

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE LAST INDIAN WAR. HOME LIFE OF THE DEFEATED NEZ PERCÉS.

THE Nez Percés Indians occupy a reservation uncommonly rich in timber, hunting, tilling, and grazing lands, even for an Indian reserve, which is generally a small paradise, the choicest region owned by the Government.

The reservation lies in Nez Percés and Shoshone Counties, Idaho—Camas Prairie, a very rich and desirable expanse of country, being the nucleus of the reservation. This well-known tract is situated on the Salmon River, about sixty miles south of Lewiston, and is about forty miles wide. In Summer it is covered with vast herds of cattle, driven there to fatten on its luxuriant herbage. It is occupied by a few large ranches, with an occasional small farm. Its fertility of soil and excellence as a cattle range is attracting many settlers, and it is rapidly becoming settled.

Those who have read Washington Irving's entertaining narrative, "Bonneville's Adventures," will remember the many narrow escapes the courageous captain had from predatory bands of Indians in his famous passage of the Indian country from the Missouri frontier to Astoria, at the mouth of the Columbia, forty years ago. The Nez Percés were very friendly to Captain Bonneville's command, and paid them many graceful attentions. They fed them when they were at the point of starvation, and actually gave them horses and a guide when they resumed their march across mountain and plain, prairie and chasm. The neighboring tribes have never forgiven the Nez Percés for aiding and abetting the encroaching march of the white man, and hate them for it to this day, though the Nez Percés made themselves obnoxious in other ways. They were not wanting in barbarity, and could give lessons in roasting captives at the stake, the tear-em-to-pieces trick and other diversions. Of late years they have apparently recovered from their weakness for the palefaces, and have made trouble on various occasions. They were surrounded by their enemies of yore. On

the south were the Bannocks and Shoshones; on the east and north, Bannocks, Flatheads and Blackfeet; while on the wooded prairies to the west, in Washington Territory, roam the Pigeons and Wallas.

The Nez Percés are fine specimens of the American Indian. Their physiognomy is marked by the Roman nose—the infallible indicator of courage, resolution, and tribular intelligence—large eyes, an oval face (flat, stolid faces, with pug noses, are rare

among them), and high foreheads. In stature they are large and symmetrical, and are athletic and proficient in acrobatic sports. They are excellent equestrians, and are good warriors. Their dress is incongruous, consisting of the Caucasian hat, shirt and coat, and the Indian breech-clout, leggings and moccasins. Their mode of living is hunting, fishing and raising vegetables, all the drudgery and menial labor being performed by the squaws, in conformity with the recognized ancient

Indian custom. The Nez Percés tribe is divided and subdivided into many ramifications, of one family each.

Every family—cousins, brothers, parents, grandparents, etc.—has a separate camp, governed by a small chief, designated Coochcochemeowhat, which signifies the local or family chief. The Coochcochemeowhat, in turn, is subservient to the chief regnant of the Nez Percés tribe, a crafty old fellow very appositely named Lawyer. He is considered a wonderful man by his

tribe, as he can speak tolerable English, and actually has been to Washington and had "heap talk" with the great father. The Nez Percés belong to the Sahap-tin family, and call themselves Numepo. The two words, Nez Percés, mean "pierced noses." But this tribe has never committed that mutilation. The band lately in revolt is known as the renegade Indians, and it is commanded by the chief Joseph. Ex-Senator Nesmith speaks as follows concerning the Nez Percés: "I have known the Nez Percés tribe since 1843. They were under my charge as Superintendent of Indian Affairs from June, 1857, until July, 1859. They are the finest specimens of the aboriginal race upon this continent, and have been friendly to the whites from the time Lewis and Clark visited them up to the inauguration of the present outbreak. From a kind, docile, friendly people, the mismanagement, frauds and downright robbery perpetrated by the General Government and some of its rascally representatives have driven them to take up arms, and converted them into a fierce, dangerous and relentless enemy."

The chase of General Howard after Chief Joseph for several months past has furnished much amusement to the newspaper press, as that general was usually represented about a day's march behind the band. Col. David Perry was the first to strike the camp of renegades, and watched their movements until General Howard left his post in Oregon to assume command of the United States troops. This officer had several engagements with the Indians, which resulted in their running off with much of his stores and horses.

(For continuation see page 119.)



Eagle-of-Sight.

Chief Joseph.

The Dreamer.

IDAHO.—THE DEFEAT OF THE NON-TREATY NEZ PERCÉS BY GENERAL N. A. MILES.—PORTRAITS OF CHIEF JOSEPH AND TWO OF HIS AIDS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT, E. CONKLIN.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE EXTRA SESSION OF
CONGRESS.

IN accordance with the call of the President, Congress is now convened in extra session. It has met under circumstances that require but a brief sitting, and the sole and speedy transaction of the business for which its members were summoned. There is no need for prolonged debate or any protracted discussion of extraneous issues. The whole country understands the needs of the occasion, and the people expect of their representatives such wise adjustment of the pending difficulty as shall harmoniously adjust the relations between the departments and the public service. When the needs of the Army have been properly provided for, nothing will remain to be accomplished by the present session. This question has been so long considered and is so thoroughly understood, that its adjustment can occupy but little of the time of experienced and patriotic men.

There will be attempts on the part of certain partisans, no doubt, to seize this occasion to forward their own selfish purposes. The President's Southern policy has been severely criticised by the Radical wing of the Republican organization, and his bold and practical movement in behalf of Civil Service Reform has antagonized those who carry into politics the destructive idea that to the victors belong the spoils of a political victory. Those who hold such ideas will be only too glad of an opportunity to air their indignation, and will seek all methods to make an assault upon the Administration. But it must be borne in mind by the thoughtful leaders on both sides that the people have heartily approved—at least up to this point—the policy of pacification and the attempt to reform the public service. The recent visits of Mr. Hayes to both Northern and Southern sections of our common country have demonstrated that old methods of political warfare have passed away, and that the masses are anxious for nothing so much as the restoration of the suffering industries and stagnant commerce of the land. They desire that the experiment thus fairly initiated shall be carefully tried, and that it shall not be nipped in the bud by factious opposition. If Congress shall again awaken the quarrels that have distracted the country in the past, it will be held to a strict responsibility for such a suicidal course.

But the present session of Congress has nothing to do with political questions, as such. It is summoned for a specific work. It has to provide for the payment of the men on whom the people rely for defense against a foreign or domestic foe. Already we are shamefully in arrears of debt to our brave defenders, because a merely political antagonism stood between our manifest duty and our legislators. There may have been something by way of excuse in the manner in which the Army was used in former years, for the humiliation of our Southern brethren, but this excuse has been taken away. There is no longer any complaint from the South, but they enjoy the same privileges that are accorded to the people of the North, and the Army is now addressing itself to its proper work. On the borders of Mexico and in the mountain passes of the Sierras it is opposing the aggressions of hostile forces, and it sorely needs to-day all the nursing care that can be bestowed upon it. Under these circumstances, the one thing to be done by Congress is to vote the necessary supplies and then adjourn. This is what the people demand and will expect. To engage in such heated political discussions on other points as will embroil the country again, will bring down upon the members of the National Legislature such a popular rebuke as will abruptly shorten many promising political careers.

Probably an attempt will be made to cut down the Army, as well as to decrease its expenses. Against the latter nothing can be said, provided it can be demonstrated that such retrenchment is a true economy. But public opinion is scarcely prepared for any curtailment of the small handful of soldiers that is dignified by the title of an Army. General McClellan, General Sher-

man, and other eminent commanders, have openly expressed their opinion that the Army should rather be increased, and it must frankly be confessed that popular prejudices run much in the same direction. Our spirited citizens do not much fancy having our Texas border left open to the invasions of Mexican banditti, because the forces sent there are ridiculously inadequate to act even as a frontier police. Nor are they any better satisfied when they turn to the far Northwest, and peruse the record of Indian massacres, and the generally futile pursuit of the savages by a skeleton battalion of our soldiers. In the Indian wars of the last four years we have won no laurels. Chief Joseph has been captured, indeed, but the victory is not worth the scores of brave officers and men who were slain by his active tribesmen. Sitting Bull is camped serenely on English territory, and the hundreds whom he slaughtered on the Rosebud are as yet unavenged.

It is not a week since the flags in the City of New York were at half-mast in honor of General Custer, whose grave has just been filled at West Point, and while the earth above his brave heart is yet fresh, how could our representatives vote to still further reduce our little army, or leave its decimated ranks to become a prey to the wily savage? It ought to suffice that the men who have been daring death in the Plains all Summer have been kept out of their scanty pay. To say that they deserve no help in this hour of need, would be adding reproaches to their sufferings. No one can read the record of their campaigns without acknowledging that, as a body, they have done all that could be expected of them. The least that can be done in return is to fill up the ranks to their maximum, while prudence would suggest such an increase as will, in future, keep our flag out of the dust beneath the horse-hoofs of the Mexican banditti and Indian savages.

The business interests of our country are intimately concerned with the speedy and satisfactory settlement of this question. If Congress will take care of the Army, its action will materially advance the interests of emigration, mining and agriculture in the Northwest. The fort and its garrison are to the enterprising frontiersman the pledge that his pioneer labors are to bring him in their fitting reward. Were these withdrawn, he would have no courage to pierce the wilderness, but he would turn to other skies and seek protection where he knew it would be assured. For this reason there ought to be no dallying with this important subject. It is no question of politics, nor even of military strategy, that is at issue, but the commercial life of the country is most deeply concerned. Peace has been restored at the South; now let it prevail also on the Rio Grande and in the defiles of Montana and Idaho. The welfare of the people of the East is as deeply concerned as those of any other section in the cessation of hostilities on our border.

Congress cannot be reminded too often that the country is heartily wearied with politics. There has been so much partisan legislation in the last ten years, that no interest is felt in any action that does not tend to directly promote the general good. Of course a certain amount of political buncombe must be talked at Washington, and the people will try to submit to it next Winter as gracefully as possible. But they want to hear none of it now. There is not only no occasion for it, but there is no excuse for its introduction. The President's Message has given the key-note of this extra session, and the time calls for nothing more. To act at once, and adjourn as speedily as red tape will allow, is what the public demand. The Congressman who has a grievance in his heart and a speech in his pocket will find out his mistake if he attempts to air one or the other. It would be a matter of general congratulation if, at this session, Congress would make proof of an exceptional patriotism by following the path we have indicated. Its members have now a rare opportunity of rising above partisanship and doing the public a generous service. It remains to be seen how they will acquit themselves of their duty.

THE REJECTED "CONFESSION."

AFTER an interval of six months since the preparation of Mr. Tweed's statement and its submission to Attorney-General Charles S. Fairchild, the contents of this hitherto carefully guarded document have been furnished to the public in full detail. The manner in which a copy of the written confession was published is a secret even greater than was the statement itself until the present time. The present copy, which is claimed to be *verbatim*, bears on its face the stamp of authenticity, which is hardly to be discredited. It will be remembered that Mr. Tweed had this confession prepared of his own volition, and with the hope that it would secure his release from confinement and from the judgment now against him in favor of the city for \$6,000,000. It was prepared in pursuance of an offer made by him in writing to Mr.

Charles O'Connor nearly a year ago, in which Tweed promised to make a full and truthful statement of all the frauds in which he had been engaged, together with the names of all persons implicated therein. The written confession was submitted to the Attorney-General conditionally, upon its being accepted by him, that Mr. Tweed should be discharged from criminal arrest upon his own recognizance, and released from arrest upon the civil process which now holds him; such money as he might be able to restore, to be received as part settlement of the judgment against him. In the event that the Attorney-General should decline such conditions the statement was to be returned to Mr. Tweed and its contents to be kept secret. The rejection of the statement and offer of compromise has caused much discussion as to the fairness and integrity of Mr. Fairchild in the matter. A perusal of the document now published, and a careful consideration of the points there involved, cannot but justify the Attorney-General in the course which he has pursued.

The paper contains but little that has not already been publicly known, or at least been the subject of rumor for some time. It commences with the mention of the political combination which met daily in the City Hall for the purpose of dining together and promising fidelity and devotion to each other. This social family was in time superseded by the Board of Apportionment, which met nearly every day in Mr. Tweed's office, or during the sessions of the Legislature at the rooms of the different members of the Board in the Delavan House in Albany. The object of these meetings partook less of social and more of business qualities than its more innocent progenitor. At these meetings money was raised to affect legislation, and to devise means for inserting fraudulent and excessive amounts in the tax levies of the city. To secure an appropriation of \$750,000 for the New Court House Mr. Tweed claims that \$112,000 was paid to members of the State Legislature. On all claims audited and approved by the Board of Audit and paid by the Comptroller, sixty-five per cent. was retained to be divided among the members of the Ring and their agents. Originally each of the four members of the Ring was to receive ten per cent., but after a few bills were paid on that basis, even the fiction of "honor among thieves" did not prevent Tweed and Connolly from conspiring to cheat their colleagues in crime. By misstatements as to the cost of procuring legislation, they induced one of the Ring to accept five per cent. and the other ten per cent., while Tweed pocketed twenty-five and Connolly twenty per cent. of the spoils. The Board of Supervisors were also engaged in passing spurious claims, a majority of the members being cognizant of the frauds committed, and receiving a percentage on the amounts allowed by them. The bribing of Senators Mr. Tweed claims was done by himself personally, and he names twenty-one, whom he claims to have paid money to; but only in a few instances can he produce any check or other evidence to corroborate his statement. As to members of the Assembly, Mr. Tweed can prove virtually nothing, all transactions with that body having been done through a confidential agent of Mr. Tweed. His testimony in reference to the Navarro Water-meter claim is interesting, in its explanation of how a worthless water-meter, which would cease to register after a certain amount of water had passed through it, was surreptitiously manipulated, and the board of engineers who tested it were beguiled into making a favorable report of its usefulness; but his evidence would be valueless in a court of law, as his knowledge is only derived from the statements of those whom he employed to conduct the imposture. Of the frauds connected with the purchase of pipes, Mr. Tweed can say nothing of his own knowledge, and the proving of them depends entirely upon the securing of the evidence of the one who acted for Mr. Tweed in the fixing-up of the specifications, and the arrangements with the contractor who furnished the pipes. His account of the purchase of one-half of ex-Sheriff O'Brien's claim against the city is the same as has been since related before the Aldermanic Committee of Investigation. After the second trial of Mr. Tweed on the indictment for misdemeanor, in which he was convicted, he, by advice of counsel, conveyed all of his property to parties to hold for him, fearing that the court might appoint two trustees to take possession of his estate and exercise the rights that he had possessed, which, under a certain provision of law, could have been done.

Annexed to the statement is a schedule of all the real estate purchased by Mr. Tweed since 1868, the cost of which is shown to amount to \$2,473,600, and on which he has realized \$1,237,460. Of the money realized from the sales of his personal and real estate he claims to have lost in the Metropolitan Hotel, of which he was the owner, \$600,000; to have paid for counsel fees, \$300,000; and for sundry ex-

penses in trials outside of counsel, \$120,000. A list of checks, notes, drafts, loans (repaid, and still owing), donations, lawyers' fees, investments and charities, is also attached. A summary of the checks, drafts and notes now in his possession represents a gross amount of \$1,596,725.10. This includes payments made by Mr. Tweed both officially and in a private capacity, and from their intermingling it is impossible to select the amounts paid for an illegitimate purpose from those based upon honest business transactions. In a supplementary statement he touches upon his connection with the Erie Railroad, and introduces the deposed Justice Barnard, without entering into any particulars as to the corrupt dealings which so shamefully disgraced the judicial ermine of the members of the Supreme Court Bench in this city. He further states that he expended in the purchase of Senators, in the interest of the New York Central Railroad, \$180,000. His information as to the participants in the voucher robbery is very meagre, and only hearsay. He tells of one person who admitted to him that he took away the vouchers and destroyed them, but who refused to state if any one else was engaged in the enterprise with him. In reference to the election of Judges Andrews and Folger, Mr. Tweed frees them from any participation in the means which secured their success. He describes a conspiracy entered into by him, and others interested in the election of those Judges, by which the name of some Democratic candidate was removed from the ticket in several districts, and Judge Folger's name substituted, and, in some instances, the name of Judge Andrews.

The statement, taken as a whole, is one mass of glittering generalities, and with but little particularization. A number of persons are introduced who had no connection with the frauds committed by the Ring, and whom Mr. Tweed does not even charge with any guilt. Most of his testimony cannot be corroborated, either by writing in his possession or the testimony of any one other than himself. The statement is incomplete and unsatisfactory, and only serves to show the deep villainy and corruption of Mr. Tweed, while it entirely fails to be of service in the bringing of other criminals to justice—a fact which Mr. Fairchild discovered, and hence the justice of the course he has taken.

WHAT THE ARMY HAS TO SHOW
TO CONGRESS.

MILES, the Latin word signifying soldier, is a fitting designation for the gallant officer who has won fame and glory in the bitter and bloody fight which has terminated in the unconditional surrender of Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés hostiles at Snake Creek, near Bear Paw River. The narrative of the struggle bristles with daring recklessness and that superb carelessness of life which has ever characterized our soldiery—a narrative in which every man becomes a hero, and which self-sacrifice and self-immolation would seem to have been the direct line of duty as well as the immediate order of the day. The "Charge them, boys!" of Hale, uttered by lips crimsoned with his blood, will ring out over the land to be treasured as a precious, priceless heirloom, and the *sang froid* of Eckerson, who, while the bullets were raining thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa, coolly bewailed the absence of a light for his pipe, will show our proud yet sorrowing country the "stern stuff" of which her gallant sons are every one composed. High and above the lurid light of the terrific struggle shines the bright particular star of Indian magnanimity, of Indian charity, of Indian succor; and when we cast our eyes in the direction of the war now raging in central Europe—a war in which the degrading ferocities committed upon both sides put the annals of pagan conquest to the very blush, in which strife is waged after a fashion that must be stigmatized as a crime against humanity—the conduct of the Nez Percés in the treatment of our fallen soldiers merits the highest meed of praise it lies within the scope of our power to bestow. Chief Joseph having escaped from Howard, and having successfully eluded Sturgis, was advancing northward. He had burned at Cowstand, on the Missouri, a great mass of Government and other freight, and was on the march for Fort Belknap on the Milk River. On the 28th of September he encamped in the valley lying between the Little Rocky and Bear Paw Mountains, and, being pressed for supplies, dispatched hunting parties to bring in food and ammunition, contemptuously disregarding of the two commands which he knew to be in his vicinity. On the 29th the Nez Percés took up their position in a ravine extending down to Snake Creek, about fourteen miles from its discharge into Milk River. This region though broken, was, in a military sense, what is termed open, and hither General Miles and his command rapidly approached upon receiving the intelligence

of the whereabouts of Joseph, from the west. His force consisted of seven companies of his own infantry—the Fifth—three companies of the Seventh Cavalry, and three companies of the Second Cavalry. By forced marches from the Missouri around the group of Little Rocky Mountains to the east and out from their western spurs, this devoted little band struck the Indian camp, and upon the dawn of the 30th General Miles, urging his command forward, hurled the Second Cavalry at the Indian ponies, succeeding in capturing seven hundred almost before the Indians knew of his proximity. The braves soon formed in battle array, were charged by General Miles at the head of his men, and in this charge the gallant Hale lost his life, while Biddle, his lieutenant, fell mortally wounded by his side. "Charge them, boys!" shouted Hale, in the full flush and vigor of life; "charge them, boys!" were his last words uttered as he went down to his death. Captain Godfrey and Captain Moylan were both wounded, the firing on the part of the Indians being described as "a rain of hell." The men of the Seventh were mowed down as ripe corn before the reaper, but gallantly held their ground until relieved by the Fifth, while Miles, exposing himself at all points, led his men to the charge with that contemptuous indifference to danger which has marked his brilliant and soldierly career.

The agony of that terrible night to the poor fellows who lay wounded, with snow and sleet for their covering, and a blast that chilled the fever-throbbing marrow in their bones, was heightened by the horrible apprehension of Indian torture. The fiendish ferocity of the "braves" who overwhelmed Custer, and their devilish ingenuity, were vividly recalled by the bleeding and mangled heroes who crouched silent, "yet scarce resigned," in that awful valley; but the magnanimity of the Nez Percés upon that memorable night entitles them to a consideration far and above any that has ever yet been displayed towards our Indian enemies. The second day's fighting was disastrous to the Indians, our forces sustaining no losses whatever, in consequence of the advantageous manner in which Miles had posted his men, while during the first day the number killed and wounded of the command amounted to sixty-seven. At half-past two o'clock upon the afternoon of the 5th, Chief Joseph entered the camp of General Miles, shook hands and surrendered, thus ending one of the most remarkable Indian fights on record. After a storm comes a calm, and after the stormy campaign of one hundred and twenty days, during which Joseph had run the gauntlet of our forces from Oregon and Washington Territory, across Idaho and thence to the northwest of Montana, should we not calmly consider the great original question out of which the bloody strife has arisen. Is it not a fact that Joseph was a peaceful non-treaty chief, who, after being wronged in many ways, was ultimately forced upon the war-path? Is it not a fact that the strife began in injustice, and that its prosecution has cost us the lives of hundreds of our lion-hearted soldiers? Has not the struggle been at once a blunder and a crime? These are questions which should occupy Congress when the Army Appropriations are brought forward, in order that the false economy which dispatched a handful of men to the frontier, instead of an overwhelming force that would have awed the Indians to submission without the shedding of a drop of blood, may never again be practiced, and that the operations against Sitting Bull may assume such proportions as will terminate what may be justly termed an unhallowed and an unnatural contest. It is beyond the region of controversy that the Indian insurrections which have occurred within the last few years have been encouraged by the pitiful strength of the army, and the inaction of its commanders, owing to its enforced restraint, and that the millions that have been expended upon these outbreaks could have been saved to the national coffers, by the adoption of a system practical and statesmanlike. We are sick of this murderous warfare, which, save for the personal daring of such men as Custer, Hale and Miles, bears no fruit but humiliation, and no glory but that which is echoed in the name.

THE FALL OPENING OF OUR COLLEGES.

ONE of the most encouraging proofs of a decided improvement in the business affairs of the country is to be found in the increased attendance upon our colleges and other institutions of learning as disclosed by the size of the classes entering this Fall. The falling off in the number of students which was reported from every side during the last few years was one of the results of the business depression everywhere prevalent. Education is not a luxury and therefore to be abandoned the moment a shrinkage in income occurs, but higher education has become so expensive that in times of depression the father of a family is forced to consider whether he can afford to main-

tain his son at a university, when, if he puts him at business, the youth can at once take care of himself. The temptation to go into business, backed by the necessitous condition of the family, has driven many young men from their books and caused them to be inscribed on the rolls of commercial life. It is, therefore, an encouraging sign of the times that we hear the most favorable accounts from all of our colleges this Autumn. There has not been a time in many years when the applicants for admission were so numerous. At Harvard and Yale, where the expenses are notoriously heavier than anywhere else, the number of new students is unprecedentedly large. This indicates an increased confidence in the present and an abiding faith in the future. Attendance at these universities means a heavy cash outlay on the part of the parents, and it is only where incomes are large and business is prosperous that an attempt is made to meet such a demand. The professional schools at these universities also afford an indication of the state of the country. No one would hazard the expense of a professional education if he felt that the supply of experts was already greater than the demand. It would be hopeless for a beginner to expect to find employment in an over-stocked market and at a time when the men of the highest reputations were scarcely earning a living. The unfavorable reports sent back by those who have marched forth out into the battle of life must naturally deter new recruits from enlisting in the struggle. If, however, the old soldiers give encouraging accounts of the state of affairs, and announce fresh fields and pastures new to the coming generation, we shall soon find the ranks of aspirants for fame fast filling up. Such would appear to be the present cheerful feeling all along the line, otherwise we should be at a loss to account for the unusual pressure upon our professional schools. There must be a general feeling of confidence and an early prospect of employment to warrant the great expenditure of money which is involved in the increased attendance indicated above.

