

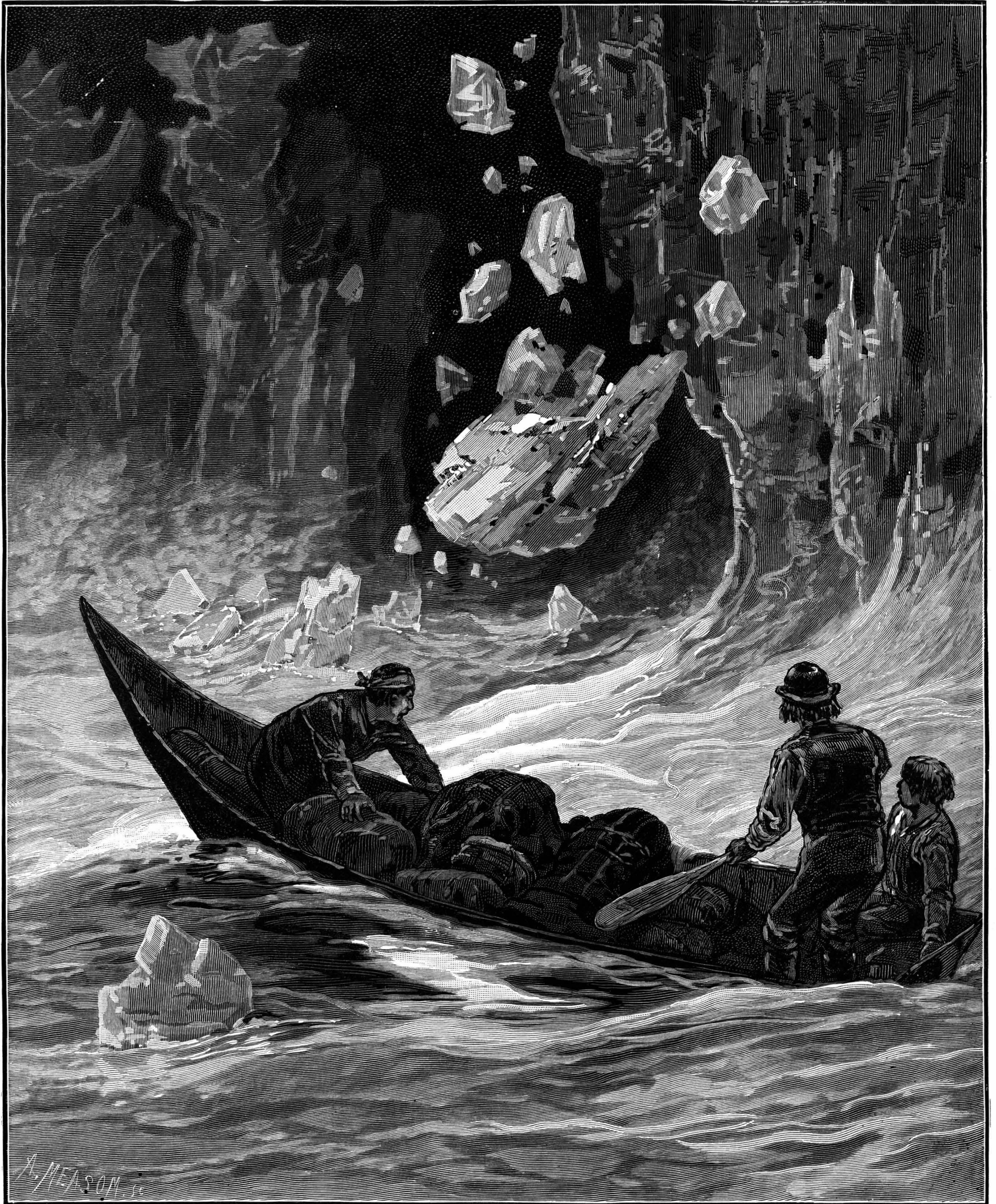
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
 NEWS
AND
OPINION
NEWSPAPER

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No. 1819.—Vol. LXX.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 26, 1890.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



ALASKA.—COLLIDING ICEBERGS AT THE FOOT OF A GLACIER—THE SUPPLY BOAT OF THE "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" EXPEDITION IN DANGER.

manufacturing in New England proves unremunerative, the West and South are open. But the English fabricator, to meet the competition of India and Turkey, must either reduce wages, now far too small, or he must meet the competition of foreign lands on foreign soil.

