

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II., KING OF ITALY.

AFTER an illness of less than two weeks' duration, Victor Emmanuel II., King of United Italy, died on his favorite low, curtainless, iron camp-bedstead, between two and three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, January 9th. His death was not anticipated by his physicians, as on the day previous he had considerably rallied, and insisted upon transacting his official duties as usual. But on Wednesday morning symptoms of military eruption appeared, his breathing became exceedingly difficult, and his pulse alarmingly irregular. Early in the afternoon he seemed to realize his critical condition, and received from a priest the sacraments prescribed by the Roman Catholic Church for those of her children about to die. Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent, and his wife, the favorite Princess Margherita, were summoned to his bedside. There were also present when he died the Austrian Ambassador, the State dignitaries, and the King's private chaplain.

As soon as he had expired, the various diplomatists assembled at the Quirinal, and in a few moments the heir-apparent was proclaimed King of Italy, under the title of King Humbert I.

The first intelligence of the King's death that the masses had was conveyed in the proclamation of his successor, and as soon as the news began spreading, there was an universal expression of grief at the nation's loss, of faith in the nation's stability, and of loyalty towards the new King.

The late King belonged to the family of Savoy-Carignano, which came into power in 1831.

King Charles Albert's Queen was Theresa, daughter of the Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany. Their son was the Duke of Savoy, who was born on the 14th of March, 1820. He was carefully educated, especially in science and military tactics. He was married on the 12th of April, 1842, to Marie Adelaide Françoise Renire Elizabeth Clotilde, the Archduchess of Austria, who was then just twenty years of age. When the war between Austria and Sardinia broke out in 1848, Victor Emmanuel took charge of the brigade of Savoy, and developed bravery and impetuosity as a military leader. In the battle of Goito he was wounded, but not seriously. In the second war of his father with Austria, during the following year, he also was in active service, and he exhibited great valor in the battle of Novara, on the 23d of March, 1849. This battle, however, was disastrous for Sardinia, and on the evening after it, March 24th, 1849, Charles Albert signed papers in the Bellini Palace abdicating the throne in favor of his son. The heart-broken King soon after voluntarily exiled himself to Portugal, where he died on the 28th of July of the same year.

The young prince, commanding a brigade, and still suffering from the wound which he received at Goito, appeared before the victorious Radetzky, and said to him: "Field-Marshal, you see here a king without a kingdom, a general without an army, and a son without a father."

It was with this humiliating avowal that Victor Emmanuel had to begin his reign. Radetzky was affected in spite of himself, and the conditions of peace granted to Victor Emmanuel were much more lenient than his father ever could have obtained.

The fact of his marriage to an Austrian princess helped him in his negotiations with Austria, and the wisdom shown in his selection of his first Cabinet quieted the domestic factions. He skillfully re-organized the army, made wise provisions for finan-

cial reform, and in August, 1849, signed a treaty of peace with Austria. The King also entered into new commercial relations with Great Britain; he advocated the building of railroads, and pronounced himself in favor of free trade. The one great struggle of Victor Emmanuel during his reign as King of Sardinia was with the court and clergy of Rome. With Count Cavour, his Prime Minister, at his right hand, he limited the power of the Church in Sardinia, and abolished many clerical abuses.

Upon the occupation of Rome by the French in 1849, the Italians conceived almost as great a hatred for them as they had for the Austrians. The alliance with Napoleon was, therefore, highly unpopular. But Cavour soon made the masses understand that it was only by the roundabout way of the

Crimea that Sardinia could obtain a footing in the councils of the great nations of Europe. To Victor Emmanuel it was still more easy for Cavour to explain that a few thousand men sent to the trenches of Sebastopol would put him on the same level with Napoleon and Victoria.

In 1855 Victor Emmanuel joined with France and England in the contest with Russia, and sent an army of seventeen thousand men to the Crimea under General de la Marmora, which distinguished itself during the war, gaining one notable victory on the Tchernaya. In 1855 the King sustained a triple loss. His mother, his brother and his wife all died in that year, and he was prostrated himself by a severe illness, which threatened to end his life. Upon his recovery, he visited England and France.

In both countries he was received with much favor, and in the first-mentioned he was made a Knight of the Garter, while in France the Cross of the Legion of Honor was bestowed upon him. In 1859 the eldest daughter of Victor Emmanuel married Prince Napoleon, and a few weeks later the French and Sardinian armies took the field together against Austria, with the motto of "*Italia una dall'Alpi al mare*" written upon their standards.

Austria demanded of Victor Emmanuel the disarmament of his forces; the demand was not heeded, and the forces of the Austrians crossed the Ticino. Napoleon III., commanding a large army, joined the Sardinian forces, and along with the King marched against the Austrians, defeating them in the battles of Montebello on the 20th of May, Palestino on the 30th and 31st of the same month, Magenta on the 4th of June, and at Solferino on the 24th of June, both the Emperor and the King being present at each of the conflicts. The Treaty of Villafranca, concluded on the 11th of July and confirmed by the Treaty of Zurich on the 10th of November, terminated the war, lost Lombardy to the Austrians, deprived the princes of Naples, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena of their principalities, and made Victor Emmanuel King of Italy.

The more recent events of Victor Emmanuel's reign are in everybody's memory. On February 26th, 1861, the Italian Parliament bestowed upon him the title of King of Italy. In 1866 he entered upon the disastrous campaign against Austria; had his army beaten at Custoza, and a portion of his fleet destroyed at Lissa; but, thanks to the alliance with Prussia, succeeded in securing Venice and the adjacent territory. In 1870, taking advantage of the great war waged on the Continent of Europe, he quietly captured the residue of the Papal States, and in July, 1871, took up his quarters at the Quirinal.

On the 9th of April, 1874, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Novara and the accession of King Victor Emmanuel to the throne of Sardinia was celebrated



ITALY.—THE LATE VICTOR EMMANUEL II., KING OF ITALY.

with great pomp in Rome. By Queen Adelaide, Victor Emmanuel had six children, namely: Princess Clotilde, who married Prince Napoleon; Prince Humbert, Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta and ex-King of Spain; Princess Marie Pie, now Queen of Portugal; Prince Otho, a hunchback, who died some years ago, and an infant which did not survive its mother. Victor Emmanuel was a man of pleasing but not handsome appearance. He was above the medium height and very stout. His eyes were large and clear blue, and he wore heavy mustaches and a long, narrow goatee. He had the fair Piedmontese complexion. He was a skillful marksman with a rifle, and could hit a mark without any preliminary sighting.

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REPUBLICAN DISSENSIONS.

THE Republican State Convention of New Hampshire has indorsed Mr. Hayes and his policy in a mild manner, after an exciting contest. Mr. Chandler, who had distinguished himself by a letter which made repetition of dead gossip about bargains made by Southern statesmen with a political opponent whose election they could not have desired, endeavored to turn the action of the Convention into a bitter attack on the policy of conciliation and the reform of the Civil Service. That he failed in this, was not the fault of the narrow partisans who were leagued with him in the perpetuation of sectional divisions and the pursuit of official plunder. Fortunately for the country at large, the people of New Hampshire, now happily rid of Custom House domination in their local politics, sent men of broad views to their State Convention. The result is that the better portion of the Republican Party there have succeeded in indorsing the peaceful and honest path laid out by Mr. Hayes for his administration to walk in, and the conspirators against the common unity of the land are baffled. Yet it cannot be denied that there are elsewhere they have sown broadcast the seed of dissension in their party. But it threatens ruin to the Republican party alone, and not to the country at large.

It requires neither argument nor statistics to prove that the people of the United States are heartily sick of the partisan influences that have been overriding them for the last twelve years. When Lee had surrendered, they supposed that the act of submission meant peace in good faith—as it undoubtedly did on the part of the South, and likewise the better portion of the North. All the business interest of the country clamored for pacification and for the practical union of the nation in restoring the thrifty life of former days. Thus it happened that when President Hayes was fairly installed in office, and had time to look fully in the face his duties and responsibilities, he discovered that his only chance for properly administering his office, in accordance with his solemn oath, was to adopt and carry out the ideas of pacification and reform on which the Democratic Party for many years had been insisting. There was no other chance for him, and very bravely and boldly he seized upon this and announced his determination to do justice to all—apparently regardless of the fact that he should thus draw down upon himself the wrath of some of the partisan leaders of the Republican party. He acted on the principle that unity was needful for the country. They had determined that dissension was necessary to the party's salvation. They have succeeded in the creation of dissension; but this time it is wholly within their own party ranks, and the act will prove suicidal.

Some of the leaders and organs of the Opposition express their surprise that a revolution in the Cabinet and an abdication of the Administration have not followed their efforts to create a tempest in the nation. These men ought to be shrewder than to express such senseless ideas, and if they were not suffering so

severely from intolerable self-conceit they would be silent. But the fact is, that the Administration is surrounded and supported by the brain and heart of the country—all that is best in it. This does not arise from any personal admiration for Mr. Hayes, or any individual in his Cabinet, and is not a tribute to Mr. Evarts, Mr. Key, or any man in the Government, but is simply a testimony to the high value of the democratic principles adopted by a Republican Administration for the common welfare of the people. That which all persons hoped for from the election of Mr. Tilden, and which a few thought they had reason to expect from the tenor of the letter in which Mr. Hayes accepted the nomination for the Presidency, actually took place after the inauguration of a new President and the common consent of the masses opposed to it. They were weary of Southern governments upheld by the bayonet, and of armed soldiers guarding the ballot-boxes of a free people, of political conventions run by commissioned officials—in a word, they were wearied of one-man power at Washington. They were in no mood for another rebellion, even though successful, or they would have arisen in their power and made perfect individual freedom of action actual as well as possible throughout the length and breadth of the land. But when the change came peacefully, through the honorable promptings of a Republican Administration, they rejoiced exceedingly, and regardless of men they heartily indorsed its measures. It is universal popular support of their measures that renders the members of the Administration firm and undeviating in their course.

It is not expected that the Republican leaders will note these changes of public sentiment, or make any use of them. But the fact remains, and will serve to warn others of the ruin that is impending on a party that devotes itself simply to sectional hatred and partisan animosity. All indications go to show that the dissensions in the Republican party must be healed, or the lessons that events ought to have taught it already will only be learned after dissension has wrought its inevitable work of suicidal ruin.

THE RELEASE OF TWEED.

WITH the termination of the investigation of the "Ring Frauds" comes the suggestion that it might be well to give Mr. Tweed his liberty. The proposition is presented with no little audacity, when viewed in connection with the report, that of some fifty millions of dollars stolen from the city by Tweed and his colleagues only one million has been recovered. There is no doubt that the confinement of Mr. Tweed has excited much sympathy in his behalf, but there is less pity felt for him now than when he was a prisoner on Blackwell's Island, or even prior to the commencement of his examination before the Aldermanic Committee. If by that examination he hoped to win popular favor, that hope must have long since been extinguished. In no way could his prospects of an early release have been placed in greater jeopardy than by the unpalatable reminder his testimony furnished to his victims of the wrongs they suffered from his misdoings. It may be asked, what good will result from keeping him longer in confinement, when his power to do further harm is removed? and the inquiry is a natural one, when the failure of justice to reach any of Tweed's associates is noted. That the tendency of laxity in administrative law on the one side neutralizes the effect of its proper enforcement on the other, is beyond dispute; but Mr. Tweed, who in this case suffers alone, is by no means the sacrificial lamb, offered up on the altar of judicial vengeance, to atone the sins of others. For his own crimes he merits the punishment he receives. His peculations have been of vast amounts, and his thieving propensities have thrown upon this city an immense burden of debt, which has almost destroyed its solvency. It may seem pitiful that an old man should not be permitted to spend his last days with those to whom he is bound by the ties of friendship or affection; but there are others whose greater sufferings cry out for recognition and redress. Those who have fallen from affluence to poverty, their property stolen from them by corrupt and excessive taxation, deserve some share of that sympathy which throbs too readily in the public heart; and the fact that so many are now enjoying the results of their dishonest operations, without fear of being disturbed, while it cannot relieve Tweed from the punishment he deserves, is in itself a disgraceful compounding of a felony. That Tweed has done nothing to merit release from his present confinement must be admitted. Acknowledging the wrong he committed, he has failed to return the spoils of his treachery. He has permitted judgments to be taken against him, but only after his property had been concealed in the hands of others. His testimony is almost absolutely worthless for the purpose of prosecuting other criminals or

restoring any of the stolen funds to the City Treasury. In no way has he presented himself to the people as worthy of sympathy or leniency.

A NEW LABOR WAR.

WE are informed that the President of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company has ordered the discharge of some three thousand miners and laborers in the Schuylkill coal region. Other mine owners have followed his example, and dismissed about twenty thousand of their employes. The pay of the miners for the past year was only barely sufficient for their support and that of their families. Very few of them have saved anything. The lock-out leaves them in the middle of Winter with nothing to do, and next to nothing to live upon. The natural consequence already begins to appear. The miners are organizing. The counsels of the Molly Maguire leaders are listened to with approval. Threats of violence are posted in conspicuous places and vibrate on the air. The exasperation against the corporations shows itself in sullen wrath that breaks into exclamations of reckless desperation, and an outbreak is possible at any day. Miners dislike having cold lead shot into them as much as other people, and perhaps the fear of military interference may restrain them from acts of serious violence, but nothing short of that will suffice to keep even the semblance of peace in their region.

The miners have a case. Their grievance is obvious. They are turned out of work in mid-winter for no fault of their own; and it is not their fault that they have no resources to fall back upon; that they should organize for self-defense against corporations they regard as tyrannical and oppressive is entirely natural; and as these corporations control the Press and direct public opinion and influence legislation, and force the Governor to call out troops just when they please, it is only natural that the miners should listen to their own leaders, who are often ignorant and short-sighted and passionate, and sometimes demagogues. Who else should they look to for advice and direction? Molly Maguireism is the inevitable product of the abnormal and false condition of things in the mining region. On the other hand, the corporations make out a very plausible case for themselves. Owing to the mildness of the Winter and the depression of business, coal is a drug in the market, and sells for a third less than last year's prices. They cannot dispose of the stocks on hand, and it is folly to mine more. They are burdened with debts, and must reduce expenses to a minimum. To raise the price of coal, they must depress the thermometer or stop mining operations; and, as the weather pays no heed to their necessities, out go the miners. And so fifty thousand working-people in a single district of Pennsylvania are reduced to the brink of starvation in consequence of the mild Winter, which is a blessing to the poor and laboring population of the whole country and keeps the wolf from thousands of doors.

This case, with its two antagonistic phases, lays bare the roots of the labor problem, which is one of the great issues of modern times. It is impossible not to sympathize with the working-people in their privations and wrongs and sufferings; and it is equally impossible to condemn the corporations for acting on the only recognized principles of business and finance. The cause of the trouble lies back of the action of both parties in a system that leaves one of the great necessities of modern life and civilization and the support of thousands of working-people at the mercy of irresponsible corporations. To-day it is the miner who cries aloud for bread for his starving wife and children. A year ago every poor family in our great city was groaning and shivering because these corporations had combined and put a tax of from one to two dollars on every ton of coal, and manufacturers were obliged to stop because coal was too high for them to work at profit. The people everywhere are paying the heavy penalty of placing such vast and unrestricted powers in the hands of corporations, which are operated for their own advantage regardless of public interest, and often at the public expense. And these corporations, saddled with enormous debts and goaded by exacting stockholders demanding dividends, have no resource but to prey on the people and treat their workmen worse than civilized human beings treat their cattle. And until this system is materially modified these labor wars will be inevitable.

THE destruction of a great number of models in the recent fire at the Patent Office has given rise to a movement among inventors for a radical change in the patent laws. It is claimed that the present cost of patents is excessive and greatly detrimental to invention and national progress. At present, the model, the Patent Office fee,

the agent's fee, and other expenses, average about one hundred dollars. It is proposed to abolish models and examination, granting patents to all who apply, as in England, leaving the right to the invention to be contested in the courts. The inventor is to pay the Patent Office for the drawing, the printed specification and the patent, which together will cost on an average about five dollars. This will leave the remaining ninety-five dollars to aid the inventor in introducing his invention, which is the greatest difficulty. It is claimed that the reduction of patents to five dollars will not only greatly increase the number of inventions, but will increase the introduction in even a greater ratio, and, as the general national progress is dependent upon the number of useful inventions introduced, that our national advancement will be thereby correspondingly increased.

JUNE AND DECEMBER.

THE Lord-Hicks marriage is the sensation of the day. Scarcely a week passes that youth and age do not wed together. Old men seem to have a strong passion for young wives, and young women often develop a much stronger passion for old husbands, especially if the latter are rich. It has always been so, and probably will continue to be so till the end of time. Literature is full of gibes on old men for marrying girls young enough to be their daughters. And the thrift of the young woman who prefers to be a rich old man's darling to a poor young man's drudge is proverbial. Why should so much fuss be made over the marriage of a man of eighty-three with a woman of fifty?

A great deal of the fuss is factitious, manufactured for the sake of creating a sensation in a season of unusual social dullness. Certainly the way newspaper reporters have bombarded the Hicks and Lord mansions to extort information from ignorant servants is unpardonable, and shows far less enterprise than impertinence. Even an old bridegroom's house is his castle, and certainly a bride of fifty has some rights that even a daily newspaper should respect. But this marriage has attracted legitimate attention from the fact that Mrs. Hicks has had a romantic and somewhat remarkable career. Her first husband was some thirty-five years her senior. His failure left her with nothing but a lot of worthless land, which eventually became valuable, and his widow found herself with an annual income of over \$30,000. With a fine figure, a striking presence, a manner which attracted attention, an ambition for aristocratic society and display, she soon made a mark in European circles, where she spent several years. Becoming a Catholic and joining the Catholic Church at Rome in 1873, she was received into the families of the Catholic nobility of England with a show of distinction, and her engagement to an English lord was announced. Her house in this city was frequented by eminent and well-known men, and as an equestrienne she had no superior. That such a woman, looking ten years younger than she is, with an elegant home, surrounded by friends, should consent to marry an infirm old man, is certainly strange. Then the marriage was a surprise to everybody, and the most sensational element of the whole affair is the complete success of the wedded pair in eluding the search of their friends. A romantic couple of young runaways could not more happily escape from a pursuing papa and an angry and unwilling mother-in-law than have these veteran, if not venerable, love-makers from a curious public and irate sons who would cut their father off with a shilling if they could do so. How much Cupid and how much cupidity had to do with the affair it is impossible to tell, and is, in fact, nobody's business. The pair are married by a double knot "for better or worse," June and December have kissed each other and clasped hands, and it is to be hoped that the happy bridegroom can exclaim, "Now is the Winter of our discontent become a glorious Summer."

THE RUSSIAN VICTORIES.

THE Russians have achieved a signal success over the Turks, which will, doubtless, tend to bring about a speedy restoration of peace. On January 10th the news was received that the entire Turkish force in the Shipka Pass of the Balkans had been bodily captured. This victory is emphatically the greatest of the war, the capture of forty-one battalions of Turkish soldiery and ten batteries of guns forming the least part of it. With one blow the Russians have completed the demoralization of the Turks, and driven them from Shipka Pass, thus opening a clear road to the warm and fertile plains south of the Balkans. The importance of the combined movements which resulted in the victory is readily seen from the advantages gained. The intense cold of the

Danubian Winter, it was expected, would prevent the Russians from continuing operations until Spring, thus allowing the Turks time to recruit and reorganize their armies and campaign plans; but despite the sufferings and discontent of long marches through deep snows, and over ice-covered plains and mountains, they have successively occupied Orhanie and Sophia, pushed over the Balkans and organized a new basis of supplies in Roumelia. The two great armies of the Russian advance are now only seventy miles apart, and but a hundred miles distant from Adrianople, and only a demoralized army of Turks, scattered and broken down, to defend the road to Constantinople. On January 11th Nissa was captured by the Servians. The Porte has asked for a six weeks' armistice, but the Grand Duke Nicholas declined to discuss the subject except on the basis of peace proposals from the Turkish Government; whereupon the latter promptly applied for Russia's terms.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

ON the threshold of a new year, and in the full glare of the nineteenth century, with how little patience or respect do we regard the knowledge and advancement of the centuries past! Subject to the limitations of the knowable, do we not regard ourselves in the days of full illumination? In politics we have supreme the people, and when we listen to its voice we are satisfied we recognize what Adam heard in the garden. In astronomy we are prepared not only to understand but to criticize the arrangement of the universe. In the science of arms every difficulty is surmounted except what is self-created, to devise methods and appliances by which an attack by invincible weapons shall meet with equal consummate results as the repulse of these by impregnable defenses. No doubt we shall shortly have both in perfection and both successful. In the corresponding art of medicine we look back over a short interval at a world of men who, throughout all history, regarded the structure of their bodies in profound ignorance, and committed the cure of diseases to barbers and mountebanks. Now we have in medicine a learned profession dealing with a science so mastered that its tyros can often with a simple thermometer as plainly diagnose and map out the hidden conditions of a suffering patient as an engineer can conduct a survey by means of a barometer. A century back science did not know even the circulation of the blood! And during the same long night nothing was known of the structure of the earth, and men got no further in geology than Genesis. In chronology they were so ridiculous that it was generally accepted that six thousand years or thereabouts was a decent approximation to the past period of terrene life. Now we deal with periods of myriads of years, and know *a priori* that myriads were required in which to get up the specimens we possess. The Jewish scriptures were written too late to ascertain any account of the palaeosol rarities of modern discovery. We need only refer to the horse produced by Professor Marsh from the Far West, plainly provided with toes (although without shoes and stockings), to the Colorado stone man, with an inchoate tail, not to speak of the extinct bison, frozen, seasoned and preserved in Siberian snows ten thousand years before Adam, to come into public appreciation at a time when the preservation and exportation of distant beef has become a matter touching American pride. A piece of this prehistoric beef we have in the cabinet at Yale College, and any one can satisfy himself that it has been dried by no ordinary process.

