

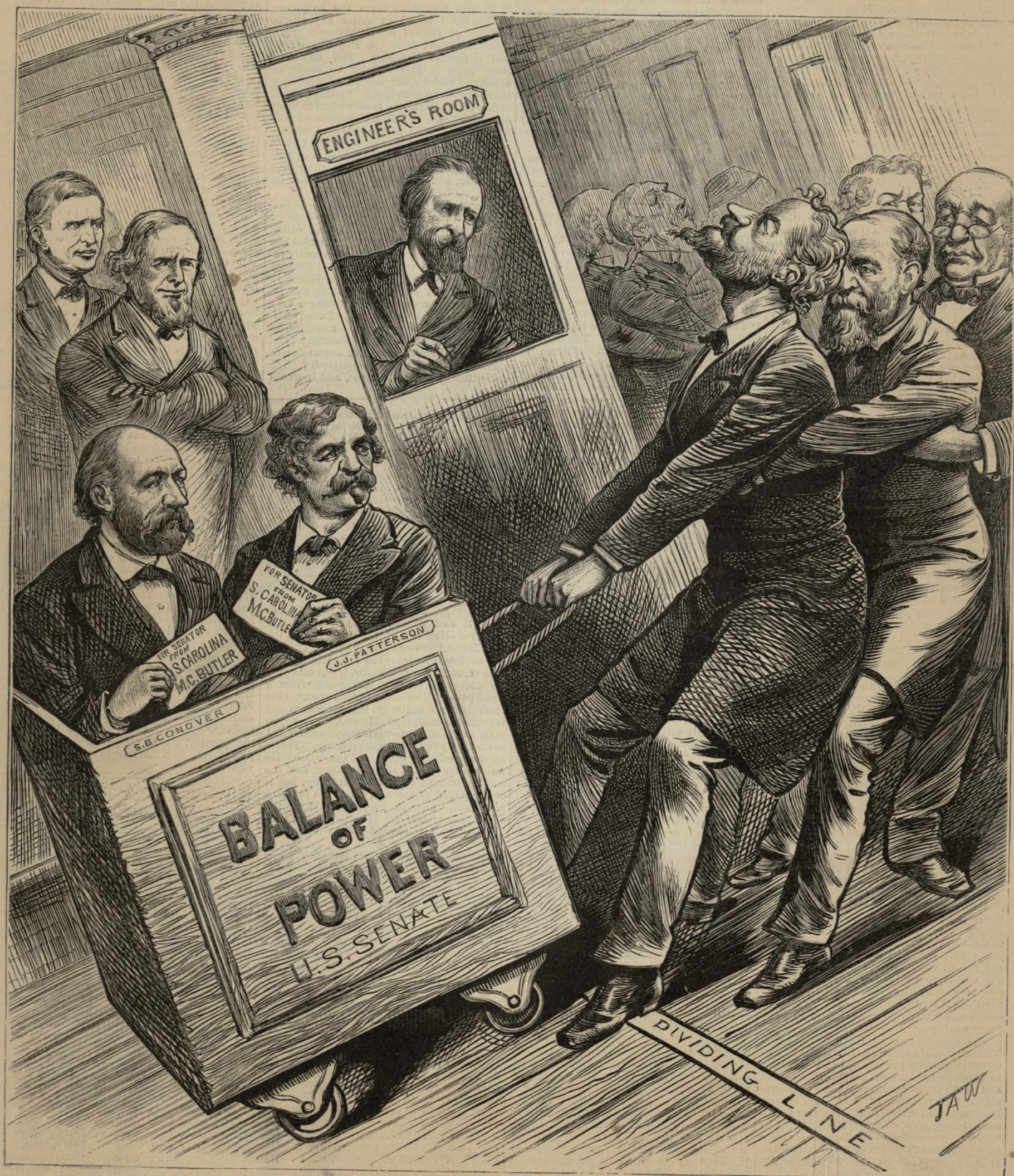
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE SHIP OF STATE IN A STORM—THE BALLAST BECOMING UNMANAGEABLE.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1877.

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THE BATTLE IN THE SENATE.

THE Titans of the two great political parties waged a hand-to-hand warfare in the Senate during the closing week of the special session. It was not merely a contest for supremacy, but a struggle for life, on the part of the Republicans. They had been suddenly and rudely awakened from their dream of assured power in the Senate until March 4th, 1879, to find that their supremacy was slipping, irrevocably, from their grasp. Last Spring they had never dreamed of such a mischance. They fancied that all they had to do was to continue to lord it leisurely over the Democratic minority. Had they foreseen any danger they would have moved heaven and earth to seat Pinchback, Kellogg and Corbin, and thus keep up their prestige. But they aspired to power without stooping to the aid of the carpet-bagger, and there they overdid the matter. Morton died, and was succeeded by a Democrat. Senator Sharon went to the Pacific Slope to look after his shattered revenues. Patterson was indicted for corruption. Blaine became too ill to work. And finally the people, aroused into indignation at the manner in which the great States of Louisiana and South Carolina had been cheated in their Senators and deprived of representation, insisted that there should be a change.

It was not the Democratic Senators who insisted that the three vacant seats in the Southern delegation should be filled, but it was due to public sentiment. From one end of the Union to the other, there was an open expression of opinion that the wrong had gone far enough, and should be righted. In obedience to this demand, Senator Thurman and the other Democratic leaders took up the cudgels against sectional prejudice, and demanded of the Republicans that they should fill the empty chairs of South Carolina and Louisiana. At the outset it was evident that a day of popular reckoning had come, and that the carpet-bag Senators were about to be held to a strict account for the manner in which they had betrayed their important trusts. The knowledge of this changed condition of affairs struck terror into their guilty souls, and they hastened to make what amends they could, and to prepare themselves against the day of reckoning. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and neither force nor promise was necessary to show these recreant representatives that the one thing for them to do was to admit to the Senate the men chosen by the lawful, recognized Legislatures of the States in dispute. This act of justice Messrs. Patterson and Conover acknowledged their readiness to perform, and then ensued a scene of infamous indelicacy that beggars description. Every epithet that indecency could suggest was lavished upon the heads of the two men who had the courage to release their necks from the Radical yoke. Unseemly epithets were hurled at the heads of the Democratic leaders, who were accused of having taken them out of their state of servitude. Statuesque Senators from the North got down into the dirt and proceeded to cover themselves with it, in their absurd endeavor to throw it upon better men than themselves. Conkling and Edmunds and Howe behaved like so many schoolboys—rather like so many criminals, detected in their baseness and threatened with the just punishment of their misdeeds. When the record of the week's work in the Senate comes to be read some years hence, people will scarcely be able to persuade themselves that men representing vast and enlightened interests could stoop to such petty warfare.

The case in contest lies in a nutshell. The important commercial interests of the cities of Charleston and New Orleans, not to speak of the internal traffic of Louisiana and South Carolina, are practically unrepresented in the Senate of the United States. Louisiana had no Senator. But there were adventurers who claimed the seats, and who had no stake in the State and no interest except the desire of office and spoils. It was a disgrace for this state of affairs to continue. To allow a sovereign State to be thus placed at the mercy of outsiders was, and is, a practical violation of the

Constitution of the United States; to allow a trio of adventurers to seize corruptly upon three seats in the highest legislative branch in the land, is to encourage rascality and set all principle at defiance. Yet leading Senators on the Republican side have been engaged for days in the endeavor to conceal the true facts of the case, and to keep the States in question without representation throughout the entire special session. It is not a pleasant thing to chronicle, and it deserves severe castigation. If the Senate of the United States is to be made the battle-field of petty partisanship, it is time the people were told of it. If the place in which Webster and Hayne, Clay and Calhoun, Benton and Seward, won their triumphs is to be made the slum of machine politicians, it is time it were cleansed and closed.

The country is to be congratulated that such an extreme course as this has not become necessary. Fortunately for the interests of conciliation and peace, the Democracy have been able to administer a fitting rebuke to the firebrand agitators. Still more fortunately, the President has held the scales throughout with even hand, and the advocates of sectionalism have received no comfort from him. To him all honor. The country owes a debt of gratitude also to the conservative leaders who have fought a good fight in behalf of the great principles that underlie the union of these States. Since the foregoing remarks were put into type the news was received that at an early hour on November 30th two of the claimants, Messrs. Kellogg and Butler, were admitted to their seats in the Senate. This result apparently leaves the partisan complexion of that body precisely where it was—the preponderance being uncertain.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

THE news which the cable brought down to December 1st about the movements of the Russians leaves no room to doubt that, instead of waiting for the operations of Mehemet Ali, they have determined to anticipate him by a vigorous forward march, which, if successful, would cripple, if not altogether prevent, the intended effort for the relief of Plevna. The only explanation of Mehemet Ali's failure to relieve Etropol, is either that most of the Turkish troops are still on the Sofia side of the Balkans, or else that the army of relief is not intended to advance by the way of Orhanie at all, but by some other route. The *Times's* military critic thinks that Mehemet Ali will have difficulty in defending Sofia. This town is of vital importance to the Turks. At its centre the principal roads leading from the north and west to Philippopolis and Adrianople. Could the Russians gain it and secure the passage of the mountains which bar approach to it from the north, they would find it a more convenient and advantageous secondary base of operations to support an advance down the broad and fertile valley which leads to Adrianople. In the meanwhile the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had received a deputation representing the Society for the Protection of British Interests, and three other political societies, headed by Lord Stratheden Campbell, who presented a memorial urging active interference in favor of Turkey. Lord Derby replied that the Government saw no reason to depart from its neutrality. He did not think Constantinople or the Suez Canal in danger. "When the Government," he said, "sees a reasonable opportunity, it will do what it can to bring about peace."

"EVIDENCE" BEFORE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEES.

THE public are, perhaps, in no mood to be captious or punctilious respecting any methods adopted to throw light on the means, and the minutiae of the means, and of the persons whereby the City of New York was robbed of millions of dollars. But it must be remembered that, in the face of the most gigantic frauds there always are considerations superior to those regarding the money loss. It would be sadder than the loss of money that, in the name of the City of New York, a system of injustice, or a spectacular travesty of the administration of justice, should to any degree become fixed in our State or National procedures or the investigation of public offenses. There are those who concede that the loss of money, though a mighty, is not the prime consideration, and that the destruction of the political power of those who were concerned in the offense is chiefly to be sought in the investigation and its results. However, it is not to be supposed that any son of New York, honored with political place or influence, should regard the chief use of such investigation to be to weaken the party or political strength of an opponent or to shield a friendly partisan. When any offense is committed, public or private, the next concern is, first, the assertion of the dignity of the law and the prevention of the evil contagion; secondly, comes the idea of reparation of fortune,

that is, restitution. Therefore the enforcement of law being still chief, the investigation and trial of offenses must themselves carefully represent the majesty of justice, and it must be seen to that, in the consideration of the particular case, an injury to great and general principles shall not inflict far deeper and more permanent injury and entail greater dishonor than the offense on trial. And so in the ordinary and established courts of justice, every step is guarded with patience, dignity and the absence of passion—at least it is so intended. And the more the popular heart is stirred the more jealously is the judicial ear closed to its appeals of indignation or of pity. The deeper the fault of the offender the more assiduous is justice that injustice be not done him. If he have no counsel, counsel is assigned him. If counsel decline to defend him, the Court can compel the performance of this duty. And in the production of testimony, it is older than the oldest English law that no criminal shall be asked to speak as a witness the truth which may possibly convict him. And in respect to witnesses not on trial, the law seeks to relieve testimony from the suspicion of having been given under any apprehension of reward or punishment. The truth is sought from the lips of credible and impartial witnesses. And sufficient facts must in this manner be made to appear to make clear the guilt, otherwise there can be no conviction. Justice cannot strike in the dark, she is only blind to what she ought not to see. Witnesses of this kind are supposed to be produced, whichever party calls them. If they testify falsely, the one who calls them cannot turn around upon them and prove their bad character, and that they are witnesses no one would be entitled to believe.

Recently we have had our attention called in a particular manner to the methods of examination adopted by what were called "investigating committees." Congress has a surfeit of them. It had one recently investigating the Oregon Electoral College vote. The State Government indulges in them. It had one on the canal frauds. The City Fathers are now running a very extensive one, in which Mr. Tweed, Mr. Keyser and Mr. Woodward are conspicuous as witnesses. It is only reasonable to ask in what attitude or character are witnesses presented before these committees? The committees administer oaths, and it would appear from this that this bound those who took them to their duties, and secured for them the immunities of witnesses as commonly understood. Are these persons criminals on trial? That cannot be. If so, no judicial body, committee or otherwise, would for an instant attempt to gather from their own lips the evidence to convict them. Courts of justice do not permit the refusal to answer such questions to prejudice a prisoner. It excludes them as not proper to be asked. But, if not criminals, are these persons so sworn with solemn oaths introduced as evidence of the truth? That cannot be, for they are asked questions, the design of which is evidently to show how unworthy of credit they are. In 1782 a person named Jacob Thompson stole a bill of exchange, and forged an indorsement upon it and passed it. Afterwards the Receiver-General of the county met the offender and showed him the bill. Thompson anxiously endeavored to regain possession of, and offered £20 for it—it was only for £30—and said he had got it from a third person. The official responded, "This story is very unlikely; these persons say they never indorsed it, and, unless you give me a more satisfactory account, I shall take you before a magistrate." Thereupon the offender confessed the crime. He was put on trial at the Old Bailey, and the confession was offered in evidence; but it was rejected by the court, and the prisoner acquitted. And in Pennsylvania, on the trial of a woman for infanticide, her confessing the crime, made after being told on her examination under oath before the magistrate, "If you do not tell the truth, I will commit you," were rejected by the court as not proper evidence.

If these examinations are not hostile to the witnesses, then it should not be permitted to use them to show how unworthy they are of belief. The following is an extract from a standard author on the subject of evidence: "Where a party offers a witness in proof of his cause, he thereby in general represents him as worthy of belief." The law will not permit the party afterwards to impeach this credibility by showing the witness to be unworthy of belief. If this examination, then, is not to secure credible testimony by just means, what is its object? The criticism made is as justly applicable to Woodward's examination also, and it is not surprising he became "defiant." We have heard a witness before the Canal Committee, after giving an answer, addressed in a new question implying that the witness was perjuring himself, and asking for a different answer. We fear Congressional Committees of Investigation are no improvement. And are the results valuable? Are they not more in the line of politics than of administration of justice? The confession of criminals among the

Romans, uncorroborated by other testimony, was not sufficient to convict of the crime confessed. It, however, in the proper case justified putting the criminal to the torture. And this appears to be much the purpose of the modern investigating committee to put a criminal to the rack in the absence of a judge or appeal, although it does not secure his conviction and due punishment. Does this not, however, wound Justice in the house of her friends?

