

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NORTH CAROLINA.—AN INCIDENT OF THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "METROPOLIS" OFF CURRITUCK BEACH, JANUARY 31st—OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT, ON THEIR WAY TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER, DISCOVERING THE BODY OF ONE OF THE VICTIMS.—SEE PAGE 428.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
 NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 23, 1878.

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THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

WE begin in this issue the publication of "The Shadow on the Wall," a novel of domestic and social life, which our readers will find charmingly attractive. The plot is laid in England; the well-portrayed characters move in paths of life with which Americans are familiar, and the incidents, though not worked up with sensational fervor, are invested throughout with well sustained interest that continues to the closing chapter.

THE PROFIT AND LOSS OF
"SILVER MONEY."

WE closed our last discussion of the "Silver Question" with the expression of the opinion that both the opponents and the advocates of silver remonetization are practicing an illusion on themselves with regard to the working of that measure in the matter of "paying the public debt." As everybody sees that the first necessity of the nation is to relieve its productive forces from the burden of taxation, such as that with which they were most injudiciously laden during Mr. Boutwell's administration of the Treasury Department (when \$400,000,000 were wrung from the people in the guise of "paying the public debt"), it is not likely that the silver remonetizers, if they should carry their point in the present Congress, will proceed to levy taxes on the "dear people" for the sake of paying the "bloated bondholders," even in a depreciated currency. And as the bondholders may be reasonably credited with sagacity enough to perceive this truth, it is not likely that they will be in haste to throw their bonds on the market, and to "realize" on them in gold. Doubtless, the immediate effect of the remonetization of silver will be to produce a decline in the market value of our securities; but this decline will not result so much from the normal and immediate operation of the "silver dollar" upon the public debt as from the apprehension that the men who have favored it, as a means for cheapening the payment of the public debt, will not hesitate to do worse when the delusion of the silver dollar has been made patent to the public mind. The threat of Bland and his coadjutors—that they will "wipe out" the public debt if they cannot pay it in silver—is a more formidable spectre than the phantom hopes they have based on restoring the "dollar of the fathers" to its place in our monetary system. But while the silver dollar of 412½ grains, though made a legal tender for all debts, might not actually be used in extinguishing the national indebtedness, we suppose that the same majority which was strong enough to carry it through Congress would insist that it should be used at once in paying the interest on the public debt. This would at once effect a decline in the selling price and market value of our securities, as held by their present owners, according to the differences between \$97,000,000 paid annually in gold and \$97,000,000 paid annually

in silver. And this loss of the bondholders would not be the Government's gain in the long run, for if the Government gained ten per cent. on the \$97,000,000 which it pays annually as interest on the public debt, it would also lose ten per cent. on the \$130,000,000 which it now collects in gold by the customs duty laid on imports—that is, the Government would damage itself more than it would damage its creditors by undertaking to discharge its obligations in a depreciated currency. The champions of silver money would find that it is a boomerang they are skirmishing with, if they could only be brought to study the back-handed action of the instrument.

It does not need to be said that the remonetization of silver dooms the nation to bear a needless burden of taxation in order to meet the annual interest on the public debt, for that policy puts a permanent embargo on all efforts to refund the debt at a lower rate of interest. Of the six per cent. loans, about \$660,000,000 are now redeemable at the pleasure of the Government; and of the whole debt, \$1,452,000,000, held at different rates of interest, are redeemable on or before the year 1881. So, by refunding all the bonds which are now redeemable, the Government might at once save \$13,200,000 every year in taxes coming from the "hard earnings" of the people, while after 1881 it might save \$22,000,000 per annum. Yet in spite of these figures staring them in the face, our silver sophisters continue to cry for "the dollar of the fathers"! Is not this paying dear for their silver whistle?

But it still remains to speak of the strongest objection to the policy of this movement. Silver during the last week has been quoted in London at 53½d. per ounce. The gold value of a 412½-grain silver dollar would therefore be a little less than 90 cents, and, if this rate should continue, the introduction of silver dollars into our monetary system would tend at once to depreciate our currency ten per cent. And the effect of this depreciation is not to be measured simply by the degree in which it "minishes and brings low" the purchasing power of the greenback currency by making it redeemable in silver rather than gold. At a time when the greenback dollar had wellnigh reached par in gold, to smite it with a paralysis, impairing nearly one-tenth of its exchangeable value, is an act of fatuity which has not been exceeded since the time of that eccentric English gentleman who, for a wager, stood upon London Bridge during a whole day, offering to all passers a gold sovereign in exchange for a silver shilling.

But the positive loss inflicted by silver remonetization on the purchasing power of our currency, and on the savings of the poor invested in Government securities or deposited in savings banks, is not the greatest of the evils which are likely to result from remitting our currency to the régime of changing values from which it has been almost wholly resuscitated by the near approach of resumption in gold. The financial whirligig will again be set in motion, not indeed with the oscillations which marked the rise and fall of greenbacks during the war, but with oscillations determined by the rise and fall of silver as measured in the markets of the world with the value of gold. Silver we may use, but its value in gold will measure its purchasing power, and as this value rises or falls the relations of our internal trade will be thrown into confusion, while in the relations of our foreign trade we shall be subjected to all the disadvantages inseparable from transactions in which a baser metal of changing values comes into competition with a superior metal which has the element of greater stability and of greater convenience in handling where large payments are concerned. In such cases the risks and losses of agiotage redound inevitably and always to the detriment of the country trading in the baser and fluctuating measure of value.

It was this consideration which induced the statesmen of Germany to demonetize silver in the hour of their victory over France. It was this consideration which induced the statesmen of France to arrest the further coinage of silver in the hour of their humiliation, and by so doing they helped themselves to pluck a financial triumph from the jaws of an unexpected military defeat. That the statesmen of the United States should be laboriously seeking to place themselves in the position of financial inferiority from which the most enlightened nations of Europe are laboriously seeking an exit, is a problem which we must leave to be discussed by financial Dunderbays inside and outside of Congress.

AMERICAN COMMERCE AND
PRODUCTION.

WE are glad to notice that a national convention is to be held at Washington on the 19th instant for considering the depressed condition of our commercial interests, and for inaugurating measures looking to its relief. The New York Chamber of Commerce and other similar bodies will

send delegates, and the proceedings are certain to excite unusual interest. The leading merchants of the country are united in the belief that an enlarged export market should be secured for our over-production of manufactured goods; that our commerce at foreign ports should be fostered and protected; that our merchant marine should be improved so that the mails may be carried in American vessels, if possible; and that efficient marine avenues should be established for the transit of our excess of productions to foreign ports, and especially those on the American continent. These are important questions. In the present depressed state of business, they are of vital interest. The efforts of Great Britain, in our colonial days, were directed to the suppression of our manufacturing industries, and the restriction of our commerce on the seas, through navigation laws and other oppressive measures. War failed to achieve this end, but peace has brought it about. Our laws imposing burdens on shipbuilding have operated badly, and the European countries have sustained steam communication with other lands by means of generous gifts for carrying the mails. Under the fostering hand of Government, British steam lines became firmly established before we were alive to the change that was going on. When iron steamers came into vogue, the almost exclusive passenger traffic on the ocean passed into English hands. It has been kept there by legislation. When, not long ago, it was proposed in Parliament to throw India and China mail contracts open to foreign competition, it was objected at once that "to receive proposals for carrying Her Majesty's mail from any foreign country, would be 'free trade' run mad." Yet, with us, the capital that was earned on the sea has been directed inland, and the most lavish gifts of the national domain have been bestowed upon railways, while the ocean, covering three-fifths of the earth's surface, and free to all, has been left, as respects steam navigation, to the undisturbed possession of other maritime nations.

It is pitiful to reflect on the mean figure our commerce cuts in mercantile annals. England paid out last year nearly five million dollars to steam mail lines, and her exports amounted to \$748,711,480, where ours were \$41,122,383. The total of our grants to steamship lines in the past ten years has been \$5,887,830, while to Pacific railroads the enormous sum of \$144,213,078 has been donated in lands, bonds and interest. As a result of her liberal policy, England finds an almost universal market for her manufactured goods, and the commerce of the West Indies, South America, Mexico, and Central America, which belongs by natural right to the United States, is in the hands of the Mother Country. Last year our total exports of cotton manufactures was \$10,251,056, while Great Britain shows \$358,858,565; and the figures hold good in all other lines except leather products and manufacturing implements. Such figures as these show the great need of looking up new markets for the surplus products of our industries. Perhaps the result of the national convention, to be held on the 19th instant, may be that some of our extra capital will seek investment in maritime ventures. If so, it will give needed employment to our trained mechanics, and open fresh markets to the owners and tillers of our broad acres. The link between our commerce and our products is a vital one.

REVIVAL OF THE INCOME TAX.

THE House of Representatives has been shown by its recent vote to harbor members sufficient in point of numbers and determination to reinflit the income tax upon a country already suffering so much beyond what is necessary—the mistakes and vacillations of the law-making body being added to other and inevitable causes of prevailing financial distress. The pretext for this resort to the income tax is said, as reported in the Washington dispatches, to be the necessity of supplying a deficit in the revenue certain to be occasioned by the Congressional desire and intention to reduce the tax on whisky and tobacco. To the hopelessly poor and those whose incomes are within a limitation, say of one thousand dollars or thereabouts, it is considered the income tax must be a matter of unconcern, or, rather, of strong approbation. And the law appeals strongly to the masses and the prejudices of the poor against the rich, by holding out the expectation that through its means a tax will be collected out of the wealthy alone, and in direct proportion to the amount of that wealth. Being related to the class prejudices of the poor and their own immunity, the favor with which such a tax is received is by no means measured by the clearness of their comprehension of its practical workings. And even as to members of Congress, owing their seats to the popular vote, with the impression that the people will applaud a measure, it is easy to satisfy themselves that the true interests of the people are being considered in adopt-

ing it. Of course, in matters relating to political economy, including taxation, there must be many seated in Congress whose studies, habits of thought and experience do not serve to give them any insight or comprehension of the problem presented, other than that of the masses, and ignorance is in such cases the only crime. Again, there will be always a minority, who inevitably take the wrong side and represent in sincerity the exploded conclusions of persistent dissenters from established science. But without the seductive influence of demagogism, it is not at all likely that the intelligently perverted and the popularly ignorant would make up a majority of the Representatives.

The income tax is attractive, because the rich in this way are to be compelled in proportion to their riches to bear the burdens of the Government. What more just than this result? And what more popular enactment than a law which provides for such result? That the result will certainly follow the enactment goes without saying, from its very desirability. If to this is added the favor that is done to such large and extended interests as the whisky trade and the tobacco trade by lessening the tax burdens on the latter, and the public revenue is provided for, why should not the revisers of the law be greatly applauded? Now, we assume that there cannot be any dispute that the first principle of the science of taxation is, that so far as possible revenue should be raised from what are not necessities but luxuries, and that the two articles to be relieved are of all others not necessities but luxuries to those who like them. We suppose that there is no limit, except a financial one, to the propriety of taxing whisky and tobacco. If the amount and manner of the tax does not thwart itself by producing illicit and untaxed production, the profit on the articles evading the tax being in such cases great enough to brave the risk of penalties and forfeitures, there is no ordinary limit to the tax which these articles would properly bear. So long as legitimate dealers alone manufacture and sell, "it is not the producer but the drinker and the smoker who pays the tax." And the drinkers and smokers are so well persuaded that they are simply indulging in luxuries, that no bona fide petition would be presented in their behalf to reduce the taxation on these articles. We do not suppose that the call for a reduction of taxation on these articles is made in consequence of any restrictive or prohibitory effect of existing laws. If that were so, it would scarcely be said, as it is, that a deficit will be created by reducing these taxes.

Apart from all this, and assuming the necessity of increased sources of revenue, the voice of science, based on experience, is conclusive against the imposition of an income tax. The objections to it are patent and well known. The theory that it secures the contribution of taxes in the direct ratio of the gains of those who are enabled by the Government to make these gains, is pure theory. There is no way of taxing an income until the amount of the income is ascertained, and, as matter of fact and experience, it is impossible to obtain this information with sufficient correctness and uniformity to approach equality and justice. The only reliance of the Government upon returns is to be furnished by those in receipt of income. The reward of those perfectly conscientious is to have saddled upon them the full amount of the tax, and more, in many cases of misapprehension. It is sufficient to say that the list of the perfectly conscientious in this matter has been found a minority. Those with fixed incomes, as from salaries and annuities, are so circumstanced as to be consciously chargeable with definite incomes, and these, in cases of fraudulent returns, the tax-collector has some chance of ascertaining. But as to the gains from business of all kinds in which the income is not fixed, and which includes the principal sources of the income sought to be taxed, it is impossible for the tax-collector to ascertain the facts on which the tax can be equally imposed. In many cases the recipients themselves, no doubt, would have great difficulty in satisfying themselves what the exact amount of the income was. At any rate, it is not ascertained with any completeness of accuracy, and no penalties nor measures of inquiry are adequate to enable the Government to possess itself of the facts.

Taxation which is uncertain and unequal in its application is only to be endured in despotic countries, and it is one of the worst obstacles to successful industry and national prosperity. In an emergency like the present, it is not necessary to add this to the number of distressing financial uncertainties. The inquisitorial function, besides, is one that ill befits our Government, and one that can only rouse resistance. And the necessity imposed on the conscientious to divulge their private affairs to the detriment of their business and the advantage of the unscrupulous, is also a consideration to which one legislating for the general good should give great weight before imposing an income

tax. Those in hopeless poverty will see nothing but benefits in the tax. The many who now do not care to make discovery of inadequate incomes to disappoint the Government and their business allies, see no reason why Congress should enact a theory, unless more places and fees are needed for officers of the revenue. When articles are taxed the rich pay the tax when they consume them. When persons are taxed the rich protect themselves in proportion to their means and interests at stake. It is not legislative ability, but the lack of it, which at this juncture relies upon an income tax to meet the necessities of the revenue.

AN ABUSE OF THE LAW.

ONE of the worst abuses of the machinery of justice is in the gratification of petty spite or a mean revenge. The motive of the law is the protection of life and property and character. The statute-book is a hedge built up around the person, the estate, the honor of every citizen. The costly mechanism for the administration of justice is built up and kept in operation to detect and punish real offenses against person, property and character. This is its justification. The people never grudge the expense of the courts, because every citizen has a deep personal interest at stake. Public welfare and private safety alike require that the safeguards of law shall be kept in order. To seize and divert them from their original and legitimate purpose, by using them to vent personal spite on an individual, is a great wrong to the individual who is made the victim of the abuse, and a degradation of law and justice, which tends to bring both into disgrace and breaks down the bulwarks of personal reputation and safety. Recent events have forced this topic again upon public notice. The publisher of this paper has no disposition to intrude his own personal grievances upon its readers. The facts are now well known, and do not need recital. But the case belongs to a class of actions which calls for special notice and condemnation. It is another instance of the abuse of the law and the machinery for its administration to gratify personal malice and wreak a paltry and contemptible revenge. There have been other notable instances of the same abuse. Mr. Charles A. Dana, the able editor of the *Sun*, has been subjected to similar treatment. The law, made to punish real misdemeanors, was wrested from its original purpose and used as a club to smite down a man who had earned enmity by his bold exposures of wrong and his unflinching fidelity to his convictions. Residents of this city will remember with pain and shame how the late Samuel Bowles, the brilliant Massachusetts journalist, was set upon by the notorious Jim Fisk, who procured his arrest, on a trumped-up charge, and had him thrown into Ludlow Street Jail in the night, when it was too late for him to secure bail or a trial, and while his wife was sick at a hotel. Mr. Bowles had exposed the villainous transactions of Fisk, and called him by his right name; and Fisk, with the spirit of a coward and poltroon, seized the first opportunity to secure his revenge, and, too much of a coward to meet a man in a manly way, he sneaked behind the breastwork of the law, and by a vile trick compelled its officers to do his dirty work. A score of other instances of the same kind might be mentioned. But the point is too plain to need illustration. The abuse is flagrant and calls for rectification. It is not enough to merely condemn the coward who, not daring to strike a blow himself, compels the policeman to strike it for him. It ought to be made impossible for a mean wretch to wreak vengeance by the forms and machinery of the law on a man who, perhaps, has never wronged him, in a spirit of spite and malice. Such an abuse of law turns the sword, which should be a terror to offenders, upon the breasts of honest men. It makes the officers of justice the accomplices of villainy. It degrades the court into an apparatus for personal injury. It puts personal character and convenience and safety in constant peril, for no one who has an enemy is safe. The interests of all men are at stake, and require that the forms of law shall not be degraded into the means of inflicting personal wrong, and the officers of justice shall not be employed to strike down innocent people at the dictation of rascals.

A BILL intended to put an end to one of the strongest objections to the College of the City of New York was introduced in the New York Assembly on February 7th. It provides that "it shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, heretofore established by law, to furnish gratuitously, under such regulations as the by-laws of said Board may establish through the College of the City of New York, the benefit of education to all male students residing in the City of New York who shall pass the preliminary examination for admission prescribed by

the said Board of Trustees." At present, none except students from public schools are admitted. Boys from private schools would like to be admitted.

THE EASTERN WAR.

THE news from the Russian army in Turkey has been fraught with so many surprises during the past week that conjecture as to the probable issue has become useless, and the Western World is forced to content itself with digesting, as it best can, the startling dispatches which arrive daily from the Orient. At the present writing the indications are that Russia, acting with sublime indifference for the great European Powers, has actually entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Turkey! If such be the case, the wonderful transformation into allies of the two recent belligerents will probably be the signal for a general European war. Austria claims to have been duped by Russia in the matter of occupying the Danubian fortresses, and is preparing to encounter still greater surprises. But the greatest strain of disgust has fallen upon Great Britain. The Ottoman Government feels that its old-time reliance upon British assurances has been misplaced, and finds greater hope of comfort in Russian protection than in the more distant alliance. On the 7th inst. in the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer communicated a summary of the terms of the armistice. According to this the line of demarcation fixed by the armistice places in Russian hands almost all of Bulgaria and Roumelia up to the lines of Constantinople and Gallipoli. Three days' notice is to be given before the resumption of hostilities. Another article of the armistice stipulates that the Turks are to remove their arms on evacuating places within the neutral zone which will divide the two armies. The dispatch concludes by stating that the Turks have commenced the withdrawal of guns from the Constantinople lines. The Chancellor said that "these conditions disclose such a state of affairs that the Government, in view of possible disturbance in Constantinople, has ordered a portion of the fleet thither, not as a departure from neutrality, but as a protection to life and property. The Government has notified this step to the other Powers, asking whether they will join in the movement; it has also notified Russia." The announcement was received with deafening cheers, indicating a willingness on the part of John Bull to fight. But the object of the impending struggle will not be the autonomy of Turkey.

