

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE WEDDING OF MISS FLORENCE ADELE VANDERBILT TO MR. HAMILTON MCK. TWOMBLY, IN ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, MADISON AVENUE AND FORTY-FOURTH STREET, ON THE EVENING OF NOVEMBER 21ST—THE BRIDE AND GROOM LEAVING THE ALTAR AFTER THE CEREMONY.—SEE PAGE 227.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 8, 1877.

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THE POLICY OF OBSTRUCTION.

THE Republican members of the United States Senate seem to have concentrated all their energies on a policy of obstruction. Not being sufficiently powerful to control the Government, they seem determined to ruin it. In their rôle of irreconcilables they display a tenacity of unreason that exceeds anything exhibited by the stupidest Bourbon that ever lived. They are content to be simply clogs to the wheels of legislation. It is a petty ambition, and as dishonorable as it is small.

Stripped of all concealment of verbiage, the policy of the Republican Senators in Congress is simply what we have described it—a policy of obstruction—and as such it must be closely dissected and mercilessly criticised. This is no time for high debate and flowery rhetoric. Three Senatorial seats are vacant in the South, and have been vacant for months, thus depriving those sovereign commonwealths of proper representation in the United States Senate. The great commercial State of Louisiana, covering the commerce of the Mississippi's mouth, has no Senator to speak in behalf of her interests, and the trade of New Orleans is left to the mercy of the political spoiler. She has not a word to say in reference to the appointment of a Collector at that port, but must take the man whom the Senators of other States are pleased to confirm. Yet the Republican Senators urge that these States can continue to wait their pleasure to seat one or more of the claimants, whose cases are now under consideration. So, too, with South Carolina. Because the State went Democratic at its last election, it must be treated like a naughty child when the case of its Senators comes up for consideration. In a word, everything must wait upon the dictation of partisanship. Gentlemen who have been elected by the Legislatures of sovereign States to the high dignity of United States Senators must nowadays cool their heels in the ante-chambers of the Capitol until such time as the Radical majority in the Upper House are sure that their admission will not interfere with their partisan schemes.

If this is a disgraceful picture to contemplate, what shall be said of the personal piques that are allowed to thrust Presidential nominations for important offices into the limbo of committeemen, where they are kept buried under mountains of red-tape? It ought to be enough to say that such transactions are extremely discourteous to a Chief Magistrate. But as courtesy seems to be a consideration not worth mentioning in Radical gatherings, we forbear to press it, and simply give it a passing mention. There are business considerations which will perhaps have greater weight. The President and his Cabinet, including the Secretary of the Treasury (who may fairly be supposed to be better acquainted with the situation than any one else), have declared that it is necessary to the proper transaction of the Custom House business in New York that changes should be made in the personnel of the Collector, Surveyor and Naval Officer. Accordingly, some weeks ago the President nominated to the Senate three gentlemen for these positions, who for years have been before

the public in the State of New York, and whose business capacity and character are held to be above reproach. It need not have taken many hours, in the ordinary course of business, for Mr. Conkling's Committee on Commerce to find out all about the gentlemen indicated, and report to the Senate. But this was not their cue. They wanted time to dig a grave for the nominees. So they kept other appointments uppermost, and discussed them over and over *ad nauseam*. Meanwhile the business men of the metropolis were kept in a ferment of anxiety over the uncertainty in regard to the public offices through which so much of their business is transacted. This, however, was nothing to the Radical Senators. If they could gain a point it mattered not to them what losses befell the country's trade. The loss of a few millions was nothing in comparison to retaining a favorite in office.

It is not alone of New York appointments that this partisan system of red-tape is true, but of all the nominations made by the Administration. Only those who are known to be of the "right stripe" are allowed to pass without a contest. At the South a dishonest Republican is preferred by Republican Senators to an honest Democrat, and naturally, too, for the peculiar excellencies of these swindling partisans have been tested in more than one canvass in that section. That all this is wrong and at war with the spirit of our institutions no one will be disposed to deny. The Constitution presupposes the appointment of good men to office, and has no word to say about partisanship. What the people most desire is the rebuilding of trade, the burial of sectional animosities, and integrity in the public service. These are the points, too, which the present policy of the Administration aims to establish. The people have been very patient thus far under the Senatorial abuse of privilege; but it cannot be expected that they will always remain thus quiescent.

CIVIL SERVICE IN TRAVELING.

A BARRISTER of Canada, in 1875, published a unique volume of about two hundred pages on the wrongs and rights of a traveler, whether by stage, rail, or steamboat, in which the principles of law, as adjudicated in five or six hundred cases to which foot-notes refer, are applied to a multiplicity of incidents and accidents which happen to an imaginary party on their travels. But he has failed to enter the field of those wrongs and rights which are not defined in any of the decisions, but rather in the unwritten common law of civilized society. Men are brought most closely into physical contact, are more massed not in seated assemblies where certain formalities are required, and each is under a close observation—but strange it is that while seeking the means of travel men are most thrown together; as the atoms of water do not solidly congeal unless they freely move among themselves.

But the human atoms, unlike the water, do not so meet to harmonize; the concursus occasions unpleasant friction, and when you take into the account the baiting the traveler endures at the hands of those specially hired and compensated for securing his safety and comfort, but who evidently consider themselves as keepers of animals to be cheated and poked and hustled, we have here sufficient to account for a considerable shortening of human life from that daily nervous irritation which entails more wear and tear and decay than the greater misfortune and discomforts we less frequently and with more patience suffer. It must be said that there is a genuine spirit of reformation exhibited now in other matters besides the political system in its technical limited sense. The seriousness with which people discuss our duties respecting a financial standard, respecting temperance and reconciliation of sections, the punishment of those who have betrayed positions of trust, the iconoclasm of fictitious reputations and corporations, has not altogether overlooked the civil service of public travel. It is remarked that there are railroads where the service bears a favorable comparison with what the Government enjoys. A semi-military system in some, with its graduated promotion reaching down to cadets and upward through a large body of uniformed employés of different ranks to the managers at the head, has brought with it to the public safety, comfort and courtesy, and to the corporations that profit which probably accounts for the policy of consideration. It is becoming the proper thing to do. It is *chic*. It pays.

The uniform is probably a conservator of *esprit de corps* and good manners. It has been observed that the management of the steam railroads in this city is in this direction. Perhaps larger fares and handsome cars have a tendency to induce the passengers to polish their boots and wear gloves, and the conductors to speak as gentlemen do. When the broom is a little less new we can judge better. It is likely there is, in fact, a general amelioration of

manners. Hotel clerks are naturally bland when business is not over-thriving; but the increased attention from court attendants and official clerks denotes a change for the better. In due time, perhaps, the street-car conductors will be converted, or the street-car managers. It may be. The malicious mania of thrusting inconveniently and unnecessarily small and poor-looking change on an unoffending traveler is probably chronic and beyond remedy. A passenger, recently, on an accustomed trip on one of our street railways, was so unfortunate as to give the conductor a dollar bill. It was not a counterfeit, and he had nothing less. The opportunity was a grand one. The conductor unloaded himself of a mass of five-cent pieces of all patterns and material. A remonstrance being made that it was an outrage, he quietly intimated he had no knowledge of such a truth, and marched calmly to the rear of his car, a complacent, irresponsible illustration of "What are you going to do about it?" power.

The annoyance of office is increased wonderfully when a window or board is interposed. A ticket agent, for example, is not to be tampered with as an ordinary power. Nor is it the herdsman alone who considers all masses of men a mob and treats them accordingly. The struggle for seats when there are not sufficient for the passengers does not seem to be in order to secure comfort. It is rather to avoid being defeated. Many a man sits with reddened cheeks and compressed lips, hanging to the edge of a crowded seat in a way impossible except to one who has untired muscles in his legs. If seats are plentiful, it is not unusual to stand from choice, inside or out. But if some one can't have a seat, it becomes a fierce struggle to avoid standing, although far more comfortable than the fate of a whole row of passengers miserably jammed in a seat, whence a score of blessings would ascend if one had the manliness to rise. It is also a matter of dire necessity if a half-seat is secured through the politeness of two gentlemen yielding each something from an easy seat, it is scarcely without exception that the person so obliged feels it a duty to force his way entirely back against or between the shoulders of the sitting members. And this is not to secure comfort. We have frequently, when this was done, secured our elbows and comfort, and given a silent lesson at the same time, by sliding to the front of the seat.

It is amazing that any one is so devoid of nerves as to enjoy thrusting himself back in the way described. Men are shaped like inverted truncated pyramids. Thirteen seats does not imply room for twelve pair of shoulders. Men are not true pyramids like the gentler sex: who have never been known to inconvenience any one by leaning back against the shoulders. But the points of the shoulders are not considered by men. It was only the point of supposed advantage. This would not be done if the persons who so meet were at home. They are a mob because they are massed. And every mob has its cry, its epidemic, and its oppression. A panic in a church scratches civilization and finds the commune underneath. Can't we get along without keepers and whips when we travel? If not, won't it pay the companies to have polite keepers?

A "DOWN EAST" REFORM.

EASTERN Massachusetts is the home of notions and reforms, and the malicious even go so far as to say that in that favored region the number of reforms is exactly equal to that of reformers. But not all the new ideas that come from Boston can be discarded as chimerical, for we should not flatter our Massachusetts neighbors were we to say that the whole country, minus the good things it has received from that State, would be fifty years behind its present position. Nor do the Bostonians always insist on being abolitionists concerning this thing, or iconoclasts with reference to that; for they are sometimes wise in changing, rather than destroying, the particular subject of reform.

One of the best of recent Boston ideas is the formation of an association to purify the stage and put the dramatic profession in its true position before the public. An active young Episcopal minister, the rector of one of the oldest churches in the city, has interested himself in the enterprise, believing that the theatre is a legitimate amusement, and that its possible influence for good is so great that Christians cannot afford to abandon it to the indifferent part of the public, or to permit honest actors and estimable actresses to struggle alone with whatever demoralizing elements they may find in the popular drama. So this young clergyman, with other men of kindred mind, has formed the "New England Theatre Reform Association," which has opened an office in Boston and has set vigorously to work. This association, after saying that the theatre, whether good or bad, is a greater power to-day than ever before, declares that it should be accepted as a permanent affair, and purged from whatever elements

may be found injurious or depraving. "The pulpit and the stage," boldly says the association, "will ever be the instructors of the masses." To this we should add the press; but the stage is certainly one instructor, and an important one. The association is going to work at once, with such means and opportunities as it may have at hand, on five different lines of attack. It will issue a general address to the dramatic profession, from which, we are sure, it will find cordial support. It will send another address to managers of theatres. It will tell the public of playgoers how it can help in the reform. It will suggest to editors what, in the way of criticism or praise, will most effect the purity of the stage. Finally, in cases demanding a last resort, it will speak to the authorities of cities and towns concerning the licensing of places of amusement. A live lecture will also be put in the field. Of course success will depend, in large measure, upon the modesty and good sense of the association; but surely it starts out on a right plan, and, though it frankly says that its task is very hard, we are sure that its toil will not be in vain.

There was a time when novel-reading, pictures, statues, and even church-organs, were considered things to be abhorred by Christians. But now art, in all its forms, is one of the most efficient servants of religion. Sunday-school instruction is nowadays accompanied by a very pronounced dramatic element; and it is not irreverent to say that a greater or less amount of it also enters into the worship of all Christian bodies. Over in Bavaria, at Ober-Ammergau, there is still represented, every ten years, a solemn play representing the passion and death of Christ. And right here in New York it is an unvarying rule that those plays best succeed with the masses, and especially with the young, in which there is the largest share of religious justice. The *gamin* in the top gallery demands that virtue be vindicated and rewarded, and that the big villain get his dues before the curtain falls. Gloved hands up-town may languidly applaud the latest French dramatization of fashionable vice, but the honest applause of the masses is always given to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or "Ten Nights in a Bar-room." And no reform is impossible with which the people's heart beat in sympathy.

DECORATIVE ART.

THE recent formation of a Society of Decorative Art in this city is one of many indications of the increasing interest in such matters in the United States. Since the Philadelphia Exhibition, the stimulating effects of the admirable display of art products there have been shown in the attention given, especially by women, to various forms of art-work and decoration. The demand for pottery suitable for the different kinds of painting has been so great that several factories have been exclusively occupied in producing the vases and plaques and other articles in clay which are so eagerly sought for by amateurs whose experiments in drawing and color do not always add to the attractions of the article they seek to beautify. In many cases, however, a real talent for this, as well as for other forms of artistic effort, has been developed, and even where there is but a limited degree of aptitude the effort has a good effect in aiding the amateur to appreciate the value of really fine work.

There is, doubtless, a great deal of widespread talent, especially among women, in this country, which could be profitably employed in various departments of artistic effort. In England the aid which has been given by various organizations in the way of directing the efforts of those who needed advice and instruction in such matters has been productive of the happiest results. The art schools of South Kensington and Lambeth have far exceeded in their several departments the anticipations of their projectors, and have given to the skillful artists they have educated the means of permanent support, while they have raised the average standard of taste throughout the land.

It is to encourage and assist the latent talent of our own country in its development, and in finding the best methods of useful and remunerative employment, that the Society of Decorative Art has been formed. It aims to furnish suitable instruction in the various art industries which have proved profitable in other countries, or which the increasing demand for hand-wrought decoration may require; to assist, by good counsel and suggestion, talents that may have been unsuccessfully employed and enable them to find a direction in which they can work to better advantage, and to bring the large amounts of artistic work done by those who do not make the occupation a profession to the notice of buyers outside of a limited circle of friends.

It is, of course, necessary for the society to define very clearly the line which separates what is really art work from that which is merely imitative or mechanical in

its character. To the former class would rightfully belong all articles of furniture, or of household use or personal luxury to which painting, carving or line decoration are applied in an artistic manner; including pottery, tiles, brackets, and panels for insertion in cabinet work, and also lace and decorative needlework, and, in fact, all work that is really beautiful or decorative in its relation to other objects. But an article which is not honestly what it purports to be cannot be considered by the society as a work of art. This would exclude all such work as imitations of Limoges and other pottery decorated with oil, color and varnish. Neither would Berlin wool-work, wax flowers and fruit, feather-flowers, leather-work, painted candles, knitting or plain sewing, be considered as admissible under the rules of the society.

The Loan Exhibition of Art Treasures, which will be open at the Academy of Design during the month of December, will, it is hoped, furnish the pecuniary assistance which the society needs. If, then, its operations are conducted on business principles by competent persons in charge, it cannot fail to do a most useful and needed work; and its success will doubtless lead to the formation of similar societies in other large cities. Any enterprise that encourages and provides such desirable occupations for women is as beneficent as it is welcome.

The proposition in the United States Senate to pay the Commissioners to the Paris Exposition next year only \$1,200 each, will, if adopted, scarcely enable our representatives to take their families with them to Europe. But then all office-holding is supposed to be attended with more or less sacrifice.

The incessant rains of Friday and Saturday, November 23d and 24th, resulted in heavy floods in the eastern and western portions of Virginia. In Richmond, the water of the James River rose considerably higher than the limit of the great flood of 1870, causing much damage to railroad tracks, bridges, and commercial warehouses, as well as private residences.

The contest which is imagined to be in progress between the Republican Senators and the President is simply a question whether it is more important to the interests of the country to conciliate the Southern States or to conciliate voters for the Republican party. Mr. Hayes believes the former to be the paramount consideration of the day, and at the same time he believes the latter will accomplish itself if the South finds its true friends in the Republican ranks.

The people who labor so earnestly every two years to elect Congressmen to attend to their interests in the national councils, of course fondly imagine that their representatives are constantly at work. What, then, is the meaning of the innuendo contained in the following paragraph from the Cincinnati Enquirer? "If a few members of Congress, whose names will readily suggest themselves, would slip into the House between sherry and champagne, and vote occasionally, their constituents would feel profoundly grateful for the favor."

The House of Representatives, on November 23d, passed the bill to nullify the Resumption Act, by a vote of 133 to 120, thus repeating its action of last August, though then the majority in favor of the repeal was twenty. It looks, however, as though the specious arguments of the inflationists have been gaining ground in an unexpected quarter. In August there were ninety-eight Democrats and eight Republicans who voted in favor of repeal, and in this last vote there were one hundred and five Democrats and twenty-eight Republicans.

The advantages derived from the regular Weather Reports furnished by the Signal Service Department will impel all reasonable people to second General Myers's application to Congress for legislation leading to a more complete organization of his bureau. At present there is no legal authority for the permanent employment of officers in the department, nor any provision for grading and promoting the assistants. If the service is to be successfully perpetuated it cannot be too safely guarded, nor afford to be remiss in rewarding faithful service.

The ambrosial Senator Conkling appears to have met with an abrupt reverse among his friends in the Committee on Commerce. The story goes that his colleagues consented to his making some general inquiries of Secretary Sherman relative to the causes for the removal of Collector Arthur and Naval Officer Cornell; but Senator Conkling, taking the reins into his own hand, propounded in the committee's name some direct interrogatories which had not been contemplated. The Secretary replied civilly enough, but the committee were dissatisfied with the position into which Mr. Conkling had thrust them, and, to preclude the possibility of his further interference, divested themselves of further trouble in the matter by referring it to the Senate.

The Consul-General of Kanawaja, Japan, is on a visit to this country, apparently for the purpose of denying the stories which preceded him here, charging him with improper conduct, official and otherwise. There may be not as much truth in those stories as was supposed, but is it not a rather humiliating thing for a high official of his grade

to feel it necessary to fortify himself for a return to his country by collecting before starting written indorsements of his official propriety? Unfortunately also for General Van Buren, the Vienna Exposition cloud has not cleared away from his name in the popular mind. Perhaps, however, if the State Department would publish the report of the Special Committee which investigated that scandal, which report, we are informed, is kept religiously pigeon-holed, it would turn out that his conduct in Vienna was no more deserving of censure than it has been in Japan.

The arbitration to determine the value of the fishery privileges conveyed to the United States by Great Britain in 1871, was finished in Halifax last week, resulting in an award to Great Britain of \$5,500,000, payable within one year. The following language of the treaty shows the consideration for which the United States is called upon to disburse this sum: "The inhabitants of the United States shall have the liberty to take fish of every kind, except shell-fish, on the sea-coasts and shores and in the bays, harbors and creeks of the provinces of Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the colony of Prince Edward Island and of the several islands thereunto adjacent, without being restricted to any distance from the shore, with permission to land on said coasts for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish." Judge Kellogg, the United States Commissioner, dissented, on the ground of excessive compensation, but the majority overruled him.

EX-SECRETARY FISH, in corroboration of his assertion that the late Senator Sumner had fatally delayed a number of treaties while Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, furnished last October a list of the treaties to which he had referred. On November 21st, the Senate in executive session, removed the injunction of secrecy from its proceedings in regard to the treaties referred to by ex-Secretary Fish, so far as to allow the publication of the date when each of them was read and referred to Mr. Sumner's committee, and also the date on which it was reported. From this list, it appears that every one of the nine treaties, which Mr. Fish accused Mr. Sumner of smothering in the committee, was actually reported to the Senate by Mr. Sumner himself, before his removal from his chairmanship of the Committee. This fact Mr. Fish could not officially know, as the date when such reports were made was one of the executive secrets of the Senate; but its publication proves that whatever delay there was in the ratification of the treaties in question, was not due to the neglect of Mr. Sumner or the committee over which he presided, but to that of the Senate itself.

