

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE LORD-HICKS NUPTIALS.— THE HEROINE OF THE LAST SOCIAL SENSATION, MRS. HICKS, ENJOYING HER CUSTOMARY HORSEBACK RIDE ON THE FIFTH AVENUE.— PORTRAIT OF MR. THOMAS LORD.—SEE PAGE 333.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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A RENEWAL OF STRIFE.

THE new year is apparently destined to witness the opening of a bitter and relentless warfare against the President of the United States. It will come from the counsels of those who ought to be his friends, and it will take such a vengeful aspect of personality as will excite the reprobation of all decent citizens. The manifesto issued by William E. Chandler was a declaration of war, and the man who signed his name to it was only the ambassador commissioned by a higher power. The act was the deliberate work of certain conspirators who had determined to poison the public mind in advance, if possible, and who, having failed to rule, were determined to ruin. The dastardly act will, in the end, recoil upon the heads of the cowards who conceived it; but in the meantime the country must be prepared for the renewal of strife, and for the general unrest that follows a personal campaign against a President. There are two men in the Senate who have never forgiven Rutherford B. Hayes for having wrested the honor of a Presidential nomination from their grasp, and these two men are James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling. For years they have been enemies, and no word of salutation, even, has passed between them. But suddenly they discovered that they had a common bond of friendship in their hatred of the man who had won the Presidential chair. This was enough to make them friends, and the possibility of future spoils also shed effulgence on their newborn friendship. As soon as this discovery was made, they buried the hatchet, clasped hands across the chasm of defeated ambition, called their rough-riding freebooters together, unfurled the red flag of sectionalism, and commissioned their bugler, Chandler, to croak his note of defiance against the inmate of the White House. The work was not done in a day. It was deliberately planned for months, and the defiance was only sent out after the preliminary skirmish with the Presidential forces had been held and the noses of survivors had been carefully counted. Then the conspirators felt strong enough to announce to the world that they intended to wage unremitting warfare against the President and the South, and that they would never sheathe their swords until he had abandoned the righteous cause of the South, and had solemnly sworn that he would execute the bidding of the malcontent Radicals.

In further pursuance of their plan, the conspirators engaged the services of General Benjamin F. Butler, hero of unbloody battles in Louisiana, to act as their paid counsel. The Essex statesman had for some time regarded himself as unattached, and had been trying to pursue the rôle of an independent demagogue, but he had found that it did not pay. He was therefore up for sale to the highest bidder. Rumor had said repeatedly that he was about to return, a penitent, to the bosom of the Democratic Party. But the Democracy, apparently, did not want him, while the Republicans sorely needed his services. He was retained by the latter as counsel, was given his briefs, and in recent speeches at Boston has laid down the line of policy he intends to follow as soon as Congress convenes. He will take up the case of Louisiana, go behind the returns, and endeavor to twist facts and figures so as to show that Mr. Hayes connived in some bargain by which the electoral vote of the Pelican State was to be given to himself. It is a pretty big job—so big, indeed, that no honest man would venture to undertake it—but the Essex statesman is always equal to the necessities of the occasion, and he expects to accomplish all that his allies desire of him. He will do his share of the work with all the unscrupulousness that could be asked.

It is understood that, when Congress

convenes, a bitter personal assault will be made simultaneously in the Senate and House upon the President. The objective point of assault will be the Chief Magistrate's alleged excessive friendship for the South. To this end the "poor negro" is to be brought out for tears and sympathy, and the so-called "massacres" in Southern States are to be fought over again on the legislative floor. In a word, the strife of sectionalism in its worst phases is to be renewed, and the country's peace is to be sacrificed to the insane revenge of two ambitious political chieftains. There is no room to doubt that this is to be done, and the people should prepare themselves for it. The campaign thus opened is not to be met by a sneer or a laugh, and the remark that "it will not amount to much"; for its leaders are experienced and unscrupulous men, and they are ready to make any sacrifices to gain their point. If they cannot do it otherwise, they will attack the President's right to his seat, and will use this as a weapon to divert Democratic and Conservative support from him. They are shrewd men, and all their measures will be the result of close calculation.

If the conservative element in Congress is as wise as it is strong, it can easily defeat the conspirators. But they must be prompt in action, and must carefully concert their plans in advance. If they are so thoughtless as to underrate the strength and determination of their enemies, the consequences may be disastrous to themselves and to the country.

THE Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania reports the cost to the State of the railroad riots of last July at nearly half a million dollars. Some of the largest items in the account turn out to be bills of the railroad companies for transporting the militia and troops which had been dispatched for their relief. The conduct of these corporations was in several instances, to say the least, somewhat peculiar. Millions of dollars worth of property were saved from destruction by the presence of armed men, many of whom were placed at great and unusual expense by the necessity of leaving their customary business. When the railroads had derived all the benefit they desired from the soldiers, they apparently began to calculate how much they could charge for having availed themselves of their protection. In the case of the regular troops who were stationed for some weeks at Mauch Chunk, the officers were invited by the railroad authorities to take lodgings in an expensive hotel, with the assurance that their bills would be defrayed by the railroad companies. Shortly after their return, however, to their proper stations, hotel bills began to pour in upon them rather urgently, which, it turned out, had been first presented to the railroad companies, who repudiated them, leaving their settlement to the persons who had been induced by misrepresentation to incur them.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

AS another inspiration of economy and reform, comes the movement among New York merchants tending to the doing away with the commercial traveler system. The practice of employing salesmen to travel through the country, and sell goods by sample, upon commission, has grown up, during the past few years, into vast proportions among our business houses, until it has in a great measure superseded the inside or store sales. The system is an outgrowth of the violent and earnest competition which at one time was so prevalent in the prosecution of every business. How one house could reach, and possibly kidnap, the patrons of another house, became a practical question, the solution to which was found in the plan of sending out individuals to exhibit samples and take orders, whose services were rewarded, either in whole or in part, by commissions on the total amount of the sales made by them. One of the results of this method of drumming up trade was an inducement to the traveling salesman to take orders from people whose credit was frequently doubtful, if not bad. As his remuneration depended upon the amount of goods he sold, it was but natural that he should try to sell to every one he could as much as he could. If the customer were not solvent, he argued that it was the duty of the house he represented to discover that; if it did not, and therefore lost the value of the goods shipped by his order, it was not his fault. While the logic of the clerk may not have been altogether faulty, the fact nevertheless exists that merchants here have lost heavily by reason of credit given on orders brought to them through their commercial agents, which would not have been given, or, at any rate, would have been materially reduced, had the purchaser been subjected to personal inquiry on the part of the dealer at the time the orders were taken.

When the air was rife with speculation, from which legitimate business was by no means exempt, it is not to be denied that

the houses which employed salesmen to travel and canvass the country for them found their sales rapidly and enormously increasing. And the success which these houses met with encouraged, and, in fact, compelled, other houses to adopt the same plan, until every mercantile firm of any prominence had its agents all over the country, and often in foreign lands. With the advanced competition in this new field of labor came, of necessity, stronger efforts on the part of the drummers to increase their patronage as a means of securing or increasing their incomes. The result, which might easily have been foreseen, at last presented itself. Business men found their sales doubled, and likewise their list of debtors; their books were filled with unpaid accounts, on which they could realize nothing, while their losses were enforced by the commissions which had been paid to their agents for incurring them.

The reverses of the past few years have taught business men a lesson which they are likely to benefit by. The old system of long and large credits is no longer favored, and cash or short time on small sales is now the rule. This is incompatible with the system of commercial travelers. Realizing this fact, merchants are attempting to break up the method of soliciting purchasers which has in the past proven itself to be ruinous to them. While the convenience of out-of-town buyers may be somewhat affected by a change, there is no question that prudence demands the abolition of a practice that is fraught with loss and failure to wholesale dealers.

THIS is the period for making up the year's statistics. The business mortality in New York during 1877 was unusually great. The records of the year disclose a list of eight hundred and seventy-four failures, with liabilities amounting to nearly \$52,000,000, or about \$31,000,000 more than the assets. The class most numerously represented were manufacturers, who number forty-four, and the next were bankers and brokers, numbering thirty-five. Immigration to this port was retarded last year by the hard times, the foreign arrivals being only about sixty-four thousand, against two hundred and sixty thousand the year before. But the same cause did not increase the melancholy business of the coroner's office, where 1,166 cases were investigated, against 1,239 in 1876. The suicides, however, 162, were ten more than in the previous year.

POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

ONE of the results of the Philadelphia Exposition is shown in the great interest which is taken, in our principal cities, in all matters pertaining to the ceramic art. And while this interest is not confined to the large cities, its workings are more plainly seen in those localities than in the smaller places, where the opportunities for such indications are limited. But the varied and beautiful display of pottery and porcelain at Philadelphia had its effect upon visitors from country and town. One could scarcely look upon the specimens of ancient and modern art in this department without having his curiosity awakened, and his interest in everything relating to the subject quickened. The Chinese and Japanese porcelain, so rich and effective in color; the ancient majolica of the Castellan collection, with its iridescent glory still brilliant as when imprisoned in the enamel two centuries ago; the exquisite beauty of the porcelain of Sèvres and Dresden; the vases and plaques of Limoges and Glen; the remarkably attractive display of the English potters' work, in its variety of products, from the Worcester and Coalbrookdale manufactories and the peculiar wares of Lambeth—all these, with the elegant terra-cottas from Denmark and the Parian ware from Sweden, and the simpler forms of earthenware from Spain, and Portugal, and Mexico, and Brazil, and far-off India, and even from Africa, were seen for the first time by thousands of visitors who had until then taken no interest in such things.

But with many of these persons an interest was created which has since been shown in a variety of ways. Some have begun to form collections of greater or less extent; some show their admiration of Chinese art by giving themselves to the so-called decoration of ginger-jars and sections of sewer-pipe, or seeking to transform these humble objects into the semblance of Oriental porcelain; some confine their artistic efforts to ornamenting in oil-colors the reproductions of ancient vases now so common; and others are content to enjoy the sight of all the specimens of the fictile art that may fall in their way, and acquaint themselves with the history and literature that pertains to the subject. Mr. Prime, in his recent volume entitled "Pottery and Porcelain," estimates that, whereas ten years ago there were scarcely ten collectors of ceramics in the United States, there are to-day probably ten thousand; and he is certainly a competent judge in the matter.

When we come to estimate the number of persons who are not collectors, but who take a lively interest in such things, it would require some large figures to indicate the probabilities of the case. The demand for reproductions of ancient forms of pottery is so great that several manufactories are entirely devoted to this business, and their products may be seen in great numbers in the china and fancy-goods shops. The importation of Chinese and Japanese ware, and of French and English porcelain and faience, has increased to an astonishing extent, and the auction sales of these goods in the principal cities have been largely attended, while the advertisements in the newspapers show what a variety of such manufactures are offered to purchasers.

The exhibitions which have afforded any opportunities of examining the rarer specimens of ancient and modern pottery and porcelain have attracted crowds of spectators. That of the Metropolitan Museum in this city, with its treasures of antique as well as modern ceramic art, was the first of its kind in this country, and has helped to diffuse a knowledge of such matters; and the thousands of daily visitors at the Loan Collection of the Society of Decorative Art have seemed to find the *bric-à-brac* room, in which the porcelain and pottery are placed, the most attractive part of the exhibition. A prominent feature of the art department of the recent Chicago exposition was the excellent ceramic collection, which, besides being admirably arranged for the purpose of instruction, had the advantage of being illustrated by an explanatory catalogue, which, being a sort of hand-book of ceramics, was a great help to the visitor. One would scarcely expect to find on exhibition in the State of Illinois so full a collection of the various styles of pottery and porcelain, from the Hispano-Moresque ware and the early Italian majolica to the modern Worcester and Sèvres vases, and the exquisite *pâte-sur-pâte* work of M. Solon. But such a gathering of ceramics in a Western city shows how widespread is the interest in the subject.

It is easy to ridicule the sudden interest which has been shown in these fragile productions of the potter's wheel and the decorator's art in color, and to predict its speedy end. But we look upon it as an indication of the development of a taste in the community which, until of late, has had little opportunity for culture such as is found in older communities. In England and upon the Continent an interest in ceramics is no new thing, and the wits of Queen Anne's time ridiculed the fine ladies who had such a passion for old china. Yet the pleasure which the collector of to-day takes in his possessions is of a more intelligent character; and, aside from the beauty of form or color which the specimens of the potter's work may have, there are often historical associations connected with the older examples that add greatly to their value. The extravagances which are apt to attend the development of a pursuit of this kind will doubtless subside, but the popular interest in what is really worthy of attention in ceramics will continue, and will have its influence in educating and refining public taste.

THE prevalent impression that the North American Indians are gradually, if not rapidly, disappearing from the face of the earth, has been recently dispelled by the Bureau of Education, which has published a pamphlet of statistics indicating the reverse to be the case. No estimates of the number of Indians in the United States are trustworthy for any period prior to 1850. The result of this official investigation appears to demonstrate that the usual theory that the Indian population is destined to decline and finally disappear, as the result of contact with white civilization, must be greatly modified if not abandoned altogether.

JUSTICE AND PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

IT is impossible to deny that popular opinion affects in a considerable degree the minds of both judges and jurymen. In all trials where the parties have been subjected to popular criticism, either adverse or friendly, such criticism tends either to overwhelm its victim, or to save its object, despite the existence of the strongest opposing facts. Without considering the merits of the late trials of derelict officers of insurance companies, to those who have recently given the matter any thought, it must be evident that prisoners are sometimes sacrificed not so much at the altar of justice, as at that of public opinion and popular resentment. However guilty they may have been of the crimes charged against them, the fact that stood strongest against them, and which they found it impossible to overcome, was that they met their trial at a time when, in the eyes of the public, it was a crime to be an officer of a suspected bank or insurance company. It is almost safe to assert that if the most honorable and

upright head of a moneyed corporation in this community were suddenly charged with corruption or want of integrity; the difficulty that he would experience in his efforts to prevent the appearance of wrong from overcoming his innocence would probably be such as to subject him to serious inconvenience. In the present tone of public feeling, an accusation against a man of high estate is all that is needed to raise the voice of the people in his condemnation. A few years ago popular sentiment was so eager for the conviction of everybody charged with murder that several persons indicted for that crime, after hurried trials, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. In one case, at least, an innocent citizen, of wealth and position in society, was condemned to death, and was nearly executed. So loud was the public cry for blood, that not a judge could be found in the State to decide a question of law in his favor, until the court of last resort being reached, it fearlessly gave its decision, acquitting him, though it at the same time brought upon itself a torrent of abuse, coupled with hints of bribery and corruption. While the just punishment of criminals according to their deserts is to be desired, the system of classifying cases, and making specialties of certain offenses, so that public sentiment may be excited to the injury of those accused, is contrary to the primary spirit of justice.

It appears from carefully prepared statistics that no less than 2,589,924,839 grains of opium are imported into the United States annually. Of this large quantity only about five per cent. is used for legitimate medical purposes, the remainder, equal to 6,125,383 grains daily, being used as a narcotic drug. Thirty grains a day are said to be a very high allowance for an opium devotee; but taking that figure as the average, it is seen that there are no fewer than 204,000 of that class of unfortunates in the United States. This is a subject which well deserves the attention of all interested in social reform.

THE RECORD OF SCIENCE IN 1877.

THE most important scientific event of the year 1877 was the discovery by Professor Asaph Hall of the satellites of Mars. Sometimes it is chemistry that carries off the palm, and at other times a great mechanical invention startles the world; this year it was in the field of astronomy that the prize was won, and the name of Professor Hall will be handed down as long as the heavens are studied and the stars revolve through endless space. Such discoveries are epochs, and give character not to a particular year alone, but to the century in which they are made. The progress of astronomy during the year has been considerable in other directions, especially from the use of the spectroscope in examining the light from the sun and planets. The presence of oxygen in the sun was shown by Dr. Draper, the sun-spots have been carefully studied, and photographs have been taken of the sun, from which important deductions are made in reference to meteorological phenomena. In the department of physics much attention has been bestowed upon light and sound. The radiometer, which at first was supposed to be a light-mill, and to prove the mechanical property of light, has become a valuable thermometer as well as photometer in the hands of skillful experimenters, and the original notions in reference to it have been proved to be fallacious. The wave theory of light is left undisturbed, and the radiometer helps sustain it. Photography has made marked progress by the introduction of the emulsion process, and by a more careful study of the actinic properties of light. Various modifications of the photo-printing processes have been made, so that heavy inroads are constantly making into the domain of the wood-engraver. The pencil of the sun is now substituted for the stile of the artist in so many ways that illustrated books are no longer dependent on the engraver for their chief merit, but can be superbly adorned directly from nature through the agency of chemistry and light. The introduction of dry plates for travelers' use is one of the most important improvements to be noticed in photography. It is possible to carry such plates everywhere into the field to be developed, and finished at leisure when the traveler reaches his home. Exploring expeditions will be fitted out with the necessary dry plates, and our knowledge of unknown regions of the globe will thus be rapidly increased. How far platinum pictures, which have been recently introduced, will prove of advantage remains to be demonstrated. The researches in physiology, which have served to prove, that the eye is, in fact, a photographic instrument, supplied with sensitive films vastly more active than any agents known to the chemist, is one of the most in-