If we pass from professional schools to colleges we shall find a similar increase in the number of applicants for admission. The smaller colleges indicate the public perturbations better than the larger ones. They are visited by the sons of men who are engaged in business, and whose incomes are therefore subject to great fluctuations in unfavorable times. They draw from all ranks of life and indicate more precisely how general the feeling of depression, or the same of prosperity, is disseminated throughout the community. These colleges are barometers of public opinion, and we must look out for commercial storms when their members run low, and may predict fair weather when the classes are full. Just now the index points to fair weather, and we look upon it as a good omen. Take the New England colleges in addition to those already mentioned, and we shall find the most encouraging reports. At Amherst the incoming class numbers ninety-nine, Williams has seventy-seven new students, Tufts numbers thirty-four, and we hear from Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Trinity, Brown and others that there never was such an influx of new students as this year. This speaks well for New England, and indicates a revival of learning as well as of business. During the last fifteen years, since the war, the attendance at New England colleges was at a standstill. It was recently said by a prominent educator that, notwithstanding the great increase in the population of the Eastern States, the actual number of students in attendance upon her colleges was less than it was thirty years ago when the population was much inferior to the present. He reports that there were more students in attendance thirty years ago than last year. All this is now undergoing a change, and the ratio of attendance is going back to the old proportion when our sires looked upon a good education as better than a fortune. Increased prosperity and a general revival of business is shown in the unusual additions to the ranks of students in New England. It is almost unnecessary to pursue this train of inquiry into the Middle and Western States. The same favorable reports reach us from every quarter. In New York City, Columbia has a freshman class of nearly one hundred, the largest that has entered that institute in the one hundred and twenty-four years of its existence. The University and the College of New York show a proportional increase. The country colleges, of New York—Union, Hamilton, Rochester, Cornell, Madison, Geneva—are forced to increase the number of professors and tutors, and to enlarge their accommodations to meet the requirements of the unusual addition to their ranks. There never was such a busy time in the embryonic world of letters as at present, and if thoroughness of instruction could be made to keep pace with the influx of students, the present ought to be regarded as the most brilliant era of our national existence. In the Southern States some of the colleges have been greatly crippled for want of funds,

It was with extreme difficulty that the salaries of the professors were met, as the funded property was much of it depreciated, and the usual income from tuition was wanting. Now this depressing state of affairs is undergoing a change. Everything is waking up. People have more confidence in the future, and a generation is coming on the stage who demand a higher education than has been deemed sufficient of late years. The money for their education must be raised in some way; and the fact that large numbers are flocking to the universities and colleges of the South, and that many are coming to the North, is proof of a greatly improved state of affairs in a part of the country where business reverses have been most severely felt. These signs of prosperity in the colleges of the country, not only point to a general revival of business, but indicate a return to better methods and sounder moral principles in the conduct of affairs. We have been living in a corrupt social state, which we have all helped to create by looseness in our commercial dealings, by connivance at small frauds, and by the persistent pursuit of low aims. There appears to be a universal awakening from this demoralizing condition; and by a singular coincidence, at the same time that we propose to return to the money of our fathers we also seek to re-establish the old-fashioned notions of integrity in business and intelligence in national affairs which were handed down to us by the founders of the Republic. The signs of the times as indicated by the Fall opening of our colleges are most encouraging.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

STEAM TO BRAZIL.—A member of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce has had an interview with Mr. Everts, Secretary of State, in regard to the establishment of direct postal and commercial intercourse with Brazil. He said that the Brazilian markets open a large demand for a number of American manufactured articles, but that owing to the absence of proper facilities the trade is carried on through English houses. American manufacturers are receiving orders from English firms for goods to be furnished to Brazilian markets, out of which the English make at least ten per cent. on their own account. Secretary Everts said that it is the imperative duty of this Government to advance the commercial and manufacturing interests of the country by a more liberal policy respecting foreign trade, and that this can best be accomplished by the establishment of ocean postal routes under the auspices and fostering care of the Government.

THE EXTRA SESSION.—It is, of course, premature to fix a period for the duration of the extra session. It is, however, said to be the opinion in Administration circles that the session will not last more than two or three weeks. No estimates will be sent in for regular appropriations, and there will, therefore, be no basis for beginning the ordinary work of a long session. It would be easy, however, to protract discussion upon the Army Bill and the Deficiency Bills so as to take up a good deal of time before the first Monday in December; and the rest of it might readily be filled if Congressmen put no restraint upon themselves in the matter of introducing and urging the bills and resolutions with which they have come well supplied. The question of the length of the session will, no doubt, be settled soon after the election of Speaker, by the action of that officer in relation to the appointment of committees. If only the Appropriations Committee is named, a rapid dispatch of necessary business, and an early adjournment, will be pretty sure to follow.

THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION.—On October 9th, in Philadelphia, the stockholders of the Permanent International Exhibition held a meeting to take into consideration some measures to save the Exhibition from being sold out by the sheriff to satisfy the claims of creditors. There is a debt of \$264,000 on the company, of which \$180,000 are due to the Centennial Board of Finance, and \$84,000 to individual creditors, including members of the Board of Directors, who have advanced sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$5,000 at times when money was needed to carry on the concern. The statement was made that the creditors had been staved off for a month, but that if the money was not secured to satisfy their demands within three weeks the bell of the sheriff would be heard ringing in the building. The stockholders are at present engaged in examining into the affairs of the Exhibition, for the purpose of ascertaining whether, if the demands were paid, and the Exhibition placed on a sound footing, it could be made to pay hereafter. Their report will be ready in a week or so. The plan was suggested of calling a mass-meeting of citizens to contribute to the financial relief of the concern.

A LEATHER FAIR.—An International Exhibition of articles connected with the leather industry was opened in Berlin on the 8th of September. Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland and the United States were fully represented. England, Italy, and Russia were partly represented. The great feature of the exhibition was the exhibit made by an American firm in Mayence, in connection with a boot and shoe factory, running American machinery, in that city. This exhibit consisted of a full and completed set of all the best and most approved American shoe machines, tools, apparatus and supplies, which, operated by twenty-five experienced workmen, turned out boots and shoes as in a most complete American factory. It was the first opportunity publicly afforded in Germany for the proper display of the skill and perfection which the manufacture of boots and shoes by ma-

chinery has attained in the United States. The fullest and frankest tribute was paid to the ingenuity and enterprise displayed therein. The interest excited thereby must act most favorably on the introduction of American shoe machinery into Germany. The number of shoe factories now in Germany using American machinery is forty, with an average daily production of 14,000 pairs. The value of American leather, oak and hemlock tanned, is fully recognized in Germany, and if our tanners would give their work a better finish, the trade in American leather in that country might be regarded as a permanent and decided success. Of American tools, there was a splendid display of all sorts. The superiority of these tools to all those of a like sort used in Germany was conceded on all sides. The chairman of the committee, in his opening speech, referred in warm terms to the progress made in the United States in tanning and shoe machinery, and publicly thanked our manufacturers for the extensive and fine display in the American department.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

COLONEL H. R. SIBLEY, a very prominent citizen of Boston, was arrested, charged with extensive forgeries.

THE fifth annual session of the Women's Congress of the United States was held in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 10th.

IN the Protestant Episcopal General Convention held in Boston it was decided to erect West Virginia into a new diocese.

THE workmen of New York held a State Convention at Troy on the 8th, and nominated candidates for State officers.

GOLD remained easy in New York during the week ending Saturday, October 13th, being quoted at 102½; 102½; 102½; 102½, and 103½.

THE remains of the late General George A. Custer were buried with appropriate ceremony in the military cemetery at West Point, N. Y., on the 10th.

PRESIDENT HAYES, Attorney-General Devens and Secretary McCrary attended the Frederick County (Md.) Fair on the 11th, and were enthusiastically received.

THE funeral of Archbishop Bayley was held in the Cathedral at Baltimore, on the 9th, and attracted an immense concourse. The remains were buried at Emmetsburg.

IN the State election in Ohio, with five tickets in the field, the Democrats won by 25,000 majority, and in that of Iowa, with four tickets, the Republicans won by 40,000.

A REPUBLICAN mass meeting was held in Cooper Institute to support the Administration, on the 10th, and to denounce the spirit and work of the Rochester Convention.

It was reported in New York that the Khédive had offered to present to the city the companion to the great obelisk, known as Cleopatra's Needle, which is now on its way to London.

THE Franklin Savings Bank, at Allegheny City, Pa., and the German-American Bank, at Quincy, Ill., suspended on the 10th. A receiver was appointed for the Union Banking Company at Baltimore, which closed on the 8th.

UNITED STATES SENATOR PATTERSON, of South Carolina, was arrested in Washington, D. C., upon a requisition of Governor Hampton, charged with fraud in connection with the old State ring. Congressman Robert S. Small, colored, was also arrested and held in bail for having accepted a bribe of \$5,000 to influence his official action.

GENERAL MILES surprised the hostile Nez Percés camp at Snake Creek on the 30th ult., and captured the larger part of their herd—about 600 horses, mules and ponies. Twenty-five of his men were killed and many more wounded. The Indians lost seventeen killed and forty wounded. On the 5th inst. General Miles and again attacked Chief Joseph's band, and after three days' hard fighting the entire camp surrendered to him. The Government congratulated Generals Terry, Miles, Gibbon and Sturgis on the close of the Nez Percés war.

Foreign.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, experienced a severe earthquake on the 8th.

THE French Government detained all packets of English and Belgian newspapers arriving at the Paris railway stations on the 8th.

THE Spanish Government paid to United States Minister Lowell the sum of \$570,000 on account of damages awarded Americans for losses in Cuba.

MUKHTAR PASHA evacuated Kizil-Tepe and Sonbatan, retiring to the summit of the Aladja-Dagh. He lost 8,000 men in the battles of October 2d and 3d.

A VERY general and heavy rainfall in India has, it is thought, saved the Autumn crops, and offered a sure check to the further spread or continuance of the famine.

A SINGLE-SCULL race for £400 and the championship of the Thames, was rowed on that river on the 8th between Putney and Mortlake, and was won by Higgins by six lengths in 24m. 10s.

BOTH Houses of the Mexican Congress met in regular session. The Government ordered the Collector of Customs at Vera Cruz to remit monthly to the United States \$25,000, on account of the payment of the American debt.

CHEFKET PASHA succeeded in entering Plevna with a large reinforcing army and an abundance of provisions. The great engineer General Todleben, was placed at the head of the Russian staff, and will attempt the reduction of the city.

A SERBIAN Cabinet Council resolved upon warlike measures, to take effect about the middle of next month. Troops are being marched to the frontier, and Russia offers Serbia a large sum of money per month for joining in the war against the Turks.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON issued a second manifesto on the 11th, in which he defended the Republican Constitution, denying that it was in peril, or the Government under clerical influence. The Bureau of the Senatorial Left issued a counter-proclamation, reasserting the charges.

M. GAMBETTA addressed an immense gathering in Paris on the 9th, and made a violent attack upon the clericals. Troops were posted in the vicinity of the meeting place, but there was no disturbance. Gambetta was sentenced to an additional imprisonment of three years for placarding his address.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



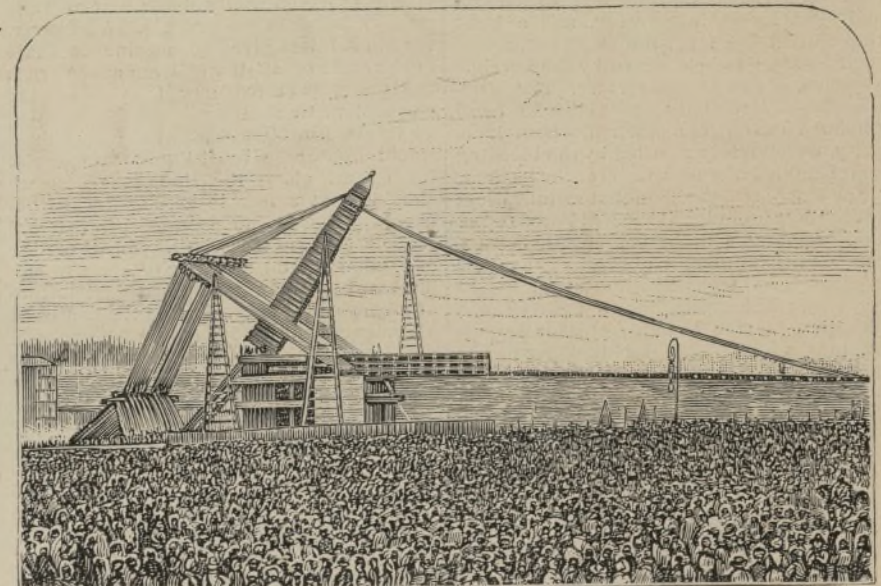
BULGARIA.—HANGING MALEFACTORS IN THE STREETS OF ADRIANOPLE.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIAN GIANT BATTERY BEFORE PLEVNA.



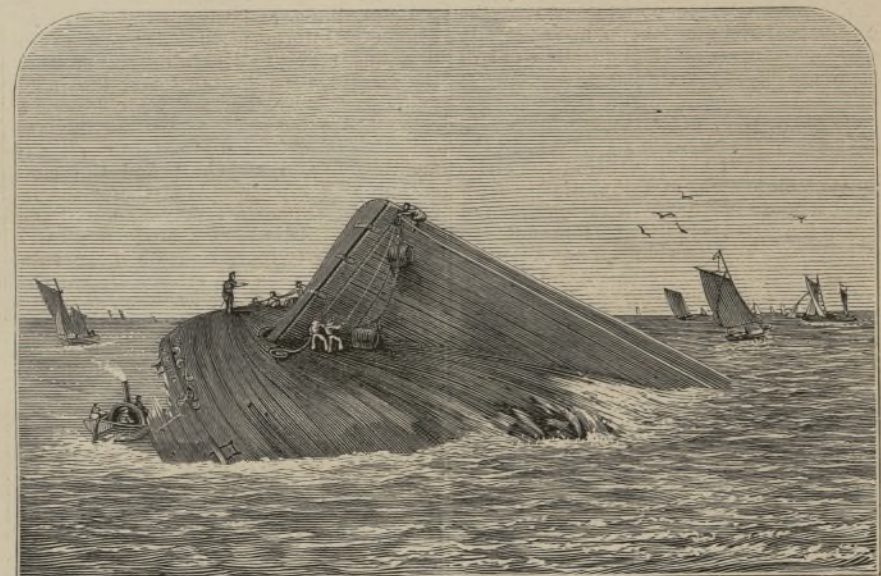
BULGARIA.—A COSSACK CAPTURING A TURKISH MAJOR WITH A LASSO.



FRANCE.—THE MANNER IN WHICH THE OBELISK OF LUXOR WAS RAISED IN PARIS.



BULGARIA.—THE ENGLISH RED CRESCENT AMBULANCE ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT.



ENGLAND.—BLOWING UP THE AMERICAN SHIP "FOREST," RUN DOWN IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.



TURKEY.—THE CZAROWITZ AND HIS STAFF ON THE FIELD.



TURKEY.—BRINGING DOWN THE WOUNDED FROM THE TURKISH ATTACK IN THE SHIPKA PASS.



VIEW OF LARAMIE CITY, WYOMING TERRITORY, AS SEEN FROM THE U. P. R. R.



ROCK CREEK HOUSE—THE NUCLEUS OF A SETTLEMENT.



TEN MINUTES AT CARBON.



A TROOP OF U. S. CAVALRY DRILLING NEAR FORT STEELE.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ACROSS THE PLAINS BY RAIL FROM LARAMIE CITY TO FORT STEELE, WYOMING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 118.

GOOD-NIGHT.

SAY good-night to me, darling!
Only one fond good-night,
And then away to thy slumber,
And dream till the morning light
Shall waken thee from sweet dreaming
Of him who will dream of thee.
Say good-night to me, darling!
And—give one kiss to me.

Say good-night to me, darling!
Here 'neath the moon's bright ray,
And only the soft night breezes
Shall listen to what we say.
And do not hurry in saying
The words that I ask of thee,
And do not hurry in giving
The last dear kiss to me.

Say good-night to me, darling!
Yet how can I let thee go!
The hours are long without thee,
And the night will seem so slow.
But "good-nights" must be spoken,
Three times you've said it to me,
Wait yet a little longer
Till—I have said it to thee!

MARY D. BRINE.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

ABOUT sixty years ago I was in Paris for the first time in my life. Bonaparte still lingered at St. Helena; and the adventurers, good, bad, and indifferent in character, who had served in his armies, had not yet lost all hope of the return of their idol, and consequently had not yet thought it worth while to settle down into thorough peace and quietness.

Young Paul Ferrand, whom I frequently met at the *caf  *, and who had served as captain at Waterloo, was sure that the Little Corporal would come back again soon. "You have not yet beaten him," he would tell me, laughing. "You sent him to Elba, but he returned; you have sent him to St. Helena, and he will return again. We shall see?"

Ferrand was an exceedingly nice fellow; and, although he professed to cherish an unquenchable hatred for England and everything English, he had, by some means or other, become attached to Alice Rae, a young English lady of my acquaintance, and who had been living with her mother since the conclusion of peace at Paris, not far from the abode of the ex-captain. And he was always very friendly with me, too. He would, it is true, abuse my countrymen most unmercifully; but he was always particularly good-natured; and whenever he found himself saying a little too much, he would arrest himself and apologise so heartily, that I never could be angry with him. I was alone in the French capital, and had few friends there except Mrs. Rae, her daughter Alice, and Paul; and so it happened that I passed a good deal of my time in the society of these three. The mother, a woman still in the prime of life, and the widow of a king's messenger, was a connection of mine by marriage, and that fact gave me a good excuse for offering my services as escort whenever she and her pretty daughter thought fit to go to the theatre or the opera. At such times Paul always had a seat in the stalls; and between the acts he would come up to my box, to the delight of Alice, who was in love with him, and to the no small satisfaction of Mrs. Rae, who herself had quite a maternal affection for the young Frenchman, and did not in the least discourage his attentions to her daughter. If there were no formal engagement between the two, it was at least perfectly understood by all parties that as soon as Paul should get an appointment, for which at the time he was a candidate, he was to marry Alice; and I, though only a few years her senior, was to give her away.

One night the opera-house was crowded more than usual. A great singer was to appear, and a new work by a renowned composer was to be performed. But Paul Ferrand, sitting in the stalls, seemed scarcely to listen to the music or to notice the acting; and much more often were his eyes turned in the direction of my box than in that of the stage. Alice and her mother were with me, and as the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first act, Paul came up to us. He was in high spirits, for he had heard that the minister had decided to give him the coveted post, and he expected to hear in a few days that his appointment had been signed by the king. We congratulated him, and as he left us to return to his seat, I whispered to him: "You'll be a happy man in a month or two now, Paul." He smiled, and shut the door.

We watched him as he threaded his way to his place. It was in the centre of the second row from the orchestra, and he had left his opera-glasses on the chair, in order to preserve his right to it; but during his absence a tall, military-looking man had appropriated it, and had coolly put the glasses on one side. Paul approached the stranger with the utmost politeness, and I suppose, for naturally I could not help, requested him to move. The interloper did not deign to answer, but sneeringly looked up at Ferrand, as though to ask him what he meant by his intrusion. Paul pointed to the opera-glasses; but the stranger neither replied nor moved, but continued to appear as though he did not hear. I saw that matters were assuming a dangerous complexion, for in the new-comer I recognized Victor Laroqu  re, an ex-Bonapartist officer like Paul, a notorious bully, and one of the most celebrated duellists in France. But what could I do? I could only sit still, much against my will, and witness the inevitable consequences. I thought Alice would faint when Laroqu  re, in the calmest way, rose before the crowded assemblage and struck Paul in the face with his glove; but she recovered herself, and, like a statue, watched her lover pick up his opera-glasses, bow to his insult, and, without a word, leave the building. There was some exclamations from the audience, but the duellist again rose, and with a theatrical air, gazed round, mockingly imitating Paul's parting bow, and resumed his seat. This was too much for poor Alice. She could not remain any longer, she must go home; and so, with some difficulty, I got her and her mother to my carriage, told the coachman to drive them

home, and myself walked quickly to Paul's lodgings.

He had arrived before me, and was already writing when I entered his room. "Of course," he said, as he saw me, and came towards me with both hands outstretched, "you, my dear friend, will assist me. It is impossible to do anything but fight. Even Alice could not make me alter my conviction upon that point, the insult was so public."

"Suppose you leave the country," I suggested.

"Then I should have to give up the appointment and Alice too. No, my dear fellow, I am a Frenchman, and I must fight; and you must arrange matters for me. If he shoots me, it cannot be helped; if I shoot him, I shall have shot the biggest scoundrel in Paris. I beg you to call upon Laroqu  re to-night. I have already discovered his address. Here it is."

"But must you really fight? It is suicide to fight with a professional duellist."

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I am afraid it is suicide, but I must fight; so please don't try and persuade me that I need not. And I will fight, too, as soon as possible. You can arrange everything for to-morrow morning. I must have the matter over. In a day or two I might be a coward."

By his looks he implored me to go to Laroqu  re, and, constituted as French society was at that time, I had no other course open to me than to do as he wished.

"If monsieur come from M. Paul Ferrand," said a man-servant, when I inquired whether I could see his master, "M. Laroqu  re has sent to say that he has not yet left the opera. He has, however, sent this pencilled note, which I am to give to the gentleman who comes from M. Ferrand."

I tore open the missive. It contained two cards, one bearing the name of the duellist, and the second that of M. Ferrand Delaraie, Rue Vivienne 18. Certainly it was an off-hand way of acquainting me with the name and whereabouts of Laroqu  re's second; but as I wished to pick no quarrel, I walked on to the Rue Vivienne, and in a few minutes was ushered into the presence of M. Delaraie himself. This worthy was a young man, aged about three-and-twenty, and dressed in the very extreme of fashion. His ruffles were immaculate, and most symmetrically arranged; his lace handkerchief was steeped in essences; his gloves, which lay on the table—for he had only just returned, at Laroqu  re's request, from the opera—were small and delicate; his fingers were covered with valuable rings, and the bunch of gold seals depending from his fob was unusually heavy and brilliant. He did not strike me as appearing particularly warlike; but, nevertheless, after formally saluting me, he at once touched upon the object of my visit, and before I had been ten minutes in his company, had arranged to meet Ferrand and myself at a certain spot, dear to duellists of the time, at an early hour next morning, and to bring Laroqu  re with him.

"I don't think we need a surgeon," he said to me quite affably, at parting; "but if you please, you can bring one. In his last affair my principal shot his man through the temples, and he died immediately. I sincerely hope, monsieur, that your friend is as clever."

"Confound the fellow!" I said to myself, as I left the house and sought the residence of my own medical man. "I am afraid poor Ferrand is not such a consummate murderer as Laroqu  re."

After seeing the surgeon, to whom I briefly explained matters, I called upon Mrs. Rae. She was doing her best to comfort her daughter, who was in the greatest possible distress. "Are they going to fight?" she asked me.

"My dear Alice," I said, "they are. I have done my best to dissuade Paul, but he says, and I am obliged to agree, that he must fight. Let us hope for the best. He has a sure eye and a steady hand, and he has right on his side. The other man is a scoundrel. And you must remember that poor Paul is not an Englishman. If I were he I would not fight; but as it is, the matter cannot be overlooked, and indeed everything is arranged."

"You are to be with him?" said Mrs. Rae, looking as white as a sheet.

"Yes; they are to meet to-morrow morning, and by breakfast-time Alice's suspense will be over. She must bear up."

"You must prevent the duel," sobbed the half heart-broken girl. "Cannot Paul let the insult pass? But no; it was so public."

"You can only hope," I said. "I will see you in the morning; but now I must go back to him, and see that he gets some sleep."

"Tell him," cried Alice, "that if he is killed I shall die. Come here directly it is over. Come, even if he falls; you must tell me about it. I must hear everything." She buried her face in her hands, and I, escaping from the unhappy girl, hurried to Paul.

He was still writing, and his hair was in disorder, and his face pale when he turned towards me. "I am no coward," he said, "but I am saying good-by to her, for I shall die to-morrow."

"My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "you will shoot Laroqu  re, and be married next month. You must finish your writing at once and go to bed. I will sleep here to-night, for I must see that you turn out in time to-morrow morning; so be as quick as possible."

He wrote for another half-hour, addressed the document to Alice Rae, placed a lock of his hair within it, and, after sealing it up, gave it to me.

"Give that to her," he said, "if Laroqu  re kills me outright—and I know he will. If it were not for Alice, I declare that I should be quite glad to meet him. Now for bed."

He undressed; whilst I lay down on the sofa in the next room and lit a cigar, for I could not afford to sleep myself. Soon all was quiet, and I stole in to see Paul lying as quiet as a child, with a smile on his face. Probably, nay assuredly, I passed a more uncomfortable night than he did. Only with the greatest possible difficulty could I keep awake; and the hours seemed to linger forever. At last, however, daylight dawned, and I called Ferrand, who woke refreshed and in comparatively good spirits. After a hurried breakfast

we muffled ourselves up; I placed a flask of brandy, some powder and bullets, and a brace of pistols in my pockets, and we sallied forth in the cold morning air. Scarcely any one was abroad, except a few sleepy watchmen, who seemed to make very shrewd guesses at the object of our expedition; and through the silent streets we went for a mile or so, until we reached the meeting-place.

Laroqu  re and Delaraie were there before us, and my friend, the surgeon, arrived immediately afterwards in his carriage, which waited near at hand. The pistols were produced and loaded. Laroqu  re chose one, and I gave the other to Paul; and then the two men took up positions at a distance of twenty paces from each other, and waited for Delaraie to give the signal to fire.

"Stay!" cried the bully, as his second stepped back; "let the young bound listen to this. I am not trifling with him; I shall shoot him only where he wishes, for I am generous, *parbleu*!"

"If I do not kill you," said Paul, quietly, "I prefer to die."

"Then I shoot him through the heart," coolly observed Laroqu  re. "It will teach others not to challenge me."

There was something to me unspeakably horrible in the way in which these last words were pronounced. I shuddered, and looked at Paul. He smiled at me, and at the same instant Delaraie gave the signal.

There was but one report, for Ferrand's pistol flashed in the pan. The poor fellow turned round towards me with fixed eye and pale face, and, with the name of Alice on his lips, fell dead. Laroqu  re turned on his heel, and departed quickly in company with Delaraie, while I aided the surgeon in his brief examination of Paul's body. Surely enough, the bullet had passed through his heart. He must have died almost instantaneously, for he did not move after he fell, and the last smile with which he had looked at me was still upon his face. It was a melancholy business in every respect. I had to break the sad news to Alice and her mother; and the two ladies were so terribly overcome, that I feared the shock would have some permanent effect upon their health. For my part, I was obliged to hurry to England as soon as possible; and Laroqu  re, I heard, also got away, and remained out of France until after the affair had blown over.

I kept up a correspondence with Mrs. Rae, and was glad after a time to hear from her that Alice, though still terribly upset, had learned to look with a certain amount of philosophy upon her misfortune, and had to some extent recovered her usual health, if not her usual spirits. Meantime I settled down in London, and, unable to forget my Parisian habits, usually dined at one of the then much frequented taverns in Fleet Street. The "Cheshire Cheese," which was then in much the same state as it is now, was my favorite haunt; and there, as months passed by, I gradually picked up a few pleasant acquaintances, chief amongst whom was an extremely well-mannered young gentleman named Barton—a man of independent means, good family, and a first-rate education.

