

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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RHODE ISLAND.—THE SCALLOP FISHERIES AT EAST GREENWICH—SCENE ON BOARD A SCALLOP BOAT—THE SKIPPER SORTING THE CATCH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 195.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.  
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1877.

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## THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS.

THE Fall elections which have just been held in twelve States were attended with more interest and excitement than is usual in what is known as an "off year" in politics. This was due in great part to the fact that the country is watching with great anxiety the manner in which the conciliatory and reforming policy of President Hayes was to be accepted. Naturally, so great a change in party ways of conducting affairs provoked no little personal antagonism, and this called forth strength in unexpected quarters. In addition, the financial situation was felt to be worthy of special attention, inasmuch as Congress had begun to legislate early on the subject, and candidates on the "Greenback" ticket had been put in nomination in many sections. Inasmuch, also, as this was supposed to be a time favorable to the disintegration of the two great political parties, the Workingmen and the Prohibitionists put forth herculean efforts to make their power felt. All these influences combined to lend excitement to the Fall canvass, and by election day there was considerable warmth of feeling, and the prospect of a heavy fight. Principles were at stake, and their supporters marshaled in mass for the occasion.

The elections have passed, and at this distance it is safe to count up the gains and losses on every side. First in interest comes the State of New York. Here it appears to be a drawn battle. The Democrats have elected their State ticket by a small majority, but the substantial fruits of victory remain in the hands of the Republicans in the shape of the control of the Legislature. Either party might have had a sweeping victory, had they adopted the only policy which the thinking masses of the people are now prepared to approve. If either the Republicans or the Democrats had endorsed the policy of Mr. Hayes fully, in the matter of completing the pacification of the South, and thoroughly purifying the civil service and keeping it free from "machine" contamination, it would have been carried up to a magnificent victory on a great popular groundswell of approval at the polls. As it was, the Democracy opened the contest by a bitter attack on the title of the President, and followed it up by a campaign of innuendo and malicious fault-finding that disgusted some of the best men in the organization. The Republicans, on the other hand, while endorsing the title of President Hayes, made a savage and unwarranted attack on the civil service policy of the Administration, and scattered broadcast the impression that they did not approve the idea of conciliating the South, but preferred to keep alive the firebrands of sectional hatred. As a perfectly natural and justifiable result, enough voters on each side kept away from the polls to have made the victory a historical one, had they been satisfied with either the Democratic or Republican State platform.

The moral to be drawn from this election in the State of New York is certainly a very plain one. The people are tired of being made the football of partisan politicians. Party war-cries and party names have ceased to be of much account with them; but they are looking forward to principle. They desire in future to take a broader field for battle, and to leave the skirmishers and hangers-on to shift for themselves. As Mr. Hayes is disposed to call himself the President of the people of the United States—and not the head official of the Republican Party—they are altogether inclined to receive him on this plane, and to judge his acts by their common sense without regard to partisan dictation. Possibly the politicians may not be able to see the matter in this light, but their blindness does not at all alter the condition of popular opinion. In the course of the next year the leaders of the dominant political factions must alter their course and take the people into account, or else the people will agree to leave the factionists and their factions very much to themselves. The signs of the times point to the rapid disintegration of the ancient and somewhat decayed party structures, and the rebuilding of new parties on living and material issues. This process

of change has already begun, and its work will be more rapid in the future than the past. The November elections have made this a very safe prediction for the near future.

Very much the same line of remark will apply to all the States that held their elections on the 6th of November. He reads the news columns of the press to little purpose who has not seen that the South fully indorses the pacific councils of the Administration, and desires to "let the dead past bury its dead." It has no ear to lend to any man who speaks of strife or professes to go astride the business questions of the hour. Plainly, it is the purpose of our Southern brethren to build up their waste places in material strength, and to give their time and attention to increasing the wealth and resources of a region which has suffered cruelly by dissension in the past. This is a prime factor to be taken into consideration in working out the problem of the country's future. At the West there is also a general desire—as manifested by the recent vote—to base all political action upon questions which have regard to the country's material prosperity. The one danger there, however, is that in pursuing this course they may be tempted to try dangerous and questionable experiments in financiering. So long, however, as they keep in accord with the financial policy announced by the Administration, they will not go astray. The better feeling manifested by the Western elections towards the Administration is a fresh safeguard against perils in that direction.

To get at the true lesson to be drawn from the election returns, it is necessary to study the tables of figures minutely. The Democracy have carried the States of New York and Pennsylvania, for instance, while the Republicans have Massachusetts and Wisconsin. But, in each of these cases, it is something of a barren victory. The numerous outside factions—Workingmen, Greenback-men, Prohibitionists, etc.—have polled so considerable a vote, that, when it is aggregated, the dominant party in the State will be found to have gone into power only by a plurality, and to be actually in a minority. This may not be very agreeable to the party managers, but it is a fact which, nevertheless, they ought to ponder. It may be, in their case, the handwriting on the wall. "Scattering" is a power this year. Possibly, nay, probably, he will be a greater power in the future. As intelligence spreads, the people are less and less inclined to have a party bit inserted between their teeth to lead them they know not whither. If the party which once held their loyalty, and still insists upon it, goes astray, they will not always follow it blindly, but will place their votes where they think they may do more good. This is the element that is to win in the future.

Looking at the November elections in all the varied lights of party and non-partisan opinion, there is every reason for the conservative and thoughtful citizen to thank God and take courage. The people are thinking and acting upon their reflection. Party tyranny is on the wane, and individual dictatorship is already a thing of the past. In the better time to come, those who aspire to be leaders must consult the thought and intelligence of the country, if they hope for success. The people of the United States are alive to the situation, and by vote and act intend to build up the nation in wealth, political purity and peace.

## HOW ELECTIONS ARE HELD IN FRANCE.

SO little is generally known in this country of the electoral machinery in republican France, that a sketch of it may be neither uninteresting nor out of place. Every native-born male resident of France, who has never been convicted of a crime, and is not a bankrupt, is entitled to the right of suffrage. That right is his by birth; but to enjoy it, certain preliminary conditions must be complied with. His name must be inscribed in the electoral register. This is a list made up in each commune between January 1st and March 31st in each year, and contains the names of all electors resident for six months in the territory of such commune. To enable a man to have his name entered in this list, therefore, he must have taken up his residence within the district or commune not later than on September 30th. The public functionaries are exempted from this limitation. Any official entering a commune prior to March 31st has the right of immediately inserting his name in the register for the year; but after that date the lists are closed for everybody, and while an elector may be struck off by reason of death, removal, conviction or bankruptcy, no new names can be added. These lists when made up serve for all elections, municipal and political, till March 31st in the following year. This obligation of six months' residence before admission to the register is often debated. The advanced Republicans wish to reduce the term to three months, while the opponents of uni-

versal suffrage wish to increase it to one year. The latter would, in effect, deprive of suffrage all those workmen whose occupation compels them to live but a short time in one commune, and all persons who change their residence after March 31st. Every year during the month of May the journals warn their readers to go to the mayoralty and see that they have not been omitted from the register. This often occurs, particularly where the elector belongs to the opposite party, the fact being known to the mayor or his agents. If an elector is omitted, he has no legal right to complain, once the period is past, if he has neglected to attend to his own affairs in time. He is politically dead for the year.

The electoral period must last at least twenty-one days. It is opened when a decree of the Chief of State convoking the electors is affixed to the walls. During the interval it is lawful, except during the last five days, to hold public meetings. Up to the last moment of voting placards may be put up without authorization, and any writing having reference to the election and signed by the candidate or one or more electors may be distributed without permission of the Prefect. This right was curtailed during the late elections, the prefects insisting upon receiving intimation of whatever was to be circulated twenty-four hours in advance. During the time of the Empire the polling lasted two days. Then was the golden time for adroit politicians. The urn or square box into which the electors dropped their ballots was confided to the vigilant care of the mayor of the commune, and any metamorphoses he chose to make during the night rested between himself and his conscience. When the canvass was completed it was sometimes found that there were more votes than there were names on the register; at other times the unanimity in favor of the official candidate was very surprising to the electors.

Since 1870 the polling lasts for only one day, beginning at eight in the morning and closing at six in the evening, and takes place at the mayoralty, or other chambers appointed by the prefect, if the electors are too numerous for one station. But the poll must always be held at the chief place in the commune. When the polling place is opened, the electors present themselves, each with a card in his hand, bearing his name, the date and place of his birth, his residence, and his number in the register. The mayor, or a deputy appointed by him, presides. He is assisted by four assessors, chosen by the electors present at the moment when the doors are opened. Then the file of electors begins to pass; each one presents his card to the assessor on the left of the president. The assessor verifies the card by a reference to the corresponding name and number on the register, and passes it to the president, who snips off a corner with scissors, and returns it to the elector. Thus marked, the card cannot be used again the same day; but the elector should keep it, in case there should be a second ballot, when another corner will be snipped off in the same manner. The elector then signs his name opposite its entry in the register, and the signature is verified as being the same with that on the card. These formalities being gone through, the voter hands his ballot to the president, who drops it into the box, unopened. The vote must be of white paper, folded, and without any external mark, so as to insure secrecy. The endeavor on the part of the elector to maintain this secrecy, and the curiosity of the mayor, gives rise to all sorts of artifices for protecting the secret on the one hand, and discovering it on the other. The administration conceived the idea of making the voting paper for their candidates so thin or so thick as to be distinguishable from the ordinary paper supplied by the opposition. This stratagem was met by the Republican voter by counter strategy. Procuring a ballot of the official candidate, he takes it home, erases the name of the candidate and substitutes that of his own choice. Returning to the polls, he would take an official ballot at the door and adroitly substitute the good for the bad. This ruse did good service in February, 1876, but the administration have since fallen upon a way of defeating it. A billet of blotting-paper was provided; it is impossible to write on this with ink, and the authorities refuse to count any papers marked with pencil. The Republicans met this contrivance by pasting a thin slip of paper with the name of their candidate on it, over the name of the official candidate. But the Government claim the right of not counting such ballots.

When the poll is closed the ballot-boxes are opened, and the votes are put into paper sacks, each containing a hundred. Then the assessors and all citizens who wish to take part in the counting are arranged in fours. One counter holds the sack, takes the votes out, one by one, reads the name, and passes them to the second, who verifies him. The other two record the votes on sheets of paper prepared for the purpose. When the hundred are counted, the number obtained by each candidate is summed up, and an-

other sack is opened. The electors are admitted freely to the room while the counting is in progress. At the close of the canvass the presiding officer proclaims the total, and the proceedings are closed with a cry of *Vive la République!* The report, signed by the president and assessors, is sent by a mounted gendarme to the chief place of the canton, and thence transmitted by telegraph to the sub-prefect, who adds up the votes obtained by each candidate and proclaims the final result. To make an election valid the candidate must poll an eighth part of the number of electors inscribed on the register, and an absolute majority of the votes cast. If there should be three candidates, or if the number polled by the defeated candidate added to the number of blank papers amount to more than the other has obtained, there is a second ballot. Such is the organization of universal suffrage in France. It has been in operation for twenty-nine years, and now that it has been placed entirely under public control, it must be admitted to be a very simple and effective system for securing the voter in the free exercise of his privilege.

## ATTORNEYS vs. COUNSELLORS.

THE rules of the Court of Appeals in the State of New York, which took effect on the 1st day of October, have brought a new class of public officers to general attention—namely, counsellors. In fact, these new rules have created the office of counsellor as practically distinct from that of attorney. It is supposed that this result is attributable to the provisions of the revised code. But it appears to us that the unification of the offices of attorney and of counsellor is as complete under the revised as under the old code. It is now provided that "a male citizen of the State, of full age, hereafter applying to be admitted to practice as an attorney or counsellor," must be examined by the General Term, or a committee. "If it is found he has complied with the rules of the Court of Appeals, and he is approved on his examination for his good character and learning, the Court must direct an order to be entered . . . admitting him to practice as an attorney and counsellor in all the courts of record of the State." There is no distinction here between attorney and counsellor; certainly no distinction peculiar to the revised code. And as the power of the Court of Appeals to make rules is in subordination to this law, there would be very good grounds to appeal from the enforcement of the rules, if it were not that the appeal would finally have to be heard by the very Court whose act in framing the rules is drawn in question.

The rule making the distinction is in substance this: "At the expiration of two years from the time of his admission as attorney, he may apply to the General Term for examination as a counsellor"—that is, if in the meantime "he has been actually engaged in the practice of law as a clerk . . . or otherwise, or in attending law lectures."

It is seen that the Court of Appeals gives permission, after two years, to apply for examination as a counsellor (with only nine letters to the name of the officesought), whereas the revised code provides that if he is approved by the Justices for his good character and learning, the Court must direct an order to be entered stating those facts, and admitting him to practice as an attorney and counsellor in all the courts, thus making the candidate into a "counsellor (of ten letters) and 'attorney' *ex-officio*." The inchoate counsellor thus rapidly evolves into the more complex, complete "attorney and counsellor"—crab-like, with strengthened head and facile tail, a regular double-ender. But assuming (Mr. O'Connor to the contrary notwithstanding) that the Court of Appeals knows what it is about, and that there are not only attorneys and attorneys, but attorneys and counsellors, moving in different planes, how can a client with nothing more powerful than a microscope make the proper discrimination upon the spur of the moment—say upon returning home and finding a note from his wife announcing suddenly she has "gone with a handsomer man," or upon being shaken off the platform of the Warren Street Station of the Elevated Railway by the jarring of a train not yet in sight, or upon getting suddenly into any other predicament demanding legal redress—how shall he determine whether the case will yield to an application of attorney, or require the heroic treatment of a counsellor?

If the old distinctions are revived, we are reminded that the difference between attorney and counsellor is nearly the same as between apothecary and physician, and that formerly neither physician nor counsel was suffered to lower the dignity of his profession by assuming to render services for hire. They could not sue for a fee, and even to-day in England it is held a counsellor has no legal right to a fee, so much so that if one is paid to him, and he absents himself from the circuit at which the cause is tried in



which his services were retained, the fee cannot be recovered back again. And in pursuance of the rule, that the more dignified, responsible and beneficent the office, the less should be its means of compensation, the counsellor of old could not either charge anything for his services, or receive from one whose life he had saved, or whose property he had rescued from illegal spoliation, any portion of his property as a compensation. It is true, in order to live he required food and clothing as others, but the advocate was expected to rely chiefly upon posthumous gratitude as expressed in the bequests and devises of those who had time or forethought to make a will in his favor, or else he prudently effected a loan of some client before he died, which was paid when the counsel himself had time and opportunity. Cicero, though he was unable to charge for his multiplied services at the Bar, succeeded in some way or other in accumulating considerable real estate. In fact he had about half a dozen suburban residences quite equal in number and taste to the Aladdin's lamp wonders which arise near an American city after a satisfactory ring. And Cicero was not interested in a Court House nor in an East River Bridge. He did not understand, either, how to make money by selling out his party.

His was a conspicuous success as an attorney. He was not a jurisconsult. He says he knew little law, and that little was needed. He used to cram up if his case was a delicate one, and inquire of Scævola, or some one else who knew the law. But we imagine one who now played the rôle of Cicero at the Bar would be known as a counsellor, barrister or advocate, rather than attorney.

But why, if a distinctive term is desirable which should express the office of advocate or pleader at the Bar, the choice is not made of the term barrister or advocate, it is difficult to see. The attorney is a counsellor. The technical knowledge in the more perfected science of the law is a pre-requisite of the labors of the attorney to quite as great a degree as to the advocate on a trial, and reaches back and affects a case when the first pleading is drawn. In vain are the efforts of counsel at the trial if the choice of the remedy, the character of the pleadings, or the preparation of the proofs does not make out the case. It is certainly not intended to preclude the attorney from giving all the advice that he conscientiously can in view of the magnitude of his fee, nor from determining what actions and how many of them his client's cause may demand.

In England the causes are tried by the barristers, but if it is sought to find those who correspond to the jurisconsult of old, it is found in those of modern times who, like Blackstone, Kent and Story, have made law a literature, or like Dwight and the other professors of law in our law schools and universities, who have established a discipleship and a philosophy of the law. In the Roman Republic a youth of seventeen might, upon assuming the *toga virilis*, be admitted to the forum as an advocate to conduct important causes. But under the revised code, as interpreted, he cannot become an attorney until he is twenty-one, nor try causes until he becomes a "counsellor," though his learning exceed that of a jurisconsult.

#### AMERICAN LITERARY CAPITALS.

THERE are a few questions of which discussion never ends. Our grandfathers used to debate them as solemnly and settle them as wisely as we do nowadays, but the vexed problems will not rest in their deep-dug graves, but return perennially to bother new generations. One of the most venerable of these themes for discussion is enshrined in the high-sounding phrase, "an American literary capital." What are the requisites for such a headquarters? Where is its proper location? And which of our existing cities best deserves the honor?

There used to be a time, long ago, when nobody disputed Boston's right to be our literary Mecca. Most of our leading writers lived in or near it, and had received their education in the neighboring university at Cambridge. The *North American Review* was started many years before we had a respectable quarterly here in New York; and the old *Monthly Anthology* was more ancient still. The *Boston Advertiser* was a pretty good paper before our *Tribune* and *Herald* were heard of; and Cambridge and Concord paid literary tribute to Boston when New York's suburbs could only boast an Irving up in Tarrytown and a Bryant over at Roslyn. Nor has the honor of this elder day wholly departed from the metropolis of New England. Our more famous poets, with one exception, live within thirty miles from its State House; Harvard has again become the largest of our universities; and younger writers, like Scudder and Aldrich, still turn their faces eastward, as to a rising, instead of a setting, sun. And yet, though we do not believe in "significant facts," the impending transfer of the old *North American* to New York, after sixty-

two peaceful years in Boston, means something. It means that New York has better facilities for publishing and mailing than Boston; that literary men come here more regularly; that subjects are more numerous, and that writers, even of humble ability and reputation, can make a living here, which they would find utterly impossible in Boston, unless given a pretty regular place in New York newspapers and magazines. So long as New York daily and weekly papers are sold and placarded on Boston newstands, and the contrary is not true, it is useless for our New England neighbor to feel that she can longer claim any literary precedence, or hope hereafter to be more to us than Edinburgh is to London. The same thing, with modifications, is true of Philadelphia. There was a time when Philadelphia was by no means inferior to any other American city in average culture and in literary fertility. Indeed, this has been true more than once; for in the middle of the last century Franklin and his "junta" formed a coterie of which, both in its literary and scientific qualities, London might have been proud. Later, it had its "Laura Matilda" days, when *Graham's Magazine* printed poems by Sophonisba and love stories by Strophon, and when even the sturdy Bayard Taylor of to-day was writing sentimental verse as "J. Bayard Taylor." At the same time gruff and bearded Walt Whitman figured as refined and inconspicuous "Walter Whitman," and offered to a careless world smooth-shaven tales in the *New York Democratic Review*. But Philadelphia, though at this time its average literary, as well as its average financial, wealth is as high as that of any American city, would scarcely claim to direct the bookish world on this side of the Atlantic.

