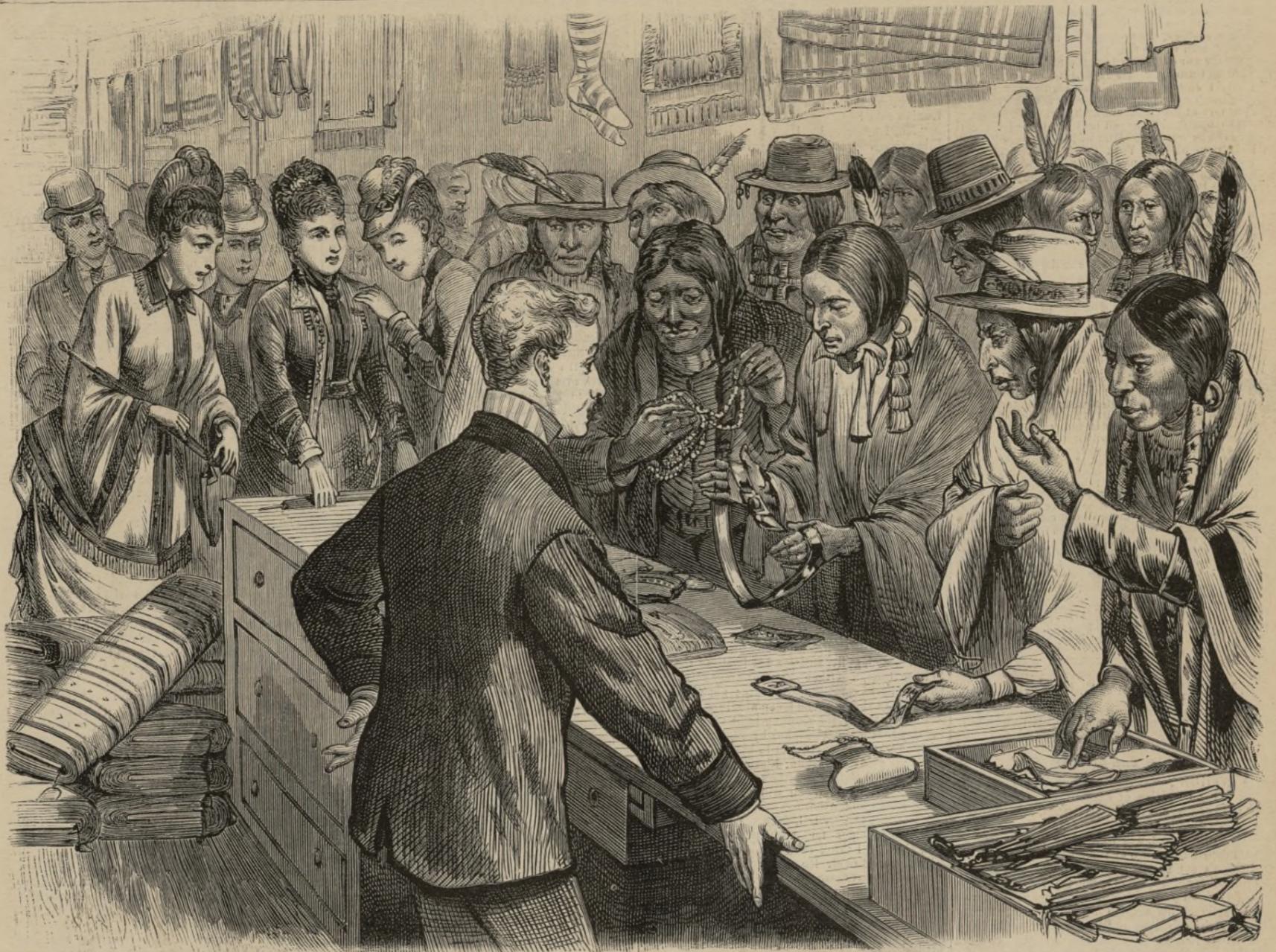
This picture represents an incident which occurred in the camp of Fuad Pasha, one of the subordinates of Mehemet Ali Pasha, who, upon entering upon his command, paid considerable attention to the organization of the ambulances. In order the better to effect this, he sent a messenger to the Grand Duke Nicholas, asking for a definitive answer as to whether Russia would respect the "Red Crescent" in the same manner as the "Red Cross" is recognized by the Ottoman forces. In answer to this request, the Grand Duke sent emissaries under a flag of truce to Fuad Pasha's quarters. Upon their arrival they were blindfolded and led to the commander's tent. The chief of the party, a lieutenant-colonel, after complimenting Fuad Pasha on the Turkish artillery, complained that the Circassians decapitated the Cossack wounded. To this Fuad Pasha replied that



NEW YORK CITY.—AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON SCENE ON THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND IN CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 107.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

An exquisite Oleographic Picture. "A MOTHER'S LOVE" is sold at N. 646 & FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, Price of Picture and Box 25 Cts.



NEW YORK CITY.—OUR INDIAN ALLIES.—SIOUX WARRIORS MAKING PURCHASES ON BROADWAY FOR THEMSELVES AND SQUAWS, OCTOBER 5TH.—SEE PAGE 107.

BURIAL OF GENERAL CUSTER'S REMAINS.

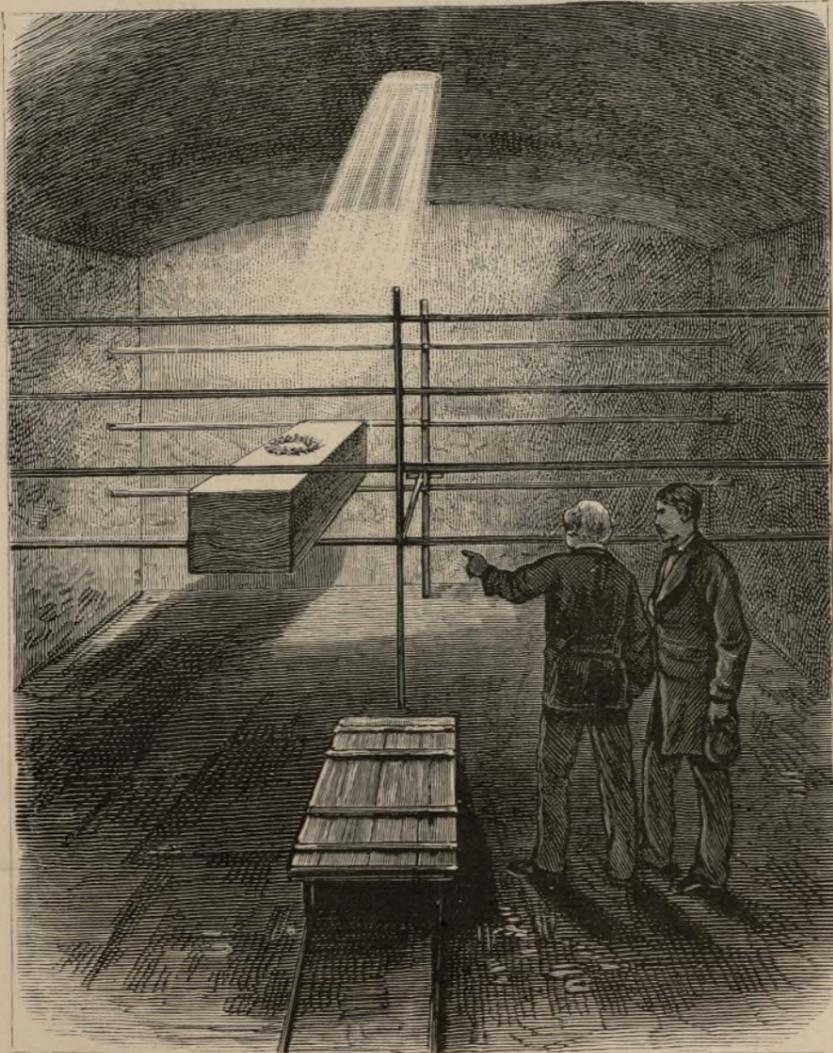
THE remains of the gallant General Custer were recovered from the bloody field where he fell, June 25th, 1876, by an expedition under Colonel Sheridan, which left the camp at the mouth of the Little Big Horn River on the 1st of July last. They

were found at the extreme end and highest point of a broken, treeless ridge. Close by lay his brother, Colonel Thomas Custer, and other officers and friends, surrounded by the partially exposed and bleaching bones of the soldiers and their horses, fragments of clothing and shoes and shod hoofs of horses. Although the remains of General Custer, and most of his friends there, as elsewhere, had evi-

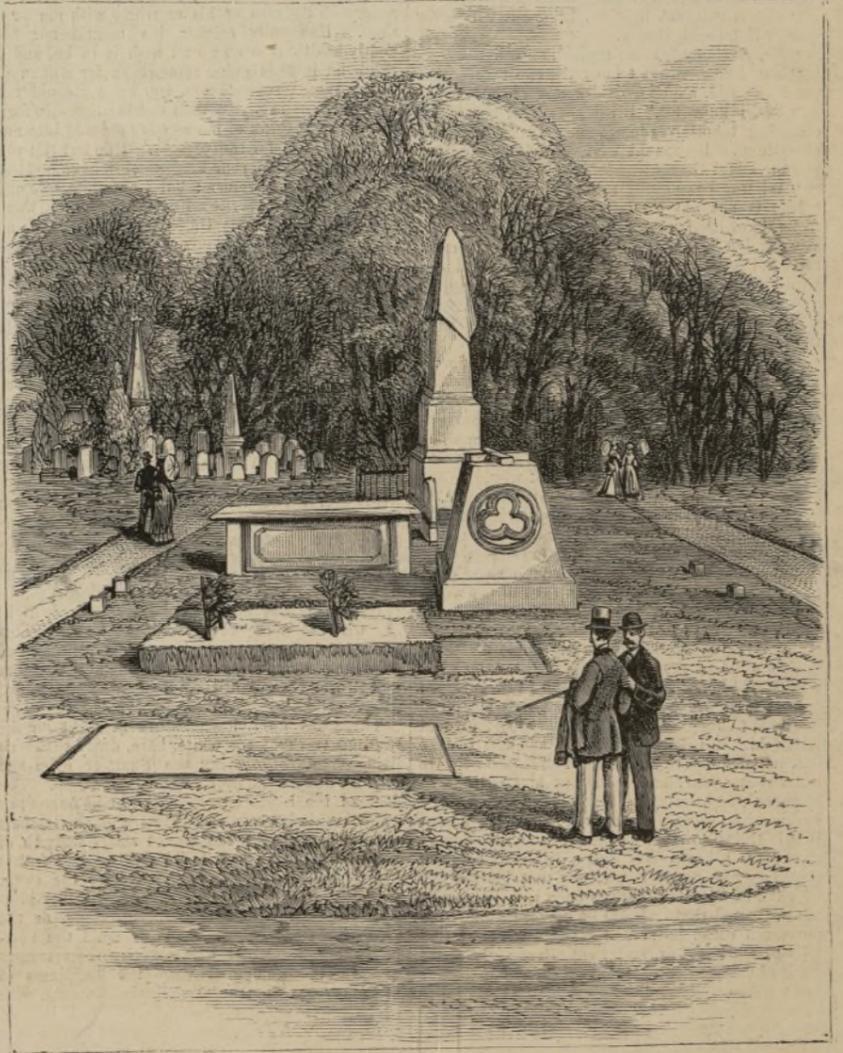
dently been disfigured by the coyotes or savages, and probably both, and many, if not the most, of the skulls there and throughout all the fields were smashed to fragments, mangled or missing, still what was decided to be and probably were the main portions of the bones of General Custer and his two brothers were secured. Neither Reed nor the officers who fell with him and Reno were found. The

remains were carefully gathered, wrapped and then packed with grass cut from Custer's Valley, placed in ten rough boxes not unlike rough coffins, and brought away.