One day, after he had been dining with me, the conversation turned upon continental manners and particularly upon duelling. As an illustration of my abhorrence of the system, I told my companion about poor Paul's death, a matter in which Barton appeared much interested. He asked me a good many questions about the parties concerned, and after expressing a remarkably strong opinion to the effect that Laroqu  re was a blackguard, bid me good-night. I went home to my rooms in the Temple; and next day, on visiting the "Cheshire Cheese," found no Barton. He had left word with one of the waiters that urgent business had called him away, but that he hoped to see me on his return. Weeks passed, and then months, and still Barton did not come back; and I confess that I had begun to forget him altogether, when one evening he dropped into dinner as though he had not been absent for more than a day or two.

"Where have you been?" I asked, after I had heartily shaken hands with him.

"I have been to Paris," he said. "On arriving there I found out a little more than you told me about Laroqu  re, and when I had thoroughly convinced myself that he was the blackguard you painted him, I arranged for a series of lessons at a pistol-gallery. Every day for a month I went and shot for an hour or two, until I was so perfect as to be able to hit a small coin every time at a distance of twenty paces. After satisfying myself as to my proficiency, I took a box at the opera; it may have been the same box that you used to have. Laroqu  re was pointed out to me. He sat in the stalls, and between the acts he left his seat in order to speak to a lady in another part of the house. I descended as quickly as possible and took his place. He returned, and asked me in an overbearing tone to move. I refused. He persisted. I struck him. He sent me a challenge, and we met upon the same spot, curiously enough, where he had killed my friend Ferrand. Before the signal was given, I said: "M. Laroqu  re, listen to me. I am not here to trifle with you; but I am as generous as you were with Paul Ferrand. I will shoot you only where you wish." He turned deadly pale. "We will see," he said, "whether I shall not make you a second Ferrand!" "Then I will shoot you," I returned, "as you shot him—through the heart. It will teach other bullies not to challenge me." Whether he was so upset as to be incapable of aiming or not, I cannot say; but, my dear fellow, I shot him as dead as a dog, right through the heart, and avenged your friend, at the same time ridding Paris of its biggest villain. It was a case of diamond cut diamond."

"Well done, Barton!" I exclaimed.

"Wait," he said, "and let me finish the drama. We managed to keep the matter very quiet; and before leaving France, I was able to call on Mrs. Rae, who is now at Boulogne, for I had a letter of introduction to her from a Parisian acquaintance. When I saw her first, she knew nothing of the affair, but at last I broke the intelligence to her and to her daughter. I found Alice to be a pretty girl, somewhat spoilt by her long mourning, and not very much inclined to listen to me; but, my

dear fellow, after three weeks of hard persuasion she gave in, and now she and her mother are coming over next week. I believe you were to give Alice away. When she arrives, you shall have a capital opportunity."

"And," I added, shaking my friend's hand warmly, "I shall be delighted to do so."

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM LARAMIE CITY TO FORT STEELE.

LARAMIE CITY, seen as we glide away, has somewhat the appearance of a thriving, manufacturing town, with the tall chimneys of its rolling mills, the great machine and repair shops, and the large round-house whereof our photographer caught a glimpse on his plate. As such, it is less interesting to us than the small centres of half-barbaric life which we have lately passed and shall meet again before reaching the Sierras; decidedly, Laramie is not half "hard" enough to please our exigent seekers after excitement and novelty.

The clouds are lowering grimly and gray enough as we speed on, and the fine sifting snowflakes begin to waver to and fro on the gusts of the north wind. Our trail lies over desolate divides utterly given up to sage-brush and grease-wood—a little low shrub not unlike the sage, with the same gray-green foliage and an intensified unpleasantness of odor. By sunlight it might be less dreary; but now in the cold, colorless twilight, with the driving and fast-thickening snow drawing its pale film over the distances, it is such a picture of lifeless desolation as few of us have ever painted to the mind's eye. The far-off mountain ranges appear only as ghosts of hills; the Wind River range away to the north, with Fremont's and Snow's Peaks, and south of us the Medicine Bows loom up gray and spectral through the storm. Snow's Peak has the respectable elevation of 13,570 feet, and is the highest point in the range, while of the Medicine Bow's peaks, Laramie and Reed's point tallest from the plains of Colorado. This range is rich in undeveloped mines, most of which still await the prospector, and it yields also no inconsiderable wealth in timber; almost all the railroad ties, posts, fences and corral-poles used on the Laramie Plains are supplied from these mountains.

Crossing Laramie River on a wooden bridge, we pass Howell, a little side track and station, which, with its faint suggestion of human life and interest, varies for an instant the bleak emptiness of the landscape. Never on earth was loneliness so expressed to the uttermost as we see it here through the snow-storm that is fast gaining on us. The ground is whitened already, and through the snow prick the little tufts of sage-brush, dotting it with black bunches as far as the eye can reach; there is nothing astir but the north wind, which whails and "soughs" over the divides in its own ghostly fashion—or stay, there is a tiny shape pulsing through the sage-brush—something that shivers and crouches, and then, with a sudden bound, slides away swift and straight as an Indian arrow shot from the bow. That is a jack-rabbit; and next to an arrow's flight, commend me to his fashion of getting over ground. The antelope and the Arab steed are mere child's play in the way of locomotive comparisons beside that smooth, easy lope, in which the movements of the limbs are entirely lost, and you see only a dusky straight line, with a pair of ears pointed at right angles, vanishing away and gone "ere one can say it lightens." Myriads of these soft furry creatures are frisking in the snow, nibbling the sage-brush, flitting with the flying flakes, and pricking their ears as the noisy monster of a train roars past them. And somehow they only make the stillness more still—the loneliness a shade lonelier, by their feeble little presence. Lying luxuriously among the pillows of our extemporized sofa, it is wonderfully fascinating to stare away into the dimness of the strange wintry world whereof they form a part; to watch the hovering flakes whirl and blow, to follow the skurrying flight of the rabbits, crossing each other, hither and thither, and to trace far back in the white mist the weird shapes of solitary buttes or the long heaving swells of the divides rolling away, north, south, east and west, utterly without limit or boundary now, as the horizon line is blotted out by the storm. And now comes Howells, with his little step-ladder in one hand and a match in the other, and climbs up to light the swinging lamps in their reflectors, violently harassed, as to the legs, by Follette, who rends the air with yelps at the first appearance of his dusky visage. The tables come out, and the note-books, or a pack of cards, perhaps; but we, who are wiser, keep our places at the window, flatten our noses against the glass, and stare out as long as there is a glimmer of light to show us snow, sage-brush, rabbits, and the ever-changing, forever-fascinating buttes.

The little Laramie River traces a dark line through the snow, and on it is Wyoming, a little telegraph-station, and a cluster of houses, chiefly cattle and sheep ranches. Then comes Coepee's Lake, so-called from a diminutive piece of water, not far from the station and side-track; Look-out and Miser following successively, with the usual similarity in their features and belongings. The country is rugged and broken, and scarred with deep "cuts" where the iron rail runs through, and such view as we might have is constantly shut off by the snow-sheds through which we plunge noisily. These long wooden shelters are built at irregular recurring distances, wherever the slope or trend of the land catches the eddies of winter winds most strongly, and the snow-drifts pile deepest; doubtless a blessing to the winter tourist, they are a torment to all others, shutting out, as they do so frequently, the very most interesting and ardently desired points of the scenery, and sometimes darkening our flight for nearly half a mile with their stout planking and pillars.

Rock Creek is another little side-track, with a smart, new-looking white house and a whirling windmill in the foreground of the landscape. The creek which gives its name to this infant settlement crosses our road, or we cross it, just at this point, on its way from the Medicine Bow Mountains to join the Medicine Bow River. And here we are on the eastern border, or rim, of the great coal-basin which underlies the centre of our continent—rattling over what Hugh Miller calls "the hoarded-up fuel of the world."

Passing Wilcox, we are confronted by Como, with the lake of that name in the distance. This little sheet of water is fed by warm springs, which breathe out a dense white vapor in chilly weather, and it has no visible outlet. Among its other attractions is recorded yearly visitations of wild ducks, and the constant presence of an agreeable species of lizard, ranging from six to eighteen inches in length, which supplies the chief diet of the ducks aforesaid.

Medicine Bow Station follows, a place of some importance as one of the points whence military supplies are shipped for neighboring posts. It has a large government freight depot, a few stores, saloons and dwelling-houses, and a round-house where relays of extra engines are kept for use on the steep grade between this point and Carbon, the next station. A wagon-road leads north to Fort Fetterman, a distance of ninety miles, and there is also a short and direct route open to the gold regions in the Dakota Black Hills. Indian raids are reported here as recently as 1875—bloodless ones, however; the Ojibwa at that date merely stampeded some three or four hundred horses grazing the Plains, and retired with them to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies, without personal molestation of the "pale-faces."

Down-grade we rush to Carbon, a brisk little mining town, where a shaft has been sunk by the railroad company, and about a hundred and fifty men are employed underground. Their homes, when above the surface, are queer little adobe cabins, or log huts filled in with adobe, with mud roofs—loose boarded shanties, looking as if a brisk breeze would blow them down—and dug-outs of the true primitive pattern. There are some decent houses and a sprinkling of stores—the "Wyoming House and Billiard Saloon," bare, square and glaringly white; a few tall, black factory chimneys; and an atmosphere of coal dust. Of all this we take a windy view during the ten minutes' stoppage—seeing half and guessing at part by the bright lights at windows, and doors, and the swinging lanterns of friendly brakemen.

From Carbon to Fort Steele there is little of interest in the way of "towns" or stations, Simpson, Percy, St. Mary's and Walcott, being the usual repetitions of each other as regards depots and side tracks, tanks and windmills. The wild, rugged Plains keep up their savage character, and the road winds and twists around the steep bluffs, and plunges through narrow cuts in the crumbling walls of limestone, until it enters the valley of the North Platte. And then comes Fort Steele, with its big wooden barracks and log-houses, and the corral with its tall fences close to the track. The soldiers' quarters are rather cast into the shade by the imposing height of the great stone hospital, built by the Government in 1875; but at least the log-houses are picturesque—which the stone one is not—and however uncomfortable they may be viewed as homes, they look thoroughly in keeping with the lonely waste sweeping all around them. Between this valley of the North Platte and the larger Platte Valley east of the Black Hills, there is no resemblance; the broad, low bottom-lands of the one and the sage desert of the other, with its abrupt red bluffs and sharply outlined divides sinking and swelling against the horizon, are as far removed as the opposing elements of east and west. On our return through Fort Steele, a few weeks later, we were entertained with a drill of a troop of cavalry, a portion of the garrison stationed at the post.

THE LAST INDIAN WAR.

HOME LIFE OF THE DEFEATED NEZ PERCÉS.

(Continued from front page.)

Then Generals Gibbon, Sturgis and Miles were ordered up in pursuit. The former had a pitched battle at Big Hole, in which quite a number on both sides were killed and wounded. Joseph, having escaped from Howard and eluded Sturgis, was advancing confidently northward. He had burned at Cowstand, on the Missouri, a great mass of Government and private freight, and, having crossed, was proceeding leisurely towards Fort Belknap, on the Milk River. Although he had sacrificed in his long retreat a great number of animals, he still retained the best horses of his herd. These numbered nearly one thousand. When he encamped on the 28th of September, between the Little Rocky and the Bear Paw Mountains, his supplies of food, of clothing and of ammunition had been depleted, and hunting parties were sent out to gather buffalo meat, rob granaries, and steal cattle.

On the night of September 29th, the band of Nez Percés had ensconced itself in a ravine extending down to Snake Creek, about fourteen miles from its mouth, which empties into Milk River. This position is among the foot hills of the Bear Paw Mountains, a cluster of heights isolated from the main range, but commanding a distant view in all directions, and forming an almost impregnable citadel. When General Miles and his command approached this stronghold they traversed for a day the garden of Montana. The gallant general had only marched a few days before he received news of the whereabouts of Joseph from the West. Instantly from his camp below the Missouri he gathered his men to arms. His force, the only really adequate one yet brought against the bravest tribe of aborigines ever pitted against the United States troops, consisted of seven companies of his own infantry—the Fifth—three companies of the Seventh cavalry and three companies of the Second cavalry, commanded by Captain Tilton. With Miles at their head, these men made forced marches from the Missouri around the group of the Little Rocky Mountains to the east, and from their western spurs struck across above the Snake Buttes around, or rather beyond, the bleak ravines where the Indians were encamped. There the Nez Percés fed their horses, and during the night of the 29th, warriors and herders slept in fancied security. Long before dawn on the 30th Miles and his men were up and doing.

The General urged everything forward. The cavalry, his own infantry mounted on Indian ponies, the pack train and all moved briskly on. His approach lay across the open, looking toward a hill. The herd of Indian horses, guarded by the youngest boys of the tribe, came first in view. A single dash of the Second cavalry secured 700 ponies, almost before the warriors, concealed beyond the herders, knew of the proximity of the troops. They were followed by all the three companies of the Second cavalry, which were ordered by General Miles not only to capture as many animals as possible, but to work around to the rear of Joseph's encampment.

Then the General directed the opening charge upon the Indians themselves. Mounted on his horse, which he rode from first to last of the battle, he guided the engagement. He looked the leader that he was—rough, tough and ready. Weighing nearly two hundred pounds, he sat on his charger like a centaur; his brown mustache and side whiskers, slightly mixed with gray, adorned features that are heavy but pleasing, and were overshadowed by a broad-brimmed, slouched drab hat. A wide blue ribbon encircled his crown, with blue streamers behind. He wore a red blanket, frontier shirt and a black necktie, its ends floating over his shoulders; outside the shirt a buckskin coat, short at the hips and carelessly buttoned; the light blue trousers of a private soldier, with black stripes down the seams, and coarse boots, completed his

attire. This bronzed general of the frontier trotted forward to the head of the Seventh cavalry troop at nine o'clock.

The way seemed clear, but suddenly their horses halted in the midst of a gallop. At the edge of a steep bank overlooking the ravine, at the bottom of which stood the lodges of the Nez Percés, the officers of the three companies called to their men to dismount. They flung their bridles and lariats to the winds, and, plucking their rifles from their saddle-pommels, discharged them at the lodges below. Their volley was met by a fierce return. Major Hale's voice then sounded, "Charge, boys!" The Major at the same instant received his first wound, but like the others he leaped over the edge of the embankment down among the teepees. As he alighted on his feet a bullet pierced his mortal wound, but he stood, staggered and, raising his right hand to his head, again shouted feebly, "Charge them!" He fell forward upon his face, dead.

During this contest General Miles, continually riding to and fro, gave orders to nearly everybody. He exposed himself at all points to the cavalry which assaulted and to the infantry which supported.

The troops jumped so fiercely into the bloody breach that more than fifty officers and men were killed and disabled in the assault. The Indians, fighting thereafter from their intrenchments, fired more warily at their foes, for General Miles, having killed nearly thirty of them and discovered their position, immediately surrounded their encampment. He posted his companies of infantry and cavalry so as to command them on all sides, and compel them to stick to their burrows. The squaws and children were secluded in the deepest pits, out of sight and range of the soldiers.

General Miles withdrew his wagon-train some eight hundred yards to the rear, and there parked it before nightfall, although it was not outside of range of the Nez Percés' rifles.

Fatigued brought a temporary truce between the men and the savages, but General Miles occupied himself until nearly one o'clock in the morning in placing two cannon in position to open fire on the Indian camp at daybreak.

On the second day of the battle, Joseph, the chief, came voluntarily into General Miles's camp, and proposed to close the engagement by surrendering the arms he had taken from the dead soldiers. General Miles invited Joseph into his tent, and there interviewed him efficiently. He developed a civilized trait in him—he desired safety for his squaws and offspring. General Miles said to Joseph, "Sit here a while." This was a signal to Joseph of his captivity. Retaining Joseph, Miles sent into the Indian camp one of his favorite officers, Lieutenant Jerome. He was instructed to review and report upon the Indian position, and every detail of the Indian fortifications. He was received by the Nez Percés, and permitted to walk about their encampment. During the temporary truce, a white flag floated over the Nez Percés' stronghold.

Joseph's proposal to surrender was rejected by White Bird, and by the principal chiefs and warriors who survived the death of Looking Glass. Indeed, most of the Nez Percés warriors scoffed at the notion of surrender.

General Miles, under the threat to kill Lieutenant Jerome, liberated Joseph, and Lieutenant Jerome returned to his command. During the second day of the battle, like the first, the snow fell from morning till night. General Miles, mounting his horse anew, rode out among the soldiers, and clinched their fealty by talking to them in this wise: "Hang to them to-night, boys! Can't have any fires. Stay to-night, and we will manage to get some wood to-morrow. Look after them, boys. Don't let them get away. Let all of the outsiders get into camp that want to, but don't let any get out."

During the charge on the first day, the number of killed and wounded soldiers was sixty-seven.

The Indians staid all through the day and night previous to the surrender with untiring pertinacity. Their scouts had gone to Sitting Bull for assistance, but had not succeeded in returning to the Nez Percés' camp. Twice Joseph had offered to surrender, and once his disposition was opposed by his highest chiefs. White Bird objected to surrendering, because he anticipated that he and all the tribe would be regarded as prisoners and put in handcuffs.

General Miles had so carefully placed his troops that not a man of his command was killed after the assault on the first day, but the savages, notwithstanding all their arts, continually suffered. On the fifth, the day when they surrendered, there remained about three hundred and fifty men, squaws and children in the Indian pits. At half-past two in the afternoon of that day, Joseph came into General Miles's camp, shook hands and proposed a surrender, which was instantly granted. Each warrior as he passed said "How," and tendered his arms and ammunition.

Thus ended the last Indian war, an end involving thorough defeat and complete submission on the part of the Indians.

BURIAL OF GENERAL CUSTER'S REMAINS.

IN accordance with the orders of General Schofield, commanding at West Point, N. Y., the remains of General George A. Custer, who was killed by the Sioux at the battle of the Little Big Horn, on June 25th, 1876, were buried in the Military Cemetery on Wednesday, October 10th. The box containing the remains had been forwarded to Poughkeepsie in August last, and placed in the receiving vault in Rural Cemetery temporarily.

At 8:30 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, the Mayor and Common Council of Poughkeepsie met in the Council Chamber, wearing badges of mourning, and proceeded in carriages to join the main procession, all the arrangements being in charge of Brigadier-General Parker and aids. At 9 o'clock, though the morning had been gloomy, a dense fog enveloping everything, the streets were filled with spectators to view the spectacle. The escort, headed by a battalion of the Twenty-first Infantry, in command of Colonel A. F. Lindley; the Bald Eagle Battery, Captain Menitt in command; the Veteran Volunteers and members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and the Cadets of the Poughkeepsie Military Institute, formed in line, and, as soon as the Mayor and Common Council appeared, started in procession for the cemetery, followed by an immense concourse of people. The remains, attended by a guard of honor, were received at the outskirts of the city, when the procession moved forward.

The remains were in an elegant hearse, which was drawn by four coal-black horses, and was decorated with flags and black crape, rolled in accordance with military custom. The casket containing the remains was a patent metallic one, and was draped with the flag that shrouded the son of

Philip Hamilton, who was killed by the Indians on the Plains. The only floral offering was a shoulder-strap, two feet in length and eight inches wide, with two stars. The strap was formed of geraniums, and the stars were made of tuberoses. It was placed at the head of the casket, and was the offering of the Veteran Volunteers of Poughkeepsie. A horse, with empty saddle, having all the equipments belonging to the rank of a Major-General, followed the hearse. As the procession moved the bells of the city were tolled, and flags on public and private buildings were at half-mast. At least ten thousand persons witnessed the spectacle. The procession reached the Mary Powell at 10:30 A. M., and the remains were at once conveyed to the ladies' saloon and placed upon a pall in the centre of the room. On the boat, which was crowded, Lieutenant Davis, of West Point, had a guard of honor. The flags of the steamer were at half-mast and draped with bunting. All the steamers and sail-vessels that met the Mary Powell drooped their flags out of respect. As the steamer neared the south dock at West Point, the special steamers Hopkins and Henry Smith, from New York, arrived. On board the Hopkins were seventy-five members of the military order, "Loyal Legion of the United States," composing the New York Commandery, in command of General George Sharp; also General Sickles, General Butterfield, General Bartlett, General Cochrane, Colonel Broom, General McMahon, Colonel George Duryea, Captain H. E. Ellis, Assistant-Surgeon J. H. Denroy, Captain John C. Ferris, and others.

The casket was placed upon a gun caisson that was draped with the flags of the First and Third Army Corps.

Thousands of people lined the banks on either side of the roadways as the procession approached, and stood in silence till it passed. It halted in front of the chapel at 12:40, when the remains were conveyed into the house, where they lay in state until 2 P. M., at which time the regular funeral service was commenced.

First came Major-General Schofield, commandant of the post, with the widow of the dead hero on his arm. Next came General Custer's father and sister, and then followed more distant relatives of the deceased, and intimate friends of the family. The family group were seated upon the right of the main aisle. Besides the floral offerings already mentioned, the cadets had placed upon the casket a column of immortelles two feet high, and near it rested the dead chieftain's sword and hat. At the foot was a beautiful wreath encircling the words "Seventh Cavalry," and around all, entwined in a tasteful manner, was a large American flag. Back of the chancel against the wall hung a large flag in festoons, and at the apex was a blue silk flag, on which, in letters of gold, were the words:

"God and Our Native Land."

The funeral was conducted by Dr. Forsyth, Chaplain of the post, who first read a portion of the Episcopal burial service, after which the choir of cadets chanted the thirty-ninth and ninetieth psalms. When the hymns were finished the services in the chapel were ended, and the guard of honor removed the remains from the edifice. By this time all the people who intended to be present were on the grounds, and were massed in the vicinity of the chapel. Drawn up in a line fronting the chapel were the cadets of the Military Academy, with the Government band, and further back was the artillery, with horses attached to caissons. Opposite and facing the cadets were the organizations from abroad. When the remains reached the open air the cadets presented arms. Mrs. Custer, leaning upon the arm of General Schofield, followed the remains closely, and was deeply affected, shedding tears freely, as did also General Custer's father and sister. The funeral procession started for the cemetery, the band playing a dirge.

In the cemetery a few words were read, consigning "Earth to earth, dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," a short prayer offered, and three volleys fired over the grave by the cadets. The grave is to the left of the entrance, and nearly in the middle of the cemetery. Those nearest it are the graves of General Hartsuff and General Robert Anderson, the former unmarked, the latter covered by a handsome monument.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Execution of Bulgarians in Adrianople.

One of our foreign pictures this week illustrates the horror of the war raging in Turkey. The distressed condition of Bulgarian fugitives collected at Philippopolis, and the hideous familiarity of street executions at Adrianople, have been the subject of much comment. In the second city of the Turkish Empire, under the immediate government of Ahmed Veli Pasha, it is a daily sight to behold several unhappy Bulgarians hung at the shop-doors, or from the windows and balconies, for taking part with Russia or rebelling against the Sultan. It is true that in some cases, as in the particular instance shown in our engraving, the persons so put to death have been guilty of robberies and murders or other outrages perpetrated on their Moslem neighbors, which almost equal the atrocities of the Bashibazouks and Circassians among the Christian part of the population.

Scenes in the Russo-Turkish War.

The capture of a Turkish major by a Cossack reminds one rather of a scene on the prairies of Western America than an incident on the plains of Bulgaria. Some of the Cossacks, however, accustomed to the roving life of the Russian steppes, are as great adepts in the use of the lasso as the most skillful Mexican cattle-lifter, and, as we see in the sketch, when occasion offers, put their skill to a practical use. The incident occurred at the taking of Medjidie in the Dobruzscha. The picture of the "Giant Battery" represents the largest Russian siege battery used before Plevna. Another picture shows the Turks bringing down their wounded from the fight in the Shipka Pass, which we have already fully described.

Raising the Luxor Obelisk in Paris.

The English people are beginning to ponder upon the best method for erecting Cleopatra's Needle, on its arrival in London, and the possibility of the sister obelisk being brought to New York imparts a similar interest here. Probably the same plan will be adopted as that observed in erecting the Luxor Obelisk on the Place de la Concorde in Paris, on October 25th, 1836. Our illustration of that operation sufficiently describes itself. Immense masts of timber, with blocks and pulleys, were erected on blocks of masonry on either side of the pedestal, by means of which, with the aid of windlasses, three hundred men were enabled to hoist the obelisk to an upright position.

The Red Crescent Ambulance.

Great improvements in the arrangements for the care of the Turkish sick and wounded have been introduced in Bulgaria by the English Hospital Corps under Lord Blantyre's management. We give a picture of the Red Crescent Ambulance which has taken the field with the

army of Mehemet Ali Pasha in Bulgaria. The gentlemen accompanying the ambulance wagon on the road are English surgeons. There are at present at work in Turkey three distinct organizations, all wearing the Red Crescent, and all employed in the same manner with the co-operation of local surgeons and a staff of about twenty medical men from England.

Fatal Collision in the British Channel.

On the night of September 11th a terrible collision occurred off Portland, on the English coast, between the English emigrant ship *Avalanche*, bound from London to New Zealand, and the American ship *Forest of Windsor*, N. S. Out of 120 persons on board the two vessels only twelve were saved. The weather on the night of the occurrence was unusually dark, with drizzling rain, a very heavy wind, and a sea running mountains high. Both ships were heading down Channel, but on opposite tacks. When about a dozen miles off Portland the *Forest* ran into the *Avalanche*, striking her between the main and mizzen masts. The force of the collision was so great that in less than five minutes the emigrant ship gave three plunges, and then sank, carrying with her the whole of her crew save three—the mate and two able-seamen. Some few of the passengers managed to scramble on deck as soon as the *Avalanche* was struck, but all went down with her. The state of things on board the *Forest* was not much better. Though that vessel was not quite so seriously injured, her crew found that sufficient damage had been done to render it impossible for them to run for land at such a time of night and in such weather. They therefore took to their boats—it is said in about a quarter of an hour after the *Avalanche* had disappeared. The master and first mate of the *Forest* went in one boat with the three men who had escaped from the *Avalanche*, and after being tossed about in the Channel all night, were found in the morning by some fishing-boats and rescued. Seven other men took to another boat, and they were also picked up by the fishermen. The second mate of the *Forest* and others of the crew took to another boat, but are believed to have been drowned. The *Forest*, soon after being abandoned, settled down and sank not far from where the collision occurred. Several fruitless efforts were made to dispose of the wreck by blowing it up, but it was finally found necessary to have it towed to Portland.