The most momentous competition thus far announced in connection with next year's Exposition, is to find its arena in the Spanish Department. Here, we are informed, there is to be a "prize show of the photographs of the most beautiful women of the world." This novel affair is under the patronage of the Spanish Minister of Public Works, and is perfectly respectable. There are to be sixty-one high prizes (that was sharp on the part of the Spaniards), thirty-one silver sets and prizes, and several hundred honorable mentions. The jury is to be composed of two members chosen from each nation—a gentleman and a lady. Two photographs must be furnished to judge from, one representing the full face, the other the profile. The "fairest one of all" will be accorded a prize of honor, and the lady proclaimed "Queen of Beauty" will be paraded in municipal procession in a carriage drawn by six Andalusian steeds, if she happens to be in Paris. The sixty-one ladies who gain the other principal prizes, will have their photographs exhibited during twelve days; and the rest of the competitors will have the "Queen of Beauty" and the sixty-one, and despite the judges for the rest of their days.

ONE of the most appalling calamities that has occurred in the history of the American navy happened on the morning of November 24th. The United States steamer *Huron*, Commander George P. Ryan, at about one o'clock A. M. on that date, went ashore near Oregon Inlet, on the North Carolina coast, and was speedily broken to pieces under the fierce assaults of an unusually heavy sea. Out of 138 officers and men only thirty-four were saved. There was a life-saving station on the coast near the scene of the disaster, but for some reason it was not manned. On the day previous the *Huron* had left Fortress Monroe on a cruise to Havana and the West Indies. The storm-signals had been flying for three days, and it is thought strange that the warning should have been disregarded. A fierce storm raged all that night along the coast, the wind blowing at the rate of seventy miles an hour. The theory of those well acquainted with the coast is that the *Huron* got caught in the height of the gale, and, while trying to hold on head to the wind, her machinery gave way, her sails were useless, and she drifted ashore. The *Huron* was a sloop-of-war, one of the eight iron vessels built in 1875, by contract, under the direction of Secretary Robeson. Since she was launched, her history has been one of almost incessant repairs. By our navy officers she was regarded with extreme distrust. At the present writing the immediate causes of the wreck are yet unknown, but they may be referred generally to the outrageous system which politicians have introduced into our naval administration, which

condemns our officers, the most accomplished in the world, to sail the ocean in the poorest ships ever built.

THE Turkish fortress of Kars was captured by the Russians on the night of November 17th, and the greatest obstacle to the Russian occupation of Armenia—so long an object of intense desire to the Muscovite heart—was thereby removed. Turkey now will be forced to loose her grasp upon a large extent of her territory in Asia Minor, which has so long been coveted by Russia. In occupying the captured city, Russia establishes a stronghold in the very heart of the Christian population of Armenia, whose sympathies for the Cossack are certainly stronger than they are for the Turk. It commands the principal highways in Asia Minor, and will also give to the Russians control of a large stretch of country bordering upon the Black Sea. Military authorities declare that the fate of Erzerum, in the interior, and Batoum and Trebizond upon the Black Sea, must pass from the control of the Turks with the fall of Kars. Hence, unusual exertions had been made for its defense, while the Russians have been equally determined upon its capture. The mode by which the latter was finally secured is remarkable. The attacking force, numbering 15,000, was not larger than the garrison left to defend fortifications that were deemed impregnable. It has been reported that the inhabitants of Kars, numbering 12,000 in all, had been compelled to co-operate with the Turks in the defense of the city. Thus the defenders of the fortifications, including the army of Mukhtar Pasha, must have fully equaled the Russian troops in point of numbers. But Mukhtar had been recently defeated in several engagements, and his troops were represented as being discouraged and demoralized. Being attacked at night upon all sides, and disconcerted as they must have been thereby, their resistance to the Russian onslaught seems to have been wholly disproportioned to the means at hand. It is almost the only instance on record where a fortified city has surrendered to an attacking force which did not exceed in numbers the garrison defending it. The loss of the Turks in killed, wounded and prisoners is estimated at 15,000 men, while their losses in cannon and munitions of war, etc., are most disastrous. But this latter is little compared to the loss of the strategic positions, of which Kars was the key. In every view of the case—military, political and geographical—the capture of Kars is the most important event of the war.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

COMMITTEE COMPLICATIONS.—An animated dispute is in progress between the two Congressional Committees on Commerce and Railways and Canals as to which shall exercise jurisdiction over the subject of appropriations for rivers and harbors. As the question is one of importance to many members whose political fortunes depend to some extent at least upon the procurement of these appropriations, there is a good deal of feeling in the contest.

A RICE FAMINE.—The Consul of the United States at Bangkok reports that on account of the scarcity of rain throughout Siam during the year, and the consequent failure of the rice crop, which would mean a general famine, the King has issued a proclamation, dated August 24th, 1877, prohibiting the exportation of rice from that country from the 24th of September, 1877, to the 13th of September, 1878. Merchants and traders will be permitted to export the stocks on hand at the date of the proclamation. Should any change for the better occur, enough to justify the act, another proclamation will be issued, permitting the export of rice as before. Siam exported during the year 1876 36,000,000 pounds of rice.

THE WASHINGTON MALARIA.—The Commissioners of the District of Columbia will recommend in their annual report the immediate improvement of the Potomac River in front of the city of Washington. Fifty years ago the channel of the river was on the Washington side, and there was a sufficient depth of water to allow vessels of considerable draught to come up to the wharves near the War and Navy Departments. The construction of works between Georgetown and Washington caused the current to flow over to the Virginia side of the river, and has left a large extent of flats immediately in front of the city, from which the water recedes at every ebb of the tide. These flats are covered with a rank growth of vegetation, and in the Autumn, when it decays, they send forth a miasma which makes the western part of the city exceedingly unhealthy. The injurious effects of this malaria are especially felt at the White House, the new State Department building, and in the War and Navy Departments. The plan which seems to receive the most favorable consideration is to fill up the flats with gravel, and thus to reclaim a considerable tract of land, which the District Commissioners believe may be sold for sufficient to pay for the expense of the improvement. The Commissioners will ask the President earnestly to recommend to Congress an immediate appropriation for this purpose.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.—The Commissioner of Agriculture, General Le Duc, entertains some very practical views in regard to the proper manner in which the agricultural interests of the country should be exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1878. All phenomenal productions of whatever character should, he believes, be excluded, and no attempt be made to amuse or astonish the beholder; but a comprehensive display of those articles which America produces in excess, or of which the quality is superior to that of similar articles produced abroad, may be made, he thinks, productive of direct and great profit to our farmers and planters. Of cotton, for instance, in the production of which, both as to quantity and quality our country far exceeds all others, he wishes to exhibit the living plant in all stages of its development from the tiny sprout just peeping into daylight to the full opened boll, ready for the gatherer. He would also show the different processes through which the commodity passes, the drying, ginning and baling, until it is prepared for

the market. In cereals, besides the customary display of the raw material in all varieties, the Commissioner proposes to show the American process of converting wheat into flour, which he asserts is superior to that in use in any other part of the world except, perhaps, in Hungary; and in this connection he would arrange to have the product of the mill converted into bread and biscuit, and placed on sale in the Paris restaurants. This is somewhat suggestive of Mr. Hewitt's famous Hot-corn proposition, and was perhaps the original suggestion of the notion.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Central National Bank of Chicago was obliged to close on November 23d.

CONRAD POPPENHAUSEN, the railroad manager of Long Island, failed, with liabilities of \$3,500,000.

AN increase in receipts for tobacco is shown in the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

HENRY L. PIERCE was nominated for Mayor of Boston in the Citizens' and Republican Conventions.

THE sum of \$675,550 was levied upon the various Methodist Conferences to support domestic missions.

HENRY Watterson, editor of the *Courier-Journal*, Louisville, Kentucky, was dined by the Lotus Club of New York City.

THE Borden mill, at Fall River, Massachusetts, was burned November 18th, with its contents, entailing a loss of \$450,000.

THE fraudulent manipulation of the funds of the broken American Popular Life Insurance Company was exposed in detail by Receiver Lawrence.

THE price of gold in New York City during the week ending Saturday, November 24th, ranged from 102½, 102¾, 103 and 103¾.

GENERAL ESCOBEDO, charged with the organization of a force to cross the Rio Grande from Texas, in the interest of ex-President Lerdo, was acquitted.

A SCHEME was submitted to the Government in behalf of the several Pacific railroads, by which the total indebtedness of the latter may be paid off by 1905.

THE late President and Cashier of the Miners' Trust Company Bank of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, were convicted of conspiracy to defraud, on November 23d.

IN his charge to the Grand Jury on November 19th, Judge Davis, of the Supreme Court of New York, called for the indictment of the Excise Commissioners.

THE Senate voted to increase the Paris Exposition appropriation to \$175,000, and Commissioner Le Duc has completed the plans for the American Agricultural exhibit.

LOUIS F. THEROSSON, a lawyer of New York City, whose integrity was considered unimpeachable, was arrested on a charge of having misappropriated \$130,000 of trust funds placed in his keeping.

By the removal of the customary injunction of secrecy from the proceedings of the United States Senate, it appears that the late Senator Sumner did not delay treaties in his committee, as charged by ex-Secretary Fish.

AN effort, said to be directed by General Sickles in the interest of James McHenry, of London, is being made to have Receiver Jewett removed from the management of the Erie Railroad, and to defeat the reconstruction scheme.

THE sentence of Robert L. Case, convicted of perjury, and the trial of Dr. T. S. Lambert, ex-President of the broken Life Insurance Companies of New York City, were postponed.

FOR the first time in sixteen years the Republican members of the United States Senate found themselves in a minority, November 21st, by Senators Patterson and Conover voting with the Democratic side in the matter of the South Carolina and Louisiana contested seats.

THE Grand Jury of Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, in the presentment on the Pittsburgh riots, charged the blame on the State Government and the militia supported by it, and characterized the fatal shooting by the troops as wanton murder. It is thought the bill was prepared to relieve the city and county from the payment of the heavy damages.

IN the United States Senate Messrs. Davis (West Virginia), Allison, Ingersoll and Cameron, were appointed a committee to investigate the accounts of the Treasury Department. The Paris Exposition and Silver Bills were reported from the House on the 21st. Upon a tie vote which was decided in the affirmative by the Vice-President, the Senate adjourned on the 22d to the 26th. In the House, the Paris Exhibition Bill was amended and passed; the Deficiency Bill was passed on the 22d, and on the 23d the Resumption Repeal Bill, after having thirteen of the fourteen amendments rejected, was passed by a vote of 133 to 120.

Foreign.

THE school of Japanese nobles at Yokohama was formally opened by the Emperor and Empress, October 17th.

PRESIDENT DIAZ of Mexico ordered General Treviño, commanding along the Rio Grande, to repel any invasion by United States troops by force.

THE Revolutionists in the Southeastern Province of Seibo, San Domingo, are increasing in numbers daily, and defeating the Government troops at every encounter.

THE German Minister of Public Instruction stated officially that the Government could not even consider any modification of the existing ecclesiastical laws.

HENRY S. SANFORD, ex-United States Minister to Belgium, and the President's nominee for the same post, telegraphed a denial of the charges against him from Paris.

INFORMATION was received at Liverpool on November 23d to the effect that a great fire was raging at Bahia, one of the principal cities in Brazil, with a population of 120,000.

GENERAL MELIKOFF demanded the surrender of Erzerum, informing Mukhtar Pasha of the fall of Kars and that resistance would be met by an attack of 80,000 men, with overwhelming artillery.

THE International Fishery Commission, sitting at Halifax, N. S., made a majority award of \$5,500,000 to Great Britain, in behalf of Canada, Judge Kellogg, the United States Commissioner, dissenting.

GREAT excitement prevails in London, in consequence of late Russian successes. The war spirit was revived, and a number of alarming rumors were set afloat, the principal one being that if the Russians captured Adrianople and Constantinople became jeopardized England would be compelled to adopt active measures.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 227.



ROUMANIA.—THE DAY OF TOUSSAINT IN A MOLDO-WALLACHIAN CEMETERY.



TURKEY.—A COUNCIL OF WAR IN BAKER PASHA'S CAMP.



BULGARIA.—THE CITADEL OF NICSICS, RECENTLY SURRENDERED BY THE TURKS.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIAN INVASION—A SKIRMISH ON THE ROAD TO PLEVNA.



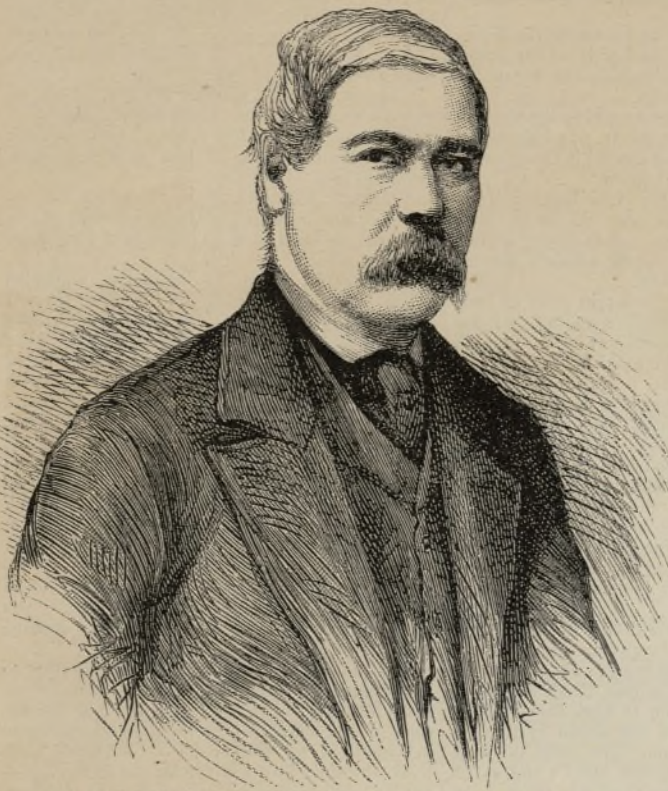
SOUTH AMERICA.—THE BRAZILIAN TURRET-SHIP "INDEPENDENCIA."



GERMANY.—THE ARTISTS' FESTIVAL IN DUSSELDORF.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL GUARD MARCHING ON THE ROAD TO PLEVNA.



GENERAL TODLEBEN, THE RUSSIAN DEFENDER OF SEBASTOPOL, NOW DIRECTING THE OPERATIONS BEFORE PLEVNA.

GENERAL TODLEBEN.

THIS well-known general, whose celebrated defense of Sebastopol in 1853 has ever been regarded as one of the most marvelous feats of military engineering, has been intrusted with the task of subduing Ghazi Osman Pasha and his army at Plevna. He has already shown proof of his cool calculation and skill by avoiding all such rash, hot-headed onslaughts as have twice brought about defeat and havoc in the Russian ranks, and by slowly and surely drawing round the doomed city a "circle of steel," which, combined with patient waiting, will sooner or later bring the Turkish pasha to terms through the dread medium of starvation. General Todleben, at the time of the siege of Sebastopol, was only a second captain, and was barely thirty-five years of age. After the war he was promoted to the rank of general for his great services, and has since gained laurels in another field by his "History of the Crimean War," written from a Russian point of view, and which, in all that regards the Russian army and its proceedings, is accepted by all as unimpeachable. After the second failure of the Russians in their attacks on Plevna, General Todleben was appointed Chief of the Staff to Prince Charles of Roumania, and was subsequently placed in practical charge of all the operations before Plevna.

H. I. H. PRINCE HASSAN.

PRINCE HASSAN, who commands the Egyptian contingent of troops which the Khédive has sent his Suzerain to assist his army in fighting the Russians in Bulgaria, is the third son of the Khédive, and is twenty-four years old. He has received a thorough military education in Germany, being a lieutenant in a Prussian dragoon regiment, and has already seen a good share of practical warfare in the recent Abyssinian War under Gordon Pasha. In the present campaign, however, he has done nothing whatever, and his apparent reluctance to support the Turkish troops in action has been the subject of general remark. He has now retired with his troops to winter quarters at Varna, as it is thought that the constitution of the Egyptians

would be unable to stand the rigor of a Bulgarian Winter in the field. Prince Hassan was made a D.C.L. of Oxford in 1872, and in 1876 again visited England, and was received by the Queen.

GENERAL GRANT AND THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

IT will be remembered that on the occasion of the visit of General Grant to Guildhall he was presented by the Corporation with the freedom of the City of London, which was, as usual, to be inclosed in a gold casket. The making of this was intrusted to Mr. Benson, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street, who completed his work in a most careful and artistic manner. It is oblong in form, and composed entirely of pure gold, enriched with enamel, and supported at the four corners by the American eagle. On the front panel is chased in bold relief a view of the Capitol at Washington, with pendants of the ex-President's monogram and the Lord Mayor's coat-of-arms. The reverse panel bears a similarly wrought view of the Guildhall. At the ends of the box are finely modeled figures, representing the City of London and the United States; and on the cover are cornucopias springing from the four corners, typical of the fertility and prosperity of the American Continent, while the city arms of London appropriately surmount the whole.

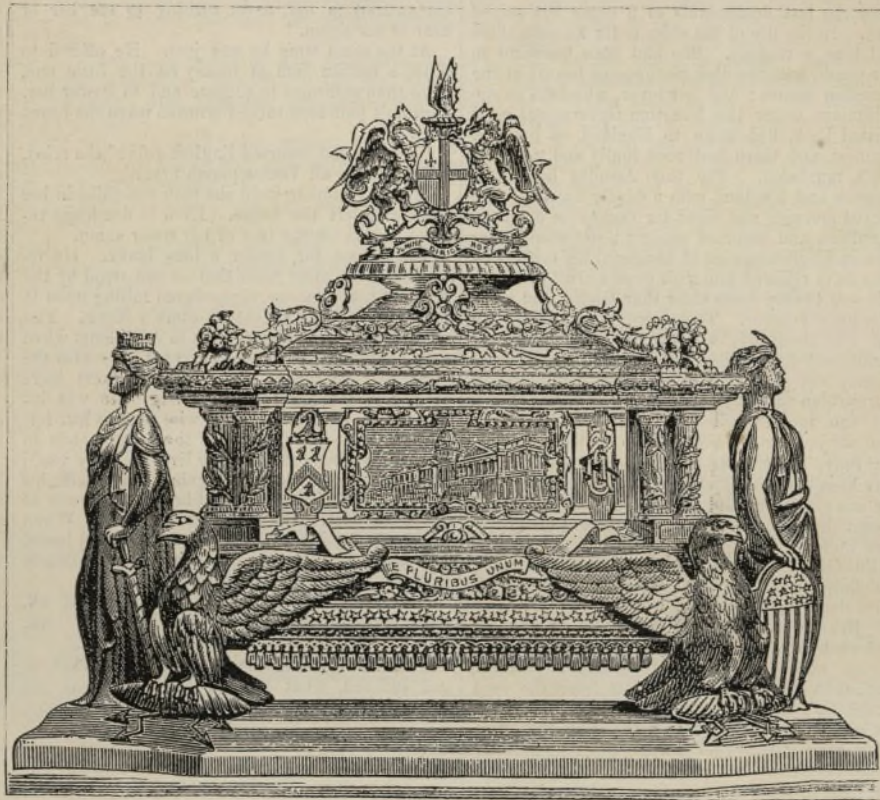
A TIMELY RESCUE IN MID-OCEAN.

ON the 23d of October last the brig *Deborah S. Soule* left the port of New York with a cargo of slate, amounting to some 550 tons, bound for Queenstown. She had on board eight persons, consisting of Captain John Gale, his wife, mate (Horatio McDean), a steward and four sailors.

At the time the brig left this port the weather was all that a sailor could wish, and it continued in that state until Sunday, November 4th. On this date, while the brig



PRINCE HASSAN, SON OF THE KHÉDIVE OF EGYPT, AND COMMANDER OF THE EGYPTIAN CONTINGENT.



CASKET PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO GENERAL GRANT, ON HIS VISIT TO GUILDHALL, JUNE 15TH, 1877.

was in latitude 47 degrees, longitude 35 degrees, the wind, which had been blowing freshly from the northwest, accompanied by a running sea, suddenly veered square to the west, and in an instant was converted into a perfect gale.

