

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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

No. 1,155—Vol. XLV.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

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



VIRGINIA.—THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT HAYES AND MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET TO THE VIRGINIA STATE FAIR AT RICHMOND, OCTOBER 30TH AND 31ST.  
THE PROCESSION MARCHING DOWN MAIN STREET.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See Special Correspondence, Page 174.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1877.

## TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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

## CLUB TERMS.

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

## POSTAGE FREE.

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

TENDENCIES OF CONGRESSIONAL  
LEGISLATION.

Nearly nine hundred Bills were introduced in the House of Representatives during the first two weeks of the session. This is not a sign of a short session, and the country generally will regret that it is so. There was a reasonable expectation that the special session would confine itself strictly to the specific work for which it was convened, and would then adjourn, leaving all vexed questions of policy to the regular meeting in December. This would practically adjourn debate to the period following the Christmas holidays, and give the land a much-needed rest from excitement.

But inasmuch as a long session appears to be inevitable, the country must prepare to make the best of it, and use such measures as are in the power of the people to prevent mischievous legislation. So many remedies are now vended about the streets to cure our political and financial ills, that there is danger that some of them may be thrust upon the public, when it were wiser to let well enough alone, and allow our diminishing troubles to become their own cure. The country certainly is in no such immediate danger as to need nine hundred different prescriptions during a single fortnight. Indeed, ever since the adjournment of the last Congress everything has been growing brighter, and the signs of substantial prosperity have been thickening on every side. All that was lacking was that the Government should be enabled to meet its proper obligations, and for this specific end Congress was convened. President Hayes wisely expressed this idea of special business in his Message, but it does not seem to have made a deep impression. Perhaps the members of the House of Representatives may think that the introduction of numerous Bills could not be avoided; but even if this were necessary, they can and must exercise due care in allowing measures that have not been duly digested from emerging out of the crucible of the committee-room. The session is yet young, and mischief can be avoided if caution and statesmanship are exercised.

One of the most troublesome tendencies of Congressional legislation is a disposition to tinker the currency and meddle with the standard of pecuniary values. This disposition to create financial doubt is by no means confined to the House, but finds faithful exponents among the "silver" Senators, and such as have any considerable "greenback" constituency at their heels. President Hayes, in a recent interview, said that if the finances of the country were left to themselves they would work their own way to a good result, and would prevent any further trouble to the public or their representatives. This was a shrewd, common-sense view of the situation, and coincides with the opinion of our heaviest business men. There was, and is, really no hope among these agitators that any radical change in the nation's financial policy will be authorized by law. The Senate has heretofore expressed itself decidedly in opposition to any experiments with our finances, and it may be relied upon to uphold the public credit in its fullest integrity. Senators Kernan and Bayard are as firm upon this point as Dawes and Edmunds, and the question is removed above the reach of partisanship. In any event, the President is certain to put his official veto upon any legislation which may threaten to interfere with the business prospects of the nation. But it is a pity that the agitation should occur, and it is hoped that short work will be made with it. The people want their business matters to be untouched by Congress.

There seems to be a settled disposition in certain quarters to secure the aid of Congress to local schemes of internal improvement. This is a point on which there may be a difference of opinion, but there can be no doubt that the great commercial, industrial and business interests of the country are inexorably opposed to any such expenditure of the public moneys. There can be no doubt that the South needs railroads, canals, levees and other facilities for internal trade and foreign commerce,

and that the West has an abundance of similar necessities, but, unfortunately for the claimants, there is also no doubt that the low state of the public purse imperatively forbids any appropriation for the purpose. It is the old rule of ordinary life that those who need help must help themselves. The State of New York severely taxed its energies to build the Erie Canal, but its sacrifices were afterwards repaid, and it reaped a golden harvest from the investment. Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other States hewed their own road to prosperity by similar sacrifices. The example is one worthy of all imitation. If any section desires new internal facilities for commerce, it is far better to itself that it should make a desperate effort to be its own almoner rather than to stand at the door of Congress as a suppliant for pecuniary favors. This would be best at any time, but just now the heavy taxation under which the country already suffers forbids the idea of any investments that would have to be made with money wrung from the people by taxation. Besides, the experience that the people have already had in Congressional assistance to construct railroads does not warrant any very lively hope of a good return for such investments.

Against the habitual Congressional tendency to legislate on partisan grounds, there ought to be no need to utter a single word of warning. Yet, judging by the tenor of the reports from the Capital, it seems to be imperative just now. There is a tendency in the Senate to criticise the President's acts and policy sharply, and on personal grounds chiefly, whereas that body should set an example of judicial sedateness and unswerving patriotism in its broadest sense. Such criticism will have a bad effect in commercial circles and ought to be checked. Senators cannot act wholly for themselves. Their votes and words are marked wherever they are read, and the probable result is carefully weighed. If, however, they persist in standing in the way of reform, economy and good government, they must remember that, although they may be able to create a passing disturbance, in the end the inexorable march of events will leave them crushed and powerless. Congress has convened at a time when the country is doing wonders for itself, and when its people demand that they shall not be hampered by injudicious legislation. It is necessary that its members should keep this one fact carefully in mind, and put an iron bit in the mouth of all reckless agitators, no matter by what party name they may call themselves. Both Senate and House should be only the mouth-piece of the people, who desire nothing so much as economy, the non-disturbance of public finances and a fair and full trial for the policy of conciliation. This should be the tendency and effect of all Congressional legislation.

## THE TURCO-RUSSIAN WAR.

THE indications at present are that a second campaign will be necessary to bring the struggle between Russia and Turkey to a final determination; though, should the fine weather continue during this month, which is not unlikely in Bulgaria, the Russians may, by a rapid following-up of their late successes, accomplish something decisive before Winter prevents further operations. The crushing defeat of Mukhtar Pasha in Armenia, and the establishment of a Russian force on Osman Pasha's communications south-west of Plevna, are of such moment as to have effected a somewhat curious change in public opinion about the prospects of the combatants, and given rise to the belief that this month will mark the cessation of hostilities, and a settlement of all differences between the hostile Powers.

At the opening of the war, there was a general expectation that the Turks would be compelled to succumb in one campaign. It was based upon the belief that the Turkish army was too badly organized, and too badly commanded, to be capable of manœuvring in the open field; that therefore it would confine itself to the defense of the great fortresses, and would display its old courage and tenacity behind earthworks; that the Russians would, however, cross the Danube in such force as, even with moderate generalship, to enable them to mask the fortresses and send detachments of sufficient strength across the Balkans to overthrow any hasty levies collected to oppose them, and dictate peace as before, at Adrianople, if not further south. That this was the Russian plan and hope was shown by the earlier operations of the campaign. The Russians made a successful crossing of the Danube; they took Nicopolis, the garrison offering only the feeblest resistance. General Gourko then struck across the Balkans, seized the Shipka Pass, and hastened on towards Adrianople with twelve thousand men; meeting Raouf Pasha, with fifteen thousand men, he defeated and dispersed his entire force. Then the fortunes of the Russians seemed to wane. Reinforcements were needed, but did not arrive; Plevna was left unoccupied

by Baron Krüdener, after the capture of Nicopolis, and when he turned his attention to it, he found it held by a strong Turkish force, protected by great earthworks, from which he was too feeble to dislodge it by assault. Gourko was driven back into the Balkans by Suleiman Pasha, who had come up rapidly from Montenegro. Plevna suddenly became a fortress of great importance, and served to keep the Russians between it and Rustchuk and Shumla. This result seems to have been due to the numerical weakness of the Russians. The troops which crossed the river were not equal to the work as planned.

In Asia events took a similar course. The Russians, after a series of brilliant and rapid successes, at length met with a serious reverse at Zevin, where the Turks had concentrated in a strong and fortified position, and achieved one of their old-fashioned successes against an assault recklessly delivered by an inferior force, far from its base, in a desolate country. Then public opinion began to change. The Russians fell into contempt; their generals first incurred it, and finally the rank and file—while the Turks rose correspondingly; their soldiers were declared to be superior to the Russians, and the Pashas held to be accomplished strategists, and the final success of the Turkish arms looked upon as a foregone conclusion. Abdul Kerim Pasha, who allowed the Danube to be crossed without resistance, was removed. Mehemet Ali Pasha, a German, was put in command at Shumla; he was to drive in the Russian left, and, with Osman Pasha, force it into the Danube; while Suleiman Pasha was either to retake Shipka Pass, and drive in the Russian front from Tirnova, or was to go around and reinforce Mehemet Ali. The Czar, seeing all this, and knowing how it would end, was to get some Power to mediate, so as to enable him to abandon the enterprise with some vestige of credit.

The second stage of operations was then entered upon, and the Turks began to exhibit their strategy. Mehemet Ali began his advance, and drove the Russians from the line of the Lom up to the Jantra, but in three or four days retreated to his former position; and when the news reached Constantinople, he was promptly dismissed as no better than Abdul Kerim Pasha. In the meantime, Suleiman Pasha spent two months in trying to force Shipka Pass, ordering repeated assaults of impregnable positions whenever the humor seized him, his best troops melting away, and the once lovely country behind him becoming a waste, strewn with unburied corpses and smoking ruins—and this, too, while other passes were open to him, and Mehemet Ali vainly calling on him to reinforce him for the movement against the Russian left. After losing 20,000 men in the Shipka Pass, he abandoned the attempt to force it, and was appointed Mehemet Ali's successor. As for Osman Pasha, he has shown no abilities superior to those of his predecessors in the old wars. He seized a strong position and fortified it, and has troops who stick to a parapet with bull-dog tenacity; but he has shown no ability or disposition to join in any combination outside of his work. He made no attempt to follow up his first repulse of Krüdener, and showed no wish to co-operate with Mehemet Ali in his movement on the Lom.

In Asia, Mukhtar Pasha allowed the Russians to reorganize and reinforce their army under his nose, and then permitted them to cut his army in two and capture one-third of his force; and Kars is now again invested, probably by a force that cannot be driven off. If Osman Pasha is well supplied, and can stand a Winter's siege, it is contrary to all experience of Turkish foresight. If he fights his way out, and retires in good order, he will accomplish a feat without precedent in Turkish history. Thus far everything has gone in regular Turkish fashion. It is the Russians who have disappointed the world, but they would not be the nation they are if they learned nothing from the experience of the last four months, and were thrown into despair by any resistance the Turks have yet been able to offer them. They are struggling now with the problem of saving their financial credit while continuing the war; but no one can doubt that they will, if need be, sacrifice their credit sooner than loose their hold on the Turkish throat.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN  
AMERICA.

THE medical schools have opened everywhere, with the usual tempting offers of endless lectures and the best of hospital clinics. The announcements of some of these schools read very much like the invitations to the Fall-opening of our enterprising dry-goods establishments, and the only thing required in both cases is to pay your money and take your choice. A few of the older institutions, feeling heartily ashamed of this state of affairs, have proposed to introduce reforms in the system of admission, as well as in the course of studies. They feel that some further provision and

supervision is necessary to secure the public from impositions of various sorts. By provision, they wish it to be understood as referring to the preliminary studies of the candidate before he enters the medical school. We believe that the medical department of Howard College is the only institution which has an entrance examination; all other medical colleges accept the student upon his reaching a certain age, without the formality of a single question. What the young man may have done up to that time is a matter of no account, provided he is of "good moral character," and promptly pays his fees. This is certainly a most anomalous condition of things. One would think that before entering upon a course of study, the object of which is to fit young men to take care of the health of the community, some previous training would be regarded as indispensably necessary; and, in fact, that it would be required as a *sine qua non* of admission. Even granting—which we are by no means disposed to do, excepting for argument's sake—that a knowledge of Latin can be dispensed with, a familiarity with the common branches of English education ought to be insisted upon before a person can be permitted to take out his tickets to the course of lectures; but even this small demand is waived in the case of doctors, as if the profession was one which the most ignorant could acquire with facility.

Finding that a most "awkward squad" entered the lists at Edinburgh, the faculty resolved to try a little preliminary examination on some of the raw recruits; and Professor Anderson reported the following answers to the questions submitted by the board: "What is meant by the antiquity of man?" Answer: "The wickedness of man." "The Letters of Junius?" "Letters written in the month of June." "The Crusades?" "A war against the Roman Catholics during the last century." "To speak ironically?" "To speak about iron." "A solecism?" "A book on the sun." Some of these answers are so atrocious as to be suspicious of an attempt to hoax the examiners; but the appearance of the candidates, the handwriting and spelling, gave a genuine ear-mark to the papers, and rather startled the faculty when the responses were read. If some previous knowledge is deemed requisite before a pupil can enter a college, school of mines, theological seminary, or law school, it would seem to follow that candidates for the medical degree ought to form no exception. We know that the medical faculty have frequently discussed the importance of insisting upon previous training before admitting students; but the fact that none of the colleges are endowed, and that the professors are dependant upon the fees for their living, and no one can exercise supervision over them, tempts the faculty to leave matters *in statu quo* rather than run the risk of cutting down the number in attendance, and the fees in proportion. Until medical colleges can be endowed, we fear that there is very little prospect of a change in the regulations of admittance.

But, in addition to the necessity of some provision, there would seem to be equal need of supervision when the young man has received his degree. Admitting that the young doctor has been diligent in his studies—that he has received a college education before entering the medical school, and that he is thoroughly educated—yet it does not follow that he has any practical knowledge, and it is a fair question whether he ought not to be obliged to enter the office of a practitioner for a year before being allowed to write prescriptions. It has been urged by lawyers that young men from the law schools ought not to be admitted to the Bar until they have served a term in an office; and civil engineers insist that the graduates of our institutions ought not to receive a license until they have worked practically under a master. In the medical profession such a precaution as requiring a year's work in an office before granting a full degree would disclose what no examination could bring out, whether the student was really competent to undertake the important functions of his profession. Preliminary study and supplementary supervision would go a long way towards protecting the community against impostors. As for the endowment of medical colleges, there is no doubt that it would insure greater independence to the faculty, and enable them to institute reforms. At Howard University many of the chairs are endowed, and that partly accounts for the introduction of an entrance examination in the medical college. In New York City, none of the schools are endowed, and the old system of letting everybody in, and nearly everybody out, still prevails. One of our best schools—the College of Physicians and Surgeons—is published as the Medical Department of Columbia College. It is well known that Columbia College is the wealthiest institution in the country, and in a few years it will undoubtedly be in receipt of a revenue of four or five hundred thousand dollars per annum. The trustees could well afford to capitalize the property of the College of Physicians and



Surgeons, and purchase all of the private collections of the professors; and thus, by paying the same ample salaries as are given to the professors in the other departments of the University, put it in the power of the medical faculty to reform the whole curriculum, and cut off all students who cannot pass rigid entering, as well as concluding, examinations. To have a degree from such an institution would be looked upon as a distinguished honor, and other medical schools would be compelled to follow the example. Reform must start somewhere; there are no objections to its beginning in New York.

#### TWADDLE ABOUT CHARITY.

FREQUENTLY one hears the expression, "the deserving poor" in the mouths of professional philanthropists. It has an odd sound. There is an ambiguous and technical ring to it. Can it mean the poor who are deservedly so, or the poor who are deserving of some "unknown quantity"—the workhouse, for instance, or "ten days" for vagrancy, or some other of the rewards provided for the destitute in this nineteenth century? As interpreted in these times, it seems to mean those shrewd poor people who can put their best foot forward before visitors.

The deserving poor of twenty years ago found it profitable to indulge largely in pious cant; but such a habit is dangerous in these days. The poor matron who wishes to be put on the deserving list will of course often find that confidential conversation regarding her maternal troubles will not be without its reward, particularly when carried on with aged spinsters. She should enlarge upon the epicurean and fastidious tendencies exhibited by her last baby, demand sympathy for her last but one in its teething, ask counsel of her listeners with regard to the regulation of the erratic interior of her last but two, and furnish interesting details concerning the recent chastisement of her last but three. She must express anxiety for the conversion of her husband, while declaring her thankfulness at his sobriety and industry. Finally, she ought to inform herself of the sectarian partialities of her visitor, and be prepared with anecdotes concerning the clergy, which may be likely to amuse and please her. With respect to the men, we much question whether it is worth their while to aim at classification among the deserving poor at all. The clergy and their lay-workers generally estimate the merits of a laborer's family by the conduct of the wife, as they seldom call at hours when the husband is at home. After all, to a man the game is scarcely worth the candle, since to be classed among the deserving poor brings him neither cash nor spirits, and he cannot wear a flannel petticoat. If he becomes ill, it will be time enough for him to make himself interesting.

There used to be a saying among school-boys that "Those who ask sha'n't have, and those who don't ask don't want," and some people appear to wish to apply this principle to the poor. In these days, and with good reason, beggars are not encouraged; and those who will not beg are too often supposed to be in comfortable circumstances. But the poor person who accurately pronounces the proper shibboleth is overwhelmed with bounties. He is the living embodiment of a principle, a "fact" for the social economist to quote as occasion may require. He will accept charities provided that they do not pauperize him; but it must be with the clear understanding that he is thereby laid under no personal obligation. Unfortunately, the deserving poor of all kinds, when once they become aware that they are enrolled in the order, begin to regard anything which may be given to them as a right rather than as an alms. They think that they are doing you an absolute service by relieving you of your worldly goods, and have a holy horror of cold victuals.

We once heard of a sermon in which the preacher spoke of an eleventh commandment, which he traced to anything but a divine origin. "Thou shalt not be found out," was, he maintained, the satanic addition to the Decalogue. The thought has been suggested that, in addition to the modern commandment, there was a supplementary beatitude to the following effect—"Blessed are the deserving poor, for they shall have flannel petticoats." Let it not be supposed, however, that this reward consists in a full-fledged petticoat. The technical phrase which describes this rich earthly blessing merely means three yards of flannel which it will be the privilege of the deserving poor to stitch together into the form of a nether garment. It represents, in fact, the gathered but unsewed fig-leaves. Comparatively mean articles of dress have gradually obtained honor in later ages. The flannel petticoat has assumed, and is yet still more assuming, associations of piety and an odor of sanctity in certain female minds. Perhaps it may some day be regarded as a "distinctive vestment," or even be put to "superstitious

uses." But, much as the mind naturally loves to dwell on pleasant subjects, it is a wholesome discipline to look occasionally on the dark side of the picture; and thus we are fain occasionally to ponder moodily over the melancholy fate of the flannel-petticoatless undeserving poor.

The expression, "deserving poor" is not a pleasant one, and is apt to engender in the hearer a feeling of irritation towards the speaker. It implies erroneous estimate of the lower orders, a false idea of the relative duties of the rich and the poor, unlimited gullibility and narrow prejudice. It is a bit of goody slang, which is the most obnoxious of all kinds of slang, and, worse still, is a piece of slang with a vicious meaning. When we hear it used by professors, we are divided between a sense of ridicule and a feeling of pity at the thought that they can express themselves in language so utterly opposed to the whole spirit of the Book on which they profess to found their religion.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**A FRIGHTENED OFFICIAL.**—The Collector of Customs at Sitka, who recently reported to the Treasury his return to San Francisco in the same steamer that took him to his post, informs the Secretary of the Treasury, by telegraph, that there is no use for any such office. It is understood that his objection grows out of a dislike to being scalped by the Alaska Indians. The Government actually had to advance money to ship a collector to this remote port, and as the present man refuses the position Treasury officials say that the port had better be closed, especially as his sincerity would seem to be vouched for by the fact that he throws up an office worth \$2,500 a year.

**THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.**—Referring to the statement in one of the New York morning journals that a shipping firm in this city were preparing to fit out by private subscription a vessel to search for the relics of the Franklin expedition, Captain Howgate says that the commander of the *Florence*, the advance vessel of the national expedition to the Arctic seas, has instructions to collect all attainable relics of the unfortunate Franklin and bring them back on the return voyage next year, and that it would be better to wait such a return than to fit out at great expense a second vessel to go over the same ground. Captain Howgate thinks that the friends of Arctic research would do well to concentrate their energies upon one well-directed effort under national auspices, and not waste them upon disjointed and spasmodic undertakings which, however well intended, can have but little hope of success.

**ROBESON'S INVESTIGATION.**—On October 31st the House Committee on Expenditures in the Navy Department resolved to proceed immediately with an investigation of the official conduct of the late Secretary Robeson. It appears that existing rules give this committee plenary power in the investigation of the conduct of officials in the navy, and that no special resolution is necessary to enable the committee to proceed with the investigation. At the same time this committee is in perfect accord with the Naval Committee, and as far as the public interests are concerned both committees will work together. The deficiencies, the transfer of funds illegally, whether value has been received for the money expended and whether there are unnecessary officials or excessive salaries, will all be investigated. The committee will also report what legislation is necessary to punish delinquents and to enforce responsibility.

**THE LONDON OBELISK.**—It appears that the Egyptian obelisk, abandoned off Cape Finisterre, was not towed into an English harbor, as was once presumed. It has found anchorage in the port of Ferrol, and a Spanish court of maritime law must now determine the amount of salvage due thereon. As was predicted by the *Times* would be the case, the question of salvage is a serious one for the contractors. They have offered to settle with the crew of the saving craft, but their offer was rejected with scorn. The amount of salvage is largely determined by the value of the rescued property. We must first decide what Cleopatra's Needle is worth. The adjudication of all other questions is easy enough. As obelisks have no market value, or are quoted at fancy prices, the settlement is surrounded with numerous embarrassments. Consequently, the obelisk of Thothmes III. will pass the Winter in an Admiralty Court at Ferrol.

**THE RUSSIAN WAR.**—The latest accounts from the seat of war in the Orient indicate that the Turkish troops are not meeting with the success which for a time accompanied their arms. A Bucharest telegram of November 1st stated that an effort was being made to gain possession of the Plevna and Rahova road. The Roumanian force, which has been stationed between the rivers Vid and Iskra, made a reconnaissance along the Danube in the direction of Rahova, thirty-five miles from Plevna. At Vadeni they found a Turkish detachment occupying some earthworks. The Roumanian report states that after a brief cannonade, the Turkish magazine exploded, and the garrison retreated in the direction of Rahova. Two companies of Roumanians occupy the redoubt. A special despatch from Vienna refers to the situation at Plevna. "The uneasiness," it says, "at Constantinople about Ghazi Osman Pasha's army is, by no means, groundless. It is true there are the roads in the direction of Widdin and Veatza, which do not appear to have been closed; but these are of little avail for supplies, and are very poor substitutes for the Sophia road in case of retreat from Plevna. While there were only detachments of Russian cavalry ranging west of the Vid, and all important points on the road were held by the Turks, a retreat could have been effected with tol-

erable facility, but now that a Muscovite army may be said to be in the rear of Plevna, and on the most direct line of retreat, a retreating movement, by the other routes, becomes a rather doubtful matter."

