

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK.—CRITICISM ON THE FIRST CALLER, "OH, GIRLS, DOESN'T HE THINK HE'S NICE!"—SEE PAGE 323.



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1878.

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AN ERA OF PATRIOTISM.

IN an interview accorded to a representative of the St. Louis press, the Hon. James G. Blaine asserted that the President's line of policy in regard to the just treatment of the South, the reform of the civil service, and the progress and pacification of the country, was rather Democratic than Republican. Though not meant to be so, this is a high compliment both to the President and the Democratic Party. It shows that each of these powers is bent on doing as much good as possible to the country. It also goes to prove that the Republican party intends to keep up its system of dissension, even to the extent of cutting loose from the Executive, if it cannot carry him with it in its partisan antagonisms. If this be true, the people will not hesitate a minute on which side to take their stand.

Vexed and torn by the partisan questions of the last twenty years, the people of the United States desire nothing so much as peace. By this they mean that they do not propose longer to allow political prejudices to be carried into business interests and financial matters, nor to permit any section to become the prey and spoils of a faction. They have seen rebellion rise rampant at the South and they have seen it subdued. When the war was ended, the soldiers of Lee and Johnston stacked their guns, and turned their attention to obtaining a livelihood. It was the simultaneous movement of an entire people. Its spontaneity showed that everybody was in earnest about it. At once the fields and plantations of the South began to blossom under the labors of the agriculturist, and manufactures were projected with zeal and success. Politics were abandoned at the same time with the sword. The Southerners were content that the victorious North should yield to them in government the same justice it had shown in arms. They expected fraternal care. They had a right to look for it. If the North had entered upon the task with honest purposes, and had carried out the task accordingly, there would have been no trouble. But the opportunity for misrule and plunder attracted all the dishonest and vicious elements in the Northern States, and a race of carpet-baggers swarmed in upon the South. They plundered right and left for years, and the plundered people were very patient. It was not until taxes were so heavy that life was no longer possible to them if the carpet-bagger continued to prey upon their vitals, that the people arose to overthrow their oppressors. In the campaign against vice and ignorance they were successful, as they deserved to be. They did their work thoroughly, and took the reins of government into their own hands. Honest people at the North were glad of the event. The influence of the carpet-baggers in the halls of legislation had been most pernicious. Wherever they went they left behind them marks of extravagance and unthrift. At Washington they were the creatures of corruption, and tainted all they touched. The whole country had reason to rejoice that at last the people of the South had taken the reins of government into their own hands.

It matters nothing to the patriotic people of this country that the policy of conciliation and fraternal harmony is indorsed by the Democratic party. The names and titles of partisanship have ceased to have an effective hold upon the masses. It has mattered nothing to them that the peculiar views of the President have been supported in Congress by Democratic votes rather than Republican. What it desired was the return of patriotic harmony, without regard to those who owed their election to local strifes or combinations. The people desired a fraternal commingling of the two sections, and they have it—the fact

is enough for them. They have earnestly desired, moreover, a reconstruction of the public service, so that it shall be managed without regard to political machinery or partisan ambition, and they care not whether it is given them by the votes of one party or another, so long as they have the thing itself. This is a lesson that the politicians of the nation have yet to lay to heart. They have been so utterly engrossed by their petty ambitions and childish quarrels that they have failed to see the handwriting on the wall, announcing that their rule has departed. People have ceased to be captivated by their demagoguism and to be blinded by their personal pleas. The different sections of the country have been drawing more and more closely together in the last twelve years, and individual projects are now lost sight of in the common good of all.

The Democratic party has its share in this new era of patriotism. It has learned its lesson slowly, but it has learned it thoroughly at last. Purged of its old and musty traditions, cleared of its taint of political corruption that so long weighed it down, it now stands in accord with a President who shed his blood in battle for the Union, and who is pledged to the purification of the civil service. Its lot is not less honorable than fortunate. It begins its new career with a country which now is perfectly reunited, and which has a higher destiny to fulfill than has been given to any other people. Casting aside prejudices of name, it will be its privilege and duty to support the policy to which it gave birth, as administered by a President who owes his elevation to its political adversaries. It is a strange position of affairs, but its ending will be a brilliant triumph for the Democracy. On the floor of Congress, in the execution of the laws, in popular support of all that is good in the Administration, the Democratic party will have opportunity to prove that it deserves well of the nation. All upright men look for this unselfish action on its part. Then it will have its share in the triumphs and rewards of this era of patriotism.

ART AND ETHICS.

THERE seems to be a growing tendency of late to confound goodness with greatness. The other day the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, took occasion, on Whittier's seventieth birthday, to review the history of American poetry. Mr. Cook may be an authority in religion, and also in science, but in literature he is off his beat. In praising Whittier for his devotion to conscience and freedom, he found it necessary to say explicitly that the religious, and not the artistic, quality in literature determines its worth. We quote one of Mr. Cook's own expressions, which we are sure he did not mean to be irreverent: "We reverence permanently only the authors who live near the Court. Of course I do not mean the tinsel throne of criticism, much less of political power, but a certain great white Throne, which is the only adequate critic of literatures, as well as of religions." Now, in the sense in which the speaker meant it, this statement is grossly incorrect. A great sculptor, or painter, or poet, may be a scandalous rascal, and his work may yet be faultless. An exemplary moralist, on the other hand, may produce the most wretched verse or the most hideous painting. If Poe, as some writers say, occasionally became intoxicated, are "The Raven" or "The Bells" less delightfully rhythmic? "Only those who live near the Throne can be enthroned," says Mr. Cook. Does he mean to tell us that Blair's "Grave" surpasses Marlowe's "Tamburlaine the Great," because Marlowe was killed in a tavern brawl? Shall "Night Thoughts" be rated above "Hamlet," because there is much doubt concerning Shakespeare's religion, and none concerning Young's? Are Shelley and Swinburne worse lyrists than Mrs. Hemans or Tupper? We shall be glad when every Christian blacksmith writes a better epic than the pagan Homer, but meanwhile art remains art and morals remain morals.

THE EXCISE MUDDLE.

WHILE the people of this city have been about surfeited with examinations and inquiries into frauds perpetrated upon them during past years, the end to official dishonesty seems no nearer than when the notorious Tweed Ring had full control and disposition of municipal monies. The latest *dénouement* in official defaulting comes from the Board of Excise, and presents it in an unenviable and inexcusable light. Though this Board has been an object of vituperation and reproach for some weeks past, by reason of the negligent manner in which they transacted their official business, as well as the total disregard or ignorance of the law which they displayed, yet no suggestion of moral turpitude had been made against its members. It was patent to every one, except, perhaps, to the Commissioners

themselves—Mr. Murphy, of course, not being included in the exception—that the manner in which the Excise business had been conducted was such as to encourage dishonesty and induce fraud. That the result recently developed was not anticipated, notwithstanding its very probability, is due most likely to the very fact that hastened its discovery. The course of the Commissioners in receiving fees and granting licenses to liquor-dealers, and the serious difficulties into which the latter were thereby brought, excited in the public mind doubts as to the capability and intelligence, but not the integrity, of the Commissioners. The wrongs perpetrated upon a large number of law-abiding citizens, because of the incompetency of the Commissioners, brought the latter into disrepute; but the existence of those very wrongs diverted public attention from a consideration of the question of fraud, and led it to dwell entirely upon the incapacity of the Board of Excise to fulfill the duties imposed upon it. At the same time, however, the tide of public sentiment which set so strongly against the official laxity of the Board uncovered the corruption of one of its members.

However innocent, as to intent, the other Commissioners may be of the crime which Mr. Murphy has committed, they are equally guilty with him in having given him the opportunity of which he has so basely taken advantage. So shameful an abuse of trust could have been possible only in the careless and criminal manner in which the duties of their office were performed. It is unnecessary to consider the long and unexplainable delay which was interposed between the application for, and the granting of, licenses, during which the money was held by the Commissioners. Nor is it pertinent to dwell upon the illegality of the Board's action in accumulating, through a period of months, \$100,000 of money which should have been paid over to the proper custodian of the city's funds, and which they had neither right nor color of right to hold. These and other objections have been urged, with good reason, against the continuance in office of the present incumbents. But, in addition to their many, to say the least, strange practices, they delegated to one of their members their assumed right to hold the moneys collected by them, and permitted him to deposit and withdraw such amounts as he saw fit, in his own name and without even the formality of a consent by the Board or its President. That the result should be the abstraction of a part of the funds for the purpose of private speculation is not to be wondered at. It is but a natural sequel to an extraordinary and vicious practice. The only excuse that is offered by the Commissioners is that, Mr. Murphy being a wealthy man, they considered him above temptation, a plea which is simply ridiculous. The criminal prosecutions of the last year are alone sufficient to dissolve any sentimental belief as to the incorruptibility of wealth, whether actual or presumptive. The question who shall suffer the loss incurred by the breach of trust of "Treasurer" Murphy can apparently be settled in but one way. The Commissioners who have invited the evil will probably be forced to bear its consequences. It is to be hoped that, if they are compelled to replace the amount of Murphy's peculations, they will be likewise made to answer strictly for their own official shortcomings.

ENGLAND AND THE EAST.

THE heavy snows north of the Balkans have made further military operations there quite impossible for the rest of the Winter. The Russians are following up their advantages in Armenia, and may capture Erzerum before the end of the year. With the fall of that stronghold, Russia will be in a position to fix and virtually determine her own conditions of peace. In fact, the Winter campaign will be rather one of negotiations than of arms, the duel of diplomacy taking the place of battles on the field. And it is this contest that, to-day, fixes the attention, and engages the interest of Europe. The position and course of England add an incalculable element to these negotiations for peace. England virtually made the war, by refusing to join with the parties to the treaty of Paris in requiring Turkey to change her treatment of her Christian subjects, and by encouraging Turkey to reject the conditions proposed by the Conference of Constantinople. Derby could have prevented the war by a single dash of his pen; but instead of doing this, he strengthened the obstinacy and fired the fanaticism of the Porte, conveying the impression that England regarded Turkish interests as her own, and would fight for their defense, without giving a distinct pledge of alliance. Then, at a later period, England virtually ruled herself out of court by refusing to unite with the other Powers in considering Russia as their agent for the protection of the Christian populations of the East. Then she left Russia to fight on her own responsi-

bility, and now can claim no voice in settling the terms of peace.

These historic facts encompass England with embarrassments. It is hard for her to abdicate a controlling influence in European politics, and take a position as a third-rate power. Yet to this humiliation Tory management has brought her. To-day she occupies an anomalous position. Claiming to be neutral, she has given Turkey every aid and encouragement short of direct military intervention; and while promising to keep the peace, unless the Suez Canal is threatened, she has thrown all her available military and naval resources into the Mediterranean. What does this mean? There is no doubt that both Germany and Austria have a distinct understanding with the Czar, and will sanction all his demands; and if he does not capture Constantinople there is little question that the war will leave the Turkish provinces under Russian protection, and make the Black Sea a Russian lake. It is easy to see how such a result will enrage all Torydom. But what can the Tories of England do to prevent it when half the nation would rejoice in such a consummation? The strange thing to us at this distance is, that the Tories are so blinded by their jealousy of and prejudice against Russia as not to see the vast changes wrought in the relative condition of Europe and the East within twenty-five years. Turkey was naturally regarded as a British fortress so long as the overland route to India was all-important. But to-day the Suez Canal is the door from England to her Asiatic dominions. The completion of that canal proves that John Bright was right when he denounced the Crimean War as the biggest blunder of the times. Turkey ceases to be of the least importance to England, and Alexander might make Constantinople his capital without compromising a single British interest, so long as Egypt is safe and Constantinople is a thousand miles from Suez. Minister Layard created a temporary spasm in Tory circles by representing that the success of the Russians in Armenia would place the head-waters of the Euphrates in their hands, and make it easy for them to strike down into the Persian Gulf and assail Bombay. He overlooked the important fact, that while the Euphrates is not navigable for even a raft for over a thousand miles, and that it would be next to impossible to get an army down the broken and almost barren valley of the Euphrates to the Persian Gulf, it is three thousand miles from the sources of that river to Bombay. From Constantinople to the nearest British India possession, is further than from London to Belgrade. The whole fuss over endangered British interests in Turkey is tradition, and the interests all a myth. The real interests of England centre to-day in Egypt, and Mr. Edward Dicey has shown that the acquisition of Turkey's claim over the dominions of the Khédive would be worth more to England than the whole Turkish Empire without it. Already the pressure of commerce on the Suez Canal calls for its enlargement, and every year makes the possession of Egypt more important than ever, as the connecting link between her European and Asiatic dominions. The solution of the Eastern Question, so far as England is concerned, lies in Africa, rather than on the Bosphorus, and one result of the brilliant Russian campaign in Turkey may be the conversion of Egypt into a British principality at no distant day.

THE MEXICAN BORDER.

ON December 27th, a prolonged conference was held by the President with Secretaries Evarts and McCrary over the Mexican border troubles. Word comes from Washington that the Government will not be hastened into action as regards the recognition of the Diaz government; that the position of affairs is such as is generally satisfactory; that the Diaz government will doubtless be recognized in due time, but there are questions in the nature of concessions now pending which can better be arranged in advance than after such recognition, and that therefore any attempts to embarrass the Executive in the exercise of its legitimate functions in such matters will be rebuked. So far as the disturbances from the Mexican side of the Rio Grande are concerned, it was stated that they were not national in character, but were the acts of irresponsible bodies of men, organized for plunder, and which might be expected to exist anywhere under similar circumstances. The Government is satisfied of the sincerity of the Diaz government in its determination to suppress these predatory acts, and is the more convinced since the practical evidences shown by the Mexicans in co-operating with the United States forces.

Mr. W. E. CHANDLER, of New Hampshire, came to the front last week as the author of "an open letter," charging President Hayes with having, during the progress of the electoral count, made a bar-



again with certain prominent Democrats, pledging himself to withdraw the troops from the South on condition that the Democrats would allow the count to proceed. By the terms of the compact the Packard and Chamberlain Legislatures, in Louisiana and South Carolina, respectively, were to be overthrown in favor of the Nicholls and Hampton Governments, and this, notwithstanding that pledges of support had been given both Chamberlain and Packard. Several prominent persons are named in the letter as implicated in this political dicker, but, as they all repudiate the charge, it is probable that the latest effort of the "bloody-shirt" radical ring of the Republican party had its origin largely in Mr. Chandler's imagination. One of these denials brings to light a significant point. General Burke, of New Orleans, is charged with having conducted the Louisiana negotiation. He not only denies this absolutely, but adds that the propositions for the restoration of self-government for the South came first from President Grant, and were thwarted only by the opposition of the Radicals.

### THE FUTURE OF COTTON MANUFACTURING IN THE SOUTH.

THE cotton industry can scarcely be said to be one hundred years old. At the close of our Revolutionary War in 1783 only eleven million pounds of cotton were annually spun in Great Britain, being about six days' spinning in this country at the present time. From this small beginning has grown up a gigantic industry, so important that for a long time cotton has been boastfully called "king," and our Southern brethren were at one time deluded into the belief that they held the key of the situation, and that all nations must come to them for the all-important staple. After the war of 1812, when business had begun to revive, it is a matter of history that the distinguished statesmen of South Carolina, Calhoun and Lowndes, succeeded in having the famous protective tariff of 1816 carried through Congress in spite of the strenuous opposition of the Massachusetts delegation. If the South had not been held down by the incubus of slavery, it is probable that the design of these statesmen could have been carried out, and that cotton-mills would have been established there instead of in the colder regions of the free North. The disgust of Mr. Calhoun was very great when he found that, instead of furthering the interests of the South, he had built up a great industry in the North, and he and his friends became bitter opponents to the protective system, while the New England statesmen went over to the other side as most ardent converts to the new doctrine. We all know how this bitter feeling culminated in the late unfortunate War of the Rebellion.

At the close of the Rebellion print cloth (the plain white cloth on which calico is printed) was selling at twenty cents a yard; this led to an overstocking of the market, and prices began to fall very rapidly until July, 1876, when the same goods were sold for three and a half cents. No business can bear such extraordinary convulsions as this, and many manufacturing establishments were compelled to suspend operations, and others were entirely bankrupt. The home market was so completely glutted by the sudden sale of heavy stocks of prints and plain cloths, that it became necessary for the mill-owners of Massachusetts to look about for foreign marts, and the Fall River manufacturers actually had the audacity to ship their wares directly to Manchester. Since the exploit of Lord Timothy Dexter in sending warming-pans to the West Indies, nothing so preposterous as this has been heard of in commerce. Of course, the English mill-owners laughed, and the joke was as good as an extra bottle of port after dining, until the melancholy discovery was made by them that the American goods were not only cheaper, but a great deal better, than their own manufactures, and that the foolish people were disposed to buy them at their very doors. The Lancashire mill-owners found themselves beaten on their own ground. They had boasted that in the nature of things there could be no great demand for American cotton manufactures in competition with them. The American goods were of a superior quality, and for that reason must always be confined to a limited market. They thought to themselves: "Lancashire receives cotton from all countries; she can mix American with Surat, Brazil or West Indian, so as to give the requisite amount of quality and strength for the minimum cost. This is an advantage which will always enable her to sell to the great mass of consumers, and with which cloths made from American cotton only never can compete." They might have added that, by loading the cloths with china clay and patent sizing, they could cheapen them still more, and thus make sure of the markets of the world. They are now beginning to discover that they have overreached themselves. Even their own colonies prefer the

American manufactures, and New England is shipping 8,000 cases of cotton goods in 1877, and will probably double that amount next year. We required fifteen hundred thousand bales of cotton in 1876, and in 1877 will consume one hundred thousand more. The struggle between New England and Old England may now be considered as fairly inaugurated. Old England is handicapped by the production of an inferior and adulterated quality of goods; New England has a larger staple, better machinery, raw material close at hand and an unimpaired reputation. A direct trade in cotton goods has sprung up with many foreign countries, and there is every prospect of a continual increase if the manufacturers remain honest and are not trammelled by the tariff-tinkers in Washington. And now comes the opportunity for the South. The North will have its hands full in looking after the foreign trade, while the ever-increasing demands of the home market ought to be supplied by Southern mills. Already mills are springing up in Georgia, where, in Columbus alone, there are 60,000 spindles and 4,000 looms. In North and South Carolina, in the Old Dominion and in other States, mills are going up, and the whole country is alive to the importance of the new order of things. The Southern States are recovering from the effects of the war; the whites are once more obtaining control of the governments of those States—"carpet-bag" and negro misrule are brought to an end, and order, peace and security are restored. In the manufacture of cotton goods the raw material represents from nearly one-half to three-fourths of the cost of production; and it follows that the cheaper the raw material is grown, and the less the drawback of transportation, the lower must be the cost of production. It is on the raw material, in fact, more than all other circumstances combined, that the cost of production depends. English manufacturers say that New England is so distant from Charleston that freight charges from Charleston to Boston are very little less than from Charleston to Liverpool, and that the price of the arrivals in the Liverpool market is almost always below the parity at which cotton can be bought in American markets on the same day. It is a fact that New England manufacturers are ready to give a higher price than exporters can afford, and generally put the latter out of the market till they have supplied themselves, being enabled to do so by the prohibitory tariff which protects them from foreign competition at home.