Old languages, too, are dead—nearly buried and forgotten with those who felt and thought and wrote in them. In fact, we are disposed to feel that there is no old author of a living tongue, even, that is any longer entitled to more than the respect of an antiquarian. If a deluge could sweep away the old, with its science, its arts, its wisdom, its warnings, what a blessing it would appear to the iconoclast of whatever is not novel, modern and self-conscious.

But, in the midst of our skeptical examination we are brought to pause. That there is nothing new under the sun is truer than we thought, and the pride and scorn of modern science, with its tests and crucibles, is beginning to fall at the bottom—startling suggestions that more faith is to be given to the old traditions, oral and written, than it was prepared to believe. Schliemann believed that Homer lived and wrote what he actually knew, and that waxen tablets and rolls of parchment which handed down to the modern press the strange forms of a dead tongue were still the slippery paths over which historical verity picked its way to us. The nations die, the earth covers up the cities in which they dwelt, and again covers up cities which succeeding nations built on their forgotten debris. The scanty writers of their literature become curiosities, and are so exhumed and preserved. But presently all belief in the events re-

lated passes into the realm of debatable shadows, and the reputed authors' names are affixed to the records for convenience of reference rather than conviction of the authorship. All fades into the domain of fable. But Schliemann, ardent as a fanatic, makes his computations and calculations as though from the most modern topographical treatise written for the purpose, and from this myth of Homer, a story of a thousand years before Christ, finds cities and tombs, and persons within the tombs whom he might call by name, with their personal ornaments and insignia, the fagots and the fire-marks where they have lain three thousand years. The effect of this faithful test of ancient truth, and its remarkable confirmation, is to startle the mind into the consideration whether other stories, which from childhood we accept without believing, may not also be true, and whether we have not gone far enough in assuming that the best gage of truth is contradiction of the old.

We turn to geology, and there also we find that perhaps the world formerly was not so much misrepresenting its age as we suspected. Our geologists have simply been making ill-natured remarks about the world's being *passée*. Principal Dawson, we understand, quite satisfactorily removes these misunderstandings, and, having closely examined the fair earth and these slanders about its extreme age, says: "But I feel convinced that the scientific pendulum must swing backward in the direction nearer to its old position." And the most ancient fossils of the human species found in the bone caves of France, instead of showing us an ape-like progenitor, exhibit primeval man, with large brain and noble physique, leaving us in this evolutionized age with nothing to plume ourselves upon. When we have studied the lost arts which raised the pyramids and mixed the Tyrian purple, when we consider Mohamet II. capturing Constantinople with gunpowder and mammoth artillery, and that to-day Russia returns to the falconet or musket-cannon of the fourteenth century; when we find Brown-Séquard and Draper proving the unimportance of the heart in the circulation of the blood; when we remember that in politics Greece and Rome anticipated us in testing and dignifying Republican government, we may be prepared to check some of our self-complacency, and bring us to concede the propriety of Principal Dawson's comparing human science to a pendulum, which, if properly adjusted, must swing backward as well as forward.

A BILL was introduced in Congress last Friday authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 certificates of deposit, bearing interest of 3.65 per cent. a year, and redeemable exclusively in 4 per cent. bonds of the United States, and requiring all national banks to receive these certificates at par and accrued interest. Any national bank may hold two-thirds of its reserve in them.

We understand that during this Congress an effort will be made for the transfer of the Signal Service from the War Department to the Treasury Department, placing it under the Coast Survey branch of the service. The subject of this proposed change was debated in the Forty-fourth Congress, but no active steps were taken to bring about the transfer. It is claimed by the advocates of the measure that, apart from the desirability of consolidation, a great saving in the management of the Signal department can be effected.

THE Department of Agriculture is striving to turn the attention of American farmers to the raising of some necessary products which heretofore we have been able to enjoy only by importation. General Le Duc recently started the proposition that tea can be cultivated in this country as successfully as in China, and subsequently he published the opinion that coffee also can be raised in the Southern States. He declares that the climate and soil of Florida, Lower California, and a portion of Texas, can be cultivated with the most successful results. It is to be hoped that the opinion will receive a trial, for the cultivation of tea and coffee would materially add to the interests of the country.

AN important meeting of bankers and representatives of large money institutions in the country was held on January 9th at the Clearing House in this city. Delegates were present from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston. The object of the meeting was to oppose the threatened action of Congress in relation to silver, and the proceedings were dignified and firm, without being in any degree threatening or aggressive. The banks of New York, in particular, are supported in their declaration in support of a gold basis for business after January 1st, 1879, by the Act of the Legislature of March, 1875, following promptly, in sixty days, the Act of Congress of January 14th, 1875, which pledges

resumption in gold coin on or before January 1st, 1879, and the reduction of greenbacks to a minimum of \$300,000,000.

THE investigation tendency of the past week can be briefly summed up. The New Hampshire Republicans have turned the cold shoulder to Mr. Chandler, his "open letter" having been emphatically repudiated in that State. Mr. Conkling, contrary to his usual habit, contradicts the newspaper rumor that he intends moving for an investigation of the Chandler charges, and the most prominent supporter of the Electoral Count controversy is now Mr. Montgomery Blair, of Maryland, who is a candidate for election to the United States Senate. A general proposition for investigation was adopted by the House of Representatives on Friday by a majority of four.

THE Russo-Turkish complication has assumed a new phase which gives rise to the belief that a general cleaning-out crisis is at hand in the East. It was announced from Constantinople, on Monday of the present week, that the German and Italian Ministers had informed the Porte that if it permits the British fleet to come to Constantinople, Germany and Italy will also demand permission for their fleets to pass through the Dardanelles. This action of the German and Italian Governments is unequivocal. Bismarck is determined that England shall not perform acts really warlike unless she arrays herself before the world as Russia's open enemy.

THE Board of Army Engineers appointed to visit Port Eads, La., and investigate the work in progress there for the improvement of the South Pass of the Mississippi, reported to the Secretary of War on January 8th. Their report sets forth that there has been secured, through the South Pass of the Mississippi River to deep water in the Gulf of Mexico, a depth of twenty-two feet of water in a channel not less than 200 feet in width, which entitles Captain Eads to \$500,000, the second installment under the act of Congress, he having fully complied with the conditions prescribed by said act. They were directed to inquire, among other things, whether the jetties and auxiliary works constructed or in process of construction were permanent, sufficient and thoroughly substantial, within the meaning of said act of Congress.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—On Friday of last week the United States Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition announced that the applications for space are now all in, and that it would take a week or more to make the allotments, and as soon as this was done the successful applicants would be notified by mail. The first vessel leaving will be the *Supply*, Captain Kirkland, which will sail the first week in February, and will be ready to receive exhibits on the 20th inst. Following are the applications from the various States heard from for space: New York, 307; Pennsylvania, 111; Massachusetts, 47; New Jersey, 25; Ohio, 24; Connecticut, 22; Illinois, 20; Rhode Island, 10; Michigan, 7; Missouri, 7; Maryland, 5; Virginia, 4; Vermont, 4; Iowa, 3; Delaware, 3; District of Columbia, 2; Minnesota, 2; Maine, 2; Tennessee, 2; Indiana, 2; Wisconsin, 2; California, 2; Louisiana, 2; Kentucky, 2; Americans in France, 2—making a total of 619.

TARIFF REFORM.—A new tariff bill has been prepared by the Hon. Fernando Wood, which makes some radical changes in the revenue laws, reducing the number of dutiable articles from over 2,000 to less than 400, and admitting all articles free of duty which are not specifically taxed. It is not stated whether the bill contemplates the restoration of any duties which have been repealed, though it is understood that it provides for an increase of the customs revenues over those received last year. Whether that gain is assumed on the score of the increased productiveness of the duties retained; whether the saving in the cost of collection is made to do more than compensate for the duties surrendered; whether the tea and coffee duties are restored to make up for the deficiency of receipts; or whether all these considerations are combined in the plan of the new bill, does not appear.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—On January 11th the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections heard the arguments of a number of delegates from the National Woman Suffrage Convention, held in Washington the day previous. About fifty delegates attended. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, of New Jersey, advocated a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution, not only for woman's protection, but for the safety of the nation. She said that the nation could only expect prosperity by recognizing its citizens, and as the women of this country were its citizens, they should be recognized at the polls; that if the several States of the United States Government were to be permitted to rule under what is termed local government, this country could not be called a nation, because the ruling of said local government disallowed the rights of millions of its citizens. Mrs. Mary A. Stewart, of Delaware, claimed that woman was better fitted to exercise her judgment at the polls than were the majority of the colored race. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert, of Illinois, claimed that, as a ruler, woman to-day stood the peer of man. Priscilla Rand Lawrence spoke in advocacy of a sixteenth amendment, allowing females the right of a voice at the ballot, adding that,

as it was given to the Irishman fresh from Erin, to the German, and to the negro, it was certainly due to the mothers and sisters of the American people; that the ballot of to-day was a fraud; that the drunkard should be disfranchised, claiming that a man who was unable to govern himself was unfit to govern others; that oppression and poverty were fast grappling the American people, and that it was caused by the power of our Government being centralized in the hands of the few.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Legislatures of Connecticut and Wisconsin organized, January 10th.

THE famous McGarrahan post-office claim has been again decided adversely by the Supreme Court.

IN his message to the Legislature of Louisiana, Governor Nichols reports that the State Bonded Debt amounts to \$12,000,000.

IN the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, resolutions favoring the remonetization of silver and the repeal of the Resumption Bill have been presented.

THE Rev. Dr. Eccleston, rector of Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., has declined the bishopric of West Virginia, to which he was recently elected.

THE Legislature of New Jersey organized, January 8th. George C. Ludlow was elected President of the Senate, and John Egan, Speaker of the House.

IN a Cabinet Council it was decided to offer a large amount of 4 per cent. Governments for popular subscription, and sell a quantity of gold to facilitate purchases.

GOVERNOR HAMPTON has promptly disbanded the State Rifle Company which recently attacked United States Revenue officers in South Carolina and rescued their prisoners.

A MEMORIAL has been offered in the Maryland Legislature by Montgomery Blair, urging Congress to provide for a judicial decision on the validity of President Hayes's title.

VICE-PRESIDENT WETMORE, of the defunct Security Life Insurance Company, of New York City, was convicted and sentenced to an imprisonment of one year in the penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$250.

THE annual sale of pews and sittings in Plymouth Church, yielded a heavily decreased sum, and Mr. Beecher voluntarily relinquished a quarter of his salary for the year, to help maintain the interests of the church.

COMPLAINTS having been made that goods are frequently handled by irresponsible persons, and either lost or abstracted to escape payment of duties, it is contemplated in Washington having all Custom House employees provided with uniforms.

AMONG other important bills introduced into the New York State Legislature was one for the protection of depositors in savings banks and of life insurance policy holders. A resolution opposing the passage of the Bland Silver Bill was adopted by 105 to 17 votes.

B. F. PRESCOTT, Governor of New Hampshire, was renominated by the Republican Convention, January 9th. President Hayes's policy was commended in the platform, and resolutions were adopted favoring specie payment and protection of the ballot-box, and denouncing repudiation in any form, and further grants of the public lands.

BOTH Houses of Congress, reassembled, January 10th. Mr. Matthews's silver resolution was debated in the Senate; none of the appropriation bills were ready for presentation. In the House, in the Committee of the Whole, a resolution was adopted authorizing any committee to apply for power to call for persons and papers for a specific purpose.

BUSINESS embarrassments for the week ending Saturday, January 12th, embraced the failure of B. F. Ford, a large Chicago distiller; the closing of the Pottsville (Pa.) Bank; the failure of Edwin J. Dunning, Jr., a Wall Street (New York) note broker, with liabilities of about \$900,000; the discovery of three forged bonds of \$1,000 each, on the First National Bank of Charleston, S. C.; the bankruptcy of Francis S. Wynkoop, of New York, whose liabilities are \$282,000; the prohibition of the Thompsonville (Conn.) Savings Bank from doing further business by the Bank Commissioners; the suspension of Hickox & Spear, bankers, of San Francisco, with liabilities at \$355,400; and of Paddecoord & Burrows, bankers, of Decatur, Ill.; the closing of the Second National Bank of St. Louis; the bankruptcy of Frederick Rusehhauf, of Indianapolis, Ind., with heavy liabilities, and of the suspended Rockland (Nyack, N. Y.) National Bank; the suspension of the wholesale drug firm of Henry, Curran & Co., New York, and the disappearance of H. M. Cutter and two partners, cotton brokers of New York, after fraudulent transactions.

Foreign.

A STEAM-TUG has been sent from the Thames to Ferrol, Spain, to tow the Cleopatra Obelisk to London.

GENERAL CARONA, Mexican Minister at Madrid, has signed a treaty by which the naturalization of Spanish subjects as Mexican citizens since 1875 is declared void.

M. JULES GREVY has been elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies, receiving 335 out of 346 votes, and the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, President of the Senate, by 172 votes against 61 blanks.

THE Oxford University crew has decided to challenge the Columbia College (New York City) four to row a race from Putney to Mortlake, for the college championship of the world. If the Columbia four defeat the Oxford crew, the Cambridge crew will challenge the victors.

INTELLIGENCE was received last week of the deaths of General La Marmora, a distinguished Italian soldier; M. Raspail, a noted French chemist and Communist; General Cousin-Montauban, better known as Count Palikao, a French soldier of high repute; and Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy. The latter expired on the afternoon of January 9th, after a brief illness. His eldest son was immediately proclaimed King of Italy under the title of Humbert I.

DISPATCHES of January 14th, from Constantinople, say that Server Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Namyk Pasha, have been appointed to go and negotiate with the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas. Saffet Pasha, Minister of Justice, will act as Minister of Foreign Affairs during the absence of Server Pasha. The negotiations have started for Kezanlik, to meet the Grand Duke Nicholas. They have been invested by the Ministerial Council with full powers to treat for peace. The Turkish Chamber of Deputies, being unwilling to embarrass the Government, have unanimously rejected a motion asking the Ministry for information respecting the armistice.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 355.



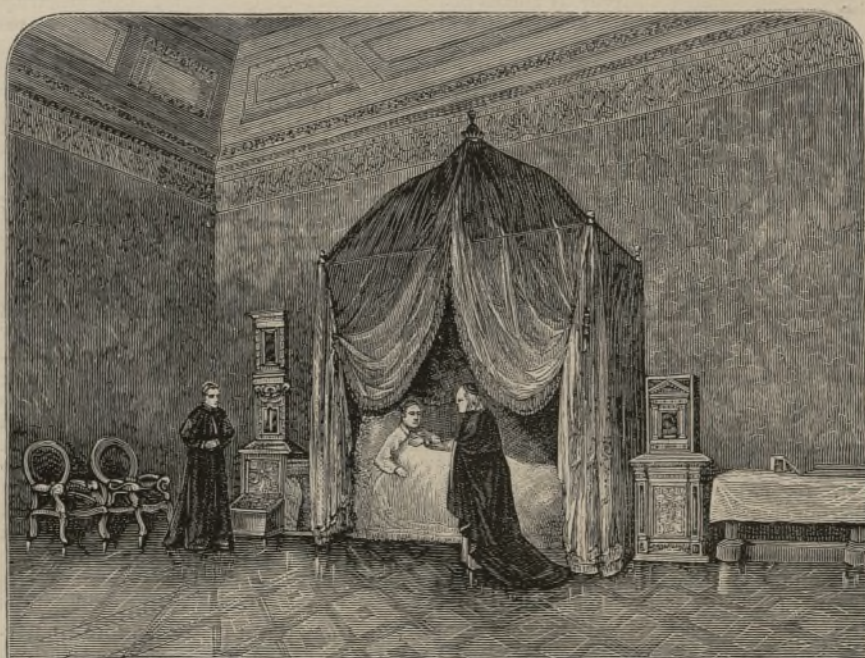
ENGLAND.—QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECEPTION BY LORD BEACONSFIELD, AT HUGHENDEN, DECEMBER 15TH.



ENGLAND.—TEMPLE BAR AS IT APPEARED IMMEDIATELY PRIOR TO ITS DEMOLITION.



ITALY.—THE FAVORITE RETREAT OF POPE PIUS IX., IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.



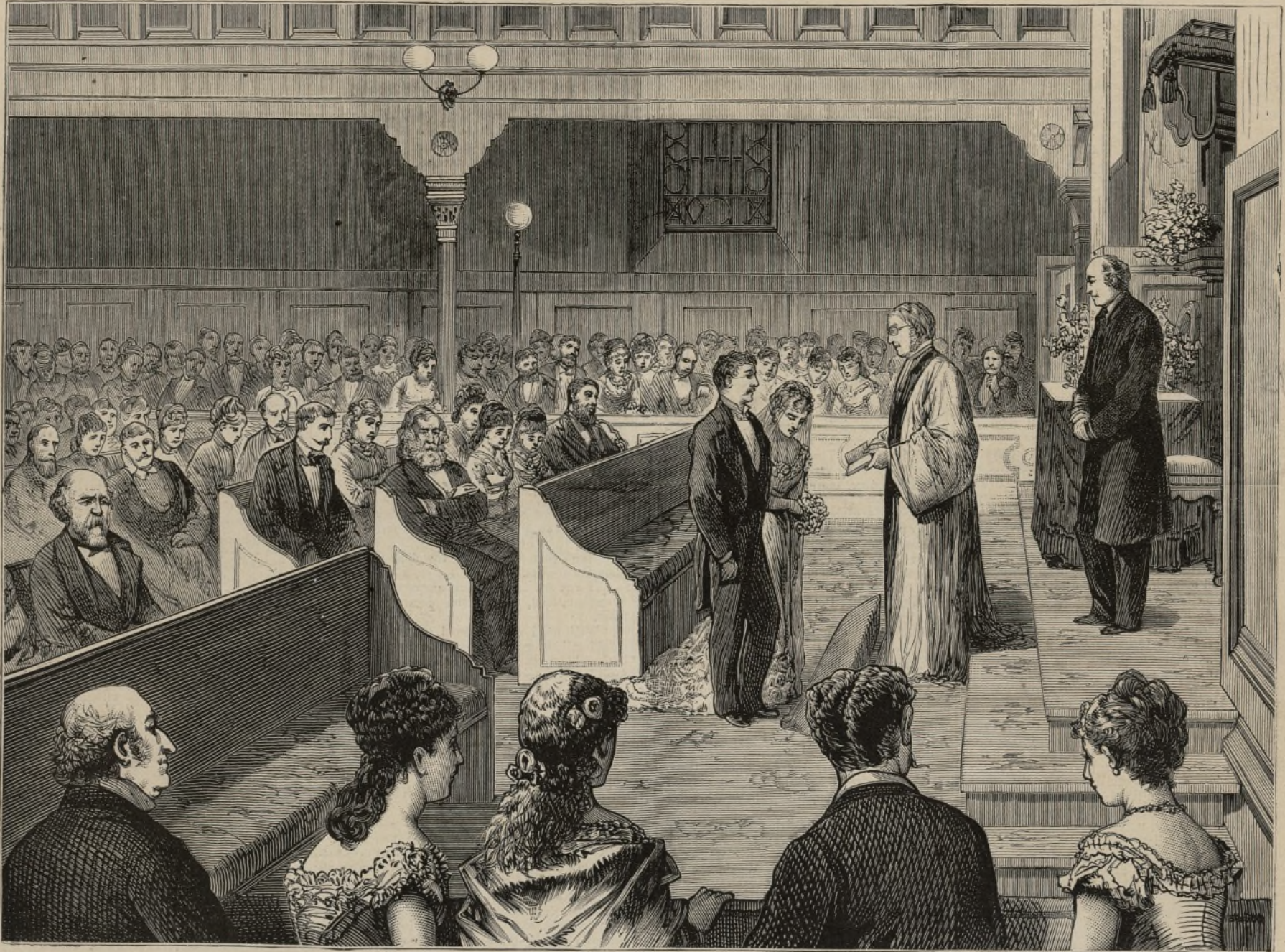
ITALY.—THE BEDCHAMBER OF POPE PIUS IX., IN THE VATICAN.