**INSECURE BUILDINGS.**—The Congressional Commission appointed to investigate the risks of fire in public buildings report that the buildings of the Naval Observatory are old and too much worn to be capable of being remodeled into fire-proof structures, and recommends the construction of a new fire-proof building at the earliest possible date. The Naval Observatory consists of two towers, one containing a library of about six thousand volumes of scientific works, which, if destroyed, it would be impossible to replace. Among the instruments in the Observatory tower is an object-glass, the best and largest in the world, whose value cannot be accurately determined, as it would be a very difficult matter to replace it. The buildings are all of wood, heated by stoves, and the danger from fire is extreme. Estimates will be presented to Congress during the session for the purchase of a site on elevated ground for the erection of a new Observatory. The Commissioner of Patents, immediately after the great fire in the Patent Office building, took every precaution in his power to secure everything that remained unconsumed belonging to or a part of the many thousands of models destroyed. He caused all the ashes of the burned portion of the model rooms to be carefully sifted, and thus collected every piece of metal that was in any respect worth saving to be referred to in reproducing the originals burned. It is now believed that by the use of these apparently unimportant relics and careful examination of the drawings and descriptions on file in the office, a great many of the destroyed models can be restored, which will be done in all cases where possible, at the expense of the Government.

**BANK NOTE PLATES.**—The custody of the plates of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has been a subject of consideration in the Secretary's office for some days past. The responsibility of such an office is a very grave one, and all the officers of the Treasury whose duties pertain to the proper care of the purity of the national currency are anxious that there should be every possible check thrown around the custody of the plates on which the securities and money-values of the nation are printed. It is stated that the chief of the Engraving and Printing Bureau is desirous that the plates should be cared for jointly by custodians appointed, one by himself, one by the United States Treasurer and one by the Comptroller of the Currency; but that the Treasurer and Comptroller, who are now saddled with responsibilities under which they are required to furnish very heavy bonds, are averse to any further augmentation of their trusts, and would prefer to have the money, bond and stamp plates kept as they now are, in one place, under such checks and guards as the superintendent in his judgment may deem best for their safety. The matter has been thoroughly considered by Assistant Secretary French in the absence of Mr. Sherman, and the result of his investigations will probably be the promulgation of an order by the Secretary placing this valuable collection of plates and dies in the charge of two responsible persons, one to have custody of the outside and the other the inside plates, precisely as they were kept when the fronts of the notes were printed in New York and the backs in Washington, except—which will be an improvement—that the entire collection will be under one roof and virtually in charge of one responsible head.

**THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.**—The Library of Congress is prepared with a full representation of the latest books, documents and periodicals to answer the numerous drafts that are made upon it in every field of inquiry. Large additions have been made to the library, especially in works on political economy and finance, and there are few publications, either periodical or permanent, in this direction, which are not found in the collection. The entire number of volumes is now about 315,000. This library is especially rich in periodicals, nearly all the English and American reviews and magazines being taken, with many of the most valuable in foreign languages. The files of newspapers alone now exceed 5,000 bound volumes. The copyright business of the library, notwithstanding the depressed condition of the book-trade, shows more entries than last year, about 11,000 copyrights having been granted since the first of January, 1877. An increasingly large number of periodicals, musical compositions, photographs, engravings and maps, are protected by copyrights. The library grows so rapidly, through its various collections, aided by purchase, exchange with foreign governments, the deposits of National and State documents, additions from the Smithsonian, Institute, and the operation of the Copyright law—that the necessity of a new building, constructed especially for its accommodation and future growth, has long been conceded. It is believed that Congress will provide for the better protection and safety of this great and invaluable library, and save the 60,000 books which are now being piled upon the floors in all directions, from further injury. The use of the Library of Congress by the general public is steadily increasing, the number of those reading and writing by the aid of its fully equipped store of authorities being very large, especially on Saturdays, when the institutions of learning in Washington have a holiday. This increasing use of the privileges of the library, especially during the sessions of Congress, would alone compel an enlargement of the facilities for readers, even were the library itself not suffering from the overcrowded condition of the collection.

**THE REMAINS OF COLUMBUS.**—The United States Consul at San Domingo has transmitted to the Department of State an account of the recent discovery of the bones of Columbus in the Cathedral in that city. Dying in Spain in 1506, the remains of Columbus were first deposited in the Convent of St. Francis in 1513. They were transferred to the Car-

thusian Convent at Las Cuenas, from whence they were shipped to San Domingo in 1536, and deposited in the Cathedral of that city. In 1796 these remains, as it was then and up to the present discovery believed, were conveyed in great pomp to the Cathedral of Havana, where they were supposed to have reposed ever since. The Consul at San Domingo says that while some workmen were digging up the floor around the pulpit in the cathedral, to make some repairs, they exposed to view a walled orifice containing a leaden case two feet long by about eight inches deep and eight inches wide, the inscription on which bore incontestable evidence that the contents were the bones of Christopher Columbus. Immediately on the discovery being made the remains were restored to their original resting-place and the receptacle walled up. On the 10th of September, in the presence of the Governor and other Government officials and the various consuls, amid the sounds of martial music and the booming of cannon, the remains were again exhumed, the box, bones, and inscription examined, and the facts recorded and attested to by all the officials and consuls present. The lead box containing the remains was then inclosed in another box, carefully sealed with the seals of the consuls, to be opened only in their presence, and placed in the custody of Padre Billini, in the church of Regina Angelorum, to be held by him subject to investigation by any foreign commissions desirous of satisfying themselves of the facts, and until a suitable amount can be raised to erect a fitting monument over the remains. It being suggested that other countries might like to contribute to the erection of this monument, the various consuls were requested to bring the subject to the attention of their respective governments, in order to give them a chance to do so. The ancient records of the Cathedral in San Domingo having been long ago destroyed by vandals, no facts concerning the supposed removal of these remains to Havana can be ascertained in San Domingo, but it is conjectured that the monks palmed off on the Spaniards the remains of somebody else, retaining to themselves and their Cathedral the venerated bones of the great navigator.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THANKSGIVING DAY, November 29th.

GENERAL FORREST, the great Confederate cavalry officer, died on the 29th ult.

COMPTROLLER KELLY reported the net debt of New York City at the present time to be \$95,707,385.

EX-MAYOR HALL appeared in New York City last week as mysteriously as he disappeared from it in March last.

UPON notice of a reciprocal action, the President directed that the discriminating tonnage duty on Spanish ships be removed.

OLIVER PERRY MORTON, United States Senator from Indiana, died at his residence, Indianapolis, November 1st, after a lingering illness.

THE regular dividend of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was passed, in order to apply the money to the account of losses at Pittsburgh.

JACOB G. OTIS, who, with Alfred E. Lagrave, swindled fifty New York mercantile firms out of nearly \$1,000,000 in 1872, was arrested on the 31st ult., and locked up in Ludlow Street Jail.

GOVERNOR HARTRANFT refused to obey the summons of the Grand Jury of Alleghany County, Penn., to testify in the investigation of the railroad riots, and published his reasons.

EX-SECRETARY FISH entered the Sumner controversy with a lengthy letter, in which he recited nine instances where the late Senator delayed action while Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

PRESIDENT HAYES, Secretaries Evarts, Sherman and Thompson, Attorney General Davis, with ladies, were received with enthusiasm at Richmond, on the 30th ult., and at the Virginia State Agricultural Fair on the following day.

THE long-prevailing dead-lock in the political affairs of Brooklyn was broken on the 31st ult. by the action of Alderman Shannon, Democrat, who voted with the Republicans upon the confirmation of Mayor Schroeder's nominations.

DURING the week ending November 3d, the price of gold in New York ranged as follows: Monday, 102½ @ 102½; Tuesday, 102½ @ 102½; Wednesday, 102½ @ 102½; Thursday, 102½ @ 102½; Friday, 102½ @ 102½; Saturday, 102½.

THE President nominated John Welsh, of Philadelphia, to be United States Minister to England, and E. W. Stoughton, of New York, to be Minister to Russia; Thomas Roosevelt to be Collector at New York; General E. A. Merritt to be Surveyor, and L. Bradford Prince to be Naval Officer.

IN the SENATE resolutions were introduced to remove the color restrictions in regard to enlistments in the army, to provide for a uniform system of banking, and to provide for the coinage of silver dollars. In the House 850 Bills were introduced on the 29th ult., a large number relating to the currency and the tariff. The Committee on Banking and Currency reported a Bill repealing the time clause of the Resumption Act. It was referred back to the committee and the vote reconsidered. A motion to lay the motion to reconsider on the table was defeated by a vote of 138 yeas to 116 nays. Resolutions in honor of the late Senator Morton were introduced into both Houses.

##### Foreign.

AN unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate President Barrios, of Guatemala.

PROFESSOR JAMES ORTON, of Vassar College, died at Lake Titicaca, South America.

THE venerable Field Marshal Von Wrangel, of the Prussian Army, died on the 1st.

GENERAL GRANT attended banquets given in his honor in Paris by the United States Minister and President MacMahon.

THE Czar joined his army operating about Plevna, and a number of Russian successes were reported both in Roumania and Bulgaria.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 175.



BULGARIA.—THE BATTLEFIELD AFTER THE PLEVNA FIGHT.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIANS CAPTURING THE TOWN OF LOVATZ.



BULGARIA.—TURKISH ARTILLERY AT WORK AT THE BATTLE OF KACELJEVO.



BULGARIA.—CALLING TURKS TO PRAYER THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BIELA.



BULGARIA.—BEFORE BIELA—WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.



BULGARIA.—TURKS RETURNING WITH SPOILS FROM THE FRONT.

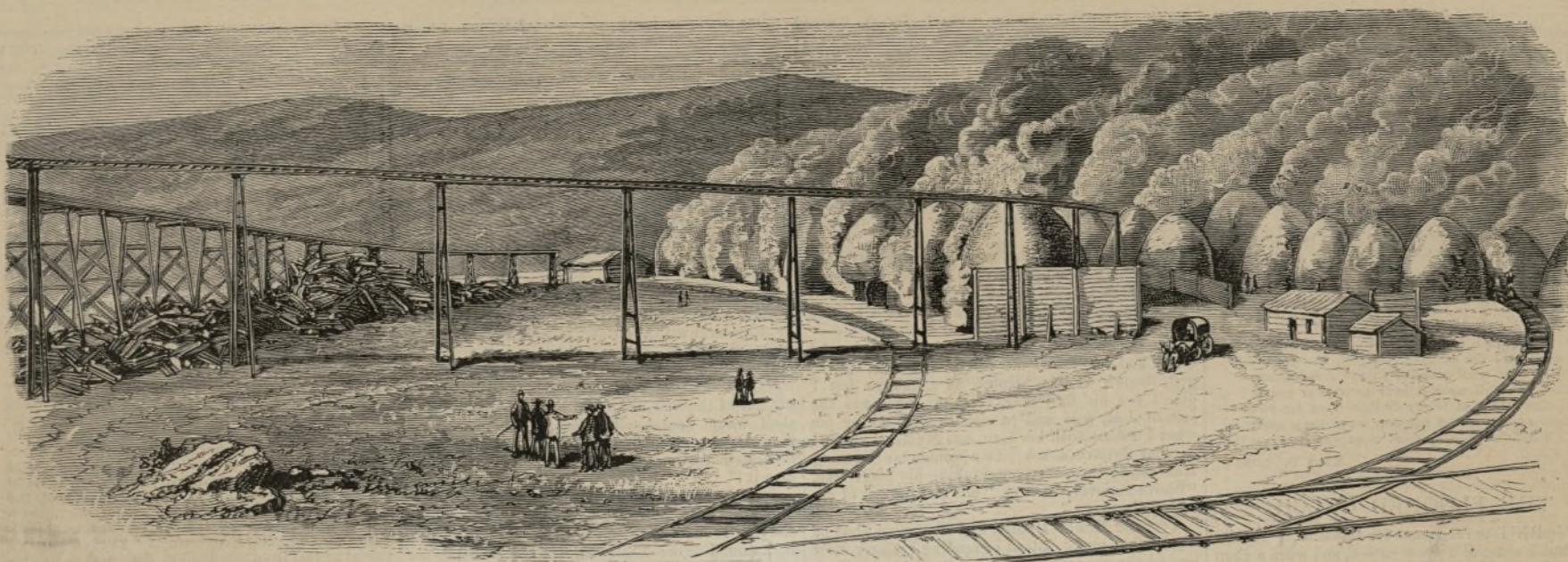


BULGARIA.—PRINCE MENTSCHIKOFF AT GORNY-STUDEN.



BULGARIA.—GETTING RID OF AN INTRUDER.





ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—CROSSING THE PLAINS, THROUGH WYOMING TERRITORY, TO HILLIARD—TIMBER FLUME AND CHARCOAL FURNACE AT HILLIARD. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 174.



NGEN NGOH LIANG, CHINESE ASSISTANT-COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION.—SEE PAGE 175.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—CROSSING THE PLAINS, THROUGH WYOMING TERRITORY.—A CHINESE LAUNDRY AT HILLIARD.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



SIR ANTHONY MUSGRAVE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF JAMAICA.—SEE PAGE 175.



NEW YORK CITY.—SERENADE GIVEN TO EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN AT HIS GRAMERCY PARK RESIDENCE, ON OCTOBER 27TH.—SEE PAGE 179.



## ONLY A ROSEBUD.

ONLY a half-blown rosebud, Violette! I send it on a mission fond and true. 'Twill tell you that my heart does not forget Its daily offering of love to you. Only a little rosebud, fair and sweet As your dear self, my darling; shall you care To lift the heart that's lying at your feet, And teach it, for your sake, all things to dare?

My rose will tell you loving truths of me— How will you read them all, my Violette? I fear me, scorn would kill entirely The fragrance which should linger long years yet. But should you give my messenger a place Upon your breast, and listen to it, dear, With the sweet smile I love upon your face— Ah! I shall know it, darling, even here!

Only a half-blown bud, my Violette! Will you not give it love and tender care? And it will not be long, I know, ere yet My bud shall blossom to the rose so fair, That you will wear it over next your heart, The rose that is my faithful love for you! Then neither doubt nor fear shall keep apart The lives which perfect trust has made so true.

MARY D. BRINE.

## THE FLOODED GULCH.

I WARN'T never meant for no sailor, I warn't; but I come of a great nation, and when a chap out our way says he'll du a thing, he does it. I said I'd go to sea, and I went—and that you are. I said I'd drop hunting, and take to mining, and that I was; and that's how it come about.

You see, we was rather rough out our way, where Hez Lane and me went with our bit of tent and pickers, shooting-irons, and sech-like, meaning to make a pile of gold. We went to Washoe, and didn't get on; then we went to Fort Laramie, and didn't get on there. Last, we went right up into the mountain, picking our way amongst the stones, for Hez sez, "Look here, old hoss, let's get whar no one's been afore. If we get whar the boys are at work already, they've took the cream, and we gets the skim milk. Let's you and me get the cream, and let some o' the others take the skim milk."

"Good for you," I says; and we tramped on day arter day, till we got right up in the heart o' the mountains, where no one hadn't been afore, and it was so still and quiet, as it made you quite deaf.

It was a strange, wild sort of place, like as if one o' them coons called giants had driven a wedge into a mountain and split it, making a place for a bit of a stream to run at the bottom, and lay bare the gold we wanted to find.

"This'll do, Dab," says Hez, as we put up our bit of a tent on a pleasant green shelf in the steep valley place. "This'll do, Dab; thar's yaller gold spangling them sands, and running in veins through them rocks, and yaller gold in pockets of the rock. Then let's call it Yaller Gulch," I says.

"Done, old hoss!" says Hez; and Yaller Gulch it is.

We set to work next day washing in the bit of a stream, and shook hands on our good luck.

"This'll do," says Hez. "We shall make a pile here. No one won't dream of hunting this out."

"Say, stranger!" says a voice as made us both jump. "Do it wash well?"

And if there warn't a long, lean, ugly, yaller-looking chap looking down at us, as he stood holding a mule by the bridle.

Why, afore a week was over, so far from us keeping it snug, I reckon there was fifty people in Yaller Gulch, washing away, and making their piles. Afore another week was over some one had set up a store, and next day there was a gambling saloon. Keep it to ourselves! Why, stranger, I reckon if there was a speck of gold anywheres within five hundred miles our chaps'd sniff it out like vultures, and be down upon it.

It warn't no use to grumble, and we kept what we thought to ourselves, working away and making our ounces the best way we could. One day I proposed we should go up higher in the mountains; but Hez said he'd be darned if he'd move; and next day, if he'd wanted me to go, I should have told him I'd be darned if I'd move; and all at once, from being red-hot chums, as would have done anything for one another, Hez and me got to be mortal enemies.

Now, look here, stranger. Did you ever keep chickens? P'raps not; but if you ever do, just you notice this. You've got, say, a dozen young cocks pecking about, and as happy as can be—smart and lively, an' innocent as chickens should be. Now, just you go and drop a pretty young pullet in among 'em, and see if there won't be a row. Why, afore night there'll be combs bleeding, eyes knocked out, feathers torn and ragged—a reg'lar pepper-box and bowie set-to, and all 'cause of that little smooth, brown pullet, that looks on so quiet and gentle, as if wondering who made the row. Now, that's what was the matter with us; for who should come into the Gulch one day but an old store-keeping sort of fellow, with as pretty a daughter as ever stepped, and from that moment it was all over between Hez and me.

He'd got a way with him, you see, as I hadn't; and they'd always made him welkim at that thar store, when it was only "How do you do?" and "Good-morning," to me. I don't know what love is, strangers; but if Jael Burn had told me to go and cut one of my hands off to please her, I'd ha' done it. I'd ha' gone through fire and water for her, God bless her! and if she'd tied one of her long, yaller hairs round my neck, she might have led me about like a bear, rough as I am.

But it wouldn't do. I soon see which way the wind blew. She was the only woman in camp, and could have the pick, and she picked Hez.

I was 'bout starin' mad first time I met them two together—she a hanging on his arm, and looking up in his face, worshipping him like some of them women can wor-ship a great, big, strong he; and as soon as they war got by I swore a big oath as Hez should never have her, and I plugged up my six shooter, give my bowie a whetting, and lay in wait for him coming back.

It was a nice time that, as I sot there, seeing in fancy him kissin' her sweet little face, and she hanging on him. If I was 'most mad afore, I was ten times worse now; and when I heard Hez

comin', I stood there on a shelf of rock, where the track came along, meaning to put half a dozen plugs in him, and then pitch him over into the Gulch. But I was that mad that when he came up cheery and singing, I forgot all about my shooting-iron and bowie, and went at him like a bar, hugging and wrestling him, till we fell together close to the edge of the Gulch, and I had only to give him a shove and down he'd ha' gone ketch on the hard rocks ninety foot below.

"Now, Hez," I says, "how about your darling now? You'll cut in afore a better man again, will yer?"

"Yes, if I live!" he says, stout-like, so as I couldn't help liking the grit he showed. "That's right," he says; "pitch me over, and then go and tell little Jael what you've done. She'll be fine and proud of yer then, Abinadab Scales!"

He said that as I'd got him hanging over the rocks, and he looked me full in the face, full of grit, though he was helpless as a baby; but I didn't see his face then, for what I see was the face of Jael, wild and passionate like, asking me what I'd done with her love, and my heart swelled so that I gave a sob like a woman, as I swung Hez round into safety, and taking his place like, "Shove me over," I says, "and put me out of my misery."

Poor old Hez! I hated him like pyson; but he wasn't that sort. 'Stead of sending me over, now he had the chance, he claps his hand on my shoulder, and he says, says he, "Dab, old man," he says, "give it a name, and let's go and have a drink on this. We can't all find the big nuggets, old hoss; and if I'm in luck, don't be hard on yer mate."

Then he held out his fist, but I couldn't take it, but turning off, I ran hard down among the rocks till I dropped, bruised and bleeding, and didn't go back to my tent that night.

I got a bit wilder arter that. Hez and Jael were spliced up, and I allus kep away. When I wanted an ounce or two of gold I worked, and when I'd got it, I used to drink—drink, because I wanted to drown all recollections of the past.

Hez used to come to me, but I warned him off. Last time he come across me, and tried to make friends, "Hez," I says, "keep away. I'm desprit like, and I won't say I sha'n't plug yer!"

Then Jael came, and she began to talk to me about forgiving him; but it only made me more mad nor ever, and so I went and pitched at the lower end of the Gulch, and they lived at t'other.

Times and times I've felt as if I'd go and plug Hez on the quiet, but I never did, though I got to hate him more and more, and never half so much as I did nigh two years arter, when I came upon him one day sudden, with his wife Jael, looking pootier than ever, with a little white-haired squaler on her arm. An' it ryled me above a bit to see him so smiling and happy, and me turned into a bloodshot, drinking, raving savage, that half the Gulch was feared on, and t'other half daren't face.

I had been drinking hard—fiery Bourbon, you bet!—for about a week, when early one morning, as I lay in my ragged bit of a tent, I woke up sudden-like, to a roaring noise like thunder; and then there came a whirl and a rush, and I was swimmin' for life, half choked with the water that had carried me off. Now it was hitting my head, playful like, agen the hardest corners of the rock it could find in the Gulch; then it was hitting me in the back, or pounding me in the front, with trunks of trees swept down from the mountains, for something had bust—a lake, or something high up—and in about a wink the hull settlement in Yaller Gulch was swep away.

"Wall," I says, getting hold of a branch, and drawing myself out, "some on 'em wanted a good wash, and this 'll give it 'em;" for you see water had been skeerce lately, and what there was had all been used for cleaning the gold.

I sot on a bit o' rock, wringing that water out of my hair—leastwise, no: it was some one else like who sot there, chaps I knowed, you see; and there was the water rushing down thirty or forty foot deep, with everything swept before it—mules, and tents, and shanties, and stores, and dead bodies by the dozen.

"Unlucky for them," I says; and just then I hears a wild sorter shriek, and looking down, I see a chap half-swimming, half-swept along by the torrent, trying hard to get at a tree that stood t'other side.

"Why, it's you, is it, Hez?" I says to myself, as I looked at his wild eyes and strained face, on which the sun shone full. "You're a gone coon, Hez, lad; so you may just as well fold yer arms, say amen, and go down like a man. How I could pot you now, lad, if I'd got a shooting-iron; put you out o' yer misery like. You'll drown, lad."

He made a dash, and tried for a branch hanging down, but missed it, and got swept against the rocks, where he shoved his arm between two big bits; but the water gave him a wrench, the bone went crack, and as I sat still there I see him swept down lower and lower, till he clutched at a bush with his left hand, and hung on like grim death to a dead nigger.

"Sarre you right," I says, coolly. "Why shouldn't you die like the rest? If I'd had any go in me I should have plugged yer long ago."

"Holloa!" I cried then, giving a start. "It ain't 'tis—tarnation! it can't be!"

But it was.

There, on t'other side, fifty yards lower down, was a bit of a shelf of earth that kept crumblin' away as the water washed it, was Jael, kneeling down with her young 'un; and, as I looked, something seemed to give my heart a jigg, just as if some coon had pulled a string.