METROPOLITAN ART CULTURE.

TWO significant reunions in the interest of art took place in this city on the evening of November 28th. The Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art gave a reception, which was attended by 3,000 persons. All the departments of the museum were thrown open—General di Cesnola's collections of Cypriot antiquities, the Castellani collection, and the loan collection of pictures and other art works, as well as the MacCallum collection of old laces and embroideries, which, as it is the newest, is at present the chief attraction of the museum. This exhibit of 260 specimens was collected by the late Mrs. Andrew MacCallum, the wife of a London artist, a lady of cultivated taste, who traveled a great deal in Italy and Eastern countries. Her laces and embroideries were recently shown in the South Kensington Museum, and Mr. MacCallum has now lent them to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which contemplates their purchase. The collection practically illustrates the history of lace-making, for there are specimens of all kinds of work, from early Persian embroidery and the handiwork of other Oriental nations to the Spanish and Venetian laces of recent years.

The other gathering referred to was the annual meeting of the Decorative Art Society, whose membership is principally composed of ladies. It is gratifying to be able to announce that this praiseworthy and valuable organization has, during the brief period of its existence, met with unexpected success, its original objects having already been nearly accomplished. First among these was the establishing of a place for the exhibition and sale of decorative work for the aid and encouragement of women engaged in producing such work. This idea was realized within the past two or three months by the opening of rooms for exhibition, where a fine display of decorative art productions has drawn a large and constantly increased attendance. In this way a market has been provided for the artistic work done by those who do not make it a profession, but who have attained professional skill in execution. Various classes have been opened and are already in successful operation. There are free classes in needlework, and one of paying pupils, all under the instruction of a graduate of the Kensington School. The former are supported by the classes in the decoration of pottery, painting of China and medieval needlework. A class is to be established in the making of household linen of artistic designs. The nucleus of a library has just been formed by the purchase or borrowing of standard works on art. A number of handsomely illustrated volumes have been loaned to the society, and a collection of handbooks or manuals of design, such as the "Kensington Primers," have been procured for the use of subscribers and other persons not living in the city. Efforts such as these afford a hopeful indication of the development of art culture in the metropolis, and consequently through the country, which each year shows to be progressing with increased intelligence and vigor.

THE INFLUENCE OF WAR ON INVENTIONS.

WE are told by geologists that the history of the world can be ascertained by a study of the plants and animals embedded in the rocks. If they have been allowed to repose quietly in their muddy beds, they must have lived and died in peaceful times; but if the rocky strata are full of contortions, and on every hand there are signs of catastrophes and cataclysms, it is easy to read in the story of the rocks that an era of destruction at one time prevailed on the earth. In the same way the history of nations can be written from a careful study of the catalogue of inventions for any given period. If the inventions look to self-defense, if warlike implements prevail, if ironclads, torpedoes, breech-loaders and revolvers take the place of plowshares and pruning-hooks, we are certain that troublous times must have brought them to perfection. During the early wars of Napoleon, the French navy was unable to cope with the English, and, as a consequence, the French ports were blockaded. This occasioned a serious interference with many trades; the manufacturers of soap especially felt the want of barilla, which they had been in the habit of importing from Spain. It became necessary to find some method by which soda-ash could be manufactured from

common salt. However powerful the English navy might be, it could not prevent the tides of the ocean from overflowing vast tracts of meadow-land by which the country could be supplied with salt. As soon as the necessity arose, an inventor was found to overcome the difficulty, and Le Blanc gave to the world a method of making soda-ash out of common salt, which was not only beneficial to France in war times, but proved to be one of the greatest blessings ever conferred on man. During the same period of the French war a scarcity of gunpowder called up the question of the cheap production of nitre. A careful study of the subject led to the invention of artificial nitre-beds, and subsequently to the application of the product to the increase of the agricultural value of the land.

An examination of the list of patents taken out in the United States during the late Civil War will afford abundant confirmation of the theory that war has a great influence in directing the inventive talent of the country into certain channels. A very large proportion of the patents taken out were for improvements in firearms, or for something relating to the wants of the army. The Crimean War involved the sending of provisions a great distance, and this led to the method of drying and compressing many articles of food into compact packages, and out of this necessity has grown the large business of hermetically sealed cans and desiccated vegetables. We derive the benefit of cheaper food from the unfortunate necessity that then prevailed of sending rations to the army. Some of the leading inventions in the application of electricity to the explosion of torpedoes were made in the interest of war, and in times of peace we apply the principle to the work in mines, and to all blasting and engineering problems. The telegraph did not grow out of war, but many of its applications were first suggested by the wants of the army in the field. The commander-in-chief must now be able to handle a large number of men over a wide area. It is impossible for his aids to carry his orders fast enough, and the telegraph is impressed into service to do the work. A cavalry regiment can unwind the wire from a drum while the regiment is under full gallop, and the sergeant, with a "sunder" in his hand, can keep in constant communication with headquarters. In beating a retreat the wire is recovered as rapidly as it was laid down. How to accomplish this rapid movement was one of the lessons of war.

Electricity comes in to afford a brilliant light by which the movements of the enemy at night can be constantly watched, and the operations of artillery be kept up to prevent the repairs of any breaches made by the guns. The transportation of troops and material of war occasions improvements in the construction of roads and bridges, and in the motive power to be employed for the purpose. We have, as a result, better engines, more compact vehicles, cheaper roads, which we obtain as a legacy from unsettled times. It is a curious fact that the study of fulminates and percussion-powder, without a knowledge of which the needle-gun would be of no avail, enables us to make cheaply the cyanides that we require in photography and electroplating.

The influence of war on the manufacture of steel has been very great. The Bessemer process, which met with such opposition at first, solved the question of steel guns, and introduced a revolution in warfare. The Germans were among the first to seize upon the idea and profit by it, and the establishment of Krupp has become famous all over the world. But the same steel which affords such excellent guns is equally available for railroads, agricultural implements, edge tools, and an infinite variety of other purposes quite as valuable in times of peace as in a period of war. Photography has also been impressed into the service in the study of explosives for submarine batteries. In order to compare the submarine effect of one hundred pounds of gun-cotton with the same weight of dynamite, it is necessary to have an instantaneous picture of the column of water thrown into the air. The size of the column, the shape of the base and its height, as revealed by a photograph, afford sufficient data upon which to base a calculation of the force exerted by each explosive.

The war now raging between two great Powers of Europe is no doubt destined to add to the list of inventions indicated above. It is a severe ordeal for them to pass through, and we should all be willing to take the chances of peace to provide us with all of the inventions we require, rather than that such terrible suffering should be inflicted upon the innocent women and children of two great empires; but, now that the war has begun, it becomes an interesting question to watch for the inventions and discoveries likely to grow out of it. As nearly every able-bodied man is in the army, the crops, if reaped at all, must be gathered by improved agricultural implements. Every class of society will be injured—affected, and, to keep out starva-

tion and want, will call into exercise the dormant energies and powerful intellects of both nations. It is a melancholy spectacle, and fraught with serious consequences; and no possible discovery or invention can compensate for the loss of blood and treasure that must follow in the path of such a war.

THIS is not the only Power of the globe which has not yet perfected its machinery for the apprehension of fugitive malefactors. A strange blunder has been discovered in the Extradition Treaty between England and Switzerland. A man was committed by a metropolitan police magistrate, to be handed over to the Swiss Confederation on a charge of having stolen certain bonds in Switzerland. The prisoner was a British subject. This circumstance, under the Extradition Act, would have been no obstacle to his being extradited, but it so happens that, in the special treaty made with Switzerland, there is a proviso that the treaty shall not apply to British subjects. The court desired to find some way of doing justice consistently with this unfortunate qualification, but they were reluctantly compelled to decide that the prisoner must be set free, and his handcuffs at once removed. The anomaly will be brought by Sir Alexander Cockburn to the attention of the Commission on Extradition, of which he is chairman, and it will probably be rectified.

THE life-saving service, which recent sad occurrences have brought into conspicuous view, was not organized until the year 1871, and may yet be considered to some extent in a formative state. Since 1871, information as to the occurrence of violent storms in the different latitudes along our sea and lake coasts has been sought from all available sources, and the funds appropriated by Congress from year to year for this service have been expended to the best possible advantage, in accordance with the lessons of the data so collected. It is claimed that the public records will show the estimate made for the operation of the life-saving stations for the current fiscal year to have been reduced by about \$3,000 in the House last Spring, while much larger sums than have ever been appropriated could be advantageously used, in the equipment and management of life-saving stations at dangerous points along our coast. Constant efforts are being made by the officers in charge to perfect the apparatus in use, and to improve the efficiency in every manner possible. With a view to increase the power of the mortars from which lines are thrown over wrecked vessels, experiments have been going on for a long time. Recently, very considerable progress has been made, and it is announced that a line has been thrown, within a few days, to a very much greater distance than was ever known before. The general efficiency and value of the service is shown by the fact that during the last fiscal year only 39 lives were lost by shipwreck on the coast protected by the life-saving service. The whole number of lives imperiled was about 1,500, and considerably over 800 persons were taken from wrecked vessels. The stations on the Maine and New England coast were manned the 1st of November, but the stations along the whole of the Southern coast are not manned until December. It has happened before this year that no vessel has been wrecked on the coast south of Cape Henry earlier than December. It is believed by the officers of the service that all the stations should be manned in September, so as to be ready for the equinoctial storms of that month; but Congress has never made appropriations sufficient, and the last Congress is no more chargeable for deficiencies in this appropriation than its predecessors.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SELECTING HIS WEAPONS.—The President's explanation to the Senators of his appointment of a Democrat to be Marshal in Georgia was that the state is overrun with small distillers who carry on their operations in the mountains, and who, when pursued, run away with the entire machinery of a distillery packed in a cart or wagon. All attempts to break up this business have been attributed to political persecution, and it was thought that the administration of the law would be carried on more efficiently if the officer most active in its enforcement was a man of the same political party as the distillers.

THE FALLS FALLING.—The Horseshoe at Niagara is now a right-angle, rather than a curve. The rocks in the centre have been eaten away from year to year, and now the side-walls are crumbling. On Sunday morning, November 17th, a large section of rock towards the Canada shore fell with a tremendous crash, and during the night a still larger area went down. The falls now wear a new face, and visitors will undoubtedly be charged 25 cents extra next season. The public can scarcely expect that the owners of Goat Island and the Museum can afford to have these rocks fall down without making a penny by it.

THE NON-LABORING CLASS.—The professional tramp is constantly opposed to work. Six able-bodied worthies of that fraternity who slept at the police-station, in Quincy, Mass., recently, were offered in the morning, by a granite contractor, a good breakfast and then work in the quarry for a month, with the additional promise that the best two should have work all winter. But they all straightway began to make excuse. One said that

he had friends in New Bedford, and he was anxious to get there; another was going to Boston, where he had a job; two had agreed to work for a woman who lived a short distance from the village, in return for the supper she had given them, and so on with all of them. They preferred to tramp about the country, begging their food and sleeping in barns and lock-ups, to working for a living.

THE PRINTING BUREAU.—The chief of the Treasury Bureau of Engraving and Printing mentions that during the fiscal year no counterfeit has appeared on any of the work engraved and executed by the Bureau. The report refers, with some degree of satisfaction, to a considerable reduction of the expenses of the Bureau, and is emphatic in its defense of the moral character of the Bureau, in regard to which Mr. McPherson, Chief of the Bureau, says: "Not only is good character made a condition of original designation, but proper deportment is made a condition of permanent appointment, and of every subsequent promotion, whether of men or women. As a result, not a single act of incivility among the employes has been reported, and it is believed a better and purer force is not employed elsewhere in any establishment, public or private."

OUR BRITISH COMMERCE.—The Department of State is in receipt of communications concerning the general import and export trade of the United Kingdom, and how to enlarge the trade of the United States therewith. During the first eight months of the present year the total imports of breadstuffs into the United Kingdom were: Wheat, \$102,502,000; other grains and flour, \$93,500,000. Meats, dead and alive, \$50,000,000; butter, cheese and eggs, about \$50,000,000; miscellaneous, \$10,000,000, making a total of farm products of the enormous sum of \$305,750,000. Harvest reports render it almost certain that imports for the remaining four months will be even greater in proportion than the above. Of the wheat imports, the United States supplied about \$60,000,000; Russia, \$34,000,000; and India, \$18,000,000. Jumping from the tenth in 1875 to the third in 1877, it is expected that India will become a dangerous competitor of the United States in the grain trade, as no pains will be spared to develop her resources in that line. The imports of fresh meat from the United States have reduced the price of beef in England one cent per pound. As soon as the prejudices which now exist against it are dissipated this trade will become almost illimitable.

THE FRENCH SITUATION.—Marshal MacMahon has with considerable difficulty succeeded in forming a new ministry, with the Minister of War, General Grimaudet de Rochbounet, as President of the Council. The members are all unknown in politics. Of the eight, four are Legitimists and pious Catholics; the others, Bonapartists of various degrees of intensity. The Republicans have no representation in the Cabinet. The Marshal apparently proposes by forming a ministry outside politics to avoid further trouble with the Left; and they are to confine themselves to executing the laws and preparing for the Exposition, and will transmit the constitution intact to their successors whenever the Marshal thinks proper to appoint a parliamentary ministry. The same statement was read in the Assembly, whereupon Jules Ferry moved that such a ministry was a denial of parliamentary rights, and that the Chamber could not enter into relations with it, and the resolution was carried by 323 to 208. This is said to have greatly exasperated the Marshal, who talked of it at a State dinner as an act of defiance and an "insult" which he was bound to resent. The thought of his own dignity seems constantly uppermost in his mind, and the whole affair looks to him like a personal quarrel.

BRAZILIAN RAILROADS.—Some exaggerated reports have been recently circulated in regard to a local famine in a Province of Brazil, and which, it is said, would have been promptly terminated but for the want of rapid communications with the centre of Government. The Brazilian authorities distributed, as promptly as possible, half a million dollars to the sufferers of Ceara, where famine was produced by the exceedingly dry season, which caused the death of 80,000 head of cattle and the failure of the cereal crop. The Empire of South America certainly is one of the most fertile lands on earth, but its provinces are distributed over such a large area of country that the prosperous ones cannot easily come to the rescue of those stricken by temporary disaster. Rapid communication is wanting, and this is why it is gratifying to read that the Brazilian Government is applying its utmost efforts to a greater development of the railroad network.