BULGARIA.—THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S HEADQUARTERS DURING THE SIEGE OF PLEVNA.



BULGARIA.—RUSSIAN SOLDIERS REJOICING AFTER THE LATE VICTORIES



MASSACHUSETTS.—THE WEDDING AT CAMBRIDGE, LAST WEEK, OF RICHARD H. DANA, JR., TO MISS EDITH LONGFELLOW, DAUGHTER OF THE POET HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.—SEE PAGE 355.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION.—ONE OF THE SIDE-SCENES ON THE JOURNEY THROUGH NEVADA—PIUTE INDIANS ENGAGED IN AN ANNUAL RABBIT "DRIVE," FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 355.

A MOMENT.

WHEN the lightning flashes by night,
The raindrops seem
A million jewels of light
In the moment's gleam.

And often in gathering fears,
A moment of love
To jewels will turn the tears
That it cannot remove.

"THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY."

IN THREE PARTS.—PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.—PRELIMINARY.

OF all the seeming inconsistencies of nature, that which ever appeared to me the most incomprehensible is the fact that often she places the tender heart of a child in some great, burly frame, a mighty will within a form of puny mold; a dainty fancy in a great misshapen head; a small and narrow mind, a cold and cruel heart, behind portals of a nobly carved face. Why do we not remember this? Why do we view with disdain some great, grand soul, because, forsooth, we (in common with many big, dull beasts of the field) are larger, stronger, and more beautiful than he in that perishable part which shall return to dust?

Often, thank God, the lovely look portrays the lovely nature; the frank, sweet eyes bespeak the truth within; but, just as often, does the fair face hide the false heart, and strength and beauty a hideous, craven soul.

Why do we not? Because we *will* not. Because "seeing, we see not, and hearing, we hear not." Yet God is very good, and sometimes He gives us clearness of vision, and down through the clumsy veil of flesh, we see the glory of a lovely soul. Sometimes He opens our ears, and through the false world's siren song, like the voice of an angel, comes the melody of a heart at peace, and never, never more can that soul, however mean its frame, appear aught but beautiful and god-like in our eyes.

CHAPTER II.—AT THE CHAPEL.

A SILVER, shimmering, winding river, with a blue haze hanging above, and flat, yellow fields stretching off, and deepening in tint until they meet the distant gray-green lines of trees and sky. In this river a small boat, drifting at the will of breeze and tide. In this boat a very lazy group. Two girls sit in the stern, leaning against each other. One is fair, with big, innocent, half-shut, blue eyes, with yellow hair, rippling back from her face, and one white hand holding loosely a bunch of feathery grass and grain. The other girl is small. Her little hands lie clasped together in her lap, and her green-gray eyes are fixed dreamily on the silver road the boat glides over. The slender oars project upwards on either side, like wings, and the third member of the lazy group lies flat on his back, with his handsome head against a pile of gay-hued wrappings. The silence is broken only by the soft "lap" of the water against the boat; by the subdued din of insects; by the occasional whirr of a bird's wing; by, now and then, a dull report across the fields, which tells of man's discordant presence in God's lovely woods. By-and-by, the boat drifts shorewards. The young man reaches out one hand, without stirring otherwise, and, with one or two lazy but skillful strokes, sends the boat skimming back into the middle of the stream.

The fair girl yawns. By-and-by, the boat drifts shoreward again—into the very shadow of the canes. There is a sudden whirr, and the young man springs to his feet, nearly upsetting the boat.

"By Jove! If I only had my gun!"
A covey of partridges sweeps upward and off over the fields. The small girl starts and grasps the side of the boat. The other sits up straight and says with vivacity, addressing nature in general, "Can sleep in the presence of two charming young women, but let a partridge appear, and—by Jove—he is wild with excitement! Yet, I believe we are supposed, on good authority, to be 'much better than they!'"

"Than partridges?" he asks with some amazement. "I always took it to mean sparrows. No doubt you are better than sparrows!"

The air of the group is altered now. The small girl watches her companions with a curiously contemplative air, a slight smile parting her lips. The other leans forward, her blue eyes wide and shining, fixed on the young man's face—a pink flush and a dimple on either cheek, and a smile that is simply divine. He, on his part, has not resumed his lazy posture. In his present attitude he is a picture. His head is grand, his eyes dark, soft, and somewhat sad, though merry just now. His cheeks are flushed and brown, his mouth and chin as tender and sweet as those of a woman.

His costume is picturesque, but not conventional. It consists—as regards its upper portion—of a blue shirt opened carelessly at the throat. For the rest, he regards the long limbs stretched before him, and clad in a very shabby pair of unmentionables, with a smile of supreme satisfaction. Either his thoughts are elsewhere, or else he is fully conscious that in the rôle of Greek statue, rough-and-ready huntsman, modern dandy, or shabby oarsman, none can surpass him in strength and beauty.

Even the fair girl before him is, at this very moment, envying him his clear-cut features, the perfection of which she cannot rival, for all her shell-tints and her wonderful smile.

"I think I shall take the oars myself, or we shall never reach the chapel; and I *will* not go home as thirsty as I have come!"

"As thirsty, Dot?" the fair girl interrogates. "Dip up some water with your hat, please, Walter. Dot is thirsty."

Dot curls her short lip.

"For music. You know well enough what I mean."

The two regard her lazily, somewhat as if she were a disturbing element, as indeed, perhaps, she is. A little prim, neat figure, in a clinging brown dress, sitting still, with her hands clasped before her, and coolly eyeing first one then the other. A cozy, modern woman between two heathenish

beautiful creatures, apparently captured from the mystic shades of ancient mythology and turned loose in a Christian land—clothed and in their right minds.

"Land me here and I'll walk to the chapel, and reach it before you."

The little woman has a curious voice—a voice with a chord in it. It can sound very cool, very decided, very commonplace, and sometimes very sharp; but then, again, because of that chord, it can sound, ah! so pathetic, so passionate, so exquisitely sad and sweet!

So, of the two women, one has a smile, the other a voice; one is beautiful, the other commonplace. The man has beauty and a sweet smile, and also a musical voice; but neither of the two beauties possess, nor have they ever admired, the wonderful chord which is the little woman's charm.

"There, then, we won't tease the little lady any more! In five minutes you shall see the chapel, Miss Dora."

There is grace in his every common gesture as he turns his bright face towards her; as he grasps the yielding oars; as he gathers them to his broad chest; as he extends his strong arms; as he sways his lithe form to the motion of the oars.

There rises a mist in the little woman's green-gray eyes, a dark, slow flush to her cheek, very unlike the fair girl's tender tints.

"Thank you," she says, very low, but with the chord thrilling. The fair girl might have talked till midnight, and never said half that that chord expresses—were there only some one here with "ears to hear!"

The fields glide by, and the water glimmers darkly in the shadow of embowering trees. Here the sun shines only in bars and quivering dashes, and as they round a sharp point in the shore, the windows of the chapel, like blinking eyes, look down upon them from a sudden bluff.

"Here we are, Dot, my darling," the fair girl says, "and I suppose I shall have to play all day to satisfy you, insatiable little monster!"

Dot is wrapped in thought, and follows her companions silently from the boat. On shore, she watches silently the oarsman tie his boat, and put on his coat over his odd blue shirt, and as silently accepts his divided aid in climbing the briery steep to the chapel-door. There she awakes.

"You have the key, Mr. Franklin," she says, with a gesture of impatience.

As he pushes back the heavy door, the sound reverberates drearily within. A bat flings itself blindly against the opposite wall, then tumbles out at the door.

"Ugh!" cries the fair girl. "It is like a vault!"

"Ah, but look," Dot says, laying one small finger on the date in the brick wall—"1700." What else can you expect? Would you have it fresh and new like the church of a country town? For my part I love the dust of ages! I love to fancy this old chapel crowded with ladies in satin and brocade, dounced and furbelowed, in high-heeled shoes and broad-rimmed hats, with powdered gentlemen ruffled with lace and clasped with diamonds."

"But it was new in *their* time"—Mr. Franklin objects—"and where folks still worship! Yes, I agree with Miss Marie—they should keep it clean, at least."

"What notions!" Dot exclaims, her rose in air. "It is sheer presumption in us, brand-new moderns, worshipping here at all, and the least we can do is to leave things undisturbed."

"Hush, hush, hush," Marie says, sweeping the small woman into the church. "Nonsense, little one! Our forefathers, for instance, worshiped here without an organ. Why, then, do you drag two lazy 'brand-new moderns,' many weary miles to make use of one of the very innovations you condemn? You are an odd piece of contradiction!"

And she looks it, indeed. A little, quiet figure, motionless, just where the strong young goddess has pushed her, under the shadow of the bell-like pulpit. A prim and modern woman, in walking dress and proper hat and gloves, whilst Marie the Beautiful standing, radiant, in the sunlight streaming through the open door, suits well the sylvan scene. A grand and classic creature, whose exquisite lines and curves seem to defy every strait mode of dress or fashion, her despised hat lying at her feet, and her bare white hands bundling up waves of gold about a head that Raphael would have loved to paint!

The small woman, in a business-like way, advances to the organ, beside the ancient chancel-rail, and, opening it, drops with a silent gesture, in the nearest pew, resting her elbows on the rail, and her chin in her small, gloved hands. Thence she watches her companions restlessly. They both stoop to recover Marie's hat, and rise, laughing heartily. Dot sees the young man's glance at the touch of Marie's hand. She marks her answering flush and lovely smile. Then the golden hair comes tumbling down again, as is its troublesome habit, being heavy and long, and rebelliously wavy, and Walter must hold her hat. And while the white hands twist back the waves of gold, Dot watches the eyes fixed on the sea-shell face. She sees them darken and brighten, and grow unspeakably tender, and she calls out, in a sharp, shrill tone, with the sweet chord dumb, "Do, Marie, come and play!"

"Ah, the little lady is growing savage!" Walter says, recollecting her presence. "Come, Miss Marie, come, you must play."

Then Marie the Beautiful sits before the organ, with her azure draperies trailing about her. She puts her white hands on the keys, and throws back her golden head, and rests her great eyes dreamily on the woodland scene, framed in the narrow, peaked window before her, and then there steals through the old dim chapel, a tender, wailing, wonderful cry, sounding afar off, with the booming beat of an accompaniment, near at hand. She plays Dot's best-loved airs, the "Lieder ohne Worte."

And Miss Dora Downes, a quiet, modern young lady, sits in the high-backed pew, with her chin in her small gloved hands, and her eyes on the lovely creature before her. There is a certain hunger at her heart, but, by degrees, this hunger is appeased. And as she listens, the soul of Dora Downes—

beautiful exceedingly!—rises above all hunger of heart or body, all weariness of human woe, all present pain or future fear, and walks, in matchless strength and loveliness, the very courts of heaven!

Walter Franklin hangs over the organ, but Dora does not mark him. Only the musician, even while her white fingers draw Dora's soul to heaven, feels and answers the gaze of his dark, tender eyes. She flashes divine smiles into his very soul. They have forgotten Dora, as she forgets them; but they are self-conscious, and aware of each other, whereas she has forgotten even her own personality.

The tender strain melts into a tender silence. Then Walter flaps the dusty covers of an old music book, and says, with an air of gay approbation: "I tell you what! That old Felix must have been a clever fellow! His airs are the only ones fit for your fingers. And if it were not for your playing, I should never have been able to distinguish his from any other."

The soul of Dora Downes drops back from heaven. She is vouchsafed, for a moment, a strange clear-sightedness by which she searches that god-like form, and finds but cobwebs! For a moment he is startled by the piercing gaze of the green-gray eyes; but are any so blind as those who *will* not see? Dora looks down on her own poor little self, then up, with a softened glance, at the towering form, the radiant face. From one beauty to the other she gazes sadly, then humbly sighs, and blinds her eyes again.

"Have I said anything wrong, Miss Dora?"

"You? No," she answers, with the chord vibrating. How could she judge him harshly! It is chiefly in such broken words that curious chord vibrates.

"Won't that do, Dora?" the musician asks in plaintive accents.

"If you are tired," Dora answers. The spell is broken, and, indeed, she does not care for more.

"Well, no, I am not tired exactly, but I was thinking," the goddess is resting one lovely cheek in her hand, and her blue eyes are dreamily fixed on the trees and floating moss—"I was thinking of dinner!"

"Ah, in that case," Miss Dora Downes says, in her sharpest tone, rising briskly, with her short lip curled, "in that case, we had better be going. I suppose you, too, Mr. Franklin, are pining for your dinner."

"No," he says, gently; "no."

In a moment she softens. He has fixed his eyes on her face with their sweetest look. She is conquered. Mark, a woman with a soul of her own—a beautiful soul—conquered merely by a look. And if that look had come from eyes neither dark nor liquid—if that face had been repulsive, or even unlovely, it would have produced upon her no effect, save, probably, that of discomfort.

She stands, with her hands resting on the dark rail, and her face turned gently towards him.

"Yes, I was thinking of dinner," Marie the Beautiful goes on boldly, "and I am hungry—for something more substantial than music. Yes, Dot," reproachfully, "you may elevate your little nose at me, and scorn my coarse ideas, but I really am hungry, and I want to go home. This old place gives me the shivers. I can't be spiritual as you are, little witch."

Dora Downes turns, smiling, and taking one white hand, draws it about her waist. If she were tall, she would look down with tender compassion on this superb creature; but, as it is, she does not attempt it.

"But I have a plan," Walter Franklin says. "We are in the neighborhood of Fern Castle. Why not give its inmates the pleasant surprise of our company to dinner? We are out in search of adventures. Why not remain out all day?"

"Fern Castle?" Miss Dora Downes asks, doubtfully. "I have heard the name—but its inmates? Who are they?"

"Didn't you tell me it belonged to a Mr. Burns?" Marie inquires, simultaneously.

Mr. Franklin smiles, as if at some amusing recollection.

"I am sure you'll enjoy it. Its inmates number only two. Can you imagine Scott's Meg Merrilies and Dickens's Fat Boy occupying one abode, and in the relation of mother and son? If so, then you already know our friends. But don't be startled! They are so only in appearance. They are the nicest, most hospitable people in the world, and will really take our visit as a compliment."

"What fun!" Marie cries. "Do let us go, Dora. Will they give us a good dinner on such short notice, do you think?"

"If you are sure—" Dora begins, doubtfully.

"Oh, hush! Some proper objection! You forget that you are a country girl now, Dora, and must discard the stiff ways they have frozen you into at that old boarding-school. March, little one!"

"Those fields to the east," Mr. Franklin is saying at the door, "belong to Fern Castle."

As he speaks the trees are parted by some vast, moving body.

"What is this?" Marie cries, under her breath. "An antediluvian monster, as I live! Oh, what is this?"

And, though usually a most proper and discreet young woman, Dora Downes drops on the nearest seat in a spasm of unmanageable laughter at the beauty's tone, and the vision emerging from the sylvan shades. It is only a man, to be sure, but such a man! Tall, but almost ball-shaped, so that his height does not appear. Shoulders massive, great chest, and oh, such a dreadful—well—

paunch! Head almost square, and covered with thick, matted, short, stiff curls of fiery red. Eyes of the palest blue, small and very near together. Face also fiery, from his great exertions.

"Hush, hush, for mercy's sake, Miss Dora! This is my friend, Ben Burns," Walter says, in an anxious undertone. "B. B. B., 'Big Ben Burns,' as we used to call him."

"Why did you not prepare us?" Marie asks, gaspingly, and then advances, with cheeks pink with suppressed laughter, but only a divine smile parting her lips.

Dora still struggles in the background with the demon of mirth which has attacked her.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.—FERN CASTLE AND ITS INMATES.

FERN CASTLE is, of course, not a castle at all, but a great, square, dingy house, with four tall turrets, whence it derives its lofty title. It stands on the summit of a beautiful hill, which slopes tenderly down on the south to placid fields and the silver river. This river makes a sudden turn around the base of the hill, so that when it changes on the north to a frowning high precipice, the same soft waters do not seem to kiss its feet, but a dark, fierce flood seethes in what appears a gloomy gulf.

A little procession comes up the western path, Marie the Beautiful in front, with Big Ben Burns. Behind, Dora Downes, still struggling with inextinguishable laughter, making mute motions of self-reproach to Walter Franklin, whose answering gestures rather aggravate her malady. But Dora Downes is a little lady, even though now she seems possessed so when she looks up, shading her eyes, to the great hall-door, and sees there a very tall old lady, in a stiff black silk, with a splendid diamond cross on her breast. She suddenly quenches her mirth, and advances demurely in the great shadow cast by Marie's attendant cavalier.

A very grand old lady! Dora thinks, eying her curiously, as she sweeps a low courtesy to Marie the Fair, then one to little Dora herself. Very grand, and not one bit like Meg Merrilies! More like a dethroned old queen, clad in the remnants of her vanished pomp, framed in the dingy doorway.

But Dora catches a twinkle in Walter's eye, and an answering one in the small blue orbs of the antediluvian monster; so she is not surprised by Walter's whisper, as they pass into the hall.

"Decked for company. She has spoiled our fun! You ought to see her in her usual dress!" Dora is drawing off her small gloves, and only steals one shy glance in his direction—being apparently occupied with Mrs. Burns's remarks.

"My son, at five years of age," she is saying, proudly, pointing to an oil painting, which hangs by the opposite doorway.

This almost upsets Dora's gravity again, for it represents the antediluvian monster as a small, but ball-shaped boy, with two round cheeks, like apples and a red ball—his very counterpart—in one fat hand.

"My son's sanctum," still more proudly, stopping, with a wave of the hand, at the narrow doorway. Dora pauses on the threshold, and peers in curiously. The dark-green window-shades are drawn, so it is only as her eyes grow accustomed to the dim light that she can take in all the features of the apartment. At first, it seems to be all windows—windows with green blinds—but then she becomes aware of a dark, richly-carved organ in a recess between two of them; and while she gazes at it, a beautiful, white, woman's face gleams out of the shadows, with two white hands, and a bunch of lilies beneath.

"St. Cecilia!" she says, stepping reverently into the room, as if it were a church. Yes, St. Cecilia, her lovely head encircled by a halo, and a bunch of lilies beside the keys on which her fingers press.

Dora draws a long breath, and looks about the room, wondering whence comes its atmosphere of purity and peace. Nothing here either rare or costly! An organ, one picture, green window-shades, shelves filled with books and music, and a few old mahogany chairs. Dimly there creeps into the mind of Dora Downes the consciousness that there is a soul somewhere near by, and that it must be a very lovely soul to diffuse this atmosphere of peace. The demon of mirth does not assail her again immediately.

"My son is fond of music, as you see"—Mrs. Burns is addressing Marie; "and knowing that Mr. Franklin sometimes takes you to the chapel to practice, when he heard the music across the fields, he came and told me, and I sent him to persuade you to pay me a visit, hoping to have a treat. I appreciate your kindness very much, young ladies. It is not often an old woman like me can attract such visitors."

