

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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CONNECTICUT.—THE WRECK OF A MOODY AND SANKEY EXCURSION TRAIN, ON THE FARMINGTON RIVER, NEAR TARIFFVILLE, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 15TH—THE RESIDENTS OF THE VICINITY CARRYING THE VICTIMS TO THE SHORE ON IMPROVISED SLEDGES,

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 373.



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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 2, 1878.

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## THE COST OF DISSENSION.

ONE cannot but wonder whether those people who lend a listening ear to the political firebrands in Congress ever count the cost of dissension. It is a very easy thing to hate anybody, but the luxury is very expensive. The hatred that has existed between the North and the South for so many years has cost hundreds of thousands of lives and money that cannot be computed. It is of no use to say that no such hatred has existed, and that it was only a few of the leading men who were estranged, and that the hearts of the people were all right. This is not true. There has been an absolute and widely extended hatred between the two sections for many a year, and nearly everybody has joined in it. This it was that brought on the irrepressible conflict, to be succeeded by a no less irrepressible peace. The era of battles ushered in the era of peace, and now the people of the two sections are as firmly bent on reconciliation and harmony as once they were determined upon war. To-day it is true that only a few of the leaders are keeping the people of the two sections apart. Some selfish politicians of the old school are afraid that, when everything is again working in harmony, their occupation as agitators will be gone. For this reason, they seek and find weapons wherewith they may keep up a show of strife. They have no cause and no followers, but they are as persistent as they are unprincipled, and because of their evil inclinations the whole country is deprived of the material blessings that would follow complete pacification. The nation at large is paying a terrible price for the luxury of hatred in which these few self-constituted leaders see fit to indulge.

It is time that people brought this matter down to a business basis and coolly and carefully calculated the cost of dissension in the future—how much it will cost for one year or for ten. It can be pretty accurately measured in dollars and cents. The bitter experience of the past ought to have made us adepts in this line of calculation. It is all well enough to irritate ourselves by memories of abolition days, by war-speeches, by allusion to Libby Prison and Andersonville, by flings at Confederate brigadiers, and by other such patriotic reminders; but does it pay? If old men want to go in a corner and fight over their battles quietly, all right, but why should the new generation do it for them? There is no more sense in keeping up a show of hatred against the South than against England, France, or Mexico, with which countries we have had brushes in times past. War may be all well enough while it lasts, but there is little satisfaction in fighting it over a second time. It is not merely ungenerous, but it is unmanly. Moreover—and just here we desire to make one stray point for this eminently practical generation—it is a very expensive luxury, and this impoverished nation cannot afford it.

Count up the cost. Our industries to-day are suffering by reason of the uncertainties of the future. Men do not want to invest their money in business or manufactures, for the very good reason that they do not know when their markets may be cut off, and matters come to a dead-lock by reason of internal dissension. The fertile and well-populated South calls for emigration and investment, but the sounds of political strife terrify people from any such action. It is no different at the North. People ask of themselves with undisguised anxiety what the Radical leaders want, and whether they are really endeavoring to unseat the President, and thus create renewed internal dissensions. They know that so far it is a mere war of words and a fight for political place and position; but they fear that some day it may degenerate into an unseemly strife that will drive asunder

the two sections of the common country. Yet some of those men, who have everything at stake, think they are still called upon to give political support to the Radical agitators. They yet fail to see whither they are tending, and that they may have to pay all that they are worth as the price for keeping up sectional bitterness and strife. They have to learn that there will be no cessation in the tide of failure and financial disaster—no rebuilding of the industries of the nation, no fresh impulse to trade, manufactures and emigration, no provision for new and enlarged markets, no extension of the field of labor, no growth in national prosperity in any quarter of the United States, until the law of pacification has been carried into practical effect.

This is a lesson which we shall strive in vain to impress upon our politicians, but we hope that our business men and the thoughtful leaders of the social community will regard it. There must be a final and settled peace, which shall end all sectional strife, before we can advance one step in the highway to national or individual prosperity. If dissension is to be sustained, its cost will be ruin.

## THE LATE SENATOR MORTON.

THE proceedings of the United States Senate on Thursday, January 17th, were principally devoted to paying tributes of respect to the memory of the late Senator O. P. Morton of Indiana. Among the public eulogies uttered on that occasion, none were more graceful than that of Senator Anthony of Rhode Island. Mr. Anthony's experience in the highest House of the National Legislature, which he has for so many years adorned, has fitted him in a higher degree probably than any other Senator to analyze the personal characteristics of his colleagues, while his own consistent identification with the loftiest phases of our national politics enables him to look beneath the surface and recognize the motives with which their conduct is inspired. The following were Mr. Anthony's remarks:

Mr. President, Oliver P. Morton was born a leader of men, with the sagacity to perceive, with the judgment to determine, with the courage to execute. Had he chosen arms for his profession, he would have made a great general, or he might have rivaled the fame of the naval hero whose illustrious name he bore. In whatever pursuit, he would not have failed of eminence, for he possessed the essential elements of strength. To a will which nothing could subdue he joined an industry which nothing could fatigue, a capacity for labor seldom rivaled in the annals of American statesmanship. Taking little upon authority, he applied himself to the original sources of investigation, and thoroughly informed himself upon every matter on which he was required to act. No member of this body gave a more uniformly intelligent vote; and this was true of small matters as well as of great. His comprehension grasped every subject of our deliberations. Nothing was too formidable for him to undertake; nothing was so minute as to escape his observation. Feebler than any of his associates in physical health, he was surpassed by none of them in the amount of labor which he accomplished. He did not recognize in his infirmities a reason for avoiding any duty imposed upon him, or that he imposed upon himself. The mind dominated the body, and compelled its enfeebled and exhausted functions to perform the full service of a vigorous organization. Deeply impressed with the truth of his convictions, he supported them with an earnestness born of sincerity, with a fullness of information due to his marvelous habit of industry, and with a power that sprang from large natural ability, disciplined by severe training; but he supported them only in fair and manly debate. He never indulged in trickery; he seemed to disdain even the trickery of rhetoric. The solid logic of his arguments was incumbered by little ornament, and his array of facts depended for their effect, apart from their inherent force, upon the clearness of his statement and the strength of his presentation. Simple in his manner, frugal in his habits, he maintained through a life devoted to the public service an honorable poverty, content to support the dignity of official position upon the emolument which the law assigned to it.

I do not propose to attempt an analysis of his character or to repeat the story of his life, that has been so well told; of his early discipline in the stern but healthful school of poverty; of the wonderful executive power, the vigor, the foresight, the bold prudence, the patriotism which he exhibited in the gubernatorial chair of his native State; of his long and distinguished service in this Chamber; of the heroic struggle which he held with mortal disease, sustaining life by his indomitable will, which seemed to gather to itself the energy of every failing organ, and with the accumulated strength to hurl defiance at the power of death. But the supreme hour arrived, and he obeyed the inevitable summons, as all who went before him had done, as all who come after him must do, and with the affecting words, "I am worn out," he yielded up a life which he had identified with the history of his country by wise counsels, by brave leadership, by solid achievements. He died in the prime and vigor of his intellectual strength and in the midst of his usefulness. Yet we may not call that life a short one whose work, if distributed over the allotted period of human existence, would have crowned the three score years and ten with an honorable and enduring record.

Mr. President, the shaft of death has been hurled in this Chamber of late with fearful frequency, sparing neither eminence, nor usefulness, nor length of service. No one can predict where it will next strike, whose seat will next be vacated. With our faces to the setting sun, we tread the declining path of life, and the shadows lengthen and darken behind us; the good, the true, the brave fall before our eyes, but the Republic survives. The stream of events flows steadily on, and the agencies that seemed to direct and control its current, to impel or restrain its force, sink beneath its surface, which they disturb scarcely by a ripple.

THE newspapers of the Southwest are actively exerting themselves to raise an excitement in favor of a war with Mexico. Would it not be well to put off that business until at least we have disposed of the Sil-

ver Bill, the Bill to postpone resumption and the contemplated restoration of the income-tax? The Mexican question will keep for a while longer.

## THE INCOME TAX.

IN connection with the proposition to revise the Revenue laws, with a view to restoring the income-tax, the opinions of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue are of interest. Mr. Raum, in the first place, expresses his unqualified opposition to any reduction of the rates of taxation upon whisky and tobacco. He was satisfied, from the steadiness of the market, that there was no illicit whisky of any significance thrown upon it. The great high wines centres were Cincinnati, Peoria, Chicago and St. Louis, and there was no better evidence of the absence of fraud upon the revenue than that the quotation for whisky throughout the country had for quite a while averaged 103 and 104 cents a gallon. Now, even after the distillers had paid ninety cents tax, they were evidently making some money at this price. The chief fact to be taken notice of was that the average production of whisky for consumption and export was about 60,000,000 gallons annually. Men drink about the same quantity from year to year, and the 60,000,000 was the steady average of many years in this country, high tax or low tax. It was useless, therefore, to calculate for a higher production than this amount, and all the Government had to do was to see that a tax was collected for this average. To lower the tax, therefore, from ninety cents to sixty was a clear loss of one-third of the revenue from this source.

The same general principle he would apply to the collection of a tax from tobacco. There was an average annual production of tobacco for consumption and export which could be depended upon as a basis for the revenue to be derived from it. Last year this amount was about 116,000,000 pounds. Furthermore, all this tax came out of the pockets of the consumer. It should be remembered that all this agitation for a reduction of the taxation was not the work of the consumer. The department was as yet without a complaint from the consumer on the score of high taxes upon either whisky or tobacco. And again, the great dealers and manufacturers of whisky were not in favor of a reduction.

As to an income-tax, the Commissioner did not believe it would accomplish its object of procuring revenue for the Government. There had been such shrinkage of values and such dissipation of capital and private fortunes and means during the past five years that such a tax would be practically fruitless. It would be necessary to exempt certain amounts of income. All income could not be assessed, and the rest would not be worth taxing. The results would be inconsiderable at the best and far short of what they would have been in the flush time after the war. The game would not be worth the candle.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE arrived safely at Gravesend, England, on Monday. The contractor who undertook to tow the obelisk from Egypt will now forget his mishap on the Spanish coast.

## AFTER VICTOR EMMANUEL.

THE sudden and unexpected death of Victor Emmanuel, while the venerable Pope still lives, is likely to have a material effect on the future of the Catholic Church in Europe. The dead King was born and reared in that Church. He never formally withdrew from its communion. He cherished a personal and official respect for its visible head, and before his death expressed regret if any act of his had caused pain or displeasure to the Pope. But he was a modern King, imbued with the modern spirit, enlightened with modern ideas of policy and progress, inspired with the modern ambition of establishing a thoroughly united and prosperous nation. And the first and chief obstruction in his path was the Catholic Church, whose temporalities included Rome, and whose traditional policy traversed his designs at every point—a Church which was entrenched in the fairest portions of Italy, and was rooted almost ineradicably in the popular faith and regard, and that Church embodied the medieval spirit and idea. Its intense conservatism made it the representative of a bygone era, and the opponent of modern civilization, with its material science, its daring speculations, its free thought, its resistless enterprise, and its terrible iconoclasm. The fourteenth century and the nineteenth were incorporated in the persons and policies of Pius IX. and Victor Emmanuel II., and at last met face to face in combat. We know the result. The past was overwhelmed. The nineteenth century conquered Rome and planted its emblems of authority over the throne and the tombs of the Cæsars. The successor of Gregory VII., the Pope who kept a German emperor knocking three days at his door

in the pitiless cold, and then refused him audience, and whose stirrup kings were proud to hold, saw the last vestige of temporal power wrung from his hand, and was permitted to live in his capital on sufferance, a prisoner in his own palace.

The death of the King in his prime, while the venerable Pope still lingers this side of the grave, alters the whole complexion of Catholic affairs in Europe, for what Victor Emmanuel had accomplished in Italy had been resolutely undertaken in Germany and Austria as well. Bismarck has been waging a bitter battle against the Catholic Church for years, and Francis Joseph has more than once dictated terms to the Pope. These three men seemed to have entered into a compact to loosen the hold of the Catholic Church on their subjects and reduce its power to the lowest possible terms. It is understood that they had determined that the next Pope should not be an Ultramontanist, or, if he were one, he should be too weak to give them trouble.

It is obvious that the whole outlook of the Catholic Church has changed in a week. The death of the present Pope may take place any day. The chamber of "the prisoner of the Vatican" is already hushed and awed by the expected approach of the invisible deliverer. The next Pope, whoever he may be, will not be likely to continue the policy of Pius IX., nor perpetuate his antagonisms. He will have none of the mortification of defeat, and none of the humiliation of a dethroned and captive sovereign chafing under bonds. He will be the head of a spiritual empire, with two hundred and fifty millions of subjects ruled by ideas. It is easy to see, if he shall be a mere traditional routinist, living in the modern age, but not of it—a medievalist in the midst of scientific and materialistic civilization—that he will do little for the Church and have continual difficulties with European courts and sovereigns. But if he shall be a true Head of his Church and Father of his people—a Catholic of to-day—it is easy to see that he will give the Catholic Church a new lease of power, and open the way to a brilliant, and, possibly, beneficent future. Protestants naturally look with aversion, if not with dread, on a Church which is associated in their minds with superstition and tyranny. The religious training and fate of half of Europe is in its keeping. Its influence is felt to-day in half the homes of America. And it is for the interests of society here and everywhere—of morals and order and civilization—that an institution, so ancient and still so vigorous and potential, should improve with the ages and improve the ages while it endures.

## THE QUEEN AND THE PARLIAMENT.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S address to the British Parliament, at its opening on January 17th, has some strongly marked points, though in the main it is sufficiently mild to allay all apprehensions concerning the relations of Great Britain to the Eastern belligerents. She asserts that the pending peace negotiations have only become possible through her "good offices." "Hitherto," she says, confidently, "so far as the war has proceeded, neither of the belligerents have infringed the conditions on which my neutrality is founded, and I willingly believe both parties are desirous to respect them so far as it may be in their power. So long as these conditions are not infringed, my attitude will continue the same; but I cannot conceal from myself that should hostilities be unfortunately prolonged some unexpected occurrence may render it incumbent on me to adopt measures of precaution. Such measures could not be effectually taken without adequate preparation, and I trust to the liberality of my Parliament to supply the means which may be required for that purpose." It is noticeable that the Queen is entirely non-committal as to the conditions upon which the restoration of peace is practicable. That is a point to which Parliament will doubtless speedily devote itself.

## A COMMERCIAL SUGGESTION.

IN the existing depressed state of business interests all suggestions looking to a development of our foreign trade are deserving of attention. Our Consul at Nuremberg reports that in his opinion the commerce with this country would be greatly increased if agencies were established in Germany through which American products and manufactured articles could be introduced. The representatives of manufacturing firms should be men of the first business qualifications, and, as far as possible, men of culture, and care should be taken that the wares placed upon the market are fully up to what is claimed for them. There is a radical difference in the manner of conducting business in old monarchical countries like Germany and a young Republic like ours. The manner of advertising and "pushing sales" for immediate gains, so common in America, is very distasteful to the more conservative Germans,



The Consul suggests the feasibility of leading manufacturers forming an association for erecting in some central point, a permanent depot of supplies for their staples, something after the manner of the Permanent Exhibition Association of Philadelphia. Or smaller associations could be formed for the introduction of their own specialties, or let a dozen first-class manufacturers of staple articles unite, each one manufacturing a special article for export to Germany, Austria and Switzerland, and the representatives of these interests at the depot should be first-class business men, and in turn they should engage only houses of the best repute in the different cities to sell their goods. These principal agents should engage travelers for the purpose of introducing their wares and taking orders for such.

## CODES OF LEGAL PRACTICE.

THE Governor of the State of New York, in a recent message to the Legislature, strongly advocated the repeal of the Code of Civil Procedure, which has been on trial for only a few months. The Governor chiefly urges that the old code required years of judicial exposition, growing out of numberless and varied contentions respecting the interpretation of its provisions. We may add that the result was thousands of decisions on questions of practice, and the appeals from court to court exhausted years of the time of litigants and of the courts, and the reports of the decided cases, with which it became necessary for the practicing lawyer to be familiar, filled many shelves of an expensive library. There is great force in these suggestions. We may further consider that the loss of time to a particular litigant implies loss of time to all other litigants, inasmuch as the multiplication of appeals and the crowding of court calendars amount to a stoppage of the whole current of contemporary litigation. The only mode of keeping the calendars clear from an access of business would be an increase either of the number of courts, of judges, or of the hours of judicial application. It cannot be pretended that, if it be true that the new code makes necessary a largely increased amount of practice decisions, any provision has been made therein for preventing a clogging of the calendars. But is there not some degree of fallacy in the basis of the Governor's objections to the new code on this score?

Many and many a decision, respecting the interpretation and application of the old code, was rendered in a spirit of judicial hostility to the idea of a code, and the result was carping complaint and hypercriticism. Many instances were discovered wherein the code was meaningless, or impossible of intelligent application, as the courts held. It was the lapse of time and the education of a younger growth of lawyers, more than anything else, that led to the plain interpretation of the language of the code, and a more friendly spirit of judicial consideration resulted in the discovery of more consistency, intelligibility, and appropriateness in its provisions. It is quite possible that the same conservatism, respecting what is regarded as fixed—the same persistency in whatever may be regarded as a legal precedent—the same fondness for learning that is peculiarly ours, and which the next generation will only acquire after us, and, perhaps, lacking some of the amplitude of our experience—may be operative to excite antagonism to the Code of Civil Procedure so recently born and which seems ushered into so precarious an infancy. The first repugnant feeling respecting it was the feeling of insecurity in respect to a procedure to which the profession was ignorant; the next most powerful prejudice was that to which we have just alluded—jealousy for precedents. If from such causes criticism and doubt should arise respecting its provisions, certainly herein we would fail to find sufficient grounds for advocating the repeal of a statute of such complexity which has already inaugurated a new procedure after a warm discussion, in which many steadfast advocates for the new measure were found who view it as a positive step in advance in making our procedure free from doubt and from existing difficulties. But unquestionably, aside from any feeling of prejudice, the language of the original code was the field on which many a litigation respecting points of practice was fought, and the voluminous reports are evidence of the conflicting views of the Bench in the course of judicial interpretation respecting points so raised.