THE COST OF OUR ARMY.—The following are the revised estimates of the War Department, for the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1879, as they will be submitted to Congress with the Secretary's report: Salaries, contingent expenses, and postage, \$1,193,884; military establishments, \$31,597,270.68; public works, \$7,953,077.76; and miscellaneous, \$2,371,210.80. Total, \$43,115,443.24. After alluding to the injurious effects of constantly interfering with the army by legislation threatening reduction, the Secretary of War urges an elastic system of organization, which will be capable of extension in case of necessity to an aggregate force of from 30,000 to 40,000 men. He thinks that the condition of the country makes necessary a military force not less than that now authorized by the statute, which should be capable of being raised to the standard necessary to meet any ordinary contingency by increasing the numerical strength of the companies. The Secretary's report, in speaking of the Indian Service, favors the feeding of all the Indian nations now provided with rations by the Government, through the Commissary Department of the Army. On the subject of the retirement of officers from the active service, the Secretary urges legislation which will remove the present limitation as to the number of officers who may be on the retired list at the same time. This number is now 300. A removal of this limitation will not materially increase the number, as a careful inquiry shows that with the proposed changes there would be only about forty officers to add to the list.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE New Hampshire State Republican Convention will be held at Concord on January 9th, 1878.

A SUIT was instituted in New York to secure a new foreclosure of Erie Railroad mortgages and a new receiver.

A. OAKLEY HALL, ex-Mayor of New York, inaugurated his series of public lectures in Boston, on November 26th.

COLONEL RUSSEL HASTINGS, of Cleveland, was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to succeed C. H. McCormick, resigned.

OWING to the theft of \$57,000 by the cashier, the Second National Bank of Lafayette, Ind., was compelled to suspend payment.

DURING the week ending Saturday, December 1st, the price of gold in New York City ranged from 102½, 102½, and 103.

IN his annual report, the Postmaster-General will recommend greater control over railroads and increased pay for letter-carriers.

A FAREWELL banquet was given to Hon. John Welsh, the new United States Minister to England, at Philadelphia, on November 27th.

WILLIAM R. HUMPHREY, Secretary of the New Rochelle Savings Bank absconded, and an investigation showed he was a defaulter to a large amount.

THE revised estimates for the support of the War Department call for an appropriation of \$43,115,443.24. Secretary McCrary favors an increase of the army.

THE Long Island Sound steamer *C. H. Northam* was destroyed by fire at her dock on the East River, New York, on November 27th, and three colored men were burnt to death in her hold.

THE new Roman Catholic Cathedral in New York City was opened to the public for the first time on Thanksgiving Day. The sum of \$500,000 will be required to complete it, and it is likely three years will elapse before the dedication.

THE Ambassador of the Samoan Government, Mr. Lemanea, in company with Mr. Colmesnil, his counsel, appointed by the Government to assist him in negotiations with the United States, had an interview with the Secretary of State, November 26th, and presented his credentials.

An attempt was made by students to blow up Mills Seminary, at South Williamstown, Mass., by means of a keg of gunpowder. Failing in this, they threw a barrel of hot coals in the cellar to fire the building, but were again unsuccessful.

THE Legislature of South Carolina was convened at Columbia November 27th. In his Message Governor Hampton urged the prompt payment of the State debt. The committee appointed to investigate the election of Patterson to the United States Senate reported that they found abundant evidence that it was effected by bribery.

IN the United States SENATE, November 26th, majority and minority reports were presented by the Committee on Privileges and Elections on the Kellogg-Spofford contest; the Resumption Repeal Bill was received and referred, and lengthy arguments were made on the Butler case. After a continuous session of twenty-eight hours Mr. Thurman's resolution to discharge the committee from further consideration of Mr. Butler's credentials was carried by a vote of 29 to 27. On the 28th Mr. Wadleigh presented a report of the committee in favor of seating Mr. Kellogg, of Louisiana; Mr. Thurman objected. The Vice-President ruled in favor of Mr. Wadleigh, and was sustained, 29 to 28. Then the report was taken up, the vote being a tie on 29, and the Vice-President casting an affirmative vote. A motion was offered to amend by striking out the name of Mr. Kellogg and inserting M. C. Butler, of South Carolina. After a warm debate the amendment was lost, 30 to 30, the Vice-President voting in the negative. A long debate ensued on a motion to recommittal the report with instructions to the committee to take testimony in relation to alleged frauds by Mr. Kellogg and the Returning Board. On Thanksgiving Day the debate was continued, and on Friday, after the passage of the Paris Exposition Bill in an amended form, the amendment was defeated by a vote of 29 to 29. The Deficiency Appropriation Bill was reported with amendments, increasing the amount of appropriation. In the House the resolution of inquiry in regard to the Pacific Railroads was adopted on November 27th, after which an adjournment was taken to the 30th, when, on re-assembling, there was no quorum. The SENATE in Executive Session, November 29th, voted to confirm General Harlan, the President's nominee for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, but a motion to reconsider was entered to allow absent Senators an opportunity to vote.

Foreign.

FROM Italy we have the intelligence that the Chamber of Deputies has abolished capital punishment, which act meets with the King's approval, and that an International Exposition will be held in Milan in 1879.

A REPORT was current in Madrid, Spain, that various groups of the Opposition, being convinced that they cannot form a party powerful enough to contend with the Government, intend to abstain altogether from participation in the proceedings of the Cortes.

IT is now charged that the fall of Kars was due to the treachery of a Turkish Pasha, who, for a sum of money, took two hundred men to the Russian lines and gave full information concerning the strength of the besieged force and the weak points in the fortifications.

THE Greek Chamber, on November 26th, discussed with closed doors the question of holding a secret sitting to consider the dangerous position of Hellenism. The proposition was unanimously rejected. This is regarded as a triumph for the Government and party of order.

IN France the Chamber of Deputies passed a resolution refusing to recognize the new Ministry, and proposed a modification of the laws regarding a state of siege. Considerable opposition was manifested to the Budget, and the opinion prevailed that the Ministry would soon be forced to retire.

THE Russian investing forces reopened the bombardment of Plevna on November 29th. Mukhtar Pasha's position at Erzerum was pronounced insecure. The Servian Parliament will be convoked, December 15th, to vote a war budget and declaration of independence. Much anxiety is felt throughout Turkey about a possible combined movement of Servians, Montenegrins and Greeks.

THE Turks having seized two Italian vessels in the Bosphorus, although they had passed the blockade in the Black Sea, Count Corti, the Italian Ambassador, has formally declared that if they are not released he will proclaim the blockade ineffectual, and invite Italian ship-owners to send vessels into the Black Sea. He has also declared that if the Porte insists on maintaining an ineffectual blockade, Italy will resort to extreme measures.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 243.



ROUMANIA.—TURKISH FIRE-SIGNAL STATION ON THE DANUBE.



BULGARIA.—WAR-DANCE OF KURDS, BEFORE ISMAIL PASHA'S TENT.



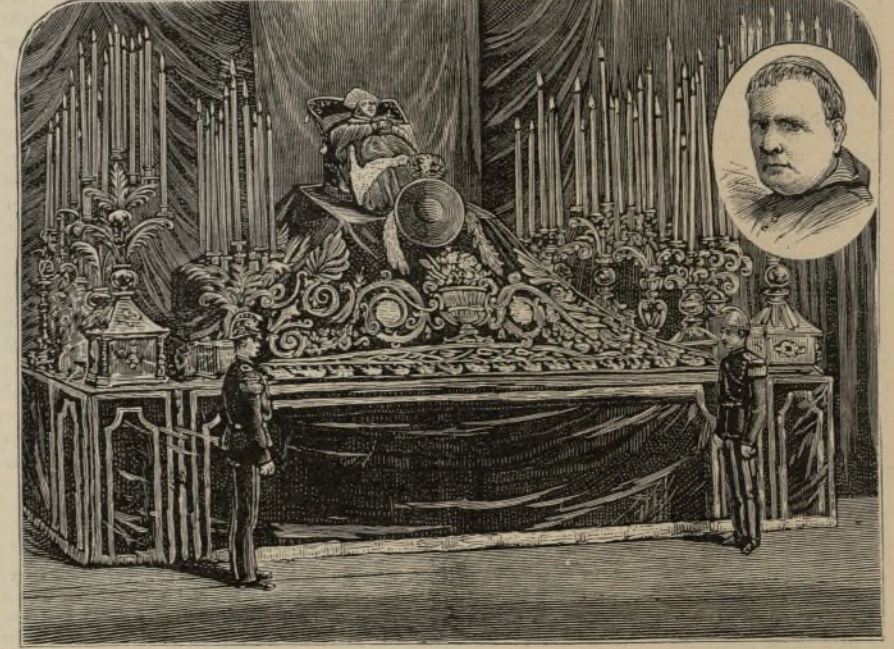
BULGARIA.—THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND STAFF INSPECTING THE LINES AT PLEVNA.



TURKEY.—ENCAMPMENT OF ASIATIC ZEIBEKS NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE BOSPHORUS.



ENGLAND.—THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON OPENING THE NEW THAMES FERRY.



ITALY.—THE BODY OF CARDINAL SPORZA LYING IN STATE IN NAPLES.



ENGLAND.—RACERS PREPARING FOR THE START FOR THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES.



THE ARRIVAL AT OGDEN JUNCTION, THE WESTERN TERMINUS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.



A SETTLER'S HUT IN ECHO CANON.



THE ROCK FORMATIONS OF ECHO CANON.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—THROUGH UTAH TOWARDS THE GREAT SALT LAKE.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 242.



PENNSYLVANIA.—COMPLIMENTARY DINNER GIVEN, IN THE ALDINE HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 27TH, TO THE HON. JOHN WELSH, ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE AS U.S. MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.—SEE PAGE 243.

THREE RINGS.

A TIMEWORN opal ring,
The gift of long ago,
Oh, years of youth! why did they bring
Such baptism of suffering
To one that loved me so?

A ring with rubies set
And pearls of shining snow.
Oh, heart of truth, be glad! for yet
Thou shalt the lonely years forget
For one that loves thee so.

A ring of purest gold
Where lay that ring of woe.
O passionate deep heart of old!
O fathomless deep heart untold!
The one that loves me so.

THE MYSTERY OF ELLABY CASTLE

CHAPTER LAST.

I SCARCELY know how I got back to my room that night. The discovery I had made was so fearful, that it almost deprived me of the power of thought. My sister was married to a raging lunatic! True, he seemed sane enough in the day, except as regarded this "mystery"—save the mark!—but at night! I tried to remember instances of people going mad only after sunset, but could think of nothing but some vague notion of the full moon having an effect upon madmen; but this shrieking at night had gone on for months, and the moon could not have been full all that time. Of one thing I was determined—Kate must at once leave this dreadful house and fly to the safety of her own home. Not a wink did I sleep, but lay torturing myself with plans until the gong sounded, which told us it was time for prayers. To think of the man I had seen last night dancing wildly in the moonlight, and trying to murder his keepers, solemnly reading prayers to his household in the morning! It was like an impossibly hideous dream. Kate and I were equally late, and both entered the dining-room at the same time. Frank was reading the *Times*, and carelessly turned to kiss her cheek. Horrible! I half expected to see him clutch her throat, or to hear his teeth gnash together as they had not many hours ago. For nearly the first time in my life I could eat no breakfast. Frank remarked it, and said, sadly:

"You see, Kate, Charlie already feels the influence of the place. He looks pale and worried, and eats nothing."

"Oh, I'm all right," I said, hastily. "Only had a sleepless night." I looked at him as I spoke, but he did not change color.

"Sleepless nights are very trying," he said, taking up the *Times* again.

Soon afterwards he came into the library, where I was trying to compose myself sufficiently to write a letter to my groom about the horses, and asked me whether I would like to shoot.

"No, thanks; I don't care about it," I said, rather to his surprise, and then I went on, for I like coming to the point at once. "I say, Frank, of course I should hate to do anything to hurt you, but Kate is not happy here."

"I fear not."

"She ought not to be made so miserable."

"It may—it must—be soon over," he muttered, sinking wearily into a chair and covering his eyes with his hand.

"Do you mean you do not expect to live long?" I ask, for his manner, knowing what I did, irritated me.

He looked at me surprised.

"No—I hope I may live—but yet—what is it that you are driving at, Charlie?"

"I think Kate should go away from this place," I said, standing up.

"You mean from me?" he asked, standing up, too, and looking very pale.

"Yes—it must be so. This life will kill her—she is simply fading away now. If you love her—"

"It!"

"You should let her go."

"Does she wish it?"

"That is nothing," I answered, angrily. "You know she ought to go."

"If she desires to leave me," he said, slowly, "to leave me alone here, I will not stand in her way. Here she is—ask her."

Kate came in as he spoke, and stopped short when she saw our serious faces.

"Kate, come here," said Frank, taking her little hand, and looking tenderly into her face, no madness in his eyes now; "Charlie says that you are pining away, that you ought to leave Ellaby—"

"Oh, yes, Frank. Let us—"

"Leave Ellaby, and me," he went on, with sad emphasis.

"Leave you!" Kate said, looking at me; "what do you mean, Charlie?"

"I mean that your living any longer with your husband is out of the question," I said, sternly, for I detest a scene; "and your husband knows it is so."

"Do you, Frank?" She was holding his hand in both hers now, and looked at me with something like defiance in her eyes.

"I don't quite know what he means," said her husband, calmly. "I only know that if you cannot bear this life—which Providence may, in its mercy, change before long—you are free to go, to leave me to bear it alone."

"Never, Frank!" cried Kate, burying her head on his shoulder; "never! I love you, and will always stay with you. The horrors would be less if we could only share them between us."

"My poor darling!" he said, raising her face to his, and looking into her fearful eyes, then turning to me; "I wish we could. You see what she says, Charlie."

"Yes, but she does not know all."

He started.

"All? Do you?"

I saw that I had made a false move. I must be a little surer of my ground before I could speak out.

"I only know," I answered, "that there is

some wretched secret in this house which renders her life miserable, which is ruining her health, which—"

Kate interrupted me.

"You must not interfere between my husband and me," she said, rather haughtily. "No doubt you meant it for the best, but you had no right to speak like this."