The railroad and telegraph, and all the civilizing agencies of mankind, are working a silent revolution. The tendency of the times in all lands is to make nations self-supporting. It is indeed fortunate that the earliest efforts of the founders of the American Republic were directed to the protection and development of home interests. It is equally fortunate that for so many years the political party that has favored the protective policy has been continued in power.

PARTY PLEDGES MUST BE KEPT.

THE Republican party is distinctly and unequivocally pledged to a revision of the tariff laws in the interest of American production and American consumers. That committal, as authoritatively made in the last national convention, is so definite and absolute that there can be no doubt at all as to the duty in the matter of the party representatives in Congress. Recognizing their obligation, the majority in the House of Representatives have enacted a bill framed upon the lines of protection, and looking to the "checking of imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor, and to the releasing from import duties of those articles of foreign production, except luxuries, the like of which could not be produced at home." Now, however, the intimation comes from Washington that the Republicans of the Senate may fail to act upon this measure, and that the attempt initiated by the House to keep the pledge of the party made to the country may prove, after all, abortive.

We are among those who believe that promises in politics are precisely as sacred as in business and in the ordinary relations of life. A failure to carry out an obligation deliberately entered into by a political party is a crime wholly without excuse, and the Republicans of the country would be left at an enormous disadvantage should what now seems to be the programme of the majority in the Senate be carried out. It is unquestionably desirable in the public interest that the tariff should be modified, that existing inequalities should be removed, and that the protective principle should be more efficiently embodied in statutory form, as to some of our representative industries, than is now the fact. The people understand this fully. They see the necessity in the case, they desire that it shall be met, and they will visit with swift and sure punishment the party which, having the power to effect these reforms, deliberately falsifies its engagements, and throws away a magnificent opportunity to enact wise and needed legislation.

It is a mistake for Republican Senators to imagine that, once established at the capital, they are secluded from the public eye. It is an equal mistake for them to suppose that the offices they hold are individual perquisites. So, too, it is a mistake for them to imagine that they are the dominant factors in shaping and formulating the policy of the party. They are simply its representatives—its servants—intrusted for the time being with the exercise, as to legislation, of the authority inhering in the people. Every act of infidelity to covenanted obligations, and every act of treason to party consistency, exposes them justly to the condemnation of the right-thinking men of all parties. They should understand distinctly and thoroughly that a failure to pass the McKinley bill, either in its present shape or with modifications which do not involve the surrender of the protective principle, will not only expose the Republican party to certain—and deserved—defeat in the next Congressional elections, but jeopardize the safety of industrial and commercial interests of almost incalculable magnitude.

"BOODLE" IS SUPREME.

THE farce which has been carried on in the District Attorney's office of New York ever since the present incumbent became its head has come to an end very much as shrewd observers have imagined it would. All the boodlers whose operations tended so largely to corrupt the local politics some years ago, and who were compelled to seek refuge under the friendly shelter of the British flag, have now, under implied or real promises of escape, from official sources, returned to the city, the latest to arrive being De Lacey, ex-Alderman, and Moloney, who was the reading clerk of the boodle Aldermanic board, and the go-between of the bribers and the bribed in the famous Broadway railroad business. De Lacey is understood to have been the receiving and disbursing agent of the corrupt combination. Colonel Fellows, the District Attorney, happened to be absent from the city when these two exiles returned, but the hospitalities of his office seem to have been very promptly and cordially tendered to them, so that the little ceremony of giving bonds was got through with in a very brief period, and they were once more restored to the embrace of their admirers and fellow-boodlers.

