

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.—"HE WAS SITTING ON THE HEARTH, JUST AS I HAD LEFT HIM. THE FAILING LAMP SHONE ON HIS EMACIATED FIGURE AND BOWED GRAY HEAD. SOME WRITING MATERIALS LAY ON A TABLE BY HIS SIDE. I KNELT HUMBLY AT HIS KNEE."—SEE PAGE 278.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

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THE present issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is accompanied with a splendid sixteen-page Holiday Supplement, devoted to Christmas Stories written by popular American authors, and profusely illustrated. In the intellectual feast thus laid before them our readers will find material for the gratification of every taste. The Holiday Number is complete in itself, with the single exception that the story of "MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL," by MR. DE CORDOVA, the well-known social humorist and lecturer, begun therein, will be continued in the following week's issue.

CIVIL SERVICE THWARTED.

WHEN President Hayes entered office, it was understood that he favored the policy of conciliating the South, and that he intended to purify the civil service and reform its abuses. This was the tenor of the Cincinnati Platform, and of the President's letter of acceptance and his inaugural. The people heartily approved of the plan, for they were wearied of intestine dissensions and desired to be left in peace to pursue their business avocations. They were weary, too, of Grantism in all its phases—of offices distributed to personal favorites and prostituted to gain. Mr. Hayes supposed that the Republican leaders were as honest as himself in desiring reform, and never doubted that they would aid in the good work. Accordingly, he did as he had promised. He removed the troops from the down-trodden States of South Carolina and Louisiana, and recognized the lawful authorities in those commonwealths; and he announced his purpose of removing all professional politicians from office, and excluding men who only sought position in order to control the "machine." Then the storm broke. The President was accused of bad faith, because he earnestly desired to carry out the principles of the party that elected him. He was styled a traitor to the North, the bosom friend of the Democrats, and an apostate from the Republican creed. At once an opposition to his policy was organized. An endeavor was made to keep the vacant Senatorial seats of the South still empty, or to fill them with carpet-baggers who had not even a remote claim to an election. It was announced also that an effort would be made to defeat all such nominations to the Senate as were displeasing to the ring that ruled the extreme Radical faction. The conspirators were bold and unscrupulous, and their plot has been partially successful in the seating of Kellogg, and the defeat of Roosevelt and Prince.

It is interesting, at this point, to inquire into the real meaning of this movement, for no one will be wild enough to attribute to the conspirators an excess of patriotism or any ardent desire for the retention of "faithful men" in office. When Mr. Hayes was nominated to the Presidency, the honor was conferred upon him without his seeking it; but it was given over the heads of leading and ambitious men in the Republican Party. His success evoked their envy and ire. They held him personally responsible for their defeat, and vowed to wreak personal vengeance on his head. Blaine was perfectly confident that he was the coming man, and his failure was something that he could neither forgive nor forget. In desperate anger he retired to Maine, and began to lay wires with the New England Senators and Congressmen, to get even with the man from Ohio. He

said little, but it was well understood that he would lose no opportunity to take vengeance for his supposed loss of the Presidency. Edmunds, who has aspirations for the future and relies upon Radicalism for his support, joined forces with Blaine, and it is even supposed that he had some little personal spite at Vice-President Wheeler for usurping a place that he thought might better have been given up as a perquisite to the Green Mountain State. Conkling was quite as sure as Blaine, and he went off to Europe in a huff without letting anybody know his plans. There he nursed his anger in secret, and finally came to the conclusion to fight. He came back, threw a firebrand into the Rochester Convention, and challenged the peaceable Administration to mortal combat. He was angered, not alone at the loss of the Presidential nomination, but because he saw Secretary Evarts holding the helm of the Administration, and having the confidential position he himself had occupied during the eight years of Grantism. These leaders determined, therefore, on a personal campaign against Mr. Hayes, and, having allied to themselves all the disappointed elements of their party, they opened the battle as soon as Congress convened in special session.

Meanwhile, the President kept right on in the straight path he had marked out for himself from the first. He turned neither to the right nor the left to accommodate friend or foe. Of course he heard the mutterings of the storm, but this did not seem to move him. He went North and South to visit the people and hear their opinions. Everywhere he found them anxious for pacification and for the reform of abuses. The South was delighted as well as surprised to find a President at Washington whose ears were opened to the story of the wronged white man, as well as to the "truly loyal" twaddle of the blacks. It gave them courage to go to work in the rice plantation and the cotton field, on the railroad and in the mines, to work out the material salvation of their section. The North was equally delighted to find in Mr. Hayes a man who would rise superior to the narrow traditions of his party, and acknowledge that there were Republicans in office who were an injury to the civil service, and who was ready to sweep away the abuses that had disgraced the previous Administration. All this encouraged the President to persist in his good work, and at last he took hold of the New York Custom House—whose management had long been a disgrace to the Government, because of its intimate connection with the party machine in the State and City—and he determined to have a change. He went to work without any flourish of trumpets and nominated Messrs. Roosevelt and Prince in the place of Collector Arthur and Naval Officer Cornell. There was no need of explanations. It was well known to all New Yorkers that these gentlemen had been intimately identified with caucuses and conventions in this State, and that they had used their positions to advance their partisan interests. This was so clearly contrary to all ideas of reform in the civil service, that there ought to have been no contest over the proposed change. But the Radical leaders were vicious and determined, and they immediately set themselves in battle array. To all their personal assaults the President has made no word of response. He simply let his acts stand as their own defense, and would not get down into the dust of the arena to pursue the fight. Personal politics he could afford to despise, and he did despise. Even a temporary defeat would be no stigma, for he was sure that the right would triumph in the end. Defeat came, but it has brought no disgrace. The rejection of Messrs. Roosevelt and Prince is only another proof that there is vital need of lifting the civil service out of the reach of professional politicians and personal politics.

OUR ELECTORAL SYSTEM.

INSTRUCTIONS were given on December 12th to the Committee on Presidential Elections in both Houses of Congress to include in their deliberations the question of the length of the Presidential term. Mr. Hunton, of Virginia, fathered the proposition in the House, and Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, was its mover in the Senate. The resolution of the latter included also the consideration of the Vice-President's term, and the best manner of electing both officers. There is not, after all, any too much time for these committees to prosecute their investigations and render their reports, as in the course of another two and a half years the National Conventions will again be paving the way for the next Presidential campaign. In view of last Winter's experience, some new system is imperatively demanded, and the sooner one is devised and offered to the people for their deliberate consideration the better it will be for the harmonious working of our republican machinery. The clumsy absurdity of an Electoral College will doubtless be done away with, and the election of

the Chief Magistrate be in some way submitted directly to the people to whom it properly pertains.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS ON JURIES.

IN his final charge in a recent bank case in this city, wherein was involved over \$60,000, Mr. Justice Van Brunt of the Supreme Court, in warning the jury against any influence likely to be produced by newspaper comments upon the trial, used this language: "If I had my way I should have a law framed forbidding any comment upon a trial during its progress, except a verbatim report giving the full testimony on both sides. It is the only way newspapers can be prevented from influencing the jury-box." It is a reproach to the people at large that such a rebuke from the judgment-seat should be deserved. For though the Press affects, and with some degree of truth, to mold public opinion, yet in a larger sense public opinion molds the tone of the Press. The character and spirit of the people are in a measure represented by its laws. And yet the laws as enforced are the only true exponents of that character and spirit. Laws which represent the behests of abstract justice and high morality may, and must be, ineffective if the attainments in justice and morality on the part of the people are not up to that standard. The common conscience may be distinctly superior to the prevalent manners, as the conscience of the individual is more elevated than the individual life. So there is always a "higher law" by which even the formal enactments of the State are really tested or upheld. It must be said that the conduct and utterances of the Press represent the current manners and temporary disposition of the times. When, therefore, the Press justly deserves the reproach of an interference with the due administration of justice, it becomes a reproach to the community, and necessitates an appeal to the higher sense of the people, which, if in proper exercise, is potential both to overawe and to set right all who speak to and in the name of the people. Despotism and corruption are the foes in the path of a nation's safety. In our Republic we have not to fear the power of a king or a cabal. The only despotism is that of the majority and of the Press. On the other hand, the free and intelligent administration of justice by the civil courts is the great antagonist against both despotism and corruption, and is the palladium of all rights.

The offense of interference with proceedings before judges and courts is as grave when committed by the Press as though a royal mandate or military power should dictate the judgments or disperse the courts. It does not help the matter that this influence is quietly or insidiously exercised, or exercised in the assumption of zeal for justice, or in the exercise of clearer perceptions. Such are always the pretenses of encroaching power. The voice of the few, or of the many, expressed in the Press, is no more entitled to be heard in the court-room than the living voice of the mob outside the Bar. Its instincts may be at one time to secure justice; at another time it may demand that Barabbas be released to the people. In the determination of the facts of a case on which the judgment shall depend, the minds of the jury should be like white paper, on which the testimony shall make the only tracings, and no superior training or skill or character can intervene to dictate or correct for them the findings of the jury. If any were qualified to take such an office of censor to the jury, it evidently would be the presiding judge. And yet no judge can properly prejudice the mind of the jury to induce a result desired by him. The mind of the judge, even, should be indifferent as to what the jury shall find the facts to be in a given case. This was well expressed in a recent article in the *Sun*, the subject of which was the spectacle of an eminent English judge joining in a petition for the pardon of one whose conviction had been secured, after a trial in which the judge's eagerness for the conviction was evidenced by his comments on the testimony. The anxiety of the Press to participate in and influence the trial of important causes where public interest has been aroused has not been infrequently seen. But it is doubtful if it has been as often the case as instances wherein judges have taken sides, sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously, and by their conduct, language and gestures, thrown their heavy and prevailing hand into the scale which the jury were holding to determine the weight and effect of the testimony.

Sometimes this is done under the pretext of assisting the jury! But when the judge, with a desire to induce the jury to see a certain result proven by the testimony, arranges the facts and constructs reasonings from which conclusions are made necessary or easy, is he not an advocate? It is not that he is not competent to do this well, or that he is not fitted to be impartial. The objection is that the ascertainment of facts belongs to a different branch of the

court—drawn from the people—not experts in law, but possessed of the alchemy of common experience and popular wisdom. *Ad questiones facti non respondent iudices.*

When the law is passed which Judge Van Brunt desires—and quite properly—which shall save the mind of the jurymen from the voice of the newspaper, which comes to him without authority, let there be included a provision such as exists in the law of some other States, that the judge shall keep his authoritative opinion to himself on matters confided to the jury to decide, and respecting which the judge's opinion is no more material than that of any other man. After the verdict all can give their opinion.

A FULL SENATE.

IT is a noteworthy fact that the United States Senate has now its full complement of members for the first time since the disorganization in 1861. Some of the members of the Upper House are, perhaps, commonplace men, and one or two are unquestionably out of place there—particularly the Senator who is under conviction by a tribunal of his own State for having procured his election by bribery and corrupt measures. Nevertheless, it is gratifying to observe the steady growth of reconciliation through the land, and to feel the assurance that with the dying-out of the animosities of a decade ago, the "scallawag" tribe of adventurers who have cast such stigma upon our national politics are also rapidly disappearing. Both political parties, however, are represented in the Senate by men of high ability, fully competent to sustain the old-time reputation of the body to which they belong, if they would only cease their bickerings over the bestowal of patronage and the distribution of spoils.

RUSSIA IN TURKEY.

THE splendid victory of the Russians at Plevna after one of the most heroic defenses of modern warfare is the culminating point in the war. Russia has received an advantage which virtually decides the issue. Turkey may prolong the war for months, but at the best she can only hope to protract the inevitable result and obtain less humiliating conditions. The French criticism on Wellington was that he did not know when he was beaten. It may be that the Turkish Government is too stupid to know that it is whipped, or too willful to admit it, and will keep on fighting till Adrianople falls or even till Russian cannon are thundering under the walls of Constantinople; but the planting of a hundred Russian batteries where they could sweep the Golden Horn and command the Bosphorus and riddle the walls of St. Sophia could not make the event more certain than it is rendered by the surrender of Osman Pasha.

This Russo-Turkish War will rank with the Franco-Prussian War and our own civil war, among the great military events of the present half-century. It has disappointed the expectations of the friends of both parties and ruined the reputations of a number of prophets: Russophiles, who said that Russian troops would find the conquest of Turkey an easy matter, and Turkophiles, who were equally sure that Turkey would force back the invader and conquer immunity from further Muscovite influence. The former were sure that the Sick Man was on his last legs, and that the sands of his life were nearly run out; the latter were equally sure that the Russian exchequer was bankrupt, that the Russian army was mostly a paper commodity, and that the available resources and actual fighting capacity of Russia were not superior, if they were equal, to those of Turkey. The event has shown that the Russian soldiers are among the best in the world, and by their courage and endurance have atoned for many of the blunders of their generals, and that the resources of Russia are equal to any probable emergency; and also that Turkey possessed a vigor and vitality that her enemies had not given her credit for. She was better armed, had more military resources and abler generals, and a stronger grip on her heterogeneous population, than was supposed. The subject Christians of the provinces have not risen in rebellion, as was expected. The Bulgarians have shown more disposition to make money out of the Russians than to fight for them. The Servians have kept on the point of declaring hostilities all Summer. The Greeks have debated for months, and all their fighting has been done thus far with their tongues. The Roumanians have rendered considerable service, but the only people who entered with really energetic zeal into the contest were the Montenegrins, who have fought with a valor and daring which entitle them to the highest consideration. The Christians, whom the Russians took up arms to deliver from their oppressors, have, for the most part, preserved a discreet neutrality—more careful to save their own bacon than to secure their political emancipation. Of course there are ade-



quate reasons for their apparent apathy. Servia has scarcely recovered from the effects of the terrible war she waged, single-handed, in 1875. The Greeks were terrified into neutrality by a threat from Lord Derby at the outset of the war. She does not fear the Turk, but trembles at what England might do were she to make common cause with the Sultan. The Bashibazouks' massacres of last year spread a wholesome terror through Bulgaria, which has been so long under the yoke of Turkish domination that it has lost much of the spirit of independence. Slavery always hamstrings a people. But though it is easy to see why these Christian populations have done so little, the fact remains that hitherto Russia has been left to wage the war virtually alone. And Turkey, though enticed into the war very largely by British sympathy, and plentifully supplied with British arms and officers and a British navy, has not received the active British aid she counted on at the beginning, and it was generally expected she would receive. Indeed, England could have prevented the war at the time of the Conference, by uniting heartily with the other Great Powers in insisting that Turkey should give the required guarantee that her Christian population should be well treated. But Sir Henry Elliott undid with the Porte all that Earl Salisbury tried to accomplish with the Commissioners, and, leaning on the shoulders of the Sultan, dictated every move he made on the diplomatic chessboard; and Beaconsfield and Derby at home backed his action by instructions and their conduct of affairs. And there is no doubt that they would have plunged England into the war early in the Summer but for the eloquent and courageous efforts of Gladstone and other Liberals in rousing a popular sentiment against it too strong for the Tory leaders to resist.

When Turkey refused to make the required pledges and virtually threw down the challenge to Russia, Alexander had gone too far to retrace his steps; and the war party in Russia swept him into hostilities on account of popular feeling he would have found it difficult to resist. The plan of the campaign was as effective as it was simple. Dividing the invading forces into two armies, one struck down into Armenia from the northeast and threatened the Turkish stronghold there. The Asiatic part of the war has been waged with varying fortunes, resulting at last in the capture of Kars and the demoralization of the Turkish army, leaving Erzeroum and Trebizond almost within the grasp of the victorious invaders. The other army has had a more difficult task. Reaching the Danube in early Spring, before the snow had melted from the hills, and while the banks of the river on both sides were under water, the Russian troops were obliged to wait for the water to subside. The Danube was finally bridged, and crossed without difficulty. But then the holiday march ended. The Turks resisted every step of Russia's advance with a courage that amounted almost to desperation. They seemed to grasp the idea that Constantinople was to be saved or lost north of the Balkans, and defended those mountain walls as though their passes were the gates of the sacred city. And not till the Russians, with heroic and irresistible valor, forced their way through the Shipka Pass did Turkish confidence begin to waver. Osman Pasha, with the instinct of a great soldier, saw that the battle must be turned back again or all would be lost, and he threw his forces into Plevna and strengthened its natural defenses, compelling the Russians to halt and even retire from some of their advanced positions. And that point, an island in a sea of Russian arms, he held for months against vastly superior numbers, till cold and hunger compelled him to fight or perish, and he fought till further fighting was a useless massacre of men. His brave and brilliant defense of that stronghold has covered him with renown, and Alexander expressed the sentiment of the watching world when he returned the sword as a token of his recognition of Osman's strategy and heroism. The fall of Plevna leaves Turkey with two shattered armies which cannot be recruited; with no money to pay her soldiers, many of whom have had no pay for eighteen months; with no stock of provisions for the winter or spring; no credit in Europe, and the moral certainty of utter failure staring her in the face unless some other nation comes to her immediate rescue. It leaves Russia with the prestige of victory, with a well-organized army of three hundred and fifty thousand men on Turkish ground, with a people united if not enthusiastic for the war, and with the largest harvest ever garnered to draw provisions from, while her credit is rising in the capitals of Europe. Alexander is now virtually free to dictate his own terms of peace, which it is to be hoped will settle the Eastern Question for all time.

The Sitting Bull Commissioners have rendered their report to the Secretary of the Interior, in which they express the be-

lief that the Sioux will probably remain in Canada for some time to come. Their presence so near the border, however, will be a standing menace, and there is reason to fear that a very slight inducement will bring them back upon United States soil ready for the war-path.

THE Brazilian Government has agreed to subsidize John Roach's line of steamers between New York and Rio Janeiro after the 1st of next March.

THE Senate decided on December 13th to postpone the consideration of the Bland Silver Bill and its amendments until January, after the recess, and it is confidently believed that the silver craze, already greatly weakened by delay, is gradually evaporating.

A RIOT in El Paso County, Texas, over the right to use some salt springs, was magnified last week into an invasion of Texas by hostile Mexicans. The difficulty, however, was of a purely local character, and the locality where it occurred was upwards of a thousand miles distant from the scene of recent border difficulties, which General Ord has under his eye.

SECRETARY SHERMAN has sent instructions to the Pacific Coast Mint to receive deposits of silver for returns in trade dollars only in cases where that coin shall be actually required and intended for export to other countries. If this restriction should not prevent the sending of trade dollars East for domestic circulation, it is probable that the receipt of bullion for coinage into trade dollars will be intermitted for a time.