"The kindness is all on your side," Dora Downes answers, in her sweet, courteous voice. "I have spent the entire eight years my father has lived here at boarding-school, so that everything is as new to me as it is to Marie. It is a great treat to both of us to visit these charming old places."

"Yes. There are said to be some pretty views from the castle," the old lady remarks, rather stiffly.

Why does this common-place little thing take it upon herself to answer for both? She was addressing this lovely, silent creature.

"I suppose you love music, Miss Beatty. If so, then you can sympathize with my son."

"That I can," the beauty answers. "Music is my grand passion!"

"And you, Miss Downes?"

"I am also fond of music," Miss Downes says, in her coolest voice. It is with an effort of charity as well as politeness that she represses the sneer with which her short lip quivers—for poor little Dora suffers from both quick impulse and keen perception.

By-and-by Mrs. Burns leads the young ladies up to her own room to prepare for dinner: and there, long after Marie has freshly braided her golden hair and given deft touches to the lace about her comely throat and many long looks in the dim old mirror, she detains them with talk about "my son."

Marie the Beautiful, yawns and looks listlessly about her, while Dora Downes, with eyes full of half-repressed curiosity and interest, follows the old lady from trunk to trunk, from closet to closet, from picture to picture. She asks quick questions, and handles with awe the rare old yellow lace and muslin, the quaint gems, the curious trinkets, texts to many narratives, diffuse in style and often weak in point. Dora enjoys them, however, and does not criticise; but Marie keeps quite quiet, for she is only a lovely statue when withdrawn from the homage of men's eyes. She has nothing to say, and would not waste it if she had. She wants to

get back into the sunshine of Walter's adoring gaze. She would even prefer the heavy admiration of the antediluvian monster to the spiceless talk of two women. She has some distant and very vague idea that there may be some sweet and sad, and deep and strong, sensations waked by the emotion called Love; but that there may be anything in the world beautiful, or thrilling, or pathetic, unconnected with the "tender passion" she is quite unconscious.

She has no evil propensities—this beautiful Marie. She is no "spirit to the fiend allied" for all her "angel-face." She is only shadow—satisfied with her beauty and its effect. Why should she have vague unrests—wild yearnings after the impossible?

Why should she ever feel a craving—a hunger at her heart? She is beautiful. Beauty wins love; and even if it did not, her heart is quite at rest, filled to the brim with her own lovely image. Had she an artist soul, her very *musis* would stir a trouble in her breast!

Imperfect! Feeble! Commonplace! Ah, exquisite, agonized, infinite yearning that assails the artist soul!

Perfection! Perfection! That fleest before, like the mirage of the desert—ever within sight, never within reach! Blest mirage, that through anguish and despair, and faint, yet never-dying hope and ceaseless longing, leads to the wide gates of an everlasting perfection—a completeness which embraces eternity!

But Marie the Beautiful has been taught by the best masters. Her playing is acknowledged to be "something quite beyond the ordinary."

Why should she ever ache amid the plaudits of her audiences with an acute sense of discouragement and shame? No. The wise Marie leaves all such pangs for less favored beings—for women who step out of their "proper sphere"—for women who have longings and aspirations, and missions, and other inconvenient belongings. For herself, her music is a useful adjunct to her beauty. If her perfections fail to win hearts through the eye, the ear and finer emotions must be called to her aid, for win hearts she must. Not hearts to be "faithful unto death," but hearts to beat madly in her presence. The lips may swear eternal fidelity. She rather enjoys such absurd declarations. They even, for the time, make her own pulses throb, and her cheeks flush with most pleasurable sensations, but she does not exact more than she knows what to do with. She does not care for fidelity so long as she can win universal adulation. She may, she admits, want it one day when she shall bind herself down, as she must, she supposes, when her golden hair shall thin and her shell tints grow wan.

And of all bondages, she thinks, tipping the big chair backwards, it would be less galling to swear obedience to Walter than to any other man. He has such eyes, such a smile, and such a winning tongue! And then he knows her so well! He would never look for devotion and self-sacrifice, and all that stuff Dora talks about, in her! No, she is not in love with him; she is not such a fool. But if he should ever grow rich, there is no telling!

Why should Dora have a fortune, and she merely enough to live on? Dora, little mouse—the great eyes follow the quiet form about the room—Dora looks like anything but an heiress. Yet the child shows taste in her simple dress. It would not do for the small ground-dove to assume a peacock's plumes!

And then Marie the Beautiful wakes up to the sentences Mrs. Burns is uttering, and giggles suddenly, then begs pardon, with her hand over her lips.

Mrs. Burns glances suspiciously at her, but is reassured when she rises and comes to her side with an appearance of languid interest. "Yes, Miss Downes," she is saying, holding the diamond cross extended, with Dora's serious eyes fixed on her face. "For my son's wife, for no one else. Having no daughter, but only a son, who is worth all the daughters in the world, I save my mother's lace—considered quite valuable in their day, I assure you—and my diamond cross for my son's wife. And if you will step this side, I will show you something else," the old lady adds, moved by a sudden impulse. Then she crosses the great passage, and throws open a heavy paneled door. Even Marie is interested now. It is a dim white room, vast and shadowy, with old lace shrouding the windows and the high bed, and sweeping, in creamy folds about the gilt-edged mirror; with a curious old wardrobe, and high-backed chairs cushioned with blue and silver damask. An air of quaint antiquity, a faint perfume of lavender and rose leaves, pervades the apartment.

"I amuse myself with this," their cicerone remarks; "here I put all the best I have, the handsomest things we have saved from long ago. My son says nothing, but I am sure he likes it. This is her room!" she adds, simply.

Marie seems attacked by another fit of the giggles, but Dora's eyes are full of tears, as she turns from the dim and odorous room. Her heart is deeply touched.

Marie recovers her self-possession quickly. "Do you think Mr. Burns will ever marry?" she asks, innocently regarding his mother with her great blue eyes.

"Ever marry?" The old lady turns almost fiercely upon her. "Ever marry? Why not! He knows it is the dearest wish of his mother's heart. Why should he not? Any woman would be proud of the love of such a man! Have you any reason for supposing that my son will never marry, Miss Beauty?" in a quick, suspicious tone.

"No, of course not; I only wonder why he has not married before this," Marie answers, indifferently.

"Why, he hasn't had time," the old lady's tone shows that already she is half appeased; "he is not thirty, yet. No doubt he will make his choice before long, and his wife will, indeed, be a happy woman."

She gets no opposition this time. Marie has stepped behind her, and she meets only strangely gentle look from Dora Downes, who points through the window on the stairs, and admires the view in a voice that thrills with a most curious chord.

To Marie's surprise, Dora does not respond to

her soft, mocking whisper, as they enter the hall down-stairs. "Look, a red elephant! Did you ever see such a monster?"

She only advances, with an air of gravity, and, taking her seat by the window where the "red elephant" stands, talks to him of music, of the old chapel, of the fields, and the views from the castle window, in the very gentlest of voices, at the sound of which Walter Franklin gives her a puzzled look. He has never heard exactly that voice before.

(To be continued.)

THE DANA-LONGFELLOW WEDDING.

RICHARD H. DANA, third son of Richard H. Dana, Jr., was married to Miss Edith, second daughter of Henry W. Longfellow, in Appleton Chapel, Cambridge, Mass., on Thursday afternoon, January 10th, according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. Although the hour was four o'clock, the chapel was lighted by gas, and, with the lavish floral decorations, presented an unusually brilliant appearance. The occupants of the floor of the chapel were divided into two classes, the pews opening on the central aisle being filled by members of the Dana and Longfellow families and a limited number of near friends, all in full evening dress. The guests who held cards of invitation were seated in the pews opening on the side-aisles. The march to the altar was in the following order: First came Mr. R. H. Dana, the groom, on the arm of Mr. Geo. Wigglesworth, the "best man"; then Miss Edith Longfellow, the bride, with her father; and lastly, the two bridesmaids, Miss Annie Longfellow, sister of the bride, and Miss Mary Longfellow, cousin of the bride, from Portland. Arrived at the altar, the party ranged itself *de rigueur*—the bridesmaids at the left, the best man at the right, and the bride's father at her left and a little to the rear. The marriage service was performed by the Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., assisted by the Rev. Father Grafton, of the Church of the Advent, Boston. Mr. Longfellow, of Connecticut, gave away the bride. Both bride and groom uttered the responses with clearness; the ring was exchanged, the benediction spoken, and while the organ sounded forth the wedding march by Chas. Mayer, the happy couple retraced their steps down the aisle and left the church.

The bride's dress was of the *princesse* pattern, of rich white brocade silk, with front of white satin, trimmed with old lace and orange-blossoms, and with the usual cloud of tulle veil. Among those present were President Elliott, of Harvard, with his newly-wedded wife; Hon. Samuel Elliot and wife, Mrs. Agassiz, Professor Norton, Professor and Mrs. Child, Mr. James T. Fields, Mr. W. D. Howells, Professor William Everett and Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. From New York were Miss Eunice Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Thatcher Loring, Miss Morse, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Wadsworth, Jr., the Misses Appleton, and Rev. Dr. John Cotton Smith and Mrs. Smith, with their daughter. Following the ceremony at the chapel, a reception was given at the residence of the bride's father from 4:20 to 6 P. M.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

AN INDIAN RABBIT DRIVE IN NEVADA.

WE cross the desert among the sand-drifts and sage-brush and the weird lava boulders, until some forty miles more of the iron trail brings us down-grade into the valley of the Truckee, where the river sweeps into sight through a gap in the mountains lying southward. Here and there, over the bleached plain of sand and alkali, and against the low, brown hills, we have seen a red light smoldering, and guessed it to be a Piute lodge-fire; and imagination, with nothing better to do, has gone visiting inside the flapping screen of skins, to speculate upon the household economy of the dirty Ishmaelites who are sleeping and dreaming there under the stars—dreaming, we may suppose, not of the joys of the warpath, nor of the great buffalo-herds of old times, nor of raids upon stage-stations and the burning of stray pale-faced captives; but only of such tame, ignoble matters as rabbit-hunts and weekly rations, the sole excitement of these degenerate days. Rabbit-hunting and fishing constitute the business of life now to the Piute warriors, since the buffalo have traveled north, and the antelope is fast following them; and in the capturing and killing of such small deer he is exceedingly expert. His fishing-tackle consists of a bit of light rope, weighted with a stone at one end, and grasped by the hand of the fisherman at the other. To this line are attached, at regular distances, half a dozen or more hooks, made of rabbit-bones, in the form of a narrow letter V; and to the angle of each V again is fastened a short line made of sinews, and baited with some such trifle as a snail or a freshwater sucker. The fish, swallowing the bait and the line, swallows also the hook, which is so acted upon by the tension of the line as to expand its two prongs and fasten them firmly in the victim's throat; and then it struggles and whirls and darts about the line, attracting all its family and neighbors to swallow the same snare, until the angler has counted a bite for every hook, and quietly draws in his main line, heavy with spoils.

Still more simple are the "rabbit drives," in which from five hundred to a thousand head of game, if we may so use the expression, are caught in one hunt. A V-shaped fence is put up, made of slight saplings, across which is stretched a wide-meshed net, woven of hemp or willow-bark, held down to the ground by weights; and in the angle of this inclosure an Indian or two takes up his position, while the rest of the band, in numbers as large as they can muster, including the squaws and children, start off to beat up the game. At a distance of ten or twelve miles from the trap they start the "drive"—that is to say, the entire company scatters itself into a wide semi-circle, and with whoops and yells, falls to beating the sage-brush, or low saplings, if the ground be wooded, with sticks and clubs. Then the frightened rabbits start up by the hundred, and are forthwith chased by the shrieking, hooting hunters, with wild flourishing of sticks and waving of all their rage, down towards the trap. Gradually contracting their ranks around the drove of flying creatures, they close them fairly into the netted inclosure, whence escape is impossible. To add to their bewilderment, the men within the trap start up with yells rivaling those of the hunters outside, and the luckless rabbits, dashing themselves against the net to force a way out, fasten their heads in the meshes and are fixed there. When every one is a prisoner the brave huntsmen quietly make the tour of the net, and with their sticks dispatch the game, which the squaws in their turn collect and "pack" home to the lodges. And then follows a great feast of rabbit-meat, and after

that the squaws have their hands full of work in the making of robes and cloaks out of the soft, downy, gray skins. And the rabbits that are "left over," so to speak, among the sage-brush, have a rest from persecution until the next Fall. The Indians value a rabbit-skin robe very highly, and much prefer them to blankets, though it takes a good deal of time and patience to make one. This work, however, is all done by the squaws, and is taken as a matter of course by the "bucks" of the tribe.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

NEW YORK LADIES MINISTERING TO HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

WE have frequently had occasion to refer to the good work done by the ladies of the Flower Mission. This week we illustrate an interesting case in point. In one of our charitable institutions a young man, of whom there was "but little account," lay recently sick unto death. He made no mention of home, kindred, friends. He was utterly, absolutely alone in the wide, wide world. His illness was long, and full of weariness and pain. Gentle as a very child in the fiercest paroxysms of unendurable agony, he ever had a smile for the good nurses, who, with kind, tender and loving hands, ministered to his wants. His appetite gone, his life ebbing slowly but surely from him, his only prayer was for flowers. To him the flowers were as a breath of the bygone time when he sported in fields dappled with daisies, or sauntered in fragrant lanes with one whom he was to behold nevermore. Flowers he asked for; flowers, as gray dawn came peeping through the veiled windows; flowers, as the sable mantle of night enshrouded the earth. His sad and earnest eyes would turn lovingly to those dainty handmaids of nature, caressingly, and with a mournful covetousness of gaze.

It soon became known in the hospital that the dying patient lived but upon the fragrance of fresh flowers. From the hospital it spread to kindly hearts outside, and soon came rare and radiant bouquets pouring in, in lavish profusion, until his couch became as bright as a bridal bower.

Ministering angels, large-hearted girls, whose souls were bathed in pity for the nameless sojourner, eagerly tendered their offerings, and day after day did they lie into the hospital on their sweet errand of consolation.

He seemed to mark the hours of his stay by the opening and folding of the flowers. They were his dial. Save and except to smile a sweet, sad thankfulness upon the Samaritans who ministered unto him, his eyes never wandered from the mute yet all-appealing flowers, his wistful, anxious gaze hovering around them almost caressingly. One bouquet of mignonette seemed to afford him unutterable pleasure. Taking it in his emaciated hands, he sighed over it as though its presence recalled an episode in his past career.

One morning during that late spell of semi-tropical weather which came upon us like an angel's visit, the nameless patient betrayed febrile symptoms of an alarming nature.

His colorless lips moved as if in animated dialogue, whilst his unnaturally bright eyes wandered from the bunch of mignonette, which he clinched in his waxen fingers, to the faces of the gentle ladies who surrounded his bedside.

That change which preludes the awful moment of the soul's departure was upon him, and his nurses saw it. Tender hands smoothed his pillow, tender hands moistened his brow, clammy with the dew of death; tender hands placed flowers all around him, that his last earthly thoughts should be turned upon the objects which he loved so well.

A long-drawn sigh came from his gently heaving breast. A name which shall not be published here issued from his convulsed lips, a glance of ineffable love towards the bunch of mignonette, which, by a supreme effort, he raised as if to kiss, and then all was over.

He was interred at the expense of Mr. — in Greenwood Cemetery, and as the coffin was lowered into its final resting-place, a bunch of mignonette was thrown into the grave by a young, beautiful, sobbing and closely veiled girl.

What a romance is hidden behind that bunch of flowers.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Queen Victoria's Recent Visit to Lord Beaconsfield.

On the 15th of December last Queen Victoria paid a visit to the Premier, at his country seat, Hughenden Manor. The inhabitants of Wycombe had the town handsomely decorated with a profusion of flags, flowers and evergreens. Triumphant arches of verdure and blossom were erected in several places, and at one point there was an arch, constructed almost entirely of chairs, the staple commodity of the town—chairs of every imaginable kind and material—from the substantial "Windsor" to the delicate drawing room structure, which is more elegant than reliable. The Queen was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice. On the arrival of the royal train at the Wycombe Railway Station, Her Majesty was received by Lord Beaconsfield, who returned thanks in her name for the inevitable address from the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses. Miss Phillips, the daughter of the Mayor, then presented Her Majesty and the Princess with magnificent bouquets, and amid great shouts of "welcome," and the strains of the National Anthem from the voices of the schoolchildren, Her Majesty passed on to the open carriage which was to take her to Hughenden Manor. The cortege passed slowly through the decorated streets of the town, and then quickly onwards to its destination. Her Majesty remained at Hughenden about two hours, luncheon with Lord Beaconsfield, and afterwards planting a tree upon the lawn in commemoration of the visit. Princess Beatrice also planted a tree. On the way back to the railway station, Her Majesty ordered her carriage to be stopped, in order that she might more closely inspect the arch of chairs. After the departure of the royal train for Windsor, the members of the corporation feasted together in celebration of the honor which had been done to the town. It is said that the Queen has only twice before paid a visit to her Prime Ministers: to Lord Melbourne, at Brockton Hall, in 1841, and to Sir Robert Peel, at Drayton Manor, in 1843.

The Removal of Temple Bar.

London is at last witnessing the destruction of the historical structure known as Temple Bar. The dispute as to the locality to which it shall be removed being yet unsettled, the stones are carefully marked, so as to indicate their position in the structure, for the purpose of rebuilding when the site is decided upon. Very little seems to be known of the early history of the Bar. "Anciently," says Strype, "there were only posts, rails and a chain, such as are now in Holborn, Smithfield and Whitechapel Bars. Afterwards there was a

house of timber erected across the street, with a narrow gateway, and an entry on the south side of it under the house." The date of the erection of this wooden house is unknown, but the present structure, built by Sir Christopher Wren, was commenced in 1670 and completed in 1672. It is of Portland stone, with four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature, and an arched pediment. The four statues—two on the western facade and two on the eastern—are supposed to represent Charles I., Charles II., James I. and Elizabeth, his Queen. They are the work of an inferior sculptor named Bushnell, who died mad in 1701. The chief historical associations connected with the Bar are that many English monarchs have passed beneath on their way to the city or the Tower; and that in the good old times, when beheading was in fashion, the heads of traitors were exhibited thereon for the delectation of loyal people, who were accustomed to gaze at them through spyglasses.

Pope Pius IX. at the Vatican.

During the past few weeks, we learn, the Pope has been compelled to suspend his favorite "constitutional" walks in the gardens of the Vatican, and with them the audiences he was then accustomed to give to the parties of pilgrims who visited him with tokens of reverence from all quarters of the globe. One of our foreign pictures this week shows the Holy Father in the Vatican gardens, where, until recently, during fine weather, he was in the habit of having himself carried in his easy-chair, and where, in the shade, he joined with spirit and enjoyment in friendly converse with those about him. Another picture shows Pius IX. in his apartment, occupying the bed to which cruel infirmity has confined him for several weeks past. The couch is a simple iron bedstead. His meals are set upon a small table which is placed by the bedside. The only decorations of the apartment are the hangings of red silk, embroidered with the coat-of-arms of the Pope.

The Russian Siege of Plevna.

During the siege of Plevna, the Emperor of Russia occupied as his headquarters a house at Poradim, which had previously been the residence of Prince Charles of Roumania, who relinquished it to the Czar. Poradim is a large Bulgarian village on the road from Sistova to Plevna. After the surrender of the latter place, the Czar changed his quarters while the Russian troops gave themselves up to unbounded festivity over their success. The occasion depicted in our picture is one which deserved to be celebrated with more than ordinary fervor. After a weary siege of five months, of which the monotony had been varied by terrible battles, Plevna surrendered to Russian arms, and one of the great obstacles to the long-looked-for southward march was removed. Thus both officers and men threw off all military stiffness, and while the former embraced each other, sang patriotic songs, and brewed the mysterious *Djonka*—a punch composed of champagne, burgundy, and any other wine which might happen to be handy—the latter indulged in thorough ursine hugs, unlimited *vodka* or *raki*, and, above all, in the quaint uncouth dances of their native villages.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—It appears that of the 4,103 students who have attended Amherst College during the last sixteen years, only 955 have been sick, and that freshmen are more apt to be sick than seniors.

—Two hundred and twenty street-lamps at Providence, R. I., which extend over a distance of nine miles, are now lighted and extinguished by electricity, in less than fifteen seconds, by one man.

