

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WYOMING TERRITORY.—OUR FRONTIER CIVILIZATION.—“BUCKING THE TIGER” IN A CHEYENNE GAMBLING SALOON.—FROM A SKETCH MADE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION.—SEE PAGE 139.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

AT the opening of the extra session of Congress the President sent in a brief and business-like message, which simply touched upon the points for which the session had been convened. There was a careful avoidance of all topics that might lead to idle discussion, and of any reference to the heated debates that had interfered with the appropriations that were expected to have been made by the last Congress. The entire tone of the message was pacific, and as such was calculated to remove any obstacle to the legislation now needed. This was well and wisely done. The example of the Executive is worthy of imitation by the legislative branch, and we trust soon to record the accomplishment of the purposes of this session and the peaceful adjournment of both Houses. This is the result which the people most desire.

In behalf of the appropriations needed by the Army, the President has made a reasonable and cogent appeal. He represents that it would be ungenerous in the extreme to dally with pledges made to men whom the country constantly places in peril of their lives. The army has had no easy task of it during the past season. There have been wars and rumors of wars all along the Western border. The quiet elements that are in constant agitation at the Southwest have shown unusual activity of late, so much so, indeed, as to threaten to embroil us with the neighboring Republic of Mexico. The red men, too, have been in the field, and not only have fought with desperation, but have compelled our pursuing troops to follow them up, by almost endless forced marches, through a wild and desolate country. There is little encouragement enough in this sort of warfare at the best of times, and when the soldier engages in it with a consciousness that his pay is far in arrears, and that he must continue to deny himself the little comforts he has fairly earned, he may be forgiven if he has no great stomach for fight. The President has been a soldier, and knows just how much vexation is attendant on the continued absence of the paymaster. He speaks, therefore, with some of the sympathetic feeling born of experience when he makes his generous plea for justice in behalf of the nation's defenders. His language on this point has already struck a responsive chord in the hearts of our people.

In advising Congress to remit to a future occasion the discussion over the question of keeping the army at its present maximum strength of twenty-five thousand, Mr. Hayes exhibits rare good sense. The decrease or increase of our forces forms no part of the question at issue. All that is to be settled now is whether the soldiers of the United States shall be paid the wages they have fairly earned, or whether they shall again be told that they must wait until the politicians have decided certain problems of the future. It would seem incredible that any man possessed of the spirit of justice could hesitate for a moment as to how he ought to vote. Yet partisanship is a giant force, and the President seems to have been aware of this when he asked separate consideration of the question of paying a debt and of future engagement of services. It is a happy thing for the country that the message just received by Congress has eliminated the question at issue so successfully, and the country will exceedingly regret any injudicious mingling of extraneous matters with it. No doubt there will yet be a bitter debate in Congress over the question of increasing the army, but there is no excuse of dragging it up for discussion at this point. Its consideration can only provoke a lamentable display of partisanship, and serve to rekindle fires that have now sunk into ashes.

Whatever else may be said of the Administration, its policy is unquestionably one of peace. This is not a peace of mere words and oratory, but one that has already been carried out practically in action. The olive branch at Washington is no longer a figure of speech but a fact. What, then, shall be said of the man, or the faction, that ignores this position of affairs and

insists that the old quarrels shall be revived? Though the President's Message be searched with the severest scrutiny, there will not be found one word but that is in the interest of peace. In this it echoes the sentiments of the masses. Our merchants, manufacturers and workmen are heartily wearied of the very name of strife. Just at this time they are delighted to find that the industries of the land are actually beginning to revive from their long-continued depression, and they are alive with encouragement. For the continuance of this auspicious state of affairs peace is absolutely necessary, and the highest patriotism therefore holds him to be a traitor to the best interests of his native land who allows himself to perpetuate sectional strife, or in any way delay the complete triumph of the policy of pacification. This is the sort of utterance heard every day in business circles. It meets with quiet but firm indorsement wherever men are found intent on restoring the waste and ruin of the past, and it can neither be ignored nor disregarded. Evidently the President was fully aware of it when he penned his message and was intent on obeying the popular mandate, and it is hoped that Congress is equally well-informed and as determined on this point. The material interests of the country must not at this crisis be wantonly sacrificed to individual ambition or factional hate. On the other hand, if Congress promptly seizes the occasion and makes the most of it, the advent of the day of full prosperity will be materially hastened.

The recommendation which the President's Message makes in regard to the French Exposition of next year ought to receive thorough consideration. It is a simple business proposition which requires no argument. There can be no question that the commercial interests of the United States will be largely enhanced by our participation, as a nation, in this friendly international contest of skill. There was a time when French goods had a wide circle of customers in this country, and nothing American was thought much of in Paris. Now all this is changed. Our workmen have learned to compete with those of any country of the Old World, and at advantageous rates. Merchants from Paris who within the year past have visited the United States in order to see at what profit they could place their goods here, have been astonished to find that it would pay them better to leave their own wares at home and import our manufactures into France. Such being the case, it is, of course, highly important that our industrial interests should be properly represented at the Exposition of 1878 in order that they may receive inspection and invite future orders. To refuse to do this would be a virtual theft from our own pockets and a most mistaken economy. Our food supplies now going rapidly abroad should be followed by our manufactures. It is a royal road to wealth, and lies broadly open to this young and enterprising nation.

There is thus a grand opportunity for Congress to set the wheels of industry in motion and secure to our long-burdened people the substantial rewards that always crown a lasting peace. The President's message has clearly indicated the manner in which the occasion may best be utilized for this purpose. If the national legislature will heed the desires of President and people, we shall all owe its members a lasting debt of gratitude. One or two clouds of partisan contest have appeared upon the legislative horizon, and individuals whose ambitious proclivities are well known have sought by factional efforts to make themselves conspicuous, but we have hope in the common sense of the majority and the prevalence of peaceful counsels. Any disposition to persist in a course that is manifestly freighted with mischief for the masses will elicit so strong a popular protest as must make itself effectively heard in the halls of Congress. This is a day of peace and industry. The people have so willed it, and their representatives must bow to the fiat.

AN OBELISK FOR NEW YORK.

GOOD things sometimes come to cities as to men, all of a sudden. In a recent number we gave an account of the famous Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, which last week was reported to have foundered on its way to London. After our article was in type the *World* informed the public on the authority of Mr. Dixon, the English engineer who undertook to convey Cleopatra's Needle to English shores, that the Khédive of Egypt would gladly present to New York another obelisk from Alexandria, the companion in size and age of the shaft over whose hoped-for accession the Londoners are so justly proud. The suggestion was received with immediate favor, and two or three gentlemen at once offered to contribute toward the very considerable sum necessary for its removal. Within a week, however, a single citizen of New York, whose name the *World* with-

held to give the entire amount necessary for the transportation and erection of the noble monument, provided Mr. Dixon, the English contractor, would undertake its removal. Mr. Henry G. Stebbins, formerly President of the Department of Public Parks, will represent the liberal donor, who, the *World* informs us, is a genuine New Yorker, of New York, a citizen identified by the name he bears not less than by the vast interests which he controls with the history of the commercial greatness of the metropolis and with its present and future prosperity. After this it is easy to guess that Mr. William H. Vanderbilt is the man to whom we are indebted for the generous offer. It will be curious if, as one London citizen, Mr. Erasmus Wilson, assumes the sole cost of removing Cleopatra's Needle to London, a single New Yorker should confer a precisely similar favor on our own city, for we shall have an obelisk not inferior in size, preservation or historic interest to the obelisk of Luxor, in Paris, or Cleopatra's Needle, in London—a stone on which, as the *Tribune* points out, it is not only probable, but absolutely certain, that Moses and Aaron have looked. The value of such a monument as a public educator cannot be overestimated, especially in a city whose business activity is supposed to crowd out of mind the rich suggestions of the past.

Discussion has already begun concerning the location of the obelisk, and very properly, for it might easily be put in an out-of-the-way place, or one in which the changes in population might leave it stranded. In London all the papers have been discussing a similar problem, and no less interest will be awakened here. It seems to be generally conceded that an open square, with a framework of surrounding buildings, is the fit site, and not the less interrupted landscape of the Central Park. The Park, furthermore, is getting to be the general receptacle of such art treasures as we have, and, though visited daily by great numbers of people, is not so frequented in any particular part as are the down-town squares. Of the latter, the Bowling Green is too small and too far removed from the centre of the city; Washington Square is on one side, and is skirted by no conspicuous buildings, save the University and church, of little architectural beauty; and there is no room in front of the City Hall. Either Union or Madison Squares would do, though the almost necessary removal of the Worth Monument in the latter would be distasteful, for it has obtained the considerable antiquity for New York of a quarter of a century. The suggestion which thus far seems most feasible is that, upon the probable demolition of the now superfluous distributing-tank in Reservoir Square, the obelisk be erected in the middle of the enlarged inclosure. The site is lofty, the situation is central, and the upward tendency of population will doubtless cause new and finer buildings to be erected in the neighborhood, especially under the incentive which the obelisk itself would offer.

It has been the custom to speak of New York as sadly deficient in art monuments, and even in art resources. But the reproach is really superannuated, though much still remains to be done. It is the only city in the country which is to-day an art centre, whether in painting, music or architecture. It is the seat of the National Academy of Design, it is the home of opera, and it is a treasure-house for money-making artists in all senses of the word. As a centre of art education, which it must be more and more each year, it will depend upon museums, galleries, and outdoor monuments on the one hand, and various schools on the other. Boston at present has a better art museum building than New York, but our Metropolitan Museum already possesses the superior collection, and its increased facilities in its new up-town home will be complemented by an additional excellence in its contents. The Spring exhibition at the Academy, the gallery at the Historical Society, and the by no means inconsiderable collections on sale at the principal stores, supplement this central headquarters of art, to which the several private collections are also virtual adjuncts. Last year's Loan Exhibition showed the extent and value of the latter. When the new Art Museum and the Museum of Natural History are completed, their united cost will be more than six millions of dollars. The Lenox Library, in the neighborhood, has cost nearly a million more, exclusive of its books; and each of the three will aid the others. Together they will form a sort of public university, and the establishment of schools in connection with them is quite possible. But art schools follow art resources quite as much as they create them, and there is no need of hurry in their establishment. As for statues and busts, the principal ones now standing in New York are Washington, Lincoln and Lafayette, in Union Square; Seward in Madison Square, and Shakespeare, Schiller, Goethe, Scott, S. F. B. Morse, William Cullen Bryant, Daniel Webster, Fitz-Greene Halleck and several excellent groups or imaginary figures in the Central Park. In the above list are eight

Americans and four foreigners, so that the common idea that we neglect our own celebrities is incorrect. To this list should be added the delayed but not problematical Bartholdi statue of Liberty for Bedloe's Island. There are some poor statues among the above, but the average is respectable, and those yet to come, in rapid succession, will profit by the errors of their predecessors. One new department of sculpture has been more cultivated in Massachusetts than in New York—the massive statuary of the order of the Sphinx in Mount Auburn Cemetery, or the Faith Monument, at Plymouth, both of which are cut from Hallowell granite. But while we have as yet the foundation for no over-weening conceit over the art achievements of the national metropolis, there is sufficient ground for a modest pride in the present and a pretty confident hope for the future.

THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE election which took place in France on Sunday the 14th inst., while resulting in a gain of forty seats for the Government, must be accepted as a victory for the Republicans. The French people have by their votes rebuked the Administration for the dissolution of the Chambers on May 16th, for, of the 363 members of the old Chamber who voted non-confidence in the cabinet of Marshal MacMahon, nearly 300 have been returned, giving the Republicans in the new Assembly a majority of 130 or over. That this majority is less than was hoped for by the Republican leaders, and promised by M. Gambetta, is a source of regret to the opponents of the Government, though at the same time they feel that the Conservatives have received a severe check. When viewed in connection with the efforts put forth by the Administration to prevent the success of the Radicals, the result of the election is somewhat astonishing. In 512 of the 532 electoral districts the Government announced candidates, of whom 298 were Bonapartists, 131 Legitimists, and 83 Orleanists. The official indorsement of the Government is, for a candidate in France, a very important advantage, and never so much so as it was during the recent election, because that country has never before had a Government which, though in name Republican, resorted to such desperate means to influence the elections. For the first time, we believe, in the history of France, the severest pressure was brought by the Government upon its subordinates and officials, who were warned that any failure to fully support the "Marshal's policy" would be considered a betrayal of official duty, justifying the extremist disfavor. Thousands of officials were removed to help the Government's cause, and even the prayers of the Church were officially commanded for it. The Press was restricted to the narrowest range of criticism, and persecutions were numerous. The circulation of journals which were disapproved was checked and embarrassed, and even news-agents and distributors were prosecuted, and the same rigorous repression was exercised towards those who ventured to support the opposition candidates by word of mouth. Public meetings were practically forbidden, for if held they were under the surveillance of officers and government spies, who, on the utterance of a remark antagonistic to the Government or its candidates, dissolved the meeting "in the name of the law." Clubs, *cafés* and even highways were subjected to espionage, and offensive words used in conversation were made the basis of a legal prosecution. In a word, nothing like freedom of speech or of public discussion existed in France, except for the official candidates and their advocates and followers. A manifesto was issued by Marshal MacMahon, announcing the names of his candidates and demanding their support, at the same time assailing the Republicans and denouncing them as "radicals." Strangely enough this manifesto, which was not drawn up till after the death of M. Thiers, was ably and fully answered and its effect counteracted by a counter-manifesto written by the ex-President of the French Republic, before his decease, but not published until some time after. M. Thiers refutes, in his paper, every argument advanced by the Marshal, and shows clearly the conservatism of the dissolved Chamber. The disgraceful course adopted by the Government is further evidenced by its promulgating an order prohibiting the sale of the address by the news-vendors. What the final result of the election will be it is difficult to foretell. The public pulse in France to-day beats quickly, and is indicative of a feverish state of society, which may yet involve the new Republic in serious turmoil. The future action of the Government will, in a great measure, determine the question whether France will again become the scene of political disruption and riot. At all events, it is unlikely that any serious difficulty will arise until after the election of the 1,500 *Conseillers d'Arrondissement* and *Conseillers Généraux*, which will take place on the 4th of November, three days before

the meeting of the Chamber. That all the machinery of the Government will be used to influence those elections there can be no doubt, as they are of enormous importance. The *Conseillers Généraux* and *Conseillers d'Arrondissement*, together with delegates of the municipalities, are the electors of the Senate; and as a third of the Senate retires in 1879, if that election returns a Republican majority the monarchial parties will be entirely defeated. As a loss of eleven of the Senators will lose to the MacMahon party the control of the Senate, no means will be left untried by the Administration to secure the elections on the 4th of November in their favor. If they succeed in that, then it will be within the power of the Government to again dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, and call for a new election. If the decision of the matter rested exclusively in the discretion of the President of the Republic, it is questionable whether he would adopt so unwise a plan; but surrounded as he is by men who will put upon the result interpretations that must present, in the most offensive form, the pitiful point of dignity, he may be urged by them to a further prosecution of their policy of agitation. This is the more likely as the first formal act of the Chamber, after organization, will be a vote of want of confidence in the Ministry. That will present squarely to the Executive the issue between him and the Chamber, and will leave him the alternative of accepting a Republican Ministry or defying the nation. Whatever may be the course adopted, the stability of the Republic cannot be doubted; for however united the Monarchists may be, in their opposition to the followers of Thiers, in a question to change the form of the Government of France the Bonapartists, Legitimists and Orleanists would each take different sides. The only possible alternative to the Republic now is the Empire, and the Empire is quite as much dreaded by the Orleanists as the Republicans, and nearly as much by the Legitimists.

AMERICA AND THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

AN important meeting of manufacturers, merchants and leading citizens interested in the welfare of our country was recently held at New York, for the appointment of committees and the consideration of ways and means to secure a proper representation at the Paris Exposition of 1878. The meeting was largely attended, and after free and full discussion a general national committee was appointed to act provisionally until Congress has passed the necessary resolutions of acceptance of the French invitation, and shall have made adequate appropriation. The rule of the French Commission provides that no applications for space will be considered unless they come through the official representative of the nation to which the proposed exhibitor belongs. Until our Government appoints such an officer, it is not possible for American exhibitors to hold any correspondence with the authorities of the Exposition, or to secure space for their products. Mr. Coudert, the chairman of the meeting, explained the awkward condition of affairs in our country, chiefly due to an exciting political period, and endeavored to secure some modification of the stringent regulations of the commissioner-general. He was so far successful as to obtain the promise of the Duke Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, that, "if the United States Ambassador takes under his protection the applications of his countrymen, he (the Duke) will receive their demands and act upon them." This concession was a great departure from the usual custom provided in such cases, and goes to show a great friendliness and courtesy on the part of the French Government towards this country. It greatly simplifies matters, and would enable the United States to be represented even if Congress neglects to act in the matter.

It should be the duty of the national committee appointed at the New York meeting to endeavor to influence Congress to take immediate action, either authorizing the president to instruct our Minister in Paris to take charge of the applications or to empower him to appoint a suitable commission from this country to have the direction of the whole business. The latter would be the preferable course, and would be in accordance with the usage of other nations. This committee ought also to strive to create a healthy public sentiment on the importance of having our country properly represented in Paris. It is a committee of ways and means, and from its ability and eminent respectability it ought to exert great influence both upon Congress and the country. As soon as Congress acts in the premises, as it is safe to presume they will speedily do, there will remain another important step to be taken by the Commissioner-General, whoever he may be. Our representative at the Exposition ought immediately to appoint an advisory committee to aid him in the selection and rejection of

articles offered for exhibition, and also to select the proper jurymen to serve as judges of award from this country. Nothing should be permitted to go from this country unless it has passed the ordeal of the advisory committee of experts. There would be no end to the confusion that would arise if every producer and every inventor were to be indiscriminately allowed to send his wares directly to Paris. The fame of our country as the producer of Yankee notions might be increased by such a course, but the solid worth of our manufactures would be damaged by such contact. At the time of the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, the advisory committee decided upon what articles should be accepted and what should be rejected, and, although their action was necessarily hasty and sometimes superficial, they succeeded in weeding out many discreditable objects, and thus giving to the exhibition a truly representative character.

According to the French system, all of the articles to be exhibited are classified under twenty groups. It will be the duty of the Commissioner-General to select twenty gentlemen, one for each of these groups, to whom can be confided the organization of group committees of experts, to pass upon all the articles offered for exhibition. The advisory committee of twenty would act without compensation, and their services cannot be dispensed with. Very much will depend upon the wisdom displayed in the selection. They must none of them be exhibitors, and all must be men of superior attainments in their respective departments and of unimpeachable character.