It will be remembered that some weeks ago, when applying for the discharge of one of the ex-Aldermen whom it was felt he could not convict, the District Attorney intimated very broadly that he had sufficient evidence in his possession to convict both De Lacey and Moloney; and he added, in his blustering way, that the latter of these would certainly never return, because he was well aware of the existence of testimony sufficient to convict him. It will be a little interesting to observe what this peculiar official will do now that these fugitives have returned, and to learn whether, having, according to his statement, ample testimony to send them to prison, he will bring them into court, produce his testimony, and convict them of the offenses charged. Nobody, of course, believes that he will do so. Most people, on the contrary, will believe that there is truth in the statement that at the very time he was announcing that Moloney would not return, the friends of the latter were in negotiation with representatives of the District Attorney's office with a view of making his return easy and delightful. It is certainly a "big" thing to have a conspicuously high-minded and incorruptible District Attorney in a great city like New York, where it sometimes happens that others than virtuous, upright, and pure-souled men are allowed to hold positions of trust and responsibility.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A SIGNIFICANT statement was recently made by Bishop Spaulding, of Peoria, Ill., in favor of higher education for American women. These words from the lips of a Roman Catholic bishop sounded very much like an indorsement of the woman's rights movement. The action of those opposed to the rights which woman seeks, and to which she is justly entitled, smacks of the barbarism of the times, and of which the people will be heartily ashamed before many years roll by.

AT the recent Vermont and Illinois Republican State conventions the Administration of President Harrison was heartily indorsed and commended. Here and there spoilsmen and politicians may grumble, but the mass of the people, and especially the intelligent business men and the workmen of the country, are well satisfied with the caution, conservatism, prudence, and honesty of President Harrison's Administration. Within the past few years Administrations that have displeased the politicians have usually pleased the people. The sway of the spoilsman is being lessened each year.

WE have always admired the political sagacity of the New York *Sun*, but what does it mean by setting this snare in sight of the Republican bird?—"It is obviously for the interest of the Republican party," says our esteemed contemporary, "not to pass a tariff bill, but to try and warm over the issue of 1888 in 1892." We must really be excused for believing that the bird will not permit itself to be ensnared in any such net as this. If the Republican party does not understand that it is to its interest to pass a tariff bill as speedily as possible it must be a great deal more obtuse than we are willing to believe it to be.

It is certainly most strange that an intelligent newspaper like the *St. Louis Republic* should make a statement like this: "Grover Cleveland is the only New-Yorker that can be nominated by any Democratic National Convention held during the remainder of the nineteenth century." Is it possible that the *Republic* does not recognize the fact that the Cleveland Democracy of New York are simply the shadow and sentiment, while the Hill Democracy has the votes and workers? Does it recall, in all its knowledge of American politics, an instance when shadows and sentiment, arrayed against votes and delegates, have been victorious in a Democratic convention? We trow not.

WE have the intelligence that the first election for the House of Peers under the new Japanese Constitution, in which forty-four members were returned, resulted in the election of twenty-two farmers and fifteen merchants, with only one noble. When it is remembered that until very recently Japan had been dominated by a nobility representing practically feudal ideas, and that it is not more than a quarter of a century since Japan was opened to the influence of Christian nations, this transfer of the power to the hands of the common people is most remarkable. The result very clearly shows the progress and influence of modern ideas. The nobles have always been the barrier in the way of the adoption by the empire of the broad and progressive principles of republican government. But for them, treaties with the Christian Powers which would have placed Japan abreast of the great nations of the world would have been consummated years ago. Now that this obstacle is removed by the ground swell of public opinion, and the Senate of Japan is in the hands of those who believe in progress, we may expect that such treaties will be entered into as will put an end forever to the domination of mediævalism in that wonderful empire.

AT the recent meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, a great deal of interest was manifested in the subject of the reading of our children. A committee which reported upon the subject dwelt with some force on the nature of the opportunities of teachers to direct and control the supply of reading-matter for children and thus to cultivate a sound literary taste from the very beginning of school-life. So intense was the interest in the subject that it was finally resolved to appoint a permanent committee whose duty it shall be to prepare suitable lists of proper reading-matter for young people, prepare and circulate leaflets on reading for the young, to review the current juvenile books, and to aid in every way in the cultivation of a taste for good literature. The subject is certainly a very important one, and a definite effort, wisely directed and prosecuted, to diffuse sound information concerning it, and especially to supply lists of safe and instructive books for the young, might in time be rewarded with very beneficial results. Of course it is too much to expect that the flash style of literature will ever cease to be attractive to a certain class of youthful readers, but if proper attention were given to this subject by teachers in our schools, and primarily by parents, a reform might be brought about in time that would be of vast advantage.