THE Government Printing and Engraving Bureau is in danger. Congressman Potter, of this city, has introduced a bill which, if passed, will abolish that department of the Treasury Department and restore to the different bank-note companies the work now done by that bureau. It is bad policy for the Government to compete with private individuals in any enterprises which the latter are equally competent to carry on.

A COLOSSAL project in the interest of education is the new Museum of Natural History in this city, which is to be formally opened in the presence of President Hayes on the 22d of December. The structure stands on the Eighth Avenue, opposite the Central Park, and, notwithstanding \$700,000 have already been expended upon it, only one-eighth part of the projected edifice is completed. It is estimated that the building cannot be completed within the present century.

THERE seems no likelihood of grain becoming scarce in the market. Our Consul at Odessa reports that the grain crop of South Russia has been larger this year than any harvested within twenty-five years. The loss of labor caused by the war was made up by the introduction of agricultural machinery, so that the crops have nearly all been saved. There are also large quantities of grain on storage which were purchased in view of the war, and which, when commerce is reopened, will be thrust upon the market at a low cost—a fact which will probably have a depressing effect upon prices everywhere.

THE closing hours of the Senate previous to the holiday adjournment, were marked by a personal altercation between Messrs. Gordon of Georgia, and Conkling of New York, on the strength of which the telegram-makers speedily announced a forthcoming duel. Gordon rebuked Conkling for dictating to the Chair, and Conkling retorted that "the gentleman from Georgia stated what was not true." After the adjournment on Saturday, however, several Senatorial friends of the parties took the matter in hand, and in executive session prepared a card to the effect that the accusation and the retort were uttered in a Pickwickian sense, and were "mutually simultaneously withdrawn." Coffee and pistols indefinitely postponed, and in the interim Mr. Conkling, while he had his hand in, made his peace with Mr. Blaine.

ON Friday of last week the House of Representatives passed the Senate Bill for the representation of the United States at the Paris Exposition in 1878, and on Saturday the President nominated the Hon. Richard C. McCormick as Chief Commissioner, and the Senate confirmed the nomination without delay. Mr. McCormick is a New York gentleman, who has figured somewhat extensively in Western politics and has recently filled the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He was Mr. Hayes's second choice, as General Hawley, who had the preference, could not accept the position. It is to be hoped the American representatives in Paris next year will act with greater discretion than some of our commissioners displayed under

General Van Buren at Vienna, and that the nation will never again experience such a humiliation as that which the New York Times last Sunday endeavored to gloss over by calling it "an unseemly difficulty between Commissioner Van Buren and Minister Jay." The only "unseemly" feature of that "difficulty" attached to the venal members of the commission, whom Minister Jay very properly exposed; and not all the influence which politicians are exerting to cover up their offense can remove the stigma which attaches to their memory, nor the contempt in which all right-minded people must hold them.

THE vastness of this country territorially is in nowise more significantly attested to than by the different importance which is attached in its eastern and western sections to questions that have their origin in local considerations. The Chinese question has heretofore been regarded as affecting exclusively the interests of the population on the Pacific Coast. Now, however, that it has been brought before the attention of the United States Senate, it becomes invested with a wider national significance, and will doubtless lose many of the ridiculous attributes which have attached to it in the popular mind. Senator Sargent's Bill is designed to repress Chinese immigration by forbidding the masters of vessels to take more than ten American-bound passengers on board at any Chinese port. This will be to cut off the stream of "Chinese cheap labor" at its fountain head.

A NOTEWORTHY collection among the many notable art exhibitions of this brilliant holiday season, is the Olyphant Gallery, now open to the public in one of the apartments of the Academy of Design. Its peculiarity is not so much the intrinsic merit of the individual paintings, though that is unquestionably great, as its distinctively American type as a whole. A quarter of a century has been occupied in its accumulation, and the collection presents a practical illustration of the progress of American art and artists at once instructive to study and encouraging to contemplate. Its chief wealth consists in landscapes, contributed by Kensett, Cole, Durand, Cropsey, Church, and other artists of eminent distinction, though there are also a number of valuable figure and genre pieces, several of which are popular favorites through having frequently graced our public exhibitions. The collection is to be sold during the present week. It seems a pity that so valuable a gallery, embodying such a progressive chapter of American art-history, should ever be dispersed among a multitude of owners, and the lessons which, in its collective shape, it teaches, should thus be for evermore lost to the world.

THE charitable dispositions of our metropolitan merchants are being brought into activity just now by the necessitous circumstances of Commodore E. K. Collins, the founder of the first American line of steamships. Mr. Collins at one time held a very prominent place in commercial circles, and when the Cunard line of steamers was established in 1840 he started an opposition line which received a subsidy from the United States Government averaging \$20,000 a trip, or about \$3.10 per mile. The outlay, however, was very large; and when the new line encountered the disaster of the loss of the *Arctic*, in 1854, followed in 1856 by the mysterious disappearance of the *Pacific*, and subsequently by the withdrawal of the subsidy, Mr. Collins was obliged to abandon the enterprise at a ruinous sacrifice, and in 1860 he retired from business. It has lately been ascertained that he is in a needy condition, and some of the leading merchants of this city are carrying into effect a scheme for his relief, which, for the credit of the community whose reputation he formerly sustained so capably, it is to be hoped will be generously and promptly responded to.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE TEXAS FRONTIER.—Lieutenant Bullis's party and that of Captain Young, Eighth Cavalry, which started on a raid of the Indian marauders over the Rio Grande, have both returned in safety, having made some captures of Indians. Both the House and Senate passed resolutions and appointed committees to investigate the border troubles. When these committees report we shall have more light on the question of peace or war. The most efficient guarantee of peace is the fact that some twenty-five hundred American troops are on the border, a force nearly as large as that with which Taylor fought his first campaign.

THE FRENCH CABINET.—The French Cabinet, formed by M. Dufaure, after President MacMahon's recession from his line of policy, is the ninth that has marked the administration of the Marshal President. In May, 1873, his first was established with the Orleanist Duc de Broglie at its head. It consisted of three Orleanists, three Conservatives, two Legitimists, and one Imperialist. The second was formed one hundred and eighty-six days later

by De Broglie, contained the same proportion of parties, and lasted the same number of days. Upon the retirement of De Broglie, a third was named, composed of two Conservatives, two Orleanists, three Legitimists, one Imperialist and one Conservative Republican. This existed but fifty-nine days, and gave way to the fourth, in which the Imperialists lost all their representation, while the Conservative Republicans gained one member. After a lapse of two hundred and thirty-three days a fifth was formed, in which two parties, excluded from the previous ones, gained recognition.

CIVIL SERVICE.—President Hayes is preparing a special message on Civil Service Reform, which will be ready soon after the reassembling of Congress. It will inclose a report prepared at the President's request by the Civil Service Commission appointed by General Grant, of which Mr. Dorman B. Eaton is chairman. It will, in addition, set forth at length the President's views in regard to the distribution of patronage. It will take the position, it is understood, that Congress, as well as the Executive, has been repeatedly instructed by National Conventions and by conventions in nearly every State on this subject; and it will insist that the policy of the Administration is simply an attempt to carry out to the letter instructions given in advance by those who placed the Republican Party in power. The Constitutional right of the Executive to originate nominations will also be insisted on. In short, it is believed that the effect of the message will be to give notice to the country and to Congress that, whatever may be the attitude of the Senate, the President has no thought of abandoning the position he has taken.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE police of New York continued the arrest of liquor-dealers for the evasion of the excise law.

P. B. S. PINCHBACK, claiming to be United States Senator from Louisiana, resigned all pretense to the office in a letter to Governor Nicholls.

GENERAL JOHN M. HARLAN, the newly appointed Associate Justice, took the oath and was invested with his judicial robes on the 10th.

IN the United States Senate on December 10th Mr. J. B. Eustis, of Louisiana, was admitted as Senator by a vote of 49 to 8, and was shortly after assigned a position on the Committee on Territories and Public Buildings. In the House, that portion of the President's Message relating to Mexican border troubles was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A large number of petitions on various subjects were presented in the Senate on the 11th, and a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the means of improving our commercial relations with Mexico. Mr. Matthews's Silver Resolution was brought up again and debated. The House concurred in all the Senate amendments to the Deficiency Appropriation Bill excepting one. In the Senate on the 12th the Select Committee on the Electoral Vote was authorized to take into consideration the best manner of electing the President and Vice-President. Mr. Stephens presented a Bill Repealing the Iron-Clad Oath in case of applications for pensions, in the House; and the reports on the Colorado Contested Case were debated in the Senate, but no result reached. Mr. Patterson, of Colorado, was admitted to a seat in the House by a vote of 116 to 110. The minority report in favor of Mr. Bedford was defeated, as well as the report stating that no valid election in Colorado had been held. On the 14th a Conference report of the Deficiency Appropriation Bill was received in both Houses, and the Bill was passed.

THE week ending Saturday, December 15th, will long be remembered in connection with public monetary institutions. On Monday it was announced that indictments had been found against the President, Vice-President and Secretary of the Security Life Insurance and Annuity Company, of New York City, for conspiracy to defraud; on Tuesday Receiver Best reported that the German Savings Bank of Morrisania (N. Y.) had been grossly mismanaged by its officers; on Wednesday a deficiency of \$37,507 was shown in the accounts of the Yorkville (N. Y.) Savings Bank; notice was given of a suit having been opened against one of the trustees of the Third Avenue Savings Bank, New York City, for a bond of \$100,000, by the Receiver, and that the Simpson Bank of Leavenworth, (Kan.) had voluntarily gone into liquidation. On Thursday, in addition to the report of the embezzlement of \$50,000 by a New York loan and collection agency, and the failure of two large dry-goods firms of New York City, the public were informed that the managers of the Newark (N. J.) Savings Institution had placed the concern in the hands of the Chancellor, who had ordered them to pay but eighteen per cent. to depositors. A run ensued, and great excitement prevailed. The President of the Dime Savings Bank of the same city headed off a threatened run by falling back on the three months' notice rule; while the Howard, also of Newark, successfully stood a run of two days, when confidence was largely restored. The suspension of the Taunton (Mass.) Savings Bank was also announced. Saturday morning the list of embarrassments was increased by the details of the appointment of receivers for the Brewers' and Malsters' Insurance and the National Trust Companies of New York City, and the application of the trustees of the Oriental Savings Bank (Albany, N. Y.) to have the Bank Department wind up its affairs. An indictment for perjury was found against Sherman Broadwell, late President of the suspended Clairmont Savings Bank, of New York; and the trial of Dr. Lambert, late President of the broken American Popular Life Insurance Company, also of New York, for conspiracy and perjury, was continued.

##### Foreign

OSMAN PASHA was reported to have committed suicide by taking poison.

SERBIA formally declared war against Turkey and ordered her troops to cross the frontier.

A SUGGESTION was laid before the British Cabinet that Constantinople be declared a free city under guarantees of all the European Powers.

THE work of removing the famous Temple Bar in London was begun on December 12th. The Bar, which divides Fleet Street from the Strand, was erected in 1673, and was long used as storage-room for ancient armor and other curiosities.

THE Turkish Parliament was opened on the 13th by the Sultan, in the presence of all the state dignitaries and the foreign ambassadors. No allusion was made in the Royal speech on the subjects of peace or mediation. News of the fall of Plevna was received in Constantinople with great calmness, and all the newspapers urged resistance to the last.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 275.



ENGLAND.—RESCUING LIFE AT A FIRE IN LONDON, BY MEANS OF A SAFETY-NET.



COCHIN CHINA.—EXECUTION OF PIRATES AT FINH LONG.



ASIATIC TURKEY.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ERZEROU.



ASIATIC RUSSIA.—SERVICES IN THE SORLOR MOSQUE IN ERIVAN.



TURKEY.—THE SULTAN DECORATING WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



BULGARIA.—EXECUTION OF BULGARIANS IN THE STREETS OF ADRIANOPLE.





SETTLERS BUILDING A CORRAL FENCE NEAR WELLS.



DUGOUTS ON THE PLAINS NEAR WELLS.



VIEW NEAR CORINNE, UTAH—THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.



SHIPPING CATTLE ON BOARD A TRAIN FROM A CORRAL AT HALLECK.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD IN TRAVERSING THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT IN NEVADA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 274.



## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

CHRISTMAS bells, ring out your sweets  
Fill the air with gladness peal;  
Joy's light footfall, ever fleetest,  
Near our brightening homes may steal,  
As with charmed ear she lingers  
Harkening to your welcome chime,  
Tinting with her rosy fingers,  
All the sombre hues of Time.

Ring your loudest; some may listen;  
Love, that veiled and silent stands,  
In her eyes soft dewdrops glisten;  
Joy unclasps her folded hands.  
Love and Joy, so oft divided,  
For the sweet brief hours unite—  
By your floating echoes guided,  
Walk together in the light.

Christmas bells, your notes are ringing  
Through our hearts with solemn thrill;  
Are these angel-voices singing  
In the far off distance still?  
Is the old sweet strain repeating  
Ever as the years roll by?  
Christmas bells, pour forth your greeting,  
Peace on earth and love on high.

## A GILDED SIN.

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

## CHAPTER VII.

BY the noon of the following day peace and quietness reigned in the house of death; the passionate weeping and wailing, the first wild outbreak of sorrow, were over. The doctors who had been summoned in such hot haste had given their decision—Sir Jasper had died of disease of the heart. There was no need whatever for the formality of an inquiry—no need for examination.

They had laid the illustrious statesman—the man whose heart had been faithful to one passionate love—in state in his own chamber, with hangings of black velvet and wax tapers and the fairest June flowers about him whose hands should never more gather leaf or blossom; and then with lingering looks at the marble face, so grand in its sculptured beauty, they had left him to the silence that should never more be broken.

Veronica sat in her own room, a pretty room that opened on to the western terrace—a room where she had all her books, her easel, her piano—where she spent happy hours in study and reading. It was half parlor, half boudoir, as pretty as it could be made by taste, by art, and by affection. It was dark and gloomy now, with the blinds drawn and the flowers all dead. Veronica sat there silent, dazed, bewildered. She still wore her evening-dress of black lace—she had never changed it; her dark hair hung over her shoulders, the beautiful face with its passionate sorrow, its untold story, was pale and worn, her eyes looked brighter and darker. What had she not suffered sitting there—what emotion, what bitter pain, what untold woe?

"His daughter!" She came back again and again to these words: "His daughter." The proud, noble statesman, whom all England revered, was her father. Oh, if she could but have known it before! If she had but had time to pour out the passionate love of her heart to him! If there had but been time to tell him how proud and happy she was, how she valued her birthright, how she rejoiced in the knowledge that he was her father! So many things were clear to her now. She had never understood his strange manner towards her—half love, half avoidance. One thing after another unveiled itself, so that she almost wondered at last that she had not guessed the secret. And she was Veronica Brandon, heiress of Queen's Chace. She repeated the name over and over again to herself—"Veronica Brandon"—and each time she liked it better. She was heiress of the grand mansion, of the fair domain, of the broad lands, of all the wonders of wealth she saw around her—she, who had never known the luxury of having one shilling to spend! It was no great wonder if her heart beat and every nerve thrilled with the sudden sense of power and wealth. Henceforward she could do as she liked—she could make every one happy, she could lavish wealth on the things she loved best, she could do untold good.

She was roused from her reverie by the entrance of Lady Brandon. Looking at her, Veronica realized what she had suffered—her face was quite white, with dark circles round the eyes. She had wept almost incessantly since her husband's death, but now she seemed calm with the calmness of despair. She closed the door, and coming up to Veronica, took the girl's cold hands in her own and looked earnestly into her face.

"Veronica," she asked, "have you kept the secret?"

The young girl raised her head proudly. "Did you think that I should betray it?" she asked. "I am not a traitor, Lady Brandon."

"I know—I know; forgive me for speaking hastily. Veronica, I am almost mad. You cannot realize what I have to suffer—you cannot understand my position. I would rather—these are not wild words, but true ones—I would rather kill myself than that the world should know how cruelly I have been deceived—that I had but the ashes of my husband's love, that he never cared for me, that his heart had been given to another before me. I could not bear it—I could not survive such a downfall to my pride, my affection, my standing and position in the world—I should not survive it."

"I am very sorry," said Veronica; "I cannot help it, Lady Brandon; it is not my fault, you know."

"Think, too, of Katherine, my beautiful child, brought up as her father's heiress. All her life she has deemed herself heiress of Queen's Chace—her future secure. Oh, Veronica, think what a blow it will prove for her! It will kill her!" And the poor lady's lips quivered again. "Then," she continued, "you do not know my people, the Valdoraines. They are the proudest people in England; they would—I dare not think what they will say or do when they hear that my child

is disinherited. I shall never look them in the face again. I wish that I had died before this day came."

"I am very grieved," said Veronica, "but I cannot help it."

"Poor Katherine—so happy in her future! They called her heiress of Queen's Chace when she lay in her cradle. My pretty child, it is not right, it is not just. I have done nothing to deserve it. All my life I was good and faithful to my husband. He has left me a legacy of sorrow and shame. Poor Katherine, how is she to bear it, Veronica? Will it make her hate him and dislike his memory?"

"No, she is too noble for that," said Veronica. "Have you forgotten what he said to her on the evening before his death?"

"No. Oh, Veronica, my dear, I cannot tell her; I cannot, indeed! She has been so light-hearted, so happy, all her life. Until now she has never had any sorrow, any care. How can I, her own mother, go to her and tell her that she and I are to be driven out, away from that which we have always held to be our own? How can I go to her and say to her that she must lay down every hope, every brightness of her life, and suffer heaven knows what?"

"You forget that she has Lord Wynleigh," said Veronica, gently.

"I do not. I foresee fresh trouble there. He loves her, I know, but his friends are proud; they would oppose his marriage to a disinherited girl. She would in all probability lose her love with her fortune. Oh, Veronica, I cannot bear it!" She drew nearer to her. "You love her, Veronica. I know you do. You have said so a hundred times. You said—see, I remember the words—you would give your life for her if she needed it, because she was the first to love you. You said that you would stand between her and every sorrow, and an arrow meant for her heart should first of all pierce yours. You said that, Veronica."

"Yes, and I meant it," she acknowledged. Lady Brandon drew still nearer to her. It seemed to Veronica that the breath came in hot gasps from her lips.

"She does not want your life, Veronica; to give it would not serve her. Will you serve her as you said you would? Will you let the arrow meant for her heart wound yours?"