It will thus be seen that the South not only has an advantage over Old England, but also over New England, in the important matter of freight. Another great advantage held by the South is in its invaluable water-power, as contrasted with the steam-power of Great Britain. No mills where motive-power is obtained from coal, mined at great depth and from deposits fast disappearing, can compete with factories driven by inexhaustible mountain streams; but even if the South were compelled to have recourse to coal, the advantage of this country would be almost equally great. With black labor in the cotton-fields and white labor in the mills, the Southern States may become the great centre of cotton manufacturing within a few years. They have a monopoly of the raw material; motive-power is cheap and abundant; the price of labor, taking the skill and amount of work into consideration, is nearly equal in America and England, and the home market is waiting for them to take possession. Everything points to a future of prosperity for the Southern States. The political signs of the times were never so favorable; a general revival of business will call out abundance of unemployed capital, and it is safe to predict a speedy return of peace and plenty to this most favored portion of our country.

Suits have been brought against the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific Railroad to recover about five and a half million dollars which these roads jointly owe to the Government. The two roads in question are indebted to the United States in the amount of nearly \$77,000,000, for which bonds are held which will mature in 1897. In the meantime the roads have no interest to pay on their bonds, but are pledged to pay the United States while they are maturing one-half the transportation accounts, and five per cent. of their net earnings. The transportation items the Government has withheld, while the companies have, in turn, withheld the five per cent. on the profits, which is the basis of the action above referred to.

A DINNER was given last week to a number of active promoters of the Elevated Railroad system in this city, in the course of which some interesting statistics were brought to light. The passenger travel in public conveyances in New York was in 1855, 19,728,000; in 1860, 38,455,000; in 1865, 82,282,023; in 1870, 132,749,799; in 1877, 180,000,000. In the same ratio of

increase the travel in another ten years will exceed 400,000,000. The street railroad enterprises for the accommodation of this mass of humanity are profitable ventures, even at low fares. The full capacity of a single line of road of two tracks is 50,000,000 passengers a year. This, at five cents fare, gives a gross income of \$2,500,000, or fifty per cent. of the whole cost of ten miles of such road. Allowing half this gross income for running expenses, there will still be left a dividend of twenty-five per cent. upon the capital required. The average daily travel on the New York street railroads in 1877 was about 455,895 persons.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE U. S. NAVY.—The Secretary of the Navy has organized a Commission of Bureau Officers, consisting of Rear-Admiral Howell (president), Rear-Admiral Ammen, Commodore Shufeldt, Engineer-in-Chief Shook, Captain Jeffers, and Constructor Easby, to investigate and report upon the class of vessels best adapted for service in the navy of the United States; the dimensions, tonnage, and battery of each particular class; the number of each class required, and the material of which they are to be built. The first meeting of the commission will be held January 8th, 1878.

WINTER FURS.—The establishment of C. G. Gunther & Sons, 184 Fifth Avenue, is one of the sights of the season. To enter its portals at noon, and to behold matron and maid being arrayed in wraps of every sort, shape, size and description, from a robe descending to the ground to a saucy little hat high in air, is Siberian, with, nevertheless, a charming glow of warmth about it. Sable and ermine struggle for supremacy, and seal holds its own against all comers, while chinchilla, monkey, and bear fur are also boldly to the front. Here is the upper ten represented by its womankind, and here are the bucklers forged wherewith to repel the attacks of King Frost. By a clerical error in our last issue the words "and Sons" were omitted in our notice of this time-honored establishment.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.—Many French Republicans still believe, and are amply justified in believing, that a military *coup d'état* was on the reactionary programme during the recent ministerial crisis; but they acquit the Marshal-President of complicity with the plot, and even of knowing anything about it. General Bressolles has been placed on the retired list for insubordination in having remonstrated with his superior officers against alleged orders with a view to certain military preparations that were to be made should President MacMahon resign. An inquiry into the case of General Bressolles might lead to the full exposure of the reactionary plot.

THE WEATHER.—The exceptionally warm weather which has prevailed until the close of Christmas week—and which may, to all present appearances, continue until Spring—has excited much talk and newspaper comment, but it has proved a real blessing to the poor in those hard times, and, notwithstanding the evil prognostications of chronic croakers, it has not been attended with bad effects upon the public health. The cable informs us that a different state of things has prevailed in Europe. Turks and Russians are suffering, along the Danube, from the severe cold. In London, the weather during the holidays was especially fine, but cold and frosty, with a fall of snow on December 26th. In Paris, on the contrary, the weather has been gloomy, Christmas Day being attended with a continuous fall of sleet and snow.

UNIFORMED OFFICIALS.—The European system of obliging government officials to wear uniforms has been adopted in the Railway Mail Service in this country. It seems that experience having taught the Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service that mail-pouches, when stolen in transit, have been taken by persons not connected with the service, who were not readily detected, it has been determined to adopt a means of distinguishing employees of the service, so that any citizen hereafter seeing a mail-pouch handled by any one not an employé, may be able at once to know the fact and give the alarm. Accordingly, all *attachés* of the Railway Mail Service have been placed in blue uniforms, profusely ornamented with brass buttons, bearing on their outer circumference the words, "Railway Mail Service," and in the centre the letters, "P. O. D."

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—The space in the Paris Exposition allotted to the United States adjoins that set apart for Russia, and is 400 by 100 feet in extent. It is divided into five parts, three of which are for general industrial exhibits, one for machinery and one for food products. Time has not permitted the examination and consideration of applications for space thus far received and filed by Governor McCormick, the United States Commissioner-General, some of which have come direct to his office in this city, while others have been received through the Secretary of State, or been forwarded by the American Union of Paris Exhibitors, formed prior to Congress having taken action in the matter. The Exposition opens on the 1st of May and continues until the 31st of October. The Commissioner's office is to be open for business until about the middle of March from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

LIVING IN PARIS.—The *American Register*, of Paris, recently called attention to the fact that in Great Britain, besides the house tax and the income tax, there are the poor rates, "which are very capricious in amount, and which vary in different localities." Moreover, the London Metropolitan Board of Works has, by various acts of Parliament, the power to levy rates, which power is exercised pretty heavily, too. As regards Paris, beside the regular local taxation, there is the license tax levied on all trades and professions by the Central Government. The estimated revenue of Paris for 1878 is about 254,000,000 francs, which gives an average amount of about \$26 per head of the population. But this figure is swollen by moneys to be

paid for house tax, license tax, and taxes on stamps and bills of exchange, etc., which are government and not city taxes. The consequence is that Paris is just now a very expensive city to live in.

THE YEAR'S HARVEST.—The crop reports for 1877 thus far received at the Department of Agriculture indicate both the rapid progress and the boundless future of American agricultural productivity. The wheat crop was about 360,000,000 bushels, or 50,000,000 bushels more than for any previous year; 110,000,000 bushels of the wheat can be spared for export. The corn crop is estimated at 1,300,000,000 bushels. The crops of oats and potatoes were correspondingly large. The development of our manufactures has not kept pace with that of our agriculture, but the growing demand for American manufactures in foreign markets will powerfully stimulate it. Our unrivaled facilities for transportation and travel by water, and by the spreading network of railways all over the country, happily allay apprehensions that the United States will ever offer—as India, owing to the lack of such facilities, has offered during its recent famines—the strange and shocking spectacle of a people starving in the midst of plenty. The wretched population of India had no money to buy the abundant crops of grain and rice and other food products which either could not be moved from point to point, or, where they could be, were largely exported at the very time that thousands were perishing with hunger.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

THE office of Third Assistant Secretary of State has been abolished by Secretary Evarts.

AN examination into the affairs of the Erie Railroad has been opened by Attorney-General Fairchild.

A RECEIVER has been appointed for the Delaware and North Shore Railroad, by Chancellor Runyon, at Trenton, N. J.

JOHN JAY, President of the Union League Club of New York, declines to permit the use of his name as a candidate for re-election.

A REPORT made to the Bureau of Education, by Major S. N. Clark, shows that the Indians, as a distinct race, are not being decimated as fast as has been alleged.

THE Tennessee Senate met in a special session to devise a plan for the settlement of the State debt, but adjourned December 28th without having reached a satisfactory conclusion.

NETTER & Co., bankers and brokers of Exchange Place, New York, suspended payment December 26th, with liabilities estimated from \$200,000 to \$500,000, and left the city.

THE underground railroad scheme of New York City has been revived, and it is said that Sir Edward Watkins, the head of the underground system of London, has organized a company of capitalists there to prosecute the enterprise.

THE application of the Nez Percés Indians, who joined Sitting Bull in Canada, to be permitted to return, was considered at the Cabinet session on December 28th, as well as the condition of Mexican affairs, but no definite results followed.

NO new information regarding Owen Murphy, the defaulting and fugitive treasurer of the Excise Board of New York, had been obtained when we went to press. It is believed that he is in Canada, and negotiating secretly for a settlement.

FIRE-MARSHAL SHELTON has been unable to discover the cause of the Barclay Street horror. He is satisfied that none of the boilers exploded, however. The remains of Hertzberger, the engineer, were dug out of the debris on the store-floor on December 28th, and another of the injured persons died.

#### Foreign.

DON CARLOS has promptly accepted the polite invitation of France to quit its soil.

GREAT destitution prevails in Constantinople, and a bread riot is said to be imminent.

A REPORT has gained much credence in London that the British Cabinet are in favor of the purchase of the Sultan's suzerainty over Egypt.

THE conservative revolution in Ecuador has been quelled, and the Colombian army, which went to the relief of the government, has returned to its own country.

INDICATIONS are active that a quarrel is impending between the two States on account of the refusal of Guatemala to recognize the government of General Guardia in Costa Rica.

THE Pope was well enough on December 28th to hold a consistory at the Vatican, and read a short allocution. He nominated Monsignores Moretti and Pellegrini as cardinals, and appointed several bishops.

FRANCE gives renewed assurances of her policy of non-interference in the Eastern Question, while Austria intimates that she will permit peace only on the basis of the Treaty of Paris, the provisions of which Gortschakoff announced in 1871, had been abandoned by Russia.

THE Servians have been, of late, particularly active. They were repulsed with considerable loss at Yatra, near Yavor, and at Novi Bazar, while they captured Ak-Palanka after severe fighting, as well as Leskovatze and Kurchumli. Military operations in the neighborhood of Ruschuk have been suspended on account of snow.

THE Montenegrins have resumed hostilities, and with much success. They have defeated a large Turkish force supposed to be marching to the defense of Dulcigno, and in a second engagement they routed a body of Turks occupying entrenched positions between the Bogana River and Dulcigno, capturing many prisoners and large quantities of provisions.

RUSSIAN troops have nearly invested Erzeroum. The Czar has called for 250,000 men to reinforce the armies, and a Turkish transport, with seven hundred and fifty men and a large quantity of provisions and munitions of war, has been captured in the Bosphorus. It is thought that the severity of the Winter will materially retard the advance of the Russians.

OUR latest dispatches report that the British Government has consented to act as mediator between the Sultan and the Czar at the request of the former. It should be borne in mind, however, that, according to international law, mediation is only possible when solicited by both parties, and the Czar has all along been persistent in the refusal of friendly offices of the Great Powers, claiming the right of final settlement with the Porte.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 323.



AFRICA.—HENRY M. STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER, AND SOME OF HIS NATIVE FOLLOWERS.



AFRICA.—SOME MEMBERS OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.



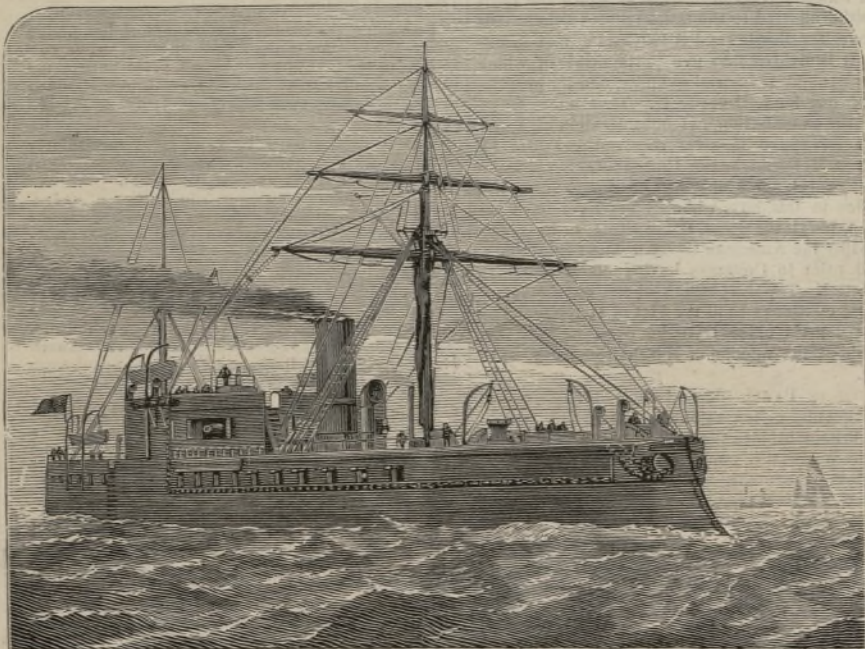
SPAIN.—ARABIAN HORSES PRESENTED TO KING ALFONSO XII. BY THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.



BULGARIA.—RUSSIANS SENDING NATIVE WOMEN AND CHILDREN FROM VRACA INTO PLEVNA.



BULGARIA.—RUSSIAN GUARDS DRAWING THEIR RATIONS BEFORE PLEVNA.



TURKEY.—THE NEW TURKISH IRONCLAD "FAYKI SHEREEF."



BULGARIA.—GENERAL SKOBELEFF'S QUARTERS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PLEVNA.





THE "MAIDEN'S GRAVE," NEAR GRAVELLY FORD.



POSTING LETTERS "ON THE FLY" AT PALISADE, NEVADA.



THE ARRIVAL AT BATTLE MOUNTAIN STATION, ON THE C. P. R. R.

## ACROSS THE CONTINENT. THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

### A NOONDAY'S RIDE TO WINNEMUCCA.

IT is hard to decide whether the impression left upon one by this desolate, death-smitten valley of the Humboldt is one of new-born incompleteness or of ancient ruin. Sometimes we could fancy it a new world, marred in its very making, crude, chaotic, and naked in the simplicity of its first elements; again it seems to us older than Time itself, a mere wreck of dead matter—a wide, weary waste of utter emptiness, whose blossom-time of the past lies so far back in the unknown periods that the mind of man aches in the search and cannot find it. The very rocks are "wrinkled deep in time," and seem decaying as they stand; the deep cracks in the dry, baked, white soil show how all the sap and life are drained out of it, and dust and ashes are all that remain behind. Even in the sparse tufts of sage there is no suggestion of freshness or vitality—it is the very ghost of a plant to look at, with its silvery-gray tint and its dry, woolly leaves crumbling to fine dust in the hand—and the thin bunches of brown, reedy grass that grow here and there in hummocks among the alkali patches have no more semblance of verdure about them than the leaf of a last year's rose.

Three things are stirring: The white, cumulous clouds overhead; the trail of brown smoke from our engine, floating back like the plume in a cavalier's hat; and here and there a tiny speck moving along the bald face of some steep brown hillside. This is as we near the stations; then a few blackened tepees dot the bluffs, and near them, high up in the shadeless blaze of sunshine, we can see some brown specks scarcely distinguishable at first from the soil, that rise and travel down towards the plain. Or there will be a dot of bright scarlet, that resolves itself into a grim Indian, sitting silent and lonely and at watch; but down he comes, too—they all come, as the train rushes in, and then the old story is repeated again, until there is not a stray "bit" left in our pockets.

It is as well for the benefit of the uninitiated to explain the mystery of the "bit" system, which begins to be enforced more vigorously after passing Ogden. A "bit" is ten cents in silver; but a twenty-five cent piece counts for two bits, fifty cents for four bits, and so on. Paper money, a year or two ago, was refused west of Ogden, ex-



WINNEMUCCA, CHIEF OF THE PIUTE INDIANS.

cept on discount, and everything short of silver and gold was regarded with suspicion. The "bit" was the smallest coin in circulation—five-cent pieces and cents belonging almost exclusively to the systems of the "eddie East"; but at present one may get along almost as well with a pocket-full of greenbacks as with a ponderous bag of silver. One young lady explorer, after having, with much pains, laid in a heavy store of "bits" and fifty-cent pieces, and whose purse tore new holes in her pocket every twenty-four hours, was deeply disgusted, in a shop in Ogden, to find that the accommodating tradesman smiled upon dollar bills, and professed himself "glad to get them, or anything else of the sort he could lay his hands on." Later, while shopping in San Francisco, we found that even in the Chinese quarter a greenback was thoroughly appreciated, and dropped into the till without a murmur.