And do we, then, by showing that New York is the newspaper, the publishing, the financial, the railroad, the steamship, the numerical capital, prove that it is the literary capital also? Alas! not at all; and here we will make one more attempt to bury the still vexed question by saying that, in the proper sense, we have no literary head-centre, and never shall have. As far as there is any in the United States, it is here; but New York is very far from being a London or a Paris. The English and French capitals are the densely populated centres of compact realms; and their newspapers can go in a day to the great majority of readers in either country. Paris is as near to London as Boston is to New York; and when even the capitals can shake hands there is little hope for the provincial cities. But in the United States Chicago will not wait a day and a half for a New York morning paper; and yet Chicago is within the eastern half of the whole country. A Washington paper lately propounded a ridiculous plan for making that city our literary throne, by starting a national academy, plenty of publishing houses, and so forth and so on. But not all the money in Christendom can make such a headquarters out of the whole cloth, especially where the several cities are virtually on an equality in point of age. New York has the start, and it will retain it in literature as in trade; but we must not be made unhappy by the thought that Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans or San Francisco will still remain important suburbs.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE DOOM OF KARS.—It appears from the locality of the recent attack on the defenses of Kars that the Russians are resolved upon reducing the entrenched camp on the plain southeast of the city. This inclosure is about a mile and a half square, and is protected by five redans and two redoubts. It is one of the weakest positions at Kars, and requires a large force to guard properly its defenses. The Turks have recognized this fact by endeavoring to prevent the Russians from establishing siege works before it. But as the Ottomans were driven back, and one of the forts was actually entered by the Russians, the prospects of the besieged garrison are considerably clouded.

EUROPEAN WHEAT.—The Commissioner of Agriculture has returns which indicate that England will have to buy 104,000,000 bushels of wheat, this year, owing to disappointment in raising a good crop at home. The English crop was unusually short this year, owing to defective curing. On the Continent of Europe there has been a fair general crop. The war will limit the exportation from Russia and Turkey, and in Eastern Europe the supply will not greatly exceed the local demand. Egypt and India will have a larger surplus than usual, and will probably increase their shipments to Europe. The export of wheat from the United States now amounts to 55,000,000 bushels a year, but the Commissioner of Agriculture thinks that this country may be able this year to supply the entire British deficiency.

OUR CENTENNIAL PRESENTS.—The regents of the Smithsonian Institute have decided to renew their recommendation to Congress at the beginning of the regular session to make an appropriation of \$125,000 to enable them to erect an additional building on the Smithsonian grounds, to be used as a museum to display the numerous articles and specimens that have been presented to the Institute by the various foreign governments that exhibited them at the Centennial Exposition. These gifts, it is said, are valued at more than one million

of dollars. At present, owing the crowded condition of the Institute building proper, there is no opportunity of opening or exhibiting them. They are now stored away in the old army building in the boxes in which they were originally packed. The regents have not yet finally decided upon the plan of the new building.

THE PENSION BUREAU.—It is rumored that a scheme is on foot in Washington for the transfer of the Pension Office to the War Department. Part of the proposition is to put the payment of pensions into the hands of retired army officers, and to utilize the work already done in the War Department in connection with the pension business in reducing or expediting the work of the Pension Bureau. It is supposed that an immense amount of money is fraudulently paid for pensions, and there is no doubt that such is the fact. Whether by any means the percentage of fraud can be lessened is very questionable, since the fraud is not alleged against Government officers, but against attorneys and private individuals, who prepare and work up in the department false and fraudulent papers, or succeed in personating some dead soldier with a living man who received injuries somewhere else than in fighting the battles of his country. It is believed that fraudulent practices of this kind have been greatly reduced in the last few years, but they can be brought and kept to the lowest point only by the utmost vigilance and vigor in administering the office. The scheme is, however, in many respects quite plausible and likely to receive attention.

AN EQUINE ROMANCE.—When Lord Adair, now Lord Dunraven, proceeded in the capacity of war correspondent for the *London Telegraph* to Abyssinia, he found it necessary to provide himself with a horse. The horse was sought, found and bought, and from no less a personage than Mr. Henry Stanley, who had utilized the animal during his search for Livingstone in Africa. Having passed through the Abyssinian campaign, the horse was sold off, and in some mysterious manner shipped for Liverpool, where it may or may not have followed the hounds or tended to the general glorification of some wealthy swell. Sold again, it crossed the wild Atlantic, and has taken up its temporary abode amongst us in New York City. It is now in the hands of an animal artist, a personal friend of Lord Dunraven, who intends to astonish his lordship, upon his arrival in this city, with the sight of his old and sorely tried friend.

PUBLIC LAND SALES.—The Commissioner of the General Land Office, in his annual report for the fiscal year ending June 30th, says: "The sales of public lands for cash are about one hundred thousand acres more than the sales for the fiscal year next preceding, while the number of acres entered under the homestead and timber-culture laws is 785,123 acres less. During the fiscal year there were certified for railway purposes 700,791 acres, showing a decrease, as compared with the previous year, of 300,985 acres. During the last fiscal year 14,103 acres of land were entered under the provisions of the mining laws, and 13,244 acres were patented. The total disposals of public lands under existing laws for the past fiscal year amount to 4,788,224 acres, less by 1,736,101 acres than the disposal in 1876. Up to June 30th, 1877, the public surveys have been extended over 713,572,737 acres, 10,847,082 acres having been surveyed the past fiscal year, leaving a total of unsurveyed lands of 1,101,197,183 acres."

THE NEZ PERCÉS CAMPAIGN.—Now that the excitement of the chase after Chief Joseph and his braves is over, and time has been allowed for making a careful survey of the campaign, there seems to be a tendency to give General Howard credit for having displayed greater efficiency than was at the time attributed to him. In a recent "interview" in San Francisco, that officer is reported as having used the following language: "Too much credit cannot be given to Miles, for his action was masterly and decisive; but no slurs can be cast at my men, for their uncomplaining labor deserves the highest encomiums. We had no wagons, remember, or at best a few only at times, and yet the infantry marched, from the 22d of June to the 10th of October, over two thousand miles, while the cavalry covered a still greater distance. During the first twenty-six consecutive days—we knew no Sundays, whatever the papers may say to the contrary—the infantry averaged 19 3-10 miles per day, and through most of the time they were ill-clothed, ill-fed, and, worst of all, ill-shod."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA FRAUDS.—The first of the South Carolina patriots brought to trial for fraudulent practices was ex-State Treasurer Cardozo, who was convicted in Columbia on November 7th, after a twenty-four hour deliberation by the jury, who comprised five whites and seven blacks. The most interesting evidence elicited was to the effect that a fund of the Printing Company, derived from or kept for dishonest practices, was known as the "Sunday-School Fund," and a convenient method of keeping the score of rascality and identifying amounts paid, as well as those receiving them, was to invert the initials of the recipients of fraudulent orders and bills—F. L. Cardozo, for instance, being known as C. L. Frankfort; F. J. Moses as M. J. Foreman, etc. Fraudulent papers, by-the-way, were technically known as "mistakes." The indictment in the present case was against Cardozo, Gleaves, Woodruff, Jones, and Lee, but Gleaves has not yet been arrested, and Woodruff, Jones, and Lee were admitted as witnesses, and allowed a *notre prosequi*. Cardozo denied the main charges against him, although admitting a great deal of irregular practice.

HOT CORN IN PARIS.—At a meeting, last week, of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, for the further consideration of the French Exposition Appropriation bill, Abram S. Hewitt made a further amendment to his bill, requiring the Commissioner General to establish at the Exposition another bureau, to be known as the American Kitchen. France, in common with many European nations, knows little or nothing of the use of corn as an ar-

ticle of food. Of the various kinds of bread and cakes prepared with corn meal, in the mixture of which the New England housewife is so successful, the French cook knows nothing. Inasmuch as our annual corn crops are so immense, Mr. Hewitt believes that our commerce would be greatly increased if the use of corn meal were understood among the nations of Europe. In the American Kitchen corn as an article of food is to be prepared in all known ways; receipts for the cooking of the same are to be printed in all languages and circulated throughout the Exposition, and corn meal is also to be sold at the lowest possible price. The committee will report a bill for an appropriation probably of \$200,000.

POSTAL OFFENDERS.—We have received a report from the Post Office Department relative to the special service travel of that bureau. During the past year 543 persons were arrested for offenses against the postal laws, being 104 greater than in the preceding year, though during the last year the number of special agents had been reduced. The persons arrested had committed every variety of offense known to the postal laws, and 172 of the number were transferred to the State courts to be tried for burglaries of post offices, highway robberies of mails while in transit, murder of mail-drivers, etc. During the year the special agents devoted much time to miscellaneous business for the different bureaus of the department—notably, the examination of postmasters' bondsmen, and in about four thousand cases involving the money-order offices personal investigation was made. In consequence of financial revulsions all over the country, it was found necessary to demand new bonds. Prosecutions have followed in some cases where fraudulent bonds have been imposed on the department. Many cases of alleged improper sales of postage-stamps were investigated, and postmasters removed for that cause. The whole number of complaints of lost registered letters during the year was 2,289, with a reported aggregate value of \$54,410, of which 714 letters were recovered, and 216, valued at \$10,510, accounted for by the recovery of their contents from persons who had stolen them, or through whose carelessness they were lost.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK

##### Domestic.

\* MAYOR PRINCE, Democrat, was renominated for Mayor of Boston.

POSTMASTER GENERAL KEY asked an appropriation of \$681,680.37 to cover deficiencies.

EX-SENATOR DANIEL W. VOORHEES, of Indiana, was appointed United States Senator, to succeed O. P. Morton.

A SPECIAL session of the Tennessee Legislature was called for December 5th, to consider the State finances.

JAMES HOWELL, JR., Democrat, was elected Mayor of Brooklyn. The Democrats carried the entire county ticket except the District Attorneyship.

A DINNER was given to Junius S. Morgan, for many years partner of the late George Peabody, and now the head of the banking-house in London, in New York on the 8th.

DURING the week ending Saturday, November 10th the price of gold in New York showed a slight upward tendency, the leading quotations being 102½, 102½ and 103.

THE elections on Tuesday, 6th, resulted in a Democratic majority in New York State of about 15,000; a Republican plurality in Massachusetts of 18,000; a Democratic plurality in Pennsylvania of 10,000; a Democratic plurality in New Jersey of 12,500; a Republican plurality in Wisconsin of 5,000; and a Republican majority in Kansas of over 20,000. In New York City Tammany Hall elected three State Senators and a majority of Assemblymen; in the county the ticket was successful, except on Marine Court Judges. John Morrissey, Independent, was elected State Senator from the Seventh District over Augustus Schell, the Tammany nominee, by a large majority.

Two silver Bills were introduced in the House of Representatives on the 3d, one of which was referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency and the other to that on Coinage, Weights and Measures. On Monday, November 5th, Mr. Bland's Silver Bill was passed by a vote of 163 to 34. It appeared afterwards that it was not the resolution originally presented, but another substituted by him under the title of the first. The Bill repealing the time clause of the Resumption Act was made a special order from day to day until the 13th, when the previous question was called. The Army Appropriation Bill was debated on the 8th. Amendments, reducing the Army, were defeated on the 9th, and others, to strike out the clause restricting the Army to its present size, and providing that none of the money appropriated be used in recruiting the Army beyond 25,000, were adopted. The Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a Bill for the appointment of a Paris Exposition Commission. In the Senate, Bills were introduced to authorize the payment of Custom House dues in greenbacks, to extend the time of the construction of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and to give exclusive jurisdiction in divorce cases in the District Courts in Utah. In executive session the nomination of John Welsh as Minister to England was confirmed.

##### Foreign.

It is rumored that the Pope will re-establish the Catholic hierarchy of Scotland about Christmas.

THE sculling match for the championship of the Thames, London, was won on the 5th by Sadler.

AN alleged conspiracy to restore the ex-Sultan Murad to the throne was discovered in Constantinople, and a number of high dignitaries were arrested.

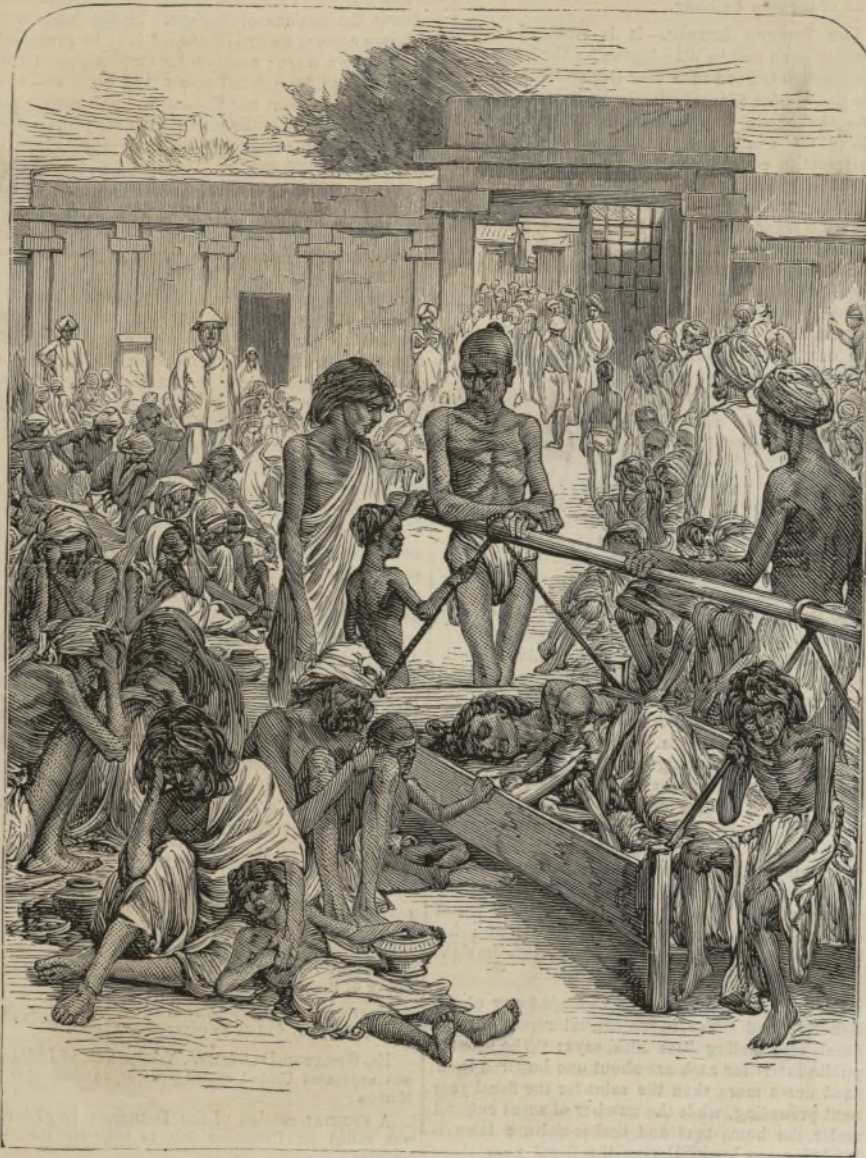
RUSSIAN troops occupied Erzeroum in Asia Minor and Rahova on the Danube. A sortie from Kars by the Turks was repulsed with small loss to the Russians.

LORD DERBY notified the Chinese Government that the contemplated destruction of the Woosung Railway would be regarded as an unfriendly act by Her Majesty.

THE Duke de Broglie was defeated as a candidate for the French Council-General. The Republicans have a net gain of 111 seats in the elections. Upon the assembling of the Legislature on the 7th, President MacMahon declared that he would not resign, and that he can follow only a conservative policy. All attempts to form a new ministry failed. On the 9th forty constitutionalist Senators resolved to withdraw their support from the Ministry.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 191.



INDIA.—THE FAMINE AT BENGALORE—STARVING NATIVES WAITING FOR RELIEF.



INDIA.—THE FAMINE IN MADRAS—DEPOT OF GRAIN AT BELLARY STATION.



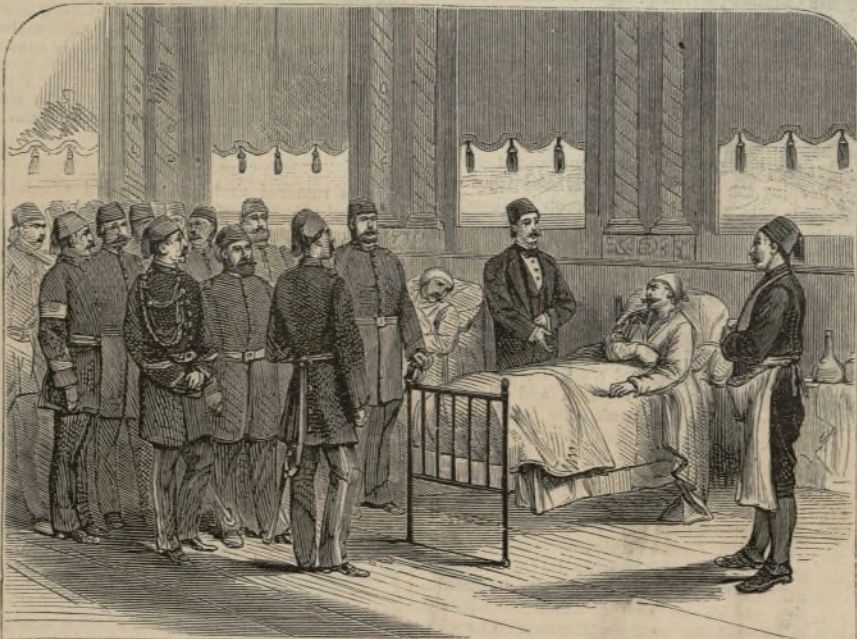
TURKEY.—TURKISH SOLDIERS GRINDING CORN IN CAMP.



BULGARIA.—INTERMENT OF THE BODIES OF RUSSIANS SLAIN BEFORE PLEVNA.



FRANCE.—THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS—DISTRIBUTING TICKETS TO VOTERS.



TURKEY.—THE SULTAN VISITING THE WOUNDED IN THE PALACE OF TCHEREGAN.



INDIA.—FAMINE-STRICKEN NATIVES OF THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY.