All that day and night the violence of the gale never abated, and when midnight drew on it seemed to increase rather than diminish. At two o'clock in the morning the brig was laboring in the trough of the sea; wave after wave dashed over her, sweeping her decks fore and aft with a force that was irresistible. One time, when her bow lay deep in the mad waves, a towering billow dashed against her, smashed her jibboom and bore it, together with all the sailing gear attached, far out on the raging waters. The topgallant-mast, thus deprived of all support, was also carried away, and the brig was left at the mercy of the waves. All this dreadful night Captain Gale and his men were lashed to the bulwarks of the doomed brig, without a hope of surviving the terrible ordeal.

At nine o'clock in the morning a mountain of mad, seething waters broke over the decks and struck the mainmast, which, unable to resist the force, came thundering to the deck, only to be lifted a moment after by another incoming wave and borne away. At this moment a sailor, who had been lashed to one of the pumps, cried out in a voice of terror, "We have sprung a leak!" All hands were now set to the pumps, which were kept steadily going the entire day. In the afternoon three feet of water were reported in the hold. At four o'clock a heavy sea broke over the brig, staving in the quarter bulwarks, breaking the stanchions, tearing up the "booby" hatchway and crashing through the cabin windows. The sailors manfully plied the pumps, but all to no avail, for at five o'clock there were between five and six feet of water in the hold.

Captain Gale now said that it was simply impossible to save the vessel; that, in fact, the waters of the ocean would close around her in less than twenty-four hours. He accordingly swung the American ensign, union down, from the stump of the mainmast, in the forlorn hope that some passing vessel would hasten to his relief. All that afternoon the gale continued, but during the night it moderated, and when the morning of November 7th dawned it blew but very lightly. At eight



THE NATIONAL LINE STEAMSHIP "HOLLAND" RESCUING, IN MID-OCEAN, THE CREW OF A SINKING BRIG, NOVEMBER 7TH.

o'clock the sailor on watch desisted to the eastward the welcome spars of a steamship, and in a moment the glad cry, "A sail! A sail!" rang through the brig. The steamer proved to be the *Holland*, Captain Ely, of the National Line, and, having answered the signal of distress, bore down to the succor of the wrecked crew. Chief Officer Robin-on and a crew of six men put out in the long boat and took off Captain Gale his wife and crew, and such of their effects as they could get together, leaving the brig to its fate. On board the *Holland* everything was done to render the crew of the abandoned brig comfortable, and on Saturday afternoon, November 17th, the *Holland*, with the rescued party, arrived at her dock in New York.

A CURL IN A LETTER.

A LETTER, and a yellow curl—
To call it "sandy" p'raps might rile her.
Who's this romantic little girl
That's fain to be her own Delilah?

For me! who never cared a rap
For rounded waist or taper ankle;
At whom no spinster sets her cap,
No Cupid shoots the shafts that rattle!

My dear, I grieve to make you pout—
But still it is imprudent, very,
To show't your golden gifts about
In this way, on Dick, Tom and Harry.

"No doubt you've charms you highly prize,
Or else you'd scarce be Adam's daughter;
There may be death in your blue eyes,
But—don't affect promiscuous slaughter."

Well preached! but, somehow don't sound nice—
And letters lead to little tattle....
I think one ought to give advice—
Vice voiz—the tone is half the battle?

'Twould not be hard to match this curl—
But should I like its fellow better?...
... You very yellow-pated girl,
Who wrote me this romantic letter?

PEGASUS RESADDLED.

A GILDED SIN.

By the Author of "DORA THORNE," "WEDDED AND PARTED," "A BRIDE FROM THE SEA," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"THE pleasant vices of our youth make lashes which scourge us in old age!" No words were ever more true, more full of wisdom, more full of warning, than these.

So Sir Jasper Brandon thought on this Christmas Eve, when the mystery, the beauty and tenderness of Christmas seemed to stir the quiet atmosphere of Queen's Chace. He sat alone in his library. Outside the sky was clear and blue, the air cold and biting; the hoar-frost lay white on the ground—the trees, the hedges, and the evergreens were bright with it. Through the silent, frosty air came the joyous music of Christmas bells. What poetry they held, those Christmas bells—what sorrow, what pain, what lost love, what dead hopes, what pathetic happiness! He listened, and his face grew sadder as the music came sweeter and clearer. Other music as sweet and hopeful came to him—the sounds of laughter and song; for Queen's Chace was filled with visitors, and they were keeping Christmas right loyally. He wished the bells would cease ringing; there was some mute reproach to him in the sound. He wished that Christmas over; it brought him sad and sorrowful memories. The only folly of his youth had grown into a lash which scourged him, which brought deep lines of pain and sorrow into his face, which darkened the bright world and caused even Christmas to be full of sad memories.

As he sat thinking it all over, it seemed to him that that one folly was to him the dearest part of his life. Even now, when years had closed over it, when time should have almost obliterated it—even now it was the brightest recollection he had; it stood out a golden memory from the background of a dark life—a love so sharp, so sudden, so beautiful, so keen, so passionate, that the dead ashes of it stirred the life within him. This was the story of his folly and his love.

He, Sir Jasper Brandon, was the only son of his parents. His father, Sir Francis, married late in life; his mother, Lady Maud, was young; he was their only child, and he was worshipped after a fashion that could have naught but evil results. The anxiety with which his mother watched by his little bed, her agony of fear if even his finger ached, his father's equally speechless pride and joy in him, were almost pitiful to behold; they would fain have regulated even the very breath of heaven which blew on him. No child was ever so surrounded with love and care. He grew up the very idol of their hearts; and what seemed wonderful was that the boy returned this love by one equally passionate and devoted.

The Brandons came of a Norman race, courtly, passionate and silent—a race capable of grandest deeds, but silent and reserved, imperious in love, implacable in war—swift, keen, sure, silent—a race that led hidden lives that the world never knew. They were all alike, these Brandons of Queen's Chace—dark, proud, haughty, passionate men, swift to love, and loving with terrible intensity; swift to hate, and hating with bitter animosity—men of strong passions, of great virtues and great faults—handsome men, all of them, with dark, clear-cut, proud faces—faces, too, that men trusted and women loved.

The young heir, Jasper Brandon, was in no way inferior to his ancestors. In his twentieth year the manhood within him seemed suddenly to awaken to life. He would have no more indulgence, no more petting and humoring. They might love him as much, even more if they could, but he must assert his rights. He told his parents that he was going on a tour through Europe, and that for the next year or two they must be content to trust him to himself; yet, when the time came for bidding them adieu, he almost repented of his decision. His mother clung to him, her tender arms clasping his neck, her tears falling on his face—his father held his hands.

"You will remember, Jasper," he said, "that

you hold my life in your hands. I should never survive any wrong-doing of yours."

He smiled to himself, this proud young heir, thinking how improbable it was that he would be guilty of any "wrong-doing."

"If you live until I grieve you, father," he answered, "you will never die," and those were his farewell words.

He traveled through Norway and Sweden, through Germany and Holland, through fair France and sunny Spain; but he lingered longest in fair and fruitful Italy, where it seemed to him that his soul first woke to its full and perfect life. Venice had the greatest charm for him; imperial Rome, gay Florence, ancient Verona, time-honored Milan, were all beautiful, but Venice charmed him; he loved it as a lover loves his mistress. All the poetry and passion of his nature woke to life there. The dark old palaces, the silent canals, the tranquil waters, the swiftly gliding gondolas, were all so many poems to him. He stood one day musing as he looked at the sculptured walls of a ducal palace, musing on the grand old Venetian tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, thinking of the balcony-scene, and the love that must have shone in the girl's face there, when suddenly from the lattice of a window near a girl's face peeped out—a girl's face—and he saw it only for one minute, yet in that minute the whole current of his life was changed. Before that he had thought that at some distant time he should marry, and that fair children would grow up around him, but he had given no thought to love. Now a swift, deep love took possession of him; he felt that the girl's face was the star of his life. It was only a girl's face, with hair of light gold, and eyes of darkest hue—a face with a beautiful mouth—a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten. The girl looked slowly up and down the broad waters; then her eyes fell on the face upraised to hers, and she disappeared.

By dint of persevering inquiry he found out who she was, and learned her history; he resolved that he would marry her. Her name was Giulia di Cyntha, and she lived alone in a dull, gloomy, half ruined old palace with her elder sister Assunta. They were the last descendants of a noble but ruined race. In the life of the elder sister Assunta there had been a tragedy. She had been beautiful in her youth, with the dark picturesque beauty of the Venetian women; and her lover, who held an appointment under the Venetian Government as it existed then, had gone to England on political business, and there had been foully and treacherously murdered. For this Assunta hated the English and England with a deadly hatred. She prayed morning and night for vengeance upon the perfidious and accursed country; she would have seen an Englishman die of hunger at her feet rather than have relieved him with even a crust of bread. She was twenty years older than Giulia, and every year grew bitterer. Their parents had died when she was twenty-six and the little golden-haired Giulia only six. They had but little money; the gloomy old palace, with its faded hangings, its worm-eaten furniture, its air of decay, was theirs, but the income left to them was but scanty. Assunta brought up her sister to hate England.

"Pray, child," she would say, "that heaven may bless every land except England. Pray that the sun may shine and the dew fall on every land except that. It is accursed, for innocent blood was shed there."

But Giulia could not learn to hate; when she had finished her prayers, she would say in a low voice that Assunta could not hear:

"Heaven bless England, too!"

Assunta watched the little Giulia grow until she became one of the loveliest maidens in Venice; but, when Jasper Brandon came from the land which she held accursed and asked for her treasure, she would not give her to him. She drove him away with stern, cruel words; she told him she would rather that her beautiful Giulia lay drowned and dead in the waters of the canal than that she became his wife. He had met her only five or six times when he asked her to be his wife—he had not written home about her. His whole life had been absorbed in his love. He had forgotten his country, parents, friends; the swift, keen, sudden passion had taken possession of him; he had no life outside it, and he came of a race that never hesitated in love nor faltered in war. When Assunta drove him from the threshold with bitter words, he made up his mind what to do. Looking into the face of the girl he loved, he said:

"I cannot live without you. Send me away, if you will—I will not live. Come with me, and I will make this world heaven for us both."

She assented. He married her unknown to every one, and took her away to a little place on the Mediterranean.

Assunta redoubled her prayers. Evil should, evil must, come to the country which called such monsters of men sons. She vowed solemnly never in life to see or speak to Giulia again—and she kept her word.

On those sweet southern shores Jasper and Giulia dwelt for one year. They lived on love one entire happy year. There were times when Jasper roused himself to wonder what his parents would say when he took his young bride home. He had no time to ask for their consent to his marriage, and when he was married he had many misgivings. He knew that they had great hopes as to his marriage—that they wished him to wed Lady Marie Valdoraine; so he felt that perhaps it would be better if he said nothing about it until he took his young wife home. Then, when they saw her, when their eyes dwelt on the beauty of her most fair face, they would forgive him and love her.

So for this one happy year they lived on beauty and love—on sunshine and flowers. And they were so unutterably happy that it seemed as though the ordinary doom of man was not to fall on them.

"There has never been a love so strong, so beautiful as ours," he would say to her.

So amidst the olives and the vines, amidst the gorgeous flowers and the starry blossoms on the shores of the sapphire sea, under the light of the golden sun, and the shining stars, amidst the music of birds and the laughter of sweet blossoms, they lived and loved. Only one year, and then the little child whose coming was to have crowned their happiness was born: but its birth cost its

mother her life, and the same day on which the little Veronica opened her eyes, her mother, the beautiful golden-haired Giulia, closed her own for ever.

Swift to love and swift to hate were the Brandons of Queen's Chace. He had loved the young mother with keen, intense passion—he hated the child with swift, keen hatred.

"Take it from my sight," he said to the weeping women. "Let me never see it. It has cost its mother her life." And they carried it away, weeping womanly tears of compassion.

He could not forgive the child because of its mother's death—he could not look at it. The nurses said the babe had its mother's eyes; and he thought to himself that to see Giulia's eyes in another's face would kill him.

He was more than half distraught when he bade Giulia's chief attendant write to Assunta to tell her of her sister's death. She came at once. Perhaps the sight of the beautiful home he had prepared for his lost wife touched her heart, for, though she sternly refused to see Jasper, she declared her intention of adopting the child. She would not exchange one word with him. All business was transacted through the kind friend who had stood by Giulia's death-bed. Assunta promised to adopt the child if Jasper would renounce all claim to her—if he would allow her to bring her up after her own fashion, in perfect ignorance of him and all belonging to him, believing that her parents were dead; moreover, he must promise never to claim her.

He was kneeling by his dead wife's side when these conditions were brought to him, and the dumb, white lips could not open to say, "Love her because she was mine," the cold hands could not be clasped in supplication to him, the mother's heart could not speak in the closed eyes. The only human being who could have saved the little one lay there, "stone dead and still"; and as he looked at the beautiful face, so calm in the majesty of death, he turned to the bearer of the message, and said:

"Tell Assunta di Cyntha that in proportion as I loved my wife I dislike the child, and that I give her entirely to her, never wishing to see her or hear of her again."

At the same time he was just. He offered to settle a certain sum of money on the little one, more than sufficient to educate and to dower her. Assunta's pale face turned crimson when she heard of it.

"I touch that accursed English gold!" she cried. "I would see all Venice perish first!"

Without another word she took the child in her arms and left the house. Even in death she refused to look on the face of her sister again.

Then came for Jasper a long blank. He remembered in after years that he had stood by the grave of his wife—he remembered falling upon it with a loud, bitter cry—then came a blank. The roses and passion-flowers were in full bloom when that happened; when he recovered his senses the roses had withered, the passion-flowers were dead, and the Winter was coming. He was lying, not in his own house—wise doctors had forbidden that—but in one of the large hotels in Venice, fighting for life. He lived, but the world was never the same to him again. His youth, his love, his hopes, his heart—all lay in the grave of his young wife. He was never the same. When he was strong enough to travel, he returned home, and his parents were almost besides themselves with grief at his changed face.

"A fever caught in Italy" explained it all. Lady Brandon sighed mournfully over it. "Ah, if he had but been content to stay at home!"

Then he realized what he had done, what he had suffered, what he had lost. He was not ashamed of his marriage, but he shut up the sweet, sad love-story in his heart, guarding it as a miser guards his gold—not to have saved his life could he have spoken Giulia's name. It seemed impossible to him that any one should ever understand that sweet, mad love of his. How should they? And he could not tell them. He could not bare that wound to any human eye. It would have been easier for him to plunge a sword into his heart than to talk of Giulia and Venice. He shut up the sweet, sad story in his heart and lived on it. People called him proud and cold, reserved and silent; they never dreamed of the burning love beneath the ice; there was no one who ever suspected him of a wild, passionate love and a sorrow that would be his until he died. No one knew that he had loved as few love, and that his heart lay buried in a dead wife's grave. Time passed on; he grew stronger; the full tide of health and strength returned to him, and with it came a longing to take his share in the full active life around him.

"Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I had my days before me, and the tumult of my life."

That was his one cry—work, toil, labor—anything that could teach him to forget. He plunged into the hottest fray of political life; his speeches rang through all England; men named him with deepest admiration. He was a power in the State; he spent his days in work, his nights in study. Did he forget? At times, when busy members round him were disputing vehemently, he found himself standing on the Rialto at Venice, gazing at a sweet girl face. He found himself under the vines, with roses and passion-flowers clustering at his feet, white hands warmly clasped in his own, and a golden head lying on his breast. They wondered, those who watched him, why at times he rose suddenly with a stifling cry, flung out his arms as though the breath of life failed him. They thought the passion of his own words moved him. How should they guess of the sweet, short love and the tragedy which ended it?

Once, and only once, he was induced to enter a theatre; it was when one of the finest living tragedians was to appear. He never thought of asking what the play was, but when the curtain rose and he saw Venice, he almost swooned like a dead man, smitten with a terrible pain. Still no one knew the cause; it was all buried in his own heart—he himself was the sepulchre of his love. Time passed on. Sir Francis grew old and feeble; his one longing was to see his son married before he

died. The first time that he mentioned it Jasper drew back with horror on his face.

"Marry!" He with his heart in that far-off grave! And the father, looking into the son's face, saw a tragedy there. He said no more to him for a long time; but one day, when he was weak and ill, he cried out:

"Jasper, you must marry. My son, let me see your children around my knees before I die."

The words touched him greatly; and that same day his mother came to him with a pleased, expectant look on her face.

"Jasper," she said, "the daughter of my dearest friend is coming to Queen's Chace—Marie Valdoraine—and I should die happy if I could see her your wife."

Lady Marie came—a handsome, animated blonde, with the worship of Mammon in her heart. She was most lively and fascinating. She won the heart of Sir Francis. She made Lady Brandon love her; even Jasper, with the shadow of dead love darkening his life, was pleased with her. Lady Marie Valdoraine was of the world worldly; she knew the just value of everything. She saw that there was no position in England more enviable than that of Lady Brandon of Queen's Chace, and she determined that it should be hers. She devoted herself so entirely to Jasper that in a certain way he relied upon her; her keen worldly knowledge and her just appreciation of persons and things were useful to him.

"If you are really going to devote your life to politics," said a friend to him one day, "you should marry Lady Marie. She could manage everything for you."

And the end of it was that, to give pleasure to his parents, he married Lady Marie. But he was quite honest with her. He did not tell her the story of his marriage—he could not have borne her questions, her wonder, her remarks, and have lived—his dead love was far too sacred for that—but he told her that he had no love to give her, but honor and esteem only.

Lady Marie smiled in the most charming manner. She mentally congratulated herself—if she could have all the good things that belonged to Queen's Chace without being teased about love so much the better.

The marriage took place, and every one thought well of it; people said it was the most suitable match they had ever known—universal approval followed it. Sir Francis declared he had nothing left to live for. Lady Brandon was quite content. As time passed on, it became more and more evident that the marriage was a most suitable one. Lady Marie Brandon flung herself heart and soul into her husband's interests—he owned himself that she was his right hand. When his reasoning, his clear, pitiless logic failed, then her powers of fascination succeeded. Lady Marie Brandon became a power in her way; her season in town was always one long, brilliant success, her drawing-rooms were always crowded, people attended her balls and soirées as though they had received royal biddings.

Jasper had his reward. When old Sir Francis lay dying, he called his son to his bedside and laid his trembling hands in blessing on him.

"You have been a good son to me, Jasper," he said. "You have never given me one moment's sorrow or pain. So in dying I bless you and thank you."

They were pleasant words; they repaid him for having sacrificed his inclination and married Lady Marie Valdoraine. Old Sir Francis died with a smile on his face, and Jasper succeeded him. Some months afterwards a little daughter was born to him, who, by his mother's wish, was called Katherine, and when Katherine was a child of seven, Lady Brandon died. Then Sir Jasper and his wife took up their abode at Queen's Chace. The time came when his name was a tower of strength in the land, when men rejoiced to see him at the head of the mightiest party, when he became the very hope of the nation from his clear, calm judgment, his earnest truth, his marvelous talents. No one ever asked if he were happy in the midst of it all. He was courted, popular, famous, but his face was not the face of a happy man, and once—his wife never forgot it—he had fallen asleep after perhaps the most brilliant reception ever accorded to a public man, and when Lady Brandon went to rouse him, the pillow on which his head had lain was wet with tears.

CHAPTER II.