INGERSOLLISM.

COLONEL ROBERT A. INGERSOLL, of Illinois, is too well known by report to need introduction to the readers of this paper. He is a lawyer, a politician and a propagandist of a species of materialistic infidelity, and he is a popular orator also, with a good presence, an engaging manner, and an unusually effective way of saying things. He has wit, humor, cleverness, the rhetorical faculty in a high state of development, and the power of condensing his thought into those short, sharp sentences which stick in the hearer's memory like carpet-tacks shot from an air-gun. Moreover, he has perfect self-confidence, and the effrontery of a man who feels that he is master of the situation, and knows that he is right, and thinks he has no superior, and is afraid of neither God nor Devil, because he believes there is neither. He is no more of an atheist than some others, but they have the good sense to keep their mouths shut; having no religion of their own, they do not feel called on to assail the religion of other people, but mind their own business. Ingersoll is not content with his no-religion. Like the fox that had lost his tail in the steel-trap, he wants other people to follow his example and get rid of a decidedly superfluous appendage, and has taken to the lecture platform to persuade them of the absurdity and danger of dragging such a long, bushy, soiled thing as a religion about with them.

Ingersoll has lectured several times in New York, drawing crowds of applauding admirers. He was as sensational as Talmage, and for a time threatened to ruin the Columbian Opera-House. But while his lectures abounded with clever hits at popular errors, and outgrown superstitions and palpable abuses, and sins that everybody condemns, his irreverent way of handling sacred themes shocked many of his most liberal hearers. People who have no religion to speak of were disgusted by his coarse, hard, profane way of tossing about the most momentous subjects which have engaged the human mind, as though they were india-rubber balls. The substance of his lectures was negative; they were full of hits at, and assaults upon, "orthodoxy"—and orthodoxy in Mr. Ingersoll's vocabulary is the synonym for about all the religion there is. They were raids

upon the religious beliefs of all who have beliefs that are religious. They were exhibitions of infidelity blatant and on the rampage. The chief article in the creed of Ingersoll is that there is nothing in particular to believe in, and whoever believes in anything that cannot be seen or touched or felt—that cannot be weighed or measured, computed or demonstrated—is an idiot. This is the essence of Ingersollism—his substitute for religion. But as such a bald, bleak, soulless system would repel most persons, he keeps it carefully in the background, letting portions of it appear from time to time, leaving his audiences to put the pieces together as best they can. The chief thing known, according to Ingersoll, is ignorance of the unknown. There is no God, and the idea of such a Being is a shadow of human fear and fancy projected into vacancy. The belief in immortality is the child of a selfish longing for life and clinging to friends, and heaven is a sort of mirage. There is nothing known but matter and its laws, and if there is anything else, why, no matter. Man is bone and muscle and nerve tissues, and all the differences between men and ages, all the splendid achievements of the race, are results of culture. The chief end of man is to get rid of religion, believe nothing, acquire culture and be happy. And this is the new gospel of which Ingersoll is something such a preacher as Elder Knapp was of the old.

It need surprise no one that crowds flock to hear Ingersoll as they would to hear an equally clever Mormon or Mohammedan; nor is it surprising that his superficial reasoning and cheap science deceive many and turn a few heads. But people preserve their mental equilibrium pretty well in the long run. Human nature can be trusted. Mankind will not throw away the experience of ages for the crotchets of even a brilliant brain which may prove to be unhinged, any more than they will burn steamships because somebody has invented an armor to swim in. The bases of morality are impregnable, and the deepest and finest and holiest sentiments of the human heart will crave satisfaction and find it somewhere. Even Tyndall, who finds the potency of all things in matter, leaves an aperture in his system large enough for the religious sentiments to nestle in. Herbert Spencer shows that the horizon of faith has enlarged to keep pace with the widening world of knowledge, and the unknown God of science is immensely greater than the deity ignorant ages thought they knew all about. In this breaking-up time in the world's thought, it is not strange that blatant infidels like Ingersoll appear and create a passing sensation, but their efforts are as short-lived as their fame; and if they unsettle the faith of some, they start inquiries which settle the faith of others on solid foundations. Science may not be religion, nor religion science, but the truth of both has one source, and the two no more clash in the least analysis than the fragrance of a rose with the multiplication table.

THE first day's investigation into the cause of the steamer *Metropolis* wreck was for all reasonable persons sufficient to end all controversy as to the seaworthiness of the ship. A clerk in the employ of the owners testified that the pieces of the wreck, thrown up by the waves, were so rotten that they could be "mashed under his foot;" and the surgeon testified that some parts of the timber could be cut like cheese, bringing a piece along with him to prove it.

SENATOR BLAINE has at last been heard from on the silver question. His wily rival, Mr. Conkling, does not seem yet to have concentrated his views on that delicate topic. Mr. Blaine is in favor of trying a silver experiment on the basis of silver dollars worth one hundred cents—a proposition which, though plausible, is fraught with serious difficulties. Mr. Blaine, however plants himself squarely in opposition to the Bland Bill—therein displaying the doubly creditable qualities of good sense and courage.

THE cable on February 12th brought exciting news. Prince Gortschakoff has informed the Powers that Russia contemplates sending troops into Constantinople, because England and other nations have determined to dispatch war vessels there for the protection of their subjects. It is said semi-officially that orders have actually been sent the Grand Duke Nicholas to march his troops into the Turkish capital. In Russia the newspapers regard the British reasons as a mere pretext, the Christians not being in danger. Austria has followed the example of England, so far as to ask leave for her fleet to enter the Dardanelles. The Sultan has, however, refused, so far, to authorize the British fleet to advance to his capital, on the ground that Russian troops might occupy the city if he did so.

THE Wood Tariff Bill has at length come fairly before the attention of the Committee on Ways and Means, where it will remain for some time. Nearly all the members of the committee have something to say. The progress of the committee with this Bill will be very slow, and it is not expected that it will be reported to the House for three or four weeks. Many representatives of different manufacturing interests are in Washington for the purpose of presenting their views in regard to the Bill to the committee. No formal hearings are accorded, but the members of the committee are privately occupied with those people during most of the time.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE.—The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives has discussed the question of issuing an official gazette, and has instructed General Butler to report a Bill providing that, in lieu of printing Government advertisements in the newspapers of the country, they should all be printed in the official gazette, and all contractors and other persons having business with the Government will then know where to look for them. It is believed that the average amount spent of late years for Government advertising will be nearly or quite sufficient to maintain such a publication. The Bill will provide that a certain number of copies of this gazette shall be filed in the principal libraries of the country and sent to foreign governments, and this publication, together with the *Congressional Record* and the *Patent Office Gazette*, will constitute a complete record of all the proceedings of the Government. There are many reasons why such a gazette should be issued. It is entirely beyond the resources of any private person to issue a complete record of the official action of the Government. The proposed official gazette would contain all the decisions of the Federal courts, all the official orders of the army and navy, all the circulars of information and instruction issued by the several heads of the bureaus of the Treasury Department to their subordinates, and the same of the Interior Department, State Department, Department of Justice, Post Office Department, Department of Agriculture, etc. This would be printed at the Government Printing Office.

THE COLOR LINE.—It is reported in Washington that General Burnside has obtained permission to report to the Senate his Bill to remove all restrictions now existing in regard to enlistment of colored citizens in any branch of the United States Army. The Bill provides that the word color shall not hereafter be used to designate any soldier of the army, that colored citizens shall be entitled to all the privileges of any citizen to enlist in any arm of the service, and that all of its branches shall be open to him. The majority of the Military Committee are opposed to the Bill, and it will be handled severely when it comes before the Senate.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Chamber of Commerce at San Francisco has held a special meeting and adopted resolutions opposing the proposed remonetization of silver.

HENRY W. GENET, the "Prince Hal" of Ring days, after an exile of four years, surrendered himself to Judge Davis, and was released on heavy bail.

THE Bankers and the Board of Trade and Transportation of New York City have presented strong memorials to Congress against further silver legislation.

EX-GOVERNOR WELLS, of Louisiana, has surrendered himself and been lodged in jail in New Orleans. The trial of General Anderson, another member of the Returning Board, resulted in a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.

MR. HENRY S. MOSS, a member of the Board of Aldermen, and a prominent merchant of Louisville, Ky., is discovered to have forged paper to the extent of \$40,000 or \$50,000, New York and Louisville men being the sufferers.

AMONG the business embarrassments of the past week were the defalcation of A. M. Torney, paying teller of the Bank of North America, of New York City, \$100,000, and the suspension of Joel Hayden & Co., same city, with liabilities of \$400,000.

IN the United States Senate numerous petitions were received against the passage of the Bland Silver Bill, in reference to the tariff, etc. During the week Messrs. Bayard, Eaton, Blaine, Kernan and Hill spoke earnestly against the Bland Bill—Messrs. How, Thurman and Withers defending it. A resolution was adopted to rectify the delays in the pension business. In the House the West Point appropriation was discussed; an investigation was ordered into the circumstances of the *Metropolis* wreck; a Southern war claim was debated and rejected.

Foreign.

A SHANGHAI telegram reports that an asylum for women and children, at the city of Tien-Tsin, has been burned. Over 2,000 persons perished in the fire.

TO CARDINAL SIMEONI's protest against the accession of King Humbert, all the Powers have replied that they could not accept the protest, as they were friendly to King Humbert.

THE Convenor of the Glasgow Presbytery of the Established Church had telegraphed to the Pope that an interdict will be demanded against the proposed Papal Hierarchy from the Supreme Civil Court of Scotland, and the laws of the country will be rigidly enforced against it.

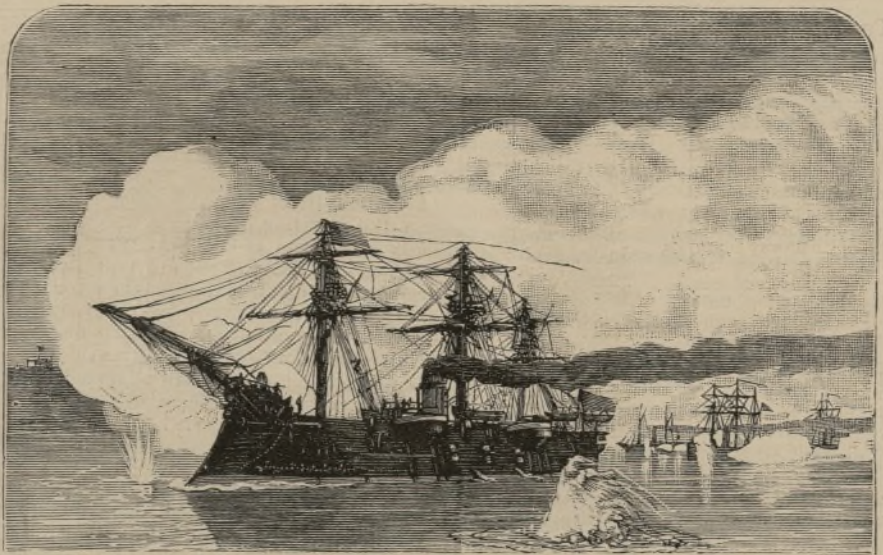
INTELLIGENCE has reached St. Petersburg that Beg Kuli Beg, the Emir of Kashgar, has arrived at Tashkent. He admits his inability to oppose the Chinese. The Russian frontier is crowded with Kashgarian refugees, who say the Chinese are perpetrating frightful atrocities in Kashgar. All the towns formerly held by Yakoub Beg have submitted to the Chinese, and the Khanate of Kashgaria has ceased to exist.

OUR latest intelligence from the European seat of war is to the effect that the Turks have evacuated the great fortresses of Viddin, Rustchuk, Silistria, Belgradchik and Erzeroum; that peace is to be concluded at Adrianople; that arrangements are being made for an interview between the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Sultan, and that Russia does not object to the rendezvous of the British fleet at Constantinople.

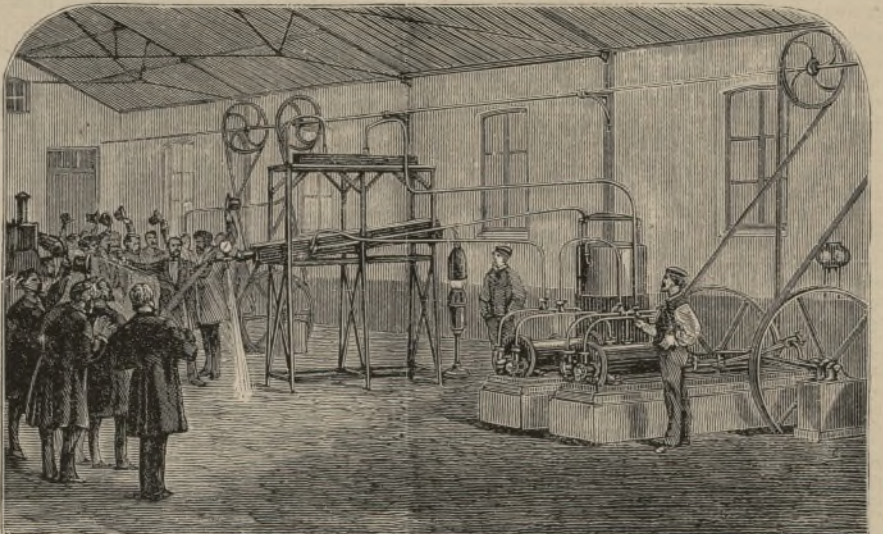
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 423.



FRANCE.—MODELING THE HEAD OF BARTHOLDI'S COLOSSAL STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."



FRANCE.—THE MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRON EXPERIMENTING WITH TORPEDOES AT TOULON.



SWITZERLAND.—M. PICTET EXPERIMENTING AT GENEVA IN LIQUEFYING AND SOLIDIFYING HYDROGEN.



SPAIN.—AN ENVOY OF KING ALFONSO ASKING THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER FOR THE HAND OF THE INFANTA MERCEDES.



ITALY.—THE CROWD ON THE CORSO, AT ROME, DURING THE LAST HOURS OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.



ITALY.—THE DEATH OF VICTOR EMMANUEL IN THE QUIRINAL PALACE.

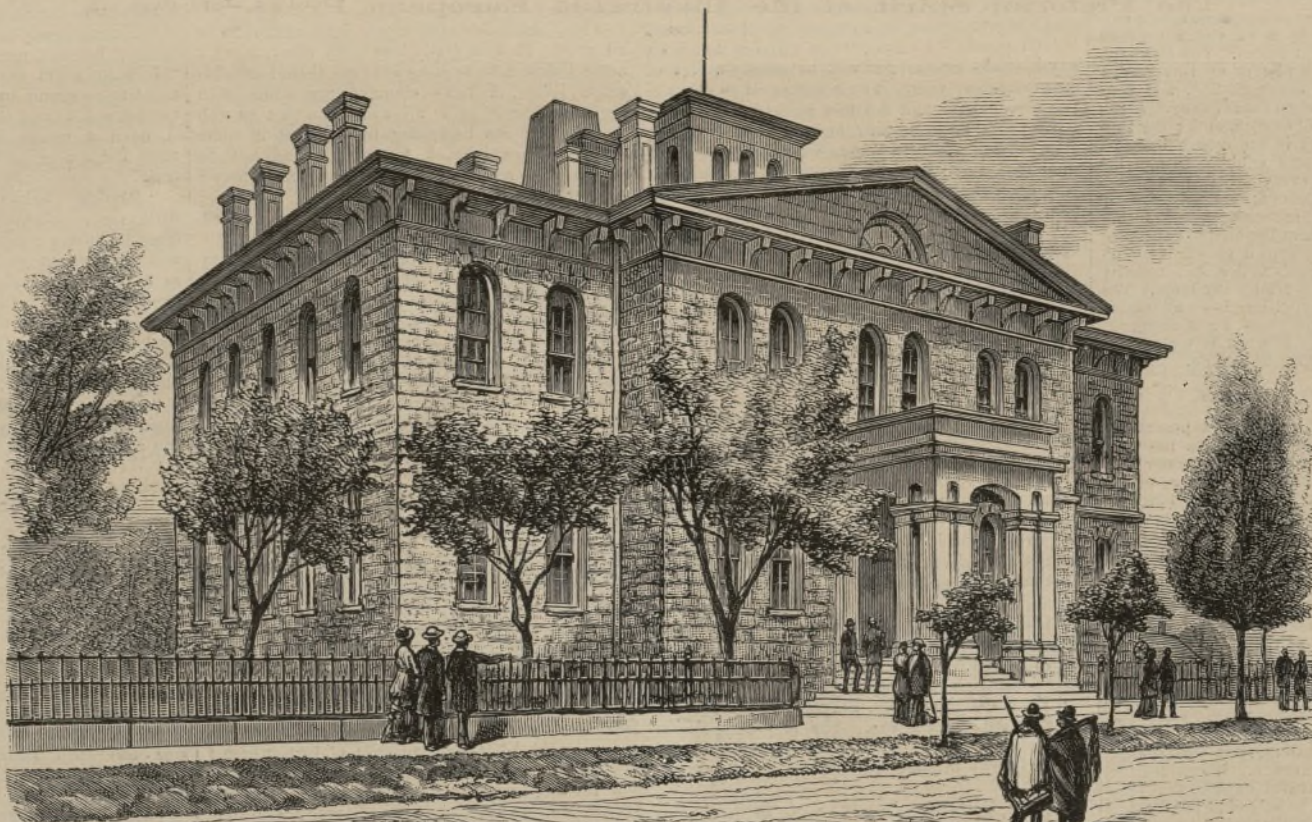


ITALY.—APPEARANCE OF THE GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE QUIRINAL PALACE WHILE VICTOR EMMANUEL'S BODY WAS LYING IN STATE.

ACROSS THE
CONTINENT.THE FRANK LESLIE
EXCURSION TO
THE PACIFIC.
CARSON CITY.

