

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE VANDERBILT WILL CONTEST—DOCTOR JARED LINSLEY TESTIFYING AS TO THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CONDITION OF COMMODORE VANDERBILT IN THE SURROGATE'S COURT, NOVEMBER 14TH.—SEE PAGE 206.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1877.

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SENATOR CONKLING'S BLUNDER.

TALLEYRAND said that a blunder is worse than a crime. His axiomatic expression is perfectly logical. A crime is generally due to cool and careful premeditation, and rarely, if ever, the sequel of a sudden impulse. Even the impulse of violent passion has something of method in its madness, and usually follows in the groove of the avarice, hatred or revenge that has been nursed in cooler moments. But a blunder implies a weak point in the intellect and careless trifling with the infallible laws of our existence and mutual relations. Crime may be, in part, excusable, if it has sufficient motive for its commission—if a man thereby seeks to avenge outrage or interposes it as the last barrier against starvation. But for a blunder there can be no forgiveness, in logic. It is, and of right ought to be, the quietus of the man who thrusts its deformity upon the community. A blunder is the death of a leader.

The latest example of excuseless blundering is that of the Hon. Roscoe Conkling, one of the two Senators who represent the wealth, culture and industries of New York in the United States Senate. His patriotism this Fall has been chiefly confined to vigorous efforts to secure his re-election as Senator. In order to the better secure this object, he looked carefully over the field and determined to make a savage onslaught on the Administration, with the hope of making sympathy for himself and rousing in his favor the great army of Federal officeholders, who always dread any change in the *personnel* of their superiors. With this determination, Mr. Conkling went to Rochester, and there attacked the Administration with great severity, and succeeded in driving off from his own side, and from the fold of the Republican Party in this State, all the warm-hearted friends of the President and supporters of the Administration. It was "neck or nothing" with him, as he thought, and he would listen to no reason in connection with the Presidential policy. He vilified the South (through his clique of friends, and personally) and ridiculed the idea of a reform of the Civil Service. The result was disastrous from the start, and the further he went the worse it was for him. Throughout the State he lost friends, and the nearer it came to his home, the more the enthusiasm his distinguished personal presence was expected to create seemed to wane.

The blundering up to this time was bad enough—so bad, indeed, as to raise many friendly doubts in regard to the wisdom of trusting party leadership into hands that had lost their cunning. But the blundering that followed was immeasurably more disastrous to the individual and the party. While yet smarting under the galling wounds received at his home, the disgruntled Senator allowed some of his newspaper friends to talk with him in this city during the few hours he was here. Of course he told them that he did not want them to print what he said, but equally, of course, he knew that they would pay no attention to his wishes. It is needless to add the inference that at the time he did not care a straw whether they published it from Dan to Beersheba, or simply whispered it about the streets. The post-prandial talk of the distinguished Senator was in print by the time he reached Washington, and it was eagerly read. It was bold. It accused the President of destroying the Republican Party at the South, and preferring ex-rebels to good Union men in that section. It was vulgar. It took revenge on the honored Secretary of State by calling him "little Evarts." It was

dazzling. It soared to an ideal future in which there shall be no more Schurz or Key, but every man shall be a Conkling. It even went so ridiculously far as to attack the Presidential title, when the whole country knows that the success of the Electoral Commission was chiefly due to the firm stand taken by the New York Republican Senator. As a whole, it was an absurd farrago of glittering generalities, unsupported statements and ideal aspirations.

Here is the most serious blunder of Senator Conkling. From the time when Congress opened he has set himself up as the great authoritative censor of the President and his Cabinet, and has on all occasions ventured to condemn their acts with great freedom. Starting apparently with the presumption that he was all right, and that his own cause was perfectly defensible, he has been regarded as the chartered opponent of the Administration, qualified and determined to attack every measure they undertake for the pacification and prosperity of the country. It was the result of over-confidence and inordinate conceit of his personal prowess. Though the people are heartily in accord with the Administration, and desire no more wars or rumors of wars, but peace in every section and an honest administration of the public service, Senator Conkling seems to have regarded himself as something greater and better than the people, and able to teach them their duty. There could be no excuse for such a blind and bigoted mistake. The blunder of the distinguished Senator was infinitely worse than a political crime. It not only put himself in a wrong and ridiculous position, but it led his followers astray, and was from the beginning a disorganizing and disturbing element. Already he has seen and confessed its folly. His explanation of his "interview" can only be regarded as an apology to the President and Cabinet, and it is regretted that it was not more explicit. It is comfortable to reflect, that, in any event, the Senator will be likely to move cautiously in future, and refrain from attacking a supposed enemy until he knows his own strength and the sort of criticism he is likely to call down on himself. The country is in no mood just now to encourage agitators.

INVECTIVE AND ARGUMENT.

THE reply recently published by Judge Black in answer to the article of Mr. E. W. Stoughton, on the late Electoral Commission, which article appeared in a number of the *North American Review*, may have served the purpose of Judge Black, in abusing and reviling Mr. Stoughton. That any other object was in view when the former gentleman indited his somewhat lengthy article may be well doubted. Any attempt to produce some other result, if such existed, has failed of success.

The entire document bristles with personalities, invective and maledictions, all directed against the one whose published opinion has drawn from Judge Black this weighty production. All the resources of learning, ability, and even slang, are called upon to aid in the fierce assault. Like Mr. Wegg, the learned Judge even drops into poetry that he may fall the heavier upon the reputation and character of Mr. Stoughton. Reproach made strong by metaphor, anathemas made more caustic by the use of tropes, satire and derision, all rush forth like a torrent that destroys all that it reaches, but fails to injure any object not in its path. After carefully perusing the article, and noting the vast collection of calumnies and withering accusations, the bitter epithets and violent denunciations, we are struck with wonder and amazement, and can only say with *Sam Geeridge* in "Caste," "Who'd a thought he 'ad it in him." If Judge Black sat down to the preparation of his "reply" with the only object of producing a composition that should be unequalled for unbridled abuse and diversity of invective, his object is gained; the English language has been exhausted. So often as he could withdraw his attention from the individual Moloch standing in his critical pathway, he touches, in a general way, upon the conflicting questions arising from a consideration of the Electoral Commission, its constitution and decisions. His treatment of the subject has failed to throw any new light upon it, as it has also failed to settle any of the points of difference which have caused so much of discussion and disagreement.

While he claims that the Electoral Commission was not a judicial tribunal, so as to place its acts and determinations above the pale of criticism and charges of fraud, of either of which he is in no ways sparing, he also bases the same criticism and charges upon the existence of judicial powers, and the failure of the Commission to exercise them. His argument that Congress, and as well the Commission which took the powers that Congress possessed, could judicially determine what votes had been legally cast by the people of a State, but that the board of officers appointed to canvass the votes in such State could exer-

cise only ministerial powers, is of great length, but fails to establish the superior right of Congress, while it is far from convincing as to the want of judicial power in the Returning Board. In his short mention of the Oregon case the charity exhibited by him towards Governor Grover is in marked contrast with his arraignment of all connected with the Florida and Louisiana cases, whose efforts were opposed to his views, as well as the eight members of the Electoral Commission. Especially is it the case in that portion of his article where he speaks of the Sherman investigating committee, whose visit to Louisiana during the canvass of the votes is severely commented upon, and the motives thereof impugned. Not even the benefit of mistake as to the law, so generously accredited to Mr. Grover, is permitted as a defense or explanation of the opinions or actions of the committee. In his eulogy of Mr. Buchanan, full vent is given to Judge Black's wonderful power of heaping revilings and reproaches upon the head of his adversary. That he should find it necessary to make so ill-natured and uncalled-for an attack upon the man whose arguments he had taken it upon himself to answer, certainly is not likely to injure the object of his assaults so much as it is likely to raise a suspicion that the defense of Mr. Buchanan was but a cloak for the opportunity of venting further spleen upon Mr. Stoughton. When a man of the presumed ability and sagacity of Judge Black resorts to the cry of fraud, and casts vituperation and disgraceful epithets upon his opponent in a discussion, as a means of strengthening his argument, to a fair-minded and thoughtful man but one view is presented, and that is: that not daring to rely upon the justice of his case, he is compelled to seek some means other than a fair and full discussion of the merits, to throw doubt upon the subject, or frighten his adversary from his position.

The vindictiveness of Judge Black, as displayed in the document upon which we are commenting, must detract, in a great measure, from any strength which his arguments may possess; and while many may read the reply, who personally have no interest in Mr. Stoughton, and whose views as to the Electoral Commission may coincide with those of Judge Black, yet the common verdict will be that so violent an assault upon one taking an opposite side in a legal controversy was uncalled for and unjustifiable.

THE WOODEN LEG IN POLITICS.

ONE of the most conspicuous anomalies of the period is the earnest reluctance that a certain class of persons display to accept as final the conclusions of the Civil War, which they at the same time profess to have been personally instrumental in bringing about. Political military men abounded during the Rebellion, both in the North and South; but their number was insignificant compared with the military politicians who have infested the country ever since the disbandment which followed upon Appomattox Court-house, pervading primaries, controlling conventions, and overawing generally the voting community of the land. For several years past a "ticket" has not been regarded as possessing the requisite essentials of popularity unless it has comprised among its list of candidates some high-sounding military title; and the great political parties of the day have been compelled, at times, to vie with each other in offering inducements which would tempt peculiarly eligible "heroes" to make a selection between them. It is yet a matter of dispute whether General Grant would not have been a Democratic chieftain, had he not suddenly been announced as a Republican leader. In the outset the system of political preference was highly creditable to the spirit which gave it birth. It bore testimony practically to the natural desire which a grateful public entertained to reward, in a conspicuous manner, the men to whose efforts they were partially, at least, indebted for continued national stability. But the propriety of the system disappeared when, as very soon happened, the ex-military men began to seek the offices themselves, and eventually to claim and appropriate them as especially their own. It doubtless evinces a commendable degree of self-abnegation on the part of the non-militant element that officeholding has been for so long a period, and to such an extent, conceded to men whose principal claim to eligibility has been their army "records" of a decade ago; but the period is rapidly approaching when a new species of qualifications will be required by the American public. The old, dead issues of the war can no longer be vitalized by the galvanic touch of party expediency or individual ambition, and every year happily shows a diminishing crop of military aspirants for political place.

The evil, however, is still of sufficiently formidable dimensions to merit our attention and our reprobation. Unluckily the selfish motive which lies at its base is too

thick-crusted to be sensitive to rebuke. When the common sense of the community shall have opened its eyes to the fact that what was originally a purely generous and disinterested purpose on its part has been selfishly appropriated by a comparative handful of men disinclined by long disuse to the ordinary labors of society, it is probable that less sentimentalism and more perspicuity will be brought into play in the selection of political candidates. Why a man should make a better postmaster or a more efficient tax-collector, or be more likely to do credit to his constituency in Congress, because fourteen years ago it was his good fortune, and not infrequently his unmerited honor, to wear a uniform and carry arms in defense of his country, is a question which would puzzle even an enthusiastic supporter of the "paternal" idea of government to plausibly answer. Many of these persons, it should in all fairness be borne in mind, however excellent their merits, were sufficiently rewarded at the time by the positions accorded to them. Every individual must have been familiar, during the war, with scores of cases of men rising by pure good luck into military rank which conferred upon them a social grade to which they might otherwise not have aspired during their lifetimes. And it is in a large degree precisely this stamp of men, struggling to overcome "the burden of an hour unto which they were not born," who ever since the war have disdained the rewards of honest toil, and have swelled the ranks of social incompetents by their persistent struggle for political place.

We do not wish to imply even the suspicion of a thought in disparagement of the noble conduct of our national defenders. No honors can be too brilliant, no gratitude too warm, no praise too enthusiastic, to lavish upon them. But what we do claim is the privilege of selecting for ourselves the objects of our adoration, instead of having them thrust themselves offensively upon our notice. As a rule, the men who really earned their country's respect by conspicuous merit twelve years ago have continued ever since to deserve it by their modest relapse into civic insignificance. But the blatherskites of that day, unhappily too numerous then and too hard to kill, have become the demagogues of this later period. They assert themselves loudly in all our political organizations, seeking positions on committees and in conventions which will bring them into newspaper notice, claiming a prescriptive right to places in our custom houses, and usurping the privilege of regulating, to a formidable extent, the general machinery of politics. On the Republican side this is most disagreeably apparent, but the statement applies likewise to the Democrats, who, as an organization, were not wholly indifferent to the claims of loyalty in the nation's emergency. And thus, years after the technical restoration of peace, we continue to be burdened with quasi-military nuisances, whose sole means of securing recognition is by the perpetuation of sectional passions which should long since have been allayed and for ever extinguished.

But better times are dawning, when the claims of aspirants for political honors shall be based upon considerations of present merit, rather than on those of bygone efficiency. The principle of exalting our military men, merely as such, has exercised a pernicious influence upon public sentiment. At every election the immediate issues involved are overshadowed by the necessity the party leaders are under of dragging the skeleton of civil war out of its tomb in order to display the candidate's "record" in a light which will induce support to their ticket. The country, however, cannot afford to indulge any longer in such retrospection. Living measures have arisen, and are daily arising, which demand the closest solicitude of the people. Among these, no question is of equal importance to that of obliterating the old-time sectional lines, and effecting a complete reconciliation between the former antagonists. If we are to incessantly flaunt the red flag of victory over a conquered, but unsubdued, foe, the restoration of brotherly feeling will be indefinitely postponed.

The wooden leg of the war veteran must no longer be brandished over the ballot-box to coerce voters. Several years ago the late Senator Sumner introduced a Bill forbidding the regiments of the regular army to carry emblazoned on their flags the names of the battles which they had participated in during the Civil War. The measure brought down volumes of obloquy upon its mover, but that it was a wise step toward reconciliation everybody can see who will reflect upon the continued service which our regular regiments performed in the South until the inauguration of President Hayes. Within a few days another indication of a similar spirit has been displayed. The Secretary of War, we are informed, has forbidden the incorporation in the annual "Army Register" of a list of battles which each regiment took part in, such as has, since 1864, been published in connection with the list of each regiment's officers. Little by little we are divesting

ourselves of the political theories which have played such a dangerous part in our recent history, by perpetuating sectional animosities for the aggrandizement of a few unscrupulous demagogues.

THE EPIDEMIC OF SELF-SLAUGHTER.

IN the midst of the financial convulsions and wrecks of the immediate past the people dropped the utensils of industry from their hands, shut the doors of their shops, and shrank into coverts, where, trembling, they watched the progress of the tempest. The storm is evidently abated, but there remain moral, as well as social and commercial, changes as results of the cataclysm. After fortitude and patience were tried and spent, men and women were left with only the one fearful saying on their lips: While life remains, hope remains. But other disasters came from unexpected quarters; skeletons stepped forth, rooted fortunes shriveled up, established reputations turned gangrene, want and sickness appeared, and the soul learned to say, While life remains there's hope for others, but I am superfluous. My sufferings, cast into the pool, only spread and reflect themselves upon hearts likewise agitated and weak. The mind finally rests on the saying of Seneca; "Ay, but why should this rather be always running in a man's head that fortune can do all things for the living man, than this, that fortune has no power over him that knows how to die." And the result has been suicide. Suicide to escape from misfortune—from the cruelty of fortune. And those looking on, having seen that man and woman have discovered something dearer than their life, and more enduring, have cheapened their own lives, and suicide has increased. Every day's journal has the valdictory of some soul whose importunate knock has opened to it the door of Hades; has its description of the well-known or the unknown form floating, wrapped in silk and falling tresses, caressed by the dark waves of the beautiful Park; or of the young heiress, lying on downy pillow at her Fifth Avenue home, too sound asleep for her husband ever to awaken; or giving the glimpse of an uplifted arm and whiskered face, shooting the falls of Trenton; or a wilder scene, where a whole family is devoted to the knife, as in a Roman butchery.

This is becoming an epidemic. What response can we make to those short, decisive last words? It is not sufficient to say, This is inane! It is better to bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of. The argument from what we don't know is not often a very powerful one, except in questions of mere expediency. Men believe that so far as their suffering is concerned "there are many misfortunes in life far worse to suffer than death itself." Many feel this to be true even of the most violent death one can inflict. And ascending from this consideration of sensible pain, it was a common conclusion of the ancient philosophers, and is of some modern ones, too, that in the given circumstances suicide is not unphilosophical, not irrational, but on the contrary, dignified and dutiful; nay, even the only thing consistent with honor and virtue.

But in spite of the blunders of suicide, it was still held *en règle* when a man was as he supposed dishonored, and certainly where a woman was dishonored, to resort to suicide. It would, however, seem sometimes more dignified to live. Saul, when defeated and wounded, fell on his own sword. But the Philistines did not miss the opportunity to disgrace him. Plato in his laws furnishes an early instance of the punishment judged proper to be inflicted in cases of unjustifiable suicide. It consisted in the ignominious burial of the body; and is the forerunner of that ancient law of England, which denied the suicide Christian burial; on the contrary, requiring that he be buried in the highway with the indignity of a stake thrust through his body. This English law was not repealed till the time of George IV., and then survived in spirit. In this country we have preserved no law or custom effecting such disherison from the common bosom of mother earth, except what is connected with the non-administration of churchly ceremonies when the body of one more unfortunate is slipping beyond churchly jurisdiction. The laws of Plato provided the punishment of ignominious sepulture when the suicide deprived his nearest and best friend, that is himself, of life, when neither compelled by public judgment, by any sad and inevitable accident of fortune, nor by any great disgrace. Otherwise suicide was justifiable. In after times, likewise, we find at Marseilles poison from the hemlock provided at public expense for those who desired to kill themselves. But first they must give their reasons before the Senate of the six hundred, and leave must be given to them by the magistrate as presenting a just occasion.

So long as we rely upon stoicism or its opposite, the fear of pain and love of

pleasure, or appeal to the desire of approbation, we find few arguments to win back a suffering soul from the awful brink. We must not suppose, however, that none among the ancients had a proper appreciation of true fortitude, virtue and duty in this matter. One of their poets says, although the wretched may laugh at the thought of dying, true courage is shown by those who continue to live in misery. It is with such, of course, true as it was of the persecuted Christians, "If in this life only we have hope, we are, of all men, most miserable." So far as human laws are concerned, it is evident that if ignominy and disgrace can be attached to the act of suicide, it will erect a powerful dissuasive. It will be dishonor against dishonor. Many have destroyed themselves because they considered it was less dishonorable than to live in scorn. Epidemics of suicide illustrate this force. In 1793 thirteen hundred occurred in one year at Versailles. One prevailed among Napoleon's troops, and was cured by severe punishment and appeals to pride. This is the justification for the English law. And if every one who thinks of leaping from London Bridge or the East River Bridge were sure of having a stake driven through them or of having their likeness placed in the rogues' gallery, there would be more who would prefer a different bath at home. Dr. Hamilton, of this city, says it is a mistake to suppose that suicides increase with a prevalence of fogs. He says that in this country the Summer is the favorite season. In France it is the Spring. He also says that suicides are rare except between the ages of twenty and forty, and that "suicide is never committed except when the functions of the brain are impaired or the action of the mind perverted and directed in improper channels." It seems to us that the love of affectionate approbation as it relates the sufferer to an individual, or, more generally to society, is a prominent element in considering both the cause and the cure.