—SAN FRANCISCO fishermen complain that the sea lions, which are protected by law, are increasing so rapidly and are so destructive of fish, that they are endangering the needed supply for food for the citizens.

—THE Italian Government, listening to friendly remonstrances, have determined to restore to the Neapolitan dynasty the dowry of Queen Maria Sophia, wife of Francis II., and the property left by the late queen, Maria Theresa.

—AN American, writing from London, says: "The man who would here attempt to get into a cab or out of one, or eat dinner, or drink ale, or make a speech, or shovel coal, without first adjusting his eyeglass, would be looked upon as eccentric."

—THE Bank of France is giving up the issue of notes and insists on paying in gold to the disgust of the public. The reason is that the directors find it does not pay to issue notes on which a tax of 1½ per cent. is imposed when they can scarcely obtain more than this sum for discounts.

—A CORRESPONDENT of the Imperial Society of Naturalists at Moscow has made a singular discovery in Siberian quartz. He was examining a specimen of rock crystal from Ufalet, when he found inclosed in it five pale-green caterpillars, with dark heads, probably the larval forms of Tineid moths.

—A WRITER in the *Westminster Review* points out that Canon Farrar and others have wrongly imagined that hospitals were unknown to pagans. There can be no doubt that the sick have been better cared for since the time of Christ, but Christians cannot fully claim to have originated hospitals.

—THE Fine Arts Department of the city of Paris has under consideration a plan for placing in the great avenues of the city busts of all the historians who have illustrated in their works the life of the capital, and in the squares will be erected statues of notabilities whose career has been connected with it.

—NOT less than one hundred and thirty-five tons of amber had been dug up in Prussia last year. The productive mine of Palmnicklen alone gave eighty-five tons. The amber industry gives employment to about one thousand four hundred men. Austria, France, Russia, America, China and Japan are the countries which absorb most of the product.

—THE boring of the Channel tunnel between France and England is to be done by the French railway company, the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and the Southeastern and Chatham Railway Companies of England. The two latter will bore for half the distance from the English side, and the former the same distance, about ten and a half miles, from the French side.

—WHILE some laborers were at work in New Haven on Saturday, they found at the corner of Elm and Orange Streets traces of the cellar of Governor Eaton's house, which stood there early in the seventeenth century, and remained one hundred years later. A stubbing-bone, a cannon ball, hinge, several ship-bolts, and parts of a sickle, have been dug up and presented to the Historical Society.

—THE agitation of the necessity of greater care in the distribution of outdoor relief to the poor in England has resulted in five years in a great reduction of the total outlay. In 1873 there was expended in England for outdoor relief £3,663,970, and in 1876, £2,760,504. There has been a saving, in other words, of \$4,500,000, or 25 per cent., in the cost of the poor administration. This is the direct result of frequent conferences of Overseers of the Poor in different parts of the kingdom. During the same time there was a decrease of 31 per cent. in the number of persons relieved, the total of outdoor paupers in 1876 being 506,392.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION—LADIES BESTOWING FLOWERS UPON PATIENTS IN ONE OF THE WARDS OF BELLEVUE HOSPITAL.—SEE PAGE 355.



THE CITY OF TRENTON, AS SEEN FROM THE PENNSYLVANIA SHORE OF THE DELAWARE RIVER.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.

GEORGE BRINTON MCCLELLAN, elected Governor of the State of New Jersey on November 6th, was born in Philadelphia, December 3d, 1826. His father was a distinguished physician, a graduate of Yale College, and founder of Jefferson College. His remoter ancestors were Scotch.

Entering West Point at the age of fifteen years, and six months, young McClellan gained a reputation among his classmates for close application and intelligent study, rather than for brilliancy or showy talents. It was a surprise to everybody when the quiet, thoughtful, well-behaved student graduated second in general rank in the largest class that had ever left the Academy, and first in the class in engineering. This was in 1846, and he was brevetted second lieutenant of engineers, and assigned to duty with a corps of sappers and miners, then forming to participate in the Mexican War. Lieutenant McClellan served with distinction during the continuance of the struggle, being frequently mentioned in the dispatches of his superior officers in the most complimentary terms, and at the close of the war gaining the brevet rank of captain. After the capture of the City of Mexico, McClellan did garrison duty in that city for a year, when he was stationed at West Point, where he first entered upon literary work, by preparing a manual of the bayonet exercise, which, being recommended to the War Department by General Scott, was made a part of the regular system of army instruction. From 1851 to 1855 Captain McClellan was employed in surveying and other important military duties in various parts of the United States and in the West Indies, and in the Spring of the latter year received the appointment of Captain in the First Cavalry Regiment, under Colonel Sumner. Immediately after receiving this appointment, he was sent to the seat of war in the Crimea, as one of a commission of three appointed by the Government to observe the warlike operations in progress, to examine the military systems of Europe, and to report plans and suggestions for improving the organization and discipline of our own army. This commission remained abroad about a year, and after their return their report was published among the United States Documents.

In January, 1857, Captain McClellan resigned his commission in the army, having been fifteen years in service, and accepted the position of Chief Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad. He soon after became Vice-President of the road, and in May, 1860, he married Miss Ellen Marcy, daughter of General R. B. Marcy. In August of this year he resigned the Vice-Presidency of the Illinois Central Railroad to accept the Presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Road, which post he held, residing in Cincinnati, until the war broke out between the North and South.

It is scarcely necessary to record in this brief sketch the services of McClellan in the great struggle which commenced, April 12th, 1861, by the firing upon Fort Sumter. Called to Columbus by the Governor of Ohio, he was at once appointed to organize the numerous regiments forming in that State, being commissioned, under date of April 23d, 1861, Major-General of the Ohio Volunteers. In the following month he took the field in Western Virginia, where he fought in a number of desperate encounters, being uniformly victorious; and, in the meantime, devoting his knowledge of military

science and his experienced skill to the organization of the Western army. He succeeded in clearing Western Virginia of the Confederates, for which he received the thanks of Congress. After the de-

General-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States.

General McClellan's views of the art of war were formed upon a basis of knowledge and experience

of his troops, dispirited after the painful misfortune of Bull Run. But the anxiety for action on the part of the people at large, chafing under disaster and confident of the practicability of immediate success, added to the combination of intrigue, political ambition, and profound ignorance of the principles of war on a grand scale which existed in Washington, resulted in hampering and deranging the plans of the accomplished and capable young commander, who was thwarted and crossed until the very means which should have insured victory were made instruments of defeat. This, in brief, is the inside history of General McClellan's career from the time of his appointment to the chief command of all the armies of the United States until he was deposed in favor of General Pope. The delays before Yorktown were rightfully attributable to the Administration, which failed to carry out its promises of support, leaving McClellan to accomplish by ordinary engineering and systematic military approach what could have otherwise been gained by assault.

Pope's accession to the command of the Army of the Potomac was appropriately followed by his utter routing and discomfiture at the second battle of Bull Run. Next, Lee invaded Maryland, and McClellan was sent for in hot haste to fight and win the battle of Antietam, and turn the tide of victory again in the direction of the Union armies. And, when the full history of Antietam shall have been written, the reason of McClellan's failure to follow Lee and his retreating army will be found—like many others of the late war—to have existed in the incompetent and vacillating policy pursued at Washington, where political aspirations, rather than desire for the success of our arms, controlled the movements and plans of too many of those in control.

On November 5th, 1862, General McClellan was superseded by General Burnside, who—according to established custom—was immediately thoroughly whipped in the Battle of Fredericksburg.

After this time General McClellan took no part in the war. In August, 1864, he was nominated the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and received 1,800,000 of the popular vote, while Mr. Lincoln received 2,220,000.

General McClellan visited Europe in the latter part of 1864, and remained abroad until 1868, when he returned home. He was for some time in charge of the Department of Docks and Piers of the City of New York, and for the past eight years has made his home at Orange Mountain, in the State of New Jersey. At the recent election in that State, and during a period of question as to a candidate for the Democratic party, General McClellan's name was proposed, as it by inspiration. The enthusiasm which it called forth was spontaneous, and sufficiently powerful to carry him easily into the Gubernatorial Chair by a large majority.

In fact, "enthusiasm" has been the characteristic of McClellan's following ever since the President of the United States found it necessary to get his good word for Pope with the men who could not apparently reconcile themselves to the situation. Enthusiasm brought forty-five per cent. of the votes of the North to rally to his standard in 1864, despite the power of the Administration, and the persistent obloquy which had been heaped upon him by his enemies. It is a little remarkable that among his immediate followers—officers, as well as rank and file—General McClellan achieved a reputation which not all the efforts to destroy it



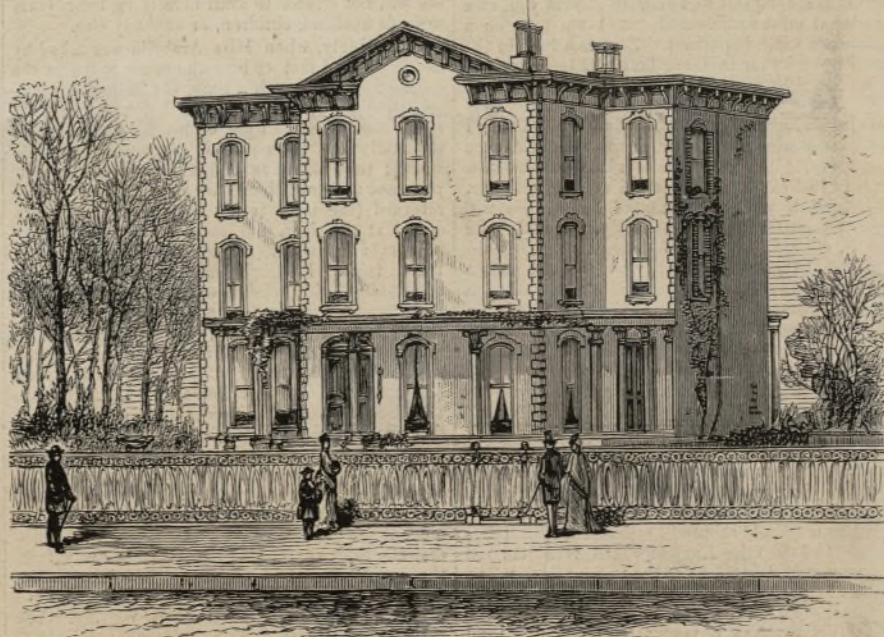
GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

feat at Bull Run, General McClellan was called to Washington, and placed in command of the troops stationed at the capital; and on the resignation of General Scott, in November, he was appointed

altogether too broad for him to commit the error of entering upon the coming struggle unprepared; and he therefore devoted himself at once to the organization and the improvement of the morale



EXTERIOR OF THE STATE HOUSE IN TRENTON.



EXTERIOR OF THE GOVERNOR'S RESIDENCE IN TRENTON.

NEW JERSEY.—THE INAUGURATION, IN TRENTON, OF GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN AS GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY, JANUARY 15TH.

could prevent from following him into civil life. It will be at once remembered that during a recent visit to Boston, General McClellan was received by the citizens of that sedate locality with a welcome such as has certainly been accorded, of late years, to no one in America.

Governor McClellan is now in the prime of physical and mental vigor. He is by experience and natural aptitude, as well versed in the affairs of civil life as he has ever been in military science, and will certainly make an able and judicious executive for our neighbor State. Meanwhile, he has outlived the unjust detractors of his enemies, and is to-day more popular than ever in the hearts of his friends.

About a month after his election he rented the spacious furnished house of Colonel J. R. Freese, in Trenton, the General announcing his intention of residing there during his gubernatorial term. Upon receiving information that a large portion of the militia of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, together with various associations, designed uniting in a monster demonstration upon the occasion of his inauguration on January 15th, he expressed the hope that there would be no unusual display. In accordance with his wishes, the ceremony was arranged to take place in the Senate Chamber, as in years gone by.

Trenton, the capital city of New Jersey, is at the head of navigation on the left bank of the Delaware River, and had a population in 1875 of about 25,000. The Capitol building, which has been enlarged and greatly beautified within the past three years, is of stone, situated in imitation of granite, and 240 feet long by 120 feet deep. The Senate and Assembly Chambers are large apartments, well-ventilated and lighted, and handsomely furnished and decorated. In one of the many spacious rooms are collected the battle-flags borne through the late war by New Jersey troops. Trenton also contains a County Court House, a City Hall, one of the State Lunatic Asylums, the Soldiers' Children's Home, a State Industrial School for Girls, the State Penitentiary, Normal School and Arsenal. The General Government is erecting a large building of Ohio sandstone to be used as a Post Office and United States Courts and offices, at a cost of \$500,000. The manufacture of crockery is the chief industry of the city, there being eighteen potteries within its limits, producing white, granite, and brown ware to the value of about \$3,000,000 per annum.

MRS. FIZZLEBURY'S NEW GIRL.

By R. J. DE CORDOVA.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE BATTLE OF THE RIVALS.

THE noise in the street increased. There were cries of various signification, as "Part them! Part them!" "Shame to strike a little man like that!" "By jabs! the little one will be killed!" "Murder!" "Police!"

The officer, as a matter of course, desired to maintain the capture of Parkin; but, after all, his crime was only petty larceny, and what was this in importance compared with murder which might happen in the street at any moment unless the law immediately interfered? "Better," thought the policeman, "save human life than punish a servant-girl or even a male impostor for the theft of a brooch." The policeman accordingly rushed to the basement-door, closely followed by Parkin; and, once there, a number of persons began, each in his own fashion, to relate the affair to the officer.

How a carriage stopped at the door and a gentleman alighted from it, and went into the area, and down the steps to the door, where he remained some time, whispering something through the keyhole. How, after a time, another carriage came to the door, containing two persons, apparently a gentleman and his servant. And the servant descended from the vehicle and stood on the sidewalk, looking up at the house, as if expecting somebody to come out and join him. How, while so engaged, he detected the first gentleman whispering through the keyhole; whereupon the servant returned to carriage No. 2 and communicated the fact to the second gentleman, who immediately alighted, walked into the area and confronted the whispering party. How angry words, at first in a low key, but gradually increasing in loudness, passed between the two gentlemen, and how, finally they came to blows, and the noisy and excited crowd gathered as by magic.

The facts of the case, however, were as follows: When the count's servant, discovering Potthausen at the keyhole, had communicated this fact to his master, the count, highly indignant at so ungentlemanlike a procedure at the door of a house which was the residence of his idol, stepped from the carriage and marched boldly into the area, where he confronted, and at once addressed, Potthausen.

"Sare, I suppose you are a gentleman, and zerefore I make myself ze honor to inform you, in a manner ze most confidential, zat I am here on a mission ze most important. Zere is a lady in the question, and your presence here will be to her and to me the most disagreeable and inconvenient."

To which polite remark Mr. Potthausen, withdrawing from the keyhole, responded bluntly: "I don't know who you are, sir, or what the deuce you want here. You say there is a lady in the case. That is just exactly what is the matter with me. Therefore, if you are a man of honor, you will make yourself scarce immediately, for there is a lady in my case, also."

"Sare," replied the count, "you must be make a mistake of the number or of the street. Zere is only one young lady in zis house, and she has a private engagement with me."

"That cannot possibly be," responded Potthausen. "I have an engagement with only one lady in this house, and that engagement is extremely private, and must not be interfered with."

The light suddenly broke on the count.

"Oh!" said he, "I see it. Zere is no occasion to make quarrels between us. All on ze contrary, you and me can act togezer. You are, without doubt, here to elope ze mozzer."

"The mother!" shouted Potthausen, with indignation, and the false English which is so current among young Americans at the present day. "The mother! Not much, I ain't. I am here for the daughter, and it isn't your business, anyway."

At this moment a young lady, bonneted and shawled, and carrying a small hand-bag, appeared at the front-door. Arabella, finding the suspense too great to be endured in inactivity, had resolved on leaving the house without the aid of Parkin,

and placing herself immediately under the affectionate protection of M. de Couac. She was at once and simultaneously recognized by Potthausen and the count, and a rush was made up the front steps by both gentlemen. The young lady coming down, and her two lovers going up, met half way, face to face, and Arabella recognized Potthausen. His presence at such a moment was a shock to her feelings, and she immediately turned for a hasty retreat into the paternal mansion. She had almost reached the door when a gust of wind blew it to, with a "bang," and she was locked out. To ring for admission was a course which she dared not take, since it would immediately lead to her exposure. In her perplexity she stood there, like a well-dressed statue (hind view), with her face to the front-door, in order to avoid recognition by the neighbors, whom the noise in the street had already called to the windows.

In the meanwhile, the two gentlemen's rivalry had broken out into an angry altercation, each one ordering the other off the steps under penalty of the consequences.

"My friend!" said Mr. Potthausen, "if you do not immediately make yourself scarce you will be sorry for it."

"Me make scarce!" ejaculated the count. "I make yourself scarce if you don't go away right away off, eh!"

"Look here!" cried Mr. Potthausen, "I have but one word to say to you. You 'get,' or I'll sling you into the street."

"Yes, sare, I will get this young lady, and you shall be kicked away from the before of the door," and so saying, the count seized one arm of Arabella as though he would lead her down the steps, in which movement he turned her half round towards himself. At the same moment, however, Mr. Potthausen seized the young lady as though to lead her down the steps, and turned her back again towards himself.

Arabella screamed. Pott cried, "You let that young lady's arm alone or it will be worse for you." And the French gentleman, who was now in a furious rage, said, "You let alone ze arm of this demoiselle or I plunge you my fist in ze face."

Upon this, Mr. Potthausen let out with his disengaged arm, and struck the count full on the forehead and eyes, throwing him back on the baluster, with Miss Arabella on him, her arm having remained in the French gentleman's grasp. Disengaging himself, however, he aimed a blow at Mr. Potthausen, who followed with another. Both gentlemen then released their hold on the young lady, in order the better to grapple each other in an embrace, in which position they rolled together on to the sidewalk. Mr. Potthausen coming down on the upper and M. de Couac on the nether side. In this position Mr. Potthausen was incessantly belaboring M. de Couac's ribs, while that gentleman was engaged in the pleasant amusement of pulling Mr. Potthausen's hair out by the roots. The excitement attendant on these unusual performances was heightened by somewhat emphatic profanity on the part of Mr. Potthausen and violent yells of "Murder!" and "Police!" from the foreign gentleman, which were at once echoed by the motley crowd drawn together by the quarrel of the rivals.

It was at this moment that the policeman, followed by Parkin, emerged from the basement-door. This evidence that the basement-door was open, at once suggested to Arabella a means of escape from her present mortifying position. But ill-luck would appear to have been her portion that evening. As she was about to go in at the basement, she met her father and mother coming out. Both parents were much excited.

"What is all this about?" Mr. Fizzlebury had inquired, when he suddenly encountered Arabella, who, he supposed, was up-stairs in her room. "Arabella, what in the world are you doing in this crowd? How did you come here?"

And mamma, opening her eyes very wide, as was her wont when she was astonished, said, "Arabella! explain yourself. How came you here?"

To an ordinary girl, brought up with genuine "little hatchet" principles, this would have been a most embarrassing question to answer under the circumstances. But Arabella was not an ordinary girl, and her principles were not of the Washingtonian order. On the contrary, and as has been seen, she did not scruple to deceive her parents; and the lady reader does not need to be told that the girl who will deceive her parents makes of falsehood an accomplishment of which she, in time, becomes rather proud than otherwise, and of which she will not scruple to avail herself in later years towards husband, children, or anybody else.

Accordingly, when Miss Arabella was asked by her father and mother how she came to be at the basement-door at such a time, she rallied her imaginative resources and said, "Upon my word, I really don't know. I put on my hat to go up to the stationer's to inquire if my music-book was bound; that man has had it three weeks, and he promised to send it home in a week; and when I returned (the book is not bound yet), I found a crowd at the door, and such a noise, and a policeman, and really I feel so alarmed that I believe I shall faint. Pray, give me a glass of water."

Outside, Parkin was the only person who seemed to understand the position of affairs. His first step was to pull Potthausen, by main force, from off the French gentleman. His second was to jump into the carriage which was nearest to him, and which happened to be M. de Couac's, and to pull Potthausen into it. M. de Couac, on witnessing this manoeuvre, called to Potthausen; "Ah! zat was your game, eh! Why for you did not tell me you was here to elope ze servant. I would have help you instead of quarrel you." Uttering which sentiment after his retreating rival, for Parkin had ordered the coachman, with the promise of a liberal fee, to drive as rapidly as possible away from the neighborhood of the dreaded policeman, M. de Couac directed his steps towards Potthausen's carriage, which still remained in waiting. The policeman, however, feeling that it was necessary to arrest somebody, stopped M. de Couac and took him to the station, where he was detained till next morning, when he was produced, in a somewhat disheveled condition, before a magistrate, under a

charge of "disorderly conduct in the streets." A small fine was imposed upon him, and he paid it and was discharged.