VIA the Virginia and Truckee Railroad we reach Carson City at seven o'clock of a Sunday morning. It is a sort of "half-way house" between Reno and Virginia City, and considers itself a fine, thriving, full-grown town—quite an old-established one, having had twenty years' time wherein to improve and beautify, and to run up its population to three thousand five hundred souls. It is not a fair city to look upon—few of these Western centres of young civilization are such; it is only a straggling place set on a flat plain, with the glorious snowy "sierras" stretching away to north and south, a shining rampart behind which the sun goes down in glory. There are the usual broad streets, with stone-paved channels of clear running water on either side, in lieu of our muddy gutters of the East; sparse rows of cottonwood trees, with their smooth, pale yellow bark; square two-storied houses, in the most severely simple style of domestic architecture; planked sidewalks, stores, saloons; the long, low railroad buildings and platform, and a little square inclosure of fresh, thick, green grass, in the midst of which a fountain is playing, and scatters a wide, cool shower as the breezes toss it. Indians lounging along the line of the cars, of course—calico rags, red paint, blankets and papooses are their distinctive features; a few American citizens, clothed as with a garment in that careless, self-sustained, half-barbaric freedom which influences the very cut of hair and beard, and the putting-on of the clothes, in a Far-Westerner; men and boys of all sizes, but, as always, no women.

Being stationary for an hour at Carson City, we leave our car, and wander off on a stroll through the streets. They don't invite the pedestrian to a very extended ramble; in ten minutes one could make a brisk circuit of them all. There is the main street, running north and south, with its two goodly stone buildings, the Mint and the State Capitol, and the straggling show of shops (most of them with open windows and doors, and a view inside of the proprietors making ready to open business for the day); the cross-streets, with their few neat and many shabby private dwellings, all of the peculiarly bare and utilitarian type prevailing in this part of the world, many of them—the cross-streets aforesaid—terminating in dreary no-thoroughfares of waste lots, strewn with ashes and old timber and barrel-hoops, and given over apparently to the Indian population, whose shanties are scattered about this Sahara; the solemn figure of a man, in a red blanket, stalking away from us, and disappearing in a low hovel in the lee of a great lumber-yard, and the shapes of two or three squaws, barefooted and with generously molded figures compressed with difficulty in their ragged calico gowns, remain among the pictures in our memories of Carson City.



THE UNITED STATES MINT IN CARSON CITY.



THE NEVADA STATE CAPITOL.

Passing a little shop or half-developed saloon, so to speak, in whose windows hang an inviting sign, "Fresh Milk and Boston Brown Bread," we step in for a taste of its quality. A civil man, whose linen is of a sad and sombre color, and whose morning toilet has evidently not included the ceremony of ablution, receives and serves us, not with the Boston Brown Bread, for we are too early birds to catch that particular worm, but with a species of very solid jumble, and with glasses of milk suspicious in color and decidedly weak to the taste. Criticism is disarmed, however, by the voluntary statement of the man at the counter that "milk's quite skeer in Carson; every drop hes to come down from Virginia, and the supply ain't regular." So we drink our portion from tall beer glasses, and pay our ten cents apiece without a murmur.

"Don't you close your places on Sunday?" one of us inquires. "I see nearly all the stores opening."

"Oh, they shut up at noon—most of 'em."

"And what time are the churches open for service?" The man looks dubiously at us, meditates, and looks out of the window at the Mint opposite for information.

"Well, I do no exactly; I think some of 'em one time and some another. I couldn't tell you for certain." Evidently the subject of church services is one entirely alien to his experience and habit of mind; he is able to tell us, however, that there are in Carson four of the sacred edifices—Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, Methodist and Presbyterian—and even as we leave his shop, the bells of one of them come ringing sweetly to our ears.

Besides the churches, the Capitol and Mint, Carson has a large and very excellent schoolhouse, and three good hotels on the main street; two daily newspapers express the *vox populi*, and the society is said to be unusually good. This last statement we must needs take on faith, our social observations being confined to Indians and those specimens of the male population who tuck their pantaloons in their boots, cultivate manly beards, and eschew "biled shirts"—a picturesque and essential element, if not a "high-toned" one.

SING SING PRISON.

SOME INTERIOR VIEWS OF STATE PRISON
LIFE.

FROM the hall we were conducted to the chapel, which is over the mess-room, by a covered bridge. It is long, somewhat low-ceilinged, the centre of the roof being arched, the walls a dull yellow. At the southern end stands a raised platform upon which is the altar, white, with the letters "I. H. S.," *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, in gold. Over the altar is painted a view on the Hudson River, near Poughkeepsie, the which, being taken "with all its imperfections on its head," is no discredit to the convict hand that limned it. Upon the platform are seats for the Warden and Deputy, while the keepers are placed at intervals along the



VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN CARSON CITY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN CARSON CITY, NEVADA, ON THE VIRGINIA AND TRUCKEE RAILROAD, BETWEEN RENO AND VIRGINIA CITY.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

walls at either side, and also on raised stools in the aisle. At the northern end of the chapel, upon a platform similar to that at the southern, is a harmonium. This is played by a convict, supported by a choir of eight convict voices. The alcove at the back is enlivened by a picture of Haverstraw and Croton Point, fairly accomplished, and very bright as to color. The Roman Catholic services are held on the last Sunday of every month; the Protestant upon every Sunday in the month but one. A Catholic clergyman hears confessions and bestows communion upon every Monday morning. The convicts of all persuasions, as a rule, are remarkably attentive, their earnestness being thoroughly genuine. At present the chapel is utilized as a sleeping-place for an armed guard, in readiness to turn out at a moment's notice, its proximity to the hall rendering it especially available. The convict who cares the chapel has been an inmate of Sing Sing for twenty-three years, a sad, resigned, despair-stricken man. He is what is technically termed a "lifer," i. e., sentenced for life.

OUTSIDE CORRESPONDENTS.

When a letter arrives for a convict possessing many aliases, the clergyman announces the fact from the platform, in order that the prisoner may call for it at the post-office, i. e., the library, where it will be handed to him on application. Through this channel "Nosey Stebbins," "Johnny, the Greek," "Billy Frost," and "Big Dock" received notification that their friends outside were not unkind of them, and who, knowing them by no other names, fondly imagined that the prison authorities could scarcely fail to recognize titles won by hairbreadth escapes, making their recipients famous. The convicts dislike the sad solemnity of Sunday, the work to which they may be attached serving to distract their thoughts and to cause the day to pass onwards, bringing them twenty-four hours nearer the end of their term. They like attending church, and there is no doubt but that, apart from all higher motives, this observance possesses a humanizing influence. It enables the mind of the guilty man to travel back to that time when, young and innocent, he attended prayer and joined his youthful voice in the hymn of praise; when life was bright, beautiful, full of promise; when hope whispered its many tinted tales of love and ambition, and ere the dark brand of crime had sealed itself in burning and indelible characters upon his brow. Yes, even as a convict, even surrounded by convicts, his brothers in guilt, the thought of the bygone time will well up within his heart, and for the moment that wretched man will feel as he did in the hour that is gone for ever.

The chapel looks somewhat rusty, and, despite the attention bestowed upon it by its caretaker, wears a dilapidated appearance. Now that the prison, from being deeply on the wrong side of the books, has commenced to show a credit balance, a large debt having been wiped out, and a surplus of \$2,700 a month going into the coffers of the State Treasury, it is proposed to erect a suitable church within the inclosure.

THE MESS ROOM.

The steam-whistle is blown from the Deputy Warden's office as a sign to the convicts to cease from labor and proceed to meals. Gangs are formed in the various shops under the direction of the keepers, and the men are marched singly into the grounds, where they form close column as already described, moving on towards the mess-room. It is a strange sight to behold the convicts squirming from every direction, all converging upon one centre. In marching the prisoners are ordered to keep their heads averted from the direction of the Deputy Keeper's office, and as a consequence visitors are precluded from communicating with the convicts by signal or otherwise. Arrived at the mess-room, the march becomes a shuffle, each convict entering singly, doffing his cap upon entrance. The gangs proceed to the tables allotted to them with as much order and decorum as though taking their seats in a church. The mess-room is a dark, gloomy, cheerless, low-ceilinged chamber, supported by two rows of iron pillars, and furnished with eighty-four wooden tables, each accommodating fifteen convicts. The prisoner is supplied with a knife, fork, spoon and drinking cup. One officer stands on guard over every three tables. The utmost order prevails, less noise or confusion being observable than at a "swell" banquet at the Brunswick or Delmonico's. The dimensions of the room are insufficient for the accommodation of all the inmates of the prison, and the tables require to be reset for about two hundred. Fifteen minutes are allowed for dinner, ten for breakfast, at the expiration of which the steam-whistle shrieks its note of warning. The convicts as a rule eat slowly, displaying no ravenousness or rampant desire to "rush" their food. The viands are excellent of their kind, and the quantity allotted to each convict ample. When the meal is over the prisoners depart in the same order as that in which they entered, each taking with him his knife, fork and spoon, which he deposits in a large box as he emerges from the door, beneath the scrutinizing gaze of a keeper told off for that purpose. The prisoners are attended during meals by convict waiters, who set the tables, place the food, salt, etc., etc. This waitering gives employment to about forty men. The keeper of the kitchen is seated at a large desk at the end of the apartment, in close proximity to huge cylinders in which soup, meat and vegetables are prepared. Upon the occasion of our visit the dinner consisted of soup, boiled beef and potatoes, with a ration of excellent bread. The potatoes were large and mealy; the soup hot and nutritious, while the beef was tender and of good quality. Twelve hundred and twenty-five convicts sat down in our presence, and it was in a tone of considerable pride that one of the officers exclaimed to us: "Could anything be more orderly than that table?" It is but seldom that complaints are made of the food. Of course there are captious and critical convicts whom nothing will satisfy, and who belong to that race of beings so dreaded by restaurant waiters from Delmonico's to a free lunch on the Bowery. The rule that permits the prisoner to eat his supper in his cell affords considerable satisfaction. When the steam-whistle sounds in the evening the convicts march upon the mess room, having previously picked up their night-buckets, which stand awaiting them in a row, and pass onwards in single file, receiving their bread and coffee en route to the hall. This meal, although less varied than either breakfast or dinner, is more valued on account of its being partaken of with a leisure bespeaking a thorough independence.

A TALE OF TWO HOUSES.

CHAPTER III.

LADY CARRUTHERS and Mrs. Bernard sat in solemn conference in the former's boudoir in Abbeyfell House. Mr. Bernard had at first been inclined to go himself, instead of his

wife; but eventually he came to the conclusion that it was better that she should undertake the easy duty of arranging such simple preliminaries.

"Of course," he said, "you will not touch on any business matters; it will be merely a sort of congratulatory visit. You must say how pleased you are, and she will say how pleased she is; but mind you do not appear more pleased than she does. They mustn't imagine we think so much of their rank as all that; and besides, Isabel brings a very good equivalent;" and the purse-proud old man laughed and rattled the keys in his pocket.

"My only fear in this interview," answered his wife, "is that the marchioness and I may have difference upon religious matters. I have been led to believe that she is not—"

"Never mind what you have been led to believe, and don't bring in your eternal religion more than you can help. Talk about the *trousseau*, or a future baby, or anything; surely you can avoid that one topic for once."

"James," said his better-half, solemnly, "how can you talk so, when you know that the land of heaven—"

"Maria," exclaimed Mr. Bernard, impressively, "shut up!" And so the poor lady shut up, and went quietly off to pay her visit.

"Mrs. Bernard," began Lady Carruthers, when her visitor had seated herself, "this engagement must be almost as gratifying a thing to you as it is to me."

"Quite so, Lady Carruthers," returned the other, looking with a certain undefinable awe at the well-shaped white hands, folded so placidly on their possessor's lap—"quite so."

"Your daughter, Mrs. Bernard, is all I could have wished for my son. She is pretty, she is well-behaved, and, as far as I can have ascertained from a slight personal observation, well brought up."

"Lady Carruthers," said Mrs. Bernard, solemnly, "my daughter has been brought up strictly as befits a Christian girl; her religious principles are deeply and, I hope, indelibly grounded; I have always striven hard to eliminate from her nature that light-mindedness that makes poor human beings so easy a prey—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted the marchioness, not understanding her; "plenty of tonics and good wholesome food when young certainly render us less a prey to disease and illness. I must say that, thanks to my dear mother, I have never been ill in my life."

"You should thank the Lord," began Mrs. Bernard.

"No, his lordship had nothing to do with it; it was entirely my mother's care."

"I meant that you should express your gratitude to heaven;" and she cast up her eyes as if seeing a heaven in the richly decorated ceiling.

"Ah!" said Lady Carruthers, drawing a long breath; "well, we won't enter upon that topic now."

"We cannot enter upon it too often," said Mrs. Bernard, with great solemnity.

"Well, at any rate, I have not time for it now. Let us be worldly. I thought that perhaps it would not be a bad thing if we were decided now as to the date, place, etc., of our dear children's marriage."

Mrs. Bernard saw that it was no use trying to thrust her religious opinions upon the other, and so the two old ladies set to work, and arranged and planned, and plotted and schemed, till, had their children, as they called them, lived to the age of Methuselah or old Parr, they would have found every year of their lives fully sketched out by their affectionate parents.

While this important interview of arrangements was going on up-stairs, the two brothers were taking a stroll together, and George, pipe in mouth, was listening to an account from his brother of how good a thing for the property this marriage would be; how pleased his mother was; how he really thought the girl liked him, and how he was very fond of her; never observing, as he went on, the look of pain that deepened and deepened on the face of his listener.

George had it more than once on the tip of his tongue to ask him did he love her truly, as a man should love the girl he marries; but somehow he felt that he had no right to ask the question, and he remained silent. At last his brother noticed his moody silence, and attributing it to his being bored by the long account he had received, he turned away down a side-path in the shrubbery, where they were walking, to return to the house. Dropping his stick as he walked along, he stopped for a moment to pick it up, and as he did so he fancied he heard a groan from the spot where he had left his brother.

He retraced his footsteps, and beheld him seated on a fallen tree with his head in his hands, and his body swaying about as if rocked by some violent emotion. He went up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"George, old boy, what's the matter?" George started up, and glared at his brother with something almost like hatred in his face.

"Matter!" he said, sullenly; "nothing; I only want to be left alone."

"Can I do anything for you?" began Carruthers.

"No, you can't," growled the other.

As Carruthers walked away, he pondered deeply as to what could be the cause of his brother's grief; and as he pondered and put different things together, a glimmering of the truth came into his mind, and with that glimmering came to him also a feeling of freedom and hope.

"I must see Helen," he said to himself. "She's sure to have observed it, if there is anything; women always do."

As luck would have it, before he reached the house he met the very young woman he was thinking of. And he began at once, too excited to heed the carefully cold and haughty manner in which she answered him at first; but it was only at first; for before they had talked long she became quite as excited and interested in the subject as he was. He asked her if she had ever remarked any flirtation between his brother and Isabel Bernard. Yes, she had noticed it, every one had noticed it. Then he asked her if she thought that there was anything really serious in it. Well, yes; she had thought so, as she had noticed several things;

but, of course, that was all over now that she was engaged to his lordship.

"No," cried Carruthers, "I don't want it to be all over. If they really love each other, what a brute I should be to come between them! and besides, Helen, I have changed my mind—men ought sometimes to be allowed to do that as well as you—and am beginning to feel that in some things I should think for myself, and not be guided by my mother or any one else. And there's another thing too—"

"What is that?" asked Miss Helen, looking rather conscious and happy.

"Why, because I love somebody—very, very dearly; somebody who must despise me now, and probably will not think of listening to me."

"You ought to try her," said she, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Ought I, darling? Then I will," and he caught her, unresisting, in his arms. "You'll forgive me, Helen, won't you? for I loved you all the time; but—I didn't think you cared much for me, and I was talked over by mother and the family interests."

"But it is a very bad thing for you—for you know I have no money!" said the young lady, making a show of trying to free herself from his detaining arm.

"Darling, you have everything I want!" and he stooped down and— but stop! these are details which we will not go into for fear of shocking somebody. In these extremely proper days a kiss is dreadfully immoral, and must only be mentioned in the very lowest of whispers. Our sepulchres nowadays are indeed snowily white outside, and, of course, no one ever sees the inside! We will leave them for half an hour or so, while they indulge in the little improprieties of love, which I always used to think harmless till I was assured the reverse, and listen to what they are saying in the hall, ere Helen goes up stairs to divest herself of her walking costume.

"I'll ride over to Castle Bernard to-morrow and see Isabel—tell her what I have guessed, and implore her to tell me the truth. If what we fancy is right—and I feel sure it is—I can then face the old people—it will be rather awful!—and make them see it in the right light; and then we can tell dear old George when he comes back from hunting. Thank heaven, this is not a gossiping county, and really very few people know about my engagement as yet; they won't know there has been any change when we tell them that George is to be the happy man."

"Shan't you be a happy man?" asked Helen, poutingly.

"Heaven knows I shall!" he said; and then they—but I forget—I cannot tell you what they did.

"Bring Isabel over here to have tea with me, and then she can accidentally meet George when he comes back from hunting," said the Macchiavellian young lady.

"A capital idea! so I will; only then I can't tell the parents to-morrow, as they'll be in an awful state of rage, I fear. I cannot say I like either of them much."

"Like them!" and Helen shuddered.

So it was arranged that nothing should be said that evening of the determination Carruthers had come to, and the discovery he had made, but that poor George should be allowed to be as melancholy as he liked at dinner and after it; and should go out hunting the next day in ignorance of the happiness in store for him, while Carruthers rode over to Castle Bernard and made things right. It never struck him what an awkward position he would be placed in if he were wrong in his conjectures. Engaged to two young women at the same time! But he only looked forward to the pleasure of making his brother happy; and that pleasure was not in any way spoiled by the fact that, in doing so, he was able to make himself happy too.

Lady Carruthers was excessively good-humored at dinner that night, her interview with Mrs. Bernard having been highly satisfactory; and she looked with an intense feeling of respect and new admiration upon her eldest son, who was going to perform such an eminently meritorious and respectable action as to marry a girl with £12,000 a year as her fortune. Lolly Monteith, who had been almost forgotten in the several excitements of the last few weeks, was more languid and insouciant than ever; and having been induced by the marchioness to sit down at the piano to sing a song, sang one of so soft and charming an expression, that in the midst of it he fell asleep, and a languid snore finished the half-song verse.

Carruthers and Helen were preoccupied and thoughtful, being unable to have one moment together under the watchful eye of her ladyship; and none of the party were at all sorry when the tray with sherry and cold water—a very Barmecide's feast—appeared, and the two ladies' candles were lit with *empressment*.

"Good-night, my dear Moreton," said the marchioness; "you ought to be very happy."

"So I am, mother," responded he, with a look at Helen going up the stairs.

"Coming out hunting to-morrow?" asked George, who had scarcely spoken all night, of Lolly.

"Hunting? yes, if I can get up."

And the men retired to rest without the usual smoke, as both the Carruthers wished to be alone, to think, though in far different ways. And Lolly Monteith was only too glad to get to bed, after the fatigue of doing nothing all day.