ALMOST like a voice from the dead comes the testimony concerning the death of Custer and his gallant band from the lips of the savages by whom they were slain. The Sitting Bull Commission have returned from their apparently fruitless trip to the Canada border, and give some fresh information respecting the warlike Sioux. Sitting Bull, they say, showed himself in numerous private interviews which he graciously accorded to the Commissioners, very intelligent and very agreeable in his manners. Possibly the presence of the armed Canadian police may have placed the untutored mind of the poor Indian under some degree of restraint. At all events he was both cheerful and chatty, manifesting no reluctance to discuss the matter of the Custer fight, except that he repudiated the idea that General Custer and his men were massacred, claiming that it was a fair fight, in which the desperation of Custer and the men under his command made it necessary for the Indians to kill them. Sitting Bull says Custer charged upon his camp with great impetuosity, creating a temporary panic among them; but the Indians soon rallied, and outnumbering Custer ten to one, they were enabled to surround him. He says that Custer and his men refused to surrender, and fought until the last man was killed. He expressed great admiration for Custer's bravery and that of the men who were with him, and was sorry that his refusal to surrender made it necessary to put him to death. When the Indians discovered Major Reno, who was commanding the second division of Custer's forces, they supposed that it was the entire force under command of General Terry, and immediately made preparations for retreat, sending the woman and children forward. When Reno made his attack the Indians began to retreat, and Sitting Bull says had Reno followed them up at that time he might have captured the larger part of their train.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE CONVICTED CONGRESSMAN.—On November 16th, Mr. Knott, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, telegraphed to the Clerk of the Court, at Columbia, S. C., to send to the committee without delay a certified transcript of the indictment and record of the Court upon which Congressman Smalls was found guilty. Until this is received the committee will not be able to investigate the subject as required under the resolution referred to it by the House. Should the facts be sustained there will be a vacancy in the district represented by Mr. Smalls.

STANLEY'S EXPLORATIONS.—The United States Minister at Vienna writes that the extraordinary achievements of Henry M. Stanley in his explorations of Central Africa have excited great interest in Austrian scientific circles. At a meeting of the Geographical Society held in Vienna on the 23d of October, the special order of the evening was the reading of an elaborate and valuable exposition of Stanley's discoveries by Baron Von Hoffman, the distinguished Minister of Finance of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The eminent speaker attached great importance to Stanley's discoveries in their relations both to science and to commerce, and paid a high tribute to the indomitable energy, courage and persistence of the American explorer.

A PATENT INNOVATION.—The American Consul-General at Vienna makes the novel suggestion that the exportation of American wares would be promoted by so amending the patent laws as to give any citizen the privilege to manufacture an article which is patented by our laws, and to export the same to any country where it is not protected, so as to enter freely into competition with foreigners

in the open markets. Mr. Post's argument is that, under the present system, the inventor, having the monopoly of a vast home trade, exacts large royalties, or demands high profits, greatly in excess of the cost of profitable manufacture; that he is careless of foreign trade, and unable or unwilling to relinquish any of his large profits in the sale of his productions for exportation; and that his invention is consequently imitated abroad, and sold in foreign markets at a less price than in America, although, perhaps, costing more to make there than here. An illustration of the working of the system is shown in the case of the sewing-machine trade.

CENTENNIAL RELICS.—The time allowed by Congress for the admission, free of duty, of foreign goods for display at the Centennial Exhibition, expired November 10th, and the duties must either be paid or the Government will seize the articles on which they fall due. There are probably about fifty such articles, principally show-cases of little value, many of which were left at the Exhibition because they were not worth what it would cost to remove them, now remaining in the Main Building. These will be sold. The most valuable exhibit likely to be seized is the terra cotta pagoda, near the western end of the main aisle. It was brought here by the Doultons, of London, and when the Centennial closed it was presented to the Permanent Exhibition Company. It probably cost \$300, and the duty on it is something less than one-third of that sum. The next most valuable foreign exhibit that can be seized for unpaid duty is that of the ultramarine works of Nuremberg, Germany, but it is practically valueless.

THE EGYPTIAN SLAVE TRADE.—The Department of State has received from the Consul-General at Cairo a copy of the convention, concluded on the 4th of August last, between the Governments of Great Britain and Egypt, for the suppression of the slave trade within the countries ruled over by the Khédive. The powers and privileges granted by the Egyptian Government to British cruisers to visit, search, detain, etc., suspected Egyptian vessels, are very full, the "law's delay" in the trial of slavers short, and the punishment severe. Wherever the word "slaves" occurs in the convention, it is immediately qualified by the words "Africans and Abyssinians," which qualification, it seems, was intended to exclude from the terms of that instrument the Circassian and Georgian female slaves, who are purchased in Constantinople by the middle and higher classes in Egypt and held in the harems under the designation of servants and wives. Those "servants," who are only limited in number by the desire and wealth of the purchasers, are as really slaves as any others.

A DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE.—The bill introduced by Senator Windom, to establish a Department of Commerce, provides for the creation of a new Executive Department, with a Secretary and Assistant Secretary, to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate; the said department to be charged with the supervision and care of the commercial, agricultural, manufacturing and mining interests of the United States, in so far as the same are confided to the National Government by the Constitution. The bill provides, among other details, that this new department shall be charged with the execution of all the laws of the United States relating to trade and commerce, both foreign and domestic; to customs duties and internal revenue taxes, to navigation, lighthouses, rivers and harbors, etc.; that it shall collect and tabulate statistics relating to the agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and mining of the United States; and that its Secretary shall report to the President, for the information of Congress, the information collected, together with such recommendations as shall be deemed of importance to the public interests.

THE ARMY BILL.—It looks as though Congress would probably adjourn without interfering with the strength of the army. The House unexpectedly resolved to cut the force down to 20,000, but the Senate Committee reported in favor of 25,000. On November 16th, the House Committee on Appropriations agreed to all the amendments made by the Senate to the Army Bill except that fixing the numerical strength of the army at 25,000 men. This last amendment was non-concurred in by a party vote, and the chairman instructed to report the Bill back to the House at his discretion. This discretion was given the chairman in order to give opportunity to induce the Texas delegation to sustain the committee and vote for a conference. These Texas members are now disposed to vote to concur in the amendments made by the Senate and it is doubtful if they can be induced to follow a majority of the committee in their efforts to limit the army to 20,000. When the bill is reported back, a vote will be demanded on each of the amendments made by the Senate, and the indications are that they will be all concurred in and the Bill passed finally without the aid of a conference.

THE CUSTER DEFEAT.—In the light of testimony which the Sitting Bull Commission obtained during their recent visit to the Sioux, it looks as though much of the blame which has heretofore attached to the dead Custer will be transferred to the living Reno, whose failure to co-operate with Custer caused the latter's defeat and death. The *Herald* correspondent in the field is quite decided on this point. As soon as the facts of the Little Big Horn massacre were known, it was seen that the conduct of Major Reno called for explanation. Observations were made at the time upon the circumstance that this officer, appointed to co-operate in a combined advance upon the Indian position, did not do his whole duty under his orders; and not only that, but discontinued his advance altogether on encountering some resistance, permitted himself to be very easily whipped and withdrew his force to a comparatively safe place, and "saved his men" within sound of the fire that annihilated the force with which he was to co-operate. No official inquiry was made at the time, as our army administration seems unable to move in such a matter except at the instance of the inculpated officer, who

is supposed to be concerned for his honor, or upon charges of those aggrieved. All the aggrieved ones were slaughtered in the fight, and the imputations as to the honor of him who had left them to their fate seemed not to fall upon a sensitive surface.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

HENRY L. PIERCE received the Citizens' nomination for Mayor of Boston.

THE Goethe Club of New York City gave a reception to William G. Bryant on the 14th.

THE sum of \$668,300 was appropriated for the work of the ensuing year by the Methodist General Missionary Committee.

THE immense retail drygoods store of Field, Leiter & Co., of Chicago, was burned on the 14th, with nearly all its contents.

DURING the week ending Saturday, November 17th, the price of gold in New York City averaged 102½, 102¾ and 102¾.

A DINNER was given to William W. Story, the sculptor, by the leading citizens of New York, on the 15th, at the Union League Club.

PRESIDENT HAYES appointed Mr. Filley as Postmaster at St. Louis, and appointed Ellingham Lawrence Collector of the Port of New Orleans.

MR. FARJEON, the English novelist, and Joseph Jefferson, the favorite actor, were entertained by the Lotus Club of New York, on the 10th.

MRS. LA BAU, in behalf of Cornelius Vanderbilt, began proceedings before the Surrogate to have Commodore Vanderbilt's will set aside.

THE Reading Savings Bank, the Dime Savings Bank and the banking-house of Bushing & Brothers, all of Reading, Pa., suspended payments on the 16th.

L. C. CARPENTER, who was arrested in New Jersey and extradited to South Carolina, was convicted of forgery in raising bills for printing the public laws.

GENERAL SHERMAN, in his annual report, placed the military force, available for war, at 20,601 men, and recommended the liberal support of a strong army.

THE Grand Jury of Hudson County, N. J., indicted the pool-sellers, who, after being driven from New York City, undertook to carry on business in Hoboken.

ROBERT L. CASE, formerly President of the broken Security Life Insurance Company, was tried on a charge of perjury in swearing to false returns and was convicted in New York.

GREAT excitement was produced in Chicago on the 14th by the discovery that William F. Coolbaugh, President of the Union National Bank, and one of the most influential citizens, had committed suicide.

In a caucus of the Republican members of the Senate it was agreed that Democrats ought not to be appointed to offices where an enforcement of the Reconstruction Acts and the Constitutional Amendment is necessary.

THE House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads agreed on the 16th to recommend the passage of a Bill providing that all letter-carriers in the free delivery service shall be divided into two classes, and that the first class shall receive \$950 and the second class \$800 per annum, the distinction of class to be made as shall be deemed expedient by the respective postmasters, and appointments to the rank of first-class only to be made by promotions from the second class.

IN the United States SENATE Daniel W. Voorhees was sworn in as successor to the late Mr. Morton. Mr. Conkling made a personal explanation, and a Bill was introduced for the establishment of a Department of Commerce, on Monday, November 12th. The House passed the Army Appropriation Bill after being amended by striking out the clause restricting recruiting the army beyond its strength on November 1st. On Tuesday the resolution asking the President to report what reasons, if any, there were for not compelling the Union Pacific Railroad and its branches to comply with the law was called up, and Mr. Rawlings was made Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures in the SENATE; while in the House the Deficiency Appropriation Bill was passed, and debate had on the Resumption Repeal Bill. The Bill to provide for the Texas Frontier was called up on Wednesday in the SENATE, and debate on the Resumption Repeal Bill resumed in the House. On Thursday the SENATE passed the Naval Deficiency and the Army Appropriation Bills, and received a Bill for the appointment of a National Tribunal to settle disputed questions in relation to Presidential Elections. The House continued the discussion on the Resumption Repeal Bill. Petitions against the remonetization of silver were presented in the SENATE on Friday, and a resolution for the appointment of a Commission to inquire into alleged discrepancies in Treasury reports, particularly between 1869 and 1871, was called up and debated. A Deficiency Bill was reported, but action was reached on the Resumption Repeal Bill in the House.

Foreign.

AT an extraordinary Cabinet Council, Prince Milan announced that the participation of Serbia in the war had been determined upon. Another subsidy of \$400,000 was received from Russia.

SULEIMAN PASHA was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Turkish army in Roumelia. At Erzeroum the Turks are confident of holding the city against all Russian attacks. Mehemet Ali took up a new position near Sophia.

THE Montenegrins captured a fort commanding the town of Antivari, with its garrison, guns, ammunition and a large quantity of provisions, and advanced upon the town itself. A number of block-houses near Scutari were also captured.

RUSSIAN reports claimed that the Turkish attacks on General Skobelev's position near Plevna were repulsed; that they captured Vratza, a town half-way between Plevna and Sophia; and that they had continued throwing up intrenchments at Deve-Boyun, near Erzeroum, without serious molestation.

EARLY in the week President MacMahon insisted that his Ministers should retain their portfolios. The excitement that ensued in Paris was heightened by the Chambers taking action to have all Government interference at the late elections investigated, and the appearance of Minister de Fourton in the Assembly, who delivered a defense of the President's policy. On Friday, however, at a Cabinet meeting, all the Ministers tendered their resignations and refused to serve longer. The President was compelled to accept the result, and immediately held a consultation with his Legislative adherents. Rumors of an alarming character were thick in the city, some charging that Mme. MacMahon ruled her husband, others that he was under Bonapartist and clerical influence, and, but for fear of Germany and Italy, would long ago have resorted to force; and more to the effect that civil war was imminent.

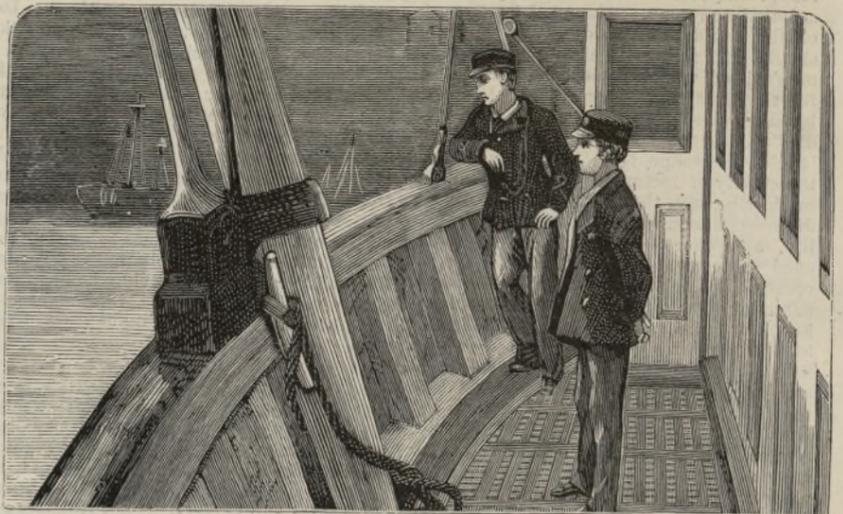
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 207.



SPAIN.—THE ABANDONMENT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, OCTOBER 15TH.



EGYPT.—LAUNCHING THE CAISSON CONTAINING CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, AT ALEXANDRIA



ENGLAND.—THE BRITISH PRINCES' QUARTERS ON THE TRAINING-SHIP "BRITANNIA."



SPAIN.—CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE VOYAGE, PRIOR TO ITS ABANDONMENT.



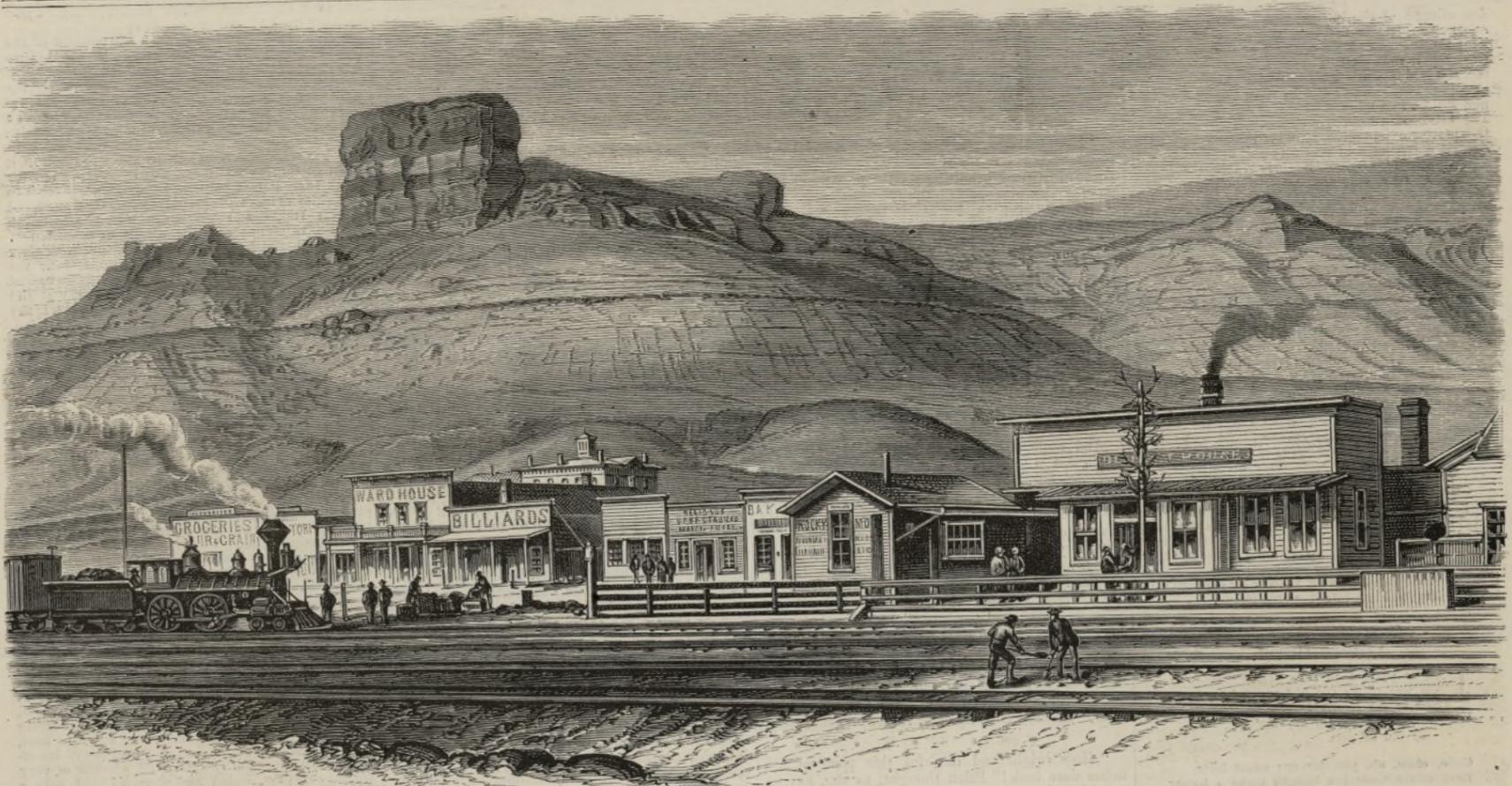
ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKING HIS SONS ON BOARD THE TRAINING-SHIP "BRITANNIA" AT DARTMOUTH.



BULGARIA.—TURKISH ARTILLERISTS HAULING GUNS UP TO THE FRONT.



BULGARIA.—THE ATTACK ON THE GRIVITCHA REDOUBT, AT PLEVNA.



GREEN RIVER STATION, SHOWING THE PECULIAR TOWER-LIKE FORMATION OF THE GREEN RIVER BUTTES.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO
THE PACIFIC.
THROUGH WEBER CANON.