teresting facts that was contributed during the past year. The eye of an ox was found to retain the image of the last object seen by it long enough for the physiologist to dissect and examine it, and thus the tradition that murder could be detected by examining the eyes of the dead has met with something like confirmation. The attention of physicists has been chiefly devoted to the improvement of the electric light to such an extent as to make it practicable for general use. During the year past a vast number of experiments have been made to test the power of different forms of magneto-electric machines and of carbon points to serve as sources of light. Success appears to be near at hand by the invention of the electric candle so constructed that one magneto-electric machine can carry numerous becks, and the consumption of the candle can be so regulated as to make the light perfectly uniform while the cost is reduced to a minimum. For lighthouse illumination for mines, tunnels, submarine explorations, and public works, the electric light appears to be perfectly feasible, and its general introduction is merely a question of time. In the line of telegraphy, the chief progress to be noted is in the introduction of underground telegraphs in Europe, in the invention of the quadruplex machine and the facsimile telegraph. In all these there is to be noted a very decided improvement upon old cumbersome methods. But the most important improvement we have to note in the use of electricity is the general adoption of the telephone. This instrument was not invented in 1877, but it owes its development and present advanced state to the researches of the past year. The telephone may be regarded as being in its infancy at the present time. There are so many scientific applications of which it is capable that it is difficult to predict all the uses to which it will be applied before the lapse of another year. At present its value is admitted on every hand, and its adoption is daily extending. In the department of chemistry there has been the usual industry, and, no doubt, many important links in the chain of discovery have been forged without our being able to appreciate their value at the present time. Several new metals have been announced which have been christened lavoisium, davyum and neptunium, but their position in the family of elements is of a very uncertain tenure. The scientific world suspends its opinion and waits for further information. The metal gallium, which was announced a year or two ago, appears to be a fixed fact, and our knowledge of it has been considerably increased during the past year. It is so rare, however, and so difficult to prepare, that it must be a long time before we can expect to see it occupy a place among the useful metals. It is to organic chemistry that we must look for the chief progress at the present time. Our beautiful colors and our most valuable medicines have been given to us from this branch of chemistry. Certain compounds, the existence of which was scarcely known a few years since, have grown into the rank of indispensable agents. Chloral, of which no more than five pounds were required at one hospital in 1869, last year showed an increased demand of 800 pounds. Morphia, once only to be had in a few grains, is now consumed to the enormous extent of 20,000 pounds per annum. A corresponding increase could be shown in the use of other medicines, and a greater proportion in such compounds as are required in the arts. There has been no startling discovery in chemistry during the year, but its devotees have not been idle. In the world of geology there has been an unusual stir, and paleontology has been enriched by the discovery of many missing links in the great chain of evolution. The horse has been found through all the stages of development, from an animal with claws not larger than a fox to a beast with hoofs like the species of the present day. The remains of birds have been brought to light with teeth like reptiles, and other distinctive marks indicating their reptilian origin. Enormous saurians have also been dug up in the Rocky Mountains, pointing to a life which was at one time of the most gigantic proportions. Parallel with the geological discoveries must be noted the progress made in the study of pre-historic man. No fossil of the human species has as yet been found, but in the numerous caves that have been explored we have evidences that man was contemporaneous with the mastodon and the reindeer at a time far remote from our present era. This is a hasty review of scientific progress for the year 1877, but any one who has read our column of scientific intelligence from week to week, as it has appeared, must have kept informed of everything of importance that was transpiring in the world around him, and we are thus spared the necessity of giving further details at the present time. Some of the best workers in the field of science have been called to their final rest, and with their names we can close our record. There have died Bain, Smee and Fox Talbot, in England; Hoffmeister and

Poggendorff, in Germany; Le Verrier, in France; and Tenney, Orton and Walz, in America. May they rest in peace.

THE House Military Committee has a bill ready to report for reorganizing the army. It is understood to aim at retrenchment rather than reduction, and will propose a cutting-down of the General Staff, which it claims is now large enough for a force of a million men.

THE New York aldermen having finished questioning Mr. Tweed, are inclined to have him set at liberty. They find the Ring thefts to amount to thirty million dollars, of which only \$876,000 have been recovered. It would be instructive to learn how much of this last sum the lawyers have secured.

THE exports for the United States for 1877 make a good showing. For the eleven months ending November 30th, the excess of exports over imports was upwards of \$121,000,000, of which \$100,000,000 was merchandise alone. This year that trade ought to be greatly increased. The reports of consuls that have lately been made show there are openings for American goods everywhere.

NEWS from the seat of war in Turkey down to January 6th state that the Russians have captured Sophia, and have also crossed again the Shipka Pass. These steps are preparatory to a combined movement in the direction of Adrianople. It is reported that the Porte has asked for an armistice through England. In Armenia, Russian troops, who were cooperating in the investment of Erzeroum, have suffered a severe defeat. The Montenegrin campaign is continued with renewed vigor.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AMERICAN WOOD ABROAD.—In a dispatch of December 13th the United States Consul at Bradford, England, refers to the subject of trade between England and the United States, and suggests that the choice woods of America might be disposed of in England to much greater extent than at present if steps were to be taken to introduce them. Black walnut is seldom, if ever, seen in furniture or house-furnishing. Hickory is imported in the form of carriage-spokes and hubs, but the equally desirable ash and second growth of white-oak are but little used, and, in short, the great variety of household articles which are common in this country, and which are classified under the head of "woodenware," are but little known in Great Britain, and it is thought a trade could be advantageously established in these articles.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—Applications for space continue to be received in large numbers by the Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition. The exhibits at the Exposition will be distributed into the following nine groups: 1, Works of art; 2, Education and instruction, and apparatus and processes of the liberal arts; 3, Furniture and accessories; 4, Textile fabrics, clothing and accessories; 5, Mining industries and raw and manufacturing products; 6, Apparatus and processes used in the mechanical industries; 7, Alimentary products; 8, Agriculture and pisciculture; 9, Horticulture. No copy, drawing, or reproduction of any exhibit will be allowed without the permission of the exhibitor. The works of art admissible are those executed since the 1st of May, 1867, and include paintings, drawing, sculpture, die-sinking, and engraving on precious stones, architecture, engravings, and lithographs.

AMERICAN SHIPS.—A national convention has been called to meet at Washington City on the 22d of January, to consider the question of improving the American merchant marine. A circular has been addressed to Boards of Trade and other commercial organizations throughout the country, stating that the time has come when it is essential to our business prosperity that an enlarged export market should be secured for our over-production of manufactured goods; that commercial treaties should be revised; that arrangements should be made for transporting American mails in American vessels, and for the introduction of numerous important reforms in our commercial system. The fleets of foreign ships lying at the wharves of this city, among whom the appearance of an American craft is becoming almost a rarity, demonstrate the need of speedy legislative action if it is considered desirable to maintain any footing at all among the commercial nations of the world.

THIRTEEN MILLIONS WANTED.—A new Pacific Railroad Bill will be presented as soon as Congress reassembles. The eastern terminus is to be at Memphis, thereby forming connections with the present railroad facilities to all points North, East and South. Westerly, the proposed railroad will pass Lake City to Jefferson, Texas, thence by the International and Great Northern Railroad to San Antonio, thence in a northwesterly direction to El Paso del Norte, to connect with any road or roads to the Pacific Ocean now or hereafter to be built, thus affording communication with the various military posts on those lines and the valley of the Rio Grande. The projectors of the road ask for \$13,000,000 in all, to be refunded to the Government as rapidly as the money may be earned by the transportation of mails and Government supplies. One of the arguments used by the friends of the road is, that it will be an important means of moving troops to suppress disturbances on the Rio Grande and elsewhere.

MUNICIPAL EXPENSES.—An examination of the relative municipal expenses of New York and Philadelphia gives great comfort to the taxpayers of the latter city. The tax rate in Philadelphia for 1878 is \$2.10 against \$2.55 in New York. The total appropriations in New York are \$30,079,077, less \$2,500,000 estimated receipts from departments. In Philadelphia they are \$12,500,000, less \$2,400,000 estimated receipts from departments. In New York the State tax is reduced from 1877 by \$251,557, and the interest on the city debt by over \$12,000. The New York interest and sinking fund account is put at \$10,319,680; in Philadelphia they are \$4,625,695. The assessed valuation of New York for 1878 is over \$1,100,000,000. In Philadelphia it is \$586,988,097. In New York the expenses of the departments are reckoned at \$14,231,006, as against less than \$8,000,000 in Philadelphia. The chief point of interest, however, is that New York undertakes to raise \$28,000,000 on \$1,100,000,000 and Philadelphia, \$12,000,000 on \$586,000,000. Also the department receipts in New York last year were over \$4,000,000, but are estimated for 1878 at only \$2,500,000. Philadelphia's estimated receipts from departments are \$2,400,000, and not less than in 1877. But New York will pay her expenses next year on this basis. Whether Philadelphia will escape adding anything to her floating debt depends on the vigorous maintenance of the retrenchment business.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE city budget of New York for 1878 is nearly \$1,000,000 less than that for 1877.

THE receiver of the National Trust Company has reported a deficiency of \$737,234.01 and gross mismanagement.

REMAINS of several more victims of the Barclay Street disaster have been dug from the debris, and another of the injured ones has died in the hospital.

PRESIDENT and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding in the White House on Saturday, December 29th. There was an unusually fine display of flowers.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON has nominated ex-Artillery-General Fairchild for Superintendent of Public Works, and Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., for Health Officer of the Port of New York.

JUDGE CULVER, of Hartford, Conn., has directed the Grand Jury to indict certain of the old officers and directors of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company for conspiracy to defraud.

THE suit brought by the State of New York against the canal contractors, Denison, Belden & Co., has been decided in favor of the former, and a verdict of \$387,000 returned.

DR. T. S. LAMBERT, late President of the defunct American Popular Life Insurance Company, convicted of perjury, was sentenced to five years' imprisonment at hard labor in Sing Sing.

A PRELIMINARY investigation has proven that the losses by hypothecating and rehypothecating securities for loans by John Bonner, of New York City will amount to \$354,000. No assets are reported in possession of the firm.

THE Legislature of New York State was convened at Albany on New Year's Day. General Husted, who has served several terms as Speaker of the Assembly, was re-elected, and Mr. Vrooman was chosen Clerk of the Senate.

WASHINGTON CITY has been highly agitated over a series of outrages perpetrated by negroes and tramps on Capitol Hill, and, while awaiting authority for an increase of the police force, the citizens have established a constabulary-patrol for that express section.

NEW YORK CITY was thrown into intense excitement on January 3d by the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Hicks, well-known in American and European social circles, and Thomas Lord, a millionaire of eighty-three years of age. It is said they were united by Cardinal McCloskey. Thomas Lord, Jr., has begun an action in the courts to have his father declared *non compos mentis*, and to have him restrained from disposing of his property.

BUSINESS embarrassments for the week ending Saturday, January 5th, embraces the failures of the Jewell Brothers of the Brooklyn City Flour Mills; Hicox & Spear, bankers of San Francisco; Jacob Bunn, of Springfield, Ill.; Samuel Bliss & Co., wholesale grocers, of Chicago; Joseph Bonfield, corporation counsel, Chicago, and David Gibson, liquor merchant; W. B. Renner & Co., candy manufacturers, and Jacob Benninger, pork packer, of Cincinnati. J. N. Thomas, banker, of Des Moines, Iowa, suspended, January 4th, the Bull's Head Bank of New York City began paying off all its depositors preparatory to closing up, and the Rollinsford Savings Bank, of Salmon Falls, N. Y., ceased receiving deposits. A slight run was made on the Rochester (N. Y.) Savings Bank, and a temporary injunction was served upon the Woburn (Mass.) Five Cents Savings Bank, restraining it from transacting further business. The Chancellor's commission on examination of the Newark (N. J.) Savings Institution made a preliminary report, showing funds and securities already appraised sufficient to pay all the depositors about seventy-two per cent.

Foreign.

THE Imperial Order of the Crown of India has been created, and is to be conferred upon ladies only.

HENRY M. STANLEY has been warmly received by the Khédive of Cairo, and presented with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Medjidie.

QUEEN VICTORIA will dispatch a special Ambassador to Madrid, bearing her congratulations upon his approaching marriage to King Alfonso.

It is reported that only 40,000 Turkish troops have retired into Roumania, and that 70,000 remain north of the Balkans—being distributed among the fortresses of the quadrilateral.

CARDINAL MANNING, of England, having proposed to the College of Cardinals that the papal conclave assemble at Malta on the death of Pius IX., much opposition is manifested by the Italian cardinals.

THE Greek minister of foreign affairs has demanded of the Great Powers the admission of Greece to any congress that may be held preliminary to a conclusion of peace between Turkey and Russia.

TURKISH rumors claim that Fuad Pasha's position at Ikhitman is absolutely impregnable. Later reports indicate that General Ghourko, with the Imperial Guard, has defeated the Turks at Teskasun, with such losses that no actual defense of Sophia can be made, the city being absolutely left at the mercy of the Russians.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 339.



ITALY.—THE LAST AUDIENCE OF POPE PIUS IX. IN THE SWISS HALL, IN THE VATICAN.



BULGARIA.—TURKISH SENTINELS ON GUARD IN THE ADVANCED POSTS NEAR PYRGOS.



ARMENIA.—THE RUSSIAN ATTACK ON THE REDOUBT AT ELZABOUM, NOVEMBER 9TH.



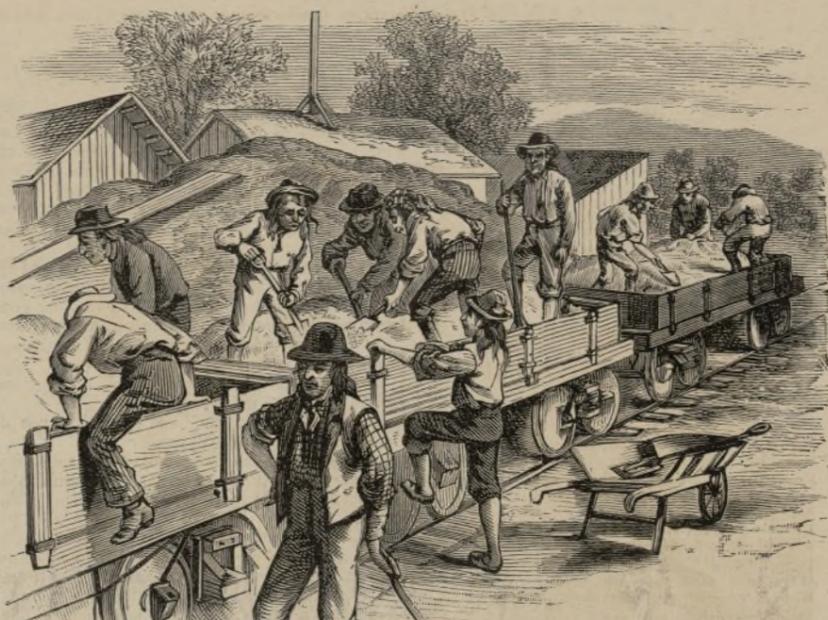
BULGARIA.—THE ARRIVAL OF FUEL AND FODDER FOR THE RUSSIAN ARMY BEFORE PLEVNA.



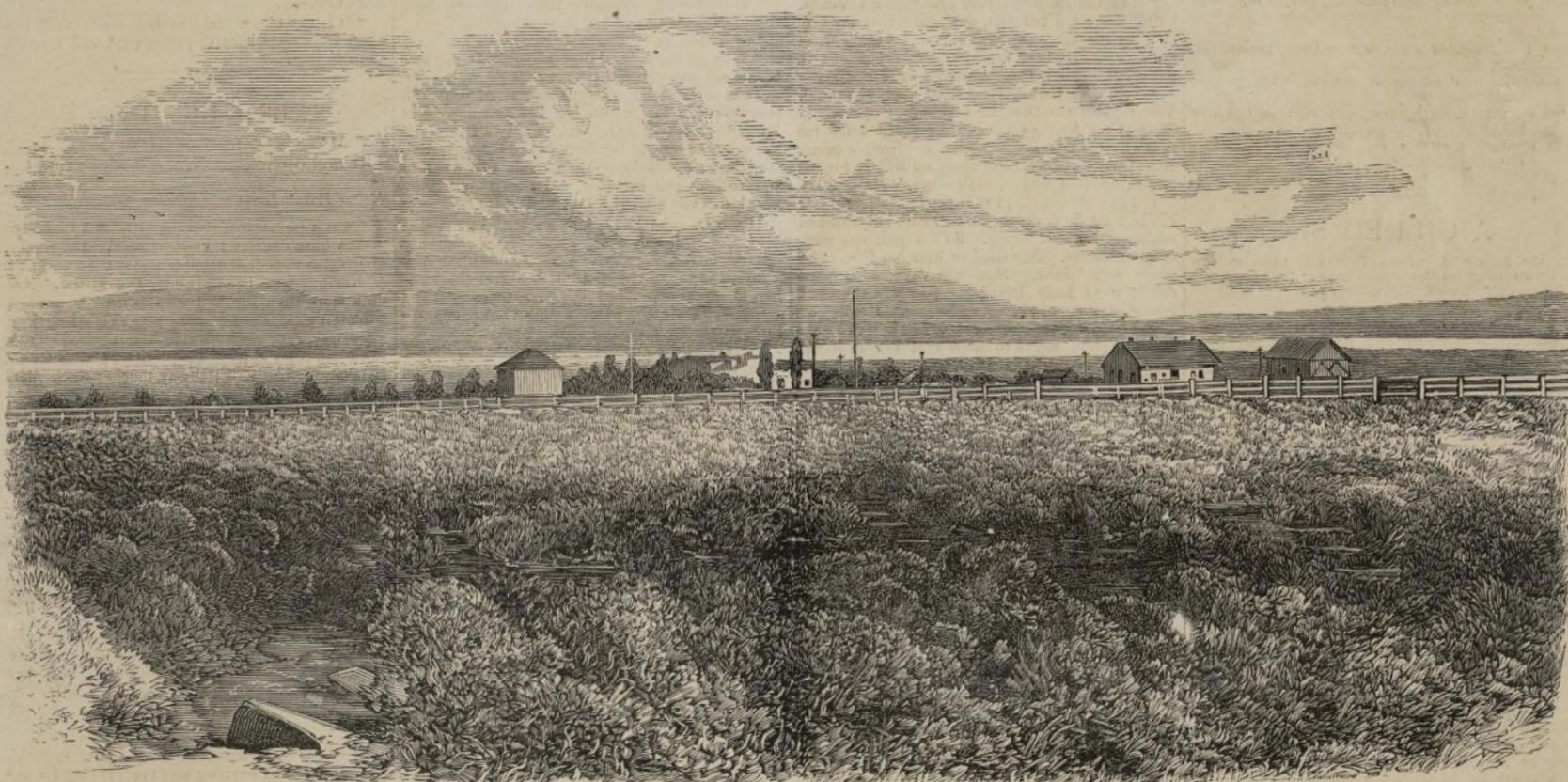
TURKEY.—COSSACK TROOPS, ON THE BALKAN HEIGHTS, WATCHING GENERAL RAUCH'S ATTACK ON PRAYVA.