"Yes," said Veronica; "you know I will."

"Will you save her youth, her love, her hope? Will you keep her life bright and unclouded? Will you keep her happy, as she has been? Will you serve her loyally, faithfully, as you have said?"

"Yes," she answered again; and then Lady Brandon drew the girl's face down to her own.

"You will do all this? Then, Veronica, burn the will—burn it, and keep the secret until you die."

Veronica drew back pale and trembling.

"Burn the will!" she repeated, faintly. "You cannot mean that? How can I? I dare not." She was bewildered; no such idea had occurred to her. "Burn the will!" she said, again. "Oh, Lady Brandon, how can I?"

"You can do it easily enough if you wish—if you will," declared Lady Brandon. "Who knows of it except you and me? No one. Who knows the secret save you and me? No one. Oh, Veronica, if you would be true to your promise, true to your word, burn the will and forget it!"

"But that would be to disobey the wishes of the dead," said Veronica. "It seems to me I am not my own mistress. My—my father's commands, his wishes—surely I must obey them; surely I must carry out all his plans?"

Lady Brandon stood before her erect, her face eloquent with the passion of her words.

"Veronica, make no scruples, raise no doubts. Are you capable of this great sacrifice for Katherine's sake, for her love's sake? It is much to ask I know. Have you the generosity, the nobility, the grandeur of soul to make it? You said you would die for her, my fair-haired darling. Would you give life, yet withhold this?"

"I am bewildered," replied Veronica. "I do not know how to answer you."

"Come with me," said Lady Brandon. "Step lightly, Veronica, my darling is asleep. Come with me."

And the two ladies passed out of Veronica's pretty room together.

Lady Brandon led the way to Katherine's room; she opened the door gently and they entered together. Katherine had exhausted herself with weeping. Her father's death was the first trouble of her life, the first cloud that had ever darkened her sky, the first sorrow that had brought burning tears to her eyes. She had exhausted herself with the weeping, and then she had thrown herself on to the pretty white bed and was sleeping the sleep of utter weariness. Her golden hair lay in picturesque disorder over the pillows, one white rounded arm was thrown above her head—even in profound slumber her lips quivered and deep sobs came from them. She was too exhausted for any sound to reach her now. Lady Brandon took Veronica's hand and led her to the bedside.

"Look," she said—"Veronica, see how young and how fair she is; see how innocent and helpless. Think how she has been loved and cherished. Do not throw her on the mercies of a cold world. Think of her life; do not blight it. Think of her love; do not take it from her. Veronica, if above this tender white breast you saw a sword hanging, you would not let it fall. If you saw a hand clutching a dagger and pointing it at the tender heart, you would thrust it aside. Look at her, Veronica, so unconscious of this tragedy. Will you wake her to tell her that you are going to take her inheritance, her fortune, her happiness—ah, even her love from her?"

Veronica turned away with a shudder.

"Come with me again," said Lady Brandon—and this time she led the way to the room where the dead statesman lay. She closed the door, and, holding Veronica's hand tightly clasped in her own, she led her to his side. "I have brought you into the solemn presence of the dead. He who lies there called this sin of his a gilded sin. Veronica, he did not foresee, he could not know, the suffering and the sorrow that would fall upon us. Oh, Veronica, is it just? Is it fair? Is it right? Why should this disgrace fall now upon me? Have I deserved

it? Is it honorable that we should so suddenly be deprived of our own—our position, our inheritance, all that life holds most dear? Did you love him, Veronica, this dear, dead father?"

"Yes," she replied. It seemed to Veronica that all power of speech had left her—that she could not utter the words that rose to her lips.

"You did love him; then spare him. You could do nothing so hurtful to his memory as to let this secret be known. All England reveres him now, all England does homage to him. He is numbered amongst the great ones of the nation. Oh, Veronica, how they would denounce him, those who have loved him best, if they knew that in very truth he had left his wife and child to bear the brunt and the burden of his concealment! They would blame where they have praised. You will take a hero from his pedestal. You will shadow a grand memory, detract from a fair fame, if you tell his secret. And you will gain—what? A fortune that you will never enjoy, an inheritance that will prove more of a curse than a blessing, an inheritance that will be almost a fraud. Veronica, burn that cruel will!"

"But others must know of it," she said.

"No," asserted Lady Brandon; "the lawyer who drew up that will is dead—dead, I tell you. I remember that Sir Jasper went to a strange lawyer whose name was Mathews, and that some days afterwards he said that a strange thing had happened. He had asked Mathews to attend to some little business for him, and a few days afterwards he had died suddenly. I remember it so well. One never misses much what one has never had, Veronica. You have never been considered or treated as the heiress of Queen's Chace. You would not miss the distinction. But Katherine has. Katherine has grown up with the thought; it has formed part of her life. My dear, I plead to you, I pray to you—burn that will. For Katherine's sake, by your love for her, by your promise to shield her, for your dead father's sake, to save his name from rude comment, to shield his memory from all stain of reproach, I, your father's widow—I, Katherine's mother—kneel to you—I beg of you to grant what I ask!"—and Lady Brandon knelt before Veronica with outstretched hands.

Veronica rose, sublime in her emotion; a light that did not seem to be of this world shone on her face.

"For your dead father's sake, Veronica!" sobbed Lady Brandon.

"I will do it," she replied. "I will burn the will, and I will keep the secret until I die—and in death I will keep it still."

Lady Brandon rose and drew the girl to her father's side.

"Swear it here," she said; "lay your hands on his breast—above his heart, here. Now swear to me that you will never take Katherine's inheritance from her—that you will never lay claim to it—that you will never betray the secret of your birth and parentage."

Veronica swore it.

"Kiss his lips," cried Lady Brandon; "they would open to bless you if they could."

Veronica kissed his lips.

"It will lie between us, father," she said, "this secret of ours."

Then she started up in alarm. The struggle had been too much for Lady Brandon—she had fallen to the ground. The servants who came to her help thought she was ill from grief; and they bore her with pitying words to her chamber, while Veronica went back to her room like one moving in a trance. Not for long had she been heiress of Queen's Chace—not for long had she called herself Veronica Brandon, Sir Jasper's daughter. All the nobler, higher, better part of her nature had been roused by Lady Brandon's passionate appeal. She forgot in her enthusiasm all that the sacrifice would cost her. She remembered only that she was securing Katherine's happiness and saving her father's fair name.

She sat quite still and silent, while the birds sang outside her window, and the sunlight brightened the whole glad world—how many hours she never knew. She reflected that her golden dream was over, that she would be Veronica di Cynthia now until she died. Then she roused herself. The will must be burned before she saw Lady Brandon again. She would not read it. That would simply renew her pain, and could not benefit her. She must destroy it at once. She went to the box in which she had put it away, and took it out. She read, "The last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon, Baron of Hurstwood, etc." She kissed the name, and her tears fell on it. How could she destroy it? Curiously, instead of being written on paper, it was written on thick parchment that she could neither tear nor cut. On this June day there was no fire anywhere. She could not go down to the servants' offices to burn it there, for she would be noticed, and harm might come of it. The only way was to have a fire made in her sitting-room, and burn it there. The bell was answered by Clara Morton, a pretty girl, whom Sir Jasper had advised her to take as her maid. She carefully placed the will out of sight, and then, when the maid entered, she asked her to light a fire in her room.

"A fire," repeated Clara Morton—"a fire here, miss?"

"Yes," said Veronica.

"But," objected the girl "it is so warm—it is quite a hot day, miss. I am afraid the heat will be too much for you."

"There is no warmth here," said Veronica.

And the maid, seeing the shudder that made her young mistress's graceful figure tremble, thought perhaps she was really cold. Still it was a strange thing to ask for on a June day; and more than once, as Clara Morton lighted the fire, she said to herself that it was unnatural, and that there must be some reason for it. Still she obeyed. But the fire would not light. Three or four times it went out, and each time Veronica had to ring again.

"How bent she is on it!" said the girl to herself. "What can she want a fire for? There is something mysterious about it."

At last the fire burned brightly, and then Veronica fastened the door and took out the will again. She held it in her hands, looking first at the parchment roll and then at the flames. It seemed

to her as though she held something living. Wealth, honor, fortune, position, the honor of a noble name—these would all perish with the document when she laid it on the flames. Should she destroy it? Was it not like taking the life of some living thing?

"I will do it," she said, "not by halves, but generously. I make this sacrifice, and heaven sees me. I make it to secure my sister's happiness and to save my father's memory. I make it with all my heart in return for their love for me, and I shall never regret it."

Then she parted the coals and placed the parchment between them. In a few moments there was a thick smoke, and, seeing no more of the parchment, she thought it was destroyed. She watched the thick smoke as it rose; what did it bear with it of hers?

There was some one at the door—who could it be? She cried out:

"Who is it?"

And Clara Morton answered:

"I want you very particular, if you please, Miss di Cynthia."

Veronica opened the door, and the girl looked wonderingly into her pale face.

"I have brought you a cup of tea, miss," she said; "I thought you wanted something." Her quick eyes noted the heavy smoke in the fireplace; she withdrew without a word. In a few moments she was back again. "Miss di Cynthia," she cried, "I wish you would come to my lady's room; I have knocked at the door several times, and can get no answer. I am afraid there is something wrong."

And Veronica hastened away, not noticing that she had left the girl in the room behind her.

(To be continued.)

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

## THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

## A RUSH ACROSS THE "GREAT AMERICAN DESERT."

REACHING Ogden once more, we make our connection with the Central Pacific Road, and, as the last light of sunset is dying away, are fairly embarked upon the Great Desert; that dreary waste so lately a *terra incognita* to tourists—the "unexplored lands" of school atlases. For a few miles the signs of human habitation linger near the roadside, and the gray sage desert has its frequent oasis of Mormon farms or orchards, and an occasional tiny village or town, over which the beautiful Wahsatches still keep guard; then comes a dreary level of wet marsh, white with alkali, from whose shallow pools the yellow sunset strikes fire as from flint, a distant glimmer of the Great Salt Lake, and the ghostly range of the Promontory Mountains beyond, and then a roaring pile-bridge, spanned in a moment as we run into Corinne.

It is ten o'clock, but there is a clear rising moon, brighter, we think, than any eastern moonlight, and to those who choose to defy the cold winds of the Plains and take an airy seat on the platform, there is a wonderful shadowy picture spread out under the stars. So we have our glimpse of Corinne, one of the "hard" places along the route; a small town that once stood pre-eminent among its fellows for all the vices and misdemeanors and manifold offences against law and order whereof a frontier town can be guilty—and heaven and Western travelers know how many they are—and which, although it may have ceased to deserve the stigma, bears it still. There is not much to see; a repetition of all the salient points of half-a-dozen similar places along the route—the long, low station-buildings, the shabby shops, the staring, square white saloons, from whose windows blaze the brightest lights in the whole town; the dreary absence of a single cozy cottage, of a green tree or a garden-patch, or anything that savors even slightly of a home. There may be cheerful dwelling-houses further back in some of those wide, straggling dusty streets, and without doubt there are bright fire-sides and happy family circles here under these same stars; but we have never seen them in our flight westward, and can only take them on trust.

Leaving Corinne, we rush through a wild, rough region of deep "cuts," and over ragged, winding ravines, filled in to the level of the road; the track winding, doubling almost upon itself as it climbs the long slopes and swings around sharp rocky curves, but always keeping in sight the far off misty wall of the Wahsatches, whose snows glimmer faintly in the flood of moonlight. Fifty-two miles west of Ogden we come to Promontory, famous in the history of the West as the meeting-point of the two railroads—the spot where the last ties and the last rails were laid by Chinese workmen, the last spike driven, and the marriage of the Union with the Central Pacific declared in the presence of a thousand witnesses. An insignificant little dot of a place is Promontory; but we have been reading this afternoon the guide-book's account of that "great railroad wedding," and we take off our hats to it as we pass, and the long train roars its faint echo of the cheers that went up here nine years ago.

We are fairly upon the Great Desert now, and the moonlight, shining upon its ghostly white alkali patches, gives it the aspect of a stagnant sea. The little woolly tufts of sage-brush dot it everywhere, and the alkali glimmers between; waves of naked brown rock or arid sand—we cannot tell which it may be—sweep upward in sharp crests, or roll away in long, low swells against the horizon. Nothing stirs in all the great shadowy stretch; there is not a leaf to quiver, not a bough to rustle, nor a solitary living thing in sight to cross the dead face of this forsaken land, which, through mile after mile, lifts up to the moon the same low, sandy hills, the same glaring alkali patches, the same knotted tufts of scant gray sage. You cannot imagine that a drop of dew has ever lain here, or that a green blade could ever grow; and yet, sixty miles behind us, there are blossomed orchards springing in the place of sage-brush, and young grain shooting where the dry alkali dust used to drift to and fro.

We are still near the margin of the great lake, and on our left its line of waters shines in the moonlight, broken here and there by rocky ridges along the shores. At Monument Station we pass very near the solitary rock in the lake which gives it the name, and leaving this point, lose sight altogether of the inland sea. Straight onward now—over the level plain, through the sage-brush, past the bare brown divides, like petrified sand-dunes, arrested from shifting hither and thither with the gusts of wind—and once more into the tiny circle of a little centre of civilization, called Kelton. We



have ceased to measure distance now from Omaha; the black and white-lettered sign, hung out at every station, counts the miles from San Francisco, and here at Kelton they number seven hundred and ninety. The place is a centre for stage-lines into Idaho and Oregon, and the shipping-point of freight for both these Territories; and besides the hotel, the stores and saloons and the railroad buildings, there are several large corrals in sight, where the cattle used in this extensive freighting business are herded. These corrals are a feature of the road. Often we have had a vanishing glimpse of the process of erection, the driving of stakes, and the filling in between them with saplings and light poles, making the strong six-foot-high fence which circles a space of two or three hundred feet; or we have watched the stormy process of emptying them, and the struggling, savage, frightened herd of horned beasts driven, with a vast expenditure of noise and profanity, into the cattle-cars that waited to hurry them East. Near Kelton there is said to be good summer grazing for these patient beasts, enough to make up for their winter diet of sage-brush. To us, however, there are no visible signs that a grass-blade ever did or could grow within the barren circle of this gray horizon.

A heavy up-grade brings us to the summit of the divide, separating the Great Salt Lake from the desert valley beyond, and here we catch our last glimpse of the lake, bounded by a shining white belt of salt-covered plain. Far away to the south of us the waste of the "bad lands" stretches all along our route—acres of baked, cracked soil, where even the sage-brush withers up and disappears, and which shines bare and white as bleached bones or drifted snow in the vague, deceptive moonlight. At Tecoma we pass the dividing line between Utah and Nevada—marked by a heap of stones and a rough granite monument—and now we have touched the mining district, where every little "town" or station has its mining interests, its talk of "leads" and "pockets" and "claims" of ore and bullion; its smelting-works, in actual operation or in visionary perspective, and its stage-lines connecting with other busy centres, where the miners swarm like moles in their gloomy burrows. Outwardly the country is still the same—alkali, sand, sage-brush and grease-wood; hills far away, Pilot Range and Pilot Peak, the grand old landmark of the first weary travelers over this waste; the Pequop, the Torno and the Goose Creek Ranges successively rising into shadowy prominence on the horizon. And then comes Wells, the point that marks our entrance into the valley of the Humboldt, and the spot to which the old emigrant-trains made haste, by three converging roads, to water their poor, starving brutes, and quench their own thirst at the springs of the Humboldt. Here are some thirty natural wells, said to be bottomless, and filled with slightly brackish and lukewarm water; and the theory of investigating visitors is that they are simply so many openings to a hidden lake, over whose surface matted vegetation and drifted soil have gradually woven a network and accumulated in a dense elastic floor, through which these orifices pierce, like little trap-doors, always open. Recent soundings to a depth of from 1,500 to 1,700 feet have failed to touch bottom, and all the so-called wells, large and small, abound in fish, chiefly minnows and such small fry.

#### THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

A BRILLIANT CHARITY BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE grand ball given at the Academy of Music on Tuesday night in aid of the Society of the Cross and Crescent, a New York organization for rendering relief to the sufferers in the Russo-Turkish war, was one of the most brilliant gatherings ever witnessed in the Empire City. The upper ten thousand, the *crème de la crème*, having held high and solemn council, nodded approval, and the outcome of their approbation was a dazzling, glittering, sheening, glowing, glistening, sparkling scene of splendor, savoring more of an Arabian Night's entertainment than of a nineteenth-century hop. From an early hour carriages laden with "merrie matrons and modest maids" dashed into line in Irving Place, gradually depositing their tender freight, wrapped in cozy and costly mufflers, from sable to satin, from sealskin to silk. One young lady was deftly enshrined in a shaggy bearskin, the paws of the defunct Bruin being stretched across the bosom fastening at either side, the claws represented by oxidized silver clasps. Solemn swells, in crush hats, swallow-tailed coats, glistening shirt-bosoms and awful collars, exhibited such chivalry as the age permits in handing these dainty bundles from their respective vehicles, in thrusting aside swing doors that stopped the way, and in escorting them to the unrobing-room, from which they subsequently emerged in all the radiance of superb toilets, flashing jewels, idyllic bouquets and such other finishing touches as Art lends to her sweet, tender, fragrant sister, Nature. On the box-lobby the scene was a very animated one. *Chaperones* boldly advancing, followed timidly by their blushing charges; *paterfamilias* looking considerably bored, bringing up the rear with the sons of the house, who vanish with marvelous and mysterious celerity; awkward young men endeavoring to appear utterly unconcerned, and, for the fiftieth time, applying themselves to the buttons of their gloves; spruce young gentlemen, who have "been there," bustling about in search of Miss de Brown, Miss de Jones, or Mrs. de Robynson. Exclamations of surprise, of pleasure, introductions, demands for box-keys, and a general flutter all round, mark this ante-chamber in a very special way.