CHAPTER XVIII.—BLACK FRIDAY AND HUMBLE PIE.

DURING the interval succeeding the events described in the preceding chapter Mr. Fizzlebury had not been happy. Mrs. Fizzlebury had not been amiable, and Miss Fizzlebury had not been contented with her lot.

The facts which had led to Miss Arabella's presence on the front steps, coincidentally with the appearance of the two carriages before the door, had leaked out among the friends—wealthy and needy—of the Fizzlebury family; and the reader does not need to be told that the most that could be made of the scandal was made by those friends, and especially by the wealthy ones. The double attempt at an elopement was magnified into all sorts of misconduct on the part of Miss Arabella, and exaggerated accounts of the affair accumulated to so great an extent that the Fizzlebury visiting list diminished rapidly under the fire of evil report. But the climax of this unfortunate position was reached when it became known that Mr. Fizzlebury had been made a victim of the disasters of the Stock Exchange on that now notorious Black Friday, when so many honest men were ruined, so many unfortunate rogues were disgraced, and so many lucky scoundrels enriched themselves with the plunder afforded by that shameless opportunity. Mr. Fizzlebury, on the Saturday morning, awoke to find himself a poor, though not a dishonored, man.

Then, indeed, did the Fizzlebury visiting-list become so small that it might all have been written on the smallest of visiting-cards. People say that this dropping-off of "friends" in the time of adversity is an "old, old story." It is none the less painful for being old; and, between the disgrace following on the elopement affair and the poverty brought on him by the Black Friday operations, Mr. Fizzlebury, in finding himself penniless and friendless, found himself very miserable. His unmarried daughter remained "on his hands"; his wife's temper, rendered more sour than ever by the reduced circumstances of the family, was almost insupportable; his conceit of his personal importance diminished with his visiting-list, and he was, perhaps, the most unhappy retired carriage-builder that ever lived on this continent or elsewhere.

Under these disheartening circumstances it may be regarded as not wonderful, though it may be looked upon by critical persons as somewhat discreditable, that Mr. Fizzlebury called on me one morning with a motive which the following report of our conversation will disclose.

Mr. Fizzlebury opened the interview by remarking that it was a very fine day; in which observation there certainly was nothing that could be considered either wonderful or discreditable. And I answered that it was—a very fine day, indeed.

"But a little cold, I think," said Mr. Fizzlebury.

"Yes," I said, "I believe it is a little cold;" and then there was a pause, to relieve which I added: "but not very."

"No," answered Mr. Fizzlebury, "I would not say very cold—no—but a little—well, rather chilly."

And again there was a pause. It was evident that Mr. Fizzlebury desired to say something and did not know how to begin it.

After a while, during which he had been adjusting his collar, toying with his watch-chain, and alternately crossing one leg over the other, he drew his chair nearer to mine and said:

"Serious changes have occurred with me since I last had the pleasure of seeing you."

It was plain that changes had occurred; for his coat was somewhat threadbare, and, under the pressure of misfortune, he had lost much of his former dignified, not to say haughty, air.

"I shall be sorry, sir," I said, "if the changes to which you refer have not been fortunate ones."

He drew his chair still closer to mine, as though, notwithstanding that we were alone in the room, he dreaded to be heard by any other person; or, perhaps, he wished to impress me with the idea that he was about to be confidential.

"They have not been fortunate, sir," he said; "quite the contrary—quite the contrary. My circumstances in life have been sadly changed; my means are greatly reduced; and absurd and most scandalous reports have been circulated concerning my daughter. Have you heard of them?"

I scarcely knew how to answer this question, remembering, as I did, how much I had to answer for in that connection.

"I—ah—I think I have heard, sir," said I, "some whispers of an affair not in the slightest degree compromising to the perfectly honorable reputation of Miss Fizzlebury, but I think I recollect being told of an attempt to induce your daughter to—ah—leave your roof for the purpose of being married to somebody."

"It was a plot, sir," interrupted Mr. Fizzlebury, with some vehemence—"a shameful plot, sir. A servant-girl, in male disguise under her own garments, was surreptitiously introduced into my house. That girl, sir, was a viper—a wretch, sent thither by a designing French impostor to induce my daughter to enter into a marriage of which I never would have approved."

This view of the case was so entirely at variance with my understanding of Parkin's sex and his mission in the Fizzlebury mansion that I was puzzled, and remained silent.

"The fact is, sir, that we indiscreetly took that woman on a written recommendation which, I have every reason to believe, was a forgery."

Remembering that I had acted the part of forger in that affair, I winced, and Mr. Fizzlebury continued:

"Unfortunately, we were always changing servants in our house."

"A very bad thing to do, Mr. Fizzlebury," said I.

"It is," answered Mr. Fizzlebury, "a very bad thing, indeed. We keep only one servant at present, reduced circumstances compelling us to retrench; but we have a good girl now, and I in-

tend that she shall be retained. But the woman of whom I spoke was a viper. My wife has, of course, to help in the work of the house now, and so also has my daughter. But oh! she was a viper."

"Who? Your daughter?" I stupidly inquired.

"No, sir," replied Mr. Fizzlebury; "I speak of that wretch without a character whom we employed—a viper. She stole my wife's brooch—I am sure of it—and escaped during the tumult which was caused outside by that French fellow—and—another person."

"You allude, sir," I suggested, "to Mr. Potthausen."

"Well, that is partly what I have come to speak to you about," replied Mr. Fizzlebury. "I am convinced that Mr. Potthausen's presence on that occasion was dictated by an honorable, and, indeed, a friendly, motive. I am strongly impressed with the idea that that young man had some inkling of the designs of the foreign miscreant, and designedly appeared on the scene to thwart them. It was most honorable on his part, and I esteem him more highly than I ever did. You must know that he and I are old friends. He was at a watering-place where my family spent the Summer before the last, and we all liked him very much—very much, indeed. Mrs. Fizzlebury thought very highly of young Mr. Potthausen—very highly; and my daughter admired—well, perhaps, I ought not to say so much to you, or to anybody, but my daughter had, and still has, the most exalted opinion of Mr. Potthausen. And, thank heaven, that count, as he calls himself, was married yesterday. I saw it in the newspapers."

Was I awake, and did I hear correctly? The scene in that same room, a few months before, when Mr. Fizzlebury spoke of Pott with a disdain which he did not seek to conceal, flashed across my mind, and I wondered what Mr. Fizzlebury could be driving at.

"Yes, sir," repeated Mr. Fizzlebury, "that young man's conduct was most noble, and I honor him for it; my wife honors him for it; and my daughter, who always admires—well, why should I not say it openly?—my daughter, who always admired Mr. Potthausen, now regards him in the light of her preserver. He saved her, sir, from the degradation of marrying a vagabond, whom she never cared for. He shielded her from a danger of which, in her innocence, she was unconscious."

"If the old fellow has been made by his daughter to believe all this," thought I, "he must be very verdant."

"Indeed, I regret very much," resumed Mr. Fizzlebury, "that we have seen so little of young Mr. Potthausen at our house. My daughter, who has of late lapsed into a kind of melancholy, which is most injurious to her health, frequently says to me, 'Papa, why does he never come here?' I, of course, pretend not to know whom she refers to, and I say, 'Who, my dear?' and she answers always, 'That noble young man, my preserver.' It is very touching, sir, very."

"But, Mr. Fizzlebury," said I, "I think it better that Mr. Potthausen should not go to your house. You know that his feelings towards your daughter were of the most affectionate character; and he knows, for you made him so understand, that his aspirations in that quarter are utterly hopeless. Why, then, should he—"

Mr. Fizzlebury interrupted me.

"Hopeless! Why should they be hopeless? Is he not the preserver of my child? Must he not know that his feelings towards my daughter are reciprocated, and that I would do nothing that would interfere with my daughter's happiness?"

The motive of Mr. Fizzlebury's visit to me now began to be extremely clear and intelligible.

"Am I, then, to understand, Mr. Fizzlebury," I inquired, "that Mr. Potthausen may entertain hopes of your daughter's hand? And may I so inform him?"

"Why not?" answered Mr. Fizzlebury. "Understand me—I thrust my daughter on no man's attention. I make no offer of my daughter's affection to any man. But Mr. Potthausen has once expressed himself desirous of an alliance with my family. That desire touched my daughter's heart, sir; and the feeling of friendship initiated at Lake Mahopac has ripened—ripened, sir, into something more—ah—well, let us say more tender since she has had occasion to regard him as her preserver. If, then, those feelings are mutually entertained, am I to obstruct the free interchange of honorable sentiments? I think not."

It was a wicked, because a malicious, thing to say; but I could not help saying:

"But Mr. Fizzlebury, you surely do not forget what I had the honor of saying to you when we met on a previous occasion—namely, that Mr. Potthausen's father is *only* a baker!"

"Well, sir, and what then?" replied the old hypocrite. "What was I? A carriage-builder. In the eyes of the world," added Mr. Fizzlebury, with a touch of his ancient, dignified manners—"in the eyes of the world it may be that a carriage-builder, coming into contact as he does with customers—I may say clients—who are wealthy and occupy a certain station in society, may be considered higher in the social scale than one who puts on a white flannel suit of clothes to work in all night, and whose dealings are at the rate of ten cents per customer. But I neither encourage nor countenance such weaknesses. You know that Shakespeare truly says:

"A man's a man for a' that!"

I did not know that Shakespeare had said that, nor was I at all deceived by Mr. Fizzlebury's hypocrisy. But it struck me that if the old gentleman believed that so shallow an artifice could induce Pott to marry Arabella, her father would be grievously disappointed.

Alas! How little do any of us know of the weaknesses of our neighbors or of our own ignorance of human nature!

CHAPTER THE LAST.—PARKIN AGAIN MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MR. FIZZLEBURY.

I CALLED on Mr. Potthausen that evening, enjoying, in anticipation, the triumph with which he would receive the intelligence that the hand

which he had once coveted, and which had been refused, was now actually offered to him. I dwelt in fancy on the indignant scorn with which Pott would repel the advances of the Fizzlebury family.

"Pott!" said I, "I have rare fun for you. You remember how condescendingly Mr. Fizzlebury offered to take bread from the Eighth Avenue Bakery, and how haughtily he refused to allow you to become a suitor for his daughter's hand?"

"I do," said Pott—"the old upstart! I remember it perfectly; and a lucky escape it was for me."

"Precisely. Well, times are much changed with the old gentleman now. He is almost ruined; and, indeed, I believe, he is very poor."

"I have heard of it," said Pott, "and serve him right."

"Quite so," said I. "But with the change in his fortunes has come also a change in his opinions. He was at my rooms to-day, and so nearly expressed a desire that you would renew your offer, that I may almost say he now wishes that you would marry his daughter."

"Indeed?" cried Pott. "Ha! ha! ha! I am not crazy enough to do so foolish a thing as that, I hope. Why, she would have eloped with that French fellow had it not been for the blunder about Parkin. No, thank you. I am out of that, and I mean to keep out. I marry no woman who is in love with somebody else. Mr. Fizzlebury may look elsewhere for a husband for his daughter."

"Why, of course," said I; "and as that French scamp is married to somebody else—"

"Married?" exclaimed Pott. "Whom did he marry?"

"Did you not see it in the newspapers? He married a widow with money. Some woman, doubtless, whom he has cajoled with his title of count. Yes, he is out of the way now, and Mr. Fizzlebury describes his daughter as most unhappy."

"Unhappy!" said Pott. "I am sorry to hear that."

"Most unhappy, her father says, and I think it serves her right."

"I don't quite see that," answered Pott. "She was wheedled by that fellow's foreign airs, you see. And then she never refused me; it was her father's doing. I am sorry to know that she is unhappy."

"Well, I am not," said I—"not at all sorry. She is evidently a flirt, and—"

"Pray don't say that," cried Pott. "Of course it is now all the same to me whom she marries. But I did love the girl once, and of course—it is nothing to me—but I—well, I don't like to hear that she is unhappy."

Pott's face, when he said this, exhibited so much of melancholy, and his conversation became so insipid, as though his mind were preoccupied—indeed, it appeared to me that he scarcely listened to anything that I said—that I made my visit a very short one, and left him in a brown study.

Three days afterwards Pott called at my rooms and informed me that he was engaged to be married to Miss Fizzlebury, and that the wedding would take place in two months from that date.

It was a very quiet affair. Parkin was Pott's "best man," Miss Wobbleham was the only bridesmaid, and the company was not by any means numerous. But old Mr. Potthausen was there, so was Aunt Keduser, and so also was I.

Mr. Fizzlebury was most attentive—I might say almost obsequious—to the elder Potthausen, who had made several rich and elegant presents to the wedded pair, and there was a very fine breakfast when we returned from the church.

At this meal, Arabella was radiant. That "eye," shone with the satisfaction of a mind that had carried its point and was contented. Mamma said to Mr. Potthausen a little more than was quite necessary concerning "former years when we lived in luxury and in a style very different from that in which you see us now. But misfortunes will happen to people, and I suppose I ought not to complain; but it is very hard—very hard on me especially," etc., etc.

The breakfast went off with great *clat*. But several times during the meal Mr. Fizzlebury would say to Parkin:

"It is very strange, Mr. Parkin; this is the first time that I have had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, and yet it appears to me that I have met you, or somebody extremely like you, before."

And Parkin would stroke his mustache, which had grown again, and answer:

"Very likely, Mr. Fizzlebury. I am sure I have met you before. I would have known you anywhere."

After, however, we had drunk, in excellent champagne, several toasts, we all became very pleasant with each other, and so very hilarious that I think some of us must have talked a little too much. At any rate, I remember that I said to Mr. Fizzlebury, after he had for the fifth time repeated that he must have met Parkin somewhere:

"Mr. Fizzlebury are you certain that you have met our friend, Mr. Parkin, before?"

Mr. Fizzlebury said:

"I cannot positively say that I have met Mr. Parkin, but his features appear to me not entirely unknown."

"Do you remember," I asked, "the New Girl whom you received into your house and who stole Mrs. Fizzlebury's brooch—"

(Parkin was making all sorts of grimaces to telegraph me a petition not to proceed, but I continued.)

"The woman who, you informed me, had on male attire under her own clothing, and stole that brooch."

"The viper!" cried Mr. Fizzlebury. "You ask me if I remember her. I rather think I do; though I must, in justice, say that the brooch was not stolen. Mrs. Fizzlebury found it on the carpet the next morning. But the girl was a wretch, a viper."

Parkin, who had kept his eyes riveted on his plate while Mr. Fizzlebury was speaking, now raised them imploringly to me. But the champagne had made me garrulous, and I went on:

"Well, Mr. Fizzlebury," said I, "that viper now sits at this table with us. She had not a

mustache when she entered your service, because I had shaved her that afternoon."

"You had shaved our new girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Fizzlebury from the other end of the table.

"With these hands, dear madam," I answered, "and there she sits. Parkin, why don't you go out and take in the milk?"

Parkin darted a look of anger at me, and rose to leave the table and the house. But Pott detained him, and made him sit down again and take a little more champagne, which restored his spirits so completely, and especially as we were all now laughing at the matter as a good joke, that Parkin finally consented to tell the whole story and make a clean breast of it.

At first, Mrs. Fizzlebury scowled, and both fathers-in-law frowned; but, as the story went on, the angry countenances of the old people relaxed into a smile, and then into hearty laughter as Parkin related the miseries which he suffered on that memorable day.

The bride and bridegroom left us at three o'clock, and then Parkin made to Mrs. Fizzlebury the singular request that she would allow him to show us the spot in the attic on which he had slept on that memorable night, and the kitchen where he had passed so many hours of misery. Mrs. Fizzlebury, who had not frequently refused when the champagne was offered, and who was, therefore, in excellent spirits, readily consented, and Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury and myself followed Parkin up and down-stairs and heard the story all over again.

The rest is soon told.

Mr. and Mrs. Potthausen live very happily together, chiefly for the reason that Pott was unable to follow my advice touching the management of his wife. "Pott," said I, "be guided by me and let your wife understand, from the beginning, that you are to be the head of your family, and the master in your own house. Let Mrs. Potthausen obtain the mastery and you will be her slave for ever;" which I earnestly believed to be just such wise and good counsel as should be given to a friend under the circumstances. And Pott answered bravely and like a hero, "Don't be alarmed about me, dear boy. I mean to keep the upper hand in my own household, you can depend on it. And Pott was so sincere and truthful a fellow that I feel certain that he believed what he was saying."

It was not very long after the wedding, however, that Pott had been brought by very slow degrees to the condition of a very obedient and docile husband, which is a true picture of him to-day. No woman of ordinary intelligence is married quite a week before she succeeds in discovering the weak point of her "lord and master," and learning how to make it the instrument of bringing him to submission. In Arabella's case her weapon was tears. Pott could be very firm, and even obstinate, until Arabella began to weep. But so soon as Pott saw the water gathering in "that eye," he was unmanned and his wife had conquered. These constant victories of the wife over the husband vexed him at first; but he soon discovered that rebellion on his part only made the house very uncomfortable, and he gradually and quite unconsciously glided into the position of "a most amiable husband." Such, at least, was the verdict of all his lady acquaintances.

The only point on which Pott stood out to the last was on the subject of a generous, affectionate, and disinterested proposal made by Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury, whose poverty had become very pinching, to the effect that their "dear children should come and live with them." "It would," they said, "be so much more economical for all parties, and they could all be together, which would be the nicest thing in the world." But Pott set his face so positively against this proposition, that Arabella, although she was greatly in favor of it, and always supported it, was obliged to abandon it in the end.

Mr. and Mrs. Fizzlebury have been compelled, by the force of circumstances, to renounce the tinsel splendor in which they formerly indulged; but they live comfortably on means derived from sources which are a secret to all the world, excepting only their generous son-in-law. They have also discovered, in respect of their one servant, that to be rather liberal than stingy with her, and to treat her as a fellow-creature who can appreciate a kindness, and can resent an injury or an insult, is a wiser course than to incur the danger attendant on constantly changing one servant for another.

Parkin long since resolved that it would be best to stick to male attire and to avoid being led, by mistaken devotion for friendship's sake, into difficult and dangerous enterprises, which may promise to be of only half an hour's duration, but may extend to an almost unlimited period. He feels very sore when allusion is made, in presence of strangers, to his performances in Mr. Fizzlebury's house. But at our little family dinners at Mrs. Potthausen's (he and I dine there every Wednesday evening), we sometimes indulge in a slight pleasantry with him, by requesting him to "get up and ring the bell," or to "go down-stairs for a scuttle of coals," in his ancient capacity as the "NEW GIRL."

THE END.

Uncontrollable Tempers.

THE Emperor of Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a Senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman Emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the deputies from the Quadi, a people of Germany, burst a blood vessel and suddenly fell lifeless to the ground. "I have seen," said Tourtello, a French medical writer, "two women perish, the one in convulsions at the end of six hours, and the other suffocated in two days, from giving themselves up to the transports of fury." The celebrated John Hunter fell a victim to a paroxysm of this passion. Mr. Hunter, as is familiar to medical readers, was a man of extraordinary genius, but the subject of violent anger, which, from the defect of early education, he had not learned to control. Suffering during his latter years under a complaint of the heart, his existence was in constant jeopardy from his ungovernable temper, and he has been heard to remark that "his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy him." Engaged one day in an unplea-

sant altercation with his colleagues in the Board Room at St. George's Hospital, London, he was by one of them peremptorily contradicted; he immediately ceased speaking, hurried into an adjoining apartment, and instantly fell dead. When the fit of anger is of long continuance or frequent recurrence, it often lays the foundation of some most serious and lasting afflictions; thus many cases of palsy, of epilepsy, of convulsions and of madness may be traced to violent anger and ungovernable temper. Dr. Good cites the case of the unfortunate and insane Charles VI. of France, "who being violently incensed against the Duke of Bretagne, and burning with a spirit of malice and revenge, could neither eat, drink, nor sleep for many days together, and at length became furiously mad as he was riding on horseback, drawing his sword and striking promiscuously every one who approached him. Finally the insanity became chronic, fixed upon his intellect, and accompanied him to his death."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Internal Improvements in Africa.—The Geographical Society of Paris has received letters from the French Consul at Zanzibar informing them that a road is being opened from Zanzibar to Tanganyika for carrying by oxen. It is expected that ere long explorers will be able to dispense with native porters.

