

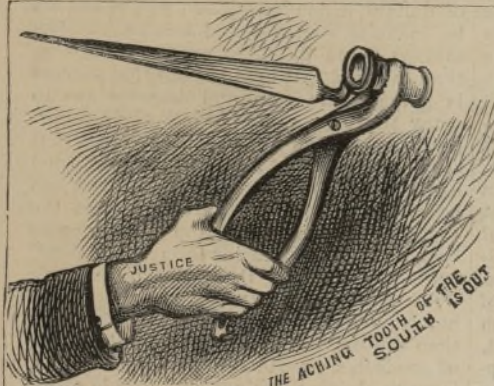
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

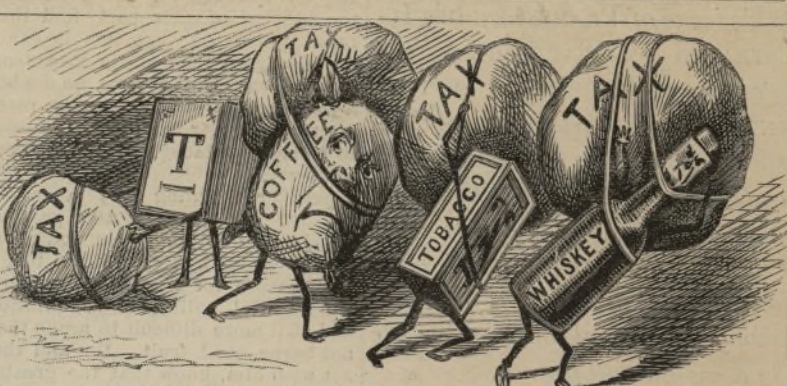
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The discontinuance of the use of the army for the purpose of upholding local governments was a much needed measure for the restoration of local self-government and the promotion of national harmony.

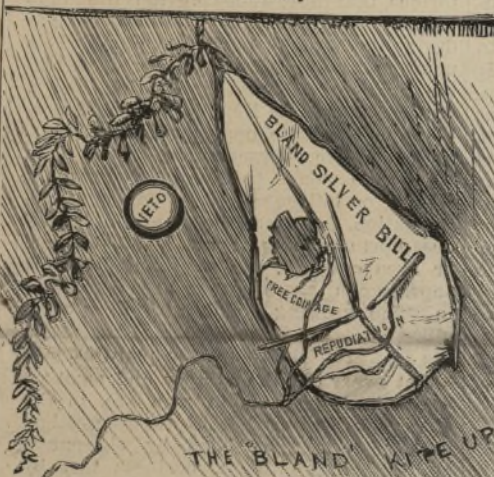


I believe such a rule as to the tenure of office should obtain as may induce men of proper qualifications to apply themselves industriously to the task of becoming prodicients.



COFFEE & TEA TAKING UP THE BURDEN.

By the substitution of a tax on tea and coffee all forms of internal taxation may be repealed, except that on whisky, spirits, tobacco and beer.



THE "BLAND" KITE UPSET

To require the public creditors to take in repayment any dollar of less commercial value than the gold dollar would be regarded by them as a repudiation of the obligation.



An attitude of just and impartial neutrality has been preserved, and both the Russian and the Turkish Governments have shown an earnest desire to adhere to the obligations of all treaties with the United States.



THE COMMERCE OF OUR COUNTRY

The commerce of the United States with foreign nations, and especially the export of domestic productions, has largely increased, but the greater portion of this trade is conducted in foreign vessels.



THE "WORLD" REFUSES

Any attempt to pay the national indebtedness in a coinage of less commercial value than the money of the world would involve a violation of the public faith and work irreparable injury to the public credit.



It has been the custom of the United States, when changes of government have occurred in Mexico, to recognize the de facto Government as soon as it should appear to have the approval of the Mexican people.



I concur with the Secretary of War in recommending that authority be given that all companies of infantry be at least fifty men, and all batteries of artillery at least seventy-five men, with power in case of emergency to increase.



The Government of the Samoan Islands has sent an Envoy in the person of its Secretary of State, to invite the Government of the United States to advise and protect their independence.

TOO MANY MINISTERS FROM MEXICO

SCHOOLS FOR THE INDIANS

SEC. McGRATH'S MESSAGE



The present unfinished condition of the monument, begun so long ago, is a reproach to the nation.

EDUCATION IS THE BEST POLICY

To aid the Indians in whatever efforts they may make to support themselves, and by the establishment of schools to bring them under the control of civilized influences.

PRESIDENT HAYES'S FIRST MESSAGE—ITS IMPRESSION ON THE MIND OF OUR CARTOONIST.

"The Country is to be congratulated on the appearance of the first Presidential Message that, for many years, has not violated the Constitution nor the rules of Rhetoric."—SENATOR BAYARD.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1877.

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

Our Christmas Supplement.

In accordance with a good old usage, we shall publish with next week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a brilliant sixteen-page CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT, of the full size of the newspaper, profusely illustrated and devoted exclusively to Christmas Tales, written, by express arrangement, by several of the most distinguished novelists of the day. Among the special contributors for this occasion will be—

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, author of "A Man Without a Country";
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Fashion and Famine";
MR. R. J. DE CORDOVA, the celebrated humorous lecturer;
MISS ETTA W. PIERCE, author of "The Tinkard of Benedicere," etc., etc.;
MR. N. ROBINSON, author of "The Last Plunge for a Pearl";
MR. W. E. McCANN, author of "The Church Tower's Secret";
MR. JOHN G. RAYMOND, author of "The State Bedroom";
MRS. W. H. PIERSON, author of "Who Breaks, Pays";
and Mr. JOSEPH HOWARD, Jr.,

who will contribute a sketch, entitled "A Christmas Dinner in Paris in 1881; or, Reminiscences of the New York Ring." All the above stories will be beautifully illustrated by the most celebrated American artists, and the combined issue will comprise the most elegant and entertaining illustrated periodical of the season. The price of the Paper, with Supplement, will be only FIFTEEN CENTS. Our patrons are requested to order it from their newsdealers promptly, as the demand promises to be unusually large. FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, during 1878, will contain, in addition to a large variety of new and valuable features, a full record of the great Paris Exposition. Now is a favorable time to Subscribe to it, and no more tasteful or desirable Christmas present could be bestowed on a relative or friend than a Year's Subscription to the oldest and best illustrated journal published in America. Newsdealers will do well to send in their orders at the earliest possible date for the Christmas Double Number.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THE first annual Message of President Hayes, which was submitted at the opening of the regular session of Congress, has been received with unusual favor at home and abroad. It is a document which deals, in plain, unpretentious language, with the affairs of the nation, and commends itself to the public by its honest

endeavor to do justice to all sections. For the first time in many years a President of the United States seems to feel that he is the Chief Executive of all the people, and not the partisan tool of the leaders who pushed him into office.

Naturally the Message opened with a survey of the Southern field. The heat of political passion has centered there, and an organized effort has been made to keep up sectional agitation, and prevent the progress of conciliation. On this point the President has taken no steps backward. On the contrary, he affirms his belief that the policy of pacification is bearing good fruit in a better state of feeling between blacks and whites, as evidenced by the entire cessation of strife and outbreaks. The greater part of our citizens of all political parties will agree with him in saying that this policy steadily tends to "the restoration of harmony and goodwill, and to the complete protection of every citizen in the full enjoyment of every constitutional right." Even the moderate Republicans confess this to be true, and the bigoted of their party find their only relief in saying that this is exactly the ground that a Democratic President would have taken. This is true, no doubt. It is a matter in which Mr. Hayes rose above his narrow party limits, and the country is to be congratulated that he had the courage to do so.

Senator Conkling may affect to have his ire excited over the past sorrows of his colored friends in South Carolina, but he would find it difficult to give any good reason for refusing to adhere to the Presidential policy of conciliation now, and still more difficult to prove that it has not borne good fruit. He, and those who act with him, know that the greatest misfortune which could befall the Southern States would be the restoration of carpet-bag rule, with its attendant thefts and wholesale plunderings. There is no danger, therefore, of any serious criticism of the patriotic stand taken by the President.

In reference to Civil Service Reform, the Message reproduced the opinions of the President as expressed in his inaugural address and subsequent acts. The firmness of purpose manifested in the face of so much hostility gives good hope that partisan opposition will soon be completely overthrown, and that the country will be gladdened by the sight of the removal of men who have only used their official positions to promote the machinery of party, and the installation of upright, honorable officials, whose entire time and talents will be devoted to the public good.

In a manly way the President has recognized the Constitutional requirement for the advice and consent of the Senate in regard to appointments, but he has not surrendered his prerogative of nomination, nor has he given the slightest hint that he intends to do so. If he continues firm on this point, as he seems inclined, he will be sustained by the good sense of the country. People are wearied with political favoritism and personal gratuities in the shape of offices, and they desire to see nominations made with regard to nothing but fitness and character. President Hayes has started out so well in this regard, that we believe he will persevere, even though he has to ignore the entire race of carpetbaggers, and make his selections for the Southern States from the men who once rose in rebellion but are now staunch friends of the Union.

Upon the question of finance, Mr. Hayes has spoken with great decision and correctness of judgment. This is the vital question of the hour, and any mistake must have been disastrous. There is no hesitation in the declaration he has penned, setting forth the "delusion" there is in any hope that relief can be obtained for the business of the country by "an issue of silver coinage, to pass as legal tender, at a rate considerably above its commercial value," and insisting that, in case silver is remonetized, there must be "a firm provision exempting the public debt heretofore issued and now outstanding, from the payment of the principal or the interest in any coinage of less value than the present gold coinage of the country." Holding these opinions, the President cannot sign the Bland Silver Bill, or the Anti-Resumption Bill, for the former would certainly "involve a violation of the public faith and work irreparable injury to the public credit," and the latter would prove a serious check to our operations in funding the bonds at a low rate of interest. There seems never to have been any real danger that the President would be led away by the Silver delusion or the Inflation insanity; but it cannot be denied that his silence has given rise to a great deal of anxiety. It was well known that these heresies had spread at the West and the South, and that the State of Ohio was unsound in its financial views; and people dreaded lest the infection might have reached the White House. Happily all fears are now set at rest, and the country is saved the possibility of any stain upon its honor by the

non-fulfillment of its promises. The public credit is safe. There is no combination in Congress that can override a Presidential veto.

These are the three chief points in the Message, and for the rest it can be said that its language was equally plain and frank, and that the suggestions were generally good. Mr. Hayes protests against any reduction in the Army, in view of Indian wars and serious troubles on the Mexican border, but it might have been better yet had he advised that the Army be raised to the standard proposed by General Sherman, and not left to be the laughing-stock of the Sioux warrior and the Mexican guerrilla. The recommendations in regard to the Indians are good, if there is any probability of their being carried out. There is little to be hoped from the Indian agents. They are carpetbaggers in the worst sense of the term. As a rule, the Indians are not the first to break a treaty, but they only make war after repeated robbery and gross injustice. If the agents can be made to act justly, it will be a miracle; but the general opinion is, that the interests of the red men are safest in the hands of officers of the regular army. In regard to the threatening condition of affairs on the Mexican border, the President speaks with considerable determination, though without any disposition to find opportunity for proclaiming hostilities against Mexico. Neither the Cabinet nor the country can desire a war with any Power, and it is best to avoid complications; but a system of reprisals may possibly bring our quarrelsome neighbors to their senses, while at the same time it protects the property of our own people on the Rio Grande. Such seems to be the opinion of the President, and the public will give it their cordial approval. The United States ought to be strong enough by this time to have unbroken peace on its borders.

The Message is satisfactory in its outlook upon the foreign world. It deprecates the struggle in Cuba, but sees no cause to break our friendly relations with Spain. It cautiously avoids recommending a protectorate to Samoa, though that distant principality knocks at our doors for a haven of safety from European aggressions. At all other points there is perfect harmony in our diplomatic relations. Looking at home, upon our material interests, Mr. Hayes finds abundant cause for congratulation, and for looking to the future with faith in our "manifest destiny." Taking these points, and those in which we have specially dwelt, into consideration, it cannot be denied that a fair measure of praise is due to President Hayes from men of every political name for the patriotic determination with which he has administered the affairs of the nation. It would be churlish to deny, or to affect to deny, that the future is full of promise. A partisan in the Presidential chair might have wrought infinite harm to the country by prolonging sectional strife and driving corrupt bargains for office, or a headlong enthusiast might have increased our debt by plunging into war with Mexico or Spain. Extremes have been carefully avoided, the public credit has been systematically sustained, the peace has been unbroken at home and abroad, and for this we have reason largely to thank the man whose Message has been under review. Fortunate is the nation that has such a prospect spread before it as met the eye at the opening of the American Congress.

CITY AND COUNTRY CHANCES.

WITH the advent of Winter comes the grand exodus from the country to the city of those who have either become dissatisfied with the monotony or hardships of country life, or have become impressed with the idea that in the city rapid success, boundless wealth or illimitable pleasures await only the grasp of the seeker to be secured, without special effort on the part of the would-be recipient. To the venal mind a certain halo of glory and attractiveness has always made life in the city a grand something too wonderful to imagine of, too fanciful to be real. The city is the promised land, which even to see is worth the labor of a lifetime.

The visitor from the city is an exalted being, to be admired and wondered at. His visit is the spark that awakens the whole neighborhood for miles around from its lethargy, and excites the interest and curiosity of all its occupants, and at length becomes one of the traditions that marks a new epoch in the life of each. Every incident is dated a certain number of days, months or even years before or after the visit of So-and-so from New York, or somebody else from Philadelphia; men die by it, children are christened by it, girls are betrothed by it, and couples are married by it.

The whole life of the village rustic is often one of longing to visit the city, or become a city resident. If he have relatives living in the city, he manages in some way to visit them, and in many in-

stances the slight vision that he sees of city life is enough to for ever unfit him for his old life on a farm, or in a village store. To the city he must go, and when there, he loses sight of his old surroundings and affinities, and though his lot may be a hard one, and he may feel the gnawing tooth of hunger, and experience the bitter pangs of poverty, nothing can induce him to leave the bustling, busy whirl of city life to return to the monotony and humdrum of his former life.

In the light of the past four years of business depression and general distress experienced in every city of this country, as well as in Europe, it would seem that the scales must have fallen from the eyes of our country brothers, and the rough and uninviting features of metropolitan experience have become as familiar to them as they are to every one whose life has been spent within its distracting influence. But such is not the case, or, if it is, knowledge of the cruel facts has failed to destroy the delusive fancy. The thousands who have fallen from affluence to poverty, the millions of dollars which have been swallowed up in financial ventures and business undertakings, have failed to teach the lesson, that, in the city, it is but few that success is given, while ruin and disaster are to many the only result of all their labor, perseverance and life-work. The fact that all our large cities are vastly overcrowded has long been evident, and, while there has been a steady flow of arrivals from the country, there has during the last few years been a tide of emigration towards the West, made up largely of those who have never lived outside of city limits, and whose hands have never experienced harder work than the driving of a pen or the handling of goods in a mercantile house. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, divines, and people of all professions, have helped swell this tide of emigration; but it is a fact, only too notorious, that those whose previous life in the country has fitted them most fully for enduring the hardships of a new pursuit in a new locality are but feebly represented in the ranks of Western emigration. In a metropolis, such as New York, for instance, there is but little opportunity for talent, ability, or even perseverance. That some who have come to New York without friends or influence have managed to win reputation, fame, and even the fickle goddess Fortune, is true; but had the same, or even one-half, the energy and almost superhuman perseverance been expended in some growing country town, or quiet village, how much greater would have been the reward of their superior qualities.

But every day the sterner and most-to-be-admired qualities in man are, in the city, losing somewhat of their prestige. Smartness is superseded by sharpness, ability by shrewdness, business tact by cunning. The person coming to the city, hoping, by the talent which he knows himself to possess, or by the constant application which he is willing to give to his business, to win success, finds that his talent is useless without influence to back it; that his application is of no avail without the aid of trickery, either his own or some one's else, to advertise it. In the city all is hurry and turmoil; every one has his own road, along which he is hastening, with the one purpose of getting ahead of his fellow-man, and gaining the goal of wealth or position first. No one extends the helping hand to his weaker brother; it is only by the fall of the weak that the strong can hope to win. It is to the fool the wise owe their wisdom; it is to the distanced that the winner owes his success in the race. Where every one has his own interest in view, and that to the exclusion of every possible interest of any one else, the finer feelings of man must be more or less blunted, and charity must be thrown aside as only an incumbrance in the grand race for life. To a person from the country the first experience of the relations of man to man, in the city, and the selfish rules that govern the conduct of each one, must, to say the least, excite a peculiar sensation. He must find it difficult to realize the wonderful difference that exists between the life just opening before him and the one upon which he has just turned his back. It can only be that the excitement and strangeness of the former blinds him to the deformities that exist therein, else it is difficult to account for the fact, that, notwithstanding the many and great disadvantages which present themselves to the new comer upon the busy stage of city life, so few of them are discouraged, or return to the more quiet, but less selfish and delusive, privacy of country life.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY.

THE idea of establishing a grand National University at Washington, or elsewhere, is pretty nearly as old as the Republic. President Hayes has drawn new attention to it by recommending in his Message careful consideration of the plan on the part of Congress, which he urges thereby to "realize the cherished hopes of Washing-

ton on the subject." Washington was, as everybody knows, a warm friend of education, and willingly consented to hold during the last years of his life the Chancellorship of William and Mary College, in Virginia, the institution which had given him his commission as surveyor. But not every scheme commended by the Father of his Country in the eighteenth century is feasible in the last quarter of the nineteenth. The City of Washington itself has never realized the dreams of its founders; its magnificent Capitol still faces the wrong way, and the general rawness of the city does not wear away year by year. If it is hard to create a city, even with the enormous influence which centres around a national capital, it is still harder to manufacture a national university. A school of sound learning must grow, like an oak. Harvard and Yale had but hundreds of dollars at their foundation when Cornell and Johns Hopkins had millions; and yet neither President White nor President Gilman is sanguine enough to hope that, with the abundant means at his command, he can purchase the prestige or the men that distinguish Harvard and Yale, or even smaller and poorer colleges like Dartmouth and Williams. It is true that many of the great Continental universities are situated in national capitals, and the Frederick William University at Berlin has made rapid strides in the race with Göttingen, Bonn and Heidelberg. But London, for instance, is a national capital in a sense not true of Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna, and yet its modern university is at best an humble rival of Oxford and Cambridge.