THE question of whether the Louisiana Lottery Company is to be perpetuated or not must, after all, be determined by the Supreme Court of that State. The constitutional amendment extending the life of the company was, it will be remembered, passed by both houses of the Legislature and vetoed by Governor Nichols, whose course throughout the controversy has been marked by great courage and fidelity to official obligations. The House passed it over the Governor's veto. The Senate tried to do so, but lacked one vote, owing to the illness of a member of that body. So eager were the lottery people to achieve their ends, that it was actually proposed to hold a meeting of the Senate in the room of the sick man; but his illness was too great to admit of this, and he died during the closing hours of the session. It is held by the opponents of the scheme that it is competent for the Governor to veto. Its supporters hold, on the contrary, that he cannot veto a proposed constitutional amendment, and that his action in the case is, after all, of no consequence—that, in a word, the bill is in the fullest sense a valid law. Thus the question will go to the Supreme Court, whether, having passed the Legislature in the first instance by the number of votes required under the constitution, it becomes a law without reference to the action of the Executive. If the court shall decide affirmatively as to this question, then the proposition to ex-

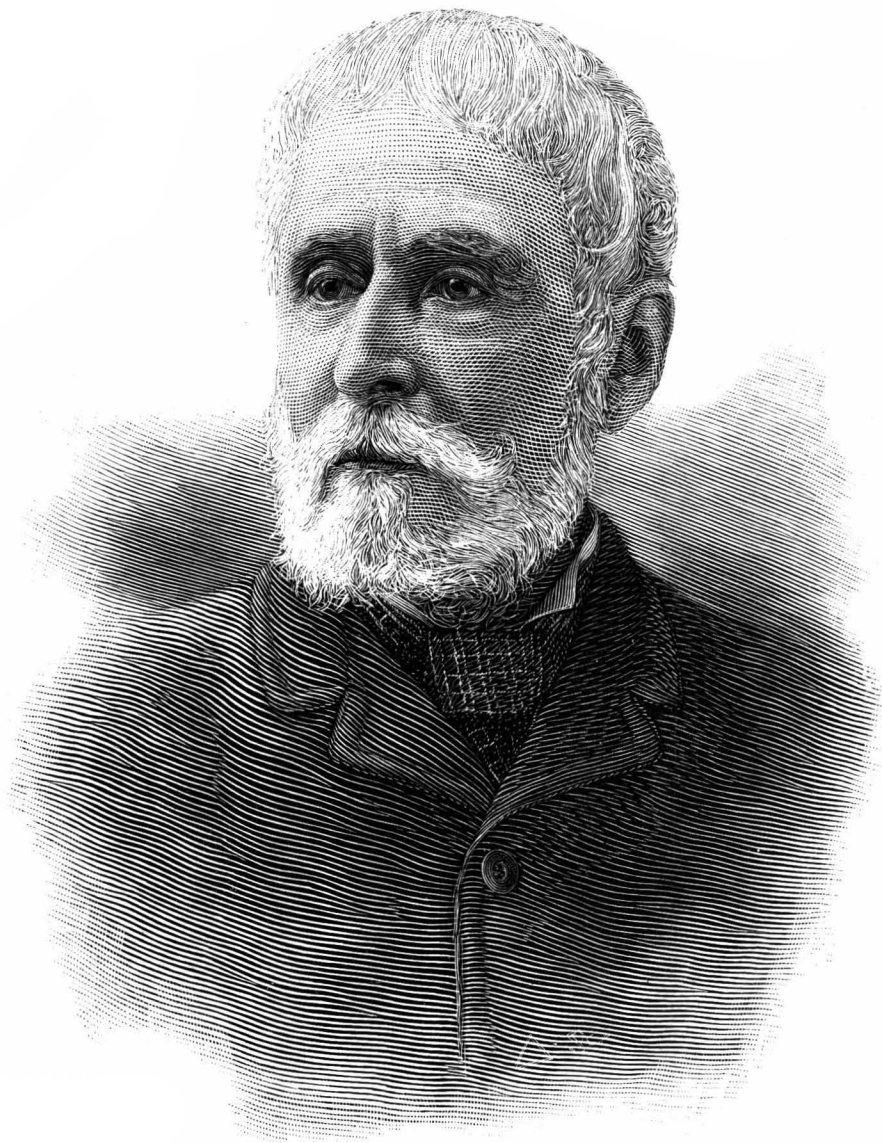
tend the lottery charter will be submitted to the popular vote. If that body shall decide to the contrary, then the scheme results in failure. It is a significant fact that three members of this Legislature have died during the session, and it is a fair question whether these cannot be counted among the tragedies of the Louisiana Lottery, of which some illustrations have appeared in a recent number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE *Colliery Guardian* of London fears that the supply of coal in England is being exhausted, and that before many years the United States will have to meet the deficiency. It says that "while this may stagger the English people, it should be remembered that the reason America delivers such enormous quantities of wheat and flour to Europe is that her agricultural and milling trade have acquired a great development as the result of a century of persevering effort." The *Guardian* would have approached nearer to the exact truth if it had said that the wonderful development of our agricultural and milling trade was due as much to a protective policy as to "persevering effort." But for the splendid home market that the protective policy has secured by the upbuilding of enormous manufacturing interests in this country, our surplus agricultural output would not have brought in foreign or in domestic markets half the present price. This may appear to be a remarkable statement, but it will be found upon investigation to be the simple truth. Free-traders who seek to delude the farmers into the belief that the tariff has been harmful to the latter's interests may have misled some of the thoughtless, but every intelligent farmer, not biased by political prejudice, must see at a glance that protection has indirectly given him as much benefit as it has directly conferred upon the working masses and the manufacturer.