THE DAILY STAGE FROM WINNEMUCCA TO BOISE CITY.



INDIAN RAILROAD EMPLOYÉS AT WINNEMUCCA.



HUMBOLDT STATION, ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD—"AN OASIS IN THE DESERT."



THE "SINK OF THE HUMBOLDT," IN THE NEVADA BASIN.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—FROM WINNEMUCCA TO THE "SINK OF THE HUMBOLDT," FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 343.

THE MASQUE OF MONTHS.

WITH bright or sombre gear, with smile or frown or song,
In a masque the months go gliding perpetually along.
First, January is here, with eyes that keenly glow,
A frost-mailed warrior striding a shadow-steed of snow.

Then February, a form pale-vestured, wildly fair—
One of the North Wind's daughters, with icicles in her hair.
Then March, black-robed in storm, the dread of home-bound ships,
Who flies over lands and waters with a trumpet at her lips.

Then April, gloom and shine, sad, merry, willful, meek,
With a crocus in her tresses and with tears upon her cheek.
Then May, the nymph divine, with shoulders white as curds,
O'er-canopied by caresses of butterflies and of birds.

Then June, whose beauties vie with the roses' richest shade,
So sweet as to set us dreaming that a rose has grown a maid.

Then passionate young July, that proud, hot-tempered lord,
Who bears, though of genial seeming, a lightning-flash for a sword.

Then August, grave, serene, a dame of stately grace,
With the touch of time laid surely on her lovely, dimpled face.
Then soft September, seen in a nunlike veil of mist,
With lashes that hide demurely two glimmers of amethyst.

Then flushed October, she whose joys with pain are blended,
Like a queen whose soul is aching amid pomps magnificent.
Then dull November, free from hope, desire or care,
Have done with all heart-breaking, being simply cold despair.

And last December drear, with piteous, low-drooped head,
In a voice of desolation crying out, "The year is dead!"

And so, with changeful gear, with smile or frown or song,
The months, in strange variation, are ever gliding along.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A GILDED SIN.

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

CHAPTER XI.

GREAT had been the consternation at Queen's Chace when Lady Brandon, in a few curt words, said that Miss di Cyntha's wedding was postponed indefinitely. The worst of it was there came no solution to the mystery—whether there had been a quarrel or not no one could say. All that was known was that Sir Marc had left quite suddenly one day, and that two or three days afterwards those interested had been told to cease all preparations for the wedding.

No one was more astonished than Katherine, when her mother told her the news; and at first she refused to believe it.

"There is some mistake, mamma," she cried; "I would more readily believe that Alton did not care for me."

"Unfortunately there is no mistake," said Lady Brandon, sadly.

"Whose fault is it?" inquired Katherine. "Not Veronica's? I am quite sure that Veronica loved Sir Marc more dearly than I can tell. It always seemed to me that her love was her life. It cannot be Sir Marc's, for he loved the very ground she stood on. I cannot understand it, mamma. What does Veronica say?"

"Nothing. She only looks unutterably sad and miserable, and begs of me not to talk about it."

"I will go to her myself," said Katherine, impulsively.

"It is useless, Katherine," returned Lady Brandon. "She will only be more miserable than ever."

But Katherine would not be controlled. She hastened up to Veronica's room and found her favorite standing by the window.

"My darling, you have been ill!" she cried. "Mamma says that you fainted."

Then she started, for Veronica had turned round to greet her, and the change that had come over her was so terrible that the young heiress was shocked. Veronica's face was pale and worn, the dark eyes were tearless, but in them there was a look of fathomless woe.

"Veronica," cried the girl, "it is true, then! I can see from your face that it is true; there is no need to ask a question. You and Sir Marc have parted!"

"Yes," she said, drearily, "we have parted—not for an hour, a day, or a year, but for ever."

"I will not believe it! What has come between you who loved each other so well?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Veronica, with a long, low sigh.

"You must tell me," declared Katherine. "I want to help you. I could not live and know that you were unhappy, Veronica. I must follow Sir Marc and bring him back."

"I cannot tell you anything about it, Katherine," said Veronica. "And yet I may tell you this. He asked me to do something for him, and I refused; he placed the alternative of parting before me, and I took it. You will ask me nothing more?"

"No," she replied, musingly—"that is, unless you like to trust me more fully."

"I cannot," said Veronica, with a shudder; "he has gone, and we shall not meet again in this world; yet I was worthy of his love. To me it seems that I have stood by him dead and kissed him for the last time."

Her voice had in it a ring of weary despondency; her eyes were fixed with a strange, dazed expression; her hands were folded and lay on her knees. She looked up at Katherine.

"Kate, give me one promise," she said—"just one. Tell me that you will never renew this sub-

ject. To renew it will be simply to give me bitter pain. Promise me that you will never do so."

Her face had such an imploring look that the young heiress could not resist.

"I do promise," she said; and then for one minute the dreary calmness of the beautiful face was broken.

"Kate, come and sit by me," she requested; "let us talk of you—not of me—of you and your bright life, your happy love." She took the young heiress caressingly into her arms. "Come and tell me, dear, how happy you are—it will comfort me a little. You are all the world to me—it will comfort me so much to hear that you are really happy; talk to me about it."

It seemed to the lonely, desolate soul and the aching heart that there would be some little support, some little comfort, in hearing that her great sacrifice had not been in vain—in knowing that Katherine would gain from her—Veronica's—sorrow.

"It seems so selfish for me to talk of happiness while you are so sad, Veronica."

"It will comfort me," she pleaded—"you do not know why, but it will comfort me."

"Then," said the young heiress, "I am happy, Veronica. My life is so bright, so beautiful, that I would not change it for any other life." She paused.

"Go on," requested Veronica.

"I am rich," said the young girl, "and—I am like a child—I love my position. I love my grand, beautiful inheritance."

Then Veronica raised her head, and a faint smile came over her white, troubled face.

"You are sure of that," she questioned, eagerly—quite sure?"

"Yes, indeed I am," replied Katherine. "No one could even guess how dearly I love the Chace."

"Now tell me about your love," said Veronica.

"What can I tell you, dear, save that my love and my life are one—that I have no thought, or wish, or desire, that does not begin and end in Alton? Now has that comforted you?"

"Yes, more than anything you could have said. You could have thought of nothing that would comfort me half so much. You will leave me now, Kate—I am the better for your coming, dear—and when we meet again all will be forgotten, except that we love each other."

It had not been all in vain, then; and the sun of her life had set in darkness and gloom, but she had made one at least happy. So the past was mentioned no more. She tried to bear her life. She never complained. She was like a devoted daughter to Lady Brandon. She was the most loving of sisters to the young heiress. But day by day she grew more and more sad; she grew pale and thin; she began to hope that heaven would take pity on her and let her die soon.

So the Winter months came round, and at Christmas preparations were begun for the marriage of the young heiress. Lady Brandon had invited a large circle of guests, and one of them, not knowing of the recent *contretemps*, having just returned from Spain, spoke of Sir Marc Caryll, and said that he was going to take up his residence abroad.

Veronica overheard it. She did not speak; the lovely face grew paler, and a mist of unshed tears dimmed the beautiful eyes; but soon afterwards she went to Lady Brandon's room, her marvelous self-control gone at last. She stood before her with a look that Lady Brandon never forgot.

"You must let me go away," she said; "I cannot remain here. I cannot bear it. You must let me go home to Venice to die."

Then she wept as she had never wept in her life before, as one who had no hope—wept until Lady Brandon was alarmed, and she herself was exhausted. Then Lady Brandon said to her:

"You shall go; I will take you. You shall go to Venice, or where you will; only wait—wait, for my sake—until the wedding is over."

So for the sake of the woman who had influenced her so strongly she waited, but it seemed to her and to every one else that those days brought her nearer death.

"Do people ever die of a broken heart?" she thought. "A year ago I was strong and well. I had color in my face and light in my eyes; I had strength in my limbs and joy in my heart. Now my strength has left me; people look grave when their eyes rest on me; life is a heavy burden that I would fain lay down—and why? What has happened? I have lost my love! The man who took my heart from me has left me, and—I may hide it as I may—I am pining for one look at his face before I die. Oh, Marc, my sweetheart, could you not have trusted me even ever so little? I shall send for him when I am dying, and ask him to hold me in his strong arms. Oh, Marc, you might have trusted me, for you were all I had in the world!"

So she wore her heart and her life away, longing only for death, that, dying, she might see him again.

CHAPTER XII.—AND LAST.

"PEACE on earth," rang the Christmas-bells, "Peace on earth, good will towards men!"

The music came pealing over the snow, stirring men's hearts with the warmth of love. It was such a Christmas as had not been seen for years, so bright, so clean, so frosty. The country-people said strange things must happen, for the holly was so full of berries.

Queen's Chace was unusually gay. Outside in the deep woods the snow lay thick and white, the evergreens stood out like huge sentinels, the dainty laurel-leaves held little nests of snow, the fir raised its head with a stately air, for King Christmas never came in without it. The world was so fair and so bright; great icicles hung like huge diamonds from the trees and the hedges.

Lord Alton had arrived, and was so engrossed with his fair young love that Lady Brandon had ceased to expect anything from him. He had been, like every one else, alarmed when he saw Veronica. Her pale, shadowy loveliness had startled him, and many of the whispered words between Katherine and himself were about her. On that Christmas night she looked more fragile and more beautiful than ever. By Lady Brandon's desire she wore a dress of costly black velvet, with

a suite of superb rubies; but the white, rounded arms had grown thin, and there was a shadow over her beauty. She was sitting watching Katherine's bright face, flushed into greater brightness by her lover's words, when one of the footmen, coming to her, said, in a mysterious undertone:

"You are wanted, Miss di Cyntha."

"Wanted?" she repeated. Where? Who wants me?"

"I cannot say, miss—some one who has a message for you; some one who is waiting for you in the library."

Veronica had some poor pensioners to whom, on this Christmas Day, she had been most liberal; it was one of those come to thank her, no doubt. It was not a nice time to choose; and she wondered just a little why the servants should show such a one into the library.

She rose and quitted the room; as she passed through the broad corridor she stopped for a moment and looked through the windows at the lovely Christmas night—at the moon shining on the white snow, and the shadows of the great, swaying boughs. In the faint, far distance she heard the bells of Hurstwood Church. "Peace on earth," they were chiming—"good-will towards men." Then she remembered the poor pensioner waiting, and went on to the library.

She was surprised to find the room badly lighted. There was a ruddy glow of firelight, and one lamp was burning dimly; but it was a large, long room, and the other half of it was full of soft dark shadows. She entered and stood for some minutes in silent expectation; there was no sound, no movement, and she never glanced to where the soft, dark shadows lay. The red firelight fell full upon her fragile beauty, on the slender figure and the white, wasted arms, on the beautiful, passionate, restless face, and the rubies that gleamed on her white throat. Presently from where the dark, soft shadows lay came a sigh.

She looked up.

"Who is that?" she demanded. "Is any one here—any one who wants to see me?"

Then she stopped abruptly and stood rooted to the ground, a low cry on her lips and a pain as bitter as death in her heart—surely a figure she knew was coming to her from out of the soft, dark shadows! She held up her hands as though to ward off an evil presence, and then they fell by her side as she uttered a low, passionate cry.

It was he—she had made no mistake—it was Marc Caryll, the man she loved better than her life, the man whose stern decision was killing her. They stood in the red glow of the firelight looking at each other, but she saw there was no sternness in his face now—nothing but passionate love, passionate pity, and blinding tears.

"My darling, my beautiful sweetheart, have I been the cause of this?" he said, touching the wasted arms. "Have I been the cause of this, Veronica?"

"I thought I was never to see you again," she said, faintly. "Are you sorry that you were quite so hard? Have you come to tell me so?"

Her words seemed to recall him to himself.

"I have come to tell you that I was a madman—a blind madman!" he cried. "I hate myself so utterly for my folly, Veronica, my darling, my noble, generous darling, I know why you burned the will."

She clasped her hands with a murmured word he did not hear.

"I know why it was, and I blame myself for my great folly," he continued. "I ought to have understood—I ought to have known that you were incapable of anything wicked. I deserve to lose you for not having understood you better."

She raised her face to his.

"You cannot know why I destroyed it," she said. "Even the wicked woman who saw me burn it did not know the reason."

"She did not, but I do. Are you surprised? Veronica, see what this has told me."

He came nearer to her, and, taking a paper from his pocket, unfolded it; and then she saw the charred fragments of the will.

"Look on this side first," he said. "Here are the words—Last will and testament of Sir Jasper Brandon. The woman read those."

She looked at them with some curiosity, the words that had cost her so dear. Then Sir Marc opened the parchment.

"Now look," he said, "at what is written here."

She bent over him and read—

"My beloved daughter Veronica Brandon, hitherto known as Veronica di Cyntha!"

She cried out as she read the words. It seemed to her as though heaven itself had cleared her.

"Those are the words that the woman did not read," he said. "They are clear to me. The moment my eyes fell upon them I understood it all. I know, just as well as if you told me, that Sir Jasper married your mother long years ago—in Venice, I should imagine—and then she died quite young, leaving you. Why he gave you up I cannot even imagine—perhaps you will tell me; but it seems to me that he kept the fact of his marriage a profound secret—why, I cannot say."

"Then," he continued, "I believe that on his deathbed he gave you this will, leaving, as was right, his estates to you, his oldest daughter, and that you, in your noble generosity, your great self-sacrifice, rather than disinherit your sister, burned the will and never mentioned it. Is it so?"

"I cannot answer you," she said. "I will tell you why. I took an oath of silence with my hands upon my dead father's heart." Then she stopped with a cry of dismay. She had betrayed herself!

"He was your father, then," said Sir Marc. "I knew it." He took her hands in his. "Sweetheart," he said, "my life has been a curse to me since I lost you. Forgive me—forgive my absurd folly, my miserable suspicion, my unjust thoughts. Give me the great treasure of your love again and I will promise on my part the most inviolable secrecy—I will never betray the secret of your birth or the secret of the will. I do not deserve such pardon, but—"

The answer was certainly not given in words. There was silence in the room after that—silence full of happiness. How long had it lasted?

Veronica started in alarm. Lady Brandon was standing near her, with a most alarmed expression on her face.

"My dear Veronica," she was saying, "where are you? Who is this with you?"

She looked still more alarmed when Veronica raised her happy, tear-stained face, saying:

"Lady Brandon, this is Sir Marc. He has come back, and we are friends again."

"We are more than friends, Lady Brandon," broke in Sir Marc; "we are lovers—and I hope we shall soon be husband and wife."

Then Lady Brandon went to seek for Katherine; and while she was gone Veronica turned to her lover, saying:

"Marc, swear to me that you will never utter a single word to Lady Brandon about the will—that you will never betray to her your knowledge of my birth."

He promised; and that was the only secret Veronica kept from him. He did not know that Lady Brandon ever heard either of the marriage or of the will.

"I knew it must be so," said the young heiress, as she stood holding a hand of each. "You have wasted four months in a lovers' quarrel that has nearly killed Veronica, and now you have made it up again. Mamma, their wedding must be on the same day as ours, and we will take Veronica to France until she grows quite strong again."

And it was all carried out as she proposed.

"What are those bells chiming, Veronica?" asked her lover as they walked down the broad corridor together. "What is it? The music seems quite familiar to me."

They stood for a few moments watching the moon shining on the snow, and listening to the the grand hosannas of the Winter wind as it swept over the woods. Then she turned to him and answered:

"It is the oldest and sweetest music that the earth knows—'On earth peace, good will towards men.'"

BEAR-HUNTING.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE HIGH KNOB BEAR REGION OF NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Editor Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

IT was a memorable visit the artist and I made to the bear country that December. The particular region thus designated is among the mountains of Northeastern Pennsylvania, and although but little more than half a day's ride from New York, is almost as much of a wilderness as it was when, a century ago, the red man and the wild beast contested titles to its forests, jungles and mountain fastnesses. The Erie Railway touches the borders of the section, and sets the visitor down at a picturesque station twelve miles from the heart of the wild domain. From thence a wagon-road leads up into the mountains—a road whose physical structure is such that when we were on the way out the artist was led to remark that if the observant poet who, once upon a time, had sung of Jordan's being a hard road to travel, had ever struck this corner of the footstool his muse would have waked to living song in an entirely different strain. We found a guide, a philosopher and friend in the genial host of the large, but cozy, hotel at the station, and he drove us to the hills, and plied his whip lustily, despite the steep "pitches," deep ruts and branches of trees that projected over the road, threatening to impale us at every turn, or slapped our faces and emptied their burdens of snow into our laps.

TAVERN REMINISCENCES.