Another very delicate duty will devolve upon the Commissioner-General in which he will require the aid of his advisory committee, namely, the selection of the jurymen to represent this country on the Board of Awards in Paris. It will be permitted to each nation to nominate a certain number of jurors, and the selection of the proper persons will devolve upon the Commissioner-General appointed by the respective governments. Since the jury system was established in England there has been much dissatisfaction in reference to it in consequence of the intrigues of certain unprincipled persons to pack it with men of their own selection, and thus to forestall its action. Hence the necessity of proceeding with great caution in the choice of members. The expenses of the jurymen ought to be borne by the governments, so that the ablest men can be induced to accept the responsible position. Congress ought to provide for the transportation of the goods to Paris, for the expenses of the Commissioner-General, for the care and protection of the property in Paris, for its return to this country, for the expenses of the jury, and for the publication of their reports, all of which to be of any avail must be done quickly.

NOTES OF COMMENTS.

THE 1878 EXPOSITION.—The Paris Universal Exhibition Building for the exhibition of 1878 is being pushed rapidly to completion by the French Government, and already has a grand appearance. The Great Hall is completed up to the springing of the iron-roof trusses, and more than three-quarters of the iron and glass roofing over the industrial galleries on the Champ de Mars has been completed. In the centre of the building is a wide open-air avenue, in which will be placed the fine art galleries. It was at first thought that there would be no necessity for annexes, but the idea has been given up and the Champ de Mars will be more crowded with supplementary buildings than it was in 1867. Half of the space of the Grand Vestibule will be used for the exhibition of the presents received by the Prince of Wales during his visit to India.

A LARGE PRIZE.—The State Department at Washington has received from our Consul-General at Calcutta a circular issued by the Government of India, offering a prize of £5,000 for the best, and another of £1,000 for the second best, machine or process for the preparation of the rhea or ramie fibre. The Indian Government is anxious that full publicity may be given to these offers in the United States, with the hope that American competitors may enter the list for the prizes. What is required is a machine or process capable of producing by animal, water or steam-power, a ton of dressed fibre at a total cost of not more than £15, laid down at any port in India, and at a cost of not more than £30 in England. The trial of machines will take place at Sehaumpoor, Northwestern Provinces, in August and September, 1879. The machines must be on the ground ready for work on the 15th of August in that year.

THE CAPTIVE CHIEF.—Now that Chief Joseph has been captured, the question arises: What to do with him? The Nez Percés war was not an ordinary Indian outbreak, but was in a large degree based upon principles which the Government cannot consistently ignore. The Indian leader, too, earned consideration for himself, as is well put in the following editorial comment by the *New York Sun*: "Before Joseph's band became so worn down as to fall a prey to Miles, a good many of the leading army officers at the Northwest had a chance to fight him, and in going to shear came back shorn. Whether it was Howard or Gibbon or Sturgis, or any of the minor officers who went at him, Joseph threw them off with heavy loss. He certainly proved himself worthy of whatever Indian trippery may denote a major-general's stars among

white men. It is no doubt within bounds to say that before Joseph was run to earth he repulsed at least five times as many soldiers as his own band numbered; and these fell upon him in fresh installments, some being ahead on his trail and waiting for him so as to attack him in front or flank. But they were all successively driven back, and forced to join the hue and cry in Joseph's rear. He deserves the treatment of a brave and a wronged enemy, overcome, at last, by superior numbers."

AMERICANIZING JAPAN.—Our representative in Japan has sent to Washington the first annual report of the Sapporo Agricultural College, situated in the capital of the province of Hokkaido. Minister Bingham writes that: "In accepting and adopting our ideas and improvements, Japan would also seem to have adopted the go-ahead spirit of our people. No stronger proof of this need be given than is furnished by this report. The college was only formerly opened in August, 1876, and now comes the annual report in the clearest type and tersest English, beautifully tinted paper, etc., a pamphlet of 148 pages, full of information, bearing the most incontestible proof of the success of the undertaking and the scientific and practical spirit in which Japan proposes to educate the rising generation in agriculture, combining all that is good in the old with all that is best in the new." Professor Clark, a native of the United States, was appointed director of the college for the first year, and much of the credit for the success of the institution is undoubtedly due to him, as was fully acknowledged by the Japanese authorities on his retirement therefrom at the expiration of his term of employment. All the farm utensils, machines, implements, as well as seeds, etc., were purchased in the United States, and all the surveys, planting, draining and beautifying were carried out under the direction of Professor Wheeler. Every department which characterized the most advanced agricultural colleges of the United States or Europe is here fully in operation."

A SOCIALIST CONGRESS.—The Socialists have been showing signs of renewed activity by holding a Congress of the International at Ghent, in Belgium, consisting of about forty delegates, representing branches in all parts of Europe and in the United States. The discussions seem to have been attended with considerable difficulty, owing to the want of a common language, but in one way or another all were made acquainted with what was going on. The executive committee and the headquarters of the association are in Chicago, it appears, and a long communication from the committee, containing an account of the late strike here and its cause, was read by the secretary. It wound up by saying that "great changes are proceeding in public opinion here," and that "it is evident to all that the false Republic cannot last much longer in its present form," and that "unless the Socialistic movement shall reform it, a monarchy, or rather an oligarchy, will be established in a few years"—which brings it very near. The platform adopted by the Congress was the old one, which may be said in general terms to consist in the overthrow of all existing institutions. The fundamental plank is, however, the abolition of private property, and the "expropriation" of land, machinery, implements, capital, and all by the State or "Commune." The new and appalling difficulty in the way of human regeneration which this plan raises—that of getting the owners of property to give it up—and which may be said to be the greatest ever encountered by reformers in any age, was not treated at all in the discussions.

THE WAR IN ASIA MINOR.—After all, it has turned out that this year's campaign in Armenia did not come to an end with the battle fought in the first week of October, and the repulse of General Melikoff's army has been followed by an important Russian victory. Mukhtar Pasha, after baffling the combined attack made on him on October 3d, found his positions too much extended and too feebly protected, possibly owing to fresh reinforcements received by General Melikoff. He, therefore, early on October 9th, began a contraction of his lines, abandoning the advanced position at and in the rear of Kiziltepe, and withdrawing his right wing toward the Aladja Dagh, a range extending southeast of Kars to near the banks of the frontier river Arpa Tchah. This movement being soon perceived by the Russians, they attacked Mukhtar's army during its execution, and a severe fight is reported to have taken place in the afternoon of Tuesday, ending with the repulse of the assailants and the occupation of the new position by the Turks. The Russians subsequently occupied most of the ground fought for on October 3d and 4th, including the Yagni Hills, and, preparatory to a new attack, sent General Lazareff on a turning movement south of the Aladja Dagh. He found the enemy in strong force before him, and asked for aid. Instead of sending him reinforcements, the Russians, on the morning of Monday, October 15th, attacked Mukhtar in front, from the northwest, and stormed the Aladja Dagh, "capturing many guns and prisoners," and driving Mukhtar "from the road to Kars." He is reported to have retreated in disorder, and to be hotly pursued.

DEPARTMENT DISCREPANCIES.—A Washington correspondent urges that one of the reforms upon which Congress ought to insist during the next session, is uniformity in keeping accounts in the different departments of the Government. Under the present system, the accounts of the Treasury Department, showing the disbursements under several heads, made under the direction of the other departments, does not agree by thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands of dollars, with the reports made by the departments themselves. For instance, a warrant may be drawn in the Treasury Department against the Bureau of Provisions and Clothing of the Navy, and when the money reaches the Navy Department a different system of book-keeping may cause a portion of this sum to be charged up to an account having another name, so that while the Treasury accounts at the close of the year may show a given amount as having been expended for that bureau, the ac-

counts of the bureau itself represent a considerably smaller expenditure. Another cause of apparent discrepancies is the failure of the several departments to report the sums of money held by disbursing agents at the end of the fiscal year. It has been suggested that Congress shall pass a law requiring each department to make up a balance sheet for the [previous] fiscal year by the 1st of October, showing the exact amount expended under each head, the amount of money on hand and in the possession of disbursing agents and others, and that this account be so kept as to make it correspond with the accounts kept at the Treasury Department of warrants drawn and drafts paid. Under such regulations as these it would be possible for a committee of Congress, or for any one desiring to investigate the expenditure of public money, to trace each appropriation through the Treasury Department, and through the department under whose direction it is expended, even to its final disbursement.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

A MONUMENT to Roger Williams was dedicated at Providence, R. I., on the 16th.

THE corner-stone of the monument commemorating the surrender of the British under General Burgoyne, at Saratoga Plains, was laid on the 17th.

A GENERAL strike of cigar-makers for higher wages occurred in New York on the 15th, and it was estimated that over 20,000 men and women ceased work.

AN excitement occurred in Wall Street, New York, on the 16th, by the report that George T. Plume had misappropriated nearly \$400,000 belonging to the Lamont estate, of which he was a trustee.

IN his testimony before the Aldermanic Committee, on the 17th, William M. Tweed stated that at no time had he been worth over \$3,000,000, and that his total present property would not exceed in value \$5,000.

GENERAL JOHN M. HARLIN, ex-Attorney-General of Kentucky, was nominated by the President for Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court to succeed Judge Davis, elected United States Senator from Illinois.

DURING the week ending Saturday, October 20th, the price of gold in New York fluctuated as follows: Monday, 103½ @ 103½; Tuesday, 103½ @ 102½; Wednesday, 102½ @ 102½; Thursday, 102½ @ 102½; Friday, 102½ @ 102½; Saturday, 102½ @ 102½.

BOTH Houses of Congress met in extra session on Monday, October 15th. In the SENATE Messrs. Matthews (Ohio), Cameron (Pennsylvania), and Armstrong, Missouri, were sworn in, and the case of the Louisiana contestants, Messrs. Spofford and Kellogg, was debated, and a resolution to admit the former was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections. Resolutions were introduced providing for a committee of seven to consider the law relating to Presidential elections, a committee to investigate the financial reports of the Treasury Department, and a third to remove the records stored in the upper part of the old Capitol. A resolution instructing the Committee on Pensions to take into consideration the expediency of abolishing pension agencies was adopted. Reports of appropriations and expenditures for the army and navy were called for, and bills were offered for the repeal of the Iron-clad Oath Act and the Bankruptcy Act. In the HOUSE, Samuel J. Randall was elected Speaker; George M. Adams, Clerk; John G. Thompson, Sergeant-at-Arms; John W. Polk, Doorkeeper; James M. Stewart, Postmaster; and the Rev. John Poisel, D. D., Chaplain. Messrs. Rainey and Cain (of South Carolina), Darrell, Elam and Robertson (of Louisiana), and Pacheco (of California), were admitted. On Monday the House adjourned until Saturday to enable the Speaker to make up the list of committees. The President's Message was read in each House on Tuesday. It called for an appropriation for the War Department, according to the estimates, of \$32,436,704; for adjudicating cases under the Court of Claims, \$1,206,453; for divers miscellaneous deficiencies in the Treasury Department, \$273,891; for printing stamps in the Post Office Department, \$700,000; for the deficiency of navy pay, \$2,008,861; and for contingent expenses of United States Courts, \$262,535. The President recommended that measures be taken to secure proper representation of American industries at the Paris Exposition, and to enable the United States to be represented in the International Prison Congress to be held next year in Stockholm.

Foreign.

THE last engagement in the Japanese rebellion occurred on September 24th, at the point where the insurrection was started.

OWING to a revival of a claim of sovereignty by China, which has been dormant twenty years, a war with Siam is anticipated.

SIR JOHN BENNETT was rejected the third time by the Board of Aldermen of London, which will choose an alderman in his place.

SENOR MACHIDA, President of the Cuban Chambers, and Señor Larran, Cuban Secretary of War, are reported to have been among the killed, in a recent dash by Spanish troops near Puerto Principe.

THE steamer towing the Egyptian obelisk to England was obliged to abandon it during the severe gale of the 14th, off Cape Finisterre. Subsequently the English steamer *Fitzmaurice* recovered it ninety miles north of Ferrol, Spain.

THE Russians moved on Kars on the 17th. Reinforcements of 40,000 fresh troops were received by the army in Asia during the last six weeks. In consequence of the defeat of Mukhtar Pasha, Ismail Pasha withdrew his entire army to the heights of Zar, near the frontier.

THE latest returns of the elections in France, on the 14th, show that 314 Republicans and 201 Conservatives were elected, giving a Republican loss of 52 and a Conservative gain of 34. Further balloting will be necessary in several districts. The Cabinet decided to remain in office.

THE Turks under Mukhtar Pasha suffered a terrible defeat on the 15th, near Kars, losing all the advantages gained during the Summer. The Russians claim to have captured thirty-two battalions of Turks, four brigades of artillery, 100 officers and 2,000 horses. Among the killed are a son of the Circassian chieftain Schamyl, and the Turkish general of cavalry, Moussa Pasha. The Russians estimate the total Turkish loss at about 16,000 men, together with great stores of munitions and provisions.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 139.



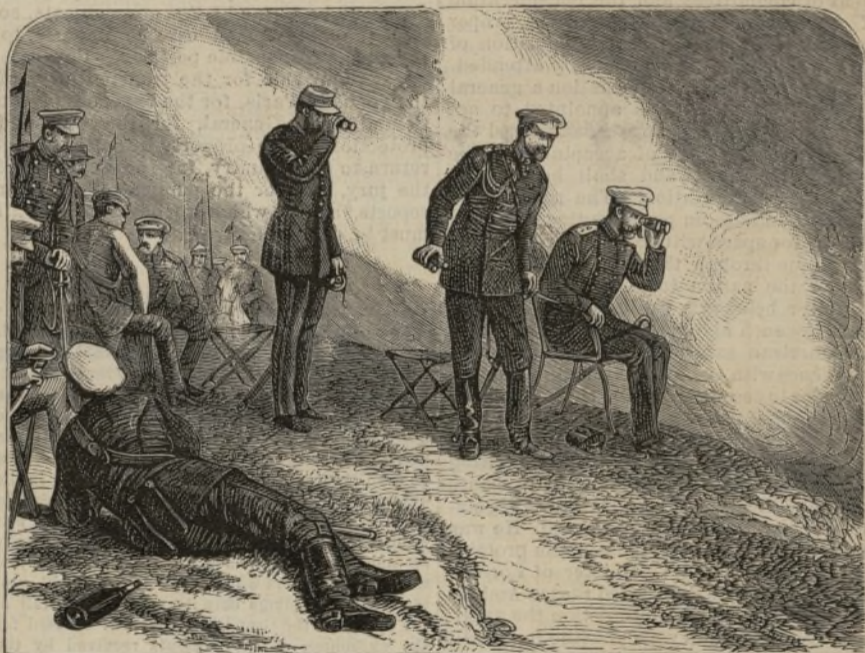
BULGARIA.—THE BULGARIAN LEGION DEFENDING THE TURKISH LUNETTE IN THE SHIPKA PASS, AUGUST 23D.



BULGARIA.—TRANSPORTING SUPPLIES FOR THE RUSSIANS AT SHIPKA, UNDER THE FIRE OF THE TURKS.



BULGARIA.—EXPLOSION OF RUSSIAN TORPEDOES, IN THE ASSAULT ON FORT ST. NICHOLAS.



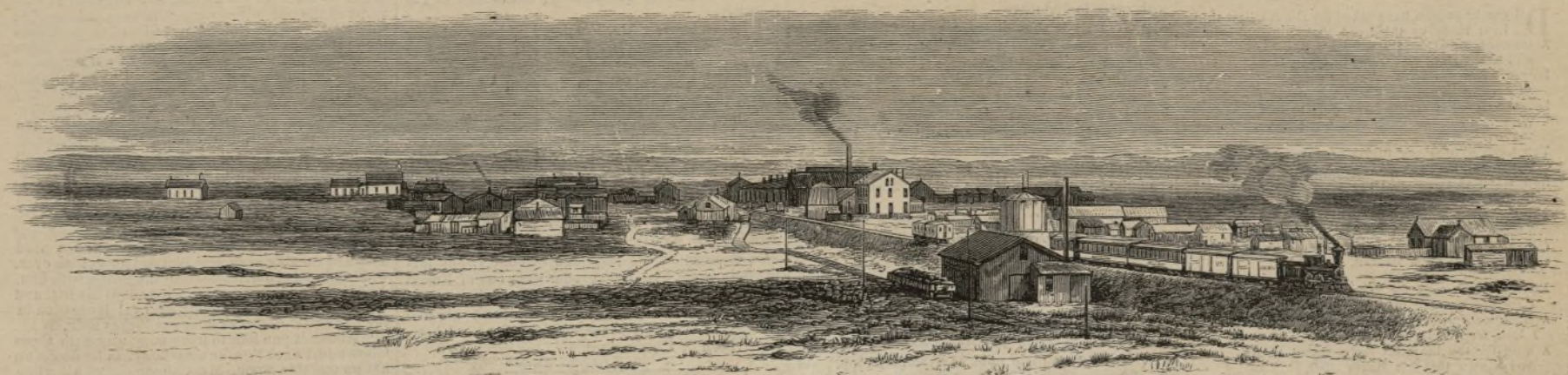
BULGARIA.—THE CZAR OF RUSSIA AND STAFF WATCHING THE ATTACK ON PLEVNA.