The Czarowitz and his Staff.

The picture with the above title represents the Czarowitz and his staff on the field with the Army of the Lom, of which he is the commander. As yet this imperial chieftain can scarcely be said to have achieved any decided success, as his apparent gain in his eastward advance was overcome by Mehemet Ali, so that the former was compelled not only to yield up the ground he had secured, but to retire from the Lom upon the Jantra, making Biela his headquarters.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—DEADWOOD papers are delivered "to any part of the city" for 25 cents per copy.

—THE National College at Buenos Ayres was opened in March last with about 1,000 students.

—THE number of registered voters in Philadelphia is 180,323, a decrease of 5,869 from last year.

—LONDON was enlarged by 22½ new streets, three new squares, and 12,938 new houses, last year.

—OXFORD UNIVERSITY has an annual income of \$1,000,000, a library of 520,000 volumes, and 1,300 undergraduates.

—THE seal of the Bull of Clement VII., confirming the title of *Fidei Defensor* to Henry VIII., is solid gold, and is preserved in the Chapter House.

—MISSISSIPPI, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Kentucky have nearly the same number of convicts in their respective penitentiaries—not varying ten from 950 each.

—A CHINESE lawyer, named Chay, recently admitted to the Bar in London, is obtaining much influence at home. The Viceroy consults him and the Government intrusts all legal questions to him.

—It is computed that France now possesses steam engines of an aggregate force of 1,500,000 horsepower. This is equal to the effective labor of 31,000,000 men, or about ten times the industrial population.

—Five human skeletons have been discovered at Dornbristle, near Dumfries, Scotland, only eighteen inches below the surface. The spot was the place of the murder of the Earl of Mordy by the Earl of Huntly in 1591.

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

—THE quiet citizens of Medford, Mass., were somewhat surprised last Tuesday morning, as they cast their eyes skyward, to see that the lightning rod on the steeple of the Unitarian Church was crowned by a tall, grey, stove-pipe hat, with a black weed thereon.

—A PRIVATE insane asylum at Jacksonville, Ill., is in a state of siege. The institution has been sold, but the doctor in charge barricaded the doors and refused to surrender the buildings, while the purchasers surrounded them and kept the occupants prisoners.

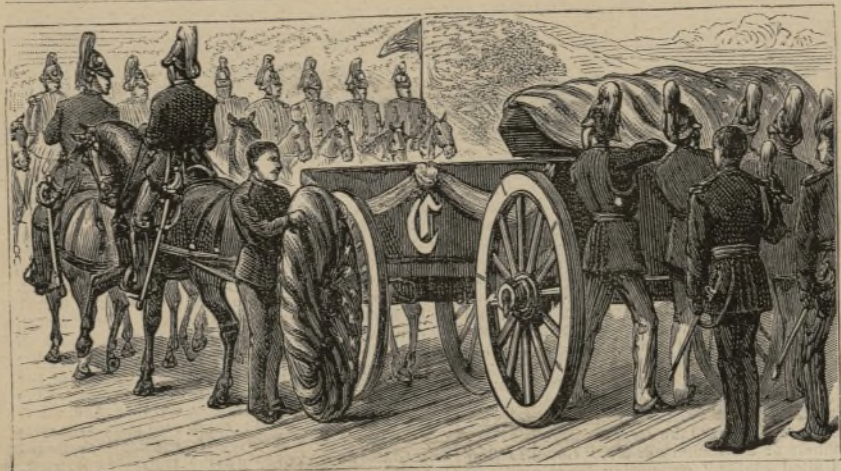
—A REFRIGERATOR-CAR, so arranged that thirty carcasses can be hung up, as in shambles, and kept at a few degrees above freezing-point, has been sent by some Nevada cattle-dealers to Chicago as an experiment. If it is successful, the dealers will ship meat further East this Fall and Winter.

—THE New Hampshire and Massachusetts fish-hatching house, at Livermore Falls, in Plymouth, N. H., is nearly finished, and some 500,000 California salmon eggs are expected soon. It is expected by May to hatch and distribute 20,000 land-locked salmon and several thousand brook trout.

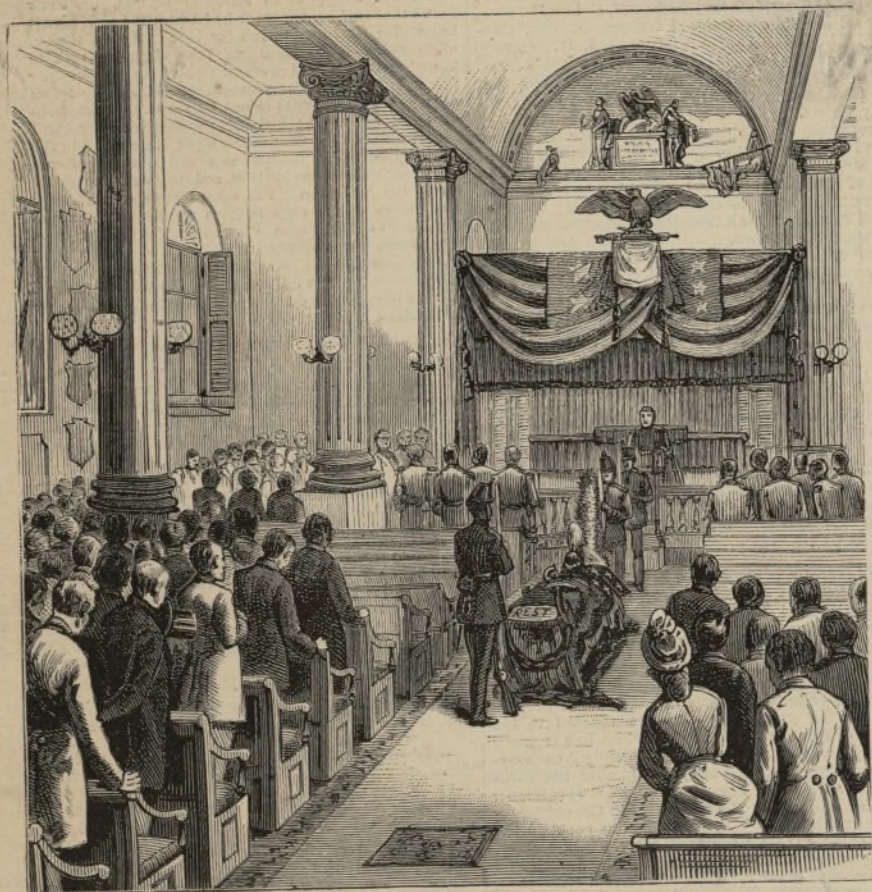
—A BOTTLE has run aground near Melbourne, after a voyage of thirty-five years. On April 16th, 1842, a passenger on the ship *Kelso*, bound from London to Sydney, threw into the sea a bottle containing a memorandum requesting the finder to report for the sake of ascertaining the currents. The question can now be answered.

—A MAN in the Alexandra Palace, London, takes his stand within a few inches of the roof, and jumps headforemost to a net placed within a few feet of the floor. Just before he reaches the net he turns and alights on his feet. There is nothing difficult about the feat, but if the man failed to make the necessary half revolution of his body he would probably be killed.

—ACCORDING to a recent French statistical work, Saxony numbers 184 inhabitants per square kilometre; Belgium, 181; Holland, 113; Great Britain, 108; Baden, 99; Wurtemberg, 96; Italy, 92; Japan, 89; India, 79; Prussia, 74; France, 70. The weakest population is that of Brazil, which numbers only one inhabitant per kilometre. The kilometre is rather more than three-fifths of a mile.



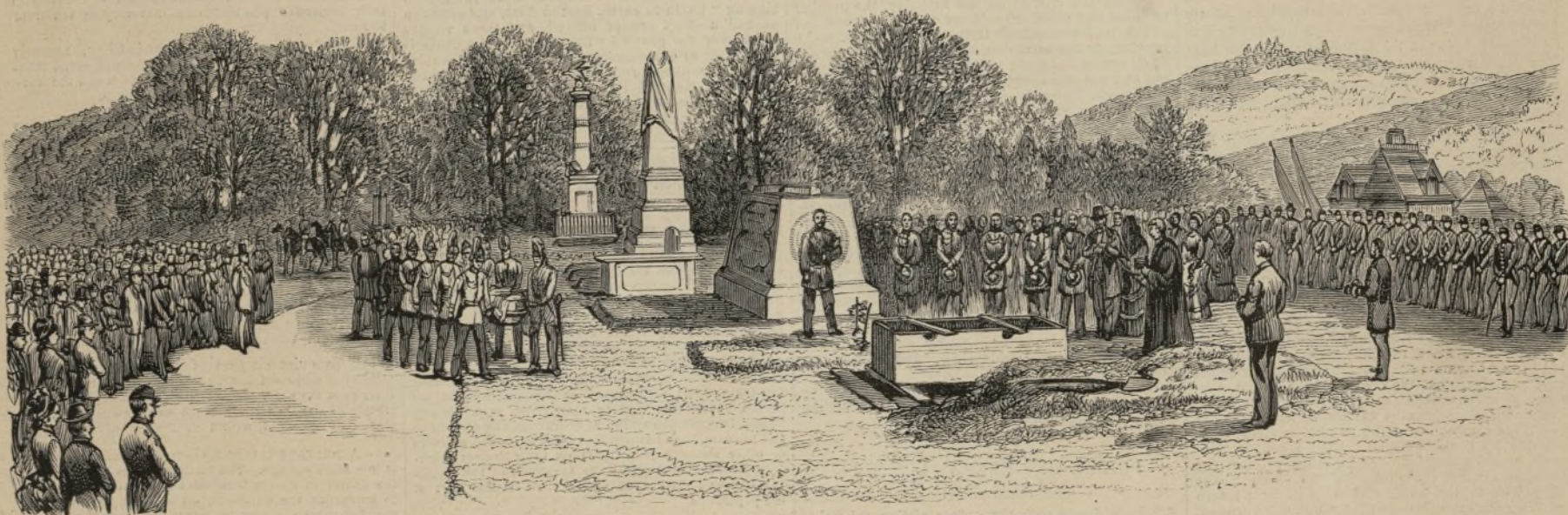
PLACING THE COFFIN ON THE CAISSON AT THE DOCK.



THE SERVICE IN THE CHAPEL.



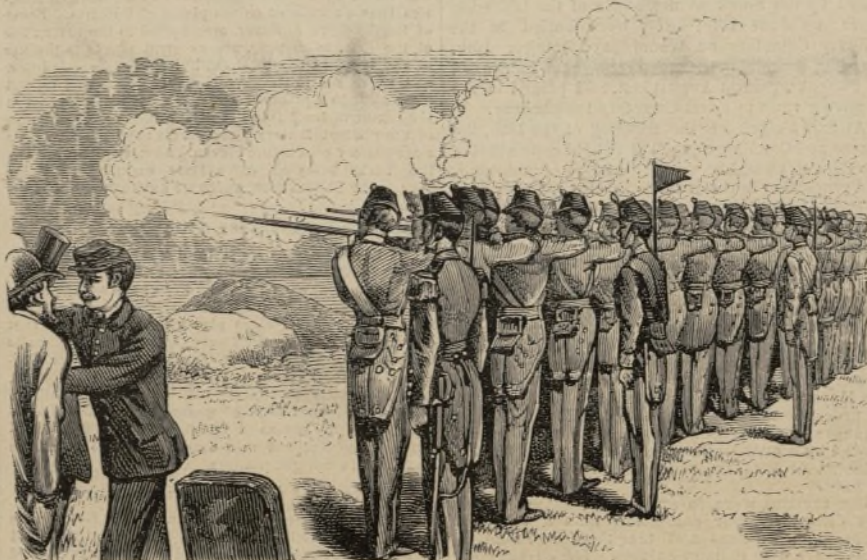
THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE ASCENDING THE HILL TO THE CHAPEL.



THE LAST RESTING-PLACE—CARRYING THE REMAINS TO THE GRAVE.



THE WAR-HORSE IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.



THE CADETS FIRING A SALUTE OVER THE GRAVE.



MOURNING VETERANS AT THE GRAVE.

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A SAMARITAN AT SEA.—A WHITE STAR STEAMER REVICTUALING A BARK IN MID-OCEAN.—SEE PAGE 123.

THE SUNSET LAND.

IN the land of the wonderful sun and weather,
With green under foot and with gold overhead,
Where the sun takes flame, and you wonder whether
'Tis an isle of fire in his foamy bed;
Where the ends of the earth they are welding together
In a rough-hewn fashion, in a forge-flame red.

In the land where the rabbits dance delicate measures,
At night by the moon in the sharp chapparal;
Where the squirrels build homes in the earth and
hoard treasures;

Where the wolves fight in armies, fight faithful and
well,
Fight almost like Christians; fight on and find pleasures
In strife, like to man turning earth into hell;
Where the plants are as trees; where the trees are as
towers

That toy, as it seems, with the stars at night,
Where the roses are forests; where the wildwood flowers
Are dense unto darkness; where, reaching for light,
They spill in your bosom their fragrance in showers,
Like incense spilled down in some sacrament rite.

'Tis the new-finished world; how silent with wonder
Stand all things around you; the flowers are faint,
And lean on your shoulder. You wander on under
The broad, gnarly boughs, so colossal and quaint;
You breathe sweet balsam where boughs break asunder,
The world seems so new, as if smelling of paint.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

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 XV.

AFTER having locked Ellen Bruce in the little dark room, the burglars went back into the kitchen. The poor girl's blood grew gold as ice in her veins with horror and a sense of her utter helplessness. Awful tales she had heard years before of bloodthirsty murders, of horrible barbarities inflicted on their victims by those who, wearing indeed the semblance of human beings, were, in reality, cruellest of fiends, rushed to her frenzied imagination.

"Oh, heaven have mercy on us!" she gasped. "Oh, Anthony, Anthony, if you were near me!"

It was strange, even to herself, in that moment of bewilderment and dread, to feel how her whole heart sprang in a passionate yearning of loving assurance to the thought of how soon and how surely Anthony Latouche's reckless courage and strong hand would have released her and her unfortunate uncle—Anthony Latouche, whom she shrank from as a murderer himself.

It was strange how in a moment it seemed absurd and impossible to brand the handsome, irascible, reckless young Irish squire as a criminal of the class of those brutal midnight assassins—it was strange how in a moment her soul gladly flung off even a belief in Anthony Latouche's crime—her dear lover, her betrothed husband. It was impossible, absurd, dishonoring to herself as well as to him to think that he had ever meant to murder another man even in hot blood of raging anger.

"If he could see me now! If he knew where I am now!" she thought, and she pictured to herself the flash of Anthony's blue eyes and the color flushing his whole face as he sprang to rescue her, his "dear girl," as he had called her two or three times in the few brief moments when their intercourse had become slightly lover-like.

"Oh, Anthony, my love—my love!" she sobbed beneath her breath. "I ought to have clung to you! If I had died for it I ought to have clung to you! They may kill me here to-night as they have killed poor uncle, and you will never know I love you!"

For the stealthy, shuffling footsteps had softly trodden by the door where she lay weeping and praying in her distress, and, after pausing a moment for a muttered consultation, had slowly gone up-stairs, and dead silence reigned in the kitchen.

"If I could only get out now and run off and bring help and a doctor, it might save his life," she thought, and the feverish hope of escape dried her tears. But, alas, she was too securely bound, and, although she galled and chafed her limbs, and struggled until the ropes cut her flesh, she could neither burst nor untie them! So, when wearied out, she lay down against the door and listened with every faculty strained to the utmost to discover what was going on in the house.

She had scarcely placed herself in a position to listen when she fancied she heard the rustle of a woman's clothing outside, and with this came the idea—"Perhaps it is Anastasia; she may have crept back into the house;" and with the idea came renewed hope. The woman, in this their dire extremity, would surely prove herself a sister-woman and a friend, let her private feelings be what they might. Yet she hesitated, fearing it might not be the woman who had been her fellow-servant, when suddenly she heard the steps descending the stairs rapidly again and angry voices.

"Well, well! Did ye find it?" came an eager whisper, and Ellen's heart almost stopped beating, for the voice was near enough for her to identify it perfectly; and it was the same voice which had answered her in defiant insolence that very afternoon—the strange insolence of one who had hitherto shown a tolerable obedience and civility, which Ellen understood but too well now.

"Sorra sign ov it!" one of the men returned, with an oath. "On'y a thrifle that won't pay our passage! Whatever's gone wud it? 'Tisn't there!"

"He always keeps it ayther there or about him, I tell ye!" the woman retorted, wrathfully. "Light more can'les, an sarch better!" And they all went into the kitchen again.

But they had no better success, it seemed, for loud and angry words succeeded; till one voice said, suddenly, "Bring her out and make her tell us!" and then, in reply to some remark, "I don't care a rap whether ye're seen or no! You take your share o' the money, me woman—you take your share o' the risk!"

But when they had unlocked the door and dragged Ellen in again, unresisting, there was no one in sight but her captors, the senseless body of their victim lying on the floor before the kitchen fireplace, face downwards.

The pitiful sight aroused Ellen's courage and her scorn of the cowardly wretches who had beaten down the unarmed man by his own hearth.

"I will outwit you if I die for it!" she thought, setting her teeth hard. And so, when they bade her go before them and open every place her uncle had used as a receptacle for papers, she coolly set to work, giving them as much trouble as she possibly could. After the wearisome fruitless search was completed, and they returned to the kitchen, the baffled robbers, gathering up the few valuables they had been able to find—silver spoons, an old race-cup and Patrick Dillon's silver watch—prepared to depart, heaping curses on the house, its owner, Ellen, and "the ugly fool that had led them into a trap."

"He had money about him—ay, nigh a hundred an' eighty, or two hundred pound, if not more," one burst out, in his wrath and disappointment; "an' there's not a sign ov it now!"

"There was nigh three hundred, ye fool!" growled the other; and then Ellen understood what was buried so safely in the steaming mess of vegetables and gruel into which her quick hand had sunk the well-filled red pocket-book.

They slunk away out of the kitchen as they spoke, and after another hasty ransacking by one of the pair, whilst the other kept watch over her, they locked her up in the dark room again, and she listened in vain for their returning footsteps. The truth was, the early Summer dawn was stealing on them unawares, and the miserable assassins knew their only chance of escape was whilst the twilight lasted; so they hurried away.

It was then scarcely two o'clock, and fully four hours must elapse before the farm-hands coming about the house would discover the murdered man in the kitchen, and the poor, bound prisoner in the little room.

To stay there four hours in darkness and dread with that silent, prostrate form lying in the room outside, was an unendurable thought; and again Ellen strove to free herself, and this time not in vain.

The room had been used as a store-room for saddles and harness, amongst other things; and, by groping about in a box of odds and ends, Ellen discovered an awl, which she recollected to have seen there. They had manacled her wrists so cleverly that she could not use her hands in any way; but, by patient endeavor, she caught the awl-handle with her teeth, and strove, by forcing the awl through the cord, to drag it away, cutting and scarring herself badly meanwhile.

After an hour's work she had frayed the rope so that she could burst it, and was free; but she was still locked in. However, where she had found the awl she found a chisel, and another quarter of an hour's work had broken away the door-jamb, and forced back the bolt, and in the golden light of the coming day Ellen hurried, trembling in every limb, into the kitchen, where the prone form lay listless still.

He was warm and breathing faintly, however; and, after raising his head on to a pillow and sponging his face, Ellen hurried about, distractedly, to find some stimulant. But it was all gone—drunk up by the midnight visitors; and she was almost in despair, then she recollected that in her trunk there was a small bottle of aromatic vinegar, and another of eau-de-Cologne, which Lizzie Latouche had given her long since.

She brought them down, poured the strong perfumed essence between his clinched teeth, sponged his shrunken temples with the vinegar, and was on her knees bending over him, anxiously listening, when suddenly the sensation of being watched by some one made her start and look up.

The windows had not been shuttered the night before, and through them the bright light of morning was streaming in full on to the extended figure on the floor, the blood-stained towels, and Ellen with her disordered dress and her cut and bleeding hands stooping over the helpless man. And gazing in on both was Anastasia Carroll, and with her a man and woman, with horror-struck faces and eyes of angry dread; and, as she raised her white face and her terrified gaze met theirs, they all burst into one cry with Irish vehemence: "Murder! Murder!"

"She's murdered the poor master!" shrieked Anastasia, loudest of all. "Run, Tim—run for the polis' an' you're a man. Ochoone, Maggie, did I think I'd see the day!"

And her companion wrung her hands and screamed in company as both women shrank away from the window with gestures of horror and dismay.

"They are going to accuse me of murder," Ellen thought, and her pale lips grew dry, and her tongue seemed to cleave to them; but her gentle, steady hand went on administering the cordial and bathing her uncle's face and hands, and then feeding the blaze of the fire she had kindled to warm a drink for him.

She never stirred from the kitchen until the police entered it. With them Anastasia, loud-voiced, voluble, noisily sobbing and bewailing, entered with her two companions, and a tall, dark-haired young man with handsome, intelligent eyes, and a quietly penetrating expression, to whom poor Ellen, in her helpless fear, turned with earnest hope.

"Are you a doctor, sir?" she asked, as he knelt down by the body and took the limp, cold hand in his, and then raised the eyelids.

"Yes," he answered, briefly; but he looked at her not unkindly.

"Is he dead?"

"No—certainly not," he said, watching Ellen steadily still; and then to the policeman, "You had better take every one into some other room now; I must examine his injuries."

"That woman had no hand in it," the surgeon remarked to the police officer, who remained with him. "His niece, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir. Ye think not?" the sergeant queried, dubiously. "Anastasia Carroll's pretty positive in what she says."

"Don't care what Anastasia Carroll or any other Anastasia says," retorted the young surgeon, taking off his coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeves. "I say that woman has no more to do with it than you or I."

"I cannot say whether he will live or die," was

the surgeon's verdict—"no one could tell. The next twenty-four hours may decide it, but it will be a narrow shave if he does live—the brain is injured."

"Yes, he was struck on the head with a heavy bludgeon," Ellen said, quietly. "I was—"

"Ye'd better say nothing, you know," the sergeant interposed, stolidly; "it's me duty to warn ye, Miss Bruce. Wait until ye tell it at the proper place."

"Why must I not speak?" she asked, her throbbing heart beating loud enough to be heard, whilst an involuntary flash of fear and longing to be free shot from her eyes, as she glanced wildly at the open door, through which streamed in the sunshine and the pleasant Summer morning air, and the soft lowing of the cattle and noisy cackling of the fowls in the yard.

A policeman stepped nearer to the door and shut out the sunshine, and Ellen's pallid face grew whiter and her eyes wilder.

"Do you think I have tried to murder my uncle, poor old man?" she said, hoarsely.

"Ye're accused of it," replied the officer; "and it won't do ye a ha'p'orth o' good to say anything now—I must do my duty."

"Who accuses me?" she asked, standing erect; and the indignant blaze of her eyes made Anastasia Carroll wince.

"Anastasia Carroll," replied the policeman, shortly.

"To screen herself! You infamous woman!" Ellen cried, forgetting everything in her rage.

And Anastasia shrank behind the other women in real or affected terror, imploring them all to save her "from being murdered too."

"What need ye go on speaking when I tell ye ye'd better hold your tongue?" the policeman exclaimed, in exasperation.

"I will say no more if you give me leave to ask a few questions," Ellen said, earnestly. "Doctor, will you please to do something for me?"

"Indeed I will—gladly!" he replied very heartily.

They were all in the kitchen, whence the injured man had been removed to his own room.

"Will you please carry that tub of mash into the next room, doctor," Ellen begged, pointing to it—"you and the sergeant, and keep what you find secret until you tell it to the magistrate, when we shall be allowed to speak and each tell their story?"

"Certainly," he said; and the two men went out, carrying the tub between them.

In two minutes they both returned.

"That's all right now, Miss Bruce," the young doctor said, and his eyes sparkled with satisfaction; "the sergeant has the secret."

And both he and the sergeant saw in Anastasia Carroll's coarse face palpable evidence of fear and surprise—so great, indeed, that she seemed scarcely able to control herself.

But half an hour afterwards a warrant arrived for the arrest of Ellen Bruce on the charges of attempted murder and robbery of her uncle, Patrick Dillon, and the sun set that evening on her in a cell in the county jail.

Two days afterwards she was brought up for examination, and for the first time heard succinctly the story of the accusation which Anastasia Carroll's evidence went mainly to form.

She was the chief witness; and Ellen, strong in her innocence and native courage though she was, felt her blood run chill in her veins at the desperate malice and effrontery that could thus spur the wretched woman on even to the shedding of innocent blood. Her story was well concocted, and well told likewise; and there were facts to bear witness to the apparent truth of all she said.

Her account was that she had gone to fasten the doors at her master's bidding, and, wondering that she did not see the dog scampering about the grounds as usual, had gone to look for him, incautiously leaving the house-door open. She was not absent more than five minutes, having, to her dismay, found the poor dog quite dead, lying beside his kennel. After examining the animal, she was rushing indoors to tell her master, when she was suddenly seized by three men who sprang out from behind a hay-rick, stifled her first cry with a horse-cloth thrown over her head, and having dragged her to the further side of the field that lay at the side of the house, some one staid beside her threatening her with instant death if she stirred.