Glancing into the ball-room, the *coup d'œil* was so satisfying in its brilliancy that the gaze insensibly lingered. The magnificent theatre was softly lit not sensuously lighted, whilst a subtle perfume as from a myriad scented flowers floated upon the atmosphere. A device in beaded light representing the Cross and Crescent hung suspended at the extreme back of the stage, serving to illumine a deliciously soft background representing a dreamy pass in dreary-looking mountains. The proscenium-boxes were filled with groups of ladies before whom rested the veriest treasures in hot-house bouquets, like floral *cheveux-de-frise*, and behind, a row of cavaliers, whose sable-colored garments served to show up the gorgeous coloring of toilets, and the flashing sparkle of tiara, necklet and bracelet. The boxes in front were all occupied with laughing, gesticulating, animated groups, while every seat claimed a haughty beauty or a howling swell. String bands were stationed in the galleries, one for dance, the other for promenade music. The stage and *parterre* were boarded over; vases filled with the softest greenery, tender ferns, and the coolest of mosses, surmounted by small camellias in profuse blossom, studded the happy hunting grounds of the votaries of Terpsichore. At ten o'clock the few enlivening bars where the *chef d'orchestre* announces that his *bâton* is about to

call forth dulcet music with the power of an enchanter's wand, gayly sounded, and the vast floor became tinted by sheening scarlets and blues, and greens and yellows, till it resembled "a rare and sun-kissed garden" of living flowers, just such as seen and glitter and dazzle as Rossi loves to paint.

The toilets were simply superb—poetic creations—idyllic—charming. What a self-complacent smile would have stolen over the features of Monsieur Worth had he been a spectator of so many of his artistic triumphs! Fearfully and wonderfully made, the dresses—if we may call them by that name—presented a kaleidoscopic *ensemble*, a harmonious blending of color, the first blush of the white rose crimsoning into rich red wine, the tender blue of a morning sky toning down to black, the dawn of the primrose, shading into tawny orange, till every color was represented at its best, and from its infancy to its splendid maturity. A number of uniforms tended to "bullionize" the scene, while the non-dancers from their coigns of vantage formed a living border of varied color.

Supper was served from half-past eleven o'clock by that modern Brillat Savarin, Monsieur Sivori, who as a *chef* is without fear or reproach, and it was well towards the "wee sma' hours" ere the last guest quitted "their halls of dazzling light." The society is to be congratulated upon the unequivocal success which has attended its efforts. There are balls, and there are balls, and that of Tuesday night will not easily pass from the memory of those whose good fortune it was to be there, and "to see."

#### The Oldest Human Relic in the World.

In the Etruscan Vase Room of the British Museum is to be seen the skeleton of one Pharaoh Mykerinus, decently incased in its original burial-clothes, and surrounded by fragments of the coffin, whereon the name of its occupant can be easily read by Egyptologists, affording conclusive evidence that it once contained the mummy of a king who was reigning in Egypt more than a century before the time of Abraham. The proof is thus explained in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1866: "About two years ago Herr Duemichen, a German explorer of the monuments of Egypt, following up the indications pointed out by M. Mariette, a distinguished archaeologist, discovered on the buried walls of the temple of Osiris, Abydos, a large tablet containing the names of the ancient Pharaohs from the time of Mizraim, the grandson of Noah and founder of the Egyptian monarchy, to that of Pharaoh Seti I., the father of the well-known Ramses the Great, including thereby the chronology of nine centuries, viz., from B. C. 2300 to B. C. 1400. This tablet, by far the most important yet discovered, has been compared to the sculptured figures of the kings of England, at the Crystal Palace, from William the Conqueror to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Astronomical evidence, moreover, enables us to determine the time of two important epochs in the history of Egypt, one of which is connected with our present subject. Sir John Herschel has fixed the age of the Great Pyramid of Ghizeh to the middle of the twenty-second century B. C. The tablet of Abydos shows that the Pharaoh whose bones we now possess succeeded the builder of the Great Pyramid with only two intervening kings. We are therefore warranted in assuming that the remains of Pharaoh Mykerinus belong to the age to which we have assigned them."

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

##### Saving Life from Fire in London.

This engraving shows a means of saving life from fire, the advantages of which are so manifest that we venture to predict that it will ere long be very widely adopted. The idea is taken from the nets now so commonly used by acrobats. The "dives" which these performers make, although thrilling and sensational to the uninitiated, are by no means so dangerous as they appear, as the elasticity of the net counteracts in a great degree the impetus of the descending body. The only risk is of the performer falling head downwards in such a directly vertical manner as to break his neck, an eventuality so extremely improbable as to be scarcely worth consideration. The advantages of the apparatus as a fire-escape are its portability, cheapness and simplicity. The net of strong cordage is supported at the corners by stout poles, the lower ends of which should be fitted with spikes to fix in the ground. These would be held by policemen, firemen or others, while the crowd, hauling at the ropes attached, would keep the net sufficiently taut. It is possible that in few cases there might be some difficulty in persuading aged or nervous people to jump from a second or third story, even to save themselves from the devouring flames; but in most cases of the kind the imperiled are endowed with unwonted courage, and many instances are recorded of persons of both sexes having leaped from great heights into the arms of persons below, or even on to the bare pavement, at the risk of life and limb.

##### An Execution of Chinese Pirates.

The seas which bathe the coasts of the French territory in Cochinchina have been for many years so infested with pirates as to compel the authorities to resort to the severest measures for their punishment and repression. The majority of those captured in the act are condemned to death, and the executions are conducted with merciless rigor in conformity to the customs of the country. The method of decapitation is shown in our picture, and it is said that the swordsmen become so expert by long practice as to never necessitate the dealing of a second blow. The execution is performed as near the spot of the crime as practicable in the presence of a guard of native soldiers, and at its conclusion the bodies are delivered over to the relatives and friends of the unhappy sufferers. These energetic proceedings are rapidly diminishing the crimes which they handle so decisively, and it is hoped will speedily extinguish them.

##### The Turkish and Russian Possessions in Asia.

Among our reproductions of foreign engravings this week are two pictures representing localities in Asia belonging to the antagonistic Powers of Russia and Turkey. The fortified town of Erzeroum, lying south-west of Kars, and about equally distant from that place and from Trebizond, on the coast of the Black Sea, has attracted considerable attention during the past few weeks in connection with speculations as to its probable capacity to resist the invading Russian army. How well prepared for defensive operations the place is may be readily seen; but military science has been brought to a degree of perfection which renders the strongest fortifications unavailable against the gradual approaches of the engineer and the gnawing horrors of beleaguement. The overwhelming superiority of the Russians in numbers also make the result a foregone conclusion. The Russian possessions in Asia are represented by a scene in the Mosque of Söfor, in Erivan, where religion and education are concurrently progressing, the adult "believers" being exhorted by a preacher in the ed-

fice, while the juveniles are being taught to read and spell beneath the shade of a mighty tree.

##### The Sultan Rewarding Wounded Soldiers.

One of our foreign pictures represents a very agreeable characteristic incident of life in Constantinople just now. Sultan Abdul Hamid is a very different man to his predecessor, poor Abdul Aziz; takes an energetic interest in the welfare of his State and people, and, instead of completely shutting himself up in his marble Palace of Dolma Bagtche, shows himself constantly to the people, and to the soldiery in particular. In our sketch he is pinning, with his own hand, the Medal of Merit on the breasts of some of the wounded soldiers from the hospitals.

##### Executions at Adrianople.

In the matter of executions the Turks have enjoyed the reputation of being summary in their mode of procedure—"Give a dog a bad name and hang him." The Turkish mode is to hang him immediately, and in their punishments and executions the inhabitants of the land of the Sultan have exhibited a playful and humorous cruelty that civilized races have ever striven to abolish. To hang a man outside his own door may add to the severity of the sentence, but it assuredly is not to be preferred to the less repulsive mode of private execution.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Object Teaching.**—In a paper recently read before the Franklin Institute, Professor Ennis gives the excellent advice to teachers that every day, when the last half-hour of school-time arrives, the pupils should take their seats closely in front of the teacher's table, and he should then perform some scientific experiment, or exhibit some object of natural history, and tell all that can well be told about it. The pupils will make the more rapid progress in all their primary studies in consequence. The enjoyment of these scientific lectures is like dessert after dinner.

**New Laboratories in Berlin.**—The magnificent new physiological laboratories are now nearly completed, and will be opened to students at the commencement of the Winter session. Professor Dubois Raymond takes the directorship, and will be assisted by Professor Kronecker from Leipzig and Professor Bauman from Strasburg, two of the most promising young physiological chemists of Germany. Professor Helmholtz, who has been elected rector of the university for the coming year, will also take possession during the Autumn of the spacious new physical laboratories which adjoin the physiological department.

**Ascent of Mount Illimani.**—M. G. Wiener, who is traveling in South America at the expense of the French Government, reports to the Paris Geographical Society that he has been successful in making the ascent of Mount Illimani, whose height he makes out to be 20,112 feet. M. Wiener reached the summit which he named Pic de Paris. Mr. Minchin, however, a railway engineer, who has been taking careful measurements of some of the South American peaks, gives the height of Illimani as 21,224 feet. M. Wiener's figures being obtained by aneroid barometer and boiling water. Either measurement will rank Illimani among the highest mountains of South America.

**Mineral Wool.**—If a powerful blast of steam or air be blown through molten glass or slag, the material is converted into fine fibres intermixed with globules or shot formed by the rapid cooling of the particles. The "extra" wool is blown off from this product by currents of air and is nearly free from shot. The "ordinary" wool is sifted from shot as far as practicable. The unconverted shot and the fibres are of the same composition—silica, lime, magnesia and alumina. The percentage of iron in the slag seldom reaches one-half of one per cent. The whole composition, therefore, consists practically of the best non-conducting mineral substances worked into a woolly or fibrous mass, which has the essential requisite of a good non-conductor or insulator of heat, cold, sound, viz.: air confined in a finely subdivided state. Mineral wool is used to prevent freezing, to interrupt cooling and condensation, to arrest the spread of fire, to deafen walls and floors in dwelling-houses and to line ice-boxes, refrigerators, cold storage-houses, fire-proof safes, and for the stuffing of steam-pipes. The finer varieties of it can be woven into cloth which closely resembles cotton, and could be used for theatrical decorations.

**Fish Culture.**—There are few enterprises enjoying public attention at the present time that promise more profitable results than the multiplying of food fishes in fresh-water ponds. It is the belief of all who have studied the subject that fresh-water fishes of all kinds can be multiplied indefinitely and so cultivated as to be improved, not only in quantity but in quality, and made to be the cheapest of cheap food. The fact should be repeated over and over again, until every one who has a patch of water on his premises large enough for tadpoles and shiners, can make it yield an abundance of wholesome food, at not half the trouble and expense with which he cultivates a like patch of ground. The food thus produced is too much neglected by the farming community; it affords elements of nourishment necessary to a healthy condition of the body, for which no cheaper available substitutes can be found. There are in Connecticut alone 256 ponds of from 5 to 2,000 acres each, aggregating 31,604 acres, which contain a considerable number and variety of food fishes—although probably not a thousandth part of what they may be made to produce with proper care. Besides these lakes, there are a greater number of smaller ponds of less than five acres which are in like manner capable of development.

**The Moons of Mars.**—An important astronomical discovery has just been made at the Washington Observatory by Professor Hall. Two satellites of Mars have made their appearance, the existence of which was entirely unknown. In 1845, when Mars was near our earth, there was scarcely any telescopes powerful enough to reveal its moons. The present opposition is about the best possible for observation in the middle latitudes of our hemisphere, because the very small deviation from greatest possible approach to the north arises from the opposition occurring a few days after the planet reaches its position, and this throws it further north in declination than it would be at the time of absolutely nearest approach. Since Professor Hall's discovery, a third satellite has been found by Dr. Henry Draper, at Hargood. Of the satellites now discovered, the most extraordinary feature is the proximity of the inner one to the planet, and the rapidity of its revolution. The shortest period hitherto known is that of the inner satellite of Saturn—twenty-two and a half hours. But the inner satellite of Mars goes round in seven hours and thirty-eight minutes. Its distance from the centre of the planet is about 6,000 miles, and from the surface less than 4,000. If there are any astronomers on Mars with telescopes and eyes like ours, they can readily find out whether this satellite is inhabited, the distance being less than one-sixteenth that of the moon from us. The new satellites may be considered by far the smallest heavenly bodies yet known. It is scarcely possible to make anything like a correct estimate of their diameters, because they are seen in the telescope only as faint points of light; but, supposing the outer one to have the same reflecting power with that of Mars, it cannot be much more than ten miles in diameter. The discovery illustrates the value of the powerful telescopes of the present day.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Russians took Kars in 1828, 1834, 1855, and now again in 1877.

—THE Russian debt, which in 1831 was only 200,000,000 roubles, will be 1,193,809,956 roubles in 1878.

—THE highest prices paid in the Egyptian market for young Nubian women is \$500, and for fair Circassians \$5,000.

—A NEW YORK court has decided that wedding presents are the property, not of the husband and wife, but of the wife alone.

—A BRASS band caused a sensation in Concord, N. C., the other day. It was the first music the town had had in eleven years.

—CONVICTS in the Vermont State Prison had a jolly Thanksgiving dinner on turkey and plum-pudding, and the custom is to be made an annual one.

—THE last Ohio Legislature, which was Republican in both branches, passed a law excluding colored men from the State militia.

—EMIGRATION to Minnesota this year is larger than it has been in over twenty years, and there was never such a demand for land.

—MENDELSSOHN died November 4th, 1847, and by the German law the whole of his copyrights will, after the 1st of January next, be free to the German public.

—AN ecclesiastical authority estimates that in round numbers there are now in England and Wales 18,500 church benefices, and that their annual net value is \$15,000,000.

—THE Société Centrale d'Agriculture has published a resolution that an International Exhibition of Horses will be held in Paris from the 1st to the 15th of September, 1878.

—THE little village of Antwerp, N. Y., contains sixty-two widows. No book-agent or sewing-machine man, they say, ever goes into the place without coming out dead or married.

—THE last French census, taken in 1876, the results of which are just made public, shows an increase of 800,000 in the population in five years. The latest previous census had shown a decrease.

—THE Turks are nearly all armed with the Peabody-Henry rifle, which is said to be an extraordinarily well-balanced arm, and highly effective; a few, however, still have the Snider. Their field-guns are Krupp's steel breech-loaders.

—ANOTHER step towards the civilization of Africa has been made by England, the King of Lucalla, a district lying to the southeast of St. Paul de Loanda, having been induced to enter into an engagement to put a stop to all human sacrifices among his people.

—JAPAN has now a complete post-office system on the European plan, with money-orders, postal savings banks, postal-cards, etc. In 1876 the number of letters and postal-cards was twenty-four millions, and there were distributed five million newspapers. There are 3,691 post-offices.

—THE municipality of Paris has under trial a plan by which intelligence of a fire can at the same moment be transmitted to the police officers, the Fire Department and the Water Works. It has for some time been in operation at Amsterdam, and is now being applied in Brussels.

—THE herring fishery of Scotland is almost entirely in the hands of the Dutch. In 1862 ninety Dutch boats came to Shetland on this business; in 1877, 356. Yet, curiously enough, the nets used in Dutch fishing are almost all manufactured in England, chiefly at Bridport, in Dorsetshire.

—BRITISH INDIA is becoming a strong competitor for the tea trade of the world. In 1861 only 1,300,000 pounds were exported from Hindoostan, but the export has now grown to more than 25,000,000 of pounds, and the area of land brought under tea culture is increasing even more rapidly.

—UPON the report of the Director of Sciences and Letters, the Minister of Public Instruction has decided to establish an ethnographic musée; also, that on the 15th of January next there shall be opened at the Palace of Industry an exhibition of American ethnography, under the charge of M. de Watteville.

—CAPTAIN BOYTON continues his experiments with his life-saving apparatus. When last heard of he swam or rather floated from Amiens to Abbeville on the Somme, France. At 9 p. m., near Pont-Rémy, he was mistaken by some sportsmen for game, and they were about firing on him, when he undeceived them with a blast on his trumpet.

—LAST year there was expended for telegrams in the countries of Europe \$15,400,000, at an average of thirty-two cents per message. In this expenditure Great Britain led the list, with nearly forty-three per cent. of the whole; France came next, with about twenty-two per cent.; Germany, eighteen per cent.; no other country exceeded four per cent.

—DIVORCE does not exist in France, but there is what is called *séparation de corps*. Of this the Marquis de Caux availed herself. The report of the Keeper of the Seals to Marshal MacMahon shows that in 1876 there were 3,946 *séparation de corps* cases, of which 2,997 only were judged; 2,585 of these were heard on the demand of husbands, and 412 only on the part of wives.

—CONCHSHELL jewelry, which is much affected by young girls, is especially attractive this season; it is inexpensive, and rivals coral in effect. The cameo conch-shell is real, and when well worked is quite valuable. Some of the cameos bear the closest examination. In the plain shell we find earrings representing a leaf with a fly resting on it, or the shell is held by a bow-knot of silver, and a pearl rests on the shell, the pendant to match.

—FROM 1850 to 1871 215,000,000 acres of public lands were granted by Congress to States and corporations for railroad purposes, 159,000,000 of this to the Pacific roads, and nearly 5,000,000 acres have been granted for canal purposes; for the Pacific roads a debt of \$64,000,000 was assumed, now swollen to \$92,000,000, and promising to exceed \$150,000,000; and the largest grantee proposes to repay the Government by practically borrowing anew from it.

—STRASBURG CATHEDRAL is undergoing a complete reparation, and German hands are bent on effacing the memories of destruction by German shells. Advantage has been taken of this proceeding to replace, or, as we should call it, to "restore" the slower injuries of time, so that a good deal more has been added than was knocked down in August, 1870. Sculpture and pinnacles, canopies and pedestals, the statues of emperors having a considerable prominence, are being replaced or erected in positions which may never before have been occupied. Most of the imperial statues are on horse-back.





NEW YORK CITY.—CHARITY AND FASHION—GRAND BALL, IN BEHALF OF THE SUFFERERS IN THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR, GIVEN BY THE LADIES OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CROSS AND CRESCENT, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, DECEMBER 11TH.—SEE PAGE 275.



## PEACE, GOOD-WILL AND LOVE.

O! listen to the bells, my little maiden,  
And say, with what is all their music laden:  
"Peace and good-will and love from man to man!"  
A motto we should follow if we can.  
But—don't you think 'twere just a bit more human,  
If it should end thus: Love from man to woman?

That were a motto easy to obey,  
For men, you know, are much inclined that way;  
And I am sure, if Christmas songs were sung  
By human belles, each sweet and silvery tongue  
Would ring that motto loudly as they could,  
At least—I know one bell which surely would.

And if my ear should catch the sweet command,  
There's not a man in all this Christian land  
So gladly would obey, as I—if you  
Were the sweet belle who rang the song so true!  
For I—oh! I'm indeed so very human—  
I love my fellow-man when—he's a woman!