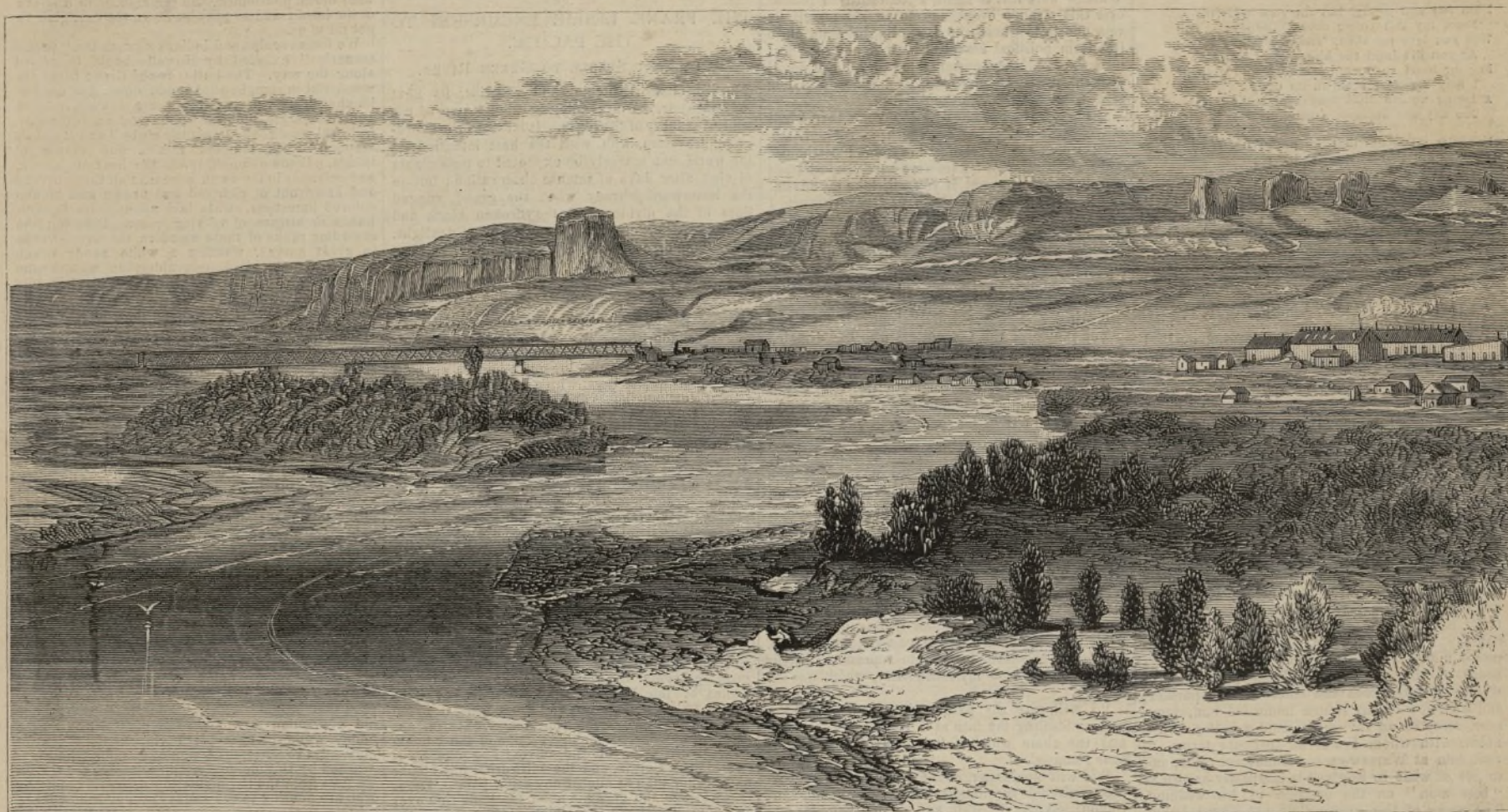
BULGARIA.—A RUSSIAN ENCAMPMENT IN A TURKISH GRAVEYARD.



ROUMANIA.—PARADING CAPTURED TURKISH CANNON BEFORE THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, IN BUCHAREST.



RAWLINS—A COMMUNITY OF RAILROAD EMPLOYÉS.



THE BUTTES OF THE GREEN RIVER VALLEY.



TWENTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENT—PASSENGERS VISITING THE CALIFORNIA LIONS AT GREEN RIVER STATION.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL FROM FORT STEELE TO GREEN RIVER,
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 133.

MY ANSWER.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above:
A woman's heart, and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?
Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have died to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Men like you have questioned me,
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul,
Until I shall question thee.
You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts be whole;
I require your heart to be as true as God's stars,
And as pure as is Heaven, your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef:
I require a much greater thing—
A seamstress you're wanting for socks and shirts—
I look for a man and a king—
A king for the beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that his Maker, God,
Shall look upon as He did on the first,
And say, "It is very good!"

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From my soft young cheek one day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the blossoms of May?
Is your heart an ocean, so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell,
The day she becomes a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.
You cannot be this—a laundress and cook
You can hire—and little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life,
Are not to be won that way.

UNDER RUSSIAN ESCORT.

"No, no, thank you! Never mind me! I can find my way well enough to the Nobles' Club on foot, and I'll wait for you there, if you like, Ladislav, after you have seen the ladies safely home."

So saying, I wrapped my furred coat more closely around me, and, lifting my hat in parting salutation to the occupants of the carriage, turned away. The blackness of the night, as I traversed the wide, ill-lighted streets, seemed all the darker by contrast with the bright, warm theatre from which I had just emerged. The crisp snow crackled beneath my feet, and a few drops of premonitory sleet lashed my face as I set out, and gave warning of a coming storm, while the cold was intense—more bitter, as it seemed to me, than any which I had experienced during the two winters I had spent in the Russian capital. My own name was Hugh Forster, and I had just completed a two years' probation in the counting-house of the wealthy St. Petersburg firm, of which my father was the chief London partner, and was now on my return home. I had, however, accepted an invitation from a young Polish noble, with whom I was on intimate terms, to visit him at Warsaw on my homeward route, and to act as what in England is familiarly known as "best man" on the occasion of his wedding. The name of this young Pole was Count Ladislav Poniatowski; the marriage was to take place on the morrow; and I had just accompanied the bride and bridegroom elect, with the old Princess Sapieha, aunt to my friend, and mother to Made-moiselle Marie, to the theatre, where an unusually good performance had attracted half Warsaw.

The carriage-lamps flashed past me as the long line of equipages drove rapidly off, moving over the snow with that swift, silent motion, which always appears so strange and ghostly to a traveler familiar with the rattle of wheels over a stone pavement, and the sleet began to fall more thickly. Suddenly it occurred to me that I was followed. Two tall figures, muffled up with even more precaution than the sharp cold dictated, appeared to dog my steps, regulating their pace by mine, and keeping always at the same distance from me, whatever my rate of progression. Thinking I might be mistaken, I sauntered so that the tall man might have a chance of passing me. Those behind me also diminished their speed. I stepped out briskly, but in vain. My pursuers were not to be shaken off.

It did not occur to me that my pertinacious followers were thieves. Street robberies, once unheard of, are still rare within the Russian dominions. I was more inclined to believe that this pursuit was a mere freak of some half-intoxicated idlers, and, knowing the magical effect of politeness on the excitable Sarmatian nature, I turned so as to front the two men, and, with ceremonious civility, raised my hat.

"My lords," I said in the best Polish I could muster—every wearer of a cloth coat is "my lord" in Warsaw or Cracow—"I fear you have mistaken—"

"No mistake at all!" interrupted the taller of the two, speaking in French. "We know you, monsieur. Call them, Imkoff!"

His companion raised his fingers to his mouth, and gave a long, shrill whistle. It was answered instantly, and then came the sound of hurrying feet and the clash of weapons, and I was surrounded and seized by several men, some of whom were evidently police, while others were soldiers in gray watch-coats.

"Gag him if he calls for help!" commanded the first speaker, opening his own mantle, and showing the uniform and medaled breast of a Russian major. "Where loiters the sledge?"

As he spoke, my ear caught the jingle of Valdaï bells, and a kibitka drawn by three horses came swiftly up. What wild horsemen, with their fur caps and sheepskin pelisses, a long lance tucked under each right arm, were those who rode to left and right of it? Cossacks, surely.

"In the emperor's name!" said the major, putting his gloved hand on my shoulder, and pushing me towards the sledge.

Stupefied for a moment, I now found my tongue, and vigorously remonstrated, telling my captors that I was an Englishman, a peaceful traveler, and

guiltless of any offense. My plea was received with utter incredulity.

"We are not your dupes, count," said the officer who had been called Imkoff. "You had better give your parole not to attempt resistance, or force us to use violence. In the long journey which—"

"Are you mad, or by what right—" began I, boiling with passion, and making a desperate effort to shake myself free, but, though I dealt a few heavy blows, I was soon overpowered by superior numbers, my wrists were manacled, and I was flung into the kibitka, with a policeman at my side.

"Bon voyage!" sneered the major, as I was dragged away. "Hotter blood than his has cooled, I warrant you, between Siberia and this."

Siberia! The dreadful word sent a chill through my veins, and almost caused me to become insensible to the rapid motion through the air, for the carriage had now started, and at such a pace that the Cossacks of the escort were compelled to keep their wiry little nags at a hand-gallop. As we flew through the deserted streets, and long after the suburbs were cleared and the lights of Warsaw were lost to sight, I continued to ponder over this strange event, and to puzzle myself by vain efforts to guess why I, an Englishman, quite free from political complications of any sort, had been thus suddenly consigned to exile. I had heard of such arrests, but never of a foreigner, still less of a British subject, as their victim.

"This is Stanislawow," said a voice that I had heard before, speaking in French, as the carriage drew up at the door of a low-roofed posthouse, and a fresh relay of horses were harnessed and put to. "And now, count, if you will take my advice, and promise to abstain from useless resistance, I shall be happy to give orders for the removal of that chain around your wrists. Come, come, sir, I make all allowance for your excitement at the outset of the affair, and do not desire to cause you needless annoyance. Should you refuse, your irons must remain on until the Governor of Minsk—"

"Minsk!" I repeated, half stupefied. The junior of the two officers who had arrested me, and who stood beside his reeking horse, smiled.

"It is the nearest fortified place which you will pass," he said; "for I need not tell you, Count Ladislav, that we are anxious to get you safe across the Bug, and out of Poland. Will you give your parole?"

And then flashed upon me, all at once, the key to the enigma that had perplexed me. I had been arrested in the place of my friend and entertainer, whom I suspected, rather than knew, to be mixed up in one of those wide-spreading conspiracies in which Poles are so often concerned, and whose heart I was aware was better than his head. As the glare of the torches fell upon us I could even guess the cause of the mistake, for in the hurry of leaving the theatre I had put on the count's loose overcoat of rich sables instead of my own, while in height and figure we were much alike. I had the presence of mind to repress the indignant protest as to my nationality, which was on my lips.

"I will give my parole, since you ask it," I said, concealing my face as if to hide my emotion, and the chain which fettered my hands was at once removed.

"It will no longer, count, be necessary that an officer should accompany you," said Lieutenant Imkoff, civilly. "Will you drink some brandy before starting? The night is cold, and the stage a long one."

I shook my head, and made no articulate reply, glad as I should have been of the proposed dram of coarse corn-brandy, and chilled as I was by the unusual exposure to the keen night wind. But I feared to show my face, lest the mistake should be found out too soon for my friend's safety. The driver clutched the reins, while a grim Cossack corporal took his seat beside me, in the place lately occupied by the Warsaw police-agent. The other troopers were in their saddles.

"Forward, there! Push on, men!" cried the lieutenant, in Russian, and off we set, amidst howling wind and whirling snowflakes.

It was not until Stanislawow was left behind, and I and my wild guards were far on the road, that I began to reflect that, in providing for the security of Count Ladislav, I had, perhaps, seriously compromised my own. My stratagem had succeeded. My first captors were convinced that it was the rich young Polish landowner whom they had dispatched on the dismal journey to Siberia; and in all likelihood the marriage next morning would take place without interruption, and the newly-wedded pair start for Italy, unsuspecting of the danger which had threatened their happiness with shipwreck at the very outset of life's voyage. Could I but keep up the deception for another twenty-four hours, Ladislav and his bride would be safe across the frontier.

But what would become of me, or how would the Russian authorities regard the author of their discomfiture? True, I had been arrested in sheer ignorance of the blunder which promised to be so profitable to my friend; but I had had a fair chance of declaring who I was, and had chosen willfully, it might be said, to mislead the imperial police. I had heard—most residents in Russia have heard—ugly stories as to what can be done in Muscovy, when it is no longer needful to hide the hand of steel with the glove of velvet. Yet I resolved to play out my part so long as I deemed it indispensable to the safety of Count Ladislav, and manfully addressed myself to confront the hardships of the long and arduous journey that lay before me.

That terrible night, and the dark and stormy day that followed it—I think of them yet as of some hideous dream; of the snow, the cutting blasts, the toil to force a way through the drifts, the black pine-woods, the mounted escort, exchanged at every second stage for fresh Cossacks, and the intensity of the cold, which so benumbed my limbs that, when Minsk was reached, I could not stand, and had to be carried into the presence of the governor, the frozen effigy of a man. Feebly I made my protest. I was Hugh Forster, a British subject. I had broken no law, infringed no rule. I claimed my liberty, and, after a most severe cross-examination and a detention of three days, I obtained it, but only in a qualified form, being sent back, under escort, to Warsaw, and thence, after a

rigorous course of questioning, conducted to the frontier.

"Lucky for you, Mr. Forster," said the superior officer of police, who had kept me in his charge, as I stepped into the railway-carriage, with my through ticket to London between my fingers, "that you are a British subject."

I thought so, too, but argued well for the safety of Count Poniatowski from the very fact of the irritation which the authorities displayed; and, indeed, a year afterwards had the pleasure of receiving the hearty thanks of my friend and his beautiful wife, on the occasion of their visit to England. There had been, I understood, much dismay, and no small apprehensions, when I had been missing at the marriage ceremony, but fortunately bride and bridegroom were out of Russia before the mistake was discovered, and it was not difficult for the count, who henceforth abjured politics, to make his peace with the Czar. I have never been in Russia since.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM FORT STEELE TO GREEN RIVER.

PASSING Fort Steele, and Rawlins, its next neighbor, we are entering upon some of the wildest scenery of the route. It is lost to westward-going travelers, who, with the best intentions in the world, can scarcely be expected to pass nights of vigil after days of intense observation; but on the homeward journey, when the grand, rugged lines of the divides, and the broken bluffs and winding rocky cuts are seen by clear daylight, this sketch of country will be found full of interest and beauty unsurpassed.

Rawlins presents to the curious eye the usual features of severely utilitarian frame houses, the absence of flowers, turf or shrub, and even of a chance or premeditated inclosure where such might be nourished; the invariable fresh paint of the saloons, where all the life of the place seems to concentrate, and the brawny loungers on platforms and in doorways, with a bevy of huge, lumbering Newfoundland and gaunt hounds and overgrown curs sprinkled about to bark at the train. Rawlins is not an exciting place—not even a wicked one; it is simply a decent little town of six hundred souls—chiefly railroad employes—full of talk about mining interests, and prospecting and untold wealth that is going to roll in, from its sulphur springs and beds of soda, when some enterprising party "takes them in hand."

Summit, Separation and Fillmore are passed, and we reach Creston. Three miles west of this insignificant little telegraph station there was once a flag-staff planted to mark the summit—not the highest point, but the central one—of the Rocky Mountains. From the long, gently rolling ridge of this divide you may look away for a moment, east and west, over the sinking undulations of two great slopes, and then the train rushes down-grade, and the eastern slope drops out of sight and is gone, carrying the Black Hills peaks and the domes of the Medicine Bows with it. It is a breezy point in the road, and the sentinel flag-staff was blown down some time since. Storms are frequent and fierce over this section of the "backbone," even when all the surrounding country is sunshiny and clear, and the snowdrifts pile higher and deeper than at almost any other point. Here, in 1872, was the greatest snow-blockade that ever impeded travel on the Union Pacific, when the trains took an enforced rest of seventeen days; and here, for many a mile, the snow-sheds follow closely on each other, and the snow-fences wind beside the track, their long timbers sloping inward at an acute angle. As we roll down the steep grade, the Wind River Mountains rise up in the north, shining white with snows, and far away, down on the western slope, Pilot Butte pricks up its rugged head from the Plains.

For many miles one winds through a barren land of low gray sage and crusted alkali, between red walls of buttes, fast crumbling away into the red sandy soil. The alkali sifts through the air, whitens the dust that is blown through the train, and flavors, with its strong, bitter taste, every drop of water in the artesian wells, and almost every stream which courses the country. These wells are sunk at every station where the great tanks and windmills mark their presence; but the water thus brought to the surface is disagreeable, and even nauseating to the taste and dangerous for the use of engines and boilers, on account of its thick-crusted deposits. The stations along the route are scarcely noticeable in their insignificance. Latham, Washaki (namesake of a Shoshone chief), Red Desert, Tipton, Table Rock and Agate, slip away and leave no other impression behind than that of a brown dot or two in the vast space; and then we rush through a narrow, rocky ravine into the Bit Creek Valley, passing the little stream that winds through it, brackish and undrinkable almost as Dead Sea water, and the small station which has borrowed its name. Then comes mile after mile of bluffs, sharp curves, high hanging ledges of ragged limestone, and long ranks of buttes, thick with grotesque carvings and delicate tracery; more solitary twinkling lights in lonely little telegraph houses; the tall, column-like boulders at Point of Rocks, and the few scattered houses, remnants of what was once a fast little town before it gave up the ghost. Thayer and Salt Wells, Baxter and Rock Springs and Lawrence come and go, and as the dawn widens and brightens, and the sun rises for the fourth time since we left Omaha behind us, we roll, rejoicing, into the Green River Valley.

"There's mighty pretty scenery through yere, ladies," we hear Howells remarking, condescendingly, as he shuffles down the aisles between the double row of green curtains. This announcement is sure to produce an agitation behind the said curtains; the nobler sex, already stirring, is scarcely presentable before the ladies emerge, eager and smiling, from their toilet mysteries, and we all meet in the hastily arranged sections where Howells and his coadjutor are whisking their feather dusters. The snow lies white and deep in every hollow, but the sun is out dazzlingly, and a cry goes up for smoked glass, blue spectacles, anything in the way of protection for the curious eyes; one weird-looking pair of wire goggles, flouted and derided at an earlier stage of the journey, is now at a premium. In the midst of a contest over the possession of these treasures, somebody rushes in with a thrilling announcement on his lips.

"Here's a scalped man!—a conductor—look out for him! That's he coming in the door, with the hat on the back of his head—but don't look at him because he doesn't like it!"

Nobody hears this latter clause, which is an *arrière-pensée*, clearly—but everybody cranes their

necks to stare at the victim, now engaged in converse at the end of the car. "Tommy Cahoon," as well known on the Union Pacific Road as the buttes themselves, has just come on our train at Green River, and has been collared, so to speak, on his first appearance by thirsty seekers after information. It is just possible that he "doesn't like" our catechizing; but he is courteous and civil-spoken, and tells his story for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, I doubt not. He was fishing in the creek near Cheyenne in '69, so he says, when the Indians pounced on him, took the prized scalp-lock, left seven of their arrows in his body and went their way triumphant. Contrary to the rule in such cases, Tommy Cahoon revived, and was strong enough to crawl three long miles, bleeding and pierced with darts, back to Cheyenne, where good care and nursing soon sent him out as well as ever, with a ghastly scar to carry to the grave with him. And then Tommy, on solicitation, doffs his hat, and shows, as the grim reminder, an oval depression in the back part of the skull seven inches long.

"Wouldn't you like to have your way with those fellows just once?" asks somebody, as he drops his hat on one side again. Mr. Cahoon shows his white teeth in a smile.

"Well, my way would be to give 'em a pretty wide berth, gentlemen," he remarks, with a shake of the head; and so goes on down the car, glad to get rid of us.