THE highest bluffs and the most peculiar and picturesque formations of Echo Cañon are all grouped on its northern side. On the south, or left hand, as we travel west, the bluffs are low and sloping, in places rolling down to the level of the plain, and giving us the full sweep of that wonderful distance bounded only by the sharp, distinct skyline; on the other hand rises the great ragged wall with its deep niches and jutting promontories, its spires and battlements, and the isolated rocks at its base, towering like giant stalagmites and crowded together in weird families. It is like the impossible land of a child's fairy tale, a spellbound region, wherein every living creature has been stricken into stone, and left rooted in grim monumental silence for ever. There is always more or less a suggestion of life in rocks, but these seem sentient and half human. The rude cones of the Battlement Rocks, hewn out of the warm red sandstone, look like so many cowed monks, leaning together; the "Witches," perched high up on a ledge in the side

crumbling rock, and there are two or three more behind him, and a flicker of fire low down among the loose stones, and a puff of blue smoke floating away above them. "That's a hunter's camp," says the brakeman, who sits swinging his long legs on the railing of the rear platform. "That thar place looks as if 'twas made a-purpose for 'em, don't it?"

They have camped on a broad shelf, as it were, which juts out in front of one of the deep crannies or niches everywhere perforating these great bluffs. This miniature cave may be ten or twelve feet deep, and high enough inside for a man to stand upright; and, with a handful of straw spread on the stony floor and the camp-fire piled across its mouth fed by the crackling, resinous cedars and the dry sage-brush, one can fancy no more delicious resting-place for a night than this one between the walls of Echo Cañon.

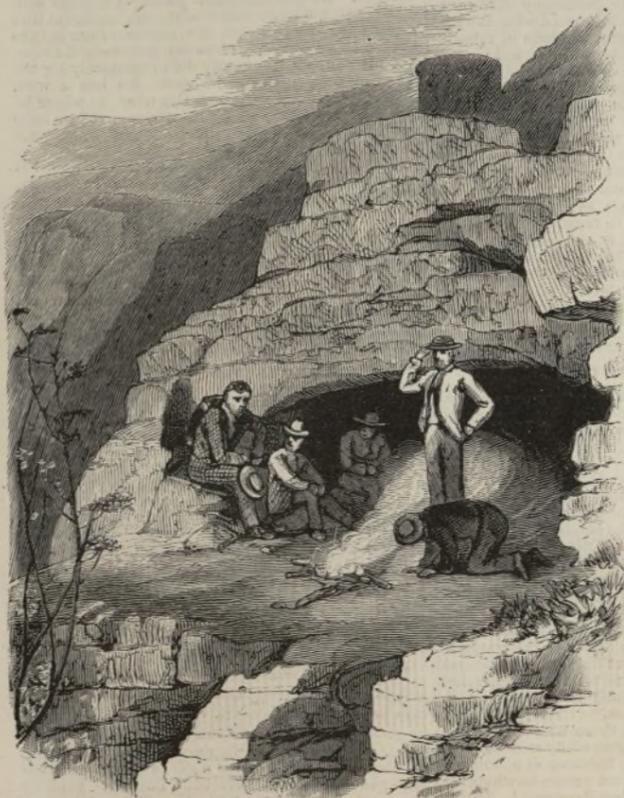
We pass out of Echo very quickly, through a narrowing gorge, past a tiny Mormon settlement, just across the Weber River, whose chief building is its "Bishop's Palace," a by no means palatial structure of brick, and into Weber Cañon. Here, as before, we find almost all the striking points of the scenery grouped on our right hand; but the fantastic rock formations disappear, and nature, playing no more freaks, shows only rugged lines of grandeur. The bluffs take the form of precipitous hillsides, where a film of green drapes their rocky skeletons, and away up on the heights we can see the fine needle-like shafts of the pine-trees drawn black against the sky. The rocks that push through the soil in long serrated ledges are a dark slaty gray—all the warm rich sunset colors of Echo Cañon have faded out, and there is only the gray rock, the faint, tawny green of the sod and the deeper green of the little river that goes swirling and foaming around its boulders, right at the base of the bluff. Here and there a wall of craggy limestone rises sheer against the sky, honeycombed with deep, ragged holes, that pierce through the projections of the

disposed fellow, who keeps us company on the platform and beguiles the time with chat, furnishing useful information to the female inquisitors who attack him every five minutes for the same, and jumping off at every stopping-place to snatch up stones and specimens for them. (The said specimens, be it observed, accumulate as stumbling-blocks along the passages at the end of the car, and gradually form stone-quarries under every seat until Howells spirits them away under pretense of "jes' layin' em to one side for the ladies.")

The train "slows up," and we stop at the landmark by the wayside, everybody pouring out *en masse*, as the camera is seen traveling down the track in the grasp of our photographer. It is nothing very remarkable, only a big cedar by the

roadside, right on the grassy bank of the noisy little river, and to one of its lower limbs is fastened a great signboard, where you may read its name in black and white. One thousand miles from Omaha and the Missouri—that dividing line of the Continent, cutting off "the States" from "the frontier"—one thousand miles from what we call "civilization" in the East, and nearly as far from that civilization of the West which concentrates at San Francisco. It gives one a vaguely regretful feeling to be distinctly reminded that more than half our journey is over—slipped by almost without our heeding—and that only forty-eight hours more lie between us and the end of our iron trail!

But we jump down at the Thousand-Mile Tree, pick up stones with the rest of the travelers, and duly pose for our pictures with them. In the sud-



A CAMP AMONG THE ROCKS, ECHO CANON.

of the cañon, are thin, fantastic caricatures, dressed in red and gray with bars and belts of yellow—you can almost see them turning their long, crane-like necks and whispering as you whirl by; and there is Monument Rock, a tall, hooded sentinel watching between Echo and Weber Valley, a giant measuring two hundred and fifty feet from the apex of his conical cap to the sage-brush carpet on which he stands. Glancing up along the bluff, we catch sight of something stirring. Are the pillars of stone waking up and nodding to us? No, it is only a tiny human figure, standing on a ledge of the red

rock like so many irregularly hewn windows, and let in a flash of sunlight blue. In the niches of that heather-worn bluff, to the left, there are hundreds of eagles' nests, high up out of reach of all but winged creatures; lower down, the swallows build and come and go with the seasons, and the great sun-warmed rock is as full of life as an ant-hill, for all its cold dead seeming. "Thousand-Mile Tree's just ahead," sings out the brakeman. He is a sociably



THE ONE-THOUSAND-MILE TREE—THE DIVIDING LINE OF THE CONTINENT.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC—THE TRIP IN UTAH THROUGH WEBER CANON TO THE THOUSAND-MILE TREE. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

den silence of the cañon, now that the puff and snort and rattle of the long train is silent, we can hear the foaming ripple of the Weber River singing loudly as it runs past between the high bluffs; can feel the stillness and the loneliness close round us, and finally guess at what they were before we came and will be in a minute hence, when we are gone. The fat cook seizes this opportunity to drop from the platform and dive into his ice-box under the car, an object of wild curiosity and interest to half a dozen small boys, who eagerly watch the bringing forth of an antelope-steak to the light of day. We have forgotten that it is nearly dinner-time, but William has probably been thinking of nothing else all the way through Echo Cañon, and the stern necessities of mushroom sauces and meringue puddings and lobster salads have crowded out of his brain such trivial accidents of Nature as bluffs and buttes and out-door galleries of rock-sculpture.

Off we go again, to the deep relief of the brakeman, who chafes at all our manifold stoppages and delays, yet cannot resist the delight of pointing out at every hundred yards or so something that "had ought to be photographed of anything was." He has evidently an appreciative eye for scenery along the route, and accepts our raptures with the coolness of one who has a sort of personal proprietorship therein. He is "going to run over to the States in the Fall," he informs us; "he was raised there, but he ain't goin' to stay, you bet! No, sir, there ain't elber-room over there for a man that has once lived on the Plains. He couldn't get a long breath in one of them villages! It's a queer thing," he adds, "that all the women that come out yer' want to stay, and the men are mostly ready to run back again. Now, how d'ye account for that?" and he looks up with a grin as one who propounds a conundrum. But we give it up, at least until we can strike an answer by contact with some of the feminine intelligences inside.

LOVE'S HOUR.

I AM at peace with thee to day
Oh world! for but last night I lay
Close to my tender lover's heart,
With none to know, or say me nay,
Or bid us part.

Close, close, ah, yes, for one sweet hour,
Here where these low boughs make a bower,
Grown thick and darksome for our sake—
Here did we pluck life's perfect flower
With full hearts like to break!

And now—come loss, or anything
The cruel sad swift years may bring,
That hour, at least, is his and mine;
Our child whose little arms shall cling,
Whose face shall shine,
Whose hidden lovely face shall be
A joy even through Death's agony.

ADA VROOMAN LESLIE.

THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES.

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

CHAPTER XXIII, AND LAST.

ANTHONY LATOUCHE'S sole earthly hope was gratified. This little one who was born when the rose-red blossoms of the rhododendron were glowing and fragrant, the tiny infant that he held in his dying arms was a pale, fragile baby-girl, with her mother's large dark eyes.

"Heaven has been very good to me," Anthony Latouche said, in honest, fervent gratefulness. "After my misspent life, dying, shattered and worn out while still a young man, after ruining health, strength, time and wealth, heaven gave me peace and happiness for the last days of my life—gave me the love of one of the best women that was ever created, and let me live to see my own little child, my little daughter, the last and best earthly gift granted to me."

They called her Theodora, as her father wished; and on the day of her baptism she was fatherless and her mother a widow.

Anthony had sunk very rapidly for a day or two, although no immediate change was realized; he had even raised himself on his pillow to look at his little girl lying on the bed beside him, smiled on her, and admired her tiny, pale, pretty features and the flossy pale curls above her brow.

"She will be a beauty," he said, fondly—"the last and fairest flower of the old stock. I pray heaven she may be as good and pure as she will be lovely."

Then, after a while, in the hush of the Summer evening, he said he felt tired, and as if he could go to sleep; that very pleasant was that sunset light over the distant hill-tops which he saw from the window, the scent of the mignonette and the roses; that he felt very comfortable and happy; that he had no pain; that if his "dear old woman" would take his head on her bosom and put her arms around him, as she had often done, he was sure he could sleep well.

"Darling old woman—heaven bless her!" he said, looking up into the loving face that bent above his, his blue eyes bright and radiant with a strange light of peace. And in the fond arms of her who had loved him so well, with his head on her bosom and her wifely kisses on his lips, Anthony Latouche fell asleep with a long sigh of rest, wherein his "life's fitful fever" grew calm for evermore.

Their pleasant home, which had grown gay and noisy with children's voices—the Stirlings' home—for Lizzie's third son was born just as his father succeeded to the baronetcy, and unexpectedly a small funded property as well—was almost wearisome sometimes to Anthony Latouche's gentle young widow and her meek, fragile little child, who clung too close to her mother's arms to find playmates in the strong, romping, loud-voiced youngsters who made Derrymore Castle re-echo their mirth or sorrows from morning till night.

"I think I should like to have little Katsie O'Niall to stay with me for a while," she said to her sister-in-law. "I am sure you would like her, Lizzie; but I suppose she and poor Tom, who was so much in love with her, were married long ago. I have never heard from her since just after I was married."

"She was very pretty, Dick told me," Lizzie replied. "I often wanted him to ask her and her

father to come and see us, but he always put me off."

"Did he?" Ellen said, thinking.
"Yes," replied Lizzie, laughing heartily—"I know well why. I believe Dick used to flirt with this pretty little girl, and he is afraid of making me jealous—as if I should be!"

"No, of course not," Ellen said, uncomfortably remembering the night she had seen handsome Richard Stirling bending over the pretty blushing face at the piano, while the fresh girl-voice sang "Huntingtower" and "Lizzie Lindsay" for him. "I shall go and see them in Ardnamore," Ellen said, presently, "and I will bring Katsie back with me. I am sure she will be delighted with my little Dora."

"Do bring her back, dear," said Mrs. Stirling, heartily, "and tell her she must stay a week at least with me. Tell her Dick and I both expect her; and if she's married tell her to bring her husband, and, if she has a baby, bring it too—do, Ellen. I often wanted to see that pretty little soft-hearted girl. Dick told me she was a most soft-hearted, simple, innocent, little thing, that little Katsie O'Niall."

And not until Ellen and her child were gone north did Mrs. Stirling rather quizzically tell her husband how she had asked pretty little Katsie O'Niall on a visit, and requested him to look as fascinating as he could, or Miss O'Niall would say the cares of married life were spoiling him.

"Do you think she will come?" Richard Stirling asked, laughing rather awkwardly. "Miss O'Niall may not care for you very particularly, Lizzie."

"Do you suppose she remembers you all this time, you conceited creature?" Lizzie said, laughing. "Perhaps you stole her heart away, you bad boy, married bachelor, making yourself so agreeable to pretty blue-eyed, brown-haired Katsies, and your lawful wife and baby looking for you!"

"I wish my lawful wife and baby had found me then," Richard Stirling said, rather enigmatically.

"How bright and cheerful this pleasant old house does look!" Ellen thought, as she, having left her baby and servant at the hotel, walked over to the large, substantial-looking house on the Parade, with its many windows glistening brightly in the sun, its white curtains and scarlet flowers and birdcages, glistening brass knocker, and newly painted hall-door and white railings, making a pleasant picture in gayest tints with the surroundings of the sombre old trees in the Cathedral Close and the wide, gray street in front to set it off.

"It looks brighter and fresher than it used to look," she mused, as she knocked. "I wonder if pretty untidy little Katsie has married and become a model housekeeper?"

"Does Mr. O'Niall live here?" she asked of the trim maidservant.
"No'm," the damsel replied, primly and coldly, being one of the "well-trained," automaton class of domestics.

"Does he not?" Ellen said, stepping back in surprise after she smilingly prepared to cross the threshold. "But Miss O'Niall—I mean where does he live?"

"I don't really know'm," the servant replied, more primly and coldly, pushing the door a little. "Does your mistress know? Please ask," Ellen said, feeling a little bewildered.

The girl tossed her cap-ribbons slightly, and walked back to the further end of the hall, glancing at Ellen rather suspiciously. But as she did so, a tall, thin, youngish lady entered the hall from the drawing-room.

"A lady wants to know where Mr. O'Niall lives'm," the prim servant said, in a rather complaining tone.

The lady glanced coldly at Ellen from head to foot, but, having perceived that her mantle was well cut and that the crape of her widow's veil was rich and new, she smiled frigidly.

"Mr. O'Niall lives, I believe, in a suite of rooms in Mrs. Kelly's house—near his warehouse," she said. "Did you wish to see him?"

"Yes; I have come a long distance to see him and his daughter. They used to live here two years ago," Ellen explained; "but you say Mr. O'Niall lives at Mrs. Kelly's?"

"I believe so," the young lady said, stiffly. "I do not know anything of them—we do not know them; but I have heard papa say—" Her father was a new rector, and the young lady, having an aristocratic mamma, a third cousin to an earl, was not anxious to improve an acquaintance with a wool-merchant's family.

Ellen thanked her and hurried off to the further end of the little town.

"Katsie is married, then, I suppose," she said to herself; "but I wonder her father is not living with her. Perhaps he will do so, and is waiting to get a large house, or something of that kind—that pretty villa, River View, that Doctor Rane told me he should like for his house. Yes, that is it; and the lonely widow sighed beneath her heavy mourning-veil to think of the glad young lives that were beginning the battle of life together—Katsie, who had never known sorrow—Katsie, who had been guarded and sheltered and nursed in love and indulgence, only to leave her father's arms for those of a fond, kind husband; while she, who had known but one joy in life, had been bereft of it as soon as she had known it.

She was ascending the steps of Mrs. Kelly's house when she came face to face with Doctor Rane.

"Oh, how are you—how are you?" she said, gladly. "Don't you remember me, Doctor Rane? I was Ellen Bruce—I am Ellen Latouche now, and—a widow."

"My dear Mrs. Latouche!" he responded, heartily and kindly, grasping her hand; and then, as he looked pityingly at her mourning garments, she saw that he, too, wore deep and recent mourning.

"How are Mr. O'Niall and his daughter?" she asked. "Or is she Miss O'Niall still? Pretty Katsie, I am prepared to hear—"

"You are not prepared to hear the truth, I can see, Mrs. Latouche," the young surgeon said, his kindly face growing sad and stern. "Katsie O'Niall died and was buried four months ago."

"Dead! Katsie dead? How? Of what?"
"Of decline," Doctor Rane said, briefly—"a form of consumption, at least. You did not know

she was ill from that day you last saw her—when she went to the concert. You remember?"

"Yes, I remember."
"She was ill from then," he said, speaking rapidly. "She was ill after that day, and then caught a cold, and so on. Her mother was delicate. She would suffer from any severe shock—I always said so. Yes, she is dead, Mrs. Latouche, and her father is left alone, broken-hearted."

Ellen remained stunned and shocked beyond words, and through her brain seemed to rise the warbling refrain of the old ballad—

"Had I kenned o' your fausse luv,
Ye'd ne'er ha' won mine, laddie."

At Doctor Rane's request she visited the poor, lonely old merchant in his office; and, after a few minutes spent in hearing and asking questions, the broken-hearted, simple-minded man poured out with his own tears the story of his little daughter's sorrows.

"She broke her heart, my Katsie did!" he sobbed. "My precious little girl, she broke her heart and wouldn't tell. She never told me for many a day. He broke her heart—James Stewart—Richard Stirling, as I was told his real name was. Yes, I was kind to him—I liked him. I pitied him in Australia—a gentlemanly, handsome lad, well-born, well-educated, with nothing to do, earning a crust in a tallow-and-hide warehouse. He told me he was sick of his life, and would have shot himself if I hadn't met him. Yes, I pitied him and liked him and brought him home, and he never told me he was married. I saw no danger, and my poor little lamb liked and admired him and cared too much for him, Miss Bruce—I beg your pardon—and it killed her when he went away so suddenly with his wife. I heard she was a very pretty woman, and very good and fond of him. He should have thought of her more, and not broken my poor little daughter's tender heart."

"And Richard Stirling was cruel and false to both the women who loved him too well," Ellen thought, passionately, although she forbore to speak. "My Anthony, my darling, with all your faults, you never broke a woman's heart nor wronged a woman's faithful love. With all your faults, my beloved, there were in your inmost nature, and revealed often enough to any who chose to look for them, the sterling graces of a man's character—an honest reverence for true religion, an honest, proud adherence to truth, and an honest chivalry for a woman's name and fame and peace of heart—as truly, my own love, as that you were THE LAST OF THE LATOUCHES."

CONTESTING COMMODORE VANDERBILT'S WILL.

THE Surrogate's Chambers, in the new Court House, New York City, were crowded day after day last week, when the family contest over the will of the late Commodore Vanderbilt was formally brought before Surrogate Calvin. The suit to set aside the will was instituted by Mrs. Mary A. La Ban, a daughter of the Commodore, in behalf of her brother Cornelius.

On Monday Nov. 12th, both sides announced their readiness to proceed. There were present as counsel ex-Attorney-General Black, Congressman Lord, and Henry Clinton; and as witnesses, Daniel B. Allen, a son-in-law of the testator; Cornelius and Jacob Vanderbilt; Edwin D. Worcester, and Dr. Jared Linsly.