So little maiden, turn your face this way,  
The bells are ringing for the Christmas Day.  
What changes will my belle ring out for me,  
To fill my heart and life with melody?  
"Good-will!" I bear towards all, but love—ah! sweet,  
My heart, that gift lays only at your feet!

## THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

IT was growing dark in the Eaglewood grounds. The wintry sunset had faded out of the west, and two or three stars shone through the ragged tops of the fir-trees—the keen, cold stars of Christmas Eve. No snow whitened the landscape—barren and flinty and bleak with frost, it lay under the haggard sky. A bitter wind surged through the unpruned evergreens, whirling clouds of dead leaves before it and piercing my fur cloak like a two-edged sword.

"Carol, carol, Christians,  
Christmas has come again!"

I hummed under my breath, then released myself from my lover's encircling arm.

"I must go now," I said, hastily; "papa will miss me, Julian—he expects a guest at dinner."  
"Go! why, you have but just come," grumbled Julian Dare, his gray eyes shining down into mine like two splendid stars. "Meg, Meg, you wild little hawk! No sooner do I have you in my arms than you are panting to be out of them again!"

I pulled my cloak closer around my shivering figure. It was cold work—this exchange of fond words and caresses under the bleak sky of the eve of the Nativity. Our trysting-place, too, was the very loneliest spot in all the lonely, neglected grounds. From it we could see nothing but a strip of frozen driveway, and the iron gate of Eaglewood, opening betwixt stone pillars upon the darkening and deserted high road.

"I hate this concealment, Julian!" I answered, thrusting back my wind-blown curls under my Rubens hat. "It makes me vastly uncomfortable. When—when will you let me tell papa that we love each other?"

He took my face in his two gloved hands and kissed it. He was very handsome, this lover of mine; fair and *débonnaire*, with a pair of bold, knowing eyes made to distract and confuse the susceptible feminine heart. Three months before, in a distant city where I was then a pupil at a fashionable boarding-school, I had first met Julian Dare. His handsome face, his daring flatteries, his stolen visits to the old garden of the school, his audacious love-letters, dropped secretly over its wall, and filled with protestations which I found sweeter far than French verbs or dry lessons in etiquette, had made of me an easy conquest. Now I was back at Eaglewood again—my school life over for ever—but unhappily, our interviews were still of the stolen order. I began to tire of this, as it seemed to me, unnecessary secrecy, and to long for a change.

"When will you make me the happiest of men?" pleaded my lover. "Colonel Eaglewood will never give the sole daughter of his house to a penniless stranger like me. The only safe course for us to pursue, Meg, is to marry first and confess afterwards."

"Like a couple in a three-volume novel," said I. "Ugh! how cold it is! My nose must be as blue as a gentian-blossom. I detest clandestine marriages, Julian. Am I not behaving badly enough as it is—deceiving papa, who thinks I can do nothing amiss? You wrong him—he doesn't care for money—behold the careless fashion in which he has squandered his own," and I cast a comprehensive glance around our neglected grounds. "Come and talk with him—come now, Julian. It is Christmas Eve, and he will be sure to grant any request that I may make. Together we will ask him to consent to our marriage."

I tried to draw him from the shelter of the fir-trees; I was in dead earnest—anxious to go straight to my father and confess everything, but Julian Dare resisted me with a low, uneasy laugh.

"You beautiful darling! you would tempt a man to leap straight into purgatory with wide open eyes. Not to-night, Meg—you don't know what you say!" he gave a violent start, and twitched his arm suddenly from my hold—"who the deuce is that—that person coming through the gate yonder?"

I looked and saw a man just entering our solitary drive—a horseman, wearing a long gray cloak and slouched hat, like a *sombrero*, and leading by the bridle a superb bay horse. He had dismounted from the animal to open the gate. The last light of day fell on his erect, well-knit figure and thin face, stern and cold as carved stone, and half covered with a pointed Vandike beard. He sprang into his saddle again and rode away towards the house.

"Oh," I answered, carelessly, "that is Judge Dudley—the guest whom papa expects at dinner. He often comes to Eaglewood."

My lover's *débonnaire* face grew absolutely livid. "Perdition—that is, I have heard of his friendship for your father. How pleasant! Do you see much of him? do you talk much with him?"

I stared, then smiled.

"What should I have to say to a learned judge? He is papa's friend, not mine. I do not

remember that we ever exchanged a dozen words in our lives."

He drew a breath of relief.

"And you never hear Judge Dudley mention my name at Eaglewood, I suppose?"

"Your name? Certainly not. Do you know him?"

"My dear child, you forget that I am a lawyer. Sometimes I am called upon to plead a case in the court where that man sits, grim as fate, on the bench. Surely I know him, and I may add that we have had our little differences—professional ones, of course—*n'importe*. Did your father ever relate to you his friend's private history?"

I shook my head.

"No."

A moment of silence. Then Julian Dare snatched me breathlessly to his heart.

"Meg, we have no time to lose!—you must marry me at once. Judge Dudley is my enemy. He has power to prejudice your father hopelessly against me, and he will do it—he will leave no stone unturned to prevent me from marrying Colonel Eaglewood's daughter. Remember! our union must be secret. If you once speak of it to your father, we are parted for ever!"

His violence struck me dumb. I could only cling to him in a sort of vague terror.

"Meet me in this spot to-morrow night, ready to fly with me," he went on. "I know of a clergyman in the town who will unite us. We will then return and beg forgiveness together. If you love me, Meg, if you hope ever to be my wife, you will do this."

If I loved him! I did love him with all the mad, unreasoning passion of eighteen. He would tell me no more than this—Judge Dudley was his foe, and through him unspeakable danger threatened our love. Hitherto the thought of an elopement had been very distasteful to me, but, viewed in this new light, it began to assume a different aspect. He was strong to overcome scruples, I weak to make them. The matter could end only in one way.

"When the moon rises to-morrow!" whispered Julian Dare, "you will not disappoint your lover, Meg? Ah, I know you will not! Am I not more to you than any one else in the world? First become mine, and then we can defy all enemies—then you may trust me to reconcile your father to the match."

The next moment he was gone, and under the

sombre fir-trees, under the cold Christmas stars, I was walking swiftly away to the house.

Its gray gables stood up in the windy twilight, grand but dilapidated—the glory of Eaglewood had departed for ever; papa and I were the last of the race—a proud, extravagant race, but an upright and honorable one always. As I stepped into the wainscoted hall, voices from a half-open door near at hand stole out to my ears. One was my father's. It said:

"You are the last friend left to me in the world, Dudley. Can you help me, now?"

The other voice, very grave and kind, answered:

"Surely! I am always ready to help you. How much money do you need?"

Money! Oh, poor papa! I ran up to my own room, brushed out my wind-blown hair, stuck a spray of hollyberries into its shining darkness, fastened another spray in the lace at my throat, and then descended, with a guilty, thumping heart, to my father and his guest.

Our dinner-hour had already struck; I found the two men waiting for me in the old library, which, with the help of Rachel, our one servant, I had decorated with holly and evergreen, and brightened with a huge wood fire. My father was seated on the tiled hearth—a small, cadaverous man with prematurely white hair and an appearance of general ill-health. Against the mantel leaned the person that Julian Dare and I had seen at the gate—he of the gray, stony face and pointed beard—my lover's enemy, and therefore mine also. He held out to me his hand—a very handsome hand, blazing with a great diamond. Pretending not to see it, I bowed coldly and turned away.

"Good heaven! Meg," cried my father, "where have you been? I sent Rachel to call you half an hour ago. The dinner is spoiled, I dare say."

The guilty color leaped into my face. Judge Dudley's eyes were fixed upon me with a frightfully searching look.

"I have been walking in the grounds, papa," I stammered; "it is a—delightful night—I quite forgot the time." And then we went out to table.

Our Christmas Eve dinner was a very simple one—the time had passed for luxury and display at Eaglewood. Our majolica and Dresden ware had vanished from the Queen Anne sideboard; our family plate had gone long before to pay papa's debts.

The soup was rather watery, I remember, and the fowls dry; and Rachel spilled papa's wine all over the neatly-mended damask cloth, and emptied Judge Dudley's pudding into his lap; but apart from these trifles, all went well. When the meal was over, Judge Dudley stepped out upon the terrace to smoke a cigar, and papa and I were left alone in the library. He beckoned me to his side.

"This is a very sorry sort of Christmas, eh, Meg?" he began, laying his thin hand upon my coils of hair; "no feasting, no merry-making, no gay company. It is hard for you, my darling."

"Not at all," I answered, bravely.

"Eaglewood is ours no more," he sighed. "I may as well tell you, Meg; it was sold to Judge Dudley long ago for its full value. He suffers us to live on here because he is the most generous of men; but in reality you and I are as poor as two church mice. My hands were never made to keep money. God help us both! My blessed child, my own good little Meg—we have nothing now in all the world but each other."

How haggard and ill he looked, as he said it—how full of pathos was his poor, tired voice! The thin hand on my head felt like a coal of fire. With a sudden revulsion of feeling I started to my feet.

"Papa," I am neither good nor dutiful," I cried. "I am wicked and bad—I have deceived you horribly! You break my heart when you praise me. Listen to me, papa—I have a lover!"

He smiled.

"I wonder you have not a score!"

"Listen, I say. I made his acquaintance at school. Since my return home, he has visited me secretly here at Eaglewood. I met him in the grounds this very night. I have promised to elope with him to-morrow—to elope and leave you alone in your sickness and poverty. Now, what do you think of your blessed child?"

He shook as with an ague.

"Do you mean what you say, Meg? Are you telling me the truth?"

"The very truth. Oh, forgive me, papa—forgive him! He is good and noble, and I love him."

"You call a man noble who would lead a silly girl to break her old father's heart? Who is he?—what is his name?"

"He is a lawyer," I faltered; "his name is Dare—Julian Dare."

I thought for a moment that my fond, gentle father had struck me, so violent was the start he gave, so fiercely did he push me from his side.

"Dare!" he cried, in a voice that I shall never forget. "Julian Dare!—oh, my God!"

He clutched his neckcloth as if strangling.

"Papa!" I cried, in wild terror, "what is the matter? Oh, papa! speak to me!"

The door opened, and Judge Dudley stepped into the library. At sight of him my father started up and flung out his arms.

"Dudley!" he shrieked, "help me to save her from that cursed villain!—my Meg, my poor little Meg!"

He fell back helpless in the chair. The judge turned quickly to me; his face was like ashes.

"Leave us, Miss Eaglewood," he said, peremptorily. "I will attend to him."

I fled to my own chamber.

I sat down at my window in the cold, Christmas moonlight, perplexed, bewildered, frightened. It was plain that my father's mind had already been poisoned against Julian, or was his agitation caused only by my own undutiful conduct? At any rate, there could be no elopement now. I listened. The murmur of voices drifted up from the library. Judge Dudley and my father were earnestly talking. Should I go down and defy that man—Julian's enemy—to his face, or wait until his departure, and then throw myself and my future happiness upon papa's love and indulgence? I concluded to wait. Hour after hour passed. I grew numb with cold. The white Christmas moonlight poured into the room, a death-watch ticked in the wall at my head. Presently the hall-clock struck ten. The library door opened. I heard my father say, "Good-night, Dudley, and God bless you!"

"Good-night, my dear old friend," replied the grave voice of the judge, and immediately after, I saw him ride off down the windy, moon-lit drive.

I arose and stretched my cramped limbs. It was full fifteen minutes before I could gather courage to descend to my father. Then I crept, like a culprit, down the stair and opened the library door.

He was sitting on the hearth, just as I had left him. The falling lamp shone on his emaciated figure and bowed gray head. Some writing materials lay on a table by his side. I knelt humbly at his knee.

"Papa," I sobbed, "are you very angry? Don't blame Julian—visit all your wrath upon me—I will bear it. I love him so much, so much!"

He did not answer. I touched his hand—it was like ice.

"Papa!" I called wildly, "are you asleep?"

Yea, verily, but it was a sleep so deep that it would never be broken. He would never blame me, never be angry with me more. My father was dead!

He had said good-night to his friend, returned to his armchair, and yielded up his life without sound or struggle. Heart-disease, the physicians called it. On the table beside him lay a scrap of writing, penned, evidently, in his last conscious moments, and in the knowledge, perhaps, of his approaching end. It ran thus:

"My darling child, trust Judge Dudley—look upon him as your guardian. He is your only friend; he will be kind to you for my sake—he will save you from—"

That was all. Death had interposed there. What more he had meant to say to me I could never know.

Judge Dudley came to Eaglewood next day, but I did not see him. The world outside our iron gates rung with Christmas cheer and merriment, but I sat in my darkened chamber in a stupor of grief and despair. As night approached I wrote a few lines to Julian Dare, telling him of the interview in which I had confessed our love and our proposed elopement to my father—of that father's death, and the presence of Judge Dudley in the house, and then added that the doors of Eaglewood were open, and that I was heartbroken and desolate—would he not come to me, if only for a moment? As the moon rose in the cold violet east, I called Rachel and instructed her to deliver this letter to my lover, at our trysting-place under the fir-trees.

She departed on her errand. Half an hour went by. Then, ruffled and perplexed, Rachel returned to the lonely chamber where I waited; and this is the answer which she brought me from Julian Dare:

"You have given the death-blow to our happiness—you have acted in a very foolish and incomprehensible manner. It is impossible for me to see you again at present. J. D."

"The minute he read your letter, miss," said Rachel, "he became as mad as a hatter. He asked what his honor the judge was doing here, and how long he meant to stay, and then he wrote on that bit of paper, and went straight off without another word."

He was angry with me—he had forsaken me in my hour of greatest need. With a miserable cry I fell prostrate upon the floor of my chamber and hid my face in the dust.

Two days after, my father was buried. Under a black wintry sky, and through a drenching rain, we came home from his grave—Judge Dudley and I—entered the old library together, and sat down there in the silence and desolation.

"Miss Eaglewood," said the judge, quietly,

"on the night of his death, I promised your father to befriend you faithfully at all times and in all places. Do you wish to remain here at Eaglewood?"

I lifted my haggard eyes.

"No. Why should I? The place is yours, not mine. He told me before he died that it had belonged to you for years."

"That does not matter in the least. It shall be yours, just so long as you choose to live in it."

I shook my head.

"You are very good, but I cannot accept your kindness. I shall go to work immediately for my own living."

Above the mantel hung a mirror in a frame of brass and ebony. I looked up as I spoke, and saw two objects reflected therein—a strong man of symmetrical figure, with a cold, severe face, in which a sort of grave pity was now apparent, and a slender girl, clad in the blackest of crape and bombazine, her face like marble, her big dark eyes ringed with the purple tint of suffering, her bronze-black curls piled in a great heap on the top of her small head, her white hands crossed upon her sombre dress—hands that looked sadly insufficient for a combat with the world. The first person was Judge Dudley, the second was myself.

"My poor child," said he, compassionately, "what do you intend to do?"

I deliberated a moment, then answered:

"I have a tolerable education. I can talk a little French and play a little music—I think I will try to find a situation as governess."

He arose from his chair and took a swift turn across the hearth.

"Very well—you have not far to look," he said, dryly. "I am in search of a governess for a little girl of six years—my daughter. I am confident that you would fill the place acceptably."

I felt a little shock of surprise. He was a man of family, then. It was the first intimation I had received of the fact.

"Your salary shall be liberal," he went on. "Say fifteen hundred per year. I do not promise you ease or happiness—*happiness*—great God!" (his voice grew bitter and hard), "that would be a strange thing indeed to look for in my home! But, I can secure you independence and protection and kind treatment. Will you accept my offer?"

I felt a sort of weak resentment against him even at that moment. He was Julian Dare's enemy—in some way he stood betwixt my lover and me. Nevertheless, my father had bade me trust him, and friendless and kinless as I was, I dared not refuse this proffered aid, which was to me like a plank stretched out to a drowning person.

"Most gladly—most thankfully!" I answered.

"When do you wish to leave Eaglewood?"

"To-morrow, if I may. Only happy people can afford to be idle. The sooner I go to work the better."

"Then let it be to-morrow," he said.

Late that night I sat before my dying fire, gazing at a little photograph of Julian Dare—the handsome, *débonnaire* face which had captured my passionate girl's heart just three months before—and crying out to the senseless card in bitter anguish: "Oh, my love, come back to me! Do not be angry with me—do not leave me like this—come back, or I die!"

Near me on the floor of my chamber knelt Rachel, packing my trunks for my departure in the morning.

"It's no use flying in the face of Providence," she muttered; "but, oh Lord! Miss Meg, I'm afraid you're going to a queer house. Folks say he doesn't live with his wife."

I looked up from my photograph.

"Who?"

"Why, the judge! He keeps her by herself in one part of his grand house, and never speaks to her—never lets her come in his sight; and I've heard, too, that she was handsome as a picture. You needn't stare, poor dear! It's gospel truth."

"Why does he do that?" said I, incredulously.

"Is his wife mad?"

"No more than you are. I've heard dark hints enough, but I shan't repeat 'em, miss; you'll find out for yourself. It happened long ago, when you was in the nursery. He's a man of flint, is the judge. Your father knew of his doings, but thought him perfection. I never saw perfection yet done up in a man's body. How you'll get on in such a house I can't say."

A thrill of dismay shot through me.

"If papa could speak, he would tell me to go," I shivered. "In the whole world there is not another door open to me. I cannot starve, and to beg I am ashamed."

On the following day I left Eaglewood.

Judge Dudley's home was in a great manufacturing town eight miles away. I can see even as I write the broad road along which the carriage rolled, the avenue of naked copper beech-trees into which it turned, the bare, brown lawns on either side, the frozen fountains and white statues in the leafless shrubbery, and, last of all, the house before which we stopped—the house that covered with its grand high roof a deep and perplexing mystery. It was built of red brick, with a high tower and two imposing wings, the whole surrounded by terraces and stone balustrades, and a superb sweep of timbered ground, like an English park.

Judge Dudley assisted me to alight.

"This is the place which I call home," he said, in a low voice. "Such as it is, Miss Eaglewood, I bid you welcome to it."

As he spoke I lifted my eyes and saw a woman standing on a long terrace at the right of the house, watching us with singular intentness. She was extremely small in stature, and, as it seemed to me, dazlingly fair. She wore a long velvet mantle, bordered with rich fur, and a plumed Gainsborough hat. Two or three lap-dogs with silver bells on their collars were leaping and barking around her. The judge saw her, too, and his face grew black. He made no sign, however, and, after surveying us a moment, the figure turned and vanished in the west wing of the house.