By request of his father, the gallant Lieutenant Crittenden sleeps where he fell, with his boys about him; but, for the guidance of his friends, his name, rank, etc., are rudely carved upon a head-post.



NEW YORK.—THE OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL CUSTER.—THE REMAINS IN THE VAULT AT FOGGKEEPSIE.



NEW YORK.—THE OBSEQUIES OF GENERAL CUSTER.—SITE OF THE PROPOSED PLACE OF SEPULTURE AT WEST POINT.

An exquisite Oleographic Picture. "A MEMORIAL TO THE GREAT SOLDIER."

Another board shows where Captain Keogh and thirty-eight of his men fell. There is also a rude inscription at the head of each of the others, but most of the soldiers, either singly or in groups, have a stake driven where they rest.

On the 4th of August last, the remains of Colonel Thomas Custer, Colonel Yates, Captain A. E. Smith, Captain James Calhoun and Lieutenant Donald MacIntosh were buried with deserved honors in the cemetery at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

The box containing all that was left of General Custer was forwarded East without delay, and upon its arrival at New York City was dispatched to Poughkeepsie, and placed in a receiving vault to await the final interment in the military cemetery at West Point.

Funeral services were prepared for Thursday, October 4th, but were postponed to the 10th, when the remains will be buried a short distance from the entrance to the cemetery and near the grave of General Scott.

The following order relative to the obsequies has been issued:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WEST POINT,
UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY,
WEST POINT, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1877.
GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 24.

The funeral of the late Brevet Major-General George A. Custer, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, will take place from the chapel, at two o'clock p. m., October 10th, 1877.

The funeral escort, to be commanded by Brevet Brigadier-General Thomas H. Neil, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Cavalry, will consist of the battalion of Cadets, the Cadet Light Battery of Artillery and the United States Military Academy detachment of cavalry.

The detachment of cavalry will receive the remains on their arrival at the South Dock, at half past twelve p. m., and will escort them to the chapel, where they will lie in state under a guard of honor from Company E, Battalion of Engineers. On the completion of the exercises in the chapel the procession will be formed and proceed to the cemetery under the direction of Brevet Brigadier-General Thomas H. Neil, United States Army, in the following order:

1. The escort; 2. Clergy; 3. The body; 4. Mourners; 5. Officers of the military academy; 6. Officers of the army; 7. Officers of the navy and marine corps; 8. Officers of the volunteers and militia; 9. Societies and fraternities; 10. Citizens.

Academic duties will be suspended from one o'clock p. m., and all labor on the Post from 12 m. until retreat. By command of Major-General Schofield.

WILLIAM M. WHEBRY, A. A. A. General.

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 XIII.—(CONTINUED).

ANTHONY was badly wounded; but, after the operation of extracting the bullet had been successfully performed, the surgeon said there was nothing to fear but the fever which supervened, and which kept him tossing in wild delirium for two or three days.

Ellen's explanation of the accident, as the only probable one, sufficed; and then, after having doubly saved him, the unhappy woman who loved him staid by his bedside night and day, sharing her watch with none until he was pronounced out of danger.

He had been partially free from fever on the previous day, but had scarcely spoken a word; now, on this evening, as the doctor took his departure, Anthony raised himself on the pillow and feebly spoke.

"Ellen."

"Yes, Anthony."

"What day is this—day of the month?" he asked.

"The eleventh of July, Anthony."

"Ah! To-morrow was to have been our wedding-day, Ellen."

"Yes, Anthony," she said, averting her face.

"But it will not be now, Ellen—it will never be now!" he said, slowly.

"No, Anthony," Ellen replied, steadily.

"You know—what I have tried to hide—from you?" he said, a quiver contracting his pale lips.

"Yes, I know all," Ellen answered, her hands clinching themselves in each other. "It explains everything. I thought of it once or twice, but put the awful thought away from me."

"What are you going to do?" he said, wearily. "Life is not any good to me. I should be glad to be rid of it—for my own sake. I did not shoot myself; but I meant to do it. The brandy made my hand unsteady when I was loading, and one barrel went off. Life is only a horrible nightmare to me—I don't care for it a pin; but I don't want to leave worse disgrace on my name. I am the last of the Latouches."

"What do you mean?" demanded Ellen, with a feeling of frenzy overcoming her. "Do you mean to—tell—to let your sister know—to have public infamy cover every one that belongs to you and loves you—to drive Lizzie mad, or break her heart when she learns that her husband was murdered by her brother? That would be the last and worst of your sins, Anthony Latouche."

"Ellen, Ellen," the miserable man cried imploringly, "I did not mean to murder him! I meant to punish him in some way, and we fought. We met that night on that accursed spot on the crest of Glendisane; he was coming up out of the wood, and I was maddened with drink and by hearing from Nick Byrne that it was common country talk of my sister and her lover having stolen meetings in that wood. I never gave him credit, from what I knew of him, for honest intentions towards her; and when we fought he would not satisfy me to tell me so, but sneered at me, and said my sister would follow him to the world's end, if he chose to take her, in spite of me. I said, 'You'll never live to boast that again!' and sprang at him so that he staggered, and, losing his balance for a moment, I knocked him down; and we were so near the edge that in trying to rise he rolled over on the slippery grass, and I heard him give a frightful cry, and then he—was gone—down into that black gully over the lake! I thought his body would be found next day, and that I should be accused—and I did not much care; but, when I heard next day that he had married her, and, then afterwards, of the birth of the poor little child, and knew I had made her a widow and her child an orphan, it seemed to me as if the stones would rise out of the ground to accuse me. His blood is on my hands, I know. I murdered Richard Stirling!"

"His body was never found then?"

"Never. Of course I would have heard of it had it been; though that place under the rocks is accessible only by a boat from the lake. He must have fallen into the water and sunk under the shelving brink and all those thick rushes and reeds; there is twenty fathoms of water there—and there he will lie until he rises on the Judgment Day against me. You will never tell them, for Lizzie's sake?"

"No, I never will. Does Nick Byrne know?" Ellen asked.

"Yes, he knows quite enough of that night's work to hang me if he likes," said Anthony, indifferently; "but nothing would make Nick Byrne unfaithful to me, poor creature."

"And you will keep it secret for your sister's sake?" Ellen returned, entreatingly. "It will kill Lizzie, or drive her mad, if she ever hears it. Try and make some amends to the child, Anthony—to Richard Stirling's child."

"I mean to do so," he said, in the same dull, passionless tone in which he had spoken all the time. "I dread and hate the child; it is like a thing come from the other world to confront me. But I will do what I can. I meant to save money to give the child."

"And be very patient and gentle with her, Anthony, and pray to Heaven for forgiveness."

"No, Ellen, I cannot," he said, briefly. "I shall have just the mercy I showed Richard Stirling—no more."

"But you did not mean to send him to his death—you would have saved him if you could? Oh, Anthony!" Ellen cried, with a kind of despairing entreaty not to contradict her.

"Yes, I would have saved him if I had not been mad and blind with drink and rage. As it was, I was glad for a few moments; and then I felt myself accursed, covered with blood, and the brand of Cain all over me ever since!"

"Oh, Anthony, try to pray for forgiveness!" Ellen said, beseechingly. "Heaven is more merciful than you can imagine. Your expiation may not be death by the law, but it will be long, life-long. I will pray day and night for you."

She stooped and pressed a long kiss on his cheek, the wretched, guilty sufferer, her husband that was to have been, and then she went away softly, and another nurse came to attend him; nor did he see Ellen again alone for one moment all the next day.

Early in the bright morning light of the following day Lizzie was awakened by Ellen, dressed for traveling, entering her room to bid her good-by.

"I am going to Dublin, Lizzie, dear," she said, hurriedly. "Business matters, dear."

"Why, Ellen? When will you come back?" asked Lizzie, dismayed.

"I cannot exactly tell, dear. You must try to look after things for Anthony, Lizzie darling, won't you? I think cook will help you; I have been talking to her. Do not let them get into their careless, extravagant ways again, dear Lizzie. Look after your brother's interest."

"Why, Ellen, you will be back soon?" Lizzie cried, in alarm. "We could not do long without you. Why are you going? You have not quarreled with him, surely?"

"Oh, no, dear!" said Ellen, a wan smile passing over her face. "I will write to you as soon as I get there—I mean to-morrow. Good-by, Lizzie, love. Where is the little one? Let me kiss him."

And when Lizzie, bewildered and vexed, went to complain to Anthony that Ellen had gone off in mysterious haste to Dublin, without saying why or wherefore, he only shook his head, and said he knew that—he knew she would go. Two days afterwards the promised letter came to Lizzie.

"MY DEAR MRS. STIRLING—Circumstances that have lately occurred have obliged your brother to relinquish the idea of his marriage with me for a time. Unhappily neither his mental nor his bodily health is what we all wish it to be, and I think he intends going somewhere for a change. Under these circumstances, you know I could not well continue in my position in his house—in fact, I should not think of it—so have entered into another situation for the present. I do not tell you where, lest you, in your kindness, might come after me to urge me to return; but I am quite safe and well. If you will write a line to me now and then, addressed to the 'Post Office, Ardnamore,' telling me you are well and happy, I shall be most grateful. Ever with deep affection, yours faithfully,

ELEANOR BRUCE."

"Ardnamore! Nearly a hundred miles away!" Lizzie said, almost crying. "And taken another situation, and gone away from us altogether!"

"She did what was best, my dear; she did what was wisest and best, Lizzie," observed Anthony, sighing wearily; for by the same post he had received a letter also.

"DEAR MR. LATOUCHE—I have left your house, never to return. You know I could not have done otherwise; you know I have done what is best. All is over between us two. But you can never be forgotten in my heart—you will never be forgotten in my prayers. ELEANOR BRUCE."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE hour was late, for the Summer twilight was deepening over the harvest fields which lay around the lonely house on the hillside, and shadowed in purple gloom the distant heathery uplands and acres of bog-land which stretched away to the horizon.

