

THE SOURCE OF OUR SILVER."—See Splendid Four-page Bird's-eye View of Virginia City, Nevada, showing the Great Silver Bonanzas on the Comstock Lode, in SUPPLEMENT, presented Gratis with this Issue.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1,170—Vol. XLV.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1878.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 12 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



NEW YORK CITY.—THE HIGH REQUIEM MASS IN MEMORY OF THE LATE POPE PIUS IX., CELEBRATED IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, MULBERRY STREET, FEBRUARY 13TH.—SEE PAGE 447.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
 NEW YORK, MARCH 2, 1878.

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REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

THAT the time has come when a revision of the tariff is desirable, as well on grounds of revenue as of "revenue reform," seems to be admitted by all, except, perhaps, by a few interested parties who suppose themselves to be specially favored by the inequalities of our present system. Secretary Sherman, in his annual report, recommends such a revision, and intimates the basis on which it should proceed, by proposing a duty of two cents per pound on tea, with the object of gaining thereby an opportunity for the enlargement of the customs "free list," as also for the reduction of some internal taxes which are more vexatious than profitable. The imposition of such a duty on tea and coffee would yield a revenue of more than twelve millions of dollars, if the average consumption of those commodities during the last five years should be maintained.

The Hon. Fernando Wood, on behalf of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Representatives, has reported a Bill which has for its object to effect a modification of the present tariff, resulting in a reduction of duties averaging, it is said, about twenty per cent.; but this average reduction is not effected without bringing a large number of articles, now imported free of duty, under the sway of the Custom House. *Per contra*, the number of articles now paying duty is reduced to about five hundred, and the integrity of our revenue system has been promoted by a large substitution of specific for *ad valorem* duties. All complicated duties—that is, such as result from combining specific and *ad valorem* rates of taxation upon the same article, to the confusion alike of importers and Custom House officials—are happily abandoned in this *projet* of revenue reform, and we are as much surprised as gratified to find that it proposes to bring about a virtual "free trade" in ships, by admitting the free importation of all materials used in the construction, equipment and repair of vessels, and by admitting to full registry, under the United States flag, all vessels wholly owned by United States citizens, thus doing away with "a remnant of barbarism" which has long lurked under the cover of our navigation laws.

It is claimed by the framers of the new Bill that it will reduce the cost of collection from more than \$7,000,000 to less than \$3,000,000 per annum, and that it will raise a revenue of more than \$150,000,000, whereas the present tariff, during the last fiscal year, raised only \$130,000,000.

Cheerfully acknowledging, as we do, the valuable reforms embodied in this Bill, which have for their object the simplification of the revenue and of the Custom House administration, we are unable to discover that any consistent theory of revenue reform has presided over the digest of the schedules which compose the body of the *projet*. Such a digest should have for its object to relieve the productive forces of the country from burdensome contributions which yield only a small contingent of revenue to the Treasury, and especially from such contributions as fall upon the shoulders of those (much the largest part of the community) who are "consumers of taxed articles without being in turn producers of protected products."

It is quite natural that every reform in tariff taxation, having in view a reduction of the cost of domestic production and consumption, should provoke the hostility of protected interests, precisely in proportion as that reduction shall be consistently applied to such interests. Since the year

1862, under the pressure of the exigencies thrust upon the Government by the war, our tariff system has been little more than a "grab game" ordained upon the principle of "give and take," and having for a motive of activity and bond of union among its beneficiaries the maxim of "Devil take the hindmost!" The experience of our own Government, and the experience of all other countries, has abundantly shown that the burden of revenue taxation is greatly intensified by its indiscriminate dispersion upon a great variety of objects. And yet there was an era in our recent tariff policy when three thousand dutiable articles were swept into the remorseless maw of the Custom House. Since that time there has been some abatement in the rates of revenue taxation, and some reduction in the number of objects upon which a customs duty is levied. But unhappily this reduction in the number of our dutiable commodities has not always been inspired by sound considerations of political economy, having too often been the offspring of political caprice and of economical ignorance.

A few years ago, for instance, the "protectionists" and "free-traders" in Congress combined to place tea and coffee on the free-list, in the guise of making a "free breakfast" for the poor man's table; but in the act of making this change they neglected to touch with one of their fingers a score and more of the burdens which were weighing upon the very necessities of the poor man's subsistence. When, in the year 1866, it was proposed to reduce the tax on tea and coffee, with a prospective loss of eight or ten millions of dollars per annum, as then derived from that source, Mr. David A. Wells, the United States Commissioner of Revenue, explained to our Congressional Solons, in his report of that year, that no principle in the economy of public taxation is better recognized by science or approved by experience than that "a tax upon one of the necessities of life is a tax upon all." Indeed, this economic law is as demonstrable and as irreversible in the figure of human society as the hydrostatic law which regulates the pressure of liquids—a pressure which is felt equally upon every equal area of the liquid or its inclosure. And hence it does not increase our admiration of Mr. Wood's *projet* of tariff reform to find that it halts and hesitates in applying the plainest principles of economic science to other commodities besides tea and coffee, for by so doing we fear that he will fail to accomplish the full measure of even the reforms contemplated by his Bill.

AMERICAN POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

IT is now about a hundred and fifty years since the manufacture of earthenware was begun in this country. But it was not until the tariff of 1861, which fixed a scale of duties varying from thirty to fifty per cent. upon all importations of china and earthenware, gave the desired protection to this branch of manufactures, that it assumed an importance which has rapidly increased until the present time. The result has been that not only has the production of American earthenware and china kept pace with the increase of population and its corresponding consumption of wares, but the importations of the foreign article have fallen off over twenty per cent. during the past two years from the average of the six years from 1866 to 1871.

The number of potteries in the United States, as given in the last census report, is 777, and the value of their products \$6,045,506. But these figures include all the coarser forms of pottery, such as drain pipe and similar manufactures of clay. The establishments producing what is popularly known as ironstone china, white granite, and cream color or common stone chinaware, are about thirty in number. They are located in Trenton, N. J., East Liverpool, O., and in this State; and the quality of their work has improved so rapidly within the past few years as to equal that of foreign manufacturers. The tendency of the ware to become in technical phrase "crazed"—that is, to show a fine network of cracks upon the surface—has been overcome by a closer attention to the body of the work. It is a singular fact that this appearance, which in the domestic article is naturally regarded as a blemish, is, when artificially produced, as "crackle" in certain forms of Japanese and Chinese ware, thought to be highly ornamental.

In the department of what is known as art-pottery, and in the manufacture of true porcelain, great progress has been made in this country within a few years. The difference between ordinary china, as it is commonly called, and true porcelain, is, as most of our readers are aware, an important one. Like other forms of pottery, stone china is simply a mixture of clay and sand, with an exterior glaze, and when taken from the kiln is opaque and breaks with a rough fracture. Porcelain is produced by an artificial mixture of china clay and feldspar. These unite in a state of

fusion, making a product which is hard, translucent, capable of bearing extremes of heat and cold, and which shows a smooth vitreous fracture when broken. Several attempts have been made by American potters to produce true porcelain, but without success; and at present there is but one manufactory of any importance in the United States.

In considering American pottery and porcelain from an artistic point of view, it is easy to see that their defects lie chiefly in the matter of decoration. As regards the body of the ware and the glaze, there is little to criticize. But the ornamentation is apt to show a want of that refined taste and artistic feeling which characterize the best work of European potteries. The coloring is generally crude and inharmonious, and the designs, while lacking in grace and beauty, often show a pretentiousness that compares unfavorably with the elegant simplicity of French and English work. The visitor to the Philadelphia Exhibition who compared the exhibits of the different countries in this department could not but be struck with the inferiority in these respects of our American productions. The reasons for this are apparent. Until quite recently we have had no training school for artists in this kind of work. Most of the decorators employed at the factories are foreigners of moderate artistic attainments, and their assistants are young persons who have received no proper instruction to fit them for their task. But there seems to be a prospect of marked progress in this respect, and it is fortunate that, with the improvement in public taste, there should be a corresponding increase in the facilities for suitable instruction. The establishment by the Society of Decorative Art, and its branches in different cities, of classes for lessons in the decoration of pottery and porcelain, offers these facilities, and the results thus far have been quite encouraging. There is no lack of native talent, which, with proper guidance, will find employment in this department, and will have a marked effect upon the standard of taste, as well as upon the character of the decoration, which is so important a feature in artistic pottery and porcelain.

THE singular statement is made that the Senate Committee on Military Affairs is much exercised over the charge that the War Department, in sending in names of officers to the President for promotion, has not recognized the requirements of existing statutes that promotions shall be made according to seniority in each branch of the military service. It is alleged that promotions of line officers have been made in certain regiments without regard to seniority in the general army list and in contravention of section 1,204 of the Revised Statutes, and a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Wadleigh and Cockrell, has been appointed to investigate the matter. If the allegations are sustained it is understood that the committee will recommend that the confirmations already passed upon shall be reconsidered, as having been made in violation of law.

THE CONVICTION OF ANDERSON.

IT is not only under Mr. Hayes that the South has been rehabilitated, but she has now become as politically free and potential as ever in the National Congress. She has a representative in the Cabinet of the President's advisers. In the President's political pledges, his acceptance, his inaugural, there is displayed the spirit of a Chief Magistrate who is anxious and determined to secure to the South that autonomy and prosperity which they rashly put to the hazard of a long war. This President, against the violent protests of radicals of his own party, and at the sacrifice of personal feelings of regard for the courage of those who stood in South Carolina and Louisiana as the representatives of the old régime, withdrew the Federal troops. Notwithstanding this, at the first contest in Congress wherein the President and his policy were particularly concerned, that is, upon the question of the confirmation of the President's appointments, the Southern Senators by their votes and lack of votes allied themselves with the President's opponents and defeated his nominations. And this was a contest, or, rather, an attack—for the President organized no force in his own behalf—wherein there was not involved the fitness of the appointees, either personal or political. And the leader of those hostile to the President, whatever may have been his grievances, was scarcely the political leader with whose political grievances the South could be supposed to sympathize. Mr. Conkling was the friend and defender of General Grant; and those who would vote for Mr. Conkling as Mr. Hayes's successor would come out of those who would vote with alacrity for General Grant, the one individual of all who represents to the South the era of defeat and provisional or carpet-bag government. By the alliance thus formed Mr. Hayes's nominations were defeated. No

general object was accomplished, but the President personally and politically was rebuffed by the Senate. The same Senate admitted Kellogg, and thus officially recognized the Packard Government and Legislature of Louisiana, an act which may yet be followed by consequences important to Governor Nicholls's Government.

Upon the impending decision of the Electoral Commission, it becoming evident that Mr. Hayes was to be seated as President, Mr. Hewitt, a Democrat, prominently representing the cause of the Democratic candidate, sought a representative Republican, and made such suggestions about the continuance of the troops in the Southern States and about the importance of the reassertion of Mr. Hayes's determination to carry out his liberal designs towards those States, that representations were made to the Southern representatives which satisfied them that Mr. Hayes was and would be as good as his word. And at this time, and at the time of the withdrawal of the troops, there was given and understood the correlative pledge that, when the mailed hand was removed, and Louisiana and the South left free to work its will within their own borders, no vengeance should fall on those who, if the troops had remained, would have been secure; that no political folly should be enacted to put the President out of countenance when assailed by those of his own party who would accuse, and actually have accused, him of betraying his party and abandoning the negro and his friends at the South. The political mismanagement of the South has been again witnessed in the arrest and prosecution of the members of the Returning Board who sent the electoral vote of Louisiana for Mr. Hayes to Washington. And now great surprise is expressed or affected by many good people that the President should feel hurt at what has been done. In respect to this we have only one or two words to say. That any idea that it was improper for the President to receive a pledge against persecution of Republican politicians in the abandoned States must appear absurd upon second thought. Whether or not the troops should be withdrawn was not a mathematical problem nor a question of statute law. It was the final step in the transition from provisional government to autonomy, and provisional government is the transition from war to peace. In time of war civil rules and laws are silent. And whether the time had come to withdraw the troops depended entirely upon what the conduct of those left in power would be towards those they might harass and persecute. So the pledge was properly exacted. The other proposition that men cannot be persecuted through regular civil or criminal process of the courts is equally absurd. One would suppose that malicious prosecution was a newly discovered term. Bearing furthermore in mind that it is decided that if Anderson and Wells had not been protected by being appointed officers of the United States customs they would never have been indicted, and that no one doubts that the result at which they arrived in giving the vote of Louisiana supplied the real motive for the criminal persecution, there would appear no doubt of the violation of the pledge contained in the resolution of the Louisiana Legislature, passed last Spring:

"Desirous of healing the dissensions that have disturbed the State in years past, and anxious that the citizens of all political parties may be free from feverish anxieties of political strife and join hands in honestly restoring the prosperity of Louisiana, the Nicholls Government will discountenance any attempted persecution from any quarter of individuals for past political conduct."

This is not a pledge against indictment for political offenses, but persecution "for past political conduct"—that is, on account of politics to indict for crime, or otherwise persecute maliciously.

The political excitement now caused is great, and should be removed if possible by Governor Nicholls. It is remarkable that neither of two anticipated results has grown out of these indictments. Neither has a general conviction of the fraudulent character of the Returning Board's count followed, nor have the famous revelations been made by Wells and Anderson which the New Orleans public were satisfied would result if those individuals were pushed to the wall. The explosion in these respects have passed as harmless as the one engineered by Mr. Chandler.

SHOOTING OR CIVILIZING.

AMONG the Bills before Congress is one that removes the care of the Indians from the Interior Department to that of War. The proposition was considered by the last Congress, but failed by the too powerful opposition of the Indian Ring and the sentimentalists. Professor Seelye, of Amherst College, figured as the leader of the latter, making a powerful speech in support of a system which has led to more stealing from the Government, more robbery of the Indians, more scandal and injustice, and more fighting, than any other with which the Federal Administration has had anything to do. In the name of peace

it has provoked war, and under the pretense of humanity it has stirred up strife and cost thousands of lives. The present plan is a demonstrated failure in every respect. It has tended to demoralize the Indians instead of civilizing. It has excited their suspicion and hatred instead of winning their confidence. It has encouraged looting and stealing instead of habits of industry. It has made barbarous and implacable enemies instead of peaceful allies. It has not had even the poor merit of exterminating the savages it has failed to civilize, for, according to the estimates of the Commissioners, the population is increasing; treated like vermin, like vermin they multiply, and their system is defended on the score of its humanity. It is a sufficient condemnation of it that it turns almost every white man who has anything to do with it into either a rascal or a ruffian, until it is hard to tell which is worst, the degraded savage or the Indian agent. If no better scheme can be devised than the present, it is certain that no worse can be invented, and hence nothing is risked by trying an experiment. It costs now about a thousand dollars and the lives of six white men to kill an Indian, and it scarcely pays to continue the process, especially as the Indians increase under it and grow no better continually.

There are strong reasons for thinking that this branch of the public service will be better managed by the War Department than it ever has been. The army officers are educated men. They are trained to a high sense of honor. They are honest; they pride themselves on character, fidelity, the efficiency with which they perform their duties; their standing as soldiers—unlike civilians, they are not on the make; they are provided for by a regular salary which is sufficient for their needs, and money-making speculation and the arts of financiering are at a discount among them. Placing the Indians under their charge removes the former at once from control of thieving rings and plundering contractors, and will thus save the Government hundreds of thousands of dollars and prevent the Indians from being robbed in the present wholesale and high-handed way. The army officers have ample time for the duty; they are kind; they will protect the Indians in their rights; they work on system and can be depended upon; they are always at their posts; under their charge the Indian will be sure of fair treatment; he will get his deserts; he will deal with parties he can always find and trust; he will get an idea of system, order, obedience and honor, which the present system is admirably fitted to knock out of his head if such an idea is lodged there. The proposed method will cost the Government less and do far more for the Indians than the present system, and obviate the necessity for these incessant Indian wars. It will be the entering wedge of a new and better treatment of the Indian population. How to civilize the Indians is still an unsolved problem. They do not take readily to work, it will take generations to get the savage out of their blood, and incorporate work in their constitution. It is impossible to turn every Sioux into a farmer or every Modoc into a cattle-raiser at once. The process of civilizing them should begin where they are. The best use hundreds of Indians can be put to is to make soldiers of them, and a regiment or two of Indian soldiers under trained white officers would keep them out of a world of trouble and protect the frontier from Indian depredations. It would be really cheaper to feed them than to fight them, and vastly better to fight with than to fight against them. A military school to train young Indians for service, drilling them to regular habits, order, obedience, cleanliness and the sturdy qualities which are at the bottom of even civil success and progress would be a magnificent stroke of policy on the part of the Government. The Russians shot terror into Napoleon's legions by their invincible Cossacks, who to-day are the pioneers of civilization in the East, the Yankees of Western Asia. There is no good reason why the Mexican frontier, which is now the source of so much trouble, should not be protected, in part at least, by Indian troops, who are fitted by nature for just that sort of service, and under proper control would prove excellent soldiers. Civilization must begin at the bottom and build on the stern virtues and regular habits, the obedience and order, a military training develops. The Indians have been petted and plundered, caressed and cursed, babied and butchered by turns, quite long enough. Now let them have a steady, intelligent treatment which they can understand and depend on, and if they have human nature enough in them to stand it, the fact will show itself in due time.

THE RUSSIAN WAR.

THE European situation is steadily becoming more complicated. Events of grave portent are crowding together so rapidly, that possibly before these lines

reach the public eye the position may have been radically changed. Great excitement was produced in England last week by the news that the Russians had entered Constantinople. The war feeling immediately revived among all classes, and Mr. Gladstone's windows were stoned by a London mob. The rumored occupation of Constantinople turned out to be the closer investment of that city by the Russians. The fact, however, was considered sufficient, in addition to the discovery that Turkey had given England the go-by and was entering into an alliance with Russia, to warrant the ordering of the British fleet to Constantinople for the protection of Christians. The Sultan refused permission for the vessels to enter the Dardanelles, whereupon a telegram from London ordered them to make the passage at all hazards, which they did in order of battle, and at this writing the British fleet is lying within about fourteen miles south of the Ottoman capital, while the Russian army is encamped at a shorter distance from the city on the north. The universal impression is that the Emperor of Russia has played a sharp game with great success, and that the British Government may feel constrained to bring about a war in order to retrieve the humiliating attitude in which it has been placed. It is announced, however, that the understanding between the three Emperors continues unbroken, and that Germany has been asked by Russia to make her influence felt in the interests of peace. An Austrian envoy is to be sent to England, apparently with the view of securing some basis of concerted action between the two Powers; and as the last vestige of the Treaty of Paris has been swept away by the entrance of the British fleet into the Sea of Marmora, it is clear that the solution of the Eastern Question must be reached without any reference to the results of the Crimean War.

THE SILVER BILL PASSED.

AFTER several weeks of discussion the Bland Silver Bill was brought up before the United States Senate on Friday, Feb. 15th, for a vote. Its consideration consumed the entire night, it having been agreed that no adjournment should take place until a final vote was reached. Innumerable amendments were proposed and rejected, and a few dramatic incidents occurred, as, for instance, when Senator Lamar, of Mississippi, in voting against the Bill, explained that he was directly disregarding the instructions of the Legislature of his State, in compliance with his conscientious convictions. The free coinage clause was rejected by a vote of 49 to 22, and an amendment was adopted providing for a conference with the Latin Union States, to fix a common ratio between the values of gold and silver. About five o'clock on Saturday morning a decisive vote was reached, the Bill being then passed by a vote of 48 to 21. Forty-six were sufficient to insure a two-third acquiescence.