I knew not what to say, so held my peace.

"We are friends still?" asked Frank, holding out his hand.

I could not take it, the scene of last night came so vividly before me, and I turned away and left the room. As I went out I heard him say, softly, to my sister, who was in his arms:

"Be brave, my darling. We shall be happy some day when all this is over. Be brave!"

I think they were both surprised when I expressed my determination to adhere to my original plans and finish my week with them, for, of course, we were all more uncomfortable than ever together now. But I was resolved to visit the courtyard once more before I made a final effort to rescue my sister from the danger she was in.

Frank Harborton did not come to the smoking-room to-night, which was a relief to me; and after a solitary pipe I betook myself to my room, and was soon securely locked in.

Practice had made me very perfect in the use of my rope balcony, and, armed with a leaded stick I found in the hall, I was soon in the courtyard again. The same scene as on the other nights commenced at the same hour, but this time I hid myself so that when the strange figures entered I was able to slip through the door whence they emerged. It led down a narrow passage, along which I groped my way to a small winding stone staircase, feebly lit by narrow slits in the thick wall. Down this I went cautiously, my heart beating at the thought of what might come of my temerity; at the bottom the light entirely ceased, and I could only feel that there was a narrow door of immense thickness, covered with bolts and bars, and inside this another, both of them being ajar. I knew that I must be down in the old dungeons of the castle, about which our nurses used to tell us horrible tales as children; and here—for the darkness was so intense I dared go no further forward—I determined to await the return of those in the courtyard. I heard the shrieks in the distance; and once or twice I "pulled myself together," as I imagined that they were approaching me.

At last it was no imagination. They were unquestionably coming closer and closer. I heard a door shut—the clanking of chains—the mutterings and ravings of the lunatic; and then a dark form came with a rush towards me, and a yell sounded close in my ears. I shrank back through both the thick doors, and crouched down in the darkness in what seemed to be the corner of a small room. There was a carpet on the floor, and the wall was covered with some thick substance; I heard the gnashing of teeth close to me; and there was a confused struggle and a sound like the snapping of a lock—the lock of the handcuffs, I suppose.

Then, before I had time to make up my mind what to do, the ponderous door was shut with a bang. I heard the bolts shot and the keys turned, then the closing of the outside door—and I was alone. No! the silence lasted only for a moment. Then arose from my side another of those dreadful shrieks, and a sickly light coming from a small window high above enabled me, now that my eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom, to see a dark figure crouching, much as I was, close to me.

I was alone with the madman! How long it was that I sat there watching what was as yet little more than a confused heap of black I know not; it seemed ages. Then, as the morning broke, I realized that, small as the window was, there would soon be light enough for him to see me. I am young and strong; but stories of the strength of madmen flashed across my memory, and I had been witness to the difficulty with which three men subdued this one in his violent fits. I clutched my stick and prepared for the worst, mentally anathematizing the foolish rashness that led me into this predicament. A horrible laugh rang through the room, and I shivered. Then it spoke:

"Dead—dead! She's dead, I tell you, and can tell no tales. Look at her throat! Down with her! Bury her deep, under the flags! Ho! ho! we'll walk over her head; keep her down—down! Quick! Was that a light? Quick! put her in, head foremost! She can dance on her head then. Oh!"

He ended with a long-drawn scream of mortal terror, and started up. As he did so he caught sight of me, and stood still, as if petrified, his glaring eyes fixed upon my face. So we remained for minutes, neither of us moving; then suddenly he dropped upon his hands and knees, and looked like a dog about to spring upon a foe. His lips were curled up dog-like, and displayed his teeth, and his matted hair almost, but not quite, hid the fearful stare of his wild eyes. I did not dare to move lest he should spring upon me, and nearly an hour must have passed while we thus confronted one another. The light grew stronger, and I saw that, although strangely like him, it was not Frank Harborton. No!—wonder of wonders!—it was the elder, Geoffrey, whom we had thought dead so long! At last he turned his eyes from me, and, to my inexpressible relief, turned over on his side, with a moan, and went to sleep. I looked hastily around; there was no cord or chain—nothing with which I might contrive to bind him ere he woke. The room, or cell, was plainly but comfortably furnished. A bed in one corner, and on a table the remains of a meal. Cushions on the floor formed the only seats, and the walls were thickly padded with leather. There was no chance of escape; the cell was fully fifteen feet high, and the window was close to the ceiling. No! I must remain there, face to face with this terrible creature, until the night came, for I felt sure that he was only visited once in the twenty-four hours. Five o'clock! At least seventeen hours to pass in this horrible prison. At last I fell asleep, worn out with fatigue and excitement, and woke with a start, to find that I was being watched furtively by the madman, who was now only feigning sleep,

and that he had crept close to me while I slept. No pen could ever describe the horrors of that long day. Each time I took my eye off him he moved an inch or two nearer to me, until at length I could have touched him with my hand. At last—it had grown almost dark again—he rose to his full height, and I prepared for a struggle for life. No! He turned to the table, and seizing what remained of a leg of mutton, he tore it with his teeth and worried it like an animal. The malicious glitter in his eyes, which he turned on me from time to time, warned me to be on my guard. I was standing up now, and held my stick so that he could see it firmly in my hand.

Fancying I heard the noise of an opening door, I turned away from him for an instant, and he was upon me. With both hands he clutched my throat, and I felt his hot breath upon me as he gibbered in my face. In vain I struggled with him; my strength was puny compared with his. I lost my footing, and he fell with me, never relinquishing his murderous clutch of my throat. My eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets; I ceased to struggle—I was suffocating—dying—and then all was dark.

"There, he is coming to now! His eyes are opening. How do you feel, Charlie?"

It was Frank bending over me. I was in my own room, in bed. Had it all been a hideous dream?

I suppose I said this aloud, for Frank answered:

"I wish it was a dream. You have had a narrow escape. How you got there I cannot understand; but now, when you are well enough, you must know all."

The shock had been terrible, but my youth stood me in good stead, and I soon was able to get up and go about again. Then I heard the whole story, which was shortly this: Geoffrey Ellaby had committed a crime so heinous that could it have been made public no expiation would have been possible, and there was one witness to it—a maid-servant in the castle named Ellen Grey. She was a mercenary girl, and often threatened exposure. One night Geoffrey met her in the courtyard, for the alleged purpose of giving her a sum of money before she left—a sum large enough to make her independent for life.

This sum Geoffrey had failed to obtain, as his father was then alive. Excuses were of no avail; the girl furiously declared that Lord Harborton and all the world should know the horrible secret in the morning. Exasperated beyond control, Geoffrey struck her, and she fell stunned to the ground. The sight of her lying there insensible suggested an awful means of stopping her mouth for ever.

Under the courtyard ran a stream, which served as sewer to the castle; and it having been choked up a hole had been lately dug some twelve feet under the flags. This was only partially filled up, and the next day the job was to be completed. Into this he threw the body, removing the earth already thrown in, and then replacing it as before. The laborers' work was finished next day; the maid, who had no friends among the servants, and whose enigmatical threats and vague airs of superiority had caused them to think her "odd," was supposed to have gone early in the morning; and there was no suspicion of the deed that had been done. But Geoffrey's mind, unhinged probably before, was unable to bear the strain of the constant terror of detection and he became insane.

In his first outbreak he told all the dreadful story—luckily in the presence of his father alone. Lord Harborton, sending away all the servants, and taking care that no one but himself and two old retainers he could trust had access to the lunatic, made certain of the truth of the story by a search in the courtyard. It was given out first that Geoffrey Ellaby had gone on a voyage to Australia for his health, and then that he had died at sea. The necessary proofs were easily obtained, and it was arranged, as the safest plan, that the murderer should remain for the rest of his life in the dungeon of the castle where I had found him.

Lord Harborton never got over the shock these discoveries had given him, for his pride in the unstained name of his family was almost a craze. In a sealed letter he left after his death he told Frank—now supposed and supposing himself to be Lord Harborton—the horrible story, and bound him, by his love for his father and his duty to his family, to live at Ellaby, and to preserve the dread secret, the publication of which would drag the old name in the mire. And not long before his death he had extracted from Frank a solemn vow—which, poor fellow, he gave readily enough to the father he adored—to obey the instructions he would leave at his death.

"And so you must go on keeping him here, and taking him out every night till he dies?"

"I must."

"Why not tell Kate?"

"I have promised to tell no one. The three men who know are devoted to us—my father had to tell them. You ought never to have known; but as you found out so much I thought it best you should know all."

"Poor Frank!"

"Poor Kate!" he sighed, wearily.

I went back to my duty, and in a few months received the following laconic note:

"DEAR CHARLIE—Ghost laid at last—for ever. Thank God! Come and stay with us. Yours, "FRANK."

I did go and stay. There was no more locking of the doors at night, no shrieks, no mystery, and the color had come back again to my little sister's cheek.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM OGDEN TOWARDS SALT LAKE.

LEAVING Weber Cañon we strike the basin of the Great Salt Lake Valley—a shallow, circular bowl, with a radius of nearly three hundred miles from its centre, whose rims are the Wahsatch

Mountains on the east, the Sierras on the west, and north and south their scattered and broken spurs and foot-hills. This vast plain, forty years ago an arid, sun-baked desert, and now reclaimed from desolation only in fractions, is crossed by four rivers, the Bear, the Jordan, the Ogden and Weber, together with a number of small tributaries, all of which empty in the Great Salt Lake itself. East of Ogden, the land which they water is green and blossoming, but west of that dividing point, it lies bare and sterile as it did when the last drop of the inland sea ebbed away ages ago, and the first sunlight from heaven touched the salt, steaming basin. The patient labor of Mormon hands, controlled by the head of their late able leader, has drawn the waters of the river and the snow torrents of the Wahsatches through every farm and garden-patch and village street, creating literally "beauty for ashes," and nourishing life in the very dust of death; and so we roll through acres of quiet green pasture, fresh-plowed fields and neat market-gardens, every square foot of which represents the struggle of human brain and muscle against the dumb, ever-enroaching forces of hostile nature.

The sun is low in the west as we reach Ogden, and the long snowy range of the Wahsatches facing its glow is luminous from base to summit. This is the first sight of a near mountain range, complete and unbroken, which has ever greeted our Eastern eyes, and the view is glorious beyond the imagination of those who have never been so blessed with seeing. No low spurs, no forest growth or elevation of the valley-lands breaks the perfect revelation of the long chain. The plain is flat and clear and unbroken as the ocean line itself, and from its dead level rises sharply and abrupt the range of conical peaks, cone beyond cone, looking in the rarified atmosphere so close that we might walk to their bases and lean back against them as against a wall, and yet so far that all ragged outlines are smoothed, and the huge rock masses that push through the snow show only as purple patches, and long sweeping buttresses, radiating downward from the sharp, white glowing pinnacles. At their feet lies, or seems to lie, the little town of Ogden, like a tiny encampment pitched on the vast, far-reaching plain, and into it we roll, nothing loath to descend from our car, with a full hour's leave to exercise and investigate.

At this junction the Union Pacific unites, as every one knows, with the Central Pacific Road, and here, as a rule, the Pullman cars are abandoned, turning about for the home-trip, while the California-bound traveler takes a "Silver Palace Car" for the rest of the route. We, however, by a special courtesy, retain our Pullman hotel; so, instead of spending our leisure hour in collecting baggage, and scrambling together parcels and bags and books for the transfer, we stroll down the platform to visit two denizens of the country, in the shape of a pair of cinnamon bears, which are disporting themselves at the ends of their long chains around a species of wooden gallows erected for their pleasure. They are fine, fat little fellows, overflowing with playfulness, and engaged at present in buffeting and boxing a big Newfoundland dog, who has obligingly consented to frisk with them. Later on, one of them diversifies the entertainment by clawing from the arm of an abstracted youth near by a now empty market-basket, with which he retires to the foot of the pole, and spends the next five minutes in thoughtfully desiccating it, and fondly licking the fragments. All around us is the wildest confusion and the noisiest bustle; innumerable "switches" intersect, cross and recross each other, shot over by snorting locomotives backing and advancing to detached trains of cars; whole pyramids of Saratoga trunks topple along the platforms, baggage expressmen wrangle and swear over the transfers, anxious tourists struggle in and out among the labyrinthine mazes of baggage to claim their own, and are knocked right and left, and prodded with the corners of trunks, and roared at by the wheelers of trucks, until their reason reels.

In the dining-room of the little hotel hard by the Chinese waiters are flying about for dear life, with plates and dishes piled on their clean, white-shirted arms, and a hungry crowd pursuing them with a multiplicity of orders; we look in at them for curiosity only, and then stroll back to our own car, which has been detached and run on a side switch, there to wait for the starting of the train which is to take us over the Utah Central Road into Salt Lake City. Ogden is the terminus of this road, which was begun one week after the completion of the Union and Central Pacific, under the auspices, of course, of President Young.

We find our car the centre of attraction for the entire population of Ogden, or what seems to be such. Whether hotel cars are so rare as to be objects of profound curiosity or study, or whether the name of Frank Leslie has proved the magnet on this occasion, it is hard to say; but a steady stream of Mormon men and matrons, accompanied by their young families, is passing around the conveyance with slow and lingering steps; and a large number of sedate men have taken up positions close to the wheels, and crouching with their hands on their knees, and their persons describing the angles of a Z, are staring fixedly before them. For some time the ladies within the car have labored under the impression that this posture was an act of reverence, and a special tribute to their charms, as they sat throned at the windows; but investigation proved it due to a devouring interest in the construction of the ice-boxes between the wheels, from which William has just been extracting some of his stores. Sitting at the window, it is curious to eye the faces that drift by us and study the different groups; and our first impressions of Mormonism, thus derived, are not seductive. There is a family likeness in them all; the lean, tough, hard-worked man, with uncouthly cut hair, and skin like tanned leather; the woman on each arm, in her old-time calico gown and shawl, with her sunburnt, subdued and hopelessly and invariably plain face, crowned by a marvel of a hat—an erection of yellow straw, red and blue roses and marvelous phenomena in the shape of feathers; the children, wiry and alert, turning up healthy freckled faces, fearfully and wonderfully combining the ugliness of both parents; and the few solitary men, mostly old, with long hair and beards, and ragged straw hats, and bare arms like bundles of sinews emerging from calico shirt-sleeves. Every traveler has recorded the ugliness of the Mormon women, and it is an indisputable and most aggressive fact, as we learn during that half-hour of observation; but the men are in no position to take exception to this state of things, as they come near to beating them in the competition.