There was no living creature in sight on the winding track of the white, bare, dusty road—no living creature enjoying the Summer calm and warmth now in the cool of the day outside. The door of the house was close shut and barred, as were the windows, in consideration of the lateness of the hour, despite the almost sultry warmth of the evening. But what did the owner of that house care for purple twilights and the sweet visitation of evening odors of dewy heather-blossoms from the distant mountain-ranges, or the almond perfume of dried clover amid the new-mown hay, compared with security from tramps and thieves—compared with the happiness of knowing that, in that strongly-built house, with every lower window double-barred and latticed with iron, with every door locked and barred in a manner sufficient to overwhelm with despair the most persevering burglar, with a perfect series of

doors on each landing and staircase, locked each night after the whole house had been gone over, and every atom of fire extinguished, the treasures contained in that iron-bound safe beside his bed were safe from robbery or destruction—those well-thumbed bank-books, those mortgage-deeds and leases, and those thick, cabalistic-looking rolls of foreign bonds? And then, besides, in that red pocket-book stamped with its owner's name and address in black letters, to aid in its recovery if—awful thought!—it should ever be lost, there was a roll of clean and rustling, or ragged and soiled, bank-notes—fifty, sixty or a hundred pounds—waiting to be taken into the county branch of the Bank of Ireland after the sale of cattle or farm produce.

"And I wish I could go in to-morrow morning," muttered the owner of the red pocket-book, clasping

"PATRICK DILLON, Esq.,
The Glen House, Kildrum,
Co. Donegal,"

closely with snap and buckle over a roll of paper representing a hundred and twenty pounds sterling, "for if there's anything I hate it's keeping loose cash in the house. Only I'll make up the two hundred even on the hay and the pigs next week, I'd go in to-morrow to the bank as sure's my name's Dillon! Now what's that woman about," he muttered, impatiently, "that she's not bringing the lantern to go over the house as usual?"

Irritable and quick in his movements, he thrust the red pocket-book into his breast, and shuffled rapidly across the room into the hall.

"Stasia! Well, you've the lantern. Why didn't you tell me?" he demanded, in an angry, suspicious tone of the woman who was standing at the foot of the stairs, scarcely three yards from the parlor-door.

"I thought you were busy—that's why," she returned, in a sullen manner, stalking on with the lantern before her master.

She was a harsh-featured, elderly woman, with deep-set, small eyes, and a large mouth, with sensual lips, which communicated to her face, not otherwise very uncomely, a most unpleasant, masculine aspect, not diminished by the fact that she had on upper lip and chin a growth of coarse, dark hair that would have rejoiced the heart of an ensign of eighteen. She had been chosen as Mr. Dillon's housekeeper for this unattractive peculiarity in her appearance.

"I keep but one woman in the house," that gentleman stated, with a dry sneer, which was his sole indication of mirthful feeling, "and I always take care that she is elderly, or ugly, or both, and that she has no one belonging to her in the parish; then she can't rob me of my time by hunting after her relations, or by any sweethearts hunting after her, nor rob me of my property in food or clothes or firing, as she surely would if she had any one to give to. I lock the house up, and I lock her up; I keep the best bulldog in the county to keep away tramps and visitors, and so I keep my mind easy too."

"Let's see—front-door, front-windows and side dairy-window all barred now. Show the light down-stairs for the kitchen, 'Stasia,' her master said, completing his rounds.

But, just as they entered the wide, gloomy, fireless kitchen, they both heard distinctly a series of sharp knocks at the outer kitchen-door.

"Lor' save us! What's that?" Anastasia ejaculated, in consternation, her coarse, high color fading.

"Some one knocking at the door," retorted her master, sharply, his sunken gray eyes blazing with angry alarm. "Eh? What's this about? Eh? Who've you got knocking at doors after you at this hour of the night, ma'am? Eh?"

"Faith, no one's knocking after me, sir," the woman replied, growing paler still, and her confident utterance failing. "Sure, who'd I have after me? Don't open the door, sir. Lor' save us!"

"Where's the dog?" Mr. Dillon said, suddenly. "Have you left the dog tied up? Is this part of your game, ma'am? Well, then, look here"—and from his trousers-pocket he produced a revolver and deliberately capped it—"you go and open that door and bring whoever it is in here before me."

"I declare to goodness, sir," the woman cried, in evident terror, "I let the dog loose an hour ago, when you told me sir—that minnit! I'm afeard to open the door, sir. Who are you? What do you want?" she shouted angrily and loudly, venturing a few yards nearer the door.

"I want to see Mr. Dillon," a voice replied, a clear, sweet feminine voice; and as soon as it reached the ears of the angry-looking man who was listening a curious change came over his face. He thrust the servant aside and opened the door, keeping the entrance barred by his arm—a sinewy, vigorous arm, in spite of his threescore and more years.

Outside in the Summer gloaming stood a woman—a woman with a slight, graceful figure, darkly clothed—a woman with a pale face and large, dark, wistful eyes.

He did not betray the slightest surprise, although he had not seen that once familiar face for three years.

"Well, Ellen Bruce, what brings you here?" he demanded shortly.

"Will you let me come in, and sit down to tell you?" she returned.

"No, I don't think I will," he said. "Whom have you with you?"

"No one."

"No one?" he sneered. "Not the fine lady, old Hutchinson's widow, nor the fine gentry, the Latouches, nor any of the elegant people you've been enjoying yourself with these three years? They all turned you off, did they?"

"No one ever turned me off in my life," Ellen Bruce said, as coldly and almost as sneeringly as himself. "You didn't, for I left you; Mrs. Hutchinson didn't, for I left her; the Latouches did not, for—I left them." Her clear voice grew hurried and indistinct as she spoke. "Are you going to let me in, Mr. Dillon, or are you not?"

"What's that dog with you?" he asked, peering sharply behind her.

"Your dog, Shyllock," answered Ellen, stooping to stroke Shyllock's formidable bullet-shaped

head; "he knew me, and ran to me as soon as I came up the lane."

"Hum!" Mr. Dillon said, frowning. "Get away, you beast!"—to Shyllock, who, hearing himself spoken of, was offering lively demonstrations of satisfaction. It was a curious thing that Patrick Dillon, whose name was a by-word in the county for hard-fisted, hard-natured deeds and hard, sour words, should feel jealous of the love of a dog. It may be that the stout, savage bull-terrier was all the friendless, childless man had to love besides his money; but he certainly regarded his dog's health and comfort, praised his good qualities, and depended on his faithful affection before anything else living.

It had often provoked him in bygone days that his niece, Ellen—his household drudge and slave—seemed to have as much influence over the dog as he himself had, if not more; and here was now the influence resumed, after a three years' absence, in the first moment of the return of the rebellious dependent who had quitted him "to better herself," and now returned imperiously demanding admittance.

"Well, and supposing you have left all your fine friends, and not been turned off, as you say—what reason is that that I should open my doors to you?" growled Mr. Dillon. "No, no, young woman—you can go where you came from for me."

He had not time to finish his insulting refusal in her ears, for Ellen had turned and walked quickly away.

"I'll have Shyllock kept in here to-night," Mr. Dillon remarked, after a pause. "Go and call him in."

The woman obeyed, but the dog, however, did not appear.

"He won't mind you a stroke," her master said, gruffly satisfied. "I'll call him myself."

He shouted and whistled; and in a few moments Shyllock, panting and excited, rushed into the yard, and then turned and fled back again.

"What the hangman ails the dog?" the dog's master said, irately. "What's he running after?"

"That young woman, your niece, I s'pose," Anastasia said, in her customary sulky manner; "he won't mind you no more'n me."

They called again and again in vain, Shyllock merely responding by a yelp of excitement, by showing his nose at the further door of the yard, and then rushing off again, until Ellen herself returned with him.

"I cannot make him stay away from me," she said, her weary voice quivering—"the poor brute is so glad. Here, shut him into the house."

"I'll shut him up with a yard of rope around his neck if he ever plays me this trick again!" Patrick Dillon said, savagely. "I'll not have anything in my house that won't obey me!"

Ellen made no response; but, as she was turning away, some feeling of compunction touched her uncle's cold, hard heart—some impulse for which he could scarcely account made him pity her forlorn condition.

"I didn't ever wish to see your face again, as you know very well," he said, sourly; "and I don't know what brought you here to my house, of all places in the land; but, as you are here, you may stay for the night. 'Stasia, shut up the yard-gate this minute."

Ellen did not utter a word of thanks for her admittance; she merely went into the kitchen, and, sitting down on one of the wooden benches by the table, untied the ribbons of her dusty black hat, and dropped it wearily into her lap.

"Now where are you going to sleep?" her uncle said, eying her inquisitively.

She had improved in appearance wonderfully during her life at Derrymore Castle, especially during the last happy four weeks. She had lost the cowed look which he remembered to be habitual to her, and she wore her hair prettily arranged. In spite of the weariness and toil of long travel, she had a certain brightness and alertness of face and figure and a strange, proud gentleness in her expression.

"I can sleep on the old bed in the garret, if it is there still," she said, promptly, "if you"—to Anastasia, who was regarding the new-comer with a most ill-favored glance—"will give me an old shawl or blanket or anything. I have no clothes with me, of course, until my trunk comes."

"I haven't a blanket," Anastasia replied, shortly—"on'y the one on me own bed."

"Oh, haven't you?" said Ellen, scrutinizing the woman. "Then I will do without one."

Some one else was scrutinizing Anastasia, although she did not know it.

"Now what does that jade object to the other for?" said he to himself, as he walked off to his own room, without bestowing further notice on his niece. "Is she afraid I am going to take her back again? It's heavy work now in the harvesting, and one can't do it. I might as well keep Ellen as pay Alice Lanty for help—only she doesn't deserve it, the wench! How like her mother she is! Been setting herself up for a lady since she's been away—I can see that. Well, she'll soon get sick of that nonsense here. I have to pay Alice Lanty one-and-fourpence a day, and her food, to help to get the reapers' dinners ready; and then there's the new potatoes digging, and one thing or another. I might as well keep Ellen, if she isn't saucier than she was when she went away; 'Stasia hates her, too, I can see that with half an eye, so they'll be a spy one on the other!" with which happy reflection Mr. Patrick Dillon fell asleep.

So Ellen Bruce staid at the Glen House with the understanding that, as soon as the pressing need for her services ceased, when the corn was stacked, the turf "clamped," and the potatoes dug—when, in a word, the quiet household resumed its ordinary monotonous routine, she was to find some other home for herself.

She had expected no kinder reception, no warmer welcome than this; she was thankful for the shelter of a roof, and for food to eat, and plenty of hard work to do; so she strained milk, made butter and bread, cooked dinners, and attended to the feeding and fattening of all the pigs, calves, chickens and ducks which stocked Mr. Dillon's wide farmyard, and put away every recollection of Derrymore Castle, and fair Lizzie

Latouche's sisterly love, and those sweet halcyon days.

—More blest than heart can tell—
Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe—
those few bright, painfully happy, timidly joyous weeks, when Anthony Latouche was her betrothed husband. It was too bright to last. She had had her day, she had tasted the rarest bliss of earthly existence; her life had found

What some have found so sweet;

even if it had turned to the bitterness of death, she had had it once.

Her life could never be the barren thing it had been; the fair flower of love had sprung up and bloomed there, and, though its blossoms drooped and died with the pain of the heart they sprang from, love lived there yet, and would live as long as that heart's existence lasted.