Washington is inferior to New York in population, in importance as a publishing centre, in the richness of its libraries, in its scientific and art collections, in its convenience of access and in its facilities for furnishing cheap lodgings; and yet New York, with its three regular colleges, one of which is enormously wealthy, has found itself a less important academic centre than Cambridge or New Haven, or even country villages like Princeton or Ann Arbor. A good college, essentially, is a body of capable instructors, teaching students by the aid of adequate apparatus. These, money will buy; but the non-essential elements of studious tradition and love of learning for learning's sake are no less important or real. A hundred millions of dollars could not set up a new Harvard in Kokomo, Indiana, or a new Yale in Waco, Texas.

The existing institutions give adequate instruction and suitable facilities not only in the ordinary college course, but also in professional and post-graduate study. There are some four hundred institutions calling themselves "colleges" or "universities" in the country already. We venture the statement that three hundred of them give the degree of Bachelor of Arts to persons less fitted for it than the graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy or the Boston Latin School. Nothing, absolutely, save prestige and tradition keeps our oldest and best institutions in their struggle to preserve a decent standard of scholarship. The Squedunk University and Female College gives to youths who have studied algebra and Latin grammar precisely the same degree bestowed by Harvard upon young men who have taken extra elective courses in Sanskrit and quaternions. Nearly every State Legislature has a "university" on its hands; and every denomination takes up annual collections in its churches for some one of its many colleges. Should the National Government go into the business, it would find, at best, after fifty years' time and the expenditure of a sum of money equivalent to the entire endowment of our ten first colleges, that it was giving elementary instruction to a body of young men, mostly from the District of Columbia, who were entirely without definite ideas concerning their wishes or tastes, and could be much better provided for elsewhere. What we want, in all conscience, is not one more university, but three hundred and fifty less. In these times of rapid travel a college to a State is a large enough ratio. It is not convenient to kill existing institutions, but donors and States may sternly refuse to start any new ones.

A well-meaning rich man dies. He leaves \$100,000 to found a college in his native town, which the grateful trustees call after his own name. The town, with difficulty, subscribes \$25,000 more; \$75,000 is spent for buildings, and with the remaining \$50,000, the income of which is \$3,000 a year, the new institution tries to compete with its venerable neighbor, ten miles away, which has an endowment of \$500,000 and a faculty of thirty men. This \$125,000 is virtually wasted, when, if given to an established university for a building, or, better still, for an endowed professorship, it would have been a welcome relief just in the right place. In a college a large amount of money must be spent in foundation work; a little sum at the top is often more useful than five times the amount at the bottom. We cannot conveniently take from those who have little, but we can with wisdom give to those who have much.

THE SUGGESTIONS OF THE SEASON.

OF all the year, the period now near at hand is held to be the season of gladness and rejoicing. The approach to the beginning of a new year is made through the portal of Christmas, and the beginning of a new year is somewhat like the beginning of a new life. It would be, if the old life did not so cling to it and project itself into it. But, then, the new old life starts forward with the strongest motives to faith and cheerfulness opened full upon it. Both heaven and earth exhibit their tenderness to us. The story of the Cross is then told to listening hearts, and this anniversary is to Protestant, Catholic and Greek the ladder on which bright hopes mount and make fellowship with things in heaven. The story is that of affection not general, nor stunted, nor weak, nor unworthy—one the basis of the hope of an immortal destiny. What are the troubles of the past, the troubles that still impend over us, in view of such a destiny? What are separation and losses and pain and deprivation? We live in our souls, and if the mind may have a lofty joy while the body passes through the fire, it has the motive of it here. And then the season, naturally enough, is full of earthly tenderness. Being under the smile of heaven, we demand likewise the smile of friends. From Thanksgiving Day through Christmas to New Year's and beyond, human sympathy is quickened and happiness is poured into the laps of many cheerful homes. The stories that are now told tend to disconnect the mind from its business routine, and fancy plays amongst the ghostly, the mysterious, the horrible, making friends of all, and dissociating us from our purblind preoccupation with the customary, the compulsory and the sordid. The song and the dance, the jest, the feasting and the rioting have been inseparable from Christmas celebrations since the earliest times. Very early social distinctions were ignored on these festivities between rich and poor, save that the rich were expected to make good cheer for the poor. And the festival lasted from All Hallow Eve to Candlemas, or at least from the beginning of November through the first week of January. This season was presided over by a "lord of misrule" appointed for the occasion, and became in fact a carnival in its abandon of enjoyment of the good things provided for food, drink and animal comfort. The Christmas festivities, however, have never been free from the religious emotions due to their origin.

With all the feasting and rioting and mischief-making of the season, there has been the tenderness of a common humanity, the closer bond of the family union, and the union with heaven, ever uppermost in significance, whereas the carnival itself, although more evidently a churchly festival with all its relaxation from business, its parade of excess of joy, free abundance and scattering of bright trifles, exhibits only the reluctance of the animal to enter into the penance of abstinence in the Lenten season which succeeds the carnival. And so evident is this and so devoid of any ennobling or endearing sentiment, whether relating to human or divine affairs, that notwithstanding its relation to the season of Lent, it is conceded that it is one of the instances where ceremonies thoroughly pagan in their origin and their meaning have been adopted by an unpagan Church. The source of the carnival is probably the saturnalia of the Romans, as the saturnalia was when it lost its original significance of harvest-home celebration at the end of the year, and became mere revelry. It is a fact to be remarked that the season of saturnalia coincided almost precisely with the date now long fixed upon as Christmas—embracing five days, beginning with the seventeenth of December. Feasting and revelry then prevailed, and, no doubt, like those of Christmas-tide in early modern times, were limited by the capacity of the gourmand only. No business was done, and social distinctions of rank were for the time abolished. The custom of giving presents to children also formed part of the saturnalian festivities; and perhaps (we do not know) they had their Santa Claus, or Knecht Rupert, to distribute them to the little Romans. We are only certain they had no nursery rhyme beginning "It was the night before Christmas," for Christmas did not dawn upon the world until many hundred years after the saturnalia was so celebrated in Rome; and Kriss Krinkle, if he had gone there from some cold climate like ours, would have found no chimneys to go down, and no bedposts and no stockings to put his wares in. And where are those little sandaled, or, more likely, bare feet now? They are very likely pacing the same shining streets or reclining on the same beds of asphodel with other little feet which many of our readers now remember they have laid peacefully away from all their Christmas gambols now and for the coming Christmas-tides that shall come and go before we go out to seek them in the unknown dark way

in which they have ran away from us. And the older boys and girls we wish were here, the boys and girls of much older growth. And those who were always old to us and revered, and who sat at the head and the foot of the Christmas board—where are they? Ah, this our Christmas is not a carnival. It is too tender, too sacred—must we say it—too sad.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

"FROM GOTHAM TO THE GOLDEN GATE."—The above work, an illustrated narrative of a railroad excursion across the Continent, by Mrs. Frank Leslie, has just been published by G. W. Carleton & Co.

JUSTICE HARLAN INSTALLED.—On the morning of Monday, December 10th, Judge Harlan was installed as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Between eleven and twelve o'clock General Harlan met the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States in the robing-room and was cordially received by them. After the oath was taken Mr. Harlan left the place where he had been standing and, passing in the rear of the Judges, took the seat formerly occupied by Associate Justice Hunt on the extreme left, the latter now occupying a seat on the right. The Judges rose and bowed to their new colleague.

A RUSSIAN SUCCESS.—On December 9th the Russo-Romanian troops possessed themselves of the Turkish stronghold of Plevna. After a severe engagement before Plevna, Osman Pasha, who was wounded, surrendered unconditionally. The Turks in Plevna were dying of hunger and cold. Osman Pasha attempted to break through in the direction of Widdin. He was attacked in front and rear, and was compelled to lay down his arms after a glorious struggle, in which he was seriously wounded. All, with one voice, praise his conduct. It is reported that the Turkish Council of State has determined that Christians shall hereafter be eligible to the Governorships and other administrative functions of the Turkish provinces. It is believed that the speech from the throne opening Parliament will announce this resolution.

CHINESE CHEAP LABOR.—The Governor of California in his Message last week to the Legislature referred to the Chinese question, to the effect that the presence of the Chinese there has initiated an irrepressible conflict; that if the right of unlimited immigration is conceded to the Chinese, there is danger of their civilization overriding our own, provided that they are protected under the provisions of the treaty; but there is imminent danger the conflict will become so sharp that the Government will be unable to secure to the Chinese the protection to which they would be entitled both by the treaty and the laws of humanity. In view of this contingency, he says, it is the plain duty of the United States Government to secure the abrogation of the provision of the treaty permitting unrestricted Chinese immigration.

THE IRONCLAD OATH.—A Bill has passed the House of Representatives to abolish the so-called ironclad oath, which was required to be administered to every person elected or appointed to any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States, either in the civil, military, or naval departments, the President of the United States alone being excepted. It is not likely that the repeal of the law requiring the oath will meet with any serious opposition in the Senate. And thus one of the last monuments of the Rebellion existing in the statutes of the Republic will disappear. Possibly, as the New York Times says, some may see in the obliteration of this provision a certain fitness of things. It may be said that it is a part of the policy of conciliation; or it may be fancied that the existence of the law upon the books is a continual reminder to certain gentlemen that there was a time when they were outside of the pale of American citizenship. But, aside from all sentimental considerations, it may as well be admitted that the statute is a dead letter. The ironclad oath does not exclude anybody from the civil, military, or naval service of the country. It is only administered to those who can honestly swear that they have never given aid or comfort to the Rebellion. All others are permitted to walk around it.

THE RETORT DOCUMENTARY.—President Hayes made a strong point against the anti-civil service faction on December 6th, when being interviewed by a New York delegation of Republican Congressmen who desired the reappointment of Messrs. Arthur and Cornell. The President, the story goes, told them that he would be glad to get rid of all the appointments, and that if the Constitution had only given the power of making them to the Senate and House of Representatives he would be very glad. He then, report goes on, drew out a copy of the Cincinnati platform and read to them the fifth resolution in a manner which suggested to them that they had forgotten something besides the Constitution. This fifth plank reads as follows: "Fifth.—Under the Constitution the President and heads of departments are to make nominations for office, the Senate is to advise and consent to appointments, and the House of Representatives to accuse and prosecute faithless officers. The best interests of the public service demand that these distinctions be respected, that Senators and Representatives who may be judges and accusers should not dictate appointments to office. The invariable rule for appointments should have reference to the honesty, fidelity and capacity of appointees, giving to the party in power those places where harmony and vigor of administration require its policy to be represented, but permitting all others to be filled with persons selected with sole reference to efficiency of the public service and the right of citizens to share in the honor of rendering faithful service to their country."

THE MEXICAN FRONTIER.—Judging by his responses before the Military Committee of the House

on December 6th, General Ord is not so desirous of provoking a collision with Mexico as he has been represented. General Ord, like all the other witnesses who have spoken on the subject, is inclined to give the Diaz Government of Mexico credit for good intentions in regard to preventing cattle raids from Mexico into Texas. He exhibited an article from a recent number of the *Diario Oficial* of Mexico, stating that two divisions of 4,700 men of the regular army had been dispatched to the Rio Grande, under Generals Trevino and Canales; that a third division of 2,000 men would follow, and that this force would be sufficient to guard against Indian incursions into Mexico, as well as against any project of invasion on the part of volunteers from the United States. General Ord does think that the presence of these Mexican troops on the frontier will be likely to cause any collision between the authorities of the two countries, particularly if any good feeling is cultivated between the officers. He says that if he were in command of a party of United States troops that had crossed into Mexico, and if he were to meet a like party of Mexican troops, he would engage to have the Mexican officers dine with him the same day. To a playful inquiry as to whether it would be in the capacity of guests or prisoners, he said he would give them their choice, and he had no doubt they would prefer the good dinner to a fight. He thinks that the reinforcements now on their way to Texas will increase his command to 5,000 men, of whom three-fifths will be cavalry, and that that force will be amply sufficient.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

PROCEEDINGS in the attempt to break Commodore Vanderbilt's will were resumed before Surrogate Calvin.

In Baltimore a number of railroad rioters were sentenced to imprisonment, varying from three to eight months.

THE German Savings Bank of Chicago suspended on the 7th, and application was made for a receiver.

THE cashier of the suspended Savings Bank at Reading, Pa., was arrested, charged with embezzling the funds of that institution.

DURING the week ending Saturday, December 8th, the price of gold in New York City ranged from 102½ to 102¾ and 102½.

PRESIDENT HAYES announced to a committee of ladies that he would favor a constitutional amendment permitting woman suffrage.

In a caucus of the Republican Senators charges were made against Sergeant-at-Arms French, and a committee was appointed to investigate them.

RICHARD B. CONNOLLY, ex-Comptroller of New York, in a suit brought by the people for swindling, confessed judgment for over \$8,000,000.

DR. LAMBERT, late President of the broken American Popular Life Insurance Company, was placed on trial in New York City, charged with perjury.

GENERAL ORD, commanding the Department of Texas, was examined at Washington. He believes Diaz to be the best President Mexico has had for many years.

GOVERNOR IRWIN, of California, advocated the abrogation of the treaty between the United States and China permitting the unlimited emigration of Chinese.

THE Legislature of Virginia convened December 6th. In his message, Governor Kemper protested against any movement looking to the repudiation of the State debt.

RECEIVER SMALLEY of the broken Clairmont Savings Bank of New York City charged its late President, Mr. Broadwell, with perjury and gross mismanagement.

THE court-martial called to investigate the charges against Colonel David Perry, the hero of the early part of the Nez Percés war, completed its labors by fully exonerating him.

GOVERNMENT officials and army officers anticipate another Indian war. It is believed that the Sioux who broke from Red Cloud's band are raiding the Black Hills, and outrages throughout Dakota were reported so serious that General Crook was ordered to the relief of the settlers.

A NAVAL court of inquiry was organized to Washington, D. C., to investigate the loss of the sloop-of-war *Huron*. The body of the late Commander Ryan was buried at Boston, that of Lieutenant Palmer at Washington, and that of Lieutenant Simons at Brooklyn, December 6th.

In the United States Senate, on December 1st, the Committee on Privileges and Elections reported in favor of seating Mr. Enstis, from Louisiana. The Deficiency Bill was reported and passed, and a Bill for the relief of sufferers by the wreck of the *Huron* was presented. In the House the last Bill was passed. Shortly before noon on Monday, 3d, the special session came to an end, and at noon the regular Forty-fifth Congress convened. The President's Message and the department reports were read, and the Senate, in executive session, confirmed a number of Presidential nominations. The Senate was not in session on Tuesday. In the House, Bills remitting the tax on alcohol used in public institutions for preserving specimens, repealing the law requiring members to subscribe to the "ironclad" oath, and removing the disloyalty disqualification from jurors, were passed. On Wednesday there was no meeting of the Senate, and no business was transacted in the House. The Vice-President announced the standing committees. In the Senate, on Thursday, J. B. Hawley was confirmed as Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury. A long list of nominations was received from the President. On Friday, the Bill for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck of the *Huron* passed the Senate, and both Houses agreed to a resolution providing for a recess from December 15th to January 10th.

Foreign.

THE Pope sent his thanks to Queen Victoria for her liberality in permitting the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland.

EASTERN war news last week indicated advantages for the Turks. It was reported that Mehmet Ali had repulsed the Russians at Kamari, that the Turks had captured Elena, a town nineteen miles southeast of Tirnova, and also the fortified post of Popkoi.

M. DUFAURE agreed to act as a mediator between President MacMahon and the Republican Deputies, and set about forming a new Cabinet. At the last accounts it appeared that the President had withdrawn from the independent position he had held for several months, and was willing to make a compromise in the interest of peace.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 259.



ENGLAND.—OFFICERS PRACTICING WITH HAND-GRENADES AT CHATHAM.



TURKEY.—READING NEWSPAPERS ALOUD IN A STAMBOUL CAFÉ.



TURKEY.—COLONEL CHEBINS KILLED, WHILE LYING WOUNDED, AT DOLNY-DUBNIK.



ENGLAND.—"CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE" IN THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.



ENGLAND.—SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM DURING THE TRIAL OF THE LONDON DETECTIVES.