Two suggestions, however, immediately arise to qualify whatever force these facts may have bearing upon the question of the continued existence of the new code. In the first place, the prime function which the new code claims to have performed is the complete removal of any doubt as to questions of practice found debatable or unsettled under the old code, and therefore it is not at all as likely that controversy will find food for dispute respecting the meaning of the new code; and, secondly, it is a great

mistake to overlook the fact that questions of practice do not arise as philosophical inquiries made necessary in the advancement of any science. They arise more as the smoke from the musketry on a field of contest; they are the ammunition by the employment of which the masters of the art of warfare seek to injure a hostile cause. It is futile to suppose that any code, the old or the new, will ever exist under which astute counsel will fail to find objections to the proceedings of other astute counsel opposed to them; when courts and judges will be so much more erudite and keen than the Bar, that invariably the contention respecting such questions will be denounced as frivolous. If judicial superiority should suffice for this, human language is not equal to the emergency. Laws and rules of law are necessarily generalizations, and in their expression must sometimes conceal thought as well as sometimes express it—certainly, must in many cases of combination of human circumstances, with differing and mixed shades of right and wrong, completely fail of securing mathematical and exact justice—in many cases fail of justice entirely. When we consider that mistakes, omissions and delays, as well as deliberate crimes and wrongs, participate in marring and making the pecuniary and technical right and wrong of a given suitor, and then that ignorance and fraud and misunderstanding are not unlikely to be present, we will not wonder if, when some phase of the controversy comes into court, under any code, that questions of difficulty may be suggested by able counsel which will delay if not defeat what we may denominate the right. That, apart from such possibilities of legal argument and astuteness, it can be claimed that the new code is an unintelligible system, we do not believe. In many respects, it largely represents in its own language the very latest and best decisions on points of practice under the old code; in other respects it supplies deficiencies lamented in such decisions. In logical arrangement, and in its proposed combination with the substantive law of the Revised Statutes, it must be considered a great advance.

So far from questions of practice under the old code having been disposed of by decisions, we need only recall the case of *Tilton vs. Beecher*, wherein it was necessary to carry the question by appeal to the Court of Appeals to have it determined when a bill of particulars could be demanded under that code. And in the present last volume of the reported decisions of the Court of Appeals, we find an opinion directly contrary to the latest opinion of the General Term of the Supreme Court of this Department, as to whether a non-resident witness has any greater protection from being served with process in the State than a resident witness in a suit has. But, of course, no one need expect any end of questions of practice while lawyers try cases. And as to increase of the business of courts, it is the best proof of the expedition of justice. When evil and inefficient and cumbersome forms of procedure exist, they prevent litigation—when the wheels of justice move smoothly and swiftly, the people flock to the courts to decide their controversies and to do justice between them. This is England's experience under her new code, which has swept away her time-honored modes of procedure. So long as our own courts are crowded, we may be sure the new code is forwarding, not impeding, justice.

On Thursday of last week the House Committee on Post Offices agreed to report favorably a Bill to increase the pay of letter-carriers. In cities of 75,000 population, and upward, carriers of the first-class are to be paid \$1,000 per annum, and those of the second-class \$800. In cities containing more than 20,000 inhabitants, and less than 75,000, carriers are to be paid \$850. Auxiliaries are to be paid \$400.

THE House Committee on the Judiciary have under consideration a very important Bill providing that all claims against the Government of every kind and nature shall be referred to the Court of Claims for adjudication. Should this Bill pass it will take out of every Executive Department of the Government, and out of the hands of Congress, the consideration of private claims for services rendered, damages incurred, pensions, bounties, etc. When the Bill is taken up for discussion in the committee each member of the Cabinet will be invited to appear before the committee and give his views on the wisdom of its passage. The Attorney-General is reported to be strongly opposed to any such proposition, but it seems to have many friends, particularly in the South.

THE dispatches received from Constantinople on Monday, January 21st, were to the effect that Queen Victoria has personally interceded with the Czar to save Turkey. In consequence of decisions taken

at a great council on January 17th, Izzet Bey has been sent to the Russian headquarters with fresh instructions to the Turkish plenipotentiaries, giving them full power to sign, whereas they at first were instructed to refer the conditions to the Porte. It is said this resolve was taken in consequence of the pacific tone of England at the opening of the British Parliament, and also because Russia has given notice that she will insist on the immediate acceptance or rejection of her terms. In consequence of the new instructions to the plenipotentiaries, it is expected, in Constantinople, that the armistice will be signed immediately. Preparations for the Sultan's removal to Broussa are consequently suspended.

A SINGULAR Bill was that introduced in the House of Representatives on January 14th by Mr. Ross, of New Jersey, for the encouragement of the organization of the militia force in the several States and Territories. It contemplates, in fact, the abolition of the regular army by substituting a uniformed militia, to be paid out of the United States Treasury. It provides that each officer and private in the organized and uniformed militia of the States and Territories shall receive \$25 per annum. Before this is paid the Secretary of War is to be satisfied that each militiaman has performed ten days' service in the field in each year in addition to the ordinary company drills in armories. It is further provided that there shall be a detail of ten regular army officers for the inspection of the militia while in camp. This is to operate as a check on the reports made by the State officers. Arms are to be furnished the militia in quantities deemed proper by the Secretary of War. The States are required to uniform and bear the expense of the forces, except when the latter are called into the service of the General Government. The Bill is to go into effect June 1st, 1879, and appropriates \$3,000,000 for that purpose.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

CURRENCY MOSAIC.—The United States Treasurer is advised of constantly increasing attempts by persons in various sections of the country to cheat the Government and innocent people by practicing what is known as the "piecing process," whereby a given number of currency notes of like denomination are cut in pieces and so pasted together as to give an increased number. The manipulators generally take ten notes, and by cutting and adroit piecing make eleven, thereby gaining one at the expense of the other ten. Of course the diminished notes get into the hands of innocent holders, and when sent to the Treasury Department for redemption they are at once detected by the Treasury experts and thrown out. The regulations for redeeming mutilated currency do not admit of the redemption of anything except in a single piece containing at least one-half of the original, which makes it still harder for those into whose hands these nicely-pasted fragments fall.

SCHOOLMASTERS ABROAD.—American methods of education seem to be impressing themselves upon public notice all over the world. A college has been established in Constantinople by Mr. C. R. Robert, of this city, one of the professors in which, a New York gentleman, contributed, as our readers will remember, a lively letter recently to our columns; and on the last day of 1877 three ladies and three gentlemen left New York to become instructors in the two national colleges for men and women, to be established by the Government of Honduras at Tegucigalpa. They were engaged by Don Roderico Toledo, of Guatemala, who was commissioned by the authorities of Honduras to come to the United States on postal and educational business. These teachers are the first of a number who will be engaged in this country for the schools of Honduras. English will be the language used in the colleges at Tegucigalpa, and the American system of education will be adopted. There is already an American college in Guatemala with eight American instructors, besides a Normal School in which several American teachers are employed.

THE NECROLOGY OF 1877.—The year 1877 was marked by the deaths of many men prominent in various fields of public life. Of our own countrymen, the earliest to fall (January 4) was Commodore Vanderbilt. Dr. William A. Muhlenberg, author of the hymn "I would not live away," died April 9. Fletcher Harper and John Lothrop Motley died May 29, the former in New York and the latter in Dorsetshire, England. The Catholic Church lost Archbishop Bayley; the United States Senate, Oliver P. Morton and Lewis V. Bogy. Other well-known names in the year's necrology are those of Robert Dale Owen, Jonathan Edwards William G. ("Parson") Brownlow, ex-Senator D. D. Pratt, E. L. Davenport, Edwin Adams, Brigham Young, Judge Emmons of the United States Circuit Court, George S. Bangs and Rev. J. S. C. Abbott. Among those in other lands who died *primus inter pares* was Louis Adolphe Thiers, ex-President of the French Republic; also Ernst Picard. Germany lost the distinguished politician and statesman Dr. Johann Jacoby, Gen. Von Steinmetz and Field-Marshal Wrangel; England, Geo. Ward Hunt, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Samuel Warren, author of "Ten Thousand a Year"; Mme. Titiens and Lord Erskine; the Sacred College, a number of cardinals. Nicholas Galesco, of Roumania; Leon J. Gatazes, musician and critic, of Paris; Jean Baptiste Madou, a Belgian painter; Lady Sterling Maxwell (Hon. Mrs. Norton); Alexander Bain,

English scholar; W. H. F. Talbot discoverer of photography; John Oxenford, dramatic critic, are also among the dead of 1877.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## Domestic.

SECRETARY OF STATE EVARTS has completed a treaty of commerce with Samoa.

JOHN H. GEAR was inaugurated Governor of Iowa, on Thursday, January 17th.

PRESIDENT NOAH PORTER of Yale College was appointed Regent of the Smithsonian Institute.

WHELAN REID and Leslie W. Russell have been elected Regents of the New York State University.

GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN was inaugurated Governor of New Jersey on Tuesday, January 15th.

WESTERN manufacturers are paying out silver as an experiment, but operatives are dissatisfied with it.

MUCH opposition is manifested against the proposition to create a regular government in the Indian Territory.

THE Legislature of Pennsylvania is considering concurrent resolutions in favor of a subsidy for a steamship line to Brazil.

NEGOTIATIONS for the settlement of the Virginia and Tennessee debts are being considered by the Funding Association of New York.

PRESIDENT MACMAHON gave an audience to Henry M. Stanley, January 18th, and complimented him upon his explorations in Africa.

SAMUEL BOWLES, for many years editor and proprietor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, died January 16th, after a lingering illness.

THOMAS HUNT, for many years prominent in mercantile and steamboat circles, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., January 18th, aged 79 years.

THE liquor-dealers of Stamford, Conn., have turned the tables upon the accusing temperance leaders by having them arrested upon a charge of conspiracy.

A CONCURRENT resolution, recognizing the labors of Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, and tendering him the thanks of Congress, has passed both Houses.

GENERAL JOHN S. WILLIAMS was elected United States Senator from Kentucky, the Hon. George H. Pendleton from Ohio, and ex-Governor James B. Groome, from Maryland.

SECRETARY SHERMAN announced that he would receive subscriptions for the four per cent. funded loan of the United States in bonds of small denomination after January 26th.

EX-GOVERNOR WASHBURN, of Illinois, has given his residence and grounds at Madison, Wis., valued at \$100,000, to the State for the establishment of an industrial reformatory school for girls.

FRANK A. MCKEAN has received the Democratic nomination for Governor of New Hampshire on a platform urging hard money, free trade and State rights, and opposing subsidy schemes.

THE members of the Louisiana Returning Board were arraigned, January 18th, in the Superior Criminal Court at New Orleans, charged with forgery and alteration of returns. A plea of not guilty was offered by each.

GOVERNOR HUBBARD of Texas has written a lengthy letter to President Hayes, giving a résumé of border outrages by Mexicans during the past twenty years.

THE dismantled hulk found in the North River has been proven to be that of the schooner *E. H. Pray*, the mate having been arrested on a charge of piracy and induced to make a confession fully substantiating the charge. The two principals have not been caught.

IN the United States SENATE a number of resolutions were introduced for and against the remonetization of silver; a set from the Cotton Exchange of Savannah denied that the South is unanimously in favor of the restoration of the silver dollar. A resolution, permitting the advocates of woman suffrage to present their arguments to the House was defeated. Both branches were engaged on the 15th with arguments on the financial question. Eulogies were delivered in the Senate on the 16th on the late Senator Bogy, and on the 17th on the late Senator Morton. In the House three appropriation bills were passed on the 16th, and a resolution was presented on the 17th authorizing postmasters in towns of over 5,000 inhabitants to act as agents for the sale of Government bonds.

## Foreign.

THE funeral of the late Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy, took place in Rome January 17th, and the remains were deposited in the Pantheon.

It is intimated that General Martinez Campos has been authorized to offer a truce to the combatants in Cuba.

A BOAT-RACE for \$1,000 a side and the championship of England challenge-cup took place on the River Tyne, at Newcastle, and was won by Higgins on a foul.

THE German Government has determined to submit to Parliament a motion for an increase of the tax on tobacco as the first step in a general reform of Imperial taxation.

THE British Parliament assembled on Thursday, January 17th, when the Queen's speech was read by proxy, and Lord Beaconsfield demanded increased supplies to put England in a state of preparation.

THE National Guard in all the towns of Greece have been called to arms, the Greek Ministry has given *carte blanche* to the war committee, and it is asserted, a body of six hundred men have invaded Turkey.

TURKISH troops are said to have destroyed Eupatoria, bombarded the ports of Anapa and Theodosia, had an engagement between Philippopolis and Tatar Bazardjik, in which they were routed, and evacuated Kazan, by which the Russians gained the head of another Balkan Pass.

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS informed the Porte that he was willing to receive delegates to discuss armistice conditions, and Server and Namyk Pashas were dispatched for Kezanlyk to negotiate an armistice. On January 18th the Turkish delegates met the Grand Duke Nicholas at Tirnova Semeuli. He announced that he had decided to treat only at Adrianople, and the delegates having assented, orders were dispatched to Djemil Pasha to evacuate the city and works. The opinion prevails at St. Petersburg that the Turks will reject the Russian terms. Queen Victoria has telegraphed the Sultan that she had urged the Czar to make a prompt and honorable peace.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 375.



BULGARIA.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN OSMAN PASHA, THE DEFENDER OF PLEVNA, AND THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS AND PRINCE CHARLES OF ROUMANIA.



RUSSIA.—SCENE ON THE NEVSKY PROSPECT, ST. PETERSBURG, ON THE RETURN OF THE CZAR FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.



SPAIN.—RECEPTION OF THE EMBASSY FROM MOROCCO BY KING ALFONSO.



SPAIN.—KING ALFONSO CONDUCTING A MOCK BATTLE ON THE PLAINS OF CARABANCHEL.



BULGARIA.—THE RUSSIAN STAFF SALUTING OSMAN PASHA WHILE PASSING THE CZAR'S QUARTERS IN PLEVNA.



## ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

## THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO THE PACIFIC.

## TRAMPS ON THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC ROADS.

NO sketch of overland travel could be called complete which did not include a chapter on tramps. One might suppose that, in shaking the dust of the "States" from their feet, they would leave behind them this among many other bones of civilization; but even on the broad plains west of the Missouri, in the shadow of the Wahsatches and on the Humboldt Desert, one comes with a shock of surprise upon the old familiar features, and sees a dusty, slouching figure or two trailing along the side of the track, pipe in mouth and bundle on shoulder; or, as twilight is drawing over the desert, we rush past a group of them camping out beside their fire—a jovial-looking company, with their pipes and bottles and cards to pass the time away. They are in no way more agreeable to contemplate, as a body, than their brethren of the East—neither morally nor physically an improvement upon those respectable personages who solicit broken victuals at the kitchen-door, and set fire to the hay-mow when sent away empty-handed. The conductors along the route know them well, and are thoroughly up to their tricks and their manners. It is one of our amusements, in crossing the more tramp-ridden regions, to watch at every station the stealthy manoeuvres of these officers, one of whom drops silently from the rear platform, and bending low, with his hands on his knees, traverses the length of the train, peering under each car in search of the prey, upon which, when found, he springs like a terrier on a rat. For the tramp, when footsore with his journey over the desert, is wont to lurk around some station until the daily train comes in, and then to dive unseen under the cars, coil himself up in some complicated fashion along the iron-work between the wheels, and half-lying, half-hanging by arms and legs, he is whirled away at the rate of twenty miles an hour, instead of two. It charitably occurs to us that any man who is willing to tie himself into a knot, and suspend his aching frame in the midst of a simoom of dust, and alkali, and cinders, at half-a-dozen inches from the railroad track, ought at least to be let alone, and allowed to torture himself in his own way; but the conductor is of a different opinion, and can tell you startling legends of personal encounters with these gentry of the road, who are for ever watching their opportunity, at dinner or supper stations, to slip up on the rear platform and into the cars, where they may work their wicked wills upon the absent passengers' bags and valises. Occasionally a sharp tussle takes place on the platform, and the strong-armed conductor, with a reinforcement of brakemen, pitches the intruders right and left, without much regard for their personal feelings; but upon at least one occasion within the memory of our conductor the tables were turned, and one of his contemporaries, while engaged in the tug of war on top of a freight-car, was hurled into the road by his opponents and not a little hurt.

All this time we are rattling along over the old, old stretch of ashen-gray plain, and in the dark hours of the night are fast nearing Reno, where, for a while, we are to turn our backs on the Central Pacific, and branch off into the mountains of Nevada, where Virginia City sits perched among the bare brown peaks. We pass a very few stations in the moonlight, speed over many a mile of desolation, and, turning over



TRAMPS THROWING A CONDUCTOR FROM A TRAIN.



A NIGHT CAMP OF TRAMPS NEAR BRYAN.

in our soft-pillowed berths, wake up with a start as the train stops at the junction of the Virginia and Truckee Railroad.

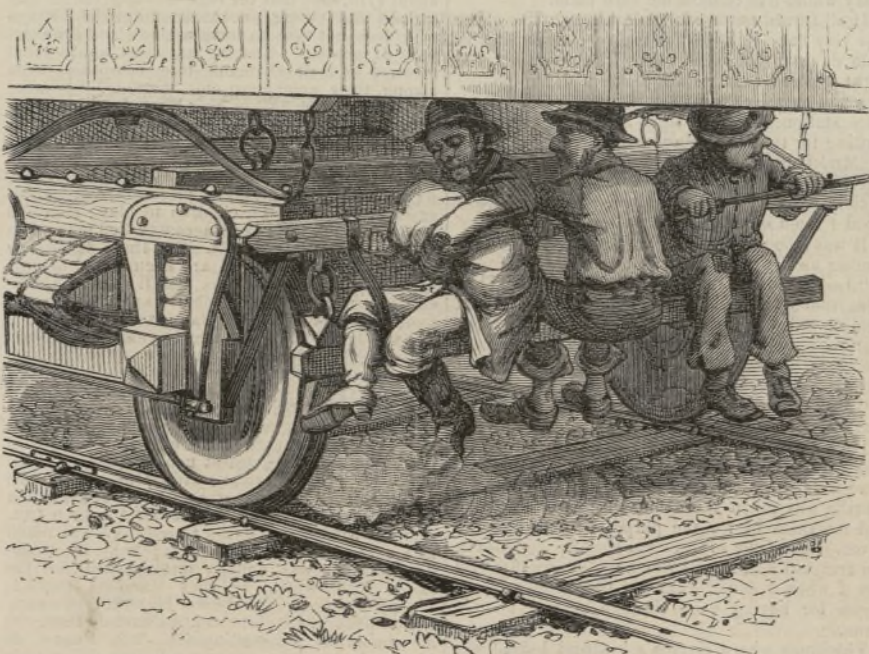
## A FATAL WRECK.