She might have almost become happy, in a subdued lonely happiness, remembering those golden days, remembering the love in the light of her lover's blue eyes, remembering with tender gratitude the few evidences of affection and trust he had bestowed on her, but for the awful memory of that which had blighted it all. It seemed well-nigh to madden her at times, waking suddenly in the solemn dawn amid the soft chirp of the waking birds, to recall by some treacherous, involuntary spasm of memory the hideous scene that the Summer stars witnessed on the cliffs above Glendisane—Richard Stirling's wild cry for mercy, and Anthony Latouche watching him go to his doom—his fierce and cruel murderer!

She strove to banish the remembrance, lest it should unnerve her and destroy her mental and bodily strength, and she worked harder than ever.

So hard did she work, so well and efficiently was every task performed, that Mr. Dillon chuckled to himself more than once over the luck he had had in finding so clever a servant in the nick of time.

"Of course a new broom always sweeps clean," the astute gentleman remarked allegorically; "but, any way, she is worth two of 'Stasia'."

And sullen 'Stasia herself seemed to be likewise unpleasantly impressed with this truth. She had tried her best to make things difficult and unpleasant for Ellen, but without any signal success; for the quick, neat, clever woman had generally half accomplished whatever she set about doing before Anastasia had well begun to think of it.

She sneered at Ellen, and plied her with insulting questions and sly taunts, which the other never replied to, nor even seemed to heed any more than the rudeness of the animals she fed.

The harvest was reaped and stacked; the turf was cut on the distant mountain-bog, and dried in the hot August sunshine; the chickens were fattened and sold, and the new potatoes were ripe, large, sweet and dry. Patrick Dillon had had a more prosperous harvest-time than he had known for years, and unwillingly, but with strong inborn Celtic superstition, he often secretly told himself that Ellen Bruce had brought him good luck when she came that Summer night, and it was the "best job that ever happened" that he had not turned her away.

"Of course, I'll get rid of her when everything is done," he decided. "Those young pigs'll be every one fat by Michaelmas. A fine hand for feeding pigs Ellen always was. She never stints them, and gives the mash so well made and warm. But I'll give her a couple of pounds in her hand—good pay for her quarter's work—and send her going. What did them Latouches quarrel with her for, I wonder?"

But sullen Anastasia did not know of this secret decision of her master's—she only saw that Ellen was up late and early, and that Ellen's deft hands made her work seem slowly and clumsily done; and she hated her with a jealous hatred—hated her for her silence, for her civil manners, for her evident pleasure in her work; for it was the one gladness of Ellen's life, as it had been in bygone days, to feed the animals that ran in such joy to greet her, to sing softly to the cows that turned their great soft eyes to look at her as she milked them, to stroke the heads of the calves as they eagerly buffeted the milk-pails they emptied of their daily allowance of milk and cocoa—hated her, but she could not vex or harm her, and 'Stasia's evil temper would not brook a rival in the house. And so greed and hate and disappointment entered her dark, ignorant heart, and dwelt there.

"I did not know you were out, Anastasia," Ellen said one afternoon, entering the kitchen, after being absent on an errand for an hour, and, on her return, vainly trying to get admittance at either the front or back, whilst hungry pigs and calves kept up a dismal outcry, imprisoned in the yard. At length Anastasia, dressed in her cloak and head-kerchief, had returned, and, in answer to Ellen's astonished remark, smiled impudently, but gave no reply except by singing loudly and defiantly as she whisked about the house.

The work was considerably behind on account of this unauthorized absence of Anastasia's—safely accomplished in her master's absence at the fair of Ardnamore, whither he had gone to sell cattle. The milking-time had come before the hungry animals had been fed; the chickens had to be killed and prepared for the poulterer's cart the next morning; and there was the weekly churning not even begun yet. Ellen was almost in despair, and for the first time lost her temper with her insolent colleague.

"If you had told me you wanted to go out, I would have staid at home and done the work," she said angrily. "If you play that trick again, my girl, I'll tell Mr. Dillon how it is the minute I see him!"

"Arrah, do, thin," the woman retorted, growing purple with fury. "Tell him a fine tale to-morrow mornin' thin, can't ye—informer!"

"I'll tell him to-night if he asks me why the work is all behindhand," retorted Ellen, spiritedly, "and it will all be behind unless you stir yourself."

But the woman took no notice of the threat further than to laugh and mutter between her teeth; and, when Patrick Dillon returned from the fair with his two stout servant-men—he never went nor came unaccompanied—he found his niece

wearily working at the great barrel-churn and Anastasia cooking his supper.

"What are ye at that for at this hour o' the night?" he said, angrily. "Wasn't the day long enough? And the boys want their suppers!"

"Oh, faith, we can wait a bit, sir!" the "boys" said, good-humoredly. "Let us at it, Miss Ellen. Me and James'll soon do it fur ye. Troth, it's too heavy fur wan, anyhow!"

Ellen thanked them heartily, and hurriedly prepared their supper in return, so that in less than half an hour afterwards the butter was made, the men had bidden their master good-night, and he had gruffly ordered Anastasia to lock up the yard-gates for the night.

He was ill-humored and suspicious this evening; he could scarcely have told why, except that in the post-office of Ardnamore, in the earlier part of the day, the clerk had handed him, with two letters of his, a pretty shining envelope containing a thick letter that required double postage—a pretty lady-like letter, directed in a dashing, graceful hand to "Miss Ellen Bruce."

"Some of her fine-lady acquaintances," Mr. Dillon said scornfully, "sending her gossip and news and patterns of new gowns; I have a good mind to chuck it into the fire before her eyes!"

And then again an old farmer, his nearest neighbor of any importance, and an old crony and friend, as far as Patrick Dillon ever made friends, had asked him mysteriously if he knew if any one had a grudge to him.

"Somebody said they saw a man or woman hiding about your place last week, Dillon," he said—"and them fine stacks of yours would blaze like fury."

"No one has a grudge to me that I know of," he answered, shortly—"only a good many wish I was dead."

"Can she be up to any mischief, sly and quiet and silent?" he thought, watching Ellen from beneath his lowering brows, as he sipped his tumbler of whisky-punch beside the fire. It was the miserly old man's sole indulgence, and one which he seldom enjoyed save on a market day or fair night.

"I'll watch her closer," he thought grimly, as he sat in the kitchen, bidding Anastasia fasten up the windows, which she did with alacrity.

"How are you so late at work to-night?" he inquired, as Ellen, sighing wearily and wiping her heated brow, carried from the fire a large saucy-pan of boiling Indian-meal gruel—"stirabout"—and poured it over the cabbage and potatoes, which were carefully mashed up for the young pigs.

"There was a great deal to be done to-day," Ellen replied, reluctantly, half resolving to tell him of Anastasia's behavior.

"Not a bit more than other days," returned her uncle, sourly. "If I hadn't been at the fair to-day, I'll be bound the work would have been done hours ago."

"I've been hard at work since half-past five this morning, at all events," Ellen said, sitting down with a groan of weariness.

There was sincerity in her voice and in her weary, damp, pallid face, and Mr. Dillon drank his punch in silence.

"Where's 'Stasia?" he asked presently. "I don't hear her at the doors."

"She's up-stairs," began Ellen; and then, after a terrified stare out into the dark entry at the foot of the kitchen-stairs, she sprang back with a shriek.

"Oh, uncle, uncle! Thieves! Robbers!" And, with her instincts of courage and protection prompting her, she flew across the kitchen to shield the gray-headed man from the two bludgeon-armed and masked ruffians who rushed into the kitchen and attacked them both.

There was a frightful scuffle, for Dillon fought and wrestled desperately; but one murderous blow stretched him senseless, and as he fell Ellen saw a red pocket-book with well-crammed leaves slide from his pocket to the floor. Her dress covered it; and the next instant her swift hand had buried it safely amongst the hot mess of gruel and cabbage in the tub beside her.

She would have turned and fled in the next moment, she knew not whither, but rough hands pinioned her savagely, and, before she had time even to offer resistance, she was dragged from the kitchen into a small room off the lower entry, and, with hands tied, she was thrust in there in the dark, and the key turned in the lock outside.

"An' if ye give wan sound o' noise out o' ye'es," one of the ruffians muttered, savagely, "I'll gag ye wid a wisp o' straw in yer mouth; so hold yer tongue, if ye love yer life!"

(To be continued.)

SIoux WARRIORS IN NEW YORK CITY.

AFTER the Sioux Indian delegation concluded their council with the Great Father in Washington, Lieutenant Clark, U. S. A., who has had charge of the chiefs since they left the Plains, brought them to New York City. Reaching the metropolis early on the morning of Thursday, October 4th, they were taken to quarters in the Grand Central Hotel, where they stretched themselves in all possible attitudes and attempted to get a little sleep, the novelty of railroad traveling having kept every one of them wide awake. In the afternoon crowds of people flocked to the hotel, and had no difficulty in obtaining admission to their rooms. As the braves wore their new "white men's" clothing, they did not appear anxious to go out upon the slippery, muddy streets, but were content to loiter about and be gazed at.

On Friday morning, when they found the sun rose unobscured by clouds, that the air was strong and inviting and the streets dry, they expressed a desire to go through the big camp of the pale-face. Accordingly, Lieut. Clark, with the interpreters, mustered them quite early and started out. Before leaving Washington each Indian had been given forty dollars in cash. When once on Broadway, their eyes caught the glintings of the sun upon polished articles in shop-windows, and their cupidity was irresistibly excited.

They were taken into several of the largest wholesale and retail establishments, where, as brilliant colors, shining surfaces, and gaudy compositions were placed before them, they grew fairly wild with delight. They purchased ladies' reticules, ladies' belts, ladies' sashes, brilliant shawls and

pieces of cloth, fancy buckles and ear and finger-rings, bracelets, and any variety of articles that could be worn upon the body or attached to the clothing, having an eye only for the dazzling element in their selections. Then they were treated to a ride in stages, and a general inspection of the attractions and curiosities of the city, returning to the hotel in the most absolute childish glee.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Another Exploration of Africa.—The Portuguese Government has appropriated 500,000 francs to defray the expenses of a scientific expedition into the interior of Africa. The expedition is already organized, and is to enter by the Congo River.

A Universal Dictionary of Cooking.—The fifth number of a "Universal Lexikon der Kochkunst" has just appeared in Leipzig, which carries the subject to letter K. Judging from the favorable notices of the press, the work will prove to be a valuable addition to the literature of the culinary art.

A Prize in Science.—The Academy of Sciences, of Turin, will accord a prize of \$2,400 for the most important discovery in the exact or experimental sciences which may be made during the next four years. The Academy will choose the best work or discovery, whether or not it be presented by the author for competition. The money comes from a fund left for the purpose by the late Dr. Bressa.

A Jar for Wet Specimens.—A great desideratum in putting up wet preparations is a durable glass jar with flat sides, so that the distortion of the object caused by the refraction through the curved surface of the glass may be avoided. Built-up cells do very well for aquaria and small objects, but are very expensive, and generally fail when tried on a large scale. The subject offers a good field for experiment.