THE POSTAL LAW.

THE newspaper and periodical publishers of Boston are discussing in earnest the new Postal Bill, now in the hands of the Postal Committee of Congress. At a meeting last week there was a unanimous agreement as to three points which should appear in the new law: First, that there should be one uniform rate of two cents per pound on all publications, whether daily, weekly, monthly or quarterly, which are allowed to go at the pound rates. Monthlies and quarterlies now pay fifty per cent. more per pound than dailies and weeklies; second, that the rate should be uniform at all offices. All except weeklies pay a much higher rate of postage at the post-office where published, if it is a letter-carrier office, than for transportation and delivery at any other office in the country; third, that for all publications allowed to go at pound rates the postage shall be the same, whether for a single copy as a specimen, several copies, or regular subscribers for a fixed time, when the publication is sent from the office of publication. It is believed that provisions such as the Boston publishers suggest will greatly simplify the law and make it just, and that with increased letter correspondence, which will be stimulated, there will be not a diminution, but an increase, in the revenue.

AN important popular measure among the various financial projects of the day is that known as the Long Bond Bill, for investment of savings, now before the Senate. This Bill authorizes the issue of \$100,000,000 fifty-year coupon bonds of denominations of \$25, \$50 and \$100, bearing interest at the rate of 3.65 per annum. They are to be issued in the name of the person who pays the money, and to be registered in his name, but may be transferred to any assignee, and may also be again registered in the name of any owner. In this respect they are equally safe with

registered bonds. They may also be assigned in blank, and when so assigned they become coupon bonds, and pass by delivery, like any other coupon bond. This will enable the owner to dispose of them when he wishes. The interest is payable at any national bank on presenting the coupon with the bond. They are purchasable with legal-tenders at coin value, and the proceeds are to be applied to redeeming the outstanding bonds bearing a higher rate of interest. The purpose of the Bill is two-fold—first, to give an opportunity for investment of savings, and second, to initiate the policy of placing the debt among our own people.

THE effort to reform Custom House irregularities still progresses. In order to prevent certain practices alike injurious to merchants, shippers, importers, and the Government, orders have been issued to Treasury officials, which it is hoped will show the exact quantity and quality of goods as they are landed. One of the principal regulations is that no official will be allowed to receive a fee of any kind, under pain of instant dismissal.

THE famine-stricken people of China are not to receive assistance through the instrumentality of Congress. Last week it was announced that the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations were unanimous in the opinion that supplies could not be sent in time to afford any relief, and answered the suggestion of a return of the indemnity fund by predicting disagreement among Senators on that question. This makes it evident that nothing can be expected from Congress in this matter, and that whatever can be done must be accomplished by private effort.

THERE is a proposition now before Congress to reduce the duty on sized papers from thirty-five to twenty-five per cent.; upon printing papers from twenty to fifteen per cent.; and to impose a duty of eight per cent. on rags, now admitted free of duty. We are large purchasers and consumers of paper, and this change in the tariff, by creating a foreign competition, may possibly, for a short time, somewhat lessen its price. But if this be done at the risk of crippling American paper-makers, it would prove in the end to be as disadvantageous to publishers as it would certainly be disastrous to the manufacturers. It is not likely that this change will be effected, but it will probably give rise to animated discussion. Such a modification of the tariff would ruin half the paper manufacturers in the country. Their investments in buildings, machinery, etc., made judiciously enough under certain conditions, become, under a change in those conditions, literally worthless, and thousands of operatives will be forced to seek employment in other departments of labor. Absolute permanence in commercial regulations cannot be attained, but the manufacturer who invests his means in legitimate enterprises has a right to expect such stability in the laws under which he acts as is not inconsistent with good faith on the part of the Government.

THE steady upward and west side tendency of metropolitan trade is displayed in the gradual transfer of large business houses which have been long identified with the eastern portion of New York City. R. H. Macy & Co.'s dry-goods establishment has increased the attraction towards the Sixth Avenue, and the change alluded to has just been further emphasized by the removal to West Fourteenth Street of Messrs. Degraaf & Taylor's large furniture establishment, which, for the past quarter of a century and upwards, has been among the conspicuous landmarks of the Bowery.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE ARION.—After an interval of several years the Arion Society is about to give a grand public masquerade ball, and those who remember the many elegant entertainments of this character formerly given by that famous association are looking forward to the event with anticipations of the most pleasurable description. The masquerade will take place at Gilmore's Garden, on February 21st, and most extensive preparations are being made, designed to transform the huge building into a fairy palace, aglow with dazzling light and gorgeous with prismatic colors. A feature of the display will be the superb costumes, designed by Worth, to be worn by Prince Carnival and his court. The orchestra will number one hundred and fifty, under the leadership of Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

DARTMOUTH ALUMNI.—On the evening of February 14th, about fifty of the New York Alumni of Dartmouth College sat down to the fourteenth annual dinner at Delmonico's. Among those present were Richard B. Kimball, Everett P. Wheeler, H. N. Twombly, Amos Tuck, the Rev. Dr. S. C. Bartlett, of Dartmouth, Professor O. P. Hubbard, Frank Leslie, George W. Carleton, Major T. O. Dumey, Hiram Hitchcock, Hosea Perkins, Charles H. Woodbury, Benjamin S. Church, the Rev. Dr. John F. Pingry; Daniel Lancaster and Alexander R. Plumley, of the class of '21, and John F. Emerson, of '25. The three latter were the oldest mem-

bers present. Speeches were made by Mr. Richard B. Kimball, the Rev. Dr. W. J. Tucker, Amos Tuck, Everett P. Wheeler, Hosea B. Perkins, Professor John Ordronaux. The following officers were elected: President, Professor John Ordronaux, '50; Vice-Presidents, J. Wyman Jones, Dr. W. M. Chamberlain and the Rev. Dr. W. J. Tucker; Secretary, Charles A. Carleton.

TURKISH DISSENSIONS.—According to the latest information from Turkey, the situation in Constantinople must be deplorable. The bulk of the immense population, which is estimated at all figures from six hundred thousand to one million four hundred thousand, is frightened by the crowds of foot-sore, half-frozen, hungry refugees who are swarming into the city, and is most anxious for peace. The Softas, however, are angry with the Government, and threaten the Sultan with deposition through the old means of placards, while the temper of the garrison is to the last degree uncertain. The Sultan, afraid of the Russians, afraid of the populace, and afraid of his own advisers, listens with one ear to suggestions of flight to Broussa, and with the other to counsels of resistance à outrance behind the lines of Tehatahdja, while he at the same time sends off messenger after messenger to increase the powers of his plenipotentiaries. Stories of the intention of the Softas to fire the city are constantly circulated, and fears of an outbreak ending in general carnage are gravely entertained, probably for insufficient reasons.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SECRETARY SHERMAN reports that there will probably be a deficiency of \$5,000,000 in the revenues this year.

PROTESTS against silver inflation have been made by the Importers' and Grocers' Board of Trade of New York.

THE late President and Secretary of the suspended National Trust Company of New York have been indicted for perjury.

THE New York Board of Education has adopted a scheme for the reduction of the salaries of all public-school teachers.

DIRECTORS ROSE and PRESTON of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, of Paterson, N. J., have been convicted of conspiracy.

A REPORT shows that within less than three years the Erie Railroad Company have paid to various lawyers \$400,000 for professional services.

THE great trunk lines decided to reduce freight rates to the West, beginning on the 14th, and the Baltimore and Ohio Company promptly agreed to the scheme.

THE Lord-Hicks case was not called on February 14th, to which date the investigation was adjourned, announcement being made that it had been settled by a compromise.

SECRETARY SHERMAN pronounces the conviction of General Anderson of the Louisiana Returning Board an outrage. It is asserted that Judge Whitaker who tried him is a defaulter in \$600,000.

THE New Jersey Legislature decided that the investigations into the official actions of Secretary of State Kelsey and the alleged cruelties in the State Prison at Trenton shall hereafter be conducted in public.

BAYARD TAYLOR, the well-known author and traveler, has been nominated for United States Minister to Germany, and Samuel Blatchford, United States District Judge for the Southern District of New York, for Circuit Court Judge for the Second District, to succeed the late Judge Johnson.

A LARGE number of petitions for a Woman Suffrage Amendment to the Constitution and for and against the remonetization of silver, and the debate on the Bland Bill was continued last week in the United States Senate. In the House, Carpenter's painting of the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation" was presented and accepted, the Senate occupying seats in the Lower House. A scene of considerable excitement occurred on the 13th during a debate on the West Point Bill, when a variety of irrelevant subjects were brought up and heatedly discussed. The Bill was passed on the 14th. The Bland Silver Bill passed in the Senate at five o'clock on Saturday morning, by a vote of 48 to 21.

Foreign.

KING ALFONSO opened the Spanish Cortes in person, February 15th, and presented his Queen to the representatives of the nation.

LATE advices from Athens announce that in consequence of recent massacres in the Greek Provinces of Turkey, and the entry of the British fleet into the Dardanelles, the Greek Government feel themselves justified in re-occupying Thessaly and Epirus. Information from Crete states that the General Assembly has renewed its declaration of the annexation of the island to Greece. The insurgents have gone to Vantos to attack the Turks. Artillery has left Canea to reinforce the garrison of Vantos.

DISPATCHES from the recent seat of war in Turkey, down to February 18th, are to the effect that Russia has represented to England that the United States, as a great maritime Power, should participate in the Congress. England has not objected, but taken advantage of the proposal to suggest that Greece also be allowed to take part in the Congress. Journals in Berlin opposed to the policy of Austria state that Admiral Hornby has been ordered to seize the Turkish fleet, if necessary, to prevent its surrender to the Russians, Russia has suggested to the Porte the desirability of removing the Mussulman population from Bulgaria.

SIX powerful vessels of the British Mediterranean fleet passed the Dardanelles on Wednesday, February 13th, in spite of the formal Turkish protest. Mr. Layard, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, has telegraphed to Lord Derby that the Sultan has received a dispatch from the Czar, stating that his troops would occupy the neighborhood of Constantinople in a friendly spirit, and with the same object—namely, for the protection of his subjects—as the British fleet was sent. The Sultan will not withdraw from his capital under any circumstances. Austria has asked permission to send a naval force through the Dardanelles. Lord Derby has warned Russia against menacing the communications of the British fleet, and Russia has asked Germany to exercise her influence in favor of peace. Prince Bismarck is reported to be prepared to give a full and clear explanation of his Eastern policy, in answer to the question about to be put in Parliament. The Emperor is understood to be preparing, in case of need, to tender his good offices to England and Russia with a view to the preservation of peace, but he is not inclined to act in any way as an arbitrator between them.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 447.



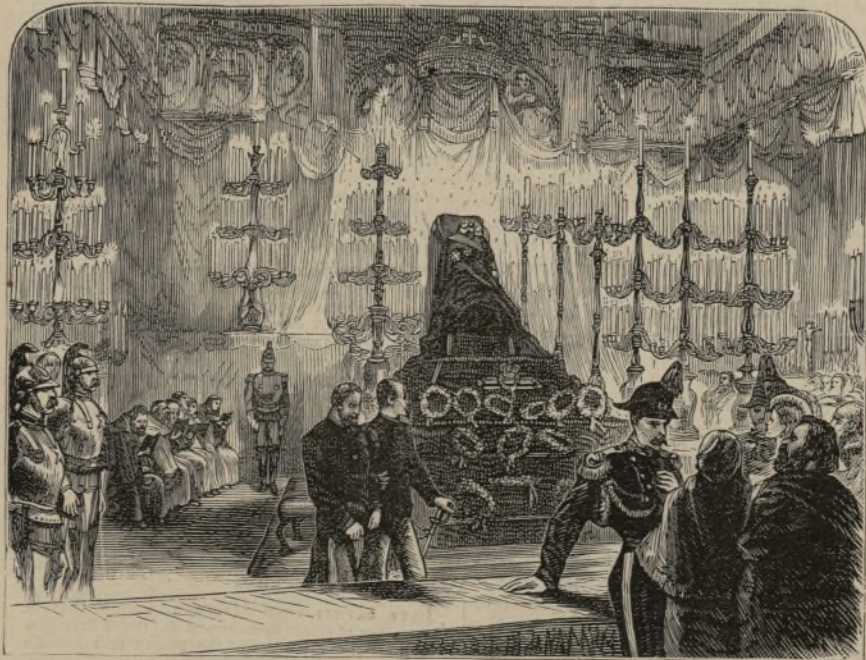
ROUMELIA.—RUSSIAN TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL GOURKO, DESCENDING A PASS IN THE BALKANS.



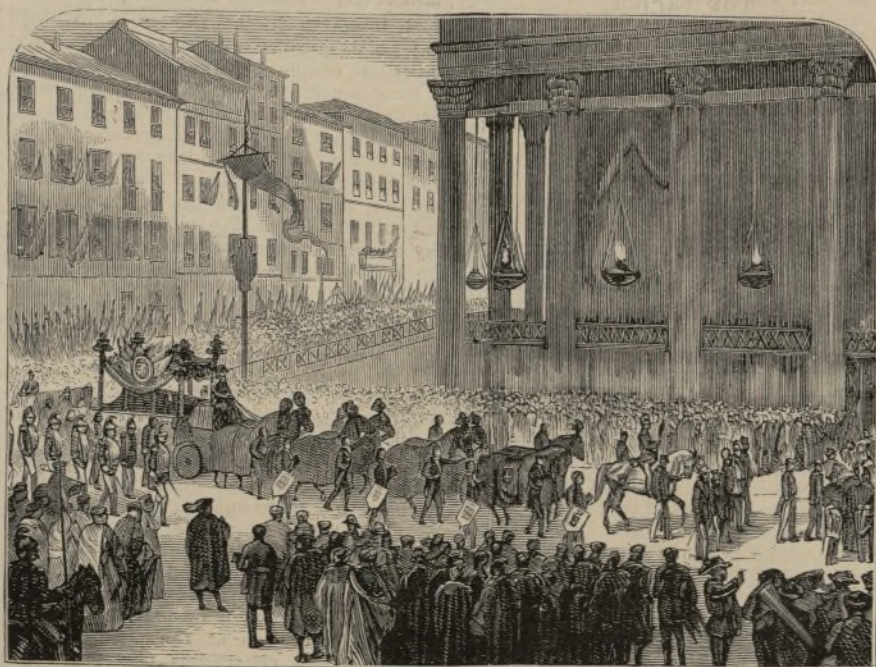
BULGARIA.—RUSSIAN STAFF-OFFICERS CARRYING DISPATCHES IN THE BALKANS.



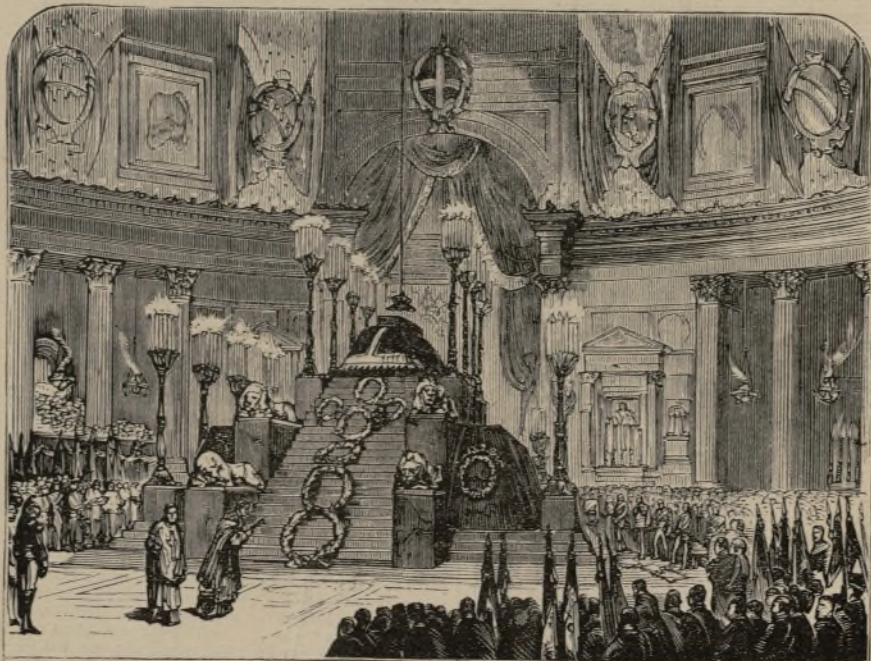
AFRICA.—ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN BRITISH COLONIAL VOLUNTEERS AND GALLAS.



ITALY.—THE BODY OF THE LATE KING VICTOR EMMANUEL LYING IN STATE AT THE QUIRINAL.



ITALY.—ARRIVAL OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL'S FUNERAL PROCESSION AT THE PANTHEON, ROME.



ITALY.—FUNERAL OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL IN THE PANTHEON, ROME.



ITALY.—THE ROMAN GARRISON MARCHING IN REVIEW, AFTER SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO KING HUMBERT.



VIEW OF THE MAIN STREET IN VIRGINIA CITY.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.
THE FRANK LESLIE EXCURSION TO
THE PACIFIC.
VIRGINIA CITY, THE HOME OF OUR SILVER
WEALTH.

LEAVING Carson, our Pullman-car pursues once more the windings of the Virginia and Truckee Road, *en route* for the city of big bonanzas, the silver of Crown Point and the gold of Ophir. From Carson to Virginia City the distance, by a bee-line, is only twenty-one miles; by the erratic line of the railroad, however, it measures fifty-one and three-quarters; sweeping round curves of fourteen and nineteen degrees, and climbing a steady up-grade, over which two, and sometimes four, engines are

required to drag the long train—a grade which averages one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile, and which we, leaning from the window of our car, imagine that we can feel as well as see. The frequency and violence of the curves is undoubtedly a palpable fact; one or two of the more imaginative members of the party avowed themselves seasick at the first unsteady pitch; and, like a ship in a storm, for the next forty miles, our great unwieldy car goes swinging round the jutting promontories and sharp cape-like spurs of the mountains, into the very heart of which we are climbing. Nowhere on the journey have we passed through a wilder and more desolate land than this; nowhere have we found ourselves so completely in the mountains, or felt so shut in and overshadowed by their grandeur. The phase which they show us is

not one of beauty, but rather of stern and intense desolation. There are no foreground pictures, no "bits" of foliage and color, no suggestions of rock and fern and dashing mountain-brooks—only a wilderness of bare brown peaks, so utterly naked of any shadowing green that we fancy we can see the ground-squirrels pop out of their holes a mile off up the steep hillside. Down in the deep hollows there is a faint tinge of springing grass, but up the dreary slopes, towards the sharp cones of the summits, it is all one uniform tint of russet-brown—the whole vast landscape dashed in with one brush-full of sombre color, unrelieved by any sparkle of light, but lying back in dead monotone against the warm brilliance of blue sky. The Carson River winds through its narrow cañon far below us, running down-grade as fast as we are climb-

ing up, and we follow its wanderings pretty faithfully between the great sloping walls of the mountains. Here and there we look down upon a quartz-mill and a long flume, or great floating masses of timber and cord-wood drifting down the river, and in one place we catch a glimpse of the operation of "tailing," the running of streams of discharged ore from the settlers, over blankets, thus catching the tiniest atoms of gold and silver which remain after the process of amalgamation.