## AN EXCURSION TRAIN IN CONNECTICUT BREAKS THROUGH A BRIDGE AND KILLS FOURTEEN PERSONS.

ONE of those fearful calamities, the occurrence of which, under a certain set of circumstances, is often attributed to the direct interposition of Providence, but under other conditions is more properly assigned to natural causes, happened near Tariffville, Conn., on the night of January 15th. A special passenger-train for Millerton, on the Connecticut Western Railroad, with two engines and eleven cars, left Hartford at nine o'clock on that night, bearing to their homes in the western section of the State a party of nearly six hundred persons, who had visited the capital to attend the meetings held by the great evangelists, Moody and Sankey. A heavy train, with two engines, is comparatively a rare thing on the Connecticut Western Railroad, and it is questionable whether the bridges and culverts of the line were calculated to withstand the resulting and unusual strain. However, no difficulty was experienced until the train reached the bridge, two hundred feet in length, which spans the Farmington River, one mile beyond the Tariffville station. This bridge, built on the Howe truss principle, has two equal spans, with a pier in the middle of the river and stone abutments. At the west end it terminates in a trestlework half a mile long, extending over the river flats to high ground beyond. It was erected seven years ago. Upon this structure the ill-fated train entered at one minute past ten. The first span was safely passed, but when the weight of both engines and two or three cars following came upon the western span, it yielded with a terrible crash, and the vehicles fell twenty feet, the engines upon the bank and four cars into the river. The first engine, clearing the end of the bridge, landed upside down and was damaged beyond redemption; the second went down amid the wreck of timbers, and rested, safely and almost uninjured, upon its side.

The baggage-car, in which were about a dozen persons, was wrenched to pieces and partly buried in the river, under the bridge structure. The first passenger-car was terribly shattered and twisted around at a right-angle with its mates; the second was hurled like a giant catapult at the first, crushing in the side and top with its front iron buffer, but the rear end remained against the upper part of the centre pier, tilting the body of the car to an angle of about sixty degrees. The third was slewed round to one side and plunged head foremost into the stream almost in a parallel line with the second—and the wreck was complete, except that the remaining cars fortunately kept their places on the track. The crash was so loud that it was distinctly heard in Tariffville, a mile away, and in the face of a strong wind. Immediately cries for help arose from every car, intermingled with the groans of the wounded. The night, happily, was not dark, and in the pale gleam of the moon those who were uninjured proceeded to rescue their less fortunate brethren from the ruins. The position of two of the cars, inclined sharply, made this difficult, but more trying and dangerous still was the recovery of the passengers in the baggage and first passenger-cars, which had broken through the ice and were filled above the seats with water.

Generous help was given by the people of



TRAMPS RIDING ON THE TRUCKS UNDERNEATH THE CARS.



CLEARING THE REAR PLATFORM ON AN OVERLAND TRAIN.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION.—EPISODES OF TRAMP LIFE ON THE UNION AND CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROADS.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



Tariffville, many of whom hastened to the scene upon hearing the crash, while others were summoned by the sharp peals of the church-bells. Two long and weary hours were occupied in this work before the last living person had been removed from the wreck. Many were able to limp painfully away, but for others less fortunate the workers improvised rude sledges, constructed of saplings and cushioned with car-seats, upon which the sufferers were drawn across the ice to the shore, as shown in the picture on our front page. All were taken to the cars remaining upon the track, and those who had been immersed in the water reached them with chattering teeth and garments partly frozen to their benumbed bodies.

The first comers worked at a great disadvantage. The cars had broken through the ice, which rendered it difficult to approach near enough to reach the passengers, but all worked with a will. The Superintendent of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad, with a gang of workmen, rendered assistance throughout the night and the following day.

This terrible fatality, by which fourteen persons were killed, twenty others badly hurt, and over six hundred were placed in imminent peril, was undoubtedly occasioned by the weakness of the bridge, as there is no evidence of either of the engines having been thrown from the tracks. It is a happy thing that none of the cars caught fire. The night was intensely cold, and, fortunately, a brilliant moon shone upon the victims who tried to effect their escape. The icy water, rushing in through the shattered windows, doors and apertures, in tremendous sheets, was in its greatest force in the first passenger-car, and most of those that were killed are supposed to have been drowned outright. As a shriek of horror rang out from nearly five hundred throats, and as the ringing of the village-bells sounded the alarm, the thought probably uppermost in everybody's mind was that the Ashtabula disaster was to be repeated and the cars would burst forth in flames. Fortunately this accumulation of horrors was spared.

## A DREAM, AND ITS SINGULAR CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN I was about twelve years of age I was invited by Mrs. Hall, my godmother, to pay her a visit before going to a boarding-school, where I was to remain for a few years. My mother had died when I was very young, and my father thought it better for me to be at a nice school, where I would be among girls of my own age, than in the house with only his sister and himself. Mrs. Hall was very fond of me; she had no children of her own, and, had my father consented, she and Mr. Hall would have taken me to live with them entirely.

It was a lovely day in June when I arrived at my godmother's, and she was delighted to see me. The house was beautifully situated on high ground, surrounded by grand old trees, and at one side was a flower-garden.

One morning godmother said to me: "Come up-stairs with me, Lillian, and I will show you some Indian jewels that my uncle left me lately." She opened the drawer of an inlaid sandalwood cabinet and took out a small case, in which were a pair of earrings, a brooch, and necklace of most beautiful diamonds. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful before. "My dear Lillian," said she, "I intend to give you these on your sixteenth birthday. I see, however, there is a stone loose in one of the earrings, so I will take it into town to-day and have it repaired." She folded it up carefully and put it in her purse; the case with the other diamonds she put in one of the drawers of her dressing-glass.

After lunch, Mr. and Mrs. Hall took me with them to the town, which was about four miles distant. The earring was left at the jeweler's, and as we were to spend the day at a friend's house, we arranged to call for it on our way back. But you will say what has all this to do with your dream? Well, wait a little and you will see.

We spent a pleasant day, called for the earring on our way, and arrived home about half-past nine o'clock. As I was taking off my bonnet, godmother came into the room.

"Lillian," said she, "I cannot find the case of diamonds anywhere. Did I not leave it in the drawer in my dressing-glass before I went out? I went to put in the other earring now, and it was not there. Who can have taken it?"

"You certainly left it in the dressing-glass drawer," I said. "Could any of the servants have taken it, do you think?"

"I am sure they would not," she answered. "I have had them with me for years, and never missed anything before."

"Are there any strangers about that could have come in through the window?"

"No, Lillian; there are no strangers about the place except the gardener, and he seems a most respectable man. I got a very high character of him from his last place; in fact, we were told he was a most trustworthy person."

Next day there was a wonderful commotion about the missing jewel-case. The police were sent for, and every place was searched over and over again, but to no purpose. One thing, however, puzzled us: on the window-sill was a foot-mark, and near the dressing-table a little bit of earth, as if off a shoe or boot; which led us to think that the thief must have come in through the window. But how did he get up to it? It was a good height from the ground, and the creeping plants were not in the least broken, as would have been the case had any one climbed up by them. A ladder must have been employed; and it was little to the credit of the police that this fact had not been properly considered. As the matter stood, it was a mystery, and seemed likely to remain so, and only one earring was left of the valuable set.

In a few days I left for school, where I remained for four years. I spent every vacation between my home and my godmother's. We often spoke of the stolen diamonds, but nothing had ever been heard of them, though a reward of fifty pounds had been offered by Mr. Hall for any information that would lead to the detection of the thief. On my sixteenth birthday my godmother gave me a beautiful watch and chain and the diamond earring, which she had got arranged as a necklace.

"I am so sorry, Lillian," said she, "that I have not the rest of those diamonds to give you; but if ever they are found, they shall be yours, my dear."

I must now pass over six years, which went by quietly and happily, nothing very important taking place until the last year, during which time I had been married.

My husband was a barrister. We lived in the north of England. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Benson, and Mary, one of her daughters, lived some miles away from us near the sea-coast. It was a very lonely place, a long way from the little fishing-town, or rather village, of Burnley. I confess I often felt very nervous about Mrs. Benson and her daughter living alone (her husband being dead many years). Except three women-servants in the house, and the coachman and his family who lived in the lodge, there was no one nearer than Burnley, four miles off. Besides, it was known that there was a large quantity of plate in the house; and the little seaside village was often the resort of smugglers and other wild and lawless characters.

One day, while thinking of them, I felt so uneasy that I said to my husband, "I hope, Henry, there is nothing wrong with your mother; she has been in my mind all day."

"Oh," said he, "why should you feel anxious about her to-day? I saw her last Tuesday; and if she were ill, Mary would be sure to let us know. It is only one of your 'fancies,' little wife."

Still I did not feel easy, for more than once before my so-called "fancy" had proved to be a "reality"; so I determined that in a few days I would go and see Mrs. Benson.

All that evening I could not get her out of my thoughts, and it was a long time before I went to sleep. I think it must have been about three o'clock in the morning that I awoke in a state of terror. I had dreamed that I saw Mrs. Benson standing in the window of her bedroom, beckoning me to come to her, and pointing to a female figure who was stealing along under the shade of the trees in the avenue, for the moon was shining brightly.

I started up, thinking I heard her calling me. And here was the most extraordinary part of it all - though I was now quite awake, I heard, as I thought, a voice saying to me: "Go, tell Mrs. Benson Martha is deceiving her - tell her to send her away at once."

Three times these words seemed to be repeated in my ear. I can't describe exactly what the voice was like; it was not loud but quite distinct; and I felt as I listened that it was a warning, and that I must obey it. I woke my husband, and told him my dream and the words I had heard. He tried to calm my mind, and evidently thought me foolish to be so frightened by only a stupid dream. I said I would drive over the first thing after breakfast and see if anything was wrong with Mary or her mother.

The only thing that puzzled me was that Martha should be mentioned as deceiving Mrs. Benson. She acted as housekeeper and lady's-maid to her, and was believed to be most trustworthy in every way. She had been four years with her; and was much respected. She was a silent, reserved kind of person, about thirty-five years of age. One thing I had often remarked about her was, that when speaking to any one she never looked straight at them; but I thought it might be from a kind of shyness more than anything else.

As soon as breakfast was over I set off, telling my husband I would very likely not return until next day; and, if possible, he was to come for me. He could drive over early and spend the day; and we would return home together in the evening, if all was well with his mother.

When I arrived I found Mrs. Benson and Mary looking as well as ever, and everything seemingly just as usual. Martha was sitting at work in her little room, which opened off Mrs. Benson's dressing-room. I could not help looking at her more closely than I would have done at another time, and I thought I saw a look of displeasure cross her face at seeing me. Mary and her mother were of course delighted to see me, and asked why Henry did not come too. So I told them I would stay till the next day, if they would have me, and Henry would come for me then. They were quite pleased at that arrangement; for it was not very often my husband could spend a whole day with them.

As the day passed on and nothing out of the way happened, I began to think I had frightened myself needlessly, and that my dream or vision might have been the result of an over-anxious mind. And then Martha, what about her? Altogether I was perplexed. I did not know what to think; but I still felt a certain undefined uneasiness. I offered up a silent prayer to be directed to do right, and determined to wait patiently and do nothing for a while. I almost hoped I might hear the voice again, giving me definite instructions how to act. Lunch passed and dinner also; and the evening being very warm, for it was the middle of July, we sat at the open window enjoying the cooling breeze that set in from the sea.

As they were early people, shortly after ten o'clock we said "Good-night," and went up to our bedrooms. My room looked on the avenue, some parts of which were in deep shade, while in other parts the moonlight shone brightly through breaks in the trees. I did not feel in the least sleepy; and, putting out my candle, I sat by the window, looking at the lovely view; for I could see the coast quite plainly, and the distant sea glistened like silver in the moonlight. I did not think how long I had been sitting there, until I heard the hall clock strike twelve. Just then I heard, as I thought, a footstep outside my door, which evidently stopped there, and then in a few seconds passed on. I did not mind, thinking it might be one of the servants, who had been up later than usual, and was now going quietly to bed. I began to undress, not lighting the candle again, as I had light enough from the moon. As I came towards the window to close it, I saw, exactly as in my dream, a female figure - evidently keeping in the shade of the trees - going down the avenue. I determined to follow and see who it was, for I now felt the warning voice was not sent to me for nothing, and I seemed to get courage, girl though I was, to fathom the mystery. I hastily dressed, threw a dark shawl over my head, and going noiselessly down-stairs, opened the glass

door in the drawing-room window, and left it so that I could come in again. I kept in the shade of the trees as much as possible, and quickly followed the path I had seen the woman take. Presently I heard voices; one was a man's, the other a woman's. But who was she? I came close, and got behind a large group of thick shrubs. I could now see and hear them quite well; they were standing in the light; I was in deep shade. Just then the woman turned her head towards me. It was Martha! What did she want there at that hour? And who was this man? I was puzzled. Where had I seen that face before? for that I had seen it before, I was certain; but where and when I could not remember. He was speaking in a low voice, and I did not hear very distinctly what he said, but the last few words were: "And why not to-night? Delays are always dangerous, especially now, as they are beginning to suspect me."

"Because Mrs. Benson's daughter-in-law is here, and she is sleeping in the room over the plate-closet, and would be sure to hear the least noise. Wait until to-morrow night; she will be gone then. But indeed, John, I don't like this business at all. I think we'd better give it up. No luck will come of it, I'm sure."

"Look here, Martha," said the man. "I have a chance of getting safe off now. I have it all settled, if you will only help me to get this old woman's plate. With that and a few little trinkets I happened to pick up a few years ago, you and I may set up in business over in America. The other fellows will help me. Meet me here to-morrow night, to let me know that all is safe for us. See here. I have brought you a valuable present. Keep it until the plate is secure with me; for you must stay here until all blows over; then make some excuse for leaving, and come over and join me in New York. If you want money, sell these diamonds in Liverpool; they are worth no end of money."

I could see quite well that he took something out of his pocket and gave it to her. She held it to look at it; and there, glistening in bright moonlight, I saw - my godmother's diamond earring! the one that had been stolen over nine years ago with the other jewels, from her room.

Here then at last was the mystery solved, everything made clear, and all through my dream! Presently the light fell on the man's face again, and I instantly recognized my godmother's very respectable gardener. A decent man he was believed to be, but a thief all the time, and one who hid his evil deeds under a cloak of religion. And who was this woman he seemed to have got such power over? Evidently his wife; for I gathered that from his conversation with her. I waited where I was until they were both gone - Martha back to the house, and her husband to the village; then as quietly as I could I returned to the house and reached my room. Falling on my knees I gave thanks to God for making me the means of finding out such a wicked plot, and, perhaps, saving the lives of more than one under that roof; for it is more than likely that had those desperate men been disturbed in their midnight plunder they would not have hesitated at any deed which would enable them to carry out their wicked plans.

I slept little that night, and next morning tried to appear calm and composed, though I was frightened and really ill. I was longing for my husband to come, that I might tell him all, and consult what was best to be done, to prevent robbery and perhaps bloodshed. At last, to my great relief, I saw him coming. I ran to the gate to meet him, and told him what I had seen and heard the night before.

"Now," I said, "will you ever laugh at my 'fancies' again?"

"No, my dear little wife," said he; "I never will."

We then arranged that we should tell his mother and sister everything; and he was to go to the nearest police-station and arrange with the chief officer to have a number of men ready in the wood near the house at twelve o'clock that night; that after dinner we were to say "Good-by" to Mrs. Benson, and drive home; but would return and join the police in the wood, and wait there until we saw Martha leave the house to meet her husband. We were then to go in and wait until the thieves came in, when they were to be surrounded and taken prisoners. My husband wanted me to remain at our own house; but I would not do so, as I said I would only be imagining all sorts of dreadful things; besides, I knew his mother and Mary would like to have me with them.

It all turned out as well as could be. The night was very fine; and just at twelve o'clock Martha stole down to the place where I had seen her the night before; then we all, about a dozen policemen and ourselves, went into the house. The men were stationed out of sight in different rooms, waiting for the robbers' entrance. Henry came up to Mrs. Benson's room, where all of us women were, including the two servants. With breathless anxiety we watched and waited. From where I stood I could see the way they would come.

It was about two o'clock when I saw Martha coming up the walk and four men with her.

"Look!" I said; "there they are." They went round to the back-door, and we heard them stealing along the passage in the direction of the plate-closet. Then a sudden rush - a scream from the wretched Martha - imprecations loud and bitter - a shot! - another scream!

"May God grant no lives will be lost!" we prayed.

Poor Mary nearly fainted. At last we heard the officer call Henry to come down. The four men were well secured and taken to the police-station. Martha was taken there too. She confessed she had let them in for the purpose of stealing the silver. One of the robbers was slightly wounded in the arm, but no one else was hurt. - Very thankful was I when I found next day that none was the worse for having gone through such a terrible scene.

The house where Martha's husband lodged was searched, and the case of diamonds and many other valuable articles found there. This immensely respectable gardener had been a disgrace to his family and his profession. Left very much to himself through the indulgence of his employer, he

had contracted habits of tippling with low associates at the neighboring village, and become so completely demoralized as at length to assume the degraded character of a burglar. Now came the retribution which attends on wrong-doing. The thieves were all tried at the next assizes, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

It is now many years since all this happened; but I can never forget what I went through those two dreadful nights, though I remember, with thankfulness, that through my dream and the warning voice I heard, I was the means of averting a great wrong, and perhaps murder. I do not impute anything supernatural to my dream. It may have merely been the result of tension of feelings, supported by some coincidences. At all events the results were such as I have described.

## THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR McCLELLAN, AT TRENTON.

WITH simple ceremonies, and in the presence of a large concourse of citizens, George B. McClellan was inaugurated Governor of New Jersey on Tuesday, January 15th, succeeding Joseph D. Bedle, of Hudson County. He had rented Colonel Freeze's large dwelling on State Street near the Capitol building several weeks previous, and had taken up his residence therein just before the Legislature assembled. The old custom of inaugurating the Governor in the State House, which had been abandoned by the last three or four Governors, was revived in this instance. A long procession of delegations from various parts of the State and Philadelphia marched to the residence of the Governor-elect, and, as he stepped into a carriage with Senator Abbott and Attorney-General Gilchrist, a salute of one hundred guns was fired by a battery. On reaching the Capitol, Governor Bedle, President Ludlow and Senator Sewell escorted "Little Mac" to the large platform erected in front of the building, while the band played "Hail to the Chief." The ceremonies were opened by the Rev. John Hall, D. D., who offered prayer. Chief Justice Beasley administered the oath of office, and ex-Governor Bedle delivered the great seal of the State, which has been handed down from one Governor to another for a century.

When Governor McClellan rose to read his inaugural address, he was greeted with demonstrations of intense enthusiasm, and he was frequently interrupted by applause as he proceeded. At the close of the ceremonies the crowd gradually dispersed, and the Governor went into the Executive Chamber, where he held a brief reception. In the evening he gave a second reception at his residence, receiving the congratulations of many prominent people of New Jersey and adjoining States.