The examination continued through Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, and was then adjourned until December 4th, all the testimony tending to prove, what the public fully believed during the lifetime of the deceased, that he was a man of remarkable independence, self-control and will; qualities which, in a large measure, have descended to his favorite son, William H. Vanderbilt. The case attracted considerable attention from the social prominence of the parties and the vast sums of money involved, and while there was a general feeling of regret at the bringing into publicity of purely domestic matters, there was also a decided expression of opinion that a man who had his way in life so emphatically as Commodore Vanderbilt was fully competent to regulate the disposal of his property among his successors. Our front page picture represents the scene in the Surrogate's Court on November 14th, while Doctor Linsly, the family physician, was being interrogated as to his acquaintance with the late Commodore of nearly half a century standing.

The Disparagement of Money.

HOW ABSURD does it seem to disparage money as if it were something sinful and dangerous. As well disparage man-power, horse-power, steam-power, or any other power. As a force, money is neither hurtful nor beneficial, neither bad nor good in itself. All depends on the way in which it is used or directed. Gunpowder can blast a quarry and bring forth stones with which a hospital may be built; but the same gunpowder in the hands of the Russians or Turks can blow thousands of men into eternity in a single day. A rich man, if he be unselfish, has in his wealth the power of making his fellow-creatures less coarse, less depraved, and, as a consequence, less miserable. From the vantage-ground of high position he can fight a chivalrous battle for the afflicted and him that hath no helper. His good example will have far more effect than that of a poorer man. His influence, if directed to good and merciful objects, is as powerful for good as that of the selfish rich man is for the reverse. "Nobody should be rich," said Goethe, "but those who understand it." But when a man owns gracefully and usefully, what good may he not do in the way of opening a path for others and giving them access to whatever civilizing agencies he may himself possess! Therefore we can understand how both religion and philanthropy may treat with respect and even with reverence the motto "Put money in thy purse." May we not even say that it is the desire to "get on" and to become rich that prevents our sinking into barbarism?

KING DAVID PHARAOH, THE LAST OF THE MONTAUK CHIEFS.

A WAY down at the eastern extremity of Long Island, one hundred and twenty miles from New York City, lies the beautiful peninsula of Montauk. It is chiefly occupied now as a grazing field, upon the grassy slopes of which about twenty-five hundred head of horses, cattle and

sheep, find excellent pasture. The surface of the land is beautifully undulating, with here and there a patch of timber-growth, and now and then a charming sheet of fresh water, to diversify the landscape and invite the wanderer to the cool retreats which they afford. This peninsula was once the home of that powerful and famous tribe of Indians, the Montaukets. They and their descendants have continued to occupy some portions of it down to the present time; and though the Indians at an early period conveyed the land "in fee" to the white settlers of Easthampton, they reserved certain rights and privileges which secured to them a residence and the means of subsistence. These rights and privileges they continue to enjoy.

On the further end of the peninsula, near the Point, and within sight of the turbulent waves of old ocean, which are ever pounding away at the rocks just beyond the end of the land, is the home of the feeble remnant of that once noble tribe. Let our readers accompany us as we go to interview the present head of this faded remnant. On the way we naturally recall to mind the accounts which history and tradition have handed down, of that great-hearted and liberal chief of the Montaukets, Wyandanch, who, at the time of the settlement by the whites, held the sceptre over all the Island tribes, and whose name has been preserved with respect and reverence for more than two hundred years. We wonder if we shall see in the present chief any of those marks—the erect frame, the noble bearing, the gaudy trappings, the long, flowing hair, or the dark and piercing eyes—which our imagination has attached to the former chief.

Making our way toward the home of the "King," we approach a small frame building, in size about sixteen by twenty feet on the ground, and two stories high, bearing upon the outside some slight evidence of having once been painted. It contains five small, partly finished rooms, the floors of which are mostly uncarpeted, and the furniture scanty and somewhat shabby. Entering the house, we find ourselves in the immediate presence of "His Highness," King David Pharaoh, the present chief of the Montauks. A man of medium frame, apparently forty-five years of age, and measuring about five feet three inches from crown to heel, lies stretched upon the bed in a position of luxurious indolence; partly clad with clothes of very ordinary quality, soiled and worn at that, with a dirty clay pipe in his mouth, and his dull eyes bloodshot and red from the use of too much "fire-water," before us lounges the potentate who wields the sceptre of Montauk. We behold in him none of the anticipated traces of royal blood. Alas for the glory of the chieftain's office! It has departed, and can only be remembered as a thing of the past.

It might be interesting to follow the succession of chiefs down from the former to the latter, but the fates have decreed that the two should not be connected by a line in history, and so the names of those heroes whose reigns have filled the long interval are buried in oblivion. We have been able to find the names of those who have succeeded each other since 1830, as follows: George Pharaoh, Charles Cuffee, David Hamibar, Samuel Pharaoh, alias "Buck," Sylvester Pharaoh, Elisha Pharaoh, and the present David Pharaoh. The office of Chief or King has not always been hereditary, but rather, in later years at any rate, elective. Those elections are said to have been frequently as abundant in fraudulent voting, proportionately, as the elections in New York City ever have been, and sometimes bulldozing has been practiced as successfully as it ever was in the Southern States.

King David Pharaoh, whose record, by-the-way, is not altogether free from the charge of forcing the election, has held his position since 1870. He has two or three associates whom he calls his counselors, but he presides over no councils of war, as did his predecessors of two centuries or more, nor does he hold any festive jubilee or anniversary celebration in respect to or remembrance of any custom or event which tradition has preserved from the past. His time is mostly spent in indolence. He plants a small patch of ground with corn, oats, potatoes and wheat, but negligent till returns him scanty crops. He, however, manages to keep a horse or two, and as many cows and swine, but his animals frequently die prematurely for the want of proper care and food. He has a wife, Maria by name, a native of the tribe, to whom he has been married about fifteen years. They have four children—three boys and one girl—ranging in their ages from five to thirteen years.

The tribe of Montauks now occupying their reservation numbers only three male heads of families, two wives and nine children. So we see the subjects of Pharaoh of the Montauks are not as numerous as were those of his namesake of Egyptian fame. Besides the resident members of the tribe, there are two others living in the village of Easthampton—one a young man, son of a former queen; and the other an older man, George Pharaoh, said to be the only pure-blooded Montauk now living. The resident Indians occupy what is called the "Indian Fields," on the northeastern part of the peninsula. This particular spot has been occupied as the residence of the tribe nearly one hundred and seventy-five years. They are generally ignorant and indolent, and not at all disposed to improve the privileges which they possess. They hire out to the proprietors of Montauk and to individual farmers the claims which they have upon the lands, and from this they derive a small revenue upon which, together with what little work they do, they manage to live. There is, however, one honorable exception in the person of one their number who is industrious and well-to-do. But the numbers of the tribe are on the decline, and the time is probably not far distant when the last vestige of them will disappear from the romantic haunts of their fathers.

An Incredulous Jehu.

THE Duke of Connaught, during his recent visit to Dublin, became particularly partial to the outside cars indigenous across St. George's Channel, and frequently took an opportunity of being driven in them. The other day, in pursuance of this fancy, his Royal Highness called a car, and ordering the driver to take him to Portobello Barracks, genially fell into conversation with him. The Jehu was quite unconscious of the identity of his fare, and, taking him for an Englishman newly arrived, commented at great length on the fact that his car had once accommodated Earl Spencer during that nobleman's Viceroyship. "Bedad," said Pat, "an' yer 'onner aut to feel 'onored at sitting on the same sate. His excellency is such a fine gentleman intirely." The Duke expressed himself much gratified at the happy coincidence, and Pat went on to confide to him that but one drop was wanting to make his cup of pride and happiness run over, and that was to have the crowning honour of being hired by "Prince Arthur Patrick, a devilish fine young fellow, they say, sor. By the powers, it meself would drive him in fine style. Maybe I wouldn't make the shones rattle and give his Highness an illigant taste of a rare Dublin drive." The Duke said nothing at the moment, but at the end of his journey, giving the man an extra *douceur*, he

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AT HOME AND ABROAD.

demurely observed, "Well, you've had your wish; I am the Duke of Connaught." Pat put the money in his pocket; an amazingly knowing expression stole over his face; and, as his fare turned to go, he put one finger to his nose and answered: "The Duke of Connaught, indeed! Why don't ye say you're the Prince of Wales? Arrah, get along wid ye; I get up too early in the morning to be coddled by an English gossoon."

How California Raisins are Made.

The grapes are brought by the Sacramento Valley Railroad cars alongside the establishment and are taken to the first floor, where they are assorted and dipped in a composition of chemicals, which cuts the tough pellicle of the skin by which evaporation is more easily effected; they are put in the driers where a heat is kept up from one hundred and forty to one hundred and sixty degrees, and in the manner before described are taken out at the top, where they are put for a short time in a steam box, which makes the stems flexible, and enables them to be packed in layers without breaking the bunches; they are then packed in six and a quarter, twelve and a half, and twenty-five pound boxes, nailed up and sent to the storehouse. The loose raisins are packed up in paper boxes made expressly for that purpose.

Over-work and Over-worry

The fashionable indisposition at the present time is over-work; and the patient who hears from the doctor that it is the stomach, and not the brain, which is over-taxed, is very apt to feel that he has received something very like a personal insult. If matters go on at this rate it will soon be ignored that we have such things as bodies. An influenza, a general malaise manifestly traceable to want of proper exercise, the lassitude that follows excess of pleasure or excitement, is interpreted as a monition on the part of nature that the mind must be allowed some pause in its heroic operations. Habitual violation of the laws of health is visited with its inevitable penalty; the seeds of a fatal malady, long since sown, yield their harvest, and there is a premature death. The verdict of society and the press is death by over-work. The deceased is complimented on having died in harness; but it is an understood thing that it was the continuous pressure of the harness which killed him. As a matter of fact, what is called over-work, but what is really hard, leads to long life rather than to an early grave. The chief instances of longevity recently witnessed have been those of a career passed in close and unremitting toil. Lord St. Leonards, Lord Brougham and Lord Palmerston would have a place in any modern treatise *De Senectute*. So would Earl Russell, and so in all likelihood will the most severe, varied, and incessant worker of this generation, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Thomas Carlyle is not a young man; Lord Lytton did not die a young man. If any one is inclined to think that these are exceptional instances, let him mentally run over a list of the hardest workers whom he knows, in State or Church, in law, letters, medicine, or arts, and ask himself whether there is any reason to believe that indigestible industry is a premium on untimely dissolution. That hard work is purely a relative term is true. Even Milo could not have accomplished the labors of Hercules.

Pilgrimage to Arabia.

The British Consul at Jeddah gives, in a recent report, an account of the pilgrimage through that port to Mecca and Medina at this season of the year. In 1876 the pilgrims began to arrive in the middle of August, and the last arrival was on the shortest day. The number reached 38,779, showing an increase of 1,000 Malays, 1,700 North Africans, 2,200 Egyptians, and 1,400 Arabs from the Red Sea littoral, but a decrease of 1,500 Indians and 1,700 from Persia and the Persian Gulf. The assemblage was computed at over 200,000. This enormous concourse dispersed without engendering any epidemic, though among pilgrims who embarked at Jeddah smallpox was prevalent. The *Jarad*, a small steamer under the Ottoman flag, owned by the Jemada of Shelu, on the voyage from Jeddah to the Persian Gulf with pilgrims, was totally lost off Leet in January, and, out of some four hundred persons on board, only eight or ten were saved.

Rapidity of a Pigeon's Flight.

ACCORDING to the London newspapers, there was lately an amusing experiment to test the flight of carrier-pigeons against the speed of a railway train. The following is the account given of this curious race, which took place on the 13th of July: "The race was from Dover to London between the continental mail express train and a carrier-pigeon conveying a document of an urgent nature from the French police. The pigeon was of the best breed of homing pigeons, known as 'Belgian voyagers.' The bird was tossed through a railway carriage window by a French official as the train moved from the Admiralty Pier, the wind being west and the atmosphere hazy, but with the sun shining. For upwards of a minute the carrier-pigeon circled round to an altitude of about half a mile, and then sailed away towards London. By this time the train, which carried the European mails, and was timed not to stop between Dover and Cannon Street, had got up to full speed, and was proceeding at the rate of sixty miles an hour towards London. The odds at starting seemed against the bird; and the railway officials predicted that the little messenger would be beaten in the race. The pigeon, however, as soon as it ascertained its bearings, took the nearest homeward route in a direction midway between Maidstone and Sittingbourne, the distance 'as the crow flies' between Dover and London being seventy miles, and by rail seventy-six and a half miles. When the continental mail express came into Cannon Street station, the bird had been home twenty minutes, having beaten Her Majesty's royal mail by a time allowance representing eighteen miles."

Europe Growing Colder.

A SWEDISH paper publishes an interesting article under the heading, "Why is the Climate of Europe Growing Colder?" The article states that in the Bay of Komenck, near Koma, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. This sinking in the temperature,

which moved in a southerly direction, as can be proved by geological data, that is, the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our days also. During the last few years the ice has increased far towards the South; thus between Greenland and the Arctic Sea colossal masses of ice have accumulated. On European coasts navigators now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the Summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula this Summer results from the masses of ice which are floating in the region where the Gulf Stream bends towards our coasts. This is a repetition of the observations made in the Summer of 1865. The unaccustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to found a new home in North America.

A Callous Joker.

A LONDON correspondent describes a dispute he witnessed in an English railway carriage between an Irish gentleman and a clergyman on the atrocious question. He says: The fun grew fast and furious; the Irishman was working himself up to a pitch of fever heat, when suddenly, to the horror of everybody, while emphasizing some statement, he whipped a formidable looking knife out of his pocket, brandished it about wildly for a second and then stuck it into the very thick of the thigh of his right leg. It must have gone in at least an inch, and there it stood vibrating, he sitting perfectly still, calmly looking at it. Everybody was afraid to move lest the blade should be transferred from the gentleman's own flesh to our bodies. The parson was the first to venture a word of expostulation.

"Goodness gracious, sir," said he, "for heaven's sake, take it out at once, sir; think what a mess the carriage will be in; besides, you will seriously injure yourself!"

"Not a bit of it," mildly replied the son of Erin, all his excitement having apparently subsided; "I positively like it. It doesn't hurt me—I have accustomed my muscles to it. I assure you I don't feel it the least."

"Accustomed your muscles to it!" exclaimed the parson; "impossible! Do take it out and oblige me; it makes me shudder to see you."

"Well, of course, if I tell you, the effect is rather well oblige you; but, as I tell you, the effect is rather pleasing than otherwise, so far as I am concerned," said the stranger; and, having pulled it out with an apparent effort, he carefully wiped the instrument with his handkerchief, shut it up and put it into his pocket, to our great relief.

"Do you often do such a silly thing as that?" inquired the reverend gentleman.

"Oh, yes, frequently," was the reply.

"Have you ever tried it on your arm?"

"No, never on my arm; the muscles aren't accustomed to it!"

"Really!"—and the eccentric individual got out at the next station. We called the guard.

"Is that man mad?" we asked. "He has just horrified us by running a large knife an inch and a half into his leg."

"Max? no, he ain't mad," observed the official. "It's a very old game of his, that. He has a cork leg, and likes to frighten people!"

Lightning Marks.

The leaf-like figures which are so frequently found upon the bodies of men and animals struck by lightning are sometimes believed to be impressions of the foliage near the spot where the accident has occurred, made by the lightning in some manner analogous to the process of photography. These figures, however, are not derived from trees at all, but represent the fiery hand of lightning itself, the trunk being traced by the main discharge, while the spray-like branches proceed from the electric feelers first cast out, as it were, to find the line of least resistance. The sensation of cobwebs being drawn over the face, which has sometimes been felt by sailors just before their ships have been struck by lightning, is to be attributed to these sprays of electricity preceding the main discharge.

The Benefit of Laughter.

THERE is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle, or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them; on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make up their prescriptions more with reference to the mind and less to drugs for them; and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

Astrological Significance of the Days of the Week.

THERE is one feature of hoary astrology which is probably almost as ancient as any portion of the science, yet which remains, even to the present day, and will probably remain for many years to come. I refer to the influence which the planets were supposed to exert on the successive hours of every day—a belief from which the division of time into weeks of seven days each unquestionably had its origin—though we may concede that the subdivision of the lunar month into four equal parts was also considered in selecting this convenient measure of time. Every hour had its planet; and, dividing twenty-four by seven, we get three and three over; whence, each day containing twenty-four hours, it follows that in each day the complete series of seven planets was run through three times, and three orders of the planets was that of their distances as indicated above. Saturn came first, then Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury and the Moon. Beginning with Saturn, as ruling the first hour of Saturn's day (Saturday), we get through the above series three times, and have for the last three hours of the day Saturn, Jupiter and Mars. Thus the next hour, the first hour of the next day, belongs to the Sun—Sunday follows Saturday. We again run three times through the

series, and the three remaining hours are governed by the Sun, Venus and Mercury—giving the Moon as the first planet for the next day. Monday thus follows Sunday. The last three hours of Monday are ruled by the Moon, Saturn and Jupiter, leaving Mars to govern the next day—Martis dies, Mardi, Tuesday, or Tuisco's day. Proceeding in the same way, we get Mercury for the next day, Mercurii dies, Mercedi, Wednesday, or Woden's Day; Jupiter for the next day, Jovis dies, Jeudi, Thursday, or Thor's Day; Venus for the next day, Veneris dies, Vendredi, Friday, or Freya's day; and so we come to Saturday again. The period of seven days, which had its origin in and derived its nomenclature from astrological ideas, shows by its wide prevalence how widely astrological superstitions were once spread among the nations. The usage is found over all the East; it existed among the Arabians, Assyrians and Egyptians. The same week is found in India, among the Brahmins; it has there also its days marked by the names of the heavenly bodies; and it has been ascertained that the same day has, in that country, the name corresponding with its designation in other nations. * * * The period has gone on with-out interruption or irregularity from the earliest recorded times to our own days, traversing the extent of ages, and the revolutions of empires; the names of ancient deities, which were associated with the stars, were replaced by those of the objects of the worship of our Teutonic ancestors, according to their views of the correspondence of the two mythologies; and the Quakers, in rejecting these names of days, have cast aside the most ancient existing rule of astrology as well as idolatrous superstition."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Transportation of Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to Europe.

Of the two obelisks known as Cleopatra's Needles one is still standing, while the other has lain, half covered with sand, for more than twelve centuries. It is the latter which was presented to England by Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. For many years the English showed but little disposition to take possession of the gift, and it was not until Mr. Dixon, the engineer, made proposals for its transportation that any steps to secure it were taken. The removal of the obelisk of Luxor from Egypt to France has long since been successfully accomplished, although the latter is far heavier and stood on the banks of the Nile. The plan employed by Mr. Dixon consisted in rendering it sufficiently buoyant to float on the water, and thus enable him to tow it across the ocean. With this object an iron cylinder was constructed and placed around the monolith. In our illustrations may be seen an exterior view of this cylinder, and also the manner in which the obelisk was secured within it. It was afterwards rolled down to the water, and made fast to the steamer *Olga*. On the 14th of October a violent storm arose, and the *Olga* was obliged to abandon the monolith near Cape Finisterre, on the coast of Spain. Fortunately it was recovered by the English steamer *Fitz Morris*, and brought in safety to England. But now the question of salvage arises, and if this is deducted from the amount paid to Mr. Dixon it would seem that his contract will prove anything but a profitable one.