But here we are on the Humboldt Desert still, with the faintly rutted lines of the old emigrant road traveling with us, and crossing Gravelly Ford, where the Humboldt River runs shallow and lazy over its sandy bed. Near this ford—a well-known camping-place and rendezvous of the emigrants in the old times of ten years ago—is the "Maiden's Grave," where Lucinda Duncan—we know her name and no more—was buried long ago on one of those weary marches whose goal for her was that Golden Gate where all ships enter in and none shall pass out for ever. For years there was only a little mound with a low, decaying headboard, that would soon have crumbled into dust; but the road-builders, laying their lines of rail across the desert, came upon it, fenced it tenderly and smoothed the mound, and planted above it a tall white cross, with the name of the girl whom perhaps no one else remembered on earth when the kindly deed was done. Perhaps even the most prosaic of those brown frontiersmen had his little bit of poetry in the thought of the maiden from Missouri, who came over the hot alkali plains to die and leave her bones in this great wild waste of forsaken land.

Beowawe Station, ranches and distant corrals, and the steaming hot sulphur springs far off, for which we now begin to look, as a matter of course, at every stopping-point—these fly past us and are left behind, and so is Shoshone, where we cross the dividing line between the Piute and Shoshone reservations. Following Argenta, a little side-track merely, comes Battle Mountain; and here the thirty minutes' stop for dinner conveys joy to every passenger in the length of the train.

"The town," as the guide-book naively remarks, "is mostly on one street, south of the railroad."

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—A TRIP THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE HUMBOLDT TO WINNEMUCCA.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



On that one street are grouped the public buildings—to wit: the schoolhouse, hotel and freight depots, and the few stores, with their heterogeneous contents, and their little knots of loungers always sunning themselves on the long, low "stoops." The headquarters of the Indian Agency are within a stone's throw of the freight buildings, and the usual groups of dirty, taciturn braves may be seen both inside and outside of the unpretentious edifice. Away to the South of the town rises the long, bluff-like eminence of Battle Mountain, where, some time in the indefinite past, a band of Indians and a camping party of emigrants had a hard fight for life and booty. Upon the oral testimony of the Indians rest the facts of the case, including that of "a heap white men" having been killed there. Hot springs, of course, are reported in the vicinity, and among the southward-lying mountains are sixty fine ones, scattered along the stage-road that leads to the mining district of Austin.

The Indians around Battle Mountain are principally Putes, and differ in nothing from the Shoshones, except that a slight variation is made in the fashion of the papoose-baskets. Instead of skins, these are of woven basket-work, and decorated with a little pent-house over the baby's head, thus mercifully shading the heat of the sun from the poor little victim's skull. But the babies themselves are identical with their neighbors of the next reservation, and neither in squaws nor bucks do we see any varying features. There are whole squads of them stalking up and down the platform, the wind rioting in their rags and blowing their shaggy hair around their faces, that flame with sanguinary scarlet in the hot sunshine. There in the lee of the depot you may see huddled together half-a-dozen squaws, gambling with sticks on an outspread rag of a blanket, while the older children, in their rabbit-skin cloaks and calico leggings, roll in the dirt beside them, and the basketed papooses, set on end like mummies, lean solemnly against the wall and stare with calm, unwinking beads of eyes at the shifting panorama.

"What do you pile on all that red paint for, old fellow?" demands an irreverent youth of one of the highly decorated braves. "Look nice!" grunts the child of nature, folding his blanket around him as he marches away, full of scorn for the depraved and ignoble taste that can see no fitness in crude vermilion as applied to the human cuticle. Red blankets flourish among these groups, and almost all the children and many of the squaws rejoice in short cloaks of gray rabbit-skins, the skins twisted into furry ropes and woven with a loose warp of animal sinews, or cord made of hemp or willow-bark. The Putes find their chief occupation in rabbit-catching and fishing, and are a tame and groveling race enough, with no more touch of romance or mystery, or even ordinary interest, attaching to their manners and customs, than may lurk in their superstition regarding the burial of the dead. No white man, it is affirmed, has ever known of the occurrence of a Pute funeral, or even seen one of their graves; the body of the deceased, in such instances, being secretly conveyed away when it is scarcely cold, and its hiding-place kept inviolate by every precaution and stratagem which the mourners may find necessary.

From Battle Mountain we sweep westward over the desert, on a twenty-mile stretch of straight track, cutting its shining parallel lines through the dusty alkali and sage. In Summer, when this fine white dust is blowing incessantly, and the air is heavy with its shifting particles, the traveler finds his passage of the Humboldt Desert, even by steam, a trying one, for the face and lips are literally rasped by these simooms of alkali, and the eyes inflamed and irritated. Even during the Spring months one feels this annoyance in a lesser degree, and a box of camphor, ice, and a little glycerine, are indispensable adjuncts to an overland "outfit."

"Stone House," five hundred and four miles from San Francisco, is an old overland stage station, once famous for its good meals, and now notable for nothing in particular, except the legends of old border fights, a few graves that mark those obscure but not less tragic fields, and the inevitable hot sulphur springs, not, however, within sight from the railroad. These natural phenomena crop out again at Golconda, further along our route, and the hottest thereof is turned to good account by the thrifty settlers as an extempore kettle for the scalding of pork.

The next place of importance—if one can misapply that word to such a poor, insignificant, accidental freak as one of these little settlements looks, huddled together and lost in the great limitless spaces of the desert—is Winnemucca, the county seat of Humboldt, Nevada, and the progressive namesake of the great Winnemucca, chief of the Putes. This aged dignitary, whose photograph is furnished us, in all the glories of a general's uniform, lives on the Putes' and Bannocks' reservation in Oregon, where he is said to be held in great esteem, and, in fact, almost worshiped by his dutiful children of the Pute Nation. The "portrait of a gentleman" given us as his is anything but a seductive one. Winnemucca presents a nearer approach to the baboonish physiognomy than any Indian we have seen, and the native beauty of his countenance is not enhanced by the presence of a mysterious little metallic object run through his nose, which lifts the nostrils in a singularly unbecoming manner. Nor does the civilized garb sit well upon a savage-born animal; like the "natives" in "Dombey and Son," Winnemucca's clothes "present the anomaly of being loose where they ought to be tight, and tight where they should be loose," and his very boots have a random and inconsequent expression. What a pity that a "civilized" Indian should ever masquerade in cloth pantaloons and a felt hat, or that a soft-footed, sinuous Chinaman should ever drop his voluminous bag of a shirt to wriggle into the abomination of a European coat!

## A GILDED SIN.

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

### CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

"SWEETHEART," said Sir Marc, "what is this mystery? Why did you not deny that woman's outrageous charges? My Veronica burn a will! You cannot think how it has distressed me!" He kissed the white, cold face, which looked as though neither warmth nor color could ever brighten it again; his heart was full of keen, intolerable pain. "There is some mystery, Veronica," he went on; "I can see that. Tell me what it is."

"I cannot," she said.

And the two simple words were more terrible to him than any others.

"At least, my darling," he pleaded, "tell me

that it is not true. I cannot endure that you should remain silent under such a charge; it is unwomanly almost—deny it. I ask no explanation of the mystery; my sweetheart shall be as free and unfettered as the wind that blows. But I do ask this—deny those horrible words."

Then she looked at him with the pallor of death on her face. She tried to speak lightly, but her lips trembled. She tried to smile, but the smile died away.

"What if I could not deny it, Marc?"

His face flamed hotly.

"Great heaven, Veronica," he cried, "do not jest over such a subject as this—do not jest about a crime! I could not have thought you capable of such light words."

"I am not jesting," she answered, faintly; "I never thought of doing so."

She saw his face grow stern, and his eyes take a cold, hard expression.

"Veronica," he said, "answer me one question—it is your own fault that I have to ask it—is that woman's charge true? She says that she holds proofs—is it true? Tell me did you burn a will or did you not? Answer me."

She knew that it would be useless to resist her fate even if she could lie—Morton would produce the charred fragments as evidence. She—Veronica—would not attempt to screen herself. He must think what he would.

"Did you destroy a will, Veronica?" he repeated. Answer me—I shall go mad with suspense."

She raised her white face to his, and spoke slowly:

"It is quite true," she said—"I did burn Sir Jasper Brandon's last will and testament; yet listen—I would deny it if I dared, but if that woman holds those fatal proofs it is useless."

He drew back from her as though she had stabbed him.

"You do not mean it, I am sure," he said—"you cannot mean it—it would be too horrible. You are saying it to try my love—only for that—to try my faith, my darling; you could not have done it."

"Was it so great a crime?" she asked, simply.

"A crime?" he repeated. "The person who could even ask such a question must be dead to all sense of honor and shame. A crime? I should place it next to murder."

"I did not know it," she said softly; "I never thought of that."

He looked at her in horror.

"Then you did it—you really and truly did it, Veronica?" he said.

"Yes, I did it, Marc," she replied, sadly.

"What was the reason? Why did you do it? What was your motive? Tell me, that I may understand."

"I cannot do that," she replied, sadly. "I can tell you no more than this, that I, of my own accord, burned that will."

"Great heaven," he cried. "It is incredible! Did any one else know?"

"I cannot tell you," she replied.

"Was any one else present?"

"No," she answered.

"Was the will you destroyed one against your own interests? Did it take money from you, or what?"

She raised her dark eyes in solemn wonder at the question.

"You must think what you will of my motives," she replied—"I cannot explain them to you."

"It is incredible!" he cried. "I could believe you and myself both mad before I could believe this. It is some foul trick, some horrible farce?"

"No," she replied, "it is the simple, terrible truth. I destroyed the will, but I did not know it was such a crime as you say."

"And if you had known?" he cried.

"I should have destroyed it just the same."

"You swear it is true?" he said.

"I swear it," she replied.

They stood looking at each other while the sunbeams fell between them, and the birds sang on the roses outside the window.

Veronica was the first to break the terrible silence.

"Marc," she said, "you will not betray me?"

"No," he replied slowly, "I will not betray you, lest the iron hand of the law should grasp you. Great heaven, how could you have done such a deed?"

She looked at him with a shudder.

"Could I really be put into prison for it?" she said.

"Yes, if those whom you have defrauded chose to prosecute you;" and then he wondered, for a soft, sweet light came over the white stillness of her face.

"I see," she said, slowly—"I understand."

"Veronica," he cried, "how callous you are! You seem to have no shame for the deed that you have done."

She was asking herself what she should do—how she should make him understand; and then, with a great, sharp, bitter pang, the thought came to her that she could never make him understand—that she could never break her oath, the oath taken with her hands on her dead father's heart. He was looking at her with wistful eyes.

"You, Veronica," he said, "whom I thought of all women the most perfect—will you tell me why you did this? Will you give me some explanation of the mystery—any key by which I may solve it? Will you say one word that will lessen my misery?"

"I cannot," she replied. I am bound in chains of iron—I cannot. I tell you this one bare fact—I burned the will. You must trust me all in all, or not at all."

"Trust you? Great heaven, trust a woman who could burn the will of a dead man! Stay—tell me one thing. Did he wish you to destroy it? Did he ask you to do so?"

"No," she replied, "he did not."

"Then do not ask me to trust you, Veronica. No man's honor would be safe in such hands. If there is a mystery, and you will explain it to me, good—that will do; if not, we must part."

She held out her arms to him, with a low cry.

"Part," she repeated—"part—you and I?"

"Yes," he answered coldly, "if it broke my

heart a hundred times over. You do not suppose that I, a man of honor, could marry a woman who had deliberately destroyed the will of a dead man? I would not marry such a one even if the loss of her killed me."

"I never thought of that," she said, clasping her hands.

"I should imagine not," replied Sir Marc. "I could never look at you without remembering what you had done. I should be wretched, miserable. We must part."

"Part!" she repeated faintly. "Oh, Marc, I thought you loved me so!"

"Loved you? I love you even now despite what you have done; but marry you I cannot, Veronica. Your own conduct has parted us for ever."

"You must not leave me, Marc," she said, holding out her arms to him. "You are more than my life; you must not go."

"I could never trust you," he said, holding back her arms lest they should clasp his neck unawares. "There is no help for it, Veronica. Unless you can explain away this mystery, we must part. Think it over, and then give me the answer yourself."

She stood quite silent before him, her white face drooping from the sunshine, her hands clasped in mortal pain. Was there any chance, any loophole of escape? Could anything absolve her from her solemn vow? No, there could be no release. It was for Katherine's sake, for her father's memory—the same urgent reasons that had influenced her before existed now. Were she induced to break her vow, Katherine would suffer tenfold. She would keep it.

"Must we part, Veronica," he said—"we, who have loved each other with so great a love, must we part?"

"Unless you can trust me, and let me keep silence," she replied.

"I cannot trust you; I can only say good-by. Good-by, Veronica. You have broken the heart of the man who loved you as few have ever loved, Farewell!"

He did not touch her hand, or kiss her face, or stop to utter one more word. Perhaps, if he had done so, his strength would have failed him. He left her standing there in the sunshine, with the bitterness of death hanging over her.

He went at once in search of Lady Brandon. She found her in the pretty morning-room alone. She cried out when she saw his pale, set face.

"What is the matter, Sir Marc? What is wrong?"

"I want to speak to you, Lady Brandon," he said. "Veronica and I have had some unpleasant words. We have had a quarrel that can never be healed, and we have parted for ever."

Lady Brandon held up her hands in dismay.

"Can it be possible, Sir Marc, that you have parted with Veronica? Why, she will break her heart! It must not be. Let me go to her—let me talk to her. If she has offended you, she will, I am sure, be very sorry; let me go to her. I know how she loves you, my poor Veronica."

"It is quite impossible," he said, hurriedly. "This quarrel can never be healed; even if Veronica wished it, I could not."

"You are angry, Sir Marc," asserted Lady Brandon; "and when your anger subsides you will be sorry for this."

"I shall regret it all my life," he said; "no one knows that better than I do. There will never dawn another happy day for me. Lady Brandon, I am a lost, ruined man."

"You will think better of it," she told him. "How could you quarrel with Veronica? I know no one like her; she is so good, so tender of heart, so true, so loyal."

"No more!" he cried, shuddering. "I can hear no more!"

"You must hear me," Lady Brandon persisted. "I cannot have Veronica sacrificed to a mere fit of temper."

"It is worse than that," he declared.

"Have you thought what the world will say, Sir Marc? Her wedding-dress is ordered—her trousseau is prepared. Everything is being put into a state of readiness for the wedding. What am I to say?"

"There is nothing to say," he replied, gloomily, "except that Veronica has dismissed me. I will take all the blame, all the shame, all the disgrace. But, Lady Brandon, there is one thing that I should like to ask of you. Do not talk to her about our disagreement. Do not ask her any questions. That which we have quarreled about lies between us a dead secret. Promise me that you will not ask her any questions; it will only distress her, and do no good."

"But, Sir Marc, will you not trust me, and tell me something, at least?"

"No," he replied. "You have been very kind to me, Lady Brandon—let me say Good-by to you, and thank you heartily for all your goodness to me."

"You will surely stay and see Katherine?" cried Lady Brandon.

"No. Tell her that I had not the courage to stay and see her, but that I hoped she would be kind to Veronica."

Then Lady Brandon broke down, and wept passionate tears.

"You will break Veronica's heart," she cried—"you should not leave her."

"Heaven bless you for a kind-hearted, generous woman!" he said, bending down to kiss her hand. "I wish all women were like you. I shall go at once. You will see that all belonging to me is sent after me, Lady Brandon?"

But she only sobbed that he should not leave Veronica.

"Go to her," he said; "and, Lady Brandon, while you comfort her, do not speak to her of me." The next moment he was gone.

She was almost bewildered to know how to act.

"I would give much to know what the quarrel has been about," she said to herself; "but I suppose I shall never learn." And then she went to Veronica's room.

The unhappy girl had fallen where her lover had left her, and lay like one dead on the floor. Lady Brandon raised her; she tried to bring back consciousness to her; and then she thought to

herself, "If she really loves him so well, and they have parted for ever, it would be more merciful to let her die."

### CHAPTER X.

CRUSHING the green leaves and the sweet blossoms under his feet, trampling down the smiling flowers, beating aside the trailing sprays, his heart beating, his brain on fire, Sir Marc hastened across the park. It seemed to him that the whole world had suddenly crumbled to ruins. He muttered bitter, terrible words to himself. If the stars had fallen from heaven, it would have surprised him less than the fact that Veronica had done wrong—his ideal, the one pure, noble, gentle soul in whom he had placed all his trust. All that was beautiful, poetical, maidenly and charming seemed to be vested in her; and now his ideal had been rudely destroyed.

"I will never believe in any human being again while I live," he said to himself—"never! So fair, so beautiful, so loving, so tender, yet so lost to all sense of what is right! I will never look again at woman's face!"

He reached the railway-station at Hurstwood, and there, half hidden by a long, black veil, he saw Clara Morton. She rose as he came up to her.

"It is well," he said, "that you are a woman; if you were a man I would horsewhip you!" There was such fierce, hot anger in his eyes that she shrank back. "You need not fear," he added, scornfully. "Give me your proofs, name your price, and then never let your shadow fall across my path again."

Dealing with a man was different from frightening a delicate, refined girl, Clara Morton found. She began a whole string of excuses.

"Not one word," he said. "Simply repeat the story. Let me hear all the details, and then give me your proofs and name your price."

She told him the story, and then added:

"My proofs are the charred remains of the parchment that I took from the fire, on which you will see plainly these words, 'Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon.'"

"What do you want for it?" he asked, contemptuously.

"It is not myself, Sir Marc—it is not indeed. I want five hundred pounds."

"You are modest in your demand, certainly, and you have ruined— But why should I waste words upon such as you? If I give you the sum you name, you must not only surrender what you are pleased to call your proofs, but you must take an oath to keep the secret and leave England. If you return—listen to my threat—if you dare to return and address by letter or by word of mouth that hapless lady, I will have you indicted for conspiracy, and your sentence will probably be hard labor for life. As to your conduct, it is so utterly, horribly base, I have not patience to speak of it."

The woman murmured some words. He did not even listen to them.