Next morning George started early with his hounds for the meet, which was some distance off; and as his brother nodded a good-morning to him out of his bedroom-window, and marked his despondent, melancholy look, he thought to himself what a pleasure it would be to make that face that he loved so well light up again as of old. And, in imagination, he heard the cheery honest voice thanking him for what he had done that day.

The meet was at a wild-looking cross-way, without a house or barn near it; and the pouring rain had the effect of thinning down a usually small field to about eight red-coats and two or three black ones. However, Irishmen are not unaccustomed to the embraces of the watery god, and

the greetings at the covert-side were as cheery as if they were not all shivering and wet through.

"Tremendously the floods are out," said a heavy-looking baronet, mounted on a huge cart-horse. "I couldn't get over the ford, and had to come three miles round by the road. It's to be hoped the fox won't cross the river anywhere about here. A devil a bridge is there till Kilkenny, and none but a man of Cork would try to swim it as it is."

"Devil a Cork man will thry, then," said a little sporting lawyer from that city, who had come to have a ride with the Kilkenny boys, and was prepared to go home with wonderful stories as to how they had none of them been able to catch him when the bounds ran.

"Awful weather certainly," remarked a gentleman of the county, remarkable for the age and shabbiness of his habiliments. "I've put all my old clothes on to-day."

"Beggorra, you must have a good load on your back, then," said the wit of the hunt; and there was a general laugh.

"Well, gentlemen," said George, "I don't think we need wait any longer; I don't suppose Lord Ballabugh will turn up."

"Bedad, no!" said the wit; "his lordship's just sent the butler out with an umbrella and telescope, to see if the sun's within sight."

And again the wit got a laugh from his hearers. A very small joke goes a long way at the covert-side in Ireland, even when it is raining cats and dogs.

"Come on; we'll go and draw," and splash, splash, they went down a long muddy lane with huge boulder-stones pleasantly dispersed here and there, which would have broken the heart of a spic-and-span Leicestershire swell. However, here they came out for business, and not for the "look of the thing."

There is rather a good story related of an Irish gentleman of my acquaintance who had but one pair of hunting breeches; these got wet through in a brook on Monday, and on Tuesday he was to hunt again. He conceived a scheme. When the first of the early birds arrived at the meet next day they were astonished to see two sticks stuck up in the wood with a line between them, on which hung a pair of breeches, and guarding them was the gentleman's groom with his hunter; he soon after arriving, to the astonishment of the field (there were luckily no ladies out), riding his back, in his boots and drawers! They were not long in finding a fox in the wild bit of gorse into which they put the hounds, and he went away, after a few rings in covert, like a good one, and as if he had fully made up his mind as to his destination, and meant to reach it, let what would interpose in his way. The hounds did not get away very well after him, as there was another fox on foot in covert; but they soon were got pretty well together, and away they all sped, George Carruthers in front, as became his place of huntsman and his inclination.

"Get up, you brute!" he apostrophized his horse, as he jumped short and narrowly escaped a fall; "it's no good your falling; I'd jump a house to-day if it came in my way."

They had not gone very far, at a fair pace, but nothing very extraordinary, when they came to a place that caused even the hardest riders among them to turn aside and make for a gate that showed its saving presence at the other side of the field. It consisted of a high, straggly hedge on the top of a bank, with a deep drop into a narrow lane, the other side of which was a copped stone wall. The lane was too narrow and the wall too high for it to be possible to jump in and out, and to clear the whole required an immense leap, with a certainty of a very nasty fall if the horse failed to get well over the jagged-looking wall.

"Here, George," shouted Lolly Monteith—"here's a gate down here. Don't, for God's sake; you'll break your neck."

"I wish to God I could!" muttered George, riding straight at the fence. His horse jumped beautifully, just cleared the hedge and bank, and the pace they were going carried him clear over the lane and wall beyond.

"He rides as if he had a spare neck in his pocket with a vengeance," said one of the field to Lolly, as they galloped their fastest to catch him and the hounds, their detour to the gate having somewhat put them behind.

"He's mad, I think," shouted Lolly. "Poor beggar," he thought to himself; "I fancy I know the reason, too."

They had been running their fox now for nearly an hour, and his short turns told them that his powers of continuance were getting worn out. His original point, whatever it was, he had failed in reaching, having been headed just before he reached the river; but now at the last he seemed determined to make another struggle for it; and as they ran up to the banks of the Nore, they viewed him, dead beat evidently, shake himself, and then proceed slowly, with tongue out and brush trailing on the ground, on his unwilling journey. The hounds quickly jumped into the stream, which was swollen to its highest limits by the recent rains, and there was a panic among the horsemen, who had been ardently hoping that the fox might be too tired to take the river, or might be killed ere he could reach it. George did not hesitate a moment, but rode straight into it; his horse hesitated to face the rushing torrent, but he dug his spurs in impetuously and urged him on.

"Good God! Don't George!" cried Lolly; "you'll be drowned to a certainty. Can you swim?"

"No," answered George, still with whip and spur urging his frightened animal into the water.

"Don't be a fool, man! Come back! come back! you're going to your death!" and several voices joined in the entreaty to him to give up his wild idea of swimming his beaten horse across such a stream as that before him. He pointed to where the hounds were shaking themselves as they emerged on the opposite bank, and laughed a wild ringing laugh, that those who heard never forgot, "Death! I hope so; and, with a desperate cut of the whip and dig of the spur, he succeeded in forcing his horse into the water."

Whether he was too excited to think of it, or whether it was purposely neglected, he omitted to take up his stirrups ere his horse began to swim

and when they had got into about the middle of the stream, one of his hind feet caught in the stirrup-iron. He threw up his head wildly, made two or three convulsive plunges in the water, and then disappeared. They saw George Carruthers fling up his arms about his head; for a second or two he struggled in the seething torrent, and then with a wild cry, which seemed to the horror-struck lookers-on to have more of joy than terror in it, he followed his noble horse, and sank, to rise no more alive. The whole thing had scarcely taken two minutes; and before Lolly Monteith and a brave farmer, one of Lord Carruthers's tenants, had had time to divest themselves of coats and boots, and plunge into the stream, there was no trace remaining of the brave youth who a minute before had ridden into it so gallantly; and the cruel river flowed on in its relentless fury.

It was some time before boats and assistance could be procured; and when, as the shades of evening fell upon the land, the body was brought to shore, hope had long left the hearts of the merry hunters of the morning—and they gazed silently and tearfully at the pale features of their young hunter.

"My God!" said Lolly—whose conduct that day had freed him from all reproach of cowardice or effeminacy in the eyes of the good-hearted Irishmen—"to die so young! Poor, poor George!"

A carriage was easily procured from one of the squires near. Several of the gentlemen out, friends of the Carruthers family, accompanied it; and the melancholy cavalcade set out for Abbeyfell; Lolly Monteith being sent forward to break the news to those there as best he might.

CHAPTER IV.

HAPPILY sang the birds, and brightly shone the December sun, as if no deed of horror was that very day being consummated, as if no fair young life was even then being swallowed up in eternity; and brightly will that sun shine, and gayly will those happy birds still sing, when you and I, reader, are lying in the "cold, dark house" that is our certain possession on earth.

It is, though it ought not to be, a saddening fact that the world will get on just as well without us; and beyond a narrow circle of friends, some of them perhaps indifferent as to our loss, the day that we are advertised in the *Times* will be no sadder than any other to a single human being.

Carruthers drove off gayly, after a short *été-à-été* with his lady-love, on his important mission to Castle Bernard, and little thought, as he crossed the bridge over the swollen river, that the same stream which reflected so prettily the rays of the morning sun was soon to rob him for ever of the one in whose cause he was even now speeding.

Mrs. Bernard, looking out of her sitting-room window, and seeing who it was that drove up, did not trouble herself to descend to the drawing-room, but told the announcing servant to inform Miss Bernard directly. It was quite right, she thought, that he should be alone for a short time with his intended before her appearance; and besides, her husband had told her, angrily, not to obtrude herself too much before him. "Your infernal psalm-singing will frighten him away," he said; and though Mrs. Bernard told him he was a doomed heathen, she was a wise woman, and obeyed.

She had had, together with her husband, a great deal of difficulty with Isabel in this matter. The poor girl had fought her best for the love of her heart, and had called sullenness and tears in turn to her aid; but she was overmatched, and had given way at last, and accepted Lord Carruthers's offer—not gladly, it is true, but without betraying to him, acute as he was, that it was so utterly against her own wishes that she did so.

As she came into the room now to greet her affianced husband, she tried hard to call up a pleasant smile, but failed in doing so, and took his proffered hand solemnly and in silence. That silence was rather difficult to break, as Carruthers did not quite see his way to tell her his errand.

"Miss Bernard"—she looked up, rather surprised at his calling her by her surname, his last farewell having been: "Good-by, my dearest Isabel;" but rather thankful that he did not think it necessary to put his arm around her waist or kiss her, or indulge in any of the luxuries of an accepted lover—"Miss Bernard, I've come over so say something to you which will make you think me rather a queer person; but I must do it. I don't mean this question impertinently, mind; I have a reason—a good reason—for wanting to know. Is there anything between you and my brother George?"

She turned as red as fire, and glanced up at him angrily.

"Really, I don't understand—"

"Believe me, Miss Bernard," he said quickly, "I would say nothing to hurt your feelings; but please answer my question."

"Between us, Lord Carruthers?" and she looked at him half perplexed, half angry.

"I mean, does he love you, and (slowly) do you love him? Don't cry, Isabel!"—for the ready tears had come; they were very near the surface now—"I want to know, because—because I think it is so. And if it is, tell me; for heaven's sake tell me, Isabel. Am I right in my conjecture?"

The answer came, broken by sobs.

"Ye-es; but I couldn't help it, and he behaved so nobly when he heard—"

"Dear George; he would do nothing that was not noble. Now, Isabel, please dry your tears and listen to me. I am going to say something rather rude: Our engagement is a dreadful mistake."

"A mistake!" and she looked at him wonderingly.

"Yes, a stupid mistake; all because we allowed ourselves to be led where we ought never to go except of our own free will. I confess my mother made me propose to you. Now, confess yourself: your people made you accept me, and jilt poor George, who is as much better than me as—"

"I didn't jilt him; really I didn't. He never told me till after you had. And my parents—oh, Lord Carruthers, forgive me, but I would much rather not marry you!" And she looked so pretty in her curious appeal that, had it not been for the

other little face at home, I think Carruthers would have regretted his candor.

He laughed. "Now, that's like a woman. You'd much rather not. Why, I've come all this way to tell you that I had much rather not!"

She looked up, astonished, at his levity, and not yet quite understanding his meaning.

"You see, Isabel, I mean to love you very dearly as a sister; but I know somebody who wants to love you as a wife; and he may, mayn't he?"

"Oh, Lord Carruthers!" and as she comprehended it all, suddenly she burst out crying again "You are too generous; but—"

"No, there are no buts, young lady. My mother wanted you to marry into the family, and so you shall—you mustn't refuse! And if you don't take the one she meant you to, it can't matter much as long as you do take one. As to your people, to tell you the truth, that's the worst part of the whole thing. You see they haven't had an opportunity of knowing what a good fellow George is. You know, though, don't you?"

And he took her hand kindly and looked into her face. No one coming into the room would have guessed that this was a couple who had just broken their marriage engagement!

"Oh, Lord Carruthers, I do love him so dearly!"

"Of course you do, and so do I. Well, we've settled that business; you're to marry him instead of me, whether you like it or not. And now, shall I tell you why I am such a generous fellow and give you up—for you know how good and pretty you are?"

"Yes," she said, coloring, but not disliking the compliment.

"Because, like you, I like somebody else! And who do you think it is?"

"Oh, I know, of course. Oh, Lord Carruthers—"

"Stop! Jack is my name."

"Well, Jack; I am so glad! She is such a nice, dear girl; and I am sure she will make you far happier than I should."

He looked at his watch.

"Now comes the most serious part of all—telling your people of our little change of arrangement. No, on second thoughts, I'll be a coward and put it off; but remember, and he put on an air of much solemnity and severity, "nothing in the world shall induce me to marry you, and nothing in the world either shall induce my brother not to; and we're an obstinate family, mind."

"But I must tell my mother," began Isabel, frightened already at the dreadful thought of braving her mother's wrath.

"No, no; I'll come and tell her to-morrow. Sufficient for the day, you know. And I mean to assert my outward rights for the last time, and carry you off to Abbeyfell to lunch. Who knows! before I bring you back—and my horses must have some rest when they get home—the hunter George may return from the chase of the poor fox."

Isabel did not require much pressing to say "yes" to his plan; and when Mrs. Bernard came down and was informed of the arrangement, she threw no obstacle in the way; so they started off in the mail phaeton, chatting pleasantly and confidentially, as they had never been able to do when they were connected by the ties of a formal engagement.

The luncheon at Abbeyfell was an unusually cheery meal, as both the young ladies were as happy as they could be, and Lady Carruthers was delighted to see an arrangement wholly her own progressing so favorably. Oh, my dear marchioness, if you could have seen what was in their hearts, I think you would have torn them to pieces with your own white hands instead of helping them so smilingly to roast chicken. After lunch the two young ladies had a long and confidential chat, and made innumerable and impossible plans for a happy future. Could dear little smiling Isabel only have seen what was passing on the cruel river bank! But I anticipate. When the "good talk" between the two happy girls was over, Carruthers proposed to Isabel to stroll with him toward the lodge, giving Helen, who was inclined to be affronted, a look which easily explained all to her quick woman's perception.

The expected pleasure of soon meeting her lover—hers now in reality—made her silent and thoughtful; and he, understanding what was passing in her mind, took care not to interrupt her thoughts. How seldom it is that one's friends take notice of such a thing, but talk on the more we try to think! They passed through the lodge-gates and down the high-road; as they did so, they saw a carriage, with three or four horsemen round it, coming slowly towards them.

"Hulloa!" said Carruthers, suddenly, "what have we here?" Then, as he saw the red coats of the riders, he turned pale. "By Jove! some accident. I hope it isn't—"

His sentence was interrupted by Isabel, who grasped his arm, and said in a sort of scream, and as if some foreboding of the truth came upon her: "See, he is not among them! It is him! It is George!" and she shook as with an ague, and would have fallen had not Carruthers supported her.

"Don't be silly, Miss Bernard," he said, half angrily in his fear. "It may be nothing, if indeed it is George; a sprain, or even a broken limb; nothing to faint about."

"I won't faint, indeed I won't," and she roused herself and walked bravely down the road towards the nearing carriage.

Lolly had missed his way, not being well acquainted with the roads, and thus they met the carriage, with its ghastly load, unprepared.

"What is it?" shouted Carruthers to the horsemen, as they approached within hearing distance.

The old farmer, before mentioned, put spurs to his horse and galloped up to him.

"Oh, my lord!" he began; but the sight of his face was too much for Isabel, who would again have fallen but for Carruthers's arm.

"What is it?" he said again, between his clinched teeth. It was an awful moment of suspense.

"Oh, my lord! Lord George—he is—"

"Dead?" and Carruthers's voice was hard and rasping as he asked it; forgetting in his own agony the shivering girl he encircled with his arm.

"Yes," said the honest yeoman, with a sob; "God rest his soul!"

They heard a piercing shriek, and Isabel tore herself from Carruthers's arm, and turned fiercely upon the farmer.

"Dead! and you come here to say so? Coward! cowards all of you!" as the carriage now came up at a walk "You let him die—the best, the bravest of you all! you never tried to save him."

She staggered a few paces forward, her hands to her forehead as if in agony, and fell prone and senseless on the ground under the very hoofs of the horses that were drawing all that remained of her lost love.

"God knows I did my best," began the farmer, as the other men, who had come up, all got off their horses to assist the fallen girl. But Carruthers spoke not a word. He strode up to the carriage, and, getting in, uncovered the face of his brother and kissed it; then, seating himself beside him and encircling the body with his arms, he motioned to them to drive on. And thus the living and dead—the two brothers of the house—together entered the gates of Abbeyfell. Isabel was carried, still unconscious, to the house by two of the squires present; and I draw a veil over the horror and grief that their arrival caused in the hitherto peaceful household.

A year has passed away; the scene is again Abbeyfell. Together in the drawing-room are seated Carruthers and she that was Helen Monteith; but she is Lady Carruthers now, and has most pleasantly taken the place of the white-handed marchioness, who, unable to bear her mortification at the defeat of her plans, has refused to live with her son, as he had asked her to do.

Helen is reading the newspaper, and her husband, with his arm round her waist, is pretending to do the same over her shoulder, but, I think, looking much more at his new wife's pretty face than at the columns of wisdom before him. Woman-like, she of course studies the births, marriages and deaths.

"Oh, Jack!" she suddenly exclaims with a start, which defeats her husband's intention at that instant of kissing her little white ear, "look here! Died at Cannes on the— Oh, poor, poor Isabel!"

"Isabel! My God, so it is! Well, I was afraid it would come ere long. She never recovered that shock. Oh, Helen, she loved him far better than I; for he has only been dead a year, and here I am happy again."

Helen turned and kissed him.

"A man never can love like a woman!" she said.

THE END.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Constructing the Head of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty.

Among our foreign pictures will be found one representing the workshop of Messrs. Mondini & Becheer, in Paris, in which the workmen are depicted shaping out the head designed for Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty, which is to be erected as a beacon in New York Harbor. In the centre of a vast scaffolding, passages and staircases, rises a gigantic head, which stands a little in front of a similar one of smaller size. This head is that of the statue, built of ashlar-work and plaster, after the designs and models of the artist. The one we now see is the final model and the one from which the head will be completed. It is easy to see that a statue whose head measures more than twenty-seven feet in height, and more than forty-eight feet in circumference, can scarcely be cast in iron on account of its weight, or of bronze on account of the cost of the material; it will be consequently cast in sections of thin material varying from three-quarters to an inch in thickness. After the metal has assumed the outlines of the profile the work will be finished by hammering it into the desired shape, and the several sheets composing the head will then be soldered and riveted together.

The Liquefaction of Oxygen and the Solidification of Hydrogen.