Of all our experiences among the hunters of this region, the most exciting was the trapping for and final thrilling capture of a huge bear that had long defied the skill of Quick, the most famous of all the trappers—one who had lived in the woods for over fifty years, and boasts of killing his hundreds of bear. A group of well-known hunters was collected in the barroom of the backwoods tavern, which has stood in the shadow of the great High Knob Mountain and sheltered sportsmen for time out of mind, and the contumacy of this "cute" bear was under discussion. The hunters had been listening to the story of one of their number, who, with a companion, had tracked a bear ten miles that day, and had finally brought it down. The carcass of the animal was stretched on the barroom floor, and after all interest in it and the story of its capture had ceased, the backwoodsman took up the subject of the bear that was giving Quick so much trouble:

"They don't seem to be no use o' tryin' to git that ole varmint," said Quick, a tall, straight, gaunt, but wiry man of sixty, clad in well-worn corduroy, with a round hunting-cap resting above his small, half-shut eyes. His nose was sharp and straight, and of a hue that envious woodsmen declared was due to the fact that a certain strict statute, familiar to the State of Maine, was unknown in the country. "F'r three mornin's I've foun' the bait all eat off 'n my traps, an' this mornin' I follered th' b'ar clean to the top o' th' Knob, but never got a chance to p'int my gun. I'm tellin' y', boys, an' th' black cuss 'll be a trappin' f'r us, he will. He's a big un, an' a smart un, he is, but I'll fix a trap 't'll git him, 't'night, 'r I'll quit these woods an' go over in Jersey an' starve, I will. W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

"That b'ar's sassy's th' one 't' father tells 'bout, 't' played it on to Jake Benson down nigh Hemlock Swamp, in Rocky Hill country, a good while ago," said a pale-faced, wild-eyed young hunter, called Jonas, who belongs to a family of bear-slayers. "Jake h'd trapped f'r th' b'ar a week, 'n he couldn't ketch 't—no more 'n a hen k'd ketch a weasel. One day he made up his mind 't' he'd fasten a gun 't' trap some way, so 's 't'd go off when th' trap were teched, and sock a ball some'r in th' b'ar. My dad says he hopes he'll faint on a run'way when he sees the buck a comin' in that ole b'ar didn't come a tearin' out 'n the swamp jes' 's Jake were a fixin' th' gun 't' trap, an' makes Jacob shin up a little chesnut-saplin' 't' were nigh. Night were comin' on, and cold were no name f'r 't. Th' b'ar kep' Benson in that tree 'bout three hours, 'n every little while he'd shake the saplin' so 's Jake had 't' dig his toe-nails in 't' keep from fallin'."

out. Th' b'ar eat up all the bait 't Jake 'd fetched out, an' at las' went off inter th' swamps jes' in time f'r Benson 't get down 'n save hisself from freezin'. I s'pose he were the maddes' b'ar trapper 't ever loafed 'roun' Rocky Hill, 'n nex' day he took five dogs 'n started out arter that b'ar. He follered him clean back o' th' Pocono, more 'n forty miles, and got up to him jes' in time t' see a couple o' bushwackers from th' Lehigh a peelin' off his hide. They wouldn't give Jake a smell o' th' carcass, an' he came home a durn sight madder 'n he were w'en he went out. So, Quick, 'f y'r goin' t' try 'n come 't over your b'ar any ways like Jake did over his'n, mebbe y' hadn't better."

Quick did not join in the laugh that greeted Jonas's application of his father's story. "W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s, Jonas," he drawled, "mebbe I'd better not, 'n then ag'in mebbe I'd better. Jake Benson 'n me ain't sim'l'er, we ain't, neither be we i-dentick'l'. Him a conin' 't over a b'ar, 'n me a-comin' 't over a b'ar, ain't six o' one 'n half a dozent o' t'other, 't aint. W'en I go out to come 't over a b'ar, I come 't over him, I do; 'n 'f any darned hunters wants 't git that b'ar 'way from me, they mus' lick me 'n my dogs, they mus'. An' they won't find me a b'ar a fooln' with 'em. An' they know 't, they do, don't they? W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s!"

If there had been any possibility of a little unpleasantness between the two hunters it was quickly forgotten in the more important business of responding to an inquiry as to what the party "would have," and the subsequent having of it. After which the artist put a conundrum that set another discussion going.

"See here, Jonas," said he; "suppose that bear had shaken Jake Benson out of the tree, would he have eaten him?"

"W-a-l, I d' no," said Jonas, cautiously. "He'd 'a clawed him up all he know'd how, certain. They's consid'able differ'nice of opinion 'bout b'ars eatin' human men."

"A b'ar won't eat a man no more 'n I will," put in a burly hunter, who sat off in one corner of the room.

"They won't, hay?" a gray-headed hunter shouted, in a squeaky voice. "Wall, I know they will, now. Did any o' you fellows ever know Sam Mack, which usety hunt an' trap on the headwaters o' the Big Bushkill? You as did know him knows likewise th't he turned up missin' one Winter, an' some folks said as how he'd runned away with some money th't b'longed to a pard o' his'n. 'Twa'n't so. A b'ar got outside o' Sam, jest as true as I'm h'yer. I tell you how I know it. Sam usety wear a buckskin shirt, th't had two big brass buttons on it, nigh the throat—round, flat ones, as big as half a dollar. The Winter th't he quit camp I were huntin' down nigh where he usety lay. 'Twa'n't but three or four days arter he were missed. One day I had a tussel with a big she b'ar close to where Sam's camp were, an' tumbled her bad. When I were cleanin' th't b'ar I see sump'n bright layin' in her abdoymen, an' I hope to split it 'twa'n't them two brass buttons th't Sam wearin' in his shirt. The b'ar'd been hungry, ye see, an' tackled Sam when he were 'sleep, an' 'got the bes' of him 'fore he k'd git his bearin's, an' gobbled him, rags, buttons an' all. Th' buttons wouldn't digest, o' course, an' there they was."

And so for an hour or two these hunters recounted the adventures in the woods of themselves and others with bears, deer, catamounts, etc., pausing only long enough to respond to invitations to sample the contents of the backwoods bar—invasions so frequent that if the Governors of the two Carolinas had been there, neither of them would have had occasion to complain to the other of the unusual lapse of time between refreshments. From behind the bar the landlord, himself a hunter, added his experiences among the swamps and on the "barrens." When the hunters had dropped out one by one to go their several ways, the artist expressed his decided belief that there had been more bear and the like killed and wounded in that barroom, in an hour or two, than had ever peopled the region from the beginning.

SETTING OUT ON THE HUNT.

Three-quarters of a mile from the tavern, at the foot of a lofty hemlock-covered mountain, from which a sombre shadow was already creeping over the surroundings, deepening the solitude, is Quick's cabin. There we met him for the purpose of accompanying him to where he was to set his traps. In a bare room, which was evidently the trapper's parlor, kitchen and dining-room combined, we found him standing over a huge cooking-tove, stirring a "pork-stew" in an iron kettle. A chair or two, a table and a bench, made up the furniture of the room, and firewood was scattered about the floor. Guns and hunting accoutrements occupied prominent positions. On the bench, in front of the stove, was the young hunter, Jonas, who had joined the veteran trapper.

"Thought I'd take a bite o' sn'thin' fore I started," said Quick. "Y' didn't think 't put a drop o' snake pizen from th' tavern in y'r pocket, y' didn't, did y'?"

Fortunately that important part of a bear-hunter's outfit had not been forgotten. The hunters tested it, and shortly afterwards were on the way.

The tramp of six miles was through long stretches of woods; up and down high ridges, thick with "scrub-oak"; now and then across the corner of a tangled thicket of laurel, with bottom of treacherous bog and quagmire; and along the very base of rocky ledges. At every turn the hunters pointed out a locality or landmark that reminded them of adventures past. To our right, most of the way out, a great dome of hill loomed up against the sky like a barrier to all communication with the country beyond. This was the High Knob, the highest elevation in Northeastern Pennsylvania. On the southern base of this great hill the hunters stopped, and announced that there the trap was to be set. It was at the outskirts of one of those expansive jungles of hemlock and laurel for which the region is noted.

SETTING THE TRAP.

With their hunting-axes the hunters proceeded to fell a number of saplings. These were trimmed closely of branches and cut in lengths of about ten feet. By laying these "sticks" one upon another at one end, and leaving the other end six feet or so apart, a triangular "pen" was formed, about three feet high, resembling a section of rail-fence. Then a larger tree—eight inches in diameter—was cut down; its branches were lopped off to within a few inches of the trunk. From a hollow tree the old hunter brought forth a heavy steel trap, with a strong chain, six feet in length, attached to it. One end of this chain was fastened to the small end of the tree last felled, which was laid flat on the ground at the entrance of the pen. The trap was placed in the inclosure, near the closed end. To press down the stiff spring which held the ponderous jaws of the trap together, so that they could be laid open and secured in that position by the "catch," required all the strength of the trapper. When set, the jaws of the trap lay flat on the ground, one on

one side and one on the other, between them being the paw, a touch upon which is sufficient to disturb the spring and send the jaws together like a vise. These preparations required an hour or more; then Quick took the large piece of meat he had carried out to be used for bait, and said:

"I've bin trappin' round here f'r this ole b'ar with a unkniver'd trap till I'm gittin' mad, I be. He's a smart critter, but I'll try 'n catch him with a trap he can't see, 'n let him take th' chances on 't. 'F he gits 'way with this trap 'n that log, then I'll quit, I will."

Jonas had collected from some place near by an armful of dead leaves and moss. These were covered carefully over the trap, and the meat was placed on the snow just beyond it, so that if any animal entered the inclosure it would be obliged to step in the trap before he could reach the meat. This done, all was declared in readiness, and we returned to the tavern to await the issue of the last effort to "claw the b'ar." By sunrise next morning we were on our way with the old trapper to the "kivered trap." When we neared the spot where it was set, Quick's experienced eye saw that something had been going on about it.

"Ketched, b' Jove!" he exclaimed, and hurried on to the trap.

We could see nothing that indicated that the bear was caught; and when we came up and noticed that trap, log, chain and all were missing, the artist said:

"I should say that the bear had walked away with your whole business."

"W-a-a-l, y-a-a-s," said our companion. "But he ain't walked fur, he ain't. We'll fin' him fas' down here a piece, an' I'll tumble him. H'lo, Jonas! he's ketch'd, the foxy critter is!"

"Bully for the foxy critter!" shouted Jonas, who had come over to see the result.

The snow was tramped down about the pen, and a broad trail led off down towards the swamp. Blood was freely mingled with the snow along the trail. We followed it for a quarter of a mile, and instead of entering the swamp it skirted the edge of it. A hundred yards further on Quick stopped and exclaimed:

"Is thar anybody here 't 'il put a ball through me? That b'ar's busted the chain, 'n walked off with my trap 's sartin 's lead, he has?"

True enough, there lay the jagged tree-trunk, with three feet of the chain still attached to it. The log was held by one of the projections fast to the curled roof of a laurel. An examination revealed the fact that there had been a fracture in one of the links of the chain, which had parted at the strain upon it when the log was caught in the root. The bear had escaped, bearing on one fore paw the heavy iron trap.

"I'll foller that b'ar, I will, 'f he takes me clean 't Texas!" and Quick started off with rapid strides in the direction the bear had gone. It had followed the swamp but a short distance, and then struck off into the woods, gradually working towards the Knob, and then led up the mountain by a zig-zag course. When the bear reached the summit of the Knob it had taken an eastward direction, and emerged in sight of the low country, crossing our trail of the night before. Then it took a course to the left, and half a mile further on entered the swamp. We followed the hunters into the jungle. With their experience in their favor they made good progress through the tangled depths. We floundered and fought our way behind them. Suddenly, when we had penetrated the swamp a long distance, a sound resembling a snort, an angry growl and a subdued roar combined, broke on our ears from somewhere not far ahead. Immediately the voice of the old trapper was heard, raised to its loudest pitch.

"Ketched at last, you cunnin' cuss!"

A WRESTLE FOR LIFE.

Peering through the laurels, we saw an open space in the swamp, not more than fifty feet in advance of us. A larger growth of timber surrounded it than characterized the general configuration of the swamp. The space was thirty or forty feet wide, and about the same in length. On the further edge of it an immense bear stood erect on his haunches in the snow. Both massive paws were raised aloft, and on one the heavy trap was fastened by its vise-like grip. It looked like a weapon held in readiness to be hurled at an advancing foe. The bear's great jaws were wide open, and from their flaming depths masses of foam fell in large flecks upon the bear's shaggy breast. His eyes glared fiercely, and every motion warned his pursuers that he was wrought to the very height of fury. Quick and Jonas stood on the side nearest us, like gladiators ready for the fray. The situation did not remain long unaltered. The old hunter's rifle came mechanically to his shoulder. For an instant the polished barrel flashed back the rays of the sun. Then a sharp report rang out upon the Winter air, and leaped from hill to hill. The bear dropped with a dull thud to the ground.

"Plum through the beater!" exclaimed Quick, as he sprang into the opening, knife in hand, to cut the throat of the prostrate bear. As he stooped down, the tenacious brute sprang to his feet, and rushed upon the hunter. Instantly both men were upon the bear. We crouched spell-bound where we had stopped. Knives glittered in the sunlight. We saw the bear, with blood streaming from the quickly inflicted wounds and dyeing his black coat with crimson streaks, rise up three times against his foes, and rush upon them in a savage frenzy that it seemed must carry them down before it. Once he hurled Jonas to the snow, and we held our breath as his enormous paw was raised to deal the blow that nothing could have withstood; but the ax of the other hunter fell with irresistible force on the mad brute's skull, and the bear tottered and went down beneath it. Jonas was on his feet in a second, and both his and Quick's long-bladed hunting-knives were buried almost simultaneously in the animal's heart. The men stepped aside. The bear once more arose upright, made two faltering steps towards them, struggled for a moment to maintain his poise, and then fell heavily to the ground, and was dead.

"Y'orter comed in an' had a piece o' this," said the old trapper, wiping his face, as we crept out into the opening. The clothing of both men was riddled and torn, and blood flowed from various wounds in their flesh. "F I'd a put th' ball half an inch lower, Jonas, I'd a sp'it all the fun. G' me a h'ist o' that apple juice." And Quick sat down on the carcass of the bear, and took a long pull at the flask.

"T were a good rassel w'ile 't lasted," said Jonas. "That's the last trap he'll ever steal." The bear was the largest one that had been killed in the region in many a year. Its size did not prevent the hunters suspending it by its feet from a strong pole, however, and "toting" it in to the tavern. The success of the trapper in capturing the bear that had defied him so long was celebrated late into the night, and, under the influence of the rather ardent backwoods tipples, many a fight with bears and catamounts and wounded deer was fought over again. This was our last day in the woods, and the next evening we

dined in New York on steaks cut from the bear that was "ketched 't last," and told the story of its capture to a group of wondering friends. M.

NEW YORK'S SOCIAL FLUTTER.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. THOMAS LORD TO MRS. HICKS.

SOCIETY held its breath for one brief moment as it read the announcement of the marriage of Thomas Lord to Annetta Wilhelmina Wilkins Hicks, ere bursting forth into a million exclamations, conjectures and conclusions. Mrs. Hicks, before whose beauty haughty Saxon lords, wily French diplomats, Italian princes, Russian nobles and American millionaires had vainly worshipped! Mrs. Hicks, whose bright particular star shone resplendent over court, camp and saloon! Mrs. Hicks, whose meteor-like course was marked by sheen and glitter and dazzle as she swept from London to Paris, and from Paris to Rome! Mrs. Hicks married, and to an octogenarian! No! Society could not, *would* not, believe it, and hoping against hope, it weighed the chances against such an alliance, with earnest, yet biased hand.

In the clubs menkind gloomily discussed the startling sensation. In drawing-rooms even rival beauties canvassed the event in sorrow, if not in anger, allowing the generous impulses of their nature an easy victory over the jealousy which had hitherto reigned paramount.

"Mrs. Hicks could have married anybody," was the idea that fixed itself in the minds of the upper ten thousand, and that this is comparatively true is beyond the region of controversy, while the fact of Mr. Lord's being the possessor of millions does not weigh even as a feather in the balance. The first shock being over, consternation has given way to surprise, and surprise in turn yields the *pas* to a curiosity almost amounting to a fever.

The facts may be narrated in a few words: Mr. Lord is a gentleman of over eighty, who bears the buckler of his years with surprising vigor. He is over six feet in height, of a fine presence, and has ever been noted for a dignified self-possession, and a serene, untroubled temper. He has six children—two daughters and four sons.

Mrs. Hicks, the bride, is a lady descended from Dutch ancestors of the name of Wilkens, some of whom, as appears from memoranda of the family published at Poughkeepsie, have resided in that neighborhood. It appears that she was twice married to Mr. Lord, the first time by Cardinal McCloskey on Monday, December 31st, last and the second time, a little later in the same day, by the Rev. R. B. Van Kleek, D.D. On the return of the last ceremony sent to the Board of Health for registry, Mrs. Hicks stated that she was born at Samani, South America, and that she would be forty-eight years old on her next birthday. She was married to Henry W. Hicks, a retired shipping merchant, in 1850.

During her husband's life Mrs. Hicks entered the fashionable world of New York, and entertained handsomely at her residence in Fourteenth Street, then a fashionable centre. In 1865 Mr. Hicks got into difficulties and his failure was announced. In settling up his affairs, a large tract of land near Toledo, in Ohio, and not at that time considered to be of great value, was settled upon his wife, and Chief-Justice Waite, then a lawyer at the Toledo Bar, became her trustee. Mr. Hicks died a year after the failure, and the Toledo property having greatly increased in value, Mrs. Hicks, who had for some time previously withdrawn from fashionable life in this country, returned from Europe, and for awhile reopened her house. Her tastes, however, have always led her to prefer a residence abroad, and she has passed much time in France, Italy and England. About ten years ago she became a Catholic and was admitted into the Church, at Rome, with great ceremony, in the year of the gathering of the Ecumenical Council, by Cardinal Barnabe.

Mrs. Hicks is an admirable horsewoman and has ridden to the hounds in many parts of Great Britain. Through her acquaintance with several of the Catholic English nobility she was very cordially received in London, and for two or three seasons past her entertainments at Claridge's Hotel, and the splendours of her toilet, and particularly of her diamonds, have made her a conspicuous figure in London society. During the first visit of General Grant to England, it will be remembered that Mrs. Hicks gave him quite a wonderful reception at her hotel, which was attended, as the London papers said, by everybody "from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the Honduras Minister," the latter being then under a brief cloud by reason of some discontent on the part of the Honduras bondholders in England with the proceedings of his Government.

Mrs. Hicks had been in London for some months past, and returned to this country about ten days before the ceremony of marriage. For a number of years past friendly relations have existed between Mr. Lord and the lady who has now become his wife, but no expectation of this event appears to have been entertained either by her friends or by his, and this may perhaps account for the unusual stir made by the event in the circles to which they both belong.