## Private Theatricals in France in the Last Century.

THE taste for the drama and music took a new and vigorous departure, as did most court and public pleasures, when the gay and reckless Regency had replaced the cloistral gloom of Madame de Maintenon's reign. We see this taste and fashion springing up in all the higher social ranks. The French became a nation of actors and mimics. People of rank and fortune imitated their children, and just as boys and girls then as now were playing some character or enacting some scene on their holidays, the lords and dames of the courts and of the hotels imagined every variety of dramatic diversion with which to beguile the time that hung heavy on their hands. It was, as Taine says, carnival time in France all the year round. There was comedy and the spirit of comedy everywhere. "In every chateau, in every mansion, at Paris and in the provinces, this fashion of comedy sets up travesties on society and domestic life. On welcoming a great personage, on celebrating the birthday of the master or mistress of the house, its guests or invited persons perform in an improvised operetta, in an ingenious, laudatory pastoral, sometimes dressed as gods, as virtues, as mythological abstractions, as operatic Turks, Laplanders and Poles, similar to the figures then gracing the frontispieces of books; sometimes in the dress of peasants, pedagogues, peddlers, milkmaids, and flower-girls, like the fanciful villagers with which the current taste then fills the stage. They sing, they dance, and come forward in turn to recite pretty verses composed for the occasion, consisting of so many well-turned compliments."

The rage for comedy so completely possessed the French in the time of Louis XV. that a house, either in town or country, was scarcely regarded as fashionable or well furnished that did not have its little theatre, with stage scenery, greenroom, wardrobe, footlights, auditorium and all. Bachaumont, writing about 1770, says that the rage was so great for the theatricals that "there is not an attorney in his cottage who does not wish to have a stage and his company of actors." Country magnates would erect theatres in their chateaux, form companies from among their neighbors and intimates for miles around, and beguile the long winters with several performances a week. It became a part of the education of children to learn how to act gracefully in the polite comedies of the period privately played; and Madame de Genlis, among others, wrote pretty little dramatic pieces, in correct and graceful verse, for the children to play; men and women of rank became as accomplished in the dramatic art as professionals. The Duke de Luynes declares that "those who are accustomed to such spectacles agree in opinion that it would be difficult for professional comedians to play better and more intelligently." The fashion was long-lived, and was in full favor in the early years of the reign of Louis XVI. Marie Antoinette was not only passionately fond of the theatre, but was herself one of the very best actresses in the court, and won what was evidently sincere applause by taking the part of *Colette*, in "Le Devin du Village," and *Rosine*, in "Le Barbier de Seville." The princes of the blood and the greatest nobles constantly participated in these dramatic diversions. The Count de Provence had a theatre in his house, and the Count d'Artois and the Duke d'Orleans each two. Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., was noted as a comedian of striking merit; while the Count de Clermont was equally distinguished for the talent with which he took "serious parts"; Philippe Egalite was famous for his vivid representation of peasant characters; and Count de Pons was a wonderful "Misanthrope." The Prince de Lignes declared in one of his letters that "more than ten of our ladies of high rank sing and play better than the best of those I have seen in our theatres." "In a certain chateau, that of St. Aubin," says Taine, "the lady of the house, to secure a large enough troupe, enrolls her four chamber-



maids in it, making her little daughter, ten years old, play the part of *Zaire*, and for over twenty months she has no vacation." After her bankruptcy, and in her exile, the first thing done by the Princess de Gumez was to send for upholsterers to arrange the theatre.

These patrician theatricals were carried out with the most elaborate and professional completeness. There was always a drama or comedy, something by Molière or Voltaire, or, late in the century, by Beaumarchais; and after this the dramatic desecration was given in the shape of "a parade borrowed from La Fontaine's tales or from the farces of the Italian drama." Philippe Egalite was wont to sing coarse songs before the court, with ample grimace and broad, suggestive gesture—making, indeed, a mountebank of himself. After these performances the noble company, stirred with plentiful champagne and put in wild humor by the play, would indulge in frolics which are surely amazing to read of as happening in so polite a society. Madame de Genlis relates how on one occasion "they upset the tables and furniture; they scattered twenty carafes of water about the room. I finally got away at half-past one, wearied out, pelted with handkerchiefs, and leaving Madame Clarence hoarse, with her dress torn to shreds, a scratch on her arm and a bruise on her forehead, but delighted that she had given such a gay supper, and flattered with the idea of its being the talk of the next day." In such manner the butterflies of the court danced and gambled on the already smoking volcano of revolution.

#### Casualties of Land Travel.

M. GARTIAUX has published some curious statistics on the dangers of traveling by land. He says that in the old diligence days a man had one chance of being killed in 300,000 trips, and one chance of being injured in 30,000. On the railway, between 1835 and 1855, there was one chance of being killed in 2,000,000 journeys, and one chance of being injured in 500,000. From 1855 to 1875 one chance of being killed in making 6,000,000 journeys, and one chance of being injured in 600,000. Now the chances of being killed are as one to 45,000,000, and of being injured one to 1,000,000. Consequently, a person traveling ten hours a day at the rate of forty miles an hour would, in the first period, have had a chance of escaping destruction during 321 years; during the second period during 1,014 years, and between 1872 and 1875 during 7,439 years.

#### The Cultivation of Cocoa.

Cocoa has not as yet attracted the attention which, perhaps, it deserves, but its cultivation seems to involve little or no trouble and to be as lucrative as it is simple. Consul Cohn, in his trade report on Surinam for the past year, remarks that of all the products of that colony cocoa may be considered not only the safest but the most profitable. In four or five years after planting the tree begins to bear to a moderate extent, and to its full capacity in the eighth or ninth year, after which it continues productive for forty years. Its subsequent culture is extremely simple, and the planter has no fear for the future. He can with a few hands—say thirty to thirty-five laborers on an estate of three hundred acres—keep up a cocoa plantation where cultivation is not greatly extended; for, from the dark and dense shade created by the umbrageous mass of its own foliage, weeds make slow progress, so that it is found unnecessary to hoe the fields, in lieu of which about two billings with the cutlass are given yearly; besides, the cocoa-leaves drop abundantly and form quite a layer on the ground, contributing to the same result. In the plucking season no difficulty is encountered in obtaining labor, as the natives find the work easy and can earn as much as two or three shillings a day. During the last five years the yield has increased fifty per cent., and, having none of the difficulties that sugar estates have to contend with, will continue to increase year by year.

#### A Curious Skeleton.

THE *American Magazine* during the year 1837 published an account of the finding of the famous skeleton upon which Mr. Longfellow seized as the ground-plan of one of his most popular poems. It seems that in digging down a hill some workmen found first a skull, and, by carefully proceeding, soon found the body of a man in a sitting posture, which was taken out with some difficulty and exposed to view. The article from the magazine referred to says: The surrounding earth was carefully removed, and the body found to be enveloped in a covering of coarse bark of a dark color. Within this envelope were found the remains of another of coarse cloth, made of fine bark, and about the texture of a Manila coffee-bag. On the breast was a plate of brass, thirteen inches long, six broad at the upper end and five at the lower. This plate appears to have been cast, and is from one-eighth to three-thirty-seconds of an inch in thickness. It is so much corroded that whether or not anything was engraved upon it has not yet been ascertained. It is oval in form, the edges being irregular, apparently made so by corrosion. Below the breast-plate, and entirely encircling the body, was a belt, composed of brass tubes, each four and half inches in length and three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, arranged longitudinally and close together, the length of a tube being the width of the belt. The tubes are of thin brass cast upon hollow reeds, and were fastened together by pieces of sinew. Near the right knee was a quiver of arrows. The arrows are of brass, thin, flat, and triangular in shape, with a round hole cut through near the base. The shaft was fastened to the head by inserting the latter in an opening at the end of the wood and then tying with a sinew through the round hole, a mode of constructing the weapon never practiced by the Indians, not even with their arrows of thin shell. Parts of the shaft still remained on some of them. When first discovered the arrows were in a sort of quiver of bark, which fell to pieces when exposed to the air.

#### Popular Institutions in Paris.

It costs \$375,000 annually to keep the trees, shrubberies and seats upon the boulevards and in the public squares and gardens of Paris in order. It is estimated that the trees in the avenues and boulevards of Paris number 82,200; those in the cemeteries 10,400, and those in the squares and court-yards of various buildings, 7,300. There are also 8,000 seats for the accommodation of the public. The expense of keeping up all the extra-

mural recreation grounds, exclusive of the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, is rather more than \$60,000. The Bois de Boulogne covers 2,182 acres, and in Summer 20,000 cubic feet of water per diem are used to lay the dust, while more than 25,000 cubic feet are required to feed the ponds and cascades. The Bois de Vincennes covers 2,302 acres and consumes nearly 50,000 cubic feet of water per diem. A sum of \$45,000 is paid annually by the proprietors of restaurants and cafés for the right of placing chairs and tables upon the pavement in front of their establishments, and about half as much is paid by the owners of shops for exhibiting their goods outside their windows. The bookstalls which are placed upon the parapet of the Seine, and the bootblacks and commissionaires contribute to this sum. All the unoccupied corners of streets and public buildings, where rubbish always finds its way in other large cities, are utilized, and the municipality obtains \$9,000 for permission to erect stalls there for the sale of knickknacks. A much larger revenue is derived from the kiosks in which the newspapers are sold, and this privilege has been leased to a company for a term of fifteen years, which will expire in 1884. The company pays the municipality a sum of fifty francs for each kiosk, and has also to bear the cost of keeping them in repair and lighting them. There are three hundred of these kiosks at the present time, but the number will shortly be increased to three hundred and fifty. The municipality has the right of appointing the persons who rent the kiosks from the company and fixing the rent, which varies from five francs to thirty francs a month, according to the situation of the kiosk. The company obtains a large sum for the advertisements cut into the glass of the kiosk windows in addition to the rent paid by the news-vendors. In ordinary years the public vehicles plying for hire in the streets bring in a revenue of nearly \$740,000, and there are one hundred and sixty cabstands, to each of which is attached an inspector appointed by the Prefecture of Police.

#### Nationalities and Ages of the Popes.

THE Journal of the French Statistical Society publishes some curious statistics concerning the Popes which may not be without interest at the present time. Pius IX. is the 252d Pope. Of these, 15 were French, 13 Greeks, 8 Syrians, 6 Germans, 5 Spaniards, 2 Africans, 2 Savoisians, 2 Dalmatians; England, Portugal, Holland, Switzerland and Candia furnishing one each; Italy provided the rest. Since 1523 all the Popes have been selected from Italian Cardinals. Seventy Bishops of Rome, belonging, with very few exceptions, to the epoch preceding the establishment of the temporal power, have been proclaimed saints. The ten last centuries have seen only nine Popes judged worthy by the Popes themselves of being sanctified. Of the 252 Pontiffs, not including St. Peter, eight died within a month of their elevation to the Papedom, 40 within a year, 22 were seated between one and two years, 54 from two to five years, 57 from 5 to 10 years, 51 from 10 to 15 years, 18 from 15 to 20 years, and nine more than 20 years. Pius IX., in the years of his Pontificate, surpassed in 1874 all the Roman Pontiffs, except the Spanish anti-Pope, Benedict XIII., of Luna, who, elected at Avignon in 1394, died at Pensicola, near Valencia, in 1424. In respect of age, he has been surpassed as yet by a very great number of his predecessors. There died at the age of over 82 years Alexander VIII. (1689-91), and Pius VI. (1775-99); at 83 years, Paul IV. (1555-59), Gregory XII. (1576-85), Innocent X. (1644-55), Benedict XIV. (1740-58), Pius VII. (1800-23); between 84 and 86 years, Paul III. (1534-49), Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), Clement X. (1670-76), Innocent XII. (1691-1700); between 90 and 92 years, John XII., Pope of Avignon (1316-34), Clement XIII. (1730-40); at the age of 100 years.

#### Continental Conscripts.

THE military system of almost every country in Europe makes every able-bodied man liable to service. In England it is different, but a London journal finds a compensation in the fact that since the beginning of the volunteer organization, about seventeen years ago, above 800,000 Englishmen have passed through its ranks or are now numbered in them. It is something to know, remarks our contemporary, that fully 800,000 of the flower of our youth and manhood have received a certain amount of military drill and training as well as familiarity with the use of weapons and an elementary acquaintance with military evolutions. No doubt the training must, in a multitude of cases, have been superficial and short-lived, and probably in no case did it reach the mechanical perfection which in Germany, for instance, goes to make up the citizen soldier. More important still, thousands—perhaps the majority—of the 732,911 enumerated as having left the ranks, had no opportunity of resuming their military education or used any endeavor to attain the little they had acquired. On the continent, once a soldier always a soldier, since the conscript is liable in one capacity or other, even to the verge of old age, and no citizen is allowed to forget what he has learned if periodical musters can refresh his memory. Here the youth who ceases to be a volunteer breaks entirely with military education and associations, and may never feel the utility of re-establishing the link. But, making every allowance, the fact that 800,000 men have at one period of their lives acquired the rudiments of discipline is valuable and gratifying. These youths, it must be remembered, were all more or less intelligent and educated, so that a lesson once learned and mastered more thoroughly than the average European conscript, absorbs his military education. Nor need we treat as immaterial the physical benefits of marching and drill, the enduring gain to the health, spirits and muscle, the appreciation of the qualities of endurance and subordination, and the development of habits of self-reliance which all our volunteers have in a measure acquired.

#### A Cubic Mile.

PROFESSOR BERNSTEIN, an eminent naturalist in Berlin, Germany, gives the following graphic description of one German geographical cubic mile (one mile equals 10,126 yards), to illustrate the size of our earth, which contains only 2,662 such: "Imagine a box one mile each way—long, wide and deep—and let us try to fill it up. Berlin is handy; we take the city as if it were a toy and throw it into our box. We go to Potsdam, pick up all the villages on our way, also, and put them in. The bottom is not covered yet. We will take Paris with all her columns, towers and churches, which helps little; so we must take London, also. Vienna must go in, too, and, not to disturb the peace, St. Petersburg follows next. All this stuff lies at

the bottom. We begin now to take up all the cities, towns, villages, forts, farms, everything that human hands have built in Europe, and all the ships floating on the sea. It helps nothing! We must go to the Old and New worlds, throw in the pyramids of Egypt and the railroads and factories of America, and everything else made by men in Asia, Africa, Australia and America—lo! our box is not half full yet! We will shake up the things a little to make them even, and as we are bound to fill the box, let us see whether we cannot do it with people, and lay them in like herrings. One row will require 12,000, and four thousand rows make one layer of 48,000,000—just enough for North Americans. To make them feel more comfortable, we will put between each layer a bed of straw and leaves, say thirty feet thick, which will take all the straw and leaves in the world. Upon the Americans we will lay 3,000,000 of Australians and 45,000,000 of Asiatics, another layer. There are about 800,000,000 more Asiatics; thus we proceed until all the rest of mankind are in—1,400,000,000, in about thirty layers. The box is now about half full, and it would require about fifteen times that number of people to fill it. What shall we do? Animals, of course, are left still. Take the whole animated creation, yet it is not full; and all this is only one geographic cubic mile, of which the earth contains 2662."

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

##### The Grand Duke Nicholas and Osman Pasha.

On the 10th of December, 1877, after a weary siege of five months, and a last desperate effort on the part of the besieged to break through General Tölebe's inexorable circle of steel, a white flag was seen in the Turkish ranks, and a loud shout went up from a thousand Russian throats. Plevna was on the point of surrender. A Turkish officer, Tewfik Bey, chief of Osman Pasha's staff, then rode up to General Skobelev and his staff with a flag of truce, and informed the Russians that Osman Pasha was wounded and ready to treat for surrender. After a few words with General Strukoff, of the Czar's staff, Tewfik Bey rode back to his chief. A conference took place between General Ganetsky and Osman Ghazi, and in an hour the latter had surrendered with his whole army to the Russians. The greatest sympathy and regard was shown on all sides to Osman Pasha, whose bravery and skill all admired, and the wounded General was placed in a carriage and driven into Plevna. Hearing, however, that the Grand Duke Nicholas was coming in his direction, Osman Pasha turned back to meet him. The Grand Duke rode up to the carriage, and for some seconds the two chiefs gazed into each other's faces without the utterance of a word. Then the Grand Duke stretched out his hand, and shook the hand of Osman Pasha heartily, and said: "I compliment you on your defense of Plevna. It is one of the most splendid military feats in history." Osman Pasha smiled sadly, rose painfully to his feet in spite of his wound, said something, and then reseated himself. The Russian officers all cried, "Bravo!" "Bravo!" repeatedly, and all saluted respectfully. There was not one among them who did not gaze on the Hero of Plevna, with the greatest admiration and sympathy. Prince Charles, who had arrived, rode up, and repeated unwittingly almost every word of the Grand Duke, and likewise shook hands. Osman Pasha again rose and bowed, this time in grim silence. He wore a loose blue cloak, with no apparent mark on it to designate his rank, and a red fez. He is a large, strongly-built man, the lower part of whose face is covered with a short black beard, without a streak of gray. He has a large Roman nose and black eyes. The face is a strong face, with energy and determination stamped on every feature—yet a tired, wan face also, and with a sad, enduring, thoughtful look out of the black eyes. On December 11th, the day after the surrender of Plevna, the Czar paid a visit to the town, riding through the streets, and lunched in a small house, where Osman Pasha was presented to him. Osman Pasha was carried by a Cossack officer and one of his attendants. On passing through the yard to the house in which the Czar was lunched, many of the staff who were breakfasting rose from their tables, and saluted the brave General, crying, "Bravo, bravo! Osman." The Pasha, though suffering very much pain from the wound in his leg, acknowledged the compliment by nodding and smiling. The Czar shook hands with the captive General, and told him that, in consideration of his brave defense of Plevna, he had given orders that his sword should be returned to him, and that he could wear it. Osman was then carried out as he was brought in, amidst the renewed cheering of the staff officers.

##### The Arrival of the Czar at St. Petersburg.

The Czar returned to St. Petersburg on December 22d, being received with the most hearty enthusiasm by all classes and ranks of his subjects. Vast throngs filled the streets long before the hour fixed for his arrival, thousands of soldiers lined the roadway, the houses were decorated with flags and cloths of the most brilliant colors, while staff and general officers rode hither and thither, no longer in the sombre costume of actual warfare, but in all the holiday attire of gold lace and plumes. The Czar, with his son, the Grand Duke Sergius, drove to the Kazan Cathedral, amid the salvos of artillery and the shouts and cheers of the multitude. The way was led by General Trepoff, Minister of Police, and the little sledge was surrounded by a brilliant staff, and followed by an escort of horse guards. At the Cathedral the scene was most striking, the Czar being met by the Metropolitan in all his most gorgeous robes, and attended by his clergy. A brief religious ceremony ensued, and then the Czar re-entered his sledge and drove to the Winter Palace, the Alexander Platz being densely thronged by a closely packed multitude.