"I have no wish to hear more," he said. "I will give you a check for five hundred pounds on condition that you give me your proofs and take the required oath. Tremble if you dare to break it—tremble if your false, wicked face is seen here again!"

He took out his check-book, and, going into one of the station-offices, made out a check for the sum named. On returning he placed it quietly in her hands, and she gave him the packet containing the charred fragments of the will, and took the oath, upon which he had insisted. Silently he pointed to the great open gates, and she passed out of them. They never met again. As she passed out of the gates, so she passed out of his life. Whether the punishment of her wickedness ever came in, this world he never knew.

Then Sir Marc went away to London. What, to do with himself he could not tell. He felt that, it was impossible for him to take up the broken thread of his life. In the first hot, angry flush of his disappointment he had not realized what life, without Veronica would be. Now that it stretched out before him in all its chill, terrible reality, he was at a loss how to endure it. There were times, even when he almost wished that he had forgiven her. Then he recoiled from the thought. How could he love a woman to whom the word "honor" was an empty sound?

Sir Marc was most unhappy. He read with a stony face all the paragraphs which said that there was no foundation for the rumor of the approaching marriage of Sir Marc Caryll—that he was going abroad. He made no complaint, no moan; but he owned to himself that his life was ended. He would close Werewhurst Manor, and spend the remainder of his days where nothing could remind him of the love he had lost. There was to be no angel in the house for him. He knew that he must love Veronica until he died—that no one else could ever take her place—that no one else could ever be to him what she had been. Had she died, it seemed to him that his grief would have been easier to bear. Then he would have retained all his love; now his love must go, while he was stranded. Life had lost all its attractions for him.

He had freed Veronica from her bondage—of that he was pleased to think. No one could frighten her now. She was quite safe, and the terrible secret was dead and buried. He looked away the charred fragments; he did not destroy them—he could never tell why; and that one simple proceeding altered the whole destiny of his life. Had there been a fire in his room when he reached home, he would have tossed the little packet into the flames; as it was, the door of his iron safe was open, and he flung the packet into it.

Then he set about making arrangements for going abroad; but he found that it would be impossible—that he could not leave England until after Christmas without neglecting duties that his conscience would not allow him to neglect. He said to himself that he must be content. There was no help for it. He must shut himself up in the old Manor House where Veronica's sweet face would never shine. Time would pass when once he was over the seas—he would live on excitement. Anything would be better than staying in England. Yet by night and by day—despite all his stern resolves to forget Veronica—he was always asking himself why she had burned the will—



what her motive was—what she had gained by it. Was it possible that the will took from her some legacy or gift?

"I never thought that she even cared for money," he said to himself, over and over again. "She seemed so free from all mercenary taint. Why did she destroy the will?" The more he thought about it the more he was puzzled, the greater grew the mystery. He drove himself almost mad with conjecturing; but he never even faintly guessed the truth, it never dawned across him.

So the time wore away; he bore patiently all comments and remarks. It was supposed by the world in general that he had been dismissed by Miss di Cyntha; no one had even an inkling of the truth. He grew pale and thin during those few months; but they passed at last. Two days before Christmas Day all his arrangements were made, and he was ready to sail. He bethought himself then that it would only be right to destroy the charred fragments of the will, for if they fell into other hands there would be danger; and one wild day in December, when the wind was wailing and roaring round the house, he went to the safe and took from it the little parcel. The snow was beating furiously against the window, great masses of clouds darkened the heavy skies; then came a lull in the storm. Never until the day he dies will Sir Marc forget the hour and the scene. With some curiosity he went to the window to examine the charred fragments; quite distinctly he saw the words: "The last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon."

"Poor child!" he murmured to himself. "What could have prompted her to do this most evil deed?"

A little robin-redbreast fell with fluttering wings on the window-sill, beaten down by the snow and the wind; it lay there fluttering, gasping, with its little life almost gone. He was tender of heart, this man so stern in morals; he could not endure the sight of the little bird's agony. He dropped the parchment and opened the window. He took in the little helpless creature, he warmed it and fed it, and then bethought himself of the will. He hastened to pick it up; it had opened as it fell, and as he raised it he saw words that he had not seen before. He took it to the window, and as he examined it his face grew white, great dark shadows came into his eyes, and he cried:

"Great heaven! How is it that I have never even thought of this before?"

(To be continued.)

## THE FIRST OF JANUARY.

### CELEBRATION OF NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.

A RIGHT royal and merrie custom is it to visit one's friends upon the first day of the new year. It gives every man a chance; and the fatal "Not at home," which damps so many aspirations, is shelved for the nonce in honor of this goodly and time-honored usage. For days before, mankind talk of nothing else. Of course there is the usual grumble anent the *costume de rigueur*; but, nevertheless, this sacrifice at the shrine of conventionalism is resignedly offered up, and New Year's Day finds the streets and avenues of this, the Empire City, alive with elegantly attired men, bent upon visiting their lady friends, and upon wishing them many, many happy returns of the day. It is a delightful transition from the cold and damp of the outer world to glide into the voluptuous warmth of drawing-rooms, brilliantly lighted, and displaying, in addition to a wealth of sheeny satin, burnished gold, "bits of color" in the shape of *bric-à-brac* and tropical flowers, the smile of gracious welcome upon the face of the hostess or hostesses, as the case may be, and—a glass of sparkling champagne wherein to drink to the coming year.

That New Year's calls are not confined to the upper ten it is scarcely necessary to observe; and while Mr. de Boots de Cocoonut does the correct thing on Murray Hill, Tom Smith makes his call, after his own fashion, lower down town. Our illustrations represent several phases in the life of the day, the first callers taking precedence.

#### THE FIRST CALLER.

His work is cut out for him, and "a fellow must begin somewhere." He commences very far up town, with the intention of gradually dropping down to the Club, which he hopes to reach anywhere between half-past six and seven o'clock. As he passes a window *en route* to the hall-door, little does he imagine that soft, bewitching glances follow his movements, and that the tremulous anxiety with which he consults the condition of his white tie is gayly noted by the laughing inmates of the mansion, who, elegantly attired in the sheath-like garments of the period, await with joyous anticipation the advent of their gentlemen friends. Small wagers have been made between these fair *demi-selles* as to the first caller, and in this case the lots are drawn, as the little event lay between old Mr. Povertypool, the stockbroker, from next door, and young Mr. Pink Eyebrows, who has just graduated at the Point.

#### A SWELL TURNOUT ON FIFTH AVENUE.

This turnout is thoroughly, unmistakably English. The "cart" is English. The servants are English; their liveries fitting like gloves; their shirt-collars worthy of Beau Brummel; their "tops" and cockaded hats shining again in the brassy sunlight. What a superb pair of chestnuts! with arched necks and limbs "fit for a countess." How they chafe under the pull of the howling swell handling the ribbons, delicately prancing as if treading on eggs. This is the best thing on the avenue, and heads are craned out of club windows as the creamy turnout spins past, while clubland criticses both man and beast.

#### MAKING READY TO RECEIVE CALLS.

Gwendoline sits opposite her mirror, while the glib Susan arranges her hair. The sensation is a soothing one, and the occupation of gazing at her own sweet image not utterly displeasing. She speculates as to who will call to-day—if he will come early, and if he will remain long. If his manner will be merely conventional, or just as it was at the Cross and Crescent Ball. How dreary the whole thing would be, were he to disappoint! How charmingly he looks in his evening dress; how distinguished, how utterly unlike Mr. Brown or Mr. Jones

or Mr. Robinson! She instructs Susan to be very particular with her *nattes à la Marguerite*, and with the fringe over the forehead. She consults her as to whether a single red rose would not become her or a white camellia become her complexion. She decides upon the latter, after considerable doubts and misgivings. She wonders if he will call at No. 5064, and if that odious Miss Van Boome will wear white. What he can see in that girl is a mystery to her. And thus will Gwendoline commune with her own thoughts until Susan declares in tones of admiration that her head is "as pretty as a picture."

#### AN EAST-SIDE TURN-OUT.

A rickety stage conveys a jovial party on their calls. The vehicle jingles as if it would fall to pieces, the horses being on a par with the conveyance—broken down, worn out, used up. The occupants of the coach are in a high state of jubilation. Cocktails have already been consumed, and before the sun grows red in the West a ruddy glow will take possession of noses and eyelids, speech will become hazy and limbs wobbly. The horns, vigorously blown at the start, shall be silent at the finish, and the host and hostess whom this party may honor with a visit will have reason to congratulate themselves should the call terminate without a scrimmage.

#### A DISAGREEABLE CALLER—A POLITICAL FRIEND OF FATHER'S.

Such a man, and at such a moment! Agony, just as Mr. De Robynson is leaving, too, and the host, with a sickly expression upon his perturbed countenance, is compelled to take this political supporter by the hand and to bid him welcome. The dismay depicted on the faces of the ladies is but a poor indication of the mortification at their hearts, as Mr. Brown Jones is momentarily expected, and it is not impossible that Mr. Fitzmythe may look in while this terrible monster "abideth in their tent." Who asked him to call?—and if he did take it into his wooden-head so to do, why present himself in such a costume? The mud on his shoes, too; the perfume of stale tobacco; the demand for a spittoon, laugh! The caller is perfectly at his ease, slaps his host on the back, and wrings the hands of his wife and daughters until their joints ache again. He pokes fun all round, gayly alludes to "Big Six," whom he is going to visit later on, asks his host when he shall have the pleasure of seeing him in the Tombs, refers facetiously to current political events, and makes himself at home in a manner that brings tears of vexation to the eyes of his hostess. He will not pay his respects, and go. Not he, indeed; he has come to have a chat, and a pretty tall one, too. He seats himself on an ottoman, crosses one leg over the other, his trousers shrinking nearly to his knee, and revealing coarse, woolen stockings. He laughs boisterously at his own jokes, and contrives, in the space of twenty minutes to raise a tumult of wild and conflicting emotion in the breasts of his entertainers—emotions in which a desire to forcibly eject him from the premises takes the upper hand.

#### A LADY'S FAVORITE.

He is faultlessly attired, languid, and *blasé*. His hair is parted in the centre, and his gloves are imported direct from Jouvins'. He is very well off; does Paris in Spring, and Polo at Newport in the Fall. His steam-yacht is a thing of beauty, and his turnout worthy of Rotten Row. He is not over civil, and pays no marked attention to anybody with the exception of himself. He knows the right people, and is asked everywhere. He is cynical without being clever, and would be dull but for a gentle spice of that insolence which women worship in mankind. He is just ever so little *roué*; but, to do him justice, he is manfully discreet. How charmed are these bevy of aristocratic girls to receive him, and how coolly he accepts their advances, his glass stuck in his eye in a thousand puckers. How good of him to call; how condescending; how difficult to get him at all. He will not remain more than a moment, but that moment is so much to them—it will give them food for *causerie* for days. He has nothing to say; he hates balls; he votes the whole thing a bore, and considers that the women should come and visit him.

#### A CALLER WHO CALLS TO FILL HIS STOMACH.

His eyes glisten as he enters the room, and, while wishing the compliments of the season, fasten themselves upon the bountifully spread sideboard. "Ah! boned turkey—a great favorite of mine—and boar's head. I'll take a little; and cold turkey—a slice of the breast. This ham, too, fits in nicely. A little jelly?—of course; and a mince pie—who wouldn't eat mince pies? This sherry is first-class; so nutty and oily. Another glass, if you please"—and he pledges the health of every member of the family, emptying his glass for each. This class of caller is not a welcome guest.

#### A CALLER WHO INSISTS ON SINGING A COMIC SONG.

He has been calling at several houses anywhere between Harlem and the Battery. The world is a hospitable world after all, and meat and drink—especially the latter—have been cast in his way, standing like lions in his path. He has overcome them both; and now, in the full plenitude of the overflowing happiness of his heart, he insists on singing a comic song. Ye gods, a comic song at four o'clock in the afternoon. He will do it despite the very broad hints of his host and the icy demeanor of his hostess, who audibly objects to her parlor being turned into a Bowery music-hall. Nothing abashed he takes his place, and clearing his lungs by one or two clarion notes, and bestowing a facetious wink upon a horrified spinster of uncertain age in his immediate vicinity, he bursts forth into a melody, into which he artfully introduces a sneeze, a whistle, a series of kissing sounds, and an Irish dialogue, these accompanied by playful contortions of his frame, and a general insanity of demeanor. He is not invited to call again.

#### A DISAPPOINTED CALLER.

Yes, he will see Mrs. Spuyten Duyvel and her delightful daughter. He will receive a general invitation for their charming Tuesday receptions to which certain people only are admissible, and the season will open for him with goodly promise. He has set his heart upon being invited to this exclusive mansion, and has gotten himself up regardless of expense. He will have a prolonged conversation with Mrs. S. D., and has made himself up on a series of subjects which cannot fail to interest her. With Miss S. he will be tenderly respectful, and—Then comes the death-blow to his hopes. As he ascends the steps with an agitated air of expectancy, his mortified gaze encounters a neat-looking basket attached to the door. His castle in Spain is razed to the ground, and, after depositing his bit of pasteboard, he descends, uttering flattered language that need not be repeated here.

#### I A.M.—THE LAST CALLER—TELLING A LONG STORY.

Human stupidity is ever on the rampage, and

when does it come so forcibly to the front as when the last caller persists in telling a long-winded story, commencing in nothing and ending in less? The ill-suppressed yawns of his auditory do not affront him in the least; gentle hints go for naught; he is wound up to do a certain thing, and he does it with a vengeance. "Will nothing induce him to go?" murmurs the wearied hostess. No; he will finish his story—possibly propose to relate another. But there is a limit to human endurance, and he eventually gets his *congé* politely, but firmly.

#### LADIES' DAY—GENTLEMEN RECEIVING CALLS FROM LADIES.

Happy the man who is thus caressed by the gods! What must his sensations be? Beatific! Ecstatic! And yet, cases have occurred when the call of Geraldine, just as Clara Vere de Vere was sailing away, proved awkward!

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

##### Henry M. Stanley and his African Followers.

We publish among our foreign pictures this week two illustrations of the gallant American explorer, Henry M. Stanley. The larger portrait is from a photograph taken since his arrival at Cape Town, and indicates how much the intrepid explorer has been changed in appearance by the mental and physical strain which he underwent during the wonderful journey which he has just brought to a successful conclusion, and which, to use his own words, "has made him an old man in his thirty-fifth year." As one looks upon the altered features, one cannot help feeling admiration for the indomitable pluck and energy which must have been needed to carry him triumphantly through all dangers and obstacles. Of the group of Africans we need say but little, except that throughout the expedition they remained faithful to their leader, "the white master," and that they have since shared in his triumphant receptions at St. Paul de Loando and Cape Town. The chief, Manwa Sera, was second in command after the death of the brothers Pocock. Mr. Stanley describes Uledi as a young African, about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old, "lithic and active as a leopard and brave as a lion, the first in war, the most modest in peace, the best soldier, the best swimmer, the best carrier, the best sailor, the best workman in wood or iron, and the most faithful of the black faithfuls." Our portraits are all from photographs.

#### Presents from the Emperor of Morocco to the King of Spain.

On the 21st of November the Court of Spain was visited by an embassy from His Imperial Majesty Mulley Hassam, Emperor of Morocco. The personages composing the embassy were Sid Abdesslam Esuasi, Governor of Rabat, with two secretaries and a small retinue of subordinate officials. They brought with them a number of valuable presents with which the Morocco emperor desired to testify his affection for his brother of Spain, among them ten blooded Arabian steeds, the presentation of which forms the subject of one of our foreign pictures.

#### The Russians before Plevna.

While tidings from Plevna bring sad accounts of the privations suffered by the besieged, the besiegers outside the city have been living in a glorious land of plenty, as may be seen by our picture, representing a detachment of the Russian Guards drawing their fresh meat rations at Dolny Dubnik, previous to their march southward under General Gourko. Goats, sheep, and calves, were served out alive, and two men carried away half a sheep on a pole. It was almost ludicrous to see these tall, sober, fine-looking fellows leading and carrying away this miscellaneous zoological collection, riding the goats, and hugging the sheep like babies. The country round about Plevna had been depopulated; but plenty of provisions were drawn from the west and south, where General Gourko captured enough to last the whole detachment of Guards for forty days. As a contrast to the above, another of our foreign pictures depicts a sad scene at Dolny Dubnik—a group of families, men, women, and children, who have been captured at Vraca, and who were being forwarded into Plevna as a "present to Osman Pasha." There were about a dozen women and twice as many children stowed away in two ox-carts, half-naked and shivering in the cold wind which was sweeping through the valley. In the last cart there was a family of gypsies, scantily dressed and half famished with hunger. When the cavalcade of misery halted, bread was given to the half-starved women and children, who shared it readily with the men. Bony hands clutched the loaves and tore them in pieces; wild eyes looked for more with a sort of agonized pleading, and for the first time for days they feasted. Soldiers showered on the party a share of their rations, corn was piled in the carts, and they creaked away. One of the women sat apart from the rest during the halt, and she took no share in the feast. She sat unmoved, and when the others ate, threw herself flat on the ground and sobbed. She had taken a revolver and shot a Russian sergeant dead in the street at Vraca after the town was occupied and quiet, and for this she sat apart from the other women, pointed at as a murderess.

#### The Turkish Ironclad "Payki Shereef."

This ship, an ironclad corvette with twin screw-propellers, bears a Turkish name, having been built in England for the Sultan's Government before the obligations of neutrality in the present war forbade English shipbuilders to supply additions to the Ottoman naval forces. The dimensions of this vessel are: Length, 245 feet; beam, 52 feet; depth, 22 feet; displacement, 4,700 tons. She has a central battery, in which she carries four 25-ton Armstrong guns, so arranged as to command an all-round fire, and when firing broadside to concentrate their fire within sixty yards of the vessel's side. The thickness of armor is 12 inches midships, diminished, as usual, towards the ends, and extending from 5 feet below the water-line to the main deck, which is entirely covered with armor 3 inches thick over engines and boilers, and 2 inches thick beyond. The side armor also reaches to the top of the central battery, which it entirely encircles.