The Grivitcha Fight.

At three o'clock p. m. on September 30th a fierce fire and loud hurrahs along the whole Russian line announced that the attack on Plevna had commenced. A heavy fog covered the heights, and to this was added the smoke from the batteries, almost completely veiling the scene from sight. On the heights surrounding Grivitcha the Russians had succeeded in mounting their batteries, and a fierce fire was directed towards the redoubt commanding the village. To this the Turks replied with the greatest energy. About five o'clock General Skobelev succeeded in seizing a second redoubt on the left of the little lunette he had captured in the morning. In this attack the regiments of Islansky and Rebelsky were at first driven back; but Skobelev placed himself at the head of Islansky's regiment, which led the column, and cried: "Soldiers! the regiment is retreating! follow me!" At these words the men rushed forward as if carried on by a whirlwind, scaled the parapets, and carried the redoubt. In the centre a similar attack was made by the Thirty-first division on the Turkish redoubt of the first line, but it proved unsuccessful. At half-past five o'clock the first brigade of the fifth division attacked the grand redoubt commanding Grivitcha, and succeeded in capturing it despite the fierce resistance they encountered. The Turks, who were unable to escape, refused to surrender, and fought on to the last. Although successful, the Russians suffered severely, and among the killed and wounded were several of the most prominent officers. This fight is the subject of one of our foreign pictures in this issue, and in another the Turks are represented hastening with their field artillery to the scene of the fierce conflict.

The British Princes on Board the "Britannia."

Princes Albert Victor and George, the sons of the Prince of Wales, having the characteristic British liking for a seafaring life, have just commenced their professional studies on board H. M. S. *Britannia*, which is now stationed at Dartmouth. The vessel is used as an academy or college for naval cadets, and the young princes are in no way privileged above their fellow students except in being accommodated with private apartments which have been specially fitted for them in the poop of the vessel. The ages of the cadets vary from thirteen to sixteen, and the daily routine of their life is as follows: They rise at 6:30 a. m., Winter and Summer alike, and, after taking a morning bath and drill from 7:15 to 8 o'clock, assemble for prayers and breakfast. At 8:45 the muster-roll is called over, and the rest of the forenoon is devoted to study. They dine at 12:15, after which they have an hour on shore, and then resume study until 4 p. m., when they again go ashore to indulge in cricket or other games until 6:30, when they return on board to tea, which is served at 7 o'clock. This is followed by another hour's tuition, and at 9:15 they assemble for prayer, and retire to rest at 9:30. The diet is of a liberal and wholesome kind, the menu being varied on certain days of the week, and such little luxuries as blancmange, jellies, etc., appearing on the table on Sundays. The private apartments of the young princes are fitted up and furnished in a very plain but comfortable manner. The young princes, who are now in their fourteenth and fifteenth years, joined the *Britannia* on October 13th, having been taken down to Dartmouth by the Prince of Wales himself, who was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants and corporation of the town, and who remained the guest of Captain Fairfax until the following day. The town was gayly decorated during the day, and brilliantly illuminated at night. The uniform worn by the *Britannia* cadets is of the usual navy blue, with buttons and capbands of gold. The royal cadets are shown no special favor in consequence of their rank, but have been placed in the starboard watch and in the lowest class, from which they will rise, like their fellow-students, with greater or less rapidity, according to the progress which they make in their studies. That they may be successful in those studies, and one day become distinguished members of the profession they have chosen, must be the fervent hope of every loyal British heart.

—It is estimated that 120,000 children have been made orphans by the famine in India.

—GREAT BRITAIN now cultivates nearly 1,000,000 fewer acres of wheat than she did twenty years ago.

—A LABORING man named Giles Collins has been fined five shillings in England for making a pet of a Colorado beetle.

—THE directors of the Paris Exposition have sensibly determined to exclude advertisements from the official catalogue.

—THE flesh and skin of several kinds of ser-pents are employed in China as medicine, care being taken to cut off the head and tail.

—CENTS are beginning to circulate in Western and Southern cities, where, till now, the five-cent piece has been a small enough coin for change.

—THE five ocean steamers that left New York on Saturday, November 10th, took out, besides other good things, over two hundred thousand bushels of grain.

—APOTHECARIES in Holland are not allowed to put up powerful prescriptions on an old recipe, as what might have suited a man six months ago may not be good for him now.

—THE income of Great Britain for 1876 was about \$400,000,000, and of this amount \$170,000,000 came from customs duties on wine and spirits, and excise duties on spirits, malt and licenses.

—A GENERAL inventory has been taken by the French Ministry of all the public libraries of France. More than two hundred towns have been found to possess a library numbering from 10,000 to 20,000 volumes.

—THE dangers from the noiseless running of bicycles have been so great in England that the Watch Committee of Liverpool recommend a law that anybody running a velocipede without a bell attached to it shall be fined five dollars.

—MUCH dissatisfaction has been caused in Bennington, Vermont, where Moody and Sankey have agents at work, by the public reading of the names of business men and others for whom prayers are requested, without consultation with them.

—RAILROAD traveling in France is very safe. Between 1872-75 but one person was killed out of 45,258,270, and one injured in 1,024,350, while in England during the same period one was killed in 12,000, and injured in 335,000.

—IN South Africa raw hide is used as a substitute for all kinds of cordage. It is made into dragropes for the wagons, headstalls for the oxen, bridles for the horses, cordage for thatching the huts, slips for bottoming the beds, chairs and stools.

—THE lifting power of plants has been made the subject of recent experiments by Professor Clark, of Amherst Agricultural College. He has discovered that the greatest weight lifted by a growing pumpkin in course of development is nearly two and a half tons.

—AN engineer proposes to heat the town of Virginia, Nev., by means of the heat generated in the mines underneath the place. He says there is enough to warm every house, and he proposes a system of pipes through which the warm air will be distributed. Thus he will ventilate the mines also.

—THE Prefect of the Seine has issued a decree forbidding bakers and pastry-cooks to burn in their ovens wood which had been painted or impregnated with any metallic salt. This measure has been taken in conformity with the advice of the Council of Hygiene, which is said to be giving other signs of its renewed life and activity.

—THE total nominal capital invested in all the railways of Great Britain is nearly \$3,200,000,000. This is at the rate of \$200,000 per mile of railway opened. More than \$190,000,000 of capital pay no dividend, \$270,000,000 less than five per cent., and only \$25,000,000 more than ten per cent.

—PROFESSOR ROSSI, Italian inspector of excavations, has had the luck to bring to light, on the Plain of Nervia, a Roman amphitheatre, constructed in very fine dressed stone of Turbia. The part of the external wall so far uncovered and a grand gateway, are said to be of a beauty and solidity really marvelous.

—THE grape yield in Ohio has been very satisfactory this year, although there were serious apprehensions of a failure in the Spring. From Put-in-Bay alone 20,000 baskets were shipped. They have fetched from two and a half cents for Concord to six cents for choice Delaware. Catawbas have sold for four cents and upwards.

—ACCORDING to a writer in a Panama paper, the abandoned silver mines of the Cerro de Pasco are destined, by the reports of the engineers, to produce a quantity of the metallurgical earth, before even the submerged shafts are drained, that shall form a sum sufficient to place a nation even as bankrupt as Paraguay wholly upon her feet again.

—THE Fraser River, in British Columbia, is to be diked, and about 20,000 acres of submerged lands reclaimed. The engineer in charge of the works is from Ontario, and he not only promises to have the dike done next year, but he has formed a colony of ninety-six persons, who will settle on the reclaimed ground, and bring them over \$100,000 in cash.

—AN ingenious use of carrier-pigeons is on record. They were employed in Belgium to smuggle tobacco into France. Each bird carried from ten to fifteen grammes of the weed, and two dozen pigeons per day were regularly dispatched. How long the new industry had been established is not stated, but one day it came to grief. A bird was too heavily loaded and he dropped with his burden, exhausted, into the Seine. A police inquiry resulted, and the whole business was exposed.

—A STOCK company has been formed at Sandy Hill, New York, for the manufacture of art pottery, ancient and modern. The business will be in able and experienced hands, fully competent to produce forms heretofore unknown in this country. The discoveries by Dr. Schliemann, General Cesnola and others, of early Egyptian, Etruscan and Greek pottery, has created an enormous demand for reproductions. The above company, with its capital, will excel all establishments of the kind formed in America, and will also manufacture the finest grades of art ware, such as "Gré de Flandres," "Delft," "Faience," "Majolica," etc. No art pottery here has succeeded, as yet, in overcoming the difficulties of the above ware. All of this ware has been imported. The stockholders are composed of the most able men at Sandy Hill, consisting of Messrs A. Howland, E. H. Crocker, A. B. Davis, E. Richards, G. M. Ingalsbe, J. H. Vandenberg, W. H. Kincaid, George J. and George R. Halm. The name of the company is "The Halm Art Pottery Co." of Sandy Hill.



NEW YORK.—A VISIT TO DAVID PHARAOH, KING OF THE MONTAUKETT INDIANS, AT EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 206.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE RECEPTION TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT GIVEN BY THE GOETHE CLUB, NOVEMBER 14TH.—MR. BRYANT RESPONDING TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

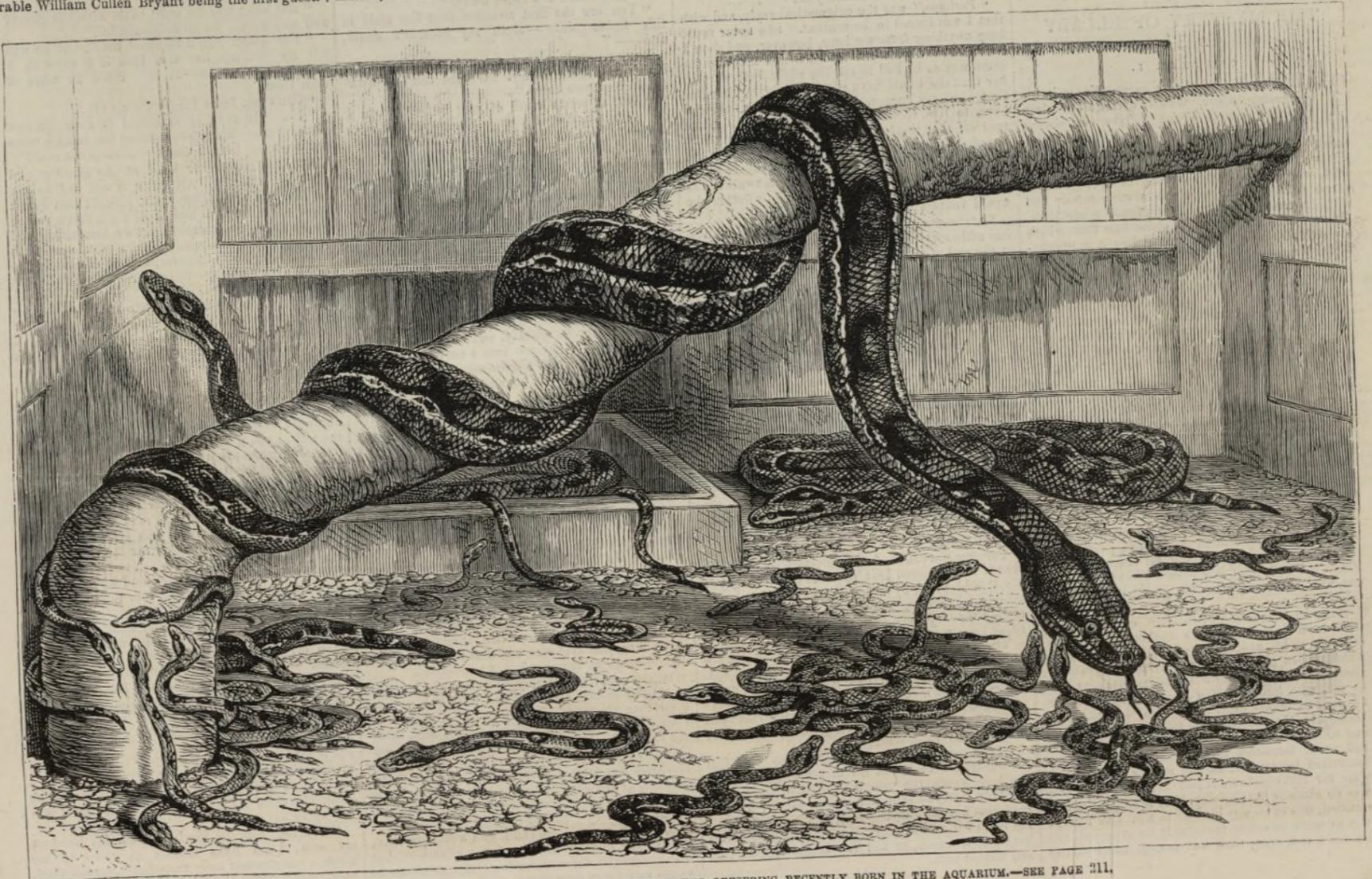
A DELIGHTFUL RECEPTION BY THE GOETHE CLUB.

THE members of the Goethe Club of New York City inaugurated a series of receptions in honor of a number of distinguished Americans, at their room, in Kurtz's Art Gallery, Twenty-third Street, on Wednesday evening, November 14th, the venerable William Cullen Bryant being the first guest.

There were about two hundred prominent ladies and gentlemen present to do him honor, including Peter Cooper, B. L. Farjeon, the English novelist; Secretary of State John Bigelow and wife, Chief-Justice Daly, Chief-Justice Noah Davis and wife, Postmaster James and wife, George Ripley, Parke Godwin, the Rev. H. W. Bellows, O. B. Frothingham and wife, Augusta Larned, Mary L. Booth, Lawrence Hutton, John Snedecor, and Rev. William T. Clarke.

At 8:30 o'clock all the chairs, which had been ranged in rows facing the front end of the room, were occupied by ladies and gentlemen in evening dress. At the head of the room was a row of large armchairs, between which and the audience was a table on which stood an immense basket of flowers. After waiting about fifteen minutes there was a gentle but universal clapping of gloved hands, and Dr. Rupperer, the president of the

club, was seen leading the venerable poet down the central aisle, followed by a few others who had been invited to take seats beside the guest. There was another pause, at the end of which Dr. Rupperer rose, and, in the name of the members of the Goethe Club, bade Mr. Bryant welcome. The formal address of greeting was delivered by the Rev. William R. Alger. Dr. Rupperer then took Mr. Bryant's hand, and,



NEW YORK CITY.—THE BOA CONSTRICTOR AND HER FIFTY YOUNG OFFSPRING RECENTLY BORN IN THE AQUARIUM.—SEE PAGE 211.

rising, took the poet up with him. "Ladies and gentlemen, our guest," said the President by way of presenting the guest to the club. Mr. Bryant, standing behind the large basket of flowers, spoke to the enthusiastic company as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Goethe Club, and ladies and gentlemen not members of the club, I owe many thanks to my friend who has just spoken for the kind words he has said concerning me, and to this gentle audience for the manifestations of a-sent which they have condescended to give. Master of the English language as the gentleman is, I must say that the verses he has done me the honor to quote have been improved by his reading of them. But I cannot accept the compliments which have been paid me as if they were justly my due, and if I could not parry most of them and put them aside, I should have reason to stand abashed and confused in your presence. You will, therefore, allow me to ascribe the kindness which has been shown me this evening to a cause which you will admit to be sufficiently obvious—namely, to the long life which I have led—the late old age which I have reached. One who has passed rather indifferently beyond the milestones which mark the stages of life up to fourscore is looked upon by the rest of mankind with a certain compassionate feeling. He cannot do much more mischief, they naturally and justly think, and therefore may be safely praised. (Laughter and applause.) His further stay upon the earth is necessarily short, and it is therefore a charitable thing to make that short stay pleasant. (Laughter.) Besides he has become, by reason of his very few coevals, a sort of curiosity—a rare instance—and rarely often gives value and price to things which are in themselves intrinsically worthless. (More laughter and applause.) Let me pursue this thought a little further. There have been various attempts to give a concise definition of the term "man," founded on some peculiarity which distinguishes the human race from all other animals, our fellow-inhabitants of this planet. Some have defined man as a talking animal, notwithstanding the instance of the parrot; some as a laughing animal, although there is a laughing hyena; and some as a cooking animal—the only animal that roasts chestnuts—overlooking the ancient tradition of the monkey who used the paws of the cat to draw the nuts from the fire. I will venture to give another definition, to which I think no objection can well be made. I would define man as the animal that delights in antiquities. (Laughter.) No other creature gathers up the relics of past years and deposits them in museums, and guards them with care and points them out to the wonder of others. I have shown how natural it is that those who are left to grow very old become by that circumstance alone the objects of kind attentions. For such testimonials of this kindness as I have received this evening, I return, along with my acknowledgments, my good wishes also. May you all who hear me yet become antiquities—not after the fashion of the stone axes and spear-heads of the lake-dwellers, but after the manner of the polar-star, which century after century has guided by its useful light the navigator on the sea and the wanderer on the land. May you become antiquities like the venerable mountains which attract the clouds and gather the rains into springs and rivulets, and send them down to give life and refreshment to the fields below. May you become antiquities like the blessed and ancient sun, which ripens the harvests of the earth for successive generations of mankind, and at the end of every day leaves in the Western sky a glorious memory of his genial brightness." (Loud applause.)

At the close of his speech he remained standing, while the company were presented to him individually, and this ceremony over, the members of the club escorted the guest and company to another room, where, around a table laden with good things for the stomach, the formalities of the reception were gracefully abandoned, and a brief season of delightful familiarity ensued.

It is expected that during the Winter and Spring the Goethe Club will similarly entertain Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, Dr. O. W. Holmes, and other gentlemen of distinction.

THE MYSTERY OF ELLABY CASTLE.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was nothing very extraordinary in his proposing to her. When we were all children together young Frank Ellaby was always her favorite; and as there is only eight miles between our modest house and Ellaby Castle, our visits there were pretty frequent. The young lord, who died just after coming of age, we never cared so much for. He was always moody and odd, his temper uncertain, his glance mistrustful. There was an air of mystery about him from which we children naturally shrank, although in appearance he was singularly like his younger brother.

In those days Lady Haberton was alive, having been just left a widow, under very sad circumstances, for her husband died very suddenly, some said by his own hand. Old Colonel Ellaby—belonging to a generation further back—came to the castle when the widow settled there with her two sons, and managed everything for her. I recollect him, a stern, proud looking man, very erect and solemn, with a grand, courteous manner that was intensely alarming. Frank—the second son—was as bright and cheery a youth as you could find in a long day's march, and we were all desperately fond of him, and were much grieved when, immediately after the young lord's death (on board a sailing vessel on his voyage to Australia, we were told), Ellaby Castle was shut up, and we saw Frank—now Lord Haberton—no more.