We forget scalps and Indians now, as the "pretty scenery" extolled by Howells begin to crowd along the way. The buttes round Green River are wonderful in size, in shape, and color, and endless in inexhaustible variety; there are towers, castles and cathedrals, bulbous knobs and excrescences, colossal mushrooms, "giant's clubs" and "giant's teapots," forts, temples, tombs, and shapes of things, unknown, possibly, in the heavens above, and certainly in the earth beneath; all these carved and hewn out of rich red and brown and cream-colored limestone, strata laid upon strata in even bands or stripes of varying color. Between the crowding ranks of these wonders, the river sweeps in great curves, washing a white sandy beach with its clear, vivid, emerald-green waters—the brightest, richest green that ever flashed in sunlight, caught from the color of the beds of shale over which it runs. Every foot of ground for miles about us is rich with prehistoric records—fossil flowers and ferns and fishes, and even insects, are buried in every layer of shale, waiting for the treasure-seeker's hammer. Reaching the station, we make a bound—not for the dining-room and breakfast—but for the bar, where a choice assortment of "Rocky Mountain curiosities" is advertised. We find the neatest and prettiest of rooms fitted up with good taste, and stocked with temptations in the way of fossils and petrifications jostling mixed drinks and "brandy straight." There are whole logs of petrified wood, broken down the middle to show the sparkling quartz crystals bedded in their hollows; slabs of two feet long, with delicate dark tracery, clear as a photograph, of fishes with scales and lace-like fins, or broad-fronded ferns or water-plants; moss agates of every shade, milky white and dark gray and purple amethysts, and California diamonds, clear, sparkling crystals, colorless as water. These an inquisitive old gentleman is inspecting, and as we enter he holds one of the largest up to derision.

"Now, who do you suppose could be gulled into thinking this a real diamond, my friend?" he demands of the long-bearded Plainsman behind the bar. "Nobody but some durned fool of a Down-Easter," replies the "friend" with cheerful promptness. The old gentleman lays down the crystal and smiles feebly, while the bystanders grin, and the vendor of curiosities vouchsafes no sign of emotion whatever. Warned by this incident not to ask weak questions, we turn from the bar and follow a stream of people who are pouring to the end of the platform, whence certain fierce snarling sounds and cat-like hisses have been mysteriously proceeding ever since we alighted; shrieks of ecstasy from the small boys before us announce "wild cats," and approaching the long, strong iron-cage around the corner of the station, we find two magnificent specimens of the California or mountain lion romping behind the bars.

They are splendid feline creatures, tawny yellow, like the lion, but maneless, and as large as the common panther, which they very closely resemble. Of their temper and disposition they are giving ample evidence just now, when, goaded by paper pellets and vocal taunts from the masculine bystanders, they are snapping, growling, and flinging the full length of their little bodies against the bars with yells of impotent fury. Now and then a long arm, garnished with white hooked claws, darts out unexpectedly, and there is a wild stampede and a few feminine shrieks; but no harm is done and not even a coat-tail captured.

The twenty minutes allowed us soon slip away, and we are hurried back to the cars to whirl along the bluffs and palisades of the Green River. The early sunlight blazes on the snow, on the warm, yellow and deep rich red of the rocks, and flashes in the rippling green water, and overhead the sky is blue—such a blue! Every man longs to be a painter, to steal these colors and keep them for ever; but what painter that ever mixed pigments, and what pigments that ever were mixed, could copy all this, upon which the sun shines on every day?

THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL SERVICE

EXHIBITION OF A SIGNAL OF CAUTION AT THE NEW YORK STATION.

THE United States Signal Station for the port of New York was established on the roof of the Equitable Life Insurance building, corner of Broadway and Cedar Street, in the Summer of 1871. The cautionary signal is a red flag with a black square in the centre by day, and a red light by night. Its signification is that, from the information had at the Central Office in Washington, a probability of stormy or dangerous weather has been deduced for the port or place at which the cautionary signal is displayed, or in that immediate vicinity. In the second place, it gives warning that the danger appears to be so great as to demand precaution on the part of navigators and others interested—such as an examination of vessels or other structures to be endangered by a storm, the inspection of crews, rigging, etc., and a general preparation for rough weather. In the third place, it calls for frequent examination of local barometers, and other instruments by ship-captains, or others interested, and the study of local signs of the weather, as clouds, etc. By paying attention to this signal, those who are expert may often be confirmed as to the need of the precaution to which the cautionary alarm calls attention, or may determine that the danger is either over-estimated or past.

The red flag, or red light, is displayed when the information in the possession of the office induces the belief that dangerous winds are approaching. And the term "dangerous winds" has a meaning varying somewhat with the locality in which the winds occur. Severe gales on the Atlantic Ocean,

often attain a rapidity of from forty to seventy miles per hour, while on the Great Lakes, where the sea-room is more limited, the wind will travel at the rate of from ten to twenty-five miles per hour. Considering the difference in the rapidity of the wind in these two sections, it has been decided that the cautionary signal shall be displayed whenever the winds are expected to travel as fast as twenty-five miles per hour, and to remain at that speed for several hours within a radius of one hundred miles from the station. As now displayed the signals are expected to hold good for the space of eight hours from the time at which they are first exposed. When no signal is exhibited mariners may know that the central office possesses no knowledge of an approaching storm sufficient to justify the issue of a storm warning.

The local apparatus at the various stations is very simple. There are staves for displaying the signals, a vane for ascertaining the direction of the wind, an indicator of the depth of rain-fall, and contrivances for marking the condition of the temperature and the force of the wind. Reports are transmitted at regular intervals from all the stations to the main office in Washington, and it is from the accumulation of these that the "probabilities" are deduced, and thence telegraphed to all the business centres in the United States. As may be seen by a glance at our engraving, the signal staff has a sufficient altitude to enable the warnings to be distinguished from a great distance. The enterprise has proved of great utility to mariners, as it is not an unfrequent occurrence for ocean and coastwise steamers, as well as sailing vessels, to put back to their docks or anchor in the harbor upon the exhibition of the warning signal.

FRONTIER CIVILIZATION.

AN EVENING SCENE IN A CHEYENNE GAMBLING "HELL."

GAMBLING in Cheyenne, so far from being an amusement or recreation merely, rises to the dignity of a legitimate occupation—the pursuit of nine-tenths of the population, both permanent and transient. There are twenty gambling-saloons in this diminutive town, the proprietors of which pay yearly licenses of six hundred dollars for each table; and as every room averages half a dozen green-baize covers, the revenues to the country are by no means trifling. One of the largest of these "hells" is the Bella Union, on Main Street, and the artist of the Leslie Overland Trip, visiting it both by daylight and gaslight, found subjects enough for his busy pencil in its regular *habitués*. The large room is always full and always orderly; each man is too busy with his calculations and too wrought up with the intense strain of the occasion to indulge in any playful ebullitions or suggestions of a "free fight." Round the long green tables are grouped such picturesque and savage figures as only a frontier town can show—the stalwart scout, in his fringed suit of buckskin, weather-stained and soiled; the long-booted miner, the lank greaser, with his swarthy face and glittering eyes; and here and there, perhaps, a woman putting up her little pile of gold and silver. One woman, at least, is a permanent institution at the Bella Union, presiding with orderly gravity over the lansquenets table. There are tables for faro, rouge-et-noir, roulette, and vingt-et-un, and over each, for the accommodation of patrons, is hung a framed copy of the rules of the game, the limit of the checks, etc., varied occasionally by a big, ornamentally lettered "Welcome," or some playful motto immensely suggestive to Cheyenne eyes, if not to those of the passing visitor.

"Every man in town gambles," the proprietor informed our artist, with perfect coolness. "All sporting characters here, sir!" and, in the same breath, goes on to deplore the heavy burden of his licenses, and lament, with an air of injured virtue, the difficulties ever in the way of the seeker after an honest livelihood.

THE LATE NEZ PERCÉS WAR.

INCIDENTS OF THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE. SURRENDER OF CHIEF JOSEPH.

IN our last issue we reported the surrender of the hostile Nez Percés Indians to General Miles on Friday, October 5th, and gave portraits of the captor and captive. General Miles started in pursuit of Joseph and his determined band of warriors, on the 18th of September, from the mouth of the Tongue River. He struck the Nez Percés camp on the 30th of September, after a toilsome and determined march of twelve days, at a point within six miles of the spot he had indicated on the map before setting his troops in motion.

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.

Miles's force consisted of seven companies of his own infantry—the Fifth—three companies of the Seventh Cavalry and three companies of the Second Cavalry. 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 towards 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.

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 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 tepees. As he alighted on his feet a bullet pierced him mortally in the throat.

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.

Fatigue 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 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 Nez Percés intrenchments. He was received by the Nez Percés, permitted to walk about their encampment, and was treated in the interval with the utmost kindness that Indians are capable of.

He was provided with a deep pit for shelter, which protected him from the bullets of his friends, which hummed into the Indian camp night and day. White Bird sent him blankets and the squaws coddled him. He had during the day and night he was held prisoner the best accommodations that could be afforded him in his singular plight.

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 ennobled their fealty by talking to them in this wise: "Hang to-night, boys! Can't have any fires. Stay to-night, and we'll 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."

The heroism of the soldiers and the magnanimity of the savages were never more conspicuously displayed than during that terrible night of sleet and snow. There had been a great disparity of casualties, the troops suffering most. Many of the wounded soldiers lay out during the whole night in the bottom of the creek.

Several of the poor fellows were in doubt in the hours of that night whether they would be allowed by the savages to live through it or not. The cold was severe enough, but the expectation that they would be scalped and mutilated was alarming as they lay there prostrated by wounds, with the snow and the blast overcoming them.

When the Indians arose from their burrows and approached them in the darkness, a sergeant, who was shot through the thigh, drew from his holster a revolver. The Indian who bent over him called out:

"Me no kill you. You can't kill us. Me no want to kill a man who can't shoot. Plenty man can shoot. No use you try shoot at me." The Nez Percés rifled his pockets of money, took his watch, his pistol and his belt with cartridges, and left him where he lay.

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 5th, the day when they surrendered, there remained about three hundred and fifty men, squaws and children in the Indian pits. Of these about one hundred and sixty were warriors.

At half-past two in the afternoon of that day, Joseph came into General Miles's camp, passed by General Howard in surly silence, paying no heed to the presence of the "Bible Chief," and walked up deliberately to the spot where General Miles was standing. When he found himself in front of General Miles the chief drew himself up haughtily and said, "I want to surrender to you."

As Joseph uttered the brief salutation to General Miles already recorded, he handed that brave officer his rifle, with the barrel pointing toward the ground. When the weapon had thus changed hands the chief passed quietly to one side with a guttural "How!" as he gave place to his followers. The other chiefs and their companions who had followed Joseph into the camp performed the same ceremony.

Even at nightfall the entire band had not surrendered, and the lines of sentinels had to be maintained all that night. After the sun had rose on the morning of the 6th the remainder of the braves came in, in the same irregular manner observed the previous day. On the first day about sixty-seven warriors and their families, including young bucks, came in, and when the remainder were all in hand it was found that 340 men, women and children had surrendered.

Chief Joseph is about thirty-five years of age, five feet ten inches in height, and clad in a pair of blanket trousers, leggings and moccasins. He wore none of the war-paint or savage bravery of head-dress and feathers which usually adorn an Indian warrior on the warpath. His features, regular and

handsome in their outline, were covered by scarcely a wrinkle. His eyes, black, brilliant, and as piercing as an eagle's, rested on those of General Miles with an expression at once melancholy and reserved. His long black hair was gathered into a loose queue at the back of his head, and ornamented with a simple cluster of green feathers. Two long braids descended from his temples and hung down in front of his ears.

Upon the announcement of the surrender, the War Department promptly telegraphed its congratulations to all the officers and men who participated in the successful movement.

The Oldest Man in the World.

A MERCHANT of St. Louis who recently returned from a tour of South America has given an account of a remarkable old man he saw in the city of Tulca, Chili, whose name is Felix Rojas, and who has undoubtedly reached the age of 137 years. Rojas was born in 1740, and at an early age entered the army, holding the position of sergeant-major in a Spanish line regiment. When Carlos the Third issued the historic mandate expelling the Jesuits, Rojas took charge of two of the members of the Order and carried them from Linares to Santiago. He served forty-eight years in the Chilean armies, and is thoroughly conversant with the minutest details of Chilean history for the last century and a half. Up to one year ago Rojas was remarkably vigorous for one of his venerable age, though for ten years he has been carried about in a portable chair, in charge of two servants. For a year he has been failing rapidly, and now seldom leaves his house, his physicians prescribing absolute quiet as the only means of prolonging his life. Occasionally he may be seen in his chair in front of his residence, and the passers-by pay him the greatest respect. He smokes a pipe, and has used tobacco steadily for 120 years. His eyes are quite weak now, but he has never used spectacles, and is generally able to read large print. He is not a large man, being scarcely five feet five inches in height, and never weighed over 150. He is remarkably well proportioned, his head being unusually large and finely shaped.

Singular to relate, Rojas has lived to this ripe old age in defiance of many vicissitudes and habits that are universally believed to abbreviate a man's term of life. From the age of twenty till he was seventy, he was a habitual drinker, and for a long period of that time such a confirmed tippler that his health was seriously affected, and it was believed that he could not survive long. In 1780 he fought a bloodless duel with a brother-soldier, and ten years later, in a similar encounter with another antagonist, he was so desperately wounded that it was two years before he fully recovered. At one time he suffered a double fracture of his right leg by a caisson-wagon running over it. He was also wounded twice while fighting in battle. He has had the yellow fever and has been repeatedly prostrated by other malarial fevers that prevail in all parts of South America. It seems so remarkable that one should be preserved to such an extraordinary age after passing through so many exciting adventures and accidents by field and flood. Rojas is the son of a Spanish nobleman who fled his country for a political offense and settled in Chili under an assumed name. The son lived almost half a century before he found out the true history of his father, and upon the discovery he made a trip to Spain and succeeded in obtaining from the government the title and possession of valuable property which had been confiscated. This is the only voyage Rojas has ever made away from his native country. The venerable old man has ample means, and is surrounded by a numerous line of descendants, consisting of children, grandchildren, great-grand, and great-great-grandchildren.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Gallant Defense by the Bulgarian Legion.

At about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 23d of August the soldiers of the Bulgarian Legion, who held the position called the Turkish lunette, found that their supply of cartridges was exhausted. Their fire ceased, and the Turks, emboldened by their silence, rushed to the attack. They had already reached the summit, when the Russians, springing from their intrenchments, rained upon them a shower of heavy stones, trunks of trees, etc., which drove them back to the base of the ravine. A few of the boldest who had reached the plateau above were bayoneted and thrown down to rejoin their companions. During a whole hour the Russians defended themselves with these strange projectiles; at one time even large stones failed them and they threw down broken guns, clods of earth, cartridge-boxes filled with small stones, and everything coming within their reach. Nevertheless, the Turks, urged on by their officers, who displayed the greatest bravery, were about to renew the assault, when a loud "Hurrah!" rising from the enemy signaled the arrival of reinforcements.

Conveying Provisions to the Garrison at Shipka.

On August 27th the Turks, having been driven from the heights opposite the Russian camp, descended towards the valley of the Jantra and took up their position on the wooded slopes facing the road from Gabrova. This movement was extremely annoying to the numerous provision and ammunition trains subject to their fire, and also to the Bulgarian peasants employed in supplying water, from the lack of which the garrison of Shipka was suffering. Despite the galling fire of the Turks, however, Shipka was re-victualled and the garrison provided with a sufficient number of cartridges to prevent the recurrence of the critical condition to which it had been reduced on the 23d.

The Attack on Fort St. Nicholas.

On the morning of the 21st of August, forty Turkish battalions moved upon the road at the entrance to the village of Ichipka. But little difficulty was encountered during the first portion of the ascent, as their advance was protected by the mountain from the artillery of the enemy, whose sharpshooters were forced to retreat. But they were obliged to advance across an open and unprotected space. Three redoubts and numerous trenches commanded this point. The greater portion of the cannon defending them consisted of pieces abandoned by the Turks on this very spot; and it was with their own weapons they were welcomed. Their first ranks were literally mowed down beneath the rain of fire. At the same time terrible explosions of torpedoes burst out along the whole line, exploded by electricity, annihilating whole battalions and filling the air with clouds of stones and human debris. Despite these terrible losses, the Turks ten times returned to the insensate assault, advancing each time to the foot of the redoubts, in heavy, serried columns, through which the shells opened wide and bloody lanes. At

nightfall the pashas ordered a retreat, leaving more than five thousand bodies on the mountain slopes.

The Russian Czar in Turkey.

One of our foreign pictures this week portrays the Czar, the Grand Duke Nicholas and Prince Charles of Roumania watching the progress of the assault upon Plevna from an elevated mound near the Gravitz position. Plevna, it has been said, was promised as a birthday gift to the Czar by his brother; but, as he sits there watching his soldiers being hurled back from the Turkish redoubts, he reminds us somewhat of another monarch, King Canute, on the sea-shore rebuking his followers for their exaggerated estimate of his sovereign power. There is one bright spot in the gloomy scene, the capture of the Gravitz redoubt, which won high eulogiums from the Czar and his brother for the Russo-Roumanian forces who took part in the assault.

A Russian Graveyard Encampment.

This singular scene was witnessed after the battle of Karahassankoi, in a Turkish cemetery, where a company of Russian soldiers, who had lost their camp equipments during the conflict, had made themselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit by stretching great-coats and blankets over the gravestones, some of which were of very curious shape, being sharp, irregular pieces of rock brought from the neighboring mountains. Campfires were also lighted among the tombs, over which the soldiery prepared their tea and soup, the scene presented being remarkably picturesque.

Captured Guns at Bucharest.

The chief glory in the capture of the Gravitz redoubt was awarded to the little Roumanian army, which thus has taken its revenge for the contemptuous sneers which, previous to this affair, were ordinarily hurled at it. Several guns were captured in the attack—one a Krupp and the others of German manufacture. With pardonable pride the Roumanians had three of these guns taken to Bucharest, and there on the 23d of September, two were paraded before the Princess Elizabeth in the St. Michael Square, and subsequently planted opposite the Senate House, one on each side of the statue of Michael Le Brave, a celebrated Roumanian chief, who defeated the Turks, Poles and Hungarians 400 years ago, and was finally assassinated in his camp by the Hungarians.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—AMONG the one hundred and twenty-four ships struck off the English register recently was one built in 1756, and another launched in 1788.

—THIRTY THOUSAND people are engaged in the oyster trade of Baltimore, and more than seven hundred schooners and pongs form its Chesapeake oyster fleet.

—TEXAS might be cut up into five States as large as Illinois, each containing over 45,000 square miles; and an early movement towards this end is now predicted.

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

—A TRAIN on the Canada Southern Railroad was recently run 111 miles in 109 minutes! This is the fastest time ever made in this country. The run was made between St. Thomas and Amherstburg.

—KING KALAKAUA loves to talk of his visit to this country, and says that since he has had time for quiet reflection he cannot but be impressed with the immensity and simplicity of the United States.