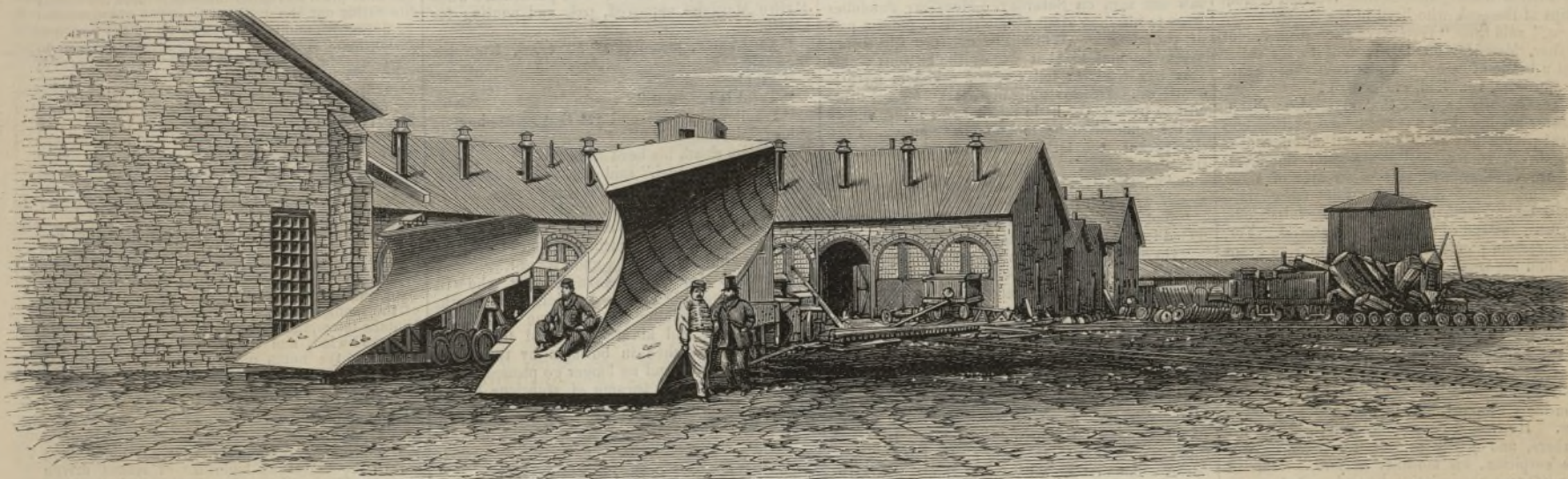
THE ARRIVAL AT EVANSTON STATION.



THE ALMA MINES, AS SEEN FROM THE RAILROAD AT PIEDMONT.



FOUR MILES EAST OF THE UTAH LINE—THE TOWN OF EVANSTON, ON THE BEAR RIVER, WYOMING TERRITORY.



THE SNOW-PLOWS OF THE U. P. R. R. AT EVANSTON.



OUR ENTRANCE INTO UTAH—ECHO CITY, ON THE WEBER RIVER.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—FROM EVANSTON, WYOMING, TO ECHO CITY, UTAH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 190.



## LOVED AT LAST.

AND so he loves me, though they said  
No lover e'er would come to me,  
That I should ne'er be wooed or wed,  
Or nurse a child upon my knee;  
They were so sure that I should miss  
The woman's heritage of bliss.

And I, too, in the sad gray hours,  
When through low clouds no sunlight shone,  
And when the slow September showers  
Seemed nature's tears for Summer gone,  
I murmured with a long sad sigh,  
"My Summer also has gone by."

But now I know that what to me  
Seemed Autumn rains were showers of Spring;  
Summer has come and now I see  
Love's sunlight brighten every thing;  
He says he loves me, and to-day  
My year rolls back to early May.

How did it come? I ask of him;  
He says my face is sweet and fair;  
And yet to me these eyes seem dim,  
And on this brow are lines of care;  
But now these eyes shall yet be bright,  
And once again this brow grow light.

He loves me! loves me! I repeat  
The blest assurance every hour;  
And now the wine of life is sweet  
That yesterday was sharp and sour;  
Now I can drink, with spirit bold,  
Love's nectar from a cup of gold.

I look through long slow-coming years,  
Made by his love all bright and fair;  
I look around through happy tears,  
And see his image everywhere.  
In his great love I breathe and live;  
If it be sin, dear God, forgive.

It cannot be. Since I have known  
His love, God's love seems dearer too;  
He has come near to me and shown  
What for the humblest He can do,  
Life's fateful fingers intertwine  
The human love with the divine.

Oh, love, love, love! Oh, blessed word,  
That never did I understand  
Till in my ear his voice I heard,  
And felt the pressure of his hand;  
No more I walk with eyes cast down;  
I am his queen, love is my crown.

## THE JANDIDIER MYSTERY.

BY EMILE GABORIAU.

VERY short time ago, that is yesterday, about four o'clock in the afternoon, all the Quartier du Marais was in an uproar. It was said that one of the most respectable merchants in the Rue de-Sicile had disappeared, and all the efforts to discover him had proved fruitless. The strange event was discussed in all the shops in the neighborhood; there were groups around the doors of all the greengrocers, and every moment some terrified housewife arrived, bringing new details. The grocer at the corner had the best, freshest and most correct intelligence, having received it from the lips of the cook who lived in the house.

"So," said he, "yesterday, after dinner, our neighbor, Monsieur Jandidier, went to his cellar to get a bottle of wine, and was never seen again—disappeared, vanished, evaporated!"

It occasionally happens that mysterious disappearances are heard of, the public get excited, and prudent people buy sword-canes. Policemen hear these absurd rumors and shrug their shoulders. They are familiar with the other side of these closely embroidered canvases. They search into the matter and find, instead of artless falsehoods, the truth; instead of romances, sad stories. Yet, up to a certain point, the grocer in the Rue Saint Louis told the truth.

Monsieur Jandidier, manufacturer of imitation jewelry, had really not been home for twenty-four hours. Monsieur Theodore Jandidier was a very tall, very bald, man, about fifty-eight years old, with sufficiently good manners, who had amassed a considerable fortune in trade. He had an income from stocks of twenty thousand livres, and his business brought him in about fifty thousand francs. He was beloved and esteemed by his neighbors, and justly so, for his honesty was above suspicion, his morality austere. Married late in life to a poor relative, he had made her perfectly happy. He had an only daughter, a pretty, graceful girl, named Therese, whom he adored. She had been engaged to the oldest son of the banker Schmidt—of the firm of Schmidt, Gubenheim & Worb—Monsieur Gustave; but the match had been broken off, no one knew why, for the young people were desperately in love with each other. It was said in the Jandidier circle that Schmidt, senior, who, as was well known, would skin a flint, had required a dowry far beyond the merchant's means.

Warned by public rumor, which constantly increased, the commissary of police went to the home of the man who was already called the victim, though no exact information had been received. He found Madame and Mademoiselle Jandidier in such transports of grief that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could gather the truth. At last he learned the following particulars:

The evening before, Saturday, Monsieur Jandidier had dined with his family as usual, but did not eat with much appetite, having, he said, a violent headache. After dinner he went to his warehouses, gave some orders, and then entered his office. Returning home at half-past six, he told his wife he was going to walk. And he never appeared again. Having carefully noted these particulars, the commissary of police requested permission to see Madame Jandidier a few minutes alone. She made a sign of assent, and Mademoiselle Therese left the room.

"Pardon, madame," said the commissary of police, "the question I am about to address to you. Do you know whether your husband had—I again ask your pardon—any connection outside of the house?"

Madame Jandidier started up; anger dried her tears.

"I have been married twenty-three years, monsieur; my husband has never returned home later than ten o'clock."

"Was your husband in the habit of going to any club or café?" he continued.

"Never; I wouldn't have allowed it."  
"Did he usually carry valuable papers about with him?"

"I don't know; I attend to my housekeeping, and don't trouble myself about business matters." It was impossible to get any further information from the poor wife, who was bewildered by grief.

Having accomplished his business, the commissary of police thought it his duty to say a few words of commonplace consolation to the poor woman. But when he went away, after making inquiries in the household, he felt very anxious, and began to suspect the existence of a crime. That very evening one of the most skillful detectives, Retiveau—better known in the Rue de Jerusalem as Maitre Magloire—was put on the track of Monsieur Jandidier, provided with an excellent photograph of the merchant.

The very morning after Monsieur Jandidier had disappeared Maitre Magloire presented himself at the Palais de Justice to report to the magistrate who had charge of the matter.

"Well, Monsieur Magloire," said the magistrate, "so you have discovered something?"

"I'm on the track, monsieur."

"Speak!"

"To begin with, monsieur, Monsieur Jandidier didn't leave his house at half-past six, but at seven precisely."

"Precisely?"

"Yes. I got my information from a clock-maker in the Rue Saint Denis, who is sure of the fact, because Monsieur Jandidier, while passing his shop, took out his watch to compare it with the clock over the door. He had an unlighted cigar in his mouth. On learning this circumstance I said to myself, 'I have him! he'll light his cigar somewhere.' My reasoning was correct; he entered a shop in the Rue du Temple, where he is well known. The woman remembered the circumstance because, though he always smoked son cigars, he bought London ones."

"How did he appear?"

"He seemed very thoughtful, the shopkeeper told me. It was through her I learned he often went to the Café Ture. I went in and was told he had been there on Saturday evening. He took two glasses of brandy and conversed with his friends. He appeared depressed. The gentleman, the waiter told me, talked all the time about life-insurance. At half-past eight o'clock our man left the café with one of his friends, Monsieur Blandureau. I instantly went to this gentleman, who told me that he walked up the boulevard with Monsieur Jandidier, who left him on the corner of the Rue Richelieu, pleading a business engagement. He was out of sorts, and seemed troubled with the darkest presentiment."

"Very well, so far," murmured the magistrate.

"On leaving Monsieur Blandureau I went to Rue du Roi-de-Sicile, to ascertain from somebody in the house whether Monsieur Jandidier had any customers or friends; there was only his tailor in the Rue Richelieu. I went to this tailor. He saw our man on Saturday. Monsieur Jandidier went to his shop after nine o'clock to order a pair of pantaloons. While his measure was being taken he noticed that one of the buttons on his vest was ready to fall off, and asked to have it sewed on. He was obliged to take off his overcoat to permit the little repair to be made, and as at the same time he took out the contents of the side-pocket, the tailor noticed several hundred-franc bank notes."

"Ah! that is a clew! He had a large sum of money with him?"

"Not large, but considerable. The tailor estimated it at twelve or fourteen hundred francs."

"Go on," said the examining magistrate.

"While his vest was being repaired Monsieur Jandidier complained of sudden illness, and sent a little boy out to look for a carriage. He had to go to see one of his workmen who lived a long distance off, he said. Unfortunately, the little fellow had forgotten the number of the carriage. He only remembered that it had yellow wheels and was drawn by a large black horse. This afforded a clew. A circular sent to all the livery-stable keepers put me on the track. I learned this morning that the number of the carriage was 6,007. The driver, on being questioned, distinctly remembered having been stopped about nine o'clock on Saturday evening in the Rue Richelieu by a little boy, and having waited ten minutes in front of the Maison Gouin. The description of his face suited our man, and he recognized the photograph among five others I showed him."

Maitre Magloire stopped; he wanted to enjoy the approval he read in the magistrate's face.

"Monsieur Jandidier," he continued, "was really driven to No. 48 Rue d'Aras Saint Victor, where one of his workmen lives, a man named Jules Tarot."

The manner in which Maitre Magloire pronounced this name was intended to arouse, and did arouse, the attention of the magistrate.

"You have suspicions?" he asked.

"Not exactly; but these are the facts. Monsieur Jandidier dismissed his carriage at the Rue d'Aras and went to Tarot's room about ten o'clock. At eleven the employer and workman went out together. The workman did not return till midnight, and here I lose track of my man. Of course I didn't question Tarot lest I might put him on his guard."

"Who is this Jules Tarot?"

"A worker in mother-of-pearl; that is, a man who polishes shells on a grindstone, to give them a perfect lustre. He is a skillful fellow, and helped by his wife, to whom he has taught his trade, can make a hundred francs a week."

"They are in easy circumstances, then?"

"Oh! no, they are both young, they have no children, they are Parisians; and, zounds, they amuse themselves. Monday always squanders all the other days bring."

Two hours after Maitre Magloire's report, several police-officers went to Jules Tarot's lodgings to make a search. At the sight of them the worker in mother-of-pearl and his wife turned paler than corpses and were seized with an attack of nervous trembling that could not escape the practiced eye of Maitre Magloire. Yet, the most careful search having failed to discover anything suspicious, the policemen were about to withdraw,

when the detective saw Tarot's wife anxiously watching a cage that hung near the window. This was a ray of light. In an instant Magloire had taken down the cage. Twelve hundred-franc notes were found between the boards of the floor. This discovery seemed to crush the workman, while his wife began to utter terrible shrieks, protesting that she and her husband were innocent. On being arrested and taken to the police-station they were questioned by the examining magistrate that very day. Their answers were precisely the same. They acknowledged that they had had a visit from their employer on Saturday evening. He had seemed so ill that they had offered him something to take, which he refused. He had come, he said, on account of an important order which he proposed that Tarot should undertake, hiring his own workmen. Tarot and his wife replied that they could not do it for want of means. Then their employer said: "Never mind, I'll furnish the money," and instantly put twelve hundred-franc notes on the table.

At eleven o'clock Monsieur Jandidier asked his workman to show him out of the house; he was going to the Faubourg Saint Antoine. And, in fact, Tarot accompanied him to the Place de la Bastille, crossing the Constantine Bridge and walking along by the river.

The magistrate asked both husband and wife the very natural question:

"Why did you hide the money?"

They made the same answer. Hearing on Monday morning of Monsieur Jandidier's disappearance, they were seized with terror. Tarot had said to his wife:

"If it is known that our employer came here, that I crossed the bridge and walked along by the river with him, I shall be compromised. If this money were ever found in our possession we should be lost."

The wife then wanted to burn the notes, but Tarot prevented it, intending to return them to the family. This explanation was reasonable and plausible, if not probable, but it was only an explanation. Tarot and his wife were still detained in custody.

A week after the magistrate was in the utmost perplexity. Three new examinations had not enabled him to form an opinion. Were Tarot and his wife innocent? Or were they simply marvellously clever in maintaining a probable fable? The magistrate knew not what to do, when one morning a strange rumor reached his ears. The house of Jandidier had just stopped payment. A detective who was set to work brought back the most startling news.

Monsieur Jandidier, who had been considered so wealthy, was ruined, utterly ruined, and for three years he had sustained his credit only by means of various expedients. He had not a thousand francs, and notes falling due at the end of the month amounted to sixty-seven thousand five hundred francs. The cautious merchant speculated in stocks, the virtuous husband had a mistress. The magistrate had just learned these particulars when Maitre Magloire appeared, pale and panting for breath.

"You know, monsieur?" he cried, from the threshold.

"All?"

"Tarot is innocent."

"I believe him so; and yet that visit—how do you explain that visit?"

Magloire shook his head sorrowfully.

"I'm only a fool," said he, "and Lecoq has just proved it. Monsieur Jandidier spoke of life insurance at the Café Ture. This was the key to the affair. Jandidier was insured for two hundred thousand francs, and French companies don't pay in case of suicide. Do you understand?"

Thanks to Monsieur Gustave Schmidt, who will marry Mademoiselle Therese Jandidier next month, the house of Jandidier has not gone into bankruptcy. Tarot and his wife, restored to liberty, have been established in business by this same Monsieur Gustave, and no longer go pleasuring on Mondays. But what became of Monsieur Jandidier? A thousand francs reward to whoever will give news of him.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

## THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM EVANSTON TO ECHO.

OVER the Bear River on a trestle bridge, and into Evanston we pass at an early hour of the afternoon. By four o'clock, the brakeman tells us we shall run into Echo Cañon, and everybody is afire with impatience for this wonder of all wonders on the Union Pacific Road. So they call it, at least. It remains to be seen whether, for us, it shall overtop the hitherto unapproachable grandeur of the great Plains.

Dinner is ready in Evanston, at the "Mountain Front Hotel," hard by the track; and, though we have dined already, one followed the crowd to this point, lured on by the vanishing apparition of a pigtail at one of the windows. We have reached the point of our journey where the Irish element drops out of sight, and is replaced by a delectable atmosphere of the Orient. Celestial laborers along the road, Celestial waiters at the hotels, and the serene moon-faces and almond eyes, greeting us everywhere, in place of the unshorn, unwashed, and unsavory Celtic countenance.

There are several Chinamen on the platform, shuffling up and down in their corksized shoes, with their long, thin pigtails swaying half-way to their heels, and their hands thrust under the loose folds of the dark-blue blouse into the dark-blue trousers pockets; with bland, smooth, yellow faces, all youthful and innocent, and utterly inscrutable of expression, looking askance at us with a sweet smile, and jerking us probably in their native tongue for each other's delectation. Groups of them are working along the railroad track, bare-legged and barefooted, with huge platters of braided straw on their heads, secured by a strap under the chin, and with their pigtails coiled up neatly out of the way; we can hear them jabbering like monkeys to each other in shrill, falsetto voices, and thereby draw conclusions as to the musical nature of the Chinese spoken language. In the little hotel—a gem, in its way, for neatness and order—we find the dining-room given over to

their presiding influence, and nothing can be more soothing to the traveler's nerves than such a silent, soft-stepping, light-handed attendant, gliding behind one's chair like a shadow, handling plates like egg-shells, always ready, always smiling and always de'oriental. We settle the Chinese labor-question—from an aesthetic point of view—on the spot; and contrasting these decent and comely figures in the baggy-blue trousers, the dainty white shirts, with their folds fresh from the ironing board, and decked with the trim little gold buttons, and their smooth-shorn pates wreathed with serpentine coils of blue black braids—contrasting all these charms with the frowsy figures of heavy-handed and red-armed Irish maids, and slovenly, ill-mannered Irish men, who haunt the dining-rooms of the land—we sigh for a little taste of Chinese cheap labor on the Atlantic as well as on the Pacific Slope. There is a childlike simplicity in their manners, too; and they giggle and chatter like children over a scrap of a sketch, on the back of an old letter, which one of our artists shows them—having taken it on the spot from the comeliest of the waiters. "Heap smart! heap smart!" is the verdict, and our party goes forth covered with glory, leaving Chy Lee jubilant over his own portrait.

In the little office of the hotel there is a good deal of decoration in the way of Chinese and Japanese pictures, and some fine stuffed heads of buffaloes and lesser game. These trophies, together with the large dish of fresh-caught trout on ice, which adorns one of the windows, are evidences that the pleasures of the chase can be largely indulged in around Evanston. The hills that lie southward are full of game; the principal trout-streams of the Rocky Mountains are close at hand and easily accessible to fishing parties, and guides and outfits can be procured in the town at reasonable terms.

Evanston is more picturesquely situated than most of its sister towns along the route. The windings of the Bear River on one side, and the steep-rolling divides on the other, lend life and variety to the setting of the picture. Near the base of the hills a few houses have nestled, but their position is not without its disadvantages, as they are half, if not wholly, buried every year in the tremendous snowdrifts. We take a hurried glimpse of the railroad repair shops, where our photographer has leveled his camera at a couple of giant snow-plows, lying idle in front of the buildings, and at the little "China-town," north of the track, where a cluster of unpainted shanties crowd together; each one labeled with long strips of red paper about the doorposts, and all as dirty as it is possible for anything to be—short of an Indian tepee. How the Chinese, daintily and specklessly clean in their persons, rejoicing in perennial freshness of linen, and a constant suggestion of recent soap and water, can manage to maintain such an atmosphere of filth in their dwellings, is a mystery passing the Caucasian comprehension. We carry it into our car for consideration, the thirty minutes being up, and the last straggler already scrambling into the "Pullman Hotel" again.

A few miles north of Evanston is the "coal-miner's town," Alma, where the Rocky Mountain Coal Company owns and works three large mines, and supplies the Central Pacific road with coal. The tall furnaces and hoisting works can be seen from the car-windows, each thin black chimney plumed with a long trail of smoke as black, lazily floating away above the slope of the divides. Under the little town and under those hills there is a steady fire eating out the coal veins—a fire which cannot be quenched, and is only increased by the action of water upon the veins of fire-clay, which help to feed it. The workmen have walled it in with rock, sand and lime and airtight chambers, and unconcernedly gone about their business in another part of the mine, but it breaks out now and again in a fresh place, and the flames travel in spite of them, and probably will while the supply of fuel lasts. There is a force of watchmen always on duty, and every precaution taken against the insidious march of the fire—but only to think of watching, as it were, next door to a furnace of fire a thousand feet underground!