#### General Skobelev in the Plevna Trenches.

General Skobelev, the dashing Russian hero, who had escaped unscathed from the many reckless deeds of daring for which he is so renowned, on November 15th was wounded during the encounter at his outpost line, and for the first time had to take to his bed for a while. Our picture represents General Skobelev on the trenches of his foremost outpost line, only one hundred and fifty yards distant from the trenches of the enemy, taking a few hours' rest on a stretcher in his "bed-room," which, our artist writes, is a square, shallow pit dug out about two feet, the depth of the ditch at the back of the trench, in which his "bed," a simple stretcher, is placed. His officers sit about on the ground or lie on the straw with which the pit is strewn. The rifles of the soldiers are ranged along the parapet, and a few men keep watch while the remainder sit on the step, which serves to bring their heads, when standing, on a level with the parapet, and sleep or play cards.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—CINCINNATI has twenty-three boot and shoe factories, which make about \$7,000,000 worth of goods annually.

—A COMPLIMENTARY dinner is to be tendered to Mayor Prince, on the occasion of his retirement from the mayoralty of Boston.

—THE Lutheran Church in Beaver City, Pa., has an oil well on its premises, and the flow is sufficient to pay all the church's expenses.

—THE people of the Argentine Republic are busily engaged in preparing articles for the Paris Exhibition. The Government has appropriated \$60,000 for the object.

—It is estimated that there are at present four hundred colleges and universities in the United States which graduate annually between six and seven thousand students.

—THE grand jury at Lexington, Ky., has found about forty indictments against prominent heads of families of that city for playing poker, and universal consternation possesses the place.

—ON account of their manifestly beneficial influence upon patients, English physicians and humanitarians urge the introduction of flowers, plants, paintings and statuary into hospitals.

—THE Moffet bell-punch, in use in Virginia bar-rooms, is a good collector of statistics for the temperance reformers. The Richmond bell-punches registered in seventeen days 255,000 drinks.

—THE sportsmen of St. Louis are making a determined fight against the discriminating and unjust game law of Illinois, which prohibits a citizen of another State from killing game in that jurisdiction and taking it therefrom.

—TEMPLE BAR, in London, though torn down, is not to be destroyed utterly. The stones will all be numbered and stored away till the Court of Common Council has fixed upon a new site for the erection of the old monument.

—It took fifteen years' time and \$1,500 to decide the ownership of a yoke of oxen in Oregon, and when the case was settled the contending parties found the oxen had been used for barbecues the first time Grant was elected.

—THE children of ex-President Johnson are erecting a monument, to cost \$8,000, over the graves of their parents. The general design is an arch spanning both graves and surmounted by a shaft about twenty-eight feet high.

—A SERIES of deep-sea researches, after the manner of the *Challenger* investigations, is to be instituted towards the close of next year, in the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean, by an expedition under the direction of the Government of India.

—THE danger from fire-damp in mines is greatly increased by a sudden fall in the atmospheric pressure. The French system of storm-signals, therefore, provides for giving notice to the various coal mines of any sudden change in the barometer.

—SIR SAMUEL BAKER suggests a plan for diverting a portion of the river Nile into the Nubian deserts. Its rich sediment would be deposited on the sands, transforming them into lands suitable for cotton culture, which he claims would render England independent of America.

—ONE of the most elaborate departments connected with the coming Paris Exposition will, doubtless, be the Chinese Department. Immense space has been reserved, upon which will be erected pavilions, bazars and cottages, built at Wingpo, and transported to Paris in sections.

—ANNUALLY, for the last decade, there has been paid to the British Government by the Bank of England a sum slightly in excess of \$17,500,000, representing the unclaimed dividends on consols. In other words, \$580,000,000 of the English national debt will never have to be redeemed.

—THE Secretary of War has appointed Surgeon Charles Page, U. S. A., Major John Q. Hawkins, commissary of subsistence, Captain Fred Means, Ninth Infantry, a board to meet at Omaha, Neb., January 24th, 1878, or as soon thereafter as practicable, to make experiments in army cooking and to prepare a manual for the use of army cooks.

—THE position of paid assistant commissioner to the Paris Exposition for the State of Pennsylvania has been tendered to Hon. Daniel J. Morrell, President of the Centennial Board of Finance and of the Iron and Steel Association of the United States. The position of honorary assistant commissioner has been tendered to ex-Governor Bigler, who is a Democrat.

—AN informal conference has been held between delegates from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to discuss the subject of the union of the two provinces, with, perhaps, Prince Edward Island also taken in, into a large province under the name of Acadia, or something like that, the advantage, of course, being the superior economy of administering local affairs.

—SECRETARY SHERMAN has promulgated a formal decision on the question of the number of deputy surveyors to be allowed at the ports of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco. He decides that under the law New York is entitled to two, Boston to two, Philadelphia to one and San Francisco to one. All above this number are to be dropped.

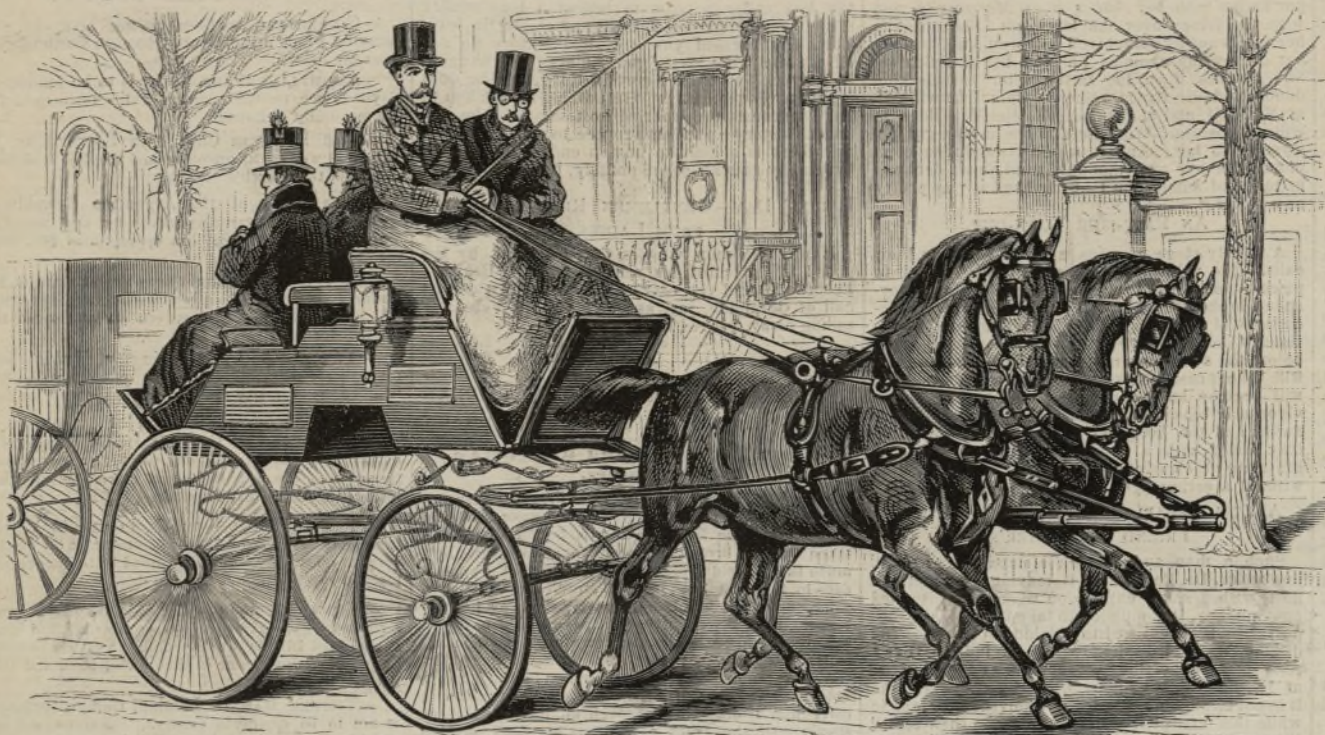
—THE secret process employed by the Austrians in the manufacture of steel-bronze cannon, has been divulged. It consists in a combination of several well-known processes. The first is Rodman's, the hollow casting effected by cold water in the centre; the second is the Whitworth system of casting under pressure; the third is an addition of phosphorus to the alloy.

—THE three-master the *Ritchie* is now loading at New Orleans for Boston. She attracts much attention, for she is the old revenue cutter *Harriet Lane*, that had nearly twenty years ago the Prince of Wales on board as a guest, that in 1862 was captured by the Confederates at Galveston, then became a blockade runner, and, finally, being given up by the Spanish authorities in Havana, was sold and converted into a merchant vessel.

—CANADA is doing an immense business in shipping lobsters to England. In one week, lately, one ship from Halifax took \$83,000 worth in cans, for London, which represents something like 655,000 lobsters, and a few days before a \$72,000 shipment was made. Frank Buckland is warning the Canadians against thus destroying a fishery that in future years will be even more valuable than now.

—THERE is a great outcry in England about the adulteration of silks. Not only are silk manufacturers charged with having invented and carried to great perfection a method of mixing gelatinous and weight-giving substances with the dye, but the presence of jute is often more than suspected. Manufacturers and dealers do not deny, in their letters to the newspapers, these imputations, but endeavor to shift the blame from shoulder to shoulder. It is very often so difficult to tell an adulterated silk that even experts are fooled.





A SWELL TURNOUT ON THE FIFTH AVENUE.



MAKING READY TO RECEIVE CALLS.



A TURNOUT ON THE EAST SIDE.



A DISAGREEABLE CALLER—"A POLITICAL FRIEND OF FATHER'S."



A LADIES' FAVORITE.



A CALLER WHO CALLS ON THE VIANDS.



A CALLER WHO INSISTS ON SINGING A COMIC SONG.



A DISAPPOINTED CALLER.



1 A. M.—THE LAST CALL—TELLING A LONG STORY.



LADIES' DAY—GENTLEMEN RECEIVING CALLS FROM THE LADIES.

NEW YORK CITY.—"HAPPY NEW YEAR!"—LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF NEW YEAR'S DAY CALLING IN THE METROPOLIS.—SEE PAGE 323.



## LIVING.

WE can only live once; and death's terrors  
With life's bowers and roses entwined,  
And our lives would be darkened by errors  
Did we even, like cats, possess nine!  
They would be perhaps all of them wasted,  
And be recklessly squandered away,  
And not half of the joys would be tasted  
That one life can embrace in a day.

Let the lives that we live be worth living;  
Let the days that we spend be well spent;  
Let us save for the pleasure of giving,  
And not borrow at fifty per cent.;  
Let us never cease loving and learning,  
And use life for its noblest of ends;  
Then when dust to its dust is returning  
We shall live in the hearts of our friends.

## MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL.

BY R. J. DE CORDOVA.

## CHAPTER IX.—THE BLOATED ARISTOCRAT OF THE KITCHEN.

PARKIN was yet in the very heat and fever of his dream when he was rudely awakened by the voice of "the other girl" (the cook) desiring him to get up, as it was nearly seven o'clock, "and the old woman would be screaming like an ugly magpie if she didn't hear us coming down-stairs."

"You must feel awful bad," said cook, looking down compassionately on Parkin, "sleepin' here on the cold floor all night, and in your clothes like that."

Parkin tugged the red wig into its proper place before he rose up. He then made to the cook a remark which perhaps had never before been made by one servant to another in Mr. Fizzlebury's family.

"I should like," said Parkin, calmly—"I should like, if you please, to have a bath."

"A what?" cried cook, taken almost off her feet by the revolting character of this most unusual request—"a what?"

"A bath," answered Parkin, with perfect coolness. "Isn't there such a thing as a bath-room in this house?"

"Oh, galory!" yelled the cook, and laughed like a crazy woman.

"What is the matter with you?" inquired Parkin. "What are you grinning at like a fool?"

"A bath!" cried cook. "Do you suppose the old woman would ever let one of her help use her bath-room?"

"Well, how do you wash yourselves, then?" innocently inquired Parkin.

"Why," answered the cook, "when we does wash we does it in one of the stationary washtubs in the back kitchen, or else one of us pours a bucket or two of water over the other. Av you'll come down-stairs wid me now I'll bucket you."

"No, thank you," said Parkin, hastily, "I would rather not. Can't I even wash my face and hands?"

"To be sure, you can," answered cook. "Come down wid me and I'll show you."

Poor Parkin! What with his agitation and his want of sleep, his head was aching, his joints were stiff, and his spirits generally were greatly below par.

"There ye are," remarked cook, throwing down before him an enormous piece of common laundry soap; "turn on the Croton water and wash your face and hands as much as you've a mind to."

"Very well, thank you," said Parkin; "and now if you'll have the kindness to go out of this apartment for a moment or two, I'll wash my face."

This was not pure bashfulness in Parkin nor was it the result of any maidenly timidity on the part of Mrs. Fizzlebury's new girl. The plain fact was that he could not perform his ablutions without removing his wig, which could not be done in presence of his fellow-servant; but this person, not understanding the motive of so much unnecessary delicacy in a housemaid, was incensed at what she naturally enough regarded as "the hussy's nonsense."

"Hoity toity!" exclaimed cook; "are you so grand a lady that you can't even wash your face before I go out of the kitchen? Indade, then, and I'd see you furdur first, and sure you're losin' a lot of time wid your work. There's the sidewalk for you to sweep and wash, and—there now! there's the milk! Get out now and take in the milk to onest!"

Now Parkin was a young man who, in the late war with the Indians, or indeed in any kind of war, would have marched up to the cannon's mouth or to the sutler's tent as willingly as he would have gone to breakfast. But to go out into the street, in broad daylight, in his present costume? Not for worlds. He lacked the moral courage to do it, and he would not. Mentally bestowing a forcible imprecation on Potthausen, another on me, and a terrible one on his female companion, whom he silently condemned to all the torments of Gehenna, he was suddenly struck with the happy thought that cook might be open to the temptation of the *auri sacra fames*.

"Look here, cook," said Parkin, "I have my reasons for not wishing to go into the street today."

"Have you?" said cook.

The cry of "Milk below!" was heard distinctly in the kitchen, and increased Parkin's misery.

"I have," said Parkin. "Never mind now what they are; I will explain them to you at another time. I wish you to wash the sidewalk for me and take in the milk."

"Milk!" again from the outside.

"You want me to do your work," cried cook. "Well, upon my word, you're about the sassiest and impudent girl I ever lived wid."

"Milk!" was bellowed this time more vehemently than before.

"I'll make it all right with you, cook," said Parkin. "Here," and as he put his hand into the pocket of his dress there came a most vociferous call of "Milk!" from outside, and Mr. Fizzlebury put his head and nightcap over the baluster and, in angry tones, demanded to be informed why that milk had not been taken in; the

man had been calling at the basement door a quarter of an hour.

"Here are two dollars for you, cook," said Parkin, trembling all over. "Take in the milk and wash the sidewalk for me."

Cook stared; but the two-dollar bill was a powerful argument with her, and the work was done. Parkin profited by her absence to take off his wig, place his head under the tap, and enjoy as thorough a washing of his face as the adverse circumstances would allow.

Then there were the knives to be cleaned and the breakfast-table to be laid, all of which was done by cook, who received therefor another dollar.

Fortunately, Mr. Fizzlebury, while taking his breakfast, was intent on the newspaper, and did not notice the awkwardness of Parkin, who waited at table and had about as much as he could do to resist a burning temptation to pitch into Mr. Fizzlebury on the spot, and shake him by way of gratifying his (Parkin's) sense of personal injury. He broke to shivers two plates and a cup and saucer during the ceremony, and Mr. Fizzlebury mildly informed him that the value of those articles would be deducted from his month's wages.

At length Mrs. Fizzlebury rang for breakfast to be taken up into her bedroom. Cook had already placed the meal on a waiter which she desired Parkin to carry up-stairs.

"Where am I to take it to?" inquired Parkin. "To the old woman's bedroom," answered cook.

"What, into her bedroom?" said Parkin.

"Av coorse," answered cook. "You carries up two waiters every mornin'—one into the old woman's room and the other into the daughter's room. You draws the little tables up alongside the beds and you puts the waiters on the tables."

"But, for mercy's sake," said Parkin, "where will the ladies be all that time?"

"Sure, they'll be in their beds," explained the cook; "they never gets up before ten o'clock."

"Look here, cook," said the unhappy Parkin. "Here's a five-dollar bill for you. Invent any falsehood you please. Say, if you like, that I am quite ill and unable to do any work at all until the return of Ar—I mean until this afternoon—and that five-dollar bill is yours."

Cook stared at this new evidence of wealth and prodigality on the part of a servant like herself, and was by no means loath to continue the transaction of private business on the scale which appeared to be the rule that day. But she was a woman, and therefore was inquisitive to know how much money the other girl possessed. She was low-minded and therefore was avaricious.

"You offer me five dollars," said cook, "to go up-stairs and tell a lie for you? I'll not do it!" (Parkin was frightfully perplexed on hearing this.)

"I'd not tell a lie like that for myself," continued cook, "and I'll not tell one for you—under tin dollars!"

Parkin immediately dived again into his pocket and brought up another five-dollar bill. "Get me out of doing what I do not wish to do," said he, "and the ten dollars are yours. But remember! I do no work of any kind until afternoon. Now, get me a bit of steak and a cup of coffee, and I'll eat my breakfast while you go up and get me clear of work until I am ready."

Accordingly, Parkin sat down to breakfast at the point where Mr. Fizzlebury had left off, while cook went up-stairs and, with a very long face, related in detail to Mrs. Fizzlebury how that poor girl down-stairs must have eaten something that had disagreed with her, "for she was quite sick, indade, ma'am, and was groanin' dreadful."

To which, Mrs. Fizzlebury, as became a fashionably charitable woman, answered that if the new girl was ill she had better go home, as she would be of no use in that condition. The which being repeated to Parkin, he returned for answer—and he did it with his mouth full of steak and fried potatoes—that he was too ill to go home now, but would do so this evening—after dark; and, in the meanwhile, he hoped that in the afternoon he would be able to wait on the ladies.