"Well, he's 'bout gone," I says; "and they can't hold 'bout three minutes; then they'll all drown together, and she can take old Hez his last baby to nuss, 'cuss em! I'm safe enough. What's it got to do with me? I sha'n't move."

I took out my wet cake of 'bacca, and whittled off a bit, shoved it in my cheek, shut my knife with a click, and sot thar watchin' o' 'em—father, and mother, and bairn.

"You've been too happy, you have," I says out loud; not as they could hear it, for the noise of the waters. "Now you'll be sorry for other people. Drown, darn yer! stock, and lock, and barrel; I'm safe."

Just then, as I sot and chewed, telling myself as a chap would be mad to try and save his friends out of such a flood, let alone his enemies, darn me! if Jael didn't put that there little squaler's hands together, and hold them up as if she was making it say its prayers—a born fool!—when that thar string seemed to be pulled, inside me like, agin my heart; and—I couldn't help it—I jumped up.

"Say, Dab," I says to myself, "don't you be a fool. You hate that lot like pyson, you do. Don't you go and drown yourself."

I was 'bout mad, you know, and couldn't do as I liked, for, if I didn't begin to rip off my things, wet and hanging to me. Cuss me! how they did stick! but I cleared half on 'em off, and then, like a mad fool, I made a run and a jump, and was fighting hard with the water to get across to Hez's wife and child.

It was a bit of a fight. Down I went, and up I went, and the water twisted me like a leaf; but I got out of the roar and thunder, on to the bit of a shelf where Jael knelt; when if the silly thing didn't begin to hold up to me her child, and her lips, poor darling, said, dumbly, "Save it! oh, save it!"

In the midst of that rush and roar, as I saw that poor gal, white, horrified, and with her yaller hair clinging round her, all my old love for her comes back, and I swore a big oath as I'd save her for myself or die.

I tore her dress into ribbons, for there warn't a moment to lose, and I bound that bairn somehow on to my shoulders, she watching me the while; and then, with my heart beating madly, I caught her in my arms, she clinging tightly to me in her fear, and I stood up, thinking how I could get back, and making ready to leap.

The flood didn't wait for that, though. In a moment there was a quiver of the bank, and it went from beneath my feet, leaving me wrestling with the waters once more.

I don't know how I did it, only that, after a fight and being half smothered, I found myself crawling up the side of the Gulch, ever so low down, and dragging Jael into a safe place with her bairn.

She fell down afore me, hugged my legs and kissed my feet; and then she started up and began staring up and down, ending by seeing, just above us, old Hez clinging there still, with his sound arm rammed into the bush and his body swept out by the fierce stream.

The next moment she had seized me by the arm, and was pynting at him, and she gave a wild kind of shriek.

"He's a gone coon, my gal," I says, though she couldn't hear me; and I was gloating over her beautiful white face and soft, clear neck, as I thought that now she was mine—all mine. I'd saved her out of the flood, and there was no Hez to stand in our way.

"Save him!—save him!" she shrieked in my ear.

What, Hez? Save Hez to come between us once more? Save her husband—the man I hated, and would gladly see die? Oh, I couldn't do it, and my looks showed it, she reading me like a book the while. No, he might drown—he was drowned—must be. No; just then he moved. But, nonsense! I wasn't going to risk my life for his, and cut my own throat like as to the futur'.

She went down on her knees to me, though, pynting again at where Hez still floated; and the old feeling of love for her was stronger on me than ever.

"You're asking me to die for you, Jael?" I shouted in her ear.

"Save him—save Hez!" she shrieked.

"Yes, save him!" I groaned to myself. "Bring him back to the happiness that might be mine. But she loves him—she loves him; and I must."

I gave one look at her—as I thought my last—and I couldn't help it. If she had asked me dumbly, as she did, to do something ten times as wild, I should have done it; and, with a run, I got well up above Hez afore I jumped in once more, to have the same fight with the waters till I was swept down to the bush where he was.

I'd got my knife in my teeth to cut the bush away and let him free; but as I was swept against it my weight tore it away, and Hez and I went down the stream together; him so done up that he lay helpless on the water.

Something seemed to tell me to finish him off. A minute under water would have done it; but Jael's face was before me, and at last I got to the other side, with her climbing along beside us; and if it hadn't been for the hand she stretched down to me, I should never have crawled out with old Hez—I was that done.

As I dropped down, panting on the rock, Jael came to my side, leaned over me and kissed me, and I turned away, for the next moment she was trying hard and bringing her husband to, and I was beginning to feel once more that I had been a fool.

I ain't much more to tell, only that the flood went down 'most as quick as it had come up, and Hez got all right again with his broken arm and did well. They wanted much to be friends, but I kep' away. I felt as I'd been a fool to save him, and I was kinder 'shamed like of it, so I took off to Frisco, where, after chumming about, I took to going voyages to Panama and back, and the sea seemed to suit me like, and there I stuck to it.

And there I seem to stick yet.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

## THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

## THROUGH WYOMING TO HILLIARD.

HILLIARD STATION lies some five hundred feet lower in grade than its neighbor Aspen, and the descent henceforth will be steady and swift until we clear the two great cañons and rush out upon the wide gray waste of the Humboldt Desert. The Plains may be said to embrace three great divisions—that of the Platte Valley, green and rich, and level almost as a vast croquet-ground, along its eastern boundary, the Missouri River, and breaking into gradual billows as it nears the wall of the Black Hills; the Laramie Plains, sweeping down from the crest of these mountains, and stretching away in

rugged undulations till they reach the red sandstone gateways of Echo Cañon; and, lastly, the dreary Humboldt Plain, whose western boundary is the range of Sierra Nevada. It is some little time since we have heard this range dignified with its full title; west of the Rockies they are only "the Sirras" or "the Serras" indifferently, either vowel will do alone, but one never hears them in conjunction.

Hilliard is a new place even for the Plains, being only about three years old. It owes its being and its well-doing chiefly to the Hilliard Flume and Lumber Company, which has extensive works close to the depot, and large land interests both in Hilliard and its vicinity. The little brown station and the few buildings near the track seem doubly insignificant here, for the charcoal kilns form a crowded village in themselves—great white cones like exaggerated beehives ranged in solid ranks at the foot of the long, low bluffs. There are twenty-nine, both large and small; the larger pits burning forty cords of wood at a filling, and the lesser twenty-six. Some of the little ones are open as we pass, and the glow of heat inside burns the ruddier for contrast with the snow drifted up to the sides of the kiln—the white snow that makes the white-washed cones look like dirty blots against its spotlessness. And beside the kilns there is the timber-flume, whose tall, thin trestles span the track, and wind in among the cones, carrying down loads of pine-wood from the crests and foot-hills of the Uintah Mountains, twenty-four miles away, cord-wood for the coal-pits, lumber, saw-logs and railroad ties, which rush down a "grade" of two thousand feet from the head of the flume to its outlet at Hilliard.

More interesting than the flume, however, is a queer, long, low shanty of logs filled in with adobe, which stands just east of the station, upholding a huge signboard having thereon, "Wo Lee, Washing and Ironing." It is the first indication we have seen of the great flood of "Chinese cheap labor," and there comes Mrs. Wo Lee herself, stamping out in the snow on her odd little wooden pattens, and covering half her olive face with a paper pocket-handkerchief as she looks forth upon the passing train. She is clad in five dark blue bags, one bag apiece for each limb, and a wider but equally short one for the body, and her shining black hair is dressed butterfly-wise, two great wings projecting above each ear—a structure whose elaboration amply makes up for the excess of simplicity in the rest of her toilet. A dreary home has Mrs. Wo Lee, one would think, as they scan the hut from which she emerged; but the Chinese household gods are few and humble, and seem to be set up, as a rule, in the dingiest and most doleful quarters. The snow is banked up against the door, and lies deep on the mud roof, but from the crooked stove-pipe rising up from a crazy little outbuilding there is a cheery puff of smoke, and we imagine Mr. Wo Lee plying the flatiron inside, or sprinkling the fine linen and the "boiled shirts" of the dwellers in Hilliard after his own peculiar native fashion. "Lee," by-the-way, is clearly the Chinese equivalent for Smith; every second Chinaman whom you shall meet on the Pacific Slope has it tacked somewhere to his personal cognomen, and you are stared in the face by Hop Lees, Sing Lees, Sam Lees and Lee Yips at every turn through the Chinese quarters.

We are winding now through the Bear River Valley, said to be one of the most fertile in all the range of the Rockies, and possibly it may be so; but we, in this month of April, are greeted with nothing but snow, and a sad, withered remnant of vegetation cropping out through the shallow drifts. The Bear River courses through a wild, rugged country, among low hills and bluffs, whose fastnesses harbor hordes of game, jack-rabbits, sagehens and coyotes, mingling with such nobler specimens as the California or mountain lion, the lynx and elk, catamounts and bears, and dainty antelopes, the most tempting of all. Specimen-hunters also will find many fine pickings in the way of agates and petrifications; a piece of information which is constantly given along the route, thereby maddening us who cannot rove ten yards from our Pullman car in pursuit of treasure, without the shout of "All aboard!" ruthlessly pursuing us.

Less than two miles west of Hilliard is the empty site of a departed railway town, which once enjoyed the worst of reputations under the name of Bear River City. It was laid out in 1868, and at first promised well, for the population speedily rose to two thousand, and speculation in lots ran high; but the desperado element was too strong, and murder and sudden death so alarmingly frequent, as to render the advent of Judge Lynch imperative. Therefore, there were three prompt executions, as promptly followed by a fierce fight between the outraged friends of the deceased and the peaceful citizens, and very soon after this battle—neither short nor bloodless—the doom of Bear River City appeared to be sealed, and it died a lingering death. Now there is nothing to mark its site but two or three weather-stained head-boards, planted at the graves of as many rioters, who once made it "red hot" in the vanished streets of this city of the Plain.

## PRESIDENT HAYES IN VIRGINIA.

THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET AT THE STATE FAIR IN RICHMOND—AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HAYES AND MR. EVARTS.

NO event in the history of the City of Richmond, since the termination of the war, attracted so much of genuine interest—an interest permeating all sections and grades of society, from the inner circle of the deepest-dyed darkey to the upper crust of the most patrician planter—as the visit of President Hayes and the members of his Cabinet and household to the Capital of the Old Dominion. The visit had been looked forward to for months, not only by the inhabitants of the city and State, but by many of those of the adjoining States; and this, coupled with the attraction of the annual State Fair, served to set the Virginians in a glow of pleasurable anticipation, if not an excitement bordering upon distraction.

At an early hour on the morning of Tuesday, the 30th ult., a reception committee, in every sense representative, started by special train from Richmond for Quantico, where they met the train containing the Presidential party, consisting of the President and Mrs. Hayes, Secretaries Evarts, Sherman and Thompson; Attorney-General Devins, Congressman Lowell, of Massachusetts; and Congressman Harris, of Virginia; with Colonel A. Q. Haliday, of Richmond. With Mrs. Hayes were Miss Platt, her niece; Mrs. Sherman and the Misses Evarts. The train, the engine gayly decorated with flowers and flags, then sped on to Fredericksburg, where Ex-Congressman Elliott Braxton, in behalf of the city, welcomed the President to Fredericksburg and to the soil of Virginia. At Milford a flying repast was served, and at half-past two o'clock, amid a welcome of the heartiest description from the dense mass of citizens assembled



in Franklin Street, President Hayes gallantly took possession of Richmond.

From an early hour the streets displayed a gala appearance. All business was suspended, and although the stores were not actually closed, their proprietors stood chatting upon the sidewalks in the full knowledge that no customers would darken their doors until the distinguished visitor had fairly passed upon his way. Windows were decorated with flags and emblematical devices, and, better still, the fair faces of the far-famed daughters of the Dominion, who turned out in brave and costly array to give right royal greeting to their illustrious guest. Policemen attired in brand-new "blues," surmounted by brand-new hats with brand-new golden bands, perambulated the streets in a listless way, as though their occupation, like to that of Othello's, was gone. Military men, equipped in the smartest uniforms, bustled fiercely through the throng of expectant citizens with an energy that spoke of daring deeds to come. Great, tall, muscular Virginians stood in groups gravely discussing the situation, ever and anon referring to the high old times before the war, and the ghastly depression which has since enveloped them as a shroud. Ebon boot-boys, with countenances as black and bright as the polish they proposed to place upon the most reluctant shoe, did a roaring trade, as did peanut, chestnut and New York pippin-venders. Saloon doors, whilom accustomed to creak a little on their hinges, creaked no more, and bartenders in their frantic hurry almost forgot to ring the excise bell, denoting that another drink had disappeared towards the liquidation of the "big debt." Horse-cars—such cars!—dingy, little square boxes upon wheels, bulged and broken as to panels, frowzy within and stale without, attached to horses only fitted for the knacker's yard, wearily toiled up the Main Street hill, aided by a third animal displaying immense symmetry of bone, ridden by a dark young gentleman in the raggedest of possible raiment. Wagons containing fresh young country lasses, with roses on their cheeks and cherries on their lips, and driven by their brothers or fathers, or possibly their sweethearts, dashed boldly about in all directions, to the terror of the rising generation and annihilation to springs that give unmistakable warning of a rottenness in the state of Denmark. In the Capitol Square, children frisked, and the squirrels, white and gray, cracked-nuts beneath the shadows of the glorious old elms and under the magnificent statues which are well worth traveling to Richmond to behold—Washington, surrounded by those towers of strength, Henry, Mason, Jefferson, Nelson, Marshall and Lewis, Henry Clay, and last, though not least, Stonewall Jackson, erected by Englishmen as a tribute of respect to the memory of the great Confederate captain, with the well-known words inscribed on the base of the pedestal: "Look, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall!"

It is a great day for Richmond, this 30th of October, and a throb of joy vibrates through the city so long steeped in sadness unutterable. Some despair-stricken faces flit by as we saunter on our way—faces from which the shadow of the past may be lifted nevermore; but there is an air of brightness and pleasure in every countenance, even in the brutal visages of the chain-gang who are engaged in sweeping the streets, and whose members would seem to have become impregnated with the general tone of satisfaction.

At an early hour the crowd began to assemble in the vicinity of the platform from which the President was to greet the people of Richmond, situated in a vacant lot on the outskirts of the city. The weather, which had been threatening all the forenoon, now began to wear a more lowering aspect, and a drizzle, termed in Europe a "Scotch mist," commenced to settle down in a manner that caused men, women and children, white and colored, to look to their umbrellas, till soon the immense multitude became concealed beneath silk, alpaca and gingham, of every sort, size, shape and description, and of every hue known in the rainbow or out of it. Upon the platform the members of the City Council, Board of Public Interest, foreign consuls, and other notable personages, awaited the arrival of the President, while the military were drawn up in an imposing array around. At 2:30 precisely the distant sound of the whistle of the approaching train was heard, which was immediately followed by a salute of twenty-one guns. As the car stopped, the President, bareheaded, came out upon the platform, posing as if for his photograph. The crush around the train had now become immense, and frantic efforts were made by excited Virginians to clasp his hand. After some little delay he was led along a plank walk to the platform, and, amid a burst of enthusiastic cheering, presented to the people of Richmond by Judge Meredith.

The reply of the President was brief, pithy and to the point, clearly delivered and duly emphasized. At the close of a sentence it is Mr. Hayes's habit to shake his head rapidly from side to side as a dog shakes a rat, to which the waggle of his beard imparts additional action. This movement is gesticulatory and earnest, and serves to emphasize much that might otherwise fall colorlessly even from a more accomplished speaker.

The Secretaries of State followed in neat little speeches, that of Mr. Evarts being a palpable hit, the Attorney-General also contributing a few ponderous remarks, while Senator Morgan, of Alabama, brought up the rear. It was a case of hand-shaking all round, North and South, and a general burying of the hatchet and whiffing of the calumet of peace.

A procession was then formed of police, marshals, artillery, two bands, Richmond City Guard, Richmond Light Infantry, First Virginia Regiment, Fire Department, a colored battalion and the carriages of the Presidential party. In the first carriage was the President, Judge Meredith and General Anderson, the President standing bareheaded as the cortege passed down Main Street, and replying to the enthusiastic cheers of the populace by courteous inclinations of the head.

The President was put up at the Ballard Hotel, a large, straggling, gloomy building, around which a dusky crowd, darker than the night itself, stood gaping and gazing while the *creme de la creme* of the Old Dominion dropped in to pay its respects as in duty bound.

On Wednesday morning the writer had the honor of a brief interview with the President, being introduced by Mr. Evarts.

Mr. Hayes, who was seated as we entered, rose and greeted us most courteously, expressing very considerable satisfaction at meeting a representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which he was pleased to designate as "an institution of the country."

The President was attired in black, and wore no ring, stud or sleeve-button. His low-buttoned shoes were "shined" to a dazzling lustre, and we should not be at all surprised if he were vain of his small, well-shaped feet. The room was a perfect hot-house of flowers, the air being laden with a perfume almost asphyxiating.

"This is not your first visit to Richmond, Mr. President?"

"Oh, yes, it is. The statement that I have been here before is incorrect. I have never been in

Richmond," adding, with a laugh, "although I have been very near it during the war."

"The people seem very anxious to have a good look at you."

"Not half so anxious as I am to have a good look at them."

"The weather is, unfortunately, very disagreeable for your visit."

"I am generally lucky as to weather, but it will brighten up as everything else is brightening up," uttered with considerable significance.

In referring to Richmond, a subject of which Mr. Hayes was naturally especially full, he observed that it possessed the dual interest of an early settlement and of a city that possessed a history.

"I am very hopeful for Virginia. I think she has a future. The cutting up of these great tracts of land, formerly held by a few and sparsely populated, into smaller holdings, will be productive of beneficial results. Virginia will prove a vast camping-ground for emigrants. The time has arrived for invigorating the soil. I have never seen finer men than in Virginia," he continued. "One man here says she has my sword; now when I was at home last September, I found all my swords, and I have had many, in their usual places, and as there were five of my name holding the same rank in the army, this particular sword must have belonged to some one of these five gentlemen."

"Hayes is an Irish name?"

"We are of Scottish descent. I have had a book sent recently to me showing that we are Irish-Scottish."

The President referred *en passant* to England and Mr. Grant's reception. He also gayly alluded to the quantity of work upon his hands. Judging from appearances he seems quite equal to the task, being solid-looking, with a jubilant freshness and exuberant vitality playing about him—a man who would take the bright side even if he had to fight for it. Mr. Evarts entered with the morning papers beneath his arm.

"Any news from Washington this morning, Mr. Evarts?"

"Nothing, Mr. President," was the Secretary's reply, "except —" and at this critical moment we took our leave, not being as yet a member of the Cabinet.

With Mr. Evarts we had a very agreeable conversation. He believes in England and America against all odds, and having been asked if, in the event of England's being placed in a position of supreme difficulty, would America come to the rescue of the Mother Country, he expressed his emphatic opinion in the affirmative. Mr. Evarts spoke glowingly of our blue skies and of our glorious sunshine.

"Talk of Italy," he said; "where, will you get such blue as here, where will you see such day-shine? Speak of England's cities. Where are they outside of London, Liverpool and Manchester? We are building up mighty cities all over this vast continent, and see the lesson we are teaching the world. We cause the rich to be taxed by the poor, instead of having the poor taxed by the rich. Witness our Central Park and the parks in every city of the Union. England is beginning at length to realize the fact that we are a great country, while we realize the fact that we have two continents."

Through the mud and drizzle we turned towards the State Fair. Vehicles of every sort, shape, size and description were put in requisition to carry the visitors over the two miles of road, from wagons of mysterious forms and rickety frames to a series of platforms composed apparently of wooden fences constructed by the railway company. It is but just, however, to say that the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac line seems thoroughly well cared for; its cars are commodious and comfortable, its officials courteous and intelligent. At the entrance to the fair-grounds the colored people had collected in one vast expansive grin. The proprietors of "Merry-go-rounds" were doing a roaring business. Cheap Jacks advertised their wares in voices apparently emanating from lungs of leather; performers on the bones rattled those instruments upon ear, lip, teeth and toe. Conjurers astonished the multitude, and, mixed with all, were rudely constructed refreshment booths, presided over by Hottentot Venuses, temptingly displaying fresh oysters, hot lamb cutlets, sweet potatoes, cold ham, fish, chicken, mutton, pickles, and other toothsome morsels of a kindred nature. The fair-ground is an enormous fenced-in space, containing a race-course and four or five isolated buildings, from one of which the President and Cabinet addressed the assembled farmers. One of these buildings was devoted to local art. A clever oil-painting entitled "Wrapping up the Old Flag" represented the entire collection, which was of the weakest possible order. A case containing relics of the war, from the forage-cap of a "Reb" to his hymn-book, seemed to possess considerable fascination for the tall, gaunt Virginians, many old soldiers fighting their battles over again before the sad mementoes of that memorable struggle. The proverbial love that the sons of the Old Dominion possess for horses was vividly portrayed at this fair, as admiring and excited groups were to be found collected around each animal, eagerly discussing its "form" and critically dilating upon its merits.

The fair was great in plows and pumps, in tobacco-leaf rolling, in broddignagun turnips, pumpkins and radishes, in cows, and in agricultural steam-engines. Whilst the Presidential party were moving round, one gigantic farmer, who appeared as if constructed of whip-cord, telegraph-wires and Roman cement, insisted upon grasping the President's hand, whereat Mrs. Hayes laughed much, showing a row of pearly teeth set in a full, generous mouth, and until the coquettish black roses in her bonnet shook again, for, despite her garb of woe, the leading lady in the land, being only a woman, knew exactly how to relieve the "tone" of her blue-black hair. The show-booths were not numerous, and offered the usual attractions of Rome, the educated hog, a gentleman introduced to this fleeting world without arms, a baby with two heads, the Circassian queen, whose hair stands out like quills upon the fretful porcupine, or as if the lady were within perpetual range of a ghost, the fattest man, the smallest woman, and other wonders, illustrative of the great and varied freaks of nature.

The great day of the fair was Thursday, when a tournament took place, and then—chaos. The President has every reason to be right royally satisfied with his reception at Richmond, a reception marked with much warmth of public feeling, an ovation earnestly and nobly made, and as gracefully and heartily acknowledged by its distinguished recipient.