We are favored with a call, before the starting of our train, from an enthusiastic brakeman (Gen-tile), who has "heard that Frank Leslie is in that car, and wants to see him." He has also brought an offering to that notable tourist, in the shape of three superb fossils, dug by himself in Ogden cañon—thin slabs of cream-colored stone, some ten inches long, on each of which is delicately drawn, in dark-brown shining tracery, the perfect form of a fish, its fine network of bones, lace-like fins and scattered scales. He is also ready to offer gratuitous information and opinions regarding social life in Utah; but the whistle of the train

—MRS. JOHN C. GREEN, of New York, whose large benefactions have excited a sense of gratitude in the various institutions receiving them, equalled only by their surprise and the quiet modesty with which they have been made, has just, through her friend Robert Lenox Kennedy, Esq., deposited in the Philadelphia Trust Safe Deposit and Insurance Company, the munificent sum of one hundred thousand dollars, in trust for the American Sunday-school Union. The interest of this sum is to be expended annually, and is to be devoted in part to the strictly missionary and benevolent work of the American Sunday-school Union, and in part to the securing and development of a Sunday-school literature of the highest merit.



IDAHO.—OUR HOSTILE WARD—A PARTY OF NEZ PERCES BRAVES GOING ON A FORAGING EXPEDITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. CONKLIN.—SEE PAGE 243.



FEELING THE BABY'S LEGS.



AN INFANTILE WATCH-GRABBER.



THE FATTEST BABY IN THE SHOW.



A FEMINE SCRAMBLE OVER THE SMALLEST BABY.



THE SMALLEST BABY IN THE SHOW

What is
HOME
without a
BABY?

THE HAND
THAT ROCKS
THE CRADLE
IS THE
HAND THAT
MOVES
THE WORLD



VISITORS DEPOSITING THEIR BALLOTS FOR THE "PRIZE BABY."

NEW YORK CITY.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE PRIZE BABY SHOW, HELD AT MIDGET HALL, FOURTEENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE, NOVEMBER 26TH TO DECEMBER 1ST.—SEE PAGE 213.

THE DINER-OUT.

MOST people have met him scores of times; He has lived in all ages and all climes; His manners are marked by perfect ease, His talk is a steady attempt to please. A hundred graces, beyond all doubt, Adorn the professional diner-out.

If you give good dinners, no change can dim Your shining significance for him. He courts you until at last he sees His name on your list of devotees. He lauds your claret, deprecates your gout, This shrewd and politic diner-out.

You know, while his oily words you hear, That they are all utterly insincere. On yourself you strangely feel him look As a species of proxy for your cook. Yet you somehow welcome, and do not flout, The overtures of the diner-out.

His clever sayings, 'tis more than clear, Are sold you for just so much good cheer. Each funny tale has its cool design, Each epigram means a glass of wine. And when with laughter you fairly shout, "I'll be asked next week," thinks the diner-out.

You understand with how little truth He praises your manners, your wit, your youth; And yet you receive him night by night, This peripatetic appetite— At other men's cost grown sleekly stout, Through long and rapacious dining-out!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A GILDED SIN.

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

CHAPTER III.

VERONICA stood before her father—a tall, beautiful woman with a noble Venetian face. She was quite unlike anything he had pictured. He had fancied a girl with Giulia's sweet face, with her golden hair and sensitive lips. The girl before him looked like a Roman empress but that she had Giulia's eyes—her dark, tender, passionate eyes—the eyes that had made for him the only light he had ever known—with hair as black as night, and worn after the old Grecian fashion. She was more beautiful than her young mother had ever been, but it was a different type of loveliness.

As he gazed upon her, Sir Jasper Brandon owned to himself that it was the most beautiful and the saddest face that he had ever seen. The dark eyes had a story in their depths, the proud lips trembled even as she smiled.

"Where have I seen a face something like it?" he asked himself. Then he remembered it was in one of his favorite pictures hanging in the Louvre.

He had gone himself to the station to meet her. Lady Brandon was very shrewd, and Katherine was shrewder still. He felt that he might betray himself. So he had decided on meeting Veronica, that the first shock might pass unperceived. And a shock it was when she looked up at him with Giulia's eyes. He stood still for a few moments, beating back the anguish that almost mastered him; then he held out his hands in greeting to her.

"Veronica," he said, gently, "welcome to England!" He did not kiss the beautiful face—he dared not trust himself. "Welcome!" he repeated, adding, "Do you speak English?"

To his surprise she answered him in English; she spoke the language exceedingly well, but with a slight foreign accent that was very musical and charming.

"Yes, I speak English; it was my own wish. I learned by my own desire; my aunt was very unwilling."

"Why did you wish to learn?" he said. "It is harsh after your beautiful, liquid Italian."

"I cannot tell; but something seemed always to stir in my heart at the very mention of England. I scarcely knew whether it was pain or pleasure, for it was unlike either. Now I know what it was!"

"What?" he asked, wondering if any idea of the truth had occurred to her.

"It was a foreboding," she replied; "it was because I had to come to England." Then she glanced at him again. "Are you my guardian?" she asked, timidly.

"Yes," he replied. "I came to meet you; I thought you would feel dull at first in a strange country."

"I have been dull all my life," she said, with a smile—the saddest smile he had ever seen.

"We must try and make you happier," he said.

"Why are you my guardian?" she asked. "I cannot understand it. My aunt never spoke to me of you until she was dying, and then she told me that far away in England there lived a rich gentleman who would be my guardian when she was dead—that I was to live with him in England and be docile to him. It will not be difficult to be docile with you."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I like you," she answered, simply. "I can always tell at first sight whether I shall like any one or not, and I do like you."

He helped her into the carriage and sat down by her side; the servants were busy with her luggage. Mr. Segrave drove home with Sir Jasper and his ward, and all the way the baronet was saying to himself:

"This is Giulia's daughter; that beautiful head lay on Giulia's breast—that is Giulia's child!" He longed to clasp her in his arms, to say, "You have your mother's eyes, child; you have the same sweet voice and the same loving heart."

All his fancied dislike melted as he gazed on her. He wondered how he could have hated her, how he could have forgotten her. He reproached himself for it with bitter reproaches. How could he have been unkind to Giulia's child? "I have been dull all my life," she had said, and the words smote him with pain. He had longed to say to her, "I am your father, Veronica, but my love for your mother is shut up in my heart. It is my most cherished secret; it is so sacred to me that I cannot talk of it; I cannot tell others of it; it is

the very core of my heart." He was only tempted, but "Not yet," he said to himself—"not yet."

He turned to her suddenly.

"Tell me about your life, Veronica," he said. "What made it so dull? How have you spent it?"

"I have lived always with my Aunt Assunta," she replied, "and my aunt was a woman whose heart must have been broken when she was very young, I think. She never laughed, she never even smiled, but she hated the English. 'They are as perfidious,' she said, 'as Judas. The sun never shines on England; it is always dark with heaven's frown.' She would not let me have any friends. We used to sit for days and months and years in that dark old palace, watching the water, watching the sky, seldom speaking a word. She gave me histories to read, and after many prayers, she allowed me to have masters for painting—nothing else; and for many years I have passed my life in reading dull histories and in painting."

"Poor child," he said, "it was not a very bright life, was it?"

"No. I have often asked her to tell me where my mother and father lie buried; but my aunt would never inform me. I have never seen my mother's grave."

Sir Jasper's face grew white with emotion. He said to himself, "It is Giulia's child who has led this sad life—who has never known one bright hour." He dared not look at her lest she should wonder at the pain on his face.

"How old are you, Veronica?" he asked.

"I am twenty, as men count years," she said. "It seems to me that I have lived a century in the dark old palace. It was full of spirits who wailed all night through the long, dark passages. When my aunt was angry with me, she said always that I was a child, an ignorant child. I think myself I am very old, more like a woman whose years are run than a child."

"You will not feel so when you have lived a little longer," he said, gently. "Veronica, look round you. This is an English Winter. Do you see how white the ground is—how great icicles hang like huge diamonds from the trees and hedges? When the sun shines on the snow and sparkles on the ice, I do not think there is a grander sight in the world."

"I wonder," said Veronica, musingly, "why my aunt disliked England so much—do you know?"

He tried to answer her indifferently.

"It would require a very learned philosopher to understand a lady's likes and dislikes," he said. "Veronica, you say that you have had a very sad life; let me advise you to try to forget it—forget the gloomy aunt who seems to have been so mistaken. Just as a flower opens its heart to the sun, open yours to the sunshine of happiness. Will you try?"

"I will try," she answered. "I will do anything you tell me."

Then he pointed out to her the beauties of the park through which they were driving, and then, in the distance, the towers of Queen's Chace.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "And see—the sun shines on it; it looks as though heaven were blessing it."

He wondered what she would say if she knew that this superb house ought one day by right to be hers.

"Tell me," she cried—"what do you call this beautiful place? Teach me to say it; teach me to say your name. What must I call you?"

And he taught Giulia's child to call him Sir Jasper, while longing with all his heart to hear the word "father" from her lips.

"Some day," he said to himself, "I shall tell her all about it, and she will know. Then I will ask her to call me 'father'—and I shall hear all earth's music in the word."

Sir Jasper said one thing to Veronica on entering the house. He turned to her with an expression of pain on his face.

"Veronica," he said, "I want to ask you one favor—that is, I wish to give you one piece of advice, afterwards you will know the reason why. I advise you to say nothing whatever of the home you have left. People are sure to ask you questions. Do not answer them; evade them."

Veronica looking up at him with the simple faith of a child, replied:

"I will—I will do whatever you tell me."

And he knew from that moment that any secret, anything which touched his interests, was as safe in her hands as in his own. He never forgot the expression of utter astonishment on Lady Brandon's face as the young girl came forward with her graceful, self-possessed manner to speak to her.

"I really thought," she said afterwards to her husband, "that an old Venetian figure had descended from its frame. What a face she has, Jasper! It is essentially Venetian, not Florentine—I know the Florentine type so well—nor Roman, but purely Venetian. Her mother must have been a beautiful woman."

He winced at the words, but made no reply. Lady Brandon smiled as she continued:

"She is a great contrast to Katherine. I am not sure that it is wise to bring a rival beauty into the house."

Sir Jasper looked up impatiently; this woman's tattle annoyed him.

"She will never harm Katherine," he said, somewhat sternly. "Do not put ideas of that kind into Kate's head. I want her to like the young stranger. See—that is a pretty picture."

Husband and wife were standing by the fireplace in the yellow drawing-room, as one of the prettiest apartments at Queen's Chace was called. The two girls were at the other end—Katherine seated on a low chair, her golden head thrown back, and Veronica kneeling on the ground by her side. The two faces were each lovely, yet differed entirely. Veronica was gazing at the English girl with something like rapture in her face; Katherine was a new revelation of beauty to her.

"Tell me something about your home," said Katherine. "The one dream of my life is to go to Italy; but papa will never hear of it."

Veronica gave one hasty glance across the room to the dark, handsome face of the man who had so great an influence over her. Remembering her promise, she answered:

"Ask me about anything you will," she replied, "except about home. I cannot speak of it."

Katherine looked at the flushed face, and, thinking that the subject was one too sad for her, she stooped down and kissed her.

"I will not ask you about home or anything else that grieves you, Veronica," she said. "It must be very sad; you have lost everything—every one. But you will be happy with us after a time. You shall be my sister—I have always longed for one; and you will love papa—every one loves him when they know him." It was strange but typical that she did not speak of Lady Brandon. She said nothing about loving her. "Kiss me, Veronica," she said—"not coldly, but as if you were really my own sister. I shall love you as though you were."

The dark eyes filled slowly with tears.

"You will love me?" she said. "It seems impossible; it is too good—it cannot be true. You will really love me?"

"Why should I not?" asked Katherine, wondering at the girl's emotion.

"Why should you, rather?" she replied. "You are so different from me. You seem to me like a fairy princess. You live in the midst of beauty and magnificence; every one loves you; even the servants who wait upon you seem almost to worship you. You have the sunshine ever on your head. Look at these bright threads of gold! You seem to be more lovely than a poet's dream."

Katherine laughed; flattery was always pleasant to her. She experienced a girl's natural delight in being called lovely. Then she passed her white fingers over the bowed head.

"Has no one ever told you that you were beautiful?"

"No; I have never heard any one speak of me in that way," replied Veronica.

"Then let me tell you now," said Katherine, "you are a thousand times more beautiful than I am. But I am not jealous of you—I love you. Mine is a pretty pink-and-white, healthy, happy kind of beauty; yours is a grand, half-sad, wholly imperial loveliness. I am like a rosebud; you are like a mystical passion-flower. There are hundreds of girls like me—there can be few others like you."

"Is it really true?" asked Veronica. "Am I really beautiful? Tell me, Caterina mia—do you think that any one who saw me for the first time would like me?"

"I am sure that every one would admire you very much, and those who knew you would love you."

"It seems so strange," said Veronica—and Katherine saw a light come over her face—"so strange. I have never thought of myself in that way at all. I have often wondered if ever any one would love me."

"Did they not love you at home?" asked Katherine, surprised.

"We will not talk of home," was the reply, uttered sadly. "No; you are the first person in all the world who ever said to me, 'I love you!'"

"I am glad, yet sorry," said the English girl, slowly.

A strange light came over Veronica's face; her eyes darkened, a quiver passed over her lips.

"Yes, you are the first," she said; "and because in all my life you have been the first to say to me, 'I love you,' I swear fealty to you—I will be true to you until death—I will be a friend more than in name. If the time should ever come when, by laying down my life, I can save yours, I will do it. If the time should ever come when I can take a trouble from you, or, by suffering myself, save you from suffering, I will do it or undergo it."

Katherine was touched by the earnest, passionate words.

"How much you think of kind words, Veronica!" she said, quietly.

"Ah, you do not know! I have been all my long, solitary life without them. For years I heard but one voice, and it never addressed me kindly. No one in all this world has been so utterly alone."

"It is all ended now," said Katherine; "you have us to love you."

"Yes, it is ended," returned Veronica. "Do you know, Caterina, that I could not believe the world was fair or bright? It seemed to me impossible. I knew that the skies were blue, and that the light of the sun was all golden, but I did not understand the glory and the loveliness that seems common to you. Once, long ago, I found an old book of poems, and I read them. They were all about the beauty and passion and tenderness of life. I thought the man who wrote them—Alfieri—was mad; now I think there was some method in his madness. Do you know, Caterina—I like to give you the sweet, soft Italian name—that for long years I have never had but one thought, and that that was how soon heaven would let me die?"