At Merrimac, the road turns aside from the line of the river and twists up the side of the Mount Davison range, among whose highest peaks Virginia City is perched. All along our way the evidences of mining begin to crowd thickly; every hillside has its scars of the pick and shovel, its tunnel or "pocket," the gray heap of refuse quartz



MINERS PROSPECTING FOR SILVER ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT DAVISON, WITH A VIEW OF ABANDONED "PROSPECT HOLES."

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—THE FRANK LESLIE TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSION—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE VISIT TO THE SILVER MINES AT VIRGINIA CITY, THE SITE OF THE GREAT COMBINATION LOCK. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

or simply the score or more of scattered stakes, planted deep in the soil to mark somebody's "claim." After a short season of prospecting, some digging, and the discovery—or, as in some cases, the deposit—of a few promising nuggets, the enterprising gold-seeker stakes out his claim and opens the sale of shares, either on the spot or away in the marts of civilization. Hundreds of these claims were marked out on either side of us, and every stake to the hungry imagination of impecunious travelers was a suggestion of the treasures of Ind, the caves of Aladdin, or any other fabled region where money difficulties exist only in the form of *embarras de richesses*.

We pass Mound House and rush by "Silver" Station, and "Scales," whence we look down on Silver City, lodged in a green cañon, and American Flat, round which the road sweeps in a great semicircular curve to Gold Hill. Under the brow of the hill nestles the city—a huddled cluster of houses, at least, pricked through with the smoke-stacks of countless mining-works, tunneled with abandoned shafts, and all alive and stirring on this Sunday morning with hard workers both above ground and under it. The city lies in Gold Cañon, where the first discovery of precious ore in any considerable quantity was made in 1856. As early as 1833, the famous Kit Carson is said to have encamped in the shadows of the ravine, while making his way across the Plains with a band of Crow Indians; and from 1843 to '45 it was a camping-ground of Colonel Fremont's, where he and his party are reported to have panned for gold and found—if any—only a paltry handful. Now the great quartz-mills are jarring and reverberating all day and all night long with the grinding thunder of their mighty machinery, and the bare brown sides of the quiet cañon are tunneled, and bored and riddled by hundreds of human moles, working away in a mad fever, as if all heaven and earth and their chances therein hung upon the yellow dust that nature keeps hoarded away from them.

Only two miles from Gold Hill lies the *Ultima Thule* of this day's journey—the wonderful Silver City itself, with its close-packed population impartially distributed above and below the surface. Between the two towns lies a daily stage; but we, outspeeding the horses, dash with double-engine power up the long grade, and find ourselves on the outskirts of the quaintest and most unique of all cities, Virginia.

Descending from our car we look up a succession of terraces winding along the mountain-side with tier above tier of houses, clinging to a steep, bare brown slope; not a green tree, not a garden spot, nor a patch of grass visible to the most searching eyes. Below us the same brown hills fall away into a confused sea of scattered peaks, sunlit cones and shady hollows, sinking gradually to the far-away level of the Nevada Plains—at our feet an unpeopled solitude, lifeless, lonely and silent as though the creation morning had been but yesterday; above our heads the intense, concentrated life of that strange, straggling city, hanging far up in its mountain eyrie. Behind it towers Mount Davidson, the highest of the brown cones, and every house shines out, a distinct white speck, against the dull russet background. In this first glance the whole aspect of the city is one of intense shabbiness and instability; the low frame houses strike one only as a larger and more elaborate sort of tents, hastily thrown together to meet a temporary need—mere shelters, and no more; the whole business and interest and heart and soul of the place concentrates, not around the homes, but about these countless, long, low sheds, and smoke-stacks, and flumes, and the network of crossing and recrossing railroad switches, and the great gray mounds of crushed quartz, and all the thousand signs of a tremendous labor that never rests, never stops for breathing space, never for one moment of time relaxes its grip upon the consciousness of the men who are its tools. Studying the *coup d'œil* of the city, as given in our illustration, one can see plainly the immense predominance of this element. The mines and shafts are the city; the houses are the accessories in the picture.

We climb a long flight of wooden steps from the depot, and find ourselves at the foot of a little, narrow street, so steep that nothing less frisky than a mountain goat should reasonably be expected to traverse it. Spurred by a vision of the hotel beyond, however, we make the ascent, and find ourselves presently on the main street, treading a paved sidewalk and shut in between rows of shops, some of whose window-fronts would not disgrace Broadway or Kearney Street, and here and there confronted by a tall building of brick or gray stone, towering like an architectural Saul above its two-storied wooden brethren. Brick and stone as a rule seemed to be viewed with disfavor by the dwellers in Virginia City; possibly from an accurate knowledge of the wind's capacity up among these Nevada mountains, and the fact that the disintegration of parts in a slight frame structure, and their disposal abroad, is attended with comparatively little danger to life and limb.

The principal structure which attracts our notice is the hotel, a new and handsome brick building opened only a few weeks previous to our arrival. Its newness is apparent as soon as we cross the threshold, so fresh and spotless is its white paint, so immaculate all its appointments, from the flaming-red velvet and snowy lace curtains of the parlor to the least accessory of the large dining-room. Further along the steeply terraced hillside is Prospect Hall, a somewhat less imposing edifice, whose name suggests its principal attraction, which it shares in common with almost every house in town; and on the same street is the Assay Office, a dingy little place to look at, but which promises to reward us well for a more minute inspection to-morrow. And there are the rows of shops of all sorts and grades, the poorest little temporary booth beside the most pretentious "emporium"; and, predominating over all, there are the familiar, inevitable saloons—the "Union," and the "Yosemite," and the "Montana," and all the local names, with their flavor of the Pacific Coast, which we have met already in a dozen different towns. And there is a crowd—busy, pushing, eager—a crowd of men only; a monotonous stream of slouch hats, rusty coats, brown, bearded wide-awake faces, diversified here and there by a blue blouse and a swinging pigtail, and a calm, passive, moving countenance, looking all the more sleek and bland by contrast with the others.

Almost all the streets of Virginia City run parallel, zigzagging into each other, or connected by short, steep and narrow side-streets. From the sidewalks, between the gaps of the houses, you may look over the roofs and chimneys of your neighbors on the next grade, over the gray stone and the wooden buildings of the Consolidated Virginia, or the Hale & Norcross, or the Crown Point—away out through the climbing billows of all this sea of mountains, and never find a hand's breadth of level space until your eyes catch the far-off horizon line of the Plains. How the hearts of the dwellers here must yearn for an acre or two of forest, or a daisied field! But there is only the dead brown coloring of the sod; the blue of heaven above, and the faint, silvery gleam of some snow-peaks lying against it. One of our artists solemnly swore to have seen a miner's cabin with a green vine twisted

above the door. But this statement was so flatly contradicted by the testimony of every other pair of eyes in the party, that we set it down as an optical illusion.

HELEN.

CHAPTER I.

SUCH is the simple title of my story. It is a short name—only five letters of the alphabet: to those who delight in aristocratic high-sounding names a very ordinary plebeian one indeed; but to me it is the name among the names of women, at the sight of which, in a playbill or a tale, in a newspaper paragraph or a milliner's circular, on massive door or modest window-plate, a thrill goes through my heart, and I feel a beating there that is not easily hushed. Yet why should I try to still it? Are not all the happiest hours of my life associated with that dear name? At the mention of it there seem to float before my eyes the waves of golden-brown hair that encircled as with a halo the sweet face, and the soft, violet eyes are looking again into mine, and the old well-remembered tones seem to swell in music upon my ear. What folly to speak thus when I shall listen to them no more for ever!

Yet I still love to think of bygone days—it is the only happiness that is left me now—days that were ushered in with clouds of crimson glory, filling the east with their roseate hues, deepening on through the noon into dazzling sunshine and an unclouded sky; but the promise of a glorious day went down in thunder and lightning and furious storm. Even so has it been with me; and the storm, alas, may not have spent its force, but be gathering fresh strength to pour out its vials of wrath on my devoted head. Well, I have borne it yet, and my heart is well-nigh scared and scarred with wounds and sorrows; but I shall bear it to the end. What more pleasure can the world have in store for me? Let the rain fall in pitiless showers and the bleak wind howl around the gnarled and crooked trees that stand crouching before the blast. I shall stand firm unto the end. I can bear my fate.

What bitter, dark, brooding sense of evil is this that is filling my heart? What other fate do I deserve than this that has now come upon me? And yet it is sweet to look back on the lost days—the days that are no more. And a balmy breath of Summer wind seems to steal over my spirit, and a voice of unutterable love to come borne on the whispering breeze, telling me that there is a solace for the wounded heart and a balm for the broken spirit. Ah, I wonder if that balm will ever be mine!

All is yet as clear and distinct to my mental vision as on that happy day when I put my knapsack on back, and with canvas and colors, and all the other paraphernalia of a landscape-painter, took my way into the regions of food and fell. Ah, for those happy days when, with a buoyant heart, I climbed heath and hill, and filled my longing soul with the beautiful vision of creation—the tumbling brook, the roaring torrent, the heath-clad moor, the rugged mountain in all its stern and glorious majesty, watching cloud and sunshine chasing each other over hill and dale, and transferring to the glowing canvas effects of storm and mist, rain and sunset! Now in shady dells and sylvan glades of wood and forest, catching the sheeny light cast on the tremulous foliage, and striving to depict in all its wonderful anatomy the gnarled trunks and tapering branches of the monarchs of the wood, among wild-flowers and grasses growing by the hedgerows, watching the golden tints on the ripening grain, as Autumn, with russet fingers, mellowed the wooded uplands; and again on the solemn shore, amid the glistening seaweed-covered rocks and brown-ribbed sand, with the tumbling waves and the murmur of the unresting surge—God's never-ceasing music—around me.

Say you that the vocation of a landscape-painter is an idle pursuit, unworthy of a cultivated mind? Let him have—as he should have—a deep reverence for the works of the Creator, and patiently persevering in his attempt to perpetuate that which he deeply reverences, striving to represent worthily something which has touched his inmost feelings, each difficulty he overcomes tends to strengthen and ennoble, each victory affords him the keenest possible delight. But why do I talk of those old days, musing thus about past joys that can never return, that are gone for evermore, taking with them all the gladness and buoyancy of youth, and leaving behind but the wreck cast up by the waves on a barren shore?

It seems but as yesterday that I saw her as she came along the path in the wood, where I sat transferring to my canvas some exquisite ferns and foxgloves that grew together on the bank, their green and purple tints blending with perfect lusciousness of color with the wild-flowers growing beside them. I thought her then, and I think her still (in the inmost depths of my lonely heart), the loveliest woman that God had ever made—with a slender and eminently graceful form, in all the soft roundness of budding womanhood, a perfect oval face, crowned with a glory of golden-brown hair, and deep violet eyes, tender and true as the sky that is mirrored in the depths of the placid lake. I cannot describe her features; when you looked at her you knew that you were looking at something of exquisite loveliness, though it would have been difficult to describe what really formed that surpassing beauty. It was the whole design that pleased, and the soul within all. But sweeter than all else was the smile that overspread her face with a radiance as of something heavenly, and made you almost feel as if you were looking upon the face of an angel. I tried to transfer that heavenly look to canvas in a picture representing an angel cheering on a soldier in the battle of life, with bruised armor and bleeding feet, tired and wearied, and nearly overcome by the heat of the day and the ardor of his toil, but receiving fresh vigor for further noble efforts by the encouraging smile. It is but a poor attempt to depict with the unworthy pigments of this earth what cannot be limned by poor humanity; but it is to me a valuable memento, a gem of priceless worth, with which I shall not part to the day of my death—nay, not even then; for it shall be

buried with me, and we shall go down to the grave together.

I can only remember now that I asked her some questions about the place—I think the nearest road to a scene which I wished to paint the next day—and that this chance meeting gradually ripened into acquaintance, and then into love. I have in my writing-desk some lines I wrote on a scrap of paper that day after she had passed out of my sight, which I keep, not from their poetical merit, but as a memorial of old times. They are very silly I think now, but I did not so think when I wrote them.

From that day all attempts at landscape-painting were at an end; for me henceforth this was a holy memory of the past. Everything wore a glory look, as of Eden in its time of fairest loveliness; each bosky island was as Prospero's enchanted isle, each lake like the sea of glass on the eternal shore; the mountains seem to stretch away to the unseen and illimitable, where no shadows ever cloud their purple slopes, and where no mist ever rests on their lofty summits.

But above all her face was ever before me, coming between my vision and the scene I endeavored to depict, so that at morn, or noon, or even, wherever I might be, I saw always the soft tender violet eyes looking at me, and the golden glory of her waving hair shining before my eyes.

CHAPTER II.

ON inquiring of my landlady, I found that my rustic beauty was the daughter of a farmer who had died some time before, and that she now lived in the village of Gleneden with her widowed mother; and I was not long in getting an opportunity of calling upon her. Her father, from what I heard of him, had evidently been an intelligent, well-educated man, and Helen being his only child, he had given her an education above the common wants of the district, and had looked upon her as the very apple of his eye. I found her mind as well informed as her appearance was prepossessing, and in those happy days gave myself wholly up to the sweets of love. Their little cottage was the prettiest in the whole village, with ivy and honeysuckle climbing up the porch, the Summer breeze wafting into the pleasant little room the fragrance of the roses that grew up the wall and clustered about the window-sill. And so the days passed on, each more delightful than the one preceding, until I thought that if there was heaven on earth it was surely here. At last I asked her to be my wife. I can yet remember the conversation that passed between us as we sat on a mossy bank in the wood, with the brook at our feet purling over the pebbles in its bed, its tinkling cadence, soft and low, bearing a soothing dreamy feeling over the spirit, and mingling with the song of the birds and the whisper of the falling leaves.

"My darling!" And I put my arm around her yielding waist, and looked up into the soft eyes that were cast down to the ground, but when I spoke looked into mine with the light of love beaming from them.

"Will you be my wife, Helen? Do you think you love me well enough to be that? I know I can never love another as I love you, and until I saw you I did not know what it was to love. Without you to share it life will henceforth not be worth living for; but with you it will be an Eden for ever. Will you accompany me on the voyage, dearest, when I will try to shield you from all trouble and care? Helen, will you be mine for ever and ever, till death parts us?"

"Yes, Arthur. I have loved you from the first." She spoke in low, gentle tones—loud enough, however, for me to hear; and to me they were the sweetest words I had ever listened to. I clasped her to my beating heart, and covered her cheek with kisses.

"Ah, but, Arthur, perhaps you'll get tired of me, and be ashamed of your village maiden when you take her among your own kindred."

"Never, my darling! Though all the world should forsake you, I will be near for you to lean upon, and to comfort and love you for ever and ever, so help me God!"

Were these idle words I spoke to her, without even the shadow of truth in them? God knows I loved her then, and love her still, as I never shall love any one on earth again, and that what I spoke I spoke out of a true heart.

The sun was setting behind the far-off hills as we took our way homeward, happy as ever lovers were happy on this side the grave. We spoke little—when the heart is full the tongue is often most silent—but we knew the thoughts that were in each other's hearts, and her looks, at least, were more eloquent than words. And as we parted at the stile that led to the village we plighted our troth again, and with a burning kiss and a close embrace parted, her golden hair glistening in the tender sunshine as she slowly walked by the beech-trees towards her home.

I returned to the woods, and walked there till the moon shone out on the sleeping earth, and shed her silver radiance through the stillness of the glade. I sat again on the mossy bank where we had told our love, listening to the eternal murmur of the stream, that seemed to tell of peace and happiness that would never pass away.

When I reached my lodgings in the evening I found a letter awaiting me, with the superscription, "Sir Arthur Compton, Bart." Good God! what was this? I was distantly connected with the Comptons of Grange Court; but as there were two persons not much older than myself who bore any prospect of my succeeding to the title and estates, I had always looked upon it as an idle dream, and had banished from my mind all idea of the probability of its ever happening. And now, when I least expected it, it had come true. A baronet! But to what fortuitous chance was I indebted for being thus addressed? With trembling fingers I broke the seal, and read:

"Lincoln's-inn Fields, London,
July 17th, 18—.

"SIR ARTHUR COMPTON, BARONET.—Dear Sir Arthur—We have the honor of informing you that, owing to the sudden death, by a railway accident (of which you may have read in the daily papers), of Sir Charles Compton, Baronet, and his cousin, you have succeeded to the title and estates.

"We shall be glad to be continued as agents of the estates, a position which our firm has held for the last forty years.

"We are, dear Sir Arthur, your obedient servants,
BRACKENRIDGE & MORRIS.

"P. S. As there are various matters connected with the estates which it is desirable should be attended to as soon as possible, we would suggest your coming to London at as early a date as you conveniently can."

I can scarcely now tell with what varied feelings I perused and reperused this epistle. I slept little that night, cogitating over my good luck, and wondering how my betrothed would bear the tidings which I had now to tell; for I looked upon the news as equally with myself concerning her, as she had agreed to become my wife.

I rose early, and, after a long walk through the woods to calm my mind, took the well-known path to the village, fully expecting to see my beloved one at the window looking out and watching for me, as was her wont. But no one was there; and when I entered I found, to my disappointment, that a friend had called late on the previous evening and asked her to go to nurse a relative who was not expected to live many days, and that she might not be back for a week. I cannot tell what a disappointment this was to me; but it was too far for me to go to her in the pressing circumstances, and not a very fitting time to acquaint her with the good fortune that had befallen me. So, telling my betrothed's mother that I had to leave for London, and that I should write after I got there, I bade her good-by, packed up my things, and went off by the night train, reaching London next morning.

I was thrown into new society on my arrival in London. Young, rich and titled, my presence was sought at the houses of the noble and wealthy in the great city, and for some weeks after my arrival my life was one round of pleasure. Alas, I had never written to Helen since I left the sweet village of Gleneden. What with business which had to be attended to, and engagements from which I could not well extricate myself, my time had been so fully occupied that I had put off writing to her from day to day; and now that I had delayed so long I was almost ashamed to write to her. About this time I met at a ball Lady Laura Vane, the youngest daughter of an old but rather impoverished family, and my vanity was agreeably touched by the evident pleasure which Lady Laura seemed to have in my society. She was tall, lithe as a panther, with tresses black as the raven's wing, and large, lustrous dark eyes, now soft and melting as an April shower, now fierce and flashing as they were kindled by indignation or insulted pride. Her complexion was fair for a brunette, and dazzling from its transparent beauty, except when a shade of passing emotion would deepen the delicate rose-blush on the face. In Lady Laura's presence my village maid was forgotten altogether, and I abandoned myself without reluctance to the influence of the siren. Out of her presence the old feeling of tenderness for my first love would come back to my heart, only to be dispelled at my next interview with the enchantress, until the image of my rustic beauty grew fainter and fainter, and I gave myself madly up to the seductive power that now encircled me. Not a day passed without my seeing Lady Laura. I would call for her to ride in the park—she was a splendid horsewoman, and looked well in the saddle—or would drive her out in the new phaeton I had purchased; or, in the evening, I would attend her at the opera, the envy of many a one, who would have given much for a look from her beautiful eyes.