I followed my employer into a wainscoted hall, rich with carving and statuary and stained glass. Here his housekeeper met us—a little woman in a lace cap and alpaca gown, who eyed me with the air of one not used to seeing strangers enter that door.



"Mrs. Purdy," said the judge, "this lady is Miss Eaglewood—Gwendolen's governess. She is to remain here indefinitely. Where is the child?" Mrs. Purdy rubbed her thin hands uneasily and dropped me a courtesy.

"With her mother, sir; Betty has just taken her in—it's the proper hour, sir."

An indescribable expression passed over his face. "Show Miss Eaglewood to her room, and then come to me; I have some instructions to give you."

Mrs. Purdy led me up a carved black-walnut stair, and into a warm, scented chamber, furnished in crimson and white—the whole house, as I soon learned, was a marvel of taste and luxury. As I threw off my sombre wraps, she said to me:

"Heaven knows, Miss Gwen needs a governess—the dreadful little creature! Oh, dear! you're in mourning, and how young you look! I don't know how you'll get on with her. She's a trial; but what can you expect? The judge hasn't a grain of love for her—he can't bear her in his sight, and doesn't pretend to manage her in the least!"

"He has no love for his own child!" I cried, in a shocked voice.

"Oh, dear, no! It's not strange—she looks so much like her mother. You mustn't be surprised at anything you may see in this house, my dear. There goes the judge's bell—he wants me," and I was left to my own reflections.

It was not long before the bell rang again—this time for me. I descended to a sumptuous drawing-room, where I found the judge and his little daughter. She was a slight blonde child, dressed in a rich silk frock and immense sash, and wearing her flaxen hair crimped to the waist. She was clinging about the judge's legs as I entered; he pushed her gently, but firmly, away.

"This lady is your governess, Gwendolen," he said. "Remember, you are to obey her in all things." Then he turned to me; his bearded face looked hard and bitter. "I wish you to have the entire charge of my child, Miss Eaglewood. I place her unreservedly in your hands. Once a day you will allow her maid Betty to take her to visit her mother, and remain a half hour—no longer!—by the clock. You will see that she never enters the right wing of the house except at these times. This is the only command I lay upon you regarding her movements."

I bowed silently, then tried to draw the child to my side, but she resisted me with her hands and legs alike, and rushing into a corner, pulled her crimped hair about her eyes, shrieking:

"I will see my pretty mamma when I like! I won't have a governess. I hate Miss Eaglewood! Mamma will not have her here. I love my mamma!"

The judge shrugged his shoulders unpleasantly. "The devil was born in her, Miss Eaglewood. You will do well if you exorcise him. I wish you joy of your pupil." And he turned on his heel and left the room.

By dint of patient coaxing, I lured the child from her corner, and induced her to show me the way to the schoolroom, where I was to teach her young ideas how to shoot. My first experience with her was not auspicious. She tore the leaves from her books. She rent her smart frock, she rolled upon the floor, and banged her crimped head against the wall in paroxysms of rebellion against my authority. Could I ever conquer her? Heaven only knew! At three o'clock we dined alone—the child and I. At seven we supped with Mrs. Purdy; and before I retired to my room at night I had, through the inadvertent remarks of servants and child, learned these facts. The judge and his wife lived entirely apart in the two separate wings of the mansion, he with his attendants, she with hers. Except for the daily visits of which he had spoken to me, the child was allowed to hold no communication with her mother. Guests never entered the house, and Mrs. Dudley never went beyond its gates. It was a palace of gilded misery.

A cloud as dark as death overhung all its wealth and splendor. Famous, rich and powerful as he was, my dead father's friend, my lover's enemy, who carried before the world a face of stone, was a man to be pitied.

Something happened to me in my own chamber that night. Depressed with the atmosphere of this house, where master and mistress lived upon such singular terms, worn out with tears and sorrow, I fell asleep in my chair before the bright, happy fire, holding in my hand Julian Dare's photograph.

I slept and dreamed—of my father, of my lover, then I awoke.

Some one had entered the room and was standing by my side, looking down upon me breathlessly—a woman, so small of stature that she might easily have been mistaken for a child. Her face was like wax, her yellow hair hung disheveled about her shoulders and increased her infantile look; but it was no child's soul that shone in her eyes, fierce and wild and restless as a prisoned hawk's. Her trained dress of rich gros-grain swept long upon the carpet; costly jewels weighed down her tiny hands, flashed in her ears and on her white throat. It was the figure that I had seen on the terrace. She rustled forward as soon she found that I was awake.

"Pardon," she said, in a suppressed sort of voice. "You did not lock your door. I wish to see what sort of person my daughter's governess is. Heavens!" striking those diminutive hands sharply together, "this is too much! Why did he bring one like you to this place?"

I arose dumbfounded. As I did so, Julian Dare's photograph slipped from my lap, and fell unheeded to the floor at her feet.

"I am Judge Dudley's wife," she cried; "you did not know he had a wife, perhaps—he never speaks of the fact unless compelled to. I am Gwendolen's mother. Miss Eaglewood—that is your name, my servants tell me—you are not fit for a governess—you are too young, too handsome; you will never get on with Gwendolen—never!"

"I think I will," I answered, calmly, "at least, I can try, madam."

Her wild eyes seemed to pierce me like gimlets.

"This is some new scheme by which he means to torment me! Oh, my God! it is two years since he spoke to me last—two years—twenty-four months! He thinks to drive me mad, at last; I

understand it all. His heart is like flint. Has he instructed you to teach my child to hate and despise her wretched mother?"

"Madam!" was all I could gasp. Her small waxen face worked convulsively.

"I know who you are. Colonel Eaglewood used to come to this house years ago—he often spoke of a little daughter—"

She had caught sight of Julian Dare's picture on the floor at her feet. She stooped and picked it up unceremoniously. Never shall I forget the look that overspread her face—the dumb amazement, the unspeakable terror and dismay that turned her very lips to the hue of ashes. She stared wildly at the little card.

"Is it yours?" she panted.

"Yes," I answered, a little indignantly.

The photograph dropped from her hand. Without sound or cry she staggered and fell, a senseless heap to the floor of my chamber.

Frightened as I was, I made no outcry, summoned no assistance. I dashed water upon her, and applied such restoratives as I had at hand. Presently her eyes unclosed—she looked up in my face.

"Help me to rise," she muttered, like a person in sleep.

I did so. With trembling hands she flung back her disordered hair and pulled her rich train into order.

"You are ill," said I; "shall I not walk with you back to your room?"

She made no objection—indeed, she leaned her weight upon my arm as if incapable of self-support. We made our way silently through a long corridor to the west wing, and there she flung back from me without a word, pushed open a carved black oak door, and vanished from my sight. I returned to my own quarters, crept into bed, and somewhere in the wee small hours fell asleep.

A week passed without incident. I do not remember that I once saw the judge in this time. My days were devoted to my intractable little pupil. And still no word came to me from Julian Dare—still I waited, miserable and depressed, for some sign that he had not forgotten me.

One day it chanced that Betty, the maid, fell ill, and upon me devolved the duty of conducting Gwendolen to her daily visit to the west wing. The room in which I found Mrs. Dudley was a blue-and-gold boudoir, adorned with silken hangings, exquisite pictures, a carpet like a bed of velvet violets, cabinets, Florentine bronzes and hot-house flowers. The judge's wife, dressed in a *robe de chambre* of violet silk, bordered with fur, sat at a superb piano as we entered, playing one of Schubert's sonatas. On a blue satin sofa near her lay two or three fluffy lap-dogs and a half dozen French novels. With a cry of delight Gwendolen flung herself into her mother's arms.

"Dear mamma, are you quite well to-day?" said the child.

"Quite well, *petite*," replied Mrs. Dudley, responding very coldly to the little creature's caresses. To me she gave no sign of recognition—she did not even motion me to a seat.

"Have you seen your father to-day, Gwendolen?" she asked.

"No," said the child, "he is gone to the court where he judges the prisoners, mamma."

Mrs. Dudley flung back her handsome head with an unpleasant laugh.

"God help the prisoners who are judged by him! Has he kissed you since you were here yesterday?"

"Yes," said little Gwen. "I met him last night on the stair, and I told him I would be good and mind Miss Eaglewood, and he kissed me, mamma."

She grasped the child's face in her two small, shaking hands.

"Where?" she cried—"where?"

"Here on my forehead," answered Gwen, touching the spot betwixt her two little fretful brows.

With feverish eagerness Mrs. Dudley laid her lips upon the place. Then she walked to the sofa, picked up a novel, gave the child some bonbons, and bidding her be quite still, flung herself languidly down among the lap-dogs and fell to reading. At the end of a half-hour, I said to my pupil:

"It is time to go."

Mrs. Dudley looked as if she would fly at my throat, but she only nodded to the child, and murmured:

"Yes, go! If you resist, you will not be allowed to come here at all."

So the interview ended. I never attended Gwen to the west wing again.

On the following day I went out alone after lessons to walk in the grounds. The sky was gray with coming storm. Brown snow-birds flitted through the frozen avenues. The desolation of death was upon all things. I found a garden-chair in a secluded clump of evergreens, and sat down there to listen to the murmur of the wind-tossed branches, which reminded me of Eaglewood and better days. Scarcely had I done so when a sound of voices close at hand fell on my ears, and peering through the low boughs, I saw, not two rods distant in an opening among the trees, Judge Dudley and his wife standing face to face.

She had come from dinner evidently, and was, as usual, superbly dressed. Her brocade train swept the gravelled walk, a white burnous was thrown about her shoulders. Never had her blonde beauty seemed so perfect. She looked more like a little queen than a woman under ban. As for the judge, he confronted her with a stern, repellent face—a look that might have frozen the very blood in her veins. She thrust out to him two wild, supplicating hands.

"Paul!" she cried, "I cannot bear it. I will not bear it longer! I would rather you killed me at once."

A great fright and consternation seized upon me. I knew that I had no business there, and yet I dared not move hand nor foot. I could only crouch down upon my garden-seat, and hold my breath.

"I have no desire to kill you," he answered, coldly; "neither can I help you. Do we meet here by accident or design?"

"By design!" she sobbed, wringing those bejeweled hands, so lovely and so powerless. "For

days I have been waiting for a chance to thrust myself upon your notice. Do not drive me mad, Paul. Have you no pity for me—for me—Gwendolen's mother?"

"None!" he answered, in a voice that was simply terrible in its contempt. "You must abide by the terms I made with you five years ago."

With a cry she flung herself at his feet. It was a sight that haunted my dreams for weeks and months after—that beautiful woman, in her rich dress, prostrate before the stern-eyed man, who looked down upon her, senseless as stone to her beauty, pitiless as death to her despair.

"Mercy!" she moaned; "you have punished me enough. Give me back my place in your heart—in your home?"

"Never!"

"You loved me once. Is every spark of that love dead, Paul?"

"Dead," he replied, "and buried too deep for resurrection!"

"Oh, my God!" she cried out in sudden conviction, "you abhor me!"

He answered not a word, only stared moodily down to the earth at his feet. She cringed as if he had struck her a blow.

"And are we to live on like this till we die, Paul?"

"Till we die!"

With an agonized groan she covered her face. He passed her by without another glance, turned swiftly down a neighboring path and vanished.

How I reached the house I do not know. In the hall I met Mrs. Purdy.

"Whatever is the matter, Miss Eaglewood?" she cried, aghast; "you look ready to faint."

I let her lead me into her own cozy parlor, and place me in her own armchair.

"The mystery of this house will drive me wild!" said I. "What has she done, Mrs. Purdy? Why does he treat her like that?" And then I told her of the scene which I had just witnessed in the garden. The big tears gathered in her eyes.

"Oh, Lord! how I pity them both!" she murmured, under her breath. "Well, it's really no secret, Miss Eaglewood; the servants know it, the whole town knows it, and as for me, I was house-keeper here when he brought her home, a bride, eight years ago. Very fond he was of her, too—as fond and proud as a husband need be." She sat down beside me in the firelight, drawing a long, dreary sigh. "You see, she was sly from the first. She had a lover before she ever set eyes on the judge—a handsome cousin—and they were engaged, or something very like it; but he was poor, and the judge rich and famous, and she made her choice, as nine women out of ten would have done under like circumstances—she married the judge."

"They were happy for a while. She was frivolous and light-headed—scarcely the mate for a man like him, but he never found fault with her—never! And her first lover—the handsome cousin—he came here regular, passing weeks at the house, sometimes, always dancing attendance on Mrs. Dudley, and as friendly with the judge as a brother—the serpent! Sometimes I saw things that made my blood boil, but I had no right to speak, miss. I kept silent until a night came when there was a grand ball here, with crowds of fine people, and no end of dressing and dancing and feasting; and in the midst of it, Mrs. Dudley went up to her baby's nursery, and kissed her for the last time; and then slipped out of the house in her beautiful dress, and fled with that man—her cousin—eloped, Miss Eaglewood—poor, foolish, blinded, wicked simpleton that she was."

"Well, I'm sure the blow fell upon the judge like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. He didn't pursue them, he didn't try in any way to apprehend them—he just kept his thoughts to himself, and bore his sorrow and disgrace without word or sign. Oh, Lord! And he so proud, too! For a year we lived on here, shut up from the world, gloomy as death, and then, what do you think happened? She came back! Forsaken by her lover, penniless, starving, sick, almost dying, she came back to the house from which she had fled, to the husband whom she had wronged—sooner than have done it I'd have died in the gutter! She groveled at his feet—she begged to be his servant. Such a scene I hope never to witness again. Well, what did he do? She was the mother of Gwendolen—he would not let her starve or beg—he took her back on condition that they should live as you see them living now. Not one man in a million would have done it, I suppose. He surrounds her with every luxury—and she loves luxury. He endures her presence under this roof, though I know it makes his home a hell to him. And she—oh, I pity her, too, Miss Eaglewood. She'd give her very soul, poor, jealous, miserable, remorseful creature, to have her husband speak kindly to her just once more, but he never will—it's useless for her to hope that. He has ceased to love her, you see, and that tells the whole story."

I arose in the twilight, and ascended to Gwendolen's nursery. Half-way up the stair I encountered, not a little to my dismay, Judge Dudley himself. He stopped and transfixed me with his keen, searching eyes.

"How are you getting on here?" he asked.

"Very well," I answered, scarcely able to command my voice.

"I do not like your looks. Are you ill?"

"No."

"Are you pining for Eaglewood?"

"No."

"For your lover, then? Don't start. Here is a letter addressed to you which I found in my mail this afternoon."

He held out to me a little envelope. I snatched it wildly, and fled past him to my own room. There I broke the seal, and read these words in Julian Dare's well-known handwriting:

"DARLING—Meet me at the entrance gate to-night, at seven o'clock, sharp. Fail not to come alone. J. D."

At last! Heaven be thanked! He had not forgotten me, then. I should once more see his face, hear his voice!

(Continued on page 281.)

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THERE are thirty-two bachelors in the Diplomatic Corps at Washington.

ABDUL HAMID, Sultan of Turkey, is having a marble staircase built which will cost about \$1,250,000.

It is said that the Duke of Norfolk's wedding-day cost him little short of \$90,000—a couple of months' income.

PROFESSOR VON LITZOW, the celebrated astronomer and director of the Vienna Observatory, died at Venice on the 16th ult.

SENATOR EDMUNDS says there is no surer way of getting anything into the papers than by talking about it in secret session.

REV. DR. JAMES H. ECCLESTON, Rector of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., has been elected Bishop of the Diocese of West Virginia.

BLUE-BLOODED Boston mourns the loss of the oldest inhabitant, at the age of one hundred and five years. Her name was Margaret Maloney.

It is reported that the King of Burmah is losing his memory, and, as insanity is hereditary in the royal family, this is regarded as a sign of incipient madness.

MR. LYMAN, geologist to the Japanese Government, reports that the Island of Yesso probably contains a hundred and fifty thousand million tons of coal not yet explored.

THE Geographical Society of Antwerp has unanimously made Mr. Stanley an honorary member, "as a token of respect to the intrepid and indefatigable traveler who has just revealed to the world the hidden heart of Africa."

A MONUMENT is to be erected in Manchester, England, to the memory of George H. Browne, the American manager, who died there recently, and whose remains, along with those of his daughter, were brought to Boston for interment.

HENRY LELAND, the young American artist, who was killed at Paris by the accidental discharge of a pistol, was a son of Mr. C. M. Leland, a Boston merchant. He was a graduate of the Brimmer School, and a young man of bright promise.

DISGRACED and disbarred though he is, Dr. Kenealy is by no means poorly off, as his admirers have contributed money enough to enable him to buy two houses in London, in one of which he resides, and a valuable freehold property in Sussex.

QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain is expected to visit Rome this Winter, with the intention and hope, it is thought, of effecting a reconciliation between the Pope and the King of Italy—an easy task if the difference between those two potentates were purely personal.

HUGO WHITTEGER, a Bethlehem, Pa., high-school boy, held a pan of red fire at a public entertainment to secure the success of a tableau. The pan got very hot, but rather than run the risk of fire, the boy held on until his hands were covered with blisters.

THE Maharajah [Dhuleep Singh] has made another gift of \$5,000 to the Girls' School of the United Presbyterian Church, in Egypt. He procured his wife from this school, and never fails, upon the recurrence of his marriage, to remember the school by a handsome gift.

SOME curious and suggestive records turned up in the New York courts last week. The name of Gilman, now in the Penitentiary, appeared as one of the Grand Jury which indicted Case, and the name of Lambert, of the Security Life, on trial for perjury, was called in the list of grand jurors.

SEVEN claimants, Germans, propose to dispute Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines's title to the St. Louis Hotel estate in New Orleans, 10,000 acres near Port Hudson, and 23,000 acres upon which Baton Rouge is located. They allege that Mrs. Gaines has acknowledged their claim by offering to compromise with them.

GEROME, the painter, is a thin, tall man, with hair of iron gray, and eyes brilliant as stars, that give a fine, high tone to his deeply lined face. He has five children, of whom he is passionately fond. Sculpture is his luxury and passion, and he says he paints his pictures to help defray the expenses of his sculpture.

MR. MACKAY, the Nevada nabob, paid \$3,600 for the awning across the sidewalk in front of his hotel in Paris, on the night of the Grant reception. So pleased is he with the arrangement of his hotel, that he insists upon bringing the men who directed it home with him, in order to make his American house equally luxurious.