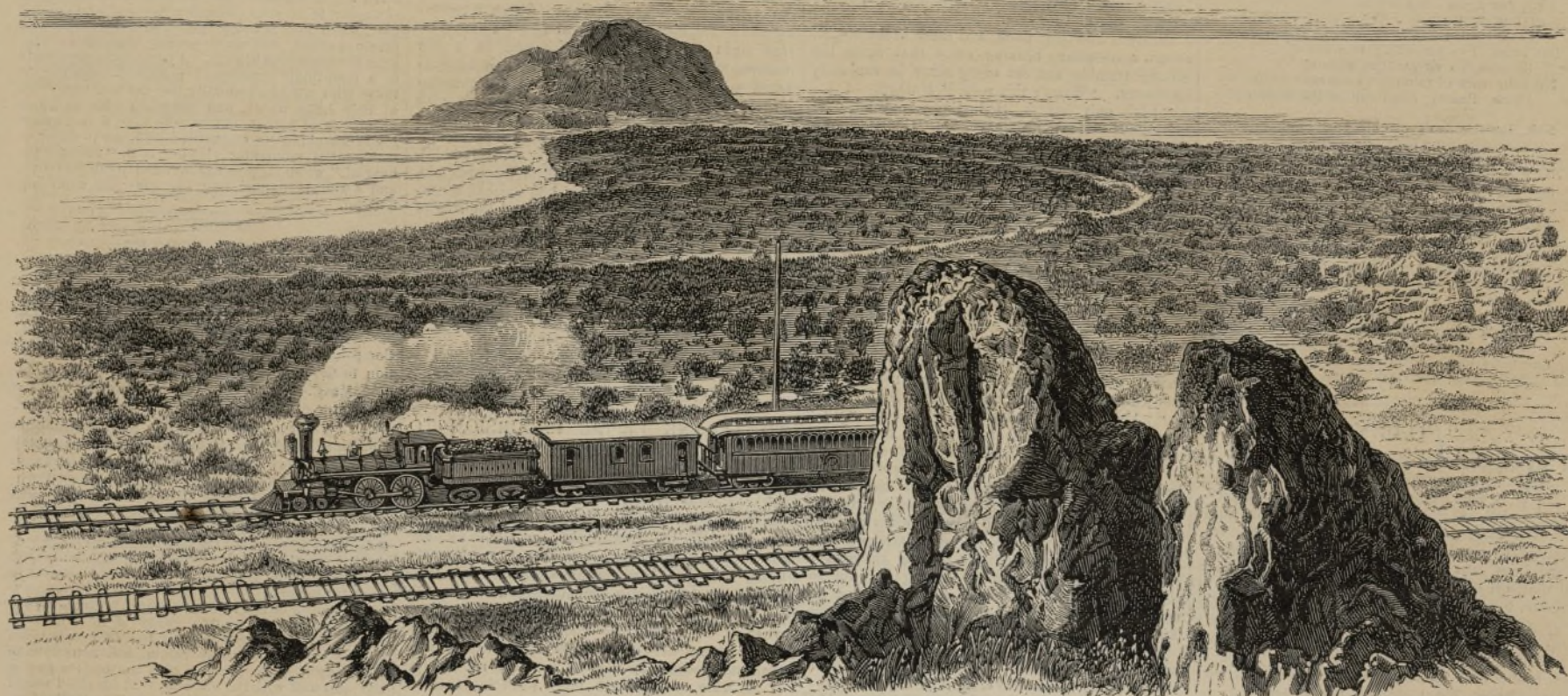
BULGARIA.—DISTRIBUTING CLOTHING TO TURKISH REFUGEES AT SHUMLA.



BULGARIA.—RUSSIAN ARTILLERY CROSSING THE RUTCHITZA.



IRELAND.—PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN TO MR. GLADSTONE.



MONUMENT ROCK, AT THE NORTH END OF GREAT SALT LAKE



LAKE POINT, A SUMMER RESORT FOR THE CITIZENS OF SALT LAKE CITY.



PROFILE ROCK, LOOKING EAST FROM BLACK ROCK HOUSE.—THE WAHSATCH MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—A PARTIAL CIRCUIT OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE ON THE UTAH WESTERN RAILROAD.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 258.

A FOND REQUEST.

NOW, Ronald, you know that I love you; You know that my promise is true; And I think there is nothing more pleasant Than leading the German with you. But listen, I've something to whisper, Be sure 'tis no perilous warning, Put your fears all to rest, 'tis a simple request; Please, Ronald, don't call in the morning.

Now, Ronald, don't wrinkle your forehead, And open your eyes like a goose; Don't try to look rueful or horrid, My love, it will be of no use. One can't arrange puff, braid, and ringlet, With only half a minute's warning, And when *déshabillée* one really can't say One longs for a call in the morning.

Besides, mamma thinks it is silly, And surely dear mamma must know, For she's been a leader of fashion These thirty odd seasons, or so. Don't talk of simplicity, dearest; What's beauty without some adorning? One looks like a fright after dancing all night, So, Ronald, don't call in the morning.

"NOBBINS."

"WELL," said Mr. Chummer, knocking out his pipe against the spittoon, and taking a final melancholy sip at his tumbler—we are in the smoking-room of the Equinoctial Hotel; a dusky, underground place, frequented by gentlemen of the sock and buskin—"well, you may talk about the claims of art and all that sort of thing, and the drama as a school of culture, but, if I'd my time over again, I should drop all that and go in for nobbings. You don't understand. Well, I'll explain. A good many years ago," continued Mr. Chummer, "being at the time out of an engagement, and at dead low-water, Calker, the theatrical agent, sent for me and asked if I would mind going down for a night to take the 'Robber Chief' at a popular *fête* somewhere in the north—Rubblesfield, I think, they called the place—a temporary theatre in the grounds; Miss Macall, of the Theatre Royal, Manchester, and other talent, to support me. Terms, five guineas and expenses. The five guineas were there chinking in Calker's hands. That settled me; for at that moment I did not know where to look for a shilling, the wife ill in bed, the cupboard bare, and the landlady bullying for rent. I mention this just to show you what a temptation it was that handful of ready money. Anyhow, I agreed to go that day week, a Saturday. The five guineas down; expenses after the performance.

"You may know how quickly a fiver dries up after a good long drought, and when I reached King's Cross Station one misty, raw morning, there was only just enough left to pay my fare third-class to Rubblesfield, and a few shillings for casualties. But then there were expenses to come, so that it would be hard if I did not come back next day with a pound or two in my pocket.

"As we came near Rubblesfield all the dead walls were covered with huge posters—'Royal People's Park,' with a great picture of a red balloon in a blue sky, and underneath, in huge letters, 'Mr. Harry Nought's terrific ascent'; a good deal smaller, 'Mr. Charlton Chummer, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, etc., etc., London'; bigger again, 'The Breakdown Troupe of Ethiopian Minstrels, late of St. Jingo's Hall, London,' and other attractions.

"My *entrepreneur* met me at the station; a big, roughish kind of man, Barker by name, and the landlord of a large public-house connected with the Royal People's Park. He wore a gloomy, ill-used air, as if the world were not going well with him. It was a gloomy kind of a place too, this Rubblesfield; more cinders to be seen than grass, even in the country, and a great pall of smoke over it, stretching away for miles. The park turned out to be a good-sized field, inclosed with tall boards; a sickly shrubby maze and a big wooden booth, devoted to drinking. The public-house was at one end; a good-sized place, but with a dirty, neglected look about it.

"Where's the theatre?" I asked, looking about all round, but seeing nothing to answer to it. Mr. Barker led me to a wooden scaffold in the middle of the field. The dressing-room was underneath on the bare soil, and you climbed up to the stage by a ladder, for all the world as if you were going to be hanged. "Why, this won't do," I said.

"It'll have to do," said Barker, doggedly.

"Where's the Manchester lady?" I asked.

"What does she say to it?"

"Mr. Barker hummed and haw'd, and admitted at last that the lady was not coming.

"There had been a bit of a bungle about the job," he said.

"He had meant the five guineas to cover the whole of the play. He could afford no more, and had expected a whole company for his money.

"And now," he said, looking me over disparagingly, "there's nobbut thee."

"For all I was hurt, I admired the terseness of the man's language.

"Nobbut me," I repeated in melancholy accents.

"I could not assure Mr. Barker that I was a host in myself. I did not feel like it. 'I can't act single-handed, Mr. Barker,' I said.

"Then would ye like to give me back the brass and go home?" cried the landlord, eagerly.

But that arrangement did not suit me exactly.

We stood there looking at each other and at the empty scaffold, Barker scratching his head and I pulling at my mustache. Then Mr. Barker broke the silence.

"Happen you can do something to please the folk. Can you dance, mister?"

"The polka," I said, at that time, a popular dance.

"Nay, it must be something stronger than polka," rejoined Barker. "They're partial to clogs in those parts, looking at my feet, suggestively. He meant wooden shoes, with soles six inches thick and bound in solid brass. I shook my head.

"Suppose," I hazarded, "that I make a neat apology for not giving the play, and recite Macbeth's soliloquy or something out of *Hamlet*?"

"What's you like?" he asked doubtfully.

"I gave him a specimen of my craft.

"Why, lod," he said, when I had finished, "they'd tear thee to pieces if thou'd naught better nar that to spout for 'em."

"It was now just noon, and there broke out all round a booming, buzzing noise that made the ground tremble and set every nerve in the body quivering. 'What's this noise?' I asked.

"It's only buzzas," replied the landlord, contemptuous of my ignorance, "for chaps to quit their work. They'll just cut home and clean themselves and then we shall have 'em here. I hope you'll be ready for 'em, mister, for they're a rough lot of chaps to play with, I can tell you."

"With that he left me to my own reflections, and these were not of a very cheerful order. I could certainly never give an entertainment all by myself. I had never attempted anything of the kind before. And yet I felt sure that if I failed to hit the popular taste, I should be roughly handled by my audience, while this rough handling would be courtesy itself to what I should get if I declined to appear at all. Then I was slapped sharply on the shoulder, and turning round I confronted an Ethiopian, a real darkie, with a banjo.

"Ain't we in a jolly hole!" he said, with a chuckle. "The balloon won't go, the Breakdowns ain't coming; won't there be a jolly row!"

"He went on to explain that the gas company had declined to finish inflating the balloon till they were paid for the gas; that Barker, who had looked to the people's shillings to defray this and other expenses, had suddenly been distrainted upon by a hostile creditor, bailiffs holding the wickets and taking the gate-money—taking but not inclined to part with it. The Ethiopians had got wind of this, and failed to put in an appearance. As for darkie himself, he had come on the off chance of making a trifle. 'But if the man can't pay you?' I suggested. Sambo winked, nodded, laughed; 'Nobbins,' he cried, and disappeared.

"Certainly, it was a gloomy look-out. If I had not taken the man's money, I, too, should have vanished. It seemed very unlikely that I should ever touch a farthing for expenses, and how to get home, and the sick wife expecting me, and the irascible landlady—oh, I felt bad, I can tell you. The people were flocking in now, and certainly they answered Mr. Barker's description of a rough lot. They might have cleaned themselves 'a bit,' but still bore on their honest faces many traces of the week's labor. They were pitmen, hammermen, puddlers, black in the face, and brawny of arm. As time went on, I grew more and more anxious. Nobody was at hand to take the direction of the entertainments. People took to amusing themselves by throwing the oyster-shells which decorated the maze at each other's heads, and then they began to cluster thick as bees about the inclosure that held the half-inflated balloon. I saw Mr. Harry Nought frantically haranguing the crowd. Very shortly afterwards, the sovereign people were walking about with little bits of oiled silk stuck into their hats like wedding favors. These were pieces of the balloon.

"Then the cry rose for the minstrels, and my friend with the banjo essayed to stand in the breach. Happily he was as nimble as the monkey of his native wilds, and now he owed his life to his agility in swarming over the park palings. The appetite of the people for mischief grew by what it fed upon.

"After that I heard a cry for myself, 'Choomer, Choomer!' a solitary cry, at first, like an old hound when he hits off the scent. Next moment the whole mad pack would have been upon me.

"And then Jupiter Pluvius pulled me out of the fire. A tremendous downpour of rain began, and cleared the field like magic. All had rushed to the big refreshment-booth, now crammed to overflowing with the shouting, bellowing crowd, whose liveliness was only damped, not quenched.

"The landlord came to me with tears in his eyes, and begged me to save the whole place from being wrecked, by doing something to keep the people amused. They were calling for 'Barker' now, but Barker was not willing to come. The banjo-man, who had more pluck than I, and had returned from his sudden flight over the palings not a bit discouraged, urged me to go on, and promised to support me. At last in desperation, I threw off my coat, snatched up the landlord's apron and a pint mug, and rushed upon the stage. The people rose at me, thinking it was Barker himself, and meaning to rub him out; and so, when I burst into a patter song, and they saw that it was not Barker, but the London player taking him off, the enthusiasm was immense. You could scarcely hear a word of the song for the roars of applause, and when I added some extempore verses about the balloon and the *fête*, and Barker's red nose, the delight of the people culminated.

"I rushed from the stage at last amid thunders of applause and loud calls for a repeat, and almost fainted away in the darkie's arms. 'You must go on again,' he said. 'I can't do it,' I whispered, my voice gone with fatigue and excitement. 'Golly, man,' he cried, 'you mustn't miss this. Landlord's in the cellar hidden behind the barrels. The bailiffs is up the chimney, trembling for their lives. There's only you and me in the game; you do the patter, old chap, and I'll do the nobbings.' 'What are they?' I asked, thinking he meant the bones, or something of that kind. He laughed, incredulous of my ignorance, and pushed me upon the stage.

"This time, after I had sung two more extempore verses, with great applause, thumping of tables, banging of brass-bound clogs, and a tempest of shouts, I saw Snowball's oily face working its way through the crowd, his long arms pushing about his battered old hat, which fortunately had a good sound top, and the coppers pouring into it in cataracts. 'Nobbins!' he cried; 'Nobbins, my noble swells!' and the crowd caught up the catchword, 'Nobbins! nobbings!' roared out in one tremendous shout; and I fancy that any man who had denied his nobbings that night would have been roughly handled by his pals. I don't think there was anybody in that vast crowd who did not shell out something; and when, on the inspiration of the moment, I struck up a verse, the chorus of which was, 'Nobbut Nobbings,' all joined in, and enthusiasm reached its height.

"My own enthusiasm was at a very low ebb, for I felt sure that Snowball had melted away by this time, and that, except for the memory, nothing would be left of nobbings. But I did my dusky friend injustice. He was waiting to receive me at the stage-door, he led me down a dark passage right into the air outside, and in a few minutes we were seated in the snug little bar-parlor of a tavern known to my friend, with refreshments before us, and reverently covered over with a silk pocket-handkerchief—our nobbings. It took a long while to count; a great pile of coppers, sixpences and threepenny bits without end, a few shillings, and one half-crown; in all fifteen pounds odd, which we divided. Before we had finished counting we heard the clatter of hoofs, and the ring of military accoutrements—the dragoons called out to quell a riot at the Royal People's Park. But I crept quietly up by the night train to London, arriving at my own humble home in the early morning, where my poor sick wife was counting the hours of my absence. I think the physis that did her most good that visit, was—nobbings."

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

TO the casual reader it might appear that a night passed in a stationary car in absolute quiet was a wonderfully comfortable episode in an overland trip. Few of us, however, appreciate the boon. The steady monotonous rumble of the train grows an indispensable accompaniment to sleep—a lullaby which every nerve misses and demands when it is withdrawn—while nothing has ever seemed more deliciously soothing to some of us than the continuous motion, a gentle rocking jar of the wide, roomy berth, more pacifying than all the anodynes in the world. Without it we find it hard work to woo sleep, and toss and turn and stare for two or three hours, driven meanwhile along the exact verge of madness by the sonorous and searching snores of a couple of hardened sleepers in the centre of the car, whose nightly imitations of the Highland bagpipe have hitherto been mercifully drowned by the noise of the train. Now, in the silence of night, they vibrate and resound with terrific volume, the panels at the head and foot of each berth appearing to act as sounding-boards, allowing no note to be lost; the miserable victims in the immediate vicinity of the performers bang the said panels with canes and boot-heels, and those who are out of reach groan or swear as their temperaments dictate, in which weary exercise the night goes by.

It has been our plan to spend the following day in exploring Salt Lake City; but we learn upon rising in the morning that the great sight of all sights—the "President" himself—is absent. Accompanied by the favorite wife, "Sister Amelia," he is said to be traveling for his health through the southern part of the Territory, and is not expected home for several days, and this at once decides our movements—for what is Salt Lake City without Brigham Young? It is hastily determined to postpone our visit to the town until the homeward journey, and in the meantime to spend our spare hours on the Utah Western Railroad in making a partial circuit of the Lake itself.

Almost every one knows the chief characteristics of this wonderful sheet of water. A tiny inland sea, eighty miles long by fifty wide, dotted with rocky islands, each one a mine of mineral wealth, fed wholly by fresh-water rivers that bring down the melted snows, the rain-falls and Spring floods of the great water-shed of the Continent, and with no known outlet, yet loaded with saline deposits, and with a specific gravity of 1.170. The shores surrounding it are crusted with salt and alkali; the skin of the bathor, emerging from his pickle, is coated with a white scaly armor, only to be dislodged by vigorous sponging with fresh water. Life there is none in or around the lake, except that of a tiny insect like a gnat, which floats in large masses like a scum upon the surface, and, when dead, forms a soft and unutterably nasty deposit at the bottom, to be stirred up by the bathor's feet at the expense of his olfactory nerves. The waters of the lake are nowhere deep in proportion to their extent, and for a long distance from the shore are excessively shallow, necessitating quite a walk on the part of the would-be swimmer, before he ceases to touch bottom. To sink is impracticable; "treading water" out of the question; whatever position one assumes, and with whatever rigidity and tension of the muscles he may try to keep it, in less than a minute he will be quietly turned on his back, or tilted over on his side, in strict adherence to the horizontal line. The tonic properties of the waters are said to be immense, and a bath therein the most exhilarating and delectable of treats, which all travelers of leisure are advised to grasp.

The little railroad skirts the base of the Oquirrh Mountains, a small range uniting with the Wahsatches, and passes along the southern shore of the lake, taking in a wonderfully beautiful view of the lower range, dark with climbing forests, and of the higher summits, in their caps of snow, glittering against the sky—mountain, sky and lake all veiled with a faint violet haze—a film of mist that is never quite lifted, for its cause is the incessant evaporation going up, night and day, from the bosom of the great Salt Lake. Certain points of interest are duly announced to us—"Monument Rock," rising sheer and lofty from the lazy sheet of water not far from shore; the "Profile Rock," a steep promontory jutting out from the strong, salt-crusted beach, whose vertical face is quaintly carved and scrawled with deep tracery, and in whose jagged outline, drawn black against the sky, one can detect a dozen profiles as well as one; and "Observation Point" is shown us, from whose elevation, on a clear day, may be seen the snowy peaks of the Goose Creek Mountains, no less than one hundred and fifty miles north of us. In the very shadow of the Point, and close to the edge of the beach, is a stone house, now empty, but formerly occupied as a hotel and resort for picnic parties and tourists. From its windows one might look down almost into the glassy ripple of the waters, or, away over their shining level, the little rocky knoll of Kimball's Island, twenty-two miles distant, or Church Island, divided from us by fourteen—we might almost skip a stone to either, if the eye could be trusted; or, a little further on, catching a sight of Promontory Point, might account it a pleasant hour's sail, and altogether refuse to credit the information that it is full eighty miles north.