## CHAPTER X.—MONSIEUR COUAC—NOT MONSIEUR DE COUAC.

MONSIEUR COUAC was one of that remarkably large class of persons who come to America because they have "had misfortunes." Monsieur Couac had been very unfortunate in his time, chiefly because, as he expressed it, he had always been misunderstood.

To believe what Monsieur Couac said, one would be convinced that had society been wise enough to understand him, both he and society would have been much the better for it, and America would never have had the satisfaction of affording an asylum to that worthy man. But society everywhere, until he came to America, had entered into a sort of conspiracy not to understand Monsieur Couac, whose motives had always been pure, philanthropic, philosophical.

Born somewhere in the South of France, he had gone to Paris because his fellow-townsmen had so far misunderstood him as to imprison him for some months in revenge for certain acts of his which the court designated as an offense against the law, but which Monsieur Couac (he was only Monsieur Couac till he came to America, when he assumed the prefix *de*) declared was only an unsuccessful attempt to enlarge the bounds of liberty and to aid suffering humanity. In Paris he had undertaken various positions, and had failed because he was always discontented and ambitious of better things. When he was simply a driver of a fiacre he longed to be an assistant in a grocer's shop, as being a position higher in the scale of positions than that of a mere *cocher*. When he did become an assistant grocer, he felt that he was worthy of a better position, and desired to be a shopman in a *magasin* on the Boulevard. Disgusted with this position, as too small a one for his ambition, he aspired to be a banker's clerk, and did at length find employment in that direction. Here, however, he came to grief for misapplying his philanthropic views in the way of touching money which did not belong to him, and he was again put in prison, whence he emerged in the glorious days of the Commune. Then did Monsieur Couac find scope for his ardent philanthropy

and his philosophical love of liberty. The most violent denunciator of society, as the plunderer of the workingman, no more active distributor of kerosene among the monuments designed for destruction was known in Paris than Monsieur Couac. Very fortunately for him he managed to escape from France in female disguise, and made his way to England, carrying with him certain funds which belonged to those workingmen, who were also ardent friends of liberty and philosophical philanthropy.

In England, Monsieur Couac lived comfortably—one might say, even richly—during the short time that the money which he had brought with him lasted. When it was all gone, monsieur spent much time in discussing with certain of his fellow-refugees the important question, if it was right that these *milords*—these miserable English *imbéciles*—should have so much wealth and such fine houses, gardens, equipages and servants, while the true friends of liberty, the philosophical and philanthropic refugees of the glorious Commune who would have regenerated mankind, were left without a sou. However, as the answer to this question could be given only in a philosophical sense, and as nothing short of practical common sense could enable these exiled patriots to obtain bread and meat whereon to exist, they were perforce compelled to find, somewhere, work which would afford the means of living. And Monsieur Couac, the unfortunate, was so fortunate as to obtain employment as a waiter in a coffee-house. In this position he had been running ahead of his old enemy, "Misfortune," for some weeks, when he was again overtaken.

In a public house, one evening, having taken a little too much "portaire-beer," of which he had become inordinately fond in England, he broke into the conversation of certain mechanics who were enjoying ale and pipes; and, in his broken English, descended on the philosophical and philanthropic subject which was dear to his heart. In the course of these remarks he not only lauded the Commune, but spoke of the English laboring men in such polite terms as "brutes without reason," "slaves who were willing to be the tools of capitalists," "cowards, who had not the courage to break their chains and let the miserable aristocracy feel the power of the workingman," etc.

All of which received little attention from the artisans around him, who were discussing among themselves the last Derby, the prospects of the next University boat-race, the new song at a neighboring music-hall, and kindred subjects dear to the hearts of the Johnny Bulls of all classes. But at length, and when Monsieur Couac became more vociferous and more biting in his observations, as angry at not finding any of the company willing to agree or argue with him, or even to listen to him, one of the workmen said to Monsieur Couac: "Here! stow all that rot, and sit down and take a pot of 'alf-an-'alf. We don't know you, and you've been standing there over a quarter of a hour calling us Englishmen names. Now stow it, and be 'ave yourself."

This invitation making Monsieur Couac more furious than ever, he repeated in louder tones all that he had said before—namely, that "the working men of this country are cowards and sels. You don't know your rights and you have not the heart of men to finish your slavery."

"All right," said the workman who had before spoken. "We are cowards and you're a huss and a fool. Now keep quiet and let us hear what we're a-talking about 'ere."

"Ah! you insult me, eh?" cried Monsieur Couac. "Well, zero! I insult you;" and so saying Monsieur Couac threw into the face of the man who had spoken the few drops which remained in the glass from which the liberty-monger had been drinking. Almost in the same instant the artisan had half risen from the bench, his arm had gone out in a straight line from his shoulder like a battering-ram, and Monsieur Couac, bleeding profusely at the nose, was flying over the adjacent chairs in a manner which suggested anything but philanthropy. The artisan immediately sat down again, remarking:

"If you want any more, my fine fellow, there's more where that came from. Bob, you're all wrong about that, I tell you. The *Tizer* says the Cambridge crew this year will be the best that ever showed on the river, and if you back Hoxford you'll lose the pot; now see if you don't; and what's more—"

By this time Monsieur Couac had managed to get on his legs again. His face was bloody, his hair disheveled, his clothing deranged, and his temper ferocious.

"Ah! you have dare to make me a blow, eh! If you are a man of honor you will give me satisfaction. I demand your card—if not, your name on a piece of paper. I have friends here which will be witnesses. Your blood, your life, shall pay to me this *Misérable! scélérat!* I call you to a duel. If you respond not, I proclaim you a *lâche*."

To which apostrophe the artisans present responded with a peal of laughter.

"A duel!" cried they. "Pistols and coffee!" "Oh, law! ain't we frightened, though!" "Waterloo Bridge would be a nice place, now; it's so quiet; or would you prefer Cheapside, sir, at nine o'clock in the morning?" "Calm and comfortable there, sir, at that hour."

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Couac, "you speak to me Waterloo, eh! *Lâche!* Covart! You will not fight? Then I strike you, also, *ignoble!*"

Out went Monsieur Couac's hand, suiting the gesture to the word; but as quick as thought the artisan had parried it, and dealt a counter blow, which again sent the communist to the floor, whence he was picked up by the publican's people and put out into the street.

The result of this encounter was the loss of Monsieur Couac's situation, the coffee-house proprietor declining to retain in office a waiter whose eyes were blackened, betokening, to say the least, a degree of very low life totally inconsistent with the reputation of a respectable house of public entertainment.

Thus thrown on the cold world, Monsieur Couac was, to a further extent, so unfortunate as to be detected in illegal attempts at obtaining money, from the punishment for which offense he escaped by secreting himself on a vessel bound for New

## CHAPTER XI.—MONSIEUR DE COUAC—NOT MONSIEUR COUAC.

ARRIVED in New York, with but very little money in his pocket, Monsieur Couac nevertheless assumed very high airs; and, at the cheap boarding-house to which he resorted, called himself Monsieur de Couac, and exhibited indignation when any fellow-boarder so far forgot himself as to address the newcomer as Monsieur Couac. In common with most Europeans of his class who visit America for the first time, he imagined that he had arrived among a people but half-civilized, to whom he could teach many things and from whom he could not learn anything, but towards whom he would affably condescend. Americans, however, and foreigners who have lived many years in America, know so well how soon this conceit is taken out of the presumptuous stranger, that it is scarcely necessary to say that Monsieur de Couac had not been many weeks in New York before his presumption came to an end simultaneously with his funds.

Cured of this folly, Monsieur de Couac nevertheless thought that a little *tromperie*, in a genteel manner, might be done among the Americans; and accordingly he had his cards printed with the "de" very prominent on them, a coronet on the top which showed his aristocracy, and the modest words "Professeur de la langue Française" underneath, which showed his need of employment. In this capacity he taught, in partial payment of his board and lodging, two children of his landlady, who procured him other pupils, possibly from motives of benevolence, possibly as a means of enabling him to pay the remainder of her weekly charges. Armed with credentials from these scholars and their families, he extended his business by applications for further employment based on his "misfortunes," as an unhappy nobleman who had fled his country for political reasons, and especially because he could not remain in his beloved France and daily see her under the heel of the conqueror. Finding, however, that many of his countrymen—far more honorable and more discerning than he—monopolized much of the French teaching that was to be done in New York, he hit on the happy expedient of combining music with philology, and announced himself also as a singing-master. He accordingly had new cards printed, on which he styled himself (always with the ornamental coronet on the top):

## MONSIEUR DE COUAC,

Professeur du chant et de la langue Française.

On one fortunate occasion he met Mr. Fizzlebury, and presented his card and his credentials. Mr. Fizzlebury, snobbish by nature, and stingy by habit, was struck not only with pride at the idea of assisting to support a nobleman, but also with the economy of—if I may say so—killing two birds with one stone; in other words, of being enabled to engage for Miss Arabella a master of singing, and a master of French in one and the same person. Monsieur de Couac was, accordingly, engaged to impart what he knew of singing, which was very little, and what he knew of French, which was, perhaps, too much, to the young lady.

Monsieur de Couac, however, had not been so engaged more than one quarter, when Mamma Fizzlebury observed, and imparted to Papa Fizzlebury that the count was somewhat too tender and too assiduous in his attentions to Miss Arabella, and that the young lady appeared to be rather too responsive to the nobleman's advances. Here was a point on which Monsieur de Couac and Mr. Fizzlebury were directly at issue. Monsieur de Couac did not care a snap of his finger for Miss Fizzlebury, as *Miss Fizzlebury*, but he cared a great deal for the rich man's daughter, as an *heir*. Mr. Fizzlebury, on the other hand, did not care for a son-in-law as a learned or scientific man, but he very much cared to find for his daughter a husband who had both wealth and position. He, therefore, dismissed Monsieur de Couac from the further teaching of either French or music to his daughter; but he kept the reason of his so doing to himself. It hurt his pride to let any one know that a penniless teacher—even though he was a count—had presumed to look on Miss Fizzlebury as a possible wife. With this feeling, and as a wise and benevolent man, he refrained from informing Mr. Wobbleham, to whom he had recommended the Count de Couac, of the audacious pretensions of that poor foreigner, and suffered him to continue his visits to Miss Wobbleham. The truth was that Mr. Fizzlebury would have warmly welcomed the Count de Couac as a nobleman if he had been rich, or would have been most happy to favor the suit of wealthy young Potthausen if he had been a nobleman.

Arabella, who had really fallen in love with the adventurer, chiefly because he was a count, was very much vexed at his dismissal; but consoled herself with the reflection that she could occasionally see him at Miss Wobbleham's, and could constantly communicate with him by letter through the agency of that facile friend.

On the day, then, when Miss Arabella, availing herself of the opportunity furnished by there being no housemaid, had made this a pretext for dining at her Aunt Keduser's, she had received through the private post-office over the way a most important letter from the count, the last of many that she had received during the month through the same channel of communication, and, indeed, the last that the count ever wrote to her.

It followed hard upon one which he had had the temerity to address to Mr. Fizzlebury only the day before, and, which, among other absurdities expressed "my idolatrie for your most adorable daughter, which I desire most profoundly to espouse, and which I shall cherish of all my heart."

This eloquent appeal was indignantly repelled by Mr. Fizzlebury who did not even deign to answer it. The substance of the count's letter direct to Miss Arabella, through Miss Wobbleham, was as follows:

"MOST CHARMING MEES: I wish not to depreciate your estimable father in your eyes; but the voice of nature shall be for us the voice of



destiny. We love ourselves; we shall make us happy forever. I again once place at your amiable feet the homages the most tender, the most sincere of my heart too sensitive. I say to you of all the strength of my soul let us fly ourselves. I will elope you this evening at nine hours, when a carriage will be in the before of the door of the house of thy father, my angel of the heaven, when thou and me and my servant (who is in my confidence, and will call to you to-morrow in the afternoon by a pretext to arrange with you), we will all drive away to the holy clergy gentleman, which shall bestow thy cherished hand on me, the happy one. Thy father despises me, but that is me which shall create thy happiness." With much other drivell of the same kind, which the romantic Miss Arabella regarded as the most beautiful amatory poetry ever written.

#### CHAPTER XII.—THE NEW GIRL SERIOUSLY AT WORK UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

COOK continued, as the day wore on, to do her own work and also that which properly had devolved on Parkin, who zealously kept out of Mrs. Fizzlebury's way, and grew more and more anxious as the hour approached, when it was expected that Miss Arabella would return home. But at about one o'clock in the afternoon a fresh horror took possession of the unhappy young man's mind. As he sat dozing, with his elbow on the arm of the broken kitchen-chair, his person imbedded in the hole where the seat ought to have been, and his face resting on his open hand, the falling forward of his head in his partial sleep revealed to him, as his cheek slipped over his palm, that—oh, heaven! his face was rough. His beard was re-appearing. His hair was dark, and the slightest beard upon his face would be immediately perceptible. Here was a new dilemma. He would certainly be discovered and dismissed with ignominy, if, indeed, he were not handed over to the police as an insolent impostor. What was to be done?

He, however, bethought him that money had, so far, led him out of difficulty. He would try the aid of money again. He once more addressed himself to the cook.

"Cook," said he, "would you go out on an errand for me?"

"Where to?" inquired cook.

"Hush!" cried Parkin. "Here are five dollars. Go to any shop in the neighborhood where they sell cutlery, and buy me a razor—a sharp one!"

Now cook already regarded the new girl as an insoluble enigma, and was prepared for almost any request from her, accompanied by a legal tender. But hearing a fellow-servant—a housemaid—a woman—deliberately and seriously demand so un-feminine an article as a razor, was too much for the cook's feelings.

"Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed. "What in the world would you do with a razor?"

"Never do you mind," answered Parkin. "Go and do as I tell you."

"Is it murder you're thinkin' of?" resumed the cook, in horror. "Is it murder you've got in your mind this minute? And av it's on me you're goin' to try it, my girl, you won't do it now; mind that."

"Don't speak so loud," whispered Parkin, in an agony. "It isn't anything wrong I want the razor for; but I must have it, and that's all I have to say to you. I'm not goin' to hurt you."

"Tut!" said cook. "I'm not afraid of you nor of the likes of you; but av it's not me you're goin' to hurt, who is it?"

"Hush!" responded Parkin. "I'm not goin' to hurt anybody, but I must have a razor immediately. Did you never hear tell of steel-wine as a medicine?"

"I did," replied cook.

"And don't you know that steel-wine is made from the very best of steel, and that's razors?"

"Is it?" said cook.

"It is," replied Parkin.

"And are you takin' steel-wine?" inquired cook.

"I am," said Parkin.

"Give me the money," said cook; which Parkin did, and she departed, returning in a few minutes to find Mrs. Fizzlebury in the kitchen, and Parkin with his handkerchief up to his face and moaning as in pain.

"You had better go home," said Mrs. Fizzlebury. "You're of no use whatever here; go home."

"So I will, ma'am," muttered Parkin, "when the pain goes away a little, ma'am. I often have these spells on me, ma'am."

"Here's your physic," said cook to Parkin. "I thought it better for you and safer ivery way to get it for you ready made." And she handed to Parkin, to his unutterable disgust, a little phial, labeled *Steel Wine*, with about half the change to which he was justly entitled.

Parkin scowled, but dared not make any remark in the presence of Mrs. Fizzlebury, who, mistaking the scowl for an evidence of nausea, whispered to the cook her belief that the new girl was drunk. To which cook replied:

"Indade, ma'am, I don't know but you're right. I can't make out what ails her at all, and I'm very glad to hear that she's goin' away before night, anyway."

Mrs. Fizzlebury left the kitchen soon after this conversation; and she had scarcely shut the door behind her when Parkin, who could no longer contain his anger, dashed the phial of steel-wine on the kitchen floor and danced upon the pieces till he had ground them to powder. In this performance he was interrupted by the sound of the door-bell.

"What bell is that?" he inquired.

"That's the door-bell," said cook. "I'll go to it." Which she did, and, on her return, she announced to Parkin that Miss Arabella had come home.

Parkin was indeed overjoyed at learning that Miss Arabella had returned. His martyrdom would now soon be over. He would see the young lady immediately, perform his mission, send cook out for a carriage, and quit, in state, that accursed kitchen for ever. His malady was entirely gone now, and his usually good spirits had returned to him.

"Cook!" cried he, "what can I do for you?"

"Pale them pitatoes," answered cook. And Parkin willingly peeled them. Then was heard the tinkling of one of the little bells directly over where he was sitting.

"Whose bell is that?" inquired the new girl, nervously.

"That's Miss Arabella's bell," replied cook. "I suppose I'll have to answer it, seein' as you can't."

"Oh, yes, I can, cook," said Parkin, and would have jumped from the chair but that his being somewhat fastened in the hole where the seat should have been detained him. Extricating himself, he repeated to the cook that he was quite well now and would go up-stairs at once. Scarcely had he so said, however, when a recollection of his growing beard and mustache made him pause on the very threshold of his enterprise. He passed his hand rapidly over his chin and lips. There was no mistake about it; the hairs were tangible and must certainly be visible. What should he do? "Hold!" said Parkin to himself. "I've been ill all the day. I'll tie up my face in my handkerchief," and he did so. And not for worlds would he venture to describe to you what Parkin looked like with that handkerchief under his chin and tied in a little knot on the top of his red wig.

"Which room is it?" inquired Parkin.

"The second floor back," answered cook; and Parkin, catching up his skirts under his arms, strode up-stairs in a state of nervous anxiety.

(To be continued.)