A REPORT is printed of the death of Herr Driesbach, the lion-tamer, in Wayne County, Ohio, recently, at the age of seventy years. He was a native of Schoharie County, N. Y. He continued to travel and exhibit until about twelve years ago, when he settled down upon a farm in Wayne County, Ohio, where he resided until his death.

THE young King of Spain seems to be a man of spirit. When he told his Ministers that he wished to marry the Princess Mercedes of Montpensier, they objected, saying that the Duke of Montpensier was so very unpopular. "What has that to do with it?" replied the youthful sovereign; "I mean to marry the Duke's daughter, not the Duke," and so he carried his point.

GEORGE B. WHITE, seventy-five years old, and who, until within ten or twelve years, lived alone with his cat and other pets in an old hut on the mountain, near the Anthony Place, at Dalton, Mass., died a few days ago. It has always been supposed that he was a deserter from the English army or navy, and, while living, he often said that no man should see his body until dead. It was accordingly found that his body was marked with many stripes.

A FOREIGN exchange, speaking of the Norfolk marriage gifts, says: "Among the offerings to the bride from the bridegroom is a royal relic which may well be called priceless, it being the pearl necklace of Mary Queen of Scots. This delicate bauble is indeed worthy of admiration as a piece of jeweler's work. Designed to sit closely and yet lightly on a slender neck, it is composed, apparently, of half pearls set in a kind of filigree, and connected by gold links of minutely exquisite handiwork."

SENATOR EUSTIS is a native of New Orleans, of Massachusetts stock, and was two years a law student at Harvard. At the commencement of the Rebellion he was appointed Judge-Advocate, and after serving a year in Texas on the staff of General Magruder, he was transferred to the staff of General Joe Johnston, on which he served until the surrender of Appomattox. Returning to New Orleans, he resumed the practice of law with great success, and has been prominent as a Conservative politician. In 1872 he was elected State Representative, and in 1874 a State Senator for four years. He is a gentlemanly looking man, forty-one years of age, of middle size, with features bronzed by Southern suns, and an intelligent as well as an agreeable expression.



## FINE ARTS.

JAMES H. BEARD.

THE life-career of the great dog-painter dates back to the year 1814, and to Buffalo, New York, as the place of his nativity, whilst his professional career began at about the year 1835, when he made his home in Cincinnati. He painted portraits of Generals Harrison and Taylor, Henry Clay, and other distinguished men. In 1846 Mr. Beard came to New York, bringing with him his famous picture, "The North Carolina Emigrants." In that year it was exhibited in the National Academy of Design, and purchased by Mr. George W. Austin for \$750, the highest price, at that date, ever paid for an American picture.

As a dog-painter Mr. Beard's success was decreed in his first composition in dog subjects, through the picture known as "The Poor Relations," painted in 1848, and purchased by the Western Art Union.

Mr. Beard has devoted himself almost exclusively to dog-studies, to meet the growing demand for his pictures of this character. His treatment of dogs is similar to that of Landseer, in using them to illustrate human actions and experiences; although Mr. Beard is a keener satirist and a subtler humorist than the great English master.

Mr. Beard's pictures have found purchasers from all quarters of the country. Among the most prominent of his paintings exhibited in New York, are "Out all Night," of which Goupil & Co. published a fine engraving; "Attorney and Client," exhibited at the Centennial; and his largest dog-picture, "The Streets of New York."

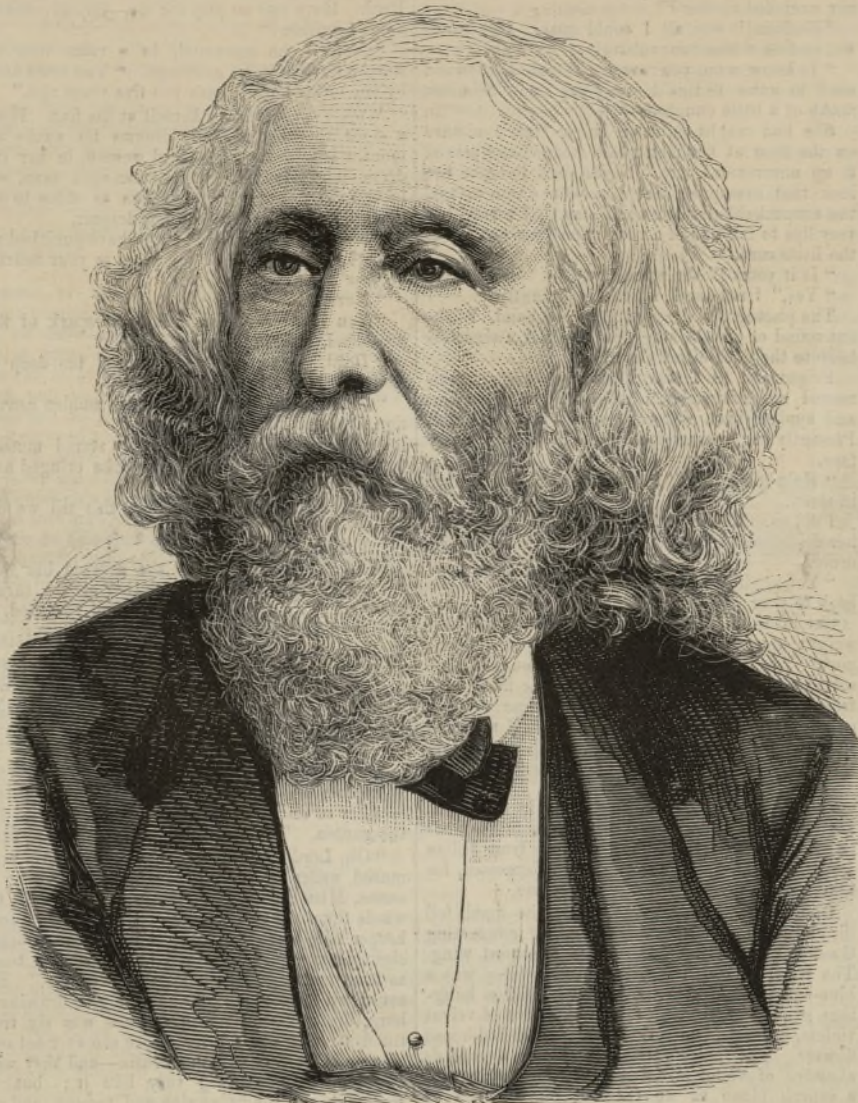
In this issue we present our readers with the first published engraving of the latest and largest of Mr. James H. Beard's dog-pictures, entitled "The Streets of New York." The scene is complete, and tells its own story—the portrayal of human nature as witnessed, on a metropolitan street, in the opposite phases of affluence and beggary. The wretched group on the left, huddled together in moral weakness and loss of individuality—a concretion of villainy, benighted degradation, and imposture—are two as perfect dogs and a monkey as Mr. Beard has ever created. The outside figure, a coarse mongrel cur, is only alert with villainy and fear of detection.

Next to this figure, the Skye terrier, who personates the blind man, is most beautifully treated in the original painting. The little starved puppy sleeping at his feet is as pitiable as are always the children who lead the blind.

The introduction of the sick monkey was a most happy thought with the artist. The next figure, one of the newly fashionable pug dogs, whose conscience scourges him with the fact that he is more nearly allied to the motley group than to the elegant patrician greyhound whose collar is linked to his by a silver chain, companion slaves in the "chain gang" of wealth.

This picture is eminently calculated to add to this artist's fame.

Mr. Beard is at his best in a charming portrait of a charming little lady "Florette," a Skye terrier, the property of Mrs. Frank Leslie. "Florette" is in a semi-recumbent position, her long yellowish hair—which the artist caused to be parted in the centre of the forehead in order to get at her bright, glittering eyes—falling in tawny locks on to the luxurious cushion upon which she so gracefully reposes. She is a true type of those long-bodied, short-legged, long haired "curled darlings," who blaze with intelligence, and are true as death. Mr.



MR. JAMES H. BEARD, THE DISTINGUISHED ANIMAL-PAINTER.

Beard states that in his vast experience of Skyes he has never beheld so perfect a specimen or one possessed of such finely-spun hair. This picture promises to be a veritable gem.

Amongst other pictures at present in Mr. Beard's studio, "On Guard" is particularly fetching—a black-and-tan English terrier protecting his master's pocketbook, which has fallen upon the tessellated pavement; "The Enraged Landlord"—a monkey who has deprived an Italian greyhound of wrap and collar; "The Faithful Guardian"—a bull-dog who has killed a wolf which had attacked a sleeping infant; "I'm as Good as You"—a black-and-tan terrier beside a Skye, both disputing the right of possession to a small rug upon which they are seated; "My Lady's Pet"; "Good-by,"

Ole Virginny, I've Free?"—a colored family quitting the old homestead, the cow and dog which they are taking along with them being admirably executed; "Whisky Straight"—a dissipated-looking dog, with a red nose and a black eye, a great worsted comforter around his neck, the very impersonification of the debauched individual who haunts the bars of low saloons, and several other pictures equally true and vivid. Mr. Beard thinks of exhibiting "Good-by, Ole Virginny, I've Free!" and "The Faithful Guardian," at the forthcoming Academy exhibition.

## AN AUTOMATIC PROPELLER.

THE CONTEMPLATED SUCCESSOR OF STEAM ON THE SEAS.

A MODEL of an ocean vessel, embodying the principles of a most extraordinary invention, has been placed on public exhibition at No. 24 Barclay Street, New York, by the inventor, Captain Henry Gerner, and his son. We are confronted with a proposition to do away absolutely with coal and every other fuel in the propulsion of our ocean vessels. The commercial importance of this invention, if it fulfills only a small part of what it promises, cannot be overestimated. The idea is to use the motion of the water of the ocean as a motive power for vessels, the motion being communicated by a platform hinged to the stern end of the keel, and a keel hinged to and swinging freely in a slot of the real keel. Levers communicate the motion of the platform relatively to the vessel, to the engine. The hinged keel is a solid cast, and remains stationary by its weight and the enormous pressure of the water on either side of it. When the vessel rolls or rocks, a spindle and socket mechanism is set in motion which also communicates motion to the engine. These two motions act entirely independently of each other and work together in harmony. The engine causes the screw to revolve either forward or backward, according as the levers are adjusted, or to remain stationary. There are also provisions for lessening and increasing the speed. The motion of the ocean is constant. There is no such thing as a ship lying idly on its surface. Even in the calmest day, the swell of the ocean will suffice to set the engine in motion. Our illustration represents the models on exhibition.

## AERIAL TELEGRAPHY.

TRANSMITTING MESSAGES BY MEANS OF KITES.

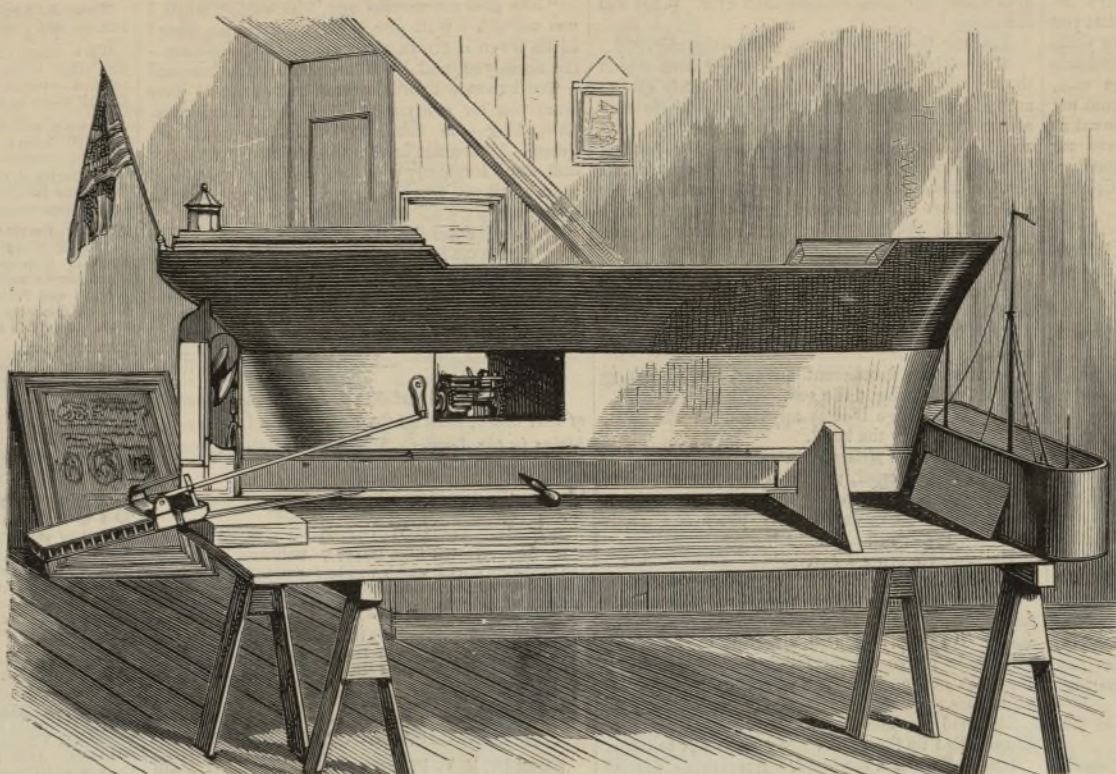
INFORMATION has been received in Washington that Professor Loomis, who has been in the mountainous region of West Virginia for some months conducting a series of experiments with his proposed aerial telegraphy, has demonstrated finally that telegraphing without wires is practical. His manner of operating consists of running a wire up to a certain altitude, reaching a particular current of electricity, which, according to Professor Loomis, can be found at various heights. At any distance away this same current can be reached by a similar wire, and communication can be had immediately. The apparatus necessary to bring about this wonder is very simple and inexpensive. It has been fully ascertained that telegraphic communication does not take place over or through the wires used, but through the ground. This same communication continues when these electric currents supplied by nature are used. Professor



FINE ARTS.—"THE STREETS OF NEW YORK."—FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES H. BEARD.



Loomis has telegraphed to parties eleven miles distant by merely sending up a kite at each end of the distance a certain height, attached to which, in place of the ordinary string, was a fine copper wire. When both kites, though eleven miles distant from each other, touched the same current, communication was had between them both, and messages were sent from one end to the other by means of the ordinary Morse instrument in connection with the instrument invented by Professor Loomis. This showed that the theory on which he had worked for many years was the correct one, and that by the proper means, such as stationary wire arranged from natural or artificial eminences, could be operated successfully at all times. It is true that aerial telegraphy may not be much of a certainty during violent storms or electric showers, but it will not meet with more obstructions than the ordinary wire telegraphy, which is not at all sure during the periods spoken of. It will be a long time before aerial telegraphy can be carried on between places which are but a short distance apart, if, indeed it ever will. In such cases the wires will continue to be used, though for long distances, such as for telegraphing from one side of the ocean to another, the aerial telegraph will take its place entirely. Professor Loomis has a scheme now on foot for a series of experiments from a point on one of the highest peaks on the Alps, in Switzerland, to a similarly situated place on the



NEW YORK CITY.—MODEL OF THE GERNER BOAT, TO BE PROPELLED BY THE ACTION OF THE WAVES.

Justices took their seats. The Court was formally opened, when the Chief-Justice said he had received the commission of John M. Harlan as an Associate Justice of the Court. This was ordered to be read by the clerk. The Chief-Justice then said: "The oath will now be taken." Mr. Harlan read it in an audible tone, holding it in one hand, while the other was placed on the Bible.

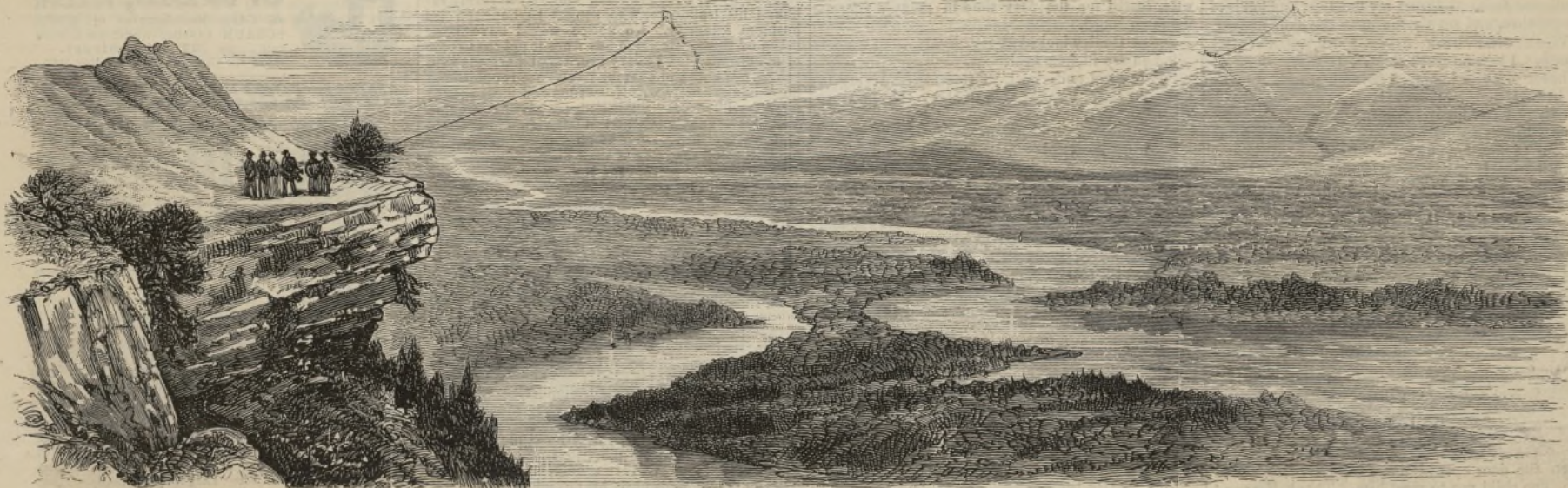
After the oath was taken, Mr. Harlan left the place where he had been standing, and, passing in the rear of the Judges, took the seat formerly occupied by Associate Justice Hunt, on the extreme left, the latter now occupying a seat on the right. The Judges rose and bowed to their new colleague. The proceedings were of an impressive character.

### THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

(Continued from page 279.)