Katherine caressed the dark, shining waves of hair.

"Such thoughts as those have brought all those mystical shadows into your eyes, Veronica; we must have no more of them," she said.

"Even my name," remarked the girl, "has a kind of music in it. And so you love me, Katherine? Tell me what to do for you, how to thank you, how to serve you. I will see with your eyes, I will hear with your ears. I shall go to sleep happy, I shall wake up happy, thinking to myself that some one deems me beautiful, and that some one loves me. You have brightened all my life for me by your goodness."

"I do not think it is goodness," said Katherine; "with me it is simply that I cannot help it."

"It might have been different," rejoined Veronica. "You might have been angry and vexed that a stranger should come into your home—the very heart of your home as it were—you might have received me coolly, treated me unkindly, laughed at me even because of my strange dress and strange manners—but you have been an angel of goodness to me. For that," she continued, with the sudden passion that made her so beautiful, "I will give you my life should you need it, my service always, my love if you will take it, my heart always."

They formed certainly one of the prettiest of pictures—the English girl, with her bright, fair beauty, her golden hair, her dress of white silk, her

shining jewels, her happy, loving, bright manner, and the dark-eyed Venetian, with her pale, passionate, matchless loveliness, her black robes so quaint and picturesque. Then, as they talked longer, gradually they changed attitudes; it was Veronica who became the protector, and Katherine the younger sister. Their lives had been so different, yet they were children of one father. Veronica's one wonder was the long, shining, golden hair. She never tired of caressing it, of twining it round her fingers, of praising it.

"Do you know," she said to Katherine, "that once—oh, long ago—I was arranging an old wardrobe for my aunt, and I saw a little parcel of white paper? I opened it, and inside it lay a long stress of shining golden hair so much like this. I was almost frightened at it, for it seemed to twine round my fingers as though it were living. I took it to my aunt and showed it to her. She grew so angry. 'Whenever you see hair like that,' she said, 'always pray that England may be ruined by its own gold, by the greed of its sons and the folly of its daughters.' Her words come back to my mind now as I hold this golden hair in my hands."

"They were very horrible words, and your aunt must have been wicked to utter them. What harm had the English done her?"

"I cannot tell, but she hated them. She was angry that I wished to learn English; but I would. It was strange that when she hated it I should love it. I think England beautiful. Our Venice is perhaps one of the fairest spots on earth, but everything seems brighter and happier here."

"Papa," said Katherine, that same evening, "I fancy your ward, Veronica, had been very unhappy all her life."

"I hope not," he returned, quietly.

"I feel sure of it. I have been contrasting her lot with mine. How strange it is, papa, that in this world things are so unequal! Some have so much, others so little. Veronica seems to me to have had nothing."

He made no reply, but he thought to himself that it was hard, seeing that they were children of one father. Later on he drew Katherine's golden head down and kissed her face.

"You will be kind to Veronica, my dear?" he said. "A joyless life is hard to bear."

And Katherine obeyed him, because it was impossible to know Veronica and not love her.

CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE two weeks had passed Veronica was quite at home at Queen's Chace. Lady Brandon, who had at first been inclined to look upon the whole matter as a misfortune, now began to think otherwise. She thought to herself that the next season she would be more popular than ever. She would be mother of one of the fairest blondes, and *chaperon* of one of the most beautiful brunettes. She saw that the two girls would never be rivals, their style differed so greatly, and she began to take great interest in Veronica. She went to her husband and told him that she must have *carte blanche* for Veronica's wardrobe.

"It is all very well," said her ladyship, "to look like a picture; but dressing like one is quite a different matter. Your ward must dress like other people, Sir Jasper. I suppose she can have what money she likes?"

"Certainly," replied Sir Jasper; "she is an heiress, I have told you. She must be treated as one;" and soon afterwards he placed in her hands a check for three hundred pounds. "We can arrange later on," he added, "about her yearly allowance—at present purchase for her everything that she requires."

"Her wants are legion," said Lady Brandon; "she has literally nothing, except a few picturesque old dresses that would look very nice in an old-curiosity shop."

Lady Brandon set to work at once. She knew too well the effect of dress to offer to transform Veronica into a fashionable English lady. Everything she purchased was made after some picturesque Venetian fashion, and Sir Jasper was pleased when he saw it.

"You have preserved the unities," he said to his wife, with one of those rare smiles that so altered the expression of his face.

As for Veronica herself, she could not understand such attention.

"All this for me?" she cried, when she saw the lace, the silks, the velvets, the thousand little elegancies that make up a lady's toilet—fans and slippers, gloves and sunshades.

Then Sir Jasper brought her some superb jewels—a set of rubies that suited her dark loveliness, a set of corals, and a suite of diamonds. The girl raised a wondering face to his when he showed them to her.

"Why do you do all this for me?" she asked.

He looked down at her. She was looking at him with dead Giulia's lovelit eyes.

"Why?" he repeated. "Because I am your guardian. You will know more some day."

She took his hand and kissed it in her strange, impulsive fashion.

"You are very good to me, and I am very grateful," she said.

But it seemed to him that Giulia's lips had touched him. He shrank back, pale and trembling.

"Never do that again, child," he said—"never again."

She glanced at him quickly, not understanding. How should she?

"Have I vexed you?" she asked. "I am sorry, for you are so kind."

"You have not vexed me, Veronica," he said. "Why should you have done so? English people are unused to showing emotion—you startled me. I am pleased that you like the jewels. I shall be glad to see you wear them when your black dresses are laid aside."

By the middle of December, Veronica was quite at home. How she loved Katherine! She had a strange, vague, undefined sentiment about Sir Jasper—a feeling that even she herself could not understand. She was grateful to Lady Brandon; she would have done anything for her. But it was Katherine whom she loved—the beautiful, dainty, capricious young heiress—Katherine, who had been the first to love her. There was something almost pathetic in the way in which she followed her

about and waited upon her. She would have served her almost on her knees. She watched her every look, waited for her every word. Lady Brandon was greatly amused by it, Sir Jasper was pained.

She had been introduced to most of their friends and neighbors; the beautiful Venetian girl whose face was a study, whose voice was like music, was admired by all who saw her. She went with Katherine to all the balls, the soirées, the parties in the neighborhood, where they reigned as queens. There was no shadow of jealousy, no rivalry between them. How could there be when Veronica worshiped her brilliant young sister?

So Christmas came, and it was, as usual, kept up in right good English style at Queen's Chace. Every man, woman and child on the estate was the happier for its coming, and richer. Sir Jasper was most liberal. The friends he had invited came, and amongst them was Alton, Lord Wynleigh, who had decided not to leave Queen's Chace until he had won the hand of its heiress. He conquered, after a few days' hard siege; the lovely, willful girl had plighted her troth to him, and he knew that she would keep it sacred until death. It was a pretty love-story, coming to a crisis on Christmas Eve, as he held her under the mistletoe and demanded the forfeit.

"Give me something else, Kate," he said. "A kiss from you is indeed a favor, but I want something more."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I want your love, your promise to be my wife, your troth-plight. I want you, my darling, to be my own for ever and ever. What do you say?"

The sweet, flushed face drooped before his, the blue eyes could not meet his own, the sweet lips opened, but he did not hear the faint whisper that came from them.

"Kate," he said, "what do you say? You know, my darling, if I thought you did not love me, I would go away now from out of the light of your sweet presence, and I would—well, I should be worth nothing all the rest of my life. You see, Kate, you are a great heiress—that makes all the difference."

"What difference does it make?" she asked.

"Just this—that, if you were not a great heiress, I would make you love me. I would clasp you now in my arms and kiss you until you said 'Yes,' but—"

"But what, Alton?"

"If I urged you too much, and prayed and begged of you, as it is in my heart to pray, you might think I cared about your fortune; but I do not."

"I am sure you do not," she replied.

"My darling," he said, drawing her nearer to him, "you trust me; you shall see that your trust is not in vain. Will you be my wife, Kate?"

The answer this time must have satisfied him, for he kissed the lips on which it trembled, murmuring words that were sweetest music to Katherine.

"I shall work for you, Kate," he said—"my Kate, the bonniest Kate in Christendom. I will not ask you to marry me until I have made a position worthy of your father's daughter. I have led a useless life, but it shall be useless no more. I will work for you. Men shall never say I married an heiress for her money. Kate, your sweet love has made a man of me. To-morrow will be Christmas Day, and in the morning I shall go to your father and tell him. Will he give you to me, Kate?"

"I hope so," she replied, quietly. "He would do anything to make me happy."

That was why Sir Jasper sat on Christmas morning, as the gay bells were ringing, with saddened eyes and darkening face, while the great heart of the world beat with joy. Lord Wynleigh had waited upon him to make his formal request for his daughter's hand. Sir Jasper listened kindly—he had a great liking for the gallant, handsome, young lover.

"What am I to say to you, Wynleigh? My daughter has many suitors. I should like her to marry the one she loves best."

"That is myself, Sir Jasper," he replied, proudly.

Sir Jasper smiled.

"You think so? Well, there is one remark I must make. So far as regards 'worldly goods' you are certainly not the most eligible lover."

"Never mind that, Sir Jasper," said Lord Wynleigh. "I know it, and am going to remedy it. Do not imagine that I am saying to you, Give me your daughter now, at once—my hands are empty, but she will fill them. It is not that. I say, give me the hope of one day calling Katherine my wife, and I will set to work at once. I will make such a name that I shall not be ashamed to ask her to share it. Will you say 'Yes,' Sir Jasper?"

"You speak bravely. You are sure my daughter loves you?"

"Kate says so," the young man replied, "and she never speaks falsely."

"Then I give my consent," said Sir Jasper. "But Katherine is too young to marry yet. She must wait a year or two. The child is but just seventeen. Come back in two years' time to claim her, if in the meantime you have made a position for yourself. I do not care that you should make money, but I do care for the other."

"I will do it, Sir Jasper," he replied, "and you will help me. I shall study under you—help me with your influence. There is a borough vacant now. Help me to place my foot on the first rung of the ladder, and I will never cease until I reach the top."

Long after Lord Wynleigh had left him, Sir Jasper sat silent and motionless, listening to the sound of the joy-bells—listening to the music and laughter which filled the old Chace. What was he to do? When the sanguine young lover left him, dark and bitter thoughts came to him. He was an Englishman, with the hatred of all fraud and deceit. What could he do? He could never allow Lord Wynleigh to marry Kate under the impression that she was heiress to the grand domain of Queen's Chace and Hurstwood. She was not so in reality. All his broad lands belonged by right to his eldest child, the beautiful dark-eyed Veronica. Before Lord Wynleigh married Katherine

he must know the truth. Sir Jasper rose from his seat.

"I am a brave man and a strong man," he said; "but I would rather face death than tell my story now."

It seemed so far away to the middle-aged statesman, the story of his youth—the mad love that had altered his whole life. It would be profanation to him to hear Giulia's name mentioned now. He could imagine the sneers, the comments, that would follow. The Opposition journals would be sure to get hold of it and hold up to public ridicule the one treasured poem of his heart. He could not bear it. Come what might, he would, he must, keep his secret yet a little longer; and in the meantime he would have his will prepared—a will in which the truth should be told, and Queen's Chace, with all the broad lands round Hurstwood given to his daughter Veronica. At the same time he would put all the papers that went to prove her identity into one packet, and give them to her. Why, because her mother was dead, should he rob her of her birthright? What could he do to atone to her for her long, cheerless youth; her cold, joyless life? He could not defraud Giulia's child. If he could have divided the inheritance, all would have been well; but that was impossible. In the Brandon family, when there was no male heir, the eldest daughter succeeded to the barony, to the title and estates; and there had been several baronesses. Therefore, the inheritance must go to his eldest daughter. That was Veronica.

What would those proud Valdoraines—the proudest people in England—say to him when they heard that Katherine was not his heiress after all? Katherine Brandon's name was known all over England. Sir Jasper was at a loss. His sense of justice and his love of right, his love and his pride, his honesty and his sensitive reserve, were all at war. There was but one gleam of comfort. The marriage between Lord Wynleigh and Katherine would not take place yet. Some unforeseen combination of circumstances might take place before then.

"It is not quite the kind of marriage that I expected for Katherine," said Lady Brandon, when her husband sent for her to tell her. "Still I shall make no opposition—there is a chance, as you know."

"What chance?" asked Sir Jasper.

"They tell me that the young marquis is not only very unsteady, but that he is certainly in declining health," said Lady Brandon. "If it should be so, then Alton will be Earl of Woodwyn. That would be a high position—I should be quite satisfied."

"My dear wife," remarked Sir Jasper, "no good comes of hoping for dead men's shoes."

"I am not hoping for them," said Lady Brandon; "I am merely saying that it would be an excellent thing for Katherine."

"Veronica," said Katherine, "come to my room when you go to dress for dinner. I want to tell you something."

And when Veronica went in she started at the beautiful vision. Katherine stood before her in a low dinner-dress of white silk, trimmed with glowing crimson holly-berries, her white shoulders and arms gleaming like pearl, a diamond cross on her white breast and diamond stars in her golden hair. She looked like a dream of beauty. Veronica kissed the pretty shoulders and the white arms.

"How beautiful you are, my darling!" she said. "You look like the spirit of Christmas. Now I see how beautiful Englishwomen can be."

"I am always beautiful in your eyes, Veronica," she replied.

They were standing side by side, Katherine all bright and radiant; Veronica, in her pale, passionate beauty, in a long trailing black dress. The contrast between them was startling.

"I have something to tell you, Veronica," she said. "Never mind admiring my dress, never mind my diamonds—look at my face."

"I am looking at it, my darling," returned Veronica.

"Does it tell you anything?" asked Katherine, with the low, sweet laughter of perfect content.

"Only that it is the dearest face in the world," replied Veronica, kissing the laughing lips.

"Veronica," said Katherine, "whom at this moment should you consider the very happiest girl in all the world?"

"The very happiest of all? Oh, how could I tell?"

"I will tell you. It is myself, Katherine Brandon. And can you guess why I am so happy? It is because—oh, Veronica, how shall I tell you?—it is because some one whom I love very much loves me—me, you understand, Veronica—not my fortune, not Queen's Chace, but me—loves me—and has asked me to be his wife."