As soon as Mr. Thomas Lord's marriage to Mrs. Hicks became known to his children they consulted their lawyers, Lord, Day & Lord, of 120 Broadway. The affidavits of the three sons, Thomas, Jr., Henry and Francis H., and of Owen Murphy, janitor of Mr. Lord's building, 27 William Street, were taken to prove Mr. Lord insane, and Judge Van Brunt was asked to grant a writ of *de lunatico inquirendo* and an injunction restraining Mr. Lord from disposing of his property.

Mr. Lord, in aspiring to the hand and heart of Mrs. Hicks, has manifested a thorough appreciation of the beautiful. He has selected a lady for a partner who, in addition to her beauty, is possessed of great personal attainments and high culture, one who will shed light and lustre upon his home; and, since he has succeeded in drawing this prize in the great lottery, it is scarcely to be wondered at if the many who had gained blanks should betray their disappointment in "mere words."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Pope's Last Audience in the Swiss Hall in the Vatican.

The reports stating that the Pope's health is rapidly failing are confirmed by an account given in an Italian journal of an audience held in November, which may possibly be the last he will ever give: "About sixty pilgrims from Carcassonne, with several foreigners, had assembled in the Swiss Hall. At a quarter past twelve the door leading to the audience chamber was opened, and they entered. Shortly after came four porters bearing a chair on which Pope Pius IX. was seated. The change from the appearance he presented last June was very noticeable. He seemed broken down, pale and

feeble. His eyes have lost their lustre and his voice is almost inaudible. In that short time he seems to have aged at least ten years. The assemblage knelt before him, but it was with difficulty he succeeded in raising his arm to bless them. With a weak, halting voice, he spoke a few words in reply to an address read by the Bishop of Carcassonne, and when he had concluded, the porters approached the chair, those present again prostrated themselves, and Pope Pius IX. was borne away to his apartments."

War Scenes in Turkey.

Our foreign pictures this week are almost entirely made up of incidents in the Russo-Turkish War, which, owing to the vast results upon European politics likely to spring out of its issue, is of course the all-absorbing interest in European society. On November 19th the Turks, under Salim Pasha, set forth on a reconnoitring expedition, in the course of which the Russian force occupying the town of Pyrgos were driven back and the village was destroyed. Skirmishing had been in progress in that vicinity for several weeks. One of our pictures shows the manner in which the Turkish sentinels on the advanced posts intrench themselves by digging rifle-pits. Another picture, from the Army of the Danube, represents the Russian forces before Plevna receiving supplies of fuel and fodder, and forms a painful contrast to the suffering which the starving inhabitants were experiencing inside that city during the siege. The Russian attack upon the redoubt at Erzeroum transports us to the seat of operations in Armenia before that important fortress, the last practically defensive point held by the Ottoman Government in Asia.

A Russian Assault above the Clouds.

One of the most masterly manoeuvres of the Russian campaign was that by which General Rauch was enabled to turn Mehemet Ali and the Turkish left flank position at the rear of the Prava Pass in the Balkans, while General Gourko pounded away in front. For two whole days General Rauch had a terrible march across the mountains, the paths being so steep that the men had to drag the artillery up the mountains themselves on foot, and so narrow that one wheel frequently overlapped the precipice, and the carriages had to be kept from falling over by ropes being passed round the wheels. However, on November 23d, General Rauch attained the desired heights, and speedily put the surprised Turks to flight down the mountain side, the pursuit being continued until a thick fog, which always pervades these valleys at night, put an end to further operations. The scene during the rising of the fog, as may be imagined, presented a most singular aspect when viewed from above. An eye-witness writes: "We were now on an island in a great gray sea, for the clouds had gathered in on all sides, hiding completely the earth below, and even the adjacent peaks. A faint streak of yellow still lingered in the western horizon, and all about us rose out of the rolling sea of mist the sharp, purple peaks like islands in the frozen Arctic Sea. The soldiers lighted their camp-fires among the bushes, and we were all prepared to bivouac there. Perfect quiet reigned. The moon shone grandly out of the clouds, and lighted up the weirdly impressive landscape. On came great rolling waves of mist, appearing solid as snow in the cold moonlight. Around us were the forms of horses picketed in the undergrowth, groups of soldiers gathered about the fires, solitary sentinels motionless at their posts. It was a picturesque scene to be long remembered."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A PHILADELPHIA theatre gave away 10,000 loaves of bread on Christmas Day.

—The English authorities are about to spend \$900,000 on new fortifications for Aden.

—BOSTON stockholders will receive more than \$10,000,000 in dividends during January.

—They are talking in Massachusetts about putting down a double railroad-track in the Hoosac Tunnel.

—The deepest artesian well in the world is being bored in Pesth, Hungary. It has already reached 3,000 feet.

—The Dutch are fitting up a vessel to engage in the exploration in the waters of Spitzbergen and Barentz next Summer.

—The people of Chicago did not marry as much last year as in 1876, the number of weddings being only 4,432, a falling off of 191.

—The Swiss Government has decided upon an increase in the import duties, which will make them almost prohibitory for American and British goods.

—The earnings of the convicts in Sing Sing Prison during the past month exceeded the cost of maintaining the institution by the sum of \$1,338.46.

—The army estimates for 1878, as prepared by the French Minister of War, and recently presented by him to the Chamber of Deputies, amount altogether to 539,484,034 francs.

—The farmers of Santa Ana, Los Angeles County, Cal., are building a canal fifteen miles long by ten feet wide, at a cost of \$50,000, by which 15,000 acres of land will be irrigated.

—EACH Prussian soldier carries in his left trousers pocket the plaster, lint and bandage necessary for a first dressing, so that on an emergency each can help himself or a comrade in distress.

—The removal of the mound of earth and debris to the east of the railway station on the Esquiline at Rome has lately disclosed a magnificent piece of the ancient walls of the time of the Kings.

—PROFESSOR W. C. SAWYER, of Appleton, Wis., in a speech on the necessity for reform in spelling, declared that there were only five words in the English language that were pronounced as they were spelled.

—JAPAN has 3,691 post offices, which distributed last year 24,000,000 letters and postal-cards, and 5,000,000 papers. Postal-cards, stamped wrappers, money-orders and savings-banks are all included in the system.

—The total exports from California to Australia for the first ten months of 1877 amounted to \$707,000, against \$313,000 for the same period of the previous year, and the total to New Zealand, \$131,000 against \$108,000.

—PROFITING by the experience of Georgia, Virginia is making an effort to attract capital to the State for industrial purposes. Bills have been introduced into the General Assembly to exempt from taxation a certain amount of capital invested in manufacturing and mining enterprises.

—THERE are disadvantages in being a native of Japan. When the Japanese individual desires to deposit money in the Bank of England, the gold coin is melted into bars, weighed, and the amount put to the Japanese person's credit. This bank will not accept the coin of several foreign countries except on these conditions.



PENNSYLVANIA.—A BEAR-HUNT ON THE HIGH KNOB MOUNTAIN.—"KETCHED AT LAST, YOU CUNNING CUSS!"—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See Letter from our Special Correspondent, page 338.

THE HENCHMAN.

MY lady walks her morning round,
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers;
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,
Was beauty seen or music heard.

The distance of the stars is hers;
The least of all her worshipers,
The dust beneath her dainty heel,
She knows not that I see or feel.

O proud and calm! she cannot know
Where'er she goes with her I go;
O cold and fair! she cannot guess
I kneel to share her hound's caress!

Gay knights beside her hunt and hawk,
I rob their ears of her sweet talk;
Her suitors come from east and west,
I steal her smiles from every guest.

Unheard of her, in loving words,
I greet her with the song of birds,
I reach her with her green-armed bowers,
I kiss her with the lips of flowers.

The hound and I are on her trail,
The wind and I uplift her veil;
As if the calm, cold moon she were,
And I the tide, I follow her.

As unbeked as they, I share
The license of the sun and air,
And in a common homage hide
My worship from her scorn and pride.

Nor look nor sign betrayeth me;
I serve her in my low degree,
Content in humble way to prove
He serveth well who serves for love.

And still to her my service brings
The reverence due to holy things;
Her maiden pride, her haughty name
My dumb devotion shall not shame.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL.

BY R. J. DE CORDOVA.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CONSPIRACY.

WHILE the events described in the preceding chapter were transpiring, Miss Arabella's attention was distracted by her inability—common to most persons—to do two things at one and the same time. She had to pack up her clothing for the proposed flight, and she could not remain two minutes without reading the count's letter over again, and especially those portions which she found to be particularly interesting. The consequence was, that while the letter was being learnt, almost by heart, the clothes still lay scattered here and there about the apartment in ridiculous confusion. What puzzled her so much as to require frequent re-perusal, was the paragraph concerning the servant, in whom Monsieur de Couac placed so much confidence, and to whom he had so fully intrusted a knowledge of his plans. The servant was to come to her aid at or near the hour of the elopement, which was fixed for nine o'clock. But how was that domestic to assist her? What was that domestic to do in the matter? Her romantic mind had already suggested to itself ladders of silken cords, a light vehicle, and horses that were to run as swiftly as the wind. But if it was to be an affair of rope-ladders attached to the window-sill, how was that attachment to be made? and would it be decent on her part to actually put her entire person out of the window and descend, while the count, and, perhaps, the servant, would be below? She was terribly puzzled.

Miss Arabella had risen from her knees before the trunk in which the clothes were to be packed, and had gone, for the twentieth time, to the table to again read the count's letter, when she was startled by a gentle scratching, rather than a knocking, at the door. Arabella was alarmed. It could not be mamma;—that was a blessing, for mamma had gone out shopping. Who, then, could it be? Hiding the letter in her bosom, she unlocked the door and said, "Come in!"

The door was gently opened, and Parkin came stealthily and on tiptoe into the apartment.

"Oh, the new girl," said Arabella, scarcely glancing at him. "I rang for you. Go down, if you please, and iron me a couple of collars, and bring them up immediately. Cook will give them to you from the wash."

Instead of doing as he was bid, Parkin closed the door and locked it, and then turned and faced Miss Fizzlebury.

"What do you lock the door for?" inquired the young lady.

"Hush," said Parkin, mysteriously. "Hush." "What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Arabella.

"Hush," said Parkin again, and with increased mystery and importance, but afraid to break the truth to the young lady too suddenly, lest she should, by an ill-advised scream, spoil everything.

"Hush, Miss Fizzlebury! I am not what I seem."

"What is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Arabella. "Are you crazy?"

"Hush! I am not what I seem," repeated Parkin, with the air of one who judged that, up to that moment, it was not prudent to say more.

"I am not what I seem."

"I am very glad of that," said Arabella, "for you don't seem very inviting. What do you want? Answer me directly."

"Hush!" whispered Parkin. "I came from him. You know. From your lover. I am not what I seem. Hush! don't scream."

Now, when Parkin said: "I came from him—your lover," with a special emphasis on the pronoun in the objective case, he, of course, referred to Potthausen. Miss Fizzlebury, on the contrary, who had entirely forgotten that young man, was struck with a dawning idea that the woman before her, whom she had taken for the new girl, might in some way be connected with the subject of the

letter in her bosom. Her color heightened, and Parkin proceeded with his somewhat incoherent explanation.

"Hush! Don't scream, I beg and entreat you. Have you received his letters? He fears they may have miscarried, and is distracted at the thought of their having been intercepted. Hush! don't scream. I am his confidant—his friend, though you now behold me in this menial garb. I am not what I seem. I am here to serve him and to serve you. Trust me."

The light, in all its splendor, broke at once on Arabella's mind. The count had said in his letter that his servant was in his confidence. This was the servant; and how delicate of him to send to her assistance a female domestic instead of—as she had feared—a man-servant. Parkin's appearance, just as Arabella was packing for her flight with the count, tallied exactly with the advices just to hand. A faint scream escaped her.

"I am so glad and thankful that you have come," said Arabella. (Parkin grinned with delight at his success, so far.) "I have this moment received another letter from the dear fellow. He will be here this evening at nine o'clock, with a carriage. He writes me that you will be here to aid in the elopement. We will fly." (Parkin's brow became clouded.)

In fact this news staggered Parkin. It struck him as most unfriendly and improper on the part of Potthausen, that, after intrusting the whole affair to him yesterday, he (Pot) should write another letter to-day, through some other channel, and arrange an elopement without his (Parkin's) knowledge and connivance. He was puzzled. But perhaps Pot had received a letter from Arabella after the departure of Parkin from Potthausen's apartments the evening before. It would be highly indelicate to ask too many questions at that moment; and, at any rate, it was clear that Pot counted on the new girl's assistance in the matter, since he had mentioned Parkin in the letter just received by Miss Fizzlebury. It, at least, spared him the degrading necessity of explaining that the new girl was a man in female attire.

"This evening at nine, is it?" said Parkin, puzzled.

"Yes," replied Arabella, "at nine. Go to him at once, and let him know that I am resolved to follow his advice, and will be ready."

Here was a fresh difficulty. Parkin could not, or would not, go into the street in his costume. In the bundle which he had brought with him there were only his coat and pantaloons—nothing more. And it was clear that if he went out to deliver the message, he would have to return, as he was depended on for assistance in the elopement. Yet a refusal to go, at the bidding of Miss Fizzlebury, would seem churlish, and might lead her to suspect his fidelity.

"I cannot leave you, Miss Fizzlebury," said Parkin. "I promised him that I would not leave you for a moment, and I will not. But, believe me, I shall find means of communication with your lover. Lend me a pencil and an envelope, and trust to me."

"Nay," answered Arabella, throwing into her voice all the coyness she could command; "it will perhaps be more gratifying to him if I write, and I will do so discreetly, without signature or address."

"It will indeed be most gratifying to him," exclaimed the delighted Parkin.

And Miss Arabella wrote:

"I have seen your servant, and we understand each other perfectly. I await you at the hour appointed, and shall be ready."

"Devotedly and confidently thine," A.

"Admirable!" cried Parkin. "I will direct it below, and dispatch it immediately."

CHAPTER XIV.—THERE IS SOME CONFUSION IN THE CORRESPONDENCE.

ON his return to the kitchen, Parkin was informed by cook that the "ould woman" had gone out and would not be back before five o'clock—a providential circumstance! Nothing could be more fortunate. He added to Arabella's note a brief line, by way of postscript from himself, saying: "Send your answer addressed to me (Mary Murphy)"—closed the envelope, and directed it to O. Potthausen, Esq., and dispatched it by cook; for which service that unconscious confederate in Parkin's wickedness received another fee of one dollar. Cook was to convey the letter only to the corner grocery, where a messenger was to be employed to take the epistle to its address.

And now Parkin, having no menial work to perform, by reason of his previous financial arrangement with his fellow-servant (how true it is that some persons have riches thrust upon them!) was left to bridle his anxiety, and endure the torture of his wig as well as he could until nine o'clock. He had been just twenty-four hours in the Fizzlebury service when he received Potthausen's answer, duly addressed to "Mary Murphy."

"A million thanks, my dear Parkin, for your most valuable assistance, which has succeeded beyond my most sanguine hopes. I will be there at nine o'clock with a carriage as you direct; but what the carriage is needed for I cannot, for the life of me, understand. If an elopement be intended, I fear you have gone too far in your zeal for my interests; for I am free to confess that I am not, in anyway, prepared for such a course. But I will be with you, nevertheless, at the hour which you have appointed. As for you, my dear Parkin, you are indeed a trump; and there is nothing in my power that I would not do for you in return for your great kindness. Go on and prosper. Yours, in haste, and deeply grateful,

"O. P."

This letter was extremely puzzling to Parkin. "If an elopement be intended?" What could Pot possibly mean by this remark after his letter to Arabella, wherein he himself had proposed this step? Was he, at the critical moment, going to back out of the course which he himself had suggested, and, indeed, urged? That would be dishonorable to the last degree. "And, by Jove!" thought Parkin, "if he show the white feather now, he will doubly dishonor me. No, no! The girl expects an elopement, and an elopement she

shall have, if I have to do it myself; though she isn't exactly the girl that I would fancy."

Several times in the course of the evening, he sought speech with Arabella in order to obtain an explanation; but he was always balked by the mother's being in the parlor with her daughter. He even volunteered to take dishes to the table at dinner, and he went so far as to wait on the family at that meal, where he made the most absurd signs to Arabella that he desired speech with her alone. She, poor girl, supposing that his horrible grimaces were intended only to let her know that he was on the alert for her sake, merely smiled at him behind her table-napkin, but, of course, said nothing.

At length, and most unfortunately, Mr. Fizzlebury caught Parkin in the act of winking at Arabella and making, generally, a most hideous picture of his countenance.

"What on earth," said Mr. Fizzlebury, "is the matter with the woman? Mary, what ails you?"

Parkin's face immediately resumed the absurd expression which the red wig and the handkerchief tied under his chin had imparted to it, and answered:

"It's the pain, sir. I've been quite bad all the day, sir."

"Then you had better remain in the kitchen," said Mrs. Fizzlebury, "till you are ready to go home. I have been to the intelligence office and they have promised me another girl to-morrow morning. Go down-stairs."

Parkin, accordingly, retired to the kitchen and resumed his seat in the seatless chair, to wait, with all the patience he could command, for nine o'clock; while Arabella underwent a similarly trying process in her own room up-stairs.

At about half-past seven o'clock, however, circumstances occurred which threatened to change entirely the aspect of affairs.

CHAPTER XV.—HIGHLY DETRIMENTAL TO THE NEW GIRL'S CHARACTER.

IT was between seven and eight o'clock, and Parkin was waiting anxiously for the hour of nine, when Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury walked solemnly into the kitchen, and, confronting Parkin and the other girl, opened a terrible battery on them in so systematic a manner as showed that their employers were not new to this performance.

"Now just look here, girls, both of you," said Mr. Fizzlebury, with the air of a judge who scarcely deemed it necessary to listen to evidence before pronouncing sentence; "I am a very peaceful man, and a very quiet man; but I am not to be imposed on; and I assure you that it will be best for the culprit to make a clean breast of it at once, and tell the truth without evasion. Mrs. Fizzlebury, when she went out this afternoon, left a brooch on her dressing-table—"

"A cameo brooch," interrupted Mrs. Fizzlebury, "in a gold setting—worth eighty dollars."