Among the gases which have hitherto defied all attempts to reduce them, either to a liquid or solid form, were oxygen, argon and hydrogen; but even these at last have been compelled to submit to the physical law, and all three have been liquefied. One of them, hydrogen, has even been reduced to solid form. Two savans have had the honor to attain success in their attempts: M. M. Cailletet, in Paris, and Raoul Pictet, in Geneva. In our illustration we show the apparatus of the latter as it stood while he conducted his experiment before a number of scientists, who all acknowledged that he had completely succeeded. His apparatus consists of a wrought-iron retort, in which are placed the chemical ingredients necessary to produce the oxygen gas. Leading from the retort is a wrought-iron tube sufficiently strong to resist the immense pressure to which it is subjected. Surrounding this central tube is an outer one, and the intervening space is packed with sawdust to prevent the influence of the atmosphere. Two other tubes lead from the inner one to the pumps connected with it. The main tube is filled with liquefied carbonic acid, and its temperature is then 70 degrees below zero. When a steam-engine sets the pumps in motion, one of them forces the carbonic liquid into the reservoir in the upper part of the building, through a tube, while the other draws off the vapors of the acid through a second tube, and thus creates a vacuum in which the formation of new vapors takes place. According to M. Pictet's experience, a portion of the liquid carbonic acid again turns into gas, and the loss of caloric causes the acid to descend to a temperature of 140 degrees below zero. Then heat is applied to the retort, oxygen gas is formed, passes through the tube, and accumulates in such a quantity that a pressure of 500 atmospheres is reached. On opening the tube a jet escapes, and drops of liquid oxygen may be perceived. Later experiments have shown that under a pressure of 650 atmospheres and 140 degrees of cold the oxygen gas may be solidified. These experiments show the truth of the laws discovered by scientists, and prove that even gases, which had hitherto resisted all attempts, can be forced to yield obedience.

Experimenting with Torpedoes at Toulon.

The progress of modern artillery, the ever-increasing power of engines of destruction, have rendered the defense of sea-coast towns, even when protected by nature, almost a matter of impossibility. Permanent coast batteries being totally inadequate for the purpose, new methods are being continually sought for, and thus far the most efficacious instruments for the purpose are submarine torpedoes, which, invisible to all, can be exploded at the will of an observer on the shore, who, at the proper moment, discharges them by electricity. On the 15th of last October and the 20th of December the

whole French Mediterranean squadron made thorough experiments at Toulon with these destructive engines, with the most favorable results.

The Marriage of the King of Spain.

Thirty years ago the marriage of the monarch of Spain was a political event upon which were centred all the intrigues of the French and English Courts, each of which favored rival aspirants for the post of King Consort. Now, King Alfonso's wedding excites but little comment, and people turn rather to the perusal of the programme of the bull fights and pageants than to speculation on the political aspects of the alliance. If we are to believe rumor, however, this was no political, but a mere love, match, King Alfonso having loved his cousin Mercedes long before he landed in Spain in 1875. The good disposition of the Princess herself, and her well-known sweet temper and amiability, have done much to tone down the popular opposition, and at the present time all Spain is doing honor to the monarch's choice. King Alfonso was twenty last November, and his bride is seventeen. In the early part of December the King officially announced his intention to a Cabinet Council of marrying the Princess Mercedes, and on December 6th, dispatched the Duke of Sexto, his Chamberlain, formally to demand her hand from her father, the Duke of Montpensier. Our sketch represents the envoy handing the royal letter to the Duke of Montpensier in the White Hall of his Palace of San Felmo, at Seville. On the right of the Duke of Sexto (who is holding the letter in his hand) is Señor Raphael Esquivel, the Chamberlain of the Palace, and the priest beyond is the Archbishop of Seville. By the side of the last-named stands the Duke of Montpensier, his Duchess standing next him. Next to her is the eldest unmarried daughter, the Infanta Christina, and then the lady most interested in the ceremony, the Infanta Mercedes. The small boy in the sketch is the Duke's son, the Infante Don Antonio.

The Death of Victor Emmanuel II.

The sudden and lamentable death of the King of Italy filled the nation with a genuine consternation. For several days all business was suspended in Rome, and the windows throughout the city were draped with black, while the citizens crowded the streets almost to the exclusion therefrom of vehicles. A steady procession was maintained to the palace, where, in a simple apartment, the King lay dying. Our picture of the Corso gives an idea of the spectacle which that thoroughfare presented during the whole of the melancholy 9th of January. By a singular coincidence the sky was cloudy on that and the several succeeding days, during which period the crowd settled into a steady stream sweeping in the direction of the Quirinal, where in a lighted chapel, formerly the Swiss Guard room, the remains of Victor Emmanuel were lying in state. The immense stairway leading to the palace was uninterruptedly crowded with a dense mass of loyal Italians anxious to once more gaze upon and bid a tearful farewell to the person to whom they owed their national unity and their independence.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Nez Percés war cost \$931,329.

—SOME of Boston's steam fire-engines have been put upon runners.

—THE Ohio Senate has passed a bill prohibiting pool-selling on elections.

—EVERY day the tomb of Napoleon III. is covered with fresh flowers by order of Eugénie.

—RED ochre beds of enormous extent and great value have been discovered in Coffey County, Kansas.

—THE New Orleans *Democrat* alludes to the attempt to "acclimate" negro cadets at West Point, and says that it has been a failure.

—A LETTER passed through one of the Post Offices of this State the other day addressed to a person at Lake Chogogaggaggogg Manchogaggagg, Michigan.

—THE agents for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Cincinnati threaten to arrest all parties found salting the railroad tracks in that city.

—THE Florida orange season has proved unremunerative. The markets were crowded with unripe fruit at first, which forced down prices, and there they have remained.

—NEWFOUNDLAND news is that the Fall cod and herring fisheries were total failures on Placentia Bay, which means little short of destitution to many of the inhabitants of that locality.

—A CHECK for \$300 recently passed through one Boston bank and the Clearing House, and when it reached the bank upon which it was drawn it was found that it was neither signed nor indorsed.

—It is proposed to erect in every commune in France, near railroad tracks, a pillar, on which shall be inscribed the name of the place, and certain information of a geographical or statistical character.

—COOKING parties are of frequent occurrence in Paris. The ladies and gentlemen are paired off, and each pair has to cook a dish. The dishes thus cooked form the dinner. It is a sort of indoors picnic.

—A DISCHARGED employé of a gas company in Louisville, Ky., actually obtained a coat upon a forged order purporting to come from its cashier, and reading: "Please Let hero hev the over coat and I will Dictate the same out of his months salary."

—A FACT that needs no comment: At the last drawing-room in Dublin Castle the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Randolph Churchill wore dresses of Irish poplin, specially manufactured for them, while the Lady Mayoress and her daughter were dressed in robes of French production.

—A MAINE innkeeper claimed that a certain individual "loafed" about his house to the annoyance of his guests and himself, and sued him for three years' "rent" at \$5 per week. The defendant pleaded that he was only helping to fill up the house and make a show of business. The jury failed to agree.

—THE emigration of Southern colored people to Liberia, it would appear, is still going on from the Carolinas, Alabama and Georgia. The Charleston *News* of the 20th ult. says that a large party reached there from Selma on the 18th and 19th, all having supplies of provisions and some owning stock in a ship expected to transport them.

—ONE of the New Year's toys in Paris is a puzzle engraving of a cat hidden in the branches of a tree. "Where is the cat?" You are to find out; which of course you do after looking at the thing for a minute—it is as simple as *bonjour*. The inventor's rights in the matter of this work of genius were sold recently for 100,000 francs—\$20,000!

—TORPEDO experiments have been commenced in the harbor of Malta. They are being conducted under special instructions from the Admiralty in England, and will be continued for three months. A large number of torpedoes manufactured at the Hungarian establishment in the Gulf of Quernaro, which have been remitted to England to be filled and tested, will be shortly returned to Malta for use in the fleet.



CONVICTS ATTENDING THE SUNDAY SERVICE IN THE PRISON CHAPEL.

CAPTIVE NEZ PERCES AT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

AFTER the surrender of Chief Joseph and the Nez Perces band to General Miles, the Indians were escorted to Leavenworth, Kansas, where they were allowed to establish a settlement on the old race-course, pending the decision of the Government upon their application for the restoration of their reservation on the Campos Prairie, in Wash-

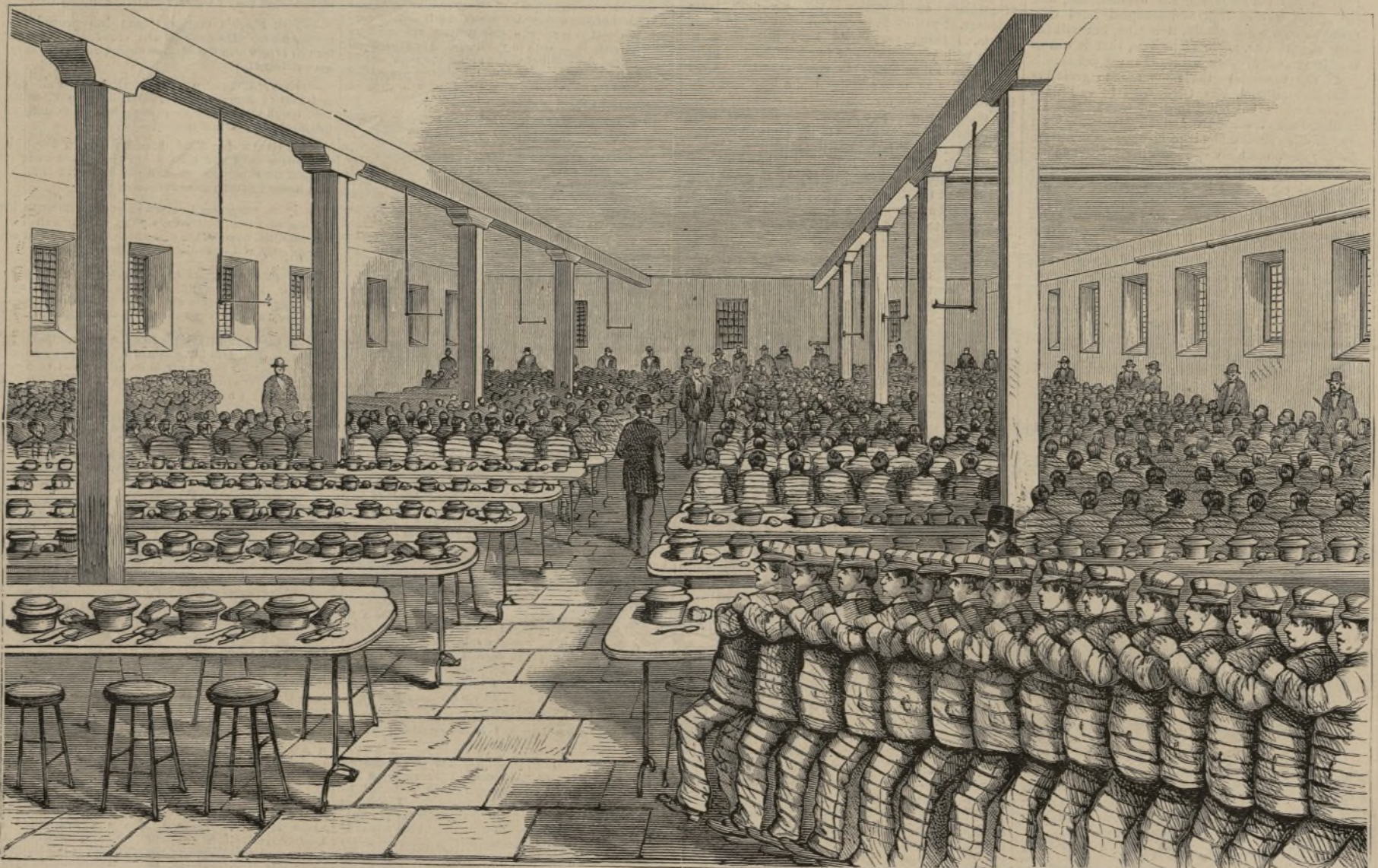
ington Territory. This "village" is four miles north of Leavenworth, and is composed of thirty teepees, or tents. The Missouri River runs by but a short distance to the eastward.

These Indian captives number about five hundred persons, and express perfect willingness to remain at the fort during the Winter if they can be returned to their rich lands in the Spring. They give the troops no trouble whatever, associate freely with them, and appear to be actuated by a

sincere regard for the pledges and promises given at the time of the surrender.

In the foreground of our illustration a party of bucks finds enjoyment in the aristocratic game of poker. Another, more remote, divided into sides of four each, is engaged in a contest somewhat similar to a game of quoits, feathered darts being thrown through the air to the peg in the ground, instead of rings. The little folks towards the right are jolly over a number of whipping-tops. Besides

the officers and men of the army, there is a large daily sprinkling of the *élite* and beauty of Leavenworth, adding much to the novelty of the peaceful scene. Mrs. Chief Joseph, with her chirping papoose, is an object of great curiosity to the lady visitors, while her husband, although extremely approachable, is still grieving for the daughter who disappeared the night before the surrender, either being killed in the fight or taken away by the party which deserted and joined Sitting Bull in Canada.



CONVICTS MARCHING INTO THE DINING-HALL FOR DINNER.

NEW YORK.—INTERIOR VIEWS OF CONVICT LIFE AT THE SING SING STATE PRISON.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 421.



KANSAS.—THE NEZ PERCES PRISONERS, CAPTURED BY GENERAL N. A. MILES, AMUSING THEMSELVES IN THEIR TEMPORARY VILLAGE ON THE OLD RACE-COURSE, NEAR FORT LEAVENWORTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. J. HOWELL, LEAVENWORTH.

THE VALENTINE.

I SEND thee a message, my lady,
I send thee a message to-day,
On the pinions of hope and gladness,
My messenger hies away.
Oh, guess the secret he carries,
Guess what I send to thee,
And guess why so gayly and swiftly
My messenger goes from me.

I know whose eyes are the bluest
Of all blue eyes in the land!
And to her my messenger hastes,
To lay in her dainty hand
A secret my heart has cherished
For many and many a day,
Till now for thine answer, lady,
My secret has flown away.

For this is the time when maidens
Are choosing a valentine.
Choose thou, oh, fairest of maidens,
Choose thou this heart of mine!
And loyal and true shalt thou find me,
Come years that are dark or light.
So this is my message, dear lady,
Send thou a glad answer to-night.

M. D. BRINE.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

By E. J. CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "A SONG IN THE TWILIGHT," AND
"KATHLEEN'S REVENGE."

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was a slight, a very slight mystery hanging over Miss Heathcote and her niece, Miss Russel, when they came from London, as it was supposed, and established themselves in a fashionable suburb of the old town of C—, in —shire. They brought with them a few very good introductions, and to them, in consequence, society in C— at once opened its most exclusive and inaccessible doors. The newcomers neither held back from, nor yet eagerly threw themselves into, the open arms of their new acquaintances; but before they had been a year in C—, they had found how impossible it would be for them to stand altogether aloof, and the fact that they had at first been inclined to do so gave rise to certain suspicions concerning them, and hence the mystery that seemed to cling round them like a veil or mist.

It is impossible to explain how certain ideas respecting certain people get afloat and are thoroughly believed in, although rarely, if ever, spoken of except in whispers; but the majority of us have been told certain facts about our friends and acquaintances which unconsciously influence the opinions we form of them. It is rumored, for instance, that Mrs. So-and-so has been left very well off on the death of her husband, and when she moves into a smaller house and begins life in a strictly economical manner, we distrust the evidence of our senses which tells us that she is poor, and cling to the rumor that has made her well off.

So in the case of Miss Heathcote and her niece; every one said there was a mystery, and, after many fluctuations of public opinion, public belief settled down into the conviction that Miss Russel had a sister who was out of her mind, and that the aunt and niece had her living with them, under the care of a nurse or keeper; it was not of the least consequence that the latter had never been seen. I am not prepared to say that there was no mystery in the case at all, but I can with safety assert that the right solution had not been found.

As I have already said, a few good introductions had sufficed to give Miss Heathcote and her niece an entrance into the best society which C— afforded, and as they were agreeable and well-bred women, good-natured, and rich enough to keep a pony carriage for Summer, a pretty little brougham for Winter use, and a riding-horse for Miss Russel, it is not to be wondered at that they speedily became very popular. Miss Heathcote was a pleasant-looking woman of about sixty; she was rather precise and matter-of-fact in some of her ideas, and very much inclined to uphold the manners and customs of her youth in preference to the manners and customs of the youth around her; but it was remarkable how, either from the indolence of middle age, or from the consciousness of her own inability to stem the torrent, she placidly went with the stream, and tolerated many things of which she did not altogether approve.

Miss Russel was a handsome, rather than a pretty, girl of about five-and-twenty. There was nothing young ladyish about her, as I understand the term; but she was neither fast nor strong-minded; she walked and rode well, and sang with exquisite taste and feeling; indeed she was wont to say of herself that singing and housekeeping were her only accomplishments; but she could do what very many singing young ladies fail in—she was both a good talker and a good listener, and was therefore a most agreeable companion. Some people called her too clever for a woman and very satirical, and those assertions made other people, who did not know her intimately, rather afraid of her; and she was also sometimes called the "clever Miss Russel"; but on the whole she was popular. Women were not jealous of her, although she was handsome, and she counted several men among her most sincere and constant friends.

Miss Heathcote was inclined to be sometimes rather severe in her old-fashioned way, upon these platonic friendships: "In my day, Eleanor," she would say, "young men and women were never friends; that they are so now, is, I suppose, a sign of that progress and march of intellect of which we hear so much, and yet I would fain believe that love and romance are as powerful to-day as they were fifty and a hundred years ago; and if they are, I confess I have not much faith in these new-fangled ideas."

But among the strangers to C— Miss Heathcote had found one old friend. It is a trite saying that the world is a very small place, and that we are constantly knocking up against some one we know. Two of Miss Heathcote's near neighbors

were a mother and son, called Vaughan, and in the former the maiden lady recognized an old school-fellow whom she had lost sight of for years. She knew that her pretty friend Emily Seymour had married well, and it was pleasant to the woman, who had, on her own part, no tale of love and courtship to tell, to hear from the friend of her youth the story of a happy married life. It had ended all too soon, and during the minority of her only son, Mrs. Vaughan had let the Oaks, the family "place" in —shire, and had settled in C—, her native town. Her son Henry was seven-and-twenty when she and Miss Heathcote met again, but still the Oaks was let, and would remain so until the young man made up his mind to marry.

Of course, had he been a poor man with just one or two hundred a year professional income, he would have had at seven-and-twenty a wife and family to support, but being rich he had never fallen seriously in love, although it cannot, with truth, be said that he never, with considerable assiduity, made love to any pretty woman whom he met. He was not strikingly handsome, but his manner was so attractive, and his agreeability so great, that handsome men with scant powers of eye, and none of speech, were invariably distanced by him; women called Henry Vaughan "charming," and if sometimes a susceptible young damsel fell in love with him, she could not blame herself for bad taste, however severely she might take herself to task for folly.