"His wife," repeated Veronica, softly. Katherine, the laughter-loving beauty, was suddenly invested with an importance in her eyes which was marvelous. "How wonderful—how strange!"

"Nay, it is not strange, Veronica. I love him—he loves me. Can you guess who it is?"

Slowly the dark eyes wandered over the bright face; and then said Veronica answered:

"It must be Lord Wynleigh."

"Yes," said Katherine, simply, "it is Lord Wynleigh; and I am not one of the happiest, but the happiest girl in all the world. Nevertheless, I tell myself that such great joy as mine cannot last—that a time will come when I must suffer and weep and grieve as other people do. Will it be so?"

She looked wistfully at Veronica as she spoke. "I have read," she said, "of ships safe enough to sail in when the sea is calm, but sure to sink when the storm comes on. I think I should be like one of those ships—I should go down in the first storm."

"We will hope, then, that a storm will never come," put in Veronica. "If it depended on me there never should," she added. "Still there is one thing that I can safely promise you—one thing that I will do. If ever it lies in my power to save you from sorrow, I will do it; if it ever lies in my power to give you happiness, I will give it to you."

And the time came when the memory of those words weighed down the balance in which she held both lives.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science.—The officers for the next meeting, which is to take place at St. Louis on the third Wednesday of August, 1878, are as follows: O. C. Marsh, New Haven, President; R. H. Thurston, Hoboken, Vice-President of Section A; A. R. Grote, Buffalo, Vice-President of Section B; H. C. Bolton, Hartford, General Secretary; Francis E. Nepper, St. Louis, Secretary of Section A; George Little, Atlanta, Secretary of Section B; William S. Vaux, Philadelphia, Treasurer; Auditing Committee, Henry Wheatland and Samuel H. Scudder.

A New Destructive Insect.—During June and July the red and white pine-trees show, by their pitch exuding, that they are attacked by an insect. The wounds usually appear on the main stem below the point where a branch starts. On cutting into the bark the larva will be found which has caused the injury. The larva makes furrows by eating on the inner side of the bark. With young trees the bleeding which it causes sometimes kills the tree, and is always injurious. In July the worm spins a whitish gray cocoon within the exuding pitch. The moth comes forth in from ten to fourteen days. The insect attacks foreign as well as native pines. Professor Grote suggests that the only remedy is to cut off the bleeding branches as fast as observed.

Dialyzed Iron.—The new iron remedy, which is preferred to any other, is supposed to be an oxychloride, and as it is prepared by aid of dialysis, is known as dialyzed iron. It is made by precipitating ferric chloride with diluted water of ammonia, washing the ferric hydrate, dissolving it in a solution of ferric chloride and placing the result in a dialyzer. Nearly all of the chlorine passes through the membrane in the form of a chlorinated compound, leaving a soluble colloidal ferric hydrate, which is the highly prized medicine. As it contains some chlorine, it seems probable that it is in the form of an oxychloride. Dialyzed iron is precipitated by various salts. With arsenical preparations it acts with great rapidity, and appears to be a better antidote to the poison than freshly precipitated oxide. It forms a clear, neutral, very deep wine-colored liquid, free from taste and astringency, and can be diluted to any extent with pure water.

Photography without a Camera.—The original drawing is made on tracing paper. Sheets of unsized paper are then dipped in the dark, first in a bath of solution of the red prussiate of potash and then dried. The traced drawing is laid upon the dried sheet, a sheet of glass put on top as a weight, and the whole affair exposed to sunlight for a short time. All parts of the prepared paper will turn yellow from the change in the light of the red to the yellow prussiate, except where the lines of the tracing cut off the light. The paper is now to be laid face downwards on a bath containing the sesquichloride of iron, taking care not to wet the back. Immediately all the surface, except the lines of the drawing, will become an intense blue in consequence of the formation of Prussian blue. The lines of the drawing will remain white. The print must now be thoroughly worked to free it of the unchanged red prussiate. The addition of citric acid to the bath of red prussiate and of hydrochloric acid to the sesquichloride of iron quickens operations.

A Remarkable Case of Heterophemy.—The alleged claim of M. Borelli to share in the discovery of the Moons of Mars arose out of a misapprehension. M. Faye, in preferring the claim before the French Academy, made the queer mistake of speaking of the discovery as made by Professor Watson, instead of Professor Asaph Hall. That was strange enough, but it was not the only mistake of M. Faye. It seems there is a controversy about the discovery of one of the minor planets—No. 175—between Professor Watson, of Ann Arbor, Mich., and M. Borelli, of Marseilles, France. Professor Watson saw the asteroid two days earlier than M. Borelli, but the latter was the first to determine its character. M. Faye had the facts about this controversy in his mind, and got them unaccountably entangled with Professor Hall's discovery of the Moons of Mars, perhaps because M. Borelli has been successful since Professor Hall's announcement in seeing one of the satellites. But M. Borelli makes no claim to the priority of discovery of the satellite. The whole matter is simply the worst case of heterophemy on record.

Death of Fox Talbot.—William Henry Fox Talbot the chief discoverer of photography on paper, died in England September 21st, 1877, in the 78th year of his age. He was a man of remarkably diversified talents and left numerous publications to testify to his industry. In 1834 Mr. Fox Talbot, antecedent to the discovery of daguerreotype, commenced a series of experiments looking to the taking of pictures by the action of light. He was highly successful, and to him we are indebted to the use of paper and the discovery of gallic acid as a developer. Daguerre had found in the vapor of mercury a proper agent for bringing out the image on the silver plate, and Fox Talbot discovered in gallic acid an equally potent agent for images on paper. In his "Pencil of Nature," published in 1844, he has related the steps by which he was led to the discovery of the photographic art, for which he received, in 1842, the medal of the Royal Society. Of late years Mr. Fox Talbot has devoted himself to the task of deciphering the cuneiform inscriptions obtained from the East. He at one time represented the Liberal interest in Parliament.

The Death of Le Verrier.—M. Le Verrier, one of the most distinguished astronomers of Europe, died in Paris, September 23d, 1877, at the age of sixty-six years, having been born March 11th, 1811, at St. Lo, in Normandy. In his early years he made some chemical investigations and published two essays on the compounds of phosphorus, but his interest was soon absorbed by mathematical studies, and he obtained an appointment in the Polytechnic School. In his twenty-eighth year he produced two memoirs upon the motions of the planets Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus, and in 1846 was admitted to the astronomical section of the French Academy of Sciences. Shortly after his election he began the researches which were destined to add a new planet to the solar system and to bring him imperishable fame. He was engaged in studying the orbit of the planet Uranus, the deviations of the orbit of which had been attributed solely to the attractions of Saturn and Jupiter. Gradually he became convinced that the form of the orbit of Uranus could not thus be explained, and by refined mathematical analysis he found that the conditions of the problem could be met by the supposition that a planet outside of Uranus exercised an attraction upon it. He calculated the position of the hypothetical planet and announced to the Academy of Sciences that at a certain point in the heavens, at a certain time, the new planet might be found. Within less than four months a German astronomer found the planet, subsequently called Neptune, in the place indicated. No event in the whole history of astronomy has ever caused so great astonishment; it was everywhere hailed as among the greatest triumphs of science. Honors were heaped upon M. Le Verrier by all the scientific academies of the world. In 1853, on the death of Arago, M. Le Verrier succeeded to the position of Director of the Observatory at Paris, a post which he held with a short interval until the time of his death. His health is supposed to have been prostrated and his death hastened by the extraordinary mental labors recently undertaken in computing the probable orbit of intra-Mercurial planets, the discovery of which he predicted. M. Faye is spoken of as the probable successor to the position of Director of the Observatory.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CHRISTINE NILSSON is learning to sing in German.

KING ALFONSO will be married on the third anniversary of his accession to the throne.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has conferred the degree of Doctor of Civil Laws on Charles Darwin.

PRINCE IBRAHIM HELMI, son of the Khédive, is in London studying for the entrance examination to Woolwich.

SENATOR WITHERS, of Virginia, has a daughter called Virginia Secessia Withers. She was born on the day Virginia seceded.

ONLY TWO of Ralph Waldo Emerson's classmates at the Boston Latin School survive, Josiah Quincy and George S. Hillard.

EUGENE DE MALUTINE, a lieutenant on board the *Scutella* during the recent visit of the Grand Duke Alexis, was lately killed on the Danube.

BISHOP E. M. MARVIN, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, died at his residence in St. Louis, of pleuro-pneumonia, November 26th.

MISS SMITH, daughter of Lord Beaconsfield's First Lord of the Admiralty, has distinguished herself by passing the highest examination in her studies.

GENERAL KLAPKA, of Hungary, invariably wears the classic national costume at home or abroad, regardless of modern fashions. It is very showy.

ENGLISH PAPERS announce that the Hon. Wyndham Stanhope has married Miss Camille Dubois, a former vocalist and actress of Lydia Thompson's company.

A FINE PAINTING of Henry Wilson by Mrs. Fasset, of Washington, has been bought by the Boston wholesale boot and shoe dealers, and it is to be hung in the association room.

THE POPE has accumulated a fund of \$6,000,000, which is held by Tortonia and some French and Brussels bankers, for the pay of ex-pontifical soldiers and officials, and divers other purposes incidental to the Papal interest.

TODLEREN is now regarded in the Russian army as the right man in the right place, and all his old Crimean prestige has been restored to him. He still enjoys vigorous health and campaigns actively on horse-back.

KING ALFONSO wants the Spanish Cortes to vote him money enough to get married with. He intended has more than enough for both, but his pride will not allow him to marry her as an impecunious bridegroom.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, of Frankfurt, leads Herr Krupp, the great cannon founder, in the current year's revenue tax-list of the German Empire. The baron's tax is \$17,100, and Krupp's \$15,750. A Silesian mine owner ranks third, with \$15,300.

EX-KING AMADEUS recently gave \$2,000 to the poor of San Remo on the anniversary of the death of his wife. His love for her memory is quite phenomenal, and this subsidy is based on the fact that she loved the poor and the poor loved her.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS and other English ladies have started the Great Western and Parisian Laundry Company, with a capital of \$25,000. An eminent physician will weekly inspect the apparatus. The washerwomen sleep on the premises.

THE NINETEEN-YEAR OLD daughter who presides over Senator Cameron's household is of commanding stature, a perfect Juno in face and form. She superintends the education of her five brothers and sisters, attends state dinners, and sits with dignity at the head of her father's table.

DR. BAXTER LANGLEY, the English agitator, the champion of the working classes, the defender of their social rights, who has devoted his life to the cause of the oppressed, has gone to jail for eighteen months for swindling in connection with the Artisans' Dwelling Association of London.

THE EX-EMPEROR Eugénie thinks that the chances for re-establishing the Empire are now very slight, and blames De Fourton for his bad management. She also complains bitterly of the extortion practiced upon her in causing her to spend heavy sums towards manipulating the late elections.

THE ASSAULT UPON Fort St. Nicholas, in Shipka Pass, was led by an Englishman, Major Campbell. At the head of a battalion of eight hundred men he took the fort and held it for six hours, and then had to retreat. Of the eight hundred men only five, besides the major himself, returned to the Turkish lines.

MARSHAL MACMAHON looks very old, and that worried look that he has always worn seems to have become intensified. The Duke de Broglie is aristocratic-looking, but has a weak, inane face. M. de Fourton is his exact contrast; a round, bulldog head, a thick, black beard, a physiognomy altogether coarse, and an expression as of an unscrupulous and daring schemer.

THE ILLNESS which led to the death of Professor Orton was brought on by the failure of his plans for exploring the country watered by the river Beni. The Bolivians engaged to protect the expedition, and paid in advance, mutinied in a fortnight after the expedition left Trinidad, the capital of the Department of the Beni, and, after threatening Professor Orton, left, carrying away half the provisions and one of the canoes, with its crew.

THE KING OF HOLLAND has determined upon contracting a morganatic marriage with a dramatic star of small magnitude, known on the boards by the name of Mile. Emilie d'Ambre, for whom the King has obtained from a neighboring serenity the title of Comtesse d'Ambroise. It is to enjoy a life of domestic happiness with his beautiful young wife that his Majesty has acquired a hotel in Paris, to which he is sending his art-collections and other treasures.

ADELINA PATTI has been singing in Milan. Upon being interviewed by a local reporter, she stated that London and Vienna were the two capitals she preferred, Paris being hateful to her on account of her sufferings there ever since her unfortunate marriage with the Marquis de Caux. She denied the report of her being a millionaire; the law had given almost all her earnings to her late husband, although she had taken an appeal from the sentence. The Diva professed herself delighted with the gay life of Milan, her father's native city; but all her enjoyments are now somewhat marred by a constant fear that she may lose her voice.

REV. J. N. GLOUCESTER, of Brooklyn, one of the wealthiest colored men in the United States, has unsuccessfully applied for admission to the lectures of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of that city. Mr. Gloucester is nearly sixty years of age, unmistakably of African descent, and evidently far from ashamed of it. His father was the first colored Presbyterian minister in the country, having studied theology while a slave with Rev. Dr. Blackburn, who brought him to Philadelphia, where he organized the First African Presbyterian Church in 1807. Four of his sons received collegiate educations, and entered the ministry in churches which they had organized.



SPECIAL NAVAL DETACHMENT, UNDER LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GREEN, U. S. N., SEARCHING THE BEACH FOR DEAD BODIES.

THE WRECK OF THE "HURON."

SEARCHING FOR DEAD BODIES ALONG THE BEACH.

AN expedition to form a camp of observation near the wreck of the United States sloop-of-war *Huron*, and search for dead bodies, left Norfolk

on Tuesday, November 27th, under charge of Lieutenant-Commander James G. Green. Six of the surviving seamen of the *Huron's* crew were added to the party for the purpose of identifying the dead. Camp-equipage and provisions for a lengthened service were taken along. Early in the morning of Wednesday the dead bodies of Captain Guthrie,

Superintendent of Life-Saving District No. 7, Lieutenant Simons, a corporal of marines, nine sailors and four colored men were washed ashore at a point five miles north of the Signal Service Station at Kitty Hawk. They were shortly after buried. The same morning the life-saving crews launched a boat and succeeded in reaching the wreck, to

which a line was taken from the shore. The bodies of Charles Carson, landsman, and Thomas Armstrong, sailor, were found lashed to the bowsprit, and were brought ashore. Another storm was brewing all day. Divers were in readiness to go to work as soon as calmer weather appeared. The beach is well patrolled night and day by seamen.