SEVENTEEN years had passed since the birth of Katherine Brandon, and no other child had been given to Queen's Chace. The long-wished-for heir had never appeared, and the hopes of both parents were centred in the beautiful young heiress. She was just seventeen, and a more perfectly lovely ideal of an English girl could not have been found. To look at her was a pleasure. The tall, slender figure, with its perfect lines and curves, the face with its glow of youthful health, the subtle grace of movement, the free, easy carriage, the quick, graceful step, were all as pleasant as they were rare. Like her mother, she was a blonde beauty, but she had more color, greater vigor. Her hair was of golden brown—pure gold in the sunlight, brown in the shade.

Her eyes were of a lovely violet hue; they looked like pansies steeped in dew. Her face had a most exquisite color, lilies and roses so perfectly blended that it was impossible to tell where one began and the other ended. It was an English face—no other land could have produced such a one. The mouth was beautiful, the lips were sweet and arch, revealing little white teeth that shone like pearls; a lovely dimpled chin, a white rounded throat, and beautiful hands, completed the list of charms. There was an air of vitality and health about her that was irresistible.

She was as English in character as in face. She had none of the characteristics of the silent, courtly race of Brandons. She was essentially Saxon, true in thought, word and deed, sincere, earnest, transparently candid, generous, slightly prejudiced and intolerant, proud with a quick, bright pride that was but "a virtue run to seed"—a most charming, lovable character, not perhaps of the most exalted type. She would never have made a poetess or a tragedy-queen; there

was no sad, tragical story in her lovely young face; but she was essentially womanly, quickly moved to sweetest pity and compassion, sensitive, nobly generous. All her short, sweet life she had been called "Heiress of Queen's Chace." She was woman enough to be more than pleased with her lot in life—she was proud of it. She loved the bright, beautiful world, and, above all, she loved her own share in it. She would rather have been heiress of Queen's Chace, she declared, than Queen of England. She loved the place, she enjoyed the honors and advantages connected with it. She had inherited just sufficient of her mother's character to make her appreciate the advantages of her position. The great difference between them was that Lady Brandon loved the wealth, the pomp, the honors of the world, while Katherine loved its brightness and its pleasures.

Sir Jasper was very much attached to his daughter; his own wife never reminded him of his lost love, but his daughter did. Something in her bright, glad youth, in her sunny laughter, in her bright eyes, reminded him of the beautiful Venetian girl whom he had loved so madly. In these later years all the love of his life had centred in his daughter, all the little happiness that he enjoyed came from her—with her he forgot his life-long pain, and was at peace.

She was heiress of Queen's Chace. He had taken the greatest pride and care in her education. She was accomplished in the full sense of the word. She spoke French, Italian and German. She sang with a clear, sweet voice. She danced gracefully, and was no mean artist. Her father had taken care that no pains should be spared in her education—no expense, no labor. The result was she developed into a brilliantly accomplished girl. He was delighted with her.

Katherine Brandon had made her *début*; royal eyes had glanced kindly at the fair, bright young face. She had more lovers than she could count; a beauty, a great heiress, clever, accomplished, with a laugh like clear music and spirits that never failed, no wonder that some of the most eligible men in England were at her feet. She only laughed at them at present. It was the time for smiles; tears would come afterwards. If there was one she liked a little better than the rest, it was Lord Wynleigh, the second son of the Earl of Woodwyn, the poorest earl in England.

Lord Wynleigh was handsome and clever. He had had a hard fight with the world, for he found it difficult to keep up appearances on a small income; but he forgot his poverty and everything else when he fell in love with charming, tantalizing, imperious Katherine Brandon. Would she ever care for him? At present the difference in her behavior towards him and her other lovers was that she laughed more at him, affected greater indifference to him, but never looked at him, and she flushed crimson at the mention of his name.

That same year Sir Jasper was much overtaken with work; he was so ill as to be compelled to consult a physician, who told him that he could not always live at high pressure, and that if he wished to save himself he must give up work, and rest for a time. In order to do this, the illustrious statesman decided on going to Queen's Chace, the home that he loved so well. Some one suggested that he should go abroad. He shrank with horror from the idea.

So the whole family went to Queen's Chace. Sir Jasper invited a party of friends for Christmas. Until Christmas he promised himself perfect rest. It was at the beginning of October that he received the letter which so altered the course of his life and that of others. It was from Assunta di Cyntha—written on her death-bed. Perhaps her approaching dissolution had shown her that she had misjudged some things and mistaken others. She wrote to the man whom she had hated with such deadly hate, and the words she used were more gracious than any she had ever used before. She told him that she should soon rejoin her sister—the young wife he had so dearly loved—and that she could not die until her child was safe and well provided for.

"If I had money of my own," she wrote, "I should not trouble you; but I have none—my income dies with me, and the old palace that has been my home passes into other hands. I have nothing to leave my beautiful Veronica, and you must take her. She is beautiful and gifted, but she is unlike other girls because she has led a lonely life. She believes that her father is dead. She knows nothing of her parentage or of her birth. I have taught her—heaven pardon me if I have done wrong—to hate the English. My lessons may bear evil fruit or good—I know not. I understand the child as no one else ever can, and I say to you, most decidedly, if ever you wish to win her love or heart, do not shock her at first by telling her that you are her father; remember she has been taught to hate the English, and to believe that her father is dead. Let her learn to know you and to love you first, then tell her when you will. I impress this on you, for I know her well. I will forward by her all papers that are necessary to prove her birth. Send for Veronica at once. I know that I have not many hours to live."

He was sitting in the drawing-room at Queen's Chace when the letter was brought to him. His daughter Katherine was at the piano, singing some of the old English ballads that he loved. Lady Brandon lay on the couch, engrossed in a novel. A clear, bright fire was burning in the grate; the warm air was perfumed with the odor of flowers.

He raised his haggard face as he read. Great heavens, what was he to do? He had almost forgotten the very existence of the child. She had faded from his memory. His passionate love for her beautiful mother was as keen as ever—as full of life as it had been on the first day he met her; but the child he had disliked; the child had cost her mother her life. Why had Assunta given her that sweet, sad name of "Veronica"? What was he to do with her when she came? He looked at his handsome wife, with her high-bred face and dignified manner, he looked at his lovely young daughter, and then bowed his head in despair.

A thought had pierced his soul. During all these years he had forgotten the child; she had passed, as it were, out of his life; Assunta had

taken her, and would keep her. She had refused his help, she would have nothing from him. She would take no money, nor anything else from him. She had told him that he must wash his hands of the child, and he had done so. If ever he thought about her, he concluded that she would be brought up in entire ignorance of England and of him, that she would marry some Venetian; but of late he had thought but little of her, and during the past three or four years she had faded from his mind.

So the letter was a terrible blow to him. He asked himself what he should do, for it suddenly occurred to him that Veronica was his eldest daughter, and that she—not the golden-haired girl singing with the clear voice of a bird—was the heiress of Queen's Chace, and the thought pierced his soul like a sharp sword. What should he do?

His first impulse was to tell his story; then second thoughts came—he could not. Of all people living his wife was perhaps the most unsympathetic; he could not take the treasured love-story from his heart and hold it up to public gaze; he could not have uttered the name of Giulia, nor have told how she died, when the sun was setting, with her head on his breast. It would have been easier for him to tear the living, beating heart from his breast than to do this. He could imagine his wife's cold, proud, handsome eyes dilating in unmitigated wonder; he could hear the cold, grave voice saying, "What a romance! Why have you hidden it all these years?" He could anticipate the sneers, the comments about the great statesman's love story. Ah, if it had but been possible for him to die with her!

So he sat there musing, with Assunta's letter in his hand. He found afterwards that he had missed one paragraph, in which she told him that she had prepared Veronica to live for the future with her English guardian.

Sir Jasper Brandon suffered keenly. He was an English gentleman, with English notions of right and wrong. He hated all injustice, all concealment, all deceit, all fraud, all wrong-doing, all dishonesty; yet he did not, on receipt of Assunta's letter, tell his wife and daughter the truth. He said to himself that he would come to no decision, that he would wait and see what Veronica was like.

"You look perplexed and thoughtful, papa," said Katherine Brandon. "Let me help you. Women's wits, they say, are quicker and keener than men's."

"It is a libel," he replied, trying to speak lightly. "I may well look perplexed, Katherine—I am dismayed."

Lady Brandon closed her book and looked at him.

"You dismayed?" she cried. "What has happened? Has Brookes voted with the Opposition, or what?"

"It is nothing of that kind," said the politician. "This is a domestic difficulty, about which I shall have to ask your help."

At the word "domestic" Lady Brandon opened her book again—matters of that description never interested her.

"The fact is," continued Sir Jasper, "that a friend of mine has died lately in Italy, and has left me a ward."

"A ward!" cried Lady Brandon. "How intolerable! What a liberty to take!"

"A ward!" cried Katherine. "How strange, papa!"

Sir Jasper turned quickly to his wife. He never spoke unkindly or angrily to her, even when she annoyed him.

"Do not say 'intolerable,' Marie; we must make the best of it."

"But who is it?" cried her ladyship. "Of course, if it be any one of position, that would make a difference."

"The young lady—my ward, Veronica di Cyntha—is descended from one of the first families in Italy," he said, "and she has, or will have, a large fortune."

"And is that, too, placed in your hands?" asked his wife.

"That also is in my hands," he replied, briefly.

"But, Jasper," cried her ladyship, "surely you are going to tell us more? Who is, or rather who was, your friend? Tell me; I want to know the whole history."

He walked to the end of the long drawing-room and back before he replied; then he said, briefly: "I have nothing to tell. I met the Di Cynthas when I was abroad, and that accounts for the trust, so far as I can account for it."

Lady Brandon had studied her husband long enough to know that when he spoke in the tone that he now did it was quite useless to persevere in making inquiries.

"Some friends whom he met in Italy," she said to herself. "Most probably, as he is so reticent, it was a political friend—indeed, now I come to think of it, that solves the mystery. There is a political secret hidden under the mystery."

Once feeling sure of that, Lady Brandon resigned herself to circumstances. A political secret, she knew quite well, could never be forced from her husband's keeping.

"But what will you do with a ward in Italy, papa?" asked Katherine.

Sir Jasper turned his careworn face to her, and it cleared a little as he met the gaze of the bright sweet eyes.

"That is the difficulty, Katherine," he replied; "her property will be in England, and she must come to live with us."

Again Lady Brandon looked up—this time there was some little contempt on her face.

"That is impossible, Sir Jasper," she said; "I could not think of receiving a stranger into the very heart of my home."

He paused for a few moments before answering her, and then he said, gently:

"You have always been so kind to me, Marie, so attentive to my interests, that I am sure you will never refuse anything that will be of service to me."

"Would it be of service?" she asked, quickly.

"Most assuredly it would," he replied. "You would help me out of a real difficulty."

"Then," said Lady Brandon, "if it will serve your interests I will do it. I withdraw my opposition."

Sir Jasper bent down and kissed the white, jeweled hands.

"You have always studied my interests," he said, "and I am always grateful."

"It will be just as though I had a sister," said Katherine—and the words struck Sir Jasper like a blow. "I wonder what she is like, papa? Dark, I suppose, as she is Italian? We shall contrast well. I need not be jealous if she is a brunette. I will be very kind to her. Is it her father or her mother who has just died, papa?"

Again he shuddered as the careless words fell on his ear. He made a pretense of not having heard what she had said; and Katherine, with her quick instinct, seeing that the question was not agreeable to him, did not press it. Both ladies settled the matter in their own minds and according to their lights. Lady Brandon concluded that the dead friend had probably been one who shared her husband's political secrets; and Katherine thought to herself that it was probably some one whom her father had known in his youth. They were both content, and talked quite amiably about it. Sir Jasper bore it as long as he could; then he quitted the room and went to his study.

"You see, Katherine," said Lady Brandon, "if the girl is really noble and wealthy, it will be an acquisition rather than otherwise."

"I am pleased about it, mamma," cried the girl. "I have always felt the want of a sister; now I shall have one."

"I would not say anything about that, my dear, until you have seen what she is like," said prudent Lady Brandon; "it is always better not to commit oneself in any way."

They discussed the matter in all its bearings; there was complete confidence between this mother and child. Katherine laughed at her mother's very candid worldliness; she teased her about her worship of Mammon. But she was very fond of her; while Lady Brandon worshipped her beautiful child—she thought there was no one like her in the wide world—all the love of which she was capable, the love of heart and soul, was centred on and in her darling.

Meanwhile Sir Jasper was in a fever of dismay. What should he do? It was as though the dead ghost of his youth had suddenly risen up before him; he was utterly unnerved. Then it became clear to him that he must send some one to fetch her. Whom could he send? He could not go himself—he was not strong enough to travel; nor did he care to see again the place where he had suffered so much. He decided that the best person to send would be his agent, John Segrave, a sensible, experienced man of the world. He wrote at once to summon Mr. Segrave; and, when he had reached Queen's Chace, he told him exactly the same story that he had told his wife.

"I want you to go to Italy," he said, "to bring back with you a young lady, my ward, who is for the future to make her home with Lady Brandon."

The agent set out, amply provided with funds; and then Sir Jasper spent day and night in a state of terrible suspense. What would she be like, this daughter of his lost Giulia? Would she torture him with her mother's face—with her mother's eyes? If so, he could not bear it—he should go mad. By night and by day he asked himself that question—what would she be like?

December came with its frost and cold, its biting wind and snow-bound earth, before that question was answered. It was on the second of December that he received a letter from Mr. Segrave, saying that he hoped to be at the Chace with his charge on the following day. Sir Jasper was greatly agitated, although he beat down his emotion with an iron hand.

She was coming—Giulia's little child, who had nestled for one brief moment in her mother's dying arms—Giulia's little daughter—the babe from whom he had turned with something like bitter hate in his heart. What would she be like? He asked about her rooms, and Katherine took him to see them—a pretty suite of rooms in the western wing; they looked very bright in the winter sunlight, with their cheerful fires and choice flowers.

"She will like these rooms, papa," said Katherine. "See what I have put here—all the Italian views and photographs that I can find. See, here is the Arno, here is the Rialto in Venice."

She stopped suddenly. Why did he pause and turn from her with a sharp, sudden cry? There was the very spot on which he had stood when Giulia's fair face first shone down upon him!

"It is nothing, child," he said, in answer to her anxious inquiries—"less than nothing—a sharp, sudden pain that hurts but will never kill me."

"How do you know that it will never kill you, papa?" she asked.

"Because, my darling, if it could have shortened my life it would have done so long ago," he replied. "Now show me all the arrangements you have made for my ward."

"Papa," cried generous, beautiful Katherine, "she will be very dull, she will be very lonely. Do you suppose that she is alone in the world—that she has no other friends but us? If she had one it would be something."

"I cannot tell you, Katherine," he replied. "You must ask her when she comes."

He was pleased to see the arrangements his wife and daughter had made for her; yet, as the time for her arrival drew near, he trembled and shuddered like one seized with sudden cold. He had to meet the child he had literally given away—Giulia's daughter.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

A POLICEMAN PROTECTING SCHOOLCHILDREN ON BROADWAY CROSSINGS.

THE perils of the streets start into ghastly vitality day after day. Men, women and children suffer in the terrific rush. To cross Broadway during business hours is more or less fraught with danger. Vehicles start up from every side in lines three and four deep. Pedestrians endeavor to steer an erratic and treacherous course from sidewalk to sidewalk, and get lost in the general maelstrom. Our engraving represents one of the municipal

ferryman piloting a group of tender little maids through these dangerous waters. School is over, and the joyous girls are emancipated. To cross Broadway is against all the laid-down rules of anxious parents and earnest governesses, consequently the children seek their guide, philosopher and friend in the policeman. Pleased with his duty, the grave official tenderly cares for his fluttering convoy, and sternly stopping every vehicle, from the dashing double brangham of the millionaire to the jingling express-wagon, clears a passage for the schoolgirls, never ceasing in his protective effort until he has safely landed them on the opposite shore.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—It is stated that the Indian bankers have lent the Pore twenty millions of pounds sterling, which have been subscribed by the whole Mussulman population of India.

—ENGLAND has become so fond of American apples that it is estimated she can certainly take an average of from 12,000 to 15,000 barrels a week for the whole market year of nine months.

—It has become very common for ladies of the Russian nobility in the large cities of the empire to offer their diamonds to the public treasury, and wear as ornaments buttons torn from the uniforms of slain officers and soldiers.

—MRS. FREMONT says that when she went to San Francisco in 1849 visits in the daytime were held as a marked attention. She was told that "time was worth \$50 a minute," and that she must hold as a great compliment the brief visits made to her during the day.

—The residence in Washington City of ex-Senator Stewart, of Nevada, commonly known as "Castle Stewart," which has remained vacant for two or three years, has been leased to the Spanish Minister for \$4,000 a year. The house is richly furnished, and the rent asked until this season was \$18,000 a year.

—EIGHTEEN thousand men are now engaged in the express business. Express companies cover 60,000 miles of railroad, and it is estimated that its messengers daily travel 300,000 miles. Three thousand five hundred horses are employed, and over 8,000 offices are required to transact their business in, and an amount of capital is invested not less than \$30,000,000.

—THE German Government has become dissatisfied with the new Mauser musket used by the army, which has replaced the Dreyse needle-gun, formerly employed. The Mauser gun is found to frequently snap and fail. It also becomes too speedily heated, and kicks violently. The Government is receiving proposals for several other descriptions of gun.

—THE German Chancellor has proposed to the Federal Council the establishment of twelve maritime courts for inquiry into accidents at sea, to sit respectively at Königsberg, Danzig, Stettin, Stralsund, Rostock, Lübeck, Flensburg, Tönning, Hamburg, Bremerhaven, Brake, and Emden. Each of these courts will have jurisdiction over a certain defined portion of the German coast.

—THERE is a machinist in Carson, Nev., who has been constantly employed for twenty years in making models of contrivances to produce "perpetual motion." He professes to believe that he can make a machine that will run for ever, and he has been awarded enough to interest capitalists in various parts of the country, one after another, so that he has accumulated a moderate fortune.

—EXPERIMENTS have been recently made with the telephone at Cincinnati to test its efficiency as an aid to submarine divers. It was found that sounds could be transmitted by it to and from the diver and companions in a boat or on shore, and when some necessary modifications have been made in the instrument, it is thought that it will much relieve the danger of this perilous business.

—NO TURKISH child is allowed to know just how old he is, for fear that astrologers will make bad use of the knowledge. Hence the recruiting officers determine the age of youthful volunteers for themselves. They measure the youth's neck with a string. If the circumference is more than the length of his face, he is deemed old enough for the army. If, however, the circumference of the neck is less than the length of the face, the boy is considered to be too young for campaigning.

—THE Virginia (Nev.) *Chronicle* says: "The timber used in the Comstock mines costs \$17,000 a day; the firewood, mostly consumed by the steam-engines, \$6,000; candles burned in the mines, \$10,000; the quicksilver lost, \$2,000; and the ice needed to cool the water for drinking in the hot lower levels, \$1,000 a day. The Consolidated Virginia alone uses ice daily worth \$180. More than two tons of bullion, containing forty per centum in value of gold, are produced, valued at from \$130,000 to \$150,000."

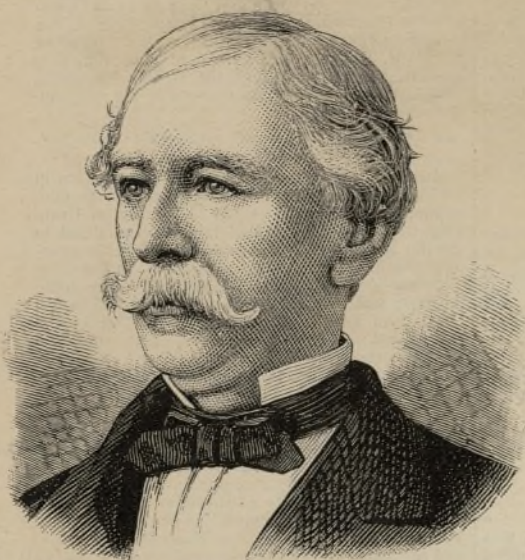
—THE trademark treaty, just concluded between the official representatives of Great Britain and the United States, is important in its relations to American manufactures. It provides that the subjects or citizens of each country shall have equal rights with those of the other in everything relating to trade marks and labels, after fulfilling the formalities of the laws of the respective countries. American manufacturers who have complained because inferior goods, with an imitation of their brand, have been pushed upon foreign markets, ought at once to make application in Great Britain for registration under the new treaty.