Vaughan was also popular with men, for he was a passionate lover of all field sports, a good shot, a bold rider, and a first-rate cricket player; with this love for outdoor amusements, he combined a great love of books, and was perfectly at home, or appeared so, on almost every subject, and could discuss with equal fluency the authenticity of the Pentateuch, or the chances of the favorite for the Derby! In short, he was looked upon with much favor by those who formed "good society" in C—, and it is not too much to say that he left quite a blank behind him when, as was his custom, he went to London for a month in the season; then in the Autumn of every second year perhaps he would go abroad for six weeks, and the year he did not go to Switzerland or Germany he was certain to take a month's hunting in Leicestershire, and once or twice he was so benighted—"benighted" was the word used by his mother and friends in commenting upon his conduct—as to cross the Channel for some sport in a well-known hunting country in the south of Ireland.

But it was noticed by all his friends, men and women, in C— that when Miss Heathcote and her niece settled in the neighborhood and became intimate with the people, Mr. Vaughan gave up many of his expeditions; his friends, and more especially his young lady friends, were not slow to comment upon this curious coincidence, and after the manner of women, they, of course, jumped to the conclusion that Miss Russel was the attraction, a magnet more powerful than even Mr. Vaughan's favorite pursuit of hunting.

I have already explained that Miss Heathcote and Mrs. Vaughan had met as old friends, and during their meetings to talk over past happy days, it was but natural that the young people should meet too, and before long they discovered that they had many likings and dislikings in common; they exchanged books, and marked passages for each other in their favorite authors; they argued and cavilled and got enthusiastic over singers and players whom they had heard and seen, and they were generally to be found together to carry on the argument or discussion at every picnic, garden, dinner-party, or ball. Piles of the newest music used to come from London, ordered by Mr. Vaughan for Miss Russel, and in sight of all the young ladies in C— she worked a pretty smoking-cap for him, and gave it to him on his birthday.

So, with all these facts for foundation, a very pretty little romance was built up, and some people went so far as to say that "it" was all "settled," that the tenant at the Oaks had got notice to quit, and that Mrs. Vaughan and Miss Heathcote intended to live together in C— after the marriage. But although it was scarcely possible for those most chiefly concerned not to hear some of the remarks which were made about them, they did not allow their conduct or bearing towards each other to be affected thereby; indeed, there were very few days during the Summer upon which Vaughan and Eleanor Russel did not meet at garden or archery parties—festivities of a mild character, perhaps, but pleasant withal to those who took part in them, for they generally wound up with "high tea" and a dance.

To these friendly gatherings Miss Russel generally went alone. Her aunt, although not exactly an invalid, was somewhat feeble, and easily tired if she went beyond her own little domain. And so it came to pass that Vaughan had quietly established the custom of escorting Eleanor home, although Miss Heathcote's staid and respectable old man-servant was always sent for her.

This kind of life had gone on without much variation for three Summers. Vaughan was twenty-seven when Miss Russel and her aunt came to C—, and people had begun to tire of speculating as to the result of the young man's attentions to the handsome girl who seemed so well suited to him, just as they had given up speculating about the mad sister whom they believed to be an inmate of the Laurels. Miss Heathcote's house was called the Laurels. But the very wise ones decided amongst themselves that the marriage would have already taken place were it not for the fact that Miss Heathcote not unreasonably objected to be left alone with the mad woman.

It so happened, however, that when the majority of those kind people, who settle the affairs of others, began to acknowledge that Vaughan and Miss Russel were friends only, a feeling arose in the mind of the former, which somewhat interfered with the pleasure he had always found in the society of the latter. Doubts began to assail him as to the wisdom in the first place, and as to the propriety in the second, of continually hovering about a girl. Making her conspicuous by his attentions, and drawing down remarks upon an intimacy more close, and an intercourse far more frequent, than usually exists for any length of time between a young man and a young woman. He

was not absolutely in love with Eleanor, but he liked her cordially, and without self-flattery. He could say that she liked him, and would probably accept him if he asked her to marry him. A young artist, called Danvers, had come to C— that third Summer, and he had showed signs of unmistakable admiration for Eleanor, so, perhaps, the idea of a rival had stimulated the placid affection of Vaughan. But poor Danvers was in delicate health, and, besides, he was not rich enough to marry; but he was the only one who ever dared to attack Vaughan openly on the subject of Miss Russel.

"I scarcely know what to make of you, Harry," he said to him one day. "You are either a desperate humbug, or very close; but I think you are playing a dangerous game, old fellow, so take care."

The remark was made after Vaughan had described, with pleasant minuteness, a picnic which had taken place the day before, but which Danvers had not been well enough to join, and Miss Russel's name had occurred very often during the narrative.

His friend's quiet warning silenced Vaughan suddenly, but only for a moment.

"Oh, I know what you mean," he said, with a little laugh; "but I see no great danger, and I mean to take no end of care. By-the-way, she said she was very sorry that you were not with us."

"Did she? I am obliged to her for thinking of me. She's a nice girl, Vaughan. I don't know a nicer, and if I were not a poor devil of an artist with nothing a year, and a bad lung—"

"Nonsense, man, your lung is right enough, but she's not the sort of woman you ought to fall in love with; she's not dreamy, not poetical enough. That pretty little Emily Lascelles, the Ormond's cousin, would suit you better."

"And is Miss Lascelles your ideal of a dreamy and poetical young lady?" cried Danvers; "I confess she is not mine. Why, she could not exist without flirtation and admiration, while Miss Russel is—well, she is simply perfect to my mind! By-the-way, Harry, do you remember that handsome young Russel who was at Oxford with us, and whom we met afterwards at Baden; he was in rather queer company and avoided us? I cannot help thinking that he is related to your friend; there is something in her face that often reminds me of him."

"I don't see it," said Vaughan; "but I am not quick at likenesses. I remember Jack Russel—wasn't Jack his name?—very well; he was an awful scamp! Wasn't he expelled for caricaturing one of the big wigs? We thought it rather hard lines upon him at the time. He wasn't half a bad fellow I remember, and a splendid man to ride."

"I think I heard that he went to the dogs completely after that Oxford business," said Danvers. "There is a vague something about him floating through my head, but I'm hanged if I can make it out. I suppose he can't be anything to Miss Russel."

"I hope not, for her sake," replied Vaughan. "It would not be pleasant to have a fellow like that liable to turn up on one hands at any moment! And now I must be off; we have a garden-party at the Ormonds' this afternoon, and I must go home and dress. Good-by, old fellow, I shall soon look in and worry you again."

"Good-by; give my love to the dreamy and poetical Emily; and, mind yourself coming home to-night! Those walks by moonlight are decidedly—"

But before he could finish Vaughan was gone.

One of the largest garden-parties—for the giving of which C— was famous—was to take place that afternoon at a very pretty place about a mile from the Laurels, and Vaughan was looking forward to a pleasant walk by moonlight with Eleanor Russel, for, of course, it would be usual fall to his lot to escort her home; as he thought about that walk, which would necessarily be slow as the weather was hot, and quite uninterrupted as the road was unfrequented, he all but made up his mind to ask her to be his wife; but when a man is undecided upon such a subject, and asks himself, "Shall I?" before he asks the lady, "Will you?" I think it may be said that he is not very deeply in love.

The Ormonds gave by far the pleasantest and the most successful garden-parties in the season. You were sure to meet there the very people of all others with whom you liked to spend an afternoon; there was no stiffness and no formality, and it was often said that many matches besides croquet-matches had been made upon that smooth, sunny lawn. As I have already said, during that third Summer of Miss Heathcote's residence at C—, people had given up speculating as to the result of Harry Vaughan's attentions to her niece, and had even begun to feel somewhat aggrieved with him for not having long before made up his mind to marry. He was so attentive that he kept other men off, at least so it was said; but, except the poetical young artist Danvers, I do not think that among the men, who liked and admired Eleanor, she had an assortment of serious lovers all ready to fall upon Vaughan and punish him for being such a dog in the manger.

Poor Danvers undoubtedly used to see visions and dream dreams in which Eleanor Russel played a very prominent part; but even when he was dreaming most vividly, he was conscious of some vague incongruity between the woman he admired and himself. She had so much practical common sense, and, in his own opinion, he had so little; so he used to amuse himself, as he said, watching Vaughan making up his mind, and half-envying him the happiness of winning such a charming girl as Eleanor for his wife. Vaughan's conversation with the young artist, combined with the half determination he had formed to propose to Eleanor during their walk home from the garden-party, gave him even a more lover-like demeanor than usual throughout the afternoon, and when, about ten o'clock, the party broke up, and he found himself walking beside her with her hand within his arm, and with her aunt's old servant at a respectful distance behind, he felt sure that he was really and truly in love, and that before the walk was over she would be his promised wife.

It may have been the unusual intensity of his feelings that prompted him to open the conversa-

tion which he intended to end so seriously with a very commonplace remark.

"What a delicious day we have had!" he said, as they went along the shadowy road arm-in-arm, for the light of the moon, although she was nearly full, could scarcely penetrate the thick foliage of the trees. "I call it a perfect day, and we won that last game in famous style; I always win when I have you for my partner. Why do you shiver? Are you sure you do not feel the night air chill after dancing? Let me pin that shawl closer for you."

Eleanor knew by experience how impossible it was to gainsay her companion, who was determination itself; so, although very doubtful as to the necessity, she submitted to have her shawl rearranged, and only made a very faint remonstrance, when Vaughan took the ornamental pin from his scarf for the purpose, declaring that "ladies' pins always fell out."

The opportunity for declaring himself as he drew the folds of the shawl carefully round her shoulders was not a bad one, but it did not occur to him to take advantage of it.

"A great deal of pleasure would have been lost in my life," he said, when they began to walk on again, "if my mother and your aunt had not made up their minds to settle in C—."

"But then," Eleanor replied, in her practical way, "if you had never known the pleasures of C—, these garden-parties for instance, you could not with truth be said to have lost them."

"Ah, but I have known them!" he answered, quite oblivious of the woman's logic he was using, "I would not give up the last two years of my life for anything that could be offered to me! I do not think you value friendship"—there was a little pause over the word—"as I do, Miss Russel," he added, in a lower tone.

"Do you think so?" she said; "but you are mistaken. I do value friendship very highly, but I think, to be worth anything, it should be a tested friendship. I am not sure that I could make my ideas on this subject very clear, and I am conscious also that they are too vague to be explained; but what I mean is, that I do not think it makes people friends, as I like to understand the term, merely to call one another so. For a real friend we should be able to sacrifice everything, even life itself, were such a sacrifice possible; and I do not think we should ever hesitate, as it were, to betray ourselves to a real friend—I mean, to betray a weakness, a failing, or a folly of which we ourselves have been guilty. A friend should, I think, know us in our weakness, as well as in our strength. I am sure I have expressed myself very badly, but I cannot help it."

"I think I understand you," replied Vaughan, "but I am not prepared to say that I agree with you fully. Your ideal seems to me to point out a feeling far deeper, far more exclusive and powerful, than mere friendship. You remember the French proverb: 'Friendship is love without wings'? You would make a friendship to be love without that passionate desire for personal appropriation which we feel when we are commonly called in love. Am I not right?"

"Quite right; but you should not say which we all feel, for women seem to me to have a great many different ways of loving which men do not understand, or, perhaps, believe in—"

"At least you will allow me to believe that your way of loving would be a very noble one," he interrupted, with the slightest possible pressure of the hand that lay upon his arm; "and I think that it would be very hard either to win or to deserve your—your friendship. You would give a great deal, but you would expect a great deal in return. But suppose—I am now going back to your theory—suppose that your friend proved unworthy; suppose that he—I do not say she, for I think women's friendships are a poor thing at the best—were in any way to earn your contempt; that he were to throw you over, or, worse still, to turn out a scoundrel, what then?"

"If I really cared for him," she answered, rather shyly, and as if in depreciation of herself, "I could but try to justify my foolish faithfulness by those exquisite lines:

"I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart;
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art."

No matter how slowly people walk, a mile is not interminable, and by that time Vaughan and Eleanor had left the high road, and were going towards the house through the pleasure-grounds. He was considering how he could contrive to prolong the walk by proposing that they should go and look at the view by moonlight from a certain hill behind the house, when suddenly his companion gave a slight start, and dropped his arm.

"Hallo!" he cried, at the same moment; "there is some fellow sitting under your favorite tree! Don't you see the shadow? There, he's moving off. Shall I follow him, and see what he's doing here at this hour?" he added, as the figure passed into sight upon the lawn, upon which the moon was shining brilliantly, and then disappeared again into the shade of the trees.

"Oh no, pray do not go after him!" cried Eleanor, eagerly. "See, he is going away, and he cannot do any harm; pray do not trouble yourself."

"Well, he has not much the appearance of a midnight robber, I must say," replied Vaughan, as they again walked on; "but still I do not like to see a fellow skulking about like that. Is it possible that your aunt is still up?" he added, as a ray of light streaming through the shutters of a window on the right-hand side of the hall-door caught his eyes.

"No," said Eleanor, "our drawing-room, where she always sits, is on the left."

They were up at the door by that time, and the old servant had opened it with his latch-key, and Eleanor, taking Vaughan's pin from her shawl, held out her hand and said, "Good-night."

"Thank you. Good-night, Miss Russel," he said; "I hope you have got no cold."

And so, after all his resolves, the walk ended in a common-place manner, with the old servant looking on.

Miss Russel ran quickly up-stairs and, opening the window of her room, she stood watching Vaughan until a turn in the avenue hid him from her view; then she stole down again, went out

noiselessly, crossed the lawn, and disappeared among the trees, under which the man whom Vaughan had noticed had disappeared a short time before.

CHAPTER II.

IT happened that after that evening unusually wet weather set in, and put an end to the picnics and garden-parties, and in consequence Vaughan had not so many opportunities given him of spending hours in the society of Miss Russell, and he failed to make one in order to carry out the intention that had been so strong in purpose, but so weak in performance, the last evening they had walked home together. He did not attempt to explain to himself why he held back, but he was angry and disgusted at his own vacillation, while from day to day it went on.

Meantime the Summer was passing into Autumn, and invitations began to pour in upon him from friends in different parts of England, who, one and all, declared that he was neglecting them shamefully. But there was to be an archery ball the last week in August at C—, and as he was one of the stewards, he was obliged to decline a pressing invitation to Scotland for the shooting season. Then in September it was wet weather again, so he stayed on at home, and grumbled at it, and was out of humor with himself and with all the world, simply because a smooth and pleasant road lay open before him, and he could not make up his mind to travel upon it.

But to do him every justice, it must be confessed that the very smoothness of the road was in itself a drawback. Man is such a peculiarly constituted animal, that he never thoroughly values a thing that comes to him without any trouble, and Vaughan felt conscious of a want somewhere that he could not define. He never felt it when he was with Eleanor. On the contrary, he always felt restless and happy in her company; but his calmness and her calmness were irritating to remember when the charms of the actual presence had passed away, and he doubted if real love could be so matter-of-fact and so commonplace; so utterly unlike all that he had ever heard or read upon the subject. So he went on doubting and wavering, and heartily abusing himself for not being able to make up his mind.

He was sitting with his mother one evening, and was not, it must be confessed, in the most placid frame of mind. The post of the morning had brought him a tempting invitation, and he had written at once to accept it, but he was already half sorry for having done so, yet half pleased at the prospect of getting away for a month or two.

"I could not do better than take those books I promised to lend her over to the Laurels this evening," he said to himself, while apparently he was reading the *Times*. "I can tell her that I am going to stay in one of the jolliest houses in England, full of charming women, and that if she betrays the slightest symptoms of dislike to that part of my programme, I'll speak out and make an end of the thing one way or the other. It would be no end of fun to go to the Ashfords an engaged man."

"Henry," said his mother's voice, breaking in upon his musings, "have you seen a gentleman with our friends at the Laurels lately? Is there any one staying there?"

"Not that I know of, mother. And I think I must have heard of him, or seen him, if there had been."

"So I think, too, for I know you are constantly going in and out. Well, I heard to-day that there has been a gentleman staying with Miss Heathcote for some time, and that he and Eleanor Russell are going to be married."

Vaughan's heart gave a slight bound, and he felt intensely, anxiously interested, but he did not even put down his paper, as he said:

"How very odd. I wonder can it be true? Miss Russell suddenly going to be married?" and smiled very, very slightly, as the resolve he had made a few minutes before flashed across him. "Tell me all about it, mother," he continued. "One doesn't often hear any news in this place." And then he put down the *Times*, leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes.

"I have not much to tell," replied Mrs. Vaughan, "and I do not vouch for the truth of even what I do tell. Besides, it is all vague and unconnected. Some one has seen Miss Russell walking about lately in the dusk, leaning upon a gentleman—a stranger—and it is supposed that he is staying at the Laurels from the fact that some other person, a milkman or baker, I believe, saw a gentleman standing at one of the windows with his hat off."

"I have done that pretty often at the Laurels myself, mother," replied young Vaughan, still with his eyes shut, "so your evidence is not very conclusive. However it may be quite true. I wonder who the deuce the fellow is, and where he came from?" And Vaughan once more took his paper and sat up to read.

But he could have read a few words only when he spoke again.

"Mother," he said, "I am going to the Ashfords."

"Going after all you said? I am very glad. Have you written? When do you leave?"

"Yes, I wrote to-day, and I think of leaving perhaps to-morrow. I mean to stay in London a few days." Then, throwing down the paper and starting up, he added: "I can't do better than take these books over to the Laurels this evening and say Good-by to them there. Perhaps I may meet the mysterious lover and be able to add congratulations to farewells."

Mrs. Vaughan was not by any means a sharp woman, or she would have been struck by the satirical intonation of her son's voice as he uttered the last words.

"I think she might have told me about it," was the thought in Vaughan's mind as he walked towards the Laurels. Miss Heathcote's villa was about a quarter of a mile from that of Mrs. Vaughan, and the young man had, therefore, ample time to ring several changes upon the one theme as he went along, with the soft wind of the October night blowing in his face and sighing among the branches above his head.

"I suppose the fellow is here, whoever he is," was his comment as he reached the hall-door. But

he did not ring. His quick eye had detected that one of the low French windows of the drawing-room was still open, and, taking the privilege of an intimate friend, he turned towards it and stepped into the room. It was empty, and lighted only by the faint glow of a fire.