#### CHRISTMAS EVE IN WALL STREET.

##### LIVELY TIMES IN THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

AN effort was made by the members of the Stock Exchange in this city to induce the Governing Committee to keep Monday, December 24th as a holiday. The petition was, however, refused, and on the day before Christmas the brokers, as soon as they arrived down-town went, with evidently premeditated unanimity, to a convenient store, where each was fitted out with a tin-horn, a huge dinner-bell, a large whistle, a wooden racket, or some equally discordant instrument. Half-a-dozen rubber foot-balls and an extensive assortment of false-faces and small paper-bags of flour had also been provided. Thus armed, the brokers filed solemnly into the Exchange, the gallery of which had previously been filled with spectators, both ladies and gentlemen, in anticipation of the fun. A large number of ladies had also been admitted to the floor for the first time in the history of the Exchange. As soon as the gong sounded for the beginning of business the horns and bells and whistles and rackets were produced, and a combined noise made that nearly lifted the roof. The foot-balls then appeared, and the crashing of the glass globes of the chandeliers was added to the din. The chairman rapped in vain for order. The sound of his gavel was silenced in the renewed efforts of the horn-blowers and bell-ringers, and a ball, propelled by a vigorous kick, struck him squarely in the breast and knocked him back in his chair. Finally, after fining about fifty persons five dollars each, he gave up the contest and ordered the remaining globes removed for safety. The flour bags then began to fly about, and the place soon looked as though it were in the midst of a snowstorm. Many of the brokers were whitened from head to foot, while the clothing of others displayed great patches of white, like suns, with rays spreading out in every direction. Some of the boys found an old partition in a lumber-room, and, catching it by the ends, they swept around the floor like a whirlwind, compelling the younger and more agile to perform circus feats and knocking the legs out from under the aged and more obese members. Meantime, the game of foot-ball was kept up, the evident object of the kickers being to carom on somebody else. Some of the ladies' hats were rather roughly visited. Each good strike was greeted with a yell of delight and a fresh blast on the fishhorns and a renewed clangor of bells and rattle of rackets. Soon the number of foot-balls became too limited for the eagerness of the brokers, and they used each other's hats instead; in fact, these seemed to be preferred to the genuine article. A diversion was created by the introduction of a blind fiddler and an organ-grinder. These were stationed in the centre of the floor and ordered to strike up the assemblage forming around in a ring and accompanying the music on the horns, whistles, bells and rackets. Afterward a collection was taken up, and they were sent away rejoicing. Messrs. De Burwell, Pondir, Davis, Denny, McCormick, Sherwood, Starr, Doubleday, Nathan, Cary, Trichel, Combs and Wheeler then improvised a cake-walk for a large New-Year's cake. The efforts of the contestants were provocative of much laughter. The judges could not decide as to the victor, so the cake was broken up, and each person entering was awarded a slice. As the hours advanced the fun became more furious. Lassoes made their appearance, and many unfortunates were rather roughly treated. At 10 o'clock the Exchange adjourned, and the members, all looking more or less the worse for wear, went to the neighboring saloons and barber-shops to brush up and recuperate.

#### TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO SENATOR

##### GORDON,

BY CITIZENS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THERE has been manufactured in Charleston, South Carolina, for presentation to John B. Gordon, United States Senator from Georgia, a superb testimonial in solid sterling silver, taking the form of a massive coffee and tea set. The design is Grecian in style, the body of the vessels having the form of a heart, on a base of similar form and just proportions. The covers or lids are each surmounted with a finely-chased double figure of the shields of Georgia and South Carolina united by a knot of silver ribbon, typical of close union and friendship between the two States, and supporting a palmetto-tree in gold, with the characteristic foliage and surface of the trunk wrought to the life in miniature.

The description given above applies alike to the coffee urn, teapot and sugar bowl, the open vessels, cream pitcher and bowl, being gold lined, and the massive salver, of twenty-six inches diameter, being engraved with the palmetto in a bit of landscape in each of its four quarters, in addition to a profusion of decorative conventional forms cover-

ing the surface, feet, handles and borders. The body and convex surface of the pieces are satin-finished with extraordinary delicacy, which is set off by the brilliant burnishing of the zones of concave and flat surface, and enriched again with ornate bands or borders of bas-relief, in chaste and elegant patterns. All the handles are covered with the triumphal emblem of laurel richly chased. The spouts are gracefully relieved and supported by a scroll bracket, and a knotted sash, flung, as it were, around; and the lever of the coffee faucet is in the novel disguise of an open-work frame standing like the back of an ornamental music-rest, and bending forward on its hinges when the faucet is to be opened. The base of the urn is in the Renaissance style, ornamented with rich chasing and supported on four legs, accomplishing the most difficult and most rarely satisfactory part of a tableware design with admirable success. Every piece bears on the obverse the monogram "J. B. G." in raised gold *appliqué*, and on the reverse the following engraved inscription:

Presented to  
GEN. JOHN B. GORDON,  
of  
Georgia,  
By some of his many friends in  
South Carolina,  
In grateful remembrance of his sympathy and aid in  
Restoring to their State the rights of  
Self-government.  
1876-1877.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Specific Gravity of Frozen Mercury.**—The density of frozen mercury has been determined by Mallet to be 14.19. He put a weighed quantity in a flask, froze it in alcohol, and determined its specific gravity by calculation. The density at ordinary temperatures is 13.59, great contraction taking place in the act of solidification.

**Gases Evolved by Fruits.**—If we examine the gas contained in sound fruit we shall find it composed of oxygen and nitrogen in the same proportions as constitute the atmosphere. If the skin becomes torn a species of combustion takes place, the oxygen combines to form carbonic acid, and a true fermentation sets in. Hence the popular notion that decaying fruits in cellars contaminate the air appears to be well founded.

**A Parasite of the Oyster.**—At the mouths of several American rivers the pollen of a plant gives nourishment to a worm which introduces itself as a parasite into oysters and renders them unfit for food. The oyster attacked by the parasite becomes completely black. On some full-grown specimens, when cut in pieces, a large number of living worms were found. The origin of the evil is traced to some piles which were driven by a railroad company for laying a track. The wood gave support to the peculiar vegetable containing the parasite, and thus the mischief was begun. Oyster-beds in these vicinities will have to be entirely abandoned.

**Artificial Culture of Oysters.**—A belief has been widely spread that wherever there was a coast and seawater, oyster-beds could be established and quantities of oysters could annually be obtained without much trouble, but the experience of many persons engaged in the business shows that something more than coast and salt-water is necessary, and that temperature and other conditions must be studied. An attempt was made to establish artificial beds on the Baltic by the planting of 50,000 oysters near the Island of Rügen, but after two years not a single one remained alive. The French have been more successful, and we are indebted to them for valuable details of the biology, the peculiarities and the life-conditions of oysters.

**The Use of Dynamite in Arctic Explorations.**—The reports of Captain Nares, commander of the English expedition to the North Pole, point out several novel applications of recent scientific inventions. The electric light will transform into day the unbroken night of five months, while dynamite will open the way across barriers of ice hitherto regarded as impassable. It is only necessary to lay the cartridges on the surface, and their explosion will rapidly create a passage. When great masses of ice are encountered they can be rapidly pierced by tunnels. By causing the simultaneous explosion of several charges it is possible to open up free channels for the passage of ships. If Captain Nares had resorted to these expedients it is believed that he would have reached the Pole in safety.

**Preparation of Oxygen Gas without Heat.**—Professor Zinno, of the University of Naples, recommends a simple method for the preparation of oxygen without the necessity of heat. He mixes together one part, by weight, of bin-oxide of barium, and two parts of hypochlorite of lime (bleaching powders)—both in a fine powder and stirred up in a small quantity of water. He found that by employing five grammes of the barium salt and ten grammes of the hypochlorite he obtained more than three liters of gas in the cold, and, on applying heat, two liters in addition, affording altogether 5.35 liters from this small mixture. This method is quite as convenient as the zinc and sulphuric acid process employed for the generation of hydrogen, and for medical purposes cannot fail to prove very acceptable.

**Zircon Instead of Lime for the Oxyhydrogen Light.**—Professor Draper, of the College of New York, advocates the use of cylinders of zirconia for the oxyhydrogen light in such cases as the employment of the microscope to throw objects on the screen for lecture demonstrations. A high brilliancy, with the least variability in the light, and a fixity of its position in the optical axis of the apparatus, are needed for success. Professor Draper gives the following reasons for believing that the oxy-zirconium light fulfills all requirements better than any other known light: "It has the intrinsic brilliancy, the fixity of position in the optical axis of the apparatus, and it does not volatilize under the heat employed. The condensing lenses remain free from deposit, and after the light is once adjusted, the experimenter can carry on his demonstrations without the distraction of his attention that attends the use of the other light." The great cost of the zircon cylinders must stand in the way of their introduction for anything but scientific purposes.

**Hydrophobia in Germany.**—An interesting case is reported from Germany of the successful treatment of hydrophobia with the terrible drug curare, which paralyzes the motor nerves, though without affecting the sensitive nerves, and so stops muscular convulsion. The somewhat daring experiment was made by Doctor Offenburger, who treated the case at Münster, in Westphalia. The patient, a peasant girl, was bitten by a mad dog on the 23d of July, but the symptoms of hydrophobia did not come on till the 16th of October, when morphia and chloroform were tried in vain. Doctor Offenburger then injected three centigrammes of curare, an injection five times repeated, though not always in quite equal quantity, during the next four and a half hours. The convulsions began to diminish after the second injection and soon disappeared; paralysis of the chest was prevented by artificial inspiration, and in a fortnight the girl was quite well again. The remedy is a terrible one, but the disease is still more so, so that the success of any remedy will be to the public a relief.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MRS. BUTLER, wife of the South Carolina Senator, is the daughter of ex-Governor Pickens, of that State.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, the talented authoress, has returned to Washington, after an absence of nearly two years.

EX-MINISTER PIRREPOINT is coming home immediately, but Mrs. Pirrepoint will spend the Winter at Oxford, with her son, who is a student there.

At the palace of the Captain-General of Havana great preparations are being made for the celebration of the wedding of the King of Spain next month.

CONGRESSMAN TUCKER, of Virginia, will soon receive from Congressman Keifer, of Ohio, the sword which in 1865 General Tucker surrendered to General Keifer.

MR. JOSEPH COOK, it is reported, has been made an honorary member of a Philosophic Society of Great Britain; and has, moreover, been invited to lecture in London.

CARDINAL MANNING has been so prostrated by his bronchitis that he cannot at present either return to England or go to Rome; he has been ordered to the South of France.

MR. WILLIAM E. DARWIN, eldest son of the naturalist, was married in London, November 29th, to Sarah Price Ashburner, daughter of the late Theodore Sedgwick, of New York.

THE CZAR is said to be a good linguist. He delights in French novels, plays and music. He is a man of great goodness of heart, and is said never to have quarreled with a personal friend.

THE two ladies among the wives of Senators to whom all award the supremacy in beauty are Mrs. Conover, of Florida, and Mrs. Dorsey, of Arkansas. Mrs. Dorsey is a native of Ohio, and Mrs. Conover of New Jersey.

THE Indian shawls which Queen Victoria always gives as presents at titled English marriages come from the Maharajah of Cashmere, and are a part of the tribute which he has to pay to the "Empress of India" every year.

A BULKY biography is now being published at St. Petersburg of "Lord Beaconsfield Disraeli," the magnitude of which may be estimated from the fact that the first volume, which only carries the Premier's life down to 1846, consists of 750 pages.

LADY ALEXANDER recently unveiled a monument to King Robert Bruce at Stirling. The monument occupies a commanding position in front of Stirling Castle, being placed on a spot whence may be seen a portion of the battle-fields of Stirling Bridge and Bannockburn.

FARLEY, the new California Senator, is not a silver man. He is very rich, and one of the principal owners of the great Amador quartz lode, which produces nothing but gold. After a delicate investigation of his conscience, he declared himself in favor of the single standard.

QUEEN VICTORIA has presented to the town of Heywood, Lancashire, twenty acres of land for the purposes of a public park. The money has been set apart by the Queen out of a sum exceeding £10,000 which fell to her as Duchess of Lancaster through the death, without heirs, of Mr. C. M. Newhouse, of Heywood.

Not only Cannon Farrar, of the English Church, is preaching against the doctrine of hell, but Dean Stanley has taken the same position. The Dean preached a long and eloquent sermon to a large congregation at Westminster, which is likely to attract a good deal of attention, and perhaps to create controversy.

MR. W. W. STORY will return to Rome in January. He is accompanied by one of his sons, a young man of twenty-two, who visits his father's native country for the first time. Mr. Story has two other children—one is a student at Oxford, in England, and the other, a daughter, is married and settled in Florence.

In an account of the house and the habits of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, the London *World* cites among the usual guests at his lordship's lively dinners the pleasant presence of the eminent counsel who has eclipsed his fame as an American statesman by those achievements which have placed him in the front rank of English commercial lawyers, Mr. Benjamin Q. C.

OUR expression of curiosity last week as to the probable treatment the defeated Osman Pasha would encounter at the hands of the Russian Government has been quickly satisfied. A Bucharest dispatch of December 28th states that he is to be court-martialed for slaughtering wounded Russians. The crippled and discomfited Moslem hero may yet regret that he did not anticipate his fate by suicide.

It appears the Czar was at Tutehenitz when an officer of Uhlaus brought the news: "Plevna is at your Majesty's feet"; to which His Majesty is said to have replied: "But the war is not yet over, for all that." The Emperor went to the army, greeted the troops, and kissed Prince Charles, calling him cousin. He then embraced Todeben, the Chief of the Staff; Imeretinsky and Granetzky, commanding the Second Corps, saying to them: "This is all due to you, above all to thee, Edward Ivanikoff Todeben."

GIRARDIN is lodged like a king. He owns and lives in one of the mansions near the Arc. His drawing-room is built on the colossal scale of Versailles. It would hold a public meeting. It is very richly furnished, but being too vast to be tricked out in the ordinary way, its knick-knacks are busts, bronzes and huge paintings by Delacroix. Running parallel to it is a long gallery containing more pictures and bronzes and book-shelves, flanked, drolly enough, by busts of the past and present Mesdames de Girardin.

MRS. J. W. MACKAY's house, where General Grant was recently entertained in Paris, is described as a fairy palace. The hotel on the Rue de Tilsit, commanding a view of the Arc de Triomphe, is built around three sides of a square, forming the inner court that was so magnificently transformed into an entrance hall. On the ground floor is the Pompeian suite, comprising a breakfast-room, an aviary and an aquarium, and a smoking-room. The walls are exquisitely painted in fresco with a reproduction of the most celebrated of the wall decorations of Pompeii. The carpets, the furniture, the china, the hangings, are accurate and beautiful reproductions of ancient models. A broad and stately staircase leads to the second floor, where are situated the reception-rooms, the large drawing-room, and the dining room. The dining-room is paneled and draped with golden-olive brocade satin, the woodwork dark, with a light relieving of golden lines. On the evening when General Grant was there, the hostess received her guests in a small drawing-room, hung with blue satin and furnished with Gobelins tapestry. This room opened into the spacious hall-room, the fireplace of which was filled with a colossal bouquet of violets and camellias, with the letter "G" in white camellias in the centre.





NEW YORK CITY.—THE MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE INDULGING IN A HOLIDAY FROLIC ON THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.—SEE PAGE 337.



## EULALIA PERREZ,

## THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

AMONG the remarkable objects to which the members of the Frank Leslie Transcontinental Excursion had their attention attracted, while in California last Spring, not the least interesting was the venerable lady whose name heads this article, and whose portrait is likewise given on this page. A lively account of an interview with this survivor of one hundred and forty Summers is given in Mrs. Frank Leslie's recent book, "From Gotham to the Golden Gate," from which we transcribe the following extracts:

While in San Francisco we had been shown the photograph of Eulalia Perrez, of Los Angeles—the oldest woman in the world—and now finding ourselves in the close vicinity, we resolved on paying her a visit. Mr. Baldwin accordingly drove us to her house, a quaint old brown adobe structure, with a projecting roof sloping steeply from the centre, and two or three old wine-vats built against the walls.

We mounted to a piazza, where we were met by a very pretty and very typical Spanish girl, wearing a high comb and speaking English with a very charming accent. She showed us into a sitting-room, and, having sent to call the old lady, entertained us to the best of her ability, informing us that she was Señora Eulalia's great-granddaughter, her grandmother, the youngest grandchild, being sixty-five years old; her own father is an American, named Michael White; her great-grandmother's age, she said, was about one hundred and forty; "but old as she is, she cannot speak a word of English," added she, with conscious pride in her own proficiency. She said the old lady was always cheerful and sweet-tempered, although growing a trifle childish.

Presently she went out and returned with her great-grandmother upon her arm, a short, shrunken figure, dressed in a dark calico shirt and sacque, with a gray shawl and gay carpet-slippers, her head queerly covered by a close-fitting black merino hood with a white kerchief inside, and no hair visible even upon the forehead; her skin was almost as dark as a mulatto's, and seamed with a million fine wrinkles. Her eyes were shrunken to such a degree as to give the impression of having disappeared altogether, leaving only two narrow loopholes, red as fire, and uncanny to look upon; but she presently gave a proof that the power of discriminating sight remained, for, after having talked with me for some time, she inquired if I were married, and, being answered in the affirmative, demanded to which of the gentlemen present.

The Chief stood at the further end of the room, speaking with a friend in the party, and indicating him, I said, "The gentleman with gray hair." "Yes," replied Eulalia quickly, "but there are two gentlemen with gray hair; which is yours?" Then surveying first the one; and then the other, she exclaimed rather impatiently, "Well, I should not think you need have married a man with white hair," and added some comments upon my appearance, which showed that at least her sight was perfect, whatever may be thought of her taste and judgment. She seemed quite delighted at my speaking to her in Spanish, and kept up the conversation in an eager and animated manner, and with a strength of voice and quickness of hearing

\* Just published by G. W. Carlton & Co., New York.



EULALIA PERREZ, OF LOS ANGELES, CAL., THE OLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

quite extraordinary, accompanying her words with marked gesticulations.

She wore a brown rosary about her neck, and, on my referring to her being a good Catholic, said that by the crucifix she had learned the lesson of how to live and, she hoped, how to die. She had been married twice, and said that in her youth she had many lovers, but could not decide which of

them to marry until the *padre* interfered and insisted that she must make a choice, which she accordingly did; but was left a widow, and again she made a selection, and one based on maturer judgment, and she had been even happier in her second nuptials than in her first.