Wahsatch Station follows Evanston on an up-grade. We are crossing a divide, whose western slope brings us down with a rush into Echo Cañon. Wahsatch is the ghost of a former terminus of the road, noticeable now only for the grand rolling circle of the landscape around it, with the peaks of the Uintahs towering southward. The road begins to turn and wind, and the divides grow higher and steeper to the north of the track; there is a dash of warmer red now in the rock coloring, and as we pass Wahsatch we catch a little flash of green tinting the slope of the plain, and how bright and Springlike it looks after the shivering white snowdrifts round Green River this morning. Here, by the roadside, is a queer little "hay-barn" and corral, the corral an inclosure of stakes driven close together, and the barn, instead of being filled with hay, carrying the stacks piled like a huge mountain of thatch on its roof; and, here, just four miles from Wahsatch, is a sign-post, which makes the dividing line between Wyoming and Utah. We dash past it, and, in the twinkling of an eye, are in the land of the Latter-day Saints.

Round the cape-like projections of the divides and through the steep walls of red sandstone bluffs, our train goes, winding, swinging from side to side like a ship among the waves. And now we are at the very gateway of Echo Cañon, and there, on the crest of that great hill north of the track, is the weather-worn ruin of a castle, all built in crumbling red stone, along whose broken battlements creeps the low ragged vegetation, and whose great arched doorway fronts the west, between rows of tall Corinthian columns. "Castle Rock," they call it, so it is only a rock after all! and the doorway is the mouth of a cave or recess one hundred and fifty feet deep, and the columns, they are the work of no meaner architects than Nature a id Time themselves. There is nothing in all that we have seen, or shall see, more curiously suggestive of man's planning and execution than this "Castle Rock," crowning as it does the summit of a steep, high divide, and overlooking the long descent of the cañon, and the winding length of the road crawling through it.

And then follow the wonders as fast as the minutes themselves chase each other. No one can see them all, far less describe them as they are seen; there is only left on the mind a confusion of huge outlines, colossal bulk and glowing color and unimaginable shapes, crowded together in a grand sort of chaos. There are needle-like spires, red and gray, carved and fretted like chess-men, and tall as houses; there are roughly squared columns and mighty domes, and boulders like monstrous caldrons and headless birds, spreading huge wings for a flight that is never taken; there are sheer walls of sandstone that seem built to prop up the sky, but eaten out into holes and niches, till they look like mountains of petrified sponge; there are rocks that are gray, rocks that are ruddy as if washed in a perpetual flush of sunset, rocks of tawny or creamy yellow, belted with orange and dashed with white, and layers upon layers of stratified sandstone, with a dip of forty-five degrees and more running through every formation. Along their bases the ground is covered with loose stones



and crumbling masses of broken rock, from which you may pick up curious pieces perforated like honeycombs and encrusted with white and yellow crystals, and flecked with every imaginable color which rocks can put on; and you may carry home, as a priceless paper-weight for your desk, a veritable bit of Echo Cañon painted in pale green and rich ochery red, with a grain of garnet color shot through.

The North Fork of Echo Cañon crosses our road, and now the sides of the gorge draw closer together and the rocks shoot higher into the blue air. Through these "narrows" as they call them, General Johnston's men were marched in '57, when an invasion of Salt Lake City was threatened, and the Saints came down in mighty force to fortify Echo Cañon. Upon these huge steep bluffs to the right, they piled breastworks of rocks and heaps of stones and boulders to roll down on the heads of the marching men below, and there we see them to-day, dwarfed by the great height to the size of a child's marbles, and half hidden by the little fringe of dark cedars that prick against the blue sky. Passing these curious remains and the old site of the Mormon camp, where the "Nauvoo Legion," under General Daniel H. Wells, prepared to receive the Gentile invasion, we come to the "Steamboat Rocks," a most belittling name for the colossi of the cañon. How high these mighty towers of sandstone really are is not ascertained, but as the average height of the rocks along the cañon is from six to eight hundred feet, we can measure these by two or three Trinity steeples piled one upon the other. Huge wedges they are, like the prows of a vessel, hewn out in the brilliant red sandstone, jutting sharp and rugged against the sky, and seamed across with the belts of tilted strata; in their shadow everything else is dwarfed, the long train shrinks into a child's toy, and the men—what pygmies they are!—standing under these mighty monuments that were never made by hands! The train has stopped and we have all hurried out to stray up and down the cañon for a little, while the photographer is busy, and to pick up stones and bits of sage-brush and cedar, and stare until the eyes ache with seeing. Ten minutes are gone like a second, and still we have taken in nothing after all, beyond the mighty promontory of the "Great Eastern" cutting the solid blue of the sky with its sharp wedge.

"Sentinel Rock" comes next; a roughly squared column planted in a sheltered cove at the roadside. "Bromley's Cathedral" and "Pulpit Rock," the one a mile-long mountain of rock, with pinnacles and domes and slender, needle-like spires, and the other a turret that juts out from the steep bank, sixty feet above the track, and looks quite as much like a high-shouldered owl as a pulpit. And here, through a sudden gap in the southern wall of the cañon the Weber River comes pouring in, joining its clear, green waters with those of Echo Creek, beside which we have traveled for the last score of miles.

Right in the bosom of the cañon lies Echo City, a city where, for the time being, one could wish to live and die, so beautiful it looks in the slant afternoon light, walled in by those giant ramparts of sandstone, and peeping at itself for ever in the mirror of the Weber River. There is green grass here, and the trees are in their first delicate leafage, and among the green are dashes of white, in freshly painted houses, and a church-spire and a fence or two; so rare a sight that we at once recognize the fact of our being out of the land of the Gentiles and among a peculiar people. Painted fences with white houses and green blinds were left away behind us on the further side of the Missouri; but we take them up again in Utah with the first blush of Spring, looking as fresh and familiar as ever we saw them in New England.

#### Official Salaries in England.

THE British Government has recently published a blue-book which gives a return of all the receipts and expenditures of the United Kingdom in respect of individuals, as distinguished from exports and imports, and also from taxation. In it are found statements as to the salaries now enjoyed by the officers of the Crown, civil and legal, and the pensions to which they are entitled in respect of past services of themselves, or, in some cases, of their ancestors. For instance, we find a full list of the salaries enjoyed by the judges of the land and by the rest of the legal staff, from the Lord Chancellor, who sits upon his throne enjoying his \$48,500 a year, down to a person who figures as "Patent messenger for South Wales," with his modest annuity of \$67.50. On another page the annual allowance to each of the members of the royal family will be found. Her Majesty (including her civil list, the salaries and expenses of her household, the royal bounty and special service fund, etc.), received in the year from March, 1876, to March, 1877, the sum of \$1,372,550.40; the Prince of Wales, \$195,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, \$122,000; the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, each \$63,000; the Princess of Wales, \$49,000; the Duke of Cambridge, \$59,000; the Crown-Prince of Prussia, \$38,000; Princess Alice, Princess Helena, Princess Louise and the Duchess of Cambridge, each \$29,000; Princess Mary of Teck, \$24,500; Princess Augusta, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, \$14,500; or a total cost in salaries for royalty alone of over \$2,716,000.

Turning to the diplomatic pensions, it is found that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (his father was uncle to George Canning), who is now in his eighty-ninth year, enjoys an allowance of \$8,900; Lord Cowley, who is the only son of a younger brother of the first Duke of Wellington, and who was for fifteen years ambassador at Paris, receives \$8,400; Sir George Hamilton Seymour, \$6,400; Sir James Hudson, once private secretary to William IV. and subsequently Secretary of Legation at Washington, \$6,400; while eight or ten other gentlemen are rewarded at about half that figure. The chief pensioners for their own services are the following: Lord Chancellors, each at \$24,500—Lord Chelmsford, who was born in 1794, and commenced public life as a midshipman in the Navy; Lord Bathurst, who was Lord Chancellor under Gladstone; and Lord Selborne, who, in 1871, served the British Government as counsel at the Arbitration Court of Geneva, and who succeeded Bathurst as Lord Chancellor. Sir William Earle receives \$18,700, and \$17,400 each goes to Sir Samuel Martin, Sir John Byles, Sir Henry Keating, Lord Penzance and Sir Richard Kindersley, all of whom are members of the Privy Council. Lord Eversley, as ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, a position he held for eighteen years, is down for a pension of \$19,500, while three ex-Cabinet Ministers, Sir George Grey, Mr. Spencer, Horatio Walpole and Mr. Thomas Milner Gibson, have each \$9,500.

But perhaps the most curious portion of this book is the page which gives us a list of the hereditary pensions—that is, of pensions enjoyed now by individuals on account of their fathers' or their ancestors' naval and military services. The Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington, independently of the estates which they both hold, receive, the first,

\$20,000, on account of the services of the winner of Blenheim, and the second a like sum on account of Waterloo. But the Blenheim pension is in perpetuity, while the annuity which commemorates Waterloo will cease with another life. Viscount St. Vincent, the third holder of that title, enjoys a pension of \$14,000 a year for the victory which Sir John Jervis won, but which dies with him. It appears that the nation, in 1806-7, annexed in perpetuity a pension of \$17,400 to every Earl Nelson to the end of time, while to the present Lord Combermere and his son alone will the \$9,000 pension fall with which his coronet is endowed. Every Lord Exmouth, as long as the title shall last, will draw \$9,500; but Lords Seaton, Napier of Magdala, Keane, Hardinge, Gough and Raglan, and their next immediate successors in their respective titles, and no descendants in a further degree, will enjoy the same amount respectively. The modest item of \$405 stands opposite the name of Right Honorable William Beresford as "keeper of the Tennis Court at Hampton Court Palace." Queen Charlotte's servants draw pensions of \$1,500 each for the duties which ceased half a century ago, and even one of George III.'s domestics survives to claim a similar allowance. Loyalty on the part of William Penn is recognized by the annual payment of \$19,500 to the heirs of that celebrated Quaker. The nearest approach in modern days to a pension proper is the "bounty of \$500, more or less, which hopeful representatives of literature and art occasionally still receive—a dole which blesses in but a moderate degree either giver or receiver."

#### Curiosities of French Invention.

TITLES of several inventions are startlingly unintelligible; unless, indeed, the official translations at the Patent Office are at fault. Such, for instance, are an inguine pump; so-called rational chimneys; improvements in fleshing machines; an anchor safety-paddock; a radiometer relay; instantaneous provisional shores; a waker, presumably an alarm and not an attendant at an Irish funeral; a pocket counter, which might be handy for a peripatetic tradesman; and a life-purse, whatever in the name of Fortunatus that may be. It is also puzzling to imagine why four persons should have united to take out a patent for manufacturing paper and pasteboard out of pot-herbs. Equally ingenious, if more intelligible, are improvements in apparatus for producing stage effects; an automatic indicator of the time of arrival of carrier-pigeons; an apparatus for compressing air by tidal action; an anti-frost street-fountain; and an inkstand with an oscillating clasp and moving feet. The use of this last must be a sore trial to a nervous writer, even if furnished with a so-called miraculous pen; but it finds its antitype in a steady glue-pot, just as a universal crusher is supplemented by a universal triturator. A tolerably comprehensive patent must be that of M. Bougarel, for sanitary improvements for towns. Invention in France extends even beyond the tomb. Sorrowing mourners have cause to thank M. Tiran for funeral medallions printed on unalterable glass; and M. Gelits for a machine for the manufacture of straw frames for garlands of immortelles, whereby the production of those indispensable adjuncts to a French interment will doubtless be cheapened. But what are we to say respecting M. Urban, who has secured a patent for preserving corpses by petrification, or converting them into a ceramic stone called androlithe? The ancient Romans adorned their dwellings with waxen busts of their ancestors, and now, by M. Urban's plan, the family portrait gallery may be replaced by a file of deceased relatives, each in his habit as he lived. Moreover, in the case of great men, an historical pantheon—on the principle of Madame Tussaud's—might be established in the capital; or, if preferred, each, after being carefully treated by the process, might be dispatched to his native town for erection in the Grande Place, to gratify the mania for perpetrating statues to local celebrities, with which the French people are so powerfully imbued.

#### Homeric Geography.

MR. GLADSTONE says: "A false method has been far too much observed in dealing with Homeric geography. It has been a practice to take the map as we know it, and the text of the poems, and then, assuming that these are the proper and only materials of comparison and judgment, to found inquiry upon this narrow and inadequate basis. But Homer had no map. He had his eye, and he had the reports of others, and out of these he had to construct a map in his own brain. And a valuable one it might be for a small district, which the eye could embrace, and which his eye probably had embraced, such as the plain of Troy. Again, great and familiar lines of passage over larger spaces might so adjust themselves as to be conceived in a manner approximately right. Under the first of these heads he has given, as I myself can in some degree testify from having visited the place, a good and just account of the general conformation of Ithaca. Under the second, he seems to have had a reasonably true conception of the coast of Greece, from the Gulf of Lepanto round to Negropont, as to its general outline, and of its position relatively to the Archipelago and the west coast of Asia Minor. But, except as to cases governed by such rules, he had no means of approach to accuracy as to measurements and directions, and it is an entire mistake to take the map for an authoritative standard in interpreting the text, and to suppose our only choice is between this place and that, as he laid down in it. What we have to do is carefully to construe the text as it is, and then construct a geography according to it; and however wide this may be of the map, it is the true, and the only true, Homeric geography."

#### Buxom Butterflies.

THE buxom butterflies are women, frequently, to whom somewhat late in life has come the agitating idea that they have been somehow balked of the precious little joys and privileges of youth. They have not been duly foolish in "the season made for folly," nor shown to the fullest extent (so they think) how sweetly buoyant, how divinely butterfly-like they can be. It is hard to think thus, and at the same time feel in nearly all the bubbling spirits of eighteen, without indulging in some juvenile flutters, regardless of increasing girth and matronly years; and this indulgence constitutes the buxom butterfly. Naively believing in the endurance of a girlish charm, that refines and beautifies the girlish giddiness, she abandons the ease and dignity that should appertain to motherhood, and a style of figure that polite euphemism of the lower order describes as "comfortable," for the whirl, the worry, and sometimes the positive hard labor of butterfly existence. She revives all the little interests of the newly emancipated schoolgirl, the

bubbling laughter that is something like a giggle in the best educated young ladies, the maidenly and somewhat meaningless gossip that Alfred de Musset, better than any one else, has described. She takes to gossamer tissues, and perches on music-stools, and the prosperous proportions of her figure improve by neither of these methods of exhibiting them. She is "up to" gamesome schemes; nay, she is the chief originator, the heartiest promoter, of anything that involves a fluttering frenzy of madcap enjoyment, an overflow of high spirits, an indulgence in *fun pur et simple*. She is the suggester and directress of extemporized picnics, of the carpet dances organized on the spur of the moment; she is the giddy creature who pleads for one more waltz, and has a captivating pout to rebuke the first sour inspector of clocks and utterer of the dreaded "time to go home." And it is not in any way as a bland and benevolent elder that she plays a leading part in such spontaneous festivities; it is, on the contrary, with a very clear, if tacit, understanding, that she is one of "the girls," to be danced with, talked to, flirted with, exactly as they are. It is as essential for her as for the maiden with the slenderest chances of matrimonial success that she should not drop behind fashion the length of a shoe-buckle or the width of a shoulder-strap. It is part of her butterflydom that she should have the very newest tuit of fruit or vegetables in her hat, the last patent in the way of parasols in her hand, the most recent appliance for rendering a lady's skirt more like a mummy's bandages than ever. It matters little whether the forms, the tissues, and ornaments, that, on a young girl, are gracefully piquant, on her become unmistakably "loud"; it is to no purpose that the vestimentary traditions of all time teach her, that the trimming which suits the virginal zone may be garish and grotesque on the matronly cestus; she is a butterfly, if a buxom one, and must be radiant with the freshest tints, powdered with the most effective powder.

#### The Origin of Postage Stamps.

THE origin of postage stamps has a tinge of romance in it. It was thirty-seven years ago that Rowland Hill, while crossing a district in the north of England, arrived at the door of an inn where a postman had stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came out to receive it; she turned it over and over in her hand, and asked the price of postage. This was a large sum, and evidently the girl was poor, for the postman demanded a shilling. She sighed sadly, and said the letter was from her brother, but that she had no money; and so she returned the letter to the postman. Touched with pity, Mr. Hill paid the postage and gave the letter to the girl, who seemed very much embarrassed. Scarcely had the postman turned his back when the young inn-keeper's daughter confessed that it was a trick between her and her brother. Some signs marked on the envelope told her all she wanted to know, but the letter contained no writing. "We are both so poor," she added, "that we invented this mode of corresponding without paying for our letters." The traveler, continuing his road, asked himself if a system giving place to such frauds was not a vicious one. Before sunset Rowland had planned to organize the postal service upon the new basis—with what success is known to the world.

#### What Egypt is Worth to England.

If Russia after the war can obtain possession of Armenia, or Bulgaria, or Roumelia, or Constantinople itself, and deems it for her interest to do so, she will most assuredly not be restrained by any lack of a precedent for annexation after conquest. There is not a great Power in existence in whose annals she could not find ample justification if she desired it, and assuredly no reasonable exception could be taken to her appropriation of the fruits of victory by the Power which holds Gibraltar, Malta and India. Moreover, there is absolutely no reason why the occupation of Egypt should not be undertaken with the sanction and consent of Turkey herself. The Turks, to do them justice, care little or nothing about moral force or international precedents. What they want is material aid, and short of armed assistance, which England is not prepared to give, the service which they would most value would be pecuniary assistance. At the present crisis money is the most urgent need of Turkey, and there is ground to think that the Porte would gladly transfer its suzerain rights over Egypt to England if they would purchase the capitalized value of the reversion of the Egyptian tribute. This tribute in round numbers amounts to £700,000 a year, and at thirty years' purchase its value would be £21,000,000. As the tribute, however, is already mortgaged for the payment of the loans of 1854 and 1871, amounting to close upon £9,000,000, its salable value cannot be estimated at more than £12,000,000. For a sum of half this amount paid down in cash the Porte would be willing enough to cede to England the suzerainty of Egypt.