He looked round, and hesitated. Then a sudden thought appeared to strike him. "I have it," he said; "they have just gone out by the window for a ramble, and if I wait for them here, I must see the man. But where is her aunt, I wonder? And did I not see a light in that right-hand window as I came up? Perhaps it is a sitting-room of Miss Heathcote's." He went out again, and having satisfied himself that there was a light to be seen through a chink of the shuttered window on the right-hand side of the hall-door, he re-entered the drawing-room, and threw himself without ceremony upon a sofa near the fire.

He stayed there quietly for about twenty minutes, watching the window at which he expected every instant that Eleanor and the "unknown" would appear. But they did not come. "By Jove, they must be fond of walking!" was his comment at length, made in a most satirical tone, "and there is not even moonlight for an excuse. I must go and find Miss Heathcote and ask her if she generally leaves her drawing-room windows open all night."

He jumped up, and opening the door went out into the hall; the corresponding door at the opposite side was open, and a bright light streamed through it. The room was furnished as a sitting-room, and it struck Vaughan as rather strange that often as he had visited at the Laurels he had never seen its interior before.

He crossed the hall, and had his hand out to knock before going in, when he paused suddenly, arrested by an unexpected sight. Upon the wall facing him, as he stood, there was a shadow cast, the meaning of which, if I may use the word, was not to be misunderstood. He recognized at once the familiar figure of Eleanor Russell. She was looking up into the face of a man, a stranger to Vaughan, whose arm was thrown across her shoulder. She was speaking. Vaughan heard the low, earnest tone of her voice, and then the stranger replied: "Eleanor, my own dear—"

But before the last word was fully uttered the unseen listener had retreated. He went back to the drawing-room, made his way to a writing table, lighted a taper, and, taking out one of his cards, he wrote, "With"—before his name—"compliments" after it; and "P. P. C." in the corner, and leaving it upon the books he had brought he went out through the window and walked slowly home.

"So," he said, "that is over. I hope she will be very happy. But I think she might have told me."

He felt a little hurt, a little disappointed, and the least thing jealous, but not sufficiently so to spoil his night's rest, or to interfere with his anticipations of pleasure during his approaching visit. He did not tell his mother what he had seen; he merely said that he had left the books and heard nothing of the mysterious lover. The next day he left C—.

Vaughan's friends, the Ashfords, lived in his own county, within visiting distance of "The Oaks," and he had known them from childhood, consequently a visit to them seemed like going home. They were well-born and wealthy people, with a splendid house, which it was their pleasure from Autumn to Spring to keep filled with a succession of guests. The family circle itself was small, the daughters were all married but one. The eldest son was in the army, and his only brother was still at Eton. Miss Ashford was a girl very much in Eleanor Russell's style, but she was older than Vaughan and looked upon him as another brother. She called him "Henry," and gave him good advice in a half-laughing, half-earnest manner.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, as she met him on the afternoon of his arrival. "I was really beginning to despair of ever getting you amongst us again; and I begin to think that there must be some very strong attraction in C—. I know by experience that there is no use in expecting you either to confess or to look guilty; but I augur the best from the fact that you are actually here. And now, let me tell you that I have made every arrangement for your final capture—observe the emphasis on final—for I am fully aware how easily you have hitherto slipped out of bonds that seemed very fast indeed. The brothers Davenport themselves could not be more expert. But this time you have not a chance."

"What a frightful prospect to open before a man just as he arrives to pay a pleasant visit," replied Vaughan, laughing. "But do your worst; I am a complete ironclad! However, you must give me a glimpse of the enemy's country, if you please. No one can prepare a line of defense without knowing what the attack will be like."

But Miss Ashford shook her head and laughed mischievously.

"She is to be here this evening, that is all I can tell you," she said; "and if you do not—there now, I have done. Come out and look at the ponies papa gave me for a birthday present last week."

Miss Ashford's plans gave Vaughan but little concern. She was in the habit, as he expressed it, of "pitching into" him most unmercifully about his numerous flirtations, and also of predicting a time when he would find that the pastime known as "playing with edged tools" was not always to be indulged in with impunity. He was inclined just then, too, to be a little cynical about women—to declare that they were "all alike, all of opinion that it was the best fun in the world to make a fool of a fellow!" But in his heart he knew that as regarded Eleanor Russell, if there had been any "fooling," it had not been all on her side.

When he went into the drawing-room before dinner, he found all the guests assembled, and, with few exceptions, the faces were strange to him. Miss Ashford introduced him to every one, and he tried in vain to detect from her manner as she named one young lady after another, the precise moment when the lady stood before him; but he was foiled—she gave no clue by look or smile.

He took in to dinner a pretty little flax-haired, chirping girl, dressed in white muslin and blue ribbons, and he at once set himself to flirt with her in a most determined manner. But at the same time his eyes were not idle, and very soon they were arrested by a face at the opposite side of the table, and before dinner was over, he actually caught himself wishing that the possessor of those glorious dark violet eyes, with the long black lashes, and that clear and dazzling complexion, would prove to be the charmer by whom he was to be conquered.

He had been introduced to her, but he had not caught her name, so tried to find it out by his chattering companion. He had tact enough not to ask in particular for the lady's name, and he was rewarded by getting pieces of information. She was a Miss Forbes—Caroline Forbes, an only daughter. Her father was the nice old gentleman with white hair, who had taken Mrs. Ashford in to dinner. She was such a nice girl, and so pretty! Didn't Mr. Vaughan think so? And she was very clever, too, and the dearest friend Kate Ashford had in the world."

Vaughan was quite satisfied, and he watched Miss Forbes with something more than admiration as she left the dining-room. A woman sitting and a woman walking even across a room, were, he knew, two very different things. He saw that she was of moderate height, with a full but perfectly proportioned figure, that her dress was in good taste, stylish and becoming; but it struck him also that she was just the least thing too conscious of her attractions.

"Well, Kate," he said, in the course of the evening, "you have done admirably for me. That little girl with the golden hair is exactly my style, and her conversation is so amusing, so very original, and—"

Kate Ashford fell at once into the trap. "Oh, Henry!" she interrupted, "I never thought of such a thing, and I saw you looking at Miss Forbes all the time we were at dinner."

Vaughan laughed. "Trust a woman for showing her hand," he said, "before the game has well begun. So Miss Forbes is the lady? Well, I do admire her, but she looks—"

"Not conceited! Wait until you know her. She is not the least conceited."

"If you would but hear me out. I was not going to accuse her of conceit; but I am very much mistaken if she is the sort of woman who cares to play to empty benches. Yes, I can see by your face that I am right. She is accustomed to admiration, and she likes it. But I am not surprised; her eyes would soften the heart of an anchorite."

Kate Ashford laughed; but she was pleased to see that Vaughan presently seated himself by Miss Forbes's side, and that later in the evening they played chess together. She saw, too, that they talked far more than was consistent with the rules of the game.

And this continued night after night, with intervals of music, and sometimes of dancing, to say nothing of rides, and drives and walks, during the day, and before the end of a fortnight, Vaughan had satisfactorily answered the question that had so long perplexed him before he left. He found that the sober, quiet liking he had for Eleanor Russell was not the real thing after all, and that he was at last honestly and deeply "in love."

And then happy days flew over all too quickly. Winter had set in, but Vaughan still remained in—shire, and when uncertainty could no longer be borne, and he spoke out boldly, and learned the delicious truth that his affection was returned, he felt as though the world itself were too narrow to contain him and his great happiness.

It was a curious coincidence that, on the evening of the day he and his adored Caroline had sworn eternal fidelity by the edge of a frozen lake in Mr. Ashford's domain—they had strolled that way to see if the ice was firm enough for skating—he should receive a letter from his mother, which, with other gossip, contained the following item of news: "I have not seen much of our friends at the Laurels lately," Mrs. Vaughan wrote; "but there is a strange story told about them just now. They say that a brother of Eleanor's, a regular *mauvais sujet*, has suddenly turned up, and that he is at the Laurels—has been there for some months, in fact—and that they are all in the greatest terror lest his whereabouts should become known. People say he forged some one's name, or did something dreadful. I hear, too, that he is in a wretched state of health, dying, in fact. I have never asked them anything about him, of course. Could he be the man with whom Eleanor has been seen?"

Vaughan, although he was "in love," and thought every minute an hour which he spent away from Caroline Forbes, pondered long over that part of his mother's letter which I have quoted, and very soon the whole affair cleared itself before him. He put many little facts together, many little things that had puzzled him from time to time in Miss Russell's conduct. He remembered the man he had seen on the lawn at the Laurels, and Eleanor's anxiety that he should not be followed; and above all he remembered the evening he had called to say "Good-by," and had seen the shadow on the wall, and it with these recollections a shade of self-reproach mingled for having in his own mind accused the woman whom he had known so long, and liked so sincerely, of ever having encouraged him when she was engaged to another man, it vanished the moment he saw Caroline Forbes's glorious eyes beaming with a new and tender light for him.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Celtic Graves.—A number of Celtic graves have been recently discovered in a forest near Huttenheim on the Upper Rhine. The find consisted of a large skeleton with well-preserved skull, a necklace, two rings, an iron sword and an urn for ashes. The collection has been sent to Karlsruhe for preservation and study.

Amber Mines.—Formerly all of the amber of commerce was obtained from the coast of the Baltic after a storm had laid bare new tracts of the sandy shore. Of late years shafts have been sunk and regular mines have been projected. In 1877 one hundred and thirty-five tons of amber were dug up in Prussia, the mine of Palm-

nicken yielding eighty-five tons. The amber industry gives employment to 1,400 men. The mines are farmed out by the Government to private companies for a royalty. Austria, France, Russia, America, China and Japan are the principal consumers.

Newspapers and Journals in Germany.—According to the report of the German Post Office Department for the year 1877, the circulation of papers and journals in the German Empire was as follows: In the German language (including those from the United States) 4,596; French, 831; English, 704; Italian, 142; Norwegian, 26; Swedish, 89; Portuguese, 3; Serbian, 5; Spanish, 27; Armenian, 2; Bohemian, 18; Croatian, 3; Danish, 62; Finnish, 1; Greek, 9; Hebrew, 6; Dutch, 30; Lithuanian, 2; Persian, 2; Polish, 65; Roumanian, 32; Romanish, 2; Russian, 69; Ruthenian, 2; Slavic, 4; Turkish, 4; Hungarian, 28; Flemish, 5; Wendish, 6.

Science and Politics in France.—French politics attract an unusually large number of scientific men. M. Faye, the astronomer, who is spoken of as the probable successor to Leverrier as Director of the Observatory, was recently nominated in the short-lived Cabinet of MacMahon as Minister of Instruction. Naquet, the chemist and author of an exceedingly radical treatise on his favorite science, is now a leader of the Radical wing of the Republican party; Dumas, the perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and Scheurer Kestner are life members of the Senate, and Professor Wurtz was proposed as a candidate for the same honor a few weeks since. This is a greater show of the "scholar in politics" than we can boast of in this country.

Death of Dr. Isidor Walz.—The death, in New York, of Dr. Isidor Walz, on the 25th of October, 1877, at the early age of thirty-five years, was a loss to science which cannot easily be replaced. Dr. Walz was born in Germany, but came to this country at an early age and received his education at Columbia College, where he graduated in 1864. He subsequently studied at Heidelberg, under Bunsen and Erlenmeyer, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy with distinguished honor. After his return to this country he went earnestly at work to further the cause of science. Although fettered by the necessity of earning a subsistence by commercial enterprises, he never lost sight of true science, and was able to publish several valuable contributions to our knowledge of chemical compounds. In order to keep alive the love of research and to cultivate good-fellowship among men of similar pursuits he prepared and, by his own personal energy more than other agency, carried to success the organization of the American Chemical Society, of which he was the recording secretary from its foundation. On the 1st of January, 1870, Dr. Walz took the editorial management of the *Manufacturers' Review and Industrial Record*, and through its columns was able to disseminate a vast amount of scientific knowledge among the classes to which that journal is devoted. He also contributed articles to the *American Journal of Science*, and read papers before the New York Academy of Sciences on subjects to which he had devoted much study and research. Had he lived he must have accomplished important work as an investigator, and added largely to the sum of human knowledge. The announcement of his death will be received with a feeling of personal bereavement by the large circle of scientists who knew and appreciated his worth.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Sultan has sent to Osman Pasha, now a prisoner in Russia, a present of \$5,000 of money, a contribution from Mohammedans.

An invitation, very numerously signed, has been sent from Manchester, England, to the French Republican leader, Gambetta, inviting him to a festival to be given by the Reform Club of that city.

MISS HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD, the betrothed of Earl Rosebery, is very fair of hair and complexion, and wears a bright smile. Her charities are magnificent, and embrace nearly all sects and nationalities.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER is engineering the tremendous work of translating all the chief Bibles of the East into the languages of Europe, on which scholars are now engaged in the greatest centres of learning.

MANTHORPE BEY, the English Commodore of the Turkish Flying Squadron, reports that Sebastopol has been rendered practically impregnable against a sea attack, even if it were made by the whole English navy. Kertch also he reports to be impregnable.

GENERAL GRANT has sent home a package of the gifts he has received abroad. The gold boxes presented by Glasgow and Ayr, and the Edinburgh silver box are among them. Then there are gold, silver and bronze medals, illuminated addresses, badges and decorations.

COLONEL CORBIN, the Recorder of the Sitting-Bull Commission, says it is not generally known that Sitting Bull has been naturalized as a Canadian Indian, so that if the chief does cross the border and commit depredations in the United States, the Dominion Government will be responsible for his acts.

It is now announced that Count Horace de Choiseul Praslin, a brother of the Duke de Praslin, who married Miss Forbes, of New York, and a member of the French Assembly, will be sent as French Ambassador to London. He is forty years of age, and is married to a princess of the House of Beauvau Craon.

MR. GLADSTONE is disposed to connect the earliest remains found by Schliemann at Mycenae, especially those of the tombs, with the family and fate of Agamemnon. He inclines to the idea that one of the bodies represented may be that of the King of Men; but the beautiful preservation of the teeth suggests a greater youth than that possessed by the Greek leader of the alliance against Troy.

MUCH opposition was manifested by a majority of the Cardinals to the interment of Victor Emmanuel in the Pantheon. The Pope convoked an especial council on the subject, and found them nearly all strenuously opposed to conceding the permission. Pius IX. finally exclaimed: "I am still Pope, and I order that the Pantheon shall be used for the interment of the King. I also authorize the clergy to assist at the obsequies."

CLOTHILDE of Italy did not go to her father's funeral, and this is explained as the result of religious scruples. She has never visited him at Rome or any other of what she considered his badly acquired territories. Her two sons, however, were present at the funeral with their aunt, Princess Mathilde. The eldest is in his fourteenth year, and is studying for the Polytechnic. It is predicted that they will grow up to be remarkable men.

ON his writing-table Mr. Wilkie Collins has a jappanned tin box, containing what he calls his stock-in-trade—plots and schemes for stories and dramas. He is a rapid inventor and a slow producer, constantly revising his work until he has reached something approaching his ideal of a simple, natural style. "I don't," he admits, "attempt the style of Addison, because I scarcely think it worth while. Addison was a neat but trivial writer, not in the least vigorous or dramatic; but the very reverse—analytical and painfully minute. His style bears about as much resemblance to good strong nervous English as silver filigree does to a bronze statue. Lord Byron's letters are the best English I know of—perfectly simple and clear, bright and strong."

STEALING COTTON
IN NEW YORK.

VERY few of the outside public are aware to what an extent cotton-stealing is carried on in New York City, where from 940,000 to 1,000,000 bales are handled annually, or nearly one-fourth of the entire cotton crop of the South. The Superintendent of the Cotton Exchange states that 10,000 bales, worth in the neighborhood of half a million dollars, are annually stolen from the receivers and shippers. Seemingly no redress can be obtained, as the thieves and petty pilferers steal and have stolen for years past with perfect impunity. The clerks of the large receivers are required to exercise the utmost vigilance, as stevedores, longshoremen, draymen, pursers, warehousemen, weighers, samplers, and, in fact, all who handle the staple, seem to be in league to defraud and plunder. Professional thieves purchase drays, carry two or three loads correctly to the warehouse, and, after winning the confidence of the receiver, wait their opportunity towards nightfall, and drive the dray to some up-town "fence," where the marks on the bales are easily altered, carry them back in another dray to a confederate broker, and probably store them in the same warehouse to which they should have originally carried them.

The river pirates consider cotton as the most accessible of plunder, as they can rip open a bale easily and noiselessly fill their boat, being able to operate almost within sight of the watchman. They carry little hydraulic presses on board their boats, and are thus enabled to stow away considerable cotton. Some of their vessels have sufficient capacity to carry from one and a half to two bales.

The warehousemen say that after the cotton is weighed a sampler comes from the broker's office and takes out more than the quantity required. Only a small portion of this is taken to the broker's office, and the balance goes to the junk-shop, of which there are several in Greenwich, Rector and Stone Streets. The owners of these places purchase the sweepings, sort them carefully, and when sufficient of a certain class is obtained to make a bale, compress it with their own presses, turn it out in good order and sell it at a handsome profit. They can afford to pay their customers a fair price, as the cotton brought is rarely damaged, and the sorting can be done with very little trouble. Many impostors go around, pretending to be samplers. They take good care to make matters all right with the weighers and callers, who get their full share.