"That brooch," resumed Mr. Fizzlebury, "is gone. Nobody has been here to take it but you two girls. One of you must have it. Now, give it up instantly, or I'll have your trunks and your persons searched!"

Parkin's first impulse, on hearing this little oration, was to give Mr. Fizzlebury just "one" in his eye and floor him. Prudence, however, restrained our hero. He smiled contemptuously on Mrs. Fizzlebury, and bestowed on her husband a withering gaze, which had about as much effect on the old gentleman as if Parkin had simply requested him to go up-stairs to bed.

Cook, on the other hand, set up a terrible hullabaloo. She denounced the house and all its inmates; declared that such a charge had never before been laid at her door; and actually foamed at the mouth in her fury.

Mrs. Fizzlebury was equally vociferous, though not quite so vulgar, in her remarks; and Mr. Fizzlebury, seeing that the brooch was not forthcoming, sallied out for a policeman, with whom he speedily returned.

Then the scolding on one side, the recriminations on the other, and the repeated calling of the parties to order by the policeman, combined to make a deafening clamor which might have been, and possibly was, heard at the corner.

The policeman immediately instituted himself a court of inquiry, and gathered such particulars as could be got together out of the hurricane of words now raging around him.

"Come now, my girl," at length said the officer to Parkin. "Come now; if you have taken that brooch, just give it up at once and be done with it."

"Hang your insolence!" answered Parkin, now thoroughly aroused. "But I'll catch you somewhere, my fine fellow, where I shall not be compelled to hold my tongue, and then—"

"You threaten, do you?" said the policeman. "That's a dangerous woman, ma'am," he remarked, speaking to Mrs. Fizzlebury, and indicating Parkin; "that's a dangerous woman, and I think I've seen her face in the police court before now, and more than once. Did you have a character with her? It's my belief that she has taken your brooch."

"I must insist on her being searched," cried Mrs. Fizzlebury.

"I can't search her myself, ma'am," said the officer. "It's not allowed for us to search women. But if you will let some one go round for the matron, who does the searching of the female prisoners, that girl shall be searched immediately. I will wait here to see that she doesn't make away with anything that's about her person. She's evidently a bad woman."

Whereupon Mr. Fizzlebury himself departed in search of the matron; while cook, full of the cowardly, cringing spirit peculiar to her class, and thinking that, if there really were a culprit in the case, she had better take steps towards clearing herself, began to turn "state's evidence," and to implicate her fellow-servant.

"I niver," said, or rather sobbed, cook, "in all the places I lived in, I niver yit was accused of takin' a ha'porth of anything that didn't belong to me. I'm a poor girl, but I'm honest. But whin other girls is brought into the house wid you, wid their pockets full of money—Lord knows how they gets it—it looks queer it does, an' it's hard for an honest hard workin' girl to suffer for other people's badness, so it is."

These remarks led the officer to make further inquiries, which resulted in the exposure of the fact that the new girl had "heaps of money" in her pocket. All of which looked very black, indeed, against Parkin, who felt really alarmed when Mr. Fizzlebury returned with the female searcher.

Cook at once expressed herself willing to undergo the ordeal. "Search me first, sir, av you please. It's the first time that sich a thing was iver asked of me; but sarch away, and all you'll find won't hurt you nor me neither."

The female searcher, who was a stout, muscular woman, retired with cook into the laundry, and presently returned, declaring that the woman had nothing but a little paper of snuff and a phial or half-pint flask containing whisky.

"Now, then," exclaimed the policeman, indicating Parkin, "search that girl."

"Stay one moment," cried Parkin. "What money I may have had or may now have about me is nobody's business but my own. And as to the brooch which that old fool—(you may imagine Mrs. Fizzlebury's indignation on hearing herself so designated by a servant)—as to the brooch which that old fool pretends to have lost I know nothing about it. I have no objection whatever to undergo this most humiliating process; but no woman shall search me. Policeman, you may do it if you like, but don't let that woman touch me."

This was altogether a most natural, proper and decent exception for Parkin to take to the projected undertaking. But Mrs. Fizzlebury and the cook, still believing Parkin to be of their sex, simultaneously raised a cry of indignation at "the brazen shamelessness of the impudent hussy." (The gentle reader must endeavor to fancy Parkin a "hussy,") and the policeman, himself, blushed to the eyes at Parkin's suggestion. At this moment the sound of wheels outside was heard, as of a carriage stopping in front of the house.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE MELANCHOLY EXPOSURE.

PARKIN'S agitation was now intense. The carriage was at the door. Potthausen would be expecting to see the new girl, at any moment, leave the house and come to explain to him the meaning of the suggestion regarding the necessity for a carriage. Arabella, also, would be waiting for him to convey her out of the house, and into the arms of her impatient lover. Yet, there was Parkin, held at bay by an officer of the law, on an absurd accusation of larceny at the instance of two persons whom he regarded with unspeakable contempt, as the greatest idiots he had ever encountered in all his life. In his excitement he stamped on the floor, and, with the intention of pulling his hair out by the roots, he so misplaced the red wig, which, in his fury, he had forgotten, as nearly to expose to the persons around him the fact that he wore one.

"Finish your confounded folly at once," cried Parkin, "and let me go. I have a most particular engagement, and cannot wait here for your nonsense, you infernal idiots. Here, officer, here are twenty dollars for you. Let me leave this beastly den immediately. I have a most important appointment, and—here, in your ear—I am not what I seem." And he held forth to the policeman four government notes of five dollars each.

"Bribe me, would you?" said the policeman, bringing his club smartly down on the wrist of Parkin's extended arm. (The officer might not have been so active in refusing the money and in administering punishment, had he and Parkin been alone; but no matter.) "Bribe me, would you? There is no doubt of that girl's guilt, ma'am; I think the best thing to do is to take her off to the station at once, and lock her up for examination to-morrow morning."

Parkin's wrist pained him exceedingly, and greatly increased his irritation. "Fool!" he shouted to the policeman, "let me go. I tell you again, I am not what I seem."

Arabella, cloaked and bonneted, was now on the kitchen stairs, waiting and wondering why Parkin had not come for her box of clothing, and to afford her the promised assistance in getting her out of the house and placing her in the carriage. She was mortified beyond measure at the altercation going on in the kitchen, when, now and again, the angry sounds confusedly reached her ear. But what could she do to allay the storm? She knew that the carriage was in waiting, and was sure that the count was in it and was looking, "with all his eyes" for her egress from the house. A happy thought struck her. She would go alone, and trust confidently to the honor of the count. And she started to go out at the basement door.

It happened, however, that the carriage, which had arrived, was not the count's, did not contain that foreign adventurer, and had not been brought thither with any serious intention of an elopement. Its occupant was Mr. Otto Potthausen, whom Miss Fizzlebury had not the remotest expectation of seeing at that time.

The young lady had descended the stairs, and was proceeding to the basement door, when she was startled, and, indeed, arrested, by a voice not altogether unknown to her, but which she could not at that moment identify, calling in a whisper through the keyhole, "Parkin! Parkin! I am here. Why don't you come? Parkin! Parkin!" On hearing which, the startled Arabella turned and fled up the stairs again, and almost fainted on the uppermost step.

In the meanwhile, the policeman was insisting that Parkin should immediately put on his bonnet and be taken to the station. Our hero was frantic with excitement. A bright idea occurred to him. He would go out with the officer. At the door he would meet Potthausen, who would guarantee his (Parkin's) respectability, and, if necessary, give bail for him. He could then return into the house and conduct Arabella to the carriage.

"Officer! I will go with you," said Parkin, tying the old bonnet under his chin, "I will go with you at once;" and so saying, and seizing his bundle, he began rather to drag forth the policeman than to suffer that guardian of the peace to take him into custody.

"Stop!" said the policeman, seizing Parkin by

the shoulder, and turning him half around and away from the kitchen door; "stop! Let us have a look into that bundle, if you please," and he snatched it from Parkin's grasp.

Just at this moment the noise of another carriage stopping before the Fizzlebury mansion was distinctly heard on the kitchen stairs and in the kitchen. Arabella, still sitting disconsolate on the uppermost step, was vexed beyond measure at this intrusion. "There!" said she to herself, "some stupid visitors I suppose. How awkward! This will spoil everything. I hope that the count has not alighted; he will be recognized."

As for Parkin, he was almost beside himself when he heard the other carriage stop at the door. "Is it possible," thought he, "that Potthausen could be so foolish as to bring two carriages. He could not have done more if he were going to be married publicly here in the house. And Parkin, in his agony, turned with a pleading countenance to the policeman.

"Officer!" cried Parkin, "not now. Do not, for mercy's sake, open that bundle now. Tomorrow—by-and-by—at any time but now. I must go outside—to the station—anywhere. I must go out into the street immediately. Capture me—chain me. But let me go outside."

"Just you stay where you are," retorted the officer, placing himself between Parkin and the kitchen door. "Just you stay where you are till I look into this bundle."

And so saying, the policeman tore open the flimsy newspaper covering, and produced therefrom, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury and the cook, a pair of trousers and a coat. The lady and the cook appeared to be shocked beyond the power of expression. Nor were their harrowed feelings at all calmed when the policeman, remarking, "Those are nice things, truly, for a girl to have in her bundle," with a sudden and unexpected jerk drew the red wig off Parkin's head, and the poor Custom-house officer stood ignominiously revealed.

His position was so overwhelmingly disgraceful, and was so keenly felt, that, but for the pride which partially overcame his sense of intense shame, Parkin would then and there have wept. And yet when the wig came off, and Parkin felt again the fresh and revivifying air on his head—which had for twenty-eight hours suffered the inexpressible torture inflicted by that covering—it really seemed to Parkin a relief for which he ought to be for ever grateful. He could, at least, breathe again.

The women, however, screamed—I might say screeched—when the final exposure was made. Mrs. Fizzlebury, true to her instincts, at once turned on the cook.

"Bridget, you must have brought this man into the house."

Bridget, eager to screen herself from the possible consequences of this undeserved accusation, yelled the following observations in an angry voice, which was heard above the din of all other noises in the kitchen;

"A man! Good Lord! Mrs. Fizzlebury, I know nothing at all of the man, ma'am. I never seen the man till last night, ma'am. He slept outside in the garret hall. A man! Jist let me git at him onces, ma'am, that's all I ask of you."

Parkin now felt really alarmed for his personal safety, cook being a brawny and evidently a very powerful person.

"Silence, woman!" said he, and turned to the policeman. "Officer, do not form an opinion of me from what you have seen here. I am not what I seem!"

"No, I should say you are not," said the officer; "but we'll soon understand all about it." And he was about to lay violent hands on Parkin when a terrible uproar in the street, and directly in front of the house, was heard. There were cries of "Police! police!" and even "Murder!"

(To be continued.)

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

FROM WINNEMUCCA TO THE "SINK OF THE HUMBOLDT."

THE departure of the daily stage from Winnemucca to Boise City, Idaho, is one of those vignette pictures of frontier life to which we have grown accustomed, and which present, at each point of the journey, much the same interesting features. We watch the exodus of this one with its cheering load of humanity, armed to the teeth for their two hundred and seventy-five-mile journey, and wish—a few of us—that we were bound with them, just for a taste of adventure. Then we seize the opportunity for a sketch, presented by a group of working Indians—working, not begging—absolutely performing the manual labor of loading up a freight-car, with faces guileless of paint, and forms unshrouded by the distinctive blanket. True, they work in a rather languid manner, but still it is work, and so far a refreshing spectacle; and we are told that a small number of them are regularly employed here upon the railroad, co-laborers with the Chinese, and receiving the same rate of wages—one dollar per day—with this difference, however, that the Celestial "finds" himself in pork and rice, the staff of his life, and the Indian is generously allowed to draw his rations from Government.

Leaving Winnemucca while the afternoon is but an hour old, we find the next point of departure to be "Rose Creek"—a solitary station set in an arid and unwatered region of sage brush. Perhaps there was once a creek here, but we are morally certain that there could never have been a rose. Equally apt is the nomenclature of the next station, "Raspberry," and equally barren are the surroundings. The monotony of the glaring white flats and the tufted gray sage, and the long, low ranges of brown sand-hills, begin to pall upon some of the travelers, and in two or three of the sections we observe the recumbent forms of the takers of notes, with their hats over their eyes, their heads abased and their boots aloft—let us suppose lost in meditation. But to a few of us there is no such thing as monotony in these pictures of the

Plains; their barrenness is the very grandeur and tragedy of desolation; their wide sweeping level is, to all other stretches of level country, as the stormy ocean to a stagnant pond.

All the afternoon we glide in the hot, still sunshine over the hot, dusty land, passing only three little stations between Winnemucca and the supper-station, Humboldt. This is the point where all travelers burst forth into enthusiasm, and where each one, dropping from the platform of the cars, delivers, as an original sentiment, the simile of the "Oasis in the Desert." We can predicate with perfect certainty, at given points in the journey, what stock quotations; each individual will successively repeat, in innocent unconsciousness that it was ever said before; thus a sensitive gentleman of the party has been driven to frenzy by the daily allusion to "cattle on a thousand hills," which the bare glimpse of a horned beast is sure to evoke from somebody.

But one may almost be pardoned for calling Humboldt an oasis, it is so green, so fresh and unexpectedly pretty, blossoming out of the alkali flats. There is a square yard sown with blue grass, and planted with willow-trees, locusts and poplars, among which a tame antelope is feeding; there is a flourishing orchard of apple-trees, and a fish-pond filled with trout, and before the door plays a spasmodic little fountain, fenced in with an iron rail, and bedded in a ring of bright green grass.

Inside the house, the bar is as usual a grand depository for "Rocky Mountain curiosities," in the shape of petrifications, crystals, fossils, and mineral wonders of all sorts; on a shelf above the bottles there is even an ancient-looking human skull with an ominous fissure running across its occipital region. Besieged with questions as to its history, the man at the bar has nothing more marvelous to tell us than that it was "dog up roun'yere somewhere; guesses it was a nigger or an Injun," evidently considering it, in either case, beneath interest.

Emerging from the bar, we find every woman from the train—every one, at least, who is not in the dining-room—collected around a group of Indians on the platform. For the first time, we feel a thrill as at the sight of a genuine savage, for this party is gorgeous in buckskin and bead-work, the men have eschewed the regulation black hat, tied on with a dirty string, and one of them has actually a bow and quiver of arrows slung at his back. They are good-looking, too, after the Indian type; they wore fringed leggings and moccasins, their blankets girt at the waist with a strip of rawhide, in which is stuck a great knife in a buckskin sheath, and their hair, after the fashion of the genuine Plains Indians, is parted through the middle, and collected into two long braids over each ear, hanging down on the breast. Some of the blankets are gayly striped, and some beaded; the squaws are all wrapped in blankets of dark blue, with only a pair of moccasined feet visible, and the children—there are no babies—are clad in tight leggings and short blankets, with their hair braided in tails, and stuck full of such savage ornaments as colored papers, brass buttons and beads. One group of an old chief, with his squaw and his son and heir, aged about ten, attracts us specially, for the woman presents the only specimen of a comely female Indian that we have seen.

She sits curled up on the ground, at the feet of the man, with her hands clasped round her knees, and so wrapped in her blue blanket as to hide all the outlines of her figure; but her face, in its framework of shaggy blue-black hair, is young and fresh, and even rather sweet-looking, and she laughs with her black eyes and her white teeth together as she tells us her tribe, "Shoshone," and her name—some soft liquid combination of syllables which we fail to hold in memory—and ends by selling her brass earrings to one of us, first turning to the chief for permission. He is a surly old villain, who sits humped up in his blanket, watching us with his evil eyes, as full of cold venom as a snake's should be, and never moving a muscle or vouchsafing a sound when we address him. The inquisitive young lady of the party is tortured with curiosity respecting a certain brass knob planted in the parting of his hair, resembling a brass-headed nail driven into his skull; and she wanders round and round him, inspecting the phenomenon, and endeavoring to account satisfactorily for its presence, until the train conductor summons us all aboard, and we are forced to leave the mystery for ever unsolved.

All around Humboldt lie tracts of sulphur mines, with a little sprinkling of gold and silver, and the dreariest section of the alkali desert stretches westward from its little acre of green. The Humboldt River runs north of us, but it is sunken deep between its bluffs, and cannot be seen; the Humboldt Mountains, on the left, lean shadowy against the sky, and the plain around us heaves and undulates like the ocean-swell. At Oreana, the next station, we are going rapidly down grade towards the "Sink of the Humboldt," where, at the lowest elevation of that stretch of country, called the Nevada Basin, the Humboldt and Carson Rivers sink into the marshy plain and disappear. The sun sets over the naked brown hills, and dusk is gathering upon the valley, as we speed along; the miles of gray sage look grayer and more ghastly still, and the shapes of cattle scattered over the divides loom like spectres in the dim light. For this, it seems, is a country peopled with stock-men; and though the mere observer fails to see what the cattle can possibly find to eat, the natives will tell you that they thrive and grow fat on the bitter and ill-smelling sage-brush, whereof there are three varieties; the tall bushes, which reach a height of three or four feet; the white sage, with its dusty, woolly leaf, never going beyond a foot, and the short, curly clover-sage—these two last being the diet of the cows and sheep running at large over the Plains.

Lovelocks follows, where we pass a small area of richer soil, and some signs of cultivation, only to re-enter again upon the ghastly desert. In the twilight and the rising moonlight we can still see distinctly the shapes of the low hills, the rusty-brown, ragged formations of lava and loose scoria which remain to speak of old volcanic convulsions; and still further on, the moon, shining white upon the alkali, touches brighter upon a sheet of water, which they tell us is the beginning of the Sink of the Humboldt. We have passed Granite Point, and are fast nearing the flat bottom-lands where the waters of the two rivers, and of this lake, an expansion of the Humboldt, settle down to their subterranean journey; passing Brown's and White Plains, over long, low flats, that glitter white as snow with alkaline and saline incrustations, we are in the "sink" itself; and there, in that moonlit patch of water, we have our last glimpse of the Humboldt River as it soaks out of sight in the great salt marsh. According to the residents of the country, its waters, with those of the Carson, are not only absorbed into the thirsty earth, but taken up into the air, by a process of evaporation so rapid as sometimes to drain vast areas of submerged land in a few days; and it is possible that by both methods the drainage of the two rivers is performed. No other outlet to the "sink" is known to exist, at all events.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Ancestors of the Common House Dog.—Herr Zeitelles has devoted eleven years to the study of the phylogeny of the dog, and comes to the conclusion that neither wolves nor foxes are involved in the descent, but that jackals and the Indian wolf were the original canine ancestors. The author recently read a paper before the Dresden Naturalist's Society "Isis," giving a sketch of his researches and the reasons for the conclusions at which he had arrived.