Then a woman came two or three times and spoke to the man who was keeping her prisoner, and she thought she knew the woman's voice, but was not sure. In about an hour the same person who had charge of her told her that, if she did not stay in the place in which she was half an hour longer, she would be shot, but at the end of that time she might go, as they did not intend to hurt her if she gave no trouble. She waited, trembling from head to foot, for the half-hour to elapse, and then ventured to take off the cloth which was twisted tightly about her head, and found herself in the hedge in the field; her first thought was to run for help, and her next to see what had happened to "her poor master."

With this intention she crept near the house, keeping in the shade of the hedge, when suddenly she saw Ellen Bruce, the prisoner, through the dining-room window; and she herself was so frightened that she "ran for her life," and hid under the hedge again until the light grew stronger, and she could see all the country around her.

"What was the prisoner doing?" asked the magistrate.

With a frightened, imploring look, Anastasia replied:

"She was rummagin' every cupboard and locker in the room, and she had a big chisel in her hand, and everything was smashed open and knocked about." Here the witness gave vent to her feelings in a howl of grief.

Being requested to restrain herself, she proceeded to tell how she had fled to her nearest neighbors, an honest, simple couple, who eagerly corroborated all she said—how she had implored them to come with her and see what had happened to "the poor master;" and they had accordingly, at her entreaty, come with her to the house, when, on walking by the kitchen window, they had all three looked in, and simultaneously perceived the terrible

scene—which all three graphically and unanimously described—of Ellen, the would-be murderess, stooping over the prostrate body, which she was trying or pretending to try, to restore, and the state of the kitchen, of her dress, and her wounded and bleeding hands and arms.

A number of witnesses came up for examination the next morning, and amongst them the young surgeon, Thomas Rane, whose evidence, however, though very brief, had the effect of turning the tide of feeling in Ellen's favor. He testified to the prisoner's having voluntarily directed him to the place where she had concealed her uncle's pocket-book, to himself and the sergeant having discovered it, and to the fact that it contained a large sum of money and other matters evidently untouched. Mr. Dillon's testimony, when he was able to give it, would enable them to determine easily whether the contents of the pocket-book had been tampered with.

It was observable to every one in court that, from the moment that Doctor Rane spoke, Anastasia's manner changed totally. She seemed restless and nervous, and, upon being brought up for cross-examination, grew short and surly in her replies, and was threatened with committal for contempt of court.

Two days afterwards a man was arrested who had, when drinking, used threatening language concerning Anastasia Carroll, implying his belief that she had "sold them all"; and upon being confronted with him, the woman could not deny that she had some acquaintance with him, and that she had seen him the day before the burglary.

The following day the magistrate and the clerk attended at the Glen House to receive Patrick Dillon's deposition, he having recovered consciousness, but being mentally and bodily in a state of utter prostration. They could scarcely make him understand their business, until Doctor Rane spoke to him of his red pocket-book, and showed him the familiar red covers with his name printed on them, when the memory of his money galvanized the old man into temporary life and strength.

"Yes, yes," he cried, in a harsh, shaking voice, "my pocket-book! Yes, I know it. Two hundred and forty-five pounds—two hundred and forty-five pounds there was! Is it all gone! Is it?" Two hundred and—

"No, Mr. Dillon, it's all safe—every pound of it," said the young surgeon, heartily. "Your niece, Ellen Bruce, saved it for you."

"Did she? Did she?" he gasped. "And her letter? There's a letter for her in it—there is! Did she save my pocket-book? She's a good girl—a very good girl. I'll give her something."

But here he relapsed into insensibility.

"There is scarcely sufficient to make out a case against her," the magistrate said; but even whilst he was speaking the case was at an end.

Timothy Quinn, the man who had been arrested, turned Queen's evidence, and his confession sent his two wretched accomplices, Anastasia Carroll and the other man, MacDermott, to the county jail, and released Ellen Bruce.

For weeks Patrick Dillon lay between life and death, at times quite unconscious, at others for days together in a species of low delirium; and poor Ellen sat and watched him day and night.

At length he recovered his health, but not his strength; a species of paralysis seemed to creep over him, and he lay all day on the old horse-hair sofa by the fire, not speaking or sleeping, but in a kind of dull placidity, which, to all who had known him in his busy, anxious, money-making life, his rough ways, his irritable, suspicious temper, seemed the most wonderful change that could ever have come over him. He seemed to notice Ellen's attentive nursing, and made constant demands upon her time, but beyond that, he did not thank her, though he was in his weakness much gentler than of old.

And so the Winter passed away; and Ellen, despite the unstilled yearning love and sorrow at her heart, seemed to herself to have fallen anew into a groove of quiet, dull, hard-working existence, as had ever been her lot. She had received the letter that had lain in the fatal pocket-book so long, and had read Lizzie Stirling's loving words, imploring her to write to her to give her some hope of her return—some hope that the "miserable misunderstanding" would be cleared up some day, and that "poor Anthony would be happy again."

"I know he misses you dreadfully, Ellen," Lizzie concluded, in despair, "although he will not speak about it—not even to send you a message. He says you do not want to hear of him or from him."

This letter half-broke Ellen's heart. If Anthony Latouche's sin could have been wept away by vicarious tears, the lonely hours when the poor faithful soul who so loved him moistened her pillow, and tossed and moaned in frantic grief and unrest, might have taken the stain off his soul.

There were times when she felt as if she could endure the cruel separation no longer, when her woman's heart cried out to her passionately to sacrifice all for her love—she knew he would welcome her back so tenderly and gladly, poor, miserable, forlorn Anthony—but the next moment her woman's heart shrank in horror from the cruel sin of which the sinner so beloved was guilty.

She knew in the depths of her agonized soul how Richard Stirling's blood would be on her head—how his murdered form, his dead face would rise to curse her love for his murderer. She knew how the love of poor unconscious Lizzie and her little orphaned babe would be a curse to her; and so, though it wrung her heart-strings to do it, she wrote a few cool, self-possessed lines some six weeks after she had received Lizzie's letter, assuring her that she was comfortably situated, and, for the present, considered it better that she should not correspond with her.

To this she received no reply. Lizzie was offended, she judged; and then Ellen, like a very woman, mourned more bitterly than before that she could now never hear whether Anthony was well or ill, living or dead.

She was thinking of this one evening whilst she sat opposite to her uncle, knitting away fast and silently, whilst the turf-fire blazed redly, and leaping shadows played on the walls of the large dingy old parlor. Ellen liked it best at such

times—it reminded her of the parlor at Derrymore Castle.

"Ellen," asked the old man, suddenly, "what was the reason you left the Latouches?"

Ellen's face crimsoned painfully for a moment, and then grew ashy pale to the lips; and her uncle, watching with a keen light in his sunken eyes, noted the sudden change.

"I thought it best, sir; things had occurred which—"

"Yes, yes," he interrupted, peevishly, "you told me as much as that before."

"Well, sir," Ellen told him, nervously, "I cannot give you, so please do not question me. The reason that Mrs. Stirling knew, and Mr. Parnell and his wife knew, was that Mr. Latouche asked me to marry him; and, when there was a reason why I could not and would not marry him, I thought it best and wisest to leave his house at once. That is all, sir."

"Ay, ay! Latouche asked you to marry him, and you wouldn't?" her uncle said, slowly. "I heard that, but I didn't believe it. Rane, the doctor, told me he heard it from Abeline Fitzwilliam—you know my nephew Joe Fitzwilliam's widow—the old lady in Dublin. She's an old friend of Rane's mother, or something of that kind. So you refused to marry Anthony Latouche, Ellen? No loss you had there—he's his father's son. No loss you had there, Ellen?"

"He was very good to me, sir," she faltered. "Anthony was his own worst enemy. He had a generous, kind heart—indeed he had."

"And a loose, extravagant hand, and a devil-may-care way with everything he was concerned in—and the hardest drinker and the hottest swearer in the country!" retorted her uncle, angrily. "Eh, a great loss you had!"

Ellen was mute, and her face low, that he might not see the tear-drops on her long lashes, but the woman's heart cried loud with a thousand tongues:

"All you say—all you say—with grief, with shame, I own it; but all the more I love him—love him with all the love of my soul!"

"A scapegrace," muttered her uncle, eying her angrily still—"a drinking, swearing, carousing scapegrace! Nothing in him any decent woman should care for. You were sensible enough to give him 'No' for an answer—that is, if you meant it. You women are such a pack of fools!"

"I meant it, sir," Ellen said, coldly and shortly. "Then you were right," her uncle returned; "the Latouches were a bad lot, egg and bird. A nice business that girl made of her runaway-match too! I heard that, close as you kept it."

"Sir, they were my kind, good friends. I ate their bread and lived in their house; I was not to carry tales wherever I went afterwards," Ellen replied, almost sternly; and her uncle ceased speaking, though he never ceased to watch the flitting looks of gentleness, or the weary shadows of sadness, that crossed her gentle, sorrowful face throughout the evening.

It was the last evening that he lay there on the sofa by the fire watching her; the next day he said he felt weaker, and remained in bed; the next day he was weaker still; the third day, whilst Ellen stood at his bedside supporting him, he said he felt as if he could not breathe—she saw a change pass over his face as he sank back quietly insensible. Doctors were summoned, but he never spoke again, and died the next morning about the dawn.

His will, as he had directed, was read directly after the funeral, in the presence of the lawyer and his executors, Mrs. Bruce, and a lawyer who represented Mrs. Fitzwilliam and her sister-in-law, Miss Selina.

To the astonishment of all except the solicitor of the deceased, the will was one dated only six weeks previously, and that will, with the exception of a legacy of one thousand pounds to Mrs. Fitzwilliam, and the like amount to her sister-in-law, bequeathed every shilling of which he died possessed, ten thousand pounds in hard cash, and his farm-lands, house and stock, worth four thousand more, to his "dear niece, Ellen Bruce." Subject only to one condition was her inheritance—that, if Ellen Bruce became the wife of Anthony Latouche, Selina Fitzwilliam, his other niece, became heiress to Patrick Dillon's wealth in her stead.

(To be continued.)

SAMARITANISM AT SEA.

AN OCEAN STEAMER VICTUALING A STARVING CREW.

THE good ship *Britannic* of the White Star Line is six days out upon her voyage from New York to Liverpool; six days out and still throbs onwards, ever onwards. The weather has been superb, the sea smooth as a billiard-table, the sky blue as that of Italy's, save when wooed by the sun as Jupiter wooed Danie, in a shower of gold. The passengers have become familiar one with the other, and even the stiffest and most shirt-collared are not contemptuously haughty when an observation is made anent the glorious condition of the weather. Pools are made upon the run of the ship; chess, draughts, dominoes, and whist are played in the saloon and smoking-room, and shuffle-board and quoits are enjoyed upon the deck. Brown flirts with Miss Smith in odd out-of-the-way corners, only known to Brown and the gay young lady aforesaid; and Jones pays devoted attention to Thompson's widow, who is going to Europe—poor, dear thing!—to endeavor to stifle her deadly grief for her defunct lord, and—just to have a little quiet enjoyment in Paris, very quiet and proper, and all that sort of thing. Timid passengers are on terms of easy footing with the subordinate officers, and daring ones speak to the captain as though he was a mere ordinary son of the great republic upon the sidewalk of Broadway instead of the bridge of the *Britannic*, and one thousand seven hundred and fifty miles from anywhere. Sentimental young ladies pore over gushing novels in deck-chairs, to the display of dainty buttoned gloves and still daintier buttoned boots, intensely coquetish head-wraps framing their charming faces in colored worsteds of the most becoming and bewitching colors. Elderly ladies read serious books, printed in large type, and crochet as industriously as Penelope herself. Elderly gentlemen will insist upon perusing the *Herald* or the *Sun* as though in their

sanctuaries on Murray Hill or Wall Street. Languid swells take constitutional walks in order to fit themselves up for the dinner-bell, and the poor steerage passengers, who dare not penetrate beyond the foremast, gaze with intense curiosity at all that is going on in that great world from which they are so peremptorily excluded. Everything is an event at sea—from the setting of a sail, to a ship in the offing, from the whistle of the "bo's'n" to the glimpse of a whale. A puff of smoke in the far, far distance denotes an ocean steamer, and from the instant it appears until it becomes lost to sight the passengers continue to watch as if all they loved best on earth were contained in the disappearing craft. It was a glorious morning, and the *Britannic* was six days out!

"Is that a ship, captain?" asks an inquisitive passenger, placing his ocean glass to his eyes and sweeping the offing.

"Yes!"

"We seem going for her."

"Right. She's flying signals of distress."

In an instant all is commotion amongst the passengers. A ship in distress, on fire, water-logged, sinking, and a wild idea gained favor that she would disappear into the yawning deep ere the *Britannic* could possibly come alongside her.

The ship lay about ten miles to port. She was a thing of beauty upon the waters, a bark with her snowy sails all set, a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

The captain, officers and crew are besieged with questions as to the nature of the small flags that hang limp and lifeless upon the mizen shrouds.

"Is she sinking, captain?"

"I think I can see a hole in her hull."

"I'm certain she's on fire, there is smoke coming from about the mainmast"—the language of landsmen, as well as their attire, becomes strictly nautical—when six days out.

"Perhaps there's sickness on board."

"Yellow fever."

"She looks like a pirate!" exclaims a gushing young lady, who has been perusing a thrilling romance of the deep, "and you had better be careful not to approach too closely, captain!"

"As the *Britannic* drew nearer, the excitement became more intense."

"She is an ugly-looking customer."

"She's French. I see the tricolor."

"Yes, but it's like the flag of Italy."

"Italy? I'll lay you seven to ten she's a Frenchman."

"Can you make out her signals, captain?"

Thus referred to, the captain briefly replies in the affirmative. What inexhaustible patience must ye possess, ye captains of ocean steamers! What hundreds of thousands of idiotic queries have ye not to reply to! What apprehensions have ye not to allay! What ignorance to educate! What audacity to sit upon!

"Yes," responds the captain.

"What is she?"

"Italian."

"Where from?"

"Messina."

"What is the matter?"

"She's short of provisions."

"A starving crew?" flies round the ship, and ghastly tales of men being reduced to the desperate resource of feeding off each other until the last man is left to steer the ship and dine alone, are circulated with startling rapidity and swallowed with glutinous avidity.

"A boat! She's lowering a boat!"

"Thank heaven there is somebody alive on board!"

"See the men sliding down the rope."

"One, two, three, four, five."

The progress of the boat is watched with the keenest interest.

"There are seven men in her."

"No, five, I counted them."

"How slowly they are pulling."

The great steamer stops her engines and drifts. The sensation of stoppage is strange and soothing, but startling. The brain is braced up to the perpetual throbs, and the sudden ease-off produces a reaction difficult to describe, as it is a sensation to experience, not to write.

The tiny boat—what a cockle-shell it appears from the immense height of the walls of the floating city!—comes within hail, and a strange series of sounds pass from the Leviathan to the minnow, and vice versa.

"Who speaks Italian?"

A swarthy sailor, with eyes black as jet and gold rings in his ears, swings into the shrouds beside the captain.

"Translate what that man says," says the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir."

The mariner who steers the boat is standing up, and he tells his tale of woe through the interpreter. "Yonder vessel is the *Giulia*, of Messina. We sailed from that port on the 1st of February, and have been beating about in contrary winds and dead calms ever since. We were laden with a cargo of oranges, but they all became rotten, and we had to cast them overboard. Our provisions have given out, all except a few hard biscuits. We have been living on a biscuit and half a glass of rum a day for two weeks. Our water gave out two weeks ago, as three of the casks leaked away without our knowing it. Our tobacco, too, has given out. I am the captain, Giacomo Giovannelli, and my poor wife is lying at death's door, on board. We signaled two other steamers, but they did not see us. For God's sake lose no time in helping us."

He looked wan, and worn and miserable; and his crew bore all the appearance of considerable suffering.

In an instant the passengers, most of whom are strongly fortified with candy, crystallized fruits and "sweet things" in crackers, commence to shower these luxuries into the bobbing-boat, now within a few feet and now down in the trough of the sea, down in a valley between hills of dark blue water. The captain, with that forethought and consideration which marks the man who has worked his way to the responsible position and power of a command, orders a huge plug of tobacco to be lowered, which is instantly pounced upon and torn into pieces by the half-famished wretches, as wolves would fasten upon a stricken deer, or as tiny fishes dart at crumbs cast into ponds for them by children.

A cask containing water follows the tobacco, and the agony of expectation in the faces of the starving crew is horrible to contemplate as they watch its downward progress, fearing that every roll of the ship may bulge it against the vessel's side, or that the rope might, by some dire possibility, give way.

"Our sufferings have been horrible," continued Giacomo Giovannelli, after he had slaked a thirst that seemed to know no bounds. "We unshipped our rudder in a gale of wind, and it was six days before we got it to rights again. We are now so weak that no man dare go aloft, and our sails have remained set as you see them now. This was our last effort, to lower a boat to come to you, as we were half mad lest we might lose the chance."

"Shall we send a doctor to your wife?" asks the captain.

"This will cure her," pointing to the water-cask, "and some good, wholesome food."

"I am giving you six casks of water, three barrels of biscuits, six barrels of potatoes, three casks of pork, two sides of mutton, some ice, a dozen fowls, a barrel of apples and some bread. Do you want wine or brandy for your wife?"

Giovannelli, in tones broken with emotion, solicited both.

It was a strange sight to see that frail boat rising and falling beneath the towering sides of the great steamer, and a glorious one to behold the poor famished fellows devouring bread and meat and sipping the reviving wine.

One young lady on board spoke Italian, airing it to the disgust of and envy of her companions, who endeavored to look as if they also understood it, but did not care to speak it.

The casks are speedily lowered and stowed away in the boat, some nautical matters are discussed by the respective captains, and the rope makes its final descent with a huge block of ice.

There is always a fussy man on board an ocean steamer, and a man who suggests an address to somebody for something or other. The fussy man on this occasion is noting the delay, and duly entering it in his diary. The suggestive man considers that an address, expressive of condolence upon their unhappy condition, and congratulation upon their providential escape, might be drawn up, signed by the captain and passengers, and tendered to Giacomo Giovannelli and his crew.

The suggestive man is requested to draw it up by the wag on board, but while he is laboriously engaged upon its composition, the little boat is on its way to regain the ship, which has drifted a considerable distance to leeward.

Before parting, the grateful Giacomo made an eloquent speech—eloquent even in its rude translation—thanking the captain and officers, and crew and passengers of the *Britannic* for their true Samaritanism, and earnestly hoping that one day or other it might fall to his lot to repay the very heavy obligations under which both he and his crew had been placed by such noble generosity.

As the little boat gets under way, three cheers are given from the *Britannic* and gallantly responded to, and the throbbing, which had stopped for over an hour, is renewed, never to cease until the landlocked harbor of Queenstown is reached in safety. The *Giulia* disappears in the hazy distance, and, as she goes hull downwards, many are the praises bestowed upon her handsome captain, many the conjectures as to the personal appearance of La Signora, his wife, and many a fervent wish uttered that all may happily reach sunny Italy once again.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Nitrite of Amyl in Medicine.—This agent is said to overcome the tetanic spasm produced by strychnine. Under its influence one of the most agonizing of human maladies, called angina pectoris, has been brought under such control that the paroxysms have been regularly prevented, and in some instances altogether removed. Even tetanus, or lock-jaw, has been subdued by it so effectively as to warrant the credit of what may be truly called a cure.

A Simple Blow-pipe.—The apparatus consists of two large bottles connected together by indiarubber tubing. One of the bottles is put upon a shelf considerably above the table, and when the stop-cock is opened the water from above compresses the air in the vessel below, and will sustain a current of air for a few minutes sufficient to keep a blow-pipe in action. The larger the reservoir, of course, the longer time it will keep up the pressure. Bottles holding a gallon each, with a blow-pipe nozzle of 0.15-inch bore, will furnish a constant blast for ten minutes.

Vanadic Acid Sensitive to Light.—Vanadic acid exhibits great analogy to chromic acid in its behavior to light. If gelatin be mixed with a chromate salt and exposed to light, all of the layers upon which the light has fallen become insoluble in water. A similar reaction takes place with vanadium salts. Paper sensitized with a vanadium salt when exposed to light and treated with silver yields a sharp picture. The vanadate of silver will give a picture which can be developed with sulphate of iron in the usual way. It is possible that for some kinds of work the vanadate of silver may prove preferable to the nitrate.

Use of Aniline Colors in Photography.—There is a growing use of aniline colors for tinting photographs, and as these pigments are remarkably fugitive when exposed to light, the new practice is highly reprehensible. The best of photographs fade too readily, and it is not desirable to add to the mischief by the introduction of evanescent colors. Aniline pigments are said to be also used in paintings and water-color drawings, but any one who has a regard for his reputation would scarcely venture upon a practice so low as that. The pictures of such artists would be apt to last about as long as the reputations of their authors.

A Powerful Artificial Light.—That carbon di-sulphide when burned yields a brilliant light, has long been known, but until recently no practical application of the knowledge has been made. A lamp has now been invented which insures the combustion of the dangerous oil with safety by first saturating pumice with it and subsequently burning it in a stream of nitrogen gas. The light which this lamp gives out is said to be more powerful than that obtained by any other artificial means. It is twice as powerful as calcium light, possesses three times the force of electric light, and is superior to magnesium. The chief use of the invention is in photography and for signal lights.

Predicting the Discovery of Metals.—The Russian chemist, Mendelief, propounded the theory seven years ago that "the physical properties of an element are periodic functions of its atomic weight," and then went to work to prove its accuracy by calculations. As there were two missing links in his chain of reasoning, he predicted that some day two metals would be found to fill them. One of these metals has been discovered in France, and has been called Gallium; the other is thought to occur in company with arsenic and titanium, and, should it be discovered, will prove that the finding of the first metal, Gallium, was not merely a coincidence, but a proof of the accuracy of Mendelief's law. It is proposed to call the missing metal Ek-aluminum.

Fish Oil in New England.—Fifteen years ago menhaden or "porgy" oil was scarcely known in the market. It is now an important branch of industry in New England, particularly in Maine. In quantity the production of this oil nearly equals that of whale oil, while in value the menhaden interest now exceeds that of the whale, for though the oil sells for less per gallon, the refuse is worth \$15 a ton as a fertilizer. The oil is used by painters in preference to linseed, and by a newly discovered process can be purified for lubricating purposes. Mr. Goodale, of Saco, Me., has succeeded in rendering the bony refuse of the fish after the oil is taken out, suitable for food. He proposes an extract of fish similar to Liebig's Extract of Meat which has no flavor of fish, and broths made from it cannot be distinguished from those prepared from beef extract. The product of menhaden oil for 1876 was three million gallons, and of the fertilizer forty thousand tons.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-SPEAKER GREVY, of the Versailles Assembly, has been put under ban of stern threats by the De Fourton Cabinet.

A PRIZE was offered at the Grand Rapids Fair for the man bringing the most girls to the grounds. Edward Cox made his appearance with sixty-five, and the prize was handed right out to him with silent admiration.

It is announced in Paris that Mr. Gye, a son of the well-known British operatic manager, has been privately married for some time to Signorina Albani, and that a new public marriage of the pair will shortly take place.

MAITRE ALLON, Gambetta's counsel, is the leading lawyer of France. It was he, by-the-way, who pleaded the up-hill case, which he gained, establishing the legitimacy of Prince Napoleon, against Berryer, counsel for the son of Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte.

MME. GARCIA, wife of the Minister from the Argentine Republic, will not be in Washington this Winter. She remains abroad with her daughter, who has made this still-blooming lady a grandmother. The husband of the young mother is an officer in the French Army.

It has just leaked out that Max Strakosch, the well-known theatrical and musical manager, was married over two months ago. His wife is the daughter of William H. Neilson, a retired New York merchant, and the wedding took place very privately at Watch Hill, August 1st.

HON. JOHN DAVIS, who sat as a Representative in Congress from the Bucks District from 1839 to 1841, and was Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia under President Polk, is living at Davisville, Bucks County, in the ninetieth year of his age, and his mental activity is still very remarkable.

THE collector of antiquities, who keeps an emporium near the fountain of Trevi, at Rome, so well known throughout Europe, Signor A. Castellani, has just purchased from excavators at Palestrina an additional batch of old Roman silver coins of the Imperial era. He has the largest private collection of the classic gold and silver coins to be found in the peninsula.

M. EEKIEL, the American sculptor, now at Rome, has been made a member of the Royal Academy of Raphael, at Urbino, and has received an honorary medal from there for the artistic excellence of his works. He has recently finished models for equestrian statues of General Robert E. Lee, to be erected at Richmond, Va., and New Orleans, La., and is now engaged upon a statue of Spinoza, to be placed at the Hague, Holland.

It is claimed that the residence of James Kneeland, in Milwaukee City, is the most elaborate structure of the kind in the West. The lot is a full block, and the instructions to the architect were: "Give every room in the building an outlook towards Grand Avenue; secure for every room, even to the smallest, an outlook on three of the four streets which bound the building; provide that in every room there shall at some time in each day be a bright sunlight, if the sun shines."

It is reported that the new Minister to Germany will be announced the second week of the session of Congress. The name is yet a secret, though the selection has been made by the President. The English Mission will not be changed for some weeks, but there will be an appointment of a new Consul-General to London in place of Badeau. Mr. Marsh will remain in Italy, and Mr. Moran in Portugal. The Belgian and Venezuelan Missions will be filled by new men. Collector Arthur, of New York, is named for a third-class mission.

THE Princess of Wales is exceedingly gentle and pretty, and she smiles as frequently as a pleased school-girl, yet occasionally an anxious and nervous expression flits across her countenance as if she were enduring sudden and acute pain. Her hair is of a pretty chestnut-brown, and is very skillfully dressed in a style that was invented for her, and for a long time worn by no one but her. A large false piece covers the whole top of her head, and from the forehead backward is one mass of tiny curls and dainty puffs; at the back the usual plaits of puffs finish the coiffure.