Statues to Scientific Men.—There is quite a rage just now in France to erect statues to the memory of celebrated men. A statue to Arago is proposed at Perpignan. The municipality at Châlons has raised the necessary fund to do honor to the memory of Niepce de Saint-Victor, the inventor of photography, who was born in that city. A subscription has been opened at Lyons for a monument to Ampère, the discoverer of electro-magnetism and of induction. He was born at Lyons in 1775. His father was guillotined there at the time of the French Revolution.

Electro-Therapeutics.—It is not many years since the application of electricity in medical practice was regarded with great suspicion by the regular profession; all this is now changed, and the practice is followed by the highest authorities. At the University of Leipzig a separate chair of electro-therapeutics has been founded, and Professor Rudolf Brenner has been called to fill it. Professor Brenner is regarded as an authority in this department, and has made many important discoveries in the way of improved apparatus and new applications.

Antiseptic Properties of Acetate of Soda.—Professor Sacc, of Switzerland, proposes to use acetate of soda for curing meat. The meat is put into a barrel, and powdered acetate of soda, in the proportion of one quarter the weight of the meat, is scattered upon it. The salt absorbs the water very rapidly, and in twenty-four hours the piece must be turned. In forty-eight hours the action is finished. A brine made by dissolving one part by weight of the acetate of soda in three parts of water will serve to keep the meat until wanted. The pieces may be of ordinary size, and when required for use may be freed from the salt by washing in running water. The dry acetate of soda may be recovered from the brine by evaporating off the water over a fire.

Anthropological Exhibition.—In connection with the International Exhibition of 1878 it is proposed to hold a special exhibition, under the superintendence of the Paris Anthropological Society. The following are the classes under which the exhibition will be arranged: 1. Crania and bones, mummies and specimens relating to the comparative anatomy of the human races. 2. Instruments, methods of education. 3. Prehistoric and ethnological collections. 4. Photographs, paintings and drawings, sculpture and modeling. 5. Geographical maps and tablets relating to ethnology, prehistoric archaeology, linguistic demography, medical geography. 6. Books, journals, brochures. An able commission has been appointed to facilitate the work of collection and arrangement.

Our Insect Foes.—At a conference of the Society of Arts in London, held early in June, 1877, a paper was read on the best way to prevent the injury to crops by insects, which elicited considerable discussion. The remedy proposed was to insure rotation of crops. The great majority of insects do not feed on all kinds of plants indiscriminately, but are restricted to one species. The cultivation of a plant will increase the number of insects that feed on it, but the universal abandonment of a plant must have the effect of destroying the insects that feed on it, as they would die for want of food. In a district where the land is given up to pasture no wheat insects will be found, but if it is turned into a wheat country, the enemy will appear by myriads. When the number of insects is so great as to destroy the crops, the remedy is to stop the cultivation of wheat and wait for the extermination of the insect by starvation. Most of the wheat insects are only animals, and if they are banished for one year it would suffice for a number of years. Concert of action is necessary to insure success, and as it is not probable that farmers would voluntarily unite in a proposed rotation of crops, the conference proposed that a government officer should be authorized to enforce the regulations prescribed by a scientific commission. How far it would be feasible to put such power in a government official is a debatable question. It is certainly worthy of consideration by our agricultural societies, as the evil of vegetable-eating insects is becoming a serious one.

Water for Manufacturing Purposes.—The industrial value of water depends, according to M. Gérardin, a French chemist of much note, greatly on the facility with which it deposits matter contained in suspension. Testing with milk of lime, the best water for manufacture is that in which the lime is deposited the most rapidly. The best manufacturing qualities are never found in water which gives much bubbles or foam. Water of a bluish tint is best for drinking, but that which has a greenish tinge is the more fitted for manufacturing purposes, the greenness being the effect of microscopic vegetation. If water which is found suitable for manufacturing purposes be examined by means of a microscope of at least 1,000 diameters, it will be seen that the particles left in suspension are inert, or only affected by gravity, while water found unsuitable for industrial purposes seems animated by gyratory influence which overcomes gravity, and keeps them in constant suspension. The gyratory movement may be destroyed by the introduction of organic matter in the state of putrefaction, and then it becomes easy of decantation, and, in the industrial sense, good water. The curious inference drawn from these facts is that sewage water, and the waste water of certain factories which are turned into the river, while they corrupt the waters of such rivers, as regards potability, endow them with manufacturing qualities. A manufacturer of gelatine at Paris was stopped in his work one day when the water company, which had formerly supplied him with Seine water, changed it, at his request, for the pure water of the Yonne. On the restoration of the Seine water the manufacturer proceeded as usual.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

WITHIN a month President Hayes has visited sixteen States.

NAPOLEON IV. has given his photograph, surrounded with diamonds, to the Pope.

FATHER HYACINTHE is living at Geneva, lecturing sometimes, but never preaching.

THE funeral of Major-General Custer will take place at West Point on Wednesday, October 10th.

THOMAS SCAMBLER OWEN, alderman for the ward of Bishopsgate, was elected Lord Mayor of London on the 29th ult.

EX-MINISTER WASHBURN says that he intends to give up politics altogether and resume the practice of the law in Chicago.

GENERAL NOYES is to become a tenant of the Empress Eugénie, in a house that she built on the side of the Hotel d'Albe, Rue Chailot.

QUEEN MARIE ANNE LEOPOLDINE WILHELMINE of Saxony, widow of King Frederick Augustus II., died on the 13th ult., aged seventy-two.

THE estate of Peter B. Bringham, the Boston restaurant-keeper, who died a few months ago, as shown by an inventory, amounts to \$1,282,000.

STEEL, the Scottish sculptor, is now engaged on a statue of Robert Burns. The cost will be \$20,000, and it will be defrayed mostly by Scottish citizens of New York.

PRINCE ISRAHIM, fourth son of the Khédive of Egypt, is in England, where he is preparing to enter the Army School at Woolwich. He is about eighteen years old, and speaks English well.

SARDOU will be received by the Immortals on the 15th, and, as luck will have it, the orator to greet and criticise him will be M. de Lacy, who hasn't set foot inside of a theatre for thirty years.

BOTH the son and one of the daughters of the late Lieutenant Derby (John Phoenix) are engaged to be married—Miss Daisy Derby to Lieutenant Black, of the navy, and her brother to a New York lady.

MR. EVARTS has leased a handsome house in Washington for the next two years. Mr. and Mrs. Evarts and their four unmarried daughters will make up their domestic circle during the coming season.

A SON of the late John Y. Mason, of Virginia, is serving as a captain in the French army, in which he gained distinction in the Franco-Prussian War, receiving from Louis Napoleon the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

THE people of Maine claim that that State has produced the first American poet, the best American composer, the sweetest American singer, and the ablest American sculptor—Longfellow, Paine, Miss Cary and Simmons.

SERGEANT JOHN A. DONALDSON, in charge of Fort Carroll, Md., has been there for thirteen years, is sixty-one years old, yet perfectly erect, as a soldier should be; has been thirty-six years in the service, and manned the first gun at Sumter in 1861.

EX-GOVERNOR C. C. WASHBURN intends, during the next year, to erect and equip a splendid astronomical observatory for the University of Wisconsin. This generous gift will be made available by an annual appropriation for its support from the State.

THE Prince Imperial is, during the French elections, to be at the chateau of the Duke Fernand-Nunez, a connection of his mother, near Namur, Belgium, for the purpose of facilitating communication with the managers of the Bonapartist campaign.

MR. SCHURZ will live in Washington this Winter at the Rathbone mansion, on Lafayette Square, a few doors from Secretary Thompson's. His eldest daughter will reside there, and among the furniture will be the finest Steinway piano that was sent to the Centennial.

GARIBALDI has advised the demolition of the famous old Castle St. Angelo, which commands the bridge of the same name over the Tiber, at Rome. It was formerly used as a Papal fortress, but since 1870 the secular authorities have held it with only a corporal's guard for firing off the traditional midday gun.

COLONEL DAVID H. ARMSTRONG, an old citizen of St. Louis, and the wheel-horse of the Democracy of Missouri for the past twenty-five years, was appointed United States Senator by Governor Phelps, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Lewis V. Bogy. Colonel Armstrong is Vice President of the Board of Police Commissioners of St. Louis.

MR. GLADSTONE has recently left his splendid mansion in London, sold his valuable collections of porcelain and crockery, and moved into a comparatively cheap house, situated only at the verge of the aristocratic West End. Those who interest themselves in his affairs are puzzled to account for this action, some attributing it to poverty and others to economy.

GEORGE HOEY is the son of the millionaire expressman, John Hoey, Esq. Riches could not restrain the artistic instincts of the son, inherited from his mother. He made his debut under the tuition and supervision of Boucicault, a warm friend of his father. Young Hoey makes an attractive appearance on the stage, and has a taste for dashing light comedy. He is playing in "Bullion."

WHEN Spotted Tail, Red Cloud and other braves were in Washington in 1870, among the bills brought against the Government for their entertainment was \$30 for candy. Red Cloud, on an occasion when they gave him strawberries and cream and a gold spoon to eat them with, at the White House, observed, with calm satire, that he saw the white brothers eat many things they did not send to the Indians, and that they did not live altogether on corn meal.

A FEW weeks ago the Sultan invited the children of Osman Pasha to the Palace—two boys, one eight and the other six years of age. His Majesty gave the little fellows a most kind and fatherly reception, and presented to the elder a sum of \$300, and to the younger a sum of \$200. The Sultan further presented Madame Osman Pasha with a purse containing \$400, and made a gift of \$100 to an old servant of the family who accompanied the children to the Palace.

WHILE the European world is still discussing the warmth of the friendship of the late Dr. Conneau for the Imperial exiles of France, the death is announced in Paris, at the age of forty, of Count Clary, another friend of the late Emperor. He served in Algeria, Senegal and Mexico, where, for three years, he was engaged in putting down the guerrillas, was made an aide to the Emperor, and married one of the Empress's maids of honor, Mlle. Marion, just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. Napoleon placed him in charge of the Prince Imperial, whom, after Sédan, he took to meet his mother at Hastings; then, resigning his commission, he attached himself devotedly to the cause of the exiles of Clusellaur.

THE HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, M. C.