Kate—then seventeen, and so pretty that even I, her brother, appreciated her beauty—felt this separation a good deal, and all the more when Frank's letters suddenly ceased after a final cold one, over which she made her pretty eyes red many times.

Still, the foundation of childish fondness having thus been laid, there was nothing very extraordinary in his proposing to her three years afterwards, when they had met perpetually in the London season. What was extraordinary, at least to me, who had so often received Frank's confidences as to his determination to wed none but Kate, was the time he took to come to the point, and when he had learned from her lips that she had never forgotten her girlish love, the strange hesitation he evinced in the matter of naming a time for making himself and her happy. There was no obstacle in their way. Our family, although untitled, was in no way inferior to his. Her fortune was as much as could reasonably be expected, and he was a rich man, with but few of those claims

upon him which often make a man with a long rent-roll far from being a man with a heavy balance at his bankers'. He had no country-place but Ellaby Castle; and the house in Grosvenor Square was furnished and ready for them. Yet he hesitated; a whole Winter elapsed; the next season was half through, and still no mention of the day passed his lips. I thought my father ought to speak to him, for poor little Kate was growing silent and anxious, and congratulations were beginning to be given in a somewhat ironical tone. But my father was obdurate on this point.

"Let them settle it between them," he said. "When two young people can decide so important a matter as the whole of their future lives, it certainly must be possible for them to fix upon the mere detail of a date."

Frank and I were walking home from a ball one night, enjoying that cigar which tastes so delicious after hours of hot rooms, when he suddenly said to me:

"Charlie, is Kate at all nervous?"

"How do you mean?"

"Afraid of—ghosts and things."

"Well, I don't know. Not more than most women, I suppose. Are you thinking of the Ellaby ghost?"

"Yes; you see I am bound by will, as well as by the wishes of my mother and my uncle, to go and live there. And that ghost is real, you know."

"A ghost can't be real," I replied, valiantly, relying upon my common sense. He sighed, then suddenly stopped and faced me.

"I tell you it is real, this one. It is our curse, and whoever marries me will have to bear it. Do you think your sister is brave enough?"

"Oh! she's not superstitious," I said, moving on; "and I didn't think that you were either."

He looked very serious as he laid his hand on my arm.

"Charlie, you can't laugh this away. There is a sad secret attached to us, which I can't tell anyone. I wish to God I did not know it myself; but I am not superstitious when I tell you that any one who marries me will have to be brave—and to be silent."

"What will Kate know the secret when you are married?" I asked, overcoming with difficulty my disposition to laugh at his long face. "If so, I shall know it, too, for Kate never could keep anything from me long."

"I hope she may never know it—I trust not," he said, as pale as a ghost himself. "But I tremble when I think of the chances. Do you think she—she is fond of me, Charlie?"

"Fond of you?" I echoed, puzzled. "Of course she is. Why, she has never thought of any one else since she was in short petticoats."

"I have behaved ill to her, perhaps I ought to have kept away, never exposed her to this; but I couldn't do it."

This was half to himself, and I said nothing, for I began to think Frank had been drinking too much of the doubtful ball champagne.

"Will you tell Kate I shall call before lunch to-morrow to have a talk to her. She won't mind missing her ride for once."

"I think she can manage to exist without it," I replied, and we parted.

Next day there was a long conference between the interesting couple, and Kate came to lunch looking rather excited and red-eyed.

"Well, have you fixed the day yet?" I asked, catching her on her way to her room, and detaining her by main force.

"Let me go, Charlie!" she cried, struggling; "You shouldn't be so curious. Let me go."

"But tell me, dear, have you?"

"Perhaps," was the enigmatical reply, and with that I was forced to be content. She never could keep anything from me long, however, and soon I learned that Frank had talked to her much in the same way as he had to me the night before; told her that she would have much to bear as his wife; that whatever happened at Ellaby they would still have to live there a great part of the year, and bear it; that there was a horrible secret, which he hoped she might never discover, but that if she did discover it, she would have to swear never to reveal it; and then he had asked her to take a week to think it all over, and finally to decide whether she would venture to marry him, knowing this.

Kate was a nervous little thing, and I think she was rather appalled at the prospect; but of course at the end of the week her mind was made up, and the marriage-day was finally fixed.

It was a very cheery wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. Breakfast at our house in Eaton Place—plenty of favors and old shoes, and cake and champagne, and cheering, and a speech from a bishop—all quiet as it should be. I thought Frank looked rather pale and solemn; but no doubt that was correct. And as to Kate, with "a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye" as she bade us good-by and jumped into the carriage amid a shower of old shoes, she was perfectly delicious. I knocked Frank's servant's hat off with my shoe, which amused the maids looking out of the up-stairs windows amazingly.

Of course, as there is nothing so trying to the temper and altogether uncomfortable as traveling with a heap of luggage and servants, and smart new clothes, which label you unmistakably "newly married," they went to the Continent.

Perhaps the cause of this mysterious custom is that it is considered best that the two young people should begin by seeing the worst side of each other's characters at once. I don't know; I merely throw it out as a suggestion. For I have never been married, and I do not intend to be.

There were great rejoicings at Ellaby when they came back, a month afterwards; but my military duties in London tied me by the leg, and I had to content myself with reading a full account of it in the county paper while surveying Pall Mall from the windows of the Guards Club, clad in her Majesty's livery of scarlet.

Kate wrote to me from time to time. At first her writings were full of the delights of the place; the long woods, the lake, the garden, the horses and dogs, and the grim, quaint old castle, with its porcupine and banqueting-hall, and dungeons, and the rest of it. But gradually this tone died out of her letters, which, to tell the truth, became dull and almost cold.

She rarely said a word now about Frank and her happiness with him, or about the place she had at first taken so great an interest in. Her chief delight seemed to consist in riding out to see her father; and when he left for the south of France, ordered there by the doctor, she scarcely filled two sheets of the weekly letter she had agreed to write. What with duty, and a little racing, and a couple of horses I kept at Leighton Buzzard, I had a good deal to do, and did not attach the importance to this that I might have done; for the friendship and confidence between my little sister and myself were stronger than is usual between relations. At last—I remember it was on my return from a capital day with Mr. Lowndes—I got this short note from her:

"DARLING CHARLIE—I can bear it no longer. Oh, it is so horrible! and he will not come away, but says it must be borne. Do get leave and come here and see me—I want you so badly.—Your affectionate sister,
KATE."

"Important family business?" said the colonel, when I visited him next morning in the orderly-room. "Well, I suppose you must go, though if you transact family business in the same way that you command your company, I scarcely think you will be of much use."

The colonel was sarcastic, but he was a good fellow all the same if you took him in the right way. Most people are good, by-the-by, if you take them in the right way. I know I am. My journey down to—shire was unpleasant, as the smoking carriages were full, and an old boy who traveled with me—I think he was a dean, judging from his legs—objected to tobacco, and even objected when I told him what I paid for my cigars. He seemed to think that all tobacco is the same, on the same principle as, I daresay, he thought all people who didn't agree with his theological opinions were bad people. He read the *Contemporary Review* and grunted for at least two hundred miles, but at last fell into a sweet sleep, during which I managed to smoke at least half a cigar, and felt happier.

Kate was much changed even in the few months that had elapsed since I saw her. Her cheeks were pale, and there were black marks under her eyes. Frank was in the drawing-room when I came in, so of course no confidences passed between her and me that night; but Frank, while we smoked before going to bed, told me that he was very anxious about her.

"Is it the ghost?" I asked.

He started and looked uneasily at me.

"Who told you about the ghost?"

"Why, you did, long ago. Haven't you managed to lay it yet?"

"Don't joke about it here," said he, glancing over his shoulder, and making even me feel nervous, so alarmed did he look.

"Tell me, has she written to you? did she ask you to come here for any particular reason?"

"Well, she seemed by her letter to be rather uncomfortable about something, and she didn't think you sympathized with her. You see, women all like sympathy," I added, with the wisdom of two-and-twenty.

"Poor child!" he said, half to himself. "Poor child! But I warned her. Look here, Charlie, you are in her full confidence, and I know she trusts you more than she does me. Now, can you not try and persuade her to-morrow to be brave, and to bear it a little longer without asking questions, and without mistrusting me? It may not be for long."

"Oh, it's not a perpetual ghost, then. I'm glad I've come before it's faded away."

"You are the first stranger that has staid in this house since—since my brother's death, and—"

I interrupted, "That accounts pretty well for Kate's not being happy. Women can't do without society, you know."

"Yes, it seems cruel of me; but what can I do? Oh, Charlie, if you only knew what I have to bear! But we won't sit up any later; it's trying to the nerves. Good-night. You know your room. Don't be frightened if you hear noises in the night. The wind plays all sorts of pranks in this old house; and the ghost won't come your way."

He tried to smile as he said this, and as he lit our candles I noticed that even the strong glass of brandy-and-water he had just swallowed had failed to steady his hand.

"Sitting up trying to the nerves—noises in the night!" I went to my room pondering over these things, and wondering what had changed my little laughing sister so quickly, and converted strong-minded Frank Haberton into a nervous, superstitious donkey. That a grown-up man should be frightened by a ghost seemed to me incredible; for even Dr. Johnson's belief in them was not enough to shake my incredulity. My room was at the end of a long corridor which, at its other end, communicated, through two baize doors, with the principal gallery of the house, which gallery ran all the way round a square courtyard in the middle of the castle. This gallery was lighted by mullioned windows looking into the courtyard; but you could not see out of them, as their lower part was filled with dark stained glass. I remembered, in the odd way children remember unimportant incidents, that once when we were going over the castle in old days, my father had remarked that this stained glass darkened the gallery too much and should be removed, and I remembered the extraordinary sternness with which old Colonel Ellaby had replied that they liked everything there just as it was, and that the stained glass should never be removed.

In the midst of my reminiscences and wanderings I fell asleep, and it would have taken more noise than any wind could make to rouse me, until I found my servant gently shaking my arm, assuring me, with the same useful mendacity he employed as to parade being "fallen in, sir," that breakfast was already commenced. He was a loquacious gentleman, and informed me, when, after ablution, I rang for him to assist in my toilet, that things were very "odd and queer" at the castle; that, except two old servants and a strange man, who called himself lord servants and a strange man, who apparently did nothing but sleep, no domestic would stay there over their month. He said the

night was made constantly hideous by horrible shrieks and cries of a most ghostly nature; and that, besides this, there existed a most obnoxious rule that every servant's door must be locked on the outside at night.

"Most dangerous in case of fire," as my man observed.

"Yours was so, too, sir," he said, when I had expressed my concurrence with his views on this matter.

"Mine. What do you mean?"

"The key outside was turned in the lock when I came to call you this morning."

"Hang it! That's rather strong. I must stop that at once."

"It's the rule here, sir. I am told that her ladyship is locked in, too."

"Nonsense, Simmons! Don't believe what you hear," I exclaimed, angrily; and I proceeded to the dining-room more puzzled than ever.

"Look here, Frank," I said at once, after providing myself with a substantial helping of kidney *sautés*; "this won't do. I'm not going to be locked in my room at night like a prisoner."

Kate looked up with terror in her eyes—first at me, and then at her husband, who answered, solemnly:

"I ought to have told you, Charlie, but I forgot to. I am sorry, but it is the absolute rule here, which I can break for no one. You need not be afraid of any danger. There are persons always ready to unlock the doors if necessary, but locked they must be."

"Oh, come, you know—" I began, rather angry, when Kate interrupted me.

"You won't mind for a few days, Charlie—to please me."

"Oh, if you put it in that way!" I replied, still bubbling over with annoyance; "but it's a most extraordinary thing."

"It is," said Frank; "it is; but I can't help it. I am afraid it is not the only extraordinary thing here."

"They are all locked," whispered Kate, putting her hand on mine; "even mine is."

"And his?" I asked, nodding towards Frank, who was helping himself at the side table.

"I don't know—I think not. He is scarcely ever in bed at night—always roaming about the house."

"Enough to make any man nervous," I thought to myself as I proceeded with my breakfast. "It certainly is not very cheery at Ellaby Castle. Frank is reserved, silent, evidently unhappy, while Kate is a different being to what I knew her. Her constant glances at her husband bespeak something akin to terror. The shadow of this wretched secret, or ghost, or whatever it is, seems to have blighted their lives."

"Have you seen it?" I asked her, when at last we were alone in her little boudoir, the only comfortable, home-like room in the whole of the grim old house.

"The ghost? No. But the noises at night! Oh, Charlie! you don't know how horrible they are. Yells and curses, and strugglings; and then here are always people moving stealthily about and doors being cautiously opened—and Frank is so odd. Every night he goes away after every one has gone to bed, and comes back in an hour or two, looking so pale and strange, and he gets more and more low and unhappy. It's horrible that there should be a secret between us—and such a one. Do you think—is it possible—that all these horrors have a little unsettled him?"

"I never knew a saner fellow than Frank till now," I answered.

"But what can he want to do with the ghost? and why should we all be locked in?"

"I've asked him a hundred times, but he will tell me nothing, but says that if I knew all I should be miserable—as if I could be more so than I am."

"Can't you leave Ellaby for a time?"

"No. He says he is bound by a solemn vow to stay here. There are nothing but solemn vows and mysteries here, I think—it drives me mad!"

And she rested her head on my shoulder and cried, hysterically. Although it was sad to see the poor child so unhappy, and pitiable that Frank could make such a fool of himself, there was at the same time something rather interesting and amusing about the whole affair. Perhaps I was to be the person to discover, and by discovering to banish, this mystery—to lay for ever this very inconvenient ghost.

I had often heard of ghosts that would enter your chamber and haunt you, no matter how thick the door or how firm the lock; but here was a ghost that was so averse to being seen, that human beings had to be locked out of sight. I determined to guess the riddle, and of course my first thought was to secure the key of my door. But this was of no avail. The mysterious jailer had duplicate keys, and as he left the one he used in the lock, I could not get in mine on the inside. I fell asleep soon after this defeat, and again failed to hear anything of the noises.

In the morning I secured the second key, but during the day (while I was out shooting with Frank, and had fair sport, Frank astonished me by shooting very ill), a bolt was screwed into the outside of the door, and again for the third time I was prisoner for the night.

The fourth night I sat up, and when I heard steps approaching I went out into the passage and confronted my host.

"You do not like our rules, Charlie," he said, quite calmly. "But you need not stay here. Take my advice, and leave this plague-stricken house."

"And leave my sister to—" I began.

"She chose it deliberately," he replied, and there was a tone of authority in his voice I had seldom heard before. "All was put before her, even this locking of doors. I am wretched to see she is unhappy, but I have a duty to perform, and nothing can stand in its way."

"I know one thing," I said, standing so that he could not close my door, "and that is that I will not be locked in."

"Charlie," said he, gently, laying his hand on my arm, "you have chosen to come to my house—you yourself have voluntarily, for the time, put yourself under the rules of that house. I must ask you to obey them. You are free to go where

you will, but while you are here I must demand as a right—nay, Charlie, I will ask it only as a great favor to me—that you will let me carry out this rule.”

“Is this—this Thing—so horrible, then,” I asked, curiosity getting the better of indignation, “that no one can be allowed to see it?”

“It is, indeed.”

“And yet you can roam about the house and meet it?”

“I said I had a duty to do. Do you think I would not rather be in bed? Do you think it is a pleasure to me—?”

He stopped, and appeared to listen intently. In the distance I thought I heard the clank of a chain, and there was the distinct sound of the closing of a door.

“Go in, Charlie; go in,” he whispered, and I could see by the light of the flat candle he carried the beads of perspiration on his brow. “For God’s sake, go in!”

His tone of entreaty was so piteous that I moved a step backwards to obey him. As I did so there arose, echoing through the corridors and halls of the old castle, a shriek more horrible than can be described, scarcely human, whether of agony or rage you could not tell, a shriek that reminded me more than anything of the cry of a man stricken by epilepsy. It was followed by the same rattling of chains I had heard before. Then all was silence.

“Go in,” whispered Frank, again. Then, seizing his opportunity, he gave me a push that sent me well into the room, and, banging the door, had bolted it before I had time to put my foot against it. I heard him walking swiftly down the passage, heard the baize door at the end swing open and close again, there were more shrieks in the distance, and then—silence.

I felt no fear; only anger with my brother-in-law for playing me this trick; and I determined to get out if I could.

It was a bright, moonlight night, and, craning my head out of the window, I saw that, about four feet below, there was a narrow stone ledge which ran all along that side of the house.

The room next to mine was empty; consequently there was little chance of the door of it being locked. It seemed possible to climb out upon the ledge, and, if the window of that room could be opened, I might get in by it and be free. The difficulty was to keep my balance on the narrow ledge, as there was nothing for a space of about five feet to lay hold of.

Taking off my boots, so that I might be less liable to slip, I got cautiously out, and, pressing my face and breast against the cold stone, I made three side steps, and, just as I felt myself falling backwards, contrived to grasp the iron bar of the window of the empty room. It was not bolted, and in another moment I stood inside. As I thought, the door was open, and I stepped out into the dark corridor none the worse save for a torn trowser-knee and with my heart beating rather quicker than its wont.

(To be continued.)

A PROLIFIC BOA CONSTRICTOR.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY IN THE NEW YORK AQUARIUM.

THE recent birth of fifty anacondas at the New York Aquarium, and the attention bestowed upon them by the huge mother, furnish a rich subject for study to those interested in natural history.

Snake life is altogether marvelous. The power which snake mothers possess of retarding the deposition of their eggs, and, there is reason to believe, sometimes even the young, when circumstances are unpropitious for her to produce them, seems specially curious. *Chilobothrus* is known to have both eggs and a living brood. So has *Coronella levis*. Of the latter, some German ophiologists state that it is “always viviparous;” others “occasionally” so. In her native Hampshire woods she has been seen with a young brood about her; but there seems no satisfactory evidence of any eggs having been found. Time and careful notings only can substantiate this and many other singular facts regarding these “wise” and “subtle” creatures, hitherto surrounded by prejudice and but little studied. Those not well versed in ophidian biographies, might have expected the anaconda to lay eggs because her cousin the pythoness did so; and they might have also speculated upon her incubating them, as the python did.

Captured from her native lagoons, and shut out from the light of day in a box just large enough to contain her, this “good swimmer” arrives alive, thus proving her amazing powers of endurance; but she usually has no fitting place in which to deposit her young, and they die unborn. At first, from the result of observation, the incubation of the python was suspected; then it became confirmed; and the birth of young coronellas also. From this it is evident that we cease to declare that only vipers, produce live young; or, according to the original signification of the word, a boa, a coronella, and several other non-venomous snakes would be “vipers.” Again, it is remarkable that these peculiarities of reproduction are not confined to particular families and genera; because some coronellas lay eggs, some incubate them, and others bring forth a live brood. So, also, while some of the *Boidae* lay eggs, the anaconda is completely viviparous.

Besides attending to her own brood, the anaconda in the Aquarium has shown a remarkable affection for a turtle, graciously permitting it to take all manner of liberties with herself and wriggling family.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE,

VIEWS OF THE CONTEMPLATED APPROACHES.