#### The Nile Ruins.

ON the western side of the river Nile, where the ruins of Thebes end, a city of the dead begins, consisting of the tombs of the kings of Egypt—with their paintings as fresh and bright as if just finished—formed in the rocks, and reaching as far as the borders of the desert. The Memnonium, or palace of Rameses II., a structure imposing in its architecture and sculpture, is situated on the same side of the Nile. The columns in the centre of the great hall represent the full-grown papyrus. On its walls are representations of battle-scenes, in which Asiatic towns and chiefs are described, partly by pictures and partly by hieroglyphic characters. A mighty procession of priests appears, bearing the figures of their Theban ancestors, and the Diospolitan or Theban dynasty of the kings of Egypt. On the south wall is a battle-piece, representing the capture, by scaling-ladder and testudo, of an Asiatic town. This palace of Memnon, as it is called—more correctly, however, of Rameses—has been by many writers identified with the palace and tomb of Osymandias, of which the historian Diodorus Siculus gives details. Belzoni obtained from this palace the colossal figure of the head and shoulders of a young man, known as the head of Memnon, which is now in the British Museum. In the plain, on the same side of the river, two colossal statues mark the place of the temple and palace of Amunoph. One of these is the celebrated statue of Memnon, which was supposed to utter sounds at sunrise. It has been broken and repaired. The head was originally a single stone, and the height of the figure is forty-seven feet. Besides these two statues, others lie in fragments around and behind them, and some of no less size once formed a magnificent avenue of approach to a mighty temple. That portion of Thebes which lies on the eastern bank of the Nile is equally rich in magnificent remains of temples and palaces of unrivaled splen-

dor. The glories of those of Luxor, and of the great hall of Karnak, are much renowned. Luxor lies close to the water's edge, and occupies the site of the still more ancient temple of Jupiter. Of two remarkable obelisks found there, one was removed by the French, and now stands in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris. The Egyptians were learned in arts and sciences, some of the processes of which appear to have been altogether lost, and have yet to be rediscovered. They were also practically acquainted with some of the results of modern science, however such knowledge was attained. The exact mathematical structure and placing of the pyramids indicate accurate astronomical observation, as to the position and apparent motions of the stars. These ancient records enable astronomers to note changes which have since taken place in the starry heavens.

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

##### The Famine in India.

Three of our foreign illustrations this week depict scenes in the districts of India which have suffered such terrible distress during the past season through famine. The sympathies of the British nation were promptly roused at the tidings of suffering, and every possible effort was put forth for its alleviation. One of the pictures referred to shows the terminal railway station of Bellary, in the Presidency of Madras, crammed with bags of grain, which are being removed by the men-drawn carts of the period. Bellary is the western terminus of the Madras Railway, but an extension of the line further westward has been undertaken as a "famine work." This is to be laid far into the Dharwar Collectorate of the Bombay Presidency, where it will form a portion of the line that must eventually be taken up from Carwar on the Malabar coast. By the middle of October cooler weather set in and cultivation became possible again, so that grain prices fell. At Bangalore a great relief camp was established by the English, in which about four thousand poor natives collected to live on the bounty of the Government. Our pictures give a vivid realization of the frightful straits to which the impoverished Hindoos have been reduced. It is believed that the famine will cease by February, though a vast amount of misery will yet remain to be alleviated.

##### The Russo-Turkish War.

The evils which the present war occasions, and the sufferings endured by the thousands of beings who are daily falling in battle, are a subject of general solicitude in Constantinople at present. Numbers of hospitals have been organized, to which aid is being contributed constantly from all sides. At the head of the movement is the Sultan, Abdul Hamid, who exerts himself personally in rendering assistance to his wounded subjects. He visits the hospitals, and questions the patients with paternal interest, as is depicted in our cut, which shows the Sultan conversing with a soldier wounded in one of the fierce fights at Shipka. The scene is a hall in one of the wings of the Imperial palace of Toheragan which has been converted into an hospital. In another picture is seen a war illustration of a different kind, showing the Turkish soldiers in the field grinding the corn which is to furnish them their next meal. The terrible battlefield of Plevna will be famous in history through all after-time. We present a striking portrayal of one of its sad accompaniments in the illustration of the Russians burying, in the ravine of Grivitcha, their dead comrades slain in the fight of September 11th.

##### The French Elections.

The failure of the MacMahon administration in the recent October elections to carry a majority of votes in opposition to the Republican element is well known to the world. Among our foreign cuts will be found one illustrating some particulars of the method of election, as we believe that the distribution of voting-tickets to working-class electors at the door of one of the municipal offices in Paris will be regarded with some interest upon this occasion. The Constitution of the existing Republic declares all Frenchmen to be electors—the richest as well as the poorest, prince and peasant, middle class and working-man. A copy of the list of voters must be exposed to view at the place of polling, but the display of any other document whatever is expressly forbidden. The voting papers are to be prepared beforehand outside the polling-booth. They are to be written either by the elector himself or by a third person, and they may be either in manuscript or printed. The voting-ticket is to be written or printed on white paper, and must not bear any outside sign or mark whereby it could be recognized. The voting paper is delivered by the elector to the polling president, whose duty it is to deposit the same in the urn, without attempting to unfold it or to ascertain the name inside. The municipal authorities must make such arrangements as will give the electors the greatest facilities for getting into the place of polling. Each candidate, having an equal right to support his nominator, must be allowed freely to distribute his voting-papers. The mayors must not accord to the distributors of the papers of a particular candidate a privileged place in the approaches to the polling-booth. Distributors of voting-papers must not stand in the voting-room; but they may stand near the door.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—DOUBLE postal-cards are authorized by the German Government. The two parts are each stamped, and are to be used when a return answer is requested.

—A PHILADELPHIA (Pa.) colony of twenty-six have settled in Starke, Fla., and will be followed in December by the Nassau colony of one hundred and fifty, which will settle near Fernandina.

—STANNARD, Vt., has a wild man of the woods, four feet high, covered with hair, with a head of fiery red hair that hangs over his shoulders, and who runs like a deer and yells like a hyena.

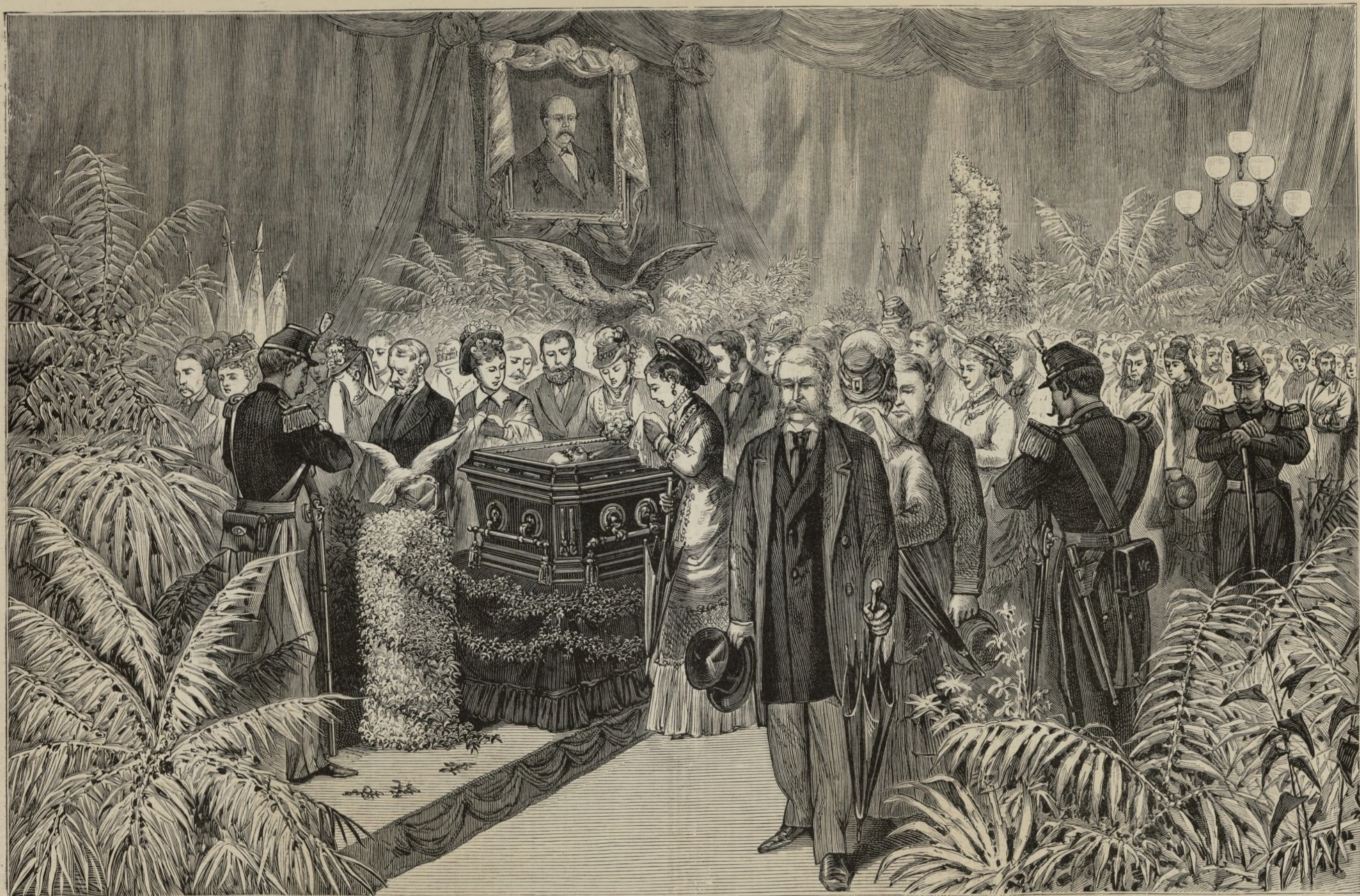
—THE new metal proposed for coin is composed of one pound of gold, twenty-four pounds of silver, and three-fourths of a pound of copper. It would make a heavy coin. A double eagle would be like a quarter pound weight in the pocket.

—TRACES of the battles around Petersburg are in the main obliterated. Only a few of the extensive fortifications are now visible. The place known as the Crater is overgrown with young peach-trees, that have sprung up from the peach-stones thrown away by the soldiers during the siege.

—STRASBOURG's Cathedral is undergoing a complete reparation. A great deal more has been added than was knocked down in the Franco-Prussian War. The statues of the emperors are given prominent positions without much regard to the probability of their ever having stood before in the places now assigned them.

—SEVEN forts have been begun at Rome to form a second line of fortification, in harmony with the plan of General Bruzio, which contemplates construction without of ten great fortresses, all connected with each other, and inclosing a large belt of uncultivated land, that will, however, be reclaimed and cultivated, so as to afford food for the garrison and stores against a possible siege.





INDIANA.—CITIZENS OF INDIANAPOLIS PAYING THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO THE REMAINS OF THE LATE U. S. SENATOR O. P. MORTON, WHILE LYING IN STATE IN THE COURT HOUSE, NOVEMBER 5TH.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY T. L. PARKER, INDIANAPOLIS.





CARRYING THE REMAINS OF THE LATE SENATOR MORTON INTO THE ROBERTS PARK CHURCH, IN INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 5TH.

THE LATE SENATOR MORTON.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FUNERAL services over the remains of the late Senator Morton were held in Indianapolis, Ind., on Monday, November 5th. At an early hour in the morning an opportunity was given the acquaintances of the deceased, and citizens generally, for viewing the remains. They were placed in

having opposite the sheaf and on the bottom of the circle as it lay the letter "M" in blue flowers, the whole bordered with a wreath of smilax. In the second room on the right, standing on the piano, was a floral harp bearing the motto "Our Friend," and the initials "O. P. M." flanked on the right and left by two broken floral shafts, and in the rear by a portion of the decorations used at the Court House. In this room was also placed a floral pillow bearing the legend "Indiana's Pride," from

the committees of the Senate and House of Representatives, a large number of invited guests, and the letter-carriers of the city, were admitted. As they passed out, an imposing procession was formed, and the body borne to the Roberts Park Church, where the religious ceremonies were performed.

The great organ, which fills the space in the rear of the pulpit, a gleaming mass of silver pipes set in black walnut framework, and walled in by the broad descending gallery balustrades and pulpit frame, had, flowing from a crape loop at the top, two broad bands of black, parting to the left and right at the foot. From the side gas-jets in the gallery stretched down to the key-board of the organ two large flags, the blue folds meeting in the centre, and their waving folds looped and intertwined with crape. In front of each of the large stained-glass windows above and below, through which the light streamed, stood three delicate silk guidons crossed like an escutcheon. At each of the supporting pillars of the gallery stood a gold-fringed, gold-starred silken banner of the line, the blue field at the top of the folds turned around the pillar. On the crape-bands along the gallery balustrades were stretched great garrison-flags, with crape-bands looped with crape-roses. At each end of the balustrades, in the rear of the pulpit, stood a silk standard, bound with crape. The pul-

pit was a marvel of beauty in design and preparation. Over it was spread a magnificent field-banner, the stars directly in front; over the stars was an exquisite star, about two feet in diameter, composed of pure white, roses and chrysanthemums predominating. Every flower was perfect, and it was pronounced the most fitting emblem for the place, and a most beautiful piece of work. It was the gift of Major and Mrs. Robert Emmet. Underneath the star was a large crape bow, the ends fastened to the flag by smaller bows of black silk. The altar-rail was covered with black, trimmed with smilax and knots of white flowers.

The decorations of the church, in keeping with the noble auditorium, were massive, rich and abounding in a dignified simplicity; and blending with the black-walnut woodwork, evergreens and upholstery, did not distract attention from the sad scene itself, which was the object of living interest. The flags used were all national colors, brought from the Government depot at Jeffersonville by General Ekin, and placed in position by the committee under his personal supervision. The large space inside the altar-railing and between it and the pulpit-stand was cloaked with a mass of the most beautiful and touching floral decorations, gifts from home and abroad.

At one o'clock the remains were brought into the church, preceded by the officiating clergymen, and



SCENE AT SENATOR MORTON'S RESIDENCE AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS DEATH.

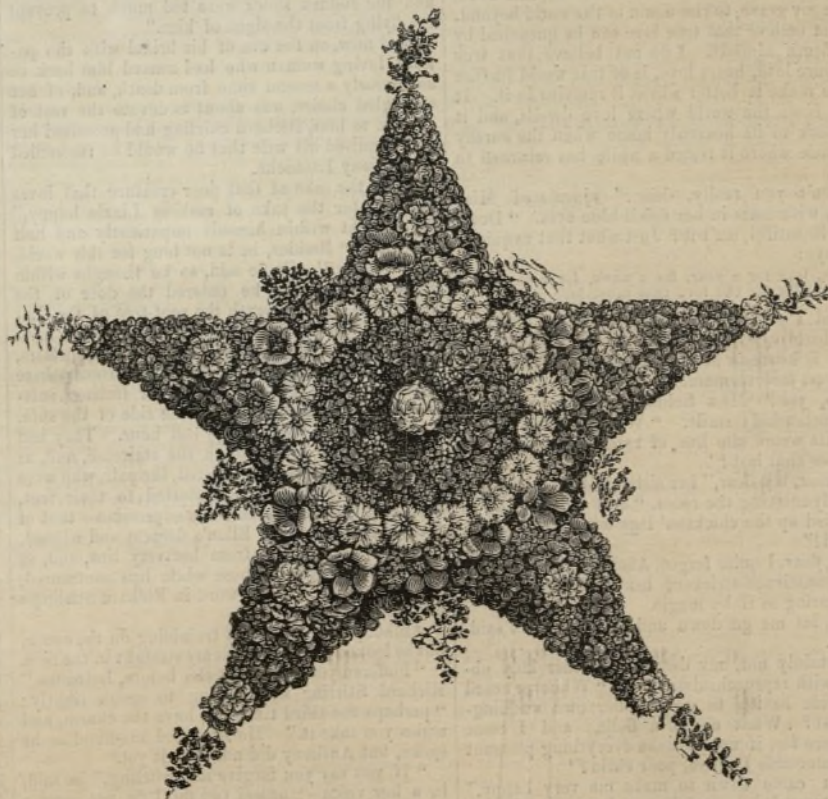
the Court House, which had been appropriately decorated for the occasion, and from the moment the doors were opened until nearly eleven o'clock there was a constant line of people thronging the apartment where the casket had been deposited. Shortly before eleven the pall-bearers arrived, the lid of the coffin was screwed down, and after being placed in the hearse the remains were escorted by the military to the family residence.

The first room at the left of the hall was gracefully draped with flags and mourning emblems. In front of the mirror, between the front windows of this apartment, stood a magnificent spray of white flowers. In the centre of the room, fronting the entrance, stood a floral pillow, with a ground of white and a secondary purple border bearing upon the centre in violets the word "Rest." Immediately back of this, beneath the mantel, was a floral medallion having inserted at its top a sheaf of full-ripe wheat. This was bordered with roses,

Judge Martindale. In the third room stood an easy-chair draped with the Stars and Stripes in mourning colors. In this room was also located a shaft of laurel and ivy leaves surmounted by a white dove, from whose beak depended a wreath of smilax and ivy, bearing the inscription, "A slight testimonial of the gratitude we bear one who was the unswerving advocate of woman's suffrage. Mrs. Frances Minor and Phebe Cozzens, of St. Louis."

The coffin was deposited in the fourth or east-room, against the mantel of which rested an anchor of tuberose and carnations, with the motto, "Rest," in purple immortelles, from the President and Mrs. Hayes, brought by Mr. Burchard Hayes. This was flanked on one side by a shield of white roses, bearing in the centre the initials "O. P. M." in purple immortelles, and on the other side by an anchor from the colored citizens of Philadelphia.

For a while the dead was left alone with the afflicted family. Then the members of the Cabinet,



FLORAL DECORATION PRESENTED BY MR. AND MRS. ROBERT EMMET.

INDIANA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE REMAINS OF THE LATE U. S. SENATOR OLIVER P. MORTON, IN INDIANAPOLIS, NOVEMBER 5TH.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. L. PARKER, INDIANAPOLIS.



followed by the pall-bearers, the Hon. E. B. Martin, the Hon. J. H. Tyner, Assistant Postmaster-General, Dr. W. C. Thompson, ex-Governor Conrad Baker, General James A. Ekin, Assistant Quartermaster-General the Hon. J. F. Kibbey, the Hon. Henry Taylor, the Hon. A. G. Porter. Then came the family and relatives of the deceased, followed by Senators Davis, Burnside, Bayard, McDonald, Cameron of Pennsylvania, and Booth; and Representatives Banks, Cobb, Townsend, Burchard, Davidson and Hanna. Following were the Secretary of War, Secretary of the Navy, Attorney-General, Burchard Hayes, son of the President, ex-Governor Hendricks, Governor Williams, the Hon. Benjamin Bristow, General J. H. Harlan, Governor Young of Ohio, Governor Cullom of Illinois, Colonel Ingersoll, Murat Halstead, Mayor Moore, Theodore Crook, Judge Cox of Cincinnati, and many other distinguished visitors, both from abroad and every section of the State. Then came the Indiana State officers, Mayor Caven, and the City Council.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. Joseph B. Cleaver, from Second Samuel, second chapter, part of the seventh verse: "Saul is dead." After singing the anthem, "And am I only born to die," the Rev. J. H. Bayles, D.D., pastor of the church, pronounced a very tender eulogy. At 2:55 o'clock prayer was offered by the Rev. Professor S. K. Hoshour. At 3:02 the anthem "No room for mirth or trifling here," was rendered. After a benediction by Professor Tuttle, of Wabash College, the casket was removed to the hearse, and the funeral procession moved under command of General Lew Wallace, the Odd Fellows having taken charge of the coffin by their pall-bearers. It was five o'clock when the Odd Fellows' ceremonies were begun, which were necessarily shortened by the lateness of the hour. The remains were deposited in the vault of the chapel at Crown Hill Cemetery.

## THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES.

By the Author of "ALL IN THE WILD MARSH MORNING," "THE DOOM OF THE 'ALBATROSS,'" "A SECRET OF THE SEA," etc.

### CHAPTER XX.

**A**GAIN the golden harvest-time was over all the land. The dark waters of Glendisan lay like a shield of burnished silver beneath the hot August sun, and a soft veil of purple haze veiled the harsh, dark crags and the distant wastes of rushes and mosses and dreary granite rocks and tufted heather; and, as the afternoon waned, the great mountain shadow lay cool and dark all across the valley, and touched the tree-tops of Derrymore Wood.

The restfulness of the mountain shadow seemed to abide about the place. The doors and windows of the house were open, and there was no breeze, save when the cool breath of the lake, blowing up the valley, softly fluttered the white curtains that draped every window, or scattered the petals of the bright bouquets that adorned every stand and bracket, every vase and flower-basket, where bright blossoms of sweet white roses and gay scarlet geraniums, dark red roses and golden pansies, fragrant verbenas, and wreaths of delicious clematis, hung or clustered.

"How sad it is that all that's bright must fade!" Miss Selina Fitzwilliam said, sentimentally, as she picked up a handful of pink petals from off the carpet.

"But they have had their beautiful, happy life, Miss Fitzwilliam," Ellen Bruce responded quietly, replacing the faded flowers by fresh ones; "they have done their work, and seen the sun of their existence, and they are glad to go."

"Ah!" sighed Selina, with a mournfully superior sort of smile. "But what of the beautiful blossoms of the heart, dear? Are they glad to go? Ah, no, no, indeed!"

"No, I suppose not," Ellen said, a little confusedly, trying not to smile, since poor Selina was mournfully shaking her fair scanty ringlets.

"But what should you know of sorrow, dear," Miss Selina cried, with a gush of cheerfulness, "when the sun of your existence is rising?"

"It has not waited until to-day to rise, Selina," Ellen said earnestly, and a bright red blush dyed her cheeks. "The sun of my life rose when I first knew I loved him; and it will set in this world only on my grave, to rise again in the world beyond. I do not believe that true love can be quenched by even death itself. I do not believe that true love, pure love, heart love, is of this world further than to make it better whilst it remains in it. It comes from the world where love dwells, and it goes back to its heavenly home when the earthly tabernacle where it rested a while has returned to dust."

"Don't you really, dear?" ejaculated Miss Selina, with tears in her faded blue eyes. "Dear, dear! Beautiful, isn't it? Just what that exquisite song says:

"Oh, love for a year, for a week, for a day!  
But alas for the love that must love away!"

"And I say, 'Happy and blest is the love that must love away,'" Ellen Bruce said firmly. "Love is heaven's best gift, and it blesses the life it rests on for evermore."

"Ah, yes!" Miss Selina murmured, with a more melancholy smile. "When one is happy, dear, life wears the hue of roses; but, alas, how long does that last?"

"Selina, my dear," her sister-in-law exclaimed, hurriedly entering the room, "how is it? You've never tied up the chickens' legs with white ribbon after all!"

"Oh, dear, I quite forgot, Abelina!" Miss Selina cried, conscience-stricken, her melancholy smile disappearing as if by magic.

"Oh, let me go down and do it!" Ellen said, eagerly.

"Certainly not, my dear," the elder lady objected, with reproachful dignity. "Whoever heard of a bride having to prepare her own wedding-breakfast? What else did Selina and I come down here for, if not to make everything pleasant and comfortable for you, poor child?"

"You came down to make me very happy," Ellen responded, gratefully. "I am sure I have been overwhelmed by your kindness as well as your beautiful presents."

"Our kindness, our beautiful presents!" the old lady said, with reproachful emphasis. "And your fortune, my dear?"

"'Twas mine; 'tis yours," Ellen answered,

lightly. "You know, but for his sake I should never give it a regret."

For Ellen Bruce would forfeit by noon of the next day her right to her uncle Dillon's bequest, and the money would, in consequence, revert to Selina Fitzwilliam, and Ellen, penniless and portionless, as of old, would be the wife of Anthony Latouche; and to be present at her bridal the new heiress and her sister-in-law had come in much distress of mind at the unexpected wealth that had fallen to them, and bringing as ample and costly a *trousseau* as they could possibly procure in a short time.

And we'll buy new furniture for them, Abelina dear; and I mean to give her my amethysts," Selina said, fiercely.

"Do you really, Selina?" interrogated Abelina, in admiration of her generosity, for Selina's old-fashioned beautiful amethysts were a highly valued family heirloom.

But there were others coming to be present at her bridal also, for whom Ellen waited in a fever of mingled hopes and fears so great that she studiously avoided even Anthony's presence lest her nervousness should be seen and felt by him.

"Would to heaven the meeting were over!" she muttered, as she restlessly looked from the windows, and walked about through the rooms, and went to look over her preparations for the next day, until Anthony, from the sofa in his sitting-room where he was lying—a pale, worn invalid—called to her in his faint, broken voice, and asked her half-impatiently, whether she was trying to shirk her bondage now that it was coming so near her.

"I will tell you to-morrow, Anthony," she said, softly, coming and kneeling beside him, looking up at the white, sunken face, the limp fair curls, the sunken blue eyes of the man whom she had seen in the vigor of his hot, wild youth, when she first saw and loved him.

"I think he will be merciful to him when he sees him now," she thought, mournfully—and she hid her face in the cushion of the sofa, that Anthony might not see the pitying tears.

"Poor Nelly!" Anthony said, with a faint smile. "I don't wonder you are frightened at the task you are undertaking. It is like me, too," he added, bitterly, "to spoil your life after I have spoiled my own."

The passionate reproach in her eyes which were glowing with unutterable love staid his gloomy words.

"Well, there! I won't make bad worse!" he said, with an attempt at his former rough cheeriness. "Don't cry, old woman, though you are going to be turned into a sick man's crutch. As long as I am with you, my poor, faithful girl, I will try and make you happy at all events. You are looking tired and anxious, dear; what is it?"

"Nothing, love," the girl faltered, clasping the thin, feverish hand that lay in hers closer to her breast. "I am very well and very happy. I wish Lizzie and her husband were come."

"They will be here soon, I dare say," Anthony replied, quietly. "Is that what you are worrying over, Ellen?"

"Yes, I think," she faltered. "You won't get excited or anything dearest, will you?"

"No, I will not, Ellen," Anthony said, gravely; "and, even if I did, what harm could there be? I can't hurt him now—let him say what he will—and I deserve it."

"You don't deserve it—you don't deserve it!" she cried, with all a woman's fond illogicalness. "You are weak and worn and suffering, and it has nearly cost you your life. Oh, my poor boy!"

It had nearly cost him his life. Nay, she knew but too well the bitter grief that provoked the outcry from her patient heart—that it had cost Anthony all but, at the most and best, a few shattered years of weakness and suffering. She had told him the story of Richard Stirling's strange escape when he was able to bear it, and, with a mind dulled with pain and weakness, he had listened calmly enough.

"Yes," he had said, "I knew that night that I saw him suddenly on the heights of Glendisan that he was not dead. But my delirious terror and the sudden shock were too much to prevent my flying from the sight of him."

And now, on the eve of his bridal with the patient, loving woman who had nursed him back so assiduously a second time from death, and, of her own glad choice, was about to devote the rest of her life to him, Richard Stirling had promised her and promised his wife that he would be reconciled to Anthony Latouche.

"For the sake of that poor creature that loves him so—for the sake of making Lizzie happy," he thought within himself impatiently and half bitterly. "Besides, he is not long for this world, poor wretch!" So he said, so he thought within himself, even while he entered the door of the house and stood beneath the roof-tree of the Latouches as he had never done before, by the invitation of his master. But, when he went upstairs, led by his wife, to the door of the room where Anthony was lying, his hard, bitter feelings softened.

Ellen was kneeling by the side of the sofa, where she had been for the last hour. They had not heard the footsteps on the staircase, and, as Richard Stirling quietly entered, the pair, who were softly conversing together, started to their feet, and on to both faces came one expression—that of fear and distress—on Ellen's deepest and wildest. The happy flush died from her very lips, and, as she hurried past him, those white lips murmured, agonized entreaty, one word in Richard Stirling's ear—"Mercy!"

Anthony had sunk back trembling on the couch, but he looked his former enemy straight in the face. "I offered you my hand twice before, Latouche," Richard Stirling said, trying to speak lightly; "perhaps the third time will have the charm, and make you take it." He extended his hand as he spoke, but Anthony did not take it yet.

"If you say you forgive me, Stirling," he said, in a low voice—"unless you do, I do not deserve to touch your hand."

"I wouldn't offer to shake hands if I had not forgiven you, Latouche," Richard Stirling rejoined, touched in spite of himself by Anthony's humility. "Shake hands, old fellow, and forget the past!"

And the two, once mortal foes, grasped each other's hands in amity at last.

### CHAPTER XXII.

**W**HEN the wild October winds were sweeping through the mountain glens, and the deep, dark mountain lakes, lying quietly in their bosom, in stormy wrath flung their cold waters in showers of spray against the harsh, steep cliffs, when the stubble-lands lay bare, and the last blossoms were on the crimson heather, Anthony Latouche and his wife came back from the southern seaside place, where they had spent the three months since their marriage, and took possession of their home—not in Derrymore Castle, but in the simple, pretty cottage on the Glendisan Farm. Lizzie and her husband were living in the Castle.

"I am the last of the Latouches," Anthony said, decidedly. "I have made my sister's son my heir; and it is only right that the new heir should live where all the heirs of the Latouches have lived these hundred years. Ellen wishes it as well as myself. The castle is too large an establishment for her to manage, with the weight of a sick man on her hands besides. And the cottage up on the hill-farm is a cozy little place, and, when I'm gone, my poor girl Ellen will be more comfortable in a compact little place of her own, and the farm will support her well."

"But the idea of Stirling coming in for the Castle! Why, it's outrageous!" Christy remonstrated, almost fiercely, in his anger. "A fellow like that! Why, you know well that Mrs. Parnell and I would be willing to rent it at your own terms."

"Christy," his brother said, quietly, "you don't want the Castle. You are rich and childless; I am poor and childless; and Lizzie's son is the only one who could with any right inherit the house or lands of the Latouches. She has had not a penny of fortune, though she is your half-sister and my only relative besides yourself. The property is hers and her children's by right, Christy, and they shall have it. She will have a name and a place in the land after you and I are gone. She will be Lady Stirling, in all probability; and do you think, if I could do more than giving up my old home to Richard Stirling and his children, that I would not do it to make amends?"

Christy was silent, and then, bethinking himself how much more valuable were his new fields at Redcross than the poor soil around Derrymore, of how useless it was to quarrel with a man who had right and law on his side, he held his peace, though sorely discontented, and shrinking from the thought of the curtain-lectures and morning harangues and evening grumbings he was doomed to from his Sarah on account of this business.

"Well, I think you are a great fool, and so does Sarah," said he, sourly; "and the hill-farm won't give you bread-and-cheese to eat if you don't top-dress it better and lay down the low fields in mangel-wurzel a year or two to get rid of the red worms. And are the Stirlings paying you no rent?"

"They have a seven years' lease at a mere nominal rent," Anthony replied; "after that it will be raised to what I think will be sufficient."

"Well, I think you are a great fool," repeated Christy, bitterly; "we'd have paid you two hundred a year, and a thousand pounds for seven years' lease."

"Well, Christy, you have the consolation of having all that money in your pocket instead of having to pay it to me," said his half-brother, coolly. "With what the hill-farm will give us, with the rent the Stirlings will pay, and with the money that Miss Fitzwilliam gave Ellen—fifteen hundred pounds, besides furnishing our house like a little palace—we shall do very well."

"Why, you may have a family," said Christy, sulkily; "and then you'll be precious sorry for doing as you've done."

"No, I shall not be sorry," replied Anthony, coldly and briefly; "and I am the last of the Latouches."

\* \* \*

"Do very well? I should think we shall do very well!" he said, half to himself, half to Ellen, that same evening, as he lay back in his easy-chair in the cozy little crumpled parlor, in the light of the fire and the tall lamp, and watched Ellen in her dark silk dress, with the soft white lace and deep crimson ribbons round her neck and making a spot of bright coloring in her dark hair. "I never had a home—a real home—Nelly, until you made one for me, dear."

"Have I? Have I?" she asked, flushing and trembling with pleasure, as she did at a kindly word from him in bygone days. "I am so happy, so thankful to think that, Anthony, my darling, my own love!"

She knelt down beside him, kissing him passionately, smiling and glowing in such a rapture of joy and delight that he looked first surprised and then very sad.

"How will she bear to be left alone—my poor widowed girl?" he thought, groaning inwardly. "And I cannot live long, I know; and we are so happy!"

So happy were they that to Ellen Latouche her life seemed all unreal, all impossible—a beautiful, blissful dream from which she feared to wake—for the joy of which her heart gave thanks to heaven every hour in the day.

And this was the joy and bliss of her life, created so by the magic of love. A weakly invalid to attend on often, by night as well as day—a lonely home, save for the persons whom business brought to the mountain farm—a very rare visitor, save when her sister-in-law, Lizzie, came and brought her baby for a few hours—a very narrow income to manage carefully, and from which to supply delicacies or invalid luxuries to her suffering husband—these made up the sum of Ellen Latouche's existence, and they were all bright, beautiful, peaceful, and pleasant, because of the fond light in the sunken eyes that rested on her so wistfully, because of the pressure of the thin hand on hers, and the pale lips that kissed her, and prayed heaven to bless her "for a precious wife!"

He seemed to grow better under her incessant watchful care—"almost well, I think," Lizzie said, joyfully meeting him leaning on his wife's

arm, walking about his little farm one fine wintry afternoon, with Mick Toole, who was stable boy, gardener and general caretaker, in close attendance. "Why, we shall have a dance on New Year's Eve, Anthony, pet, and you shall open the ball with me!"

"My dancing days are over, Lizzie," he said, laughing.

"Well, then, ride," persisted Lizzie. "Come out with me and Silver Sally to-morrow, darling. Do make him, Ellen."

"Ah, I think he had better wait a while longer. The doctor thinks a drive in a easy phaeton quite enough for him," faltered Ellen.

"Ellen, you are making him quite fat and lazy," retorted Lizzie, in a pet; "and you're getting fat and lazy yourself—isn't she, Anthony? You look a regular stout old matron, Ellen, in that big shawl, with your stout old husband trotting along by your side."

"Where is your 'stout old husband' that he is not trotting along by your side?" asked Ellen, laughing.

"He has gone off with Mr. Carleton to Dublin on some business," Lizzie replied; "and he may go over to England before he returns. Sir Henry—his uncle—is very ill, and Dick wrote to him some time ago; so, if he wishes to see him, he will go to Derbyshire."

"So you have not even a stout old husband to trot by your side, Lizzie," Anthony said.

"No, but I have my stout son," the young mother rejoined, laughing in proud delight as she pointed to the wee figure with the golden curls under his blue velvet cap, toddling bravely along the road by his nurse's side to meet them. "I should think I have! What do I want with any one?" she cried, running to meet the child; and the little fellow threw up his little hands and chuckled and screamed in glee as he ran to her arms. "My great stout son will soon ride out with his poor old mother, and drive her out, and walk out with her on his arm! Why, he is mother's own beautiful little man already, and he will be mother's tall, beautiful strong man in a few years! I don't want anybody when I have my son!"

"Well, poor Nelly must be content with her stout old husband," Anthony said, a little reproachfully, and drawing Ellen closer to him, "for she will have nobody but him."

Ellen never said a word in reply, but walked, sedately silent, homewards.

"Don't mind Lizzie, dear," her husband whispered gently. He had noticed how the color rushed to her face, and how she clasped her hands convulsively on his arm at Lizzie's happy, thoughtless words. "That is only one amongst other pleasant and reasonable hopes you gave up for me, Ellen," he added.

But Ellen only reddened again, and laughed a little confusedly.

"Will you sit down here, darling?" she said, suddenly, pointing to a garden-seat near the great clump of rhododendrons which would be aflame with splendid rose-red blossoms in the Spring.

"How splendidly they are growing in the peat-mold!" Anthony said, looking at the shrubs. "See what great buds are swelling over the stems everywhere! It was you who planted them, Nelly, a year and a half ago—you remember? There is a promise of beautiful blossoms by next May."

A deep, involuntary sigh burst from his lips as he spoke. By next May perhaps his poor Ellen, who was clinging so close and warmly to his side, would stand alone to see the rhododendrons bloom.

He looked up quickly at her, but she was evidently far from feeling a sad foreboding of any kind. There was a dreamy smile on her lips, and a softness and brilliance in the light of her beautiful eyes which he had never noticed before. What he had not noticed before either, or perhaps it had grown so to his eyes that he had taken no special notice, was the change in his wife's face.

She had gained bloom and brightness of expression from the first time of her sojourn in Derrymore. She had gained infinitely during the few happy weeks before the first date of their marriage. She had grown dignified, patient, graceful, in her bitter fear of separation from him. But since her marriage Ellen Latouche's gentle face was as sweet and fair as a man's heart could think of with love and trust. Scarcely a trace remained of what had been at worst but a blemish skin-deep.

She raised her eyes to his, and, blushing and laughing, met his steadfast gaze.

"One would think you were admiring me, Anthony."

"So I am, my girl," he said, jocosely. "You are growing a very pretty woman, Ellen. You will be a charming young widow," he said, half bitterly, half mirthfully.

"Oh, Anthony, to say that to me now—just now!" she exclaimed, the tears rushing to her eyes—"just when I was so happy here with you, and I—I was going to tell you—"

"But it's the truth, my girl," he said, gravely, not noticing her words, "and you ought to know it. You know how precarious my health is—you know what the doctor says. When that rhododendron is in blossom, Ellen, I may be gone, my dear."

"Oh, no, not then—not then! Oh, my husband!" she sobbed, so wildly and bitterly that Anthony was alarmed.

"Well, my darling, perhaps you may have the pleasure of nursing your miserable old invalid on through another Summer; but, Ellen, my love, you knew I had only a very short lease of life when you married me."

"Yes, but not yet—oh, not yet!" she sobbed still. "You must wait—oh, you must wait, my darling, until you see your child!"

"Ellen!" her husband ejaculated, and then sat still, so still that she looked up startled, and saw the tears—the first tears he had shed for many a year—slowly rolling down his cheeks.

"I thought I was to be the very last of my name," he said in a voice broken and hoarse with emotion. "Your child must have some of your nature, and so must be better than the race it comes from. I hope it will be all your nature, Ellen—none of mine. I hope it will be like you, Ellen. I don't



think I could feel glad to see a son to inherit my name, for fear he should inherit my vices. I should be glad to see my Ellen's child a daughter, to inherit her mother's name and her mother's virtues."

(To be concluded in our next.)