Fossil Insects.—Mr. S. H. Scudder, of Cambridge, has just returned from a two months' tour in Colorado, and reports having secured many specimens of fossil insects at different points in that State. The extent of the insect-bearing shales is greater than in any previously known locality. The rocks of the West bid fair to furnish the long-desired solution to the problem of evolution, and to afford us links in the chain of descent from the lowest to the highest forms of life.

A Bell Signal for the Telephone.—The latest improvement in the telephone is a bell-signal. This was very much needed, as there was no way of attracting attention at either end of the line, unless some one was constantly put on guard with his ear to the instrument. The bell-call operates the same as the telephone without the need of a battery; it is effected by simply turning a wheel, which causes magnetic coils to revolve, giving a current sufficient to move the hammer of a bell at the other end of the wire.

A New Vanadium Mineral.—Mr. James Blake, of San Francisco, has discovered a new mineral to which he has given the name of Roscoelite, in honor of Professor Roscoe, of Manchester, England, who has done so much for the chemical history of vanadium; it is a well-marked species of mica, containing quite a large percentage of vanadium. It was found in a goldmine in layers from one-tenth to one-half an inch thick, and also filling cavities in the rock. The presence of vanadium in such large quantities will prove of great value to manufacturers of aniline black and of indelible inks.

The Value of the Earthworm in Agriculture.—M. Hensen comes to the conclusion, after long investigation, that sterile undersoil is rendered valuable by the action of worms in two ways, viz.: by the opening of passages for the roots into the deeper parts, and by the lining of those passages with humus. In wet weather the adult animals come up to the surface by night, and with their hinder end in their tube, search the ground round about and draw fallen stems, leaves and small branches into their holes. On closer examination it is found that the leaves have each been rolled together by the worm and then drawn into the tube in such a way that the stalk projects. In this way the ground is broken up, and fertilizing humus is scattered through it.

A Machine to Restore Respiration.—This invention consists of a sheet-iron cylinder large enough to enclose the body of an adult person. It is closed at one end, and the body of the patient is inserted, feet foremost, at the open end, up to the neck, round which a diaphragm is placed in such a manner as to prevent air from entering the cylinder. An air-pump is then set to work; the air of the cylinder is partially exhausted, when the outer air enters through the mouth and nostrils; by reversing the pump, air is allowed to re-enter the cylinder and respiration is thereby imitated. By repeating the operation a number of times asphyxiated persons, and particularly those who have been in danger of death by drowning, have been completely restored.

Artificial Butter.—It is said that the manufacture and sale of artificial butter is greatly on the increase. Doctor H. A. Mott asserts, after making a somewhat extensive series of analysis, that the article prepared from animal fats is fully as good as dairy butter. It is an interesting fact that the oleo-margarine industry had its origin in the wants of the French during the siege of Paris. Some poorly fed cows were able to secrete milk at the expense of fatty tissue, and it occurred to a scientific man to use the same tissues taken from a dead animal, and by working them up to produce the oily globules that constitute butter. He was so far successful that the artificial product could not be distinguished from the genuine, and out of this small beginning has grown up an extensive business.

Use of Electricity in Mines.—The frequent recurrence of fire-damp explosions in mines has given rise to the suggestion of using electricity as a source of light. The late M. Leverrier, when presiding at the meeting of French learned societies last Easter, proposed to extend the telegraph warnings of the International Meteorological System to the several French collieries, and it was thought that these warnings, combined with a new system of lighting, would greatly diminish the danger of explosions in the pits. The further precaution offered by the telephone has also been recently recommended. Sufficient light can be afforded by Geissler tubes acting in sealed bulbs, so that there is positively no possibility of bringing any flame in contact with the explosive gases. The Davy lamp has so frequently failed that a safer substitute is imperatively demanded.

Investigations on Butter.—Good, fresh butter possesses the well-known agreeable taste and a slight smell of milk, while rancid butter smells very disagreeably. The latter may be converted into an eatable food by treatment with water, in which case the soluble rancid parts are removed. The taste and color of butter depends upon the class of animals and the fodder used. Its color is often adulterated by means of small quantities of beet-roots or other plants possessing coloring power. The coloring matter may be detected by treating the butter with strong alcohol. Butter-fat is a very complex substance, containing varying proportions of eight different acids. Pure butter dissolves readily in ether, forming a clear lemon-yellow liquid, while hog's lard, beef-fat, mutton-fat and tallow form turbid, milky solutions. The fat of pure butter, when saponified with soda-lye, yields a soap less hard and firm than that produced by adulterated butter.

The Smithsonian Institution.—It is now thirty years since Professor Joseph Henry assumed the direction of the Smithsonian bequest and organized the institution for the diffusion of knowledge, which has exerted such a beneficial influence in fostering and disseminating scientific information in the United States. The original fund of \$541,379 has been increased to \$714,000, and a building costing \$500,000 has been erected. There is a library of 70,000 volumes, chiefly the serial scientific publications of learned societies, which are of great value, as they cannot be purchased, and are only procurable by exchange among affiliated societies. The most important feature of the institution is the great system of international exchanges which has been founded by Professor Henry. The aim is to keep knowledge moving, and, if any one has made original observations of a purely scientific nature, he can look to the Smithsonian Institution as the willing agent to further their circulation in printed form. The institution has had published twenty-one quarto and forty-two octavo volumes of transactions and reports, and has accumulated a rare collection illustrating the ethnology and natural history of the world. Great praise is due to the venerable Professor Henry and to his efficient assistant, Professor Baird, for the admirable manner in which the Smithsonian trust has been administered.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

ALL Queen Victoria's married children have issue except the Marchioness of Lorne.

ON New Year's Day, William S. Stokely was inaugurated Mayor of Philadelphia for the third term.

M. BARTHOLDI, once French Minister at Washington, has been sent as plenipotentiary to the Netherlands.

SIR H. G. ELLIOT, recently British Ambassador at Constantinople, has been appointed Ambassador to Vienna.

PROFESSOR JAMES MARTIN, of Shelbyville, Ind., has died, leaving a collection of 100,000 beetles, the largest in the country.

JOHN Q. JONES, President of the Chemical National Bank, New York City, and one of the oldest bankers in the country, died January 1st, of paralysis.

REV. ANNA OLIVER, who graduated at the Theological School of the Boston University last year, being the first woman thus honored there, is now in Illinois.

M. GRAMME, inventor of the machine for continuous magneto-electric currents, has received the Cross of the Legion of Honor. He was formerly a working carpenter.

THE Pope has authorized Cardinal Manning to negotiate with Great Britain for the removal of certain difficulties which delay the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Scotland.

THE Empress of Austria is said to have cured herself of consumption and become rosy and plump by first going to Madeira to gain strength, and then devoting herself to fox-hunting in England.

MOODY has a church in Chicago, of which he is nominally pastor, and to which he says he may, a few years hence, entirely devote himself. The house and ground cost \$84,000, and are entirely paid for.

SIR CURTIS LAMPSON, Bart. (born a Vermont boy), and Lady Lampson, celebrated their golden wedding at their seat in Sussex, England, last month, and received a beautiful salver from their servants and employees on the estate.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY'S return from Africa is a sort of triumphal march. At all the principal points he has touched he has been honored with the most marked attentions, the latest reported demonstration of the kind being at Cairo, Egypt.

THE engagement of Miss Terry, of Fifth Avenue, New York, to Baron Albert Blanc, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Italy to the United States, is announced. The lady is of Cuban parentage, handsome, and highly accomplished.

MISS ANNA HOFMEISTER and Mr. Max Sachse will be married this Winter, and will begin their five years' engagement at the Dresden Opera House on the 1st of April, 1878, where they will receive the yearly sum of \$45,000 for their services during ten months of the year.

MRS. ANGELICA VAN BUREN, widow of the late Colonel Abram Van Buren, President Martin Van Buren's oldest son, died in this city on December 29th, aged sixty-one years. She was born in South Carolina, and her maiden name was Siggleton. After her marriage in 1838 she officiated as the hostess of the White House.

THE recent visit which Her Majesty paid to Lord Beaconsfield is, with two exceptions, the only honor of the kind received by any Prime Minister during the present reign. In 1841, some few months before his retirement from office, the Queen visited Lord Melbourne at Brocket Hall; in 1843 a royal visit was paid to Sir Robert Peel at Drayton.

THE death is announced of M. de Royer, a leading member of the French judiciary, at the age of sixty-nine. In 1849, as Advocate-General, he prosecuted the Socialist insurrectionists; in 1850 he was Solicitor-General to the Court of Appeals at Paris. He twice filled the Department of Justice, once replacing M. Rouher, and at the death of M. Barthe he was called to the head of the Cour des Comptes.

THERE are over thirty unwedded diplomats at Washington, including the German Minister and his Secretary of Legation, the representatives of Italy, Venezuela, Belgium, Costa Rica, Turkey, Chili and the Netherlands, besides seven unmarried clerks and attachés in the Spanish Embassy, four at the British, four at the French, three at the Japanese and two each at the Russian, Austrian and Italian.

READERS will recollect the death of the enormously wealthy Duke de Galliera, of Italy, whose son, a pronounced Republican, declined to inherit his father's property or to assume his father's title. Victor Emmanuel has raised the Marquis de Carrega, who was liberally remembered in the duke's will, to the rank of duke, and if the son still persists in declining the title of Duke de Galliera, it will pass to the marquis.

KING ALFONSO'S coming marriage is just now the one absorbing subject of social and, perhaps, political speculation in Spain. While a large number of the politicians are opposed to the alliance, the women are all on the side of the young King. Madrid has voted a large sum of money to appropriately celebrate the event, and, as a royal marriage does not come every day or every year, is preparing to make the most of it.

THE Duke of Portland, who has given such magnificent donations for the relief of the sick and wounded in the East, is a hypochondriac of seventy, with an income of \$750,000 a year. He suffers from a disfiguring malady, and lives in seclusion, whether at Welbeck Abbey, his seat in Nottinghamshire, the most famous of those places known as "the dukeries," or in London. In the latter he inhabits a vast, gloomy mansion in Cavendish Square. The duke cannot bear to be seen, and has erected at the back of his house an immense screen of iron and glass, which completely prevents the neighbors from gratifying their curiosity. He was never married.

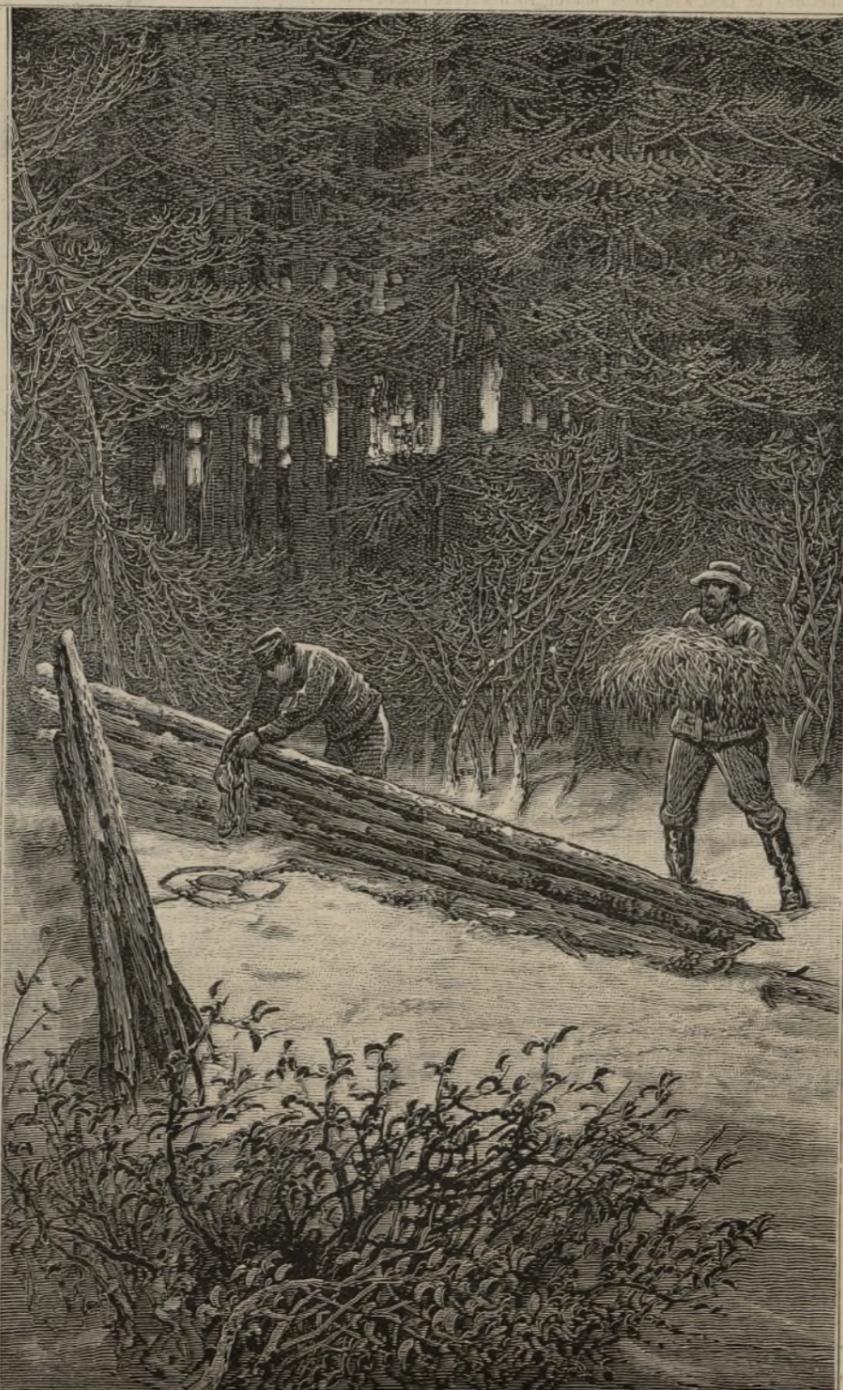
THE ablest of English dukes is probably his Grace of Devonshire, a high wrangler of Cambridge, a consummate man of business, and perhaps as much respected by men of all sorts and conditions as it is possible for men to be. The Duke of Richmond is solid and sensible, and fills his place in the Government very respectably. The Duke of Somerset is a man of admitted ability, who has filled very responsible positions with credit. The Duke of Sutherland is devoted to mechanical science and the improvement of his estates by its means. The Duke of St. Albans is very bright. The Duke of Cleveland is regarded as a man of very high character and a remarkably clear-sighted politician. The Dukes of Northumberland, Westminster and Bedford are admirable country gentlemen, and always among the foremost in assisting any good and liberal work. The Duke of Buckingham is a hard-working, conscientious official, and the Duke of Marlborough is the same. The Duke of Norfolk is a deeply religious (but not bigoted) and magnificent son of the Roman Catholic Church.



SCENE IN THE BACKWOODS TAVERN—"QUICK" ENTERTAINING HIS HUNTING COMPANIONS.



THE DRIVE FROM THE STATION UP THE MOUNTAIN.



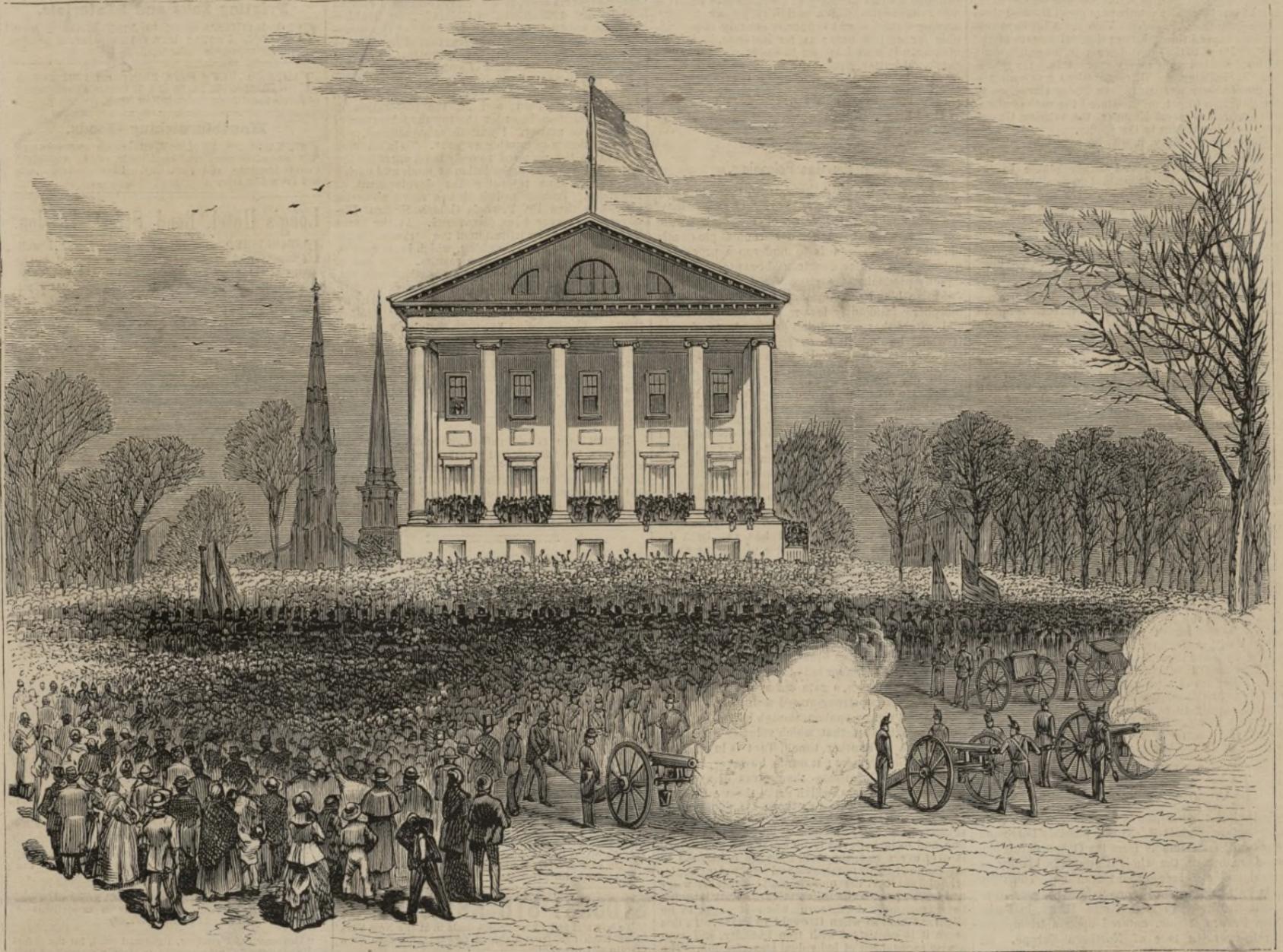
THE HUNTERS SETTING THEIR TRAP.