Lake Point, twenty miles from Salt Lake City, is the terminus of our little trip, and the principal

pleasure-resort of the Saints, as well as of profane tourists. The railroad company has established here a good hotel—of course under Mormon management—and has also furnished a wharf and a stern-wheel steamer, the *General Garfield*, which is usually to be seen moored at the end of her long pier, when not actively employed in transporting picnic parties, and such prosaic freight as ore, from the numerous islands. A bathing-house stands in a temptingly prominent position—tempting to those who would personally test the tonic qualities of Salt Lake water, and tempting also to those observers of human nature who take a malignant joy in watching its ungoverned and—so to speak—confidential moments; viewing it in "undress rehearsal," when fashion has no hand in the make-up, and a simple flannel bag becomes the one thing needful.

SAMUEL BOWLES,

NEW ENGLAND'S GREAT JOURNALIST.

SAMUEL BOWLES, who was stricken with paralysis of the brain a fortnight ago, had been in ill health for many years, the result of a nervous affliction produced by his remarkably constant application to newspaper work. He was born at Springfield, Mass., February 9th, 1826. His father was the proprietor of the *Republican*, a weekly newspaper. When eighteen years old (1844), an apprentice in the office, he persuaded his father to start a daily paper, and allow him to edit it. The enterprise, in a thrifty little town between Boston and New York, and so close to them that a home newspaper must be in competition with the journals of both cities, seemed unpromising. But it enlisted the boy's enthusiasm and received the devotion of his manhood, and its reputation and influence, though both built upon so slender a material basis, were second to none in the land.

The health of Mr. Bowles became impaired when he was about thirty-two years of age, and he sought to relieve the stress of toil by forming the habit of dictation, and by training assistants to take his thought and present it with the angles and in the light and with the coloring that his mind would give it. Though he became skilled in saving himself, as he thought, he was never idle, and there was no brain in America, during the great historic years of the nation, brighter or busier than his. He sought recreation in travel, visiting Europe three times, and the Pacific Coast twice. His letters from California and Oregon, and *en route* across the continent, have been published in two attractive volumes. He intensely enjoyed Europe, and returned thence to the duties of his office refreshed and encouraged. Though he seems to have traveled much, he was an economist of time, and all his trips would scarcely take a year out of his drudgery.

Few men have more largely influenced public opinion than Mr. Bowles. He was content with his occupation. He was never an office-seeker. Official place had no fascination for him. He was urged to be Mayor of Springfield, but declined, for the sufficient reason that he could be more useful to his fellow-citizens as an editor than the holder of any office. He was, in truth, an independent journalist, and esteemed his profession as equal in honor and superior in utility to any other. He has long exerted almost unconsciously, and always without a shade of ostentation, a vast influence upon the young men in the newspaper business, and through them upon the country at large. Perhaps no one had a larger acquaintance with the public men, or a more intimate knowledge of the public business of the United States than Mr. Bowles; and the opinions that he expressed of men and measures were based upon information gained through long watchfulness of current events and rare appreciation of the influences that guided them. It has been charged that Mr. Bowles was too often severe in personalities, but those who know his tenderness of heart know well that it hurt him to speak the hard truths sometimes needful to promote the ends of public justice, and that there was nothing more grateful to his feelings than the opportunity to be kind—to praise and applaud the deserving.

DECORATIVE ART.

THE LADIES' LOAN COLLECTION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A TASTE for the practical arts that tend to make life more pleasing has gradually been growing in the minds of New York society since the first impetus was given, some years ago, to a movement in that direction by the establishment of free classes in design at the Cooper Union. The love of the beautiful adapted to practical use had, down to that period, been almost exclusively nurtured on articles imported from Europe and occasional specimens of antique manufacture exhibited in museums. The barrier once broken which separated the admiration of such articles from the power of possessing them, people soon awoke to a realizing sense of their capacity, not only of copying, but of creating, and the bazaars of France and Japan no longer were drawn upon to supply our parlor decorations. The disposition for production grew, however, more rapidly than the development of the cultivated taste upon which it depended for guidance, as proper instruction in the higher grades of handicraft was not easily procured, and the requisite material was difficult, and usually expensive, to obtain. Attention was attracted to the success of the Kensington School, in England, which had recently overcome precisely similar difficulties. Two public-spirited ladies of wealth have attempted to revive the ancient fame of English needlecraft by establishing the Kensington School of Art Needlework "for the revival of high-class embroidery and design, and to provide poor gentlemen with a means of livelihood suitable to them." The great success of this undertaking communicated a similar ambition to the minds of several generous New York ladies, and the scheme was adopted here, with some modifications devised to extend its scope and adapt it to American conditions. The result was the establishment of the Society of Decorative Art, the growing success of which was commented upon in our editorial columns last week. This praiseworthy organization is under the personal management of several of the representative ladies of New York's highest social circles. Its object, as stated in its circular, is "to provide a place for the exhibition and sale of decorative work, to afford instruction and advice to those who desire it, and form connections with dealers and private purchasers as will insure a place for skillful work." Its salesroom is open to all who have suitable work to dispose of anywhere in the country. Its classes in lace-work and embroidery, panel and china painting, carving and tile-work are open to all who wish to enter, and literally free to those who are willing to work a small part of their time for the society, and it has taken a just and creditable step

ahead in receiving art-work without distinction of sex in the maker. A boy or man is as free to send the cabinet he has made, or the carving he has done, as a reduced lady. To save the feelings of many, the name of the producer is never made known.

To aid its beneficiaries, by providing for them the best models and to establish a library for their practical use and advantage, the ladies of the Society of Decorative Art have succeeded in establishing, for a brief season, a Loan Collection of works of art and articles of *verru* which was opened to the public on the evening of Monday, December 3d. On the Saturday previous the exhibition rooms in the Academy of Design presented a brilliant and animated appearance, as the fair managers of the scheme were engaged in putting the last touches to the artistic arrangement of the collection—a scene which our artist has happily delineated. Neither pen nor pencil, however, can do full justice to the rare merit of this most interesting collection. Upwards of five thousand articles were tendered for the occasion by the public-spirited ladies of Gotham; but many of these were returned, with the thanks of the committee, as not being desirable for their purposes. During the first few days of the exhibition, also, it was found necessary to decline a multitude of similar rarities which continued to pour, in a steady stream, into the hands of the committee. The collection consists of valuable paintings, exclusively such as have not before been tendered for public exhibition, and articles of *verru* and *bric-a-brac*. A piece, for instance, of Capo di Monti, loaned by Mrs. N. P. Hosack, is probably the finest specimen of this ware in America. Old pieces of this porcelain are very hard to procure, and it is so well imitated that one is very likely to be deceived. Fine specimens decorated with colored relief are costly. They include shell and flower work, as well as groups of figures. Those made in the second period, after 1760, decorated with colored reliefs, have been extensively reproduced at Florence, where the Doccia factory, having bought the old molds of Capo di Monti, has constantly made imitations, retaining the Capo mark. A room in the palace at Portici was covered with plaques of this ware, of which mirror-frames and chandeliers were also made. The peculiar quality of the work in the left-hand corner of Mrs. Hosack's plaque proves its genuineness. A careful examination will show where it has been broken and mended. Knobs of doors and handles of knives and spoons were made of this porcelain; of the latter a set will be found in the case at the upper end of the *bric-a-brac* room. Historic jewels, curious ceramics, antiques of all descriptions, elaborate tapestries, often of historic import, and gorgeous "stuffs" of foreign make, are also included in the exhibition. One case is devoted to medieval misals, belonging to a private gentleman of New York, and is said to be the most valuable collection of the kind in America. The exhibition will continue open for a brief period only; and in order to make it of real popular benefit, a low rate of admission has been adopted, under the influence of which the rooms are kept constantly crowded.

NEW YORK POLICE ENFORCING THE EXCISE LAW.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, December 6th, the captains of all the police precincts in the City of New York received instructions from the superintendent to arrest all persons found selling liquor without a license. Two hours later the captains announced the order to their men and detailed the available force in citizen's dress to execute it. By eight o'clock the men began returning to the station-houses with their prisoners, and by midnight 572 liquor-dealers had been arrested.

By eleven o'clock over 100 prisoners had been brought into the Ninth Precinct Station, and a number of homeless men and women, who had been allowed to take shelter for the night in the prison attached to the station, were turned out on the street again to make room for the liquor-dealers. A large number of the prisoners' friends gathered in front of the station and blocked up Charles Street for a considerable distance. Many of the prisoners' relatives also came to the station, loaded down with pillows and bed-quits for the use of the sufferers.

Captain McDonnell, of the Eighth Precinct, remarked that he had issued the necessary orders to his men, and that the order would be enforced until it was rescinded. He added that he was willing to go before the Grand Jury and testify that the Excise Board had granted licenses to many low dens against which his officers had vigorously protested.

Thirteen men were brought in by Captain McDonnell's officers, and these spent their night in singing, dancing, telling stories, playing cards, and enjoying themselves as best they could. In the downtown precincts the Excise arrests were confined mainly to the Fourth and Twenty-seventh Precincts, sixteen saloon-keepers being arrested in the former, and eleven in the latter. No arrests were made in the First Precinct, and only two in the Fifth. The entire number of five hundred and seventy-two men were held over night, and on Friday morning they were arraigned at the various Police Courts for examination.

At the Tombs Police Court the crowd numbered over five hundred before Justice Duffy arrived at 8 o'clock. When the doors were thrown open the crowd burst in, filling every inch of standing-room. The morning returns furnished one hundred and twenty-two cases of violating the Excise Law, and this number was increased to one hundred and sixty-seven before the court adjourned at six o'clock. The afternoon session was begun an hour afterward. Justice Duffy repeatedly expressed his dissatisfaction at the act of the Excise Commissioners in taking the money of applicants and holding it for months without making any answer to the application.

At Essex Market Police Court the one hundred and fifty-two prisoners were mostly Germans. Here also a great crowd was awaiting Justice Smith, when his Honor arrived at nine o'clock. General disgust was expressed. Justice Smith went through the crowd of prisoners in less than two hours, and was able to get away at eleven o'clock. He paroled all who held receipts for money paid to the Commissioners. Those with neither receipt nor license were held.

At Jefferson Market Police Court the crowds without were largest in the morning. On the morning watch were one hundred and thirty-nine prisoners, and twenty-three more were added to this before the day ended. Justice Morgan no sooner opened court than a crowd poured in, filling the court-room and aisles right up to the bench. His Honor disposed of the prisoners rapidly, saying that, in his opinion, morally, the receipts held by the prisoners were valid. He held all in \$100 bail each.

At Yorkville Police Court the prisoners numbered 123, twenty-two of whom were discharged. Justice Murray was very exacting in taking testimony, and this fact accounts for the large number discharged. At the Harlem Police Court, Justice Kasmire had thirty-one cases to dispose of. Two were discharged. At the Fordham Police Court, four violators of the excise law were arraigned, and held to bail in \$100 each. Out of the 640 arraigned in all the courts, about forty were discharged. On Friday night 268 additional arrests were made. Every conceivable device was resorted to by dealers to prevent arrest. Bars were moved into cellars, curtains were hung in restaurants, so as to conceal the bar-counter, and doors and windows were darkened; but with all the apparent obedience to the law, any one could purchase all the liquor required.

The Grand Jury delivered to Judge Brady a presentment on Friday, in which they recommended that the present vicious system be changed at once, and that no money be taken until the Board is ready to grant the license. This will place the responsibility where it belongs, and no one can violate the law by selling liquors under the (so-called) authority of a receipt, when he had been refused a license. It had been supposed by many dealers that the receipts for licenses obtained from the Excise Board would guarantee them immunity from molestation. This faith was increased by the fact that the Board had decided that, as a case was before the court to test the constitutionality of the last excise law, they would not issue licenses excepting to regular hotels, until a decision had been reached. They gave receipts for the fees paid by dealers, who, under other circumstances, would have been granted a license. The decision of the Court of Appeals, that the law was unconstitutional, prevented the anticipated issue of the papers, and threw the whole matter of license back to the law of 1857, which is of a most restrictive character. The events of last week were neither a triumph for the Excise Board, the liquor-dealers, nor the temperance advocates; but they had a most practical value as an acknowledgment that a new, intelligible and comprehensive excise law is required at once.

THE MAGIC LANTERN AS A DETECTOR OF FORGERY.

A NOVEL exhibition was given in the room of the Court of Common Pleas, New York City, on Thursday, December 6th, during the trial of a suit brought by Austin Black against the Continental National Bank. The suit in question, which has been several times before the courts, turns upon the genuineness of a certification by "Timpson, Teller" of the bank, to a check drawn by John Ross, May 1st, 1866, in favor of Black & Spaulding, by whom it was indorsed and passed to Austin Black. Black was charged by the bank officials with a forgery of the certification, and was tried, but acquitted. The present suit is brought by Black for the face of the check, \$63,100, and interest.

After the examination of Professor Henry Morton, L. H. Landy, of the School of Mines in Columbia College, and Professor C. F. Chandler, the jury, counsel, clerks, reporters and the throng of scientific experts passed in promiscuous procession to the court-room occupied by Part I., Court of Common Pleas. Here was found an odd and rather mysterious collection of bright-looking brass boxes mounted on tripods, screens against the wall and the general paraphernalia of a magic-lantern exhibition. There were curious rubber pipes leading from metal drums to the boxes, and soon, under the manipulations of the professor, the bright glare of a calcium light was thrown upon the white screen. The room had been previously darkened. The jury were seated close by, and as, in the intensely strong light, the notes of dust dancing in the air of the court-room became magnified to seemingly chunks of floating matter, Judge Van Brunt took the opportunity to comment on court-house ventilation by saying to the jury: "Now, you see, gentlemen, what sort of an atmosphere you have to breathe." The first picture thrown upon the white cloth was an acknowledged genuine check, and the certification was carefully noted in all its twists and turns. "Note the tail on the teller," cried Counselor Shearman. One short-sighted jurymen, forgetful for a moment, stepped up to have a close view, only to find before his face an intensely black shadow of his own head.

Then the check in suit was reproduced through photography on the white surface, and the "tail on the teller" again scrutinized by professors, counsel and jury. The Judge, too, put his official head into the experiment, while the general throng mounted chairs, stood on the tables and looked generally ghost-like in their anxiety to get a glance of the check pictures. A few candles had been placed about the bar-like court-chamber, but these were soon either capsize or extinguished, and new-comers and others stumbled about over chairs on various parts of the floor, trod on each other's toes in a most impatient manner, and, on the whole, a more undignified-looking court scene could not be imagined. Some one suggested a few "comics" in the list of views, but check after check was shown, and hair-lines and down-strokes were carefully scrutinized in the clear-cut views given. Professor Chandler acted as lecturer to the exhibition, pointing out the differences in the checks true and those alleged as false. The megascope was then called in, and the *fac-simile* of the check in color thrown upon a translucent glass screen. This process brought the checks and papers into dangerous proximity to the hot light, and once the operator discovered that the original check was smoking from the heat it was suddenly snatched from the field of vision.

The case was still under consideration when this paper went to press.

Retorts of Maniacs.

THERE are many instances on record where the keen wit of maniacs has discomfited sane friends. Your true maniac may lack sense, but he rarely wants versatile wit.

"What brought you here?" asked a pert visitor.

"What will never bring you—too much brain."

Many persons possess culture and talent to an eminent degree. Some of the most gifted men have spent a large slice of their blasted lives within the gates of despair. A distinguished professor thought to puzzle a maniac by the query:

"How long, my good fellow, can a man live without brains?"

The patient at once replied:

"I don't know, doctor. How old are you?"

A Mr. Mann, startled at meeting a lunatic armed with a club, tried to soothe him with a pun:

"I am a double man; one both by nature and name."

The other rejoined:

"Do tell! Why, I am a man beside myself. We too will fight you two." Clubs won.

A young lady who devoted herself to her artist brother, whose mind was a little unbiassed, once narrowly escaped falling a victim to one of his whims. One day he showed her a carving-knife, with the cheerful remark:

"Mabel, my dear, an odd idea occurs to me. I must paint the head of John the Baptist. Yours is an excellent study. So, if convenient, I will cut off your head. Lay it gently in my lap. My razor is exceedingly sharp. It will scarcely hurt you. Now, then, Mabel, you are bound for heaven, sweet!"

His face showed no sign of jest. The lady felt her story was in the chapter last. He grasped tightly her hair.

"Well, Harry," said she, "that's a good idea. But why spoil my new lace? Let me go up-stairs and change it, won't you, dear?"

He nodded sullenly, and she escaped. John the Baptist adjourned.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Hand-Grenade Practice at Chatham.

During a recent visit of the Prince Imperial of France to the military schools at Chatham, he was greatly interested in an exhibition of hand-grenade practice by a number of officers. The hand grenades are intended for use in the defense of a fort or breastwork, being thrown amidst the storming parties, in whose ranks they are likely to make great havoc. They are small spherical shells, fitted with slow fuses, and can be thrown round-handed fashion a distance of from twenty-five to forty yards. A larger kind are rolled over the parapet along sloping shoots, similar to those one sees in a bowling-alley, the shell being started with a smart push to carry it clear into the ditch beyond. The practice involves much coolness and judgment, as if the grenades are thrown too soon after the ignition of a fuse, the enemy will be able to avoid them or to roll them out of the way before they burst, whilst if retained too long the consequences would manifestly be more awkward for the besieged than the besiegers.