A FEW weeks ago we published an illustration, showing the demolition of buildings on Water Street, to make room for the New York approach to the East River Bridge. Since that time the work has been greatly hastened and on the New York side a number of historical houses have been razed. The chief features of the plan selected for the approaches are, in the words of the Commission of Architects, who passed upon the drawings of Mr. Collingwood, one of the bridge engineers:

“A simplicity of construction that will give solid, substantial work, at a reasonable cost, and at the same time a boldness of design and monumental character that accords well with the structure as a

whole, and harmonizes with the portions now erected. We think the design is one of great dignity, that will bear fair criticism, and will wear well, admitting of close study, educating the public eye, and growing in favor as time passes, proving itself worthy of the noble structure being erected, which has no peer in the world. The same design will work up well for both approaches. We are of the opinion that, as the bridge as a whole is the creation of one mind, and is complete in itself, all the points forming the whole should harmonize, and evince the same thought throughout. In our suggestions we have endeavored to introduce some of the more prominent ideas, as shown in the towers and anchorages, so as to impress upon the observer one thought, not the conglomeration of many; and we believe that the plans for each approach, as now presented, carry out these considerations. In regard to street-crossings, we prefer stone arches where they can be introduced, and suggest them at Vandewater and Cliff Streets on the New York approach. For the other streets it will be necessary to have iron bridges, and for all except Franklin Square built boiler-plate girders are the best. For Franklin Square we would prefer an open built truss of say 20 feet in depth to centre of chords. As a metal arch has been suggested in some of the plans for this site, we would state that it presents a difficult problem to work up, more expensive than a simple truss, and, we believe, not so satisfactory in execution either for appearance or utilization when completed. The question of stone arches on the other streets in a measure depends on the question of the crossings being square or askew, and, while we state our preference, we admit that they may be very effectively constructed as iron girders, similar to the ones shown in the plans. We trust that the views which we have advanced in this connection will be acceptable, and that our efforts may meet with approval.”

On the Brooklyn side the approach to the anchorage will be after the design of Mr. Collingwood, one of the bridge engineers, as modified by the Commission of Architects. The alterations are similar to the plans suggested by them in the design of the New York approach, and the general character of both designs, as decided upon, will be similar. The approach, which commences at Sands Street, will rise gradually and curve toward Prospect Street, where the roadway line will be direct to the anchorage. Between Sands and Prospect Streets the approach will be of solid granite masonry, a light stone parapet running along each side of the roadway. Prospect Street will be crossed by a plate-girder bridge of a highly ornamental pattern, and which, at the centre, will rise fourteen feet above the street. At each end of the bridge, as at those of all the others, there will be lofty and elaborately designed lampposts, on each of which will be three lamps. Between Prospect Street and Main there will be two Florentine arches. Main Street will be crossed by a girder bridge similar in design to the first one, and being twenty-two feet clear from the pavement of the street. From Main to York Street there will be nine Florentine arches, and the latter street will be spanned by iron bridges of the same design as the two preceding, and with a clear height of forty-five feet. Next will come two more of the Florentine arches, and the anchorage will be reached. The space under these two arches will probably be utilized for warehouse purposes.

The bridges which are to cross the streets are very ornate and of a picturesque design, similar to that to be employed in two cases on the New York approach. From Sands Street to the anchorage there will be on each side ten of the three-lamp-light pillars, which will add much to the grace of the parapet line. The facework, like that of the New York anchorage, will be of granite.

The only stone street crossings on the New York side are at Cliff and Vandewater Streets. At Franklin Square an awkward situation had to be overcome. It was caused by a width of one hundred and sixty feet on one side and over two hundred feet on the other, coupled with a lack of suitable light and difficulties in erection. This will be spanned by a truss girder.

The Florentine arches are novel and striking. The cornice, while in harmony with the anchorage, is enriched by the addition of dentils. The pilasters at the street are chaste, ornate, and at the same time imposing. It cannot be denied that much of this effect is produced by the material and the fine cutting on it; and that this plan will therefore cost somewhat more than any of the plans which have been previously made.

The extreme length of the bridge, with approaches, from terminus to terminus, will be 6,027 feet, the New York approach measuring 1,546 feet, and the Brooklyn one 791. The anchorages are 117 feet long; the bridge from centre to centre of towers is 1,596, while the distance from the face of the anchorages to the centres of the towers will be 930 feet.

The estimated cost of the Brooklyn approach is \$648,911.79, and that of New York is \$1,288,827. Five per cent. is to be added for contingencies. Unless some unfavorable circumstance arises, it is expected that this great work will be completed by the close of 1880.

WM. H. VANDERBILT'S REMARKABLE TROTTING TEAM.

THE fondness for horse-flesh which characterized the late Commodore Vanderbilt has been transmitted, apparently, to his son, William H. Vanderbilt, who is the fortunate owner of some as spirited stock as was ever “sped” over the road. On the 11th of September Mr. Vanderbilt drove his splendid pair of trotters, Small Hopes and Lady Mac—represented in our picture in this issue—around the track at Fleetwood Park, in the unparalleled time of 2:23. The story of this performance is thus recorded: Mr. Vanderbilt came on the track in a road-wagon, weighing, with himself, 346½ pounds, drawn by Small Hopes and Lady Mac, and requested the judges, who were still on the stand, to take the time of the team for a brush around the track. They assented, and after a little warming up, they came flying down to the score, and trotted the entire mile without a break, going to the quarter pole in 34¾s, passing the half in 1:10¼, the three-quarter pole in 1:46¾, and completing the mile in precisely 2:23. The excellence of this performance can be best appreciated when we state that the fastest double-team on record, previously, was 2:26½, made by General Cobb and Lulu May, at San Francisco, Cal., last June, and the fastest authenticated double-team time, not a record, was 2:25¾, which stands to the credit of Mr. Joseph Harker’s team, Bruno and Brunette, the performance having been made to road-wagon, in 1867. Another very notable double-team performance was that of Mr. Robert Bonner’s Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, driven by himself, in 1862, the time being 2:26.

Small Hopes, the horse in the picture with white

hind feet, came originally from the West, and previous to falling into Commodore Vanderbilt’s possession was driven on the track with remarkable success under a variety of names. The fraudulent conduct of his owners caused him to be excluded from further competition, and he was accordingly disposed of to Commodore Vanderbilt.

Lady Mac, so named after Mrs. Macauley, the well-known Western actress, was until last August owned by Robert Johnson of Louisville, Mrs. Macauley’s brother, who sold her to William H. Vanderbilt after she had won a big race in fast time at Boston. In the race at Boston Lady Mac was driven in the first three heats by Bob Johnson himself. He being considerably over weight, was induced to let another man who could drive at the regulation weight take his (Johnson’s) place in the sulky. The mare, after a hard race, won. Having to change made Bob Johnson feel so bad that he swore the Lady should never start in a race again, and he at once took her to Saratoga, where he showed Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt such a trial that he at once bought her. She was at once hitched up with Small Hopes, and, after a month’s work, trotted the Fleetwood track in 2:23.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Citric Acid in Diphtheria.—Dr. Caspari states to a German medical journal that he has treated successfully over forty cases of diphtheria by using locally (with the spray and brush) slightly diluted citric acid. Several of these cases had resisted treatment by salicylic acid and carbolic acid. Appropriate constitutional treatment was, of course, combined with the local.

To Remove Tin from Copper.—For various reasons it is occasionally expedient to remove the tin from tinned copper vessels or utensils. Professor Boettger recommends for the purpose a solution of sesquichloride of iron. The vessel to be cleaned is filled with it, or immersed in it, and in a few minutes, according to the thickness of the tin, it will be entirely removed; and it is only necessary to polish the copper with sand, slightly moistened with very dilute hydrochloric acid.

A New Solvent for Sulphur.—Liebermann calls attention to the fact that sulphur is, to a sensible degree, soluble in warm concentrated acetic acid, while a trace is taken up even by the dilute acid. If the concentrated solvent be diluted with water, much of the sulphur separates as a milk of sulphur; if it be concentrated with the Bunsen pump, fine long prisms of sulphur separate; when cooled, the liquid deposits sulphur in a crystalline form. All modifications of this element appear to be taken up by the acetic acid.

The German Association for the Advancement of Science.—The fiftieth anniversary of the German Association for the advancement of science was held at Munich between the 17th and 22d of September, 1877. The first general meeting was held at the Odeon, on Tuesday, the 17th, and as this was the semi-centennial anniversary, there was an unusual attendance of distinguished members. The sections were organized on Wednesday, and the meetings were characterized by the reading of an unusual number of important papers. The city authorities and the Government contributed largely to add to the interest of the occasion, and excursions to Bernried, on the Starnbergersee, were instituted by the local committee.

Discovery of Oxygen in the Sun.—Professor Henry Draper says that oxygen discloses itself by bright lines or bands in the solar spectrum, and does not give dark absorption lines like the metals. We must, therefore, change our theory of the solar spectrum and no longer regard it merely as a continuous spectrum with certain rays absorbed by a layer of ignited metallic vapors, but as having also bright lines and bands superposed on the background of continuous spectrum. Such a conception not only opens the way to the discovery of others of the iron metals, sulphur, phosphorus, selenium, chlorine, bromine, iodine, fluorine, carbon, etc., but also may account for some of the so called dark lines by regarding them as intervals between bright lines. Professor Draper explains his discovery at length in a paper published in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* for August, 1877, illustrated by an admirable Albertype executed by Bierstadt, of New York.

Death of Professor Tenney.—Science has met with a great loss in the death of Professor Sanborn Tenney, who died on the 9th of July very suddenly, at Buchanan, Ohio. Professor Tenney was on his way to join a party of Williams College students on an exploring expedition to Colorado, when he was taken ill, and died very suddenly. The deceased naturalist was born at Stoddard, N. H., in 1827, and graduated at Amherst College in 1853. He was Professor of Natural History in Vassar College until 1868, when he was appointed to the same chair in Williams College. He was the author of several text books on geography and natural history, and as a teacher and lecturer was eminently successful. The death of such a man will be deplored not only by the institution with which he was connected, but also by all who take an interest in the scientific training of young men and the progress of sound learning. His wife, who is also a naturalist and writer of distinction, survives him.

Hot Weather and Bowel Complaints.—Dr. N. S. Davis, in a report to the American Medical Association, reaches the conclusion that the bowel affections so characteristic of this climate begin invariably with the first week of continuous high temperature, and that every subsequent occurrence of several days and nights of continuous high temperature causes new attacks to be increased in number throughout the month of July, less in August, and still less in September; that it is not simply the extreme of heat, but its duration, which determines the number of attacks; that this continuous high heat, to be efficient in producing these affections, must follow a protracted season of cold; and that, if we compare these deductions directly with statistics of mortality, we shall find them to conform in every particular in that the high rate of mortality follows exactly the same line. The fact was regarded as one of great importance in connection with sanitary measures which were to be adopted for the protection of life in infants; preventive measures must strike with the first week of consecutive high temperature.

Multiplication of Labor by Machinery.—The number of steam-engines in Massachusetts is 2,525, with an actual horse-power of 203,186; the number of water-wheels 2,950, with a nominal horse-power of 110,582. This total of steam and water-power is estimated as equal to the hand-labor of 1,912,488 persons, to which is added the actual hand-labor of more than 300,000 men, women and children. This seems to show that each hand-laborer has his powers multiplied by six through the agency of steam and water. The industries of Massachusetts, without the aid of her motive power, would require a population of 7,400,000 men, or nearly 4½ times as great as it is now, to furnish the hand-labor necessary to carry them on. The ratio differs in the various industries. In paper-making the 6,792 operators employed represent each the labor of more than eighteen men; in the textile manufactures each of the 70,715 operators represents the labor of nine men; the 48,536 boot and shoemakers represent each the power of only two men, while the 2,095 lumber-workers have each the power of fifty men. In addition to this the multiplying aid of machinery must be taken into the account, and then the result is something remarkable.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CLARA MORRIS, in “Jane Eyre,” secured \$1,800 for the Custer monument.

MADAME ANNETTE ESSIOFF, the Russian pianist, has been engaged to give forty concerts in Germany.

MRS. GENERAL ANDERSON (the widow of the hero of Fort Sumter) and family have taken up their permanent residence in New York.

THE King of Denmark is now a knight of every principal European Order, having just had the last conferred on him by the Grand Duke of Baden.

THE Emperor of Germany suffers much from ear-ache, and has lately presented in public the unusual spectacle of a crowned head tied up in a black bandage.

EX-SENATOR LYMAN TRUMBULL of Illinois has married, at Saybrook, Conn., his cousin, Miss Mary J. Ingraham, eldest daughter of the late Captain James Ingraham, of Old Saybrook.

MR. HERBERT RADCLIFFE, of Waltham, an Englishman, intends to fence in the graves of the British soldiers at Concord at his own expense, the town having granted permission.

THE ancestry of Senator Voorhees, on his father’s side, was Dutch; on his mother’s side, Irish. He had Indian fighters and Revolutionary soldiers for his grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and he is fifty years old.

DR. MARTYN PAINE, a native of Vermont, and the man who procured the repeal of the law of New York making it a penal offense to dissect a human body, died in New York, Saturday, November 10th, aged eighty-three.

MADAME BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, now over ninety years of age, has become very feeble, and does not venture out of doors. There are apprehensions that her romantic and most eventful career is fast approaching its close.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, has notified the vestry of Ascension Protestant Episcopal Church that he will donate \$10,000 towards paying the debt of the church. This amount makes Mr. Corcoran’s donation to the church \$80,000.

THE Pope has issued a decree condemning the substitution of the Russian language in place of the Polish in the Roman Catholic churches of Poland. The Russian Government had previously endeavored, without success, to obtain from the Vatican both a sanction for its use and a declaration of its legality.

CHIEF-JUSTICE WAITE has recently taken up his residence in the house on Rhode Island Avenue once occupied by the late Mr. Stanton. Miss Waite constantly appears at the gatherings of Washington society, and is always accompanied by her kindly father, who never seems to hurry her away.

COUNT MILINTIN, Minister of War, is at present virtual ruler of Russia, for the Emperor and Gortschakoff are too much occupied with military operations in Turkey to give the government of the Empire the attention it requires. He is a Pan Slavist of the most ultra type, and was one of the most active promoters of the war.

MR. LONGFELLOW has entirely recovered from his grievous neuralgia, and his health is better than it has been for many years. His daughter Edith will be married very soon to Mr. R. H. Dana, 3d, the handsome and clever son of R. H. Dana, Jr. The young lady is exceedingly pretty, “fair and golden-haired like the morning.”

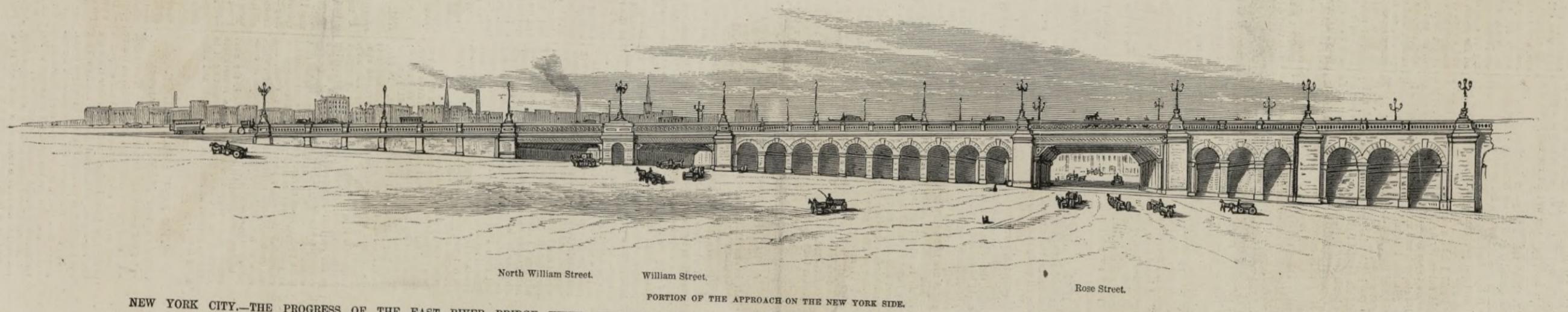
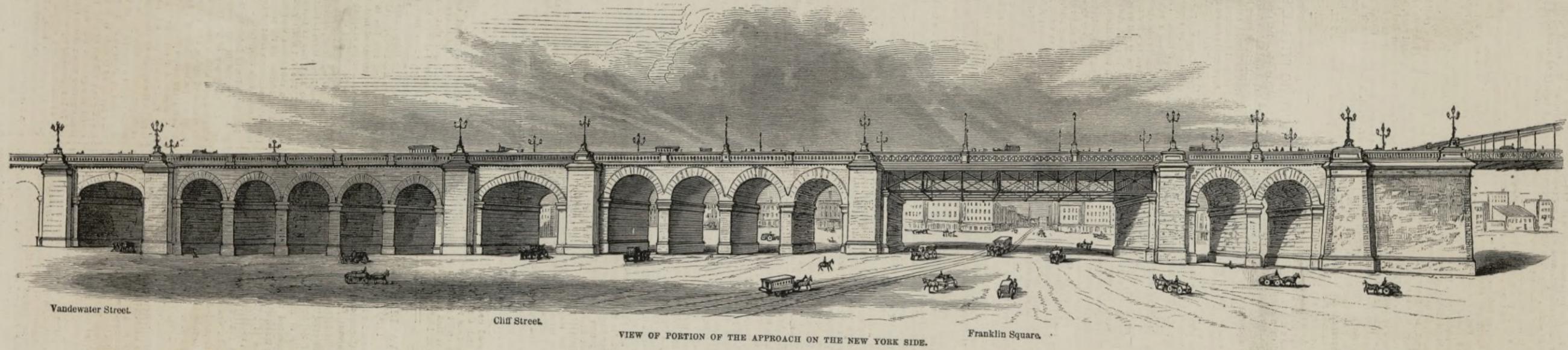
THE assertion that Ex-Governor Coburn of Maine is the largest landowner in the United States is disputed in favor of Wilson Waddingham, of New York, who owns 665,000 acres in one lot on the Canadian River in New Mexico, and about 600,000 acres more in other parts of the same Territory, making altogether 1,265,000 acres, or more than twice as many as are claimed for Mr. Coburn.

THERE are now in the United States two returned Consuls-General from the East, Mr. Meyers from Shanghai, and General Van Buren from Japan. Both have grievances; indeed, Mr. Van Buren went with a grievance to which the salve of the consulship has only added. When he left Vienna it was with the Minister, the Hon. John Jay, after him with a sharp stick, and now a navy paymaster accuses him of being “a drunkard and a rake.”