CHAPTER III.

IT came at last—the temptation and the fall.

I met her at an evening-party at Lady Windermere's, when I thought I had never seen her look so charming; in truth, she was the belle of the evening, and I was consequently not a little flattered at her bestowing so much of her attention upon me. She was a glorious dancer, and I had been in the seventh heaven of delight waltzing with her; after which, with a flushed face and a beating heart, I led her down-stairs for refreshment. There was a conservatory close by, where the delicate fragrance and cool atmosphere tempted the tired and heated dancers to rest from the excitement of the mazy whirl. It was untenanted, as most of the company were yet up-stairs, and there accordingly we went, where, at the further end, we were quite away from the bustle of the party, and hidden by a cluster of over-arching boughs, the place seeming like a paradise after the glare and heat of the rooms above. And here was I with my Eve.

How superbly beautiful she looked as she sat down with a queenly grace beside me on the soft, velvet couch! Her eyes were moist with a dreamy, delicious tenderness; there was a blush as of a rose-bloom on her cheeks; and I could see her bosom rise and fall beneath the soft, airy material of her dress as she panted a little after the exertion of the voluptuous dance. My blood boiled within me, my veins seemed on fire, my breath came hot and fast, and all the fierce passions of my nature raged like a thousand devils within me. I was helpless under the gaze of this enchantress, bound hand and foot in the web of Circe, beneath whose eyes, like a bird under the spell of the serpent, I was entirely without the power of volition.

"What a paradise this is, after the noise and heat above?" said Lady Laura, softly.

As if exhausted with the exertions of the dance, she leaned her magnificent head against my arm as we sat together, the masses of her raven hair falling over my shoulder in luxuriant tresses. The distant strain from the rooms above came wafted on the ear like the melodious echo of fairy music, and the perfume from choicest flowers filled the air with a delicious fragrance that steeped the senses in Elysium. The twinkling, many-colored lamps that hung from the roof aided the enchantment, diffusing a soft, magical light over the scene. As Lady Laura reclined beside me I could feel the heaving of her bosom against my heart; and all the fiery impulses of my nature, heated as they were with the wine I had drunk, burst their bonds in an uncontrollable rush of passion that carried everything before it. I clasped her madly to my breast again and again, and covered her cheeks

and mouth with hot burning kisses, before she recovered sufficiently from her astonishment to free herself from my grasp.

With flashing eyes she rose from her seat with the air of an insulted queen, and raising her tall figure to its full height, while I stared in stupid bewilderment, burst forth, her face flushed to the deepest crimson:

"Sir Arthur, is this the treatment I had a right to expect from a gentleman? Was it for this you brought me here, that unseen you might shame and insult me, as you could insult any minion of the street? For shame, sir!" And she turned as if about to leave the place.

"Pardon, Lady Laura! Forgive me! Do forgive me! Your beauty has stolen from me what control over my feelings I ever possessed; but let my love—my passionate love for you—be my excuse; and here I lay it at your feet. Will you take it, Laura, and make me the happiest man on earth, or will you throw it away and make me the most miserable?"

I knelt at her feet full of contrition, and looked beseechingly into her dark lustrous eyes.

"Ah, well, Arthur, I suppose I must forgive you, if you promise to behave better in future," returned Lady Laura, with a bewitching smile that entranced me still more.

She suffered me to seat her again beside me, her wrath seemingly quite gone. I do not remember all we said, and there remains only the memory of a time of wild intoxication of rapturous delight.

And so the die was cast; and when we returned to the dancers Lady Laura's mother looked upon me as her future son-in-law.

I will pass over the events of the marriage. My bride was all smiles and happiness; and with the congratulations of our friends we left to spend our honeymoon on the Continent.

We had been at Rome, and had seen all that was to be seen there. I could have spent days looking at the masterpieces of the old painters, dead and in their graves, some of whose works seemed as fresh as if painted yesterday; but Laura thought it tiresome work, and I had reluctantly to tear myself from the glorious canvases, and drive or ride with her about the country—an occupation much more to her taste. We reached Florence at length, and were sitting in our hotel one day, when a letter which had just arrived was handed to me. I found it had been following me about from place to place after we had left Rome.

I started as I recognized the handwriting as that of my old love. Laura, who was watching me, had evidently noticed my look of surprise.

"Well, and who may this wonderful epistle be from, Arthur? Why, you are as pale as death! Any bad news from England?"

I had meanwhile broken the seal, and hurriedly perused the letter.

"Leave me for a little, dearest. It is from an old friend who is dying, and I would be alone while I read it."

Lady Laura rose, with, as I thought, a slight sneer on her delicately curved lip, and walked haughtily out of the room.

I have the letter lying before me now, stained with Time's decaying fingers and blotted with my darling's tears. She had evidently written it under great weakness, as the writing was tremulous and indistinct. This is the letter:

"Gleneden, October 20th, 18—.

"MY DEAR ARTHUR—Perhaps I should call you Sir Arthur, as you are now; but I will call you once more—for the last time—by the dear old name. I knew of your marriage shortly after it took place, having seen it in a paper at the manse, when I was calling on the minister as to the burial of my dear aunt. I believe I fainted when I saw it, but I told no one why.

"I would not have written now but that I am dying—the doctor says I cannot live many days—and I would like to write and forgive you before I die. Ah, dearest, how happy we were together in the old days!—too happy, I always thought, for it to last. But I did not think my Arthur would have forgotten me so soon. I know, dearest, I should have been unsuited to have filled the place of your wife, and to have mixed in the society to which your rank called you. But I would have liked if only a short letter, or even a few lines, from my dear love, to say that he had not forgotten me. I used to go day by day, and sit on the mossy bank where we plighted our troth; and for a little I felt happy again, when I thought that you had loved me once.

"Don't fret, dearest, at the thought that you have been the cause of my illness. I could not have lived long any way—the doctor says consumption was in the family, and my father and all his near relations died of it. So, dear Arthur, it was as well you did not marry me. I forgive you from the depths of my heart any pain you may have caused me. I have suffered much; but I forgive you all. With my last breath I shall pray that you be happy."

This latter part was written with such a trembling hand as to be almost illegible:

"October 28th.

"I am getting weaker and weaker, and have only strength to write a few words. My dear Arthur, I again forgive you all. May you be happy! Farewell! and think sometimes of

"HELEN."

And then this note at the end of the letter, written in another hand:

"Helen died on 29th October."

I can only remember now that as I read this tear-stained letter from my old love I felt the most horrible pangs of remorse, such as a lost soul might feel in hell. Poor, dear, dead love! if the bitterest tears that were ever wrung from a human heart could atone for the past, perhaps my grief may not have been unavailing.

I have little more to tell. I accompanied my wife (now more than ever my wife in name only) to Switzerland, saw the Alps, Lake Geneva, the Tyrol, some of the grandest and fairest scenes in Nature; but to me they were as if they had not been. I saw nothing but the vision of a pale, sad face, lit up by tender violet eyes, and crowned

with a glory of golden-brown hair. And I was glad when at last we reached England again, to brood in silence over my sorrow.

They are both dead now. Lady Laura, who rode like some wild Amazon of the desert, was brought to Grange Court one day a bruised and bleeding corpse. Her horse, a powerful high-spirited animal, had reared and fallen upon her, crushing her instantaneously to death. I never loved her much, and I did not mourn her long.

I shall never marry again. There is only one woman who could have made me happy; and she, I trust, is waiting for me on the golden shores of the unseen world. The fairest place to me in all the earth is the little secluded churchyard of Gleneden, sweetly lying under the shadow of the purple hills. I have been there to-day. There are many rugged old tombstones, moss-covered and worn with time, and there are some bright and new from the chisel of the sculptor. But to me there is only one grave there. It lies in a sunny spot of this "God's acre," with sweet violets blooming above it, and daisies with their pure white leaves fringing the tender grass. There is a marble cross at the head of the grave, with the simple word—her dearly-loved name—"Helen" upon it. It was the only mark of regard I could show to her, dead. A lark was singly sweetly as I left the place, and as it soared into the blue heavens I thought it might perhaps carry up my lonely sigh to the ear of my lost love. And now I only wait until I meet her again, to part no more for ever.

IN MEMORY OF POPE PIUS IX.

REQUIEM MASS AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK.

DIRECTLY official intelligence was received of the death of Pope Pius IX., steps were taken throughout the United States for the performance of the solemn Pontifical Mass in the cathedrals and leading churches. In Providence, Rhode Island, Bishop Hendricks conducted the service on February 8th; in St. Louis Archbishop Kendrick ordered one for the 12th; while on the 13th the Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Williams, of Boston; by Bishop Foley, in Chicago; and by Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, in the absence of Cardinal McCloskey, in New York. In the latter city the service was held in the old Cathedral on Mulberry Street, in the morning. By half-past eight the streets leading to the Cathedral were full of people anxious to gain admittance. The entrances on Mott and Mulberry Streets were besieged, and it required constant watchfulness among the police to keep the crowd away. Orders had been issued not to allow any one to enter who was not provided with a card of invitation, and this order was strictly enforced.

The Cathedral was heavily draped in mourning, and very little light was admitted into the building. Heavy folds of black velvet hung from the arches in the sanctuary, and the reredos, walls, and other portions of the chancel were festooned with the same material. The effect was exceedingly rich and sombre. The immense window, covered with emblematic paintings, located back of the altar, was covered with black cloth, thus shutting out all light from this direction. The communion-rail was also hung with black. The front of the altar was draped with a black velvet antependium. The altar itself was devoid of ornaments, with the exception of six long tapers, which burned throughout the service. The twelve large candlesticks at the side of the tabernacle were concealed beneath folds of drapery. The railing in front of the chancel, extending across the cathedral, was draped with black cloth, ornamented with three bands of white silk, tipped with white fringe. Mortuary crosses were over all the windows in the body of the church, and the sills were covered with heavy mourning lambrequins. Black merino was wound around all the main columns from the ceiling to the floor. The drapery of the choir was of the same general character. The organ and gas-pendants were heavy with mourning cloth. The pulpit was entirely black, save where the silver trimmings glistened faintly. On one of the columns in the chancel was hung a coat-of-arms embroidered in gold and silver on a background of white silk, with gold trimmings.

The principal object of interest was the catafalque, which represented the resting-place of the dead Pontiff. This stood in the centre aisle a few feet from the chancel. It was at least fifteen feet high from the base to the top of the cross with which it was surmounted. It rested upon a raised platform three feet high, entirely covered with black velvet. The catafalque itself consisted of a dais of two steps, covered with sombre cloth. Upon this lay the bier, on which hung a mantle of black velvet reaching to the dais, and richly adorned with brilliant edging and lace of gold and silver. Upon the bier rested a casket, which was concealed beneath a magnificent pall of purple velvet, fringed with heavy bullion, and having in its centre a large, plain golden cross. Upon the pall stood the Papal tiara, or triple crown, white and gold in appearance. The entire structure was surmounted by a baldaquin, the frame of which was made of wood, painted white and decorated with silver and gold; it was supported by four slight columns, draped in black, at the head of each of which was a candelabrum containing eight burning tapers. Two cross arches of black rose over the baldaquin, and at the apex stood a gilded urn out of which seemed to spring a cross of black and silver edging. The catafalque was surrounded by ten tapers, four feet in height, and by ten representatives of the Papal army, dressed in green and gold.

Every pew was occupied to its fullest seating capacity, and this vast body of men and women appeared like shadows in the ghostly light that shimmered through the stained window-panes. The first five or six pews next the chancel were reserved for Mayor Ely, the Board of Aldermen, representatives of the Press, and other specially invited guests.

The office began promptly at half-past nine, and lasted one hour. In this ceremony about one hundred priests and boys took part, including representatives of the clergy of almost every diocese for miles around. Front pews were reserved for those of the clergy who were not required upon the altar. When this preliminary ceremony was over, the boys marched out of the chancel in procession, followed by the Vicar-General. At twenty minutes to eleven the procession of boys, headed by a priest, returned to the church. Following came the four celebrants of the Mass, the chief of whom was Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn, who had been chosen to officiate on this great occasion. When the celebrants reached the altar the music ceased, and amid the most profound silence the voice of the Bishop arose loud and clear in those well-known words, "Dominus Vobiscum." The Mass was lengthy, but of extraordinary interest

and the ceremony was followed with pious interest by the immense congregation.

The musical exercises, as arranged by Mr. John White, the organist of the Cathedral, were of the highest order. The following ladies and gentlemen took part: Madame Farber, soprano; Madame Unger, contralto; Mr. H. Bersin, tenor, and Mr. F. C. Urchs, basso. The chorus was large and effective, comprising many of the best singers to be found in this city. The chief feature of the musical programme was the rendition of Mozart's great requiem, consisting of the following numbers: 1, Requiem Æternam; 2, Dies Iræ; 3, Offertorium; 4, Sanctus; 5, Benedictus; 6, Agnus Dei. Prelude (Mr. White) by Guilmant. Postludium (Mr. White) by Handel.

The sermon was delivered by Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, South Carolina, who is considered the most eloquent of all the wearers of the mitre in the country. After the discourse the organist played another march, and the congregation slowly withdrew from the Cathedral.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Russian Army in the Balkan Passes.

In our picture, the gallant Muscovite soldiers who are hurrying down the southern slopes of the Balkans are hastening, not to death and defeat, but to victory and Adrianople. The ascent of the northern slopes had been toilsome and hazardous; but the descent on the other side, when the summit had been passed, reminds one of the tourists' rapidly in coming down the slopes of Vesuvius, which they accomplish in as many minutes as they have taken hours to surmount the steep incline. It was almost impossible to come down in any dignified or becoming manner; the cannon had to be let gently down by means of ropes attached to trees. Equally disagreeable was the duty of the Russian staff officers in that rough region. A war correspondent writes: "The Russian officer here, from the roughness of the ground, is not even able to travel on horseback, but is compelled to tramp on foot, through snow and mud, with a roughly shaped alpenstock for his sole assistant; while, as for uniform, utility, not ornament, is certainly the order of the day, and he now values the huge *bouarka* and the great uncouth felt boots far more than the most gorgeous trappings ever seen on the St. Nicholas Platz in St. Petersburg."

The Caffre War in Africa.

The battle of "The Springs," depicted in one of our foreign engravings, fought at Manzana, about three miles from the Springs, was the most spirited of any of the engagements yet fought with the Galekas. The colonists engaged in it were young men from King William's Town and the surrounding districts. They were not quite a hundred strong, and none of them had been in action before. The King William's Town contingent, consisting of sixty young fellows, mounted and armed, had been for a long time engaged in keeping guard at the important post of "The Springs" by the Kei, which divides Krelli's country from the colony, and on the 9th of October they crossed the Butterworth River. At length they came to the hill shown in our engraving, where there were two necks of land separated by a deep ravine. The Galekas were in force in the bush at the top of the hill, and received the advance guard with a volley. The Caffres, thinking that division all that were coming, began to pour round in great numbers, capering about in great glee, and jeering at them as mere boys. Matters were looking somewhat serious when the rest of the men came up at a ringing gallop, and poured a volley into the rear of the Galekas. The result was that before long the firing ceased altogether, and soon the Galekas had disappeared.

The Funeral of King Victor Emmanuel.

The body of the late King lay in state for several days in the Hall of the Swiss Guards, at the Quirinal Palace. The walls of the apartment were hung with deep crimson velvet and surrounded by rich chandeliers and vases of bronze. The King's body was placed upon an inclined platform, so that a good view of it could be obtained from all parts of the room. In front of this was a flight of steps lined with candelabra. On the first day the Houses of Parliament and the diplomatic body were admitted to a private view, after which the doors were opened to the public, the body being attended by an aide-de-camp, two orderly officers, and two masters of the ceremonies of the civil and military household of the King, besides some Capuchin Friars. The funeral, which took place on January 17th, was a most imposing spectacle. The procession, which was two miles in length, and five hours upon the march, started from the Quirinal, and wound its way through a great number of streets, some of which had never previously seen such a ceremony, although they date from the time of Sixtus V. The funeral cortege was headed by detachments of troops, after which followed a large number of deputations, all the great bodies of the State, the members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, the clergy, the great officers of State, the chiefs of Legation and Envoys of foreign Princes and Governments, the Knights of the Order of Annunziata, the Foreign Ambassadors, the Princes of reigning Houses, and, lastly, the first aide-de-camp of the late King on horseback, carrying King Victor's sword. After the coffin came a Master of the Ceremonies, bearing the Iron Crown and leading the late King's favorite charger. Then came the colors of a number of regiments in the army, accompanied by an escort of honor, and after these followed a long procession of representatives of institutes, municipalities, societies and corporations. The streets were densely thronged with spectators, and every balcony and window in the houses along the route taken by the procession were occupied. All the balconies were draped with black. The aspect of the crowded but silent streets, and the mournful appearance of the procession itself, had a most solemn and imposing effect. It is said that 200,000 strangers were in the city. When the Pantheon was reached, the coffin was taken from the car by sixteen cuirassiers, who carried it into the church, while the troops presented arms, and the priests commenced the service by intoning the antiphone, "Non Intres." Then the Academicians of the Saint Cecilia and the Philharmonic Society gave the "Libera nos, Domine," with the "Oremus." The Archbishop blessed the body and sprinkled it with holy water, and the chant, "Requiescat in Pace" brought the service to a close. The body was subsequently entombed in the presence of the grand dignitaries of State and the Chaplain of the Royal House.

The Italian Army Swearing Allegiance to King Humbert.

On Saturday, January 12th, the whole of the Italian Army swore allegiance to King Humbert. The oath-taking of the Roman garrison took place in the presence of the King on the site of the Pretorian Camp established in the time of the Emperor Tiberius. The troops were drawn up on three sides of the Quadrangle, while the fourth was occupied by officers present in Rome, but not attached to the corps under arms. All were mourning, the drums and colors being trimmed with crape, and a dense mass of spectators thronged the windows and roofs of the surrounding houses. King Humbert was accompanied by Prince Amadeo and General Mezzacapo, Minister of War, and a splendid and numerous staff. His Majesty, who was visibly moved as he rode round the ranks amid the acclamations of the multitude, was presented to the troops by

General Bruzzo, who read aloud the military oath in a clear and resonant voice, the last words of which were barely uttered ere "Giuvo!" (I swear) burst simultaneously from the ranks, and from the officers not on duty, as each soldier raised his right hand. The King and his staff then rode to the Piazza dell'Indipendenza, where the march past took place, and, after expressing his satisfaction to General Bruzzo, returned to the Quirinal Palace amid cheering of the crowd.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A BILL-POSTER in an Ohio town covered the tombstones in a graveyard with circus cuts.

—CHICAGO has fifty more fire-alarm telegraph-boxes than New York, and twice as many as any other city in the country.

MR. LYMAN, geologist to the Japanese Government, reports that the island of Yesso probably contains 150,000,000 tons of coal not yet explored.

—THE Maine Legislature is asked to make a town of a pile of barren rocks off the coast, occupied solely by a party of quarrymen in the employ of one contractor.