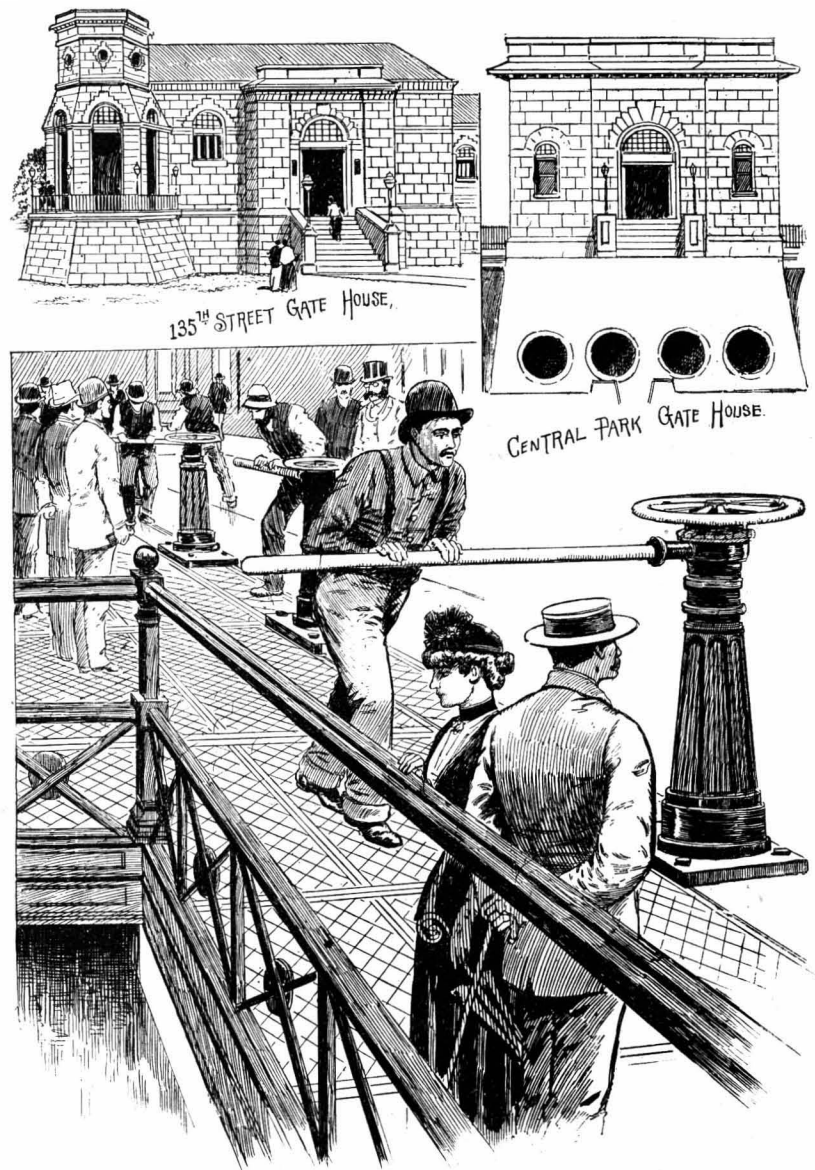
THE chairman of the Central Traffic Association, Mr. George R. Blanchard, a railroad expert of wide reputation, has addressed a letter to Senator Cullom in which he asks: "In what single particular has the prohibition of pooling advanced the public interests?" Senator Cullom was one of the aggressive advocates of the Interstate Commerce act, one of the most outrageous and impolitic statutes ever enacted. Mr. Blanchard puts to him a very plain question, but it is doubtful if it will be answered. The old railroad pooling arrangement or agreement simply sought, as Mr. Blanchard points out, to divide the carriage of competitive tonnage among the various lines, substantially as the public divided its patronage among some railways in prior periods. In other words, this pooling agreement was "merely sensible federation instead of senseless fighting." The anti-pooling clause has not only, therefore, disarranged agreements which were the natural results of competition, but it has disorganized the relations of the railroads and compelled the stronger to absorb or to destroy weaker competitors. Obviously, the chief sufferers in this struggle will be the defenseless owners of the stocks and bonds of the weaker railroads. The stronger corporations in the struggle for life and death will live; the weak ones will go to the wall. An effort is being made in Congress to modify or repeal the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce act. We trust that effort will succeed.