#### THE CHINESE EDUCATIONAL COLONY, HARTFORD, CONN.

THE Chinese Educational Bureau in the United States was established in Hartford, Conn., under the direct patronage of the Emperor, who gave his consent to a scheme presented by Yung Wing in 1859. This gentleman came to this country as a lad, nearly thirty years ago, under the care of an American missionary. After his arrival several gentlemen interested themselves in his welfare,

he was placed in a select school, and passed from that through a preparatory institution, and thence to Yale College, where he was the first native Chinaman to take a collegiate degree. He remained in this country some ten years, then returning home, he began to pave the way to enable Chinese youths to receive the superior educational privileges afforded by American schools. The plan, to which the Emperor gave his consent, was to choose a party of boys from seven to fourteen years of age, bring them to the United States, and give them such training as guaranteed the most practical results. The Government made a substantial appropriation, and in 1872 the first party of boys arrived in Hartford, being followed since by other delegations. As their numbers increased, and the worth of the enterprise became apparent, it was deemed advisable to place the bureau on a more definite basis. Accordingly, Yung Wing was appointed a special commissioner, and furnished with a corps of native assistants, and funds were appropriated to establish a regular Chinese colony in the city. A fine building was erected as permanent headquarters, near the residence of ex-Governors Jewell and Hawley, and there the boys are received upon their arrival. As soon as the boys reach Hartford they are put by twos with American farmers' families in Connecticut and Massachusetts towns, so that they may learn the language as quickly as possible. But that their Chinese schooling may not be lost, they repair at regular intervals to the headquarters and spend three weeks in exclusively Chinese studies.

There are now 115 young men under Yung Wing's charge, representing the aristocracy and blue blood of the Chinese Empire. Some of the boys have got far enough along to enter Yale College, and in the school contests they have invariably beaten their American schoolmates. From college they will go to the professional schools, particularly the scientific studies, and then will be ready to return to China, where they will spend their lives as teachers.

Yung Wing is a mandarin of the fifth rank. His four assistants are Ngen, fifth rank; Yung, sixth; Kwong, sixth, and Leu, seventh. Yung Wing himself has been naturalized, and is an American citizen. He has an American wife, a sister of Dr. Kellogg, an influential physician of Hartford. His habits, attire and religious belief are American. Ngen is a quiet man, and likes a good dinner and society. With him are two wives, and this fact has been generally known in Hartford. Both wives are sometimes seen on the sidewalk, and occasionally receive American ladies, but they are never seen with Ngen, and never appear at any of his entertainments. This, not because he has two wives here, but because Chinese custom requires it.

These mandarins live in elegant style, and are much given to receptions. They entertain handsomely. To be invited to their great dinners, of which four or five are given annually, is a treat greatly prized in Hartford. These dinners are given in Chinese style, and consist of some twelve courses of exclusively Chinese dishes, such as dried shell-fish, sharks' fins, a kind of fish bowls, which look like macaroni, birds' nests and some vegetables, for which Americans have no name. The mandarins frequently leave the table and their guests for a while to smoke, and then return to resume their eating. They are very polite. They dress in the choicest of Chinese silks, and drink a wine made of rice. In their discipline with the boys and their attention to their duties, the Commissioners are very faithful, and are constantly watching for some improvement in naval or land warfare, of which they promptly inform their Government. Their watchfulness in this respect has already resulted in contracts for torpedoes and Sharp's rifles.

#### SIR ANTHONY MUSGRAVE, GOVERNOR OF JAMAICA.

SIR ANTHONY MUSGRAVE, Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, was born in Antigua, one of the British West India Islands, his father being Dr. Musgrave, for many years at the head of the Treasury Department of the island. Sir Anthony studied for the Bar in England, and, upon the completion of his studies, he was appointed Colonial Secretary of Antigua. Soon after he received the appointment of President of the Island of Nevis, and while acting as such he was transferred to the Island of St. Vincent as Governor. During his administration a serious revolt occurred, which necessitated the calling out of volunteers and the aid of British troops stationed at Barbadoes. The riots were suppressed with difficulty, but without much loss of life. In consideration of his prompt and efficient action at this time, he was gazetted Governor of the Colony of Newfoundland, in which capacity he served from 1864 to 1869, when he was promoted to the Governorship of British Columbia. While holding this position he married Miss Jennie, only daughter of David Dudley Field, Esq., of New York City, in San Francisco, and, with his bride, was conveyed to his official home at Victoria in a British man-of-war.

From British Columbia he was sent to Natal, South Africa, thence to South Australia, and, after a lapse of three years, to Jamaica. Next to the Vice-Rgency of the Dominion of Canada and the Governor-Generalship of India, the Governorship of Jamaica ranks among the thirty-three Colonial Governments as the highest under the British Crown. In a Crown Colony there is no parliamentary body, public affairs being carried on by the Governor and a Council, who are responsible only to the Home Government.

In 1876 Sir Anthony was knighted, partly as a recognition of his valuable services in bringing about the Union of Newfoundland and British Columbia with the Dominion of Canada and partly as a reward for his successful accomplishment of other plans of the Imperial Government.

It will be remembered that Newfoundland determined to join the Confederation, but, after the Governor's departure, reconsidered its action, and has not yet favorably united with it. British Columbia, however, remains a part of the Dominion.

#### Monkeys in their "Cups."

THE ape family resembles man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Senar the natives make a fermented beer of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time they all show degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. Some of the drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for a larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with maulin kisses. When the negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go on also. Another will

clutch at him, and so on, until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged, and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

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

##### Russian War Pictures.

A correspondent with the Turkish columns, describing the fighting at Plevna, writes: "The Turks replied with the greatest energy to the plunging fire of the Russians, from superior numbers, too, for I counted more than ten Russian batteries. However, this fire was not well directed, for the greater number of their shells burst behind our batteries—about 300. I beheld the arrival upon a sort of cart of the corpse of an artilleryman—the first victim of the day—his legs broken, his long boots dangling behind, and swinging with every jolt of the vehicle. A few minutes after passed the commandant of the battery to which the demised artilleryman belonged, supported by his orderly, having received a very severe wound in the head. Upon the 4th of September, the Turks, attacked near Selvi by the Russian divisions under Generals Skobelof and Emeretinsky, after a hot engagement, were beaten, and pursued as far as Lovatz. This town is situated upon the Osma to the south of Plevna, which is crossed in coming from Selvi by a wooden bridge, represented in our design. The Turks defended the bridge for a considerable time. The Russians, ten times repulsed, returned ten times to the charge led by their officers, who showed them the way, encouraging them by voice and gesture. After the battle of Kaceljevo, the Turkish troops marched in the direction of Biela. The Russian positions, however, were found by Mehmet Ali Pasha rather too formidable, and he retired upon the Lom, for which act of discretion he was deprived of his Bulgarian command, and ordered to the Serbian frontier, while Suleiman Pasha assumed direction of his former army, leaving the Shipka Pass and the Army of the Balkans to Raouf Pasha. The night before the battle of Biela was one of intense anxiety; yet so rapidly do soldiers become submissive to the rigors and restraints of actual warfare, that the prospective engagement interfered but slightly with the regular routine of camp life. Perhaps it quickened the obedience of the Ottoman to the call for evening prayers, although it has been observed in every quarter during the present war that the Turk is particularly attentive to his devotions. The attitude, the elevation, the earnestness of the crier, summoning from his rude tower all the faithful to the performance of their religious duties, compared with the same ceremony under more favorable circumstances, furnishes an impressive episode in this great tragedy. The engraving of "Getting Rid of an Intruder" represents a Russian soldier receiving condign punishment at the hands of a sturdy Bulgarian woman, from whose little store he has attempted to steal a luscious-looking watermelon. We supplement the illustrations given last week of the battle of Kaceljevo, with a spirited one showing the operations of the Turkish artillery during that decisive engagement. The headquarters of the Czar and his leading generals at Goruy Studen was on the property of a rich Bulgarian who had become a Mohammedan. When the Turkish population fled, this Bulgarian fled with them, and his house became the temporary residence of the Emperor. Round about it tents were put up for the persons attached to the Imperial headquarters. A regiment of foot Cossacks determined to have an hour's amusement at the expense of their adversaries, dressed up a row of sticks in their *bourkas* or cloaks, and topped with their Circassian head-gear. The Turks pounded away at this dummy regiment for a whole hour, to the intense enjoyment of the Circassians, safely hidden behind a hill, whose little joke, however, came somewhat expensive, as no fewer than sixty *bourkas* were destroyed by the Turkish fire. In strong contrast with this scene was that of a party of Turks returning to their camp from the front, bearing on shoulders rifles, arms, and in hands a variety of Muscovite trophies.

##### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has come to the conclusion that the only way to bring out a full vote in that city would be to advertise "a fried oyster given away after every ballot."

—THE workmen engaged in repairing the front of the Florence Cathedral recently, in removing a thick coating of plaster at one of the corners of the building, made the discovery of seven marble statues, pronounced by connoisseurs to be of the best period of Greek art.

—IN the year 1876-77 the State of North Carolina produced 125,000 bushels of peanuts, Virginia 780,000, and Tennessee 500,000 bushels. The United States can "point with pride" to the fact that in the last four years, within their borders, 3,320,000 bushels of peanuts were harvested.

—COLLEGE professors should not dispute with base-ballists in matters of science. Professor Swift, of Rochester, having stated that curved ball pitching was impossible, a pitcher visited that city and showed him he was mistaken, by causing a ball to curve seven feet eight inches in a distance of 127 feet.

—A COUPLE of years ago, at one of the goings-down of Atlantic steamers, an American lady and her two daughters honored the ceremony with their presence. The mother was drowned; the daughters were saved. The younger one recounts the event by saying that "mother and me did the splash together; sister and I bubbled again; mother didn't."

—THE soil of the land in the vicinity of Puget Sound is found to be surprisingly fertile, rivaling that of California in its ability to present the farmer with enormous vegetables. A cabbage was recently discovered which weighed one hundred and eight pounds, and a turnip five feet two and one-half inches in circumference, which pulled down the scales to one hundred and twelve pounds.

##### THE DRAMATIC SEASON.

THE amusements announced for the week ending November 10th, are briefly as follows: "Marriage" continues to be the attraction at Wallack's. . . . The entertainments given at Pastor's Opera House and the Theatre Comique are capital. . . . English opera meets with much favor at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. . . . Janauschek is the leading feature at the Broadway Theatre. . . . Minstrelsy of every grade is given at Bryant's and the San Francisco's. . . . Mr. Joseph Jefferson continues his masterly rendition of "Rip Van Winkle" at Booth's Theatre. . . . Wood's Theatre, Brooklyn, presents Mr. Higgins in "Tramps." . . . Mr. Lester Wallack appears in Brooklyn in "Rosedale." . . . The Brooklyn Olympic has a new bill for its patrons. . . . "Remorse" as presented by Mr. Grant is beneath criticism. . . . The Aquarium continues open day and evening. . . . The London show is a strong attraction for the East side. . . . "Pink Dominoes" at the Union Square is as fresh as when first introduced. . . . "Uncle Tom's Cabin" all the week at the Grand Opera House.





PATRIOTIC NEGROES ON THEIR WAY TO RICHMOND.



PREPARING FOR THE RECEPTION OF THE PRESIDENT.—THEY (CONVICTS) CLEANING THE STREETS OF RICHMOND.



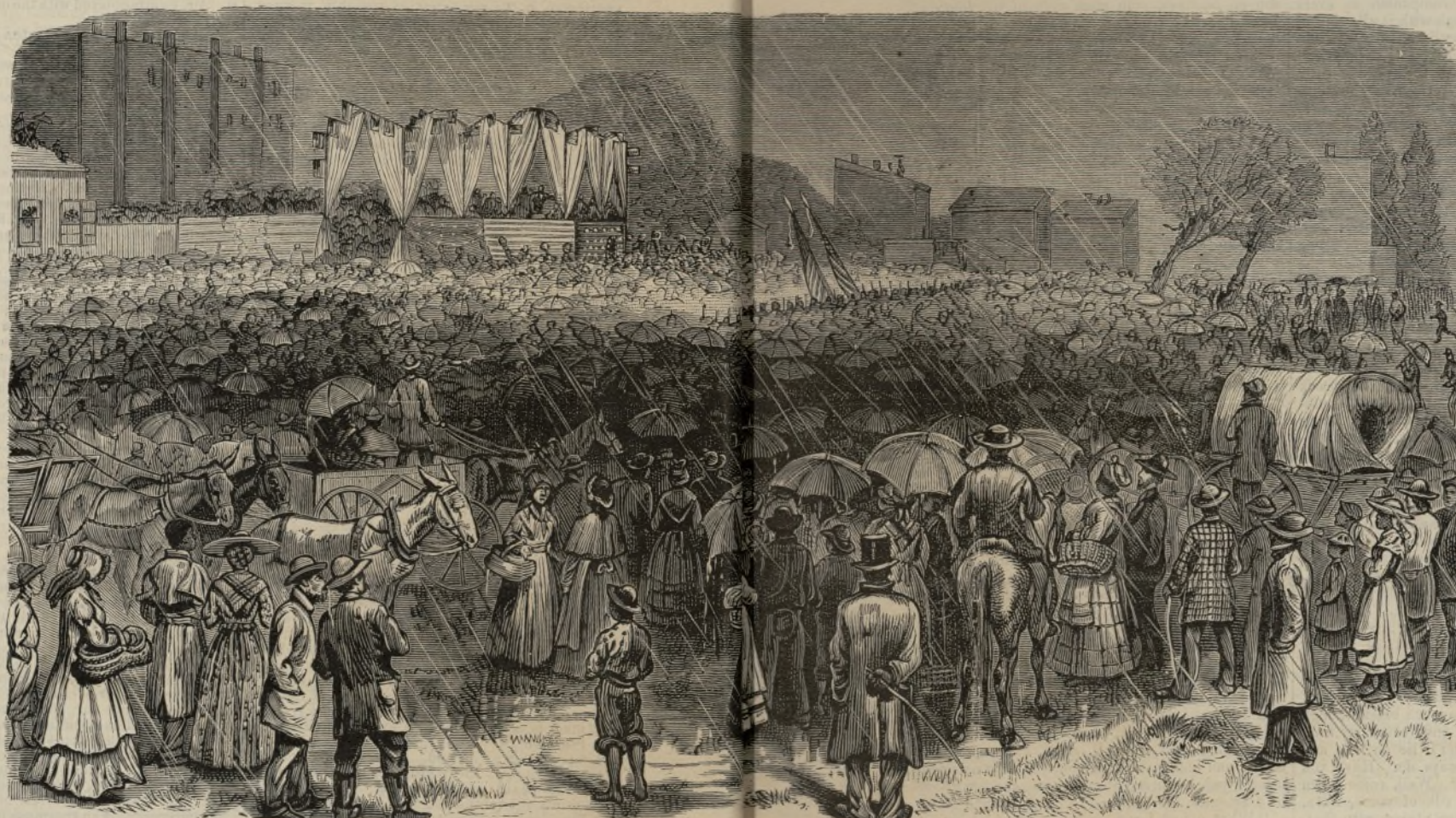
A RICHMOND STREET-CAR.



EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS EXAMINING WAR RELICS IN THE PICTURE GALLERY.



WATER FREE TO ALL.



PRESIDENT HAYES ADDRESSING AN AUDIENCE AT THE GRAND STAND AT FRANKLIN STREET.



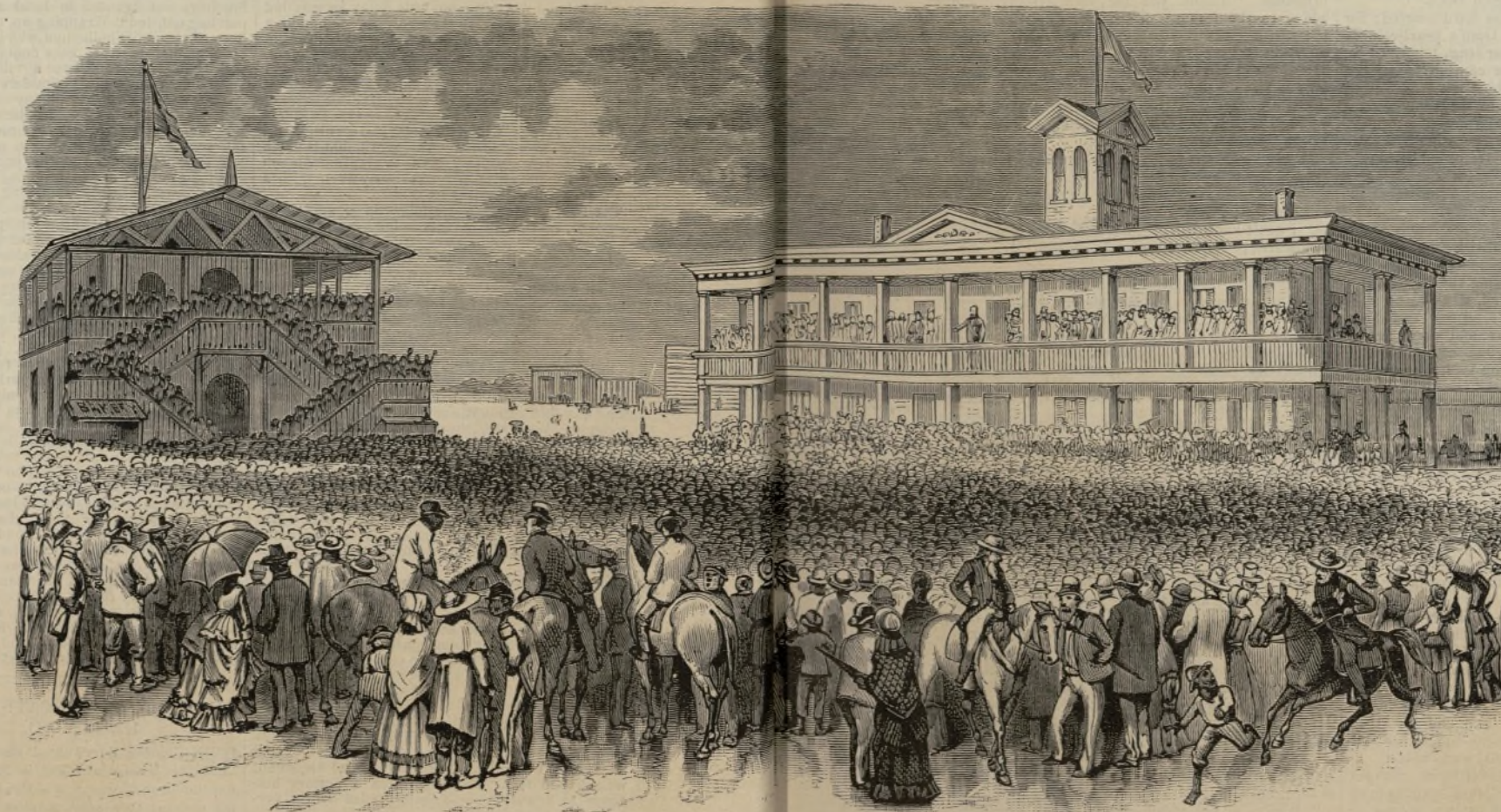
REFRESHMENT-BOOTH OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS.



INTRODUCING MRS. HAYES TO THE PEOPLE AT THE FAIR.



ILLUMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S QUARTERS AT THE EXCHANGE HOTEL.



THE PRESIDENT ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE AT THE VIRGINIA STATE FAIR.



THE PRESIDENT SHAKING HANDS WITH THE FARMERS AT THE CATTLE PENS.

VIRGINIA—THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT HAYES AND MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET TO THE VIRGINIA STATE FAIR IN RICHMOND, OCTOBER 30TH AND 31ST—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE FAIR-GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See Special Correspondence, Page 174.



## BETWEEN THE LINES.

SING the song of the singer, merrily ring the rhymes,  
Light is the lay they tell us, light as its echoed  
chimes;  
Sing the song of the singer, mocking at doubt and  
fear,  
Catch the joy of its melody; let its daring beauty  
cheer;  
Well that the mellow music may bear no hidden  
signs  
Of the broken heart of the poet, written between the  
lines.

Watch the part of the player, bravely and deftly done,  
See the difficult height attained, the loud applause  
won;  
Weep with his passionate sorrow, thrill to his passionate  
bliss,  
Blending your joyous laughter with that happy laugh  
of his;  
Well that his marvelous acting dazzles, wins, refines;  
Who thinks of the desperate effort, written between  
the lines?

See the work of the painter, in coloring rare and rich,  
Give it its well-won homage, choose it the choicest  
niche;  
Hang it where it may render, as an artist best can  
do,  
Companionship in its beauty, delicate, pure, and true!  
Well that its silent loveliness softness and thought  
combines;  
None read the bitter baffling strife, written between  
the lines.

Watch the path of the prosperous, sunny and smooth  
and bright,  
Health and wealth to give it its full of sweetness and  
of light!  
See how the easy future is planned for the careless  
feet,  
Given its slight desire, flattered each vague conceit.  
Well that the outward surface gladness and peace  
enshrines;  
Who knows the tale of the skeleton, written between  
the lines?

If the singer dies in solitude, his songs sigh on as  
sweetly;  
If the statesman has a hearth disgraced, does he face  
the world less metely?  
So the artist's touch is fine and sure, who heeds the  
hand that guides it?  
Does the player feel a fading life? his miming,  
masking hide it.  
Cypress and rose and laurel, Fate's reckless hand  
entwines;  
Life reads the printed story—Death writes between  
the lines.

## 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 XIX.

"ARE we alone? Are we alone?" Richard Stirling reiterated to his wife. "Are we alone, Lizzie? My Lizzie! There— heaven help me—I must forgive you! My Lizzie!"—he strained her to his heart and kissed her madly. "I swore I would never look upon your face again, my Lizzie, my beauty, my love! I could not look at your sweet face and not forgive you anything; though I shall never forgive the bloodthirsty murderer that you call brother! Forgive him? I would hang him with pleasure but for your sake, and would have sent him to spend his life in a convict prison were it not for you!"

"Richard! What are you saying?" Lizzie cried, wildly. "My darling, who—who is a murderer?"

He would have answered her in fury and told her the whole dark story but for the one who came between—Ellen Bruce—who came from the inner room, and knelt on the floor before him, with hands upraised and clinched in a passionate adjuration.

"I have been on my knees, thanking Heaven with all my soul and strength since I heard you were Richard Stirling," she said. "You have been mourned as dead by me, and your supposed death has blasted Anthony Latouche's life with undying tortures of remorse. I tell you the truth, man!" she cried, sternly, as she saw his face harden in scornful disbelief. "I tell you Anthony Latouche would have given his life-blood freely if he could have atoned for that fatal blow, which he never meant should have the effect it had. Your wife knows nothing of that story, Richard Stirling—she knows nothing of your quarrel with her brother. I only knew it besides, and I meant to carry the secret to my grave. For her sake—for the sake of her faithful love for you, which has endured through your silence and desertion of her—for the sake of the child that is hers and yours—I ask you to tell no more of the story of that night. You quarreled with her brother, and he struck you and thought he had killed you. Is that it?"

"Yes, that is it," Richard Stirling replied, shortly—"and the blow very nearly did kill me—and I left the country, and, naturally enough, shunned all further intercourse with my would-be murderer or any of his name or race, seeing that he was my wife's most dearly beloved brother."

"I thank heaven for having spared your life," Ellen Bruce said, humbly and fervently, "and praise it for having brought you back to the fond, lonely heart that has mourned so for you. Oh, Richard Stirling, in the face of heaven's mercy to you and all of us, at least try and be as merciful as you can!"