—AN Imperial prince was born, September 23, to the Japanese Emperor, by one of the twelve subordinate mothers, named Yanigara, a daughter of an ancient and influential house of the old Kioto nobility. By a traditional law of Japan the Mikado has twelve wives in addition to the legitimate Empress; this is to provide for contingencies of non-succession. No disgrace attaches to the position of a subordinate mother, and it is believed that the purity of the unbroken descent for nearly 3,000 years is owing to this custom. But in the present state of opinion there are many objections to the custom, and probably the system will not be continued after this reign. If the present Empress had children, the custom would be abolished without delay.

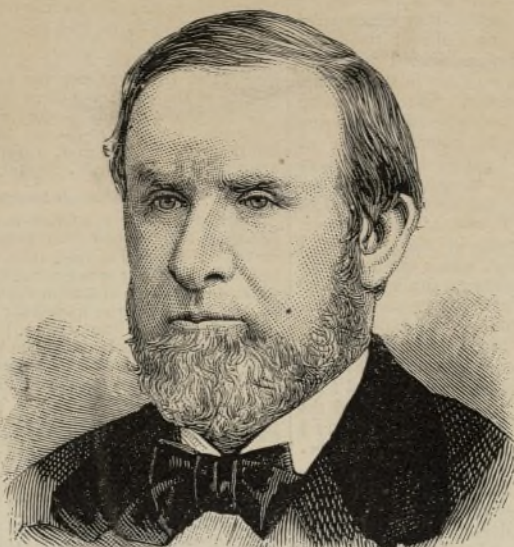
—SENATOR GORDON, in a recent letter, alluding to the manufacture of cotton goods in the Southern States, said: "As they recover from the shock and desolation of the past, their little surplus finds investment naturally in cotton mills. Georgia has always been in the lead of the Southern States in this regard, and still leads them, though Mississippi, the Carolinas, Alabama and Tennessee have naturally increased their surplus and looms since the war. The past year has seen the construction of the Eagle & Phoenix, No. 3, Columbus, Ga.; Mathews Cotton Mill, Selma, Ala.; Mobile Cotton Factory, Mobile, Ala. (commenced); Enterprise Manufacturing Company, Augusta, Ga.; Nichez Cotton Mills, Natchez, Miss.; Atlanta Cotton Factory, Atlanta, Ga.; Vaucluse Cotton Factory, Grantville, S. C. (commenced); besides smaller ones. These enterprises, as a rule, are of the most substantial and solid character, the machinery of the latest and most advanced patterns, built with a certain knowledge that the South in manufactures must compete with the skill and experience of the East and of England."



NEW YORK CITY.—"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND"—A CHARACTER SKETCH AT A BROADWAY CROSSING, OPPOSITE A YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL.—SEE PAGE 223.



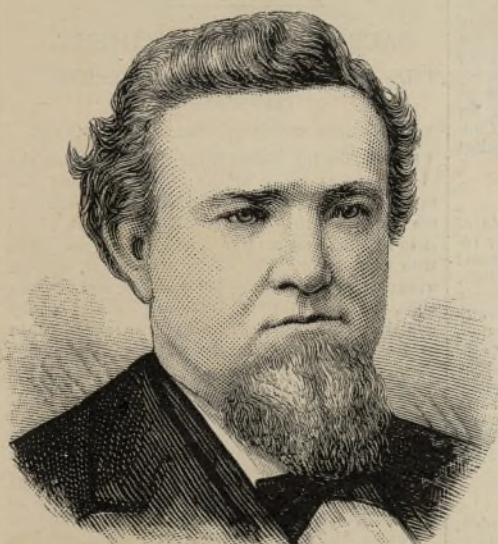
FERNANDO WOOD—WAYS AND MEANS.



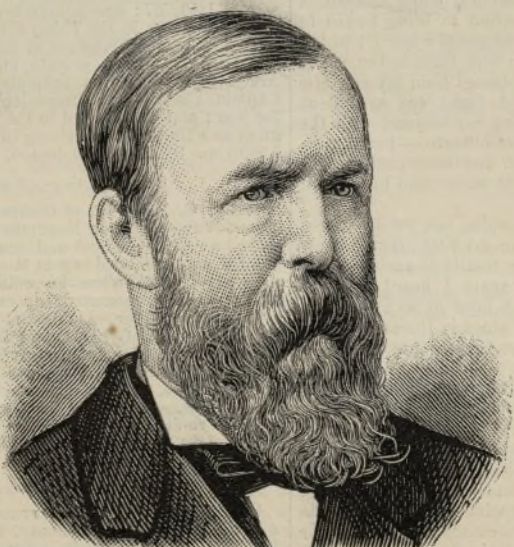
AYLETT HAWES BUCKNER—BANKING AND CURRENCY.



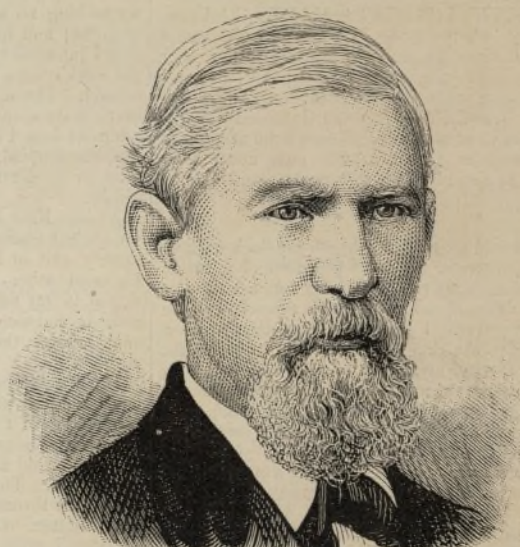
J. PROCTOR KNOTT—JUDICIARY.



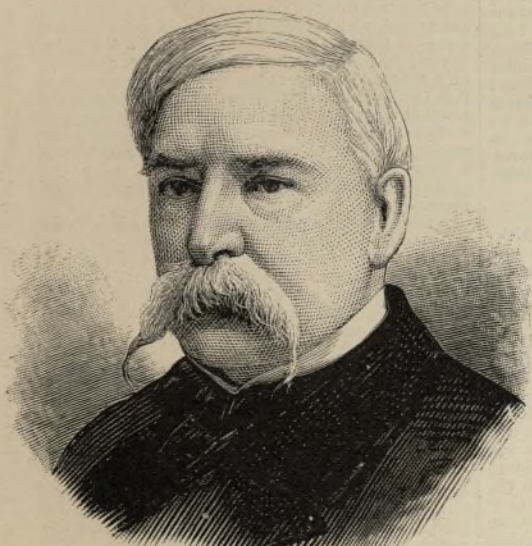
ALFRED MOORE SCALES—INDIAN AFFAIRS.



HENRY B. BANNING—MILITARY AFFAIRS.



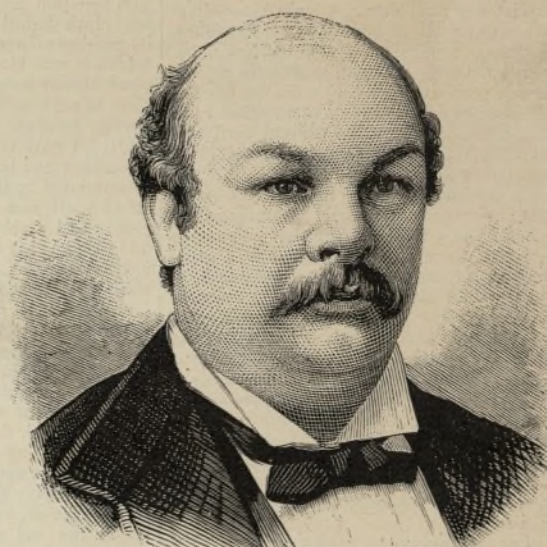
WASHINGTON CURRAN WHITTHORNE—NAVAL AFFAIRS.



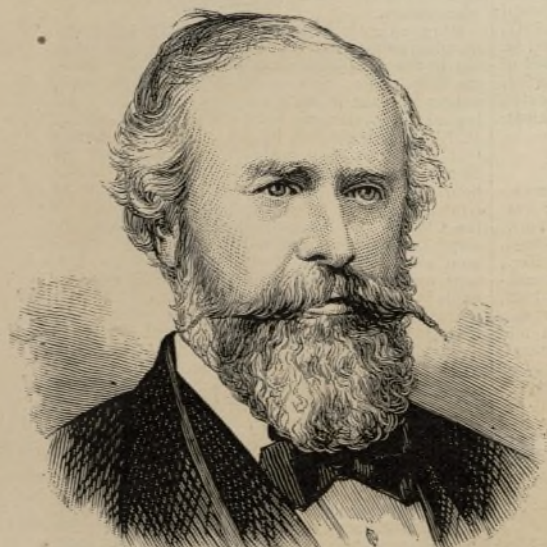
THOMAS SWANN—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



GUSTAVE SCHLEICHER—RAILROADS AND CANALS.



BENJAMIN A. WILLIS—EXPENDITURES IN THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.



CARTER H. HARRISON—REFORM IN THE CIVIL SERVICE.



MILTON L. SOUTHARD—REVISION OF THE LAW REGULATING THE COUNTING OF ELECTORAL VOTES, ETC.



CLARKSON N. POTTER—PACIFIC RAILROADS.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS—THE CHAIRMEN OF THE LEADING COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SEE PAGE 226.

UNFORGOTTEN EYES.

OF their size and their form and their color,
Whether violet, hazel or blue,
I admit I have no recollection,
But I knew they were tender and true.

And I know that sometimes they were shadowed,
And sometimes they were laughing and bright,
And at others it seemed that they mingled
All that's sweet of the day and the night.

Yet their beauty was not in their shadows,
Their attraction was not in their light,
And their glamour was not in their gleaming,
Like the stars of a tropical night.

There was more than the mortal and mundane,
Which appears for a moment and dies,
There were beams of a beauty supernal,
In the depths of those mystical eyes.

It was love in celestial splendor,
Always mighty, transcendent and wise,
That drew down the lashes and softened the flashes
That played round those wonderful eyes.

But their magical flashing and softness,
Ah, I never shall see them again,
Never more see those radiant windows
From which angels looked out upon men.

For the maiden herself is departed,
To that silent and shadowy bourne,
Where immortals that loved her have met her,
And whence travelers never return.

BENJ. G. SMITH.

THE MYSTERY OF ELLABY CASTLE.

CHAPTER II.

"**L**ITERA SCRIPTA MANET," I know, whatever the intentions of the writer may be, so I must just mention, once for all, that this story was put on paper for the sake only of myself and a few of my intimate friends, and was not intended for the public gaze and criticism. There is no attempt at fine writing in it; it simply puts down what actually happened to me during my eventful visit to Ellaby.

I have said that when I began my dark walk up that long corridor my heart was thumping rather loudly against my ribs, and I am not ashamed to own it. That shiver would have discomposed the strongest nerve. I think, however, that a determination to see this affair through, to get at the bottom of the "mystery" which was wearing my sister's life away, was the strongest feeling in my mind. All was still as I walked along, and there seemed even something uncanny in my own noiseless footfall, for I was without boots. I coughed to reassure myself; but the way in which that unlucky cough echoed along the vaulted roof was certainly not reassuring. The baize doors I opened and shut with immense care, and contrived to slip through without making the slightest sound. Now I was in the principal gallery, lit, as I have said, from the courtyard, and running quite round it, supported on pillars, which formed a sort of cloisters beneath. The moon shone in, and made the faces of some of the Ellaby ancestors look very ghostly and forbidding. I looked steadily at one, to assure myself that his eyes did not follow me; and then I imagined I saw his lips move. "This will never do," I said, angrily to myself. "What are you thinking of, Charlie, my boy?—afraid of your own shadow?" I don't think I had ever known what it was to be nervous until that moment; but then the scream I had heard! I could not forget it!

What a length that side of the gallery seemed! Not that there was any object in turning the corner, but I had a vague notion that I should be happier where the moon did not shine, and where the shadows of such common-place things as chairs and tables did not assume such fantastic shapes. There is a door leading to the north gallery—a large folding-door, some nine feet high, with an immense brass handle about level with your chin. I slipped through as noiselessly as possible, and as I carefully closed the door, close to me, in the courtyard under the window, arose another of those unearthly yells, followed by guttural mutterings and a noise as of some dancing upon the stone pavement. Then came a laugh—a demoniacal laugh which froze my blood—and then all was silent.

I tried in vain to look through the stained glass of the window, and then, remembering that it only reached a few feet up, I mounted on a chair and looked out.

The moon was behind one of the clouds flying across the sky, for it was blowing half a gale, and I could make out nothing but a dark object in one corner of the courtyard, which, I fancied, moved slightly as I watched it. In a few moments, which seemed like hours, and during which my heart beat so loudly that I feared it would raise an echo, the cloud passed away, and I could see clearly.

The dark object was a man, clad in a long cloak, kneeling down and trying apparently to tear up one of the flags which formed the pavement. On the opposite side of the court, half-hidden by the shadow of the pillar, stood three other men, who seemed to be watching the crouching figure.

Suddenly it raised itself, and, flinging up its arms, gave vent to one of those screams I had heard before, and, flinging its arms high in air, commenced a sort of dance. The three figures in shadow never moved, for I suppose some three minutes this weird dance continued, to which the shrieks and horrible laughter formed a dreadful accompaniment. I do not know whether fear was what I felt; but I do know that a cold perspiration bathed my face, and that my legs trembled under me, as I watched.

The dance suddenly ceased, and, with a wild cry, the figure sprang at the nearest of the men watching it. There was a confused struggle, in which the other two men took part, and I thought I could see, in the moonlight, the glitter of the chains whose rattle I plainly heard; and then round and round the courtyard went a strange procession—two of the watchers holding the figure that had been dancing, and the third slowly

marching behind them. Round and round the yard till I grew dizzy from watching them; while ever and again came a shriek from the man in the cloak which made my blood run cold.

I suppose that I must have stood there nearly an hour watching them before they disappeared under the pillars, on the south side of the house, and the courtyard no longer echoed with the dreadful cries. Still I heard them in the distance growing gradually fainter, and eventually ceasing altogether, after I had distinctly heard the banging of a door. I waited some ten minutes longer, but they did not return, and I got off the chair more puzzled than ever. As I turned to retrace my steps to my room I heard the door at the end of the gallery open, and I saw a light appear. Crouching into the recess of the window, I waited, and soon the butler, with a candle in one hand and in the other a plate containing meat and bread, came slowly past me. As he passed I saw the neck of a bottle protruding from his pocket.

Everything connected itself so much in my mind now with what I had seen, that no thoughts of speculation or irregularities crossed it, and I determined to follow him. But when I reached the small door through which he left the gallery I found it locked on the inside. So nothing remained but to return to bed, which, after performing the same gymnastic feat as before to reach my window, I proceeded to do; and, after some hours of thought, during which the sweet light of morning came in and sent all ghostly fears to the deuce, I went to sleep, as far as ever from solving the mystery of Ellaby Castle. The next day I employed myself in making a neat arrangement of ropes, by which I could with less risk to my neck climb from my window to that of the room next door. Frank seemed much relieved at my making no more objection to being locked in at night; and Kate was delighted when I told her that I intended to stay on with them to the end of the week's leave I had obtained from my sarcastic colonel. The dinner that night was as dull as ever—Kate silent, watching her husband with the same odd look I had before observed—Frank restless, preoccupied, and now and then putting on a false air of mirth that was worse than his natural gloom.

At last Kate lit her candle, and we adjourned for a silent smoke. Again my host drank brandy eagerly, and in a manner totally at variance with his usual sober habits; again I heard the lock turned in my door and an hour or so after I had retired; and soon again I stood in the empty room next to mine, the rope contrivance answering admirably.

It was a few minutes after twelve, and I hurried down the long gallery, hoping to reach the staircase, and gain the courtyard before the arrival of the strange beings I had seen the night before, for something told me that the same thing happened each night. The door into the yard was locked, but to get through a low window beside it was an easy matter. Creeping cautiously round the cloisters, I crouched down in a recess behind a statue, close to the corner whence they had emerged, and waited. Soon I heard the shrieks in the distance, the clanking of chains, and the opening and shutting of heavy doors. Then the one close to my hiding-place opened, and, with a wild yell that made me shiver, the figure in the long cloak dashed past me, and again commenced its fruitless efforts to tear up the paving flag. As before, it was attended by three other men, who stood silently watching its antics, one of them so close to me that I could have touched him. The strange creature kneeling in the centre of the courtyard gave vent at intervals to most fiendish chucklings and laughter, though after a while, as if infuriated by the failure to move the stone, it raised itself and emitted one of those unearthly yells, and I could hear the gnashing of its teeth. Then began that species of dance, the arms high above the head, the fingers cracking, the cloak waving in the wind, while the shrieks were incessant. As in its round of the courtyard it passed the man who stood close to me, with a sudden leap it was upon him, and I saw one of its hands clutch him by the throat. In a second the other two had seized it and torn it off him; and then commenced the strange promenade round and round the yard, and I could see that the wrists of him in the long cloak were imprisoned by handcuffs. It was again a wild, stormy night, and the moon only gave fitful gleams of light. In one of these, however, as the four men turned and faced me at the end of the court, I could see them plainly for the first time; but my eyes were riveted on the features of one, the awful creature uttering howls like a furious wild beast. Good God! it was no other than Frank Harberton himself!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FORTY-FIFTH CONGRESS.

CHAIRMEN OF THE LEADING COMMITTEES OF THE HOUSE.

IN connection with our page of portraits of the leading Congressional Committees, we append the following brief biographical sketch of their careers:

On Ways and Means.

FERNANDO WOOD, of New York, was born of Quaker parentage in the city of Philadelphia, June 14th, 1812; his father removed to New York in 1820, where Mr. Wood has since resided; when nineteen years of age he commenced business as a shipping merchant, in which occupation he was entirely successful, retiring with an ample fortune in 1850; he was three times elected Mayor of New York, serving in that office during the years 1855, '56, '57, '61 and '62. He was earlier a member of the House of Representatives than any other member of the present House, having served as such in the years 1841, '42 and '43; he was elected to the Twenty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, and was the caucus nominee of the Democrats in the Forty-third Congress for the office of Speaker. He was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 8,763 votes against 6,428 votes for John Hardy, Independent Democrat, and 2,131 votes for Robert S. Newton, Republican.

On Banking and Currency.

AYLETT HAWES BUCKNER, of Mexico, was born at Fredericksburg, Va.; was educated at George-

town College, and at the University of Virginia; taught school and studied law; emigrated to Missouri in 1837; was elected in 1841 Clerk of the County Probate Court of Pike County; in 1850 removed to St. Louis and practiced his profession; was elected Attorney for the Bank of the State of Missouri in 1852; in 1854 was appointed Commissioner of public Works by Governor Sterling Price; in 1857 was elected Judge of the Third Judicial Circuit; in 1861 was selected by the General Assembly of the State as one of the delegates to the Peace Congress; was elected to the Forty-third Congress as a Democrat, receiving 17,518 votes against 5,491 votes for F. Keckel, Republican.

On the Judiciary.