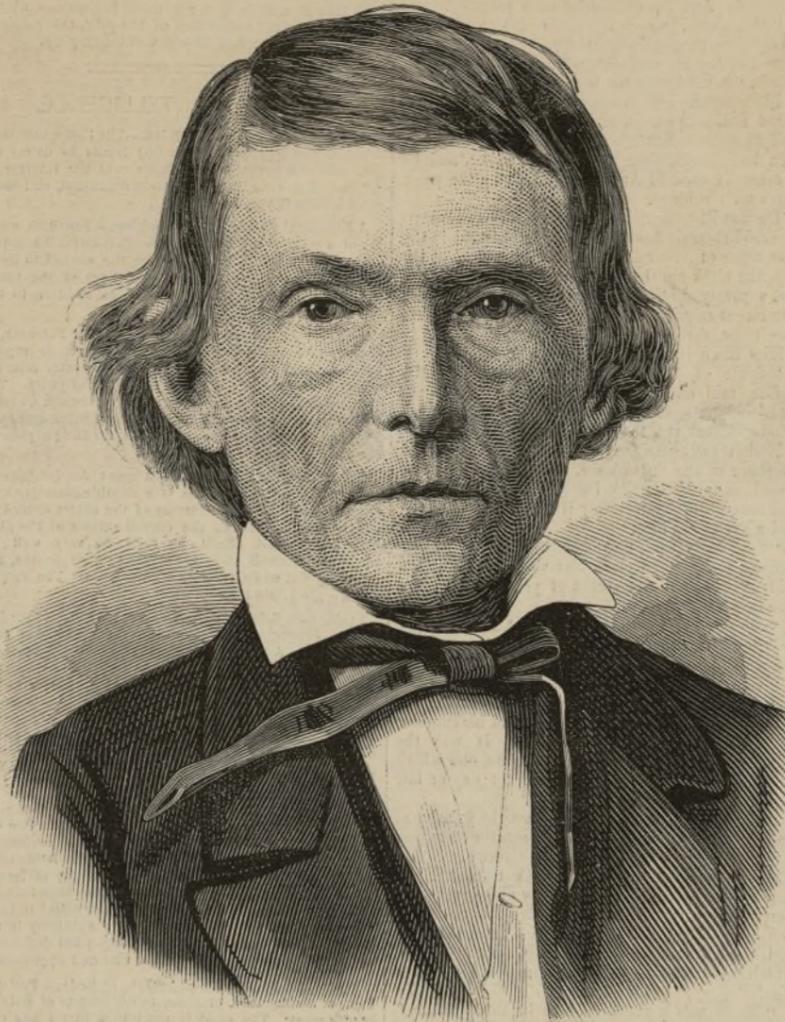
THE "Sage of Liberty Hall," as Mr. Stephens is familiarly known, was born in that part of Wilkes County, Georgia, which now forms a part of Taliaferro County, February 11th, 1812. He graduated at the University of Georgia, at Athens, in 1832; taught school eighteen months; was admitted to the Bar at Crawfordsville in 1834; was a member of the House of Representatives of the Georgia Legislature from Taliaferro County in 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840 and 1841, and was a member of the State Senate from Taliaferro County in 1842. In 1860 he was run as a Presidential Elector for the State at large in Georgia on the Douglas and Johnson ticket, and in the following year was elected to the Secession Convention of Georgia. There he opposed and voted against the ordinance of secession in that body, but gave it his support after it had been passed by the Convention against his judgment as to its policy. He was elected by that Convention to the Confederate Congress which met at Montgomery, Alabama, February 4th, 1861, and was chosen Vice-President under the Provisional Government by that Congress. In November, 1861, he was elected Vice-President of the Confederate States for the term of six years, under what was termed the permanent government. He visited the State of Virginia on a mission, under the Confederate Government, in April, 1861, upon the invitation of that State; was one of the commissioners on the part of the Confederate Government at the Hampton Roads Conference in February, 1865; was elected a Representative to the Twenty-eighth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, Thirty-first, Thirty-second, Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Congresses, when he declined a re-election; was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1866 by the first Legislature convened under the new Constitution, but was not allowed to take his seat; and was elected to the Forty-third Congress (to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Ambrose R. Wright), as a straight-out Jeffersonian Democrat, without opposition, receiving the votes of Republicans as well as Democrats.

He was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a straight-out Jefferson Democrat, receiving 6,822 votes against 12 for Harrison, Republican, and will be a member of the Forty-fifth Congress which meets in December.

After being denied accession to the United States Senate, under the election of 1866, he began the writing of the "Constitutional View of the War between the States." The first volume appeared in 1868. The second volume was written mainly by the hands of an amanuensis at the dictation of the author, who was prostrated on his bed for the greater part of two years by a violent attack of acute rheumatism. This is confessedly a work of profound research and wide range of thought.

After the completion of this great work, the author prepared his "Compendium of the History of the United States," which has been adopted by the school boards in several of the States, and is winning golden opinions from the leading educators of the country. It is clear in its conception, comprehensive in its plan, authentic in its statements, and attractive in its diction.

In 1872 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the Bowdoin College, in Georgia. Mr. Stephens considers his health about as good as it has been for the last decade of years. His locomotion is obstructed by reason of a chronic attack of



THE HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, M. C.

rheumatism. He is unable to walk without the aid of his crutches; and yet, with these artificial supports, he is adequate to all his private and public duties.

Mr. Stephens is a most sincere and conscientious Christian gentleman. Mr. Toombs has said of him

that "he would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jupiter for his power to thunder."

He has long been a member of the Presbyterian Church, but cultivates the warmest charity for all denominations. He holds that there are elements of truth in all religious creeds and confessions; but as the Presbyterian Church does not require of laymen, as a condition of communion, a subscription to all the doctrines of the confession of faith, he has chosen to live and die in the church of his fathers. In his severe and protracted afflictions, he has found the promises of God an unfailing stay and solace. In a letter to a friend in Georgia, he states that he "always lives with eternity in view, and that he has long since learned to look calmly through the mists of the river of death."

The letters which come to him from day to day for aid and advice, are legion, and he is accustomed to respond promptly and cheerfully to the calls of humanity. At his own expense he has educated many poor young men who are filling spheres of usefulness and honor in the world. Indeed, indi-

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF BURGoyNE'S SURRENDER.

THE SARATOGA MONUMENT.

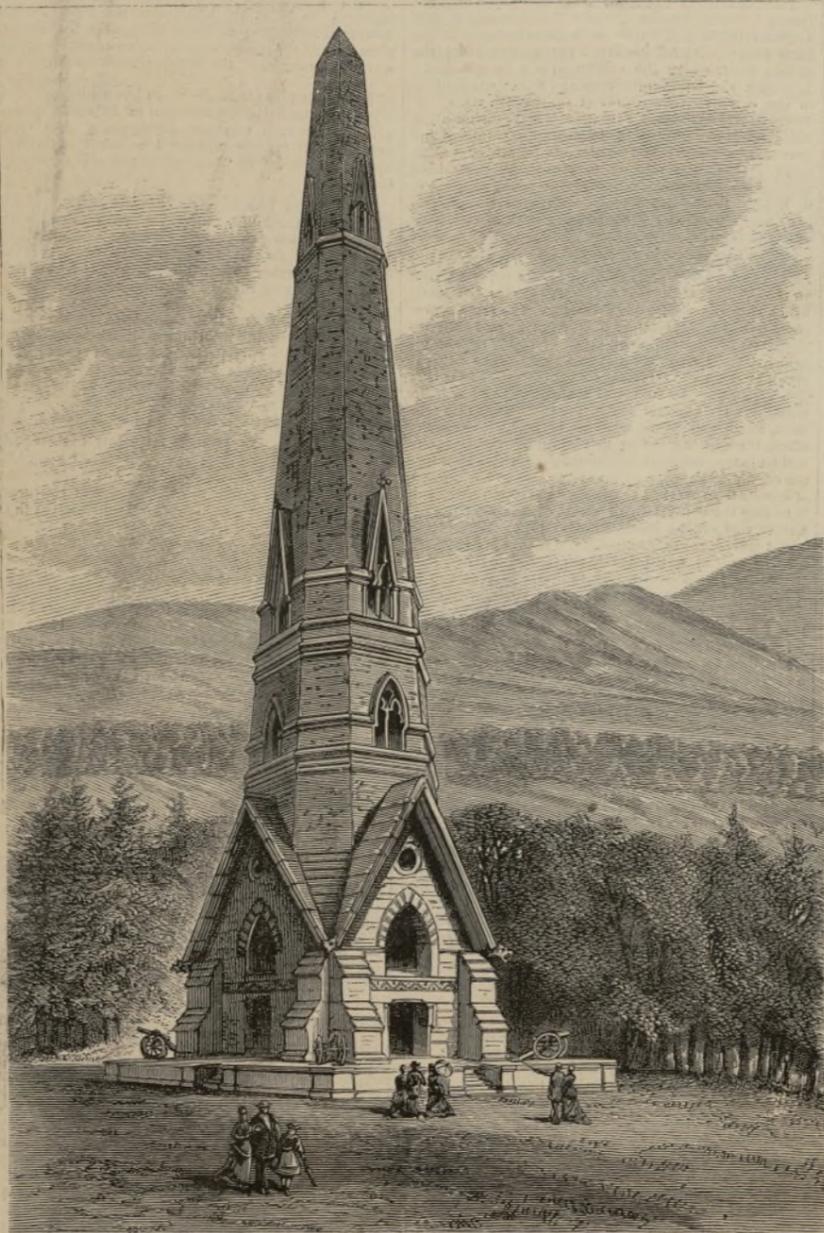
THE corner-stone of a monument to be erected on the Plains of Saratoga in memory of the surrender of the British Army, under General Burgoyne, will be laid October 17th, the one hundredth anniversary of the occasion. The Hon. Horatio Seymour, President of the Saratoga Monument Association, will be present, and will address the people. Addresses will also be made by George William Curtis and J. Watts de Peyster, of New York, and others, and Alfred B. Street will read a poem. J. J. Couch, Grand Master of Masons, of New York State, will lay the corner-stone with all the ceremonies of the Order. It is expected that the Governor's Foot Guards of Connecticut and various other military organizations from the New England States will attend this anniversary.

The monument, designed by J. C. Markham, of New York City, will be of granite and of an obelisk form, 150 feet high, and 38 feet square at the base. The interior at the base will be twelve feet square, with a flooring of encaustic tile after original historic designs. The sidewalls will be covered with historical tablets and bas-reliefs in marble and bronze, decorated with silver and gold. On the corners of the platform are to be mounted four of the large and ornamental bronze guns taken from the English at the time of the surrender. Of the large niches in the exterior arch three are to be filled with appropriate groups of sculpture in bronze representing the three generals, Schuyler, Gates and Morgan, with their accessories, the fourth being vacant, with the word "Arnold" inscribed underneath. The monument will be accessible to its top, stairs of bronze leading up to the several floors. Upon the doors, also, of bronze, will be sculptures in keeping with the structure.

The spot selected for the location of the monument is on the high ground in the western part of the village of Saratoga, overlooking the scene of the surrender, and as close to the headquarters of General Gates as possible. It is fully 200 feet above the Hudson River. From the foundation of the monument the house of General Schuyler, rebuilt in ten days after the burning of his homestead, and the one occupied by the English and German wounded during the battle preceding the surrender, are still to be seen. To the eastward is the table-land where the American batteries were planted, and in the distance stands Willard Mountain where Willard watched the progress of the battle, and whence he reported the movements of the enemy.

GRAVE OF CRAZY HORSE.

LAST week we published an illustration of the procession of Sioux braves bearing the body of their late chief, Crazy Horse, through Camp Sheridan, on the way to the grave, a short distance from the cluster of tents used by our soldiers. The best coffin the quartermaster's department could turn out was furnished the Indians for the body. Upon reaching the spot chosen for the last resting-place, the box containing the body, bound with a profusion of blankets, 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. There, 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 *cachus*, 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 cold, 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. Eight of the chief mourners, stripped to the skin and most fantastically be-



NEW YORK.—THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT TO BE ERRECTED ON THE SARATOGA BATTLEFIELD, OCTOBER 17, THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL BURGoyNE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. C. MARKHAM, ARCHITECT.