"Who is she?" Richard Stirling asked, as the door closed behind Ellen.

"One of the best women that ever lived," Lizzie said, sobbing. "Oh, Richard, at least tell me why you deserted me?"

"Because I had sworn vengeance on your brother," he answered, moodily—"because you had quarreled with me, and said you wished you had never seen me—because I was hampered with debt, and penniless—because I was for a long time ill after your brother's brutal assault; and, when I was able to travel again, I turned my back on Ireland and on you, I thought, for ever, and went to Australia—the best thing I could have done, I think."

She listened to him with an aching, bleeding heart. This meeting was so unlike the blissful

reunion she had fondly dreamed of during the last weary year and a half.

"And do you regret meeting me again?" she faltered, scarcely able to speak for pain. "If so, Richard, you are free again."

"I do regret it," he answered, bitterly. "I am unlucky still in meeting you. I meant to leave you free for ever, Lizzie. I swear that I meant, if I met you married to another man, never to betray that I was a former acquaintance of yours, if you did not wish it. I meant to annul the past between us as utterly as it could be annulled. I took another name—I called myself James Stewart, and have been living under that name."

"Live under it still, if it pleases you to do so," Lizzie said, quietly. "I shall never, of my own free will, cross your path again; I shall never make the faintest claim on you, never utter your name, if you desire it so."

She released him from her arms as she spoke, and stood looking calmly at him—calmly, with wild, tortured emotions conflicting in her breast.

"But you have called yourself by my name," he said; "I heard the servant say, 'Mrs. Stirling.'"

"But for my child I should call myself by my maiden name again," Lizzie replied, quietly still; "but I cannot brand him with a suspicion of disgrace, even to please you."

"Your child! Why, I never knew," her husband stammered. "I remember now—I could not tell what that lady, Miss Bruce, said. Lizzie, I never thought of that."

She did not reply, but stood with her hands tightly clasped over her heaving breast.

"Do not prolong this, please, since it is parting as well as meeting," she said, her quiet tones beginning to quiver. "I feel it, whether you do or not. Say good-by, Richard."

"She held out her hand to him with averted eyes; but Richard Stirling caught her tightly in his arms, and pressed his lips on hers."

"If you tell me you don't love me, Lizzie, I will let you go," he whispered, waiting for a reply from the panting bosom and quivering lips; but none came. "If it is otherwise, I never can, never will let you go again, my love, the only one I have ever loved—my dear, beautiful, little wife! I can't give you up now, Lizzie, though I am as poor as when I went away, a penniless scapegrace—as I have always been; but I am trying to earn my bread-and-cheese with honest hard work. I am not fit for you, sweet—it was an evil destiny ever brought me in your path; but I can't give you up, my love, my beauty—I can't tear myself out of your arms now, Lizzie, love! What do you say?" he whispered, whilst her fair head lay on his breast and her golden flossy ripples of hair lay in bright contrast to the black cloth, as he had noticed them on one or two balcony meetings—stolen meetings after that ill-augured secret marriage of theirs. "What are you saying, my little wife?"

"You say you cannot leave my arms any more?" she whispered, tenderly, clinging to him in passionate delight. "My love, my husband, stay in my arms—do not leave them empty and desolate any more, or I shall die! Stay in my arms and let me love you till death us do part."

There was silence in the room for many minutes, and when Richard Stirling raised his face the reflection of Lizzie's tender, deep, forgiving love glowed there, and seemed to have wrought a transformation in the man.

"And now, Richard, my husband," Lizzie said, "you shall see our child!"

## CHAPTER XX.

"SHALL I ask Anthony Latouche to dine with us this evening, Sarah, my dear?" Mr. Parnell inquired of his spouse, in a mild, timid voice.

"To dine with us?" retorted Mrs. Parnell, in a high key. "I am sure I don't see why he should be asked to dine with us when neither he nor his sister has broken bread in our house this twelvemonth."

"Well, you know Lizzie was ill when you asked her once," Christopher said, apologetically; "and, now that she's away and Anthony with no one to keep him company—"

"And why hasn't he any one to keep him company, pray?" the lady retorted, more acrimoniously. "When he had his house properly attended to, and a proper mistress over it, and things genteel and respectable, he didn't know how to behave himself thankfully for it. Mrs. or Miss Lizzie, Stirling, or whatever she calls herself, and that sly snake of a wicked Ellen Bruce were pretty ladies to be the heads of a house!"

"Well, but this evening," Christopher began again, patiently—that nothing but excessive patience could avail with his Sarah, Mr. Parnell knew to his cost by this time. "He's by himself these two days, and he's in bad health, Sarah. He won't last long, I tell you; and I want to speak to him about the upper Glendisane Farm. If he'll let me have it at my own terms on lease, it will be better for him. He is not working it properly, and it's not half stocked."

"What's the use of your wanting to have anything to do with his land," his better-half said more sourly than before, "when you know he's made his will, he says, and that that child of his sister is to come in for everything? It's a pretty piece of business," Mrs. Parnell said, her head trembling, and her nose and cheeks flaming with wrath, "that there's no law in the land to keep a brat out that belongs to no one knows who!"

"Sarah, my dear, my step-sister is an honest woman, I hope," said mild Christy, more by way of salve to his own conscience than from any desire to defend the forlorn young wife, whose child was indeed a source of as bitter annoyance and disappointment as he ever suffered himself to feel. In his phlegmatic philosophy he avoided excess of emotion of any kind, as hurtful, blinding to the discernment, and, in the long run, very expensive.

"I hope she is," Mrs. Parnell retorted, with a sniff. "I certainly trust she is all that I and all her respectable relatives and friends wish her to be; but I have no opinion of her, Mr. Parnell. I told you that many a long day ago, and I tell you still. As Dora Lobcock said to me, 'The idea of her going about riding her gray mare, and showing

off about the country with her husband—if he is her husband—and her child at home!'"

"Well, but I was thinking," said Christy, very quietly still, but with a little snarl now in his tone, "of asking Anthony up here this evening, as I want to speak to him about business. I may lose money by it if I don't."

"I've no objection to your asking your brother Anthony to dinner," said Mrs. Parnell, loftily. "Far be it from me to encourage bad feelings and the like! Far be it from me, Christopher, to be one to cause divisions in the family, and not to know whom to treat properly! Thank heaven, I was brought up to always act politely and to do as a respectable lady of a house should do; and I am sure your brother Anthony's welcome to the best in my house, Christopher," said Mrs. Parnell, magnanimously; "though I can't say but I have no wish for his sister nor any one like her!"

"Very well, Sarah; I'll bring him back with me from Redcross to-day," replied her husband. "He is sure to be at the fair."

And Mrs. Parnell, having thus graciously acceded to the invitation to her husband's stepbrother, resolved to be better than her word, and welcome him with the utmost politeness and hospitality to "an elegant dinner," as she phrased it to herself—to the society of Miss Dora Lobcock—then on a visit in the neighborhood—and Mr. Samuel Sutton—"to let him see there's them that is after Dora, if he is not," thought the lady, with match-making sagacity—and old Miss Sutton, and one or two others—a regular small dinner and evening party, in fact. And, although entailing a great deal of trouble and anxiety on herself, wherein she missed the faultless services of her former companion at every turn, she went bravely through with it all, until at six o'clock she retired to array herself for the coming occasion, very red and hot and tired and irritable, but proudly conscious of a display of plate and linen and a gilded dinner-service in her dining-room such as Anthony Latouche would never see in his house, whereon would be served, at seven o'clock, soup and joints, roast and boiled—profuse in quantity, if not in quality—and a large custard pudding and a large gooseberry-pie to complete the repast. Her "plain" Irish cook's genius would never soar higher in the region of sweets and pastry than these two dishes; and Mrs. Parnell sighed in vain over the remembrance of Ellen Bruce's choice and tastefully served *plats*—the amber jellies, the snowy firm blancmanges, the curries and spicy *ragouts* that came from her deft hands. But there would be abundance of everything—prime spring chickens and prime ham and boiled leg of mutton; and when she, as hostess, in her new brown silk, with red roses in her hair, sat down to grace the repast, with pretty Miss Lobcock and two other young ladies to keep the table sufficiently enlivened by their gay silks and fluttering ribbons, and smiles and gay talk, she flattered herself there would be nothing wanting to make the entertainment perfect.

"If that sister of his would keep herself away for a while," Mrs. Parnell said to her pet, Miss Dora, in her dressing-room, in ante-prandial confidence, "and we could get the poor, lonely creature down here now and then, and let him see some pleasant, genteel society, and young ladies who behave as young ladies, he'd soon be a different man altogether. That business about his sister has nearly killed Anthony, Dora, my dear; and, though he stands up for her, take my word for it, he'll send her going when there is a proper lady to be mistress of his house, as I hope there will be some day. Put a little more powder on your cheeks, Dora, love; you're a little too much bluish, though it's handsome; try glycerine and rose-water first, my dear, and then the powder'll lie on nice and thick. That's the way I always do. Have you scent on your handkerchief? Well, come down now. That's a lovely gray silk of yours, Dora. My! If Anthony Latouche isn't taken with that, and those ringlets, and everything else, he's hard-hearted!"

"Law, Mrs. Parnell!" giggled Dora. But Anthony Latouche was hard-hearted; for neither the rustling of Miss Dora's pearl-colored silk robe, nor the tossing of her long, fair ringlets, nor her arch smiles, nor her carefully-powdered pink cheeks seemed to have the slightest effect on him. He sat silently through the dinner, only speaking when spoken to, and that very briefly, and afterwards sat with his stepbrother and Mr. Sutton, talking on business matters, and drinking, drinking, until sober Christy grew alarmed, and the temperate corn-and-flour factor muttered in Christy's ear:

"D. T., as sure as you live!"

"I don't know what to do with him, Sarah," Mr. Parnell said, in despair, seeking his better-half. "He is not drunk—he is talking steadily enough—but he is looking queer; and, if we bring him into the drawing-room, maybe he will break out before the young women there, and swear or say something awful. He is in a bad temper, too."

"Then what on earth did you let him go drinking best Cork whisky and port wine at sixty-five shillings a dozen in that manner?" demanded Mrs. Parnell, very angrily. "As if people picked up money in the street!"

"Well, my goodness, what was I to do? Would you have me refuse him at my own table, Sarah?" said her spouse, querulously.

"I'll take care and keep the key of the cellar in my own pocket next time," was all the reply Mrs. Parnell vouchsafed; "and you'd better get your drunken brother out of the house as you got him in, and don't come annoying me or my friends with him."

But Anthony was not drunk—at least, as Christy had said, he was able to walk and talk steadily—and when Christy faintly invited him to join the ladies in the drawing-room, he said bluntly that his head ached, and that he could not stand Miss Lobcock's singing, and would rather walk home, and asked Christy to excuse him, and forthwith put on his hat and, bidding him good-night, stepped out into the bright moonlight, and walked off swiftly. And as he walked swiftly, he thought and thought until his half-maddened brain seemed to him to whirl dizzily, so that, after a second or two, a rush of fresh thoughts would bewilderingly supplant the former ones, and then each mingled with the other until he gave up the struggle to control or guide them, and, in a torturing night

mare dream, he seemed to himself to walk on and on for miles, in the Summer moonlight, along the calm white roads and between the hedges all wreathed with pale fragrant hawthorn-blossoms, filling the dewy night-air with perfume, until he found himself at the foot of Knocklofty Wood, just below the heights of Glendisane. He stopped suddenly and stood thinking—thinking those wild fevered thoughts that seemed to possess him like a host of evil spirits, and hurry him hither and thither at their own will.

They hurried him now through the wood—the darksome dewy wood, where one's feet slipped so often on the interlacing root-fibres, where every glimpse of light was shut out save where, here and there, a star gleamed through a rift in the canopy of trees and branches—up through the wood, where the thickets of brambles grew, where the whortleberry-bushes flourished in the freer air, where the bare rocks and heather were, where the short, mossy, slippery mountain sod succeeded; and then came the rising brow of Glendisane, with the cool breeze sighing up through the rocky gullies of the cliffs from the black, deep water so far below.

"It will haunt me till I am dead!" he muttered, wildly. "I will stop it from haunting me any more now! I will end it to-night!"

"A lady waiting to see me at this hour of the night!" ejaculated Mrs. Parnell, her brown silk flounces rustling stormily.

"The idea!" cried Miss Dora Lobcock.

"There must be a mistake, Mary," said the lady of the house, majestically; "it is some person on business, who must call in the morning when I can be seen. I can't be seen now. Tell her so."

"She says she has called to know if you would please tell her where Mr. Latouche went, she says, ma'am," faltered Mary, when, after a short absence from the drawing-room, she returned to face her irate mistress.

"Good gracious!" giggled Miss Dora, but tossing her ringlets, angrily, for Mr. Latouche had covered himself with reproach for his behavior towards her this evening.

"To tell her where Mr. Latouche went!" repeated Mrs. Parnell—and a swift suspicion darkened her ruddy face.

"Wait," she said, and she swept out into the hall, where, under the lamp, she, in her rustling dinner-dress, her showy gold ornaments, her laces and perfumes, and Ellen Bruce, wan-faced, haggard with feverish anxiety, in her black attire, dusty and crushed from traveling, stood face to face.

"Miss Bruce," she exclaimed, with a sneer, "and—did I understand right?—looking for Mr. Latouche high and low, and can't find him, eh?"

"No, Mrs. Parnell, I cannot," Ellen said, imploringly. "He is not at the castle, and they told me he was here; and now the servant says he left this house an hour ago and more."

"Well, supposing he did?" interrogated Mrs. Parnell, her voice growing ominously low in tone. "Could you tell me, please, of any place you think he has gone to?" Ellen pleaded, winching before the hard, insulting smile in her former mistress's eyes. "His sister and her husband—Mr. and Mrs. Stirling—are in Redcross, and I came on before them to tell him."

"I don't know anything of 'Mr. and Mrs. Stirling,' as you call them," retorted Mrs. Parnell, with emphasis, "nor do I know what business you may have with Mr. Anthony Latouche, hunting him through the country at midnight, nor do I wish to know. Mary, show that person out!" commanded Mrs. Parnell, with a wave of her hand; and then, with slow step and lofty carriage, as of a judge retiring after the just condemnation of a prisoner, she returned to the drawing-room.

"What a fool I was to come here! I might have known," Ellen Bruce said, hastily, quivering in spite of herself with the sense of insult and injustice. "Thank you for your civility," she added to the servant, as she hurried out again to the car, which was waiting, and the girl hurried after her.

"Are you Miss Bruce that lived at the Castle, miss?" she asked. "My brother, Mick Toole, is in service here wud the masher, an' maybe he'd be able to tell you where Misher Anthony is. Mickey, come here."

A tall, strapping lad in corduroys and white flannel jacket came over at her call, and, after a short stare at Ellen, grinned in a friendly fashion and touched his hat.

"I don't know you," Ellen said, hastily, getting bewildered; "do you know where Mr. Latouche is?"

"No, miss, I don't. I'm Mick Toole, miss," the youth returned. "You gev me somethin' for findin' a brooch, miss. Shure I dunnow where Misher Anthony wint, miss; on'y he walked, I know, for I met him beyant the cross-roads, near Knocklofty."

"Near Knocklofty!" The words sank coldly on her heart.

"Yes, miss," muttered Mickey, in a low tone, "an' he was stannin' lookin' at the wood, an' talkin' to himself."

While she lives Ellen Bruce will recall that Summer midnight, driving along the white, silent roads, with the fragrance of the May heavy on the warm, still air, the misty moonlight barely revealing the nearer objects of the landscape, and leaving those further off in grotesque indistinctness or mistily veiled in the thick-falling dew.

Scarcely half an hour had passed since she left Mrs. Parnell, but it seemed to Ellen as if the night must be well-nigh gone, when the horse drew up at the foot of Knocklofty Wood; and, bidding the men wait, she sprang down and hurried through the dark wood-path up the hill alone.

"Shure ye're not goin' be yerself, miss?" Mickey Toole said, anxiously. "Arrah, shure I'll go, miss. It's a bad place, Miss Bruce, faix it is." This last sentence was uttered in a mysterious, terrified whisper. "They say that things is seen, miss."

"Well, I'm not afraid, Mick," Ellen rejoined, hurriedly, as she toiled up the steep path; "I shall not be ten minutes, and—I thought Mr. Latouche might—"

"Faix, I wondher he'd come here," the lad



remarked; "he's a real quare, miss, Mither Anthony is. People sez he's not right in his head, he drinks so much; but shure I wouder he'd come here."

"Why not here, Mick? Why do you say that?" Ellen said, stopping short.  
"Ah, faix, miss, I knows enuff," Mick rejoined, oracularly—"me and Mrs. Nowlan, miss. Shure I know you'd not hurt Mither Stirling,"  
"You know something about Captain Stirling," Ellen said, catching the boy's arm. "You may tell me, Mick; speak out. I know everything about the quarrel."

"Faix that was a nice quarrel," muttered Mick. "I'm on me oath to Mrs. Nowlan, miss—we were both on our oath to the captain, miss—not to tell o' that night."

"Then," exclaimed Ellen, stopping short, and facing the boy with unreasonable anger, "you two knew all the time that Captain Stirling was alive, while Anthony Latouche and I believed him to be dead!"

"Sure, miss," Mickey began eagerly, when, as they stood in the opening of the wood, and far above, over the loftiest height of Glendisane, could see the pale moonlit sky and the dim twinkling stars, the echo of a piercing shriek, the horrible shout of a strong man in agony, and then the mingled echoes of other voices, and of trampling, rushing feet, came borne to their ears.

"Lor save us!" the boy ejaculated, faintly, retreating. "There's another fight up there! Let us run back for our lives! Musha, hurry, will you, miss? Or d'ye want us to be kilt and murdered dead at wanst? Didn't I see him when he threw Captain Stirling over the cliff? An' he had his ribs all smashed, an' me an' Mrs. Nowlan come in a boat, an' carried him off wud a horse an' car to me gran'mother's, beyant Anamoe Waterfall. Doesn't I know Mr. Anthony Latouche 'd murder any wan that crasses him?"

"Who can it be? What is it?" Ellen Bruce murmured, through white, dry lips, but resolutely walking on. "Go back, you big boy, if you are afraid. They won't kill me."

"Arrah, will ye come back?" Mickey fairly howled, in his fear and distress. "Lor save an' purtuct us! Here they are—a lot on 'em!" And, with the last particle of his courage evaporating, Mickey took to precipitate and headlong flight down through the wood again.

Ellen stepped aside for a moment, and then the foremost of the figures rushing down the mountain slope towards her met her view. She never stirred until the man was within a yard of her, when she sprang before him.

"Anthony, Anthony! My dearest, my love, my poor boy! It is Ellen—Ellen Bruce!" She held him fast, although the maddened man struck her, and writhed and wrestled to escape her.

"He's after me! He's after me!" he shrieked. "He rose up out of the lake! Stirling is after me!"

"He sha'n't get near you—you are safe, my dear!" Ellen cried, clasping the unhappy man with all her strength, as with another choking cry he fell forward across her arms in a convulsive fit.

At the same moment Richard Stirling, breathless, hatless, panting, overtook him.

"The moment he saw me he fled like that. On my honor, I never touched him! Miss Bruce! Is it you? What are we to do? Has he fainted, or what?" he asked, in alarm. "Is he mad? I never heard any one give such an awful shriek as he did when he saw me and fled like a hare."

"Just help me to lay him down on the heather here, please," Ellen said, shortly; "and go down through the wood and tell one of the men on the car to come up to me, and the other to go for a doctor. He is in a fit, I think."

Richard Stirling obeyed, and when the sunshine of the new day was bright over all the land, poor Anthony Latouche lay quiet and insensible on his bed, with Richard Stirling and Lizzie standing on one side looking down on him, while on the other, with his wasted fevered hand unconsciously clasped in hers, sat Ellen Bruce.

"It is the merest chance," the doctor said, briefly. "Don't quite expect it myself. He's been breaking-down this good while—queer symptoms he told me of—congestion of the brain, you know—extensive, I should say; I shall be glad to have another opinion, sir"—to Richard Stirling—"it's a serious case."

"Of course, doctor; do whatever you think best," Richard replied, gravely. "Lizzie, I want to speak to the doctor, my darling, and Miss Bruce—she is his nurse, you know." And Lizzie meekly obeyed without a pause.

"It was the sight of me which did this," Richard Stirling said, a glance of compassion in his brilliant dark eyes, as he looked at the prostrate, helpless, senseless figure on the bed, the worn, pale face, closed eyelids, the tumbled fair curling hair, making poor Anthony look so weak and boyish-looking. His enemy, his would-be murderer, the insolent, hot-blooded, fierce-tempered "fire-eater"—that helpless lad? He did not seem more, though he was seven-and-twenty.

"It was the sight of me, when he supposed me to be dead, to have died by his hand, that shocked him to death, poor fellow!" Richard Stirling said, more compassionately. "I never meant or dreamt of a meeting with him, heaven knows; but, instead of going to Redcross with my wife, as I had intended, I went over to see Carleton—he is a cousin of mine—he has come in for my aunt, Mrs. Prendergast's property—her land at least—and, after seeing him for half an hour or so, I started off for the short-cut through Knocklofty Wood, and just as I reached it I saw the figure of a man going up the brow of the hill just above me. I went up after him, half thinking it might be Anthony Latouche, and wondering what he was doing there at that hour, when, just as we both got up on the brow, I saw him run towards the head over the lake, and shouted involuntarily. He stopped, turned, and, I suppose, recognized me, as I ran towards him, and fled straight across the brow, fortunately, and then down into the wood. I never recognized him until I heard him shout, like a maniac, and say, 'He's after me! Stirling is after me!'"

"He had attempted your life, you say?" the doctor inquired, gravely, his eyebrows slightly elevated with surprise.

"Well, yes, he did," Richard Stirling replied, sardonically—"at least, I considered my life was attempted when I was pitched head foremost over a cliff four hundred feet high, with twenty fathoms of water below to make the fall secure!"

"Bless my soul!" the doctor said, staggering, and looking from Richard Stirling to his patient. "Pitched you over the cliff! He did? And might I ask, sir, how you escaped with life?"

"Simply that I didn't fall further than the opening of one of the rocky gullies in the cliff, down which I rolled and slipped and scrambled, I don't know how. I remembered no more until I came to my senses, lying down near the brink of the lake, and found a woman and a boy lifting me into a boat. They took me a long way—at least it seemed long, with two ribs and an arm broken—until I was brought into a decent little wayside tavern about seven miles away, kept by an old woman named Toole and her daughters—the boy Mick Toole's grandmother—you know him, Miss Bruce? There they brought a doctor to me, and set my broken bones, and were exceedingly kind to me, though I had but five pounds to reward them for their kindness and a fortnight's nursing. I begged the woman, Mrs. Nolan, and the boy to swear solemnly that they would never breathe a word of that night's business, and I believe they never did; but for them, and the chance that brought them out on to the mountain looking for a stray heifer, I believe the woman told me, I should have lain where I fell until I died. No one would have been likely to see me there, unless some one had come near with a boat."