J. PROCTOR KNOX, of Lebanon, was born near Lebanon, Ky., August 29th, 1830; studied law, removed to Missouri in May, 1850, and was admitted to the Bar in 1851; was elected to the State House of Representatives of Missouri in 1857, and resigned in August, 1859; was appointed Attorney-General of Missouri in the same month; was unanimously nominated for the same position by the Democratic Convention and elected in August, 1862; returned to Kentucky and commenced the practice of law in Lebanon in 1863; and was a member of the Fortieth and Forty-first Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 8,182 votes against 4,601 votes for C. S. Hill, Republican.

On Indian Affairs.

ALFRED MOORE SCALES, of Greensborough, was born in Rockingham County, N. C., November 26th, 1827; is not a graduate, but received a classical education at the Caldwell Institute, in Greensborough, and at the University of North Carolina; studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1851, and still prosecutes his profession; was elected County Attorney of Rockingham County; was a member of the Legislature of North Carolina in 1852, '53, and in 1856, '57; was a member of the House of Representatives in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States; volunteered at the beginning of the late Civil War as a private in the Confederate Army, was afterwards promoted and served as Captain, Colonel and Brigadier-General, and for the war; and was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 10,529 votes, against 8,909 votes for W. F. Henderson, Republican.

On Military Affairs.

HENRY B. BANNING, of Cincinnati, was born at Mount Vernon, Ohio, November 10th, 1834; received a common-school and academic education; studied and practiced law at Mount Vernon, Ohio, until April, 1861, when he enlisted as a private soldier, and was promoted, successively, to the rank of Captain, Major, Lieutenant-colonel, Colonel, Brevet Brigadier-General, and Brevet Major-General; represented Knox County in the Ohio Legislature in 1866 and '67; removed to Cincinnati in the year 1869, where he resumed the practice of the law; was elected to the Forty-third Congress and was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 10,852 votes, against 9,317 votes for Steven, Republican.

On Naval Affairs.

WASHINGTON CURRAN WHITTHORNE, of Columbia, was born in Marshall County, Tenn., April 19th, 1825; graduated at the East Tennessee University, Knoxville, Tenn., in 1843; studied law, and has since practiced; was a member of the State Senate of Tennessee in 1855, '56, '57 and '58; was elected in 1859 to the Lower House of the General Assembly of Tennessee and was made Presiding Officer thereof; was upon the Breckinridge electoral ticket for the State at large in 1860; was Assistant Adjutant-General in the Provisional Army of Tennessee in 1861, and was afterwards Adjutant-General of the State, which position he held under Governor Harris until the close of the Civil War; his disabilities were removed by Act of Congress approved July, 1870; was elected to the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 9,672 votes against 1,773 votes for Gibbs, Republican.

On Foreign Affairs.

THOMAS SWANN, of Baltimore, was born at Alexandria, Va.; educated at Columbian College and the University of Virginia; studied law with his father at Washington, and was appointed Secretary of the Neapolitan Commission; in 1834 he settled in Baltimore, and two years afterwards was chosen a Director of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company; in 1847 he was chosen its President, which he resigned in 1853; was also President of the Northwestern Virginia Railroad Company; after a sojourn in Europe he was, in 1856, elected Mayor of Baltimore, and re-elected in 1858; in 1864 he was elected Governor of Maryland; in 1866 he was elected a United States Senator, but declined to leave the executive chair; he was elected to the Forty-first, Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses, and was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 10,244 votes, against 6,810 votes for John R. Cox, Republican.

On Railways and Canals.

GUSTAVE SCHLICHER, of San Antonio, was born at Darmstadt, Germany, November 19th, 1823; was educated at the University of Giessen, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt; was engaged as a civil engineer in the construction of several European railroads; immigrated to Texas in 1847, and, after passing some time on the frontiers, located at San Antonio in 1850; was a member of the State House of Representatives in 1853 and '54, and of the State Senate, 1859, '61; and was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, defeating Jeremiah Galvan, Republican.

On Expenditures in the Navy Department.

BENJAMIN A. WILLIS was born of Quaker parentage at Roslyn, New York, March 24th, 1840; graduated at Union College Schenectady, New York, in 1861; studied law at the National Law School, Poughkeepsie, and with William M. Ingraham, Esq., at Brooklyn; was admitted to the Bar in 1861, commenced practice and continued until June, 1862, when he entered the Union Army; was Captain and afterwards Major of the One Hundred and Nineteenth Regiment, New York State Volunteers, subsequently Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment New York State Volunteers, participating in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie and Chattanooga; resumed practice in 1864; had never held public office when elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Liberal Republican, indorsed by the Democrats, receiving 10,354 votes against 8,036 votes for Isaac H. Bailey, Republican.

On Reforms in the Civil Service.

CARTER H. HARRISON, of Chicago, was born in Fayette County, Ky., February 15th, 1825; received a classical education, graduating at Yale College in 1845; studied law, but was a farmer in his native county until 1855; spent two years in foreign travel; graduated at Transylvania Law School, Lexington, Ky., in 1855; removed to Chi-

cago; did not enter into active practice of law, but has been a real-estate owner and operator there; was elected a Cook County Commissioner in 1871, and served until December, 1874; and was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as an Opponentist (Democratic), receiving, according to the returns, 9,189 votes against 9,181 votes for Jasper D. Ward, Republican. Mr. Ward gave notice of contest, but a recount of the ballots increasing Mr. Harrison's majority to upward of 160, the contest was abandoned.

On the Revision of the Law Regulating the Counting of the Electoral Votes, etc.

MILTON I. SOUTHWARD, of Zanesville, was born in Licking County, Ohio; received a collegiate education, graduating at Denison University, at Granville, Ohio, in 1861; studied law, was admitted to the Bar in 1863, and has been engaged in the practice continuously since; was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Muskingum County in 1867, re-elected in 1869, and again in 1871; was elected to the Forty-third Congress, and was re-elected to the Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat, receiving 13,602 votes against 9,651 votes for N. Barnhill, Republican, and 292 votes for Gertner, Temperance.

On Pacific Railroads.

CLARKSON N. POTTER of New Rochelle, N. Y., was born in Shenectady, 1825; graduated at Union College at an early age, and subsequently at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy; acted for a short time as surveyor in Wisconsin; studied law and was admitted to the Bar in New York City; was elected to the Forty-first Congress, and re-elected to the Forty-second, Forty-third and Forty-fifth Congresses; after his appointment as chairman of this committee he declined the position for the reason that, being personally interested in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, his service might give rise to a misconception of his official action.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

TO OGDEN THROUGH THE DEVIL'S GATE.

WE follow the Weber River down between the sombre walls of the cañon, winding and turning as it winds, with the great green bluffs and the gray rock-ribs on either side, and above us the strip of deep-blue afternoon sky, roofing the gorge with solid color. The bluffs are broken up into irregular groups, dome-like heights and solitary cliffs, channeled through by deep "cuts" like tiny miniature cañons, and opening here and there to let in a glimpse of the wider world beyond. Then, as we make a few more miles from the signal-tree just passed, a steep green hillside sweeps up to the south of us, rising sheer from the margin of the narrow stream, and scored from the crest to the base by two parallel ledges of slate-gray granite, fourteen feet apart and fifty feet high. Two strongly-built, massive, and weather-worn old stone walls they seem, these upturned ledges of strata that somebody has so inane christened the "Devil's Slide"—walls that run eight hundred feet down from the hill-top to the lapping ripples of the Weber River; the space between overgrown with dense herbage, and the long blue shadow slanting down the velvety green of the slope beside them, with no greater break or irregularity than the shadow of a veritable stone wall would throw. There are no indications of any similar formation near the two isolated ridges, cut through a smooth, grassy sod, with no rocks or boulders or even loose stones in their neighborhood; but only a few miles beyond the same range of hillside is full of out-cropping ledges, tilted up at the same angle as those of the Devil's Slide, and quite as marked in their peculiar characteristics, though less regular and uniform. On this strong skeleton framework the whole cañon seems built, and every here and there a bare rib pushes through, grim and gray and cold-looking in the warm, overlying wash of sunshine.

A mere crevice—a mouse-hole at the base of the green wall—is our chance of liberty. "Tunnel No. 3" burrows under the acres of sod and tons of granite, and we go booming and roaring through its dark chambers, and flashing out again into sunshine that blinds us with its sudden, overpowering dazzle.

We have mined through the rampart of the mountains and emerged upon a green glimpe of open valley, crossed by the foaming, noisy little river, and shut in by strangely terraced ranges of hills, through which we have yet one more gloomy passage to make—"Tunnel No. 4," giving us exit into Round Valley. And now we have passed the cañons and the "narrows"; the Wahsatch Mountains are fairly crossed—if "crossing" that can be called which is a passage more in the nature of a mole's burrowing—and looking to the left, their great white peaks burst into view, springing high into the blue air and the sunshine, and upborne by bastions and buttresses of purple rock and olive-black pine forest. Then come strange vistas of green fields—real fields, where seed is sown and harvest gathered—and budding orchard trees, and new-plowed land, and the little homes of Morgan City, nestling against the low bluffs and in the shadow of the Wahsatches.

Morgan City is known to the Gentiles chiefly by its telegraph-station, Weber; but we are interested, not in the Gentile element, but in the evidences of the Saintly one. Over a big, square, white store, not far from the track, is a square sign, bearing the legend so mysterious to the uninitiated—"Z. C. M. I."—supplemented, in this case, by the letter's "of M." This shop is the Morgan branch of the Zion Co-operative Mercantile Institution, which flourishes throughout the length and breadth of Utah; and here, under the immediate shelter of the Church and the patronage of its Saints, are dispensed calicoes and coffee, boots and shoes, flour and straw hats, thimbles and rake-handles, tape and ironmongery. Nearly opposite this valuable institution and the cluster of adjacent houses, a great white limekiln lies under the brow of the long, low bluffs, its two circular black doorways looking like eyeholes in a dry, bleached skull. These refreshing bits of pastoral landscape—the acres of "garden stuffs," laid out in their neat green-budding rows, and the tender springing of the young wheat—are soon left behind us, and we dash past the telegraph-station of Peterson, under the frowning heights of a great snow-capped mountain, into the "Devil's Gap." This common title of the Enemy of Mankind appears to stand to the average intellect as a synonym for all grandeur, sublimity and wonder, as expressed in nature; one may feel confident, in passing over a hundred miles or so in any given direction in this new country, of finding at least three of Satan's personal bargains in real estate; and, with characteristic greed, he has invariably fastened on the choicest bits of scenery, and the most desirable sites for his "slides" and castles and gateways.

The "Gate" in this instance assigned to his majesty is one of the most curious as well as rarely beautiful spots on the line of the two roads. It is a place whose topography no mere written description can put quite clearly before the reader's mind—whose characteristics of height and gloom and savage grandeur and cold, monotonous color are equally unattainable by words. The Weber River, dashing from side to side of the narrow gap between its frowning walls, describes a loop, like a great letter U around a huge mass of towering granite, crossing the road twice at the bottom of a deep rocky ravine, and spanned by a high trestle bridge. Around the outer rim of the river—the loop of the U—rises a vertical wall of granite, nearly a thousand feet in height, carved and chiseled into fantastic lines and grouped *reliecos*, and scarred deep with grooves and seams—old glacier-marks perhaps, scratched there when the earth was yet a plastic thing, like clay in the potter's hand. The huge boulder in the middle of the loop shuts off part of the semicircular sweep of this magnificent wall, the light wooden bridge passes along its left face, and we look beyond it into the amphitheatre which the river has cut for itself, and up at the towering heights of the cold, gray wall that seems to touch and up-bear the sky. The curve faces the south, and no ray of afternoon sunlight can strike into its hollow. There is a chilly twilight even now hovering over the deep gorge through which the maddened stream goes rushing, swirling and dashing, and beating with its white foam-foet at the base of the wall. Our train stops midway on the trestle bridge, and a few passengers descend from the cars to stride along the ties in a spider-like and precarious manner, following the photographer, who is hurrying to get his camera into position as best he can; while our friend, the brakeman, seating himself with a heavy sigh on the edge of the bridge, puts up short but fervent prayers that "the next party travelin' special will get a special engine along with their car—and won't hev him with it."

ANOTHER DIAMOND WEDDING.

THE MOST BRILLIANT EVENT OF THE SEASON IN NEW YORK CITY.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night in the Empire City, and New York had gathered at St. Bartholomew's Church much of its beauty and much of its chivalry, and bright the lamps shone o'er fair women and attractive men. The toilets were *ravissantes*, the church lighted unto dayshine, "the grim Geneva ministers" robed à l'outrance, and everything went merry as a marriage bell; for was not Miss Florence Adele Vanderbilt, daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, about to be led to the hymeneal altar by Mr. Hamilton McK. Twombly, of Boston?

It was Wednesday night, the 21st of November, and the hour eight of the clock. From an early part of the evening the happy possessors of tickets of admission poured into the sacred edifice in a ceaseless throng, securing coigns of vantage to the envy of the late comers, who found themselves hopelessly isolated in the side aisles.

Hush! and the church-doors yawn. Hush! and the Wedding March peals forth from the organ in jubilant grandeur—a march that has proved but a Dead March to so many hearts—hearts that have responded to the glory of its melody with throbs of love and hope and joy.

Hush! At the side entrance a rustling and a gleaming of white, and the whisper flashes around that "the bride is on the stairs!" A procession is formed, headed by the stewards, six in number—well-bred looking men all—and immediately upon their kybes comes the mother of the bride, leaning upon the groom, a grave-looking yet bright-eyed gentleman, who bears the "slings and arrows" of observation with praiseworthy fortitude. Mrs. Vanderbilt is attired in a lavender brocade satin, cut square-necked, trimmed with exquisite duchess and point medallion lace.

Hush! The bride, leaning upon her father, and inexpressibly charming in her maidenly dignity, glides into the church, lissome of figure, her black hair and dark eyes presenting a charming contrast to the white veil which floats around her dainty head like an aureole. She clings to that parent from whom in a few moments she is to separate for ever, upon whose arm she leans in all the radiant beauty of maidenhood for the last time.

Every bride looks lovely! Is it the girl herself, or is it the sentiment, or is it the dress? Miss Vanderbilt's toilet was simply exquisite, a veritable poem of sheening satin, rustling brocade, fairy lace, and, oh, such orange blossoms! The material was of brocade white satin, designed by Madame Connelly, the *modiste*, and specially woven at Lyons. The pattern is made up of bunches of dog-roses, buds, leaves, stems, thorns and all. The corsage was cut in that fashion which the Pompadour wears in her exquisite portrait by Greuze, square over the bosom with inner vandyked points. Under these was laid, from shoulder to shoulder, a pointed silk trimming about four inches wide, covered with seed pearls "in beaded bubbles" that shone upon the fair young shoulders of the bride like tiny silver lamps. These pointed pearls served as a heading to deep-rose point and *point de Venise* lace. A bouquet of orange blossoms was fastened below so as to conceal the buttons, and to caress a plaited half-belt of white brocade satin, which was fastened in front by a buckle. The sleeves were of point lace to the elbow, revealing the fore-arm, and from the elbow two fans of lace spread themselves, supported by bunches of orange blossoms. The ground of the front of the robe was of plain white satin. From the right side there branched folds of white satin, crossed diagonally downwards towards the left. Beneath these were broad bands of the pointed pearl trimming, serving as headings for three falls of lace, each nine inches deep, of unique and exquisite design, and scalloped at intervals of four inches. Alternate scallops were of round point at the edges, the filling being of *point de Venise*, while other scallops were of *point appliqué*. These scallops represented overturned baskets pouring forth rare and radiant flowers in lavish profusion, the baskets being suspended by Arcadian bunches of ribbon. Flowers, lace and leaves divided the scallops. The bottom of the front skirt was decorated with box-plaits of white satin and orange blossoms; the pointed pearls forming the hem of the robe, the decoration being wide at the sides and narrowing gradually towards the front. A small half-collar ran at the shoulders behind, and from this to the hair the back of the robe was in one piece of brocade satin, following the undulating curve of the form to below the waist, where it was met by a large knot of white satin ribbon. Below this ribbon the skirt was trimmed in an oblong design with the pointed pearls, which again formed a heading for a rich fall of priceless lace. The folds of satin across the front were caught up on the left side by bouquets of orange blossoms, thence traveling diagonally until lost in the folds of the rear skirt. Down along the side of the lace trimming and

approaching the train ran vines of orange blossom. The train of white satin, of the Princess Court style, measured three and a half yards in length, and when the fair bride knelt at the Communion rails this sheening appendage floated down the steps and on to the floor in front of the altar. The edge was cut in rounded points, branched by five rows of satin *plissé*. Miss Vanderbilt wore a high Spanish comb, from which were suspended veils of *point de Venise* and *point d'aiguille*, to be handed down, let us hope, in the family of Twombly for centuries to come. The veils were fastened by sprays of orange blossoms and white lilies, one on the right side of the head forward, the other on the left side behind. Gauntlet gloves of countless buttons, with white satin shoes revealing silk stockings, with rich medallions of Valenciennes, at a cost of \$120 the pair, and a bouquet of white and yellow *Maréchal* Niel roses, completed a toilet that for magnificence, freshness, piquancy, purity and charm of *ensemble*, has seldom been equaled and never surpassed.

The few solemn words fraught with so much of doom are spoken, and the fair young bride, leaning proudly upon the arm of her jubilant lord, returns along the aisle, casting furtive glances at many friends, and recognizing not a few by a bright, smiling, happy glance.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Moldo-Wallachian Cemeteries.

The Moldo Wallachian cemeteries are daily losing their originality, and it is only in the cities of Lesser Wallachia, and in the convents in the Carpathian Mountains, that we now find crosses similar to those in our illustration. The Wallachian like the Turkish cemetery, to which it bears such a resemblance, possesses nothing sad or gloomy in its appearance. One would think it a garden planted with trees. It seems bright and smiling to the eye, and were it not for the crosses, it would be impossible to divine its true character. It is even made a playground for children, who delight in rambling among the flowers and acacias with which it is filled. The little wooden monument we see on the right is intended to protect a light which is placed there on certain *fete* days, especially on that of the saint whose name was borne by the deceased. On All Saints' Day these lights are very numerous, and at night produce a most picturesque effect.

Baker Pasha Holding a Council of War.

One of our foreign pictures represents a Turkish Council of War, held in Baker Pasha's tent, where it is reported that many good plans were determined upon, of which none were ever carried out. These Turkish councils of war, in their deliberations and ensuing results, represent the pavement of the road to a certain district below. While this council was being held a Red Cross man was brought in, who walked straight into the lines. He was strongly suspected of being a spy, but as he had the red cross on his arm he was ordered simply to be sent back, but naturally by another way than that which he came.

On the Road to Plevna.

Among our foreign pictures is one representing a detachment of those long-wished-for troops, the Imperial Guard of Russia, who are looked upon as the flower of the Russian army, and whose special mission now is to retrieve all the recent misfortunes which Russian arms have suffered. Their first destination is Plevna, and large bodies have been passing through Roumania to the front for the past few weeks, while the Czar has been holding reviews of them at Gorny Studen. To all appearance they are magnificent men, though whether they will stand the inevitable hardships and unhealthiness of a Bulgarian Autumn and Winter any better than their colleagues of the line may be somewhat doubted. In numbers they muster when complete upwards of 77,000 of all ranks and arms, and at their full war strength comprise 49,000 bayonets, 7,500 sabres, 144 field-pieces, and 36 horse-artillery guns. The Czarowitz is their nominal commander, but at the present time they are acting under Generals Tolleben and Gourko. The illustration of a skirmish shows that the passage of the Plevna road is not entirely uninterrupted by the Turks.

The Citadel of Nisicis.