THE New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* holds forth thus in regard to the editor of the *Sunday Magazine*: "Barbee, the sculptor of this city, whose studio is at 55 Union Square, is now at work upon a bust of Rev. Dr. Deems, who is known for his thrilling eloquence from one end of the land to the other. Perhaps it is all very well to put the doctor on canvas, as has been so strikingly done, and now to transfer his grand lineaments to the more enduring marble, but the doctor will assuredly outlive them both; for he will live when adamant itself shall have crumbled and become as 'the dust of the balance.'"

It is significant of the prestige of the magisterial office in England that the highest men in the land are proud to accept the Chairmanship of the Board of County Magistrates. Thus, Lord Salisbury, Secretary for India, is Chairman of the Middlesex magistrates; and Lord Derby, Foreign Secretary, has just been elected to the same office in Lancashire. There are some twenty Middlesex justices who work, all unpaid, harder than many men with a handsome salary. Jails, lunatic asylums, industrial schools, reformatories, etc., are the objects of their attention. Probably England is the only country in the world where so much work is done gratis.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS, the daughter of the late Countess of Loudoun, and the niece of the unfortunate Marquis of Hastings, is about to be married to the Catholic Duke of Norfolk. The Duke is the near relative of the Hon. Gwendoline Howard, daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop, who, by her marriage in 1872, became Marchioness of Bute, thus falsifying the Premier's prediction—if the phrase be admissible in this connection—that the 'vert Lothair was to be won back to Protestantism by a Lady Corisande. But Lord Bute is likewise a cousin of Lady Florence Hastings, his mother having been a daughter of the first Marquis of Hastings. And it is declared that Lady Flora Hastings is a Protestant.

A SOCIAL event of interest in Hartford, Conn., was the wedding, on Saturday evening, October 6th, of ex-Governor Marshall Jewell's youngest daughter, Florence, to William H. Strong, a prominent drygoods merchant of Detroit. The grounds adjoining the Governor's residence were illuminated, and from eight to ten the mansion was thronged with the *élite* of Hartford, who had received invitations to the joint reception by the newly-wedded couple and Governor and Mrs. Jewell, the latter commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of their nuptials. Governor Jewell and wife received numerous presents of silverware and especially appreciated, perhaps, was a rich silver epergne, from the gentlemen who composed Mr. Jewell's staff during his occupancy of the gubernatorial chair of Connecticut. Wedding presents were lavishly given the young couple, including elegant jewelry and silverware, paintings, bronzes, and other articles appropriate to such an occasion.

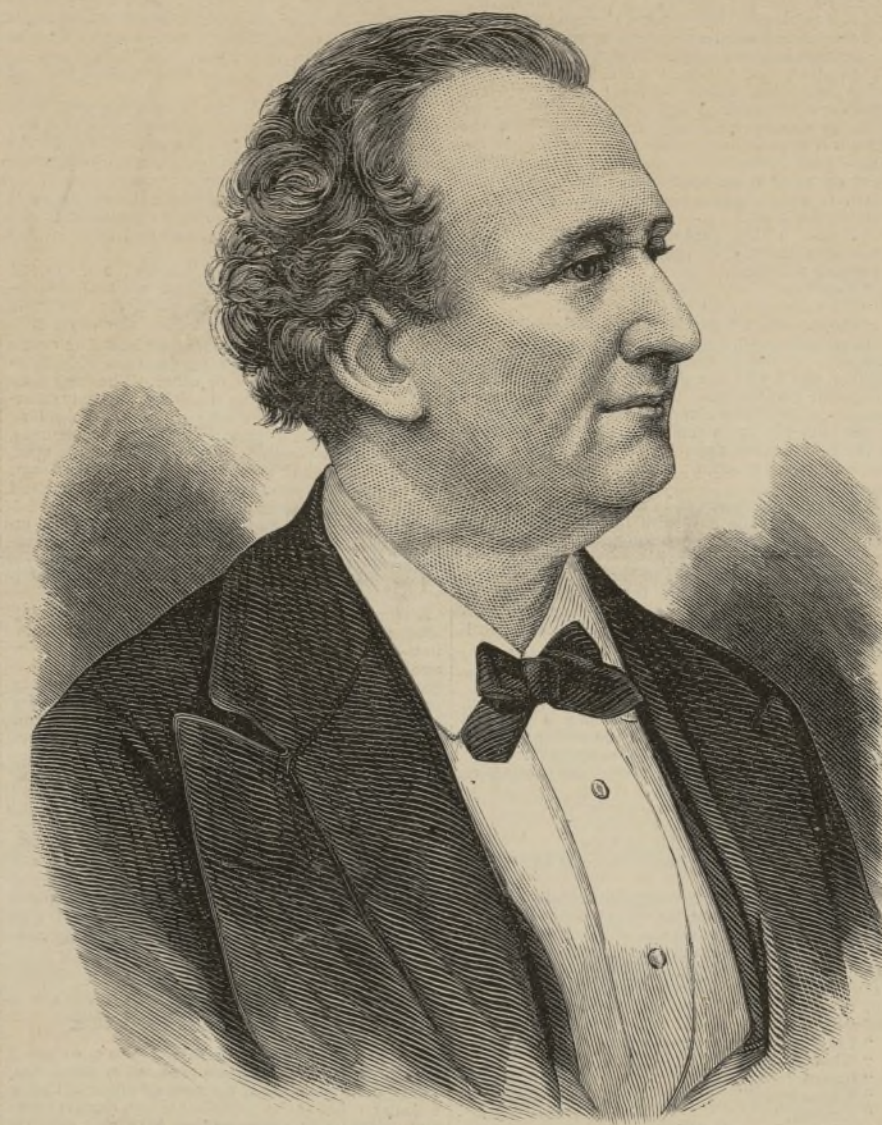
THE LATE HENRY MEIGGS.

HENRY MEIGGS, the great railroad contractor, died in the city of Lima, Peru, September 29th, from the effects of repeated attacks of paralysis, in the form of softening of the brain. He was a native of New York State, having been born in Catskill, Green County, on the 7th of July, 1811, and first attained prominence in Boston as a successful young merchant, previous to his advent in New York in 1835. What money Meiggs acquired in Boston he gained through speculation in lumber, and when he arrived in the metropolis he devoted his attention to the same article of merchandise, and in two years, there is reason to believe, he obtained a large fortune, which was entirely lost in the financial panic of 1837. He kept manfully at work, however, and a year afterwards he was the owner of a large lumber yard in Williamsburg, then an unincorporated town in charge of a Board of Trustees, of which he was the President. He contracted to build St. Mark's Church in that town; and, years afterwards, during his exile in South America, he sent to the congregation of that church \$2,000 to free them from debt. Meiggs again became insolvent in 1842, and he removed his home to New York, where, during the next few years, he gave much attention to the fine arts, and founded the American Musical Institute. For many years afterwards he found time, in the midst of mighty enterprises, to encourage musicians and assist them in the promotion of their schemes.

Upon the discovery of gold in California, Henry Meiggs left this neighborhood for ever. His departure was made in a unique and characteristic manner. He loaded the ship *Niantic* with lumber, and sailed around the Cape with his brother, John J. Meiggs, arriving in July, 1849, at San Francisco, where he sold his cargo at a profit of \$50,000. This money he pocketed, and he went to work in a lumber yard to study the advantages of that trade in the Territory, preparing his plans in the meantime for a great speculation. Afterwards with 500 men he went into the forests of Contra Costa and felled the noblest trees, which were floated through San Francisco Bay to a wharf he had built in the city, and in a steam sawmill, which he had erected with a part of his capital, the lumber was made salable, and from the results of this enterprise the profit to Henry Meiggs was \$500,000.

Thenceforward, he was the most prominent man in California until the 5th of October, 1854. He conducted land and lumber enterprises of great magnitude, and was esteemed by everybody for his generosity; but the financial crisis of 1854 crippled him, and his attempt to save the fortunes of his friends as well as his own utterly ruined him. In his frenzy Meiggs committed forgeries amounting to more than \$900,000, and, finding that discovery was inevitable, he sailed southward with his wife and children on the bark *American* on the day already mentioned. Meiggs found a harbor of refuge in Chili, and his name, associated with remarkable schemes, has since been constantly before the world.

Engineers of note estimated that to build the Valparaiso and Santiago Railroad from Llalai to Santiago would cost \$27,000,000, and that the work would take eight years. The distance was 33 miles; there was a rise of 4,800 feet, and there were mountains of rock and huge abysses all along the way. Meiggs finished the work in four years for \$12,900,000, and secured a profit of \$1,320,000 for himself. On July 5th, 1860, the first train went over the road, Perez, the President of Chili, with his Cabinet and the Archbishop, riding on the engine with the contractor. Meiggs refused to become a



THE LATE HENRY MEIGGS, THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONTRACTOR.

citizen of Chili, and to accept public office there; but he lived in princely splendor in Santiago until 1867, when he began to build railroads for Peru. In that country he built in all 1,007 miles of road, all of which are now practically useless. The cost to the Government was altogether \$126,000,000.

Meiggs completed his first Peruvian enterprise—a road from Mollendo on the coast to Arequipa, 90 miles inland—in January, 1871. The work was interrupted by the earthquake of August, 1868, but was pushed forward with alacrity afterwards. To

commemorate its completion Meiggs is reported to have spent \$600,000 in medals. He gave magnificent entertainments in Mollendo and Arequipa, and chartered the steamship *Panama* to bring 600 guests from Lima. President Balta attended the fête in Arequipa with a military escort of 1,000 men.

Meiggs lived in Lima in a house two stories high, the lower floor of which was occupied by stores, while the upper floor contained 70 rooms fitted up in regal style. He was always prepared for guests

at dinner, and naval officers frequently went from Callao to Lima to dine with him. Meiggs improved the city of Lima by tearing down the old wall and laying out a beautiful park on its site. For this work he was granted much valuable land by the Government. In the construction of railroads he employed the natives, and they worked well under his superintendence. His money flowed freely for the cause of charity, and before he left San Francisco in disgrace he managed to pay all his poorer creditors.

Last year he obtained a contract to continue the Oroya Road over the Andes, and to drain the famous mines of Cerro de Pasco. It was reported last year also that the Nicaraguan Canal project was to be put in his hands, but nothing appears to have been done in that direction. He owned two residences—one in Lima and the other in the suburbs—where he dispensed hospitality to every American or foreigner, and especially to Californians, on every possible occasion. His "Quinta," or private dwelling-house, is situated in the midst of sixty acres of pleasure-grounds, filled with the rarest fruits and flowers. He was married and had several children.

THE GREAT DEVIL FISH.

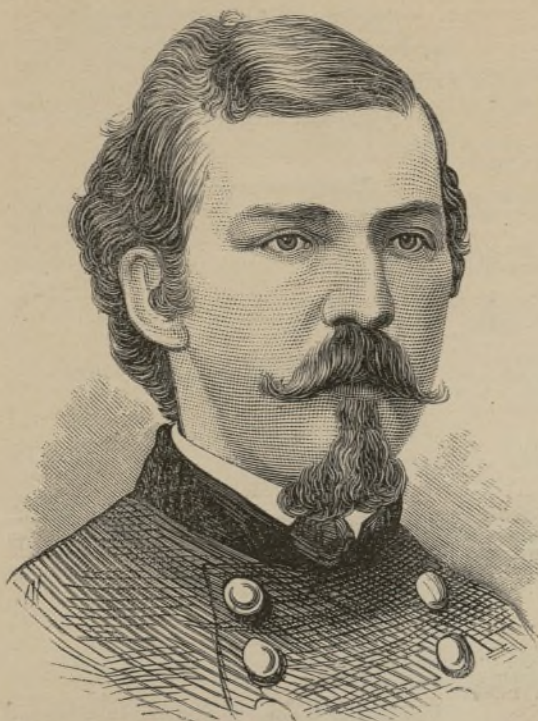
THE latest addition to the remarkable collection in the New York Aquarium is by far the most curious of all specimens. It is a monster cuttle-fish, made familiar to the public by Victor Hugo as the devil-fish. The present one is the largest that has ever been seen, and, while to the student it is a choice object of examination, to the uneducated public it is a most horrible-looking creature.

On the 22d of September a heavy equinoctial gale swept the shores of St. John's, Newfoundland, and this wanderer was driven ashore in an exhausted condition at Catalina, on the northern shore of Trinity Bay. The tail had got fast on a rock as it was swimming backward, and it was rendered powerless. In its desperate efforts to escape, the ten arms darted about in all directions, lashing the water into foam, the thirty-foot tentacles in particular making lively play as it shot them out and endeavored to get a "purchase" with their powerful suckers, so as to drag itself into deep water. It was only when it became exhausted and the tide receded that the fishermen ventured to approach it. It died soon after the ebb of the tide, which left it high and dry on the beach. Two fishermen took possession of the "treasure trove," and the whole settlement gathered to gaze in astonishment at the monster.

The two men loaded their little craft with the body of the gigantic cuttle, and arrived with it at St. John's on the 26th ult., in a perfectly fresh condition. As soon as the news spread an eager desire to view the monster was awakened, and the fishermen were advised to exhibit it before the public. The Government granted the use of the drillshed for the purpose, and on the floor, supported by boards, the creature was laid out in all its gigantic proportions. The lucky fishermen reaped a golden harvest and found the big squid by far the best catch they had ever made. The scene was very curious. There lay the cuttle with its ten arms stretched out, two of them 30 feet in length, having rows of powerful suckers an inch in diameter at their broadened extremities. The other arms, eight in number, were entirely covered with suckers on the under side, and were 11 feet in length. The body is 10 feet in length and nearly 7 feet in circumference, and terminates in a caudal fin 2 feet 9 inches across. When taken from the water the



NEWFOUNDLAND.—CAPTURE OF A MONSTER DEVIL-FISH, STRANDED ON THE BEACH, AT CATALINA, TRINITY BAY.



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, COLONEL OF THE FIFTH U.S. INFANTRY, AND CAPTOR OF CHIEF JOSEPH.

color of the squid was a dusky red, but that has disappeared, and the body and arms are now perfectly white. There is the usual horny beak, the parrot-like mandibles of which project from a membranous bag in the centre of the mass which

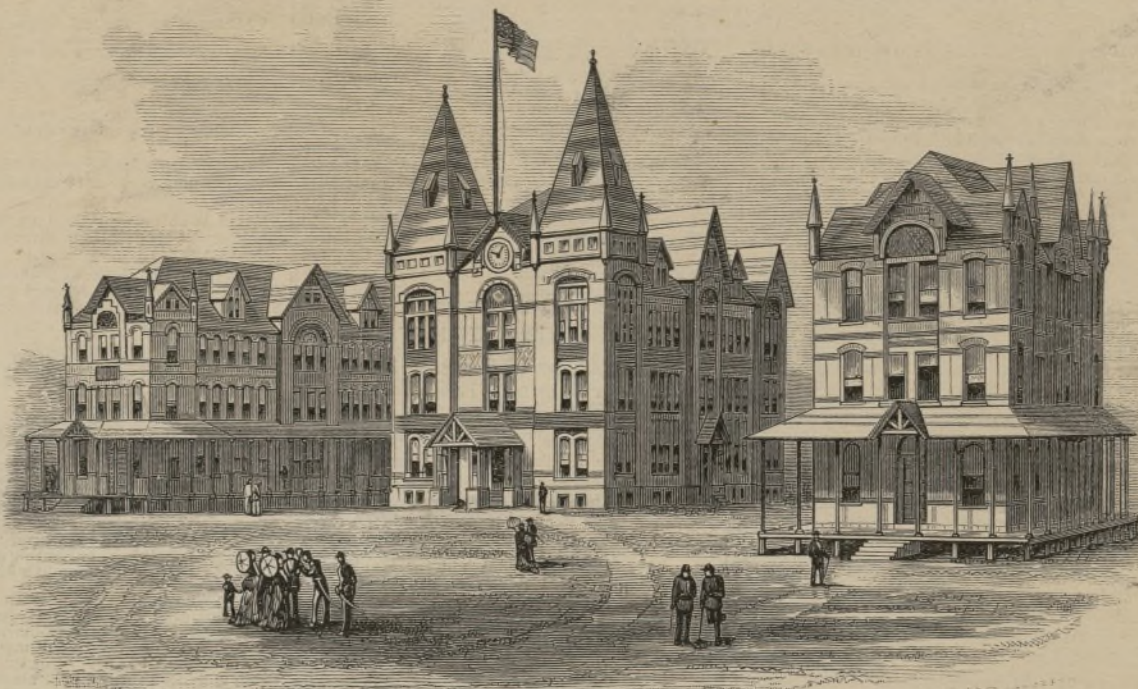
the late General Custer, the youngest officer of that rank in the army. General Miles was mustered out of the Volunteer service, September 1st, 1866, and immediately went into the Regular Army as Colonel of the Fortieth Infantry, occupying that position

until March, 1869, when he was transferred to the command of the Fifth Infantry.

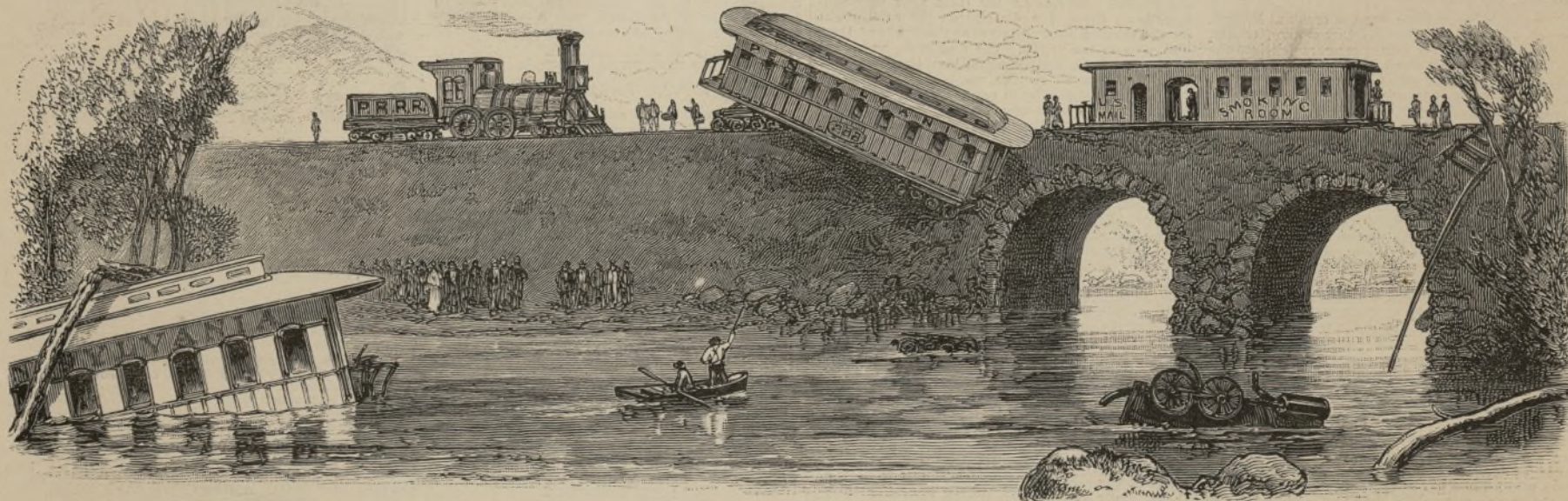
At the time of the Custer disaster General Miles was stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. After the defeat he was ordered to proceed immediately

to the relief of General Crook, and several batteries from New York and Sackett's Harbors were started off to replace troops in Kansas.

General Miles was in command of the Military District of Fortress Monroe, Va., while Jefferson



NEW YORK.—THE NEW SOLDIERS' HOME AT BATH.



NEW JERSEY.—SCENE OF THE FRESHET AT MILFORD, OCTOBER 4TH.—TRANSFERRING THE MAIL ACROSS THE CULVERT.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. K. ROBBINS.—SEE PAGE 126.

constitutes the head, and from which the ten arms radiate. Certainly the idea of being clutched in those terrible arms, from which there could be no escape when once they had closed, and then torn and rent by the formidable beak, is enough to send a shuddering thrill through the stoutest heart. Posterior to the head were a pair of huge staring eyes, the sockets being eight inches in diameter. Their expression, when the creature was alive on the beach, is said by the fishermen to have been peculiarly ferocious.

There was a strong competition for possession of the monster, but the managers of the Aquarium succeeded in purchasing it, and last week it was landed in good condition.

A glass tank, twenty-five feet long, five feet wide and three feet and a half deep, is being made for the octopus, and it is expected that within ten days it will be ready for exhibition.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. A.

COLONEL NELSON A. MILES, Colonel of the Fifth Regiment of Infantry of the United States Army, is a native of Massachusetts. He entered the service as Captain of the Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, September 9th, 1861, and in May of the following year he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-first New York Volunteers. In June, 1864, he received the star of a Brigadier-General; in October, 1865, he received the double-star of a Major-General, and was, after



ILLINOIS.—THE KASKASKIA HOTEL IN OLD KASKASKIA.

Davis was a prisoner of State in the walls of that post. Clement C. Clay was also for a time a fellow-prisoner with Mr. Davis. The duty of custodian of these distinguished captives was very irksome, and drew down considerable obloquy upon General Miles, which, however, was entirely misplaced. He acted with the utmost circumspectness during the whole period that Fortress Monroe was used as a state prison, and in his treatment of the prisoners he was cautious to take no steps, however apparently trivial, without explicit instructions from the War Department. His conduct was fully indorsed by all who were in a position to judge it with any fairness. Since the war General Miles has done considerable service on the Plains, and has earned for himself a high reputation as an able Indian fighter, his unflinching bravery being held in balance by a deliberate, cautious temperament. He was married about six years ago to a niece of General Sherman, and a daughter of the present Secretary of the Treasury.

NEW YORK STATE SOLDIERS' HOME.

THE corner-stone of the Soldiers' Home, at Bath, Steuben County, N. Y., was laid on the 13th of June last, and since that time the work of erecting the structure has progressed as rapidly as the funds paid in would permit. The stone for the cellar and foundation-walls were quarried upon the farm and drawn upon the grounds during the Fall of 1876.



VIEW OF KASKASKIA, THE OLD FRENCH CAPITAL OF ILLINOIS.—SEE PAGE 126.

A portion of the work has been done by contract, and the balance by day's work. Three buildings have been erected—two dormitories, 30x125, and one dining-hall building and dormitory, 60x125, all three stories in height, built of brick, with suitable stone trimmings. The walls of these buildings are now complete and ready for the roofs, some of the timbers of which have been placed in position. In the rear of the dining-room building, and detached therefrom, is situated the building containing laundry and bath-rooms, boiler and engine-rooms, one story high, built of brick and stone. The foundations of this building are nearly completed.

The contracts have been let for inclosing the buildings—including carpenter-work, tin and galvanized-iron-work, slating, building the verandas entirely around both dormitory buildings, laying all the floors, putting in windows and doors, all outside painting; also inclosing laundry and boiler-room building. From \$35,000 to \$40,000 is required to finish the Home, and then the Board of Directors will turn it over to the State for maintenance, in accordance with the concurrent resolutions of the last Legislature. Efforts are being made throughout the State by the Grand Army of the Republic, by whom the enterprise was started, to raise the necessary funds.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT MILFORD, N. J.

THE storm of wind and rain of Thursday night, October 4th, proved very disastrous both on sea and land. The palatial steamer *Massachusetts*, of the Providence line, ran upon the rocks at Rocky Point, Long Island, and is likely to become a total wreck. By the washing away of the embankment, near Phoenixville, Pa., a heavily loaded excursion train met with an accident that resulted in the death of eight persons and the serious wounding of fifty more. The creek at Milford (N. J.) rose twenty-five feet above its ordinary height, and the freshest brought down among the debris from above the wreck of three bridges that had spanned the stream. Just as the south-bound Oswego and Philadelphia express train, on the Belvidere division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was crossing the bridge over the creek at Milford, the arch gave way and the locomotive, tender, baggage-car and two passenger-cars fell into the water. The current was so rapid that one of the passenger-cars was washed a distance of one hundred feet after it fell, while the baggage-car was taken three times that distance, only being checked by the resistance of two stout trees. Five persons are known to have been drowned, and several passengers are still missing.

In the smoking-car there were six passengers, among them Dr. J. C. Wilson, of Philadelphia, who received a bad scalp-wound. He drifted down the river on a couple of cushions, and was finally rescued. His companion, the well-known lawyer, W. J. McElroy, of Philadelphia, was lost, and none of the other occupants of the car have been heard from. In the second car there were eight persons, some of whom are missing. There were seventeen passengers in the rear car, all of whom escaped, mainly through the coolness of the brakeman, Joseph Allen, who assisted them out of the window. The train-hands and passengers, as nearly as can be accounted for, numbered thirty-eight. Ladders and ropes were brought into requisition by the people, and one young man volunteered to go across and cut the roof of the car with an ax. He did so, and dragged out Christopher Huber and a Mr. Brown, of Philadelphia. A bridge was made of ladders and the tree which had fallen, upon which the other passengers were taken safely to the shore—more dead than live. They were in the car about two hours. A lantern was passed to the young man, and he reached the car, but found no other person in it.

KASKASKIA, THE OLD FRENCH CAPITAL OF ILLINOIS.