—A DRAYMAN in Davenport, Iowa, who has been a hard worker for twenty years, and is still at it, owns eight good dwelling-houses, and has \$5,000 in the bank. Another drayman, who got trusted for his day twenty-three years ago, retired four years ago worth \$30,000.

—WHILE it has been generally claimed that Manitoba has an unusually mild climate, the published statistics of the Canadian Government show that it is one of the coldest inhabited portions of British North America in Winter, and that the Summer, although short, is very warm.

—THERE is a town in Iowa with the queer name of Speldahl. And, queer enough, it is located in three counties, the names of which are Polk, Boone and Story. But, queerer still, the saloon of the town is in Polk County, the justice's office in Boone County, and the lock-up in Story County.

—THRIFT is a French virtue, and the Republicans naturally make the most of the economy of the present form of government. The civil list of Napoleon III., including the grants to the Imperial family, amounted to \$5,390,000 annually. The salary of the President of the Republic is \$180,000.

—ABOUT 250,000 pistols have been made at Norwich this year. Orders are increasing, and many of the works are running day and night. The Bridgeport cartridge works make some 700,000 cartridges a day. They have supplied Russia with 40,000,000, Turkey with 70,000,000, and have just got an order for 80,000,000 from Italy.

—THE London Economist says that if any of the foreign creditors of Greece still entertain the expectation of dividends, the recent report of Mr. Wyndham, British Secretary of Legation at Athens, will go far to dispel it. The deficit in revenue this year is double what was anticipated, and the financial plight of the country is about as bad as it can be.

THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY is making arrangements for Mr. Jefferson's opening at Booth's Theatre on the 29th, when a season of "Rip" will be inaugurated. . . . "Struck Oil," with the Williamsons in the leading rôle, at the Union Square Theatre, is drawing to a close. Manager Palmer will inaugurate the Winter season on November 1st. . . . Bonicceault's "Marriage" still attracts the habitués of Wallack's. . . . "English Opera," at the Fifth Avenue, under Manager Fisk, meets with much favor, as does also Opera Bouffe, at the Broadway, under the supervision of Manager Duff. . . . Manager George Wood, of Wood's Theatre, Brooklyn, is presenting Mr. Augustin Daly's company in several of their strongest productions. . . . Mr. Lester Wallack's Brooklyn engagement was a success, both in a financial and artistic sense. . . . The Bryants and San Francisco have fully demonstrated the fact that New York will support two first-class minstrel organizations. . . . Mr. Sothorn continues his "Crushed" representation nightly, at the Park Theatre, to crushed houses, crushed hats and crushed dresses; while Manager Abbey is crushing his safe with bank-notes. . . . Barnum's show is holding forth in Virginia. . . . John McCullough is moving on with his company towards the South. . . . Lydia Thompson is delighting the Philadelphians. . . . McKee Rankin threatens Brooklyn with the "Danites." The visit will be fully appreciated.



NEW YORK CITY.—OUR NATIONAL SIGNAL SERVICE SYSTEM—THE NIGHT "DANGER SIGNAL" DISPLAYED FROM THE GOVERNMENT STATION AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY AND CEDAR STREET, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH RIVER.
SEE PAGE 138.



GENERAL MILES CHARGING THE INDIAN CAMP—THE DASH INTO THE RAVINE.



SQUAWS CODDLING LIEUTENANT JEROME IN A RIFLE-PIT, WHILE HELD AS HOSTAGE.



A REFUGE OF SQUAWS DURING THE BATTLE.



"ME NO WANT TO KILL A MAN WHO CAN'T SHOOT."



SURRENDER OF CHIEF JOSEPH AND HIS PRINCIPAL WARRIORS AT GENERAL MILES'S HEADQUARTERS, OCTOBER 5-6.

MONTANA.—THE NEZ PERCES WAR—INCIDENTS IN THE DEFEAT AND CAPTURE OF CHIEF JOSEPH BY GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.
FROM SKETCHES BY G. M. HOLLAND.—SEE PAGE 139.

ONLY A WEEK AGO.

ONLY a week ago the warmth and glow
Of sweetest Summer time;
Only a week ago the bud and blow
Of some fair tropic clime.

Only a week ago, and now the glow
Of fervid heat has turned
To wintry snow, and sharp winds blow
Where tropic splendors burned.

Only a week ago—ah, very low
My cherished buds are lying;
So low, so low, I do not know
If they are dead or dying.

So low, so low, drenched all with mire and snow,
Their beauty smirched with earth;
So low, so low—only God's breath can blow
Them back to fresher birth.

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 XVI.

NOW that Ellen Bruce was endowed with what to her was great wealth—now that her life of dependent drudgery was at an end, and she was free to go whither she would—she experienced a sensation of utter loneliness such as she had never before known.

It seemed to her as if she had no further place in the world, when the narrow groove of daily drudgery, servitude, dependence and poverty were things of the past.

It frightened her almost to feel for the first time in twenty-seven years of existence that she was free to go whither she would, to spend money on herself, to travel, to enjoy herself, if she could.

But this last thought never occurred once to her. When one has lived for twenty-seven years apart from the gayeties of life, one can do so well without them that they appear but as a distraction and a disturbance.

In the bewilderment of her liberty she quite thankfully accepted the suggestion that Doctor Rane, the young surgeon, had made to her—that she should go to Dublin, as she had intended from the first, and see the old ladies—"so long as you don't go and offer them half your fortune, Miss Bruce, as I believe you are inclined to do," he concluded, laughing.

"It troubles me very much," she said, sadly, "to think I am depriving them of what they have been expecting for years."

"Miss Bruce," remarked the young surgeon, shortly, "will you allow me to send you in a prescription this evening? Your system wants tone, and your digestion is out of order, it is quite evident."

"Why?" she asked, smiling slightly.

"Because you are morbid and gloomy, and in a low, nervous, weakened state," replied Doctor Rane gravely. "I am not jesting, Miss Bruce. I am sorry to say that I think your health is to a certain degree impaired, and, if you do not take precautions, it will break down one of these days."

"I don't want to be ill," Ellen said, in alarm—"I don't want to be ill and weak, and have to be nursed! That would kill me outright, Doctor Rane. I will take care of my health while I have it—indeed I will, and I shall be most thankful if you tell me what to do."

"I am glad I have roused her at last. I thought that would frighten her," Doctor Rane thought; and so it happened that, following his advice, Ellen went to Dublin, where she found the old ladies not at all aggrieved, but indeed quite pleased at their kinsman's thoughtfulness for them, and quite elated at the addition of a hundred a year to their income. Having spent a week or two with them, she departed for the north again, and took up her residence in pleasant sunny rooms in a house in Ardnamore.

They were furnished, and the house belonged to a childless couple who were very attentive and kind to their gentle, patient, self-dependent lady lodger; and for a time the peace and rest, and the pleasant novelty of being able to read and study and improve her mind, made Ellen almost happy.

Almost happy she was; but, oh, so lonely! So lonely was she that her pleasant sitting-room, bright in the warm sunlight of the "blue unclouded weather," and fragrant with the waxen blossoms of the beautiful, many-hued hyacinths which clustered on the porcelain *jardinières* in the windows, grew a cold and wearisome place to her, and books grew uninteresting, and spirits and appetite failed. Perhaps the cure had come too late to be of service; but Doctor Rane, rather to his dismay, found his threatening prophecy come true, and for three or four weeks he had constantly to attend Miss Bruce, who was suffering from nervous and gastric derangement, neuralgia, sleeplessness, and all the ills that too surely follow on a long and severe strain which has been borne in uncomplaining patience.

She was in a low fevered condition most of the time, and lay in a warm crimson dressing-gown, her slender hands, grown white from unaccustomed leisure, idly clasped in each other, her soft brown hair lying in silky, half-curved locks on the pillow, too weak and weary to do more than think.

She was lying so one afternoon when the doctor was announced. After a few preliminary questions, he said:

"Miss Bruce, will you allow me to bring up a friend to see you? It is nobody," he added hurriedly, seeing her color rise suddenly—"only Katie O'Neill; you have heard me speak of her—my friend Mr. O'Neill the wool-merchant's daughter? She wants to know you, Miss Bruce, and I am sure she would do you good, she is so affectionate and bright."

"Certainly, Doctor Rane, if the young lady would like to come up to see me," faltered Ellen, timidly shrinking, nevertheless, with morbid nervousness from the presence of strangers as she had ever done since her uncle's robbery and her own arrest; but, accustomed always to consider the wishes of others before her own, she breathed no word of objection, but prepared herself to greet

her kind young physician's friend as pleasantly as she could.

She came in, leaning on the doctor's arm—a pretty, very pretty, smiling girl, with shy, fawn-like brown eyes, untidy, frizzy, light-brown hair, and a fresh, sweet, babyish face. She blushed brightly as the doctor said, "Katie, this is Miss Bruce," and looked a little afraid of Miss Bruce; and then, reading encouragement in Ellen's kind, dark eyes, she knelt down by the couch to bring her pretty, winning face within an inch or two of Ellen's, and kissed her, and then blushed like a June rose, and said:

"Oh, my! I hope you won't think I am intruding, Miss Bruce, dear! Ah, don't! You don't know how much I've wished to see you, and Tom has been telling me so much about you!"

Miss Katie O'Neill was evidently one of those young ladies who underline every sixth or seventh word in their letters.

"I think you are very kind to care to come to see me," said Ellen, feebly. "If it gives you any pleasure, I am sure I shall thank you for your visits."

"Oh, you are so kind!" Katie cried ecstatically. "Now, Tom, you go away and leave me with Miss Bruce until you make your calls—may I stay, Miss Bruce, dear? Tom will call for me in half an hour. Are you sure, Miss Bruce, that I shall not be in your way?"

"Certainly not," Ellen replied, smiling, beginning to like her visitor, and to be amused with her as well.

"Now, Tom, go!" Miss Katie said, imperiously. And "Tom" went without a word, but his bright dark eyes lingered a little in their last glance—not at his patient, but at Miss Katie, in her gray dress and blue ribbons, and her wicked little hat of dark blue velvet perched saucily on her very untidy, frizzy brown hair.

"Tom is a regular fidgety old bachelor," quoth Miss Katie, before he was well out of the room; "he's my godbrother—that's what he is—it makes him so mad to call him 'godbrother.' Tom's in love with me, you know," she added, calmly, in a matter-of-course fashion.

Ellen burst out laughing for the first time in many weary months.

"And are you in love with Tom?" she asked. "No, I'm not!" said Miss Katie, reddening angrily. "Papa says I am, and I say I am not. A pretty thing, indeed! I would do anything in the world to please papa, but I can't tell him a story. I know there are people that I would rather—I mean I am sure there are others I could like better than Doctor Rane, and I shall never give my hand without my heart"—here Miss Katie rose from the floor and spoke with tragic emphasis—"never! I cannot school the heart's affections. Oh, dear, I've muddled all the kilt pleating of my dress! How nasty! That's that horrid step of Tom's Croydon!"

Ellen very nearly laughed aloud again.

"Sit down on the couch beside me, my dear," she said, kindly.

And pretty Katie responded so heartily to the kindness, that she kissed Ellen again, and told her she knew she was "a darling" the minute she saw her.

"And one knows who one can love in the first glance of meeting," said Katie, sentimentally and ungrammatically. "One has that strange magnetic feeling, you know." She was blushing again, and looked down, and began to pull the fringe off her pretty gray woolen scarf in a most reckless manner.

"Yes, I think I know," remarked Ellen, smiling again; "but you evidently know much more about it, my dear Miss O'Neill."

"Oh, please call me Katie!" she implored, with another comically tragic expression. "And by-and-by, when I know you better, you will let me call you Ellen, won't you, dear Miss Bruce?"

"Why, my dear child," Ellen said, laughing again, "call me Ellen sixty times a minute if you like, and I'll call you Katie—you are a Katie," she said, irrepressibly, looking at the light, buoyant little figure and the merry winsome little face and general madcap air of the young lady.

"That is what Tom says," Miss Katie declared, with a tremendous pout; "he has a whole lot of horrid names for me—'Pussy,' 'Kitten,' 'Little Miow,' 'Katty,' 'Mousie'! Isn't it disgraceful? Nobody else—not even pa. Darling pa calls me his 'Little Blossom'—isn't that sweet, Miss Bruce? Ellen, dear, isn't it sweet of papa to call me 'Little Blossom'?" The tears of pleasure and affection stood in her bright brown eyes as she spoke, and Ellen's heart warmed to Little Blossom as it had never warmed towards any woman before.

"And you are his Little Blossom, I am sure," she said tenderly, smoothing down Katie's hair as she sat on a hassock by the side of the sofa. "You make his life bright, I know, my dear."

She looked at the happy, sunny-natured girl almost with awe. She was so different from herself—her life had been so different—she seemed a creature of another world, unfit for this one of pain and trouble, sin and woe. She looked away from her and strove to cease admiring and wondering at her with the superstitious horror of the old Celtic belief in the baleful influence of an "evil eye"—an "overlooking" eye. Her wonderment at the happiness of others' lives might darken the sunshine of their days. Beautiful Lizzie Latouche's sorrows had followed close upon her envious admiration of her fair face and envious wonder at her sunny life. She felt almost relieved in her morbid nervousness when Doctor Rane called for Katie O'Neill.

"I think she has done you good, Miss Bruce—Pussy brightens up everybody," he said, with quite a glow of pride and pleasure; and then he carried her off, promising "dear Ellen," with three kisses, that she would come over to see her very soon again.

"He loves her dearly, poor Tom," mused Ellen. "I wonder how that will end!"

And, as she lay all through the long bright day in her lonely quiet room, one of those fragmentary

"Echoes from a measured strain
With weary sameness in the rhymes,
The phantom of a silent song
That went and came a hundred times,"

haunted her into the night, through the hours of

darkness, and began to haunt her afresh with the coming day.

"They who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed,
And the heart that has slumbered in safety securest
Is happy indeed if 'tis never deceived!"

"I wonder how it will end!" thought Ellen a hundred times. "I wonder how it will end!"

True to her word, Katie O'Neill came two days later; nor would she go away satisfied until Ellen promised to come and spend the next evening with her.

"I don't expect anybody," Katie remarked parenthetically, and pulling off the gray tassel-fringe at an unmerciful rate. "Tom won't be with us, for he has to go and see some of his patients. I am sorry, for he likes you so much, Miss Bruce. I never saw any one in such a state as he was in when he told papa the whole dreadful, wicked story of your being accused of—of your poor uncle. Such awful wickedness of that dreadful woman that they sent off—transported—no—penal servitude—treadmill, or something, wasn't it? And those wicked wretches—and to accuse you, poor dear!" cried Katie, her brown eyes overflowing.

"They deserved to be half hanged," papa said."

"I never speak of it. I try not to think of it, Miss O'Neill," Ellen said, trembling a little.

"There now, you are vexed with me, and no wonder!" cried Katie, penitently. "Dear Ellen, I'll never allude to it again, never! And you'll come to-morrow, dear, to tea with me, and see papa and—there won't be anybody else," said Katie—and pulled off three tassels of fringe at one twist.

In spite of these repeated assertions that there would be nobody there, Ellen felt assured that there would be somebody there in whom fair Katie took an unusual interest; and her expectations were realized when, after a quarter of an hour's desultory chat in Katie's little bedroom, which Ellen was not surprised to find prettily furnished with quantities of D'Oyleys and blue-ribbed little bags, and pretty little boxes that wouldn't shut, they descended to Katie's little drawing-room, where novels with crumpled little pink or gray gloves lying between the leaves, bouquets of flowers, loose sheets of music, bottles of scent and fans, and loose wrist-studs were in every conceivable place whereon they could lie.

Katie, having installed Ellen in a delightful little cushioned chair covered with rather dirty pale-blue satin, seated herself on the fluffy white hearth-rug—rather dirty also—at her feet, and said, very carelessly, with a shrug of indifference, that she believed Mr. Stewart, "papa's accountant," might come to tea with papa.

"Papa has taken such a fancy to him," she began; and the silk pleating on the front of Katie's green-and-white silk dress underwent a variety of crimping and uncrimping from her nervous little fingers whilst she spoke.

"Pa brought him back from Australia with him. Pa's a wool merchant, you know, dear, and so he went to Australia on business, whilst I was at school. Wasn't it hard not to see dear papa for a whole year? But as soon as ever he came home he said I was to leave school, and so I did, six months ago; and then papa came and Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Stewart is papa's accountant now in place of old Mr. Giles, who died, and papa has taken such a fancy to this Mr. Stewart."

"What kind of a person is he?" Ellen asked.

"Oh," Katie said, with a frown of indifference that quite puckered up her little white forehead under the cloud of frizzy curls over her brow, "he's rather good-looking—very good-looking, indeed—and very gentlemanly, but disagreeable!"

"Very good-looking, very gentlemanly, and very disagreeable!" echoed Ellen. "What a curious person he must be!"

"Well, he is a curious person," said Katie, mysteriously—"a strange, unaccountable person, Ellen, dearest. I cannot understand him. There is some mystery in his life."

"Is there, really, do you think?" asked Ellen, forbearing to smile, and preparing herself to see in Katie's wonderful hero the most commonplace young dandy clerk that ever quoted Byron.

"There is," said Katie, eagerly, "a mystery I cannot fathom. He seems as if he had been something very different once. He never speaks of his past life—never. And his manners are so refined and courteous—cold, high-bred manners, you know, Miss Bruce, but so very courteous—and is so very well-informed."

"Indeed," remarked Ellen, beginning to feel a certain distrust and dislike of this wonderful person who was hiding his light under the bushel of a wool merchant's counting-house.

"Does Doctor Rane like Mr. Stewart as well as your father likes him, Katie?" she inquired.

Katie was standing before the mirror over the mantelpiece rearranging a ridiculous mob-cap, of the size of a large butterfly, on the topmost frizzy coil of hair, and as Ellen spoke, the tiny scrap of green ribbon and white lace came off altogether in her hand, and Katie frowned angrily at the cap, and grew very red.

"No, Tom hates him," she answered, shortly; "and it is most unjust and unkind."

"I shall most certainly have to give Tom a hint," thought Ellen. "Well, but, Katie, now—"

She was stopped short by a startled gesture of her companion's, whose pretty face grew red and pale by turns, and by the unlucky little mob-cap falling into the ashes under the grate, where its mistress, all heedless, left it, as she turned to the door to receive a tall, handsome man, whom the servant announced as "Mr. Stewart."

Very handsome, distinguished-looking even, he was, with a fine muscular form and an upright military carriage; and Ellen's distrust of him became positive in a moment.

Beyond giving a swift, sharp glance at Miss O'Neill's friend, as he was introduced to her, he did not seem to notice Ellen, who for her part carefully avoided attracting any attention to herself that she could avoid.