Copper in Food.—M. Plesse has found copper in nine samples of French canned peas, in amounts varying from .02 to .20 parts in 1,000. Copper occurs naturally in almost all vegetables, as well as in animals, but rare in a larger proportion than 1 part in 100,000. When it is added to green vegetables, as peas, it is injurious to health, and should be looked upon as an adulteration. The presence of copper is easily detected by precipitation, as metal on a platinum disk, forming the negative electrode of a small battery.

The Telephone in Mines.—It is a very difficult thing to keep the ventilation of a mine perfect. The men neglect it, and when the inspector is coming down, prepare the air for his visit. It has been found, however, that the anemometer, or air-measurer, can be so adjusted that after a few revolutions it releases a spring which touches the vibrating plate of the telephone, and at once, therefore, warns the engineer above that the anemometer has completed the series of circles. In other words, he hears in his office the rate at which air is moving in the mine, six hundred yards below him, and this without human intervention. If there is not enough air, the same telephone enables him instantaneously, without rising from his chair, to call attention to the neglect.

Chemical Analysis by Volumes.—There is no question that volumetric analysis does not play that part in quantitative chemical work which it merits, and which, on the appearance of Mohr's well-known treatise, published nearly thirty years ago, it was confidently anticipated that it would assume. The method of instruction commonly pursued in many of our large public laboratories is, in a great measure, to be blamed for this result. Chemical students have inherited somewhat of the training pursued in the study of the classics. The traditional way of acquiring a knowledge of Latin and Greek is to dig away at the roots and grammar until the student becomes disgusted with the whole business, and ends in knowing nothing about the beauties of the language. So is it in the study of chemistry; it is thought necessary to put the student through a course of innumerable separations, filtrations, washings and weighings, requiring a long period of time for proper execution, and thus no time is left for the study of new methods. It is possible in this way to account for the fact that new processes are slow to find their way into our laboratories, and that the older professors stick to ways that are familiar to them from early association. Volumetric analysis is so much more expeditious, while offering equal accuracy, that it seems a pity to delay its general introduction any longer, and we are glad to notice that in some of our American laboratories the requisite apparatus has been purchased, and the younger generation of students are trained in the rapid and elegant methods of analysis so clearly described by Mohr and Fleischer.

Lodighin's Electric Light.—The great defect of the ordinary carbon points is the flickering of the light caused by the consumption of the carbon points, a great portion of which is due to the combustion of the points in the air. Lodighin's plan (which was anticipated in 1846 by Mr. Starr, an American), is to employ not two but a single stick of carbon, inclosing it in a hermetically sealed glass chamber from which all air has been exhausted, and an azotic gas which does not combine with carbon at a high temperature, such as nitrogen, led in. When a current from a magneto-electric machine such as Wilde's, Gramme's or Noble's, is passed through this carbon, it gradually gets heated to a white heat, and emits a brilliant and at the same time soft and steady light. The advantages of this plan are that there is a continuous circuit, so that any number of lights may safely be joined up in a series to form one or more lamps. The lights can be made as small as desired, the flame is continuous and not injurious to the eye, the cost of new carbon points is saved, and the current can be strengthened or weakened at will very easily. It burns equally well under water, and would be very useful for illuminating dangerous mines, there being no fear of explosion from it. One magneto electric machine, of three horse-power engine, generates a light equivalent to several hundred ordinary lanterns, and the light can be easily divided up into smaller ones. There were some defects which have been remedied by the invention of another engineer, M. Jablouchkoff, so that the long-sought-for electric light bids fair to be entirely successful.

The Berlin Pneumatic Dispatch.—The proposed pneumatic dispatch in Berlin embraces twenty-two miles of tube and has fifteen initial stations. The wrought-iron tubes have a clear breadth of two and a half inches, and lie about three feet below the surface of the ground. The letters and cards which are to be forwarded have a prescribed size and are inclosed in iron boxes, or cartridges, each of which can hold twenty letters or cards. In order that they may pack closely, they are covered with leather. From ten to fifteen cartridges are packed and forwarded at a time; behind the last cartridge is placed a box with a leather ruffle, in order to secure the best possible closure of the tube. At four of the stations are the machines and apparatus needed for the business. The forwarding of the boxes is effected either through compressed or rarified air, or through a combination of the two. Steam-engines, of about twelve-horse power, are used for the condensation or exhaustion of the air. Each main station has two engines, which drive a compressing and an exhausting apparatus, the steam for each engine being furnished by two boilers. Large reservoirs are employed, both for the condensed and for the rarified air. The former has a tension of about three atmospheres, and the latter, of about 1.38 inches of mercury. The air, which is considerably heated by the compression, is cooled again in double-walled cylinders, which are surrounded by water. The velocity of the boxes averages 3,280 feet per minute, and a train is dispatched every fifteen minutes. Each of the two circuits is traversed in twenty minutes including stoppages. The entire cost of the enterprise is estimated at \$312,500.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MISS HANNAH ROTHSCHILD, who is soon to marry the Earl of Roseberry, has an income of about \$1,000,000 a year.

THE Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier's daughter is to be married soon to the Count de Nevellee, who has a fortune of \$6,000,000.

SPEAKER LORD, of the Maine Legislature, is but thirty years old. Hanibal Hamilton filled the chair when only twenty-eight.

THE Spanish Minister at Washington will give a grand entertainment on the 23d, in honor of the marriage of the King of Spain on that day.

EX-LIEUTENANT-GENERAL D. H. HILL, of Confederate Army fame, marshals a Bible-class two hundred strong, every Sunday, at his home in Charlotte, N. C.

MR. FARLEY, of Portland Me., who died several days ago, was the last member of the "Mechanic Blues" of that city, who served in the war of 1812.

J. K. RUSSELL, foreman of the Pittsburgh Division Round House, received a Christmas gift of \$1,000 from the Pennsylvania Central authorities for services during the July riots.

AUGUSTUS HEMENWAY, of the Class of 1875 of Harvard College, has given that institution sufficient money to erect a gymnasium that will accommodate three hundred persons.

THE Earl of Beaconsfield and the Archbishop of Canterbury were born on the same day of the year, the 21st of December. The former is seventy-two and the latter sixty-six years old.

At the annual meeting of the American Geographical Society, New York, Hon. C. P. Daly, President, and other retiring officers, were re-elected. A lecture was then delivered by Rev. W. Elliott Griffin, late of the Tokio University, on Japan.

COUNT DASSI has written to a banker at Austin, Texas, that he proposes to divert the Italian immigration now going to South America to Texas, and that a line of steamships will be established between Genoa and Galveston, bringing over immigrants and returning with cotton.

DR. SCHLIEHMANN, before leaving Athens for London, exposed himself to the risk of serious illness by excessive labor in packing the treasures now on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, and has become almost deaf in consequence. With his own hands he wrapped and packed four thousand articles, most of which required the utmost care in handling.

DON FRANCISCO DE LA GUERRA died at Santa Barbara, California, January 8th, aged 60 years. He was the leading representative of the Californians at the Cahuenga Pass conference between the American forces under Fremont and the Mexican troops under Pico, and successfully advocated a cessation of hostilities and an acquiescence in American occupation.

THE Pope is said to have a strange antipathy to having a stove, or a fire of any kind, in his apartments. When the weather is bad, he suffers much from cold hands. To remedy this, he invented a palette, or silver ball, somewhat larger than an egg, in which hot water is inclosed. When needed, his Holiness calls for it, rolls it in his hands for a few moments, and then places it upon a footstool, and takes it up again when he finds it necessary.

THE *Moniteur* gives the dower of the Infanta Mercedes at \$5,000,000, independently of diamonds and other jewelry. King Alfonso has ordered for her the most extravagant *parures*. Queen Isabella, who, the *Moniteur* says, presents the only clouded brow amid the general radiance, will not give up any of the jewelry she took from Spain in 1868. The Pope is sending a diamond rose to the bride, who, he trusts, by her piety will hereafter merit a golden one.

MARSHAL FREDERICK DOUGLASS, of Washington, was summoned by telegram on Monday, January 7th, to attend the deathbed of the daughter of his "old master," Mrs. John L. Sears, of Baltimore. The dispatch was brief and was dictated by Mrs. Sears, who asked Mr. Douglass to come immediately, as she wished to see him before she died. He took the first train for Baltimore in response to the summons. The interview between Mrs. Sears and the former servant in her father's family was very affecting.

FRANCOIS VINCENT RASPAI, the French chemist and revolutionist, died a few days ago. He was born in Carpentras, January 29th, 1794. At one time he was a journalist, and spent years in prison on account of his revolutionary writings. He led the populace in 1848 to proclaim a Republic, and was afterwards imprisoned until 1854. In 1869 he was elected to the legislative body and joined Rochefort in editing the *Marseillaise*. In 1870-71 he was identified with the Commune movement. He was the author of a number of scientific works.

JOHN BROUGHAM's benefit will take place at the New York Academy of Music on the afternoon and evening of the 17th inst. Among the actors who will appear are Mr. Wallack, Mr. Sothorn, Mr. Boucicault, Mr. Edwin Booth, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. Charles Coghlan, Mr. Montague, Miss Clara Morris, Miss Agnes Booth, and Mr. John McCullough. It is hoped by the managers that Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Warren of the Boston Museum, and Mr. John S. Clarke will also find it possible to play. Signor Brignoli and Miss Emma Abbot have volunteered to take part in the entertainments.

It is related of Wilkie Collins's boyhood, that when placed at school at Highbury, after a residence of three years on the continent, his mates despised him as "a French frog," because of his superior knowledge of the French and Italian languages. In this awkward position little Collins was lucky enough to secure the favor of a big boy by telling him stories, and the big fellow protected him on account of this amusing quality. If, however, the young story-teller fell short at any time, and could not produce a story to order, his protector and tyrant had an infallible method for stimulating invention, being of opinion that a sound thrashing has an excellent effect in quickening the action of the brain.

HON. RICHMOND MUMFORD PEARSON, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, died Saturday night, January 5th, in the town of Winston, at the age of seventy-three. Judge Pearson was first elected Judge of the Superior Court in 1836. He served in this capacity until 1848, when he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court. He served as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court until December, 1858, when he was elected Chief Justice of that Court. He acted in this capacity until 1865, when his office was vacated by the result of the war. He was reappointed by Governor Holden in 1865, and was elected by both parties in 1868. It will be observed that Judge Pearson served twelve years as Superior Court Judge, ten years as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and twenty years as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.



NEW YORK CITY.—SPECIMENS OF BRIC-À-BRAC EXHIBITED AT THE RECENT LOAN COLLECTION OF THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART, HELD AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THE RECENT EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.

A VISIT to the Loan Exhibition, in aid of the Society of Decorative Art, brought with it its own reward in the cultivation of the artistic sense, which, in the words of Thackeray, reveals "splendors of nature to vulgar sights invisible, and beauties manifest in forms, colors, shadows of common objects, where most of the world saw only what was dull and gross and familiar."

Seldom has a more piquant collection of bric-à-brac been brought together; seldom has it fallen to the lot of bric-à-brac to be so deftly, so harmoniously arranged. Color blended with color, sheen with sheen; pearly tints, opals and grays had their especial coigns of vantage; the rich browns of oaken cabinets formed brave backgrounds for medieval brasses; warm Old World tapestry showed up the steel-cold shimmer of knightly armor; ghostly black velvets revealed illuminated missals; and rose-pink panels lighted up glorious bits of *Point de Venise*, or Valenciennes, or *gros guipure*, spun in fairy looms and woven by fairy fingers. And the china! such specimens of Sevres plaques, and Worcester soft paste, and Dresden and Wedgwood and Eggshell and Delft, and others far too numerous to mention, so dear to gentle lovers of the craft Majolica, too, and Japanese lacquer-ware, and ancient pottery and Italian glass and porphyry ware, and bronzes and *repoussé* work and cloisonné enamel and filigree and wood-carving.

What histories attaching to some of the exhibits! What tales they could tell! That necklet which clasped the beautiful throat of Marie Antoinette ere the cruel knife of the guillotine flashed mercilessly through it; that

jug which did yeoman's service in the good ship *Mayflower*; that biscuit figure, once the property of the ill-fated Louis XVI.; that *l'été-à-l'été* set *Pâte tendre*, belonging to the Princess Elizabeth; Washington's cup, given by his wife to Mrs. Trumbull; that Berlin set, once in the possession of "Old Fritz," Carlyle's hero; that lace flounce, presented by Marie Antoinette to the city of Venice; that *trousseau* chest of the seventeenth century; those gloriously illuminated breviaries, pored over by learned and pious monks in lonely cells; those tapestry hangings, through which many a dead secret has been overheard; those fans which have cooled flushed faces and waved cautious caresses "in the good hundred years ago"; those watches, one of them wound by the rosy fingers of the De Montespan, another by the iron hand of Napoleon Bonaparte! What histories of human passion could not these silent witnesses relate—tales of high and throbbing hope, of deep and ghastly despair!

It is the *embarras de richesses*. With so much to gaze upon the eye is prone to wander; but as a bouquet can but be made up of comparatively few flowers, the selection made by our artist must essentially be our representative one.

No. 1. A very unique specimen of oriental work, the tracery being simply exquisite. No. 2. Old Spanish candelabra, loaned by Mr. J. M. Munoz—very quaint, the light being reflected from the wings of a gigantic silver moth. The table upon which it stands is old Venetian, supported by a single figure of a caryatid. Nos. 3 and 5 are very perfect specimens of Japanese earthenware saki pots, the property of Mr. E. C. Moore. No. 4 is a valuable group, the Spanish cabinet being contributed by Mr. J. M. Munoz, of inlaid tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl. The antiquated



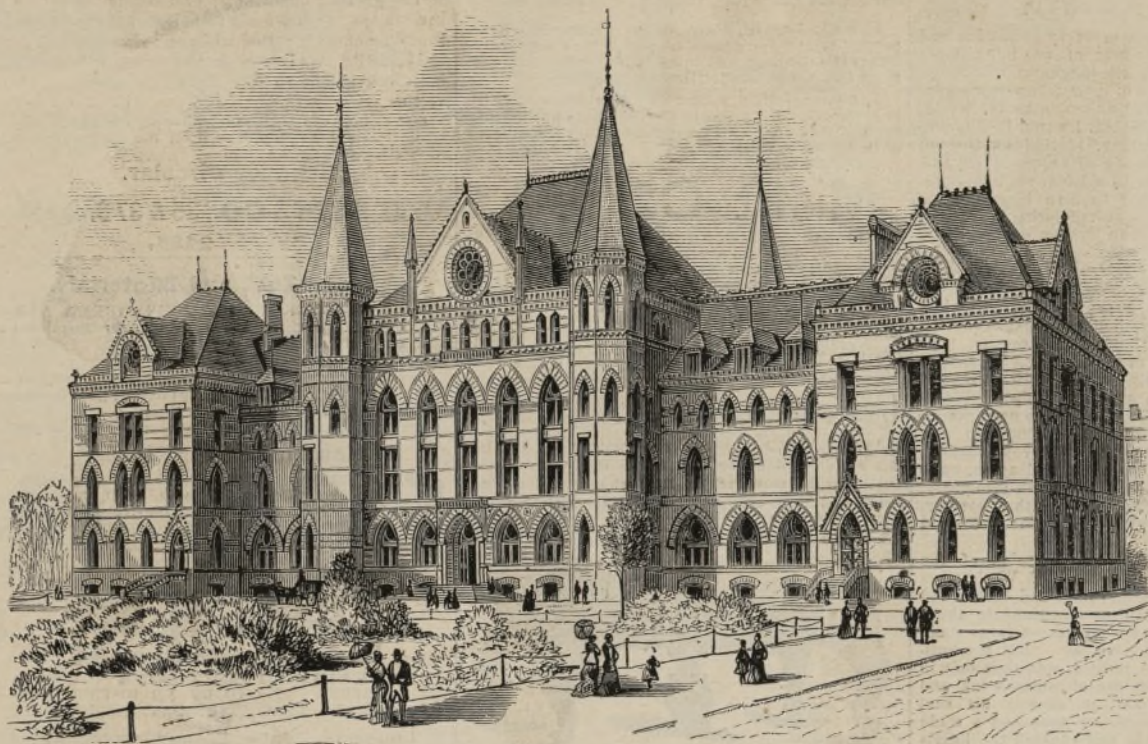
NEW JERSEY.—THE INAUGURATION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN AS GOVERNOR, JANUARY 15TH.—THE RECEPTION IN THE STATE HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 357.

French clock, of Travertino marble and bronze, is unique. This venerable timepiece is from the boudoir of Madame de St. James. No. 6. A Satsuma vase, Dr. C. C. Lee. No. 7. A Satsuma fire-pot, loaned by Hester Brothers, is elaborately designed. Nos. 8 and 9. Figures of peasants, carved in wood, an admirable specimen of genuine wood-carving, the lines being fine as steel. No. 10. An old Egyptian bronze finger-ring, lent by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. No. 11. An old Chinese shrine, wondrous in detail, Mr. E. C. Moore. No. 12. A bronze vase. No. 13. A very perfect specimen of a cracked China ware, lent by W. C. Prime. No. 14. A strangely shaped Japan vase, the property of Mr. E. C. Moore.

which Professor Marsh had gathered before the building was completed has been largely increased almost every year by expeditions to the West, led by the Professor, and along the coast by Professor Verrill.

DELL NOBLET, CENTENARIAN.

ON the 19th of October last Dell Noblet, of Wilmington, Del., celebrated his one hundredth birthday. He is still living, and follows the even, sensible course of life that he has observed from his



CONNECTICUT.—THE PEABODY MUSEUM, BELONGING TO YALE COLLEGE.

The collection is unique, rich and varied. The best specimens of the best schools are exhibited at their best, tapestries, laces, china and paintings all serving to form a whole at once educational and strong in its essential truth. As the result of one visit will scarcely prove satisfactory, we propose to return to the subject in an early issue.

THE PEABODY MUSEUM, YALE COLLEGE.

THE new Peabody Museum at New Haven, Conn., is a remarkably imposing building. It occupies the entire space on High Street, between Elm and Library Streets, a stretch of three hundred and fifty feet. It stands back from High Street thirty-three feet, and from Elm thirty-five; with a high basement it is really a four-story structure, built of brick, with heavy trimmings of Nova Scotia sandstone. The north wing has a frontage of one hundred and fifteen feet on High Street and of one hundred on Elm, and cost \$160,000. The basement is taken up in part by working-rooms, but a goodly portion is devoted to the exhibition of fossil specimens. In the first story the mineralogical collection is located, in the second the geological, in the third the zoological, while the attic is given up to archaeology and ethnology.

The architect of this grand building was J. C. Cady, of New York City, who designed the beautiful North Sheffield Hall, which was built in 1873.