"That is the most wonderful thing I have ever heard of," the doctor said, slowly. "Ah, well, no wonder he was frightened! Seeing you at any time might have produced the like results; but, under the circumstances, it was a terrible shock to him, no doubt."

"I had been traveling night and day to prevent the shock, and was too late after all," Ellen Bruce put in, in a flash of bitterness in her mournful eyes as she looked up at handsome Richard Stirling.

"Yes, too late after all," the doctor said, gravely, but gently to her. Outside the door he said to Richard Stirling:

"I may speak to you—I cannot to her, poor thing, nor to Mrs. Stirling, his sister. He will never get over it, Captain Stirling. Anthony Latouche has forfeited his own life for his attempt on yours." (To be continued.)

#### SERENADE TO EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN.

THE Hon. Samuel J. Tilden was serenaded on Saturday evening, October 27th, by the Young Men's Democratic Club, at his residence, Gracey Park. An immense throng of people gathered in front of his dwelling to welcome the distinguished gentleman upon his return from a delightful European trip.

A number of calcium lights had been placed before the house, and at about 9 o'clock the flood of light revealed Dodworth's Band stationing themselves in the park, the members of the club marching up the front steps of the Tilden mansion. Within the house had already gathered many of the ex-Governor's friends. After considerable delay, Mr. Tilden appeared at the door. Augustus Schell, in a few remarks, declared that Mr. Tilden had a warm place in the hearts of his countrymen, who had elected him to the Presidency, of which he had been cheated.

Mr. Tilden first spoke of the great benefit he had derived physically from his foreign trip. He then reviewed briefly the advantages which this country ought to derive from commercial exchanges with England. The barbarous revenue system of this country would have to be relaxed, so as not to retard the natural processes of trade. The present election involved the choice of the State officers who composed the administrative boards. Governor Robinson was wise, able and unswerving in his administration, and needed the co-operation of those officers who formed his cabinet. The gentlemen in nomination would co-operate in the reform policy which he had himself the honor to begin. He would have a more united support in the Canal Board than he (Mr. Tilden) had. The election, although for State officers, had relations to national politics to which those present would expect him to allude.

The condemnation, by the people, of the greatest political crime in the history of the country, by which the result of the Presidential election was set aside and reversed, was general and overwhelming. At this point some one cried, "We know you got robbed," to which Mr. Tilden quickly replied: "I did not get robbed; the people got robbed. [Cheers.] I had before me on one side a course of labor-long services in which health, and even life, might be periled, and on the other a period of relaxation and ease. But to the people it was a robbery of the dearest rights of American citizens."

"Her sister States," Mr. Tilden continued, "might afford to have the voice of New York frittered away or its expression deferred, but New York herself could not afford it. The Declaration of Independence, bills of rights, the State Constitutions, had ceased to have significance to the American mind. It was necessary to go back in thought to the time when they were adopted. In forming the government of the United States it was intended to take every precaution against the evils which had previously existed. The army was to be kept down to a nominal number, the functions of the Federal Government were to be so limited as to prevent the dangerous growth of an office-holding class and of corrupt influences. The State Governments were preserved as a counterpoise to Federal usurpation. Here a voice cried: 'How about the Returning Board?' Mr. Tilden responded: 'There were no returning boards in those days. The people elected their own Presidents, and there were no returning boards to rob them of their rights.' This statement was followed by shouts of 'Election over again,' 'We want a fair show,' etc. At the close of his address he received the personal salutations of hundreds of intimate friends.

#### Antediluvian Rainbows.

ONE of the wildest theories, I fear, is the Astronomer-Royal's, that the deluge was simply a great rise of the Nile. Sir G. Airy is so confident respecting this that he says: "I cannot entertain the smallest doubt that the flood of Noah was a flood of the Nile," precisely as he might say, "I cannot

entertain the smallest doubt that the earth moves round the sun." On one point we can entertain very little doubt, indeed. If it ever rained before the flood, which seems probable, and if the sun ever shone on falling rain, which again seems likely, nothing short of a miracle could have prevented the rainbow from making its appearance before the flood. The wildest theory that can be invented to explain the story of the deluge cannot be wilder than the supposition that the rays of sunlight shining on falling raindrops could have ever failed to show the prismatic colors.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

**Alligator Skins.**—A single firm in New York City purchases as many as five thousand skins annually. They employ men to pursue the reptile in the bayous of the Mississippi River; and the work is usually done at night by the aid of lanterns, the rifles used being aimed straight at the creature's eyes. This leads to the destruction of some animals that are either too old or too young. A good size is eight or nine feet, counting nothing beyond the thick part of the tail. The market price for finished skins in New York is \$36 to \$48 per dozen. They are used in the manufacture of boots.

**A Scientific Exploring Party.**—Sir Joseph D. Hooker, of the Royal Society of London, accompanied by General Strachey, also of England; Professor Asa Gray, of Cambridge; Professor Hayden, of the United States Geological Survey; Professor Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia; and Captain James Stevenson, have gone on a scientific expedition to Colorado and the Black Hills. Passes have been furnished them over all the railroads, and the distinguished party will be received with great attention wherever they go. Dr. Hooker and Professor Gray will devote themselves to botanical researches; Professor Leidy will explore the streams and marshes for infusorial life; and Professor Hayden will devote himself to geology. It is rare that a party of so much eminence takes the field, and we may justly expect important results from their combined observations.

**Microscopic Examination of Flour.**—To ascertain whether there are *acar*i in a specimen of flour, M. Troupeau recommends to place some of the flour between two sheets of paper, and thin it out by pressure with the finger. If *acar*i are present they soon reveal their existence by appearing as small molecules, visible to the naked eye. These may be transferred by means of a moistened point to the stage of the microscope. To study the legs and hairs of *acar*i it is indispensable to use a mixture of glycerine and acetic acid, which increases the transparency. To avoid bruising the insect a hair should be placed between the plate and the cover-glass. Examining in this way a number of specimens of flour, of various source and age, M. Troupeau has found that nearly all have contained *acar*i, and that these animals are more abundant the longer the flour has been exposed to the action of air and moisture.

**The Manufacture of Matches.**—This industry has now arisen to great proportions. The demand for matches in Great Britain is eight daily for each individual; in Belgium, nine per capita; and for Europe and North America, the average is six for every inhabitant. To meet this demand matches are produced by the million, and the waxed taper, before division into small pieces, is measured by the mile. It is stated that one pound of phosphorus is sufficient for 1,000,000 matches, though the proportion varies greatly. The largest makers are in Austria, two of whom use twenty tons of phosphorus each per annum, and produce forty-five thousand million matches. One firm in New York uses annually 700,000 feet of choice white-pine timber, 100,000 pounds of sulphur, and 150 tons of straw-board for their boxes. Great improvement has been made in the machinery for bundling the wood and for making the boxes.

**The Shepard Cabinet at Amherst College.**—The scientific resources of Amherst College have recently been greatly increased by the acquisition of the large collections of minerals, meteorites, fossils, plants, etc., of Professor Charles U. Shepard. The collections have been deposited in the Amherst College Museum for more than twenty-five years, during which time they have been ever increasing in extent, through the zeal and liberal outlay of Professor Shepard, until finally they had reached a value of fully seventy thousand dollars, excluding the collections in zoology, botany and archaeology. All of this magnificent collection has been secured for the college at a cost of one half its acknowledged value—Professor Shepard generously presenting one half the value in token of his regard for the institution with which he has so long been connected. The collection of meteorites ranks fourth in the world, and no institution in this country possesses a superior collection of minerals.

**Influence of the Sewing-Machine.**—The introduction of the sewing-machine had a tendency to decrease the destitution and misery of needlewomen. Shirts were made more rapidly and more cheaply than before, but the workwomen were better paid and did not work so many hours. The hours of labor fell from eighteen hours a day to eleven or twelve. The demand for hand-labor increased, because, while the machine did the heavy mechanical part of the work, the cutting out and preparation of the materials rendered necessary more hands and a superior aptitude and intelligence. The workers became, to a large extent, the owners of the machines worked by them at home; and as the slavery and degradation of the needle became almost abolished, crowds of young women were attached to machine-working by the short hours and the high wages. It is this diversion of female labor which lies at the root of the scarcity of domestic servants, and the extraordinary rise in the wages given to such servants. Improvements in the machine also enabled it to be applied to boots, shoes, harness, and most articles made of leather. Its introduction was at first opposed by the Crispiens, but the opposition was soon overcome, and many operatives now own machines and readily admit its great value.

**Torpedo Boats.**—The torpedo boat is claimed to be an American invention. David Bushnell, an American, undertook, in 1776, in New York Harbor, to plant a torpedo under a British man-of-war, but did not succeed. The torpedo was to be attached to the bottom of the vessel by means of a wooden screw, and then fired by a clockwork fuse. Thirty years later Robert Fulton experimented in New York Harbor with four classes of torpedoes of his own invention, and in 1843 Colonel Samuel Colt applied electricity to the ignition of submarine batteries. During the Civil War torpedoes of American invention were used in Southern waters, and nine ironclads, eleven wooden ships-of-war, and nine transports and steamboats were destroyed. The Russians employ the spar torpedo, similar to the one Lieutenant Cushman put under the bottom of the ram *Albatross* in Roanoke inlet. The Lay torpedo boat carries in its hold its own engine and boiler, besides its freight of 100 pounds of dynamite. The engine, the rudder and the exploding fuse are under the control of the operator on shore. There are three keys playing on the battery on shore, and these keys start and stop the engine or turn it to port or larboard as may be desired. When the torpedo strikes a solid obstacle a bell is rung on shore and the charge of dynamite can then be discharged. It is claimed that this torpedo can be made to travel twelve miles an hour.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

**HENRY BARTH**, a newly-appointed West Point cadet, has become heir to \$25,000.

**BISHOP LITTLEJOHN**, of Long Island, is to preach the Berkeley sermon at Yale this year.

**THE Emperor William's** golden wedding is to be celebrated with great *éclat* in Berlin next Spring.

**MAESTRO VERDI** and the sculptor Monteverde have been appointed Italian Commissioners to the Paris Exposition.

**MISS VAN LEW**, late postmistress at Richmond, Virginia, is now engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements.

**DR. HERNDON**, of Savannah, who went to the relief of the Ferdinandina sufferers, has just died, a martyr in the cause of humanity.

**THE Rev. Russell Jennings**, of Deep River, Connecticut, has within twelve years given away more than \$200,000 for charitable purposes.

**SIR G. AIRY**, the astronomer royal of England, declares positively his belief that the Deluge was, in fact, an unusually high Nile flood.

**MR. NOYES** has taken up his residence in Paris, in the splendid apartments, in the Avenue Josephine, formerly occupied by the Duke de Montpensier.

**MR. DELL NOBLITT**, of Wilmington, Delaware, reached his 101st birthday last week, and the city honored him with a salute of one hundred guns and a serenade.

**MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON**, the distinguished philanthropist and millionaire, has been elected President of the New York Liberal Club, formerly presided over by Horace Greeley.

**PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT**, of Harvard College, was married on the 30th ult. in Cambridge to Miss Grace Hopkinson, daughter of the late Judge Hopkinson, of New Hampshire.

**THE Papal blessing** has been forwarded in advance to the King of Spain upon his approaching marriage with Duke Montpensier's daughter, much to the indignation of ex-Queen Isabella.

**GENERAL HARLAN** is the third lawyer who has risen from the Bar directly to the United States Supreme Court Bench—Justice Bradley and ex Justice Davis having enjoyed the same distinction.

**PROFESSOR J. E. TODD**, of Tabor College, Council Bluffs, Iowa, has examined the "Colorado petrified man." He says it is not a petrification, but "a worthy successor to the Cardiff giant"—that is, a fraud.

**M. YVON VILLARCEAU** has been appointed Administrateur Provisoire of the Paris Observatory since the death of M. Leverrier. He held the same office between the administrations of MM. Delaunay and Leverrier.

**BARNUM** has for some time past donated the skins and the skeletons of rare animals in his collection which have died to the Smithsonian Institution, and has furnished the means of preparing them for the National collection.

**KING LUIS**, of Portugal, who has just published a Portuguese translation of "Hamlet," is now preparing a translation of the "Merchant of Venice." The "Hamlet" translation is said to have been a very successful one.

**MISS MARY GARDINER HORSFORD**, daughter of Eben N. Horsford, for many years Rumford Professor in Harvard College, and Mr. Benjamin Robbins Curtis, son of the late Judge Curtis, were united in marriage at the Shepard Memorial Church, Old Cambridge, Mass., last week.

**SEÑOR META** returns to Mexico soon, having been unsuccessful in making a treaty in behalf of the Diaz Government with the United States, and any further negotiations will be with Minister Foster in Mexico, although he is not authorized to fully recognize the Diaz Government.

**MR. J. S. CLARKE** has bought Buckstone's lease of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, London. The bonus he gives is \$20,000. Added to this he has to pay \$25,000 a year. He offered Mr. Sothorn \$3,000 per week for three years on condition that Mr. Sothorn would produce six new pieces during that period. Sothorn has telegraphed a refusal.

**EDINBURGH** has two veterans, Tom Hardie, aged ninety-one, who was on the *Victory* at Trafalgar when Nelson was killed, was one of the crew of the *Shannon* during the fight of the *Cheapeake*, and was aboard the *Bellerophon* when Napoleon surrendered to her; and Jonathan Alexander, who was one of the guards over Napoleon at St. Helena.

**EX-GOVERNOR ARNER COBURN**, of Maine, is probably the largest landholder in America, owning 593,000 acres in Maine, Canada, Wisconsin, Dakota, Michigan, and Minnesota. He realized \$500,000 by the failure of the Spragues, who had advanced that amount on \$1,400,000 purchase money for a tract in Maine, which reverted to Mr. Coburn. He is probably worth \$6,000,000.

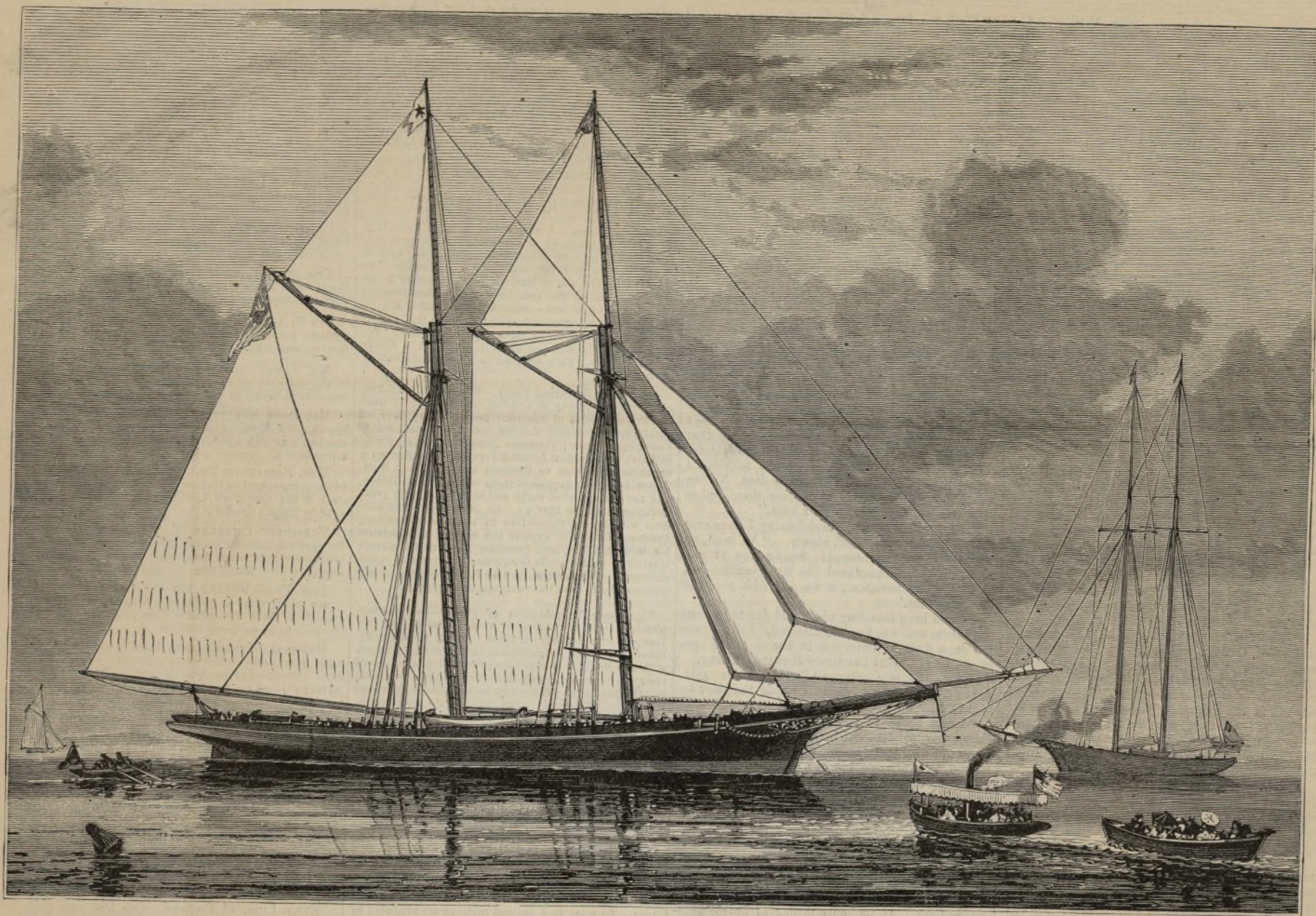
**WHEN Bishop Benjamin Bosworth Smith**, of Kentucky, dies, the senior Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church will be Dr. McCoskry, of Michigan, who was consecrated in 1836. Bishop Smith was consecrated in 1831. Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, consecrated in 1840, stands next to Bishop McCoskry. The latter is a High Churchman, while Bishop Smith is a decided Low Churchman.

**EMILE DE GIRARDIN** rises at four o'clock in the morning, and at once fixes in his own mind the contents of the journal he is to issue. Surrounded by documents collected during a lifetime, he has always near him his printed notes on all public men known in the walks of journalism and political life, and it is from their past speeches and writings that he always draws the means to combat them on their own ground. He resides all alone in the magnificent hotel which he has built for himself near the Champs Elysées, in Rue Tranquet Village.

**THE Pope's** annual income of \$45,000, allowed by the Italian Parliament in the "Bill of Guaranties," has, since December, 1870, been offered to him annually in a single bill, engraved especially for the purpose, and as regularly it has been declined. The bills were then placed on deposit in the Bank of Italy, to the Pope's order, and have been covered into the Treasury for five years elapsed without their withdrawal. The first two have thus returned to the Italian Treasury, but whenever the Pope dies his heirs will find \$3,225,000 awaiting them.

**A STORY** is told of another failure to marry King Louis of Bavaria. The handsome prince had gone so far as to allow the photograph of the bride proposed to be sent to him; then he excused himself, pretending that the lady had a low forehead. He declared very frankly to his president of the council that the sight of a face with such a contour would irritate him excessively. In vain was it argued with the patron of Wagner that the most beautiful females of antiquity endeavored to obtain a small forehead by dressing their hair as low as possible, and that now in the East the women bring it almost to their eyebrows, which is considered a mark of beauty; nothing could induce the king to change his resolution.





THE SCHOONER-YACHT "AMBADDRESS."



ONE OF THE GUESTS' CHAMBERS.



THE COMMODORE'S SUITE OF ROOMS.



VIEW OF THE MAIN SALOON.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE "AMBADDRESS," 468 TONS BURDEN, THE NEW SCHOONER YACHT BELONGING TO MR. WILLIAM B. ASTOR.—SEE PAGE 182.



THE LATE OLIVER PERRY MORTON.

**A**FTER a lingering illness, Senator Morton died at his residence in Indianapolis, Ind., on Thursday afternoon, November 1st.

The deceased, who for the last twenty years has been recognized throughout the country as one of the foremost leaders of the Republican Party, was born in Wayne County, Ind., on the 4th of August, 1823. At an early age he lost both his parents, and was placed under the care of female relatives residing in Hamilton County, Ohio. When still a boy, he served with his brother at the trade of a hatter. At the age of sixteen he resumed the course of his education under Professor S. K. Hoshour, Principal of the Wayne County Seminary. On leaving this institution he entered Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, where he gained the reputation of being the best debater in the college. He left the University without taking a degree, and began the study of law with Hon. John S. Newman, at Centerville, Ind. At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Lucinda M. Burbank, of Centerville, a young lady equally distinguished for her refinement, culture and benevolence. In 1846, the year after his marriage, Mr. Morton was admitted to the Bar, and soon attained a position distinguished enough to command a large and lucrative practice. Elected Circuit Judge in the Spring of 1852, he soon gained a well-merited reputation for pains-taking industry and judicial impartiality. Up to 1854, Mr. Morton had been a consistent member of the Democratic Party. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, were, however, sufficient to disgust him with the party which had promoted these measures. From this time, therefore, he threw in his lot with the Republican party, and warmly espoused their crusade against the extension either of slavery or slave territory.

Being one of three delegates to the first National Republican Convention, in February, 1856, at Pittsburgh, he was there recognized as one of the rising young men of the party in which he was destined to become one of the recognized leaders. After the nomination of Fremont, at Philadelphia, in 1856, the Republicans of Indiana, strengthened by the growing anti-slavery defection among the Democrats, made a careful survey of the field, and nominated Mr. Morton for Governor by acclamation. So overwhelmingly Democratic was the State, that Mr. Morton accepted the honor with a full consciousness that there was little prospect of election. He entered the campaign and labored zealously until its close, at great loss of professional business; and his opponent, Hon. A. P. Willard, was elected with a greatly reduced majority for the party. During the next four years, Mr. Morton devoted his time to his profession, but in 1860 the Republican Party of the State again demanded his leadership, and he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, with Hon. Henry S. Lane, president of the Fremont Convention, for Governor. Throwing aside his professional engagements, and incited to greater effort by the defeat of the last canvass, Mr. Morton entered into and worked vigorously through another long campaign, the result of which was in favor of President Lincoln and the Republican State ticket by 10,000 majority.

On the 6th of January, 1861, Governor Lane resigned, to take a seat in the United States Senate, and Mr. Morton became Governor of Indiana. He came to the office with the reputation of an able counselor at law, a powerful debater, and a fearless champion of Republican principles; and he soon developed great abilities as an executive. He was thirty-seven years of age, and, with one exception, the youngest executive in the United States. The political opposition to him was strong, and embittered by his known radicalism on the question of compromising with secession.