Mr. O'Neill was detained on business until rather late in the evening; and, as Ellen petitioned to be left quietly resting on the couch by the window, Miss O'Neill and Mr. Stewart were left to almost uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's society.

As far as Ellen could judge, the enjoyment

seemed to be mutual, although poor little Katie, in her girlish simplicity and folly, was considerably more demonstrative of her pleasure in Mr. Stewart's society than he was of his pleasure in hers. It was this cool, half-amused, gallant, easy bearing which had so fascinated the simple, romantic girl that it distressed and pleased and annoyed and grieved her by turns; and every hour brought her more and more beneath the influence which bade fair to have the strongest hold of any on her life.

"What can they be thinking of to allow it?" Ellen thought anxiously, as she watched the pair at the piano, and listened to Katie trilling in her soft, girlish voice, pretty sentimental ballads one after the other; whilst the tall handsome man by her side turned over her music-leaves, said pleasant things in a soft undertone for her ear alone, and thanked her with a hidden smile in his brilliant dark eyes, whose every glance brought up a responsive flush into Katie's pure cheeks as she shyly glanced up at him, and then down at her music, and fluttered over the leaves, and asked silly, random questions by the dozen.

"What can her father be thinking of to permit this, unless he has made up his mind on the subject?" Ellen wondered. But, when the father at length came in, Ellen wondered no more.

Mr. O'Neill was a simple-minded, good-natured, and rather wooden-headed man, with no ideas floating loosely to trouble him. Shrewd in the matters of his trade and its business, satisfied with his lot in life, and utterly untroubled with presentiments or foreshadowings of any description, he ate and drank heartily, thanked heaven continually for all his blessings, kissed and praised his little daughter, chatted about the weather and the county gossip, dozed in his comfortable chair, and sipped his hot whisky-punch with such an air of perfect comfort beaming over his broad, pink face that Ellen felt intuitively that to awaken uneasy doubts in Mr. O'Neill's mind respecting the state of his daughter's affections would not only be a work of some difficulty to accomplish, but, when accomplished, would be useless for any practical purposes.

"Sing 'Hunting Tower' for us, my pet," her father requested, presently, arousing himself from a short doze—"it's a pretty old song."

"Oh, but it's such an old thing, pa, dear!" Katie demurred, "and I don't think I can sing any more. Mr. Stewart is horrified, I'm sure, at my hoarse, croaky voice. Really, pa, darling, I'm as hoarse as a frog."

All the time Miss Katie was assiduously hunting for the song, and when it was found she only waited for a murmured request from Mr. Stewart to begin.

"I sincerely trust," she exclaimed, stopping short for a moment, and looking around with one of her ironically tragic airs, "that there's no one called 'Jamie' here; and then she began the refrain—

"Ye suld hae tauld me that before, Jamie,
Ye suld hae tauld me that before, laddie."

"Oh, no—nobody's here, pet, called Jamie!" her father responded with a chuckle.

"There is no one here called 'Jamie,' Miss O'Neill," repeated Mr. Stewart; and the wool merchant burst into a series of chuckles.

"What are you laughing at, papa?" demanded Katie, making a breezy rustling with her silken flounces as she whirled around on the piano-stool. "Isn't pa hasty, dear Miss Bruce? Some wicked joke, I know—isn't it, Mr. Stewart?"

And, smiling furtively up into the bronzed, handsome face looking down at her, she went on with her song—the maiden's pathetic reproach—

"Gae back, gae back, to your ain countrie,
Gae back to your wife and your bairnies three,
An' leave me here alone, laddie."

"How cold the nights are yet!" Mr. Stewart said, suddenly leaving the piano and walking towards the fire. "I beg your pardon, Miss O'Neill; pray do not allow me to interrupt your song."

But there was lacking the inspiration of his touch and his glance, or his breath on her cheek, as poor little Katie, after a startled wistful glance after him, strove to conclude with the wooer's joyous assurance that he is free to wed her, and that the "wife and bairnies three" exist only in her imagination—that

"Fair Dunkeld is mine, lassie—
St. Dunstan's Bower and hunting-tower,
And a' that's mine is thine, lassie!"

"That is a very pretty ballad," Mr. Stewart remarked, returning to the piano.

"Yes, but nobody cared about it," pouted Katie. "Papa laughed at me, and you walked off to the fire—it made you shiver."

"Indeed you are mistaken," Mr. Stewart said earnestly—so earnestly that he looked around the room appealing to the others. "I liked it very much. Why should I shiver at it?"

"Unless you've a wife and bairnies three somewhere," cried Katie, saucily laughing, though her face flushed a bright carnation, and her eyes glittered darkly with secret excitement.

"Especially as your name is Jamie," added Mr. O'Neill, laughing boisterously. "Don't be so hard on him, Katie, next time. He may have 'wife and bairnies three' for all you can tell."

"Indeed I have not," said Mr. Stewart, shortly and sternly, "nor any one in the wide world that cares whether I live or die."

"Oh, don't say that, my dear boy!" urged the merchant, kindly. "Cheer up! You're young enough to begin the world now, and be rich before your hair is gray. Never mind the past—we've all got sorrows to remember, heaven help us!"—and his honest pink face paled a little, and he sighed deeply to remember the one bitter trouble of his life—the loss of his sweet girl-wife, Katie's mother.

Poor little Katie herself was deeply affected by Mr. Stewart's bitter words, and cast a look that meant volumes of romantic outpourings and conjectures, and soft pity for her father's accountant, at Ellen, who, for her part, looked more pityingly, though distrustfully still, at the young, handsome man who, in the springtime of his vigor, could say such words and mean them too, most evidently.

"Sing that other pretty song of yours, Katie—that nice, merry little thing," her father said, hastily, "with that Scotch air. I'm so fond o'

those pretty old Scottish Rits, Miss Bruce"—and he sighed again. Katie's young mother was a pretty Highland lassie whom he had met in Aberdeen.

"Is it 'Lizzie Lindsay, papa?' Katie asked, humming the air, and she began:

"Will ye gang to the hielands wi' me, Lizzie Lindsay?"

"That is a charming song," Ellen said, heartily, when the merry little ballad was finished. "I love the name of Lizzie."

"Do you?" Mr. Stewart asked, suddenly; and Ellen saw his brows contract with a spasmodic frown, and he sat down, leaning his head on his hand and keeping his head averted. He spoke very little during the remainder of the evening, and left early.

"I don't think Mr. Stewart was well or in good spirits this evening," Katie whispered timidly to Ellen. "Why, I've made him sing half a dozen songs—such funny songs. But to-night he told me not to ask him—he had the 'blues,' he said. So of course I did not. What do you think of him, Ellen?"—in a lower, more eager, more timid whisper.

"He is very handsome, very attractive in manner and appearance, Katie," Ellen replied, gently. "I know no more of him than that. You do, of course, dear—or your father? He knows Mr. Stewart's history, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, I am sure he does! Papa is quite fond of him," said Katie, trustfully.

"And what of papa's daughter?" thought Ellen, rather sadly, for the mournful refrain would keep ringing in her ears:

"They who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed."

"A wonderfully superior man for his position, Mr. Stewart appears to be," she said to Mr. O'Neill, as he accompanied her home.

"Yes, indeed. A fine fellow—a fine, handsome, gentlemanly fellow, Miss Bruce, isn't he?" the merchant said, heartily. "Poor boy!"

"You knew him in Australia, Mr. O'Neill?" she ventured, feeling uncomfortably, as if she were sowing seeds of distrust.

"Yes, indeed I did—met him in Brisbane, poor lad," Mr. O'Neill replied. "He was born to very different things than my office-desk and stool, Miss Bruce."

"Oh," Ellen said, with a sigh of relief, "you know his story, then, Mr. O'Neill—that is all right, poor fellow! A very superior, gentlemanly man, as you say, Mr. O'Neill. You are so kind to come all this way home with me. It is not necessary, though."

She hurried out remarks and questions in order to make him forget her suspicious inquiry, and she was thankful for the dusk that prevented his seeing the blush of shame that dyed her face. "And I to pry into the sorrows and secrets of other's lives," she thought angrily of herself—"a thing I should despise another for!"

She repeated her commendations of Mr. O'Neill's handsome accountant over and over again, until she reached her own door, when the good man, with rather rustic jocoseness, said:

"Take care you don't fall in love with Stewart's handsome face, Miss Bruce, as several ladies have done already, I understand. He really is a dangerous, good-looking fellow, and has the stamp of good birth, as he has a right to have"—in a lower tone.

"Indeed," said Ellen, coldly. "Well, I am in no danger of falling in love with his handsome face, Mr. O'Neill, any more than he with my beautiful countenance."

The merchant laughed in jocose unbelief, as he bade her good-night; but Ellen went up-stairs to her own apartments, feeling her sensation of distrust and almost dislike of Mr. Stewart revived in full force.

The sight of a letter on the table drove all other thoughts out of her head, for it was one from Lizzie Stirling—a long and most affectionate, though upbraiding, letter. And when Ellen had read it through twice she sat down and wept as if her heart would break.

Anthony's health had been very bad of late, Lizzie wrote. She did not know what ailed him; but his spirits were so low, and his appetite had failed so, that the doctor said but for the strength which malt-liquor gave to him—fictitious strength though it was—he did not think he could live.

For he drank a good deal now again; he always seemed thirsty and feverish, but he was never intoxicated, and was very kind and gentle with her.

"But the empty house is so lonely, so desolate, sometimes," wrote poor Lizzie, "and poor Anthony is so sadly changed that but for my precious baby I think I should sink under it. Oh, Ellen, why—why did you leave us, when we were so happy and united together? I thought you and poor Anthony would be very happy at least, though my widowed life, of course, can never be but desolate until life or death gives Richard back to me. My baby wrings my heart when I look at him, Ellen, though he is all I have to live for; for he is the very image of his handsome father, my lost husband. Dear Ellen, would you come back if baby and I came to you and brought you back? You always loved my little son, Ellen; would you—could you resist if I brought my darling to see you, and if baby-boy coaxed you to come back for his sake, if not for poor, dear Anthony's? Dear Ellen, you were never hard-hearted; I am sure baby will conquer if Anthony and I fail—and baby and I mean to try some day."

"Your affectionate friend,
"LIZZIE STIRLING."

For another hour, until it was long past midnight, Ellen sat there reading and re-reading Lizzie Stirling's letter, and thinking, thinking, whilst hot tears dropped through her clasped hands on to the paper, and Anthony Latouche's name was blotted out by them—thinking, whilst memory's magic gave him back to her again fairer, better, nobler than he ever was or could be—fair and kind and bold and brave, as she idealized him—thinking until thought became a torture that goaded her patient spirit into wild, fierce impatience with her cruel lot. Then her pathetic, unselfish love grew reckless, selfish, mad and passionate—then she rose, telling herself and the

evil spirits who urged her on that she had borne her life's lonely penance too long; let come of it what might, she would take the happiness she had put away from her—Anthony Latouche's blood-stained hand should be hers, to clasp and kiss and weep the accursed stain away.

Her wild sophistries drove her on, reckless; and then and there, by the light of her lamp, she wrote to Anthony Latouche, and told him that her love was his, as it had ever been—that her life should be his if he cared still to make it so. Better were death, if death must come, with him, than life—the best life that earth could give her—without him; and she should deem her life well spent if it saved a pang of his. She wrote as she had never dared to write, to speak, scarcely to think of him, in the madness of wild despairing love, pleading without restraint.

She signed it hurriedly, sealed it, and directed it; nay, in the fierce contest between her feelings in the wild battle which duty fought with inclination, she herself took part against herself—she would put it beyond recall, beyond her own power to undo; and, staying but to fling a shawl over her head, she crept swiftly down-stairs, out into the quiet, moonlit street, walked hurriedly to the further end where the post-office stood, and dropped the letter in.

She did not dare to stay to think, now the deed was done, but sped as swiftly back, pausing but to draw her gasping breath for a moment at the door. As she did so the church-clock struck the quarter after two, and the wringing echoes floated far and wide over the silent moonlit streets; some restless dog, awakened by the sound, burst into a volley of shrieking barks, ending with a long-drawn howl, re-echoed and repeated by other canine throats; and Ellen fled from the sound, and buried her head in the pillows of her bed to shut out the noises—but in vain. So had the angry dogs shrieked and howled that night.

Sinner that she was, had she dared to make light of blood-guiltiness? And would the beasts of the earth, the stones of the streets, rise up and accuse her? Had she dared in her selfish, unholy, unwomanly passion to pass by so lightly the desolation of Richard Stirling's hapless young widow and his orphan babe, and to hope for happiness for herself in his murderer's arms?

"I will undo what I have done! I will undo what I have done!" she thought, frenziedly. "I will demand my letter back at the post-office, or, if all fails, send another by the same post. I will write it now. I will! I will!"

She stood at the table and hastily scrawled a few lines, and wrote outside, "Immediate!"

"Read first!" She had implored him to leave the fatal second letter unread, and then had directed the envelope to — Did she? Had she? "What a long time I have been!" she thought, in bewildered confusion, raising herself from the chair into which she had fallen, and steadying herself against the table. "Why, the sun has risen—it is morning! Good heavens, what has happened to me? Have I been asleep—or what?"

It was nothing very strange which, after the usual exertions and excitement of the evening and night, had overtaken the delicate, nervous woman scarcely risen from a bed of sickness. She had fainted at her task of writing the second letter, and, sinking back into the arm-chair at hand, had passed from the swoon into a deep, death-like slumber, which had lasted until the May sunshine was stealing through the curtained windows.

Sick, dizzy, cold and bewildered, she was feebly searching for some wine or cordial drink to restore life to her palsied limbs, when the sudden recollection of the letter she had posted in the night occurred to her with a shock that sent the chilled blood rushing through her veins.

She snatched out her watch, and then tottered over to the clock on her sitting-room mantelpiece, seeking for denial of her worst fears there—dragged aside the curtains and saw the early sunshine filling the streets instead of the moonlight, as when she had last looked, and here and there the figures of early laborers going to their work. Too true! The church-clock struck the half-hour after five as she gazed and listened. She was too late; the morning mail had gone south half an hour before.

That day before noon Ellen Bruce had left Ardnamore, telling no one her destination, paying for her rooms a month's rent, and leaving some of her property to the care of her landlord, also a farewell letter for Doctor Rane, with his fee, and one for pretty little Katie O'Neill, with her love, and praying for her happiness.

A second letter to Anthony Latouche went south by that evening's mail, and when it reached his hand it merely told him, too, that Ellen Bruce had left Ardnamore—left Ireland—for ever, and had gone to spend the rest of her life, with the whole wide world between them—that she had gone to Australia.

(To be continued.)

A New Instrument for Science.

THERE is now in operation in the Laboratory of Central University, Richmond, Ky., an interesting apparatus that records in a beautiful manner the motion of the earth in its hourly progress through space. It is the invention of Professor T. W. Tobin. The principle upon which the instrument is formed is, that a delicately constructed pendulum will continue to oscillate in the same direction as started, and preserving that plane, mark the movement of the earth beneath it. The principle was demonstrated by Foucault, a French philosopher, in 1851; was verified in Boston at the Bunker Hill Monument, and lastly again at Yale College. The apparatus hitherto employed has been cumbersome, and the results obtained somewhat vague. The experiments, nevertheless, bear historical interest, and are related in modern text-books on physics. It has developed on Kentucky to furnish the scientific world with a finished and mathematical demonstration of this beautiful phenomenon, together with the apparatus for producing the result so as to be proved in a schoolroom or laboratory. The instrument is about six feet high, consisting of an iron tripod and delicate pendulum. There is an index attached to the upper portion of the pendulum, and when the pendulum is started this is perfectly still. In six minutes the earth's motion be-

comes apparent, and the needle shows about one degree of deviation. In one hour the movement is so marked that the distance traversed by the earth may be estimated from its data. The pendulum is of such delicate construction that it will remain in motion for twelve hours, and yet may be retarded or even stopped by blowing upon it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Aniline Bronze.—A solid, brilliant, aniline bronze, suitable for paper, wood, glass or copper, can be prepared by dissolving 10 grammes of aniline red and 5 grammes methyl violet in 100 grammes 95 per cent. alcohol, adding 5 grammes benzoic acid and causing the whole to boil for a few minutes. The color can be applied with a brush.

Preservation of Fruit.—In making preserves from acid fruits a large quantity of sugar is ordinarily consumed. A distinguished chemist proposes to destroy or remove the extra acidity by means of aqua-ammonia—a method which he declares is as useful for preserves intended to be kept as for computes for immediate use. The ammonia is said to improve the taste of preserves as well as to permit the saving of sugar.

Copper in Blood.—Cloeys has detected copper in the blood of two male deer killed wild in the woods. In the first case no special precautions were taken, but in the second the process was conducted with the greatest care, and three milligrams of copper oxide were obtained from 530 grains of blood. The origin of the metal is an interesting one, since it could have come only from the vegetables eaten or the water drunk by the animal.

Entomological Commission.—The United States Entomological Commission, having for its object the study of the habits, ravages, and best means of destroying the Western locust, is fairly at work. Circulars asking for information and returns, and two numbers of a bulletin giving timely information to farmers and others regarding its habits, so far as known, and remedies against its ravages, have been issued. The locust area west of the meridian of 94° has been divided into three departments, each to be visited personally by a member of the commission which consists of C. W. Riley, A. S. Packard, Jr., and Cyrus Thomas.

A Mammoth Induction Coil.—Professor Spottiswoode has described the new enormous induction coil made for him by Apps, which is capable of giving sparks forty-two inches long. It has two primary coils—one used for long sparks, the wire being 660 yards long and 0.005 inch diameter; the other for flat sparks, has 84 pounds of wire instead of 67. The secondary wire is 280 miles long and forms 341,850 turns. In the two central sections the diameter of this wire is 0.095 inch, and in the two outer ones 0.0115 and 0.0110 inch. Glass three inches thick has been pierced with the 28-inch spark of this coil, using five cells of Grove.

Copper in Newfoundland.—Rich copper mines are now worked at Bell's Cove, Newfoundland. Last year the proprietors shipped 20,000 tons of copper ore. During this year the yield will be 60,000 tons. A thousand miners are now at work, and it is ascertained that there is ore enough for years to come, even supposing operations were to go on upon the same scale. The present ore-bed is sixty feet in thickness, and of unknown extent. Judging from surface indications, other deposits are likely to be found from which ore can be obtained in paying quantities. Speculators have covered the whole country with mining licenses, usually taken out at hap-hazard. An American has covered the modest share of fifty square miles with his licenses.