THE political agitation in South Carolina grows more and more intense. The old-fashioned Democratic leaders have awakened to the fact that their supremacy is seriously endangered by the so-called Tillman movement. The friends and supporters of this latter gentleman embrace very largely the agricultural population, and so violent are they in their denunciations of the existing party leaders, that personal collisions are becoming frequent. In one case the Tillmanites carried 1,000 men by extra trains to a Democratic meeting, with a view of capturing it, and a scrimmage ensued, in which weapons were drawn and bloodshed was with difficulty averted. At a recent conference of 425 delegates, representing the old-style Democracy, assembled at Columbia for the purpose of organizing a thorough and complete campaign in opposition to Tillman and his methods, one of the speakers declared that Tillman should never be Governor of South Carolina, and the vehemence with which the threat was made suggests a possible resort to shotgun measures on the part of his antagonists. When we remember how pitilessly the Democratic managers of South Carolina have carried on their campaigns against the Republicans in the past, there are very few who will waste any sympathy upon them now, when they are treated to a dose of their own bitter medicine. Whatever may be the immediate outcome of the present canvass, it cannot be otherwise than that the Tillman movement will result in an ultimate break-up of the solid Democracy of South Carolina.

SOME months ago, in "Jasper's" weekly financial contribution to this paper, he criticised the action of Secretary Windom in permitting the export of gold bars. He pointed out that gold exports would be rendered well-nigh impossible if the Secretary should refuse to exchange ingots for coin, and compel exporters to send the latter abroad. The cost of melting the coin into ingots and the loss sustained by abrasion would consume all the profits of the transaction and tend to keep our gold supply on this side of the water. Though these facts were clearly pointed out months ago, Secretary Windom paid no attention to them until recently. It is understood that he has now asked the Attorney-General if he has authority to refuse to exchange ingots for coin. It would seem as if there were no question as to the Secretary's authority in this matter. Common sense, as well as prudence, would dictate the propriety of some such action, if we are to prevent the exportation of gold to foreign countries eager to replenish their own and to deplete our treasuries. As matters stand, it is very easy for Wall Street gamblers to create a scare by manipulating the gold market. The effect of a large exportation of gold is at once depressing, and it is notorious that many shipments of gold bars have been made, not with the hope of profit on the transaction, but with a desire to affect the price of stocks. If the Secretary should impose a charge for exchanging ingots for gold coin, he would make the operation of the stock gamblers so far from remunerative that they would instantly cease. It would seem as if it were unnecessary to impress these facts upon the mind of Secretary Windom. His familiarity with Wall Street and its methods justifies us in the belief that he needs no enlightening on topics of this nature.



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT.—FROM THE LATEST PHOTO TAKEN BY WESTERVELT, OF LOS ANGELES, CAL.—SEE PERSONAL, PAGE 535.



THE NEW AQUEDUCT.—OPENING THE GATES AT ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, TO LET THE WATER INTO CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR.—DRAWN BY C. UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 535.

ARCTIC HEROISM
COMMEMORATED.