War Scenes in Turkey.

In the Turkish quarters of Constantinople people do not trouble themselves about politics during the day, when work occupies their thoughts; but in the evening, after dinner, they resort to the *cafes*, where the various papers are read aloud. Amongst the frequenters to the *cafe* there are always to be found one or two, generally *hodjas* (schoolmasters), who are ready to undertake this task. Towards ten or eleven the audience separate to meet again the following day. The papers are all brought by the customers themselves, the *cafe* (proprietor) only having to provide an extra lamp for the reader. Another picture carries the reader into the scene of active war operations in the Danubian provinces, showing the obstacles which the Russian artillery encounters in manoeuvring in that mountainous region, where nearly every valley is traversed by a large stream, usually with marshy banks.

The Battle of Dolny Dubnik.

On October 24th the Russian troops, under General Rauch, made a reconnaissance in force in the direction of the Turkish intrenchments at Dolny Dubnik. After a sharp struggle, twilight came on, and the Russians prepared to withdraw. The Turks, thinking they were retreating, sallied out after them with the bayonet. Nearly four hundred wounded remained on the ground close to the works; and these were all cruelly butchered. The death of Colonel Chebins, who commanded the Russian Jager regiment, forms the subject of one of our pictures. This brave officer was lying wounded on the battle-field, when a Turkish Pasha was seen to ride up to him, and cut at him with his sabre, again and again, until life was extinct. The Russians, however, obtained a complete success at Telis five days later; and, on the next day but one, they took the third position, that of Dolny Dubnik, without serious resistance.

The Lord Mayor's Show in London.

On the 9th of November Mr. Alderman Owden, the new Lord Mayor, went in State from Guildhall to Westminster with the usual escort, the procession upon this occasion combining some novel features. The novelties of the procession comprised a pair of dromedaries and a pair of elephants, each animal being ridden by persons intended to represent natives of African countries; an ornamental car carrying a full-size model of Cleopatra's Needle, supported by an appropriate emblem of Egypt; and, lastly, an elaborate ornamental tableau car, drawn by ten horses, crowded with representative personages. On the summit of this car, which was twenty-seven feet in height, was a female to represent Peace and Plenty; while below were stationed other persons representing "Britannia," "Father Thames," and other allegorical individuals, together with groups emblematic of the colonies, agriculture and the four quarters of the globe.

Trial of Five London Detectives.

The remarkable case of five London detectives being themselves detected in a conspiracy to rob the public through the instrumentality of a fictitious French racing speculation, has occupied the attention of a London criminal court during several weeks this past Autumn, and has already become a *cause celebre* in sporting as well as criminal annals. One of our foreign pictures this week represents a scene in the court-room during the examination of a witness for the prosecution. The effect of this proceeding cannot but prove advantageous to the interests of the orderly classes, inasmuch as suspicion has for a long time been gaining ground that much of the unaccounted-for crime of the period was connived at by the detective police. The corroboration of this suspicion will doubtless lead to a weeding out of the service in England, and to a corresponding inquiry into the moral attributes of similar officials in other countries.

The Turkish Compassionate Fund.

The distribution of charitable relief, by the agents of the Turkish Compassionate Fund, to a large number of destitute women and children, at Shumla, is the subject of an illustration. The Cadl, or Mohammedan local magistrate, wearing a turban and loose gown, sits with his hands on his lap; at his right hand sits the President of the Medjliss, or municipal council, with a pen and a book, to record the proceedings. Two English commissioners are seated close to the window. At the corner of the table sits another European, bareheaded, with an eye-glass at his right eye, and wearing a courier's bag suspended by a strap over his shoulder. It is stated in the official report that large quantities of made-up clothing, for which money was advanced by Mr. Layard, have been received, and, as soon as the arrangements in the store office are complete, they will be issued to various districts, the chief demand at present being for clothing. A hospital and soup-kitchen has also been opened at Tchamlaia, a suburb of Scutari, on the Asiatic side, opposite Constantinople.

Mr. Gladstone in Dublin.

The presentation of the freedom of the City of Dublin to Mr. Gladstone was made in November, in the City Hall. Mr. Gladstone, who was accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, and by several of the friends with whom he had been staying, was greeted with much enthusiasm. The burgess ticket was beautifully illuminated and inclosed in a handsome casket of bog-oak, and the Mayor of Dublin, in presenting it, adverted to the fact of the reformed Corporations of

Ireland having been deprived in 1841 of the right of bestowing the honorary freedom of their respective cities, and the restoration of that right by Act of Parliament during the session of last year. He also pointed out that the vote conferring the freedom of the city on Mr. Gladstone was divested of all political significance, having been proposed by a Jew, seconded by a Catholic, and unanimously passed by the members of the Corporation, who held widely different opinions, as a recognition of his great abilities, his fervid eloquence, and his many services to the State.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—HORSESHOES are made in California of compressed raw hide.

—FINE rubies have been discovered southwest of Gunnison, Utah.

—USING the national flag for advertising purposes is fined in England.

—THE United States now uses more postal cards than any other nation.

—THERE are said to be many impecunious Americans stranded in Paris and London.

—A HOLE eight by six inches was large enough to let a ten-year-old boy out of the jail in Westborough, Mass.

—A NEW iron bridge over the Douro, near Oporto, Portugal, spans the river with a single arch of 520 feet.

—THE Mikado's capital celebrated the termination of the late civil war in Japan by a magnificent Chinese-lantern illumination.

—AT one of the theatres in Liverpool the other night the band played the Russian Hymn, and there was great hissing from the audience.

—A TRAMP, after receiving a meal from a widow in Newmarket Junction, N. H., asked for money, and, being refused, shot her.

—A TRACT of 100,000 acres in Calhoun County, Ala., has been purchased by the Chicago Colonization and Agricultural Industry Company.

—IT is calculated that if all the insects of the world were piled in one mass the heap would be greater than that of all the beasts and birds.

—THE Jardin d'Acclimation, Paris, has a number of Esquimaux with their dogs, sledges, etc. They are to stay at the gardens during the Winter, camping out of doors.

—THE police force of Liverpool, England, is composed of 1,200 men, of an average height of 5 feet 9½ inches, and an average service of nine years and seven months.

—THERE is a strong Catholic movement against dancing in Baltimore. Many young women who are church members are dropping the amusement from their party engagements.

—THE next passenger ship for Liberia will sail January 2d. The Colonization Society claims that 250,000 negroes in South Carolina and Florida are preparing to go to Africa.

—A BAND of Portuguese amateurs have started out from Lisbon to explore Central Africa in Stanley's tracks, and to negotiate, if possible, treaties of commerce with the natives along the route.

—IMMENSE stores of wild honey were recently found in the fissures of the rocks in the mountain region in California by the workmen engaged in blasting a roadway for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

—THE French have very strict building laws. No flues are permitted in a party wall. They may be built against it, but a thickness of about eighteen inches must remain intact from the foundation to a point some way above the roof.

—THE term "pinchbeck" came from the invention of a clever English mechanic in the last century, who made a metal which looked like gold, and was free from any unpleasant odor if handled. Thence the word came into use to express any sort of sham.

—THE British Bible Society reports an astonishing demand for the Bible among the Cossacks. Over 60,000 have been distributed within the last few weeks. The excellent linen paper makes the best of gun wadding, and thus the Gospel is spread among the Turks.

—THE Adrian (Mich.) *Times* prints the following as a genuine excuse brought to a teacher in that neighborhood: "Miss —, please excuse minnie for she was helping me. She is a grate help to me thou small she may be I would miss her if the lord should call her at any time & oblige Mrs. B. —."

—IN San Francisco, the engineer of a steamship from China took to a hotel, with his family, a Chinese woman, and insisted on her sitting at the dinner table with the rest. The head waiter refused to seat the party. Then the manager of the house offered them seats, but the waiters would not take their orders.

—THERE are at present in the United States 48 grand and about 6,678 subordinate lodges of Odd Fellows, an increase in the latter of 283 during the year; grand encampments, 39; lodge initiations, 40,645; lodge members, 456,125; encampment members, 87,785; total relief, \$1,689,485.62; total revenue, \$4,489,872.46; present membership, 461,888.

—AN iron mountain, 10,500 feet high, and rivaling the famous iron mountain of Missouri, has been discovered in Colfax County, New Mexico. The ore is almost entirely pure iron, and in connection with the immense quantities of coal found in Colfax County this huge deposit of iron ore must at no distant day become the source of industries which will gather and support a large and thriving population.

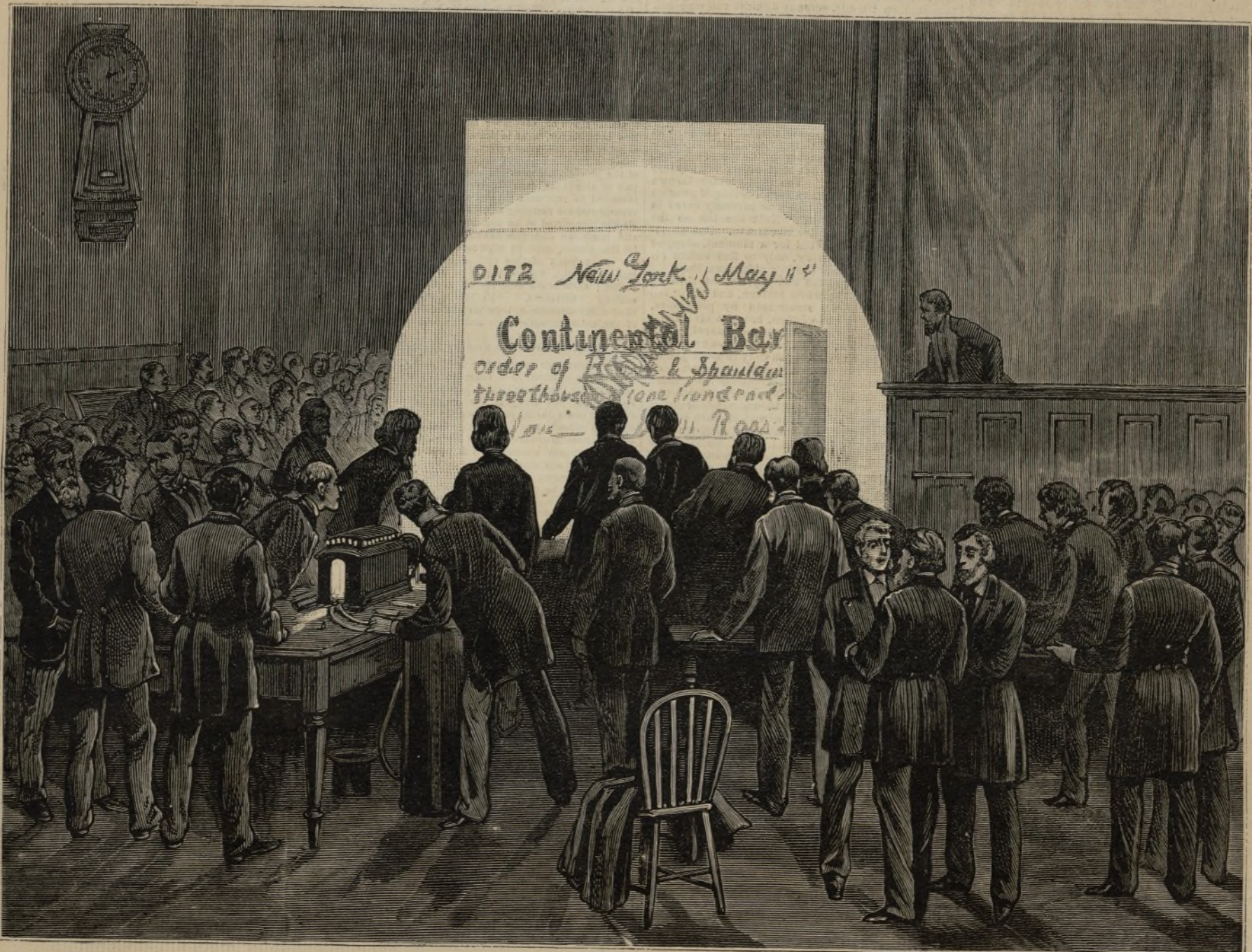
—IN a stable of Versailles is an old horse which enjoys the exclusive services of a veteran and discharged soldier. He belongs to a general of the French army who has ridden him in many battles, and who visits him from Paris three times a week, bringing him apples and other dainties, caressing and talking to him as to a human being. The satisfaction of the horse on seeing his master is very pronounced.

—AT a recent meeting of the French Academy of Inscriptions a long discussion arose as to the authenticity of a document relating how Edward II., instead of being murdered, had made his escape into France, and had lived the life of a hermit in Sicily for fifteen years after his supposed burial in Gloucester Cathedral. This strange story did not meet with implicit credence, but several members of the Academy argued in favor of its probability, and the debate is to be renewed very shortly.

—THE London *Buider* says that it is a melancholy fact that popular science alone will not pay a dividend. "The Panopticon, where all sorts of manufactures were displayed in course of making, become the Alhambra, the educational courts of the Crystal Palace are insufficient without farces and fireworks, and an aquarium, whether at Brighton or elsewhere, to succeed financially, must provide music with the mollusks and songs with the sea lions."



NEW YORK CITY.—THE POLICE ENFORCEMENT OF THE EXCISE LAW—ARRESTED LIQUOR-DEALERS DETAINED OVER NIGHT IN THE PRINCE STREET STATION-HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 259.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE REVELATIONS OF SCIENCE IN BEHALF OF JUSTICE—USING A MAGIC-LANTERN TO EXPOSE AN ALLEGED FORGED NOTE, IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, DECEMBER 7TH.—SEE PAGE 259.

DECEMBER 22, 1877.]



NEW YORK CITY.—LADIES OF THE DECORATIVE ART SOCIETY ARRANGING THE LOAN COLLECTION OF OLD LACES AND ARTICLES OF BRIC-A-BRAC NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—SEE PAGE 258.

AN ALBUM SENTIMENT.

I'd wish you length of days, my girl
But longest days must die.
I'd wish you coffers full of gold,
But riches quickly fly.

I'd wish you love's romantic joy,
But earthly love grows cold,
When fancy is subdued by fact
And hearts are growing old.

I'd wish your deeds to be upheld
Before the world by fame,
But praise of men too often serves,
Alas, an empty name.

And so, since these may not avail
In life's uncertain war,
I'll wish you evermore to be,
My girl, just what you are.

For, being so, your heart will know
No other aim than duty,
And all your peaceful way will be
A way of truth and beauty.

A GILDED SIN.

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

CHAPTER V.

AS Veronica descended the broad staircase she looked in astonishment at the brilliant scene that met her gaze on every side. The shining lights, the wealth of evergreens, holly with lovely, laughing, crimson berries, the graceful laurel with its shining leaves, the dark, stately fir and the sweet mystical mistletoe—it was all like a dream to her. Her heart warmed as she gazed. If this was an English Christmas, then might heaven bless Christmas for evermore! Every one had something kind to say; there was a smile on every face, light in kindly eyes, music in the sound of kindly voices. She thought that while she lived she would never forget the words, "I wish you a happy Christmas!" and the speakers, the kindly people so tender and true of heart, were the cold, reserved English, who her aunt had told her were accursed! She looked at the noble faces of the men, faces that told of power and skill, of courage and self-command; she looked at the fair blonde faces of the laughing girls and the graceful women; and she thought that the English were a great people, greater than the old stately Venetians. There was not even a tinge of envy in her heart as she noted the lovely younger girls. She was quite unconscious of her own picturesque beauty, of the poetical loveliness of her face, the grace of her figure, clad in its trailing black robes. Amongst those fair English girls she looked like a gorgeous passion-flower in the midst of white lilies.

She never forgot the Christmas dinner—her first in England—the grand table with its costly silver and delicate glass, the profusion of flowers and fruits, the sparkling wines, the laughter, the general air of happiness; while outside the wind wailed among the leafless trees and the stars shone in the Christmas sky. She saw Katherine with her bright, laughing face and her handsome young lover following her like a shadow. Presently Sir Jasper came up to her.

"Do you like our English way of keeping Christmas, Veronica?" he asked.

She looked at him.

"It is more beautiful than anything I have ever seen," she replied; and then he turned abruptly away, for she had looked at him with dead Giulia's eyes.

"Veronica!" said a low, deep voice. She turned quickly and saw Lord Wynleigh standing by her side. "I have come to ask you if you are pleased. Walk with me through the rooms. You have not wished me a happy Christmas yet."

"Then I'll do it now," she said; and Lord Wynleigh raised her hand to his lips.

"Katherine has been telling me how dearly she loves you, and how good you are to her."

"I love her better than anything or any one in the wide world," she replied.

He looked half sadly at her.

"I have come," he said, "to ask you for a little share of that great affection which you give to my peerless Kate. I will deserve it. I will give you the true, honest, frank, kindly affection of a brother to a sister. Will you accept it?"

She looked up at him.

"I am bewildered," she said. "What have I done that heaven should give me so much—what have I done? Only a few months since no one loved me; now—"

"You accept it, then?" interrupted Lord Wynleigh. "If you want a friend, you will come to me; if ever you want help of any kind, you will remember that on Christmas Day you promised a stalwart brother to let him stand between you and the world."

"I shall never forget," she said.

And Lord Wynleigh left her standing by the door of the conservatory while he went in search of Katherine.

Veronica was unutterably happy; into her gray, dull life such threads of gold were woven that she was dazzled by them. She had hungered and thirsted for love; now it was lavished upon her. She stood on the same spot still, unconscious of her picturesque loveliness, watching Katherine and her lover, and as she watched them, strange, sweet possibilities of life came floating to her. She had thought of herself so long and so often as one apart from others, as one for whom life held no pleasures, no hopes; now was the dawn of a golden morning, now the sweet, vague, delicious fancies that thrill the heart of a young girl thrilled her. It might be that in the golden far-off future such love as Alton's for Katherine would fall to her lot. Perhaps her life, too, would be crowned by that most pure and perfect gift—a noble love. If heaven had such happiness in store for her—

"I am afraid," said a deep, musical voice near her, "that you will take cold—there is quite a rush of cold air here."