—A NOTE written to the office of the Kenesaw (Ga.) Railroad route, by a tramp, stated that the road was in a fine condition, but the absence of foot-planks on the bridges was a terrible inconvenience to the tourists.

—A CANADIAN clergyman has been convicted of skating on Sunday. He preaches on Garden Island, and instead of driving over on the ice or going on foot, he buckles on his skates and gets across very comfortably.

—CHARLES NAPIER, an English scientist, prescribes a vegetable diet as a cure of intemperance. The relinquishment of meat for six or seven months, he asserts, will destroy a desire for alcohol in the most aggravated cases.

—A MASSACHUSETTS law provides for the imprisonment of persons taking part in masked balls in that State, and no such entertainment has been given in Boston for six years. A strong effort is making to repeal the law, but without much prospects of success.

—THE Russian nobility are numerous, and, as a class, by no means rich. Previous to emancipation, about twenty years ago, a land proprietor was not thought wealthy unless he possessed at least 500 serfs. But only 3,000 proprietors had more than that number, while 41,000 had less than twenty-one.

—THE new sewer-tunnel under Forty-second Street, in this city, is attracting much attention among engineers, and the firm who are doing the work are daily in receipt of inquiries as to the kind of machinery employed. The city of Halifax, N. S., proposes to drive a similar tunnel to supply that city with water.

THE body of a woman in a crouching position, in full dress and with rings in its ears, was recently found in a cargo of soda brought by the ship *Irving* from Peru to London. It is in a good state of preservation, and is supposed to be that of a victim of an earthquake which occurred many hundred years ago.

—THE consumption of tobacco of all kinds in Paris during the past half year was enormous. Cigars to the value of \$1,460,000 were smoked, and cigarettes to the value of a little over \$300,000. About \$800,000 went for snuff, and \$100,000 for chewing tobacco. The number of cigars smoked in the six months was 75,417,300, and the weight of the cigarettes was over ninety-one tons.

—THE river-bed of the Niagara was dry for hundreds of yards towards the centre of the Horse-shoe or Canadian Falls during three days of last week, and there were icebergs clinging to the high precipice where they had never been seen before. At the ferry the level of the river was twenty-four feet below the usual water-mark. This change of level is attributed to prevailing high winds from the northeast.

—GLOVES were introduced into England in the tenth century, but were only used by the wealthy people, and were considered very valuable. As New Year's gifts they were quite popular, or sometimes "glove-money" in place of them. "Pin-money" originated in somewhat the same manner. Pins were so costly that money spent or laid aside for them was called "pin-money," and it became so important that it grew into the name of dower, which was settled upon the lady at her marriage.

—FIVE hundred and fifty million gallons of petroleum was exported from this country from 1866 to 1871, which brought an average price of thirty-four cents a gallon, amounting to \$187,000,000. From 1871 to 1876, covering the same period of five years, there were shipped 1,100,000,000, or twice as much oil, which sold at the average price of fifteen cents per gallon, realizing \$165,000,000. The increased exports netted less money by \$22,000,000 than the shipments of the first-named period.

—PLANTS sleep at night, as is well known, but their sleeping hours are a matter of habit, and can easily be disturbed. A French chemist recently exposed a sensitive plant to a bright light at night and placed it in a dark room during the day. The plant, at first, appeared much puzzled. It opened and closed its leaves irregularly, in spite of the artificial sun beaming upon it at night, and, in the daytime, it sometimes awoke. It finally submitted to the change, unfolding itself regularly at night, and closing in the morning.

—THE Russian Empire is divided for academical purposes into ten circuits. St. Petersburg, Moscow, Dorpat, Kiev, Warsaw, Kasan, Kharkov, Wilna, Odessa, and the Caucasus. Each of these is presided over by a curator, who is chosen less for his learning than for his urbanity as a courtier. In theory he is omnipotent; in practice he does nothing without the advice of his Academic Council, a body of six members, two of whom are retired professors, three military officers, and one a police official. These people settle what books are to be used in the schools, grant professional diplomas, and act as a court of appeal in questions of academical discipline. All the educational funds pass through their hands, and a good share of them remains there.

—AT Nice, Cannes, and Mentone, the hotel-keepers and the proprietors of villas are in despair. There are neither Russians nor English at these places. Monaco, on the other hand, is full, for it is the only gambling establishment now existing in Europe. From Nice to Monaco a carriage-road is being built along the sea-shore, and the price of land, both at Monaco and along the coast, which will be opened out by this road, has increased enormously. The reigning Prince of Monaco is an old, infirm, blind man, who, in the course of nature, will soon be removed to another and a better world than the gambling-hell over which he rules. His son resides, generally, in France, and regards with undisguised contempt the ceremonial court etiquette of his father's palace. It is probable that so soon as the heir-apparent ascends the throne of his ancestors, he will voluntarily descend from it, and make arrangement by which his ridiculous Principality will form an integral portion of France. In this case the public gambling-tables will be abolished.



1. The wrecked *Metropolis*. 2. Sand Hills. 3. Graves of the Victims. 4. Currituck Sound. 5. Whalehead Light. 6. Life Station No. 5.

NORTH CAROLINA.—CURRITUCK BEACH, THE SCENE OF THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP *METROPOLIS*, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 31st.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 451.



NEW YORK CITY.—MASONIC MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE DEAD—GRAND LODGE OF SORROW, ACCORDING TO THE SCOTTISH RITE, HELD AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, ON THE EVENING OF FEBRUARY 12TH.—SEE PAGE 451.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

THEY met, ah me, so often,
By streamlet and by dell,
And 'neath the whispering beeches,
Which knew their tale so well;
And Summer's gentle zephyr,
And Autumn's balmy breath,
Reechoed tender vows of love
And constancy till death.
Trustingly believing,
Wantonly deceiving.

They meet, ah me, so often,
Amid the gay and light,
And none can trace beneath that smile
The darkness of the night;
Nor Autumn's chilly breezes,
Nor Winter's dreary blast,
May waft into oblivion
The echoes of the past.
For vows were falsely spoken,
And one true heart is broken.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

By E. J. CURTIS.

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

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER III.

MISS RUSSEL never fully understood how the skeleton that she had hidden so long and so successfully from the world had at length become known. She was of a sensitive and reserved nature, and she could not bring herself to confess that her only brother was guilty of a crime for which he would have had to bear a heavy penalty were he obliged to stand his trial; and when he came stealing back in disguise, and in broken health, from the obscure German town in which he had taken refuge, and implored of her and his aunt to shelter and conceal him for the remnant of his life, Eleanor could not, and would not, refuse.

It was in vain that Miss Heathcote pointed out to her niece the risk she ran; Eleanor acknowledged the risk, but declared herself equal to meet it. They had a large house, in which her brother could occupy two rooms without any one in C— being the wiser, and their old and faithfully attached servants would die before they betrayed their unfortunate young master.

And so the unhappy young man found a safe asylum, and lived on peacefully enough, lovingly tended by his devoted sister, and feeling that each month brought him nearer to his end. Distress of mind was rapidly completing the work which a naturally feeble constitution and a reckless life had begun.

But, as I have said, Eleanor never fully understood how the secret of his presence at the Laurels at length became known; but she was surprised, and not a little relieved, to find how very slightly curiosity was aroused by the fact. The truth was, the good people of C— had a very vague idea of the nature of the crime that had outlawed the young man from society. Indeed, by many the story of his having committed any crime at all was regarded as a mere idle and slanderous rumor. And then his ill-health was sufficient to excite commiseration for him among the circle in which his aunt and sister moved, while there was enough of mystery to make that circle very chary in their inquiries respecting him of Miss Heathcote and her niece.

Eleanor's sense of relief was very great when the incubus of keeping the secret was taken from her. She could not, of course, ever talk openly about her erring brother; but it was something to know that his presence was an admitted fact, and that no one appeared inclined to take measures to bring him to justice. And not the least of her pleasure and relief arose from the thought that she was now at liberty to confide in her kind friend, Mr. Vaughan, and to explain to him many little things which she felt conscious he must have noticed and thought strange, forgetting that effects assume an important or trivial aspect according as the cause is known or unknown to the lookers-on.

Eleanor was not particularly happy just then; but the cause of the unhappiness she did not try to define, even to herself. It is not to be supposed that when we feel that vague unrest, that haunting, ever-present sense of something wanting in our lives, that we could not if we choose trace the feeling to its source; but there is a certain amount of self-examination, if not of condemnation, attendant upon that voyage of discovery to ascertain the origin of the dark cloud with which our imagination has darkened both present and future, that makes us shrink from the task, and prefer the ignorance that is bliss indeed.

Christmas was drawing near, but as yet Vaughan had made no mention of his return. News of his pleasures came to the Laurels through his mother, but his growing attachment to Caroline Forbes had never found expression even in a hint, so that when Mrs. Vaughan at length received the news of his engagement and his approaching return to C—, she was beyond measure astonished.

She was all in the flurry and excitement of answering that most important communication from her son, and of writing to him her delighted and somewhat incoherent congratulations, when Eleanor Russel came in to pay a morning visit.

"Oh! I am so delighted to see you, my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Vaughan, starting up from her writing-table. "I was going over to see you after luncheon, to tell you the news. Only fancy what I have just heard—Henry is going to be married! my dear boy!"

"Is he, indeed? I congratulate you most heartily," was the answer given at once, but Eleanor, as she said the words, hated herself for the bound that her heart gave, followed by the sensation of something tightening round it, like the sudden drawing and knotting of a cord. What right had she to feel any sensation whatever at the announcement of Mr. Vaughan's engagement?

But Mrs. Vaughan, who could not see what went on under the soft fur of Eleanor's seal-skin mantle, flowed on in a placid strain of talk which

conveyed to the quiet listener that the bride-elect was beautiful and amiable, and well-born, and would have some money. "Although, of course, my dear Henry need not marry money. And the marriage was to take place in the Spring, and Henry would take a run home to see his mother for a day or two, but he was going to spend Christmas at the Forbes', where there was to be a large family party."

"As it is quite natural he should do," replied Eleanor, who thought she detected a shade of disappointment in Mrs. Vaughan's tone as she made the last announcement. "You will have to give him up at last, Mrs. Vaughan."

"Oh, of course, my dear, I know that, and the people at the 'Oaks' have got notice to quit, and the whole house is to be refurnished and done up. Are you going already, dear? How are you all at the Laurels?" Give my love to your aunt."

"And pray give my kindest regards and most sincere good wishes to your son," said Eleanor, as she shook hands. "I hope we shall see him when he comes."

And then she went away and got into the pony-carriage which was waiting, and drove into the town for some shopping. And as she went along she was trying to picture what Miss Forbes was like, and then she found her thoughts straying back to the past happy Summer, and the sundry walks and talks that had taken place in its course, and again that undefined sadness came over her.

"A feeling of sadness and longing"
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow
As the mist resembles rain."

Miss Heathcote looked very hard at her niece as Eleanor told her the news of Vaughan's engagement, but there was no unquiet drooping of the eyes—no tell-tale blushes. "It is all right," thought the good old lady. "She only cares for him as a friend, after all."

"It is all right," was Eleanor's thought too, as she sat alone in her room that night. "I fear that an unbiased view of his conduct would not be quite consistent with the world's idea of friendship; but the world's ideas are not mine, and my secrets are my own, and he shall never be blamed. I hope she will make him happy." Of Miss Forbes's happiness she appeared to have no doubt whatever.

Vaughan did not come back to C— before Christmas to see his mother. He could only stay one day, he said, so it really would be scarcely worth his while, and the new year was some months old before he at length named a day for his return. The wedding was fixed for the end of April, and the first week of that month found Vaughan again at C—. He had come to escort his mother to London to be present at his marriage.

The morning preceding his arrival Eleanor's servitude to her unhappy brother had ceased for ever, and he had closed his short, ill-spent life in her loving arms. Faithful to the last, she watched over him night and day, and it was only when the end came that she fully realized all she had gone through, and experienced the too painful relief of reaction.

The evening after the death so long expected had taken place, she was sitting alone in the drawing-room at the Laurels. Miss Heathcote, worn out by anxiety and watching, was confined to her room. The house felt oppressively still and silent. It was not more than four o'clock, and the bright sun was shining without, and the sense of warmth and light, and the merry twittering of the birds, jarred almost painfully upon Eleanor's spirits.

She felt so unutterably sad and lonely just then, and she lacked even the energy and power of will which she had usually at command to shake off the depression.

"It will not last—it must not last," she said, pressing one hand before her eyes. But in spite of all her efforts her mouth quivered, and two large tears rolled down her cheeks.

Then, as she sat on, quietly thinking of many things, she heard a step outside, followed by a ring at the door-bell. It was answered, and she heard a voice she knew inquiring for her. She heard the reply that no visitor could be admitted. But she could not let Vaughan be dismissed like a mere common acquaintance, so opening the door, she went into the hall and stopped him as he was turning away.

"Neither my aunt nor I look upon you as a stranger," she said, as, having shaken hands, they went back into the drawing-room together.

"I am very, very sorry," began Vaughan, struck by the worn expression of Eleanor's face. "I had no idea you were in trouble. Pray forgive me for intruding at such a time—"

"A friend never intrudes," interrupted Eleanor, quickly. "I am sincerely glad to see you. I wished to see you. You know"—and she flushed deeply as she spoke—"you know who has—who has just been taken from us?"

"Yes," replied Vaughan, "I know; but I confess that there are things I have heard—I scarcely know what to say. I would not for the world distress you, or appear inquisitive." His voice was subdued to the low, tender key that Eleanor remembered so well; but she would not allow herself to recall the past just then.

"He was my brother," she said—"my only brother. His story is a miserable one. A youth full of promise, but too early blighted by temptation, crime, disgrace and ruin. The wreck is lying yonder very peaceful now." The words faltered on her quivering lips.

"And he was with you some time, was he not?" Vaughan asked, deeply touched by her distress.

"Almost ever since we came to C—. I cannot tell how the secret of his being with us at last became known; but it did not seem to matter when the poor fellow was so ill. I cannot help thinking that at first there was some great misapprehension about him and—myself. The confinement had begun to tell upon him, since his illness obliged him to give up his night walks, and I think we must have been seen out together. Tell me," she added, looking up suddenly into her companion's face, "had you heard anything about us before you left C— last Summer?"

"Yes," replied Vaughan. "I heard that you

were going to be married; that you had been seen walking with the gentleman."

"I knew it!" she murmured, half aloud.

"And the evening I came here to say Good-by I was the unintentional witness to a scene which convinced me that the report was true. I had been waiting for some time in this room alone, and at length I went out into the hall for the purpose of going to your aunt, whom I expected to find in the room opposite this. I had come in through the window and I fancied that you were out. The door of the opposite room was open, and as I was going to knock before entering, I saw a shadow thrown on the wall before me. I recognized you at once, and I concluded by your attitude and by one of the words that I heard before I could get away, that you were there with your intended husband. Not knowing that you ever had a brother, I could not think otherwise. I came back at once to this room and left my card and the books I had brought to say Good-by for me."

Vaughan spoke very quietly and naturally. Eleanor listened; but for the second time she felt as if a cord had tightened round her heart.

"Yours, then, was the step we heard that evening," she said; "I wish I had known it at the time, and I might have told you about him. You must have thought my conduct rather strange."

Vaughan had thought it strange at the time; but his life had assumed a new aspect in the interval, and even the want of trust in him as a friend, of which he had accused Eleanor, was all forgotten now.

"I had no right, of course, to expect your confidence on such a subject," he said, with a slight smile; and, as he spoke, he was thinking how much more artistic was the arrangement of Miss Forbes's hair as compared with that of Eleanor's.

"Well, it is all over now—happily over for him, poor fellow!" she answered, with a sigh. "And now have you not something to tell me about yourself?"

"But you know, do you not?" he said, eagerly. "Yes, every one knows what has kept you so long away. I congratulate you with all my heart, and I hope you may be very, very happy."

"Thank you," he said, pressing warmly the hand she offered. "You were always a true friend. May I show her to you?" he added, opening a locket which hung to his watch-chain. "But this does not do her half justice. She has such a wonderfully expressive face."

Eleanor took the trinket, and looked long and earnestly at the face within. She saw the deep, expressive eyes by whose wondrous beauty Vaughan had been so quickly vanquished, and it must be confessed she could see nothing of their subtle power.

It may be, if Vaughan had seen the little picture while still unacquainted with the original, that he might have seen nothing remarkable about it either. But then he not only knew, but was perfectly bewitched about her, and of course it struck him that Eleanor's praises were rather lukewarm. "Women never see one another's beauty," he thought, bitterly.

And then a sudden constraint fell upon them, which Miss Russel had made one or two vigorous efforts to break. But her old power to interest him had vanished, and she felt but too keenly that it would never return; so, with renewed congratulations on her part, and kind words of sympathy from him, they presently parted, not to meet again for many years.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vaughan visited C— during the following Summer, Miss Heathcote and her niece were in Italy! They went abroad early in May, for they both felt the necessity of change after the trial they had gone through. There were many, however, who were kind enough to attribute Miss Russel's desire for foreign travel to a very different motive than mere change of scene; but she was one of those who cared very little for public opinion; so long as she could justify her acts to herself, she did not give a thought to the judgment of the world.

Eleanor and her aunt remained abroad for two years, wandering through Italy and Germany, and spending many happy, if monotonous days, in quiet little nooks, unfrequented by the restless throng of tourists and sightseers.

They returned at length to the Laurels, to find many changes. Emily Lascelles was married to a rising engineer, and had gone with him to India. The eldest Miss Ormond was also married, and was in Canada with her husband, where his regiment was quartered; the second was engaged, and was to be married immediately. The dowager Mrs. Vaughan still lived in her pretty villa, near C—, but she had aged considerably in two years, and could talk of nothing but her grandson, whose photograph, a mere blur of white, she exhibited to all her visitors.

Mr. Danvers had improved in health and had become famous, very much to his own surprise, and had painted some wonderful pictures in the style that Millais has made celebrated, and it had—strange to say—been well placed on the line at the Academy, and sold the week the exhibition opened to a rich Manchester collector for a large sum. The young artist visited his friends in C— soon after Miss Heathcote and her niece returned from their tour; he spent a great deal of time at the Laurels, and when he went away it was hinted by many, and believed by all, that he had asked Eleanor Russel to go with him, and that she had refused.

So the society of C— changed, as society is apt to do more or less everywhere as time goes by, and nothing remarkable occurred to disturb the peaceful succession of days, and months, and years. But years so quiet there, had been momentous in the history of the world. The fierce struggle between the Great Powers of the North and the West was over. The awful outbreak in India, that shook Europe to its centre as the decade was drawing to a close, had happily passed. The national sorrow that fell upon England at the end of 1861 was beginning to lose its sting, and early in the following year all the kingdoms of the earth were exhibiting their handicraft in the International at Brompton.

Ayuntamiento de Madrid

With some difficulty Miss Russel was induced by her aunt to accept an invitation to London to see the monster show, for Miss Heathcote's health had been failing of late, and Eleanor could not bear to leave her. But she yielded at length to the old lady's entreaties, and her six weeks' pleasant holiday was nearly over, and she was beginning to tire of crowds, and noise, and even of the fine-art treasures which had given her such intense pleasure, when she had unexpectedly the still greater pleasure of meeting an old friend.