A Dictionary of Chemistry.—Chemistry has got to be a science of so much importance to the physician, technologist, farmer, trade-man, manufacturer and scholar, that a very large class of persons require more or less knowledge of it for their purposes. On this account a handy dictionary has been felt to be very desirable. This want has been supplied by Dr Otto Dammer, of Berlin, who has published an octavo of 820 closely printed pages, in which can be found a description of every important chemical compound known to science or employed in the arts. The author employs the modern notation and nomenclature, and, in order to avoid expense, has not attempted to illustrate his book. Unfortunately, the work at present is only to be had in the German language.

Intensity of Life in America.—The extreme restlessness of Americans is accounted for by naturalists by the climatic peculiarities of the country, which affect the lower animals as well as the *genus homo*. The expenditure of nervous and vital energy, against which physicians vainly inveigh, which superannuates merchants, lawyers, clergymen and other professional men in the United States, is not induced by the simple passion for gain, place, power or knowledge, but by an uncontrollable restlessness which marks the Americans as a hurrying, energetic, enterprising people. In Europe men are content to plod industriously on, unconscious of the need of relaxation, while in America they bend with nervous intensity to their work, and carry the same excitement into the relaxation which such life inevitably demands.

Steam Heat for Villages.—The most economical method of heating factories and large buildings has long since been conceded to be by the employment of steam. Enterprising builders have suggested the application of the same heat to blocks of houses and even to small towns. We now hear that a company is about to undertake the work of supplying heat to the houses, churches, factories, shops and offices of Lockport, N. Y. One set of workmen is sufficient for each stack of boilers whether a single building or a whole block is to be heated. How to carry the steam through pipes of non-conducting material and how to introduce it into the houses is a perfectly well understood problem. All of the principles involved in steam-heat have long since been known; the only thing wanting is sufficient faith on the part of capitalists to insure its adoption everywhere.

Envelope for Meat Sausage.—The *Erbsen-wurst* was produced in such enormous quantities during the Franco-German war that it was found to be absolutely impossible to procure a sufficient number of skins and bladders to contain the preparation. Oiled fabrics, parchment paper, as well as other water-proof materials, were essayed in vain, for an envelope was required which was elastic and unaffected by boiling water. A chemist solved the problem. He proposed the use of gelatine, mixed with bichromate of potash, or, in other words, the process employed by photographers nowadays in producing what are called carbon prints. It is well known that if a solution of gelatine and bichromate of potash is spread upon paper and exposed to light, the gelatine becomes insoluble in a very short time, and will effectually resist the action of cold or hot water to dissolve it, this principle being, in fact, that upon which photographic prints are produced, the portions of a surface which refuse to wash away constituting a picture. This same mixture was used for treating the sausages. The food was pressed into proper shapes and then dipped into the bichromated gelatine solution, after which it was exposed to daylight for a couple of hours, when the gelatine formed a tough skin around it, capable of being boiled with impunity. The bichromated gelatine film could be adapted as an envelope for the preservation of a great variety of other substances which would bear the preliminary immersion in the sensitized liquid, and it is somewhat remarkable that it has not been more extensively applied.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. GREVY, the new leader of the French Republicans, is the best chess-player in Paris.

GOVERNOR HUBBARD, of Texas, is working to establish a colored university in that State.

CARDINAL MANNING will visit Rome for the purpose of receiving from the hands of the Pope his cardinal's hat.

PROFESSOR JUSTIN WINSON, Librarian of Harvard University, presided at the Conference of Librarians in London, on the 3d inst.

HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT, United States Minister to Great Britain, has tendered his resignation, to take effect on the 1st of next December.

MILMORE, sculptor of the Boston Army and Navy Monument, is only thirty-two years of age. He is refined in appearance and reserved in manner.

REV. DR. MORGAN DIX, LL.D., rector of Trinity Church, New York, will preach the sermon at the consecration of St. Luke's Cathedral at Portland, Me.

MR. CHARLES O'CONNOR, of New York, is Chairman of the American Society of the Red Cross, organized for the succor of sick and wounded Russian soldiers.

THE REV. MR. MUNSON, the late Greenback candidate for Governor of Maine, has been obliged to resign his pulpit in Skowhegan, Me., on account of his political course.

PRINCE WALDEMAR, of Denmark, youngest brother of the Princess of Wales, has passed a brilliant examination, and has been appointed a sub-lieutenant in the Danish navy.

DR. BENJAMIN WALWORTH, of Fredonia, New York, the last surviving brother of Chancellor Walworth, is the oldest physician in New York. He is ninety-five, and still doing active professional work.

PROFESSOR SCHNEIDER, the leader of the famous Marine Band in Washington, has decided to resign and go to London, on account of the heavy reduction in the number and pay of the band.

LIVERPOOL chose as mayor the owner of sixty gin-palaces on condition that he would do something handsome for the city. It is an art-gallery, and he was re-elected to have the pleasure of opening it.

WILKIE COLLINS is suffering from gout in the eyes, and in his large, dingy old house in London will allow no gas to be burned, using only candles and shaded lamps for such dim light as is necessary after nightfall.

THE monument to the memory of Josie Langmaid, who was murdered by La Page at Pembroke, N. H., two years ago, has been put up at the scene of the murder. There is an inscription upon it describing the manner of her death.

MISS FIELD, a very accomplished lady of Philadelphia, died at Bethlehem, N. H., on Saturday, after an illness of several weeks. Her approaching marriage to his Excellency Governor Rice was but recently the cause of congratulation.

JUDGE KELLEY is the senior Republican and Mr. Randall the senior Democrat in the present House of Representatives. The former began his continuous service in the Thirty-seventh Congress, and the latter in the Thirty-eighth Congress.

THE wholesale boot and shoe trade of Boston have started a subscription to purchase a portrait of the late Vice-President Wilson, by Mrs. C. A. Fessett of Washington. It will, if purchased, be presented to the new Boot and Shoe Exchange, on Summer Street.

THE third wife of the Khédive of Egypt has taken in hand the education of Egyptian girls. Several flourishing schools have been started by her, and it seems likely that the time-honored Oriental prejudice against the education of women will at length be overcome.

THE senior Bayard, of Delaware, seventy-eight years of age, is in declining health. His father sat in Congress before him, and his son (Thomas F.) succeeded him. This is the most remarkable instance of family succession in official life in the history of our Government.

LIEUTENANT WYATT RAWSON, R. N., who distinguished himself in the sledging parties of the recent Nares Arctic expedition, has had his leg amputated. He was wounded in the Ashantee war, and hurried from the equator to the pole without waiting for his wound to heal.

THE present foundation of the Douglas monument in Chicago is not strong enough to support the column, and it has been decided to tear it down and rebuild a solid foundation of granite. The remains of Senator Douglas will have to be removed while this is being done.

VICTOR HUGO, at his *soirées*, sets before his guests a refreshing drink which he invented for Dom Pedro—the evening his Majesty dropped in to dine with him. It is compounded of crushed ice, orange syrup and rum, and is not stronger than many of the beverages served to ladies at ball-room buffets.

THE medal for the diploma for the Paris Exhibition of 1878 will be designed by M. Paul Baudry, the painter who executed the frescoes at the Grand Opera House. It will be engraved by the well-known M. Henriquel Dupont. It will be remembered that it was Ingres who designed the diploma for the Paris Exhibition of 1851.

MISS MINNIE E. HODGES, a lady who has just resigned the position of cashier and money-order clerk in the Des Moines (Iowa) Post Office, handled and paid out during six years \$4,000,000, and never made a mistake of a cent. At times she had charge of the whole office, with twenty-five or thirty clerks under her directions, and there never was the slightest trouble.

QUEEN VICTORIA grows more and more exclusive. This year she visited a fashionable resort named Lochmarea, but previous to going there made it an express stipulation that the neighboring hotels should be empty during her stay. The hotel-keepers, confident that their harvest would come with the crowds who are always eager to follow in the path of royalty, agreed to the condition, and her Majesty had the place to herself.

DOM PEDRO has just ordered a state coach in London. It is light and roomy, and the entire body is painted white, relieved with broad bands of gold and fine lines of crimson. On the doors and panels are painted the imperial arms in their proper heraldic colors. The hammer-cloth is of crimson Genoa velvet with gold tassels and cords. For the lining crimson corded silk has been used, but the glare is very much toned down by the free use of Valenciennes laces.

A YOUNG lady of Warner, New Hampshire, wrote to the postmaster of Pipestone, Minnesota, for some geological specimens from that vicinity. The letter was handed to a young real estate agent interested in the same subject, and the correspondence has just resulted in a wedding. The bridegroom presented the parson with a deed of a lot in Pipestone, and an Indian pipe and hatchet made of the peculiar stone found there. The parson responded appropriately, advising the couple always to keep a similar pipe of peace in the family.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CIGAR-MAKERS' STRIKE.—INTERIOR OF A CIGAR FACTORY BEFORE THE STRIKE.

A BALLOON JOURNEY TO THE NORTH POLE.

COMMODORE CHEYNE, of the British Navy, in a recent lecture on Arctic exploration, recommended that the obstacles in the way of reaching the North Pole might be overcome if the journey were made in balloons. The manner in which he suggested that these aerial vessels might be combined is shown in our picture. The three balloons would, it is estimated, carry six men, besides three tons weight of gear, boat-cars, stores, provisions, tents, sledges, dogs, compressed gas and ballast. The triangular framework connecting them would be fitted with foot-ropes, so that the occupants might pass from one to another. Trail ropes would prevent their ascent above about 500 feet, and telegraphic communication would be kept up with the ships by means of a wire uncoiled from the large wheel seen in the engraving, which wire, being marked at every five miles, would also serve to keep a record of the distance traversed. By availing themselves of known wind-currents it is claimed that the balloons could be taken to within

twenty miles of the Pole. After taking the necessary observations the same means would return them to the parallel of latitude on which the ships were left, after which the journey to the latter would be completed with the dogs and sledges forming part of the cargo.

THE CIGAR-MAKERS' STRIKE IN NEW YORK CITY.

ON Monday, October 15th, by a preconcerted action, 5,000 cigar-makers in New York City struck for higher wages, and abandoned work.

A meeting of delegates from the various shops on strike was held in the afternoon at No. 28 Avenue A, and formed a permanent Central Organization, and adopted a constitution. A. Strasser was elected temporary chairman, and I. Praschek temporary vice-president.

The draft of a constitution and plan of action was then read. The following are the main points: The organization of the delegates is to constitute the central organization of the cigar-makers' unions,

and is to continue after the strikes have ended. The objects are to promote harmony and uniformity, and unity of action among the workmen. The organization shall fix upon rates of wages, which shall be uniform in all shops and tenements throughout the city. If the workers of any shop shall strike they shall not return to work without the assent of the central organization. There are to be an Executive Committee and a Relief Committee, whose duties shall be to examine the complaints of strikers, and to persuade them to join the organization, to collect money for the expenses of the organization and for the relief of the strikers.

Several women acted as delegates. Mary Heisler, a young Bohemian woman, seemed to wield a great influence over the members. Her command of language and force of character made her a great favorite, and when the permanent officers were chosen she was elected vice-president by an overwhelming majority.

The Executive Committee meet daily at No. 28 Avenue A, from nine to four o'clock, and the Central Organization will also hold daily meetings at two o'clock in the afternoon as long as the strike shall continue.

The principal proprietors of the larger cigar manufactories held a private meeting in the afternoon, in Lafayette Place. They were unwilling to state what action was taken, but said they thought the strike would soon be over.

On the following day delegates from

common compromise proposed by the employers is on the basis of one-half the demand.

By Tuesday night it was estimated that the number of strikers had doubled. The employers still hold out, prophesying that the men could not keep up the strike longer than ten days. No outbreak occurred between the interested parties until Wednesday, when a free fight took place between a squad of new men and some of the union men's pickets, at 269 Bowery. At another place a party of fresh men, while endeavoring to go into a factory to work, were set upon by former employes, and induced to abandon the attempt. By evening the movement had become almost general.

The manufacture of cigars in tenement-houses is carried on to a greater extent than is supposed, and efforts have frequently been made to have the practice prohibited on the score of sanitary reform. Large manufacturers, during busy times, hire entire tenements and fill them with cigar-makers of both sexes and every age and nationality, and deduct a percentage from their earnings for rent. Besides persons so employed, several hundred men, women and children carry on the business in their own tenement apartments. The largest of the tenements hired by the manufacturers themselves are in Sheriff, Houston, Allen, Eldridge and Twenty-eighth Streets, and Second and Sixth Avenues. To a person stepping into an apartment so used from the fresh air, the odor is absolutely suffocating; but it is very probable that if the Board of



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CIGAR-MAKERS' STRIKE.—TENEMENT-HOUSE CIGAR-MAKING.



ENGLAND.—COMMODORE CHEYNE'S PROPOSED SYSTEM OF BALLOON TRAVEL TO THE NORTH POLE.

different firms reported the results of interviews with the employers, and all the offers of compromise made by the manufacturers were rejected. The increase demanded varies from fifty cents to two dollars and fifty cents a thousand, and the

Health should secure the passage of a law to abolish this work in habitable buildings, the men and women, and little children, too, who now work from morning until late in the evening, may continue to do so after determining upon precautionary measures. The fact that in good times an expe



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE NEW KEELEY MOTOR—A PRIVATE TEST OF THE MECHANICAL WONDER IN PHILADELPHIA.

rienced person could earn from ten to twenty-five dollars per week would lead to strong opposition to any measure looking to the prohibition of this kind of industry at home.

One leaf of tobacco represents the combination of nine different chemical substances, the most dangerous of which is the oil of nicotine. A scientific authority, Lauderer, asserts that the fresh leaf does not contain this poison, but that it is generated during the process of preparation; another, Zeise, that the poison is in the growing plant, but is eliminated by the act of combustion, and later experimentalists claim to have proven both opinions erroneous.

The temperate and tropical zones produce the plant in very different varieties; in the former the leaf attains the largest growth, and in the latter it has the finest flavor. There are nearly fifty varieties of tobacco cultivated, some of which are of fine color, texture and flavor, while others are coarse, dark, and strong. There are many kinds cultivated in this country, including the following: Connecticut seed-leaf, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Wisconsin seed-leaf, Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Perique, Louisiana, Florida and Missouri tobacco. Some of these are very similar in kind. Virginia is a fine smoking-tobacco, adapted for the pipe; Connecticut is justly celebrated as the finest cigar wrapping-leaf known to commerce, while Ohio raises both cigar and cutting-leaf.

In the New England States there are quite a number of species of the seed-leaf cultivated, and in Ohio there are five. While the tobacco-plant readily adapts itself to soil and climate, it often loses those essential qualities which render it valuable and a source of profit to the cultivator of the weed. Some kinds of tobacco may be grown in almost any climate, and still retain, in a measure, its essential qualities, such as texture, color, size, and weight. Others, however, change altogether on being introduced to new sections of country.

Twenty-five pounds of leaf-tobacco will yield 1,000 cigars. The tobacco is put up in bundles, and received in that form in the factories. After being separated, the leaves are dipped in water to render them sufficiently pliable for manipulation, and then taken into another department where they are stripped of the vein or stem in the centre, which leaves them in two parts known as the right and left wrapper. The stripping is done by laying the leaf on a board, and then removing the stem with a sharp knife. When the half-leaves are "booked" or spread out smoothly on the knee they are ready for the maker.

In fashioning tobacco into cigars by hand a quantity of "filling," which is either a separate brand of the leaf or an inferior quality of the leaf in hand, is taken from a table, pressed with the hands into a roll, placed on one of the wrappers and with a push is rolled tightly up. Wrappers receive manual treatment according as they are right-hand or left-hand pieces. The quantity of filling is neither weighed nor measured, an apprenticeship of three years giving the maker an accurate idea of the proportion required. The blunt end is cut off sharply and the tapering one pasted down.

When the cigars are made by cases they go through the same operations as the hand-made, excepting that they are rolled more loosely. They are then placed in a groove in a board, and when the grooves are all filled a board with a corresponding mold cut out is placed upon the first, and the two piled up in a hand-press. When this has its capacity of molds completed a wrench is turned and the great pressure gives shape and solidity to the cigar.

The color-sorter is an employé confined exclusively to the separation of the cigars into the brands by which they are known to dealers and consumers. The first selection is by length, the second by color. In length the Regalia Britannica comes first; then the other brands, in the following order: Medi Regalia, Londres, Londrinos (very small) Concha, Conchita, Infante. The colors are Claro, light; Colorado, red; Colorado Blaco, light red; Maduro, brown; Colorado Maduro, light brown; Oscuro, very dark.

Cigars are now made by machine also, and three girls with one machine will turn out 2,000 cigars per day, two operatives bunching the materials, the other putting the wrappers on.

THE NEW KEELEY MOTOR.

JOHN W. KEELEY, inventor of the machine known as the Keeley Motor, which attracted considerable attention about two years ago, has just completed an improved machine, and is about submitting it to a thorough scientific test. It is placed on an iron bed-plate, two cylinders, or upright tubes, on each end, 8 feet high, the right-hand one 12 inches in diameter, that on the left 9 inches in diameter, each three inches bore on the inside. Wrought-iron rings are shrunk on these tubes to strengthen them. At different distances, graduated to a gauge to show pressure on the top and bottom, are compressing valves. In the centre

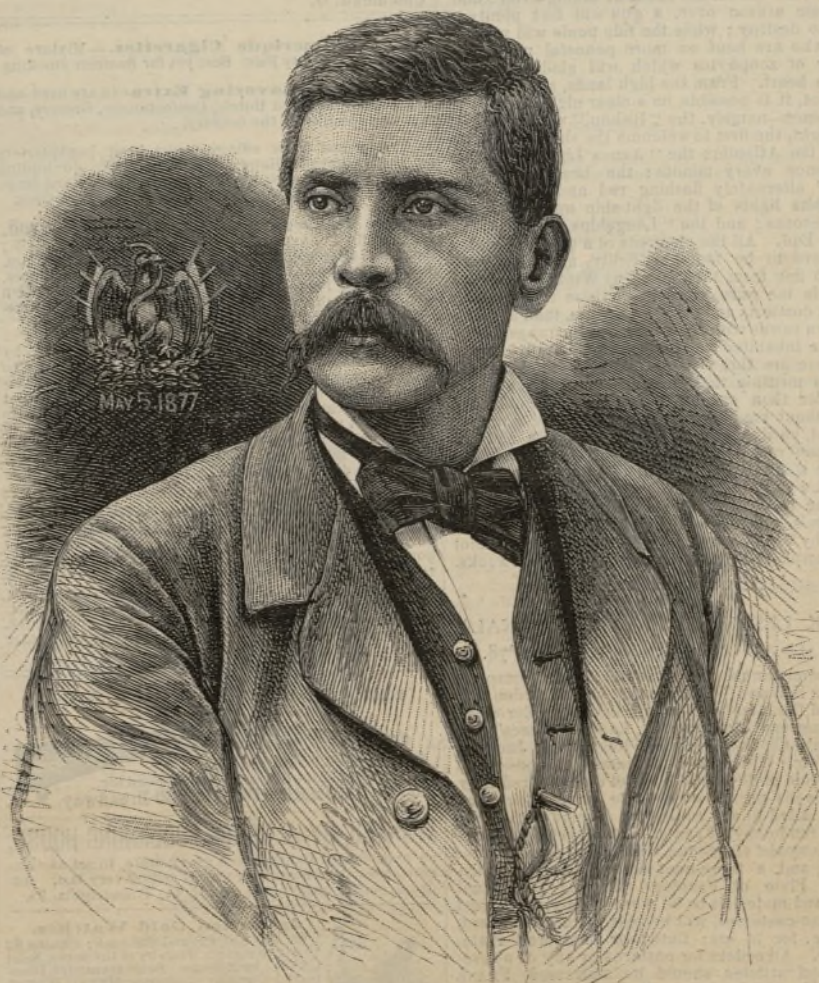
between these cylinders, at the top, is a sphere of fourteen gallons capacity, with three tubes connecting it with a middle one, smaller, which rests on a chamber, tea-cup shaped, and in turn rests on an octagonal box, which is fixed to the bed-plate, known as the expulsion-box of the machine. On each side of the central portion is a shell fourteen inches in diameter, seven inches inside, resting on a base through which is a three-quarter inch tube. One tube connects the shell with the expulsion-box, and all are bolted strongly together. On a line with the side shells rests what is called the expulsion-lever, and, singular as it may sound to those who have never seen the operation, this lever opens communication with all the parts of the machine, producing vibrating action and the vapor, that impalpable thing about which there has been so much speculation. Connected by small copper tubes, not over three-fourths of an inch in diameter, are two very large spheres of steel—one, termed the "register of force," with a capacity of 12½ gallons and 9 inches thick; the other, 60 gallons and 6 inches thick—the two becoming reservoirs of the power.