##### King Alfonso Receiving the Morocco Embassy.

We represented in a recent number some presents forwarded by the Emperor of Morocco to the King of Spain through a special embassy. This week, we show the reception of the ambassadors by King Alfonso in the Throne Room of the Real Palace in Madrid, on November 22d. The distinguished visitors, accompanied by their official interpreters, were escorted by a squadron of cavalry from their quarters in the *Hôtel de Paris* to the palace, where they were courteously received by the King. Their addresses were delivered in their native tongue, and were immediately repeated in Spanish to King Alfonso by Signor Silveira, Minister of State. The general purport of the speeches was, that the Embassy had been sent to Madrid by the Sultan of Morocco, in order to renew the compact of amity which exist between the governments of the two nations. The assurances of the ambassadors were responded to in similar friendly tones on behalf of King Alfonso, after which the audience broke up. The Moroccans were entertained in liberal style by their Spanish hosts during their entire stay in Madrid. Among other displays prepared expressly for their delectation was a grand Field Day of Spanish troops, the manoeuvres of which were accompanied with a mock battle, under the personal direction of King Alfonso, on the plains of Carabanchel, on Nov. 35th. The Embassy left Madrid for their native land on the 1st of December.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE uniform telegraphic rate between France and Germany is now four cents a word.

—IN Kansas they are said to be burning corn for fuel, and find it to be cheaper than wood.

—TELEPHONIC communication has been successfully established between Nashville and Louisville, a distance of nearly two hundred miles.

—MORE than fifty kinds of petrified nuts have been found near Colorado Springs, Cal. Many of them belong to a class now found only in the tropics.

—"ARCADIA" is proposed as the name of a British American province to be founded by the union of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, if a plan of union can be agreed upon.

—THE statue of "Liberty Lighting the World" is approaching completion. M. Bartholdi expects to show it at the exhibition in Paris next year. The London Academy calls it a magnificent colossus.

—GREAT BRITAIN and her colonies have contributed over \$3,000,000 to relieve those suffering by famine in India. Since the first appeal for relief the average daily receipts have been \$50,000.

—It is rumored among the Chinese that in consequence of numerous national calamities of late the Emperor has been solicited to change his dynastic title, and thereby appease the wrath of the gods.

—A COMPARISON of the coal discovered in the Far North by the recent English Arctic expedition with coal from thirteen different seams in Great Britain, shows that the composition is very nearly the same.

—A RESIDENT of Hanover, N. H., has sued a young townsman for three hundred dollars for room rent, fuel and light during the defendant's courtship of the plaintiff's stepdaughter, a period of over four years.

—LAST year there were published in England 3,049 new books and 2,046 new editions, and 481 American publications were imported. As usual theology leads, with 485 books brought out—fiction, with 446, being second.

—A SPANISH city—name not given—is said to have offered to a Philadelphia firm the contract for opening a boulevard two miles long and two hundred feet wide through the heart of the town. Cost to be \$8,000,000, including \$5,000,000 for the property taken.

—AT Washington, the other day, a scientific baseball player was, with a piece of brick, demonstrating to a considerable audience that curved pitching was a possibility, when the too-much-curving brick took a negro on the head. He drew a pistol, and shot a third person through the shoulder.

—IN Dundee the droughty, where five spring wheelbarrows were ordered by the police for the use of drunken bodies during the holiday season, the ministers have all read from the pulpit a paper urging the discontinuance of the practice of offering wine and spirits to those attending funerals.

—THEY are making experiments in Paris, with every prospect of success, in the casting of type in toughened glass. The material has the advantage of cleanliness, is harder than type metal and can be cast into more delicate shades. Besides this it can be cast in the mold now used by type-founders.

—ATTENTION is directed by the press of Georgia to the large number of persons emigrating from that State to Texas. Colonies of hundreds each are going, bag and baggage, and the infection has spread into South Carolina. The Southern press also chronicles the migrating of several hundred persons from Indiana to Mississippi. A colony from Maine is likewise on its way to the fertile plains of northern Texas.

—THE library at Paris is one of the finest in the world. It contains 86,774 volumes on Catholic theology, 44,692 volumes on the science of language, 289,402 volumes on law, 68,483 volumes on medicine, 441,836 volumes on French history, and 155,672 volumes of poetry. The works on natural science are not catalogued. During 1876, 45,330 French works were added, and 4,565 foreign works, to the library.

—SPECIMENS of paper and cloth made from the California cactus were recently exhibited before the Maryland Academy of Sciences. The cactus grows abundantly in many of our Western States and Territories, and it is found on arid soil where nothing can be cultivated. The success that has been met with in making paper from this plant is so marked that the business will probably be attempted on a large scale.

—A PET monkey in Atlanta was carefully trained to watch a baby, and rock its cradle when it cried. He was considered a very trustworthy and useful brute, but one day, being left alone with the infant, and finding himself unable to stop its crying, he jumped into the cradle, scratched the child's face, bit his ears and nose, tore off its clothes, and, when discovered, was stuffing the bits of cloth into its mouth. He is no longer employed as a nurse.

—THERE will be four grand restaurants at the Paris Exposition this year: two to be kept by a syndicate of Parisian restaurateurs, one by a famous cook from Madrid, one by the Belgian and Austrian brewers. Four buffets will be established at the angles of the palace of the Champ-de-Mars: two kept by Frenchmen, one by an Englishman and one by a Dutchman. Finally four restaurants: two at cheap rates, will be kept in the agricultural building.

—LETTERS from Holland state that the royal family are divided on the subject of entering the German Confederation. The King opposes it, and the Prince of Orange and several other members of the family favor it. Bismarck is said also to desire the annexation to Germany of the Dutch colonies, in order that emigrating Germans may go to them and still remain Germans, instead of expatriating themselves to the United States and becoming lost as German subjects.

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

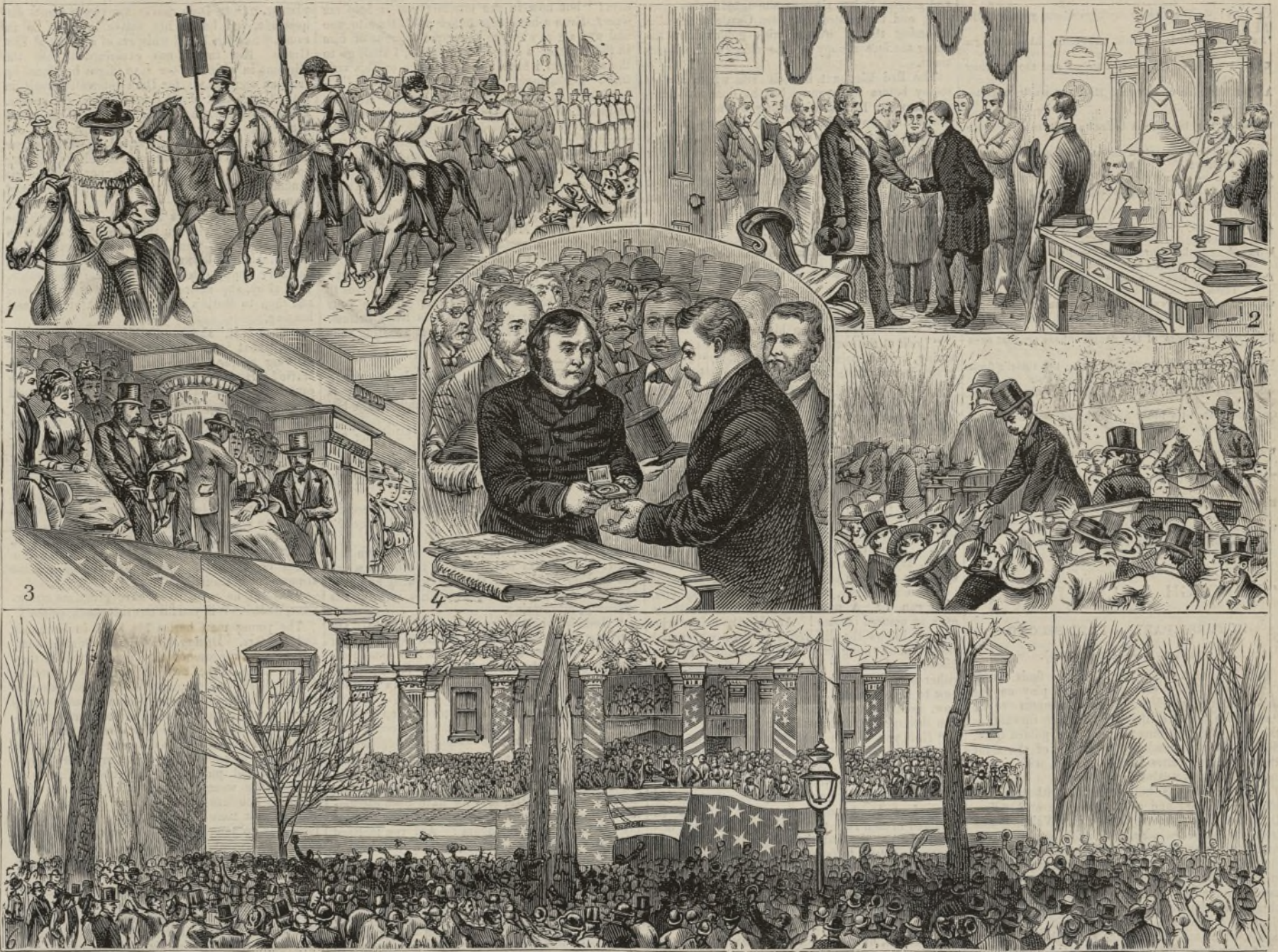
—THERE is living at St. Petersburg a descendant of the famous Dukes of Lusignan, who once reigned over Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia. Mahmoud II. caused to be strangled, in 1821, the uncle of the living descendant, and confiscated his property of eighty million francs. To this day the nephew holds the title papers and other evidences of property. He was formerly an officer in the Russian army, but is now on the retired list. The family is from the Château of Lusignan, in Poitou, France. Caterina Cornaro married James II., of this stock, King of Cyprus. On his death the island passed into the hands of Venice. The surviving Lusignan is an old man. He does not despair of recovering his ancestors' riches from the Porta.





CANADA.—A WINTER'S SABBATH-DAY SCENE—VILLAGERS PROCEEDING TO CHURCH ON SNOWSHOES.—SEE LETTER OF OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PAGE 379.





1. The head of the Procession. 2. The Delegation waiting on the Governor-elect at his residence. 3. A Glimpse of the Gallery. 4. Receiving the Great Seal of the State. 5. Popular Demonstrations.

NEW JERSEY.—THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR GEORGE B. McCLELLAN AT TRENTON, JANUARY 15TH.—SEE PAGE 374.



CONNECTICUT.—THE WRECK OF A MOODY AND SANKEY EXCURSION TRAIN ON THE FARMINGTON RIVER, NEAR TARIFFVILLE, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 15TH.—THE SCENE IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ACCIDENT.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 373.



## ON GUARD.

**A**LAS! for the fate of mothers whose girls are still unwed!  
 'Tis a thought which pains me often, like neuralgia in the head,  
 When I think of the weary watches and the toil they undergo,  
 All for the sake of wayward Maud, or spoilt, ungrateful Flo!

Whoever has been in a ballroom and marked some faces there,  
 And could not preach a sermon on the aging power of care?  
 Or who, if he ever pities, would fail to pity those  
 Whose days are one long struggle, whose nights have no repose?

Ah! whirl away, young maidens, in the swift, ecstatic dance,  
 With cheeks that burn with beauty, with shy, coquettish glance!  
 Do you ever think in such moments—if you ever think at all—  
 Of the love which waits and watches on those lounges by the wall?

Do you ever dream of the dangers those prudent eyes behold,  
 When you, in your happy folly, take the tinsel's flash for gold,  
 And are very near bestowing the treasure of your love  
 On the hawk who hides his cold, bad self 'neath the plumage of the dove?

Well, perhaps we should not blame you too much that you forget—  
 The world is all so pleasant, 'twere hard to doubt it yet;  
 But the time is surely coming when the love of a mother's heart  
 Will be just the love you will yearn for and the world cannot impart!

## "THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY."

## IN THREE PARTS.—PART SECOND.

## CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED).

**A**ND after a dinner, which Marie finds "very nice," they persuade her to play on the organ (which she also pronounces to be "very nice"). She lifts her fair face upwards—the dim light shimmering on her golden hair. She holds her hands in imitation of the saint above her, and raises her great eyes, with a rapt expression, to the saint's sweet head.

Mrs. Burns sits bolt upright, with her wild black eyes closed and a dreamy smile on her lips. Dora hides her face over a book, and Walter beams from the one red window which the sun still tints. And the elephant? Yes, he is here, spoiling the picture to which even Dot contributes with the harmonious tints of her quiet dress, and two gleaming hands supporting a small, dark head. The elephant has deposited his monstrous form in a small chair (oh! much too small!) and, with his fat red hands, which can barely reach each other, folded in front, has fixed his small blue eyes immovably upon the beauty's face.

The book Dot holds is "L'Homme qui Rit," and the music lulls her off into a dream in which it is not Big Ben Burns before her, but Gwyn-plaine, and her heart is pierced at the vain struggles of a mighty soul to burst its bars of flesh.

A while afterwards, in the cold twilight, what a delicious going home!

Such peals of laughter as ring out across the river as Marie the Beautiful recalls with vivacity the old lady's eccentricity. And Walter agrees and relates many anecdotes of her oddities. "But Ben is a good old fellow," he says, condescendingly; "and he lets his old mother amuse herself, although, of course, he knows he can never marry. Poor fellow! How dreadful it must be to feel that one is the shape of a bolster!" and he thinks with complacency of his own lithe limbs and picture-face.

Dora laughs a little, too, in the contagion of mirth, but she cannot get that dim, odorless room out of her sight, nor those pathetic, trustful words out of her ears. "This is her room," the old voice says—"my son's wife, who will be a happy woman, and proud of the love of such a man!"

Is she utterly blind to that son's repulsive form? Are we all blind? Dot asks herself, and then she wonders dimly which is most cursed with blindness (for Dot is of a very speculative turn of mind), the old mistress of the castle adoring her monster son, or Walter, here, imagining that Marie—shallow Marie—is a saint or angel!

For he must imagine this.

He would not surely give such looks of adoration to golden hair and great blue eyes, and skin of tender tint, nor even to a lovely smile, did he not deem these but the outward semblance of a soul's deep loveliness.

But Dora herself is blind, save for her one flash of clear-sightedness, which she has already forgotten.

And then, when "Hill Beautiful," Dora's home, is reached, what a merry account of the day is given to Dora's papa, and old Aunt Dorothea, who has had several threats of an attack of hysterics during the day for fear the whole party should have been drowned.

And then Dora hints to papa that it is very dark, and that "Elm Grove" lies many miles away; so papa takes the hint and presses Mr. Franklin to "stay the night" with his most hospitable air.

Some hours later Marie kisses her little friend, and whispers "You are a treasure, Dot! How good of you to manage for me so nicely! I have had a charming day, and Walter is more foolish and delightful than ever."

Dora returns the kiss with a cool one of her own, and then she locks her door and lies awake for many hours, crying out to heaven—this little cherished heiress—to know why we are all so blind? Why Marie must have all, and she only a faithful heart—a dumb heart—that must break some day, however patiently it tries to bear its doom?

Poor little Dora with a beautiful soul—but blind like all the rest!

Meanwhile Marie the Beautiful wisely sleeps, and giggles in her sleep at the antediluvian monster; and the mistress of Fern Castle smiles also, dreaming that a woman with golden hair lies under the lace canopy of the closed and odorous room.

The Red Elephant himself sits where she sat to-day before the organ; but he does not touch the keys for fear of disturbing his mother. He sits looking up at Saint Cecilia through the dim shadows and the moon's wan rays. Her fair face is lifted, and the moonlight shimmering on her hair, turns it to gold. She takes a lily in her hand and offers it to him, smiling divinely. But as he reaches forth, the lily is once more a painted flower in a painted bouquet. Then he puts his big head down on his two big arms, and heaves a sigh like a great porpoise.

## PART THIRD.

## CHAPTER I.—THE STRIKE AT ELM GROVE.

**T**HE young master of Elm Grove has a baffled and unhappy look on his face.

"Look at the condition of those ditches," he is saying, crossly, pointing across the field, "and the grain ripening fast, such as it is, and the least rain will flood my fields and ruin the crop."

The dapper little man he addresses takes off his hat, runs his gloved fingers through his hair, replaces his hat, puts his hands under his coat-tail, shrugs his shoulders and cocks his head on one side, like a bird.

"Yes, I know what you mean! You cannot help me. I am not asking help! I want to know what *am I* to do?"

These words he utters violently, confronting the little gentleman and glaring at him with unhappy eyes. The little gentleman elevates his eyebrows, lays his hand on Walter's shoulder, and speaks in a smooth and deprecating tone.

"You are right, my boy, I cannot help you. How can I? A poor lawyer like me—without even an assured income! An old city codger who scarcely knows the difference between wheat and rice!" The young man stirs under his hand in a discontented way. "No, I cannot help your crop either with money or advice. But I will tell you how to help yourself." Walter begins to listen now, so his father—for it is his father—links his arm through his, and walks on.

"Had you chosen a profession, I might have helped you, my son, with the little influence I possess, but in your hot-headedness (for I cannot call it anything else) you must plant! And this, notwithstanding my warning that planting has become here an expensive pastime only to be indulged in as a rich man's whim. You have understood from the first that, whatever my interest in you and your fortunes, no material help whatever can be forthcoming from me. And I am sure you understand why. Not that I would not help you if I could, my son; but I am poor, and my young children look to me for everything. You have been fairly successful, far beyond my anticipations, until now. Now, however, you meet with a check. Your hands—no longer slaves—wait till harvest time—when you are in their power. Then, having become weary of pledges which they shrewdly doubt your power to redeem, they strike for higher wages—and your grain lies rotting in the field!"

Walter raises his head. "Blow them!" he says, fiercely—"beasts! I wish I could do without them!"

"Gently, gently, my son. I am only stating the case, so as to have it clear in both our minds. The fact is, that you have been rather reckless in your expenditure of funds. Further advances are denied you—a serious thing, when you take it into consideration that these creatures have signified it as their intention to starve rather than do another hand's turn on their present wages. They would probably not have arrived at such a desperate sounding conclusion were they not aware that, before they starve, your crop will doubtless meet with utter ruin. Is it not so, my son?"