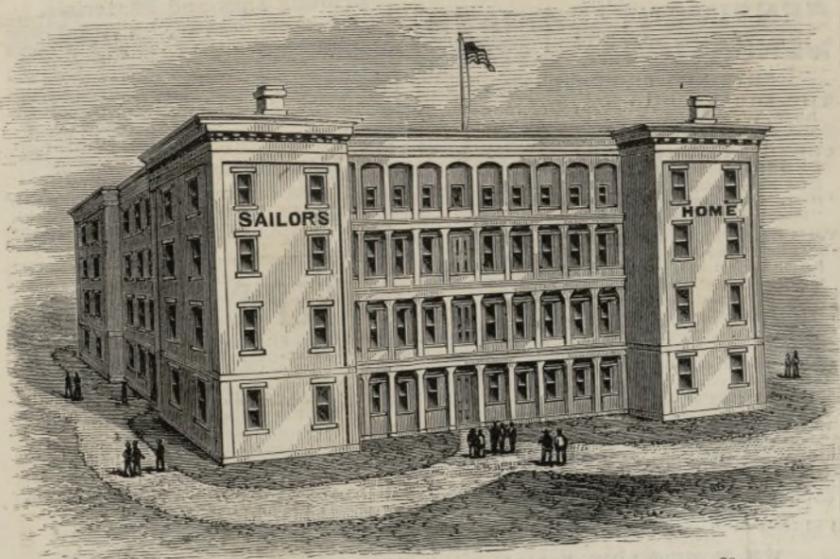
URIEL S. HART, a graduate of the law department of the University of Iowa, who was injured by falling walls at a fire in Iowa City in the Spring of 1873, in consequence of which he has ever since been paralyzed from the neck down, has since prosecuted his studies, and, to a certain extent, has practiced his profession. He writes a fine hand by holding the pen in his teeth. He is a notary public, and at the late election was chosen city collector of Comanche, by the largest majority ever given any candidate there.

THE wife of Associate-Justice Swayne, of the United States Supreme Court, is one of the few descendants of those to whom the lands about Harper’s Ferry once belonged. She is descended from Sarah Harper, the niece of Robert Harper, for whom the place is named, and who was one of its early settlers. Miss Sarah Harper married Mr. Wager of Philadelphia. Wager was Mrs. Swayne’s family name, and her eldest son, General Swayne, of Toledo, bears the name.

ON the morning of November 14th the marriage of Mr. George F. Hecker to Miss McKeon, daughter of Judge John McKeon, was solemnized at St. Patrick’s Cathedral, corner of Prince and Mott Streets, in this city. Cardinal McCloskey; Vicar-General Quinn; Father Hecker, founder of the Paulist Fathers; Bishop McNerny, from Albany; and several other priests assisted in the ceremony. The best man was Mr. Foster Goodman, who issued from the sacristy with the groom, meeting the wedding party at the altar steps. The ushers were six in number; Mr. Romaine, Mr. Nairn, Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Dudley Hall, Mr. Connelly and Mr. Slevin. The bridesmaids were Miss Ella Sturgis, daughter of General Sturgis, of the army; Miss Warnock, from Utica; Miss Nina Marcy, daughter of Dr. Marcy and cousin of Mrs. General McClellan; Miss Carrie Hecker, cousin of the groom; Miss Josie Hecker, eldest sister of the groom; and Miss Lizzie Kernan, daughter of Senator Kernan. The bride’s dress was of white satin with train of white crêpe de chine, embroidered with orange flowers designed in colored silks, edged with chenille and fringe. The train started from the left shoulder where it was fastened with a satin bow and ends; the dress was an entirely original design and was manufactured, as was the whole *trousseau*, in Paris. Among the wedding presents were—From Mr. Charles O’Conor, ice-cream dish and spoons; from Mr. and Mrs. Colvill, silver pitcher, silver grape scissors and card case; point lace pocket-handkerchief from Mrs. Frank Leslie; set of spoons from Senator Kernan; from Mr. R. L. Stuart, enamel and gold inkstand; a magnificent centre piece in silver from the employes of the Hecker Croton Mills; and from Judge Brady, a pair of shoe buckles in brilliants; and from the venerable father Hecker all the volumes of the *Catholic World*, beautifully bound in Russian leather.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PROGRESS OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE—VIEWS OF THE APPROACHES, ON THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN SIDES, AS THEY WILL APPEAR ON THEIR COMPLETION.—SEE PAGE 211.



CALIFORNIA.—THE NEW SAILORS' HOME, IN SAN FRANCISCO, DEDICATED JULY 29TH.

SEAMEN'S HOME, SAN FRANCISCO.

ON the 29th of July last the Ladies' Seamen's Aid Society, of San Francisco, formally dedicated their new home on the corner of Main and Harrison Streets. The Society was originally organized by Mrs. C. D. Knight and Mrs. R. H. Lambert. The Home was first located in the Mercantile Hotel building, on Front Street, and moved from there to

the Hillman House, on Davis Street. It remained there about two years, when the filling-in of Davis Street rendered it uninhabitable. It was then again moved to a building at the corner of Battery and Vallejo Streets, where it remained for four or five years until 1868, when that house also becoming insufficient, and no other good one presenting itself, the Home was temporarily abandoned. The Society the proceeds of ladies' fairs, festivals and New England kitchens, were then invested in a lot at the corner of Spear and Howard Streets. The intention to found another and more perfect home was never abandoned, and at length the happy idea occurred to the Society of obtaining the old Marine Hospital at the corner of Main and Harrison Streets, in which to locate it. Application was made to Congress, and an Act was passed, which was signed by the President, August 11th, 1876, leasing the building to the supervisors for the use of a Sailors' Home at the nominal rent of one dollar a year, and upon the condition that the building should be vacated whenever it should be required for Government use.

When the Society obtained the lease they sold their lot at Spear and Howard Streets for \$20,000, with which they went to work to repair the long-neglected building. The Society has rooms furnished to accommodate two hundred sailors, and within a week of the opening 100 were enjoying the hospitalities and comfort of the home.

A small charge per week is made for those able to pay, while from a charitable fund the most needy are cared for gratis.

The lease of the property upon which the hospital stands was conveyed, December 10th, 1852, by the city to the United States.

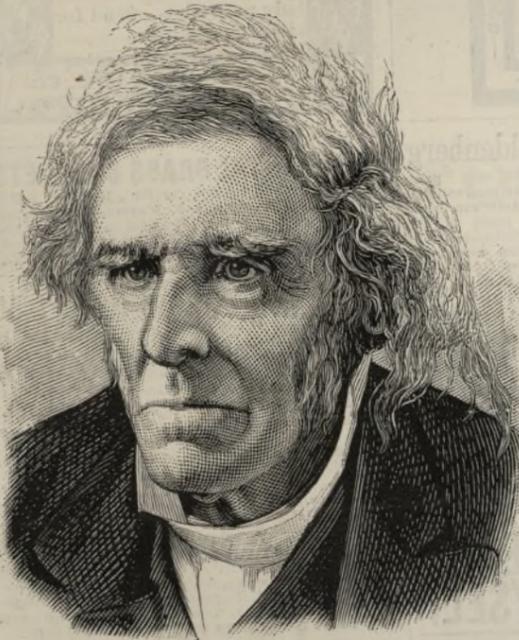
On April 7th, 1853, the corner-stone was laid with the customary corner-stone ceremonies, and the building was completed December 12th of the same year. A marble slab set in the wall of one of the main halls bears this inscription: "Erected 1853, Franklin Pierce, President United States, James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, Richard P. Hammond and Samuel J. Bridge, Commissioners. Almi B. Young, Architect. Reuben Clark, Superintendent of Construction. Charles Hoover, Builder." It is a massive brick building, with buttressed corners, four stories high, 182 feet long by 96 feet wide, and in 1853 was one of the most imposing structures in the city. It was capable of accommodating 500 patients, and 700 in cases of emergency.

At the time of the great earthquake in 1858 the hospital authorities dispatched to the Government an exaggerated account of the dangers, and by its orders the hospital was abandoned,

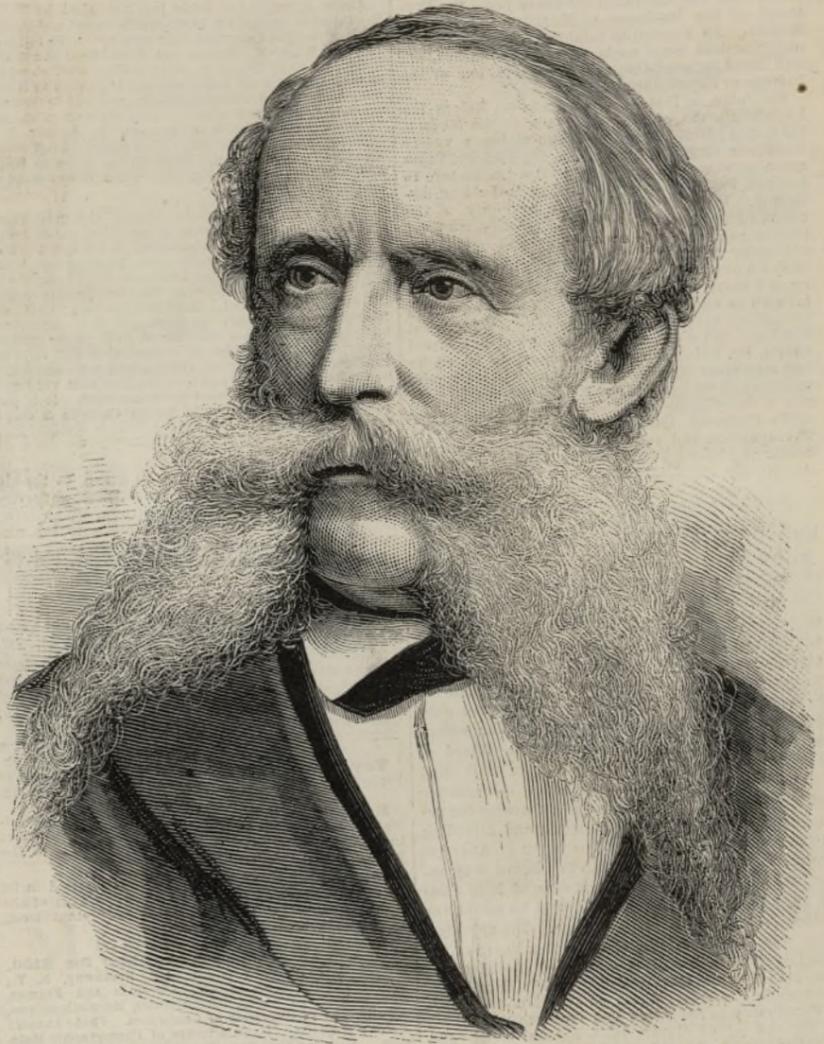
and has never since been occupied for its legitimate purpose.

THE LATE MARTYN PAINE, M.D.

DR. MARTYN PAINE, one of the founders of the University Medical College of New York, and the man through whose efforts the dissection of human bodies in the cause of medical science was legalized in New York State, died on Saturday, November 10th, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was born in Williamstown, Vt., July 10th, 1794, and was graduated from Harvard College in 1813, and from the Harvard Medical School three years later. For the next six years he practiced his profession in Montreal, whence he removed to New York in 1822. His office was first in Pine Street, then in Broome Street, and afterwards at No. 36 East Fourth Street, where he died. In 1841,



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE MARTYN PAINE, M.D., OF THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.



HON. JOHN WELSH, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—SEE PAGE 214.



NEW YORK CITY.—MR. W. H. VANDERBILT SPEEDING HIS FAST TEAM, "SMALL HOPES" AND "LADY MAC," ON THE FLEETWOOD TRACK.—SEE PAGE 211.

he, with four others, founded the Medical College, connected with the University of the City of New York.

Dr. Paine, in 1844, was chosen to set before the Legislature the claims and needs of the Medical School, and upon his representations a yearly allowance of \$3,000 was made.

HON. JOHN WELSH,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO GREAT BRITAIN.

JOHN WELSH, nominated by the President for United States Minister to Great Britain, October 30th, and confirmed by the Senate in executive session, November 9th, is a native of the city of Philadelphia, and now about seventy-one years old.

On the 31 of March, 1876, Messrs. Welsh and Fraley signed a bond of \$500,000 for the faithful disbursement of the Congressional appropriation of \$1,500,000. The best evidence of the high esteem in which these gentlemen were held by their fellow-citizens was shown in the eagerness of the most prominent and wealthy men to affix their names to the bond as sureties.

Mr. Welsh is a gentleman of large wealth, cultured manner, and dignified bearing, and in his new post will acquit himself with sincerity.

FUN.

A BABY has been born in Michigan with three arms. Its quarrel must be just, then.

"ALCOHOL will clean silver." Yes, alcohol well stuck to will clean out all the silver you have.

WHAT is the difference between a spider and a sea-gull?—One has his feet on a web and the other has a web on his feet.

A CORRESPONDENT whose colored servant asks for frequent leaves of absence, says she is the most inveterate Dinah out he ever knew.

A BRASS-BAND leader is mentioned as being the best whist-player in Louisville. Very naturally. Whatever card his opponent plays he is always ready to trump.

A CRAZY man with a hatchet recently went through a Trappist monastery, and cleaned out the entire establishment. The inmates didn't fancy that kind of a chip monk.

ONE day a friend was reading to Douglas Jerrold an account of a case in which a person named Ure was reproached with having suddenly jilted a young lady to whom he was engaged.

INDULGENT HUSBAND (to dear little wife, who has bought some new curls): "But, my darling, you will never be able to wear them—they are flaming red!" Dear Little Wife: "I know I can't wear them, darling; I only bought them because they were so very cheap." Indulgent Husband: "Humph!"

THE Bishop of Huron, Western Canada, is a convert from Judaism. He was waited upon recently at the episcopal residence by a Jew who buys discarded clothes. The bishop offered a number of articles he was willing to sell, but asked such prices that the buyer and he could not trade.

A LITTLE girl in North Yarmouth, Me., aged about three years, was taught to pray by her mother, who, however, could not induce the child to kneel. The infant was willing to pray, but not to bow the knee.

NEW BOOKS.

AMONG a number of books just published by William B. Mucklow, publisher, Forty-second Street and Madison Avenue, we have perused with pleasure "The Square of Life; or, Manhood, Womanhood, Fatherhood and Motherhood," by S. H. Tyng, Jr., D.D.

MR. FARJEON'S NEW STORY.—One of the most entertaining novels of the season is the latest production of Mr. B. L. Farjeon, the distinguished English novelist.

THE best advice that can be given to the debilitated is to invigorate with that sovereign vitalizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which fertilizes the blood by insuring complete nutrition.

HAPPY tidings for nervous sufferers, and those who have been dosed, drugged, and quacked. Pulvermacher's Electric Belts effectually cure premature debility, weakness and decay.

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

Burnett's Cocaine has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.

Unequaled in its location, and unsurpassed in its arrangements, for the convenience and comfort of the traveling public, the Colonnade Hotel, on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, holds the highest rank.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megaloscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities.

BREECH-LOADING RIFLE, \$7.50. Revolvers, 7 Shot, \$3.00. English Double Shot Gun, \$12.00.

CIGARS, Matildes, Tubarosas, four inches in length, \$45 per 1,000. Cigar Cigarettes, all tobacco, no paper, \$6 per 1,000.

CIGARS, Matildes, Tubarosas, four inches in length, \$45 per 1,000. Cigar Cigarettes, all tobacco, no paper, \$6 per 1,000.

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Moustache & BEARD

DRESSING

We make no claim to restore hair, but simply to preserve its natural growth and beauty. Our preparation is simple and harmless, and we guarantee it to prevent hair from splitting, making it pliant and capable of being dressed to any position the wearer may desire.

E. E. WEAVER & CO., Tamaqua, Pa. A liberal discount to the trade.

It will do it. PROF. HALL'S MAGIC COMPOUND. The only reliable preparation now offered to the public, one package of which will force a beautiful moustache or beard.

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THERE is nothing like success. THE SCROLL SAW DECORATED WOOD AND MFG. CO. have succeeded in transferring direct to the wood, Decalcomanie, in bright colors, for the Scroll Saw, and other purposes.

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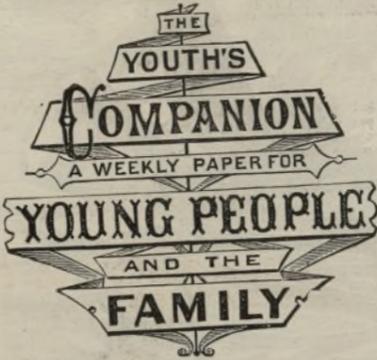
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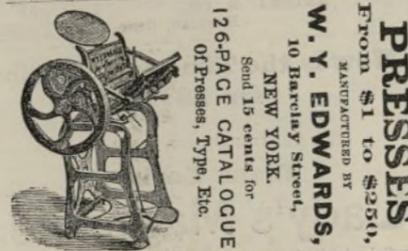
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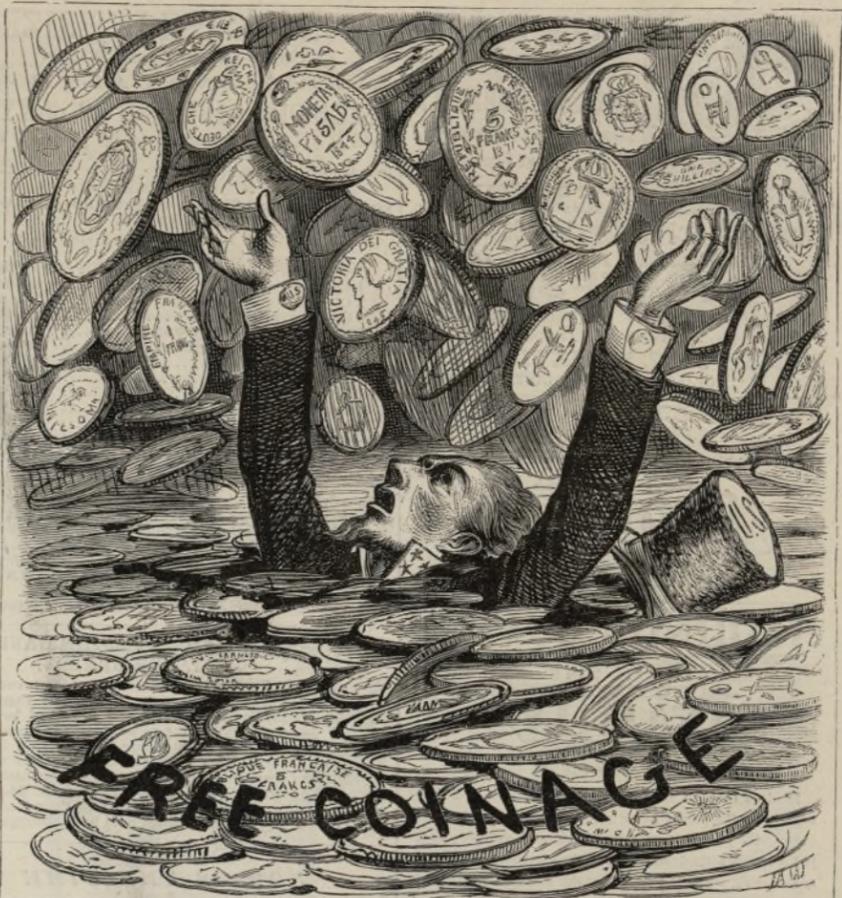
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