THERE are few quainter old towns within the limits of our country than Kaskaskia, which the hand of time and the Mississippi are fast sweeping away. In historic times there was another Kaskaskia near Utica, on the Illinois River, where Marquette first found the tribe of that name, and began a mission which other Jesuits continued. About 1700 this tribe, induced by exaggerated accounts of a great French colony at the mouth of the Mississippi, set out to emigrate in a body, but were induced to halt on reaching the Mississippi, and founded the present Kaskaskia. Near it the French soon built houses, and in time Fort Chartres rose, near enough to afford them protection. The first church at Kaskaskia was begun in 1714, but the present structure is the third that has occupied the site. It boasts a register, dating back to 1693, and an ancient bell, inscribed:

Pour l'Eglise des Illinois,
Par les soins de Sr. Dautelcan
I. B. M. Normand à la Rochelle,
1741.

In its palmy days Kaskaskia had a population of 3,000, but the present town contains about twenty-five families, with a store, post-office, hotel, the church already mentioned, two blacksmith shops, a few groceries, and a drug-store. The buildings are mostly in the old French style, a story-and-a-half high, with low stoops and piazzas on three sides. It bears no impress of its former greatness, when it was the centre of the French trade in the West; when Pontiac stalked through its streets, meditating the overthrow of the English power, or when the English officers from Fort Chartres came to watch and study the state of affairs, after they had, by great difficulty, reached their post by the way of the Gulf of Mexico.

Kaskaskia was the point that General George Rogers Clark struck at in his expedition which gave us the Great West during the Revolution. A march of hundreds of miles through the wilderness, with a result more than doubtful, seemed hazardous enough. Fortunately, however, the priest at Kaskaskia, Rev. Mr. Gibault, and his friend, the Spanish Colonel Vizio, sided with the Americans. Kaskaskia received Clark with glad welcome. The British flag was struck, and the 4th of July, 1778, was celebrated with wild joy.

General St. Clair resided here for a time, as did Governor Ninian Edwards, Thomas P. Crittenden, Elisha Kent Kane, and other notables. Kaskaskia is proud of a visit paid it by Lafayette on his last visit to this country.

A Visitation convent was established here many years ago, in an ancient building erected a hundred and twenty-five years ago, but the Sisters removed in time to a fine stone structure in the northwest part of the village, and this was destroyed by a flood in

1844, the nuns barely escaping with their lives, having been rescued by a steamboat which ran up to the walls of their cloister. Their former convent, however, still stands, one of the oldest and best-preserved buildings in the ancient borough, being now the Kaskaskia Hotel shown in our illustration. It is sixty-four feet long by thirty wide, and has a long portico in front. The solid timber of the frame is mortised and bound together by heavy iron plates. A committee of the Missouri Historical Society recently visited this venerable place, and its wide, sandy streets, Fort Chartres and the late Fort Gage are all in ruins. They were accompanied by Mr. John A. Scholten, the St. Louis photographer, to whom we are indebted for our views of the town, and of the convent which has renounced its good ways and become a hotel.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR

THE SCENE OF THE DESPERATE FIGHTS IN THE SHIPKA PASS.

IN our supplement to this issue will be found two large illustrations representing scenes of the ever-memorable fighting in the Shipka Pass, the more essential features of which we have already presented to our readers. The present pictures were sketched on the spot by Captain James Gambier, R. N., who is with the army of Saleiman Pasha in the capacity of correspondent for the *London Times*. In one of his letters Captain Gambier gives the following description of the Turks assaulting the commanding defensive position in which the Russians were entrenched: "Three spurs face us from the plain as we look toward the Pass. The centre is the Russian position, the right and left are the Turkish attack. On the right we see the Turks have succeeded in erecting two batteries, with a whole battery of field-guns and two mountain guns in the one, and with a battery of mountain guns in the other. In the valley lying between this right spur and the Russian position, and on the slopes of the Russian spur, are upwards of twenty battalions of Turkish troops, some entrenched half way up the Russian side, others in the woods and near the summit, not more than 150 yards from the Russian rifle-pits. The guns from the Turkish batteries on the right spur play continually on these rifle-pits and on the earthworks on the Russian spur, firing over the heads of their own men in the valley. The men in the valley for four whole days, with immense loss, have made assault after assault on the whole left line of the Russians, and have been continually driven back by the fire of the centre Russian battery, which enfilades these hill-sides, or unable to effect a lodgment on the short piece of ground in front of the rifle-pits. At night the Turks intrench themselves, and dawn sees the bloody work begin again. The left spur is not of so much importance to the Turks, as regards artillery, as the spur on the right.

"For the infantry attacks it is most important, as the approach to the rear of the rocky buttress is more easily made from the side. On this side, too, continued assaults have been made by the Turks, and I fear the loss in killed and wounded must have been extremely heavy in that valley. As from the Peak Battery a bird's-eye view of the battle can be obtained, I have spent most of the last four days at that point, and have watched with admiration the courage and persistence with which the Turkish troops advance to the attack. Not once or twice, but eight or ten times a day do they scale those steep wooded hills under a murderous fire, only to be hurled back when actually within a few yards of the summit. The fire of the Turkish artillery is extremely good—indeed, I may say I never saw better. After a few shots, they obtained the exact range of the rifle-pits at the second hill, and from these finally the Russian troops retreated in the utmost haste. At that moment the fate of the day, of days, and perhaps of Turkey, hung in the balance. The advance was sounded, and the assault should instantly have been made. There was the greatest enthusiasm and the wildest cheering at our positions. The gunners worked like demons, and the hail of shell must have fallen with murderous effect on the flying Russians; but, for some perfectly unassignable cause, the Turkish troops in the valley did not respond. They had fallen back about half an hour before, and seemed temporarily dispirited. The moment of victory passed away, and in a short time we saw a Russian officer waving his arms and cheering back his men into the rifle-pits. It was a most exciting moment. After so much toil, so much blood, the Turks actually were masters of the day, but let the moment slip by.

"The wondrous effect of the breech-loading muskets of American make or model of the present day is terribly displayed in these fierce engagements. On one night a hillside below one of the Russian works was left literally covered with dead and dying Turks, who had rushed bravely on to assault the point, but were mowed down by the Russian infantry. It was estimated that at that point the Turkish loss was eight hundred, in the short space of about ten minutes." Captain Gambier concludes as follows: "A week's contemplation of the grim, gray rampart of rock which commands the Pass on this side, and from which the Russian guns peer ominously over road and valley, the crest of the almost inaccessible hills lying in a line of enfilade, and crowned with strong earthworks, with trenches and rifle-pits before them, and artillery behind, forces home the conviction, of which there was never much doubt, that 6,000 of Turkey's best soldiers have been sacrificed foolishly, if not wantonly. When forty battalions lie day and night for a week before a position too strong to be attacked, and we note the foolhardiness of the first four days' fighting, when, on one occasion, seven battalions, and on another fifteen, and subsequently thirty-two, were hurled in sheer obstinacy against this position, it certainly becomes fair to ask why we should still be expected to accept Saleiman Pasha as a great general!"

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SPAIN is shipping onions to America. But how about crews risking themselves on vessels that are full of leeks?

It is right to presume that the "Passes of the Balkans," which are so frequently mentioned, admit people free to the "Theatre of War."

"I HAVE often wondered," said a would-be wit to an eminent divine, "why, at a dinner, the goose is always placed before the clergyman." "That was just my case when I saw you placed before me," the divine quietly remarked.

A WELL-KNOWN cardinal, on being offered a pinch of snuff by the Pope, quickly replied, "That is a vice I am not guilty of." "Exactly, my dear cardinal," retorted his Holiness; "if it had been a vice you would have learnt it long ago."

ARTFUL ONE (noticing proximity of refreshment-room): "Oh, George, dear, I—I feel so faint." More Artful One (who has been "served that way before"): "Faint, eh? It's this doosid unpleasant smell of cookery; let's get on a bit!"

"HI! Where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, by my conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

HARD ON HIM.—"It's a very unclerical practice, and, I must say, a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog would not smoke it." "Doctor C—," replied his amused listener, "do you smoke tobacco?" "I? No, sir!" he answered, gruffly, with great indignation. "Then, pray, who is the hog, you or I?"

HE had been to a revival meeting, he said. At all events, when he came home at half-past twelve that night, fumbled up stairs in the dark, and went head first over a scuttie full of coal that the girl had carelessly left on the landing, he sang "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" with a fervency that even Sankey might have emulated.

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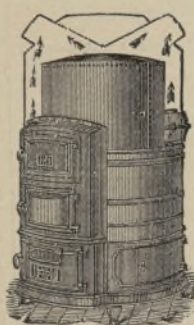
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PUBLICATION OFFICE.

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That Mother-in-law of Mine.

By N. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "5076 FIFTH AVENUE," "THE LETTER OF MY DEAD WIFE," ETC.

It was a lovely evening in August, and the piazza of the Ocean House at Newport was crowded with high, mighty and fashionable humanity. Dinner was a thing of the past, and the drive was looming in the near future. Ladies were chatting in parti-colored groups, men smoking in acrobatic postures. A delicious stillness prevailed—a warm, sensuous glow; a wooing message from the sea, laden, as it sped upon its errand, with the perfume of a myriad glowing flowers, fanned the cheek.

The arrival of the stage broke in upon this luxurious dreaminess, arousing the drowsy guests into a sort of semi-vitality.

The leather convenience discharged but three persons.

A dapper little gentleman of sprightly appearance. A fat, elderly lady, black-eyed, black-haired, bejeweled and toiletied in the extremity of the reigning mode.

A prim, sedate, closely-shaven, startlingly-colored, shiny-hatted, enamel-booted young man.

These three persons registered, respectively: J. Washington Boker, New York.

Mrs. de Lamarelle, The Lilacs, N. J.

Albert Pockett, B. A., Oxon, England.

"What a sell!" exclaimed a young girl of about eighteen summers, who had rushed over to the steps of the piazza, in order to enjoy a good, honest stare at the latest arrivals, returning to her coigne of vantage. "Only three, and such shows! A low comedian, I'll swear; a black rose off bloom, and a walking-cane with a hat on it."

This girl is Juey Raymond, sole daughter of the house and heart of Humphrey Raymond, of Wall Street. She is stopping at the Ocean House with her mother, a cozy little dame who perpetually imagines herself ill, the victim of a tyrannical liver, or the slave of a palpitating heart, whereas the true cause of any petty aches or pains lies in an unlimited consumption of hot rolls and an amiable weakness for lobster-salad.

Juey Raymond has just addressed her dearest friend on earth, Miss Van Gelder Pocasset, a young lady with whom this veritable history has much to do.

Griselda Van Gelder Pocasset is very tall, very slim, very well-bred looking. Her features are perfectly regular, with the exception of her nose, which is a trifle too Romanesque. Expression she has none, being as utterly devoid of it as a newly cut cameo. Her raven-black hair is of wondrous beauty, and of an abundance that taxes her ingenuity to dress it. She is the daughter of the late Numa Pompilius Pocasset, willom editor and proprietor of the *Daily Defiance*, of New York, that journal whose thunder has caused cabinets to totter, and the ministers thereof to tremble in their very shoes. Numa Pompilius, despite his defiant surroundings, upon the summons of the grim sergeant, went the way of all editors, and with his lamp expired the light of the *Daily Defiance*. In early life, having "the cheek of a canal horse," as was politely said of him by a journalistic rival, he audaciously persisted in wooing Griselda Van Gelder, a daughter of that illustrious Knickerbocker family who sturdily stood by Peter Stuyvesant and the honest Burgomasters in the good olden time when Manhattan was governed by tulip-loving Dutchmen. Griselda, however, was not to be won by a nameless scribe. She was then sweet eighteen, lean, haughty and handsome. She, the daughter of a hundred Van Gelders, stooped to an alliance with a quill-driver! Forbid it, shade of the great original Van! She would marry an earl or a Knickerbocker, and words to this effect were contemptuously hurled into the ear of the somewhat discomfited Numa Pompilius. Five years came and disappeared, and neither earl or Knickerbocker arrived to claim the haughty Griselda. Pocasset, devotedly believing that opportunity is the science of life, seized upon what he deemed a suitable moment for renewing his suit, and boldly rowed his bark to the feet of the scornful fair one, being under the impression that his tide of fortune was then at the flood. "Earl or Knickerbocker," was still the relentless maiden's song, and again was the editor compelled to remove his aspiring passion to a place of retirement.

"She'll take me in time," was his solacing thought, "and I can afford to wait. Earls and Knickerbockers! Bah! They want money. I don't, and Griselda hasn't a cent." Five golden summers passed, and the nobleman and Knickerbocker seemed as distant as ever. "She's eight-and-twenty to-day," said Numa Pompilius, arranging his person in his shiniest garments, "and now's my time."

It has been said that patience and perseverance will carry a cat to Jerusalem. Patience and perseverance bore the editor of the *Daily Defiance* to the arms of Griselda Van Gelder, who took him for the best possible reason, namely, because she could not get anybody else; but in condescending to lower herself in this unseemly fashion, the jubilant Numa was made to feel the immense sacrifice that was being made in his behalf—a sacrifice of which he was reminded at least ten times *per diem* during the brief period which the Fates permitted him to enjoy the society of his blue-blooded helpmate.

In shutting off this mortal coil, Numa Pompilius Pocasset was enabled to leave his widow real estate to the value of four thousand dollars per annum.

Upon this competence Mrs. Pocasset educated her daughter in Europe, completing her education at a private academy in Paris, every pupil of which possessed a title in her own right. Returning to New York, she rented a house in Thirty-fourth Street, where, during the season, she receives once a week "only Knickerbocker families, my dear."

As for the others,—here she shrugs her metallic-looking shoulders—"I have no desire to know them. My daughter shall marry a Knickerbocker or into the English nobility."

Juey glides into the spacious hall, and, sidling up to the clerk's desk, takes possession of the register, placing her elbows upon it, and her chin in her hands.

"I beg pardon!" exclaims a deep voice by her ear, and the bandbox-looking arrival proceeds to extract a walking-cane from beneath the book upon which she leans. "I'm awfully fond of this stick," addressing the clerk. "There's not such a stick to be had anywhere."

In giving it a twist, however, possibly with a view to displaying its merits, it unexpectedly caught in Juey Raymond's dress.

A tug, a reef, an exclamation of "Oh, my!" from the young lady, and a growling malediction from the gentleman.

The golden serpent adorning the handle had coiled itself in the broodery, refusing to become disentangled without the aid of the deftest manipulation.

"I'm sure I don't know how to apologize for my awkwardness. It's awfully disgusting. I—I never knew the stick to do this thing before," stammered the modified Pockett, B. A.

Juey Raymond could scarcely refrain from laughter upon finding herself brought so unexpectedly into such close contact with a stranger.

"I'm afraid you are only making matters worse," she observed, after some few seconds.

"It's very extraordinary," he replied. "It's awfully dodgy. A regular gordian knot."

"Then there's nothing for it but the knife."

"If you cut this rose, the whole thing will go by the board. Happy thought! Take the stick along with you. You can disentangle it then at your leisure."

"I suppose I must; and when your cane is at liberty, I shall cause it to be left in the office for you."

"A thousand thanks. May I again apologize?"

"There is no necessity."

And, bestowing a graceful inclination of the head and a gracious smile upon him, she proceeded to rejoin Miss Pocasset.

The united exertions of the two ladies eventuated in success, and the cane became detached from its silken meshes.

"I suppose the correct thing would be to hand this to the clerk through my maid, Griselda?"

"Certainly; that is the proper course to adopt."

"Well, I'll tell you what I am going to do. Albert Pockett, A. B., Oxon. What does that mean?"

"Bachelor of Arts, Oxford."

"Well, this bachelor of arts is a gentleman; and, as he stands there looking so lonely without his beloved stick, I mean to give it to him myself."

"Juey!"

But, ere the remonstrance could reach her, Miss Raymond was half-way along the piazza.

"I'm so awfully obliged! I feel as if I could burn the thing. I hope for a chance of redeeming myself," said Pockett, bowing to the earth.

"You are a strange girl, Juey," observed Miss Pocasset, when that young lady had resumed her seat beside her.

"Oh, you are too straitlaced! You and your mother are a pair of walking refrigerators. This man is a gentleman and an Oxford man."

"Who is that man staring at us near the pillar? There—don't look a minute—just beside that hanging basket of flowers."

"That's the low comedian," replied Miss Raymond, with a laugh.

"What low comedian?"

"The party who came just now in the stage from the depot with my awkward Englishman."

"How do you know that he is a comedian?"

"A purple face, closely shaved, a stock mustache, a merry eye and a reddish nose bespeak the profession."

The individual in question, J. Washington Boker, was leaning against a pillar, and gazing at Miss Pocasset as though she were a masterpiece of Thorwaldsen or Canova.

"The comedian is looking at you," whispers Juey Raymond. "You have made a conquest, Griselda."

"Juey, you are perfectly incorrigible! But here's your mamma; we had better get ready for the drive!" and rising, the two girls proceeded across the piazza to meet Mrs. Raymond, who emerged from the hotel laden with wraps, as though she were going sleigh-riding, with the mercury at ten below zero.

Meanwhile J. Washington Boker proceeded to make inquiries from the clerk respecting Miss Griselda Van Gelder Pocasset, by whose charms he had been suddenly and violently smitten.

"She is a fine gal," says the clerk, approvingly, "and belongs to no end of a Knickerbocker family. Her mother is a caution, though?—ain't she a stand-offer?—ain't she surrounded by a wire-fence?—won't trespassers be locked up?—baa!" here the clerk imitated the bleating of an inexperienced lamb.

"Does Mrs. Pocasset stop here?"

"Only one week, thank heaven!" ejaculated the clerk, devoutly.

"I must obtain an introduction to her by hook or crook."

This was uttered almost unconsciously. Boker was thinking aloud.

"If you're a swell, you'll get the inside track with the old woman; but if not—baa!"

"I'm not a swell," said Boker, smiling.

"Baa!" bleated the clerk.

"I'm in business."

"Baa!"

"Not a bad business."

"Baa!"

"This haughty dame won't have business, then?"

"Baa!"

"Miss Pocasset and Juey pass along the hall en route to the carriage."

"I'll wager a pair of Fortune's five button, Griselda, that the comedian has been making inquiries about you," laughs Juey Raymond. "We have caught him red-handed."

"Done!" retorted her companion. "Anything for a sensation."

"Shall I ask?"

"No, you'll bungle it. Let me."

Griselda advances to the register, and idly reads the entries.

"Only three arrivals this afternoon, Mr. Bowles!"

"Only three, miss."

"What are they like?"

"Two gents—one Englisher—and Mrs. de Lamarelle, of The Lilacs, New Jersey. Her servants are coming on by the five-fifty."

"Mamma knows her, Juey. She's one of us. Is that the Englishman whom we saw here just now?"

"No, Miss Pocasset, that's a Noo Yorker. Here is his name. J. Washington Boker."

"There is an actor of that name, is there not, Mr. Bowles?"

"There was, in the Bowery Theatre, a ripping tragedian, but that's years ago. This gent is in business, and," with a knowing smirk, "he was posting himself up about you, Miss Pocasset, and on—"

"Your mamma will think we have forgotten her, Juey," in glacial tones. "Thanks, Mr. Bowles."

Juey Raymond had won her gloves.

"What on earth has detained you, girls? I am full of chills and fever!" cries little Mrs. Raymond, peevishly. "Jump in, Griselda. Juey will take half an hour to make up her mind as to which boot is to move first."

Griselda's foot is upon the carriage-step, the horses, thoroughbreds, plunge forward, and ere she can recover her balance, she is jostled by the open door into the arms of J. Washington Boker, who tenderly receives her, in a sort of half-embrace.

This was too much. There are limits to human endurance, and to be hugged by a nameless business man was simply crushing.

She vouchsafed him no thanks, not even a look, as the carriage whirled away in the direction of the Ocean Drive.

"Say!" exclaims the facetious Mr. Bowles, beckoning Boker. "She's been posting herself about you."

"Who?"

"Miss Pocasset."

"About us?"

"Yes."

"Mr.—what is your name, please?"

"Bowles—Simon Bowles."

"Will you favor me by helping me to finish a bottle of champagne?"

"A dozen if you like it, Mr. Boker."

Boker was over head and ears in love with Miss Griselda Van Gelder Pocasset. He thought her lovely.

Why should he not woo and win her? He was young, not yet thirty. His fortune was ample, his business flourishing, and his family—the shoe pinched here. He winced. His father had commenced life in New York City by vending the sound halves of decayed oranges. Halves led to wholes, wholes to a stand, a stand to a store, a store to a retail fruit-trade, retail to wholesale; cordials were added, wines crept in, the fruit disappeared, and the vintages of France and Spain remained.

Boker, senior, made a reputation on port, and this reputation enabled him to leave his son a sound, steady business and two hundred thousand dollars.

During one of his commercial trips to the City of the Tribes, Galway, Boker, senior, met at the house of a correspondent a Miss Matilda O'Houlahan, one of the O'Houlahans of Ballynaslaughnagawn.

The wooing o't was exceedingly brief. Boker came, saw and conquered, and, within six days from his first beholding her, Miss Matilda O'Houlahan was engaged in traversing the Atlantic as Mrs. Benjamin Boker.

J. Washington Boker thought of his mother's ancestry, and a thrill of joy passed through his veins. Hitherto he had despised all that sort of thing, and was in the habit of sitting upon his maternal parent when she made honorable mention of the King of Connaught or the Prince of Connemara.

He now recalled the memory of these personages with a feeling akin to delight, and felt the purple blood of the O'Houlahans rushing through the veins which too long had given sanctuary to the muddy gore of the Bokers.

It Ballynaslaughnagawn was in the market he would purchase it. Boker of Ballynaslaughnagawn—how well that sounded! How he should like to be presented to Miss Pocasset as Boker of Ballynaslaughnagawn!

He would write to his mother by that post, requesting immediate information as regards her relationship to the blue-blooded gentry of Connaught, and have their family-tree pruned by the dexterous hand of Sir Bernard Burke.

Yes, that lovely girl, whose sloe-like eyes were haunting him, would meet her peer so far as ancestry was concerned.

When a man like Boker—a man leading a busy life—meets his fate, his every thought rushes with a pent-up force into the new channel.

He had never thought of love. It was not entered upon the invoice of his career. It had not been consigned to him. It was none of his business—and gentle dalliance and the light of woman's eye were the property of other men; on him they had no claim whatever.

After returning from her drive, Miss Pocasset was seated on the piazza, when she was approached by the lady who had arrived that afternoon in the stage.

"And so you are the daughter of my dear old friend, Mrs. Pocasset," says Mrs. de Lamarelle, of The Lilacs, New Jersey, seating herself beside Griselda. "I should have known it, dear. The same eyes, the same eyebrows and the nose. Oh, my! but you are her living image! I'll introduce myself. I am Mrs. de Lamarelle. You will have heard of me. I was *née*—as the dear, delightful French say—a Van Boomgee, a Knickerbocker, like your mamma!"

"Excuse me!" interrupts a deep-toned voice behind them. "You have dropped this, I guess," and Boker hands Miss Pocasset a lace-edged handkerchief.

"It's not mine!" exclaims Griselda, pushing onward.

"Stay, perhaps it's mine!" cries Mrs. de Lamarelle, diving into the depths of the reticule. "Oh, my, surely it must be! Let me see if my initials are upon it. Yes, it is mine. Many thanks, sir."

When he had gone, Mrs. de Lamarelle said:

"That man has very fine eyes!"

Miss Pocasset remained silent.

A loud, ringing, hearty, joyous, girlish laugh at the end of the piazza attracted their attention.

A lady and gentleman were seated in the outer darkness. The gentleman had uttered something that amused the young lady immensely.

"Tell me that all over again, please!" she cried.

"Good heavens!" exclaims Griselda Van Gelder Pocasset, stopping aghast. "It's Juey Raymond and the Englishman!"

Mrs. de Lamarelle didn't bathe. It gave her palpitations, she said. So, upon the following morning, when all female Newport was disporting itself in the briny, she quietly stepped into a hack with "Man and Wife" under one arm, and a huge parasol under the other, and got "dropped" at the edge of the ocean. She clambered over the seaweed out on to an isolated rock standing in an open space of golden sand.

Mrs. de Lamarelle became absorbed in her book; and, as she continued to read, the sun went round toward the west, and what was of considerably more importance to her, the incoming tide rose up against the rock upon which she was encamped.

"Oh, my!" cried Mrs. de Lamarelle, as, upon looking upward and downward, she perceived the somewhat critical condition of affairs.

The water had silently risen to within two feet of where she sat.

"Three o'clock! Oh, my, how the time has flown! There's a man; I wonder will he see me. Not he; I'll scream."

She uttered two or three feeble shrieks that died on the Summer breeze, but the man made no sign.

"Oh, my, what a dreadfully stupid person! Why can't he look this way? What can he be staring at? There's nothing out there, and I am here. Oh, my, the water is creeping upward! There's nothing else for it; I must wade; and I'm so fat I shall float—I know I shall! Hi, hi, hi!"

She seats herself upon the rock and prepares to enter the water, knowing that every moment lost was an hour of danger.

"Oh, my, the man turns this way! Hi, hi, hi!" and, scrambling to her feet, she waves pocket-handkerchief and parasol in frantic energy.

He perceives her, and hurries down the rocks with considerable agility.

When he reaches the last ledge that separates him from Mrs. de Lamarelle, "You keep quiet," he says, divesting himself of his coat.

"I'm very quiet, and not a bit frightened," is her reply. "What are you going to do?"

"To carry you over here."

"Can't you get a boat?"

"There is no time."

"I'm too heavy."

"Not a bit of it."

He descends into the water, which rises to his chest, and swishes-swashes over to her, the distance being about ten yards.

"Will you get on my back?" he asks.

"Oh, my! I'd rather not!"

"What would you like to do? Get on my shoulder?"

"That would be much better."

"We'll try it, then. Slip down now. Never mind your drapery. Your boots will get wet in any case. Put your arms round my neck."

Following his directions, she slides down the rock. He staggers as he lifts her.

"I can't help laughing," she says. "If you should stumble, what a dip we'd get! This is terribly hard on you. I can never prove sufficiently grateful."