### SCALLOP-FISHING IN RHODE ISLAND.

It was four o'clock A. M., and dark as Erebus, as the artist and writer were "decanted" at the forlorn railway station at East Greenwich, Rhode Island. The whole place was enveloped in sepulchral gloom, and bathed in a deadly stillness—a stillness such as must have enshrouded the wood in which the Sleeping Beauty lay peacefully slumbering, utterly unconscious of the near approach of that oscillatory process which was to awaken her to an unexpected and joyous vitality. Leaving New York at five o'clock P. M. we reached Stonington at 2:30 upon the following morning, and an hour and a half later found us on "the fringe of our destination," plunged in the raven density of an Egyptian darkness. Whilst engaged in holding a solemn council of war, a human form loomed out of the blackness, followed by the hoarse voice of a man commanding us to "Halt, in the king's name." This personage, Mr. E. L. Rose, the solitary watchman of the town, taking us under his immediate control, proved our guide, philosopher and friend, as in the short space of five minutes from the moment of hearing him—we could not see him—we were comfortably ensconced in the cozy parlor of the Updike House, a quaint, cozy, old-fashioned hostelry, which has reached the very respectable age of ninety and nine years, and intends to celebrate its centennial with all due pomp and circumstance in the May of 1878.

#### YE HOSTELRIE.

Over the oaken doorway of this sturdy relic of the days of post-horses and pillions hangs a gigantic bunch of purple grapes surmounted by vine-leaves gilt to the dazzle of the setting sun. The hall, as in old English inns, is square, ornamented with a dado of oak and a wide staircase at the extreme end, with balusters fancifully carved to represent some extinct species of the ornithological race. A clock that Lafayette might have set his French repeater to, ticks its "Never, forever" against one wall, while a settee—prim, demure, puritanical, that the maidens of a century ago have sat upon whilst engaged in spinning one hundred and seventy-three skeins of linen yarn for their own dresses, arrayed in calico gowns with long ruffled cuffs, lawn aprons and a little roll of wool, something like pin cushions, on their heads, with their hair smoothly combed over them—leans lovingly against the other. The Updike House is rich in real bits of St. Domingo mahogany, and severely respectable furniture of the horse-hair, brass-nail type.

#### YE TOWNE.

The town of East Greenwich, according to Dr. Daniel H. Greene, its historian, dates from 1677, having been incorporated in the October of that year. In the June of 1678 the name was changed to that of Dedford, but its former nomenclature was restored in 1689. The streets still bear the title given them when Great Britain ruled the roost, and we have King Street, Queen Street, Marlboro', Duke and London Streets. Main Street—which runs north and south—is exceedingly picturesque, being lined with grand old elms, backed by houses of every sort, shape, size and description, all having that sleepy, indolent appearance peculiar to the habitations in towns situated "far from the madding crowd." The town, hereafter to be known as Escalloptown, is situated upon a small bay, an inlet of the Narraganset, and upon the side of a somewhat steepish hill. It was formerly celebrated for its menhaden fishery, and oysters a hundred years ago were so abundant that the inhabitants were in the habit of laying in a hundred bushels each for winter consumption. *Fall them,* now an oyster is a *rara avis*, and even clams and quahaugs are rapidly disappearing.

#### THE ESCALLOP.

The scallop is a bivalve highly prized by the lovers of shell-fish on account of the speciality of flavor all its own, containing a suspicion of the oyster with the richer glow of the lobster. When cooked as we ate them at the Updike House the flavor amounts to the sublimity of a new sensation. Unlike many bivalves, the scallop can swim, propelling himself at will by the sudden opening and closing of his shell. He is furnished with pellucid *tentacula*, the rapid action of which as he darts along has obtained for him the charming title of the sea-butterfly. He is the possessor of many eyes, through which he gazes into the watery world along the grooves in his fluted shell. Aristotle started this theory which was at first somewhat fiercely disputed, but modern naturalists have affirmed unanimously his dictum. The Crouching Venus in the celebrated Maffei collection is half concealed in an escallop shell, to correspond with the classical myth which causes her to rise from the bed of the ocean in the exquisitely formed abode of the escallop. Pilgrims upon their return from the Holy Land were known by the wearing of the scallop-shell, their costume consisting of a black or gray gabardine, girt with a cincture, from which a shell and scrip were suspended, a broad hat ornamented with scallop-shells, and a long staff. The escallop-shell is often used in heraldry to signify that the bearer has made many long voyages by sea. It is the emblem of St. James the Great, and is to be met with in churches dedicated to him. The life of the escallop, if not a merry, is a short, one—his space being two years: at twelve months he is fit to eat, but at eighteen he is at his prime. His age is a-certain by his shell. When "shed," to use the technical term, he is about the size of a split pea, and at six months of age—the first stage in his career has been reached, which is marked by a very distinct line upon the "outer man." There is no mark from this date until he reaches two years, when a thick, rough substance covers up the edge of the shell, preventing its closing, and then death and destruction.

#### ESCALLOPTOWN.

Our first visit was to the region sacred to the escallops, situated by the edge of the inlet, which is distinguished by a series of crazy-looking shingled edifices overhanging the water, many of them toppling right into it—vast *tumuli* of shells, broken and otherwise, and "an ancient and fish-like smell." Immediately at the back of the Escallopea the colored inhabitants have their residences—wooden shanties, whitewashed to a glare—a small, isolated colony: while boldly confronting the successful scallop, as he lands from his bounding bark, stands a brazen-looking little edifice with the words,

"Pay your bills first.  
Pay to day and trust to-morrow."

inscribed in white letters upon a scarlet ground.

Here doth the hardy dredger incline "unto his cave" and sip the burning Bourbon or the rousing rye; here, beneath the rickety veranda, doth he calmly gaze upon Potowomut Neck across the water, while fond memory sadly recalls the joys of those dollar-laden days when every haul would bring up a dredge drossical with escallops or bursting bonds with oysters fit to bring the water to the teeth even of Lucullus himself. The beach is white with the bleaching shells of which it is mainly composed, while any chance of extending the shore is eagerly seized upon, the tide being gallantly but-fetted inch by inch. The skiffs of the scallopers lie moored in the middle of the Sound, and the boats—catfish-rigged—take up their moorings in the same position when not engaged in dredging. Mr. Rose, who, in addition to that of watchman, combines the business of scallop, very courteously placed his "building," his skiff and his boat at our disposal, affording us valuable information, and that *technique* which is so essential to the inner life of any subject, especially of one that bristles with technicalities and almost lays claim to a language of its own. The interior of a scallop-house is fitted up with a very necessary regard to the economy of space and the requirements of the trade. The open rafters are festooned with cordage, spare oars, eel-pots, quahaug rakes, flatfish traps, bluefish nets, specially constructed with 3/4 inch meshes, and boat-hooks. Quart cans with protruding under-lips are ranged on shelves, while the walls are otherwise adorned with murderous-looking, straight-bladed knives set up in the compartments of long leathern straps ready for immediate use. A wooden counter runs the entire length of the building on one side, facing the windows, upon which the escallops are laid out and subsequently opened, while on the other a perforated zinc trough stands, in which the fish are washed after opening. A set of scales occupy a prominent position, and the intermediate space, save such as is required for standing room, is blocked with the boxes in which the staple commodity is packed for transmission to market, and barrels to be similarly used in the event of a "big take."

The season for "scallop" runs from the 15th of September to the 15th of May, and the period allotted by law for dredging is from sunrise to sunset.

#### DREDGING.

There are three descriptions of dredgers in use—the scraper, the slider, and the kittle-bait. A scraper-dredge is used in hard bottoms, and is composed of a layer of iron rings, of about an inch and a half diameter, with a netting of cotton twine attached to a triangular iron frame. The slider is operated on "grassy" bottoms, while it will also work effectually upon soft bottoms. It is of the same shape and construction as the scraper, save that it has a flat iron blade attached. The kittle-bait, which is patented, works upon a hinge, its blade thus avoiding all clinging to the tenacious mud. The cost of each dredge averages \$5. Some boats carry as many as six, but the average number is four. The boats are all very wide at the beam, with sliding keels, and cat-fish rigged.

"Thirteen boats is all that scallops here now," said the mariner. "A boat stays out from sunrise to sunset—all the law allows them. There's twenty dollars fine for goin' outside this law. I wish"—here a grim smile of satisfaction played upon his countenance as a sunbeam gilds a rock—"I had the handlin' of the money for them I ketches in a night."

#### ESCALLOPING.

Experiencing a desire to be put on board one of the boats engaged in scalloping out in the bay, we intrusted our persons to a skiff as fragile in appearance as an outrigger and apparently possessing the same uncertain tenure of the water. A few minutes brought us alongside a vessel containing a solitary fisherman of a somewhat weird and gloomy aspect, who was engaged in working his double boat unaided and alone. Having requested permission from this lone man of the ocean to invade his floating territory, and the same having been very graciously accorded, we took our seats "forward" and proceeded to watch his movements with considerable interest.

The little vessel was twenty feet long by nine feet wide, containing a cabin in front and an open hold aft. At the stern stood the scallop, attired in oilskin overalls, with a breastplate or bib of the same material. On either side of him stretched the ropes attached to the dredges, four in number, and right in front a shelf with raised sides, running across the boat, into which he chucked his dredge when he hauled in, compelling it to disgorge its prey. What wonders of the deep that dredging did reveal! what mysteries of submarine life! what strange, hideous, revolting, ghastly, noisome things, that creep and crawl and twine themselves, unseen by mortal eyes, down, down, "full fathoms five." Seaweeds luminous in green, yellow and crimson glories; bits of tender tracery beside which lace the most deftly woven—yea, even Point d'Alençon or Valenciennes—would seem but coarse, heavy and clumsy. Horseshoes came up—revolving-looking creatures with huge shells like helmets, spiked tails and wriggling legs; crawfish, the juvenile skate, twisted by the skipper into a something resembling the human face; "five-fingers," that lie in wait for the unsuspecting oyster; razor clams; crabs of all sorts and sizes; eels, *et hoc genus omne*. What a game of chance is this dredging! Now holding a good hand, now not a single trump; now logging up a net full of escallops, and again hauling nothing aboard but wriggling monsters or useless seaweed. When the dredge is chucked on to the shelf it is emptied out by the simple process of turning it upside down. The escallops, clapping their shells like castanets, are flung into the hold, and the refuse pitched overboard. The dredge is cast according to the action of the wind—the boat travels fast the hauling takes place oftener than if proceeding slowly. Upon this occasion the breeze was very light, consequently the dredging was slow. The largest take of escallops was made in the year 1874, when one hundred and thirty-four bushels were brought to land by one boat. A bushel "opens" a little over three quarts. It is a dreary life, that of the scallop—ever casting the dredge, ever hauling it in, ever sailing backwards and forwards, and over the same grounds, a monotony scarcely ever relieved by "a chance," as the takes are bad at best, and scarcely ever extend over a well-defined average.

#### CUTTING.

We returned in the skiff to the "building" of Mr. Michaels in order to witness the processes of landing, "cutting," cleansing and packing, all of which are performed with a celerity that means "business" in every sense of the word. So soon as the boat came alongside, boys, in rubber boots reaching almost to their hips and armed with two-handled baskets, spring on board and rapidly commence to fill their "wicker conveniences" with the escallops, handing the baskets along until the counter in the building is reached, where, awaiting their arrival, knife in hand, are the "cutters," i. e., the persons who open, cut out and prepare the fish for packing. This work is usually performed by girls,

who, with arms bared to the elbow, use the murderous blade with rapid and unerring precision. There is also a sprinkling of the sterner sex, and it is an extremely picturesque sight to behold the cutters, in attitudes that would send a thrill of rapture through an artist, grouped upon the dock, calmly discussing the chances of the take, and mentally calculating the number of quarts to be "shelled." The attendant emolument, fifteen cents per quart being paid for the operation. Ranged along the counter stand the cutters, opposite to their unconscious and gaping victims. A cutter has an open barrel at his or her feet, a smaller vessel upon the counter at his or her right, and a quart measure with a great protruding under-lip close to the latter. There are no less than eight operations involved in "cutting." 1, the cutter, has to grasp the escallop; 2, to open; 3, to cast the upper shell; 4, to strip the eye or heart by freeing it from the rim or gut; 5, to cast the rim into the smaller vessel, to bait the eel-traps, the strong and peculiar odor being grateful to the olfactory nerves of the eel; 6, to cut out the eye; 7, to cast it into the quart; and 8, to fling the remaining shell into the barrel. One operator worked with almost inconceivable rapidity, never glancing at the escallop, never, to all appearance, paying the slightest attention to the work in hand, and yet, having timed him, we found him able to "cut" twenty-four escallops per minute, or 1,440 per hour, while Mr. Michaels states that he can do thirty per minute and continue at this pace for hours. The average "cutting" is two gallons per hour. A tally is fastened to the wall, and each cutter, as he fills a quart, sticks his peg in the number to correspond with the total of his work. After being opened the escallops are turned into boxes, each containing five gallons, and from thence into wicker baskets, in which the fish are carefully washed previous to being cast upon a perforated zinc trough to drain. When they are drained they are boxed or barreled, as the case may be, and forwarded to their destination.

The average cost of placing escallops upon the market is sixty-five cents per gallon. This is the average, as at times it costs from eighty-five to ninety. The wages of "scallopers," that is the men who work the boats and dredges, vary from fifteen to fifty cents the bushel. Nine cutters are employed on an average during the early part of the season in each building, one scallop employing fourteen, another eleven, and the constant dropping of the shells as they are flung into the barrels, resembles the click, click of machinery.

"We have brown clams here," continued the "scallop"—"elegant ones, too, but what we figure on for a livin' is scallopin'. Clams ain't no great business here, and if scallops goes back on us, as they've been doin' the last three years, we'll be fixed right off. There's this about scallopin': Ye never know but the next year will bring ye a fortune; it's nawthin' but chance, though, and it's kinder skeery now. We're often robbed by commission men. There's one man here—look at him, him there with his hands in the pockets of his pants—that sent forty gallons a day into New York for about three weeks, and he can't hear nawthin' from the commission man. That will fix this poor man this year, for it's his capital. He'll go behind a d be fixed."

It is pretty evident that the scallopers have their grievances, especially in relation to the free fishing in their waters, while they are precluded from visiting the "hunting-grounds" in Massachusetts and elsewhere, and on the score of what they somewhat reasonably regard as poachers, at the very time they might reasonably hope to glean their harvest. They live, apparently hoping against hope, and in fond recollection of the famous year of '74, trusting that '78 may see their picturesque little bay teeming with the luscious bivalve. We earnestly hope that their expectations may be realized, and, moreover, that we may be there to witness the "thunderin' big take."

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Massachusetts Institute of Technology.**—In connection with this excellent institution, laboratories, for the instruction exclusively of women, were opened for occupancy on the 23d of October last, and have been in successful operation through the Winter and Spring. The design is to afford facilities for the advanced study of chemical analysis, mineralogy and chemistry as related to vegetable and animal physiology and to the industrial arts. The laboratories are excellent in arrangement, and are furnished with all needed apparatus. An important feature of the institute is the introduction of practical instruction in physics on the same plan as manipulations in the Chemical Laboratory. Hitherto physics has been taught by lectures and such experiments as the pupil could see performed by others. The students now make their own apparatus and repeat the experiments, and are also taught how to carry on independent research.

**Detection of Arsenic.**—Now that arsenic is so extensively used as a pigment and for the extermination of insects, a ready test for its presence is very desirable. A convenient plan is to boil the suspected substance with sulphuric acid and table salt; this will convert the arsenic, if any be present, into a volatile chloride. Introduce the substance to be examined into a large flask, add thereto a sufficient quantity of sulphuric acid diluted with one-third of its weight of water to render the mixture fluid, and allow the whole to stand for at least twelve hours, in which time animal organs become completely disintegrated. A quantity of fused chloride of sodium is then added in large fragments. The flask is connected with a second smaller flask, in which is placed a crystal or two of potassium chlorate, and this again is connected with an absorption-bulb containing water. The contents of the large flask are now gently heated, until all the sodium chloride has disappeared. The greater part of the arsenic will be found in the absorption-bulb into which it is conducted, and may be subsequently further examined by means of the Marsh apparatus. The treatment with sulphuric acid effectually decomposes organic matter and thus prevents the arsenic from being masked beyond detection.

**Quadruplex Telegraphing.**—Mr. Thomas A. Edison has succeeded in solving the difficult problem of transmitting two messages in the same direction on a line in actual business. He conceived the idea of employing two receiving instruments, one of which should be affected only by a weak current. The other of these instruments is affected only by a change in the character of the current transmitted from positive to negative, and vice versa, and is insensitive to an increase or decrease of its intensity. In this way each instrument is independent of the other as if it were on a different wire. In connection with the duplex system, this invention makes it possible to transmit four messages at once. The value of Mr. Edison's invention is very great, but, unfortunately, it is already the subject of litigation, and the ingenious inventor stands a chance of being deprived of the benefits of his well-earned improvement. Several telegraph companies and an array of lawyers are now carrying on a war over the questions involved in the right of purchase and possession, and by the time they get through nothing short of a duplex system of payment will suffice to meet expenses.

### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

**SENATOR MORTON** leaves an estate valued at \$50,000 to his wife and three sons.

**Mlle. TITIENS** left \$150,000 to her sister, Mrs. Croix, with the reversion to her two nieces, one of whom is married.

**MADAME LE VERRIER**, the widow of the great French astronomer, has not long survived her husband. Her death is announced from Paris.

**RAPHAEL BRANDON**, a well-known English writer on architecture, and the careful restorer of several old parish churches, has committed suicide.

It is asserted at Cappel, Switzerland, that Madame de Stael's retreat on Lake Geneva is being prepared for the reception of her grandson, Duc de Broglie.

For Dean Stanley's seat as Lord Rector of the University of St. Andrew's there is to be a warm contest on the 22d between the Marquis of Salisbury and Robert Browning.

The death of Cyril, patriarch of Jerusalem, is announced. He was born on the Island of Samos nearly eighty-seven years ago, and became patriarch of Jerusalem in 1845.

The Emperor of Germany suffers much from an unpicturesque complaint—the earache—and has lately presented in public the unusual spectacle of a crowned head tied up in a black bandage.

**JUDGE JAMES LAWRENSEN**, of Washington, has been connected with the Post Office Department for fifty-eight years, the longest term of service of any attaché of that department.

Out of the eighteen Governors that the State of Tennessee has had, five are living. These are: Neill S. Brown, D. W. C. Senter, Isham G. Harris, John C. Brown, and the present incumbent, James D. Porter.

The lucky man who is to possess that immense fortune abroad this time is Mr. Vanson, of Haverhill, Mass., who is a shoemaker, about forty years of age, and one of a baker's dozen of heirs to a great uncle's fortune of \$3,500,000.

**SULEIMAN PASHA** is a vigorous disciplinarian. If he gives orders to one of his subordinate commanders to take a certain position, it has to be taken. If the man fails Suleiman Pasha calls for a guard and has the general's uniform stripped off, and sometimes even has him shot on the spot.

**GARIBOLDI** is said to be suffering from a severe attack of gout. He seems to have been subject to it more frequently and more severely of late, but he refuses to leave Capri and return to Rome, as his doctor advises, because he considers himself slighted and is not pleased with the present Ministry.

**REV. CHARLES WILLIAMS, D. D.**, principal of Jesus College, Oxford, the Welshman's college, recently died quite suddenly. He took a first class in classics and second in mathematics just fifty years ago, and for twenty years he has been head of his college, and an honorary canon of Bangor Cathedral. He was for twelve years prior to his last appointment perpetual curate of Holyhead.