AFTER consigning Gwen to Betty's care, I put on my hat and cloak, and, punctual to seven, scurried down the long avenue of naked beech-trees to the entrance gate. As I approached it, the tall figure of a man appeared on the opposite side, and advanced hastily to meet me. A rush, a cry, and I was in the arms of Julian Dare—he was kissing me rapturously—



WEST VIRGINIA.—PROFESSOR LOOMIS'S EXPERIMENTS IN AERIAL TELEGRAPHY—TRANSMITTING MESSAGES BY MEANS OF KITES.

Rocky Mountains on this side of the world. If this succeeds, of course, his invention will rank in importance with that of the electric telegraph itself, and be even greater than that of the telephone. All of the money necessary to carry on the experiments has already been promised, and it will not be many years, if it turns out to be a success, before ocean cables will be one of the lost arts, as, having played its part, it will be laid aside. The cost of aerial telegraphy will not be over one cent where the other is one thousand dollars.

### GENERAL J. M. HARLAN,

THE NEW ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

JOHN MARSHALL HARLAN is the youngest son of the late Hon. James Harlan, member of Congress from Kentucky from 1835 to 1839. He was born in Boyle County, Ky., June 1st, 1833; graduated at Centre College in June, 1850; graduated in the Law Department of Transylvania University in 1853; was Whig, or Opposition, candidate for Congress in the Ashland District in 1859, and was defeated by only sixty-seven votes. He was the Bell and Everett Elector in the same district in 1860. General Harlan raised the Tenth Kentucky (Union) Infantry in 1861, and entered the army under General George H. Thomas; was elected Attorney-General of Kentucky on the Union ticket, in 1863, by a large majority; was Republican candidate for Governor of Kentucky in 1871, and again in 1875, largely increasing his party vote; and was also Republican nominee for the United States Senate in 1872-'73. General Harlan cast his first Republican vote in 1868 for Grant and Colfax, and has ever since been with that party, its acknowledged leader in Kentucky. In 1873 the Republican State Convention of his State recommended him for nomination for Vice-President. Notwithstanding his connection with the politics of his State, he has pursued the practice of his profession with marvelous energy, and for the last ten years his practice has been as large as that of any lawyer in the State. When his name was first suggested in connection with the Supreme Bench, he was warmly indorsed by the Judges of the Court of Appeals, and by the leading lawyers of his State, as well qualified for that high position by character and legal attainments. He seems to have a wonderful hold upon the affections of the people of Kentucky. Although a decided Republican, and a consistent supporter of the Republican candidates and its platforms since 1868, he enjoys the respect and confidence of his political opponents in a marked degree. His nomination and confirmation to his present elevated position were enthusiastically received by men of all parties in this State.

On December 10th the installation as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court took place in Washington with the accustomed formalities. General Harlan met the Judges of the Supreme Court in the robing-room, and was received by them with cordial welcome. The "ironclad" oath was sworn to and subscribed in the presence of Chief-Justice Waite. The Justices, as usual, then formed in procession, and entered the court-room, General Harlan following in the rear, clothed in the judicial gown. He halted at the clerk's desk, while the



GENERAL JOHN M. HARLAN, OF KENTUCKY, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE U.S. SUPREME COURT

murmuring over me a hundred foolish, tender words.

"Have you come, at last?" I gasped, looking up into his handsome *insouciant* face, fully revealed to me by the lamp which burned above the great gate. "Oh, Julian, how cruel of you to treat me like this!"

He surveyed me in a searching, uneasy way, then laughed.

"My darling Meg, I have inflicted more punishment upon myself than upon you. Forgive me. And so you are governess to Judge Dudley's daughter! Rachel told me where I should find you. Why, how pale you are—how thin! Meg, you do not hate me, then, in spite of my bad temper—you have not allowed any one to set you against me! Bless your loving, faithful, little heart!"

I clung about his neck, my tears falling fast. I had meant to stand upon my dignity—to be angry with him for a while, at least, but I could not—I was too lonely and forlorn.

"Don't cry, my darling," murmured Julian Dare, clasping me close to his heart, "we will never be parted again. I have come to take you away—to make you my wife this very night. I cannot stay a moment in this accursed place, neither will I leave you here. Ah, Meg, many times in my day have I played at love, but I swear that you are the one genuine passion of my life. Come! I have a carriage waiting a few rods down the street. You are alone and sorrowful—you need my love, come, my darling—you cannot refuse. You are now your own mistress, with no will to consult but your own."

His arm clasped me like a bar of iron. He drew me, in spite of my feeble resistance, straight towards the open gate. As we reached it, a man stepped out from the shadow of a neighboring beech-tree, and stood before us in the light of the lamp.

"Hold!" said a voice.

A scream burst from my lips. It was Judge Dudley—his face, stern, white, dreadful, his eyes like coals of fire. He strode straight up to Julian Dare.

"You scoundrel!" he cried, in a voice that I shall never forget, "how dare you show yourself here—how dare you venture inside my gates?"

Julian Dare released me, drew back a step and thrust his hand into his breast. I saw him draw forth something that glittered ominously in the light—a Derringer.

"Stand off!" he cried, in a choked, uncertain voice. "Stand off, or I'll shoot!"

Swift as lightning, Judge Dudley grappled with him and wrenched the weapon from his hold.

"You did well to come here armed," he said, sternly, "for you knew I should be justified in killing you at sight! Miss Eaglewood cannot go with you to-night. I swore to her father to save her from you, and I mean to keep my word. I thought her safe under my own roof, for, villain as



you are, I could not believe you would have the hardihood to venture again into the home that you overwhelmed with disgrace and despair five years ago." He turned quickly to me. "There stands the man who was my wife's lover," he said, pointing to Julian Dare. "He lured her from my home and forsook her in less than a year—he sat at my board and called me friend, and then gave me the foulest stab which one man can give another. Now you understand why he dared woo Colonel Eaglewood's daughter only in secret."

That long avenue, the dark night-sky overhead, the red lamp blinking above the gate, the threatening figures of the two men, all swayed and danced before my failing sight.

"Julian, speak to me!" I cried. He ground his heel sullenly into the gravelled drive.

"There's no use in denying it now, Meg; but I swear I never loved her as I love you. Come to me; don't let him separate us!"

But I did not move. He approached; he tried to seize my hand; I recoiled from him in horror. Judge Dudley pointed to the gate.

"Go!" he cried, sternly; "go, while I have yet command of myself!"

And Julian Dare went, with a face like ashes, with a bitter curse on his lips. I never saw him again.

Judge Dudley pulled my cloak around my shivering figure.

"My poor child," he said, compassionately, "come home and forget him as quickly as you can. He is not worthy of your lightest thought."

I flung up my arms. "I wish I was dead!" I moaned, and so fell swooning at his feet.

He carried me to the house and placed me in charge of Mrs. Purdy. That was the end of my love-dream—the bitter, dreary end. I burned Julian Dare's letters, and the photograph of his handsome face. I thrust my unhappy passion into a sepulchre, and set a stone upon the door thereof.

Week after week dragged by, month after month. I saw no more of Mrs. Dudley. I rarely or never met the judge. I devoted myself entirely to little Gwen. My schoolroom was my world, and there I lived and labored.

Summer came and passed. Around the great red-brick mansion which sheltered such heavy, troubled hearts raved the Autumn storm. I saw the last leaves fall in the November winds, the Winter snows trooping like ghosts up the avenues, and then an event happened which changed at once the whole current of my life.

It was the twenty-fourth of December, and outside the wind and snow drifted wildly—a white and stormy Christmas was impending. I was in my schoolroom with Gwendolen, hanging holly and evergreen on the wall, and listening to her little voice as she piped an old refrain which I had learned her—

"Good courage, Christian gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay,  
For Christ, the Lord of Glory,  
Was born on Christmas Day."

when the door opened and Judge Dudley looked in. The child ran to meet him. Thank Heaven! he did not push her from him now. She had grown gentle and docile of late, and the father seemed actually learning to love her.

"To-night is Christmas Eve, papa," said Gwen, as he glanced around at our decorations; and then, clinging suddenly about him, she added, "May I ask you for something, papa—something to make my Christmas happy? And will you give it to me?"

He smiled. "Undoubtedly, though it be half my kingdom."

She clasped her tiny hands. "You have promised, papa; you have promised! I ask you to let mamma and I dine with you this Christmas Eve. I wish it so much, papa—more than anything else in the world."

He was scarcely prepared for such a request. His face darkened and grew stern.

"You have been instructed by some third person to obtain this favor of me, Gwendolen," he said, (she hung her head guiltily,) "that is, by your mother. But my word is passed; I will not recall it; Miss Eaglewood must appear at the table, also; it might be embarrassing to have our dinner a purely family affair."

With that he left the school room. The child was allowed to carry her good tidings to the west wing.

"It's all the mother's work," said Mrs. Purdy to me. "She's still trying for a reconciliation, poor thing! You may be sure it goes sorely against the judge's grain. The two haven't sat at the same board these six years."

With a strange heaviness of heart I dressed for that dinner.

Instinctively I felt that something very unpleasant was about to happen.

As the ormolu clock on my mantel broke into a silvery waltz preparatory to striking the hour of five, I descended to the drawing-room with Gwen.

It was empty. The child left me on the threshold to go in search of her father. I entered the sumptuous apartment alone.

All was quite dark there. Through some forgetfulness of the servants, the gas had not yet been lighted, and the heavy damask curtains shut out the little daylight which remained.

I seated myself to wait.

Through one or two intervening doors, now flung wide open, I could look straight into the dining-room where the table was spread in all the splendor of gold and silver plate, crystal and Sevres, with massive chandeliers blazing over all.

That room also was without occupants; but scarcely had I observed the fact when a figure entered it through some door unseen by me, and crossed the floor noiselessly to a carved sideboard on which several bottles of wine were standing.

It was a woman, not a servant, dressed in black velvet and Chantilly lace, with diamonds in her fair hair, and on the dog-collar about her white throat.

She had changed since our last meeting. Her small face looked drawn and haggard; her

eyes wilder and more restless than ever. What was she doing?

Reading the labels on the wine, evidently. She softly raised a bottle of sherry from which the cork had been drawn; cast one hasty glance around; listened one instant as if for the footstep of some approaching servant; then, quick as lightning, whipped a little vial from her pocket, emptied its contents into the bottle, put back the stopper, and returned the wine to the sideboard.

A moment after I heard her light step. She entered the drawing-room, starting nervously as she discovered me, sitting alone in its darkness.

"Good heavens! Miss Eaglewood, how you frighten one!" she cried. "Where is my daughter?"

I felt as if all the blood in my body had turned to ice.

I made some incoherent answer, and she rang for a servant to light the gas.

Presently Judge Dudley appeared at the door, leading Gwen by the hand.

He greeted his wife with a cold, stiff bow.

"Paul!" she cried, making a step towards him; "have you nothing to say to me on this night—Christmas Eve—when there is peace and goodwill for all—for all, oh God?"

He looked sternly away.

Her beauty, her agitation, moved him not a whit. "Of my own will, I would never have done this," he answered, in a voice as inexorable as death. "I simply granted a request of the child; don't make me repent my indulgence too much."

A look not good to see swept over her small white face.

She said no more; and the announcement of dinner filled up the pause. We went out to table.

I felt numb and confused. Everything danced before my eyes; the bright room, with its rich appointments and Christmas holly-wreaths; the servants in waiting; the figures of that husband and wife, seated for the first time in many a year at the same board.

Judge Dudley looked at me closely. "You are ill," he said.

"No; I am quite well," I stammered, trying to taste my soup, but not able to carry the spoon to my lips.

He turned to an attendant at his elbow. "Give Miss Eaglewood a glass of sherry," he said.

I watched the man in a sort of horrible fascination as he stepped to the sideboard, took up a bottle from which the cork had been drawn, and filled some exquisite Venetian glasses.

One he placed at my plate, one at Mrs. Dudley's, a third at his master's.

The judge instantly lifted the sherry to his lips. With a shriek that might have rent the roof, I started to my feet.

"Don't drink it!" I cried; "on your life, don't drink it!"

The judge arose from his chair; so also did his wife.

"Why should I not drink it?" he demanded in a terrible voice.

"It is poisoned!" I shuddered. "Examine the wine, and see for yourself."

Mrs. Dudley leaned across the table, and looked me in the face.

"Did you see me do it?"

"Yes. I was in the drawing-room. I looked through and saw you."

She turned to her husband, and made him a deep, mocking bow.

"Permit me to retire to my own apartments," she said. "I prefer to finish my repast there. I deny nothing; why should I? You have driven me to this with your cruelty. I would rather see you dead than hating me. I would rather kill you with my own hand than know that you are secretly adoring another woman, better and lovelier than I. Ah, you start! That shot told! My stern Puritan! My Bayard without reproach! You loved this girl who has saved your life to-night—this daughter of your old friend, Eaglewood; deny it, if you can!"

He neither stirred or spoke.

He looked as if he was changing to stone.

With a face whiter than her own, he stared dumbly down at the cloth, like a man incapable of speech or motion.

Mrs. Dudley gave a wild, shrill laugh.

"What! no answer?" she sneered—"no voice to raise against a charge like that? *Adieu*!"

A merry Christmas Eve to you! As for the wine, you will find enough prussic acid in it, to kill a dozen men as rigid and immaculate as yourself."

Then she swept from the room, her velvets trailing, her diamonds flashing, and no one putting out a hand to stop her.

I escaped to my own chamber.

I gathered a few possessions hastily together, put on my outer garments, and stealing out of the house, down the long avenue where the Christmas snow was drifting and whirling, I fled out of the wide gates, and off and away into the great loneliness of the world.

I found employment as teacher in a young ladies' school many miles away.

Julian Dare wrote to me in my new home—an humble, miserable letter, full of sad confession and supplications; but the only answer I could give him was this:

"My love for you died when I ceased to respect you. It can never live again. Forget me."

Years passed—sad, lonely, yet not altogether desolate years, for some quiet comfort is always found in the steadfast performance of one's duty; and so time, the great comforter, brought round to me at last the third momentous Christmas Eve of my life.

It came, bitter and cold, wrapped in ice and snow, and full of memories that stab sharper than sleet or north wind, and as I sat over my dull fire in the shabby parlor of the school—all the pupils had gone home for the holidays—a distant bell rang sharply; and out of the storm and cold, out of the darkness and loneliness of the night, a visitor was ushered into my presence.

His bearded face was brown with the sun of other climes.

An unspeakable weariness and yearning looked out from his stern, sad eyes.

"She died six months ago," he said, "while I was abroad. Will you come back to me, Meg? Little Gwen is grown almost to womanhood now—she needs you, and I—I dare not speak of myself—God knows with what sorrow and despair I have loved you for many a year. It is the Christmas-time, Meg—the time for peace and goodwill. Peace! I have not known the blessed meaning of that word for many a day—I shall never know it again until you teach it to me. Darling, will you come?"

Would I enter heaven if I saw its gates wide open before me?

The Christmas snow fell softly, the Christmas winds blew merrily, the sun of Christmas Day shone brightly down upon the earth, as I laid my hand in his and went with him—his happy wife.

*A delightful Serial Novel, by the gifted author of this Story, entitled "AN AMERICAN COUNTESS," begins in the January Number of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.*

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WHEN Dr. R. V. Pierce was a candidate for State Senator, his political opponents published a pretended analysis of his popular medicines, hoping thereby to prejudice the people against him. His election by an overwhelming majority severely rebuked his traducers, who sought to impeach his business integrity. No notice would have been taken of these campaign lies were it not that some of his enemies (and every successful business man has his full quota of envious rivals) are republishing these bogus analyses. Numerous and most absurd formulas have been published, purporting to come from high authority; and it is a significant fact that no two have been at all alike—conclusively proving the dishonesty of their authors.

The following is from the Buffalo Commercial, of October 23d, 1877:

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"It may be thought that all this, having reference to Dr. Pierce's private business, has no point whatever when considered in connection with the proper qualifications of a candidate for the Senate. Perhaps. But it is the fashion now, and will be for a fortnight more, with sundry journals, to make sneering allusions to this very matter. After that brief period, they will be quite ready to go on doing his work as before, and, as always before, to speak of him as a great public benefactor."

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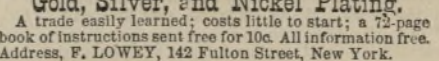
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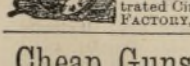
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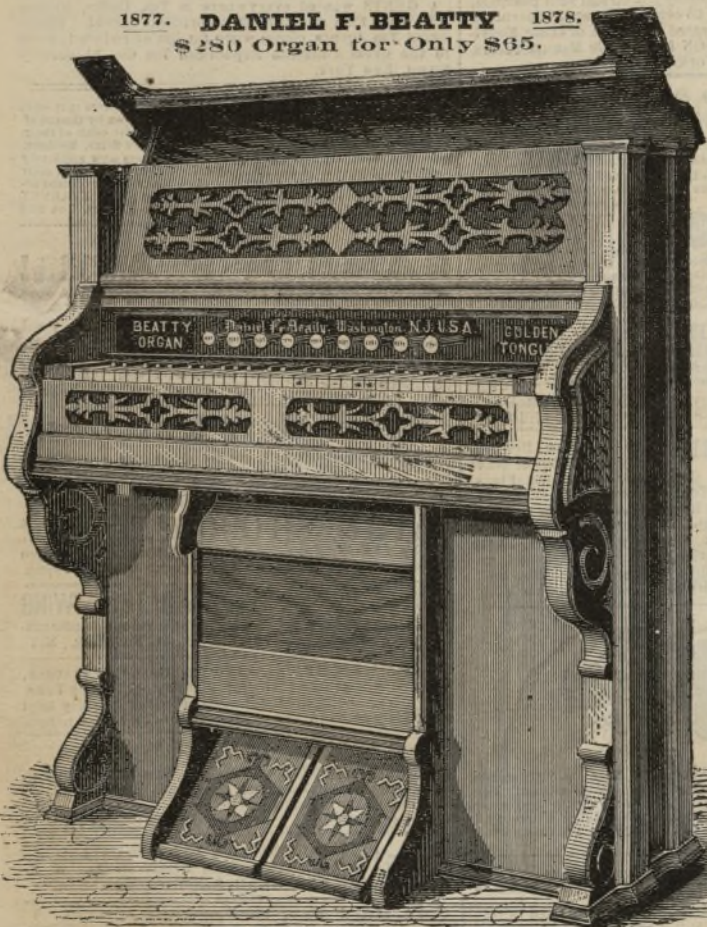
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