The virtuous warehousemen aver that the principal stealing is done by the persons who are employed by the exporters. The draymen ride the bales on the way to the vessel, and fill the long, deep box under their seat, which is used for carrying the horses' feed, with from twenty to twenty-five pounds of cotton, for which they generally get about one dollar or one dollar and twenty-five cents from the junk-dealer. On the wharf the cotton is pretty roughly handled by the stevedores, who endeavor to make as



WOMEN AND CHILDREN PILFERING COTTON FROM BALES.

much sweepings as possible, as the gang at night collect this, sell it to the junkmen and divide the proceeds. Or they permit the swarm of women and children who hover around to pull handfuls of

school, and with the funds thus obtained he took an academic course, and followed that with the customary reading necessary for admission to the Bar. He settled in Lebanon, Mo., and engaged in

the Bill passed the House by a large vote, 183 to 34, and was reported to the Senate by the Finance Committee with an amendment known as the "Allison Amendment," which is worded as follows:

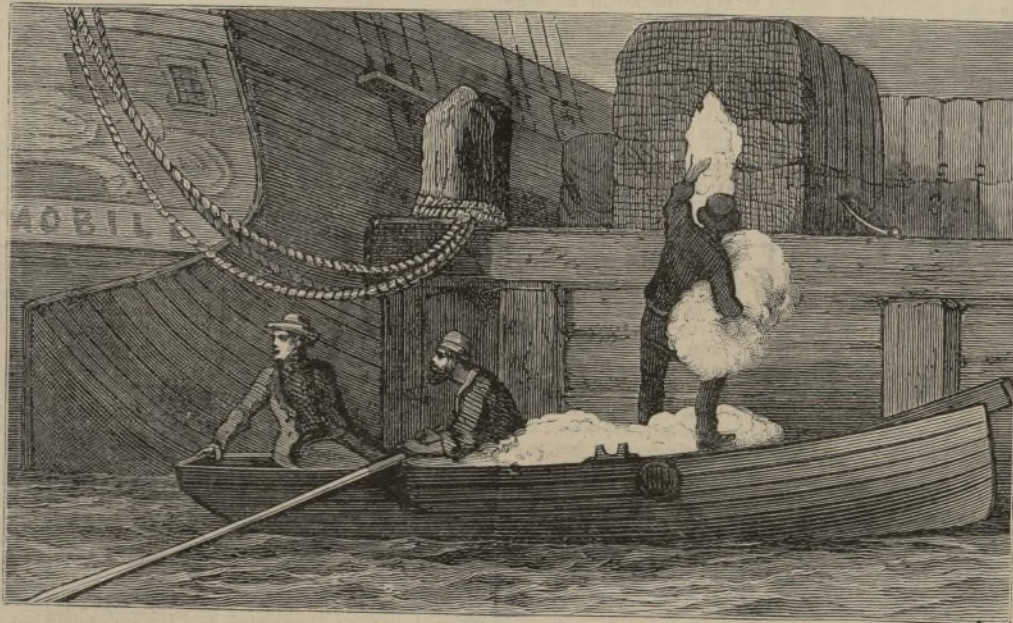
After the word "contracts" in the Bill, read:

And the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized and directed, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion, at the market price thereof, not less than two million dollars per month, and not more than four million dollars per month, and cause the same to be coined into such dollars; and any seigniorage arising from the coinage shall be accounted for and paid into the treasury as provided under existing laws relative to the subsidiary coinage; provided, that the amount of money at any one time invested in such silver bullion, exclusive of such resulting coin, shall not exceed five million dollars.

THE "METROPOLIS."

OUR ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT VISIT THE SCENE OF THE WRECK.

CURRITUCK BEACH, the scene of the ghastly and murderous wreck of the *Metropolis*, is situated on the northeast coast of North Carolina, and about sixty-five miles from Norfolk City. To reach the wreck was a task of no mean difficulty, as to miss the little steamboat plying to and from Currituck Sound through the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal involved a loss of two clear days, and to obtain a conveyance from Norfolk was next to an impossibility. An artist with the writer started from New York, via Baltimore, the Bay Line of steamers from that port to Norfolk, arriving in time to witness the entrance of the *Cygnets* into the tiny dock,



RIVER PIRATES STEALING COTTON FROM A WHARF.

cotton from the bales and fill aprons and bags at pleasure. Many of these women and children, who are not infrequently relatives of the stevedores and draymen, make during the season from three dollars to five dollars per day.

The only resource to check these cotton-vultures is to ply a rope's end vigorously. The young clerks take this flagellating matter in hand with a gusto, as considerable fun is sure to ensue when any "lady" gets a sharp rap over her fingers.

The brokers have under consideration a project of having all cotton weighed and sampled at some central depot, where ample storage can be obtained and where all the employees are held to a strict accountability. The present loose manner of conducting business is a premium on peculation.

HON. R. P. BLAND
AND
HIS SILVER BILL.

RICHARD P. BLAND, representing the Fifth Missouri District, and author of the now famous Bland Silver Bill, was born near Hartford, Ky. He was left an orphan at an early age, and during the Summer months he worked to raise means for attending the common schools in Winter. Upon attaining his majority he began teaching



A DRAYMAN FILLING HIS FEED-BOX WITH COTTON.



A BROKER'S CLERK APPROPRIATING A "SAMPLE."

NEW YORK CITY.—THE WHOLESALE BUSINESS OF COTTON-STEALING BY LAND THIEVES AND RIVER PIRATES.

laden with the survivors from the ill-fated vessel. The scene was weird and striking. It was intensely dark, and a few dim lamps threw their flickering and sickly light over white faces and glittering eyes. Expectation was on tiptoe, and as the whistle sounded from the *Cygnel* announcing her proximity, a hoarse murmur arose from the densely packed and fearfully excited assemblage.

The *Cygnel* is a very small steamer used on the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal, principally for the conveyance of wildfowl shot upon the waters of Currituck and the neighboring Sounds. She is not much larger than the smallest tug-boat in use on the North or East Rivers, and as she slowly drew alongside, gliding into the dock like a phantom vessel, laden with one hundred and forty haggard, dazed, draggled, half-clad, despairing-looking men, packed into every conceivable corner and huddled together as tightly as they could fit; and as the lanterns threw streaks of yellow light here and there, displaying bandaged heads clotted with blood, swollen and distorted features, and faces hollow-eyed and livid, the scene was one that, for its strange hush and fantastic aspect, almost baffles description. A ringing cheer rang out upon the frosty night-air as the gangway was thrown forward; again and again renewed when a man appeared upon the deck, for whom respectful passage was made, bearing in his arms the fainting form of the brave, the devoted Mrs. Huet—the only woman saved from the wreck—a lady who behaved during the terrible ordeal with a calmness and intrepidity that not only won the admiration of the passengers, but emboldened many a sinking heart to make one more supreme effort for dear life. Mrs. Huet was borne in the arms of her husband to the residence of the Mayor, while the remainder of the forlorn party were conducted to a large dining-room in the city, where they were substantially cared for, and subsequently to an unoccupied store, wherein beds were prepared for the dazed and still shivering representatives of "poor humanity." We visited them upon the following morning, and a sorry sight did they present. Shoeless, stockingless, hatless, coatless, some wrapped up in blankets, others in shreds of tattered garments, all nearly in rags, their shrunken clothes having been torn to pieces in the fierce fight with the thrashing waves. Every man with whom we conversed condemned the ship as being rotten to the core and utterly unseaworthy. Doctor Green, the surgeon to the ill-fated vessel, exhibited to us two pieces of the wood of the *Metropolis*, to both of which he applied a silver butter knife, cutting through them as though they were composed of cheese. If the survivors sternly condemned the ship, they seemed equally desirous of recognizing the gallantry and intrepidity of Captain Ankers, whom they extolled with no niggard praise. We found this officer arrayed in a nondescript suit, apparently not a whit the worse of his recent fearful sufferings. He testified to the noble calmness that pervaded passengers and crew, and to the splendid work done by the former in getting overboard the dead weight of coals that was sinking the ship, when the leaks could not be got under. He spoke in severely condemnatory terms of the Life-saving Service, which on this occasion proved itself nothing short of a mockery, a delusion and a snare.

The manner in which the cargo of iron rails was stowed away was also a fruitful theme for comment. Instead of being placed crosswise, the rails were stretched from stem to stern, thereby becoming shiftless dead weight. The fierce cry of denunciation uttered in Norfolk is likely to bear



CONGRESSMAN RICHARD PARKS BLAND, OF MISSOURI.

bitter fruit, and when the blame becomes placed upon the proper shoulders, a terrible example must be made, in order to deter others from pursuing this reckless traffic in human life in a desperate greed for gold.

Six o'clock the following morning found us on board the *Cygnel* bound for Currituck Sound, that vessel being freighted with coffins for the dead washed ashore. We passed through the Albe-

marle and Chesapeake Canal; past the entrance to the Dismal Swamp; past sandy islands and pine-fringed shores until Church Landing was reached, from whence we took canoe to Currituck Light Shooting Club, where we were received by Mr. Dunton, the keeper, who immediately ordered out his cart to convey us to the scene of the wreck, situated three miles distant. The sun had set in a purple and golden haze,

lighting up the bare, bleak, gray sandhills in the midst of which the club-house nestles, as we started along the shore. The shades of night were closing in. The velvety strand was caressed by toying wavelets, crested with snowy foam, the remorseless ocean stretching away on our left, blue-black, into the outer darkness. Upon our right lay a ridge of low sandhills, the sky line ever and anon broken by a rude post planted out of reach of the waves denoting where a victim of the *Huron* was taking his long last sleep. Presently some casks seemed to spring from out the sand, and then fragments and debris of the wreck began to strew the shore, while the graves, marked by an upright piece of board, commenced to denote our proximity to the spot where the luckless *Metropolis* went to her doom. As we jogged silently along, Mr. Dunton's dog, a splendid retriever, who accompanied us, suddenly stopped short, his nose in the air. "That's another body!" exclaimed our artist, peering seaward as though he would pierce the very waves. "It ain't," said the charioteer; "it's lumber." The cart was stopped and a nearer examination proved the object to be the body of a young and handsome man, who lay upon his side as if in a deep slumber. It was pitiful to see the cold waves breaking over him, to behold the white foam resting upon his raven black hair, to gaze at the wavelets licking his naked feet. There he lay, away from home, friends, kindred, away on that desolate beach, with the gray sand for his pillow, the throbbing stars for his canopy, and the murmuring sea for his lullaby. Having notified the patrol, we proceeded onwards. Of the wreck nothing was to be seen but the bare keel, the ribs broken off like snaggle teeth. About one hundred yards from the shore the boilers still stood out in bold relief, the sea breaking gently over them. The ship would appear to have separated into small fragments, for, with the exception of the sternpost, there was no piece of timber on the shore approaching even to the dignity of a plank.

Whale's Head Light, and Life-saving Station No. 4, are situated about four miles from the wreck. At the club-house we encountered the Inspector of Life-saving Stations for the district, who explained the circumstances attendant upon the recent deplorable fiasco. The man who gave the alarm at No. 4 Station stated it was utterly useless bringing any life-saving apparatus, as the ship was in pieces; all that was required being the assistance of the men to rescue the victims from the surf. Acting upon this statement, the officer in command instantly proceeded to the wreck, bringing with him but scanty means of affording other aid than that which was applied for. The Inspector further informed us that the men at the life-saving stations on this particular coast were overworked, six of them being compelled to walk thirty-two miles in the twenty-four hours. The stations being from sixteen to twenty miles apart, renders instant aid, in the case of a wreck between them, next to an impossibility, as the stations are not furnished with teams, and the progress alongshore, with the necessary appliances on a stormy night, is necessarily a work of considerable slowness. As the Government have taken up the question of the efficiency of the life-saving service, it should be no question of a beggarly economy when human life is the question at issue; and we earnestly trust that our legislators will prove sufficiently enlightened to render this service something less than a mockery, a delusion and a snare. Three o'clock A. M. found us in the canoe flying across the sound to catch the *Cygnel* upon her return trip.



VIRGINIA.—THE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECKED "METROPOLIS" LANDING AT NORFOLK, ON THE NIGHT OF SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2d.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Siberian Mines.

THE exiles who live in the mines are convicts of the worst type and political offenders of the best. The murderer for his villainy, the intelligent and honest Polish rebel for his patriotism, are deemed equally worthy of the punishment of slow death. They never see the light of day, but work and sleep all the year round in the depths of the earth, extracting silver or quicksilver under the eyes of taskmasters who have orders not to spare them. Iron gates, guarded by sentries, close the lodes, or streets, at the bottom of the shafts, and the miners are railed off from one another in gangs of twenty. They sleep within recesses hewn out of the rock—very kennels—into which they must creep on all-fours. Prince Joseph Lubomirski, who was authorized to visit one of the mines of the Oural at a time when it was not suspected that he would publish an account of his exploration in French, has given an appalling account of what he saw. Convicts racked with the joint-pains which quicksilver produces; men whose hair and eyebrows had dropped off, and who were gaunt as skeletons, were kept to hard labor under the lash. They have only two holidays a year, Christmas and Easter; and all other days, Sunday included, they must toil until exhausted nature robs them of the use of their limbs, when they are hauled up to die in the infirmary. Five years in the quicksilver pits are enough to turn a man of thirty into an apparent sexagenarian, but some have been known to struggle on for ten years. No man who has served in the mines is ever allowed to return home; the most he can obtain in the way of grace is leave to come up and work in the road gangs, and it is the promise of this favor as a reward for industry which operates even more than the lash to maintain discipline. Women are employed in the mines as sitters, and get no better treatment than the men. Polish ladies by the dozen have been sent down to rot and die, while the St. Petersburg journals were declaring that they were living as free colonists; and, more recently, ladies connected with Nihilist conspiracies have been consigned to the mines in pursuance of a sentence of hard labor. It must always be understood that a sentence of Siberian hard labor means death.

FUN.

DISTILLED waters burn deep.

SUGGESTION by an egg-eater: "Un œuf's good as a feast."

SHOULD a boy who steals a dollar be sent to a penitentiary?

A CORRESPONDENT who has used a newly invented glue says its merits.

WHY is gum-water like the first rule of arithmetic? Because it is simple addition.

THE engineers of the Brazil railroad survey it exclusively with a Pedrometer.

DANCING-MASTERS seldom have any money, but they're always taking steps to raise some.

BOTTLED lager is recommended for a morning drink. A new kind of corked-a's, probably.

MONEY is so scarce now, that most people worship a dollar with a certain species of I-dollarity.

FAILURES and suspensions—the United States are trying to settle with their creditors at ninety-two cents on a dollar.

MANY men who turned over a new leaf on the first of January act as if they held their book upside down at the time.

OIL has been struck in the Black Hills. For the benefit of gentlemen who have been interviewed by the natives of that region we hope it is hair oil.

WE cordially agree with the captain of the vessel that brought the Cleopatra obelisk into the Thames that it isn't pleasant to have a Needle in toe.

LADY JONES: "And so you went to Venice? Saw all the sights—St. Mark's and the lions?" Mrs. Crammer: "Oh, yes, the dear old lions! We were most fortunate the day we were there. Arrived just in time to see the noble creatures fed!"

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes." She was his mother-in-law, and his gallantry tickled her vanity. He was glad it made her leave go of the bottle. If she had gone on drinking to him with her mouth there'd have been none left for him.

"WHAT is a veranda?" is now being discussed by foreign architects. A veranda, gentlemen, is a place where, with the right kind of companion, you'll find the moon shines brighter and the hours fly swifter than in any other spot on the earth's surface. Try it once.

"PSHAW!" said Grampus, when he heard of telephonic machines enabling us to hear a man six hundred miles off, "the valuable invention would be one to enable us not to hear loud and vulgar chatter six inches off in railway carriages and elsewhere—to say nothing of streetcriers in a suburban street, or your neighbor's piano in a suburban house. That would deserve gratitude, if you like."

MYTHS ARE BUT SYMBOLS OF TRUTH.

As the scholar sees in the vain but beautiful mythologies of the ancients the embodied expressions of the hungry human soul, blindly groping after the Infinite, so the physician sees in that popular myth of the sixteenth century the fountain of perpetual health and youth—an expression of the longings of suffering humanity for a remedy that should for ever prevent the incursion of disease. The wilds of Europe were ransacked for this wonderful fountain, and Ponce de Leon sought for it in the cypress swamps and tangled everglades of our sunny Florida. Men have searched for it everywhere and anywhere but where it really is—in the human body itself. The blood is the real fountain of perpetual health and youth. When this source is corrupted, the painful and sorrow-producing effects are visible in many shapes. The multifarious forms in which it manifests itself would form subjects upon which I might write volumes. But as all the varied forms of disease which depend upon bad blood are cured, or best treated, by such medicines as take up from this fluid and excrete from the system the noxious elements, it is not of practical importance that I should describe each. For instance, medical authors describe about fifty varieties of skin disease, but as they all require for their cure very similar treatment, it is of no practical utility to know just what name to apply to a certain form of skin disease, so you know how best to cure it. Then again I might go on and describe various kinds of scrofulous sores, fever sores, white swellings, enlarged glands, and ulcers of varying appearance; might describe how virulent poison may show itself in various forms of eruptions, ulcers, sore throat, bony tumors, etc.; but as all these various appearing manifestations of bad blood are cured by uniform means, I deem such a course unnecessary. Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the great fountain of life, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will all return to us. For this purpose, Dr. Pierce's

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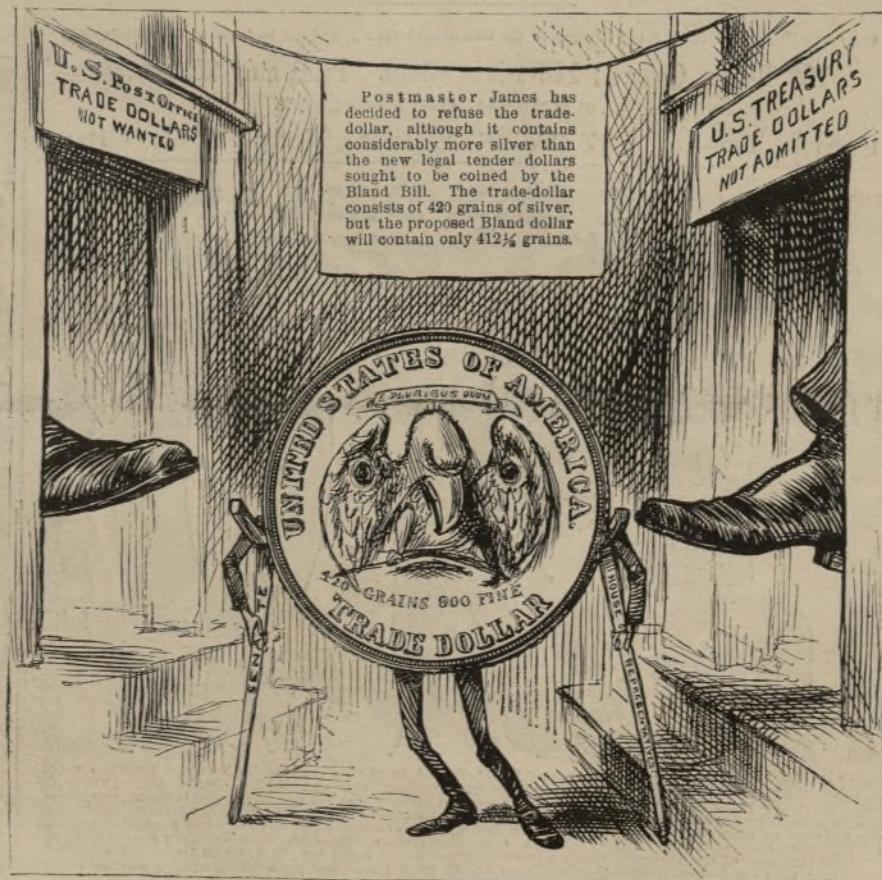
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