She had gone with her friends to a grand operatic concert, and as the names of many first-rate singers appeared in the programme, the audience might well be called a fashionable mob!

Eleanor was with her party in one of the front seats, and she was not taking much notice of the people around, when she heard herself addressed by the lady beside her. "I beg your pardon," the lady said, "but would it inconvenience you much to make room for a gentleman between us? I see my husband coming in, and I promised if possible to keep a place for him beside myself."

"With pleasure," replied Eleanor, and then both ladies made some movements with their draperies, and a space was cleared.

Eleanor was struck by the lady's appearance, but she had scarcely time to note more than a general air of stylishness, when the husband made his way to them, and she recognized Vaughan! He did not see her; he was intent upon thanking his wife for having kept a seat for him, and anxious to claim her admiration for the exquisite bouquet which he had put into her hand.

Eleanor could have fancied that the years which had passed were a dream when she heard the familiar voice speaking in the old familiar way:

"I thought that confounded dinner would never be over, Carrie; but they have not begun yet, have they? I would not have missed even one song for the world. How did you contrive to keep a place?"

Only a part of the reply reached Miss Russel. She heard "lady next you—very kind—room enough herself."

Vaughan turned at once to apologize, to hope that he did not incommode, but his polite speeches were forgotten in the surprise of the recognition.

"My dear Miss Russel! This is indeed a most unexpected, and a very, very great pleasure. I am so glad to see you," and he fairly turned his back upon his wife, while he held out his hand to Eleanor.

"I had no idea that I was indebted to such a dear old friend for my seat," he went on. "Are you quite well? But," and he hesitated a little, "perhaps I am wrong; and yet I think I should have heard—are you Miss Russel still?"

"Yes, still Miss Russel; and very glad to see you. I knew you were in town, and I was surprised that we had not met."

"Allow me to introduce you to my wife, Carrie," and both ladies leaned forward, "this is a very old friend of mine—Miss Russel."

Eleanor put out her hand. Mrs. Vaughan's greeting had in it just a degree of stiffness. But then wives are never very cordially disposed towards their husband's old friends, especially of the so-called "gentler sex." Then the concert began, and the conversation ceased for a time; but in the intervals of the music, Vaughan asked many questions about C—, and Eleanor, as she found opportunity, watched his wife; for she was very anxious to know if she and her husband were happy. She considered the attention of the bouquet and the keeping of the seat a very good sign, and woman-like, she put, with those attentions, other little trivial acts which very few, except one so interested as herself, would have noticed, and she came to the conclusion that her old friend was thoroughly happy in his marriage.

And her conclusion was correct; the Vaughans were thoroughly happy, although it was not to be supposed that their life had been all sunshine, for a woman is not of necessity perfection because she has fine eyes, and a man is not faultless because he has an attractive manner; but all little angles had been rubbed smooth in a few years, and Vaughan was accustomed to call himself the happiest man in—shire.

Meantime the concert proceeded; but I think that Eleanor's enjoyment of Vieuxtemps's magic playing, and of Sims Reeves's glorious voice, would have been more perfect if the presence of her former friend had not been as the "odor of brine from the ocean, bringing thoughts of other years." Yet, when it was all over, she was sorry, and wished that they were not obliged to part so soon.

"Where are you staying?" Vaughan asked, as, having placed Eleanor's opera-cloak about her shoulders, he drew his wife's arm within his own. "I must go and see you—Mrs. Vaughan will call—" Mrs. Vaughan murmured something about being "very happy."

"Thank you very much; but I leave town in a few days, and we may live miles apart—I am at Lancaster Gate."

"And we at Connaught Place," cried Vaughan; "not miles apart, by any means."

"We expect a few friends to dinner to-morrow," said Mrs. Vaughan; "and if you can join our party, it will give us much pleasure." And so it was settled.

"We can send the carriage for you early," said Vaughan, as he said good-night. "I want you to see my children; my boy, particularly—good-night, again. I am so glad to have seen you once more."

In less than a week after that night Eleanor was at the Laurels again, entertaining her aunt with accounts of all she had seen; and of course she did not forget to mention her unexpected meeting of the Vaughans at the concert, and the evening spent at their house.

"And do you like Mrs. Vaughan?" questioned Miss Heathcote. "I do not know why it is, but I have always fancied that she was proud and disagreeable."

"You are altogether wrong," replied Eleanor, warmly. "Her manner is very charming, so perfectly well-bred and refined; and they are very happy. Mr. Vaughan does not look a day older, I think; and he is just the same as when we knew him. They have four children—four lovely children! Little Harry, the eldest, is such a fine manly little fellow; and so like his father."

It was evening, and Eleanor was standing at the window, looking out into the moonlight. "Letters," she said, presently, "I see the postman in the avenue. I am glad—I like letters."

By this time the old servant appeared with the bag; Eleanor had lighted the candles on the chimney-piece, and she remained standing on the hearthrug while she opened it.

"Two for you, aunt," she said, "and one for me from Canada, from Helen Ormond—Helen Bruce, I mean." She opened it and read scraps of news aloud here and there as she went on.

Miss Heathcote was lying on a sofa, with her back to the light. "Eleanor," she said, suddenly, "you must have done too much in London; you are not nearly so stout as you were."

"Am I not?" said Eleanor, surprised. "When did you notice it?"

"Just now," replied Miss Heathcote. "It struck me as I lay here watching your shadow on the wall."

"Shadows are deceitful," interrupted Eleanor, quickly; and then with a sudden movement peculiar to her, she took the candles from the chimney-piece and put them on the table in the middle of the room, thus placing the light before her; then sitting down and shading her face, which was slightly flushed, with her hand, she went on reading her letter. It may be that she had a vague suspicion—the actual truth she could not have known—that a great happiness had been shut out from her by a shadow on the wall.

(To be continued.)

A MASONIC MEMORIAL.

THE GRAND LODGE OF SORROW FOR DEPARTED BRETHREN.

A MOST impressive Grand Lodge of Sorrow was held in the Academy of Music, New York City, on Tuesday evening, February 12th, according to the solemn ritual of the ancient Scottish rite of Free Masonry. The vast building was densely crowded. Music was furnished by Downing's orchestra, George Morgan presiding at the organ. Messrs. Lombard, Hill and Stein sustaining the solo parts in the chants, and the members of the Rheinischer Saengerbund and Hudson Maennerchor rendering the choruses. The immense stage was devoted to the ceremonials, the first scene representing the interior of a lodge-room during an ordinary meeting. The names of the following brethren were announced as constituting the number entitled to the honor who had died since the last ceremony:

E. B. Hays, John Cameron, M. J. Drummond, Edward Eddy, Jackson H. Chase, George A. Barney, Royal G. Millard, S. Dexter Bradford, Noah Tugwell, W. A. Lynch, Gerard Willet, A. Y. Zachos, George L. Trask, Richard P. Gibson, William H. Davis, James S. Chappell, Isaac D. Colman, O. M. D'Aubigné, John P. Hopkins, John H. Inslee, John Matthews, Andrew Stevenson, Jr., O. W. C. Schack, Randolph Crowell, John J. Kelly, John A. Moore, Samuel Stevens, F. W. Walker, C. L. Camp, J. Edward Greene, George Butler, M. M. Livingston, Charles H. Heisser, H. S. Allison, David Graham, John W. Garvin, Willis F. Coplan, Charles J. Kelly, Hiram Cranston, C. B. Conant, G. W. Southwick, E. B. Fairchild, J. J. Demarest, E. P. Breed, W. H. Gilman, Jeter Gardiner, C. H. Westervelt, W. F. Corey, J. E. Bendix, H. C. Covert, C. H. Winans and J. M. Berghaus.

The Lodge of Sorrow was then opened by the singing of the prayer for "Moses in Egypt," by Messrs. W. J. Hill, Fred. Stein, and Jules G. Lombard and a full chorus. The next scene was the Temple Interior and Memorial Services. This scene was very fine, and represented a grand Egyptian hall, occupying the full depth of the stage. A draped casket stood in the centre on a raised dais. Little girls were in the attitude of weeping over and in front of it. On each side were men clothed in white gowns with the massive cross in red on their hearts, and holding lighted candles. On the right of the stage was a long line of helmeted men with torches, gowned in black, with an apron of the same color, on which was a cross in red in front. On the opposite side was a corresponding line of torch-bearers clothed in white, but with the cross in red. Each line was headed by a helmeted warrior clad in silver mail, over which hung a flowing surplice, and holding a drawn sword in his hand. The little girls strewed flowers on and around the casket, while the invisible chorus sang Horace's ode, "Integer Vitæ." Then one by one the nine candle-bearers stepped forward, and after naming each his proportion of the fifty-two "Sublime Princes of the Royal Secret" whom they intended to honor, extinguished his candle. The bass drum gave a dull thud, as each candle went out. A funeral march was then played, and next two priests in black chanted verses about the transitoriness of life while the chorus responded. Grand Master Ward, Grand Deputy Master Fleming, Grand Orator Collins and Grand Deacon Small ascended the dais and recited from the ritual the prescribed lessons and invocations. As an interlude, Mr. Hill sang an invocatory solo while the two lines of torch-bearers filed in and out of each other, perpetually alternating black with white, across the stage.

In the next scene, a tomb, solitary at first, arose at the back of the stage. Presently the torch-bearers, now intermingled confusedly, the white-gowned with the black, marched in, their mail-clad leaders at their head. The casket was carried by nudes clothed in black. After marching and countermarching about the stage, the torch-bearers formed into two lines, through which the coffin was carried to the tomb. The orators of the preceding scene now appeared and bade their dead brethren farewell. A chorus and solo by Stein completed the scene.

The fourth part represented the Lodge Room, where the ceremonies were concluded by a peroration by Jerome Buck, and a grand chorus, "Peace, Joy and Freedom," by Ernest, Duke of Saxony, sung by the Rheinischer Saengerbund and Hudson Maennerchor.

CURRITUCK BEACH.

AWAY as far as the eye can reach and until the sea joins the sky, stretches the long line of foam! Away as far as the eye can reach roll the billowy sand-hills. To-day the cold, gray sand is speckled with pieces of brown, damp wood—sad and ghastly mementoes of what was once a good and gallant ship. The startled sea-bird screams overhead in a solitude as dismal as that which greeted Alexander Selkirk on his ghostly island, and the wild duck whirled past, as if in terror of the uncanny spot where so many brave and devoted human beings were flung upon the tideless shore of eternity.

The beach upon which the ill-fated *Metropolis* was so murderously wrecked lies twenty miles north of Kitty Hawk, where the *Huron* went to her doom, and within four miles of the Whale's Head Lighthouse. It is a long, velvet strand, banked by a ridge of sand-hills of but a few feet in height. In Summer the wavelets come rippling in as though oil had been thrown upon the troubled waters, but in Winter the breakers run mountains high, while in a storm, the surf presents the spectacle of a series of hoary monsters in mad frenzy dashing themselves to spray that is borne inland for many miles. About a hundred yards from the shore, and concealed by the breakers, is an immense gully towards which the undertow irresistibly fascinates, and woe to the bather unable to swim who finds himself within the treacherous embraces of this hidden maelstrom, since he must needs be both swift and strong to free himself from its ravenous clutches. In this gully the *Metropolis* became impounded, and but for its existence, she could have been beached, so that at low tide her hull, had it remained together, would have been high and dry.

The beach for miles is strewn with the debris of the wreck, the pieces being so small as to render very conclusive evidence as to the utter rottenness of the floating coffin misnamed a ship. With the exception of her stern-post, not as much as a solid plank came ashore. Along the beach opposite to where they floated in, the bodies of those who perished have been interred—a rude piece of board marking the spot where they now take their long, last sleep. A tent, composed of an old sail, was rigged up for the convenience of the watchmen and the patrol; but, inasmuch as there was nothing left to guard, since the corpses were rifled, not only of any valuables, but of every stitch of clothing—the dead body of a young and beautiful woman proving no exception to the ghastly greed of these unhuman wreckers—the tent served but as a coigne of vantage for these birds of prey, who cast their hungry glances across the waters, peering into the lashing surf in search for further food. The revolting barbarity evinced by the wretches who live in the vicinity of Currituck holds them up to the merciless scorn of the honest and the good.

A grim line of telegraph-posts lead to the Life-saving Station No. 5, which nestles beneath the Whale's Head Lighthouse, black against the dull, gray sand. Anything more desolate than the entire line of coast it is impossible to conceive—it would seem as though the world had suddenly ceased at this point, and away from everywhere. Across the sand, through the blinding snow-storm, the giant waves lashing, dashing, whirling, seething and breaking to the shore, the wretched passengers upon the *Metropolis* saw the land all so near and yet so far. They saw the pine-woods over across Currituck Sound; they saw—cruel mockery!—the Life-saving Station; they saw the lighthouse; but between them and these lines of safety stood Death with uplifted arm striking through the waves, through the broken pieces of timber, through cold and exhaustion, through mortal terror. The unendurable fire of anxiety that must have burned within them as they beheld the preparations for firing the rocket-ropes—the unendurable despair as their souls' hopes became blasted by the cruel impotence of the life-saving employés! No man can tell the agony of the shivering wretches upon the yawning decks of that living grave. On the lap of a buxom sand-hill stands the Currituck Lighthouse Gun Club, facing the sound, and but a few hundred yards from the beach. It is invisible from the scene of the wreck, but it was at this habitation that the first intimation of the catastrophe was made known. It is but justice to state that the occupier and his employés have received the most signal praise for their humane endeavors to succor the survivors, and that their genuine Samaritanism is the theme of universal laudation. All attempts at wrecking were denounced by Mr. Dunton and Mr. Jones in a manner that cowed the human ghouls into a semblance of decency; but during the night, under cover of the darkness, they resumed their abominable calling, earning for the Currituck Beach an infamous notoriety—a beach whose name is as a death-knell in many a mourning heart.

Limit to the Power of the Microscope.

In the animal kingdom are found myriads of forms—animalcules, for example—so minute that their bulk is reckoned by less than one-millionth part of a cubic inch. The vegetable kingdom also offers abundant specimens of microscopic organisms, and yet most of them have been carefully examined. For instance, the striated markings of the *Pleurosigma fasciola* have been counted to number sixty-four thousand to the lineal inch. Notwithstanding the almost infinitesimal size of portions of the organic world, human skill is able to compete with it in point of minuteness. Platinum wire has been drawn so fine that it was no larger than the smallest fibre of the gossamer's web. Gold has been deposited upon the surface of other metals, and has been drawn to such extreme thinness that the thousand-millionth part of a grain exhibited the visible characteristics of the metal. Nobert, with unsurpassed mechanical skill, has ruled a test plate consisting of lines only one hundred and twelve thousandth part of an inch apart. Such minute divisions are wholly beyond the resolving power of the most elaborate of modern microscopic appliances; for the fact has been shown by Sorby that the ultimate power of the instrument for distinct definition is limited to the examination of magnitudes not less than one-half of the average wave length of the luminous spectrum, or about eighty thousandth to the inch. When the dimensions are less the dark interference fringes—or shadows—impair the definition, except in the case of striated markings which, by a judicious arrangement of light, may be counted even to over one hundred thousandth to the inch.

Russian Apprehensions.

A GENTLEMAN, just returned to this city from St. Petersburg, tells the following amusing war story: Mr. Stanley, the English Consul in Odessa, has a fine house fronting the harbor, on which there is a broad balcony. He found himself constantly watched by two men. They dogged his steps whenever he went abroad, and posted themselves so as to command a view of his door whenever he was at home, never relinquishing their watch upon him. After three weeks of this, it became monotonous. He got tired of it, and, knowing them to be in the employ of the Government, went to the Governor-General to complain of it. That official heard him, and replied, "Well, if you wish me to tell you the truth, I will explain it, and I hope you will not be offended. It is a fact that you have been watched, and there have been very grave reasons for it, as we have been informed that every night when you come home, which is sometimes very late, especially when you have been to your club. Mr. Stanley—you take a dark lantern and go out on your balcony, and there, by moving and flashing your light, make signals in the direction of the sea, whence we fear an

attack from the Turkish fleet." Mr. Stanley laughed immoderately, to the very great surprise of the Governor-General, and, when he could speak, said: "Yes, it is true that I go out on my balcony at night with a lantern, and I will explain to you why. Every English consul abroad has instructions from the Home Office to take meteorological observations three times each day for forwarding to the Home Office. The last daily observation I make is when I go home at night. My thermometer hangs on the balcony, and as I am near-sighted, I have to hold the lantern up to examine its indications."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Aluminum Alloy for Dentists' Use.—According to C. Sauer, a dentist of Berlin, an excellent solder for dentists' use may be prepared by fusing together in a Hessian crucible, 2.9 parts gold, 0.1 part platinum, 2.0 parts copper, and adding to the fused alloy 10 parts of aluminum fused under charcoal. This alloy he claims to be free from the disadvantages of all previously employed compounds of aluminum. It can be hammered very thin—the same as gold leaf.

The Telephone in Germany.—The demand for the telephone is said to be immense in Germany. Prince Bismarck has had his study at his country-seat, in Varzin, connected with the Foreign Office in Berlin. It is proposed to introduce it into the army, in the deep mines of Freyburg and Clausthal, in the fire department of cities, on short routes all over the continent. This familiar use of the instrument will, no doubt, lead to numerous improvements, as in the case of the telegraph, so that its universal application is only a question of time.

Heracline, a New Explosive.—The new powder, heracline, cannot be exploded either by a blow or by friction, but only by bringing a flame into contact with it in a closed vessel. It may, therefore, be ignited by electricity or by Bickford's fuse; but the detonating fuse required to explode dynamite is not wanted. Compared with this latter substance, heracline can be prepared at one-third the cost, and the effect produced by equal quantities of the two compounds is said to be very nearly the same. The actual cost of preparing the heracline in Austria, where the inventor resides, is given at thirty florins (\$15) per 100 pounds. The Russian Government have ordered 500 pounds of the explosive for experimental purposes in mining operations, and also as a charge for hollow projectiles.

A Modification of Bell's Telephone.—M. Trouve, of the French Academy, has proposed a modification of Bell's telephone by which messages can be sent to great distances. He substitutes for the single membrane employed by Bell, a cubic or octagonal apparatus, each side of which has a vibrating membrane yielding a current of electricity. By associating all of the currents produced by these magnets, there is obtained a single intensity which increases in proportion to the number of magnets influenced, very much as the intensity of a Grove or Bunsen battery can be largely multiplied by an increase in the number of cells. By speaking into an instrument having many membranous faces, a current of electricity can be originated powerful enough to be transmitted on very long circuits. In this way we may be able to talk across the Atlantic by cable.