Veronica looked up suddenly. A tall, stately

figure stood between her and the light, dark-gray eyes were looking into her own. She saw a handsome, noble face, a proud, princely head covered with clusters of fair hair. It was a face that from that moment stood out clear and distinct from all other faces. The gentleman smiled at the half-bewildered expression of the dark eyes.

"I must introduce myself again," he said.

"Sir Jasper introduced me to you just before dinner, but I was one of so many, I cannot hope to have been noticed. You do not remember me?"

"No," she replied. "Sir Jasper introduced me to so many people at once, and English names are hard to remember. I should be glad if you would tell me yours," she added, with some little hesitation.

"You will say it is a strange one, perhaps," he said. "I am Sir Marc Caryll."

"Sir Marc Caryll," she repeated. "I shall remember that in connection with the patron saint of Venice—St. Mark."

She could not tell why, but the name seemed to sink into the depths of her heart like the echo of a song. Then she looked at him, and decided that, although she had seen some noble men, he was by far the handsomest and noblest. There was an air of command, of power, of authority about him which pleased her. He looked like a man whose will was strong and relentless, whose purpose was fixed, whose judgment was clear and decided. Self-reliance, courage, bravery—all those qualities were written on the fair, handsome face that had in it at times a woman's sweetness and the simplicity of a child. A swift, sudden thought came to her that a life would be safe in those strong hands of his—honor, fair fame, everything might be intrusted to him, and the trust be kept.

Sir Marc smiled at her.

"I can read your thoughts," he said; "you have been estimating my character. I will not ask you what you think of it; I will only say I hope your conclusions are favorable. Miss di Cyntha, try one dance with me. Christmas Day is past; and an example has been set us."

Veronica remembered that Christmas night—it was the beginning of a new life to her. The vague, sweet possibilities that had thrilled her as she watched Katherine took shape now—vague, beautiful shape; something awoke in her heart which had never been there before—something so tender, so sweet, that the girl's whole soul was moved by it. Life was never to be the same again for her; she had inherited something of the quick love and quick hatred that characterized the Brandons. She had in her more of her father's nature than her mother's.

"Your face is a poem," said Sir Marc, later on that same Christmas night—"a poem that I should never tire of reading."

She danced with him, she talked to him; more than one amused glance followed them—she with her dark Venetian beauty, he with his Saxon comeliness; they seemed to have forgotten the world. Once Sir Marc took her to the great western window in the broad corridor, and, drawing aside the hangings, he said to her:

"Look, Miss di Cyntha—I want you to see the poetry of an English Christmas."

Veronica cried out in wonder and awe. The sky was of deep, dark, fathomless blue; the moon was full, and shone with a clear, silvery light; the earth lay white, still, and beautiful under the pale, clear beams; the hard frost made the tall, leafless trees look darker, and the hoar-frost shone in the light of the moon. The wind wailed among the trees, bending their tall heads and swaying the huge branches.

"How beautiful!" she cried. "There is nothing in all Venice so fair as this. I thought there was no poetry in England; but it is full of it. This looks like fairyland."

"You will try to love England," he said.

"I do love it without trying," she replied. "I could almost fancy there was some mysterious reason why my heart should have warmed so greatly to it; it seems more my home than Venice ever did."

He was looking intently at her with his dark-gray eyes.

"You will not wish to return to Venice, then? You would be content to remain in England all your life?"

She raised her beautiful face; the dark eyes looked at the blue, wintry night-sky, at the fair, white earth, at the quaint shadows the moon made through the trees; and then she turned to Sir Marc.

"Venice would seem a prison to me after this," she said; and as she said it she wondered why she looked so bright and pleased.

"I should like you to see my home," he remarked. "It is, I think, even more beautiful than Queen's Chace. It is called Wervehurst Manor, and it stands in the loveliest part of Sussex. We have music there—nature's grandest. The sea lies at no great distance; and far away to the right stretches a chain of hills, purple hills, on which the light of the sun lies low. I have a passionate love for my home."

She was silent. He went on.

"And I live there, Miss di Cyntha, all alone. Can you imagine that? I have no mother, no sister. There is a large household of servants, but I am quite solitary. I want what the poets call an angel in the house."

"What is that?" asked Veronica.

"That is English for a wife," he replied; and the beautiful face drooped before him.

Her heart beat; a strange pain, that was yet half pleasure, seemed to thrill her innocent soul.

"I must leave you," she said, hurriedly. "I am quite sure that Katherine wants me."

"Where you go I follow," declared Sir Marc; and for that evening, at least, he kept his word.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW life—a glorious new life, bright, hopeful, pleasant, full of poetry, full of wonder and romance! The time came when Veronica began to wonder what it was that had fallen over her life. What was the dazzling light that had fallen at her feet? Why was it that from morning to night and from night to morning she had but one thought—and that was about Marc Caryll;

Christmas had passed now, and the beautiful Springtide had set in. The air was balmy with the sweet breath of flowers, yet Sir Jasper had not recovered much of his strength. The doctors would not allow him to return to his duties; he must rest if he would live. In vain the active, energetic statesman rebelled. He refused for a time to submit, until he saw the absolute necessity for it. Then he found Lord Wynleigh of great use to him. He had been returned as member for Hurstwood, and had made his maiden speech—to everybody's great surprise it was simply a masterpiece of eloquence. Sir Jasper gave up some of his duties to the young politician, about whom people prophesied great things.

The baronet was very pleased. It had always been a source of sorrow to him that he had no son to succeed to his honors; but he loved the brave young nobleman in whom all Katherine's happiness seemed to be centred. When dependent thoughts came to him, he said to himself that he should have a successor. He insisted upon Lady Brandon's taking Veronica and Katherine to London for part of the season at least, and nothing pleased him better than to read her ladyship's letter in which she told of Veronica's successes and triumphs.

"The girl can marry whom she will," wrote Lady Brandon; "her magnificent beauty has brought all London to her feet. She does not seem to care about any one in particular."

Veronica had suddenly become famous. Her rare style of face and figure, her wonderful grace and musical voice, had made her the observed of all. She received more invitations than she could possibly accept. Every one admired and liked her. But when Lady Brandon had been in town a few weeks, she decided upon returning. Sir Jasper was no better, and the doctor attending him did not think it advisable that he should delay consulting some eminent physician. So they went home again, and, as he looked at his two daughters, the master of Queen's Chace was struck afresh. Katherine's animated loveliness and Veronica's pale beauty seemed to have acquired fresh lustre. Those few weeks in town had wonderfully improved Veronica—they had given a finish and elegance to her such as can be acquired only by mixing with the most refined. She had enjoyed her visit, but not much, because Sir Marc was away. The season had but little attraction for him. He was not a man of fashion. A cruise to Norway had more charms for him than a season in London. He had written to say that he hoped to pass through Hurstwood in July or August, and would very much like to spend a few days there, to which Sir Jasper had replied by sending him a most cordial invitation, guessing shrewdly what was the attraction; so that Veronica had that to look forward to, and the knowledge of it made her profoundly indifferent to all the homage offered her.

The old bitter struggle was still going on in Sir Jasper's mind. What should he do? His heart was torn with a thousand doubts, a thousand fears. There was scarcely an hour of the twenty-four during which he did not again and again review all his reasons and doubts. Do as he would, one or the other must suffer. Should it be Katherine, the bright, fair child, the descendant of the proud Valdoraines; or Veronica, who looked up at him with dead Giulia's eyes? Which of the two should it be? He would have given his life to save either. One thing he had done. He had sent for a strange lawyer, and had made another will, in which he told the secret of Veronica's birth, and left to her the grand inheritance of Queen's Chace and Hurstwood. That will he kept by him. Remembering it, he was more at ease whenever he thought of her.

He grew worse. The doctors did not apprehend any immediate danger; he was only suffering from overtaxed strength, from ills that might be remedied. He did not even keep his room. Sir Jasper himself was more alarmed than the people about him. Strange sensations came to him. There were times when he fancied, as he walked through the shady garden-paths, that strange voices called him; he saw strange figures in his troubled sleep, strange faces smiled at him from the picture-frames.

One day—how Veronica remembered it afterwards!—he had walked in the grounds, and when the sun grew warm he went into the drawing-room to rest on a couch. Veronica was there. He asked her to read to him, and she did so until he fell asleep; then she sat and watched him, thinking how very ill he looked, how white and sunken his face was. Suddenly she saw his pale lips quiver; he opened his arms as though to clasp them round some one whom he loved, crying in a passionate voice:

"Giulia, Giulia, my heart's love!"

She touched him gently, and his eyes opened and looked wildly at her.

"Giulia," he cried again, "where am I? It is you, and yet another."

"Sir Jasper," said Veronica, "you are dreaming—you are ill."

He looked in bewilderment at her.

"Giulia's eyes," he said, "but another face. What does it mean?"

"You have been dreaming," remarked the girl, quietly. "Can I get anything for you? Shall I bring Lady Brandon?"

He gave a smothered moan.

"I—you are right, Veronica—I was dreaming. No, do not call any one; I want nothing. These June days are so warm."

It was June then, when the days were at their longest, and the bright sweet hours were all filled with beauty—June, when Queen's Chace was a picture of loveliness, with its lilies and roses, its rich green foliage and wealth of flowers. Veronica was troubled as she looked at Sir Jasper, for she had grown to love him. She remembered afterwards how he awoke from a fevered sleep, and would bare Katherine by Veronica's side. She remembered every detail of that his last day on earth. He would not go into the dining-room, and it was Veronica, by her own special request, who took him some little dainties and coaxed him to eat them. She knelt by his side, holding in her fingers a ripe sunny peach.

"This is just like Katherine's cheek," she said, laughingly. And she looked so like her mother

at that moment that he could have cried aloud in his longing love and pain.

"You have learned to love Katherine, Veronica?" he said, gently.

"Better than I love my life," she said, blushing to find that she no longer said, "Better than I love any one else in the world."

He looked up at her suddenly.

"Have you learnt to love me, Veronica?" he asked.

"Yes, just as dearly," she replied.

Then they were silent—he mute with emotion, she wondering that he should speak to her in this strain—he who had always been so distant and so reserved. Then he was restless all the day. When evening came, he asked Katherine to sing all her old songs to him—the songs he loved best; and Veronica fancied that his eyes filled with tears. Then, when it was growing later, he called Katherine to him. She knelt down by his side, and he drew her golden head down on to his breast.

"My child, my darling," he said, "have I been kind to you?"

"Always, papa," she replied.

"Have you had a happy life—Katie, tell me—a happy life?"

"Yes," she answered. "Papa, you know that I have never had one moment's care or trouble, one moment's sadness, ever since I was a child."

"Thank heaven for that!" he said, gently. "If I should die, Katie—die and leave you—would any one ever make you think me unkind—ever make you love me less?"

"No, never, papa," she said, laughing at the notion—"never."

"Kiss me. Tell me you love me," he said.

"Will you remember in the after years that I would have given my life at any time to save you from pain?"

"Yes," replied Katherine, and, obeying his wish, she clasped her tender arms around his neck. "I love you very dearly, papa," she said, "more than I can tell you, and I am longing for the day to come when you will be strong and well again."

Later still, when Katherine was going to her room, he called her to him, and, taking the bright young face between his hands, he kissed it.

"Good-night, my darling," he said; "and may heaven ever bless you!"

She wondered at the solemnity of the words, little dreaming that she had heard his voice for the last time.

"You are not quite so well to-night, Jasper," said Lady Brandon.

"No," he replied. "There is a strange fluttering at my heart—I feel faint—it will pass away. The day has been so very warm."

"I wish," said Lady Brandon, "that you would consult Sir William Fletcher; they say that he is the cleverest physician in England."

"I will see about it," replied Sir Jasper.

It was a lovely June night, one of those nights that never seem to grow dark; the air was rich and heavy with the odor of the sleeping flowers, the dew lay on the white lilies, on the roses, on the purple passion-flowers, the wind stirred ever so faintly the fresh green leaves. It was one of those nights when it seemed impossible to turn from the sweet face of nature. Veronica had stood for more than an hour at the open window of her room, when one of the servants came to say that she was wanted in Sir Jasper's room.

"Is Sir Jasper worse?" asked Veronica, in alarm.

"The valet said he seemed very ill, miss," replied the girl; "but there was nothing said about his being worse."

Without loss of time Veronica left her room. She had not undressed. She still wore her evening-dress of rich black lace with crimson flowers. She had taken the diamond stars from her hair, and the black shining waves fell in rich profusion over her shoulders. On her neck gleamed a cross of rubies and diamonds. She walked through the long corridors, where the moonlight lay in great silver floods, making everything else darker by contrast. Sir Jasper could not be worse, she thought; the servants were most of them in bed, and there was no confusion. She went to the door of his room—a room she had never entered. It was ajar, and Lady Brandon stood near it. She looked very pale and anxious. She had on a white dressing-gown, and was toying nervously with the blue ribbons.

"I do not understand it, Veronica," she whispered. "Sir Jasper has sent for you and for me—he wants us particularly. No one else is to come near. He looks so strange I am half frightened. Come in."

Veronica entered the statesman's chamber. It was a large and magnificently furnished apartment. She saw wonders of rosewood and buhl, Sevres china, statuettes, pictures and books. On the bed, with its silken hangings, she saw Sir Jasper—Sir Jasper, with a gray look on his face and dark shadows round his eyes. She went up to him, and his eyes, looking into hers, told her that some strange, unrevealed secret was between them.

"Close the door," he said—"fasten it securely; no one must interrupt me. Marie, my wife, come here. It is you who will have to forgive me. I have sinned against you; but my sin always appeared to me in a better light than that in which I see it now. It is a gilded sin—a sin so shrouded with sentiment, reserve, poetry, sensitiveness, that I scarcely know where the wrong begins or ends—a gilded sin, my poor Marie, and the punishment will fall on an innocent head. Veronica, come nearer to me. I have sent for you—I have a story to tell. Kneel here where I may see your face. Keep those eyes—dead Giulia's eyes—fixed on me to the last, that my strength and my courage may not fail me. Marie, whom I have wronged, give me your hand—I have a story to tell you."

The night-lamp was partly shaded; its feeble rays fell on the gray face, on the dark, wistful eyes, on the thin white hands that fell on the two kneeling figures, on Veronica's beautiful face and Lady Brandon's troubled features. The wind, when it stirred, sent a great spray of clematis beating against the glass; outside, the beautiful,

solemn Summer night lay brooding over the fair sleeping earth.

Sir Jasper told his story, clearly, plainly, distinctly, describing his motives, blaming his own fastidious, sensitive reserve, blaming his own shrinking from pain, blaming his own weakness and folly, which had led him so far wrong—led him into what he truly called "a gilded sin."

Lady Marie listened with silent, bitter tears. "So you were married before, Jasper, and never told me," she sobbed; "and I always thought that I was the only one you loved. How could you deceive me?"

"I am sorry, Marie, for the past. I can scarcely expect you to understand—I can scarcely understand myself; it is so difficult looking back. I loved her so well, and I lost her so soon. I could never speak of her, my dear, dead Giulia. I could not utter her name—it tore my heart. I could not look men and women in the face while I talked of her, my dead love."

"Then," said Lady Brandon, "you have always loved her best, Jasper, living or dead."

"You have been a good, true, tender, faithful wife to me, Marie," he returned; "but she was my first love."

Veronica had listened like one in a dream. This was her history, then; and the golden-haired sister whom Assunta had never ceased to mourn was her own mother! She was the daughter of the famous statesman, Sir Jasper Brandon, who was looking with such wistful eyes into her face.

"You are my own child, Veronica," he said, while Lady Brandon wept as one who could not be comforted—"my own daughter—dead Giulia's child! I have longed so often to take you in my arms and tell you so. I did not love you when evil spirits whispered to me that you had cost your mother her life; but I have learned to love you since you have been here, my daughter. Kiss me, Veronica. Say 'father' to me just once."

She laid her fair face on his, half frightened at its deathly chill.

"My father—my dear father!" she said.

"You love me, Veronica—you forgive me?"

"I love you, and I have nothing to forgive. See, father, I kiss you again."

Then Sir Jasper took two packets from under his pillow.

"There is another thing yet to be told," he said; "and this, my poor Marie, I know you will feel. I feel it myself; but I cannot—I dare not die until I have done justice to Giulia's child. It is the law of our race—one that I have neither the power nor the right to change—that, failing a male heir, the eldest daughter shall succeed. You, Veronica Brandon, are my eldest daughter, so you are my heiress—the heiress of Queen's Chace and the domain of Hurstwood."

"This cannot be," cried Lady Brandon—"that is too cruel; it will kill Katherine."

"I hope not," he said, faintly. "It is cruel—heaven knows I feel it to be so; but it must be done."

Lady Brandon had drawn her hand from his feeble clasp; her face flushed hotly, her eyes were full of angry fire.

"My child shall not be robbed!" she cried. "I will appeal to all England. It shall not be."

"All England could not prevent it, Marie," he said, sadly. "My eldest daughter must be my heiress; after my death she becomes Baroness Brandon. I am quite powerless in the matter."

"It is wickedly unjust!" she cried. "I wonder at you, Sir Jasper—you who all your life have passed for an honorable man. You must not, you shall not do my child this wrong."

"Hush, Marie!" he said, sadly. "Do not reproach me, my dear; I have suffered enough. Listen, Veronica. This is my will; in it you will find repeated the story of my first marriage—in it you will find that I have made you what you are—my heiress. I have made handsome provision for Katherine—handsome provision, Marie, for you."

"You have robbed us!" cried Lady Brandon. "What am I to say to my friends when they hear of this?"