This important fortress, which so long held out against the attacks of the Montenegrins, and which ultimately succumbed to Prince Nikita a few weeks since, stands on a plateau commanding the whole of Southeastern Herzegovina, and constitutes the principal entrance to that district. Indeed, the only practicable path from the plateau into the Herzegovinian Valley leads directly under the guns of the fortress. It is a straggling city, whose scattered houses cover a large area. Round it rise rocky eminences, which are covered by rough fortifications. Its chief defense is the citadel, and this—except one smaller building—is the only work constructed of regular masonry. Under the shadow of the great rock, crowned by the citadel, the town of Nisicis has grown up. The rough broken walls and the three great towers of the citadel bear in their splintered masonry evident marks of the obstinacy with which they were defended, and its white walls and red roofs are exceedingly picturesque.

Brazilian Turret-ship "Independencia."

Nearly two years ago there was an accident with the launch of this ship in the Thames, which proved a disaster as well as a failure, and the hull was greatly damaged. She has since been repaired and completed. The *Independencia* is an ironclad turret ship, full rigged. She is 300 ft. long between perpendiculars, 63 ft. in extreme breadth, 16 ft. 6 in. in depth of hold, 25 ft. draught of water, and 9,000 tons displacement. Her sides are protected by 12 in. of armor at the water-line, and by 10 in. and 9 in. in other parts. The guns are carried in two turrets, which are protected by 13 in. of armor. The deck, at the top of the armor belt forward and aft, is protected by armor of 2 in. and 3 in. in thickness. The armor-plating is distributed over a belt 8 ft. 6 in. broad, which extends right forward and aft, so as completely to surround the ship, and is carried up on a central breastwork 130 ft. in length at the top of the belt, which reaches to the upper deck, 11 ft. above the water-line. The breastwork incloses the boiler and engine hatches, the scuttles to magazines and shell-rooms, the principal openings for ventilation and the two turrets. There is one turret at each end of the breastwork, each containing two 35-ton guns.

The Artists' Festival at Dusseldorf.

What a charm for art and for artists is the Dusseldorf Festival. The Emperor comes with the Empress and the Crown Prince. The *crème de la crème* of society patronizes the *fete* of these knights of the brush. And right royally do the artists of Dusseldorf entertain their illustrious guests. By the edge of a lily-laden piece of water the visitors stand, the Emperor and Empress being seated. Stately old trees throw their cooling and fragrant shade over the mirror-like water, upon the placid bosom of which a nauticus-shaped boat is being gently towed by graceful swans, and steered by a grim, fantastic-looking river-god. In the boat, if boat it may be termed, two "rare and radiant" maidens hold laurel crowns to place upon the head of the illustrious old warrior, who smilingly confronts them from his coigne of vantage. In the background a description of Lurlyberg Cave affords sanctuary for picturesque groups of

naïads, and in the distance a painted but skillfully executed design represents an apotheosis, possibly that of Marguerite, of whom the German artists never tire. In the near foreground, gracefully reclining against a rock, and as if springing from out the reeds, a naïad watches the approach of the fairy craft. The *mise en scène* is wondrously realistic, and for the brief spell of its duration savors of the wonders of fairyland.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Oersted Centennial.—On August 14th Denmark celebrated the centenary of one of her most eminent sons, Hans Christian Oersted, born August 14th, 1777—known all over the world as the discoverer of the laws of electro-magnetism. A monument has been erected to his memory in his birthplace.

Propagation of Eels.—The Fishmongers' Company of Berlin has offered a prize for the discovery of a particular eel, sufficiently developed to enable Professor Virchow to ascertain how the race is propagated. Thus far the artificial culture of eels has defied all the researches of scientific men, and information on the habits of this fish is diligently sought.

To Distinguish Butter from Oleomargarine.—Artificial butter now so nearly resembles the genuine article that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. M. Jaillard submits the following plan: When the butter is placed between two slips of glass the animal fats appear under the microscope as arborescent crystallizations. Pure butter is seen only as fatty globules.

The Four Hundredth Anniversary of the University of Upsala.—This important anniversary was attended, in September last, by sixteen hundred guests from Sweden, Norway and foreign countries. A majority of the learned scholars present brought contributions of theses on their respective specialties, which are to be published by the University, and will prove a valuable contribution to all departments of learning. The number of students at present in attendance at the University is one thousand seven hundred.

A Public Benefactor.—Mr. Walter Weldon, of England, has recently been crowned by the French Institute with one of their highest medals. At the presentation it was said that Mr. Weldon, by his improved chlorine process, had greatly reduced the price of every sheet of paper and every yard of muslin in the world. At the date of Mr. Weldon's invention, seven or eight years ago, the quantity of bleaching powder made in the world was only about 55,000 tons per annum; it is now over 150,000 tons, and of this vast quantity fully ninety per cent. is made by the new process. Mr. Weldon's invention consists in the recovery of the manganese, thus enabling the manufacturer to use this material an indefinite number of times.

Incombustible Wood.—It has been demonstrated by the most rigid experiments that wood, immersed in a "pickle" of a solution of tungstate of soda, cannot be ignited under any of the ordinary conditions to which it may be exposed. The tungstate is made by the addition of tungstate of lime to sulphuric acid and salt, affording as a by-product chloride of calcium in large quantities. The action of the tungstate upon soft woods is to render them quite hard, as well as incombustible, and it also acts as a preventive against dry rot. Sticks and boards of the prepared wood have been saturated with kerosene oil, and set on fire; the oil burned off entirely without igniting the wood. Two small houses have been built—one of ordinary pine-wood, the other of the prepared wood—and fires of great urgency kindled in each. The one of ordinary wood was quickly consumed, while the other was left only slightly charred.

The Astronomical Society of Europe.—The Astronomical Society of Europe, numbering two hundred and sixty-one members, has just completed its seventh meeting, at Stockholm. Professor Förster, of Berlin, spoke of the steps that had been taken to secure the co-operation of astronomers in all parts of the world in computing the orbits of the smaller planets; Professor Bruhno, of Leipzig, on the results of the calculations of the paths of comets; Professor Peters, of Clinton, New York, called attention to the errors in the Star Catalogue of Ptolemy. At the Friday session the discovery of two satellites of Mars was communicated to the members, in reference to which a committee had sent cable telegrams to Professor Joseph Henry, to make sure of the authenticity of the discovery. The announcement of such an important discovery was received with the most intense interest by the distinguished astronomers present. Berlin was chosen as the next place of meeting in 1879. King Oscar expressed a desire to receive a deputation of foreign members, and Professor Peters was delegated, with others, to make a formal visit at the royal palace.

The United States Commission of Fisheries.—The third report of the commission, comprising the years 1873-74 and 1874-75, has just been published by the Government at Washington. It contains a great amount of valuable information, not only regarding the fish and fisheries of the United States, but of the fisheries of Great Britain, Sweden, Prussia, Holland, France and Russia. There are also interesting historical observations on the condition of the fisheries among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and on their modes of salting and pickling fish. The volume throughout is rich in statistics and details of pisciculture labor, and it is difficult to give a full account of its contents. The commission shows how the seas and waters of the United States have been depopulated by the reckless system of over-fishing, and they point out what has been done to remedy the evil. Selecting one season on the Upper Sacramento as a specimen, we learn that in 1875 the salmon eggs collected numbered 11,000,000, making a bulk of eighty bushels, and weighing nearly ten tons. These eggs, so carefully packed that only a small per centage was wasted, have been largely distributed over America, and will doubtless ultimately add largely to the fish supply of the United States.

A Summer School of Practical Mining.—A Summer school of practical mining for the instruction of the student in the details of miner's work, has recently been added to the curriculum of the School of Mines of Columbia College. This Summer school has been put in the charge of Henry S. Munroe, a former graduate of the school, who was recently elected by the trustees to the position of adjunct professor. It is proposed that the students of the school shall visit mines in different parts of the country worked for coal, iron, copper, lead, precious metals, etc., and spend a month or six weeks at each, making useful and detailed study of the mine, and actually engaging, under the instruction of skilled miners, in all the details of mine work. The first experiment was made this Summer at the mines of Cox, Bros. & Co., Dighton, Pa., and with very remarkable success. A dozen students, volunteers from the Class of 1878, made a stay there of five weeks from July 24. Half of the students worked in the morning and the other half in the afternoon, one squad at a time with each miner. While in the mine they assisted the miner to load his car, thereby learning readily to distinguish "slate" and "bony" from good coal, even in the uncertain light afforded by their safety lamps. They were also instructed in the use of the drill and pick, boring themselves the blast holes, judging the quantity of powder required, making up the cartridge, tamping, and firing the shot. Each student is to prepare a report on the work done, accompanied by drawings, sections and cost. The experiment has been in every way a success.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Empress of Austria will visit England shortly after Christmas.

The Marquis of Lorne, it is reported, will shortly be raised to the peerage.

It is said that Mr. John W. Young, the son of Brigham Young, is hopelessly bankrupt.

William Warren, the favorite Boston actor, although nearly seventy years old, is so well preserved that he does not look more than fifty.

The January Number of Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine will have as its frontispiece a splendid portrait of the Rev. Dr. Chas. F. Deems, its editor.

At her recent benefit at San Francisco, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg received one hundred and seven floral tributes, fifty-eight of which were baskets and other large designs.

Rev. Dr. Tresham D. Gregg, of Dublin, Ireland, has issued a challenge to Colonel Ingersoll to a debate, the subject being the latter's book, "The Gods." The meeting is proposed for London, Dublin or Chicago.

Mrs. Monceni, the Envoy Extraordinary of his Holiness the Pope, has been formally received by the Government of Peru. This is the first occasion that the Papal Court has honored the South American republics with a minister of such high rank.

General Joseph Johnston says that General Longstreet's description of the Gettysburg fight is the only satisfactory one that has ever appeared. General Longstreet has received approving letters from officers of high rank in both the Northern and Southern armies.

The widow of the late Duke Galliera, of Genoa, is employing part of her immense wealth in building two magnificent hospitals for that city. Her husband, before his death, gave \$4,000,000 towards remodeling the port, and this work is now rapidly progressing.

Hon. Henry B. Northrup, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., died November 15th, aged seventy-two years. He will be recalled as the man detailed by Governor Hunt, in the famous "Sal Northrup" slave case, to go South and rescue the kidnapped negro, in which he succeeded.

Zanardelli, Minister of Public Works at Rome, has resigned, because he disapproves the convention with the railway companies, negotiated by the rest of the cabinet. Depretis, President of the Council and Minister of Finance, will take the portfolio of Public Works temporarily.

Charles Swift, the leading capitalist of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., died suddenly, November 20th, while alighting from his carriage, of heart disease. He was Vice-President of the Farmers and Manufacturers' Bank, a prominent member of the Dutchess County Bar, and ex-Mayor of Poughkeepsie.

Archbishop von Scherr, of Munich, is dead. He it was who, with the late soldier-archbishop of Mayence, Ketteler, the martyred Archbishop of Paris, Darboy, and the Primate of Hungary, so vigorously opposed the adoption of the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope in the Council of the Vatican.

Mr. J. Q. A. Ward, the distinguished sculptor, who is making the six symbolical statues for the State House at Hartford, has finished the figure of Agriculture. He presents her as a handsome woman holding wheat-stalks. The statue of Law, with her right hand uplifted, and holding a scroll in her left, is nearly done.

By an oversight in making up advertisements for the cover of "The Chatterbox," the announcement was made that N. Robinson is the author of the new domestic book, "That Husband of Mine." Such is not the fact. The book was written by another popular contributor to the *Chimney Corner*.

The value of the wedding gifts of Mlle. d'Albe, niece of the ex-Empress Eugénie, is said to be \$1,600,000. One of these was a cameo ring which belonged to Charles V. Eleven necklaces of brilliants adorned the collection. The Duke d'Osuna, whom she married, is said to be one of the wealthiest personages in the Peninsula.

Miss Wainwright, now acting in Boston, is granddaughter of the late Bishop Wainwright of New York, and daughter of Commodore Wainwright, U. S. N., who lost his life gallantly fighting the famous *Harriet Lane* against a whole rebel fleet. She is also a niece to Senators Anthony and Bayard, as also to Mr. Peter Wainwright, of Boston.

Rev. Henry Brougham Bousefield, vicar of Andover, will not be the new bishop of Newfoundland, for he has accepted the bishopric of the Transvaal, so that the mitre is going a-begging. The see is the largest in the world, including Bermuda, Newfoundland and the Labrador coast, and the salary attached to it is only \$3,000 a year.

There is a chance that the tireless Mrs. Gaines, after contesting for years in the courts for her New Orleans estate, will not be allowed to enjoy it in peace. It is asserted that the titles to the property of her father have not been inquired into, and if the points can be established in a case now in court, suits will be brought to set aside many of the judgments in her favor.

A remarkable family group was photographed at Farmington, N. H., the other day, consisting of G. N. Fernald, aged one year and three months; G. W. Fernald, the father, aged twenty-four years; J. E. Fernald and J. O. Nute, grandfathers, aged forty-seven and fifty years, respectively, and David Nute, Robert Fernald and G. L. Whitehouse, great-grandfathers, each eighty-one years of age.

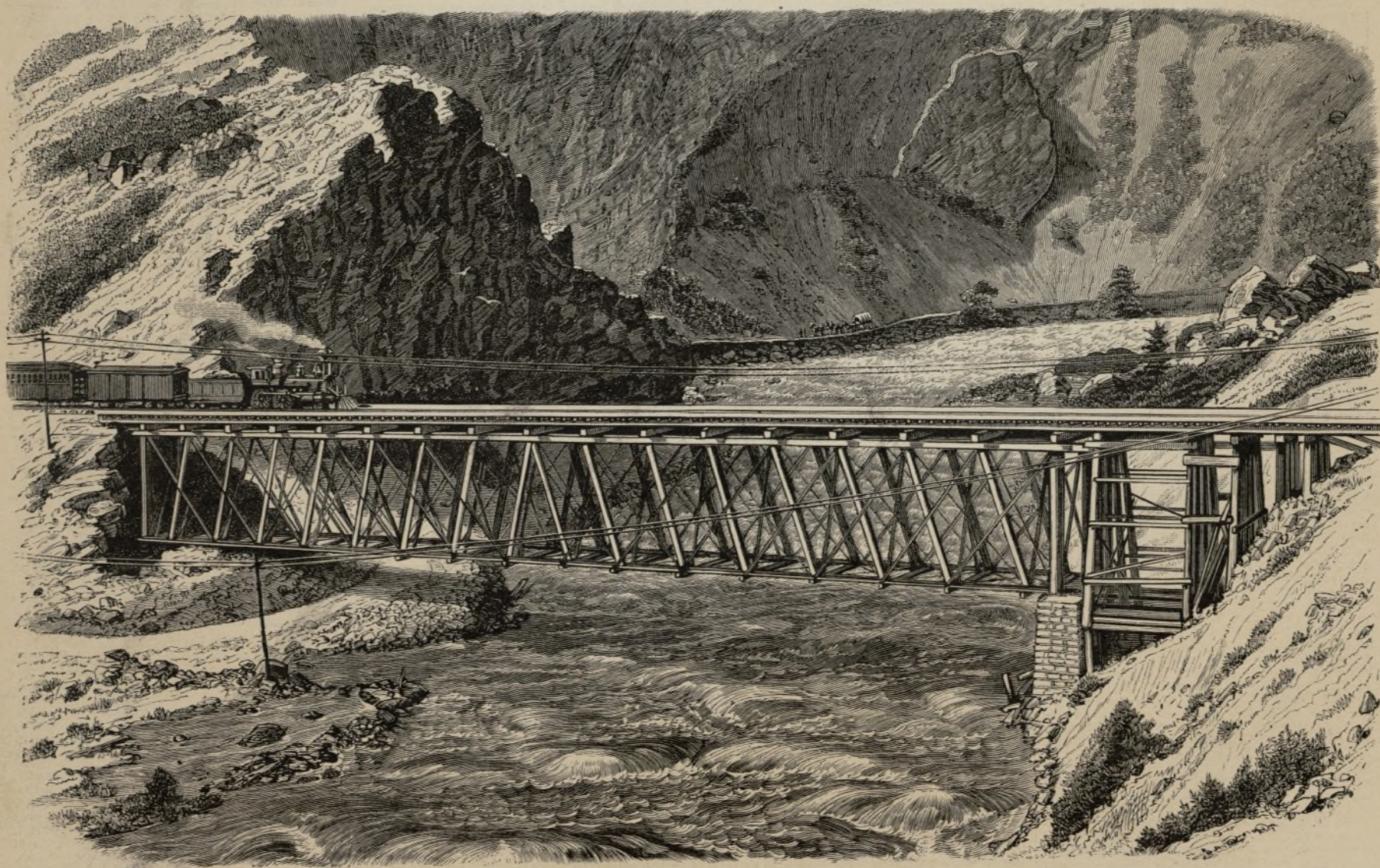
The representatives left by Mr. Meiggs to carry out his contracts with the Peruvian Government are already busily engaged in their undertakings. The works on the Cerro de Pasco Mines will receive the greatest degree of attention, as from that quarter a source of revenue will speedily be derived, not only for the company, but for the national exchequer, a matter now of paramount importance.

Since the return home of Mr. A. Oakley Hall, that gentleman has determined to abandon the law and adopted the rostrum as his professional arena. His first lecture was announced to be given in Boston on November 26th, its title being, "What will their verdict be?" It is understood that the lecture treats of American history in the form of an allegory, and introduces many leading characters of the day—a theme which Mr. Hall is competent to treat.

The ceremonial of unvailing the tablet erected to the memory of the late Bishop James, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the John Street Church, New York City, took place Sunday, November 18th. 9 shop-Scott, of Delaware, successor of Bishop James, presided, and among those present were Bishops Simpson of Philadelphia, Bowman of St. Louis, Andrews of Omaha, Peck of California, Havens of Atlanta, Merrill of Chicago, and Ames of Baltimore. Addresses eulogistic of the late bishop were made by several bishops.



IN THE WEBER CANON—THE DEVIL'S SLIDE, IN THE WAHSATCH MOUNTAINS.



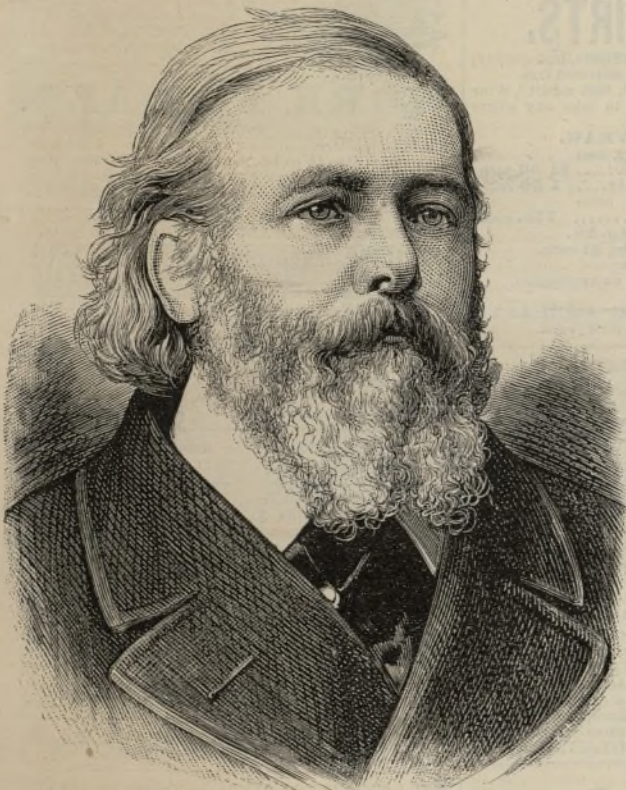
IN THE WEBER CANON—THE DEVIL'S GATE, IN THE WAHSATCH MOUNTAINS.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—AMONG THE NATURAL CURIOSITIES OF THE WEBER CANON.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 226.