SHORTLY after the first news was received of the loss of the *Jeannette* and of the finding of the De Long party, naval officers in Washington decided to erect a monument at the Naval Academy at Annapolis in memory of their heroic comrades. In response to the appeal made by the committee appointed for the purpose, most of the sum needed to carry out the project worthily has been secured, and a contract has been made with Mr. J. F. Manning, of Washington, for the execution of the work, which will be completed by the 1st of September.

When Chief Engineer Melville, in 1882, found the remains of Lieutenant-Commander De Long and his party at the mouth of the Lena River he removed them from the low ground, where they were liable to be washed away by floods, and reinterred them on a rocky mount some miles distant, where he erected over their graves an Arctic *cairn* surmounted by a cross. It having been found impracticable to duplicate this cairn in our changeable climate, Lieutenant George P. Colvocoresses, U. S. N., head of the department of drawing at the Naval Academy, prepared a new design embodying the original design as closely as possible. The base is of the same dimensions as the original Arctic cairn, and is to be built out of rock-faced granite. It is 22 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 10 feet high. All the



THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN WHO PERISHED IN THE "JEANNETTE" EXPEDITION.—PHOTO BY C. M. BELL.

upper portion of the monument will be constructed of the best white Vermont marble, except the anchor, which is of solid bronze, especially modeled for the occasion, and a bronze tablet on each face of the die, one bearing the names of the dead heroes, and the other the following inscription:

Commemorative
of the Heroic Officers and Men
of the
United States Navy
Who perished in the
Jeannette Arctic Exploring Expedition,
1881.

The height of the cross is twelve feet, carved appropriately with frost work to further suggest the scene of the tragedy. The capping of the cairn, the die, and the cross are single stones.

The cemetery of the Naval Academy at Annapolis lies on a high promontory, having the Severn River on one side and a creek dividing the cemetery from the grounds of the Academy on the other. The site of the *Jeannette* monument, which is within a few hundred yards of these grounds, and in full view from them, as well as from the naval proving grounds on the opposite side of the harbor, is admirably chosen, commanding, in addition to these local features, a magnificent view of the broad expanse of Chesapeake Bay, from which it is a prominent and interesting object.

PRINCE HENRY of Orleans, son and heir of the Duke de Chartres, is traveling with M. Bonvallot in China. According to news which has reached Moscow, they have crossed Thibet from north to south and from south to west.



MY EXPERIENCE AS A
"SWEATER."

PASS along any of our great commercial thoroughfares and you will see displayed in show-windows suits of clothes for sale at \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, and \$10. You marvel. How can they do it?



ments so wonderfully cheap; and it is, in addition, a graveyard for youth and hope.

A sweater is a man who contracts to make the garments for a certain price—always a very small one—and he in turn hires the work done and makes a profit sufficient to support himself. The shops are run by foreigners, generally Russian or Polish Jews, and they employ, as far as possible, their own kind. From dawn till long after dark, if you pass through any of those wretched streets like Hester, Ludlow, Columbia, Cannon, Norfolk, Houston, Stanton, Delancey, or Essex, you can hear the hum and whirr of sewing machines overhead, and if you look up you can see at every window slovenly, half-clad men and women stitching away for dear life, while in low, damp basements they are huddled together in badly-lighted rooms, sewing by hand and machine, and so busy that you can stand and watch them for minutes without attracting their attention.

Putting on the most threadbare clothes I had I went among them asking for work. The first place I tried was 96 Cannon Street. I went through a dark, unclean passage-way for wagons, across a court as bad, and up rickety, wooden stairs with foot-worn hollows, into a barn-like sort of place—room I suppose they call it—with half the window-panes broken, and the rest so grimy that only a dull, gray light sifted through them. Near the door was a stove nearly red-hot, with flat-irons covering its available surface. Men with nothing on but their undershirts, open over the breast, and trousers and shoes, were pressing seams at tables in the middle of the room; tired, disheveled women, with careworn faces, were working at the noisy machines near the windows, and groups of girls were sewing by hand, finishing the garments, while the perspiration dropped from their faces or washed the dust down in little streaks. I stumbled over rolls of cloth on the floor to where the

(Continued on page 534.)