The baronet continued:

"This second parcel, Veronica, contains all the papers you will need to prove your identity—the certificate of your mother's birth, marriage, and death. There is a certificate of your birth also, and every other paper which your aunt Assunta thought necessary to prove your claim. Take them, Veronica. Kiss me, my daughter; my strength fails me. Promise me one thing in your mother's name—will you promise me, Veronica?"

With her white lips on his, which were no less white, she whispered:

"I promise."

"Be kind to my wife and Katherine," he said.

"Promise me."

"I will," she replied. Then she raised her head, for a long quivering sigh from him frightened her.

"Go and fetch Katherine," he said—"Kate—my own Kate."

"Are you worse, Jasper?" cried Lady Brandon, forgetting her anger in her fear.

A smile that Veronica never forgot came over his face as he turned to her.

"No, not worse—better," he said. "I see it all now." And the next moment he was dead.

The two horrified spectators stood looking at each other, unable to move. Lady Brandon cried out:

"He is dead—he is dead, Veronica!" Then, going up to the bewildered girl, she seized both her hands.

"Veronica," she cried, "hide these papers. Promise me, swear to me, that you will never mention one word of all this until I have spoken to you again. Swear it!"

"I promise," said Veronica.

And then Lady Brandon seized the bell-rope and rang a hasty peal.

(To be continued.)

The Palette-Knife.

As the ladies of the last century practiced the use of the fan, the modern artist practices with his knife. He blocks in his picture with it alone, and butters on a face or a full moon. Much, too, that Raffaele and Titian did with the grind-stone is now done with the palette-knife, in the mixing and rendering of the color and the medium; and it has a further use of a sterner sort, which adds that ele-

ment to its character which would be wanting if we looked at it only as a paint tool. It has a power of excision not to be overlooked. Sometimes it is too freely employed in this way, and the artist who has spent weeks in getting in his design cuts it out in as many minutes. But, as a rule, the knife might be brought to bear more often with advantage. Whole acres at some of the exhibitions would be the better for it. It is the same in every domain of art and literature. Poems, plays, operas, oratorios, articles, and speeches, all sadly want the knife nowadays. An effective speaker was asked how he contrived to make such excellent addresses. "By knowing beforehand what I want to say, and stopping when I have said it," was the reply. It is the same in writing as in speaking. There is more in a single essay of Bacon's, filling perhaps two small pages, than in all that Mr. Tupper ever wrote. Many an obscure author of the present day would be great, or at least greater than he is, if he used the knife judiciously, blocked his work in, so to speak, before he filled it out, ground his ideas, harmonized his illustrations, took care never to make the error against which the medieval illuminator warned his pupils, of mixing mineral green and vegetable purple, and above all, if he endeavored to add to the number of the words available on his palette. Too many are content to rush into print without any of these precautions—to exhibit before the critical public poorly furnished palettes rather than finished pictures; but they do not afterwards grumble the less and complain of the world's ill-treatment when they fail of the success they have never taken pains to deserve.

The Politest Frenchman on Record.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Truth* writes: "French politeness is proverbial. Perhaps you will think that the little incident that happened to me at the Grand Hotel in Paris last week will prove that French politeness is sometimes carried a little too far. Intending to dine at the *table d'hôte*, I left my hat and umbrella, as I thought, perfectly secure in a corner of the reading-room. My repeat over, I went to where I had left my property, and to my astonishment found my hat removed and my umbrella gone. On asking for an explanation from the well-known individual who carries round his neck a gorgeous steel chain, he at once presented me with a card, surmounted by an imposing coronet, and bearing underneath the name and address of H. de Bellocq, de Madron, No. 48 Rue Jacobs, remarking, 'You see, sir, it has come to me to rain, and so the gentleman borrowed your umbrella; he desired me to give you his card, and promised that the article should be returned to-morrow morning at eight o'clock.' I thought this rather cool on the part of a stranger, but was assured that I need be under no apprehension regarding the safety of my property, as the gentleman was highly respectable and often came there to take his meals. Unfortunately, the next day was very wet, and no doubt the gentleman found my property still useful, for he failed to keep his promise to return it. However, the following morning a smiling commissionaire presented himself at my door with the borrowed article, claiming at the same time one franc for the portage. Most unfortunately I was pressed for time, and, therefore, had not an opportunity of calling on the gentleman to express my admiration of his coolness and politeness."

A Puzzling Case.

SHERIFF SPENS was puzzled by a case which came before him at Glasgow, Pennsylvania, the other day. It was raised by some of the members of a family cursed, as so many families are, by domestic differences. One of the conundrums which turned up in the course of the trial and had to be solved by the bewildered sheriff was this: The prosecutor's first wife, when she died, left him the happy father of several daughters. He married a second time, and the brother of this second wife, and defender to the action, attracted by the charms of one of his sister's stepdaughters, wooed and won her and became son-in-law to his brother-in-law, who was his father-in-law and stepson-in-law, as well as brother of his father-in-law's wife. The defender's wife was also a stepdaughter of her stepmother's brother, as well as daughter of her husband's father-in-law. The children of the defender will, of course, stand in curious relationship to certain of the parties. They will be step-grandchildren to the prosecutor's wife, who will also be their aunt, and stepchildren and grandchildren to the prosecutor himself.

Russian Marriages.

In Russia, when a couple are engaged, a betrothal feast is held, and the bride-elect has a lock of her hair cut off in the presence of witnesses and given to the bridegroom, who in return presents a silver ring set with a turquoise, an almond cake, and a gift of bread and salt. From this moment the two are pledged; nor can the relatives break the match, except with the consent of the parties themselves, which is signified by a return of the ring and lock of hair. So much importance is attached to the ring, that among poor people who cannot afford silver and a turquoise, tin and a bit of blue stone are substituted. These betrothal rings are kept as heirlooms, but must not be made to serve twice—a son cannot give his bride the ring which his mother received, for instance, though why this should be so is a mystery which the clergy, who sell the rings, could best explain. On the wedding-day the bride comes to church dressed white; but it is only among the highest classes that the bridal costume is entirely white, and that a wreath of orange-flower blossoms is used. Among Russians pure light blue is the nuptial color, and a coronet of silver ribbon stands in place of the wreath. The wedding-ring for the bride is of gold, but not a plain hoop; it is generally a double ring with enlaced stars. The bridegroom has a ring, too, which the bride puts on his finger at the altar after she has received his, and this is mostly a plain one. The clergy make much ado about the rings being of pure metal, and thereby keep the sale of them in their hands. After the wedding-service, which comprises in some of the less civilized districts the breaking of an earthenware vessel in token that the bride renounces her own possession—after this there is an adjournment to a banquet in which mulled beer and almond cakes play a great part. Weddings need not be celebrated before mid-day, nor must they take place in a church. In fashionable circles it is the custom to solemnize them in a drawing-room, and by candlelight. There is no departure on a honeymoon tour. The banquet is followed by a ball, then by a supper; and at this last repast, when held in houses where old customs are ob-

served, a new satin slipper, supposed to be the bride's, is produced, and used as a drinking-vessel by the bridegroom's friends, who pass it round and drink the bride's health in it till it is soaked through and will hold liquor no longer. In houses where speeches are made it is not the bridegroom, but the bride's father, who returns thanks when her health is drunk—this usage being owing to the fact that a father still retains authority over his child after she is married. He may summon her from her home to tend him when he is sick. If he lose his wife he may claim his married daughter's services as a housekeeper during the first three months of his widowhood; and he very often does so. If the daughter's husband die, her father may order her to return to his roof, and he becomes *de jure* the guardian of her children. None of those privileges is retained by a married woman's mother.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Eucalyptus in the United States.—Mr. Joseph Wharton has tried to acclimatize *Eucalyptus globulus* in Philadelphia; but, although the plants grow well in green-houses, they seem incapable of surviving the severe winters, even though carefully covered with leaves and earth. The winter test was only applied after the plants had grown vigorously for some years, being protected in winter and placed in the open air in summer.

Burning Petroleum as a Fuel.—Successful experiments have been made on a method of burning petroleum under steam-boilers as a substitute for other fuel, which consists simply in pouring the oil over a thin layer of asbestos. The petroleum burns with intense heat, while the asbestos, being incombustible, is not affected, but serves as a means of retaining the oil and acting as a wick. During the experiments sheets of paper placed beneath the furnace were not injured, although the heat from the oil above was intense. For small cooking stoves an indestructible wick of asbestos is recommended.

Arctic Coal.—Coal was found by members of the late Arctic expedition in latitude 81 deg. 44 min. north, and longitude 65 deg. 3 min. west, in Grantland. The prevailing rock of the surrounding district has a shingly clay stone of very irregular arrangement, but mainly dipping to the westward, and, so far as could be ascertained, devoid of fossils. The coal has a bright, shiny appearance, is somewhat of a pitchy character and very brittle. On analysis it could not be distinguished from a bituminous coal of exceedingly good quality and belongs to the true carboniferous period. The presence of coal in such high latitudes would seem to indicate that a climate very different from the present once prevailed in the Arctic regions.

Photography by Lightning.—Mr. A. J. Jarmin communicates to the *Photographic News* an account of experiments made to take negatives during a thunder-storm. He sensitized a plate in the usual way and placed it at the back of a negative. Four flashes of lightning were counted, and, upon developing, the image came out as clear and quick as if taken by ordinary daylight. One flash with a weak negative gave a fair transparency. He next tried with the camera; after getting everything nicely in focus, through the studio window, which was done by the aid of lightning, he obtained a photograph with twenty flashes, the view being down a street. The experiment proves that the chemical process of lightning is equal to the electric light produced artificially and nearly equal to daylight. Photographs of the electric spark itself have been taken by aid of a Ruhmkorff coil.

Ancient Saurian Monsters of North America.—The reptiles most characteristic of our American cretaceous strata are the *Mosasaurs*, a group with very few representatives in other parts of the world. In our cretaceous seas, they ruled supreme, as their numbers, size, and carnivorous habits enabled them to easily vanquish all rivals. Some were at least sixty feet in length and the smallest ten or twelve. In the inland cretaceous seas, from which the Rocky Mountains were beginning to emerge, these ancient "sea serpents" abounded; and many were entombed in its muddy bottom. On one occasion, as Professor Marsh rode through a valley washed out of this old ocean bed, he saw no less than seven different skeletons of these monsters in sight at once. The *Mosasaurs* were essentially swimming lizards, with four well-developed paddles, and they had little affinity with modern serpents, to which they have been compared.

Life on Meteoric Stones.—The beginning of life on this globe is diligently sought after by scientific men, but appears to be past finding out. Sir William Thomson prefers to look outside of our globe for a possible solution of the inquiry; but then the question will arise how did life get into other worlds?—and we shall be no nearer a starting point than before. Sir William Thomson discusses the possibility of life on a meteoric stone falling on the earth. He considers that, although the stone may be very hot in its passage through the air, it does not follow that all organic life is extinct in the interior, and he argues that by way of meteorites our world may have been furnished with its first supply of life germs, which, by the process of evolution, gave us the fauna and flora of the present time. The theory appears to be as plausible as the doctrine of spontaneous generation, but will scarcely satisfy the minds of believers in the first chapter of Genesis.

A Falling Mountain in Switzerland.—There has been a recent instance of a falling mountain in Savoy, causing the destruction of two flourishing villages. The mountain, for twenty days without cessation, went on dismembering itself, and literally falling, day and night, into the valley below, filling it with piled-up blocks of stone, extinguishing all other sounds by its incessant thunder, and covering the distant horizon by a thick cloud of yellowish dust. Blocks of immense size became displaced with no apparent cause, and descended the sides, a distance of a mile in thirty seconds, sometimes leaping 1,500 feet at a time, mowing down gigantic pines as if they were so many thistles. One such block was seen to strike a fine fir-tree before reaching the bridge between the villages; the tree was not simply broken or overthrown, but was crushed to dust, and the trunk and branches disappeared in the air like a burning match. No satisfactory explanation has yet been reached as to the cause of the disaster.

Raising Chestnuts from Seed.—The chestnuts, as soon as received in the Fall, are buried in a common drygoods box in the cellar with alternate layers of moss, such as is used for packing plants for shipment, scattering the chestnuts on the moss so as not to touch each other. The moss should be but slightly damp, and if the surface becomes very dry during the winter it may be sprinkled, but the moss need not be disturbed until planting time in the Spring—say the 10th or 15th of April. The nuts by this time will have nicely adhered. Long roots will be attached to the moss and adhering firmly to the fibres. This should be allowed to remain, and be planted with them, and should the season be dry, the moss will be rather a benefit than otherwise by retaining moisture about the root. Plant in drills four inches apart in the drills, and sufficient space between the drills to use a small garden hoe. Trees five years old grown from seed in the above manner will bear nuts, and at eight years may produce a peck of hulled nuts.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MARTIN MILMORE is at work upon a portrait bust of Joshua Bates, the famous teacher.

GENERAL BARTLETT, formerly United Minister to Sweden, has entered the Turkish service with the rank of major-general.

MR. W. W. STORY has been invited by the Government officials, and other distinguished gentlemen, to repeat his lecture on art, in Washington.

CAPTAIN GREENE, United States military attaché, has received the Russian Order of St. Andrew for coolness in the battles at Shipka Pass and Plevna.

THE late Bishop Marvin stood high in the Masonic Order, and was Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Missouri during the years 1857 to 1871 inclusive.

PROFESSOR J. LAWRENCE SMITH, of Louisville, Ky., the well-known chemist, has been elected a member of the Royal Scientific Society of Göttingen, Germany.

REV. A. H. CLAPP, D. D., has tendered his resignation as one of the three secretaries of the American Home Missionary Society, for the purpose of diminishing the expenses.

VON MOLTKE plays whist nearly every evening, and also devotes an hour to music. He has a cultivated ear for a soldier, and is especially fond of the compositions of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schubert.

MR. CHENERY, the new editor of the London *Times*, has for some time been the lord almoner's professor of Arabic at Oxford, but it is explained by his friends that he has almost forgotten that language.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY is to be given a formal reception in London by the Royal Geographical Society, and at the first ordinary meeting of the society, in January, he is expected to read a paper summing up his labors and their scientific and commercial results.

MR. GLADSTONE, Mr. Irving, Mr. Charles Reade, Mr. Jefferson, the Bishop of Manchester, Professor Blackie, Monsignor Capel, Professor Ward, Canon Toole, Professor Armstrong, and many other distinguished men, favor the establishment of a dramatic reform association in London.

JOHN WELSH, prior to the public reception given him Nov. 27th, was presented by the women of Philadelphia with two handsome silk flags, one of America, the other of Great Britain. The event came off in the building of the Academy of Arts, where the public reception was; also 7,000 persons paid their respects to the new Minister to England.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BURTON, the famous African traveler, now English Consul at Trieste, has set out for Meilah, with a strong force of soldiers and marines furnished by the Khédive to complete his exploration of the old gold and silver mines of the land of Midian. Afterwards he may take the Governorship of Darfour and press some pet ideas of exploration in Central Africa.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON, of Toronto, has been advised that the Czar's prize of 5,000 roubles (about \$3,750) for the best essay on "Cavalry" has been awarded to him. Colonel Denison is a young Canadian volunteer officer, and police magistrate at Toronto. He has already written an excellent book on cavalry, which so pleased the Russian military authorities that they had it translated into Russian and made it one of their army text-books.

A DISPATCH from Yokohama says numbers of Japanese army and navy officers have been especially decorated and promoted in rank for services in the late civil war, as have also the entire body of the Imperial Council. There had been an uninterrupted round of festivities since the Emperor's birthday, November 3d. Many of these festivals were natural to the season, but a large proportion of them were due to an interchange of rejoicings over the conclusion of the civil war.

THE Prince of Wales is a lawyer, or, rather, a barrister. He was called to the Bar a few years ago at his own desire and with the usual formalities, and took the oath prescribed on admission. He was at the same time made a Master of the Bench, the benchers being the governing body of the Society of the Middle Temple. His portrait has recently been painted in the noble old hall of the Middle Temple as a record of so noteworthy a circumstance as a royal prince's entrance upon the legal profession.

ANDREW JOHNSON, it is said, preserved all his papers, and died leaving them in the upper story of a shop in Greenville. Throughout his life he carefully saved all papers, and even took to Greenville complete files of three daily newspapers of New York covering his presidential term. Of telegrams alone he must have left more than a bushel in a compact form. He saved them all; none were considered of so little importance as not to be worth saving. He remarked once how little space a folded letter took up, and what small trouble to save them, and how important they sometimes became.

THE young Spanish Duchess, Fernan Nunez, is to be married shortly to the duke of Huescar, after the old fashion of noble Spanish weddings. There is a dance until midnight; then the bride, who has been dancing in her wedding-dress, throws over her head a white lace mantilla, and descends to her private chapel, where the ceremony is performed by the waiting priest. It is mentioned with awe in Paris that the wedding dress of the young duchess, which was made by Worth, is of white satin, and chiefly remarkable for its immense train; and that its only trimming is a row of orange-blossom buds down the front.

MR. SPOFFORD, the Librarian of Congress, is noted as a man of inimitable memory. Any one may go to him and say, "Mr. Spofford, is there a book in the library which gives information on such a subject?" And he will promptly give the name of the volume and an indication of its contents. The next questioner following the last immediately may ask about a work treating of an entirely different topic and belonging to a different class of literature, yet the inexhaustible storehouse in the librarian's brain will furnish the desired information. No catalogue, however complete, could supply the place of this one man.

BLEISCHRODER, the German banker, is a bosom-friend of Bismarck, who after much solicitation obtained for him a patent of nobility. Thereafter the banker, who had so persistently striven for rank, affected to regard it as a bore. "If you only knew," he said to a friend, "what a nuisance it is to have honors and attentions paid to you incessantly! You can't even pass a guardhouse but the troops turn out and present arms." "Surely you must be mistaken," said the friend; "those honors are only reserved for military officers of high rank." "I beg your pardon," said the banker; "I know it, because it was done to me to-day. If you don't believe me ask Count von Moltke; he was with me at the time and saw it all."