The Properties of Gallium.—Gallium was discovered in November, 1875, by a French chemist, Boisbaudrau, who gave it its name in honor of Gaul, the ancient name of France. He found it in minute quantities in zinc-blende by means of two beautiful bands which it forms in the violet end of the spectrum. Not enough of it has been prepared to determine accurately its atomic weight or its specific heat. It resembles lead, but is not so blue, while being somewhat harder. It is flexible, malleable and can be easily cut with a knife. Its specific gravity is about half that of lead—namely, 5.9, and it has the remarkably low melting point of 86 degrees Fahrenheit; in other words, it would melt on a hot Summer day in the shade. No doubt the discoverer will prepare as much as possible of it to send to the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

Artificial Cold.—Professor Gæmge has adopted the sulphurous acid machine for the artificial production of cold. He has exhibited the invention in California, where it is proposed to apply it to cooling the air of mines. It has been predicted that the Suto tunnel will be of no use after it is finished, as the great heat of the mines will prevent workmen from entering them at such depths. If Mr. Gæmge can solve this difficulty he will be entitled to a large reward. To keep the holds of vessels at a freezing temperature while conveying meat; to prevent fermentation in beer; to ventilate and cool houses in Summer; to preserve milk in the dairy and for sanitary purposes, are a few of the uses of cold that suggest themselves in this connection. Mr. Robert Briggs is of the opinion that it would require thirty times as much ice to cool down an apartment to the temperature of Spring on a hot Summer's day, as it would take of coal to warm it in the Winter, hence he concludes that cooling down a dwelling house by ice is not feasible, and that some artificial means must be resorted to.

Effect of Cold and Vibration on Tin.—In repairing an organ pipe in Leipzig, nine years ago, it was found that portions of the metal had become crystalline and brittle. This was supposed to be due to a molecular change, effected by the vibration. When the Watervliet Arsenal was abandoned, the Government had on hand a quantity of block tin which had been stored in a shed, exposed for years to alternations of heat and cold. In removing it many blocks were found to be disintegrated, and as easily cut as cheese. The expansion and contraction had taken the place of vibration to produce the molecular change. In 1872 plates of pure tin, during their conveyance from Rotterdam to Moscow in very cold weather, were broken into very small fragments. A similar disintegration has been observed at Spandau by Dr. Petri. A large quantity of tin plate acquired first laminar exfoliations, and then began to crumble. The tin was tested and found to contain only traces of foreign metals. The true explanation of the phenomenon remains to be discovered, as vibrations and alternations of temperature are not considered wholly satisfactory.

New Remedies in Medicine.—Some of the remedies which were practically unknown ten years ago have increased greatly in estimation and are now consumed in large quantities. We can refer to a few of them. Chloral was discovered by Liebig more than forty years ago, but it was first introduced as a hypnotic in 1869. During the first year a few ounces satisfied the demand; at the present time there are large factories of it, and it is even proposed to employ it in the manufacture of chloroform. It is probable that five tons of it were consumed in 1877. Opium as a drug has remained about the same for many years, but the alkaloids derived from it have been made in great quantities. The production of morphia especially has grown from a few grains per annum to many thousand pounds. The growth is so great as to give just cause for apprehension that the opium habit in disguise is increasing in alarming proportions. Alcohol although long known and frequently used, has made such inroads lately as to be entitled to the name of a new remedy. In hospitals where formerly a few ounces sufficed for all wants, more than many pounds are now required. The same increase is noticeable in rum and red wine. The use of beeches has gone nearly out of fashion.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

The Shah of Persia will start on his visit to all the European capitals at the end of next month.

The death is announced of the well-known German economist and statistician, Professor Hildebrand, of the University of Jena.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who is recruiting his impaired health in France, writes his congregation that he is regaining strength.

CONSPICUOUS among the deputies who attended Victor Emmanuel's funeral, was the tall, bronzed figure of Menotti Garibaldi, son of the veteran Italian warrior.

"WHAT do you think of Lord Beaconsfield?" asked a gentleman of a well-known Q. C. "He is a first-class courtier, a second-class novelist, and a third-rate statesman," replied the Q. C.

AUGUSTA CHAMBERS, a young actress who recently went out to Deadwood, has received, during the two months she has been there, 276 offers of marriage, seventeen of them coming in one day.

VICTOR EMMANUEL's body was buried shrouded in the superb white mantle of a Grand Master of the Order of the SS. Annunziata, in which garb the sovereigns of the House of Savoy are consigned to the tomb.

THE HON. CHARLES M. CONRAD, successively United States Senator, Member of Congress and Secretary of War, under President Fillmore, died at New Orleans, February 11th. He was seventy-three years old.

MR. HENRY M. STANLEY has been invited by the King of Belgium to visit him at Brussels, and he is expected there after his visit to England. The King takes a warm interest in all that relates to the exploration of Africa.

The Richmond Transcript exhumes the fact that Virginia once had a native African for Governor. Governor Alexander Spotswood, who filled the chair in 1760, was born in Tangier, while his father, a British officer, was there on duty.

KING ALFONSO has given Queen Mercedes a crown composed wholly of diamonds; also gowns, costing altogether about \$35,000; also mantillas at \$2,000 apiece. A mantle worn by the Queen at the state dinner on the wedding-day cost \$15,000.

It is said that there is truth in the rumor that Prince Leopold of England, Queen Victoria's youngest son, is going to enter the Church. The Prince wishes it very much, but the Queen opposes his desire, fearing that in the Prince's weak state of health he will only do himself harm by undertaking any active mental or physical labor.

PRESIDENT CLARK, of the Agricultural College, Amherst, when he was in Japan, arranged for some seeds of the "umbrella pine," a large tree that does not produce seeds till it is one hundred years old, and which is largely used for ornamenting the ground around Japanese temples. The seeds cost \$1 apiece, and are now on the way to this country.

PRINCE MAHOMET SEYFIK, the son of the Khédive of Egypt, did not assist at the banquet given by the Khédivial Geographical Society of Cairo, of which he is the ignorant president, to Mr. Henry Stanley. Nature has not lavished her gifts profusely upon this young gentleman, who, rather than be forced to make a speech, absented himself altogether.

MR. MARTIN MILMORE, of Boston, is said to have cut the only portrait bust of the late Pope ever made by an American artist. It was the last portrait in marble made of Pius IX. When it was finished the kind old man took the chisel in his hand, and expressing his satisfaction, touched the marble, saying: "Is it in this manner you do it? This is the sculptor's pen. With this he writes."

MISS AMELIA GRETH, the subject of the alleged miraculous cure at Mauch Chunk, Pa., is known at Reading, in that State, where she frequently used to go into a clairvoyant state. A few years ago she attracted attention there by declaring that she had more than once had an interview with what purported to be the ghost of a nun in front of a Roman Catholic Church, and the nun had made important revelations to her.

QUEEN ISABELLA of Spain is anxious that it should be known that she is engaged, and intends to engage, in no plots against her son, King Alfonso. The Queen says that Don Carlos, when in possession of the Basque provinces, where she was advised to go for a change of air, offered her a free pass to reside at Santander. She merely called upon Don Carlos to thank him for his courtesy, and, during the interview, not one word respecting politics was uttered.

The first reception of Secretary of State Evarts, given February 14th, was a brilliant and almost regal affair. The residence of Mr. Evarts, which is one of the largest and finest in Washington, was inadequate to accommodate the crowd of people, comprising the foreign Ministers, heads of departments and all the leaders of society, who packed its halls and chambers. The throng was so dense that the line of people on the main stairway waiting approach to the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Evarts were detained a good part of an hour in traversing the distance from the entrance door to the reception-room.

KING HUMBERT I. is no lover of France. His only son and heir, the Prince of Naples, was taught from his cradle to speak English and German. This royal child is now eight years old, and does not yet know a word of French. The new Queen was brought up to love an English speaking lady, Mrs. G. P. Marsh, wife of the United States Minister, and to revere Sir James Hudson. "Carrie," Mrs. Marsh's niece, was her playmate in childhood, and her friend in girlhood. Margherita is called the smile of Italy, and Humbert the frown. He is of a morose and concentrated disposition.

ACCORDING to the statistics of the British legacy office, Miss Hannah Rothschild has, in her own right, £120,000 per annum; but those who are versed in the enormous wealth of the Rothschilds can scarcely believe that one of the elder members of the firm died only worth this trifle. The marriage of the young lady takes place in March. It will be celebrated according to the Jewish and Christian rites. Miss Hannah Rothschild is not only an heiress, *hors ligne*, but, like many of the ladies of her family, an enthusiast in music and art, and has very pronounced opinions upon politics, and all other matters. On the Eastern Question she is pro-Turkish.

The next grand wedding of the season will be the ceremony that will unite the daughter of Judge Hilton to Mr. Horace Russell, Assistant District Attorney under District Attorney Phelps. This event is to occur within a few days. The home of the bride and groom is already selected. It is one of those large and handsome free stone houses in West Thirty-fourth Street belonging to the Astor estate. Mr. Russell will have for near neighbors the family of Mr. William Astor, Mrs. A. T. Stewart, also Dr. Marcy and Dr. White, physicians of the late Mr. Stewart. Nearly opposite the new home resides Mr. Henry Hilton, while Mr. Russell's next door neighbor will be the banker, Mr. Joseph Seligman.



CONVICTS WORKING UNDER CONTRACTORS IN THE IRONING DEPARTMENT OF THE PRISON LAUNDRY.

SING SING STATE PRISON.

THE convict labor in Sing Sing is let to contractors at so many cents per man per diem, the present rate being fifty cents. There are four contracts carried on in the prison—a stove, a shoe, a hat, and a laundry contract. The foundry, which is the most important, we propose to deal with in another issue. The demand for convict labor is greater than the supply.

Upon the morning following their incarceration, the convicts are led out and examined by the doctor, who certifies as to their physical condition. The Deputy Warden then questions each man separately as to his antecedents, previous occupation, business habits, and on having satisfied himself with reference to the prisoner's qualifications for work, sends him to one of the shops, the least experienced being ordered into the shoe-shop, as the initiatory process under this contract does not demand any special physical endurance or uncommon ability.

Employers consider that more work can be got out of a convict than an outsider, inasmuch as the dread of punishment proves a stronger factor than the chance of discharge. In addition to this, the convict never ceases to work; there is no idling, no talking, no smoking. As the machinery, so the prisoners.

THE WASHING-ROOM.

This department contains three enormous rotary washing-drums driven by steam—one capable of containing forty-eight dozen shirts, which are washed in three hours; the second, twenty-four dozen; and the third, sixteen dozen. These shirts are washed and made up for New York firms, two hundred dozen of shirts being turned out of the prison each day. When washed,

the shirts are sent up by an elevator to the

DRYING-ROOM.

where they are dried by hot air, the temperature being maintained at 150°. We did not remain long in this grove of linen, as a Turkish bath under such circumstances was not desirable. The appearance of this corridor, extending far enough to make a capital shooting-gallery, with its large doors stretching away on either side in the distance, its trucks in attendance to receive their freight, was at once impressive and unique. From the drying-room the linen is conveyed to the starching-room, where a body of starchers are in readiness to receive it, the starch being prepared in huge rotary copper caldrons, worked upon a patent economic principle; and when starched it is wheeled into the damping-room, and from thence sent down to the

LAUNDRY.

This is a very fine, spacious, airy apartment, full of sunshine, and in a dazzle of white. It is the very essence of cleanliness, the black garments of the keeper and the dark stoves standing out in bold relief against its general snowiness. We found one hundred and sixty convicts ironing. A convict's task is to do up eighteen fine shirts or twenty-four colored. Each ironer, clad in a white bib-apron, stands before a small table furnished with two receptacles, one for the damp shirts, the other for the shirts when ironed out. A table is also provided with a bosom-board, a small tin can with gum-arabic for glazing purposes, and a pail of hot water. The backs of some of these tables were profusely decorated with illustrations cut out of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and *Illustrated Times*. There are four pyramidal stoves with eighty irons always heating, to and from which the



THE SURGEON INSTRUCTING HIS CONVICT ASSISTANTS IN THE HOSPITAL DISPENSARY.

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

Ironers are perpetually moving. Some of the convicts are experts, the rapidity with which they iron, and the finish of their work, being simply marvelous, one man's handicraft winning from us an almost involuntary exclamation of approval, the bosoms of his shirts being worthy the wearing of a Brummel or a D'Orsay. The price paid by contractors for going up shirts is one dollar and a half per dozen for fine, one dollar for colored. The system of glazing the shirt-bosoms has been abandoned, and, from the "shine" upon some of the exhibits raised without this artificial means, we cannot imagine why the gum should ever have been used at all.

THE EXAMINING ROOM.

To this department the shirts that have been ironed are sent for inspection and approval. They are placed one on top of the other until they resemble great linen or calico walls built in shining blocks. The inspector examines them with inconceivable rapidity, selecting, sorting, rejecting, the latter at rare intervals, since the workmanship leaves no room whatever for cavil. The shirts are forwarded to the Empire City twice a week.

THE DISPENSARY HOSPITAL.

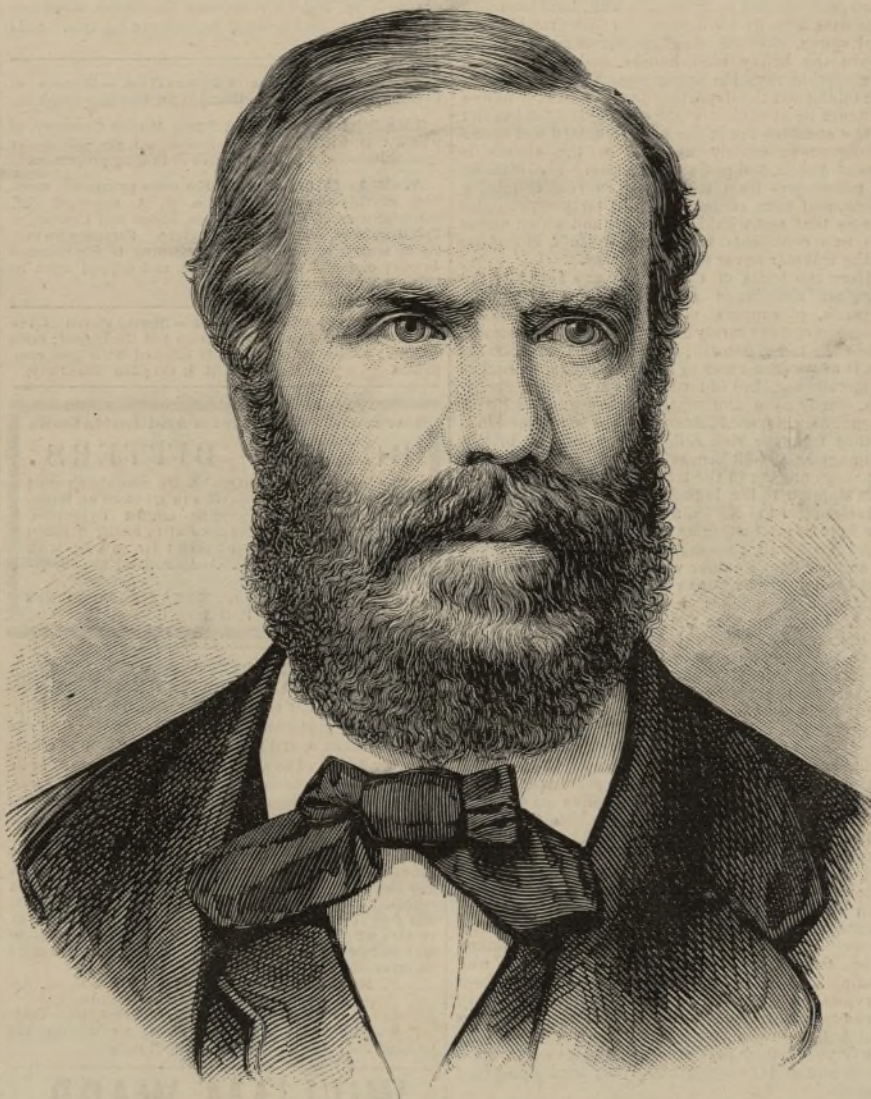
When a prisoner is ill, every possible care, attention and comfort is bestowed upon him, and every luxury administered upon the order of the physician, from chicken-broth to champagne. In the ante-room to the hospital we found the doctor surrounded by his convict assistants. He was engaged in compounding a special draught for a special case, and the eager interest with which his movements were watched could scarcely be equaled by a class at the Bellevue or at any other of our city hospitals. A vigorous intelligence blazed in every eye, and an anxiety to follow the details, that manifested a heartiness in the work positively refreshing to behold. Upon the left of this apartment is the dispensary, presided over by a convict, who prepares the medicines ordered by the physician. In this coigne of vantage is an alarming array of bottles emblazoned with those mysterious hieroglyphics so calculated to awe and bewilder the uninitiated. The familiar pestle and mortar was in use when we ventured to penetrate the sacred inclosure, and a dose of no homeopathic nature in readiness to ascend to the hospital, which is reached by a flight of broad stairs.

THE LATE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, one of the most prominent citizens of New York, died at his residence, on Saturday evening, February 9th, at the comparatively early age of forty-six. The funeral services were held, on the Tuesday following, in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, after which the remains were buried in the family vault in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mr. Roosevelt was the son of the late Cornelius Roosevelt, who left a large fortune to his children. He was born in this city, September 22d, 1831, and after the death of his father carried on the business of an importer of glass with his brother. In January, 1876, he retired from active business, and since then has devoted himself to banking, as head of the firm of Theodore Roosevelt & Son.

Shortly after the outbreak of the late civil war Theodore Roosevelt, then a young man, had his thoughts directed to the sufferings of the soldiers in the field and their families at home. He took active measures to alleviate both. To relieve the former, he assisted in organizing the Sanitary Commission in this city and State; to relieve the latter, he, together with Mr. William E. Dodge, established agencies with the various army corps to receive the pay of the soldiers and transmit it, free of charge, to those "left behind." Previous to the establishment of these agencies it was extremely difficult, if not almost impossible, for the soldiers to remit any part of their pay to their families. After the war the immense waste of money given every year in promiscuous charity, combined with the fact that many deserving institutions, for some reason or other, failed to obtain public support,



NEW YORK CITY.—THE LATE THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

roused him to making a strenuous attempt to establish the State Board of Charities. In this attempt he was ultimately successful. He was appointed one of the members of the Board, and was chosen its president. It was designed to remedy both of the evils mentioned—to inform the charitably disposed where to find deserving institutions, and to assist deserving institutions which the individually charitable commonly neglected.

For many years Mr. Roosevelt had given largely of his time and means to aid the charities of which he was a patron. To him the Newsboys' Lodging-house owes in a large measure its present success, while the up-town branch for a long time depended entirely on his liberality. He was deeply interested in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. He not only gave liberally to a number of charitable organizations, but he devised methods for increasing their efficiency. The institution in which he felt the greatest pride was the Orthopedic Hospital of the Children's Aid Society, of which he was one of the founders. The hospital was intended, by prompt medical treatment, to save a

large class of sufferers from deformity. Since then he has been one of its most liberal patrons.

In the hospital bearing his family name—founded by his granduncle—he took a great interest. His brother, James A., has been for many years president of the institution, and during the latter's absence in Europe, a few years ago, he performed the duties of the office. For the last fifteen years scarcely a single important charity has been started in this city in which he was not warmly interested. Keen as was his interest in schemes of philanthropy, it was equalled by his fondness for science and art. He was one of the organizers of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, now established in the Cruger mansion in West Fourteenth Street, and also of the Museum of Natural Sciences in Central Park. Of both of these he was a director at the time of his death, and in both he is sincerely mourned by his associates as a great loss. He was also one of the vice-presidents of the Union League Club and a member of the Century. He made several visits to Europe, one just before the Vienna Exhibition. When the scandal about Gen-

eral Van Buren, the chief of the American Commissioners to the Exhibition, became public, and General Van Buren, with others, was dismissed in consequence, Mr. Roosevelt was appointed to one of the vacancies, and did most excellent service in helping to bring order out of the chaos of the American department. He afterwards visited Egypt and went up the Nile.