NEBRASKA.—THE LATE SIOUX CHIEF CRAZY HORSE.—THE ELEVATED GRAVE NEAR CAMP SHERIDAN.

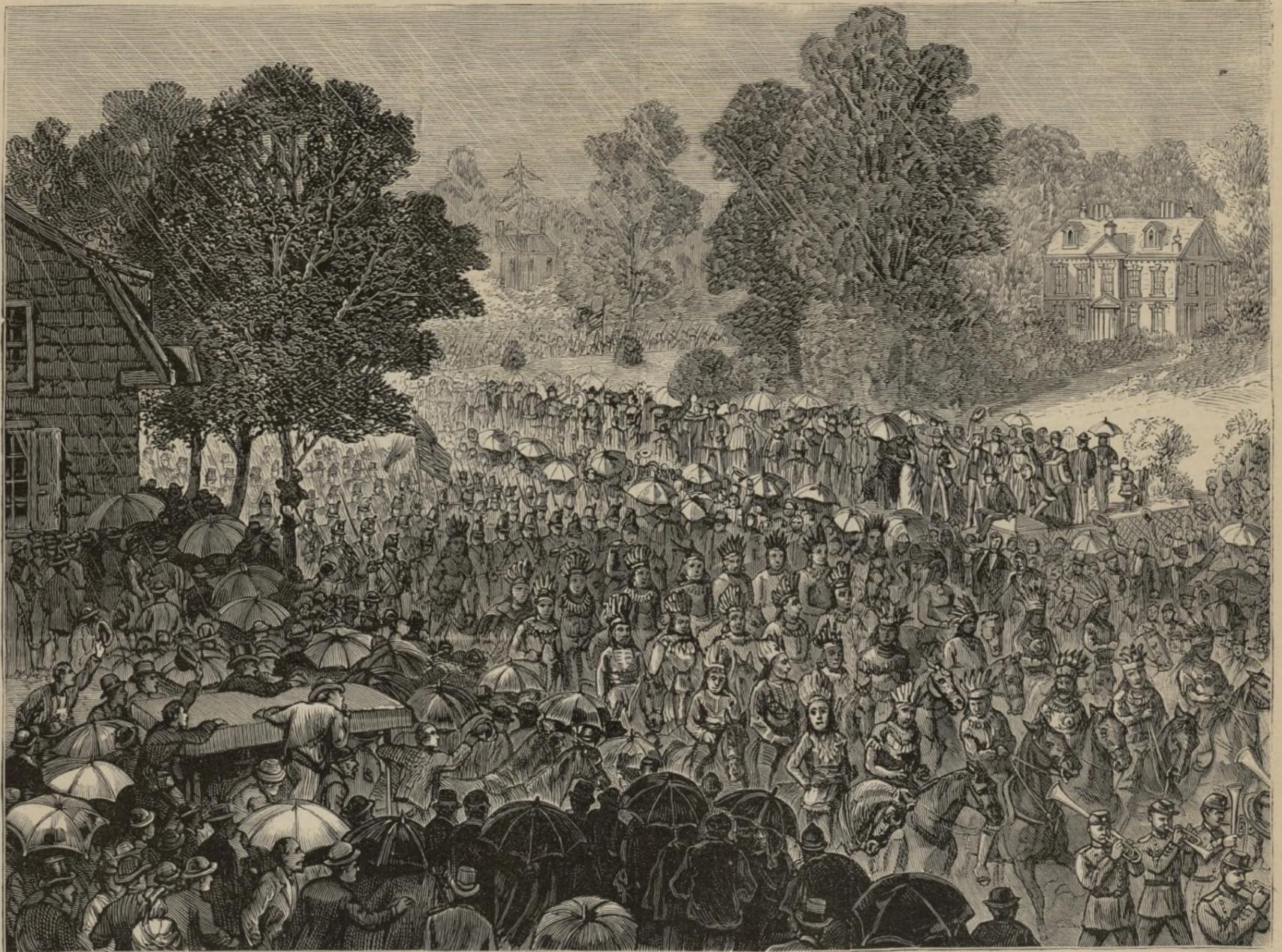
gent students are all the time sharing his charities. He has never closed his ears to the widow's wails and the orphan's cry; and the religious denominations have found him a liberal supporter of their institutions. His home is the seat of hospitality and good cheer—all friends and visitors here find a free and cordial welcome. Come when they will, they are met with a smile and a salutation. The latch-string is invariably hung outside of the door. All his old servants have remained with him, and they love and honor him for his philanthropic efforts in their behalf. He has assisted them in purchasing homes around him, and in all things pertaining to their present and future interests, he is their faithful adviser. They receive his instructions with filial confidence and affection. From the oldest to the youngest, they address him by the familiar title of "Massa Alec."

Mr. Stephens spent last week in New York City, and received every day his old friends, and such of the general public as desired to make his acquaintance.

smearred 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.

CENTENNIAL OF THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN, PA.

THE centennial of the battle of Germantown, the Twenty-second Ward of Philadelphia, was celebrated on Thursday, October 4th. The fight began early on the morning of the 4th of October, 1777, and was hotly contested, the British troops at first breaking and running in the direst confusion, losing many of their numbers. The line was reformed, and General Wayne pushed on, when, after a gallant fire, the lines broke again, and the then victorious American Army pursued their fleeing cousins into the (at that time) insignificant village of Ger-



PENNSYLVANIA.—CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN, OCTOBER 4TH.—THE PROCESSION MARCHING DOWN MAIN STREET PAST THE OLD BATTLE-GROUND.

mantown. At this juncture Colonel Musgrave, of the Fortieth Regiment of the British forces, threw himself and six companies into the mansion of Benjamin Chew, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. This proved the turning-point of the battle, as all efforts to dislodge him proved unavailing. A panic seized the American Army, and they turned and retreated, leaving a three-quarters won victory behind them. It is historically stated that the Americans lost 150 killed, 521 wounded, and about 400 prisoners, while the British had 71 killed, 415 wounded, and 14 missing.

The ceremonies of the celebration opened with a salute of 100 guns. At 11 o'clock A.M. a grand pageant and procession formed, and began moving over a route which comprised all the principal streets of the town. The pageant consisted of militia regiments of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, with sixteen posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, and a large number of civil societies. The rain was a great trial to everybody, but the troops and societies turned out in spite of it, and went patriotically through the exercises of the day. The Third Division of the procession attracted the most notice, being headed by several carriages handsomely decorated with bunting and flowers, containing employes of the hosiery mills, clad in white dresses and blue nubias, and lending their smiling faces to the other features of the procession. After this came the Butchers' Association, comprising almost the entire membership of that trade in Germantown, on horseback and in wagons, clad in white frocks and blue sashes, and upon wagons were displayed a large number of choice beebes. The old Volunteer Fire Department came, under the marshalship of Edward R. Whiteman, and one of the most curious and interesting features of the parade was an engine 110 years old, drawn side by side with a first-class steam fire-engine of the present day. Upon reaching the Town Hall, the line was reviewed by Governor Hartranft, and then dismissed.

In the afternoon a mass meeting was held in the Town Hall. The exercises were opened at 2 P.M., with an introductory address by Mr. Washington Pastorius, and, after prayer by the Rev. C. W. Shafer, D.D., an address was delivered by Dr. Alfred C. Lambdin, which was followed by an historical oration by the Hon. M. Russell Thayer. A feature of the ceremonies was the formal transfer of the old clock and bell, which were in the steeple of Independence Hall before January 1st, 1876, to the citizens of Germantown, to be placed in their Town Hall. A fitting response was made by Mr. Norton Johnson for the citizens of Germantown, and the benediction followed by the Rev. Jacob Helfenstein, D.D., after which the clock was set in motion by G. Welbur Ranell.

The Chew mansion was, of course, the subject of general inspection. It was erected in 1765. Miss Ann Chew is the present owner and occupant, it having been out of their family but a short time. The Chief-Justice had one son, Benjamin, and Miss Chew is his daughter. She is 70 years of age. Subsequent to the battle the Chief-Justice transferred the property to Mr. Bluff McClaningan, but it afterwards reverted back, and will probably not again go out of the possession of the family as long as there is a Chew left to hold the title. The house is two stories in height, with an attic, is built of stone, and still exhibits marks of cannon-balls and bullets. The grounds remain about the same as they were at the time of the battle, some of the statuary being preserved, chipped and shattered by the bullets.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BAYLEY.

THE Most Reverend James Roosevelt Bayley, Archbishop of Baltimore and Primate of the Roman Catholic Church in America, died in the Episcopal residence adjoining the cathedral, Newark, N. J., on the morning of Wednesday, October 3d. He was a grandson of Richard Bayley, M.D., and was born in New York, August 23d, 1814. His father was one of the ablest physicians of the last

century, and was a professor successively of anatomy and surgery in Columbia College. Mrs. Seton, the doctor's daughter, was the founder of the Sisterhood of Charity in this country. The Archbishop was a graduate of Washington (now Trinity) College, Hartford, and was for some time tutor there. Dr. Samuel Farmer Jarvis, of Middletown, Conn., was his instructor in theology, and he was subsequently ordained a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, preaching both at Har-

lem, N. Y., and Hagerstown, Md. After some time he joined the Roman Catholic Church, and prepared himself for the priesthood at St. Sulpice, Paris, being ordained in New York, March 2d, 1842, by Bishop Hughes. On October 30th, 1853, he was consecrated first bishop of Newark, N. J., and this, under his administration, became one of the most prosperous dioceses in the United States. Seton Hall College, as well as numerous schools, academies, convents and churches were founded by him.

On the 30th of July, 1872, he was translated to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, succeeding the venerable Archbishop Spaulding. His malady was a combination of liver and kidney diseases with asthma. It attacked him a few years after he assumed the crozier of the diocese of Baltimore. The most eminent physicians of the world were consulted in vain. Last March he set out for Vichy, and consulted the experienced doctors there, but without avail. All that they could tell him was that, if he desired to die in his own country, he should return home at once. Apparently the sea air gave him a transient respite, for, after his arrival home, he appeared to improve steadily, and was able to ride out every day. But the hopes thus bred in his friends proved fallacious.

Several weeks ago the sacrament of Extreme Unction had been administered to him by Bishop Gibbons, of the diocese of Richmond, the Coadjutor Archbishop of Baltimore, with the right of succession.

PIPES AND TOBACCO IN TURKEY.