THE CONVICTS' CAMP, NEAR CANE RIVER, ON THE ROUTE OF THE PROPOSED RAILROAD.

CONVICT LABOR IN THE SOUTHWEST. SCENES ALONG THE NEW ORLEANS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

ONE by one our large penal institutions are becoming self-supporting. In the Northern and Eastern States it is customary for capitalists to contract with prison authorities for the service of skilled laborers and tradesmen, sending the material to be manufactured to the penitentiaries, and paying a gross sum annually for the work. In these sections the manufacture of boots and shoes forms the most general industry. At the South and West the officials turn out the surplus convicts to labor upon the streets of the cities or the roads and public works of the counties, while the mechanics and skilled workmen are hired out to the highest bidder. The great difference between convict labor under the contract system in the North and South consists in the work being done in the correctional establishments in the former section, and wherever the contractor demands in the latter. Hence wealthy planters will take gangs of convicts to farms at considerable distances from the prisons, feed and partially clothe them, and return them to the authorities at the expiration of the period contracted for. Employment, at once profitable to the



DRAGGING THE IRON FLOW.

contractor and the State or county officials, is thus furnished in a variety of forms for many hundred convicts.

We are able to illustrate this custom with a series of sketches, showing the progress of work on the New Orleans Pacific Railroad. Major James leased the convicts in the penitentiary of Natchitoches Parish, Louisiana, organized them in gangs according to their capacities, and scattered them along the route, so that the work of grading, excavating, filling in, etc., is being done with the utmost practicable speed.

Our sketches were taken on Cane River, at a point forty miles above Alexandria, when Chopin Hill was being cut through. There were two hundred and fifty convicts at that point, and about eight hundred altogether on the route. They are under severe discipline, but seldom try to escape, knowing that they would surely be captured and punished. A pack of trained hounds is kept in readiness at each of the camps, and the moment a convict is missed the dogs are put on his trail, and the pursuit is certain to be a very brief one. Comfortable quarters are provided at the camps on the line of work, built of logs and covered with pine boards, the structure being inclosed by a high fence. The proportion of blacks to whites is about nine to



MAKING THE CUTTING THROUGH CHOPIN HILL, ON CANE RIVER, FORTY MILES ABOVE ALEXANDRIA

LOUISIANA.—UTILIZING CONVICT LABOR IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW ORLEANS PACIFIC RAILROAD, IN NATCHITOCHES PARISH.
FROM SKETCHES BY J. W. BENNETT, JR., NEW ORLEANS.

one. Some of the most active laborers are negroes sentenced to imprisonment for life, but who, as a reward for fidelity, have been made foremen of small gangs. Many of them are trusted to carry messages miles away from camp without a guard. The satisfaction of having at least one individual to "boss," invariably brings them back in good season without having attempted an escape. The camp of the gang shown in our illustrations is located about one mile below the cutting. The men are well and regularly fed, and, as it is to the interest of the contractor that they are able to labor daily, due medical consideration is given them. Altogether, they fare better than if locked up in the prison; the contractor can greatly hasten his work, and at a low figure, and the parish is sure of a good sum of money to devote to its current expenses.

MISS MARY ANDERSON.

THIS gifted artist awoke upon Tuesday morning, the 13th of November, 1877, to find herself famous. She had passed the Rubicon, had stormed the fortress of New York criticism; and, with one bound, had placed herself upon a pedestal inscribed with the golden words Name and Fame. Selecting the rôle of *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons," her appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre was hailed with those distrustful feelings which permeate audiences with reference to *débutantes* generally, and those on whom a good deal of gush has been expended, in particular. *Nous allons voir*, with a gentle shrug, was the order of the night, while the old playgoers discussed the overwhelming merits of the *Paulines* of twenty years ago, gently pooh-poohing the possibility of any treading upon their kibes. Miss Anderson's appearance smote directly in her favor. Willowy, *svelte*, fresh, a face exquisitely rounded, a mouth chiseled upon lines that Canova would have critically examined—eyes of dark gray, approaching violet, hair brown with a golden sheen, a graceful throat, and a slender form, lithe and lissome; thus she stood revealed to an assemblage now somewhat anxious as to results. Was she merely a tall, handsome girl; *gauche*, awkward, unskilled in those subtle movements wherein the soul of action loves to dwell? Her voice, sweet, deep, rich,



MISS MARY ANDERSON, THE YOUNG AMERICAN TRAGEDIENNE.

Miss Anderson's *Julie* proved as charming as her *Pauline*. It is a delicious piece of acting from beginning to end; a fascinating conception of the hapless girl's hapless rôle. Miss Anderson's *Juliet* adds another laurel to the wreath she is so ably winning from the coy and reluctant grasp of Fame.

This gifted artist has also appeared in *Evadne*, and in the character of *Meg Merrilies*. To fancy the beautiful *Pauline*, the lovely *Juliet*, transformed into a weird, uncanny snaggel-toothed, unkempt, repulsive old hag was a lively leap for the imagination; yet in this impersonation has Miss Anderson surpassed all her former efforts. Untrammelled by stage rules, she introduces a new vitality into the part, that fascinates from its truth to nature and from the impetus of its power. Her voice always rich and tuneful, even in the bitter harshness of the hag's, a vein of tenderness underlying every utterance, appeals with a charm all its own, while her action, so independent, so original, so weird-like, infuses a fascination into the rôle which those who have not had the good fortune to witness can scarcely realize. There is a future for Miss Mary Anderson—a bright and brilliant one. She has wooed Fame through the glorious inspiration of genius, and in the sweet by-and-by she will look back from the pinnacle of her greatness, upon the memorable occasion when she passed the Rubicon of New York æstheticism.

THE LATE MOSES H. GRINNELL.

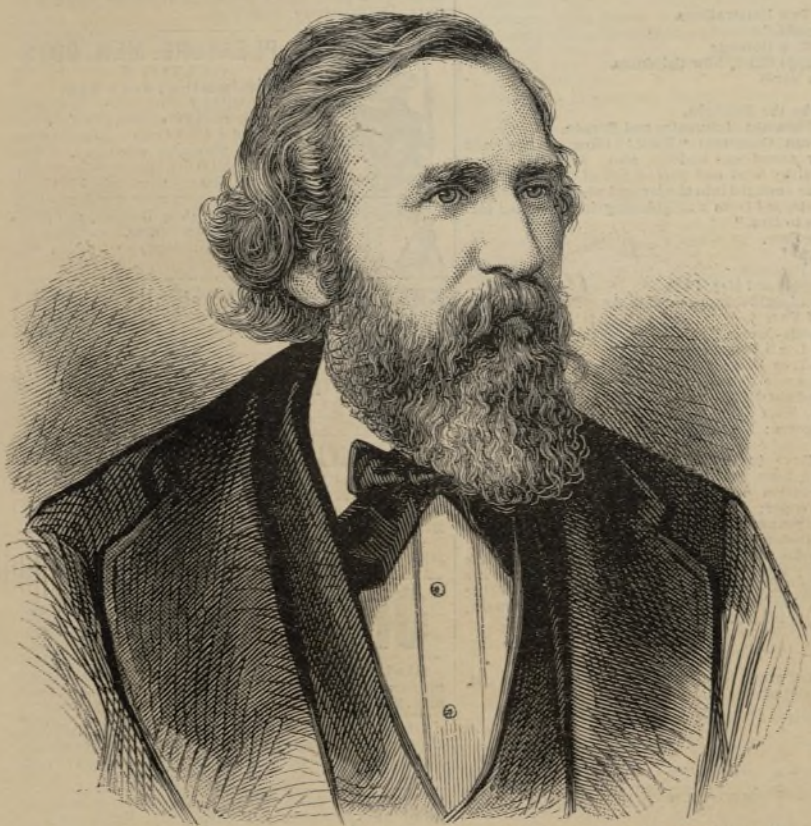
MOSES H. GRINNELL, the well known New York merchant, who died at his residence, on Saturday, November 24th, was born in New Bedford, Mass., March 3d, 1804. He was one of six brothers—there was also one daughter—most of whom made for themselves distinguished reputations in commercial life. Henry Grinnell was one of the number, a man whose generosity in sending Dr. Kane and other explorers to the Arctic regions has indissolubly linked his name with the vast, lone and silent lands of the ice zone. Until he was sixteen years old young Moses Howland was kept regularly at school, at which time he had completed the course at the academy of his native town.

Leaving school, he entered as a clerk the store of William R. Rotch & Co., then large importers of Russian goods, and

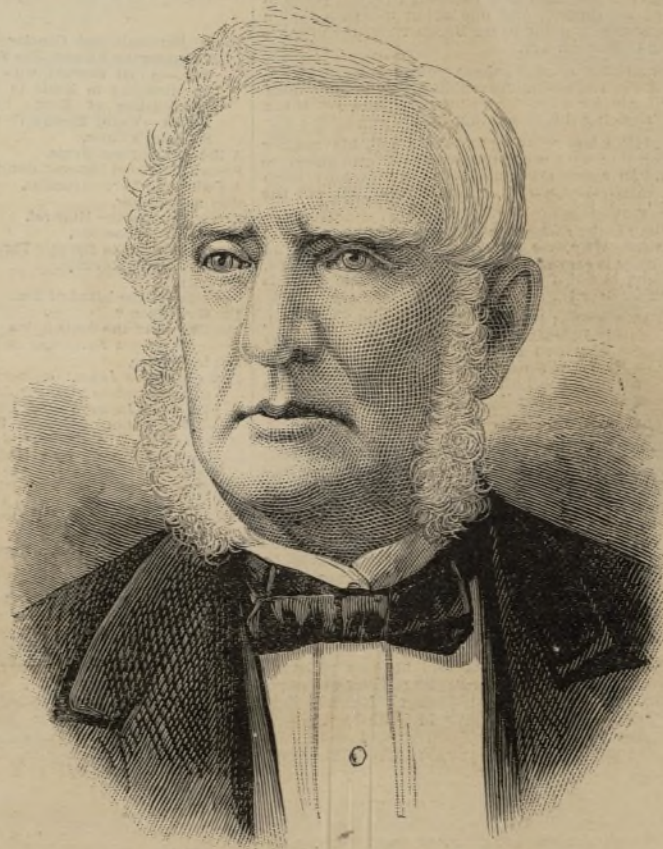
appealed in its first utterance, and critics cast at one another a short, approving glance—intimating, "So far she is a success." But as the play proceeded Miss Anderson rose with its requirements, and soon the vivid flashes of genius commenced to quicken the pulses of her expectant auditory. From the first it was evident that she had flung aside the conventionalities that hedge the rôle, and had taken a deeper, a more psychological view of the ghastly woes of the tortured and hapless bride.

The prescribed hysterical scorn, the laid-down and well defined despair, gave way to a vague fear, a nameless intensity of suffering—bewildering, shocking, crushing. Her *svelte* form; her hands in strong action; her voice never discordant even in shriek or fervent reproach; her dazed expression; all lent a realism to the scene that fairly fettered the audience, and in that moment her success was triumphantly won. All the lights and shadows, all the tenderness, all the electricity of woman's passion was revealed, and Miss Mary Anderson's *Pauline* became an accepted type.

But her supreme test lay in the rendition of Shakespeare's loveliest conception of the poem of girlhood—love—and



MASSACHUSETTS.—SAMUEL BOWLES, ESQ., EDITOR OF THE "SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN." SEE PAGE 258.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE HON. MOSES H. GRINNELL.

also largely engaged in the whaling trade. He rapidly became an accomplished clerk. His employers, as a special mark of their appreciation, allowed him to make business ventures on his own account, many of these yielding him good financial results.

After making a commercial voyage to Brazil, he settled in New York, and his brother being junior partner of the firm of Fish & Grinnell, he was soon on intimate terms with Mr. Preserved Fish, its chief. Soon after Joseph Grinnell retired, to be succeeded by Robert B. Minturn, and thus was the house of Grinnell & Minturn formed in the year 1828, the senior partner being twenty-two years of age. Thus was established a co-partnership which, through all the financial shocks of nearly fifty years, has stood firm and unblemished.

To trace the history of the house of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. would be a long chapter. In 1841 the business was located at 78 South Street, where the same sign may be seen to-day. Their ships grew in number until they were seen in every sea. Our shipping was a great interest in those days. It had not been ruined by the bad legislation of Western Congressmen who never had seen a ship.

Messrs. Grinnell & Minturn established two lines of ocean packets between New York and Liverpool and London. "The Blue and White Swallow Tail Line" cleared for the former, "The Red and White Swallow Tail Line" for the latter. At one time this house owned, wholly or in part, nearly fifty vessels, which, laden with valuable freight, were traversing every sea. In 1860 Mr. Grinnell retired from active work, leaving to the house the prestige of unexampled success and an unblemished name.

In 1838, in the midst of an active career of trade, Mr. Grinnell was elected to Congress as a Whig, and having been renominated in 1840, was only defeated by the Democratic tidal wave which then swept New York City. Mr. Grinnell was made President of the Phoenix Bank in 1838 and re-established its financial condition, which had become impaired in the crash of 1837. He continued a director of this bank up to the day of his death. In 1843 Mr. Grinnell succeeded Robert Lenox as President of the Chamber of Commerce. This position he filled for several years. For five years, having entered on his duties in 1860, Mr. Grinnell was one of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. Passing over the many minor offices of trust which Mr. Grinnell held, the point is reached when he was made Collector of the Port of New York by President Grant. The appointment came unsolicited, and the successful career of Mr. Grinnell in that post is too familiar to require extended notice. Upon the appointment of his successor he retired to private life.

The remains were interred in the family vault in the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Tarrytown, N. Y., beside the grave of Washington Irving, whose niece was Mr. Grinnell's second wife.

FUN.

A STANDING engagement—Popping the question over the front gate.

MOST of the eloping girls of Arkansas are named Betsy; that is what makes their fathers say, "Bets are off."

A WAG suggests that a suitable opening for many choirs would be, "Lord have mercy upon us miserable singers."

NEVER write letters to a widow; she always takes down the old box and compares yours with the other man's.

"ARTIFICIAL limbs at reduced prices," advertises a Chicago dealer. That's right. Down with thigh pieces. Hip! Hip!

THERE are rare occasions when a run on a bank cripples the bank but little. One of them is when a steamboat attempts it.

AN old saw resharpened—Where there's a will there's a way—to break it. In the Vanderbilt family this is a regular buzz-saw.

AN Indiana editor says, "Coal-oil rubbed on the neck and head will cure hog-cholera; we have tried it." Who can dispute testimony like that?

ONE man in Maine has hired nineteen ponds to cut ice from this winter. He evidently does not believe that "Idleness is the pay-ment of ice."

AN orator declaring that Fortune knocked at every man's door once, an old Irishman said, "When she knocked at mine I must have been out."

A WESTERN genius has patented an artificial tree that blooms and buds. But isn't this an infringement, we would ask, on some other patent leaver?

NOW that the chemiloon has become an institution, we hope some one will invent an article that may be used at once for a necktie and a shoe-string.

WHAT is the difference between a person going to Plymouth Church and one about to ask a lady a favor?—One is going to see Beecher and the other is going to beseech her.

STRANGELY enough, these young ladies who interest themselves in church affairs will charge you fifty cents for a two-cent pen-wiper, and yet think they're doing the fair thing.

A LITTLE boy refusing to take a pill, his mother placed it in a piece of preserved pear, and gave it to him. In a few minutes she said, "Tommy, have you eaten the pear?" "Yes, mother, all but the pill!"

WHAT is the difference between a young man and a goose?—Why, one is served with a tailor-bill and the other is served without a tail or bill. [Ex. Yes, and one is down in the mouth while the other is down all over.]

FAMILY scene: (madame is talking with a friend, her child listening). Madam: "Imagine, my dear, the distress I am in this Summer; I lost my hair." Child (interrupting): "Oh, no, mamma! I know where the hair is you wear; I saw it in a drawer this morning!"

DURING the twenty-five years that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the standard tonic and alterative of America, millions of dyspeptics have recovered their health and the capacity to enjoy life by the sole aid of this wholesome and searching vegetable preparation. As an assimulant and anti-bilious agent, a remedy for lassitude, debility, nervousness and morbid fancies, there has never been anything comparable to it in any age or country.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—For judicious editing, select and popular contributors, and sprightly, entertaining reading, the Youth's Companion has no superior among the Youth's publications.

AN ALPINE AVALANCHE.

In the Summer of 1864, a party of tourists, while visiting the Alps, climbed with great difficulty, to an elevated and snow-covered plateau, in order to obtain a better view of Swiss scenery, and contrast the beauty and richness of midsummer below with the bleakness and sterility of midwinter around and above them. In play they rolled the moist snow into large balls, they crowded it over the edge of the plateau. In falling it struck softer snow, which immediately gave way, and soon an avalanche was tearing down the mountain side burying and destroying everything in its course. As the handful of snow became the irresistible avalanche, so the hacking cough with sore throat and Catarrh, if neglected, speedily develops into that dread destroyer, Consumption. In the early stages, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will effect a cure, though if the blood be effected or impoverished it must be purified and enriched by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and the liver and bowels kept active by his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Many who despaired of life and had been given up to die by physicians and friends, owe their restoration to the above remedies.

ELY, Linn Co., Iowa, May 8th, 1877.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I was prostrated some three years since with pleuro-pneumonia, which left me with a troublesome cough, that gradually grew worse until physicians gave me up to die with consumption. I tried several remedies, that are advertised to cure consumption, but without obtaining any relief or benefit. Seeing your Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets advertised, I concluded to try them, and I found them to be all that you claim for them. My restoration has remained complete for over two years. Inclosed find \$1.50 for a copy of your Common Sense Medical Adviser.

Ever gratefully yours,

JASON C. BARTHOLOMEW.

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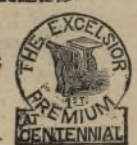
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