CARRYING DEAD GAME TO THE CABIN IN THE WOODS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF BEAR-HUNTING ON THE HIGH KNOB MOUNTAIN, IN NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 333.



VIRGINIA.—THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR F. W. M. HOLLIDAY, AT RICHMOND, JANUARY 1ST.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON, RICHMOND.

LIBERIAN EMIGRATION.

DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR LIBERIA.

ON the 21 of January the bark *Liberia*, which has already made nine trips to the South African republic whose name she bears, sailed from this port with fifty-six colored emigrants, thirty-six of whom had shortly before arrived in New York from Norfolk, Va. The emigrants were mostly stalwart, sturdy negroes in the prime of life, many of them accompanied by their "mammies" and picanninies. Most of them belong to the agricultural and laboring class, and some of them are mechanics. Nearly all had been slaves before the war. A few are men of education. Sherwood Capps, a light-colored teacher, who is preparing for the ministry, exhibited a certificate showing that he was a graduate from the Shaw University at Raleigh, N. C. Capps petitioned Congress lately for national aid in the work of colonizing Liberia, asking \$100 from the national treasury for each emigrant shipped to Africa. It will be remembered that General Garfield recently presented the petition in the House of Representatives.

Capps, when asked how he felt at leaving his native land for the African republic, enthusiastically replied, "I feel that I could not be engaged in a better or nobler work. We folks go to Liberia to civilize and Christianize the African continent; just as your ancestors came here to drive away the buffalo and plant civilization, so we go to drive away the bushcow from Liberia, and build up a great, Christian empire."

Another teacher was A. M. Page, educated at the Fiske University in Tennessee, and Samuel White, of Okolone, Miss. The latter is a farmer, somewhat removed from the grade of an illiterate



NEW YORK CITY.—DEPARTURE OF COLORED EMIGRANTS FROM THE SOUTH FOR THE LIBERIAN REPUBLIC, ON JANUARY 2D.

colored man. There will be among the passengers of the *Liberia* two colored preachers, Revs. John and R. Deputie, brothers, who emigrated to Liberia twenty-four years ago—in 1853—and returned to this country six months ago on a visit to their old friends. They were quite enthusiastic in their descriptions of Liberia, whose climate and other advantages they pictured forth in glowing terms. The oldest person on board the *Liberia* is a colored woman of seventy, whose feebleness would not prevent her accompanying her family in their long and distant voyage. The emigrants spent their New Year's on board the bark in making their final preparations for their departure, and entertaining the various curious visitors who went to see them.

The *Liberia's* passengers are sent out by the American Colonization Society, whose seat is at Washington. Their funds are raised by voluntary subscriptions. The passage costs \$50 per head for all above the age of twelve, and \$25 for all between one and twelve. The emigrants will be received at Monrovia, the seaport and capital, by the Society's agent, and taken care of at the expense of the Society for six months after their arrival. The cost of "colonizing" Liberian citizens is about \$100 per head, so that the present batch of emigrants represents an outlay of nearly \$6,000.

INAUGURATION OF THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

COL. FREDERICK W. M. HOLLIDAY, Governor-elect of Virginia, was inaugurated on New Year's Day at Richmond amid a ceremonious demonstration quite common at the North, but not witnessed in Virginia since the early colonial times. The local civic and the military

organizations, together with the fire department, turned out in goodly numbers to greet the first Governor from the Shenandoah Valley. A brilliant procession moved through the principal streets of the city, and then to the Capitol grounds, the entire route being crowded with merry spectators. On reaching the building the Governor-elect was escorted to the southern portico, where Judge Christian, of the Supreme Court, administered the oath of office, after which General Kemper, the retiring Governor, introduced him to the public.

Governor Holliday, it will be remembered, was nominated on the Conservative ticket, and the choice of his party proved so acceptable to the other political organizations that no candidates were brought forward against him. He had endeared himself to Virginians by his services in the army and in the courts; but the act of leading to the concentration upon him of the ballots of his people was his firm stand against the scheme for repudiating the State debt. In April last, after announcing his opposition, he wrote: "The road to prosperity is not through the door of repudiation—that is the road to her doom, and I would not beckon her (the commonwealth) in that direction for all the honor any office she may have to confer. Indeed, what would the office be worth when won? It would be a barren sceptre, if not a disgraceful prize." And in July following he closed a letter with these noble words: "But if the people of Virginia are now resolved to go back upon a renown hitherto untarnished by the repudiation of her pledged faith, they must find some other than myself to do their bidding."

In his inaugural address he took the strongest grounds for the maintenance of the State credit, making the points that the debt was created to provide improvements which the State now possesses and from which it daily derives profit; that the war effected no change in the relations between the State and its creditors; that no one questions the obligations of the debt, the laws under which it was created, or the benefits conferred upon the State by the property its proceeds bought, and that the General Assembly should direct its utmost efforts to the question of how to pay the debt. The address declares that Virginia cannot escape her liabilities, which all men acknowledge, except by a process similar to a schedule in bankruptcy, with a surrender of assets, and concludes this subject with a declaration of belief in Virginia's ability to meet these her obligations.

These several utterances most emphatically answer an editorial allegation in a New York daily newspaper: "Governor Holliday has at last braced up sufficiently to say a bold word in defense of Virginia's honor. If he had said it months ago he would have warded off a storm of repudiation which may be too late for him to quell now."

Origin of Gothic Architecture.

It is almost impossible to explain how the Gothic architecture originated. It was possibly borrowed in some of its elements from the Orient during the crusades, but on the whole it stands in history as an original and independent creation. The style finds its beginning in France, where its great representative monument is Notre Dame, in Paris. From France it soon entered upon a triumphant march over the face of Northern Europe. Its chief monuments in Germany are the great cathedrals of Cologne and Strasburg, and in England, Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey. The Gothic style made conquest at last of the architecture of Italy, where at first it was regarded with abhorrence, and in the cathedrals of Florence, Vienna, Orvito and Milan we have its chief representative monuments. Glass-painting may be regarded as the creation of the Gothic age, though it was exceptionally cultivated in the Romanesque. The Gothic age produced the two great painters who were the proper forerunners of the golden period of the Renaissance, Giotto and Fra Angelico. The former distinguished himself by his splendid series of frescoes in the chapel of the Madonna dell' Arena, in Padua, and the latter by the great works from sacred history which he painted on the walls of the Convent of St. Marco in Florence.

Salt.

SALT exists in almost all countries, either in masses of what is called rock-salt, or, being washed by the rains or liberated through the action of the elements, is held in solution and carried towards the ocean; or, percolating the soil, is found in what are termed salt springs. The sea, as many believe, depends for its saltness on the rivers and streams which are constantly washing the salt into it. Its supply seems inexhaustible. The strata of solid rock-salt of the mines in Poland is so thick that though it has been mined for centuries, it has not yet been bored through. Near Abingdon, in Virginia, while boring for water, salt rock was found 230 feet below the surface, and was penetrated by boring 166 feet without being passed through. Texas has a vast bed of pure salt lying near the surface. St. Domingo has a mountain of solid rock-salt. Both these were, probably, in remote times, the beds of ancient seas. Salt springs abound in the United States, and the manufacture of salt is carried on extensively in various localities. The works near Syracuse, in New York, are the most extensive, and produce annually about six millions of bushels. Next to these in importance are the works at Kanawha, in Virginia, which produce nearly two millions of bushels annually. Within a few years a salt spring has been discovered at Grand Rapids, Michigan, 660 feet below the surface. The place is located on the Grand River, about forty miles from Lake Michigan. Seventy gallons of water yield a bushel of salt, or about twelve ounces to the gallon. The quantity of salt found in the waters of the different springs differs materially, and the test of water from the same spring is found to differ at various times, probably owing to the rains and other cause.

While ordinary sea-water yields less than three ounces, and the springs at St. Catharines, in Upper Canada, less than eight ounces, water has been obtained at the Onondaga Salines yielding thirty ounces of salt to the gallon, and at the springs in Virginia, fifty ounces, or water eighteen gallons of which will produce a bushel of salt. At Boon's Lick, in Missouri, 450 gallons of water are required to produce one bushel of salt.

Some of the salt springs in England are remarkable for the strength and purity of their waters. Droitwich, in Worcestershire, furnished salt from its brine springs in the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. The brine contains one-quarter of its weight in pure salt, which is now exported to all parts of the world.

The consumption of English salt in the United States is very large, and is constantly increasing. Nearly all the salt manufactured in this country

contains a small quantity of lime, besides traces of other impurities, which seriously impair its preserving qualities, and render it entirely objectionable for certain uses; as, for instance, in butter-making. It is well known to experienced persons that good butter cannot be made and preserved by the use of domestic salt, and it is an undoubted fact that much of the poor butter annually sold in New York market at half price would have been of the best had it been properly made with strictly pure salt.

Domestic Gas Poisoning.

WHEN may we, asks the *Lancet*, hope to enjoy the long-promised advantages of light by electricity? We are again on the verge of the long Winter evenings, when to have our rooms pleasantly illuminated with gas is to undergo a process of poisoning, the more disastrous because, instead of directly producing the characteristic symptoms of defective blood oxygenation, the gas-polluted atmosphere insidiously lowers the tone of vitality, and establishes a condition favorable to disease. It would be difficult to overrate the importance of this household peril. Pictures are spoiled by gas, gilt moldings are tarnished, the colors of decorated walls and ceilings fade, and men and women of delicate organization are enfeebled and injured by the foul air in which gas is discharged and supposed to burn innocuously. The extent to which this evil works in the midst of domesticated families during the long evenings is not adequately appreciated. After the first few unpleasant experiences are over, the physical sensibility becomes inured to the immediate results of breathing an atmosphere charged, more or less heavily, with the products of combustion and unconsumed coal gas. It is not creditable to the ingenuity of practical men that no method has yet been devised by which the advantages of gas as an illuminating agent may be secured without the drawback of slow poisoning, with the host of maladies a depressed vitality is sure to bring in its train.

Tact.

A LITTLE tact often overcomes difficulties which much earnest endeavor fails to remove. Just as, a tiny bolt withdrawn, a gate opens which it would have taken many strong-armed men to cast down; and a word rightly spoken, though in itself a thing little enough, does that which volumes would not accomplish at another time. Tact is in no sense difficult of attainment; it needs, however, that its pupils should dispossess themselves of any self-opinionated manners, which make them contemptible and objectionable to others. If persons will persist in carrying with them an ungainly self-consciousness, a determination to be heard by every one, and to be believed in by every one, and to lord it over every one, they will soon be consigned to the limbo of unprepossessing and unpopular people, who forget that the outside world contains wiser and better people than themselves. Tact is quick to learn, quick to discern when it ought to be silent, as well as when it ought to speak. In this sense it is consistent with true humility, and with a wise recognition of individual imperfection. The victories of several of the greatest generals in history have been achieved by the sense of knowing when they were, for the time, beaten, and having the tact to retreat for the hour, and gather up their broken forces, rather than risk all upon a last struggle with superior strength; and some of the most successful statesmen have been characterized by a tact which knew how to speak right words at right seasons, who possess very slendered powers of oratory indeed.

FUN.

APT to be a blunder buss—A kiss in the dark.
"WHAT is the singular of mumps?" asks the Burlington *Hawkeye*. That you can have them only once.
"How's YOUR husband this evening, Mrs. Quaggs?" "No improvement, doctor, one way or the other."

OUR modest young men will breathe easier when some ingenious chap invents a turkey-carving contrivance that works with a crank like an apple-parer.

AN exchange says too much "cramming" is what ails our colleges and schools. Hungry tramps make a great mistake in roaming over the country instead of going to college or school.

THE "shovel-nosed shark," which is so called because he can bore into the sea-bottom at will, must be a short-lived fish. Isn't there some old adage that "Death loves a mining shark"?

A WESTERN girl visited a music-store and asked for "The heart balled down with grease or care," and "When I swallowed home-made pies." The clerk at once recognized what she desired.

THE Ministerial Association of Burlington is going to discuss the question whether there is anything in the acts and character of St. Paul to justify the belief that if he had ever managed a church fair he would have charged sixty-five cents for a quart of hot water and a cove oyster.

BISHOP CLARK of Rhode Island always will have his joke, and it's always worth having, too. He once went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave, the lady stopped him with "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to!" Then he fled.

THE wicked do not prosper—oh, no!—and they don't live out half their days, but a grocer in Schenectady has been using false weights for eighteen years, and has laid up \$67,000. He is now eighty-two years old, and the healthiest man in town. It seems a strange coincidence that a man who has never been two-to-weighty with his goods should become eighty-two in his old age.

A MATHEMATICIAN got drunk in New Haven the other day, and went to playing poker. When his hand was called he said he held a pair, and being asked, "A pair of what?" he sang a lazier rhythm and replied, "A pair-o'-llogogram." Now wasn't he a rumbold to give such a conical answer as that? Respectfully referred to Professor Newton, of Yale. Answer required on the blackboard.

DEATH IN HIS FAVORITE ROBE.

THE mortuary statistics of the whole civilized world show that about one-fifth of all mankind die of consumption alone, and the number of deaths due to consumption bears a greater ratio to the whole number than that of any other three diseases together. Moreover, investigation proves that this ratio is steadily increasing. Its increasing prevalence has led to the popular belief that consumption is incurable. Every year hundreds of

these sufferers seek, in the sunny retreats of Florida or the dry atmosphere of Colorado, for health—and find only a grave. The influence of the atmosphere—the only remedial agent that either Florida or Colorado can afford the consumptive—is at best only *palliative*. The cure of consumption depends upon two essential conditions: 1st, the arrest of the abnormal breaking down of the tissues, which prevents emaciation, and 2d, the restoration of healthy nutrition, in order to stop the formation of tuberculous matter. Fulfill these conditions, and consumption is as curable as fever. To fulfill these conditions the required remedy must increase the appetite, favor the assimilation of food, and enrich the blood, thus retarding the development of tubercles. To accomplish this, a more powerful alternative than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has never been discovered. At the same time, it soothes the irritation of the nervous system produced by violent coughing, which in its turn so often leads to more serious results. The use of "expectorants" in consumption is absolutely suicidal. For while removing the tubercles already formed, they produce yet more serious results by inflaming and destroying the sound and healthy tissues. Consumption requires a remedy that will soothe while it relieves; harsh medicines but add fuel to the flame that already threatens to consume the system. The Golden Medical Discovery fulfills these conditions, and has been pronounced the best remedy yet discovered to allay and arrest consumption.

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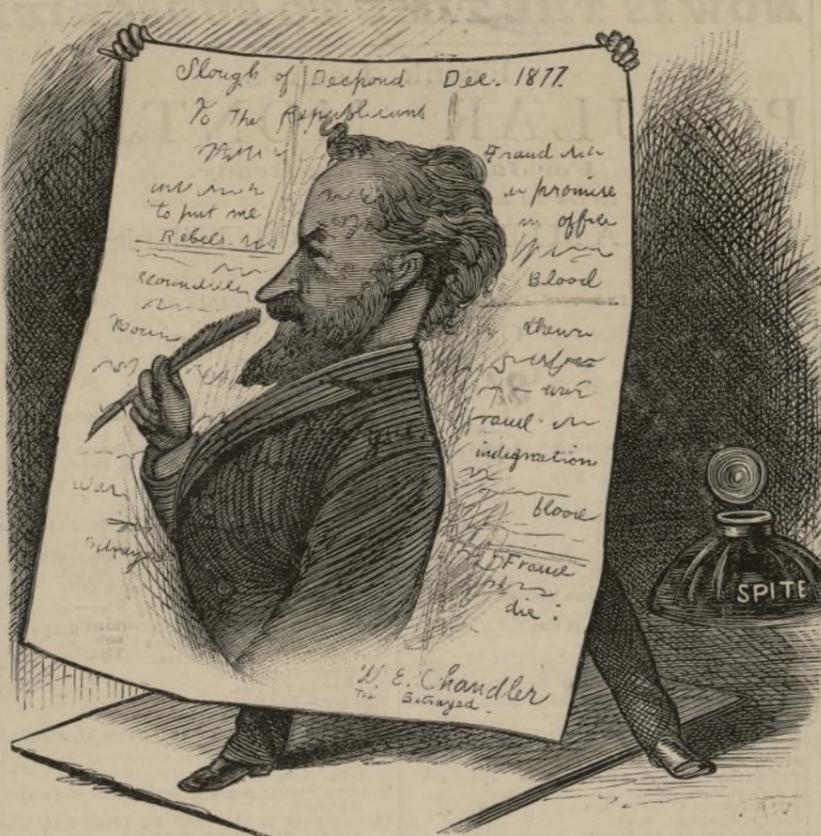
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