The war begun, Sumter was bombarded April 12th, and on the 15th Mr. Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 men; but on that very morning, 15th, before receiving the President's message, Governor Morton had sent a dispatch to Mr. Lincoln, tendering 10,000 men from Indiana, to defend the nation and uphold the authority of the United States, thus securing to his State the honor of being the first

to proffer troops to the General Government. Indiana's quota of six regiments was rapidly filled, and her Governor, foreseeing the future need, offered six additional regiments without regard to length of service, and pledging his word to organize them in sixty days, if accepted. The Democrats carried the State in 1862, and captured the Legislature, which refused to receive Governor Morton's message, passed resolutions denouncing the war, and adjourned without making a single appropriation to carry on the Government. Governor Morton was equal to the emergency. He organized a bureau of finance, and appealed to the people. Towns made appropriations; a railroad loaned \$15,000, and individuals proffered funds. Governor Morton went to Washington, was appointed a disbursing officer, and received \$250,000 from the General Government out of the special appropriation for military purposes. In this way the State was saved. History records no similar case of an executive carrying a State for two years by individual effort, without any assistance from the State Treasury.

Committee on Foreign Relations, Agriculture, Military Affairs, Private Land Claims, and Privileges and Elections. His most thoughtful and ambitious report as a committeeman was the one which was presented in 1873, on the mode of electing the President and the Vice-President, and his crowning public service was rendered as a member of the Electoral Commission.

In May last he published an open letter in answer to one addressed to him in behalf of more than one hundred prominent Southern Republicans, in which he warmly commended the aims of President Hayes, declared that he had no faith in the honesty of the Southern leaders, and expressed his belief that they intended compelling the Government to pay them for their losses in the war.

In the Senate on Friday morning the reading of the Journal of Thursday's proceedings was dispensed with, and the death of Senator Morton was announced by Senator McDonald, who said: "It becomes my painful duty to announce to the Senate of the United States the death of my late colleague,

Subsequently, the following named Senators were announced as the committee to attend the funeral: Messrs. McDonald (Ind.), Davis (Ill.), Burnside (R. I.), Bayard (Del.), Cameron (Pa.), and Booth (Cal.).

In the House, after the expiration of the morning hour, Mr. Hanna, of Indiana, offered the following resolutions, which were agreed to unanimously:

*Resolved*, In view of the sad intelligence of the death of Oliver P. Morton, late a distinguished Senator in the Congress of the United States from the State of Indiana, that the Speaker of this House, as a mark of respect for the memory of a man whose death is a national loss, appoint a committee of seven members to represent the House at the funeral obsequies.

*Resolved*, As a further mark of respect, that this House do now adjourn.

The Speaker appointed as such committee Messrs. Hanna and Cobb of Indiana, Wilson of West Virginia, Burchard of Illinois, Davidson of Florida, Banks of Massachusetts, and Townsend of New York. The House then, at 2:15 p.m., adjourned until Saturday.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections met at half past ten on Friday morning. Acting-chairman Mitchell read a telegram from Governor Burbank, announcing the death of Senator Morton, at the conclusion of which Mr. Saulsbury of Delaware moved that the members of the committee tender their condolence to the widow and family of their deceased chairman, which was agreed to, and the following telegram, being prepared and signed by the entire committee, was immediately dispatched:

*Mrs. Senator Morton and family, Indianapolis:*

The members of the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the Senate have heard with sorrow of the death of Senator Morton, chairman of said committee, and beg to tender to Mrs. Morton and her family their sincere condolence in this hour of trial and grievance.

On motion of Mr. Wadleigh (N. H.), the committee adjourned, out of respect for the deceased Senator.

The family of Senator Morton received a large number of telegrams of sympathy from prominent persons and personal friends.

The President wrote as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1 November 2d. ]  
To COLONEL W. R. HOLLOWAY, Indianapolis, Ind.:

I desire through you, to offer to Governor Morton's widow and family my warmest sympathy in their great affliction. Amid the general and sincere manifestations of sorrow at the public loss, of which no one can be more sensible than myself, my long friendship for Governor Morton makes me wish to be counted among those who feel in his death the grief of a personal bereavement.  
[Signed.] R. B. HAYES.

Vice-President Wheeler answered Colonel Holloway's message as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1 November 2d. ]  
To COLONEL W. R. HOLLOWAY, Indianapolis, Ind.:

Your message was received last evening. I share most fully in the sorrow which our whole country feels in the loss of so eminent, patriotic and wise a statesman as the late Senator Morton. The Senate adjourned immediately, this morning, on the announcement of his death, having first appointed as a committee to attend the funeral obsequies Senators McDonald, Davis (of Illinois), Burnside, Bayard, Cameron (of Pennsylvania), and Booth.  
[Signed.]  
W. A. WHEELER,  
Vice-President.

President Hayes also issued the following proclamation:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 2d, 1877.

I lament the sad occasion which makes it my duty to testify the public respect of the eminent citizen and distinguished statesman, whose death yesterday at his home, in Indianapolis, has been made known to the people by telegraphic announcement. The services of Oliver P. Morton to the nation, in the difficult and responsible administration of the affairs of the State of Indiana, as its Governor, at a critical juncture of the Civil War, can never be overvalued by his countrymen. His long service in the Senate has shown his great powers as a legislator, and as a leader and chief counselor of the political party charged with the conduct of the Government during that period. In all things, and at all times, he has been able, strenuous and faithful in the public service; and his fame with his countrymen rests upon a secure foundation. The several Executive Departments will be closed on the day of his funeral, and appropriate honors should be paid to the memory of the deceased statesman by the whole nation.



THE LATE U. S. SENATOR OLIVER PERRY MORTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY, WASHINGTON.

In the contest for a re-election in 1864, with Hon. Joseph E. McDonald for an opponent, Governor Morton again swept the State. But his health gave way under the great strain, and in November, 1865, he spent five months in Europe, by advice of his physician. A third time he was elected Governor, sweeping the State. When the Legislature met he was elected to the United States Senate in January, 1868, and at the expiration of that term was re-elected.

He was the champion of the Fifteenth Amendment, and forced it through Congress by sheer weight of will. He was the apostle of the Ku-Klux legislation and the Force Acts. He was a consistent opponent of amnesty. He was the natural ally of the Southern Republicans—their Congressman-at-large, as he has sometimes been called. His popularity with the Republican leaders of the South made him a more formidable candidate at Cincinnati than the actual ballots indicated. He took part in every important debate after entering the Senate, and served on the

Oliver P. Morton, of Indiana. He died at his family residence in the city of Indianapolis yesterday afternoon at half-past 5 o'clock. The funeral service and burial will take place on Monday next in the city of his late residence. At some suitable time I shall submit resolutions expressive of the loss sustained by the country and the Senate by the death of my colleague. At present, in order that the Senate may be properly represented on the mournful occasion, and to note the melancholy event, I submit the following resolutions, and move their adoption:

*Resolved*, That a committee, consisting of six Senators, be appointed by the Chair to attend the funeral of the Hon. Oliver P. Morton, to take place at his late residence in the city of Indianapolis on Monday, the 5th instant.

*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to, and the Senate at 12:10 adjourned until Tuesday, November 6th.



## THE MOST BEAUTIFUL YACHT AFLOAT.

THE new schooner-yacht *Ambassador*, built by David Carl, at City Island, for William B. Astor, which was launched September 22d, is the largest yacht ever built in this country, and, with one exception, the largest yacht in the world. Her dimensions are: Length, 148 feet; beam, 29 feet; depth of hold, 12 feet and 3 inches. She has two entire suits of canvas, one for cruising and one for racing, the latter not to be finished until the return of the craft from her winter cruise. In the racing suit she will spread at one time about 6,000 yards of canvas. Her frame consists of white and live oak, chestnut, hackmatack and Long Island locust, and she has ninety tons of iron ballast. The yacht will register 468 tons, carpenter's measurement. Her bow is ornamented with elaborate scroll-work, in the forward part of which is the medallion head of a woman, the figure-head proper being the arm of a woman holding a missile in her hand. The name on the stern forms an inverted arch, with the letters "N. Y.", in gilt, in monogram above it, with elaborate gilt scroll-work across the tail.

On the starboard side of the companionway is the captain's room; large wine-lockers and a chart-room are opposite. The main-saloon is 21x23 feet in dimensions, and is separated from the after-cabin by sliding-doors. On the starboard side are three state-rooms connecting with the bath-room. The size of the owner's room is 14x11 feet. There are other state-rooms on the port side, making six in all. The cabin extends the entire width of the yacht; after this comes the officers' mess-room, and the cabins of the first and second mates of the yacht. The furniture of the cabin has been manufactured expressly for the yacht from new and original designs by Herts Brothers, 806 and 808 Broadway, and is the most elegant ever put on board of a yacht. The after-cabin is upholstered in dark brown corduroy, the sofas being built in and covered with the same. It is separated from the main saloon by sliding-doors, with curtains of brown on the after side, and of navy-blue on the other, of material to match the rest of the furniture. The book-cases on either side are fitted with plate-glass doors in mahogany frames, and are ornamented with appropriate designs. The main saloon is fitted with four large sofas of walnut with mahogany trimmings, and covered with dark navy-blue corduroy, buttoned with the gilt buttons of the New York Yacht Club.

The owner's room, on the starboard side, is fitted entirely with mahogany, inlaid with tiles. It is fitted in what is called the Queen Anne style. The side-walls are tufted with cretonne and paneled. The room has a full-sized double bedstead, with French dressing bureau and armoire of glass; a marble-topped washstand and two upholstered chairs.

The room immediately forward of this is finished with butternut, in the Saxon-Gothic style, with full-sized bedstead, bureau and washstand, the walls decorated in cretonne. The next room on this side is finished in white maple. In this room there is a berth instead of a bedstead. Underneath are a set of drawers, the fronts elaborately carved, and the front of the berth will be hung with curtains of damask and lace. Like the other rooms, this is fitted with a bureau and washstand. All of these washstands, as well as those in the rooms on the other side, communicate directly with the fresh-water tanks in the hold, water being supplied at will by a patent pump attached to each of them, and the waste passing off to the hold through pipes attached to the basins. Forward of this third room, on the starboard side, is the bath-room, finished in red cedar and fitted with every convenience. The forward guests' state-room is finished in cherry, polished, with berth and curtained drapery, bureau and washstand, as upon the other side; the floor richly carpeted. Next abaft this is a toilet-room for gentlemen, fitted in walnut and ash, with washstand, mirrors, toilet-rack, etc., the floor covered with heavy oil-cloth. The next room is also a guests' room, and is finished in walnut, with ash panels, highly polished, and has washstand, bureau, mirror and carpet like the first. A third room for guests is abaft this, and is of ash, with walnut panels, the berth and other furniture the same as the other rooms. Between this room and the main saloon is the steward's pantry, fitted in ash, with ice-box, wine-cooler and every convenience for the purpose for which it is designed.

It is Mr. Astor's intention to leave the city within a few days on the yacht, with his family and a small company of guests, and make an extended Southern trip during the winter, flying the pennant of the New York Yacht Club. Before his return the *Ambassador* will be put in racing trim for the contests of next season.

## FUN.

WHAT is the difference between a sailor and a soldier? The one tars his ropes, and the other pitches his tents.

THE Chinamen are really becoming Americanized very rapidly. Three of them have been admitted to citizenship in Massachusetts, and three more have been arrested for murder in California.

HUSBAND returning from hunt with game in the shape of rats. Wife—"What a horror! That is what you have brought me?" Husband—"They sold me this animal as a hunting-dog; it appears that he is only a rat."

A PRIEST in Washington, being about to baptize a child, asked the father, "What is your name?" "Thomas Maguire," replied the man. "Well, Thomas, do you spell your name with a big 'G' or a little 'g'?" Inquired the minister. "I'd like it middling large, if you please, sir," answered the devoted parent.

AT THE MARKET—"Well, how goes the sale of game this year?" "Badly, very badly; prices are so high that very few people can be found to buy. The business would be ruined entirely if it wasn't that we have one class of steady customers." "The—?" "The amateur sportsmen who have been out for a day's shooting."

AN elegant young woman entered a druggist's shop in New York, and asked for a dose of castor-oil. "By all means," said the chemist. "Will you have a little cream-soda?" "With pleasure," replied the young lady. She had it. After a pause—"Where's that 'ere castor'?" "Why, you've had it!" answered the druggist. "But look here," cried the young lady—"I wanted it for my mother!"

THE death of a fashion correspondent is reported from Grand Rapids, Mich. She tackled a stray copy of Euclid, under the impression that it was a sewing-machine company's book of dress patterns. She struck proposition 5 in spherical trigonometry and gazed on it once and said: "I know what a fishu basting on a purple polonaise is, and I have met with baroque cretonnes cut bias, but when it comes to making dresses for hump-backed women, and trimming them with isosceles and perpendiculars at right angles to the plane AEG, then, indeed, I feel that I am not fitted to solve life's terrible mystery."

## THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER

is absolutely pure and full weight, and warranted to contain no injurious substance. To try it send 60 cents to ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York, for one pound sent by mail free of postage.

THERE is no medical fact more clearly established than that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are admirably adapted to infuse vigor into the debilitated system, and to restore regularity to its interrupted functions. As weakness and irregularity are sure to develop into disease, the Bitters, by overcoming them, are the means of averting far more serious evils.

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

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

Convenient alike to the business centre and the best resident portion of Philadelphia, and conducted as a model first-class hotel, the Colonnade has achieved a deserved and enduring popularity.

Such names as Dr. O. W. Holmes, Washington Irving and ex-President Van Buren have borne testimony to the efficacy of WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY, which is for sale by druggists.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megaloscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

So far as health is concerned, no house, store, family, person, hotel, ship, or steamer should be without Buchanan's Carbolic Soaps. And in regard to safety from disease, contagion, etc., and as a perfect disinfectant therein, their real value is beyond price. Different varieties of these soaps for laundry, toilet, dental, shaving, medicinal, and disinfecting purposes. Sold at druggists' everywhere. Wholesale Depot, Kidder & Laird, 83 John Street, New York.

There is no excuse for the suffering of needless pain. Plagg's Instant Relief should be in every household, ready to do the high office which science has marked out for it, in the relief of human suffering. Cholera, rheumatism or fever; headache, deafness or dyspepsia, catarrh, cuts, sprains, bruises, burns; all, in fact, of the painful affections to which all are liable give way to it at once. Sold at druggists' everywhere. Wholesale Depot, Kidder & Laird, 83 John Street, New York.

## BREECH-LOADING RIFLE, \$7.50.

Revolvers, 7 Shot, \$3.00. English Double Shot Gun, \$12.00. Send for Circular. HOMER FISHER, 260 Broadway, N. Y.

CIGARS, Matilde Tobacco, four inches in length, \$45 per 1,000; Cigar Cigarettes, all tobacco, no paper, \$6 per 1,000. Send for samples. J. M. Agüero, 246 Sixth Avenue, New York.

\$5 "Uncle Sam" Press. An Outfit, \$10. Self-Inker and Outfit, \$15. No. 2 "Uncle Sam" Inside Chase, 5x8 in. \$10. No. 2 Self-Inker, \$20. Evans' Rotary, \$45. Stamp for Catalogue. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. Ninth St., Phila., Pa.

AMERICAN PLAITER. BEST IN THE MARKET. Sent by mail, postage paid for TWO DOLLARS. Every lady needs one. Send for circular. Address, NEW YORK TREADLE MFG. CO., 64 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK.

Scroll-Saws, Turning Lathes, Designs, and Amateur Supplies. EXCELSIOR SCROLL-SAW COMPANY, New Bedford, Mass. Catalogue and prices sent free.

## The Mysteries of New York.

BY

JOSEPH HOWARD, Jr.

A novel of American Life, full of exciting and amusing situations, genuine pictures of life and well-drawn characters, will commence in No. 653 of

Frank Leslie's

## CHIMNEY CORNER.

It will be a novel which, by its freshness and vigor of treatment, will lure many to read it who have long been strangers to the fiction of the day, and to all lovers of literature will afford the great novel of the Winter.

## Printing Inks and Materials.

GEO. MATHER'S SONS, 60 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK. Printing Inks. This paper is printed with our Pictorial Cut Ink.

JAMES CONNER'S SONS, PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE, 28, 30 and 32 Centre Street (corner of Roade and Duane Streets), New York.

## Housefurnishing Goods.

CHINA, GLASS, CUTLERY, Silverware, Refrigerators, and all House Furnishing Goods. E. D. Bassford's, Cooper Institute, New York City. Illustrated Catalogue and Price List free.

## JOHN HOLLAND'S GOLD PENS



Received the Centennial Medal from the Judges on Awards, for "superior elasticity and general excellence." If not sold by your Stationer, send for Illustrated Price-List to the Manufacturer, 19 W. 4th St., Cincinnati.

## KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S Patent Partly-made Dress Shirts, best quality, only plain seams to finish, 6 for \$7, delivered free. KEEP'S Custom Shirts to measure, best quality, 6 for \$9, delivered free. No obligation to take any shirts ordered unless perfectly satisfactory.

KEEP'S UNDERWEAR. Real Flannel Undervests and Drawers, best quality. White Flannel Undervests, best quality. Canton Flannel Drawers, extra heavy.

KEEP'S UMBRELLAS. Best Gingham, patent protected ribs, \$1 each. Best Silk, paragon frames, \$3 each. Circulars and samples mailed free, on application. Shirts only, delivered free. KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 165 and 167 Mercer Street, New York.

ONLY \$5.00.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST. 15 Patterns, 3 ft. x 1/2 doz. Saws delivered on Cars. Great Western Scroll Saw Co., Leavenworth, Kas. Send 3 cent stamp for Photographs and Circulars. AGENTS WANTED.

## ZAMBEZI

## Moustache &amp; BEARD

## DRESSING

We make no claim to restore hair, but simply to preserve its natural growth and beauty. Our preparation is simple and harmless, and we guarantee it to prevent hair from splitting, making it pliant and capable of being dressed to any position the wearer may desire. The hair, next to the eyes, is the most beautiful ornament of the human body, and to have an easily applied dressing which will preserve its beauty is what we honestly claim to supply. The cost is but 25 cts per package, post-paid to any part of the United States, with full instructions how to use it. If your druggist does not keep it, have him order it for you, or send direct to us.

P. O. Box 152. E. E. WEAVER & CO., Tamqua, Pa. A liberal discount to the trade.

## FOUND!!

SOMETHING NEW IN THE ART OF SCROLL SAW. ING. Decalcomanie transferred on all kinds of wood in beautiful designs, in colors of GOLD, GAMET and EMERALD, ready for the Scroll Saw. Send for circular. Address,

CHARLES H. SMITH, Treasurer, SCROLL SAW DECORATED WOOD AND MFG CO., 105 Fulton Street, N. Y.

It will do it. PROF. HALL'S MAGIC COMPOUND is the only reliable preparation now offered to the public, one package of which will give you a beautiful moustache or beard. (or hair on the balding head), to grow thick and heavy on the smooth face in 21 days without injury; satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. In order to introduce it more thoroughly we have decided to offer our \$1.00 size for 90 days for 25 cts., or 3 packages for 50 cts., post paid; simply cost, mailing, and packing charges; our regular wholesale price being \$6.00 per dozen to dealers. If you accept of this offer, return this notice to show what paper to give the benefit of the advertisement. 1 and 2c. postage stamps taken if currency can not be obtained. Address, E. W. JONES & CO., ASHLAND, MASS.

## PRINTING PRESSES.

Hand-Inkers, from \$2 to \$50. Circular Self-Inkers, from \$10 to \$35. Large Rotary, from \$50 to \$150. The best and cheapest, and of our own manufacture. Specimen Book of Type, 10 cents. YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 35 Murray St., New York.

## Health Restored!

Sufferers from Nervous Debility, who have tried in vain every advertised remedy, will learn of a simple cure by addressing DAVIDSON & Co., 56 Nassau St., N. Y.

## PATENT TIDY FASTENER

Velvet, all colors. A set free for 18c. postage. Agents wanted. 30 other new articles. SIMPSON & SMITH, 64 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

## Now is the Time to Subscribe

FOR

## THE NEW YEAR

TO

Frank Leslie's

## Illustrated Newspaper

## THE TESTIMONY

OF THE

President of the United States

TO

Frank Leslie's

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

At Richmond, Va., Oct. 31st, 1877.

"I am extremely pleased to meet a representative of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, as it is an INSTITUTION OF THE COUNTRY."

This popular weekly has just entered on its forty-sixth volume, and has afforded the public a complete review of the events of each week during the past twenty-two years.

A graphic and complete description is given in the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER of all important events of a political, social, scientific and commercial character. To effect this, artists and correspondents are continually dispatched to divers parts of the United States exclusively to represent this Publication; thus no event of importance transpires unnoticed by it.

Masterly Editorials on questions of public moment appear in each issue of the paper.

Admirable Cartoons continually appear, and which most successfully touch upon the difficult and momentous questions of the hour.

Columns are devoted to the varied subjects in which the general public are always interested—"Musical and Dramatic News"; changes in the money market; items of "At Home and Abroad"; the latest contributions of eminent savants to the several departments of science; "Personal Gossip"; beautiful serial stories; paragraphs revealing the latest discoveries among the wonders of Nature and Art, etc., etc.

It is a veritable library of reference concerning home events of any particular note.

Foreign matters also receive a proper attention, and one of the eight illustrated pages of each number of the paper is devoted to careful reproductions from the illustrated European press.

A special feature of the forthcoming numbers of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be the continuation of the series of illustrations and graphic description of

## "The Frank Leslie Excursion to the Pacific,"

under the heading of "Across the Continent," in which a large number of most accurate, desirable and interesting engravings (from photographs and sketches taken by the artists and photographers of the Excursion party), illustrative of the many special points and subjects of interest along the great route and in the Great West, will be given.

Double-page Supplements are frequently given (without extra charge), illustrating episodes of the European War, etc.

## THE ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

IS

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

Price 10 cts.; Annual Subscription, \$4, Post-free.

Address,

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,

537 Pearl Street, New York City.



## F. J. Kaldenberg

Received the only prize awarded by the International Jury for American-made meerschaum pipes, at the Centennial Exhibition, 1876. An unrivaled assortment of Meerschaum Pipes, Cigar-holders, Amber Goods, etc., etc., always on hand.

Factory and Wareroom, 117 Fulton Street.

Branch Stores { 6 Astor House, Broadway, } New York.  
and { 71 Nassau Street, }  
Send for Illustrated Price List.

REVOLVER FREE. Seven shot Revolver, with box Cartridges. Address, J. Bown & Son, 136 & 138 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

50 Fine Cards, Damask, Repp, etc., with name on, 13c. CLINTON BROS., Clintonville, Conn.

40 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cts., post paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

40 PAGE BOOK OF WONDERS for a 3-cent stamp. Address, B. FOX & CO., 361 Canal St., New York.

50 LARGE MIXED CARDS, with name, 13c., or 40 in case, 13c. Outfit 10c. DOWD & CO., Bristol, Conn.

25 ELEGANT CARDS, no two alike, with name, 10 cts., postpaid. GEO. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

30 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10 cents. Samples for 3-cent stamp. J. MINKLER & CO., Nassau, N. Y.