ARRIVAL OF THE SURVIVORS AT THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD DEPOT, WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 27TH.



SURVIVING OFFICERS EXPLAINING THE DISASTER IN THE OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, NOVEMBER 27TH.

NORTH CAROLINA.—THE WRECK OF THE UNITED STATES SLOOP-OF-WAR "HURON," OFF KITTY HAWK, NOVEMBER 24TH.

marines, and members of the life-saving crews. On Thursday the wind changed, and there was a good prospect of clear weather and calmer water; rough breakers, however, prevented any operations on the wreck. The bodies recovered strewed the beach for fifteen miles from the scene of the wreck in a haphazard. Up to midnight twenty-six bodies had been recovered.

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 27th, William P. Conway, master; E. T. Warburton, cadet engineer, and Lucien P. Young, ensign, all of the *Huron*, arrived in Washington, and after dining proceeded to the private office of the Secretary of the Navy. At the time of their call, Mr. Thompson was attending a session of the Cabinet, and while awaiting his return, these survivors explained the incidents connected with the disaster. Mr. Conway used a map of the locality in describing the accident and the ensuing scenes of terror. On the arrival of Secretary Thompson he examined the survivors privately.

The theory of the disaster held by the surviving officers, and one in which the officials of the Navy Department seems to agree with them, is that a temporary but strong surface current, caused by the wind, was setting in toward the shore all along the beach north of the point where the vessel struck; and that while—according to compass bearings and soundings—they should have been ten miles off shore, they had been slowly making leeway, and running in toward the land. A sharp lookout had been ordered for the Body Island light, and, had the weather not been so thick as to render the sight of this beacon impossible, their peril would have been discovered and their course changed. So far as can be learned, the officials of the Navy Department are not disposed to attribute serious blame to any one for the disaster. The entire responsibility for the choice of the time of sailing, as well as for the course which the vessel was supposed to be taking, rests upon the shoulders of her commander. Yet, acting upon the information accessible to him, it is considered that in both these matters his course was the one which most experienced navigators might have taken, and that the inshore current, which it is held caused the disaster, was a thing not to have been foreseen. If the vessel had gone further out she would have had to make headway directly against the Gulf Stream, while by keeping inshore she had in her favor the southerly counter current, of which vessels bound for Cuba usually seek to take advantage.

Mr. Warburton paid an excellent tribute to the condition of the engines. He says that for at least one hour after the ship struck, the engines and all their dependencies were in good working order. After she bilged and got further over, the fires were hauled from one set of boilers, and continued to work with the remaining set pumping out the ship and working the engines. The working of the engines for so long after the ship struck is regarded as excellent evidence of the efficiency of the machinery, and the strength of the ship. Mr. Loomis had charge of the engineers' watch at midnight, but the chief-engineer and all the engineers' officers were on duty in the engine-room from the time the *Huron* struck until the order passed for all hands to leave the engine and fire-rooms, which was at 2:15 A. M.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

A CARD FROM STEINWAY & SONS.

NEW YORK, NOV. 10th, 1877.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

THOUGH a year has elapsed since the close of the Centennial Exhibition, the official reports of the Judges of Awards have not yet been published. In the meantime the advertising columns of the newspapers—yours included—have teemed with falsehoods regarding the reports.

In the pianoforte trade the subtleties and dangers of fictitious awards, totally unlike the originals, have been claimed and advertised as genuine; manufacturers of inferior rank have asserted that they were first in merit, and tables of fraudulent figures have been invented and insisted upon as the sure index of superiority. One manufacturer has published an alleged interview with one of the Judges, which, although denied by the Judge himself, and by him protested against and branded as spurious, is still circulated by the originator and his agents throughout the country.

Several American Judges were amazed to find that certain reports, which, after protracted discussion, had been rejected and not signed, were being published with the judicial signatures of all the Judges, some of their names being quoted as authority for tables of fraudulent figures given. They were not willing, by silence, to become parties to artifice and fraud, and permit the public to be longer misled, and at once determined to right the wrong that was being done. Entering into correspondence with all their American and foreign colleagues, a disposition was met to join in any movement that would tend to give the public correct information regarding the awards, and which maker exhibited the best pianos. After months of correspondence the following certificate was united upon by them, and is herewith submitted to the public:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that the pianofortes of MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS, comprising Concert and Parlor Grand, Square and Upright, exhibited by them at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, presented the greatest totality of excellent qualities and novelty of construction, and in all points of excellence they received our highest average of points, and accordingly our unanimous opinion concedes to MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS "highest degree of excellence in all their styles."

This conclusive document, now in our possession, bears date July 28th, 1877, and is signed by the following distinguished gentlemen, Judges of Group XXV., Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876:

Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.; Professor University of Glasgow, Chairman of Group XXV. of Judges of Award.

E. LEVASSEUR, membre de l'Institut; Professor at the College of France and at the Conservatoire of Arts and Crafts, etc., Paris.

PROF. JOSEPH HENRY, LL.D.; Director of the Smithsonian Institution; Chairman United States Light-house Board; President National Academy of Sciences. Residence, Washington, D. C.

F. A. P. BARNARD, S.D.T., LL.D.; President Columbia College, New York; Juror on Instruments of Precision at Exposition: Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873.

JAMES C. WATSON, M.A.; Professor of Astronomy, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor; Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Leipzig, Germany, and Yale College; Secretary of Group XXV.

PROF. J. E. HILGARD, United States Coast Survey; Member National Academy of Sciences. Residence, Washington, D. C.

GENERAL HENRY K. OLIVER, B.A., M.A., Chairman Class Jury on Musical Instruments, Group XXV.; Composer of "Federal-Street," etc.; State

Treasurer, Massachusetts, 1861-66; Chief of Mass. State Bureau of Labor, 1869-72; Mayor City of Salem.

GEORGE F. BRIT-TOW, eminent composer: Member N. Y. Philharmonic Society; Professor of Music N. Y. Public Schools.

JULIUS SCHIEDMAYER, Counselor of the Chamber of Commerce of Wurtemberg; Knight of the Order of Franz Joseph, Austria; Order of Iron Crown. Residence, Stuttgart.

ED. FAYRE PERRET, Commissioner from Switzerland; eminent manufacturer. Residence, Locle, Switzerland.

In the above certificate it is stated that the pianofortes exhibited by STEINWAY & SONS "received the highest average of points." The basis of the pianoforte awards or reports were the figures made by the judges when the examinations were held. Each pianoforte was judged as to Tone, Quality, Equality and Touch. The highest figure, which indicated perfection, was 6. If, then, each of the four examining judges gave 6 for Tone, 6 for Quality, 6 for Equality, and 6 for Touch, the total would be 24 for each judge, or a grand total of 96, than which no higher number could be reached. After all the pianos had been examined, the figures were tabulated for each instrument, and the reports were written, to express in words as nearly as possible the degree of merit which the figures indicated. The judges in their original reports having awarded to STEINWAY & SONS "the highest degree of excellence in all their styles of pianos," it is evident that the figures on the STEINWAY instruments must have been the highest, and such is the fact.

The following are the figures as originally made, copied by the examining Judges from their notebooks, to the accuracy of which they have certified over their own signatures, which certificate is now in our possession:

RATINGS ON THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES.		
96	on Square Pianos, out of a possible	96
96	on Upright Pianos, out of a possible	96
96	on Parlor Grand, out of a possible	96
94	on Concert Grand, out of a possible	96

OR A GRAND TOTAL AVERAGE OF 95½ OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96,

being not only far above all other competing pianofortes on each and every style, but presenting a result never before achieved by any piano manufacturer at any world's fair.

The public is cautioned against tables of figures advertised by several unscrupulous piano manufacturers, for which no authority whatever can be produced, and which have been contradicted and declared false and fraudulent by the Judges themselves. Their certificate shows, among other things, that a certain New York Manufacturer, who has for more than a year boldly claimed 95 out of a possible 96 on one of his styles of pianos, fell several points below that figure, and his total average reached 90½ only. His Square Pianos ranked third, and his Parlor Grand were actually classed fourth only.

We submit these facts to the impartial judgment of the public, and beg to add that the above mentioned certificates may be seen at any time at our water-rooms.

Respectfully Yours,

STEINWAY & SONS.

FUN.

ARE young lovers who can't elope necessarily melancholy?

WHEN a man is "rooted to the spot" by fear, does he branch out before he leaves?

FIRST IRATE FEMALE—"I'd hate to be in your shoes!" Second ditto—"You couldn't get in them!"

PATRONS of the turf, though not always wealthy, are generally considered men of large race-horses.

If your furs ever get worn down short, whip them with forty rods, for forty rods is said to make a fur-long.

If a man reap whatsoever he soweth, what a harvest of coats and breeches the tailor will have one of these days!

In Spain at a dinner party the oldest lady is always seated first. In other words, she is the senior-eater of the occasion.

At this stage in the proceedings, would it not be in order to talk of Hewitt's pop-corn measure as the "Hominy-bus Bill"?

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher in Albion, N. Y., asked her class the question: "What did Simon say?" "Thumbs up!" said a little girl.

A CHINESE lawyer has been admitted to the London Bar. He will, no doubt, be able to Chin-essly enough when the proper time comes.

"WHICH is the healthier, Oolong or Hyson?" asks a correspondent. That's a question which we don't care to teacup at the present time.

"YOU'RE a smart fellow," sneeringly said a lawyer to a witness. "I'd return the compliment were I not under oath," responded the witness.

HE was bound to be accurate, and he thus described the woman's costume: "She wore a suit of something or other, cut bias and trimmed endwise."

JOSH BILLINGS says he knows people who are so fond of argument that they will stop and dispute with a guide-board about the distance to the next town.

"LIFE is but a dream—a fleeting dream—a— Just then some one stepped on his corns, whereat he exclaimed, with oburgations, "and the dream has fled."

THE Czar now controls the Russian, the Roumanian, the Bulgarian, and the Serbian races. A monarch who thus holds "Four 'aces" in his hand ought to win, we should say.

FAITH is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock; but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer.

"WHAT do you think of this new process of killing bees by dynamite?" asked a London butcher of a scientist. "Don't know," was the reply; "but if you've any good beef killed that way, and would ask me to dynamite give you an opinion."

THE most wholesome and genial of all stomachics and correctives, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, produces an immediate and most beneficial change in the condition of the patient. The whole digestive system is at once invigorated and soothed, the liver regulated and toned, the bowels relieved of all obstructions, the spirits cheered and the relaxed nerves strengthened and steadied.

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

MARS' MOONS.

WHEN the telegraph announced the discovery by Prof. Hall that our neighboring planet had two satellites, and the dispatch was read the next morning at ten thousand American breakfast-tables, what think you was the effect upon the hearers? Some colloquy similar to the following was sure to occur: "Mars has two moons, hey? Pass me the milk, Kitty. Strange, isn't it, that astronomers never saw them before. Another chop, please. I wonder what they'll discover next? These corn-cakes are excellent. What's the latest from Europe?" We have become so accustomed to startling discoveries and announcements, that we take them as a matter of course. Even truth must appear in flaming colors to make herself seen. The virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets have been tested in ten thousand households, whose inmates will tell you that they consider the discovery and the introduction of these remedies of far greater importance to the world than the moons of Mars.

SHIPMAN, Ill., June 13, 1876.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:
Dear Sir—Last fall our daughter—aged 18—was fast sinking with consumption. Different physicians had pronounced her case incurable. I obtained one-half dozen bottles of your Golden Medical Discovery. She commenced improving at once, and is now as hardy as a pine knot.

Yours respectfully,

REV. ISAAC N. AUGUSTINE.

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

Ex-President Martin Van Buren was made comfortable by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.

The Revolver advertisement in this issue is not that of the Western Gun Works, but of G. W. Turner & Ross, an old established and reliable firm.

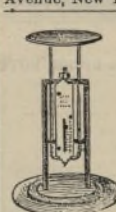
Patrons of a first-class hotel justly consider themselves entitled to comfortable rooms, a bountiful bill of fare, and courteous treatment in the office. All these, combined with a notable degree of elegance throughout, are to be found at the Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co., 591 Broadway, New York, opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalithoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

WANTED!

WE want ten smart, ambitious young men, with a little capital, whether in business or not, who wish to increase their income, to engage themselves in a sure business, paying 100 per cent. profit. Two hours every evening at your own home is all the time required. \$1,000 per annum guaranteed to capable parties. Correspondence solicited. Address, "MANUFACTURER," 4 Murray St., New York. Refer to Frank Leslie's ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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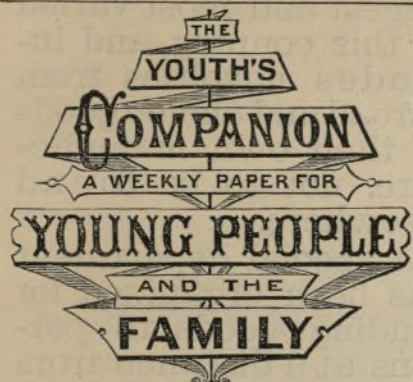
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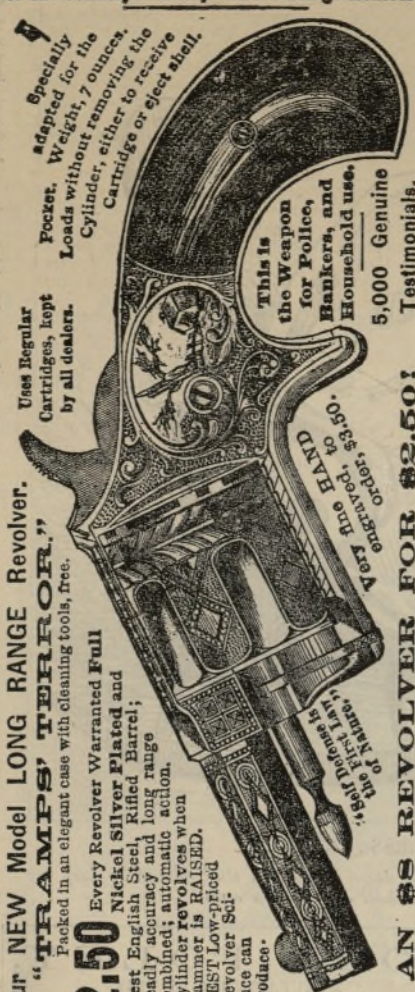
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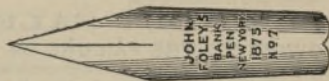
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