**LIEUTENANT ALBERT G. SQUIRES**, of the First Infantry, aged eighteen, is the youngest officer in the army. He has been at Washington nearly two years pushing his own cause and applying in vain for an appointment to West Point or Annapolis, when he managed to secure a chance for an examination. He passed acceptably, and after waiting some months got a commission to fill a vacancy made in an Indian battle.

**PRINCE PRUTHI**, the Grand Carver of Prussia, and the most intimate friend of the Crown Prince of Germany, whose bankruptcy has caused consternation in all circles in Germany, is said to be in hiding in Switzerland. It is said he has taken poison, though not in sufficient quantity to kill himself, but his friends assert that it was merely an overdose of morphine he took, with no intention of destroying life. The principal cause of this colossal ruin was gambling.

The funeral of Henry Meiggs at Lima was a great affair. The populace carried the casket containing the remains of the deceased on their shoulders for nearly half a mile. Two hundred carriages and 20,000 persons followed the remains to the cemetery. Mr. Meiggs's will has been made public. No fixed statement of his property is made, but he directs that after the payment of all debts, the remainder go to his children, who are enjoined to carry on the works that he initiated.

The wedding-dress of Maria de la Mercedes, future Queen of Spain, has already been ordered, and the feminine portion of the world will doubtless call it beautiful. It is to be of white satin, entirely covered with Alençon point lace, on which will be worked the arms of all the realms into which Spain was formerly divided. This recalls the dress of Queen Adelaide, of England, which was a pretty piece of imagination—it was embroidered with flowers, the initials of which formed her name.

The Baroness Caterce, daughter of the great Lablache, lately visited the theatre of San Carlo, in Naples, accompanied by her children. After admiring the magnificent interior, she expressed a wish to see the stage also; but no sooner had she set foot on the boards upon which her father had won so many artistic triumphs, than, overcome by the remembrance of them, she burst into tears. She is said to be very like her father, and to have a splendid soprano voice, which would make her one of the great lyrical stars were she to enter the ranks of singers.

**RESPECTING** the Empress Eugenie, a curious anecdote is told by a Belgian gentleman, who had it from one of the aides-de-camp of the Prince of Wales. He told him that when Queen Victoria accorded an interview to the Empress on the arrival of the latter after her flight from France, the kind-hearted prince was so touched by the tears and the despair of the royal fugitive that he was obliged to leave the apartment in which the audience was held. The emotion of the Empress on first beholding the Queen was wholly uncontrollable. Throwing herself into the kind, maternal arms of her royal hostess, she cried, amid tears and sobs, "Oh! it was all my fault—Louis did not want the war—but I would have it!" A singular corroboration of the words of a leading Republican paper after the 16th of May last. "It was a woman who brought about the war of 1870."

At latest advices the Pope's health was as usual, the only symptoms by which his physicians were disquieted being an habitual somnolency. Although he likes to receive visitors and is chatty with them, the Holy Father seems to have ceased to take any interest in the affairs of the Church, and he almost invariably dismisses anyone who comes to talk to him on business. The affairs of the Papacy are without any supreme Pontifical guidance, being conducted simply by the heads of the various state departments and by the presidents of the various congregations. There are nineteen of them, bearing the names of "The Inquisition," "The Index," "The Propaganda," "The Indulgences," "Sacred Rites," "Ecclesiastical Immunities," etc. Not a little jealousy reigns among these bodies, and, as each of them does as suits its chiefs, the Papal Government is threatened with division and anarchy.

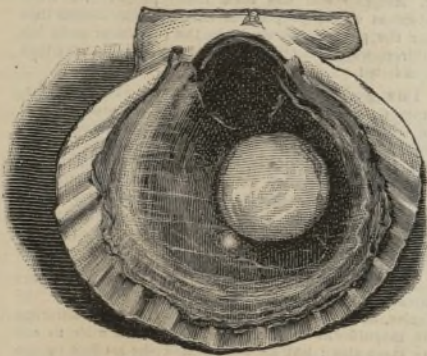




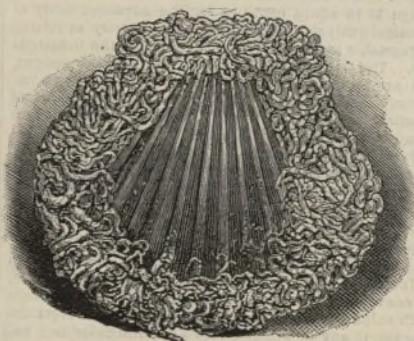
GENERAL VIEW OF SCALLOPTOWN, EAST GREENWICH, AND THE FISHING-GROUNDS.



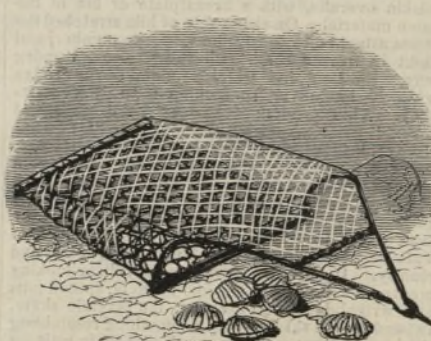
INTERIOR OF A SCALLOP SHANTY—"CUTTING SCALLOPS" FOR THE MARKET.



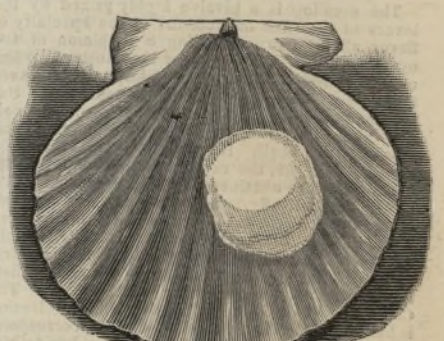
SCALLOP BEFORE "CUTTING."



SCALLOP AND WORM.



THE SCALLOP NET.



SCALLOP IN SHELL AFTER "CUTTING."



FISHERMEN'S HOUSES IN SCALLOPTOWN.



THE VILLAGE HISTORIAN.



A HOUSE OF PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT.

RHODE ISLAND.—THE SCALLOP FISHERIES—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF SCALLOP-FISHING AT EAST GREENWICH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 195.





HON. WILLIE BLOUNT, GOVERNOR OF TENNESSEE FROM 1809 TO 1815.

TENNESSEE'S MEMORIAL TO GOVERNOR BLOUNT.

THE monument erected to the memory of Willie Blount, Governor of the State of Tennessee from 1809 to 1815, in pursuance of a joint resolution of the Legislature, was dedicated on Wednesday, the 24th ult. It stands in Greenwood Cemetery, Clarksville, and is made of the finest quality of Knox County (East Tennessee) marble. The



TENNESSEE.—MONUMENT ERECTED, OCTOBER 24TH, TO THE MEMORY OF GOVERNOR BLOUNT, AT CLARKSVILLE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. J. M'CORMAC, CLARKSVILLE.

ground base is made of native white limestone, four feet six inches square, there being cut on it a heavy mold, having inscribed thereon in large raised letters the name Blount. On this base rests a die block, two feet ten inches square; on this is worked a heavy circular mold, terminating in a carved leaf. On the die is a plinth fourteen inches thick, on which rests a plain shaft or obelisk, ten feet eight inches high and twenty inches at the base. The monument, complete, stands nineteen feet six inches high. Inscribed on the face of the die is the following:

WILLIE BLOUNT,

A native of Bertie County, North Carolina.

Born April 18, 1768.  
Died September 10, 1835.

Private Secretary to his brother, Governor Wm. Blount; Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee at 28 years of age; Governor of Tennessee from 1809 to 1815; Member of the Constitutional Convention of 1834.

This Monument is erected in pursuance of an Act of the 40th General Assembly of Tennessee. Approved March 21st, 1877.

On the other three faces of the die are inscriptions to the memory of John Baker and Annie Norfleet Baker, the parents of Governor Blount's wife; Lucinda Baker Blount, wife of the Governor; Dr. John T. Dabney and his wife Eliza Anne, son-in-law and daughter of Governor Blount.

There were two Governors of Tennessee named Blount, who were brothers, William and Willie, or, as it is sometimes spelled, Wylie. Both were descendants of a noble English family, which emigrated to North Carolina in the reign of Charles II., and which held high position in the civil and military affairs of North Carolina from that time to the epoch of our national independence. William Blount received the Government of what is now called Tennessee by appointment from the President, and with his younger brother, Wylie Blount, as Private Secretary, arrived in the Territory on October 10th, 1790. In addition to his office as Governor of this Territory, William Blount had been appointed Superintendent of Indian Affairs.

He became United States Senator, and while so serving was engaged in a dispute which led to his being expelled, July 8th, 1797.

He was soon after impeached, the articles of impeachment charging that "William Blount did conspire to set on foot a military hostile expedition against the territory of his Catholic Majesty in the Floridas and Louisiana, for the purpose of wresting them from his Catholic Majesty, and for conquering the same for the King of Great Britain." Upon trial the charges were set aside upon the ground that he was not liable to impeachment, as he was not a member of the Government. To evince their dissent from the United States Senate, the people immediately elected him to the State Senate, a vacancy being made for him by the resignation of General James White. The Senate, at its first meeting thereafter, elected him their Speaker. He died soon after, at Knoxville, March 21st, 1800, retaining the heartfelt and unabated esteem of the people of Tennessee. Governor Wylie Blount was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the State when but twenty-two years old. From the death of his brother to 1809 he was engaged in agricultural pursuits. He was elected Governor of Tennessee in 1809, and by two successive re-elections continued to hold the office till 1815. On the breaking out of the war with England, 1812, he tendered the President a force of 2,500 volunteers, under command of General Andrew Jackson, of the State militia, and it was he who ordered the future President to the memorable defense of New Orleans. He was equally active in the Creek War, raising 3,500 volunteers and \$300,000. He died at the residence of Wylie Johnson, near Nashville, in 1835.

The monument was dedicated in the presence of a vast concourse of Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, fire companies, schoolchildren and citizens, the historical address being delivered by Governor Porter.

CONSECRATION OF REV. DR. SCHERCHAWSKY AS BISHOP OF CHINA.

GRACE CHURCH, New York City, was densely crowded on the morning of October 31st, the occasion being the consecration of the Rev. Samuel I. J. Scherechawsky, D.D., as Protestant Episcopal

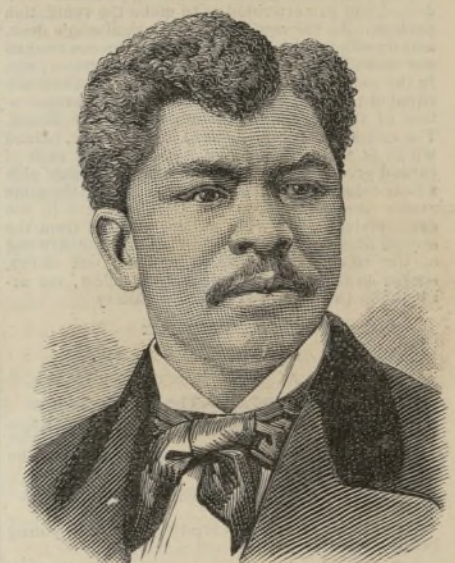


CALIFORNIA.—OPENING OF THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE IN SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 1ST. SEE PAGE 198.

Bishop of China. The services were begun at eleven o'clock and were concluded at two. The chancel was occupied by eighteen full-robed bishops, the venerable Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, officiating as consecrator. The others present were Bishops W. R. Whittingham, Bishop of Maryland; Alfred Lee, Delaware; Horatio Potter, New York; G. T. Bedell, Ohio; H. B. Whipple, Minnesota; H. C. Lay, Easton, Pa.; W. B. Stevens, Pennsylvania; T. H. Vail, Kansas; J. B. Kerfoot, Pittsburg, Pa.; J. F. Young, Florida; J. F. Spaulding, Colorado; A. C. Garrett, Northern Texas; R. W. B. Elliott, Western Texas; John Scarborough, New Jersey; W. S. Perry, Iowa, and T. B. Lyman, Assistant Bishop of North Carolina.

The ceremony commenced with the usual service of the Morning Prayer, which was divided among all the bishops present, followed by a sermon of considerable length by Bishop Stevens, of Pennsylv-

vania. After the sermon the usual testimonials from the minutes of the House of Bishops declaring the election were called for and read by the Rev. J. Kimber, Secretary of the Committee of Foreign Missions, and the consent of the standing commit-



HON. JOHN P. QUARLES, UNITED STATES CONSUL AT MALAGA, SPAIN.—SEE PAGE 198.

tees were read by Rev. Dr. Eaton, late Secretary to the Board of Missions. This was followed by the reading of the Litany by Bishop Whipple. The candidate for honors then advanced, knelt in the chancel, and the ceremony of the laying on of hands was performed by Bishop Smith, assisted by Bishops Whittingham, Potter, Bedell, Kerfoot, Stevens and Lyman. The candidate appeared wearing his rochet, and, after the ceremony of the laying on of hands was finished, the remainder of the Episcopal habit was invested by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of the Church of the Ascension, and Rev. Dr. Seymour, Dean of the Theological Seminary. Afterwards the Sacrament of the Holy Communion was administered, first to the bishops, next to the other members of the clergy, and then to the deacons and church officers, after which most of the congregation knelt at the altar to partake also of the Lord's Supper. Rev. Dr. H. C. Potter, Rector of Grace Church, and Secretary to the General Convention, was master of ceremonies.

Bishop Scherechawsky was educated in the School of the Prophets, in Poland, and is by parentage a Pole. He was ordained as a minister of the Gospel in the St. George's Church, in this city, in 1856, by the Rev. Bishop Boone, now deceased, and represented the American Bible Society in the joint work of the American and British Societies in translating the Bible from the Hebrew into the mandarin language. He is about forty-five years of age, and is small in stature, but squarely built, with jet-black hair and beard.



NEW YORK CITY.—CONSECRATION, IN GRACE CHURCH, OF AN EPISCOPAL MISSIONARY BISHOP TO CHINA, OCTOBER 31ST.



HON. JOHN F. QUARLES,  
UNITED STATES CONSUL AT MALAGA, SPAIN.

JOHN FRANCIS QUARLES, colored, of Georgia, the new United States Minister at Malaga, Spain, is the son of Rev. Frank Quarles, the colored pastor of the Friendship Baptist Church in Atlanta, and one of the most respected and influential colored men in the city. John is now thirty-two years of age, and was born in Carolina County, Va., but was raised in Georgia as the slave of E. G. Pender, to whom his father also belonged. In the year 1866 he went to Northwood, Ohio, where he studied for two years; thence to Westminster, Penn., where he graduated in 1870. He returned to Georgia and taught school in Augusta two years, at the same time pursuing legal studies under the direction of the colored professor, John M. Langston, of Washington. He was admitted to the Bar in Augusta by Judge Gibson, in 1872, and almost immediately thereafter was appointed by President Grant to be Consul at Port Mahan, Spain. He remained there until that Consulate was dropped last Winter, when he returned to Washington City. His present appointment is a much better one than the other. He married during his residence in Spain. He speaks Spanish, and is said to thoroughly understand Spanish law.

#### THE NEW STOCK EXCHANGE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ON Monday, October 1st, the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board moved into the new building, on Pine Street. The dimensions of the building are 77 feet 9 inches on Pine Street, by 137 feet 6 inches in depth, and 82 feet in height, with a cupola 65 feet above the roof. The land on which the building stands cost \$193,000, and about \$450,000 have already been expended upon the building itself, making the total outlay something over \$640,000. It is expected that a handsome rental will be derived from the numerous offices in that part fronting on Pine Street.

The exterior of the building presents a beautiful and commanding appearance, the Pine Street front being especially rich, composed of alternate layers of light and dark-colored granite. Its broad entrance, crowned by a group of statuary, its massive pillars of polished granite, and its large plate-glass windows, all tend to make it one of the finest buildings in the city. Upon passing the main entrance, the visitor's attention is first attracted by the flooring, which is of the best English tiles. The walls are wainscoted with Tennessee marble of a dark-gray color. On either side of the door, and fronting on Pine Street, are two magnificent offices, the windows of which are composed of a single sheet of French plate glass, 15 feet 6 inches by 10 feet. At the west side of the vestibule are letter-boxes, intended for the occupants of the offices on the upper floors. With each box is connected an electric push-bell and a speaking-tube. On the right-hand side are the stairs and the elevator. At the south end of the vestibule are two great doors, made of oakwood and elaborately carved. Passing through these doors, one enters the vestibule, which is also floored with tiles. On each side is a large committee-room. Here the visitor encounters three pairs of large doors—the middle ones opening on to the main floor of the Board room and the right and left-hand doors opening into what might be described as the dress circle, being a little higher than the main floor. This portion of the house is reserved for privileged spectators. The sides are furnished with 130 folding-chairs, the backs and seats made of bent wood, perforated. On the main floor are 84 large, solid armchairs, screwed down to the floor, on the right arm of which is a small tray with a lid. The room is 77 feet square and 47 feet to the ceiling, which is semi-domed and so perforated as to make the ventilation perfect. At the south end is the chairman's desk, and on either side, on raised platforms, are ranged the clerks, stenographer, telegraph-operator, etc. In the south wall, to the rear of these attaches, are situated two large fire-proof safes for the preservation of the books and documents of the Board. The caller's rostrum is built of black walnut, behind which is a frescoed alcove, and above an arch of carved primavera wood, supporting on either side a bear chiseled from the same wood, and in the same centre the coat-of-arms of California cut in the same material. A wide gallery entered from the second floor extends around all but the southern end of the room. One hundred and forty-six chairs, similar to those for the spectators below, are arranged in two circles around the gallery.

#### FUN.

ANOTHER Count de Paris—The French election.

THE tramp says, "There is arrest for the weary."

THE proper place for the Russian wounded to be sent is War-sore.

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A TURKISH merchant vessel called the *Beard of Mahomet* was sunk recently in the Black Sea. The best thing her owners can do is to razor.

POTATO-PARING matches are the latest wrinkle in rural circles. If good for nothing else, they afford the young folks a chance for a *tater-tete*.

"WHY," asked Pat, one day, "why was Balaam a first-class astronomer?" The other man gave it up, of course. "Shure," said Pat, "twas because he had no trouble in finding an ass-to-roid."

THE principal point of difference between the indorsement on a note and the dome on the Capitol at Washington is that one is under wrote and the other's rotunda.

Now with the pumpkins the fields are golden,  
And the woodland is sere and gray,  
And the buckwheat cometh to usher in  
The dawn of a better day.

AN invalid Frenchman who hired a horse every evening from a livery stable particularly desired the hostler to see that the horse had nothing to eat for dinner. "Because," he remarked, "monseigneur le docteur, he say I mus' tak' ze gentle exercise on ze empty stomach."

WHEN Labouchère, the editor of *Truth*, the London journal, was in the diplomatic service, he was sent on a mission to some distant court. Some days after he should have reported himself a telegram was sent to the court in question about him. He had not been heard of. It was feared he had met with foul play. Messengers and telegrams were dispatched in all directions. At last he was heard of, many miles from his destination. Asked the meaning of this delay, the audacious attaché replied: "Having regard to the allowance made to me for travelling expenses, I concluded that the Government intended that I should walk; I am doing so."

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