It aims to be a favorite in every family—looked for eagerly by the young folks, and read with interest by the older. Its purpose is to interest while it amuses; to be judicious, practical, sensible, and to have really permanent worth, while it attracts for the hour.

It is handsomely illustrated, and has for contributors some of the most attractive writers in the country. Among these are:

J. T. Trowbridge, Dinah Muloch Craik, James T. Fields, J. G. Whittier, Rebecca H. Davis, Louise C. Moulton, Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, C. A. Stephens, Edward Everett Hale, Harriet P. Spofford, Wm. Cullen Bryant, A. D. T. Whitney, Louisa M. Alcott.

Its reading is adapted to the old and young; is very comprehensive in its character. It gives

Stories of Adventure, Letters of Travel, Editorials upon Current Topics, Historical Articles, Biography, Sketches, Religious Articles, Stories of Home and School Life, Tales, Poetry, Selections for Declaration, Anecdotes, Puzzles, Facts and Incidents.

Subscription Price, \$1 75. Specimen copies sent free. Please mention in what paper you read this advertisement.

PERRY MASON & CO.,  
41 Temple Place, Boston.



**PRESSES**  
From \$1 to \$250.  
W. Y. EDWARDS,  
10 Barclay Street,  
NEW YORK.  
Send 15 cents for  
126-PAGE CATALOGUE  
of Presses, Type, Etc.

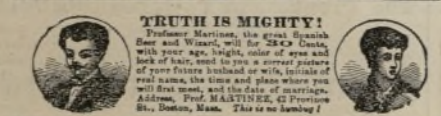


Bryant's "New Patent Improved" Reese's Adjustable Stencil Letters are perfection. Every Merchant and Business Man needs them. Outfit and Brass Alphabet by mail, postpaid, 60c. Agents wanted for above and twenty new articles. O. G. BRYANT, Only Manufacturer, Chicago.

**ASTHMA D. LANGELL'S ASTHMA AND CATARRH REMEDY.**

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

**KNOW THYSELF**  
A new Medical Treatise, "THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, OR SELF-PRESERVATION," a book for everybody. Price \$1, sent by mail. Fifty original prescriptions, either one of which is worth ten times the price of the book. Gold Medal awarded the author. The Boston Herald says: "The Science of Life is, beyond all comparison, the most extraordinary work on Physiology ever published." An Illustrated Pamphlet sent FREE. Address, DR. W. H. PARKER, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass.



**PRINTING! THE VICTOR PRESSES AND ENTERPRISE!**  
Large Illustrated Catalogue for \$1.00. J. COOK & CO., 101 West Meriden, Ct.

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

**SUFFERERS** from NERVOUS DEBILITY, etc., can learn of a certain and speedy remedy, free, by addressing, Dr. JACQUES & CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gold Quill Pen, send stamp for circular. G. F. Hawkes, 66 Nassau St. N. Y.

NOVEL PICTURES: New Subjects. Catalogue, one stamp. C. QUINN, Stoneham, Mass.

25 Fancy Cards, 15 tints, with name, 10c.; 50 for 15c. Plain or Gold. W. E. HULL & CO., Hudson, N. Y.

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

50 Fine Mixed Cards (24 styles), with name, 13c. 25 Flirtation Cards, 10c. DIME CO., Clintonville, Conn.



**BOYER'S CARMELITE MELISSA CORDIAL, (Eau de Melissa des Carmes.) The Great French REMEDY.**  
Annual Sales in Paris alone, 1,300,000 Bottles.  
**A SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA,**  
Disorders of the Stomach, and all Nervous Affections.  
GENERAL DEPOT, 59 PARK PLACE, N. Y.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

**WORK FOR ALL.**  
In their own localities, canvassing for the Fireside Visitor (enlarged), Weekly and Monthly. Largest Paper in the World, with Mammoth Chromos Free. Big Commissions to Agents. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

**WE GIVE AWAY**  
40 acres good farming land to our Agents. We want an Immigration Agent in every County in the U.S. and Canada to represent us. You can make \$10 to \$25 a day at home. We send warranty deed for 40 acres good farming land FREE. Address Gen'l Northern Office, Texas Land and Colonization Co., No. 238 Broadway, New York City.

**PAT** terns for Wood-Split Fancy work; 140 designs 12c., post-paid. J. JAY GOULD, Boston, Mass.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE FOR 1878.

## Frank Leslie's POPULAR MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER,

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

### CONTENTS:

#### LITERATURE.

Louis Adolphe Thiers.—Historian, Statesman, and ex-President of the French Republic. By William Staughton Chase.  
On with the Old Love.—A Thanksgiving Story.  
Wonderful Watches.  
Leafless Trees.  
Pomeranian Peasants on their way to Church.  
Palace of the Dukes of Infantado, at Guadalajara.  
Her Revenge.  
Quinine, and the Trees that Produce it.  
Mad Freaks.  
Ocean Brides. Poem. By Henry Gates.  
The Shadow Cross.  
The Love that was Never Told.  
The Coast Fisheries of America. By Alfred Trumble.  
A First Impression. By Mrs. Nellie Ames.  
A Zulu War Dance.  
About Obelisks.  
The Jackass Rabbit.  
A Romance of Hallowe'en.  
The Black Grouse.  
The Dreamland of Love.  
An Adventure in the Heart of Africa.  
Origin of "Ireland."  
Poppet's Cigarette.

#### ENGRAVINGS.

The late M. Thiers, ex-President of the French Republic: Louis Adolphe Thiers; Thiers elected Chief of the Executive Power of the French Republic, by the Assembly at Bordeaux, in 1871; Thiers as President of the French Republic, receiving the Felicitations of the Diplomatic Corps.—Thiers Revisiting the Ruins of his House, Destroyed by the Communists; Thiers and Guizot; Thiers Visiting the Military Establishments at Rouen in 1872.—The Chateau Cordier, Trouville, Seaside Residence of President Thiers.—Reception by President Thiers at the Palace of the Elysée; The Salon of the Chateau Cordier; Pavilion Henri Quatre, at St. Germain-en-Laye, where Thiers died; The Remains of ex-President Thiers Lying in State at the Pavilion Henri IV.—The Tomb of ex-President Thiers in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise.  
On with the Old Love.  
Leafless Trees.  
Pomeranian Peasants on their way to Church.  
Palace of the Dukes of Infantado, at Guadalajara, Spain.  
Her Revenge: "Lady Swinburne threw herself at his feet." "She poured into each a portion of the contents of the phial," "My God!" she said, "she is dead."  
Flower and leaf of the trees that produces Quinine.  
Mad Freaks: "The dead man returned immediately to life."  
Ocean Brides.—The Shadow Cross.  
The Love that was Never Told.  
The Coast Fisheries of America: The French Cod-Fishing Fleet on the Banks of Newfoundland; Cod Fishery; Taking in the Fish.—The Fish on the Flakes, Covering the Fish from the Sun.—Drying the Sounds; Boiling Cod Liver Oil.—A Dominion Pessimist.—Codfish Drying on Newfoundland; A Foggy Morning on the Banks of Newfoundland; A Newfoundland Grocery Store; Mackerel Fishery.—Interior of Fisherman's Hut.—Interior of Fish Ice-house: The Beach.—Bringing in the Fish; Fishing at the Poles.—View of Shad-Fishery, New York Bay; Mending Nets.—Assorting Fish; Seine-fishing on the Potomac River; Drawing the Seine on the Shore of Long Island; Ashley River.—Negro Fishermen Starting for Lobster and Prawn Grounds; Capture of a Sea Monster near Charleston.—Running Blackfish on Truro Beach; Salmon-Fishing in Canada; Blue-Fishing.—Trolling.

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

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

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

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$3.00, POSTAGE FREE.

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York City.

### Agents Wanted.

**NEW GOODS** never before introduced for Agents. Terms that can't be beat. Mammoth Catalogue free. E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau, St., N. Y.

**\$350 A MONTH.**—Agents wanted. 36 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address, JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

**MEN WANTED** to sell goods to Merchants. NO PEDDLING from house to house. HOTEL AND TRAVELING EXPENSES PAID. QUINN CITY GLASS & LAMP WORKS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

**\$90** A Month salary, [also expenses] paid Agents to sell our Lamp goods. Contracts Made for one year. Mound City Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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

**MEN OR WOMEN**—IF YOU ARE OUT OF WORK, and want something to do, that you can make \$10 per day, send your address to Agents' Supply Co., 261 Bowery, New York.

Our New Forty-Page Illustrated Watch and Jewelry Catalogue we send everybody free. **25 GOLD PENCIL** OR TOOTH PICK. CRONEGH & CO., 201 Market St., Phila., Pa.

**SALES WANTED ON A YEARLY SALARY MEN \$125** to DEALERS. Samples FREE. Send 1c. stamp to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

**MEN WANTED** Salary \$100 per month. To a few men to sell our goods to DEALERS. TRAVELING EXPENSES PAID. NO PEDDLING. H. SMITH & CO., Confectioners, Cincinnati, O.

**\$95** A Month and Expenses. **CANDY & NOVELTIES** To sell to DEALERS. Samples FREE. Send 1c. stamp to insure answer. H. SMITH & CO., Confectioners, Cincinnati, O.

**GOLD** on Harvest for Agents. We send free our new 40-page Illustrated Jewelry and Watch Catalogue, with instructions how to make money. Address M. Cronegh & Co., Philadelphia, or Milwaukee, Wis.

**\$25** A DAY TO AGENTS. Illustrated Catalogue Free. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

## TESTIMONY

OF THE

## PRESS

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

A PERFECT OVATION

TO

Frank Leslie's

## Sunday Magazine.

The following are but a few brief extracts from some of the many thousand editorial notices which are continually appearing in the columns of the religious, as also the secular press, throughout the United States (to say nothing of those also in England, the Canadas, and other English-speaking countries) concerning this most famous Magazine. They unanimously ascribe the utmost literary and general merit to this universally admired and most successful publication.

"If this venture were but average it should have passed with slight notice but since it is unrivaled on either continent, we take the greatest pleasure in recommending it to all who feel the need of sweet and pure literature for Sunday and Monday, and at the same time attractive enough to charm the most listless."—*Western Magazine*.

"Interesting in all its departments."—*Episcopal Church, Philadelphia*.

"The amount of reading, light and solid, for the older and younger of the household is simply marvelous."—*The Contributor, Boston, Mass.*

"The most portly in size and the most profusely illustrated of all the monthlies, abounds in miscellaneous reading."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

"It has reached a circulation and prosperity such as make it one of the marvels of periodical literature."—*Methodist Protestant, Baltimore*.

"The articles are all prepared with the utmost care, and the MAGAZINE is a marvel of variety, usefulness and entertainment, and the engravings are profuse."—*Methodist Reader, Pittsburgh*.

"There is a supply for old and young, parents and children, grave and gay."—*Evangelical Messenger, Cleveland, Ohio*.

"This MAGAZINE excels all others, and yet it is furnished for \$3."—*Record and Evangelist, Iowa*.

"The MAGAZINE fulfills its promise of being attractive. It has useful and instructive reading for everybody."—*The Churchman, Kansas*.

"Rapidly becoming a favorite everywhere."—*Young Churchman*.

"A periodical of true worth and merit."—*Baptist Battle Flag*.

"The unqualified commendation we have hitherto accorded to this superb family magazine continues to be amply vindicated as each succeeding number makes its appearance."—*Southern Christian Advocate*.

"It cannot fail to interest."—*The Northwestern, Chicago*.

"We must say we are perfectly delighted with it."—*Living Epistle, Ohio*.

"It has had such a reception from the religious press as has seldom been granted to any other candidate for the honors of religious journalism."—*Central Presbyterian, Richmond, Va.*

"The plan on which it is edited is evidently settled and well pursued."—*Central Telegram*.

"Dr. Deems has shown superior ability as an editor, and Mr. Frank Leslie has exhibited a remarkable enterprise offering such a magazine for the price. It is lavishly illustrated."—*Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio*.

"A substantial periodical, capable of much handling, as such a very entertaining publication is destined to receive wherever seen."—*The Methodist, Pittsburgh*.

"It is incomparably rich and fresh in every department."—*Christian Messenger*.

"It is edited with rare ability."—*Christian Times*.

"This magazine has attained a proud position."—*Baptist Teacher, Philadelphia*.

"The best, cheapest and most attractive magazine ever published in this country."—*Christian Advocate, Buffalo, N. Y.*

"It is a marvel of cheapness."—*Catholic Mirror, Baltimore, Ind.*

"It will sustain the reputation of Leslie's Publishing House."—*Our Church Paper, Virginia*.

"A very large, handsome and readable magazine."—*New Covenant, Chicago*.

"It is worth twice the subscription."—*Temperance Ensign, Pittsburgh*.

"It is not equaled by any kindred publication in the world."—*Methodist Protestant, Baltimore, Ind.*

"The quantity of reading matter contained in this publication is certainly remarkable. At the end of a year it forms two large volumes of permanent value."—*Kansas Churchman*.

"FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE continues to prove worthy of the highest commendation. It is a work every way calculated to supply a much needed want."—*The Guild, Washington, D. C.*

"There was a place for such a magazine in the crowded ranks of American periodicals, and Frank Leslie fills it full."—*Christian Advocate, Macon, Ga.*

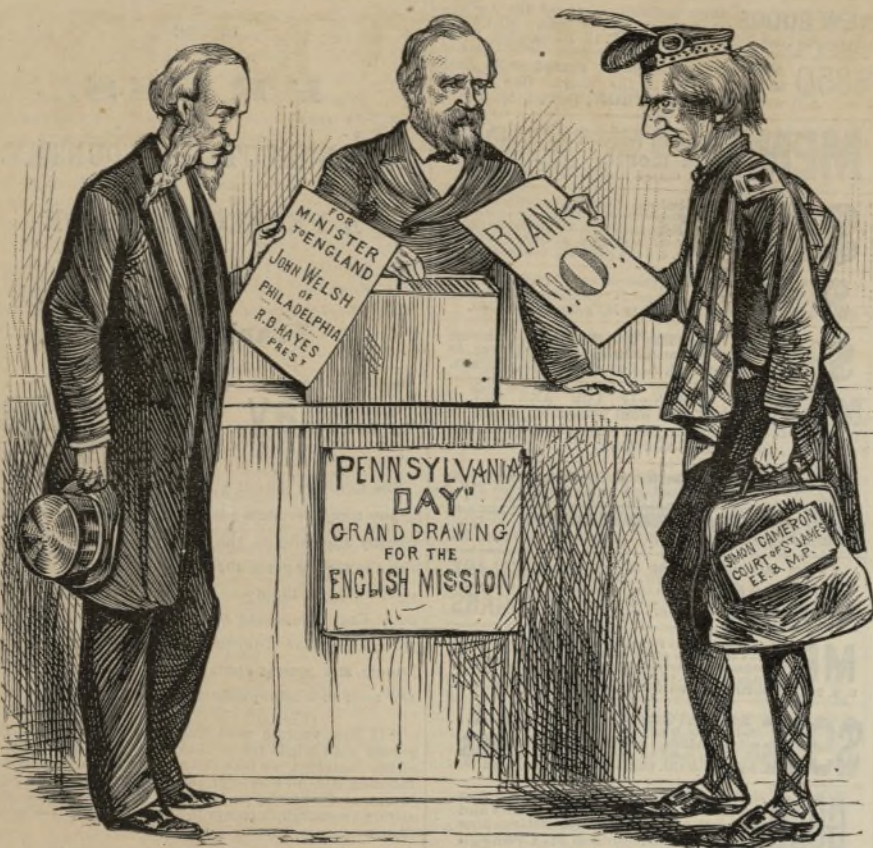
Now is the time to Subscribe for 1878.

Annual Subscription, \$3. Single copies, 25 cents postpaid.

Beautiful and substantial Binding Cases for this magazine are ready for sale at the close of each volume, price 75 cents, free by mail, or Order from

Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York,





NOW YOU SEE IT—AND NOW YOU DON'T!  
PRESIDENT HAYES—"The English mission, Mr. Cameron, goes to Mr. Welsh."



TWEED THE CONFESSOR AND THE JACK IN THE BOX.

TWEED—"Boo—hoo! I'll never do so again!"

ESTABLISHED 1820.

**C. G. Gunther's Sons,**  
(Late 502-504 Broadway)  
**184 Fifth Avenue,**  
(Broadway & 23d St.), NEW YORK.

Seal-Skin Sacques and Wraps,  
Fur-Lined Circulars & Cloaks,  
Fur Robes, Mats, Collars & Gloves.  
ALL IN LARGE ASSORTMENTS, AND AT  
LOW PRICES.

N. B.—Orders by Mail, or information desired, will  
receive special and prompt attention.

**DECKER**  
BROTHERS'  
MATCHLESS  
PIANOS  
Are now offered at the lowest prices consistent with  
the highest standard.  
SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.  
33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

**\$3 PRINTING PRESS.**  
DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!  
It Pays! Card Press, \$3; Larger Sizes,  
\$6, \$9, etc. For business or pleasure;  
old or young. Send two 3-cent stamps  
for Illustrated Catalogue to the makers.  
**KELSEY & CO.,**  
Meriden, Conn.

NOW READY!!! NOW READY!!!  
**Frank Leslie's**  
**Illustrated Almanac**  
For 1878.  
PRICE, ONLY 30 CENTS  
(At all Newsdealers, or by Mail Post-Paid).

**BUY IT FOR YOUR HOMES.**  
A  
PRETTY AND INSTRUCTIVE PRESENT.

IT CONTAINS  
A VERY  
CAREFULLY PREPARED ALMANAC,  
FOUR ELEGANT CHROMOS, ENTITLED  
"ORIENTAL COURTSHIP," "THE LITTLE KITTENS,"  
"PREPARING FOR THE BALL," AND  
"WHICH DO YOU LIKE?"  
OVER 100 SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS.  
A FUND OF USEFUL INFORMATION.  
A REVIEW OF THE YEAR 1877.  
HOME AND FOREIGN MATTERS.  
INTERESTING STATISTICS.  
HISTORICAL NOTICES.  
PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED MEN,  
ETC., ETC.,  
ETC.  
PRICE, ONLY 30 CENTS (POST-PAID).

Sold by all Newsdealers, or order from  
**Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.**

**Now is the Time to Subscribe for 1878.**

AN INTENSELY INTERESTING SERIAL STORY,

ENTITLED,

**"FETTERED, YET FREE."**

**WINTER FASHIONS.**

**The Latest Styles from Paris**

JUST RECEIVED AND PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN

**Frank Leslie's Lady's Journal.**

**Husbands, Buy it for your Wives!**

**SACQUES, PROMENADE COSTUMES, CHILDREN'S DRESSES,**  
Fall and Winter Styles.

**"WHAT NEW YORKERS ARE WEARING."**

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

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

**Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.**

**JOHN FOLEY,**  
MANUFACTURER OF FINE



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

**JOHN HABBERTON,**

Acknowledged as the most Popular Author of the day;  
has won new laurels from the success of

**"SOME FOLKS,"**

a strictly subscription book, from the sale of which  
AGENTS ARE MAKING MONEY FAST.

One agent reports 65 subscribers in a week; another  
says, "I have only to read sketches from *The School-  
teacher of Bottle Flat* or *First Prayer at Hanney's* to  
sell a book." The *London Spectator* and the *Athenaeum*,  
the acknowledged authority on literary matters in Eng-  
land, devote pages to the review of this book.

Octavo, 500 pp., Handsomely Illustrated.  
For Terms and Territory, address,  
**DERBY BROTHERS, Publishers,**  
27 Park Place, New York.  
P. O. Box 4,488.

**\$250** per month guaranteed, to sell the Sheffield  
White Wire Clothes Lines, GUARANTEED  
TO LAST A LIFETIME. Address, Shef-  
field Wire Works, 528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**PIANOS AND ORGANS.**  
**BEST AND CHEAPEST in the World.**  
For Cash or Installments. Send  
for Illustrated Catalogues. AGENTS  
WANTED. **HORACE WATERS & SONS,**  
40 East 14th Street, N. Y.

**Now is the Time to Subscribe  
for 1878.**

PLEASANT HOURS, ARE PLEASANT HOURS.  
WHILED AWAY WITH

**Frank Leslie's  
Pleasant Hours.**

DELIGHTFUL STORIES COMPLETE IN EACH  
NUMBER.  
BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT IN PLEASANT HOURS.  
COMIC ENGRAVINGS IN PLEASANT HOURS.  
THE STORIES ARE ALL BEAUTIFULLY  
ILLUSTRATED  
IN PLEASANT HOURS.  
VARIETY, ENTERTAINMENT, AMUSEMENT,  
PLEASANTNESS, QUIETUDE AND HOPE  
ARE FOUND IN  
FRANK LESLIE'S PLEASANT HOURS.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.  
PRICE 15 CENTS.  
ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50.

**Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl Street, New York.**

**Imitation Gold Watches.**  
\$8, \$10, \$15, \$20 and \$25 each; Chains \$2  
to \$12 to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent  
C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illus-  
trated Circular. **COLLINS METAL WATCH  
FACTORY, 335 Broadway, N. Y. Box 3696.**

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

**THIS IS  
NO  
HUMBBUG.** By sending 35 cts. with age, height, color  
of eyes and hair, you will receive by re-  
turn mail a correct photograph of your  
future husband or wife, with name and  
date of marriage. Address, **W. FOX,**  
P. O. Drawer 42, Fultonville, N. Y.

**MARCY'S OIL AND GAS SCIENTIFICS**  
With New Improved and Carefully Selected  
**MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES,**  
L. J. MARCY, 1540 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.  
For convenience and efficiency, for private or for  
public use, they stand  
**UNRIVALLED.**  
Circulars free. Catalogues, 10 cents.  
Selection Manual, 6th Ed., 75 cents.  
Specimen Scientific Slide, 25 cents.

**FRESCO STENCILS** Machine Cut, Elegant  
Designs. Cheapest in  
the world. Send for  
price-list. **J. Z. GIFFORD, 130 East 28th Street, N. Y.**

**Now is the Time to Subscribe  
for 1878.**

**BOYS! BOYS! BOYS!**

Read the New Stories

IN

**Boys' & Girls' Weekly**

SEVEN GOOD STORIES!

**RUFÉ THE SHADOW;**

OR,  
**The Freaks and Fortunes of a Jack-  
of-all-Trades,**  
By **JACK MANLY**; and

**DARREL DEEPWATER;**

OR,  
**The Lost Whalers,**  
By **ROGER STARBUCK,**  
Begin in the next issue—No. 578—ready November 6th.

**FIDELITY JACK**

Began in No. 565.

**FUN FOR THE VILLAGE**

Began in No. 575.

**THE MARKED BOY**

Began in No. 570.

**THAT GIRL OF OURS**

Began in No. 575.

**RUNAWAY JACK**

Began in No. 577.

5 Cents a Copy, \$2.50 a Year.

Address,  
**Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl St., New York.**