Walking in water up to the chest, with a hundred and sixty-eight pounds weight upon the shoulder, is no particularly lively task.

Struggling manfully, he swishes-swashes onward. His foot strikes against a stone, he stumbles, rights himself, stumbles again, and, in a frantic effort to regain his equilibrium, looses his foothold.

A shriek from the lady—a malediction deep and strong from the gentleman—a mighty splash, and the seething waters receive them.

In an instant he is on his legs, and pulling Mrs. de Lamarelle to her feet. She bounces up and down, rubbing the water out of her eyes as best she can, and spluttering copiously.

"I am so grieved," he began.

"Oh, my! Sa—sa—sa—say n—n—nothing about it. I knew I—I would be too heavy. It was all my—my fault," spluttered the good-humored little dame, wading ashore, and dripping water from hat, hair, dress, gloves, boots and reticule.

Scrambling over the slippery seaweed, they reach a patch of grass, upon which Mrs. de Lamarelle seats herself, and sets up a hearty fit of laughter.

"You're the best-tempered woman I ever heard of," says the gentleman, admiringly, wringing the water from his hair.

"You are the most chivalrous man I ever met with," retorts the lady. "I am deeply, truly grateful to you, and hope to be able to prove my gratitude. Let us make for the nearest cottage. Oh, my! what a pair of drowned rats we look!"

A few minutes' trudging brought them to a villa close to the roadside.

"I shall push on to my hotel," said the gentleman, "and be as dry as a bone when I get there."

"Are you stopping at the Ocean House?"

"Yes."

"I shall want to see a deal more of you. What is your name?"

"It doesn't matter. What I did for you I'd do for anybody. Get in at once and get dried."

And he hurried away in the direction of Bellevue Avenue.

In the meantime Mrs. de Lamarelle found sanctuary and dry clothing with her friends, the Pierreponts, by whom, later in the evening, she was driven to the Ocean House.

Of course she was the centre of a sympathetic and inquisitive circle.

"Who is the gentleman that rescued you?" asks Miss Pocasset, to whom Mrs. de Lamarelle had confided the whole story.

"I don't know, but I mean to ferret him out. He is stopping here. He wouldn't tell me his name, but I mean to have it, and to show him some gratitude. Come along, dear, until I try to make him out through the clerk; he will tell me who he is by my description of him."

They proceed to the desk, where Mr. Bowles is at his post.

"The gentleman who rescued me from the rock is stopping here. Do you happen to know who he is?"

"Oh, dear, yes, madam; he came in here about half after three, with his clothes sticking to him like bees-wax."

"But who is he?"

"Here he is, Mrs. de Lamarelle," pointing to the register. "He arrived yesterday. J. Washington Boker."

"Impossible!" says Griselda, involuntarily.

"Do you know him?" asks Mrs. de Lamarelle.

"No—that is—indeed I do not," she blurts forth, almost angrily.

"Will you have the goodness to give him this card, Mr. Bowles, and say that I am very anxious to see him?"

"Certainly, madam."

"And that should I not see him to-night, he will confer a favor by calling at Bay View Cottage to-morrow, or any time after to-morrow."

"When do you propose leaving us?" Mrs. de Lamarelle?

"To-morrow morning."

"But we'll see you around?"

"Oh, my, only three times a day, Mr. Bowles. Who could live away from the Ocean House?"

How strange, Griselda thought, that this man Boker should be so perpetually thrust before her!

"Aren't you going to call on your little fat friend this morning?" asks Juey Raymond of Miss Pocasset.

"Happy thought!"

Mrs. de Lamarel



Turkish Battery in Foreground, six field guns and five mountain guns. 1. Turkish First Division. 2. Mount St. Nicholas. 3. Turkish Left Attack. 4. Shipka Road. 5. Rifle-Pits. 6. Russian Centre (1,500 yards from Mount St. Nicholas). 7. Artillery Limbers tied to stumps. 8. Turkish Third Division.

TURKEY.—THE RUSSIAN INVASION—THE GENERAL ATTACK ON THE RUSSIAN POSITIONS IN THE SHIPKA PASS, ON AUGUST 24TH.—SEE PAGE 126.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



TURKEY.—THE RUSSIAN INVASION—EFFECT OF MODERN BREECH-LOADERS—EIGHT HUNDRED TURKS KILLED IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, IN A SKIRMISH IN THE SHIPKA PASS.—SEE PAGE 120.

veins, it's in with the best in the land you'd be, instead of the shoneens who come here to sip, smoke, chew, and sing through their noses about the dollars! You've royal blood, and its myself that often told you so. It was an O'Houlahan that killed the Dane that killed Brien Born at the bottle of Clontarf. Three generations of the family fell that day. The O'Houlahan was a Prince of Connaught, and owned miles upon miles of territory west of the Shannon. He died of the horrors of drink. The O'Houlahans were all able drinkers, and your great-grandfather never went to bed sober. Your grandfather was a teetotaler, but a bigoted one, as many a time I've mixed fifteen tumblers of punch for him—may the Lord reward him! The O'Houlahans were all hard fighters, and whaled away in the wars of Leinster. One of them was a chum of King Henry the Second, and this degenerate son of the race sold and mortgaged the lands. Cromwell hated and feared us, and 'to O'Houlahan, hell or Connaught' was his daily curse. We fought for James, the spalpeen, at the Boyne, and it was Myles O'Houlahan that led the charge against the English at Fontenoy. Brien was out in the rebellion of '98, and was hanged on the bridge at Arklow, and Murtagh, the rapparee, was hung for sheep-stealing. Your great grandfather rode all day and night to Dublin to vote against the Union, and is known all over the length and breadth of Connemara as Boot O'Houlahan, as he darted into the House with his spattered boots on, voted, and called out one of the supporters of the Government, whom he shot in the Phoenix Park before his breakfast. So hold up your head, my son, there's money bid for you. I'll have the whole pedigree, from Moalmordha down, by the time you come home. Take good care of yourself, and avoid damp beds.

"Your loving mother,
"MATILDA O'HOUHAN."
"P. S.—Biddy McGrane will get us into trouble. The Chaynee has just come back, and she has swung him out to the sidewalk by the pigtail. She thinks he's a man, but a very dawning one. She'll be locked up, which may be good for her, and keep her sober for a few hours, at all events."

Boker perused this characteristic epistle as he wended his way from the Ocean House to the Cliffs. Going back to the days of Henry the Second was simply absurd; but he revelled in the Cromwellian reference, and also in the fact that his ancestors had led the celebrated charge of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, while he considered the exploit of Boot O'Houlahan just the sort of thing a man might casually refer to, and establish his family antecedents through the medium of an interesting fact.

He nervously lifts the latch of the wicked and strides past the glowing, ribbon borders. He is about to ring, when the fair chatelaine, all smiles, white muslin, lace and pink rosettes, comes forward to meet him.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Boker," she says, holding out both her little bejeweled, fat hands. "I had a horrible suspicion that you meant to disappear, and that I never should have been able to say how much I think—"

"Oh, don't say anything, ma'am," says the relieved Boker, entering the cottage. "I hope you're nothing the worse of your dip."

"Oh, my, not a bit! I thought I should have had palpitation, but no—my little life-clock is ticking away as merrily and steadily as ever. Now sit down here and tell me all about yourself—where you come from, what you are doing, how long you are going to stop, and all the rest of it. Are you married?" she asks.

"No, I wish I was."
"That's what all you sensible men nearing thirty say—'I wish I was.' Now there's a lot of hypocrisy in this. You wish you were, when all you have to do is to take some pretty girl into your confidence, and become a respectable member of society right away."

"But suppose you can't get at the pretty girl?" he laughs.

"Pshaw! the choicest fruit grows inside the orchard-wall, and there must be climbing, you know."
"Yes; but if the orchard-wall be too high?"
"No wall is too high, Mr. Boker. Cupid has wings, hasn't he?"

"Oh, I suppose so! At least I've seen him painted that way in valentines."

Boker fiddles uneasily with his hat. He wants to tell her of his admiration for Griselda.

"You know Miss Pocasset?" he says, at length. They had been chatting upon things in general, from the old stone mill to the congregation at Trinity Church.

"Oh, dear, yes! I met her for the first time two days ago; but I know her mother."

"I—I admire Miss Pocasset very much," says Boker, growing red to the roots of his hair, his ears shining scarlet.

Mrs. de Lamarelle gazes at him fixedly. In one second she sees how the land lies.

"Would you like to be introduced to her, Mr. Boker?"

"I would give ten thousand dollars for an introduction!" he cries.

"It can be done much cheaper than that," laughing, "and by me, too."

"I shall be forever obliged to you. I shall be your debtor for the remainder of my life. The act is, Mrs. de Lamarelle, I have lived entirely for business. I am a wine-merchant in Beaver Street, New York City. I am clearing ten thousand dollars a net, per annum, and can push a foreign trade to five thousand more. I have in real estate about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and at this present moment about fifty thousand in railroad shares, all rising in value. I live in University Place with my mother; she is of one of the oldest families in Ireland—the O'Houlahans of Ballysloughnagawn, lineally descended from the Kings of Connaught. One of my ancestors led the charge of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, and another, later on, rode all the way from Galway to Dublin without pulling rein to vote against the Union."

He feels that he must make his case now to justify the introduction. This social custom-house official must be passed with a clean bill of lading.

"Why, you are quite a swell!" laughs Mrs. de Lamarelle, anxious to set him at ease, and guessing the why and wherefore of this explanation. "Your credentials would be accepted at any Court in Europe. Oh, my, and so you admire Griselda Pocasset?"

"Admire is scarcely heavy enough to weigh down what I feel."

Boker's blush told its own tale. Boker's statement of his affairs spoke trumpet-tongued. The man meant business. He wanted to woo and win Griselda. But he required aid—that most powerful of all aid in such matters, woman's counsel and woman's craft. Without it his argosy would go upon the rocks and be dashed to pieces.

Mrs. de Lamarelle, thereupon, instantly resolved upon throwing him a rope, and, to follow up the nautical metaphor, taking him in tow.

The real rock ahead was Mrs. Pocasset. With Griselda Mrs. de Lamarelle imagined she could work out the problem, but when it came to a mere business-marriage, Kluickerbocker, the tug of war might reasonably be expected.

Had the relict of Numa Pompilius been needy, the easy circumstances of the wine-merchant would have proved a very enticing bait; but as Mrs. Pocasset was herself in that happy condition that pays its way, and knows not the meaning of the word "dun," it was naturally to be inferred that this high-spirited lady would snapper aristocratic fingers at the mention of a paltry two hundred thousand dollars. All these thoughts flashed through Mrs. de Lamarelle's brain as Boker sat fidgeting before her. Nothing daunted, however, she resolved upon aiding and abetting him to the uttermost extent in her power, and she had just arrived at this pleasing conclusion when enter Miss Griselda Van Gelder Pocasset, accompanied by Miss Juey Raymond.

There was much of the north pole in Griselda's stately acknowledgment of Boker's deep and reverential bow.

"You didn't introduce Mr. Boker to me," cries Juey, bursting with merriment at the idea of the trap into which her companion had so unexpectedly fallen.

"Oh, my! Where is my head this morning?" cried Mrs. de Lamarelle, duly making the two personages known to each other in the form prescribed by society's law.

Griselda talks pointedly to Mrs. de Lamarelle, giving an ice-bound side-front to her admirer; but the hostess, calling Juey to her side, plunges into a discussion upon the subject of laces, and suddenly remembering that she has a peculiar specimen of point d'Alençon up-stairs, invites that young lady to inspect it.

"Will you kindly do chatelaine, Griselda, and entertain Mr. Boker?" she says, as she bustles from the apartment.

It was not worth Griselda's while to make an effort at following them, so she took up a photographic album and proceeded to turn over her leaves, just as if such a person as J. Washington Boker never existed.

He watched her with nervous anxiety, and, though despairingly desirous of speaking, finds that his ideas have dried up.

He twirls his hat, rubbing the silk the wrong way, adjusts his cuffs, and plucks at his shirt-collar. The day is warm—he is warmer.

"It's a fine day, miss," he blurts forth, after a very violent effort.

She doesn't look up, as she says, "Very."

For a moment Boker cools, chills, and the courage which led him to the breach sneaks shamefully to the rear.

Again he attempts the assault.

"Are you fond of photographs, miss?"

Again, and without looking up, comes the word "Very," translatable into "What do you mean by addressing me? I don't want you."

"So am I."

A silence ensues, only broken by the ticking of the Louis Quatorze clock on the mantel-piece, and the dull, low moan of the surge against the cliffs outside.

"Have you had your photo taken, Miss Pocasset?"

"Yes."

"Is it in that album?"

"No."

"Was it done in New York?"

"Yes."

"By Sarony?"

"No."

"Mora?"

She yawns. Yes, Griselda Van Gelder Pocasset gazes under his very nose by way of reply.

It was insolently done—unmistakably impertinent, and accompanied by a cool, fixed glance, arrogant and haughty.

His blood goes on fire—as if a man had struck him in the face. He springs to his feet.

"Good-morning, Miss Pocasset, and thank you!" he cries, and, with hot tears of childish, but bitter mortification welling up, strides from the room.

If he had been studying how to reach this indolent girl, he never could have succeeded one-half so well. There was something so unexpected, so earnest, so honest in this outburst, that it called forth a feeling of respect, while a flush of shame at having acted so rudely passed across her face like a rosy cloud.

Had he been a "swell," one conversant with the usages of her set, he would have paid her off in her own coin, had she dared so commit so direct, so startling an impertinence; but this honest fellow showed his genuine anger as impulse bade him do, and in obeying nature had unwittingly cozened art.

"Where's Mr. Boker?" exclaims Mrs. de Lamarelle, returning to the windowed niche under the pleasing but delusive impression of finding him in full and gentle converse with the object of his adoration.

"He has gone."

"Gone! and without saying good-by. This—"

"The fact is I was rude to him," interposes Griselda, flushing. *Noblesse oblige*. Griselda is truth itself.

"Rude to him, Griselda?" the little black eyes open very wide, and the brows descend in frowning arches.

"Shamefully rude, and—and I'm very sorry."

In a few words she details what has taken place.

"Oh, my! how could you, my dear! You are mad, madder than your mother. He is one of the nicest men I ever met. He seems so open, so fair, so unlike the fellows one sees every day, that I feel quite like cherishing him, I do. Oh, my, Griselda, I'm grieved at this! How could you have forgotten yourself. Of what offense was he guilty? Surely his admiration is no crime?"

"I don't want his admiration!"

"I don't suppose you do, but at the same time there are lots of girls it would be very acceptable to."

Mrs. de Lamarelle perceived that Miss Pocasset was very angry with herself, and rejoiced muchly thereat, shrewdly surmising that Griselda's future line of conduct toward the unoffending Boker would be that of conciliation.

"I am sorry this has occurred—very sorry, and I shall have to do the civil thing for you, Griselda."

"I shall do that for myself when next I meet him," Miss Pocasset retorts.

"Do, dear. Suppose we go up to the Ocean House now. I want to call upon Mrs. Wilson King."

Mrs. de Lamarelle was desirous of striking while the iron was hot.

J. Washington Boker plunged out of Bay View Cottage and on to the Cliffs. He had been badly used, and was righteously angry.

He would return to New York, to his business, to his mother, and, with Sipkins, Rudkins, and the others, laugh over the dream—nightmare, rather—that had visited him at Newport.

At the hotel he asks for his bill.

"I want to do the two-forty."

"You ain't a-goin' to leave us, are you?" asks Mr. Bowles.

"I am."

Mr. Bowles looks very hard at him, puts his finger to the side of his nose, and, closing the left eye, utters the single word "Baa!" in a low and plaintive tone.

Boker is upon the piazza, his baggage is on the stage.

He stops to light a cigar.

Three ladies turn into the hotel-drive.

His heart gives one hot beat backward as he recognizes Miss Pocasset, with Miss Raymond and Mrs. de Lamarelle.

He will show her how little the recent interview affects him, and fiercely rubs the match against a pillar with a well-feigned imitation of nonchalance.

The porter tells him that everything is right, and the stage ready to start.

Gazing sternly before him, he strides onward.

"Mr. Boker!" says a low voice in front.

He turns, and his eyes meet those of Griselda Pocasset.

"I was rude, very rude to you, Mr. Boker, and I'm very sorry," she murmurs.

Her voice is low and tremulous, even when she asks for bread-and-butter, or makes any other commonplace request.

Poor Boker! the black-eyed Philistine is upon thee, and lo! thou art shorn of thy strength.

Can he believe his ears? Can he credit his senses? Yes, she is holding out a delicately gloved hand to him—yes, to him—J. Washington Boker of 547 Beaver Street, New York, and 400 University Place, in the same city!

"Don't mention it!" he gasps. "It was all my fault. I shouldn't have interrupted you."

"Time's up, sir," says the porter, gently touching his elbow.

"Take my baggage out of the stage. I'm not leaving."

If J. Washington Boker had not tarried to light his cigar, this story would never have been written. Mrs. de Lamarelle's tactics succeeded to perfection. Miss Pocasset thawed while Boker glowed.

They met at the cottage, good, safe, neutral ground, away from the espionage of the maddening crowd, and Griselda, who would have been sorely perplexed by any attention at the Ocean House, received the wine-merchant's homage with tolerable equanimity at the Cliffs.

The aversion in which she had hitherto held him had melted into indifference—indifference gradually warmed into a vaguely amused sensation, which in turn gave way to a genuine feeling of interest, an interest born of the thorough earnestness of the man.

His *gaucherie* was not without the charm of novelty, while his utter ignorance of the rules of society—that is, the more delicate tints which bespeak the thoroughbred—proved almost serviceable to him, inasmuch as fearing lest he should commit some terrible solecism with reference to herself, she was pretty constantly engaged in watching and in thinking about him.

"What a wonderful change in five days, Griselda? Did you ever see anything like it? Oh, my! but he is a very apt scholar, so gentle, so humble. You could make a Chesterfield of him in a month."

"I don't mean to try, I assure you."

"What flowers he sends you. I've been to the *Marché aux Fleurs*, in Paris, my dear, and to Covent Garden, in London, and in neither place have I beheld such bouquets. That bouquet of roses you showed me to-day looks as if it came from one of the rose-farms in Roumelia. Oh, what a paradise of bloom that place is! I have been to Mitcham, in Surrey"—Mrs. de Lamarelle loved much to gossip about her travels—"where Piesse & Lubin distill the attar of roses. Fancy a ton weight of attar, enough to perfume all merrie England! You must feel like Pauline, in the 'Lady of Lyons,' my dear. She didn't know who sent her the flowers. You do. Oh, my! I wish I was twenty, unmarried, and with Mr. Boker madly in love with me!"

There is no gift more acceptable to a woman than a bouquet. It may mean everything, it may mean nothing. It can be accepted upon an hour's acquaintance or after an intimacy of many years. The flowers plead for themselves, not for the donor. The sentiment can isolate itself, or prove a direct electric current.

Under the advice of his leading counsel, Boker sends a bouquet each morning to Miss Pocasset, anonymously, of course, but that young lady has had the grace to thank him and to praise the flowers almost gushingly. He contrived to obtain possession of the injured glove, and in two days a box containing a dozen pairs arrives from New York. Griselda had not read Miss Tackler's "Village on the Cliff"; it was forwarded from Appleton's next mail. She admires the drawings in the *London Graphic*, and Brentano receives telegraphic instructions to send it on with *Punch*, *Vanity Fair*, *Fun*, and a host of other illustrated European journals.

Miss Pocasset gracefully accepts these delicate attentions, and J. Washington Boker is in a seventh heaven of delight. A hint from her would have ransacked Tiffany's, a whisper developed the choicest resources of the establishment of Madame Dudulae.

How recklessly generous mankind become while the glamour is upon them!

"Don't be in too great a hurry, my friend. Play the game slowly. The good time will come when you may present ring and bracelet, and any gimcrack you like, but oh, my! if you attempted such a thing now, you would ruin all our plans," says Mrs. de Lamarelle to her hero, *apropos* of a proposition in reference to the presentation of a pair of diamond drops.

"Oh, my!" exclaims Mrs. de Lamarelle, as she sauntered up and down the piazza of the Ocean House one evening. "It's a terrible misfortune that you don't dance. Griselda will be whipped up by every fellow who can turn around to-night, for she dances beautifully."

"I am sure of that," groans her lover.

"Yes, she is quite Spanish in her motions. Have you seen her to-night?"

"Not yet."

As they speak Griselda appears, arrayed for the hop in diaphanous white, her wealth of black hair plaited on the top of her head in massive plaits, a red rose coquettishly on guard over the ebony tower. She carries an enormous bouquet, the gift of Boker. She advances to meet them.

"You will ruin yourself in flowers, Mr. Boker," she says. "Fancy, Mrs. de Lamarelle, this is my second to-day."

"You can have one every hour, if you like it," blurts Boker. "I wish they were nicer, but they're the best the man can get."

"Bother!" cries Mrs. de Lamarelle. "What do you mean, Mr. Boker? I know what a bouquet is like. They are joined by Mr. Glencore Smith."

"Isn't this a lovely bouquet?" asks Griselda, anxious to have Smith say something civil.

"Vulgar," was the curt reply.

"This is made up in the very perfection of elegance!" cries Mrs. de Lamarelle.

"I'd like to see this gentleman's bouquet. Let him produce one against one I'll give to you, Mrs. de Lamarelle, to-morrow morning, and Miss Pocasset shall be the judge," sputters our hero.

"That's a very fair offer," says Griselda.

"A delightful one. I shall make two bouquets by it," laughs Mrs. de Lamarelle.

"The idea is absurd. I couldn't get the flowers I want," sneers Smith.

"I imagine not," says Boker, endeavoring to sneer, but failing dismally.

Glencore Smith takes no notice of Boker, but, turning to Miss Pocasset, says:

"I want three dances to-night. I feel in dancing humor after that infernal trip to-day."

"I don't think I'll dance till by-and-by, Mr. Smith," says Griselda.

"Oh, rubbish!"

"I really would rather not. I'm a little tired, and would prefer waiting till later on."

"I say, this won't do. The first dance, like the first glass of champagne, is always the best. Come along."

"Thanks, no."

"But you must, I say. I will take no refusal."

"You've got your answer, sir," says Boker, choking with indignation.

"Who are you?" draws Glencore Smith, adjusting the eyeglass, and scanning Boker with a daring insolence.

"I'll tell you by and by."

"Has this person any right to speak for you, Miss Pocasset?"

"None, and you know it," says Boker, glaring like a roper in a tiger.

"Gentlemen," exclaims Mrs. de Lamarelle, "I'll settle this question, if you please. Miss Pocasset remains with me for one hour. At the expiration of that time she does as she pleases."

"I never dance after ten o'clock. *Au revoir!*" And Mr. Glencore Smith moves away.

Boker takes one turn with the ladies, and loses them in the crush. He is very white, and his teeth are clinched.

Smith is standing talking to Mr. Ball Blue, near the ladies' entrance to the piazza.

"Of all the unmitigated whelps, this Boker is—"

"Hush!" says Ball Blue; "he is here."

Boker strides up to where the two are standing, and addressing Smith:

"I want to tell you that I consider you a contemptible scoundrel."

Glencore Smith starts.

"He deuce take you, sir! How dare you address such language to me?"

"You are a low, pitiful sneak," continues Boker, unmindful of the interruption.

Boker is flushed, and his hands are clinched. Glencore Smith is livid.

"Your card!" he hisses.

"My name is Washington Boker, and the number of my room is fifty-nine."

"A friend of mine will wait upon you, and, if I were not restrained by the presence of ladies, I'd fling you into the roadway."

"Come round to the other side of the house and try it."

The row brought a number of guests upon the piazza, and considerable excitement ran along the entire line.

Some would have it that Boker had fired at Smith, and others that Smith had stabbed Boker. The prospect of a duel gave bashful young men a capital theme for conversation during the remainder of the evening, and, as a matter of course, nothing else was spoken of in the hotel, from the deputy cook's mate's minister up to the Earl of Rosemary.

"Pon my soul! I think you acted awfully right!" exclaimed Pockett, as, seated with our hero over a bottle of champagne, the latter briefly but honestly told him all that had occurred. "He's an awful cad, and I'm infernally sorry you didn't lick him."

"I hope he'll fight," says Boker, to whom life was becoming a sort of nuisance—a dull, heavy weight of hopelessness.

"If he's the swell you say he is, he must."

"I shall telegraph to New York for a friend."

"Oh, don't bother about that. If you don't mind I'll go out with you, provided you don't get up too early," says Pockett.

"You are a splendid fellow!" exclaims the grateful Boker, grasping the other's hand and wringing it warmly.

"There's nothing splendid about me. I'm an awfully plain fellow; but, you see, when I see a fellow doing a plucky thing, I feel as if my coat must come off, you know."

A knock at the door, and a waiter enter with a card.

"For you, Mr. Boker."

Inscribed upon the card is Mr. King Russet Champlaine.

"Mr. Smith's friend, I guess. Show him in." Mr. Champlaine enters and bows stiffly.

"Mr. Boker?" he says, with a ramrod-like bow. "That's my name, sir. Take a chair."

Mr. Champlaine seats himself as if upon a gun-carriage.

"Take a glass of wine?"

"Thanks, no."

"It's a Louis Roederer, imported by myself, and correctly iced."

Mr. Champlaine, who expected to find a copper-heating Catawba, relents, and allows a beaded, brimming glass to be set before him.

"You are—ahem—probably aware that I am here on the part of Mr. Glencore Smith?"

It was Boker's turn to bow stiffly now.

"You will not misconceive me when I say that your conduct to that gentleman was of such a nature as to compel him, through me, to demand as complete an apology as it is in the nature of the English language to convey."

"Apology! I'll see him—"

"Excuse me, Boker," interposes Pock