The operation of the machine is very simple. A rubber hose, five-eighths of an inch, is attached to the hydrant, and water—about two or three gallons—is passed into the machine. The gauges, with graduated scales, indicate the height of the water column, the result varying, as it does, so far as power is concerned. Air is forced into the upright column on the left, with a pump, the pressure applied being usually about five pounds, sometimes as much as ten pounds. By application of more air, or by "bleeding" of the gauges, the pressure is regulated at will, and the machine is what is technically called "set." The power is made from hydrant water and ordinary air, no chemicals about it, and it will drive an engine and transmit power. The vapor passes from the machine into a steel shell, and into a condensing apparatus, whence it goes to a small tube and thence to the engine. In a private test the valves were all opened to show the machine was clear, air introduced, and the lever was lifted, the first move showing 1,750 pounds pressure on the gauge to the square inch, and though the chamber for condensing was open the current did not blow out a match held over it. With 6½ pounds air pressure, the gauge indicated 5,200 pounds to the inch and then 6,700 on the third trial. On the fourth it lifted a large lever (weighted) registering 5,000 pounds dead weight. The vapor was turned into an expulsion chamber and the cap flew off with a report like a rifle, frightening half those present, and lastly a five-horse-power engine with ¾ inch stroke and twenty-four-inch fly-wheel, was driven at 680 revolutions to the minute. The skeptical engineers were convinced that the power was there, and that it could be applied.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ,

CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

PORFIRIO DIAZ was born in Oaxaca, September 15th, 1832, where he was classically educated. Consequently he is now just turned his forty-fifth year. In 1854 he took a direct part in the revolution in favor of reform. In 1856, as captain of a battalion of national guards, he was severely wounded in Ixcapa. A few months later he took, by assault, one of the trenches in Oaxaca. In 1858 he was appointed



GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ, THE CONSTITUTIONAL PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO.

political and military commander of the Department of Tehuantepec, where, surrounded by enemies, he, with a very insignificant force, fought valiantly and pacified the territory under his command. As a reward for his services he was promoted to be commander of a battalion, and later to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1859, with his command, he surprised and routed the forces of José María Cobos, capturing a large amount of ammunition, etc. And in the same year he again triumphed over Cobos, and was promoted for his services to a full colonelcy.

On the 23d of June, 1861, he became Deputy in the National Congress, at the capital of the nation, when Leonardo Marquez attempted to take possession of the city. Porfirio Diaz put himself at the head of a company from Oaxaca, and introduced disorder into the ranks of Marquez, driving him from the capital. Some days after, under General Gonzales Ortega, he gave Marquez another battle, which won him the rank of brigadier-general. Later, under General Tapia, he continued the war against the reactionists, in which he distinguished himself, especially in the hills of Pachuca.

When the French broke the compact of La Soledad, General Diaz was the first to appear and retard their advance and cover the rear of the retreating forces of Zaragoza. On the 5th of May, 1862, he won the greater glory by his military ability with and in pursuit of the French. Again, in the siege of Puebla, where he fought valiantly, for which he was made division-general. Subsequently, after organizing and disciplining his troops, he endeavored to hold the city of Oaxaca with a small army against several thousand French troops, well provided with siege guns, but finally surrendered, without conditions, and was taken prisoner to Puebla, from which place he made his escape. He afterwards campaigned in the States of Guerrero and Oaxaca, and on the 15th of October, 1866, fought and won the famous battle of Carbonera, where he took five hundred Austrian prisoners, with their artillery and seven hundred rifles. In 1867, with the advantages already gained, he marched without loss of time to the assault of Puebla, captured and occupied the city, leaving it immediately thereafter to give battle to Marquez (who was coming to its relief), whom he routed. He then marched for, and laying siege to, the capital of Mexico, was again victorious, thus contributing greatly to the re-establishment of the Mexican Republic.

In the revolutions which he led in 1872 and 1876 his great desire was the establishment of the principles of no re-election to the Presidency, and apparently he has finally achieved his purpose. One of his biographers has said of him that, with his honor, his valor, his activity and never-failing energy, which had never degenerated into cruelty, his ideas of morality and order, and his well-proven patriotism, he is, among his contemporaries, the man most eminent in the Mexican Republic. He was elected Constitutional President of the Republic on the 5th of May of the present year.

To-day his most distinguished generals in the Mexican army are: General Juan N. Mendez; General Manuel Gonzalez; General Luis Miery Teran; General Geronimo Trevino, the latter of whom is now in command on the frontier bordering on Texas. Members of the Cabinet: Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ignacio L. Vallarta; Minister of Justice, Protasio Tagle; Minister of War, Pedro Ogazon; Minister of Finances, Matias Romero; Minister of Improvements, Vicente Riva Palacio; Minister of Home Department, Trinidad Garcia. Foreign Ministers: Minister to the United States, General José M. Mata; Minister to Spain, General Ramon Corona; Minister to Italy, Jesus Castañeda; Minister to Guatemala, Juan J. de la Garza.

Old and Curious Patents.

The first patent issued by the United States Government was to Samuel Hopkins, on July 31st, 1790, for making pot or pearl ashes. Patents were issued on modes of making candles, flour and meal, later in the same year; and in 1791 Francis Bartley was granted letters for "punches for types." Also in that year patents were issued for driving piles, for bridges, machines, for threshing grain, for improvements in distilling, propelling boats by cattle, and improvements in steam-engines. In 1792 was patented a canvas conductor to be used when houses are on fire, which may have been the original of the late patent fire-escape. An improved mode of turning a spit was patented in 1793; also a stove of cast iron. A machine for cutting nails was patented by Josiah G. Peerson on March 23d, 1794. A new mode of catching fish was patented in 1795, since which time innumerable laws have been enacted to compel people to catch them by the old process. Removing pains by metallic points was patented in 1796, and the first improvement in pianofortes is recorded in the same year; also staves for removing distortions in the spine. A soap-stone stove was patented in 1797. Bilious pills were first patented in 1796, effeminate ropery for spinning rope yarn in 1799, and a washing and wringing machine, the Cavabar, in 1800. Ebenezer Whiting received a patent for a cotton gin on January 22d, 1801. An improvement for manufacturing paper from corn-husks was patented December 30th, 1803, and an apple papper in 1804. A patent for finding salt-water and metals was granted in 1803. In 1804 a patent was issued for an improvement in the bedstead, so constructed that it may be taken down and removed by one person in case of fire or on other occasions with much ease and expedition. In 1804 the Government felt the value of an improvement in galleys, or suspenders for breeches, pantaloons, or trousers.

An English Cavalier.

The table was served with three courses, each of twenty dishes, and these were brought up by twenty men, who stamped up the great stair like thunder at every course. My lord had four servants behind his own chair. He was very curious in his wine, but first of all drank at one draught a whole quart either of malt drink or wine-and-water as a remedy for stone and gravel. At all the inns he lodged at in traveling they kept a quart glass, called "My Lord Aston's glass." Sir Edward Southcote saw one at the Altar Stone at Banbury not many years ago. The servants all dined together in the hall, and what was left was thrown together into a tub, which two men took on their shoulders to the court-gate, where every day forty or fifty poor people were served with it. When my lord did not go hawking in the afternoon, he always played at ombre with his two sons for an hour; and at four o'clock returned to a covered seat in his vineyard. There he sat alone, and none durst approach him. At five o'clock his chariot, with a pair of his six gray Flanders mares—the chariot was made so narrow that none could sit by him—took him "a trole"

about the park for five or six miles. He returned at seven, and by eight would be in bed. He always lay in bed without pillow, bolster, or nightcap. Winter and Summer he rose at four, and entertained himself with books until it was time to go a-hunting or hawking at wild ducks. He would never allow any but hunted venison at his table. Every day but Sunday one buck was killed at the least, but most commonly a brace. He never made or returned any visit, the court and address of that county being made to him. Thus my lord lived, until his son prevailed on him to return to Tixal. This was a great cross to his lady, who liked this way of living. And being now so far removed from her dear daughter Southcote, she grew melancholy and lost her wits, keeping almost perpetual silence, and refusing nourishment.

Over-Work and Over-Worry.

It is not over-work, to use the word in its conventional sense, that kills, but the conditions under which the work is done—the over-worry which sometimes accompanies it, the feverish efforts which men who work hard, but are not over-workers—that is, who do not work more hard than their natural capacities qualify them to do—make to combine the pursuit of pleasure with industry, society with the study or "the shop." It seems a truism which sounds like a platitude to say that the human machinery, as all other machinery which is to produce motion, must be fed, the fuel in this case being physical nutriment and rest. In other words, if the energies are not to be prematurely exhausted, the demand on them must be accompanied by the concession of a healthy diet and a proper amount of sleep. The suitability of the former and the sufficiency of the latter are not difficult to ascertain. In each case nature is the judge; and if her promptings are disregarded, dyspepsia, insomnia, and all the other maladies of life will follow; not because they are, from the first, inevitable, but because they have been wantonly provoked. If brainwork is only done under pressure of stimulants, the brain suddenly gives way. If the lyrical precept of Captain Morris is followed, and days are lengthened by annexing to them part of the legitimate territory of night, the *vicer* has no right to complain if the sequel is disastrous. And, of course, the mind reacts upon the body; just as mental exercise is, if properly conducted, a physical gain, so that state of anxious, hopeless worry—the worry which springs from the haunting consciousness of the skeleton in the cupboard, financial or otherwise—surely saps, and finally destroys, the physical system. There may be over-work, there assuredly is over-worry, and both in the long run end in death. But in a general way it is a demonstrable fact that the deaths which are attributed to over-work are to be explained on other grounds too painful or too prosaic to mention. It may be excusable to gild with a specious phrase the origin of a commonplace mortality; but there is no reason why honest industry should be discredited by a cant term, and a danger-signal hung out where, with proper steering, no danger is, but rather health and happiness are.

The Scilly Isles.

It would be difficult elsewhere to discover, in an area of the same size, so many sources of interest. In the very names of the places the philologist will find a study; the fern-collector would look in vain in other regions for such a growth of Asplenium marinum as the fissures of the rocks of Scilly produce; the antiquary may puzzle himself with Druidical remains, and may decide whether the so-called Rock Basins bear testimony to Druidical sacrifices or to the disintegrating action of weather on granite in a state of decomposition. While boating in these lovely waters it is well to vary the pastime by catching some fish, for whatever love may do, money will not buy you fish in Scilly. It is provoking to see a wretched sloop in the harbor carrying away all the crabs and lobsters which have been caught since her last visit, and have been kept for her arrival. This is the one drop of bitterness in the cup of happiness which Scilly presents to its visitors. There are fresh-water ponds on Treco and St. Mary's, with abundance of fish to be had for the labor of taking a rod; and, the close season over, a gun will find plenty of birds to destroy; while the tide pools will yield to those who are bent on more peaceful pursuits a variety of zoophytes which will gladden a collector's heart. From the high lands, at more than one spot, it is possible on a clear night to see five lighthouses—namely, the "Bishop," with its bright fixed light, the first to welcome the ship that comes across the Atlantic; the "Agnes Light," with its flash once every minute; the beautiful "Wolf Light," alternately flashing red and white; the two white lights of the light-ship moored at the Seven Stones; and the "Longships Light" at the Land's End. All the elements of a perfect holiday scene are to be found at Scilly, and many who have to flee from the inclement Winters would do better in the pure, soft air of these islands, with English comforts and roomy quarters, than in stuffy Southern towns with limited sanitary arrangements. The five inhabited islands have each their church, and there are three resident clergymen. But it is right to mention that physical necessities are less cared for than spiritual; the islanders did very well without medical aid, save such as was unprofessional, until a few years ago when a Cornish gentleman met with an accident while shooting, and the steamer was sent in all haste to Penzance to fetch a surgeon, the sufferer remaining in agony for some ten hours. A medical man now lives on St. Mary's, and visits his patients on the other islands by boat—a feat, however, that often cannot be accomplished for successive days or even weeks.

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FUN.

CHICAGO bank-presidents are nights of the golden fleece.

AN express-train is faster than a day-laborer, but it can't stop as suddenly.

THE stove-dealers ought to fetch out a Creedmoor range for this Winter's market.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it painted on your umbrella.

PROFESSOR HICKS, of Montreal, recommends that chess be taught in schools. Provided they are knight schools, we think it might pay, under proper checks.

ONE of the annoyances of gathering Autumn leaves in Missouri is the fact that all the best trees are in daily use to cure men of the habit of horse-stealing.

THE principal resemblance between a man who stops his team on the crosswalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of flour, is that both make about a hundred wait.

In a Russian school the spelling-class wear out a new alphabet every week. Some of the most knotty words are smoothed off with a jack-plane before given to the class.

A MAN out in western Iowa has just been sentenced to the penitentiary for ninety-nine years. He thinks it is the longest sentence on record since Mr. Evans lost his breath.

VASSAR COLLEGE is to have a thousand dollar elevator. The girls have almost worn the banisters out sliding down, so the faculty think it will be cheaper to provide an elevator.

CULPRIT arrested for trying to rob a hackman. Judge to Complainant—"Proceed to make your charge." Prisoner—"Your honor, these hackmen always over-charge. Don't believe a word he says."

A CHICAGO printer makes a luxurious living by selling, for three cents each, red placards bearing the following words: "The bank is temporarily closed." It is hoped the assets will equal the liabilities.

AT a social gathering at Meriden, a young man proposed a formation of a Shakespeare Club; but his ardor was somewhat dampened by the discovery that there was only one person in the room who had ever heard of Shakespeare, and that was a young woman who thought it was something like parlor croquet.

A YOUNG convert who wrote for spiritual advice to Mrs. Van Cott was considerably astonished to receive the following directions for his way of life: "Sew the skirt to the belt; fasten three plaits, turning downward, and finish all the edges with hems or facings." A lady friend of Mrs. Van Cott was also slightly startled that morning by the receipt of a letter from her begging her to give up chewing tobacco and drinking whisky, urging on her the evils of lewd company and cursing, and promising to pray for her reformation. Persons who have a large correspondence should really be more careful about their envelopes.

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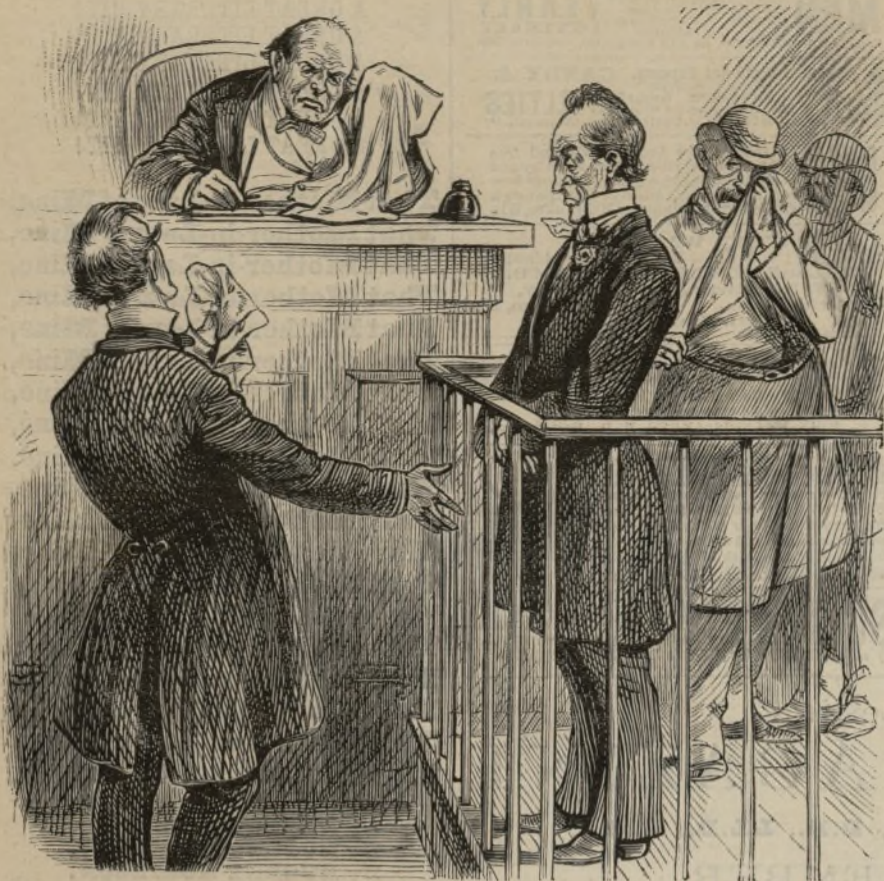
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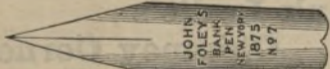
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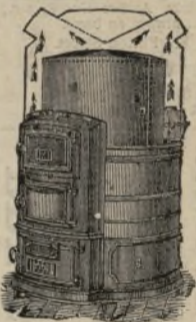
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