The Peabody Museum is justly considered a monument to the energy, the tact and the perseverance of Professor O. C. Marsh, one of the purest and most studious of the world's great scientists, and whom ex-Secretary Delano once alluded to as a Mr. Marsh. It was through his influence that the funds, \$150,000, were originally procured from his uncle, the late George Peabody, who followed his usual practice in providing that the money be invested so as to yield a certain moderate but secure interest, which in time would amount, with the principal, to a considerable sum for the erection of the building. The large collection of specimens



WISCONSIN.—A UNITED STATES STEAMER HAULING OUT SNAGS ON THE WISCONSIN RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY TUSSLAR BROS., FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

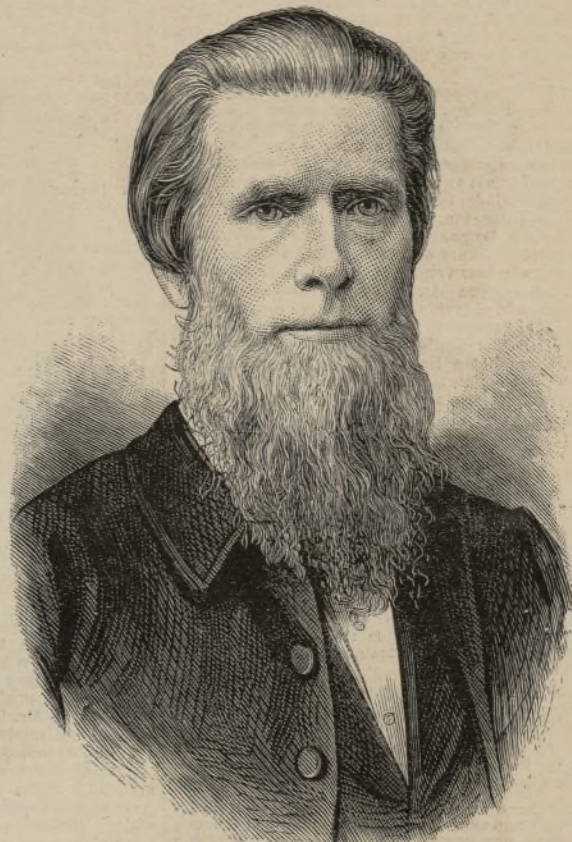
Township, Delaware County, Pa., and is of French Huguenot extraction, his ancestors being among those who fled from France to the North of Ireland to escape the persecutions of Charles IX., at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre, 1572. When the Swedish colony was being organized, and they had selected the shores of the Delaware River as their place of settlement, his paternal ancestor was among the first to leave Ireland and unite with them. He located himself in what is now Darby Township, Delaware County, Pa.

In 1821 Mr. Noblet was married to Elizabeth Wiall, of Philadelphia, by whom he had three children—all now dead. After ten years of wedded life his wife died, August 27th, 1831, and after remaining a widower over a year, he married Elizabeth Bratton, of Brandywine Hundred. By this union he had thirteen children, only six of whom are now living—three sons and three daughters. Of grandchildren the old gentleman has had forty-five, twenty-seven of whom are living; thirty-eight great-grandchildren, of whom twenty-seven survive, and there have been, even to the fifth generation, two great-great-grandchildren.

In the years of his more active life he was one of the wardens of St. Andrew's Protestant Episcopal Church, where, for a long time, he has been a communicant, and regularly every Sunday, until within the past year, to be found amongst the congregation. In pursuing the even tenor of his way he has lived frugally and temperately, avoiding liquor and tobacco. It has been his uniform practice to retire at nine o'clock in the evening, and another rule, carefully observed, has been to observe extreme moderation in the quantity of his food. He informed our correspondent that until two years ago he had not taken medicine for sixty years.

IMPROVED SNAG-BOAT FOR SHALLOW WATERS.

THIS snag-boat differs from others of which we have published illustrations, in that it is designed particularly for shallow water, drawing only two and a half feet. During the Summer of 1875 the companion boats, *Winneconne* and *L. W. Crane*, were employed in the work of improving the navigation of the Wisconsin River, between Portage City and Prairie du Chien, the former in building wing-dams and the latter in removing leaning trees from the margin of the river and hauling snags and other obstructions from the channel. A marked improvement was made in the channel, but owing to a lack of sufficient appropriations, the work was not prosecuted last Summer. These boats are fitted with powerful engines and machinery, and, being constructed slight in width and drawing but little water, they can steam into nooks inaccessible to the ordinary snag-boat, and speedily effect a clearing. The continual changes in the channel of the Mississippi River, the washing away of its banks in some places, and filling up in others, as well as the dangers to navigation produced by the logs, trees and roots that are either floated down from the tributaries or released by the washing away of the banks, render of the highest importance the unremittent employment of such agencies. Snag-boats will be in imperative demand until the waters of the Mississippi are confined by stout levees.



REV. W. P. HARRISON, D.D., CHAPLAIN TO THE FORTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

THE McPHERSON MEMORIAL, ATLANTA, GA.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. McPHERSON, U. S. A., was killed near Decatur, Ga., July 22d, 1864, by Confederate sharpshooters. The body falling into the hands of the enemy, was subsequently recovered by Federal officers and sent to Clyde, Ohio, where his aged mother resides, and where an equestrian monument is to be erected. The Memorial herewith illustrated stands on the exact spot where the General fell from his horse after being shot, as located by General A. M. Poe, of General Sherman's staff.

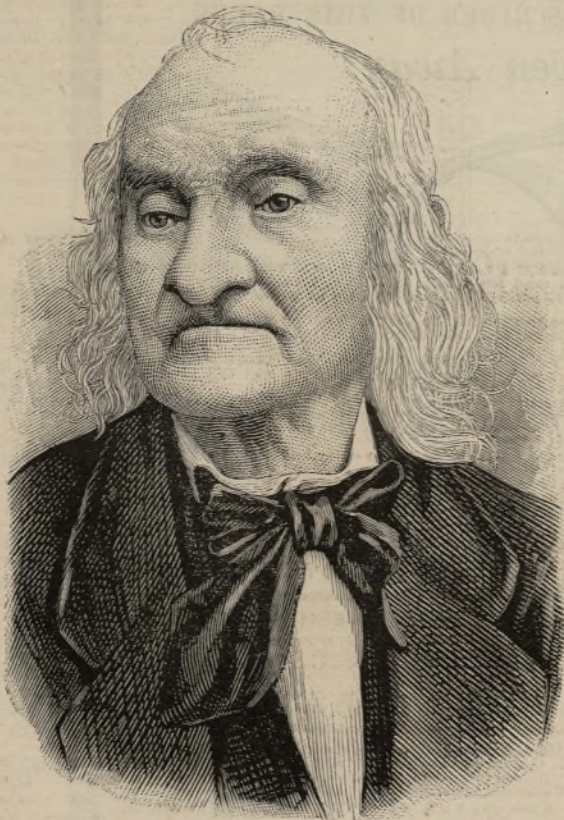
Major John R. McGinness, of General Ruger's staff, has been the prime mover in erecting this Memorial, assisted by General F. D. Callender, U. S. A., of Augusta, Ga. Liberal contributions were made to the fund by General Thomas H. Ruger, General Chauncey McKeever, General George Bell, Colonel J. G. Chandler, Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. Herd, Major W. B. Rochester, Major N. Vedder, and Lieutenant W. B. Wheeler, of the Department Headquarters of the South, at Atlanta.

The Government gave a twenty-four-pounder cannon and old gun-barrels for fence and posts. General Chandler, of the Augusta Arsenal, prepared the material for use. The Memorial is located about three miles from Atlanta. The gun is cemented into a large granite base, on which is simply the inscription: "McPherson." The railing is made of old gun-barrels, fastened at the top with a spear-shaped iron; the posts are clusters of gun-barrels.

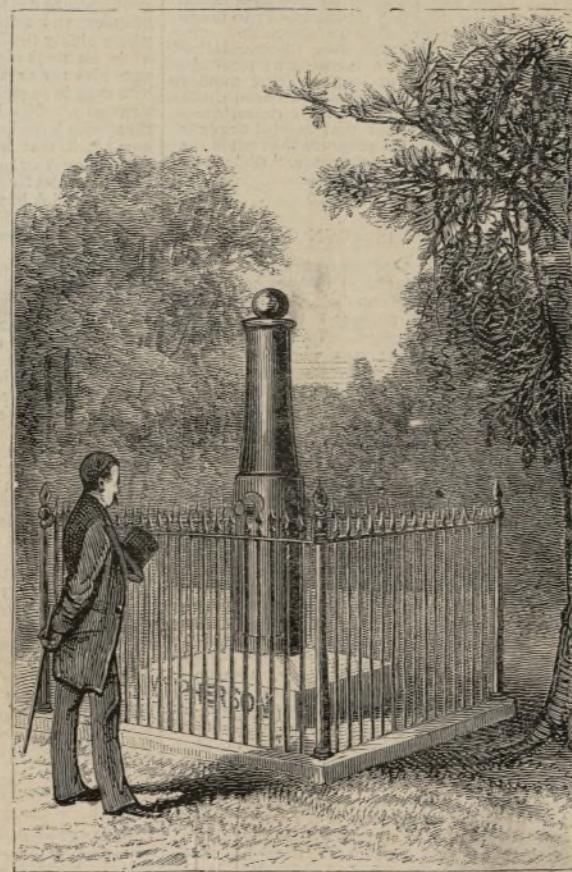
REV. W. P. HARRISON, D.D.,

CHAPLAIN TO THE FORTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

REV. WILLIAM P. HARRISON, D.D., was born in Savannah, Georgia, September 3d, 1830, and entered the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in January, 1850. In 1867, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Emory College. In 1870 he was elected by the General Conference editor of the *Methodist Monthly Magazine*, published in Nashville, Tennessee, but in 1871 resigned that position, and resumed his pastoral charge in Atlanta, Georgia, where he laid the corner-stone of a large and elegant church edifice, now nearly completed, the cost being over \$80,000.



DELAWARE.—DELL NOBLET, THE WILMINGTON CENTENARIAN.



GEORGIA.—MEMORIAL TO GENERAL McPHERSON, ERECTED ON THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL, NEAR ATLANTA.

In 1873, Dr. Harrison was one of the speakers at the anniversary of the American Bible Society, held in Philadelphia, where his reception, as a representative of the South, was a marked feature of the occasion. He was first stationed in Atlanta, in November, 1865.

At that time there were two Methodist churches, with four hundred and seventy-seven communicants. When Dr. Harrison closed his ministry there, in November, 1877, there were seven Methodist churches belonging to the church South, in Atlanta, and about two thousand seven hundred communicants. Under the direction of Dr. James A. Alexander, of Princeton, Dr. Harrison began the study of the Oriental languages. By his efforts, he has accumulated a library of four thousand volumes, containing forty-four versions of the sacred Scriptures, in twenty-seven languages. The grammars, lexicons, and chrestomathies of these tongues have been his constant companions for twenty-five years. Dr. Harrison's election to the chaplaincy of the United States House of Representatives was unsought by him, not a line having been written concerning it, or a vote solicited, by him.

FUN.

THE hornet belongs to the powers that bee.

CLAIMVANTS and mediums are the greatest travelers. They're always in-trance-or-two.

JUST at present the women suffrage movement languishes. There's apparently no "vimmen" it.

"THE Turkish braid" is the latest novelty in hair-dressing, but the Russian girls say you can't pla-it on them.

MOST milkmen are Baptists. And most hackmen are Men-o'-nights. And most bar-room loafers are Congregationalists.

AN old proverb says that "the anvil lasts longer than the hammer." This is probably the only consolation the undermost man in a fight has.

THEY have struck a borax bonanza in Nevada, and the Wisconsin *Gazette* apprehends that Senator Jones will now demand the remonetization of the borax dollar.

SILVER money is real money. No, the real is Spanish money. The Spanish love the silver of the old Castilians. Be franc enough to admit that, after reading your single standard articles, they would double the author.

"I SEND you up for two weeks," remarked the Judge, looking at a seedy tramp before him. "Thank you, Judge," replied the tramp, "that just suits me. I've got an engagement out in Chicago three weeks from to-day, and this'll just give me time to keep it."

Augustus: "Aw, Miss Geraldine, I saw you away down the road, and I couldn't help following you—'pon my soul I couldn't. [Silence.] I've been walking behind you for the last half-mile. You're not—aw—angry, are you?" Geraldine (blandly): "Not at all, Mr. Stubbs, if it pleased you. Why didn't you continue?" Augustus: "Aw—thanks!" But what does she mean?

RISING in his pulpit, the clergyman said, with a beaming smile: "Brethren, I have an important announcement to make to you. Mr. Kimb—" At this moment the stampepe began, and, though he rose at once to the importance of the occasion and yelled, "is not here!" he was too late to arrest the flight of several prominent members, who were already out in the open air and flying for home like startled fawns.

It is stated as a fact that camels' hair shawls are made from the wool of the Thibet goat. Thus the fondest hopes decay, John Smith and Pocahontas were only variety performers. William Tell had no bow-gun, no arrow, no apple, and no little son. Columbus did not discover this country until some other fellow had been here, and then he thought our people were natives of India. Men are not what they seem. Women seem more than they are. Dolls are filled with sawdust, and clergymen cannot agree about the future.

SOLILOQUY by three-year-old Freddie: I don't want to be a cherub, anyway. Cherubs are little boys without any bodies or legs to them—nothing but little wings right back of their ears. They can't have mustards plasters put on them, but then they don't have much fun, and I guess the angels use them for playing marbles. The other angels are called syrops. They wear night-gowns and gold rings about their heads, and no end of wings. They haven't anything much to do except to tote around little harps and play tag and loaf about on the clouds. But I wouldn't want to be a syrup unless I could have a tail too, like a mermaid or a lobster.

It was in church, and the bright-eyed, restless little cherub would stand up on the seat and spill the hymn-books and keep up an incessant racket, while his mother frowned threateningly in the interests of good order. Cherub committed some particularly flagrant outrage, when the scandalized mother suddenly pointed a threatening forefinger at it, after the manner of long-suffering mothers under such circumstances, and the cherub, after the manner of cherubs under such circumstances, just opened its mouth, took that baleful finger in, and shut down on it with a pressure that made that mother groan out in the wrong place, "Oh! Ouch! Have mercy on us!"

HONOR IN HIS OWN LAND.

"Says Comley in his recently issued work, 'The History of New York State.' 'The day has passed when the benefactors of humanity were allowed to live in ignominious poverty—their sacrifices, their labors, uncompensated. To-day, the benefactors of the people—the men who devote their lives and energies to the interests of humanity—these are the men whom the world delights to honor, and whom it rewards with princely fortunes. As an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow-men, Dr. R. V. Pierce has won their warmest sympathy and esteem. While seeking to be their servant only, he has become a prince among them. Yet the immense fortune lavished upon him by a generous people he hoards not, but invests in the erection and establishment of institutions directly contributive to the public good, the people thus realizing, in their liberal patronage, a new meaning of that beautiful Oriental custom of casting bread upon the waters. Noted in both public and private life for his unswerving integrity, and all those sterling virtues that ennoble manhood, Dr. Pierce ranks high among those few men, whose names the Empire State is justly proud to inscribe upon her roll of honor. Ambitions, yet moved by an ambition strictly amenable to the most discriminating and well-balanced judgment, his future career promises to be one of unparalleled activity and usefulness, ably supplementing the work he has already accomplished by a life at once noble in effort, enviable in its grand results.' While Dr. Pierce's genius and energy have won for him so enviable a position on the records of a nation, having been elected Senator by an overwhelming majority, his justly celebrated Household Remedies have gained for him a yet more desirable place in the hearts of a grateful people. His Golden Medical Discovery and Favorite Prescription have brought health and happiness to ten thousand households.

THE WESTERN STANDARD.

THE receipts of hogs at the Union Stock Yards on the 12th and 13th of December were the largest ever received during the same time in any market, and were as follows: On the 12th, 61,524, and on the 13th, 56,828, weighing in the aggregate 32,572,300 pounds, and all weighed on the Fairbanks Scales.—*Chicago Evening Journal*, Dec. 24th, 1877.

[From the Washington (N. J.) Review.]

DANIEL F. BEATTY.

THERE are men of mark in every profession and calling—men who, by virtue of an indomitable will or a genius for accurate judgment, rise to the front rank, leaving scores of their fellow-coworkers plodding along quietly and unknown to the world. The subject of this sketch, MR. DANIEL F. BEATTY, of Washington, New Jersey, started out in the world with scarcely a chance of success. He had neither influential friends to aid him with their recommendations nor money to give him standing among business men. But he had—what in his case proved of more value than money or influential friends—an indomitable will, coupled with good judgment.

At an early age he evinced a fondness for music, which he cultivated as he grew older, and while yet a boy filled the position of organist at the Mount Lebanon M. E. Church. He resided with his father on a farm near Anthony, Hunterdon County, and frequently visited Washington on business. He formed an acquaintanceship in Washington, with a young man who had some ideas of music, and the two formed a partnership and started out to sell organs. Success crowned their venture, and they went out again and again, each trip resulting profitably, until time ran into years, and we find Mr. Beatty no longer with a partner, but fighting singly and alone the great piano and organ monopolists.

Several years ago he took possession of the mammoth building at the corner of Washington Avenue and Broad Street, and furnished it in grand style. His sales at that time amounted to about forty pianos and organs per month—a large number, surely, to find customers for. But his business, as subsequent sales proved, was then only in its infancy. By the free use of printer's ink and employing competent men to answer his vast amount of correspondence, he soon had a trade that astonished his friends and rankled the hearts of his competitors. From forty instruments per month two years ago, his sales, by gradual increase, have reached the unprecedented number of two hundred and seventy-five per month. And the end is not yet, for each succeeding month exceeds the previous one. About six months ago the piano and organ manufacturers, who by reason of length of time in business have established great reputations, sought, by every device in their power, to crush out Mr. Beatty, whose rapidly increasing popularity they looked upon with alarm. His character as a business man was assailed, his instruments were condemned, and everything possible for men to do they did to ruin his trade. But they had mistaken their man. He immediately issued circulars containing testimonials of the most flattering character from persons who have his instruments in use, and certificates of business integrity from the leading men of Washington. These were mailed by thousands to every State of the Union. By thus quickly repelling the slanderous charges preferred against him and his instruments by jealous rivals, and by proving conclusively that he could sell better instruments for less money than those who had traduced him, his business rapidly increased.

His "War on Piano and Organ Monopolists," as his circulars were very appropriately headed, proved of the greatest possible benefit to him, as it placed him in the front rank of piano and organ manufacturers in this country. So that in the face of the greatest combination that could have been formed against him, Mr. Beatty remains unharmed in business reputation, while his sales have more than doubled. This is the result of fair dealing that even a great combination could not reverse. As we said before, Mr. Beatty's business is constantly on the increase. Last month he sold three hundred and seventy-five pianos and organs. This month he will even exceed that number. There are various causes combined, or, rather, that have been combined together, to produce these great results.

Mr. Beatty, as we stated at the commencement of this article, is possessed of an indomitable will. But that alone would not insure success. Besides that quality, he has rare judgment in the selection of men and methods. He has surrounded himself with gentlemen as assistants in the management of his business, and as correspondents and bookkeepers, whose ability to fill positions of trust is unquestioned, while his method of transacting his business is such as to give the greatest publicity and most explicit information in regard to the tone and quality of his instruments. His business abilities have surprised those who have known him from boyhood, and all now admit that brains will accomplish more than either money or influence. In regard to the Beatty Piano and Beatty celebrated Golden Tongue Parlor Organs, which have obtained a national reputation, nothing can be added in their praise. The thousands of testimonials on file in Mr. Beatty's office, and the large number printed monthly in his illustrated paper are ample proof.

The factories are located at Bridgeport, and are now run to their full capacity. But a very slight increase of trade is required to necessitate an enlargement. His office and salesrooms are located at this place, and it is here that his business is transacted. He sends tons of mail matter through the Washington Post Office annually, and receives in return thousands of letters. He has received as high as four hundred letters in a single day. The reader can scarcely comprehend the mental labor required to deal with this vast amount of mail-letter. But once familiar with the inside workings of Mr. Beatty's offices, and it is easily understood. A thorough system rules every department, and the small army of clerks are as well disciplined in their duties as well-drilled soldiers. A business of the magnitude of Mr. Beatty's must be under superior control to insure proper management in every department. It would not run itself. The proper system must be planned before it can be directed. Some large enterprises are managed by an experienced superintendent, others by a board of directors, but Mr. Beatty directs his entire business in detail, and to this knowledge of his own affairs is due, to a great extent, his success. He works on the principle that a business-man is his own best manager, and the result in his case is the best proof of its truthfulness.

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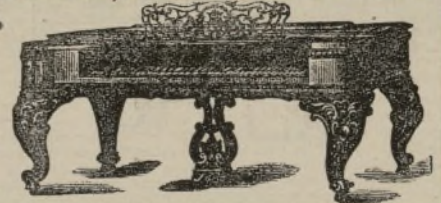
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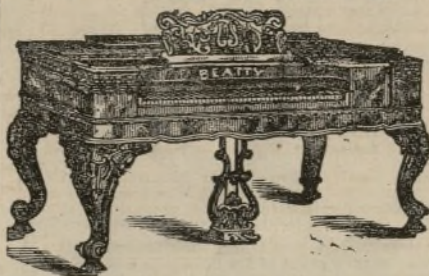
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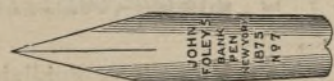
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