ILLINOIS.—THE SINGULAR GROUNDING OF A SCHOONER IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO, DURING THE LATE STORM.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COPELIN.—SEE PAGE 230.

THE LATE GEORGE S. BANGS.



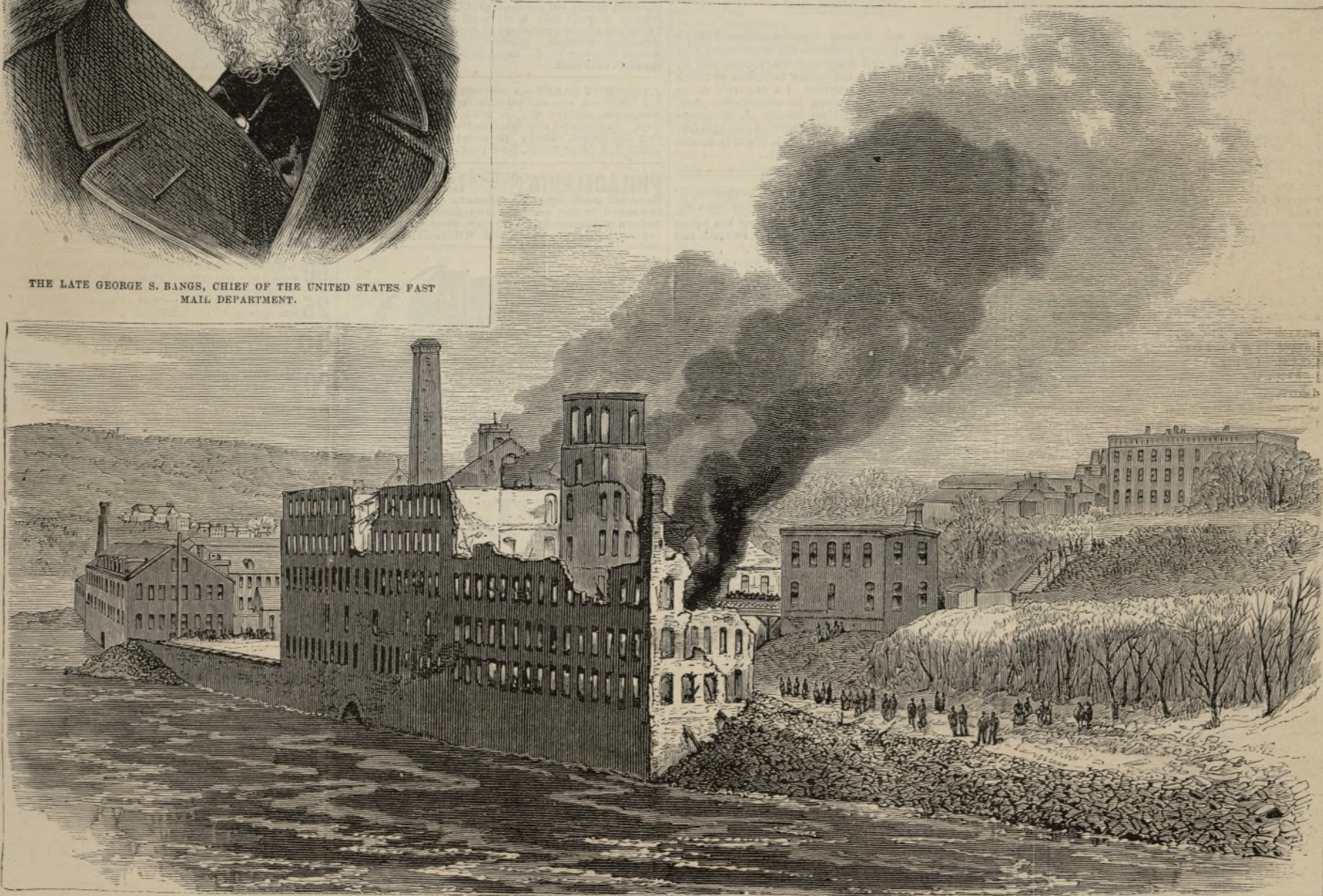
THE LATE GEORGE S. BANGS, CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES POST OFFICE MAIL DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE S. BANGS, originator of the fast mail system, and for a long time Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, died suddenly in Washington, D. C., on Friday morning, November 16th. He was born at Milan, Ohio, February 22d, 1825. When only nine years old he began learning the printer's trade in Akron, and after working in a newspaper office there for six years, he went to Cleveland and obtained employment in a paper office there. Up to the year 1861 he worked as compositor, foreman and editor, and in that year was appointed Postmaster of Aurora, retaining the position until 1864, when he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, whose headquarters were at Chicago. The year of his appointment the Railway Postal Service was first organized, and, as chief of the Western Division, he did work of great merit. So meritorious was it, that on the death of Colonel Armstrong, General Superintendent of the Railway Postal Service, in 1869, he was given the vacant office. He conceived the idea of fast mail-trains, and endeavored to obtain the promise of the officers of the railway companies that they would run them over their roads. They all at first refused to do so, without additional compensation was made to them for carrying the mails. The

Post Office Department, however, had no more money to offer. Finally Cornelius Vanderbilt, as President of the New York Central Railroad and the roads connecting it with Chicago, said he would run such a train, and thereupon President Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railway Company, also gave his promise. On September 16th, 1875, the first fast mail-train on the New York Central Railroad left New York City for Chicago. The train left New York City at 4:15 A.M., one day, and reached Chicago at 6:27 A.M., the day after. The fast mail-trains proved a great public convenience and a decided aid to business men, but after several months' trial they were discontinued, owing to the refusal of the railway companies to run them without additional pay. Mr. Bangs resigning his position, was soon afterwards appointed Assistant U. S. Treasurer at Chicago. He held this office about a year, when his services were secured by the American Express Company, with his office at Washington, where he died.

DESTRUCTION OF THE KEITH PAPER MILL.

THE Keith Paper Mill, on the bank of the Connecticut, just above the Suspension Bridge, at Turner's Falls, Mass., which was destroyed by fire on the night of Tuesday, November 6, was



MASSACHUSETTS.—DESTRUCTION OF THE KEITH PAPER COMPANY'S MILL, AT TURNER'S FALLS, BY FIRE, ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 6TH.

considered the finest mill of the kind in the country, and was the object of no little pride to those who built it and the village, to the prosperity of which the mill so much contributed. The fire was discovered about eleven o'clock by the watchman, who found smoke issuing from the paper-shavings room, in the lower story of the main building. The gong of the mill at once sounded the alarm. The fire probably ignited in some way in the paper-shavings, quickly followed up the spout to the finishing-room, and thence by the elevator to the drying-rooms. The light combustible material was almost instantly in flames, and the rooms were filled with an impenetrable smoke. The fire appliances of the mill, which it was supposed could be relied upon to fill the building with water in fifteen minutes, the pumps of the Cutlery and Montague Mill, and the village fire-engine were speedily brought into use, but the fire had got beyond all human control, and it was soon evident that the magnificent mill was doomed to destruction.

The spectacle, as the tongues of fire protruded from the windows of the five-story building and finally leaped above the roof and sent a shower of sparks and burning brands into the darkness, was grand. Men were posted upon the Keith block, the Farren House and other buildings to prevent them from catching fire from the cinders which fell in a shower. Mr. Keith, who had heard the gong of the mill at his home in Greenfield, rode over immediately, and took upon himself the direction of the efforts to save the property. The streams of water were applied to the detached buildings. The stock-house and contents, the office and several thousand dollars' worth of finished paper were saved uninjured. Two machines, which cost some \$15,000 or \$20,000, escaped with slight damage. The lower portion of the mill was completely demolished, but the walls, towers and chimneys of the upper portion are still standing, and may be used to some extent in rebuilding.

The loss on building, machinery and stock was upwards of \$400,000, against which there was insurance aggregating \$265,000.

A CURIOSITY IN LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO.

A FEW weeks ago Lincoln Park, Chicago's favorite breathing-place, received an attraction, the like of which cannot be found in any of the municipal gardens of this country or Europe. It was an unexpected gift of the elements, liberal in its proportions and stately in its location. None of the commissioners had been consulted upon the propriety of ornamenting the pretty Park with it. The engineer-in-chief, himself, was discourteously snubbed in the matter, having no voice in the selection of an eligible spot for the unique contribution. No invitations were extended the city authorities to partake of an elaborate feast under the classical disguise of inaugural ceremonies; and not a single newspaper "beat" its contemporaries with a double-leaded and extended biographical sketch of the princely donor.

The whole affair was one of the greatest neglects of conventional officiousness. Chicago simply awoke on a Wednesday morning, and glancing over the Park, to assure herself that neither St. Louis nor Cincinnati had obstructed it, she saw the towering novelty, trim, sleek and full of artistic merit. Upon one end was an inscription bearing a name and address: "F. B. Gardner, Chicago." As it was examined by the afflicted engineers and officials, it gradually assumed a familiar appearance. But the secrecy with which it had been set up, added to its extreme novelty as a monument, completely bewildered them all. While they were still deep in their conjectures, a diminutive object, resembling a human being, appeared at the end bearing the inscription, and inquired the longitude and latitude. From this speech, which really proved to be a sailor, it was learned that the singular object was a schooner, which had been in the habit of plying on the Lake. Owing to a severe storm on the previous night, the craft was headed to the mainland for greater security, and the captain did not succeed in putting her about until he had safely landed in the Park, at a comfortable distance from the angry waters. In fact the distance was so great that people could readily walk all about the craft and examine her from any standpoint. The commissioners would like to keep the curiosity, just to increase the jealousy of carping St. Louis, but the captain is satisfied that he cannot well exemplify the advantages of rapid transit on his present track, and as soon as the schooner can be dug out she will be allowed to slip into a more appreciative element.

False Hair.

FALSE hair, for ladies' wear, being recognized as a necessity of modern social existence, the want must be somehow supplied. But live hair, hair bought, to use the technical phrase, "on foot"—the hair of girls and women bribed to submit their locks to the shears—grows annually scarcer and dearer. When the modest demand for tresses was influenced by a few elderly dames in need of wigs, the supply was easily secured by agents who bargained with the peasant maids of Brittany and Auvergne. Paris alone would now consume all, and more than all, of the available capillary crop in France, and Marseilles, the present centre of the hair trade, deals with Spain, the East, and especially the two Sicilies, for the 40 tons of dark hair which she annually makes up in 65,000 chignons. "Dead hair" has something of a sinister, sepulchral sound; but as without it the cheap curls, fronts and chignons could not be made at the price, it may be comfortable to know that the original owners of the raw material are, as likely as not, alive and well. Ragpickers value no unconsidered wait and stray of the streets, short of a gold ring or a silver spoon, so highly as the clotted combings of female hair, soon to be washed with bran and potash, carded, sifted, classed, and sorted. There are, commercially, seven colors of hair and three degrees of length. Much dead hair enters into the cheaper of the 350,000 "pieces" annually made in France. The dearest chignon costs some five and twenty pounds; the cheapest a fiftieth part of that amount. England is the best customer, and close upon her heels comes America.

NEW BOOKS.

FRANK BELLW has just published through the press of Carleton & Co., a very amusing little book entitled "That Comic Primer." The sketches are in Mr. Bellw's most humorous style, and the letter-press is equally comical. It would be a pleasure to quote some of the verbal eccentricities which illustrate the letters prepared for the edification of the infant mind, but to do justice to the subject we should be compelled to include the entire alphabet. The dedication, to the Publisher, is unique.

FUN.

A MATTER OF FORM.—Fitting a lady's dress.

BEGINNING AGAIN.—When a man is making love to a widow he always feels as if he had to begin where the other fellow left off.

AN irregular apprentice keeping late hours, his master took occasion to apply some "weighty arguments" to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement he continually exclaimed, "How long will you serve the Evil One?" The boy replied, whimpering, "You know best, sir—I believe my indenture will be out in three months."

A SMART girl in Vassar claims that Phtholagnyrth should be pronounced Turner, and gives this little table to explain her theory:

First—Phth (as in phthisis) is.....T
Second—olo (as in colonel) is.....UR
Third—gn (as in gnath) is.....N
Fourth—yrth (as in myrrh) is.....ER

THE landlord of a German place, who was fond of having the autographs of distinguished guests in an album he kept for the purpose, presented it one day to Oppenheim, the rich banker of Cologne, and pointed with pride especially to one signature, R. de Paris. "Who is that?" said Oppenheim. "That is Baron Rothschild, the banker of Paris." Oppenheim immediately took his pen and wrote, O. de Cologne.

AN exquisite bought a hat from each of the two leading hatters of New York, and changed the linings. He called casually at the shop of one and asked to have his hat ironed. "Good Heavens, sir!" exclaimed the artist, how can you possibly wear such an abomination? Only look at it closely. It is an old hat vamped up, I assure you." He went home, changed his hat, and called on the second. "I should be sorry to injure a colleague," said the second hatter, sarcastically, "but, really, if a salesman at my shop were to offer a customer such a wretched object as this I should dismiss him immediately."

THE man who has been to the Black Hills, and returned, is a big gun at the village drug-store, and feels called upon to tell the truth when narrating his adventures. Such a man, named Curt, was telling the other night how many Indians he had killed during his three months' residence in the Hills. After he had talked half an hour, one of the listeners who had kept track of the number killed exhibited the figures. "I find," he exclaimed, "that you killed fifteen hundred savages in three months!" "Is that all?" exclaimed the unabashed Black Hunter. "Why, I believe you have left out a week's work there somewhere." "If you had such good luck killing Indians, why didn't you stay there?" demanded another suspicious listener. "Well, the truth is, gentlemen, I was afraid of ruining my left eye. I squinted along my gun-barrel so much that my face was being drawn out of shape, and the sight was so far gone that I had to be led about by a dog." "And you killed Indians while in that condition?" "I did, though I always felt a little mean about it. I couldn't see to shoot, and so I run 'em down and kicked 'em to death. It wasn't mainly in my mind and I want to ask the forgiveness of you, gentlemen, right here and now."

IN order to experience the unspeakable relief of a change from an enfeebled and unrestful to a vigorous and tranquil condition of the nervous system, the nervous invalid should try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Under the bracing and soothing influence of that benign tonic and nerve appetite returns, digestion becomes complete and painless, and sleep revisits weary eyes.

RELIABLE help for weak and nervous sufferers. Chronic, painful and prostrating diseases cured without medicine. Pulvermacher's Electric Belts the grand desideratum. Avoid imitations. Book and Journal, with particulars, mailed free. Address, PULVERMACHER GALVANIC CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.—The *Youth's Companion* of Boston employs the same writers as the best English and American magazines, and no other publication for the family furnishes so much entertainment and instruction of a superior order for so low a price. Among its contributors are, DINAH MULOCH CRAIK, MISS YONGE, J. T. TROWBRIDGE, LOUISA M. ALCOTT, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, JOHN G. WHITTIER, and nearly fifty of the best story-writers.

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

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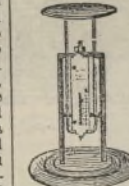
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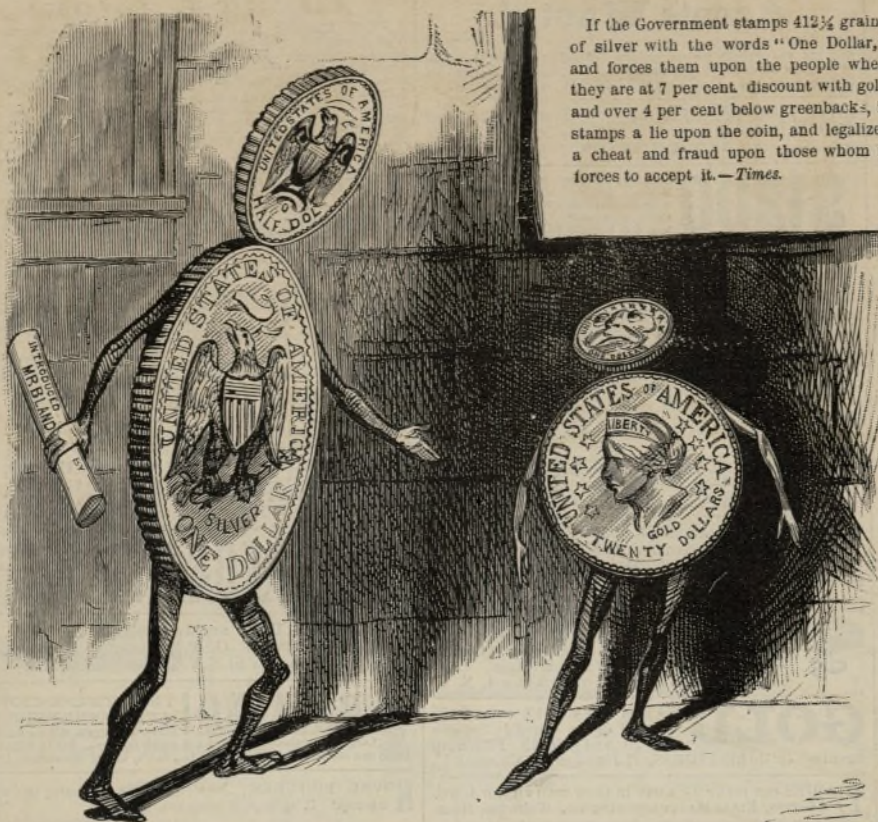
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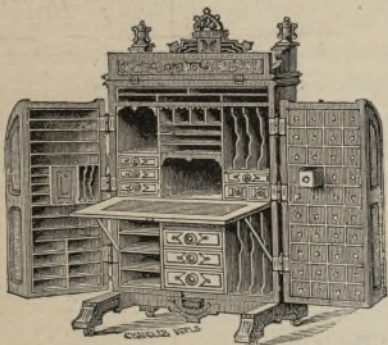
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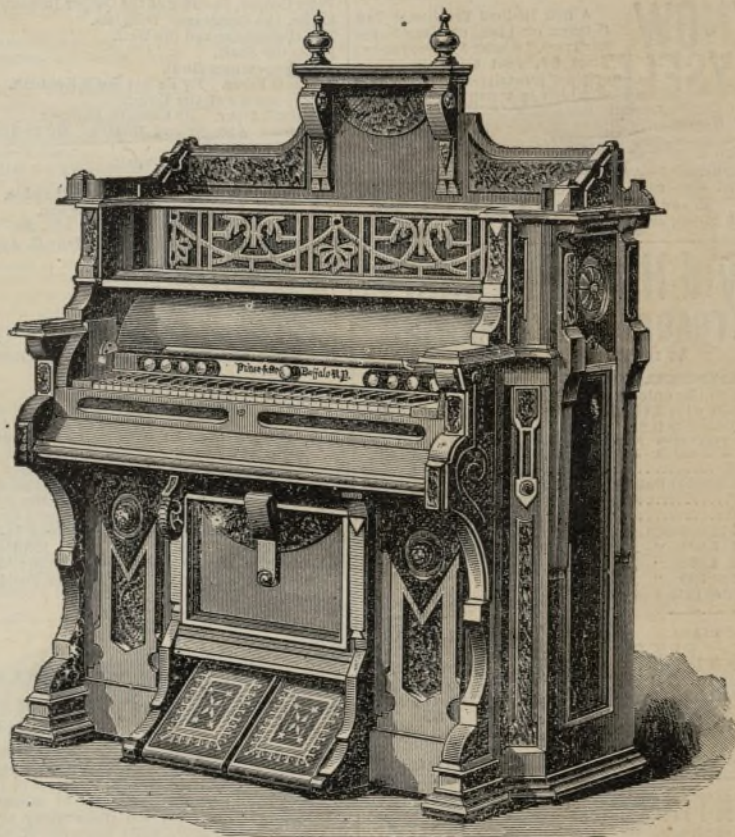
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