"Yes, yes; but, for God's sake, father, come to the point! If you cannot help me, why torture me? What are you driving at?"

The little gentleman appears slightly offended at his son's warmth, but, after a moment's silence, replaces the hand he has withdrawn.

"I shall try and be more concise," he says, "it is rather unusual for a lawyer to ramble as I must have been doing. I do not wish to try your patience. The point is this, you must have a certain amount of ready money, in order to yield to these creatures' demands. And you must yield, just now, else ruin, utter ruin, stares you in the face."

"You are right! Poor bound that I am—dependent on a crop that rain, or wind, or worms, or cursed negroes may blight and blast in one short week!"

"You visit often at Glenallan?"

Walter stares at the irrelevant question, but gives a mute assent.

"And old Downes's little daughter is at home now and grown, is she not?"

Again Walter gives a mute and wondering assent.

"And that child has an income of a thousand per annum—independent of the fortune she will receive at her father's death!"

"I know all that, father. Why isn't it mine?" with a groan.

"Yes!" gleefully, "and why isn't it, Walter? A few soft words and looks—for you are a very handsome fellow, Walter—and that goes a great way with the women! A question asked, and that money is yours."

"Marry for money!" Walter says, musingly, and with a little gesture of repugnance, as though the idea were presented for the first time to his mind. The truth is, he has often thought on this very subject—has often viewed little Dora with eyes of reluctant interest, but Marie the Beautiful has invariably quenched all such ideas with one lovely smile—Marie, Dora's schoolmate, and constant visitor—penniless Marie, whose beauty he has worshiped since his boyhood, before he ever heard of Dora Downes. He has proposed to himself to "come to it some day"—but now—!

He smiles suddenly into the shrewd eyes fixed on his face.

"That does very well for the future, father," he says; "but how in the mischief can it help me now? Even a handsome fellow needs time to woo and wed a girl who has never yet thought of him in the light of a lover. Meanwhile, I shall go to the wall—and I have spent so much on this venture!" lamentingly. "And my credit, father!"

"Yes, your credit—the very thing. Are you an infant, Walter? Do you not comprehend that there may be some slight difference between the credit of an individual utterly destitute of fortune either present or prospective, and that of an individual on the eve of marrying an heiress? For instance, look here, young man" (Walter Franklin, senior, is something of a physiognomist, and he discerns a few weak lines about the boyish mouth Marie so often admires), "I myself, have a certain small amount of ready money which I would not object to put out at interest, were I certain of its safety. Trust? No, I do not trust my own son unless he proves to me that he has prospects. Here, give me your hand and promise me to woo this little heiress. There is a blank check in my pocket awaiting your disposal."

"Father—"

"Yes. Why do you hesitate? Is the young woman plain? Has she a temper? 'Beauty is but skin-deep,' my son, and every path in life has thorns as well as roses."

Walter does not heed him; he is following out a different train of thought.

"If I do not?" he asks.

"In that case I have no more to say on the subject."

"You have the money and will not advance it, unless I promise to try and marry Dora Downes?"

"Just so."

The young man unlinks his arm from his father's, and walks swiftly up to the house without another word. He stares haughtily at a few ragged negroes he meets, who sink away at his approach, murmuring.

"Hounds!" he mutters between his teeth. On reaching the house he takes his meerschaum from its case, and there his father finds him some time later sitting on the piazza, with his feet considerably higher than his head, enveloped in fragrant clouds of smoke.

The old gentleman has recovered any shock that his son's rude treatment may have occasioned him, and approaches with unmoved complacency.

"Come, come, Walter. It isn't often I find time to pay you a visit, boy. You must entertain me well when I do. Suppose I have some curiosity to meet the little lady we have been discussing so unceremoniously? Suppose I pine to meet my old friend Downes again? Are you inclined to gratify me? You are a gentleman of leisure, now, I know."

"With a vengeance!" Walter answers, with less ill-humor than might have been expected, knocking the ashes from his pipe as he speaks. "I don't care if I do. Anything to escape thought! Here, Bill, Tom, David—some of you scoundrels—get my buggy. I am going over to Glenallan. And, July, what are you lurking about the house for? You may tell those fools down there that they may work or not as they choose to-day, that the crop shall rot in the fields before I pay them a penny more than I have said. Tom, have something to eat ready when we come back, and the black mare saddled. Mr. Franklin will want to ride to the station immediately. Or will you stay longer, father?"

"No, my son. One holiday is enough, and more than enough, unless it is the occasion of my son's gratifying his old father by insuring his own present security and future happiness."

The little man utters this in the tone of a prepared speech, and pauses as if for applause.

Some time later they drive up to Glenallan, a little breezy village, on a high ridge among the pines. The first house they approach is Mr. Downes's Summer residence, some dozen miles or so from his plantation.

Marie is here, as usual, spending the Summer with Dora, and the two girls are now visible on the veranda—Dora, on the low step, deep in a book, and Marie, swinging idly in the hammock. Walter avoids his father's eye in the greetings that follow, while the little man says with *empressment*:

"What a surprise!—a delightful surprise, I assure you, Miss Beatty. I had no idea you would forsake the delights of town, even in this dull season, for a rural district. This young rascal gave me no hint of your presence; wishing, I suppose, to have me completely dazzled." Here he gives a low bow. "And little Dora—" with a complete change of tone, "Would little Dora mind giving a kiss to an old friend of her father's, who held her in his lap some twenty years ago?"

Confused, yet charmed, too, by the gentle voice in which Walter's father sees fit to accost her, Dora complies. Then her own father is summoned, and greets his old friend with great cordiality. By-and-by, the two "old codgers," as they persist in calling themselves, go off to the library, and leave the young folks together.

Walter is moody—very moody, and abstracted; but he yields gradually to the charm of Marie's presence, and Dora's shy and gentle smiles, so that when a bell tinkles, and Aunt Dorothea appears, smiling, at the dining-room window, in her brown silk and small lace cap, and the two old men are seen in the background, each sipping a sparkling glass—as an appetiser—the little group breaks up in haste—amazed at the flight of time. The girls repair to their own rooms, and Walter draws out his watch, and exclaims:

"Why, father, have you changed your mind? If not, you will miss your train!"

"Set your mind at rest, my boy; my old friend here has kindly offered to drive me to the station, immediately after dinner, behind the fastest horse in the country—stopping at Elm Grove for my valise. So you will not be forced to tear yourself away immediately from the charming present company," the old man says, blandly, with one of his flattering bows to old Miss Dorothea—as if his compliment were meant for her.

Walter feels uncomfortable, but no one else does, and the meal passes off quite brightly—enlivened by the witticisms of the acrid little

lawyer, and the jovial humor of the hearty old planter. Only Dora marks the young man's disquietude, and busies her active brain as to its cause. She has heard whispers of a strike at Elm Grove. Her father has explained to her the dilemma in which a poor man might be placed by such an occurrence—for Dora interests herself in many things that Marie thinks beyond her sphere. If she could only help him! Of what use is all her money—since the conventionalities of the world bind the hands that would so freely bestow it on him! Then she comforts herself by thinking how she will talk to him after dinner, and win his confidence with regard to his misfortunes—and then she may give him—her sympathy, if nothing else. For Dora knows him well (that is with the blind way in which even the clearest-sighted of us knows his fellow-man). There is a friendly footing established between them now, which makes her very happy often, and often very miserable. By-and-by, she notices that his eyes travel now and then to Marie's face, with a look of grief and longing.

"That is it," she says, stifling the cry of her heart, "that is it. He is poor, and in danger of growing poorer. She, too, is poor, my pretty Marie! He is finding his burden harder than he can bear. God help him and me! Ah, could I only make them happy!"

Sincere and earnest was the wish. Say, was there ever truer love, or more pathetic self-forgetfulness?

Yet all she can do to show her sympathy, her desperate longing to be of use is to infuse into her look and tone a touching gentleness that speaks her secret plainly to the keen old man, and seemed to him an augury of brilliant promise.

So that when, with many excuses to the rest, he draws his son off to the piazza, to say "a few words on business," the success of his scheme seems already assured.

"Well?" he asks, "you have given me no answer, Walter. Will you fill out this check, or not?"

The young man buries his head in his hands and ponders. During the silence which ensues, a light step approaches the blind by which they stand—Dora, in her own little library, searching for a book she had promised Walter. She becomes suddenly aware of their presence, and moves quickly away; but the sound of her own name arrests her steps: "Miss Dora seems to me a very nice little girl," the old man says, and then she pauses irresolute, her green-gray eyes alight, and the blood pulsing on her cheek. She is an honest little woman, and even in her own mind she does not dare to excuse her present action. For the first time in her life, Dora Downes yields recklessly to temptation. She scorns her weakness, yet succumbs. Her small head is stretched forward, eager, yet ashamed; her small fingers clutch each other in her anxiety.

Walter's head is hidden. He is weak, half yielding; but Marie is so beautiful! And Dora—for the first time there creeps into his soul a sort of reverence for the kindly little woman. Her sisterly ways have touched his unstable heart. Can he do her such dishonor?

A sudden courage spurs him on.

"Father," he says, lifting his brown eyes, gravely, "if I ever marry Dora Downes, it will be for love and not for money. I am an unlucky dog! Without the advance you refuse me, I am ruined. Yet I cannot insult that child to save myself!"

The words, and still more the tone, are brave, and sad, and heroic—the very kind to touch Dot's tender heart. Her sympathetic comprehension enables her to embrace the whole situation at a glance.

Walter is himself conscious of the honorable nature of the sentiments he utters. He even half feels them; but then he does not really believe that his father will be so cruel as to refuse to save him, only for this whim!

But to his surprise the blank check is immediately restored to the old man's pocket. "Ha! ha! ha!" he laughs, to Walter's discomfiture; but there is some bitterness mingled with the mirth. "Fine sentiments will not put bread in your mouth, my boy! Good-by. I hope you will be patient under your self-inflicted burden of poverty. Ha! ha!" and as he moves away, he mutters, "he'll come to it. Never fear!—he'll come to it some day."

Dora does not hear a word beyond those Walter has uttered. Her heart glows within her, and her cheeks are wet with sudden tears. Forgetting the book she came to seek, she goes swiftly and softly to her own room, with her hands before her face.

When she is called thence some hours later she is not surprised to learn that Walter left soon after his father, making his excuses in a perturbed and gloomy fashion, and refusing to allow her to be summoned.

No wonder he is gloomy. Noble heart! True to his love, and incorruptible! Accepting ruin rather than deceive a heart that trusts in him! Too proud and faithful to sell himself for gold!

Few women would have viewed his action thus abstractly. Some would have cherished a feeling of pique, but Dora had a heart of gold, however blind her eyes may be.

But she is surprised to find Marie gayly chatting in the parlor with Big Ben Burns. Not that there exists any real cause for surprise, for Mr. Burns often visits at Glenallan, but she is so full of admiration of Walter's nobleness, of sympathy with his perplexities, of sad and faithful devotion to his cause, whatever that may be, that it annoys her to find Marie smiling on the monster, just as she had smiled only a while ago on Walter.

"Mr. Burns has brought me another new piece, Dot," is her greeting, as Dot enters, gravely—"listen!" and, with her head on one side, Marie hums the air—a tender *adagio*. "Isn't it lovely? But I don't get it quite—let us hear it, Mr. Burns!"

As if her word were law, the Elephant takes up the strain, with a very red face. At first Dora stands listlessly before them—her eyes fixed coldly on the monster; but, in a moment, she turns her head aside, then creeps off to the window, and, as the plaintive accents die away, she asks, abruptly, with a tremulous chord in her voice:



"And you composed *this*, too?"

"Yes, for Miss Marie," he answers, simply.

He cannot but mark the peculiar gentleness of Dora's tone when she addresses him—the absence of all coquetry in Marie's air. The Elephant has the sensitive heart of a woman—her quick instincts and calm resignation—below his mountain of flesh. He understands the reason why these creatures flush and tremble under Walter Franklin's gaze; why they pout, and frown, and dimple at his words, and meanwhile treat him frankly, as they treat the village pastor or Miss Dorothea. He understands, and he submits.

And while he is thinking thus, and listening to Marie as she tells of balls and conquests, and brilliant scenes, the glitter of which have never caught his eye from his still sanctum at Fern Castle—Dora marks a strange look in those small blue eyes. It is a look which might come from some dumb animal in pain. It startles her and sets her thinking; it stirs a great pitifulness in her heart—a pitifulness which flashes for an instant in her face as she bids the Elephant "Good-night" on his departure.

And then she surprises Marie by staring straight into her face, and saying, with a quiver:

"Marie, I love that man!"

"You!" Marie cries, her eyes a blank of wild amazement. "You—love—that—man!" And then she breaks out into peals of frantic laughter. "Oh, Dora, the idea! What a spectacle it would be! A tiny mouse like you, and the Elephant!"

Then Dora, finding herself misunderstood, gravely rescues the poor *adagio* from under Marie's feet, and seeks consolation in the piazza with papa. Her conference there continues quite a length of time, and, during that conference, Dora proves herself to be very sly, as well as shy; very earnest, very eager; very wise, and also very foolish (so says papa), and very, very persistent; and, above all (apparently), very much ashamed. Finally, papa has a small brown hand placed on either side of his gray head, and a very tender kiss imprinted on his lips.

The next morning there is a visitor at Elm Grove, on business, who presses Walter Franklin to accept a loan for any length of time, at a very trifling rate of interest, from an old friend, who is indignant at the trick "those darkies" have played him.

After much persuasion, Walter yields.

The hands have their way, and work goes merrily on at Elm Grove.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## SUNDAY IN CANADA.

VILLAGERS PROCEEDING TO CHURCH ON SNOWSHOES.

LORETTE, U. C. December 27th, 1877.

Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

I WAS present lately at a strange, quaint, and old-world scene in the snows of Canada at a little village called Lorette. It was Sunday morning, and out across the deep and silent snow that enveloped the earth as in a seamless shroud, the villagers wended their way towards the little Catholic church that lay sleeping in the hollow, its Gothic roof ribbed with white, its bell pealing sweetly and clearly upon the thin, crisp air. From log-huts in the gaunt trees, from homes on the hillside, from coigns of vantage in cozy dens, from lone residences on bleak and barren moors, the faithful filtered towards the "Prayer in Stone," gliding across the glistening carpet of diamonds and down—singly, in pairs, and in groups. The aged, with slow and cautious steps, the young, skimming over the snow with an elastic, skating motion, and with cheeks all aglow in the bright, invigorating atmosphere. The men were attired in coats of bearskin, or of cloth trimmed with fur, their loose trousers gathered into untanned leather leggings below the knee, with bearskin high caps. The women wore coats bound and lined with fur, and reddish-brown felt hats, far stretching as to leaf, bearing a strong resemblance to the head-dresses in an opera bouffe, being quite Offenbachian as to picturesque effect. It would seem an impossibility to move gracefully in snowshoes, those great flapping impedimenta that, to the uninitiated, are as canoes attached to the feet, and about as difficult to stir as Robinson Crusoe's long-boat, but to the villagers of Lorette they were as the *talaria* to the god Mercury, wings where-with to skim across the crystallized path. Youth and age passed onward, pausing in respectful reverence before a rude wooden crucifix that stood by the wayside, and saluting by touch of forehead the image of the Virgin and Child niched in the cross. The women courted, the men bowed; a silence falling upon each passer-by, even a pair of whispering lovers ceased their gentle converse to perform this ceremony, and a rosy-cheeked boy stopped his whistling until he, too, had done his *devoir*.

I was much struck by the appearance of a puritanical-looking old man, who, with arms folded and eyes bent upon the ground, muttered his *Ave* aloud. In the distance an old woman, stooped, and shuffling along by the aid of a stick, in her short skirts and almost conical hat, might have been taken for a witch. Onward trooped the simple villagers in obedience to the silver call from the tiny church-tower. Canada is full of quaint and vivid scenes like this, and a trip on the Pas-umpic and South-eastern Railway, through the guidance of the courteous and efficient agent, Mr. S. Leve, of 271 Broadway, will repay the tourist "even unto the uttermost measure."

## JOHN BROUGHAM.

JOHN BROUGHAM, the favorite actor and playwright, who was the recipient of two monster benefits in New York City, on Thursday, January 17th, was born in Dublin, Ireland, May 9th, 1810. His early predilection was for the medical profession, but before he had advanced to an engrossing stage in his studies, a tender of a Government clerkship attracted him to London, where, like many other and less worthy young men who have great expectations in supposed political influence, he failed to secure the coveted and promised prize. Disappointed in this, but by no means to a desponding degree, he managed to defray his expenses in the great city by giving lessons in drawing.

It was while so employed that he gave

freedom to a new-born aspiration for the stage, and he took advantage of every opportunity that could possibly accelerate his progress to recognition on the boards. Circumstances of rare favor surrounded the Thespian student, and on a July night, in 1830, he made his *début* at the Tottenham Street Theatre. The piece was "Tom and Jerry," and in this young Brougham appeared in the character of a countryman, costermonger, sweep, gentleman, sailor and jockey. After this he had engagements in the Olympic and Haymarket Theatres, and in 1840 his success had been so marked that he was able to leave the Lyceum, in which he appeared in his first original piece.

Two years later he came to the United States, and, stopping at New York, he made his American *début* at the Park Theatre as *Tim Moore*, in "The Irish Lion." Thence he made a professional tour of the leading cities in the Union, and at its close he took the management of a theatre in Boston for a short time, relinquishing it to build the Lyceum, afterwards known as Wallack's Theatre, in New York, in 1850. After two seasons he withdrew from this house, and managed the Bowery during 1856-57. In September, 1860, he sailed for Europe, remaining abroad until 1865, when he returned, and, with Mr. Savage, opened at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York.

The late Colonel James Fisk, Jr., when at the height of his power, became a staunch friend of Mr. Brougham, and built for him the theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, subsequently called the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in 1868. During the last few years he has traveled considerably, playing his own pieces, and it was while on his last professional tour that the illness which has rendered him incapable of treading the boards took him most unwillingly to his bed.

Mr. Brougham has been twice married, but has never been blessed with children.

Few persons are aware of the vast amount of literary labor that has been performed by Mr. Brougham during his long connection with the stage. Much of his work is only remembered by the generation now passing away, yet the following list of his productions will show that he has been anything but an idle man, and that as author, playwright and actor, he is entitled to a handsome recognition at the hands of the people whom he has striven so hard to please. We quote from a published authority:

Romance and Reality.	Playing With Fire.
Domby and Son.	The Game of Love.
Jane Eyre.	David Copperfield.
Dred; or, The Dismal Swamp.	Night and Morning.
The Red Mask.	Franklin.
The Gunmaker of Moscow.	All's Fair in Love.
Actress of Padua.	Bel Demonio.
The Golden Dream.	Art and Artifice.
Pocahontas.	Columbus.
The Irish Yankee.	Life in New York.
The Demon Lover.	Shylock, a travestie.
Musard Ball.	Leonore.
The Great Tragic Revival.	Neptune's Defeat.
The Emerald Ring.	Red Light.
John Garth.	Pirates of the Mississippi.
This House To Be Sold.	The World's Fair.
The Money Market.	Flies in the Web.