IN Roumelia, in the very home of the great Macedonian, Alexander, grows the king of tobaccos, and especially in a small place called Jendische Bardar, situated to the southeast of Salonica, Thessalonica. This small, brownish-yellow plant is allowed to dry, often for months, after it has been gathered; then it is packed in small bales (bogtsche), and not till it has remained for years in the storehouse of the tobacco-merchant is it honored by the Stamboul nicotian epicures with the name of "aala göbeck." The tobacco, cut as small as the finest silk, is thereupon in hot request in the imperial palace, in the sovereign harem, and likewise in the Sublime Porte, where the ministerial council, in the midst of ascending aromatic clouds of smoke, discusses state affairs. The pipes, stalk as well as mouthpiece, which are used for the enjoyment of this best of all tobaccos, are with great care both chosen and kept. The clay head must bear the mark of Hassan, a noted maker at Findekli, a suburb of Constantinople. The long jasmine stalk, with its silken-velvety bark, must come from the Broussa plantations. The mouthpiece, of bright transparent amber, is carved after the most approved fashion; its "zivana" (the thin shank on which it is fixed) has come from the hands of some most accomplished turner. Such perfect smoking requisites and this best of all tobacco are deemed worthy of each other; and when pipe and tobacco are both of the first quality, the pipe-attendant (tschibuktschi) must be immensely deft in the performance of his duties. It is asserted that the taste of the tobacco depends on the form and the size of the piece of burning charcoal placed on it, and the tschibuktschi, when kindling the pipe, rakes with his tongs in the coal-pan till he has found a flat round piece. Holding the long pipe in his right hand, and the round brass dish in his left, the attendant moves with serious



THE LATE JAMES ROOSEVELT BAYLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

face and with measured step toward his master. At a distance from his master, which is exactly equal to the length of the pipe-stalk, he kneels. He puts down the brass dish, then he places the pipe on the dish; then, describing a half-circle with the stalk, he inserts the mouthpiece with the utmost accuracy between the open lips of his master. While the master is taking hold of the stalk the attendant rises from the floor, and he has scarcely retreated a step, when a cloud of smoke, sent forth by a deep breath, envelops him and everything around. The first draw is deemed insignificant; the second and third are reckoned the best; the fourth is regarded as bad; the fifth is thoroughly despised by the nicotian epicure. The deceased Sultan, Abdul Medschid, never took more than three draws; also the former Foreign Minister, Aali Pasha, never smoked a pipe out. What remains, and is despised by the dainty smoker, is a delicate morsel for the servants in waiting. That which for the refined taste of the Turk is too rough and sharp, is delicious to the coarse gums of the wild Anatolian, who likes something which bites his tongue sharply.

Bashi-Bazouks.

THE Bashi-Bazouk is commonly ill-mounted; very few of them, except recruits from Syria, riding horses that show any trace of blood. Their horses are always kept bridled, even when eating their food. The saddles are of one pattern, but the bridles are as various as their owner's tastes. Some riders prefer halters. The men are from all parts of the Turkish Empire—Kurds, Albanians and Arnauts predominating among them. Their clothing may be rich or may be rags. It may be all shades of dinginess, or every variety of vivid colors. An enormous shawl or girdle around the waist is universal. They have the merited reputation of being the greatest pillagers in the world, and this girdle is the hiding-place and receptacle of their booty. Their bodies have been sometimes found with gold to the value of a thousand or eighteen hundred dollars hidden in its folds. They are not hard to discipline as to military manoeuvres, but they baffle every attempt to put any restraint upon them after they break ranks. Of the parade-ground they are dreaded equally by friend and foe. During the Crimean war no punishments would keep them from insulting, striking and wantonly bayoneting English soldiers whom they met in public places. Their bitterest hatred is for Russians; in their sweetest hope the plunder of Moscow. Their officers can animate them to fury with that word, which is received by shouts (with their hands upon the pistols in their belts) of the Arab word for "Let us hope it—inshallah!" Their arms are rude and various. They depend upon the Government they serve for a distribution of lances and carbines, but every man carries his own yataghan, and has two, three or four enormous pistols.

Ancient Thebes.

THEBES, the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, "the hundred-gated city," in the province of the same name, flourished in its greatest might and glory in the time of Rameses the Great, fourteen centuries before Christ. It is the "No" of Scripture; the passage in Jer. xli. 25, rendered the "multitude of No" should be translated "Ammon of No," or the seat or dwelling of the god Ammon. Several places, however, seem to be thus designated in Scripture. The ruins of Thebes are situated 300 miles S.S.E. of Cairo, in a valley formed by the Arabian and Libyan mountains. They occupy a space on both banks of the Nile of about nine miles in length and eight miles in breadth. The city was twenty-seven or thirty miles in circumference. Its sight is now occupied by several villages. Stephens says: "The valley of the Nile was not large enough to contain it, and its extremities rested upon the bases of the mountains on either side." "The whole of this great extent is more or less strewn with ruins, broken columns, and avenues of sphinxes, colossal figures, obelisks, pyramidal gateways, portico, blocks of polished granite, and stones of extraordinary magnitude; while above them, in all the nakedness of desolation, the colossal skeletons of giants' temples are standing, in the unwatered sands, in solitude and silence. They are neither gray nor blackened; there is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, to robe and conceal their deformities. Like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert." The sand of Africa has been their most fearful enemy; blown upon them for more than three thousand years, it has buried the largest monuments, and, in some instances, almost entire temples." The alluvial deposits of the Nile, however, as well as the drifting sands, have had much to do with the burying of these mighty structures of the Egyptians.

The British Boarding-house.

THE interior of the British boarding-house is worthy of attention. In the first place, it has existed through such a long, though unknown, period of time! The sojourner from the setting sun has never inquired when the edifice was built; but to his eyes, accustomed to frequent emissions of a shin-plaster architecture, it looks old enough to be fit for pulling down; and he has even a vague, superstitious feeling that its destruction would be an act of mercy, setting free many generations of ghosts which now tenant it, and permitting them to find places of rest. Indeed, if one may venture such a disrespectful statement, the edifice has not borne its years well. There is a looseness and also a chattering about its fittings which reminds one of machinery, and sets one to marveling what unearthly web and woof is being woven by the spirits of the invisible. There is a certain chamber door which rattles to that degree that the occupant frequently shouts, "Come in," when nobody is there but a lost breeze which has stumbled into the house by some cranny, and is fumbling in all directions to get out again. That occupant proudly believes that nothing in the world can out-rattle his door, except his windows. These last, especially when the wind blows from the southward side, have an agree which transports him with a mixture of admiration and pity. He would caulk them up with coats and trowsers, only that he had other uses for those articles. Everything within the room corresponds with these symptoms of senility. An antiquarian would fall down and worship before a certain bleared and tottering washstand which has, to all appearance, been in steady use for a matter of five or ten centuries.

FUN.

HIGH WATER.—A rain-cloud.
A RIFLE TEAM.—A gang of burglars.
THE Russian is taking his turn as the sick man.
THE ORDER OF THE BATH.—Soap, water, towels, cleanliness, comfort.
"GRIST TO THE MILL."—Subscriptions to a prize-fighter's stake-money.
THE cornucopia and the Texas steer are similar in that one is the horn of plenty and the other is plenty of horn.

THE other morning a Fourth Avenue lady received a telegram that her father was dead. "Now," said she, "John can't help buying me some new clothes."

TURKISH soldiers emptying a sack of heads before a meeting of foreign creditors. "This success enables them to take the first dividend to their creditors."

JUDGE (to a young vagabond): "You never work?" Prisoner: "Yes, sir." Judge: "What work?" Prisoner: "I help my mother." Judge: "What does she do?" Prisoner: "Does nothing."

"GOOD gracious, Seth," said Mrs. Spicer, as the Caledonia Society strode along "all plaided and plumed in tartan array," "what are those men parading with bare legs for?" "Can't say, unless it is they are not entitled to bare arms," said Spicer, as he lifted his hat to the big chief.

MR. MUDDLE, connected with the parochial mismanagement of Eastern London, can't understand why there's all this here bother about the Colorado Beadle. "Hif 'e's reely officious, wy not pass 'im hon to 'is hown parish an' a done with it?" That's what Mr. Muddle calls putting his foot down on the question—and so it is.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.—A good sort of fellow, on leaving home, had the lucky thought of not detaining at his door the friends who might come to see him; so he put a card on it, inscribed, "I am out." Having finished his business, he remounted the five flights of steps and saw written on the door the notice, as above. "Very well," said he, and quietly went down again.

A MAN remarked to one of his physicians that the concert on the previous night was very good, to which he replied, warmly, "It was, indeed, most excellent—the best thing of the kind that ever happened." "But how do you know all that? You were not there, were you?" "I know I wasn't there, but I happen to know that nearly everybody that was there is under treatment for rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy, or influenza. I have about fifteen cases myself and all respectable people who pay their bills. The performance was truly excellent."

OUR detectives will probably go out in a body and hang themselves for pure spite when they hear of the grand hit made by one of their brethren in England. Not many months ago, it appears, a foreign minister in London invoked the aid of one of the smartest Scotland Yard detectives to find a young girl who had inherited a fortune of a quarter of a million. At the end of six weeks the detective returned and gave in his resignation. "Well," said his chief, "that's all right, but where is the girl?" "Oh, I found her a month ago in a dressmaker's shop." "Well?" "Well, I married her yesterday, and began drawing on her quarter million to-day, that's all."

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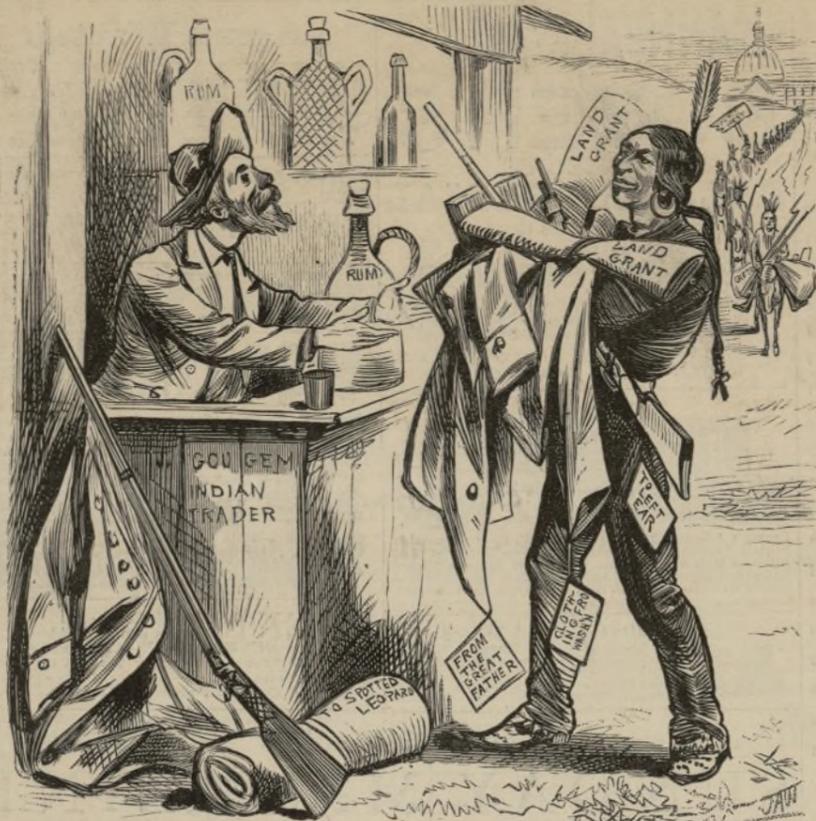
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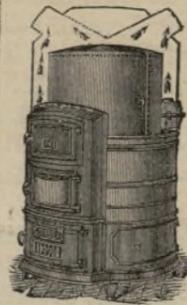
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