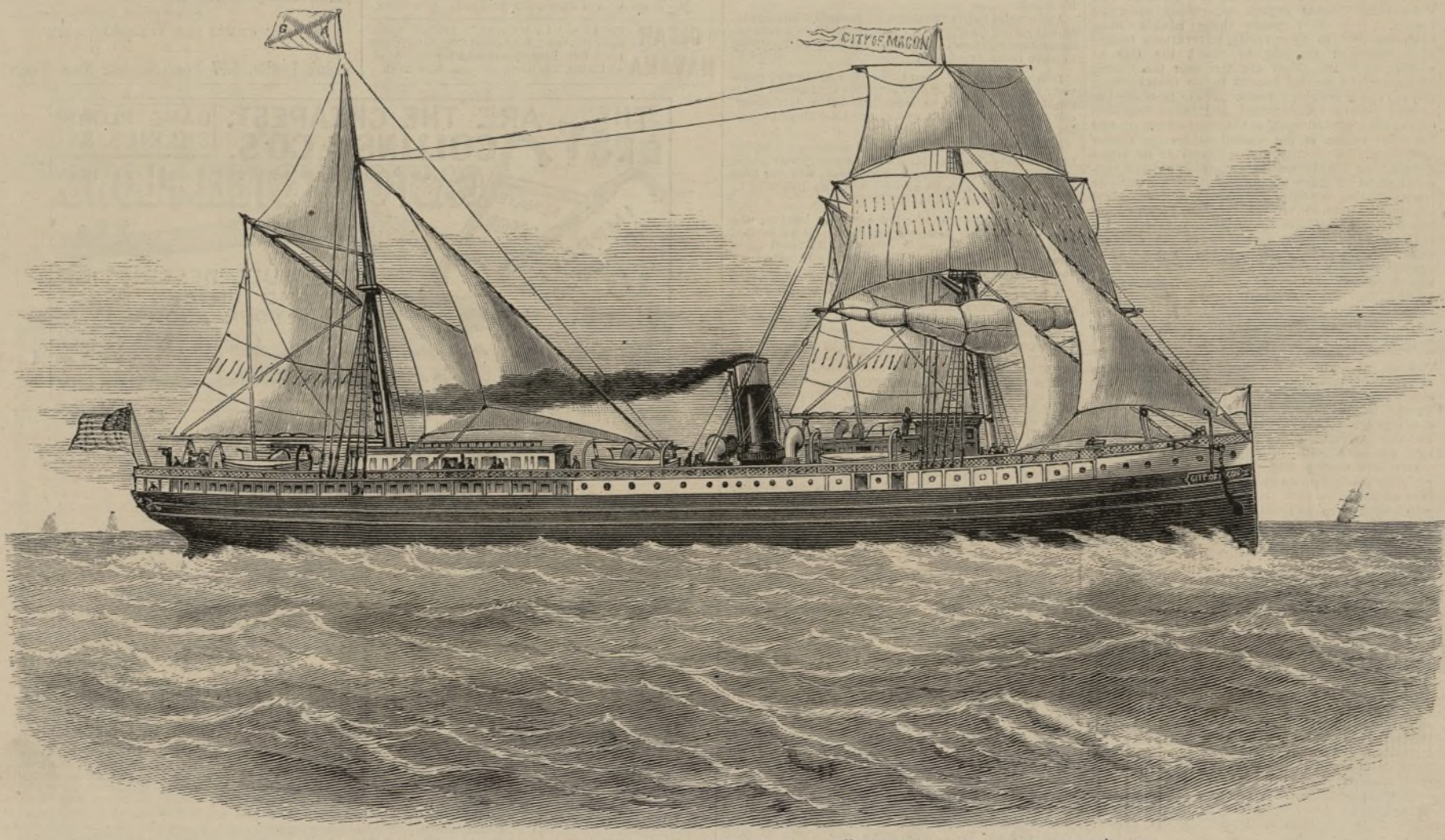
Though averse to politics, Mr. Roosevelt has been connected somewhat with political life. He was present at the Cincinnati Convention of 1876 as a representative of the Reform Association of New York. For all his public services he refused any payment, and when it was reported that he was named as a successor of Collector Arthur in the New York Custom House, he declared that if he accepted the position it would be not as a political office, but to further the interests of New York merchants. He believed that the Custom House should be conducted as an efficient man carried on his private business. He was nominated by the President as Collector of this port, but the appointment was not confirmed.

THE BAHAMAS.

THE GREAT WINTER TROPICAL RESORT FOR NORTHERN VISITORS.

THE mild Winter has not kept the traveler proper within bounds. The craze sets in about the end of November, lasting until the middle of March. An expanse thin as air will suffice. *Imprimis*, health; *secundus*, distraction, relief from the cares and worry of business; and *tertius*, pleasure. Time has much to say to our traveling. Hours that were made for slaves were also constructed for the accommodation of travelers by sea and land. To some, three months is the limit; to others, one week. The three-monther saunters delightfully along, gently sipping the sweets by the wayside, while the wretch condemned to the limits of a week, rushes past everything, scarcely stopping to wipe the beads of perspiration from his heated and dust-laden brow. "Whither?" is the watchword. Some choose a dash across the Pond, a week in Merrie England, a month in Sunny Italy, and as many hours as can be spared in Paris, the bright, the gay, the beautiful. Others prefer to do the Pacific Slope, and explore the vast magnificence of the land we live in, *viz* the Yosemite Valley to Frisco. There is yet another irresistible temptation, and one which possesses fascinations all its own—namely, the tropics; that climate which is of the Garden of Eden; those lands where the spreading leaves of the palm-tree afford luxurious and voluptuous shade; where the perfume from ten thousand odoriferous flowers steals upon the swooning air; where vegetation is a poem and life is a dream. To all classes of people, the travelers by choice, with unlimited funds at their command, as well as the travelers by necessity, to whom time and money are greater considerations, the trip to the island of New Providence, one of the Bahamas, will prove one of the most delightful excursions that can be had from an American port. The transit is made by the elegant and commodious vessels of the Ocean Steamship Company, plying between New York and Savannah, Ga., and thence by the iron steamships of the Savannah, Nassau and Havana Mail S.S. Line to Nassau and Havana, calling at St. Augustine, Fla., each way. From the latter ancient city to Nassau or Havana the sea voyage is reduced to a minimum. Where it is desired that a portion of this voyage may be shortened, connection can be made with the steamers at Savannah, from any part of the country, by railroad. The trip between New York and Savannah is accomplished in sixty hours; thence to Jacksonville, Fla., in fifteen hours by rail, making only seventy-five hours from New York to Jacksonville.

In Nassau, which has long been noted as an unexcelled place of Winter resort for tourists and invalids, the temperature never falls below sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit, nor rises above eighty-two degrees, and the variation seldom exceeds five degrees in the course of twenty-four hours. By taking this route, travelers may stop at Savannah,



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW YORK AND SAVANNAH STEAMSHIP "CITY OF MACON," OF THE OCEAN STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S LINE.

St. Augustine, Nassau and Havana, at their convenience, during one trip, thus securing practically four grand excursions.

The latest additions to the fleet of this company are the *City of Macon* and the *City of Savannah*, the former of which, departing from her pier in New York, February 9th, is the subject of our illustration. Two other vessels of the same size and style are in course of construction and will be ready for service by the first of September next. The *City of Macon* connects, on her present trip, at Savannah, with the iron side-wheel steamship *San Jacinto*, a great favorite on the route, having accommodations for one hundred and fifty first-class passengers. The steamers of the Ocean Steamship Company leave New York on Wednesdays and Saturdays—on the former day from Pier 16, East River, Murray, Ferris & Co., 62 South Street, agents; and on the latter from Pier 43, North River, under the agency of George Yonge, 409 Broadway.

The *City of Macon*, of which we publish a picture, is as pretty a model of a steamship as could be wished for by even the most critical: her length being 275 feet over all, with 260 feet on the load-line, and a breadth of beam of 38 feet. This vessel, like her sister ship, was built by John Roach & Sons, at Chester, Pa., and, notwithstanding her great capacity, she only draws 15½ feet. She is a screw steamer, and is fitted up with compound engines of both high and low pressure, the high-pressure cylinder being 38 inches in diameter, and the low-pressure cylinder having a diameter of 68 inches, with a stroke of 4 feet 6 inches. Her speed has been tested in several ways, and on her trial trip she made 14.04 knots per hour. Her engineers assert that she can make an average speed, under all circumstances, of twelve knots per hour, and that, everything being in her favor, it will be no very difficult task to raise her maximum speed to fourteen and a half knots per hour. All her machinery is of the best character, and can be depended upon to perform the work for which it is designed.

One of the greatest features of this line are the complete, elegant, and, it might be said, luxurious accommodations which have been made for the comfort and convenience of passengers, of whom eighty-four can be supplied with everything that will be needed on a trip of this character. The principal saloon is one of great beauty, presenting to the eye of the passenger as he or she descends the stairway, a long vista of polished woods, silver, crystal, rich upholstery and elegant carpetings. The capacity of the ship for both freight and passengers is excellent. She has stowage room for 4,000 bales of cotton, and can conveniently accommodate eighty-four first-class passengers.

AN OCEAN VOYAGE FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

OCEAN voyages have long been regarded as among the best remedies for various human ailments. The pure saline atmosphere of the seas seems to effectually eradicate many diseases implanted in the system by malarial or climatic influences, and at the same time stimulates the debilitated vital organs into new energy. When to these healing effects are added the perfect restfulness of a protracted voyage over peaceful waters—the freedom from cares and exertions which can never be entirely enjoyed on land—it is by no means surprising that the advice is often given by the best physicians, "Try an ocean voyage." The great difficulty with Americans is in selecting a route that shall be free from objections during the more turbulent seasons of the year, and yet combine the advantages and attractions so essential to health and pleasure. The Atlantic is at best a "sea of violence," and when its northern coasts are bound with ice and its waves lashed into fury by the blasts of Winter, there is but slight temptation to venture across it. The tropic zones have a wonderful effect, however, in soothing even its turbulence. The soft breezes and genial warmth of perpetual Summer allay its violence, and such gems of enduring verdure as the Bahama and West India Islands repose peacefully upon its bosom. For many years these islands have been resorted to by invalids, but various causes have operated recently to check the tide of visitors to them. They are too near the United States for any special benefit to be derived from the voyage in reaching them. These facts are becoming generally understood, and hence Southern California is looked upon as the most charming and beautiful region in the United States for Winter residence. The purity and mildness of its atmosphere, the highly cultivated condition and productiveness of many portions of its soil, extensive transportation facilities, numerous and excellent accommodations for visitors, combined with countless wonders and novelties clustered all around a region that was *terra incognita* to the civilized world less than fifty years ago, render it a land of special interest to every one. Journeying from this delightful region towards New York by the Pacific Mail Steamships is an experience that none can fully appreciate unless they have participated in its pleasures and benefits. Embarking at San Francisco in one of these elegantly equipped steamers, the traveler sails for fifteen days on the bosom of the broad Pacific, a distance of over three thousand miles, most of the time within sight of the bold bluffs and charming scenery of the Pacific Coast. The atmosphere, water, sky and scenery are totally different from anything seen by the Atlantic voyager; no other sea-travel can compare with it. Most of the time the waters are smooth and placid, moved only by a graceful swell, with no disagreeable breaks. After leaving San Francisco the first port of interest at which stop is made is Mazatlan, the "Paris of the Pacific," a place of twenty thousand inhabitants, which has an opera-house and a street railway—the latter an American enterprise, owned and operated by Americans.

Next comes Manzanillo and then Acapulco, a land-locked port, invisible from the open sea. The steamer sails up between the mountains to reach it. The town lies at the foot of the mountains on the water's edge. An old Spanish fort on the heights overlooking the town commands the harbor, and is garrisoned by Mexican soldiers in white uniform. This fort was built in 1609, and with its drawbridge, moat, ditches, ramparts and abutments, bears evidence of being of "ye olden time." Through the open doors of the balconied one-storied houses in the town, beautiful señoritas can be seen swinging in hammocks in all their "dark-eyed splendor." The wealthy owner of a cattle-ranch with gilt embroidered immense sombrero loiters through the streets, with a high-colored rash over his shoulder and a dagger by his side; and a mother with her naked children can be seen in the baking sun drawing water from the wells.

Steaming on again in this charming voyage, a halt is made successively at San José de Gua-

temala, La Libertad, P. nta Arenas, until, all too soon, the Bay of Panama is reached. In front lies the City of Panama, stretched out like a panorama, surrounded by a massive wall, built over two centuries ago by the Spaniards. Its grand cathedral spires, covered with mother-of-pearl, tower above the heavy tiled houses, and reflect back in glittering rays the fading sun. The vesper-bells are tolling out the departing day. A fleet of native bungaloes lie at anchor or are stranded on the beach; a few coasters are in the offing; astern and in the background, quietly nestling in the clouds, is Mount Ancon, the pride of Panama. The transfer of passengers from steamer to railroad is quickly made, and then comes a ride of forty-seven miles across that remarkable strip of land which unites the two continents, making an episode in the life of the traveler never to be forgotten.

Here the fruits of the tropics are found in the greatest abundance and perfection. Bananas, oranges, pineapples, mangoes, and many others whose names are rarely heard in the North, abound; while the forest growth, crowding in impenetrable walls of verdure close to the iron tracks, embraces numerous varieties of lordly palms, gigantic creepers, sturdy cane and matted grasses, tinted with gorgeous colors. Flowers of the choicest kinds spring from the rich soil, and myriads of brightly-plumaged birds flit through the foliage. Troops of monkeys chatter in the trees, and monstrous alligators slumber in the lagoons. All is strange to the traveler from the North, and the scenes and sounds are fully as interesting as they are novel.

At Aspinwall passengers are soon re-embarked in another fleet steamer which has been in waiting, and the voyage by ocean is again resumed with additional zest, quickened by the brief respite on land. For some time the bright foliage and interesting scenery of Central America is kept in view, until the vessel's course leads diagonally across and through the Gulf Stream, passing by in quick succession the balmy breezes of the Bahama and West India Islands. Soon Cape Hatteras is left in the rear, and in thirty-six hours New York harbor looms up to view, and the traveler finds himself landed at America's metropolis, refreshed in mind, invigorated in body, having seen more and accomplished greater results in twenty-five days, at a total cost scarcely above ordinary hotel bills for a similar period, than he possibly could in any other way.

The steamships of the Pacific Mail Line are among the best and most comfortable afloat, being iron screw propellers of the latest model and staunchest construction, and of about 3,000 tons register. Skilled and experienced officers command them, and their crews are full, efficient and well disciplined. Each vessel carries a surgeon, whose services, as well as the necessary medicines, are given free whenever required. Sailing over routes which have been run by the line for more than thirty years, they perform their voyages with regularity and safety—accidents of any kind being rare indeed.

FUN.

SWEET thing in combs—Honey.

A BOY'S first bet—Alpha-bet.

ANOTHER new (k)night—To-morrow evening.

COMPANION of the Bath—A swimming instructor.

HOW to make a Maltese cross—Tread on her tail.

"AND what makes my little Johnny so cross this morning?" "Dot up s' urly."

GOVERNOR BISHOP of Ohio wears a steel-pen coat on dress occasions. That's the write costume.

WHAT grim sarcasm is that which made Alexander H. Stephens chairman of the House Committee on Weights and Measures!

"WHEN tempted to anger," says a writer, "breathe a prayer." Jes' so. When you happen to stub your toe, for instance, murmur, "Now I lame me."

A VASSAR COLLEGE girl objects to continuing the present fashions, because they interfere with the exercise of sliding down the banisters.

WHAT is the difference between a schoolboy studying his lessons and a farmer watching his cows? One is stocking his mind and the other is minding his stock.

AMONG the many Southern claimants for Congressional relief, we shouldn't be surprised to hear that some burned-down blind asylum may be applying to have its site restored.

DID you ever sit down before the grate and cross your legs and wonder how it comes that a dear little toddling youngster, too small to lift a dictionary, can ask questions that would send a college professor to the foot of the class?

THE butter-head woman is now making a life-size bust of Lady Godiva. Mrs. Godiva's only wardrobe, according to the pictures we have seen, was her long hair, and Mrs. Brooks should have no difficulty in procuring butter of that description.

"HURRAH! hurrah!" cried a young lawyer, who succeeded to his father's practice. "I've settled that old lawsuit at last." "Settled it!" exclaimed the astonished parent. "Why, we've supported the family on that for the last ten years."

A RHODE ISLAND "mellish" asks: "Will the State give the battery boys a new pair of blue pants all round? If that cannot be afforded, will the Adjutant-General send around some blue sticking-plaster to paste up the holes made by moths?"

"WHY do you suppose—College is such a learned place?" asked one gentleman of another. "I rather suspect," was the reply, "that as everybody takes a little learning there with him, and nobody ever brings any away, the learning accumulates."

EVEN a newspaper man finds it hard sometimes to believe everything he sees in print. At any rate that's the way it affected us the other day when a nine-year-old boy appealed to our generosity by laying before us a card setting forth, in unshrinking double-pica that he was a poor widow and the mother of five children. There's no fancy in this—pure, undiluted truth.

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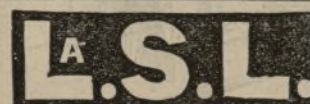
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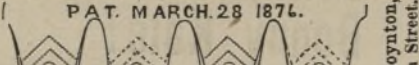
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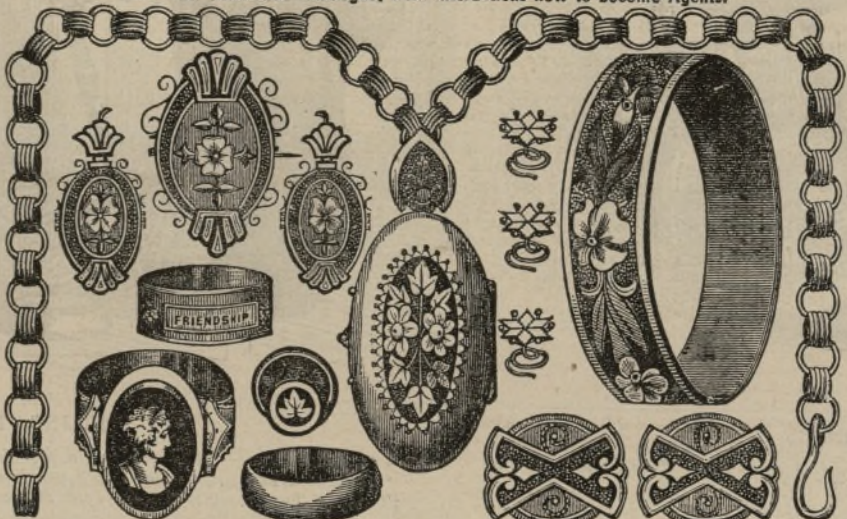
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