Besides the above comedies and adaptations, which embrace only the best known of Mr. Brougham's pieces, he has found time to paint, sketch with pencil, edit "The Bunby Papers," "The Basket of Chips," "the Lantern," and to write bushels of poetry, not a little of which has met with favorable mention on both sides of the Atlantic. Industry of this character deserves its reward. There are few among our literary men who can point to a similar exhibition of intellectual service; and if it has been Mr. Brougham's fault that he has not derived the revenue that should justly result from such labor, it is one for which those who know him best will find condonation in the warm, happy-souled, generous and genial nature of the man.

## A Memorable Convention.

THE old French Convention lasted three years one month and four days. It had 749 members and passed 11,210 decrees. Of its 749 members 58 were guillotined—Dumay, June 26th, 1793, being the first to look through the little window, and the head of Bishop Huguet the last to fall, October 6th, 1793, into the basket; 8 were assassinated and 2 shot; 14 committed suicide; 5 died of grief; 6 perished in abject misery; 3 died on the highway, to be eaten by dogs; 1—Armonville, the last wearer of the red cap—perished in the army; 1 was carried away by the Prussians and never heard of; 3 died suddenly; 1 expired in prison; 1 fell dead of joy on learning that Bonaparte had disembarked at Frejus; 138 perished in exile or in penal settlements; 23 were never heard of from the date of the Eighteenth Brumaire; 65 vanished after the coronation of Napoleon, and 25 died in obscurity and poverty. The convention had 63 presiding officers, of whom 18 were guillotined and 8 transported; 22 were outlawed and 6 sentenced to imprisonment for life; 4 died in madhouses and 3 committed suicide.

## This Year's Turkish Parliament.

THE opening of the second Ottoman Parliament was almost a counterpart of the ceremony of last year, except that last year the diplomatic ranks, thinned and mutilated after the conference, showed a poor front of *Chargés d'Affaires* only, and even of those, not many; this year, the gaps having been filled, the diplomatic body added its full *quintan* of cocked hats and gold lace to the brilliancy of effect. In other respects it was much the same. The scene, the throne-room of Dolma-baghché, was unchanged in any of its details. The same strips of carpet marked the exact space on which the honorable members were to stand, facing the throne—a lumbering piece of furniture, which only true believers suppose to be of gold. There were the Greek, Armenian, Jewish and Moslem priesthoods, rivaling each other in the splendor of their attire; also the Ottoman officials, displaying on their backs and bosoms as much value in gold lace as would considerably relieve the embarrassment of the Treasury. As a picture, the scene was one which pleased the eye to behold; as a political event, portentous of great results, it probably will not be so effective. The small, globular form of Kiamil Pasha, rolling backwards, was again the forerunner of the Sultan, and immediately following, Abdul Hamid and his suite entered the hall. His Majesty appeared somewhat more at his ease than last year. The amiable, well-meaning Sultan, even at his best, is but a poor object to behold. Looked at and stared at he was, nevertheless, and, during the few minutes that he remained in the hall, he had to stand the gaze of hundreds of eyes, an ordeal not likely to add to the comfort and composure of a nervous man.

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Yellow Glass for Spectacles.**—Yellow glass gives greater rest to the eyes than either blue or green, and objects at a distance can be seen more distinctly with than without it. At rifle-practice the yellow glass was found to take off all the glare of the light without impeding vision, and allowed the men to see the targets most distinctly. Yellow glass cuts off chemical rays, and, perhaps, on that account has a less injurious effect on the eyes.

**Preserving Wood from Decay.**—The new process invented by Hatzfeld is to inject tannin, as contained in common pyroligneous acid, into wood confined in closed vessels, and to follow this up by the injection of a protoxide of iron. An insoluble tannate of iron is thus formed in the pores of the wood, which gives a complete guarantee of durability. The albumen of the wood is coagulated, tanning it, so to speak, and thus preserving it.

**Coloring Canned Vegetables by Chlorophyll.**—Guillemere and Lecourt have experimented successfully with chlorophyll, as a substitute for the salts of copper in giving a green color to peas, beans, cucumbers and other canned or pickled vegetables. The color thus obtained is said to be more natural than that which is imparted by copper, the vegetables are more wholesome, and the flavor is better on account of the absence of all astringent or metallic taste.

**The Fishes of Lake Nicaragua.**—Drs. Gill and Bransford have found characteristically marine forms in the fresh water Lake of Nicaragua: for example, a shark and saw-fish. A similar combination appears in the Philippines, where, in a fresh water lake, a saw fish and a dog fish are found. These instances suggest caution in generalizing on physiological conditions from fossil remains. The most probable cause of such a combination is the detention and survival of salt-water fishes in inlets of the sea that have become isolated and gradually transformed into fresh-water lakes.

**Cleaning Diatoms with Glycerine.**—Mr. James Neil, of Cleveland, Ohio, uses glycerine as a means of separating diatom shells from foreign matter with which they are generally mixed. The diatoms, after being treated with acid and thoroughly washed, are shaken up in some pure water and poured gently over the diluted glycerine. If carefully done the diatoms sink through the water and into the glycerine faster than any impurities, and a pipe introduced through the water into the glycerine will bring up remarkably clean diatoms, which are to be afterwards freed from glycerine by repeated washing and decanting.

**Phosphor-bronze.**—The experiments of the English Admiralty have shown that sheathing of phosphor-bronze withstands the action of sea-water nearly three times as long as the best copper sheathing; it is, however, very expensive, and a substitute has been proposed in Austria, composed of phosphor-tin instead of phosphor-copper, as the proper alloy for making the bronze. The proportion of 95 per cent. tin and 5 per cent. phosphorus is stable and can be melted any number of times without change. The phosphor-bronze made from this mixture is only about 8 per cent. dearer than common bronze, while it is 40 per cent. cheaper than the phosphor-bronze which is imported from England or Germany.

**Spyllite, a New Columbian Mineral.**—Professor J. W. Mallet, of the University of Virginia, has found a new mineral containing columbium, in Amherst County, Virginia, and to which he has given the name of Spyllite. It is exceedingly rare and all that he could obtain out of a large lot of rock was less than a pound. By aid of the refined processes of modern chemical analysis, Professor Mallet was able to show the presence of no fewer than twenty-one different substances in the spyllite. Nearly one-half of it by weight was columbic acid. The discovery has at present only a scientific value, but there is no telling to what purposes columbium may not some day be devoted. Any addition to our knowledge of its occurrence must therefore be welcome.

**Geodetic Survey of Brazil.**—The Emperor of Brazil has formed a commission charged with the determination of geographical positions in the Empire, and the first work of this commission is just published. It contains an account of the determination of the longitude and latitude of Barra de Pirahy. Geodetic operations are continued for localities situated on the prolongation of the Santos Railway, and also on the parallel (10 degrees in length) destined to join Rio to the great meridian of the Empire, which will be measured by the commission. A route for a railroad is to be surveyed from the head of navigation of the river Madeira across to Bolivia, by which the transit across the continent will be greatly facilitated.

**The Religion of North American Indians.**—Major Powell has made a scientific study of this question. The savage philosopher believes in a system of worlds (not globes, but localities of existence)—the world of this life and the world or region to which he will proceed hereafter. The world of the hereafter is beyond some river, sea, cañon, chasm, or mountain range, and is reached by a bridge, a ferry, or a dangerous mountain pass. The sun and moon are always personages, and meteorological phenomena are the acts of persons or of personified animals. There is nothing that is not explained in their philosophy. The gods of the nomadic tribes are animals, for in all animal nature the nomad sees things too wonderful for him, and from admiration he grows to superstitious reverence, and the animals become his gods. The Indian religion is a development from fetishism.

**The Origin of the American Horse.**—It is a mistake to suppose that the horse was introduced on to this continent from Europe. The oldest representative of this animal, according to Professor Marsh, is the diminutive *Eohippus*, found in the Rocky Mountain eocene rocks. Several species have been discovered, all about the size of a fox. The early types had forty-four teeth, the molars with short crowns, and there were four well-developed toes and a rudiment of another on the fore-foot and three toes behind. As we ascend in the geological position of the rocks the horse grows larger and begins to approach nearer to the living species. The *mesohippus* is about as large as a sheep; the *miotrochus* still larger. The last one found is the *pliohippus*, which has lost the small hooflets, and in other respects is very equine. Only in the upper pliocene does the true horse appear, and complete the genealogy. After this the horse may have become extinct, but that is a question for naturalists to determine.

**Dry Plates in Photography.**—The perfecting of dry plate processes must have a marked effect on the future of photography, as when such plates are capable of being employed under all circumstances, the heavy paraphernalia attendant on the wet process may be consigned to the lumber-room, and the worker in the field or laboratory need only be dependent on his box of sensitive plates and his camera. It is difficult to say which one of the several processes now known is the best. The simple bromide of silver emulsion either held on the plate embedded in collodion or gelatine, appears to bear away the palm for excellence. But much can be said in favor of other methods. It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of dry plates to the increase of our knowledge in all departments of science, and as soon as every traveler can carry a box of them with him wherever he goes, we shall have pictures of every novelty to be met with in nature. "Every man his own Photographer," is the presumptive title of a book that may some day be on sale.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Pope's only remaining relative is a nun.

DR. GOTTHIEL, a leading Jewish minister of New York, receives \$10,000 a year.

ROMAN gossip says Cardinal Cullen is the only foreigner that can possibly succeed the Pope.

MR. J. C. FLOOD, of the Nevada Bonanza, gave \$6,000 to various charitable institutions at Christmas.

MR. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW has been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Spanish Academy of Madrid.

MR. CHARLES CROCKER, one of the foremost millionaires of California, was a newsboy in Troy, New York, in 1835.

BARON TAUCHNITZ, the Leipzig publisher, has just been nominated by the King of Saxony to a life peerage in the Upper House of the Saxon Parliament.

THERE are several bronze statues of American military celebrities in the public grounds at Washington. The original of one only, McPherson, fell in battle.

THE association in England which has in hand the project of erecting a monument to Sir Rowland Hill, the originator of cheap postage, reports having £1,560 now on hand, and will at once engage a sculptor.

It is announced that Rev. Dr. Seymour, Bishop-elect of Springfield, Ill., will shortly marry Miss Susan Tyng Cox, a cousin of Rev. Stephen S. Tyng, Jr., rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York City.

MISS MARILLA RICHER, who is fighting to be made a notary public at Washington, is a New Hampshire woman, stately and majestic, with short, curly black hair, a rich dark complexion, and deep blue eyes.

AN eagle of great size and beauty has been hovering round Windsor Castle of late, often settling over the Queen's apartments, and the event has created no little talk among superstitious folk in the environs.

JUST before Christmas-time the night sentinels stationed round the Emperor's palace at Berlin were doubled, and extra ammunition was served out to each man: this in consequence of repeated insults to the sentries by the people.

At a recent dinner of the Yale alumni of San Francisco the toast "the Presidents of Yale" was responded to by Sherman Day, of the Class of 1826, a son of the late President Jeremiah Day, and the oldest graduate of Yale on the Pacific Coast.

SECRETARY EVARTS is said to be thinking of giving occasional receptions in the spacious audience room of the new Department of State building, to the diplomatic corps and other dignitaries, similar to the receptions given at the foreign offices in London and Paris.

"THE THIRD ESTATE," a drama based upon incidents in the French Revolution, written by Mr. Edward Greey, will be played by Mrs. D. P. Bowers at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, in February, and afterwards in this city. This drama has made a great hit in California.

THE tallest man in the United States is probably Henry Thurston, a native of Missouri, now residing in Titus County, Texas, and formerly a Confederate soldier, who stands seven feet and six inches in his bare feet. Barnum offered him a large sum to join his exhibition, but he declined.

DON CARLOS, who is traveling incognito in Italy, has been robbed of the Collar of the Golden Fleece, an ornament valuable not only in the pecuniary sense, but historically, as having been made in 1430 for Philip, Duke of Burgundy, on the occasion of his founding the Order in celebration of his third marriage.

EX-SENATOR B. F. WADE and more than a hundred other citizens of Ohio, have signed a memorial which has been sent to the Senate, asking that the statute of limitations in regard to pensions may be repealed, in order to enable deserving soldiers to obtain their dues, notwithstanding that they may have failed to apply for pensions within the time fixed by law.

MISS LOTTIE SARGENT, of Boston, is able to sing each of the four parts of a quartet with equal ease. Her voice has been cultivated under the instruction of Boston's best teachers, and is considered one of the most wonderful on record. When she sings bass her hearers find it difficult to believe that it is not a man singing. Her high notes are also strong, clear and sweet.

SENORA MANTILLA, wife of the Spanish Minister at Washington, is a brunette. The contour of her features is uniformly of curves, making a soft and mild outline, lit up by a pair of full, brilliant black eyes; full lips, round cheeks and chin, nose *retroussé*, hair and eyebrows black as a raven's wing, a tapering, round arm, a pretty little hand, a high-arched delicate foot, and a perfect figure to match, are prominent points in the lady's appearance.

MR. REMINGTON, the well-known rifle manufacturer, owns one of the finest houses in Cairo. Some six or seven years ago the Khédive, in order to encourage the erection of good houses for the European and Europeanized residents, and to attract new ones from abroad, offered to give building lots of the value of \$10,000 and upward to every person who would build thereon a house of fixed value, rising in proportion to the estimated worth of the gift. The bait took, and a new town of several thousands of houses now occupies the site. Some of these cost as much as \$100,000. Spacious gardens surround most of them.

"AUNT POLLY" JEROME, of New London, Conn., has just celebrated her hundredth birthday. But once in her lifetime has she been outside the borders of New London. When, during the war of 1812-14, the British ships-of-war blockaded New London Harbor and prevented the fleet of Decatur from putting out to sea, the women and children of the beleaguered town were sent beyond its limits for their safety's sake. With them went Polly and her little family, returning only when peace had been declared. She has never ridden in a railroad-car or on a steamboat, and knows nothing of modern facilities for travel.

THE admirable story of "Mrs. Fizzlebury's New Girl," written for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, has been adapted by its brilliant author, Mr. E. J. De Cordova, as a lecture. On the evening of Saturday, January 12th, it was delivered in Chickering Hall before a large and fashionable audience, whom the lecturer, with his peculiar skill, held rapt in cheerful admiration through the entire story, notwithstanding that to a majority of those present it was already familiar through its appearance in these columns. The narrative is replete with delicate fancy, and its charm was heightened in Mr. De Cordova's reading by his wonderful imitative power and flexible voice, which adapted itself to the varied styles of utterance of all the characters in the tale.



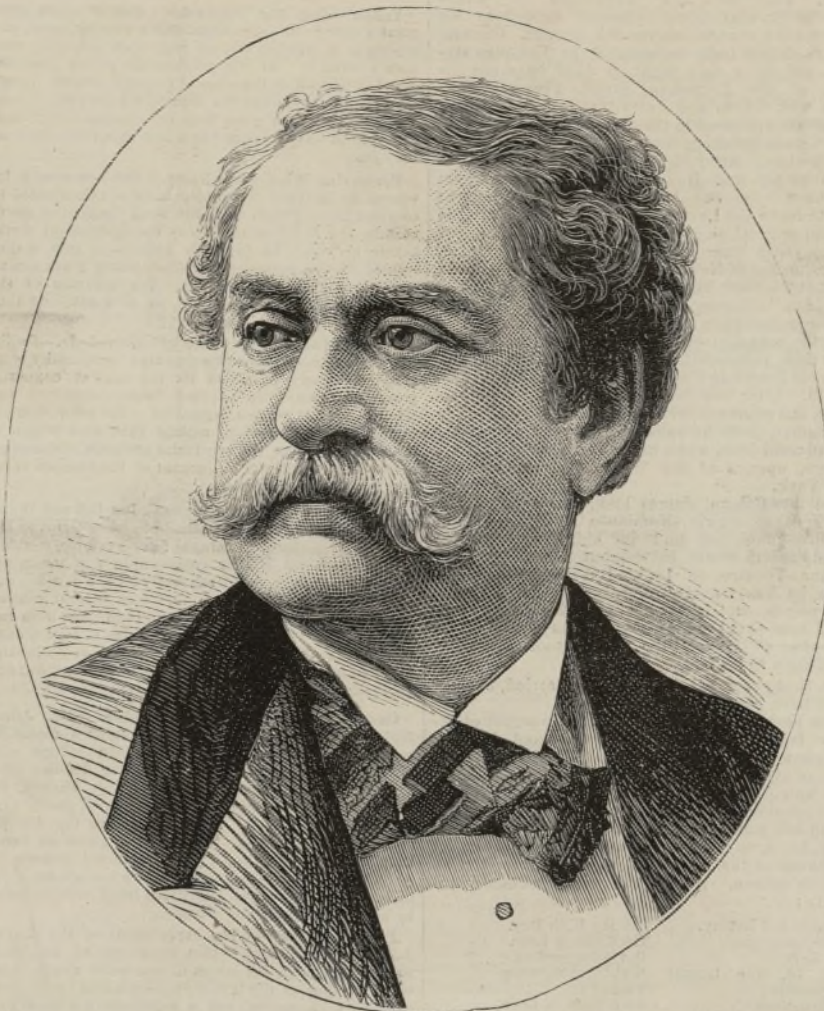
## FANCY PIGEONS.

## ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL COLUMBIAN SOCIETY.

A BRILLIANT display of the varieties of bird-life and structure attainable by careful breeding in a single species was given in this city during the past week. On January 16th the third annual exhibition of fancy pigeons by the National Columbian Society was opened at the New York Aquarium, and continued until the 22d. A hundred specimens were arranged in coops about the well-lighted and well-ventilated hall. The collection ranks the finest ever made in this country, and compares favorably with the largest exhibitions in England. Included in the classes were the well-known species of pouters, carriers, barbs, short-faced tumbler, owls, trumpeters, fantails, turbits, Jacobins, priests, swallows, Antwerps, nuns and magpies, with other varieties usually found in such large collections. Many of the specimens were very beautiful. There were birds exquisite in form and in feather, so delicately tinted that it was difficult to catch their real color. Some would weigh nearly five pounds—the runts, for instance—while there were a few of the owls of such fragile form that their avoirdupois did not exceed five ounces. In young birds the society feels inclined to be proud of the exhibition, as they think that in number and character the collection was never before approached on this side of the Atlantic. The representative exhibitors were from different sections of the country.