When asked her age, she counted on her fingers ten, twenty, thirty, and so on, up to one hundred

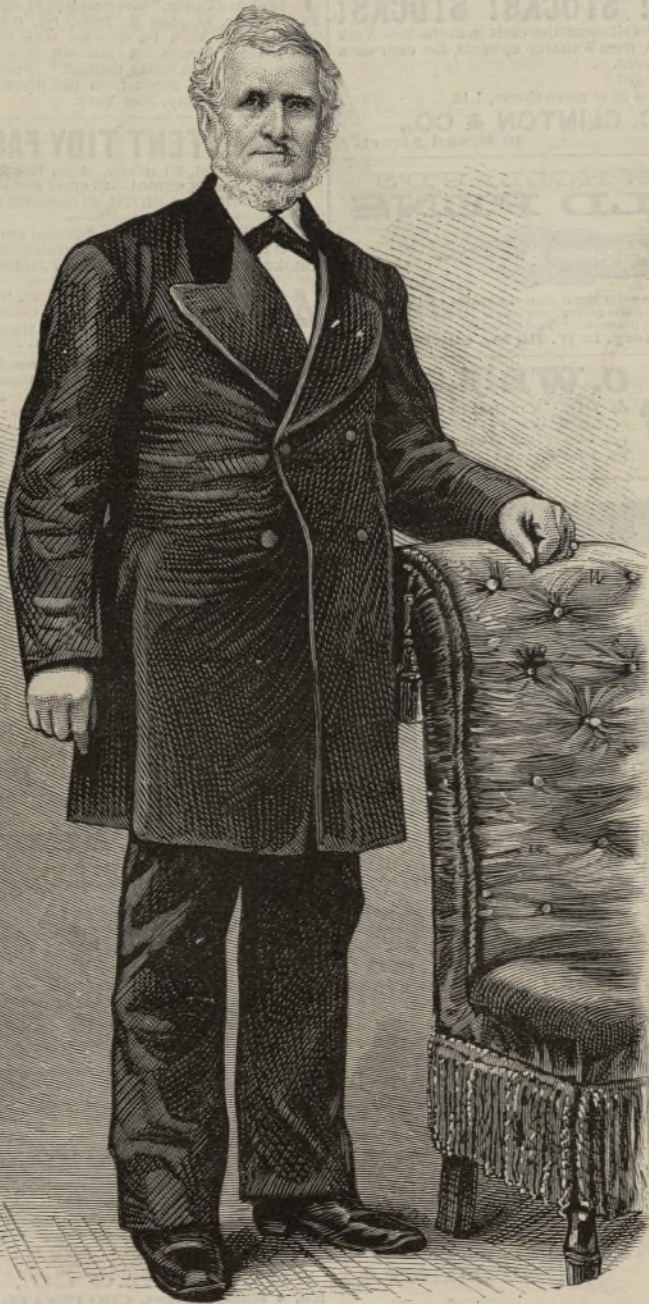
and forty, and it is certain, and on record, that when the present church of the Mission of San Gabriel was built, in 1771, she was a married woman with three children. She has three daughters and two sons alive, and grandchildren eighty years old, all settled around the Mission, and she lives with all of them alternately, going to church regularly every Sunday.

Two years ago she executed a piece of fine embroidery for sale at a fair, and still uses her needle constantly. It was proposed to take her to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and she actually went as far as the cars, when some of her relatives, to whom she is a revenue, interfered, and brought her home again. Perhaps it was as well, for she has never been in all her long life further than eight miles from Loreto, her birthplace, and the fatigue and excitement would, no doubt, have been a risk. By the time she had told all this, we feared that the dear old lady, who, by-the-way, was most exquisitely neat, might be tired, although she gave no signs of fatigue, and so rose to take our leave. She appeared really sorry to have us go, and followed us quite out to the carriage, bidding the spokeswoman an especial good-by with a prettily turned Spanish compliment, not only upon my appearance, but what she called my amiability in visiting and talking to and cheering a poor old woman. Pressing my hand in a firm, almost virile manner, she gently uttered in sweet, pure Spanish the blessing which comes with such authority and sanctity from aged lips, and we parted with mutual regret.

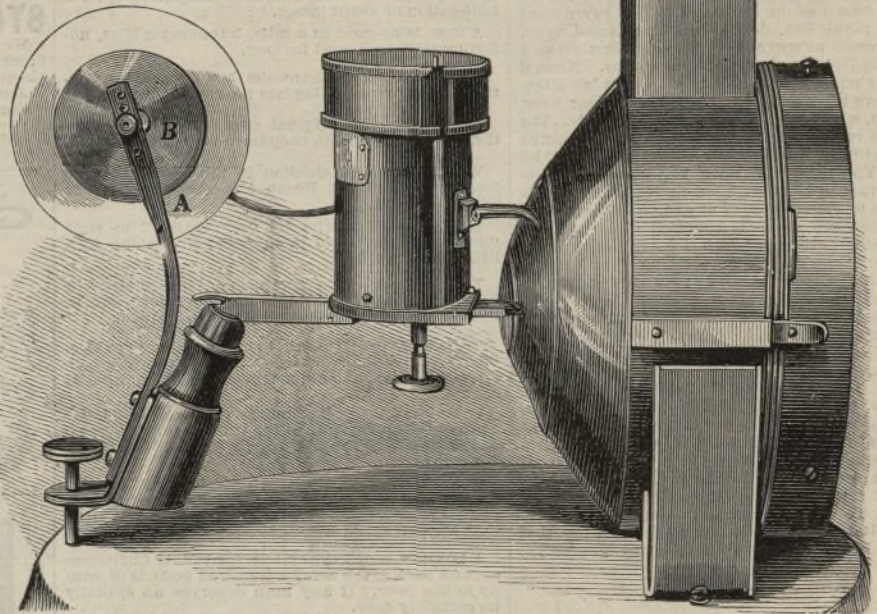
## JOHN TAYLOR,

## PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON TWELVE APOSTLES.

SINCE the death of Brigham Young the affairs of the Mormon Church in Utah and throughout the world have been managed by a body of twelve men known as The Apostles. Their President is an Englishman named John Taylor, whose portrait we publish in another place. He was born in Wintthrop, Westmoreland, on November 1st, 1808, and removed to Canada in 1832, where he soon after was married. In 1836 he became a convert to the Mormon doctrines taught by the famous apostle, Parley P. Pratt, and, embracing that faith, he forthwith emigrated to Far West Missouri, where the Mormons were building up the New Jerusalem. He was soon elevated to the apostleship as a member of the twelve. In 1839 he worked as a missionary in England and on the Isle of Man with great success. In 1841 he returned to the headquarters of the Church at Nauvoo, Illinois, and succeeded the Prophet Smith in the management of a Mormon periodical called *The Times and Seasons*. He was a devoted friend to Smith, and when the latter and his brother were incarcerated in Carthage Jail, Taylor volunteered to share with them



JOHN TAYLOR, PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON TWELVE APOSTLES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. B. SAVAGE, SALT LAKE CITY.



CAPTAIN BOUTELLE'S IMPROVED MAGNESIUM LAMP FOR NIGHT-SIGNALING, ADOPTED BY THE U. S. COAST SURVEY.—SEE PAGE 330.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO U. S. SENATOR J. B. GORDON, OF GEORGIA, BY CITIZENS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 327.



their prison life; and at the time of their death he received four balls in his body, and a fifth ball, striking him in his breast pocket, knocked him down and thus saved his life. In 1846 he joined the exodus of Mormons to the Rocky Mountains. In 1849 he was sent to introduce Mormonism into France, and he published an edition of "The Book of Mormon" in Paris, but made very few converts. In 1854 he was appointed to preside over the disciples in the Eastern States, and made New York his headquarters, publishing a weekly paper, *The Mormon*, here until it was discontinued by order of Brigham Young at the outbreak of the Mormon rebellion in 1857. Since then Taylor has remained chiefly in Utah, and has been a prominent legislator. He has a very large family, having had at one time six or seven wives and a host of children.

#### IMPROVED MAGNESIUM LIGHT FOR NIGHT SIGNALING.

THE United States Coast Survey has just adopted a remarkable apparatus, the invention of Captain O. C. Bouteille, for burning magnesium to produce an artificial light. It is arranged so as to send a ray of intensified light in any given direction. The reflector is closed by a door carrying a Meniscas lens, while the ribbon—the form of magnesium best adapted for burning—is lighted by a *porte feu*, which passes through an aperture in the side of the reflector, thus avoiding an exposure of the flame to irregular currents of air. At the base of the reflector are holes, through which air is supplied for the combustion, and through which the oxide, or magnesia of the drug-stores, escapes.

From official tests it appears that this light can be seen at a distance of sixty-five miles, and it is, therefore, a most admirable aid in night signaling. Where the curvature of the earth's surface cuts off vision at a distance of twelve miles, this light is so brilliant as to be readily distinguishable from all others. The magnesium ribbon burns in an eight-inch parabolic reflector, and is delivered by clock-work at the rate of fifteen inches per minute.

In our illustration, A represents a paper reel of one ounce or forty-four and a half yards of ribbon, and B a brass plate holding the reel as it revolves. The lamp was manufactured in London, but was altered and arranged for geodetic night signaling by Captain Bouteille.

This application is particularly valuable at the present time, when scientists are experimenting with devices to produce a powerful and lasting light for lighthouses and ships as well as passenger and freight steamers and sailing vessels, to illumine the ocean pathway when darkness and fog prevail.

#### How Much can a Man Read?

THE longest single poem extant is an Italian poem, the "Adone" of Marini, who lived in the time of King James I. It contains 45,000 lines. As for Spain, one single author of the seventeenth century, Lopes de Vega, wrote 1,800 plays; his works altogether fill forty-seven quarto volumes. Alonso Tostado, a Spanish bishop of the fifteenth century, wrote nearly forty folios, having covered with print three times as many leaves as he had lived days. To come to England, William Prynne wrote 200 different works. Chalmers's collected edition of the English poets only comes down to Cowper, who died in 1800, and it fills twenty-one volumes royal 8vo, double columns, small type. The volumes average 700 pages. This gives a total of 14,700 pages, or 29,400 columns. Now, it takes four minutes to read a column with fair attention. Here is a good year's work in reading over, only once, a selection from the English poets. The amount of reading which a student can get through in a given time scarcely admits of being measured by the ell. The rate of reading varies with the subject, the rapid glance with which we skim the columns of a newspaper being at one end of the scale, and the slow sap which is required for a page of, say, Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" being at the other. Still, just to get something to go upon, make a calculation in this way: Suppose a man to be able to read eight hours a day. No one can really sustain receptive or critical attention to written matter for eight hours. But take eight hours as the outside possibility. Thirty pages 8vo is an average hour's read, taking one book with another. This would make 240 pages per day, 1,680 per week, and 87,360 pages in the year. Taking the average thickness of an 8vo volume as 400 pages only, the quantity of reading which a diligent student can get over in a year is no more than an amount equal to about 220 volumes 8vo. Of course this is a merely mechanical computation, by which we cannot pretend to gauge mental processes. But we may be worth while knowing that the merely mechanical limit of study is some 220 volumes 8vo per annum.

#### A Quaker's Subterfuge.

A good story is told of a shipowner of Liverpool, which will bear repeating. Our merchant was a Quaker, and prided himself on his honesty. He would not have told a downright falsehood to save the value of his best ship. Jacob Penn was his name.

Once upon a time Friend Jacob suffered one of his ships to set sail from Calcutta for home without any insurance upon either vessel or cargo. At length he became uneasy. He was confident his ship had encountered bad weather, and he feared for her safety. In this strait he went to his friend Isaac. He called him Friend, though I am under the impression that Isaac was of the children of Israel.

"Friend Isaac," he said, "I would like for thee to insure my ship which is at sea. I should have done it before, but have carelessly neglected it. If thee canst have the policy signed, all ready for delivery, at three o'clock on the afternoon of the morrow I will send and get it, and send thee the money in full."

Isaac did not seem to be anxious to insure the ship, but upon being assured that no unfavorable intelligence had been heard from her he said he would have the policy made out, to take effect on and after three o'clock of the following day, but to cover the ship and cargo from the date of her leaving India.

Early on the following morning Jacob received a message, by the hand of a captain just arrived, to the effect that his ship was stranded and her cargo lost. This was very unfortunate. Should Friend Isaac happen to hear the news before the policy was made out, he would not make it out at all; or, if it was made out and not signed, he would not sign it. What should he do? He wanted to act honestly. It would not be right to let Isaac go on and make out that policy under such circum-

stances. Finally he hit upon a plan. He summoned his confidential clerk and sent him with this message:

"Tell Friend Isaac," he said, "that I have heard from my ship, and if the policy is not signed he need not sign it at all."

The clock was close upon the stroke of three when the clerk arrived. Friend Jacob's message was delivered. The ship had been heard from, and if the policy was not yet signed he need not sign it.

"I think I am in season to save it," the clerk said. "No, sir," answered Isaac, promptly and emphatically. Now, in truth, the policy of insurance had not been signed, for the insurer had been in doubt; but when he heard the message he judged at once that the ship was safe, and that Jacob sought to save the heavy item of premium he had agreed to pay.

"No, sir," he said, "you are not in time. It is past three o'clock. The policy is signed. I will go and get it."

He slipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and, having dried the ink, he brought it to the clerk, demanding in return the sum which had been agreed upon. The money was paid, and the policy was taken home to Friend Jacob, who received it very gladly.

The end we can readily imagine; and it is not difficult to judge which of the two felt most sore over the matter.

#### Indian Tea.

A NEW era in the history of Indian teas was marked by the important discovery of an indigenous tea growing in the jungles of the hills of Assam. This variety, when cultivated, was found to be far more profitable than the old China plant; not only were its leaves much larger, but the size of the plant and its powers of yielding combined to prove its unquestionable superiority by the unprecedented yield per acre which it afforded; and, more important than all, the remarkable strength and astringency of the liquor from the manufactured sample raised it at once to a higher place in the market. The indigenous plant, however, was supposed to be less hardy than that of China, and for a long time—indeed, until quite recently—a hybrid between these two found most favor among planters. The hybrid plant, as might be expected, partakes of the character of both parents, and leans sometimes to a more marked resemblance to one or other of the parent races; its leaf is intermediate in size and color between the large light-green leaves of the indigenous, and the small dark foliage of the China plant. It is, in fact, a superior plant both in quality and quantity of its produce to the China, but as much inferior to the indigenous in every particular, with but the single exception of hardiness; hence, at the present time, the tea-planters of Assam greatly prefer indigenous seed, when obtainable, to any other.

#### FUN.

SOMETHING entirely uncalled for—An advertised letter.

WHAT the ship said to the caulker—"Kum oakum with me."

A CLEAR case of 'salt and battery'—The row on the Mexican border.

MR. PINTS has four beautiful daughters—just a half-gallon of sweet lasses.

A MISS is as good as a mile, but many a Miss, unfortunately, isn't good for long.

A DEALER in weathercocks has amassed a fortune. Who says nothing has been made in vain?

FROGS were the original greenbacks, and since they first drew breath they have been inflationists.

WHY is the first chicken in the brood like the foremost of a ship? Because it comes just before the main hatch.

THE compositor who set up "\$10,000" to read "\$1,000" might have prevented his mistake by a little fourth aught.

THEY'VE just held a convention of undertakers in Orange County. Isn't this convention business being run into the ground? It's tomb much.

"SIR WALTER RALEIGH bringing tobacco to England" was recently presented in an up-town tableau. It was an am-a-chewer performance, of course.

IT is stated that a darkey waiter at a Boston hotel has read Herodotus through in Greek. We've no doubt he's also been through several 'dishes of Plate-oh!

"CAN you swear the truth of all this?" asked a lawyer of a witness. "Only about half of it," replied the witness. "Well, then, make out your half o' davit at once."

A LONDON confectioner has, for twenty Christmas seasons past, given away a hundred pounds of candy to the poor. If any man deserves an epi-taffy he certainly does.

SPURGEON says he has often thought, when hearing certain preachers of a high order speaking to the young, that they must have understood the Lord to say, "Feed my camelopard," instead of "Feed my lambs," for nothing but giraffes could reach any spiritual food from the lofty rack on which they place it.

A LITTLE fellow five or six years old, who had been wearing undershirts much too small for him, was one day, after having been washed, put into a garment as much too large as the other had been too small. Our six-year-old shrugged his shoulders, shook himself, walked around, and finally burst out with, "Ma, I do feel awful lonesome in this shirt!"

#### AN OPEN LETTER. It speaks for itself.

ROCKPORT, Mass., April 23, 1877.

MR. EDITOR: Having read in your paper reports of the remarkable cures of catarrh, I am induced to tell "what I know about catarrh," and I fancy the "snuff" and "inhaling-tube" makers (mere dollar grabbers) would be glad if they could emblazon a similar cure in the papers. For 26 years I suffered with catarrh. The nasal passages became completely closed. "Snuff," "dust," "ashes," "inhaling-tubes," and "sticks," wouldn't work, though at intervals I would sniff up the so-called catarrh snuff, until I became a valuable tester for such medicines. I gradually grew worse, and no one can know how much I suffered or what a miserable being I was. My head ached over my eyes so that I was confined to my bed for many successive days, suffering the most intense pain, which at one time lasted continuously for 168 hours. All sense of smell and taste gone, sight and hearing impaired, body shrunken and weakened, nervous system shattered, and constitution broken, and I was hawking and spitting seven-eighths of the time. I prayed for death to relieve me of my suffering. A favorable notice in your paper of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy induced me to purchase a

package, and use it with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, which applies the remedy by hydrostatic pressure, the only way compatible with common sense. Well, Mr. Editor, it did not cure me in three-fourths of a second, nor in one hour or month, but in less than eight minutes I was relieved, and in three months entirely cured, and have remained so for over sixteen months. While using the Catarrh Remedy, I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify my blood and strengthen my stomach. I also kept my liver active and bowels regular by the use of his Pleasant Purgative Pellets. If my experience will induce other sufferers to seek the same means of relief, this letter will have answered its purpose. Yours truly, S. D. REMICK.

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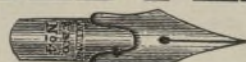
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