Many of these have imported and bred the classes of birds they like best for amusement and the love they have for the beautiful in this form. Fabulous prices have been paid for a few of the importations, one male specimen of the carriers being pointed to with pride as having cost £50 in London. Other specimens required £10 and £15 to purchase them.

The pouters were a grand collection, and filled many coops. The carriers were very fine. Some of the black birds, as well as the exquisite nuns, among the number, must receive the commendation of those who are competent to touch upon the points which go to make up the perfect bird. These points in a perfect carrier-pigeon, according to the Fulton Standard, sum up a total of fifty-eight, and are marked as follows: Beak, 7; beak wattle, 12; space between eye and beak wattle, 2; eye wattle, 9; skull, 4; gullet, 3; neck, 6; width and flatness of shoulders, 2; width and fullness of breast, 2; length of flight and tail, 2; length and form of thigh, 4; length of leg, 3; color, 2. So the carriers receiving all these marks are considered perfect. Some of the white African owls were recently sent from a large collection in Germany to compare with those bred in America. The beauty of this type, as well as those of the Chinese or whiskered owls and the wholly white birds, is universally admitted. A perfect owl will, in the estimation of the judges, be found to have the following points: Beak, 6; skull, 7; gullet, 6; trill, 8; size, 3; shape and carriage of body, 3; color of eye, 1-34. The Jacobins made a grand collection, and the competition was very severe for the prizes. The frills or hoods back of the heads of these look all smooth and nice, as if brushed up for this special occasion. They are of many beautiful colors. Fantails are numerous and handsome; so are the turbits and trumpeters, which is the same with the pretty nuns and good-looking priests. Swallows, too, and aris-



NEW YORK CITY.—JOHN BROUGHAM, THE VETERAN COMEDIAN, AUTHOR AND PLAYWRIGHT.—SEE PAGE 379.

tocratic Antwerps were in choice types and in goodly number. The Society premiums for the best collection of pigeons is a gold medal or \$50 cash. The special premium of note is that of \$500 for the best collection of pouters, barbs, short-faced tumbler, Russian trumpeters and owls, offered by the Aquarium proprietors.

At 3 p. m. of January 16th Mr. Waffler released, in front of the Aquarium building, seventy thoroughbred Antwerps. They immediately took wing for the coets at Mr. Waffler's residence in Hoboken, and reached them in four and a half minutes, having flown a distance of between six and seven miles.

## THE HON. JAMES T. FARLEY,

UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM CALIFORNIA.

JAMES T. FARLEY, United States Senator-elect from California, who will succeed Mr. Sargent, Republican, March 4th, 1879, is a native of Albemarle County, Virginia, and now about forty-eight years of age. He removed, when quite young, to Missouri, and thence in 1850 to California, where he engaged for a while in mining, and afterwards in the practice of law. In 1854 he was elected a mem-

ber of the Legislature as a Whig, and in the following year he was re-elected, but upon the Know-Nothing ticket. In this session he became Speaker of the Assembly. During the twentieth and twenty-first sessions he was a member of the State Senate. In 1873, he received the Democratic caucus's nomination for United States Senator, but was beaten by ex-Governor Newton Booth by four votes. Two years later, he was Chairman of the Senate Committee on Corporations, and took a very active part in the deliberations upon legislation to regulate railroad fares and freights. He is said to be a good judge of men, full of personal magnetism, and a man who never makes an enemy or loses a friend, if it is possible to avoid it. He is a shrewd politician, a remarkably skillful organizer, and a Democratic authority throughout the State.

He was elected United States Senator by the two Houses of the Legislature, on December 18th last, be a strict party vote.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE RECENT EXHIBITION AT THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

EVERY article in the late Loan Collection, from the old-world tapestry to the Satsuma saki pots, was a *rara avis in terris*, and the selection by an artist a matter of considerable difficulty. Our illustration in this issue gives in No. 1 an ivory chair, 600 years old, that formerly belonged to the Kings of Delhi, the back legs being composed each of an elephant's tusk. This time-hallowed article is the property of Mr. F. S. Elridge. Nos. 2 and 3 are rare specimens of old monastic lamps used in Italian convents, and now exhibited by Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong. Nos. 4, 5, 7 and 11 are unique Peruvian pottery vases. No. 6 is a rare exhibit, being a flower-vase of rhinoceros horn, carved in the chastest manner, and representing a veritable bouquet of delicately molded blossoms. No. 9 is an admirable sample of oak-carving, the figures being clearly cut out, and full of vivid expression. This cabinet was lent by Mrs. Pinchot. Nos. 8 and 10 are antique chairs of that date when uncompromising cushions and unyielding backs were the order of the day. No. 12 is a church lamp, very ancient, and preserved with marvelous care. No. 13, a silver bottle, from the Vale of Cashmere. The filigree-work upon this exhibit is fairy-like, and Mrs. Newbold is to be congratulated upon being its possessor. No. 14 is a bust of Cicero in antique bronze, exhibited by Mr. M. B. Pinchot.

The picture-gallery was full of gems, the walls literally flashing with the gorgeous coloring of Rossi and others of his bright particular school. In "The Old Age of a Prince," by this artist, from the collection of J. J. Astor, Rossi is at his best, as is also Deltaille in a scene in the Franco-German war, also lent by Mr. Astor.

Gérome's "Egyptian Butcher," exhibited by Mr. John Hoey, and Meissonnier's "The King is Within," revealed the immense powers of this celebrated artist in a very special manner. Mr. John Wolf exhibited one of Doré's, "Don Quixote Entertained by the student Basil and his wife Quiteria"; while Vibert's "Chatelaine" was given to the public gaze by Mr. Robert L. Cutting. Another of Rossi's, sent in by Mr. W. B. Dinsmore, "The Picnic," attracted universal comment.



1. Pair of red piped tumbler, worth £500. 2. Thoroughbred English carrier. 3. Thoroughbred Antwerp carrier. 4. One of a pair of royal crowned pigeons, imported from Africa. 5. Nun pigeon. 6. Pair of white ruffed tumbler. 7. Family of Jacobins. 8. Mr. Waffler setting seventy Antwerp carriers free. 9. Pair of owl pigeons. 10. Pair almond tumbler.

NEW YORK CITY.—THE NATIONAL COLUMBIAN SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION OF PIGEONS AT THE AQUARIUM, OPENED JANUARY 16TH.





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

Of the laces, Mrs. Astor's cases contained Point d'Argentan, 1750-1800; Guipure à brides d'Angleterre, 1670-1710; Point de France, 1670-1700; Point de France, 1670-1700; 2 pieces Point Coupé, 1580-1660; Point de Gènes, 1620-1660; 3 pieces Malines, Louis XV.; Malines, barbe and lace, 1740-1800; Point de Venise, 1660-1700; Point d'Angleterre, 1650-1700.

Mrs. August Belmont contributed a Flounce Venetian Rose Point, 1700; 1 Barbe Point d'Alençon, 1790; 1 Barbe Point d'Angleterre, 1790; 1 Chalice Vail Raised Venetian Point, 1690; all of the most

elaborate and unique designs. Mrs. W. P. Furniss exhibited a cap (Fanchon) of Venice Point. The origin of this lace was the imitation of coral brought home to a lace-worker (in point coupé) by her sailor lover, when she declared she would make something more beautiful than this (woven by the mermaids of the seas) with her needle.

A coverlet in Venetian Point of various kinds, bearing on it the arms of the family in Venice for whom it was made, and exhibited by Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant, was a veritable centre of attraction. With such a combination, success was but a

foregone conclusion. A rich treat has been afforded the Empire City, and the recent Loan Exhibition will dwell in the memories of those who visited it as a joyous halting-place in the journey of art.

#### THE NEW CHAPEL OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE congregation of the Chapel of St. Augustine, a branch of Trinity Parish, who have been worshipping in their temporary quarters in the Bowery for several years, took possession of their new edifice in East Houston Street on November 30th. The new chapel faces on Houston Street, and is built of brown stone of two tints. There are three entrances, one, twenty feet wide, leading to the church, and two side entrances which lead to the lecture-room and the parish school rooms. The interior of the chapel is cruciform, with an open Gothic roof. It will seat eight hundred persons, and is lighted by side windows of stained glass, and ventilated by large air-ducts, and by windows in the roof.

The pews are of ash, the chancel is very large, and the altar was used in Trinity Church for over twenty-five years, until its place was taken by the Astor reredos.

The chapel bell was cast in 1700, and was given to Trinity Church by the Bishop of London.

The cross surmounting the spire is composed of gas-pipes, perforated so as to admit of illumination by night, and the effect of the sparkling cross seen at so great a height on a cloudy evening is very grand. The architects of the new building were Messrs. Potter and Robertson, and the expenses aggregated about \$300,000. Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, M. A., is the clergyman in charge, and Dr. Morgan Dix, rector.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CHAPEL OF ST. AUGUSTINE, ON HOUSTON STREET, NEAR THE BOWERY.



THE HON. JAMES T. FARLEY, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM CALIFORNIA.



## The Victorian Era.

IT is nearly forty years ago since Queen Victoria, in 1837, opened her first Parliament, being present in person, as, indeed, her Majesty almost always was at the opening of every session until the death of the Prince Consort in 1861. Since that bereavement her Majesty has opened only four sessions of Parliament in person—namely, those of 1866, 1867, 1871, and 1876, to which list the session of 1877 is now to be added. The first occasion on which the Queen was present in Parliament was in July, 1837, when her Majesty, having succeeded to the Throne on the 20th of the preceding month, went in state to close the Parliament then sitting, and which had been holding its third session. The new Parliament, the first in the present reign, was opened by the Queen in person in November, 1837; and her Majesty went again to the Palace of Westminster on the 23d of December, to give the Royal assent to the Civil List Bill, and to thank Parliament for the settlement thus made. This Parliament sat through four sessions, every one of which was opened and closed by her Majesty in person. The last, however, owing to a vote of want of confidence in Lord Melbourne's administration being carried in the House of Commons, was closed in June, 1841, before it had quite completed the work of the session, and with a view to an immediate dissolution. The new Parliament, the second in the present reign, met in August, 1841, for a short autumnal sitting, which was opened and closed by commission, and in which the Melbourne Ministry were again defeated, and had to give place to that of Sir R. Peel. This Parliament sat through the six sessions 1842-47, and all, except the second, were opened by her Majesty in person. The next, the third Parliament, was opened by commission in November, 1847, and the session lasted until the 5th of September, 1848, both Houses having sat in some part of every one of the eleven months except January. This Parliament also sat for four more sessions, 1849-52, all but one of them being opened by the Queen in person. The fourth Parliament was opened by her Majesty in person in November, 1852, and so, also, was every one of the three other complete sessions of that Parliament. A fifth session was opened by commission in February, 1857, but was cut short by a dissolution in March, in consequence of Lord Palmerston's Government being defeated on a motion by Mr. Cobden condemning recent hostilities in China.

The Queen's Fifth Parliament was opened by commission in May, 1857. Her Majesty in person opened the second session, which, in the course of February, saw Lord Palmerston's Government defeated, and Lord Derby again Prime Minister. A third session was opened in February, 1859, by the Queen in person, but was closed in April with a view to a dissolution, in consequence of the defeat of Lord Derby's Ministry on their Reform Bill. The sixth Parliament was opened by her Majesty in person in June, 1859, in which month Lord Derby had to give place to Lord Palmerston. This Parliament sat through six subsequent sessions. Those of 1860 and 1861 were opened by the Queen in person; but then came the death of Prince Albert, and her Majesty met that Parliament no more. It was dissolved at the end of the session of 1865, in the seventh year of its age. The Queen's seventh Parliament was opened in 1866, her Majesty being present in person; but the speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. The same course was taken in opening the session of 1867; but the following session of 1867-68 was opened by commission. This, which was the last Parliament elected under the Reform Act of 1832, was dissolved in 1868, that there might be a general election under the new Reform Acts, passed under the Derby and Disraeli Administrations. The eighth Parliament of the present reign met in December, 1868, Mr. Disraeli having already resigned on seeing the result of the election. This Parliament sat through five sessions, 1869-73, all held under Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, and all opened by commission, except that of 1871, on which occasion her Majesty was present in person. Her Majesty's ninth Parliament—the present one—met in March, 1874, and was opened by commission, as also was the session of 1875; but the Queen was present in person at the opening of the session of 1876, and the same is to be said of 1877. Those who care to count will find, notwithstanding the disabling calamity of 1861, her Majesty has been present in most instances (about three in five) on the opening of a session of Parliament during her reign, meeting the assembled legislators of the kingdom, and, on the way, the people, too. In the forty years her Majesty has had eight Prime Ministers—Lord Melbourne, Sir R. Peel, Lord J. Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone.

## FUN.

THE first thing in a boot is the last.  
MINTS-MEAT—"The dollar of our fathers."  
AN end that very few banks come to—Divid-end.  
WHEN is a mother a father? When she's a sigher.  
WHAT a few raw a famine in the oyster market would cause.  
BABY shows have proved disastrous ever since the one King Herod inaugurated.  
SILENCE is not always golden. The oyster is continually getting into broils and stews.  
RAILROAD men may not always be good dancers, but they are very skillful on a brake-down.  
THE best way to interest the Indian in agriculture is to show him that whisky is made out of corn.  
ON the theory of the survival of the fittest, the tailor and the dressmaker ought ere long to possess the earth.  
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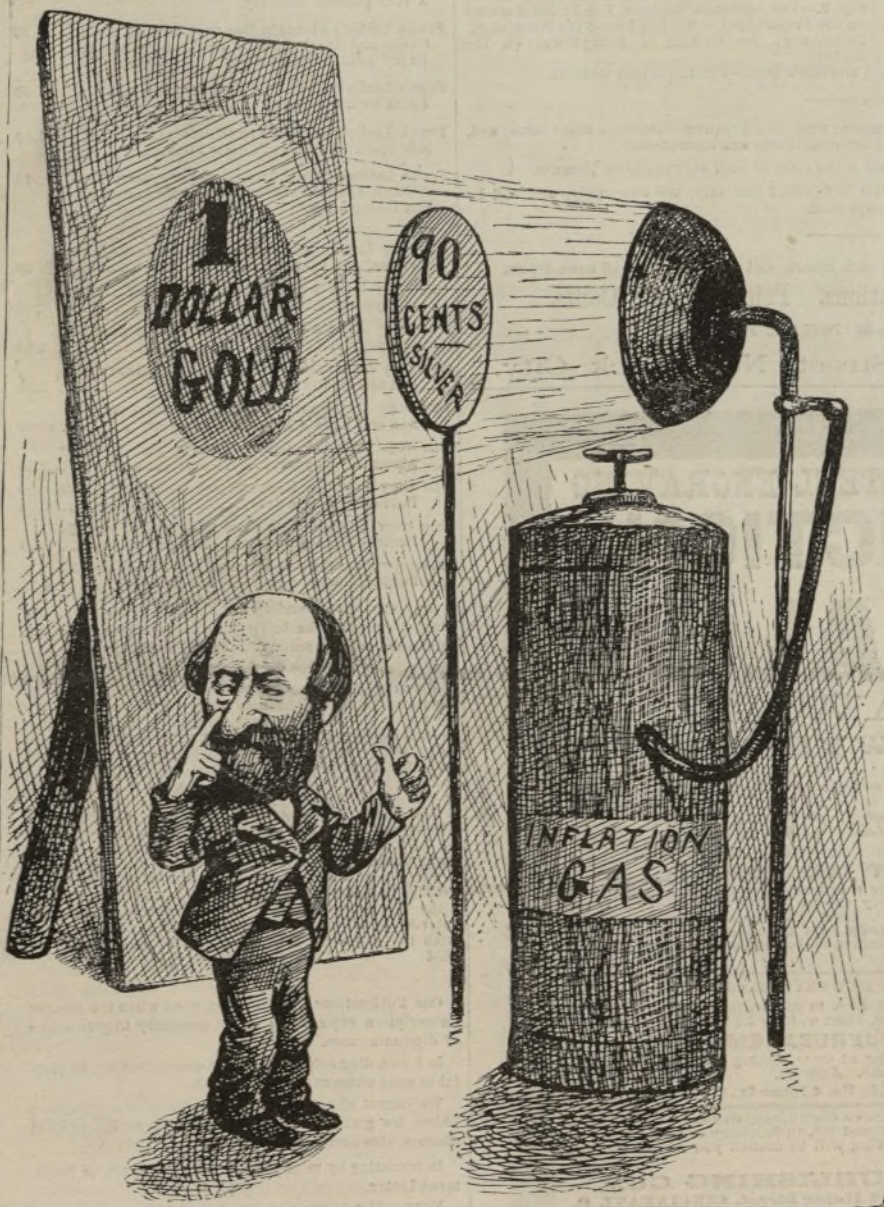
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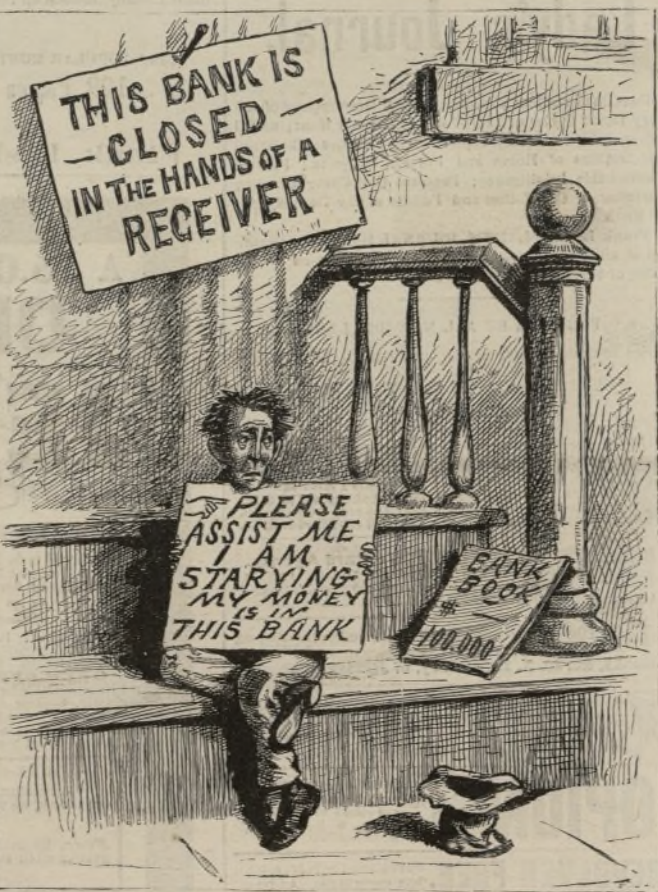


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