I went through the "sweaters" district on the East Side, where the streets are so narrow and the houses so high that it is only occasionally you catch more than a glimpse of the blue sky; where the tenements are filled like beehives, and filthy, half-clad little children, the majority of them deformed or diseased, tumble about on the dirty pavement or in the slime of the gutters, and in the pinched features, waxy complexions, stooping shoulders, and shrunken chests of the poor wretches who live there I found my answer.

A sweater's shop is a place where clothing is made for the big dealers at the prices that enable them to undersell their rivals and offer gar-



1. A SWEATING SHOP. 2. CARRYING HOME WORK TO BE FINISHED. 3. GETTING A BREATH OF AIR. 4. ENTRANCE TO A SWEATER'S SHOP. 5. DOING WORK AT HOME.

Herold himself suspected what he wanted, but his better judgment held him back. On the whole, he was not willing to undertake another expedition into the Indian Gulch region. What he certainly hoped for was that the two girls would visit the school, and he laid many plans by which to prepare the way for them, and secure the co-operation of the best people in the camp. After a while he persuaded himself that all this was purely the zeal of an earnest teacher, anxious to experiment with two such fresh and unspoiled natures. Now and then he suspected himself of more personal motives, and he was unable to either entirely justify or altogether condemn himself. A certain timidity quite foreign to his usual methods prevented him from asking much about the Guppys, and when the autumn wore away, and the term closed, without their appearance, he hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry.

One day, just before Herold left the camp, old man Guppy rode through the village, and stopped to speak to him. "My gal Dosy's dead," he said, briefly. Then, seeing how shocked Herold looked, he added, suddenly, with signs of strong feeling: "Yes, she'd been sick several weeks. Got hurt fellin' a tree. Never had no doctor. Knew she couldn't live. She kep' them magazines you give to Sal. Said she 'lowed you were a good man."

Guppy choked and turned off across the bridge.

The next day Herold started across the mountains to the Sacramento valley. He gave up teaching and opened a law office in Chico, where he has an excellent practice.

GENERAL ADAM E. KING.

GENERAL ADAM E. KING, of Maryland, recently appointed United States Consul-General at Paris, is a native of Pennsylvania, and is fifty-one years of age. During the war he was at one time General Hancock's chief-of-staff, and he also served on General Meade's staff. He was wounded several times, and made a highly creditable record as a soldier. He was offered a commission in the regular army at the close of the war, but declined it and returned to the practice of his profession as a lawyer. He filled the office of United States Appraiser at Baltimore under President Grant, and was Naval Officer of the Port under President Hayes.

For nearly twenty-five years General King has been one of the leaders of the Republican party in Maryland. He has been



GENERAL ADAM E. KING.—PHOTO BY BENDANN.

a candidate for the State Senate and for Congress, a member for many years of the Republican State Central Committee, and a delegate to many city, State, and National conventions. He has a national reputation as an eloquent and persuasive orator, and has for many years taken an active part in every State and National campaign in Maryland and many other States. During the last Presidential campaign he was continuously on the stump for more than three months, and was the constant companion of Mr. Blaine in his canvass in Maine, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, speaking with great acceptability.

STANLEY'S WEDDING PRESENTS.

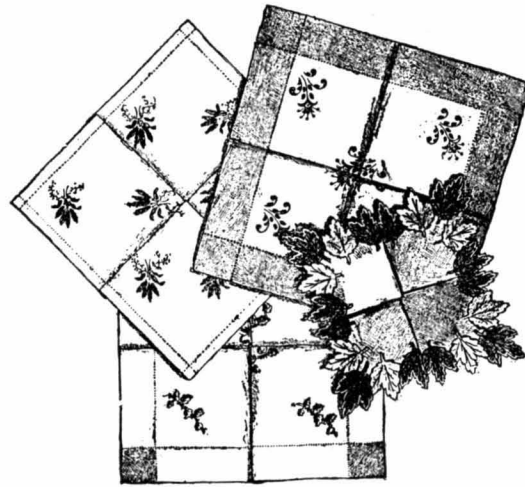
MR. HENRY M. STANLEY received a good many curious and costly wedding presents. The gift of the men of the advanced guard of the Emin Relief Expedition was a beautiful over-mantel of ebony and silver resting upon an easel of the same wood. The mantel is decorated with photographs of Stairs, Parke, Nelson, and Jephson, one in each corner, and the picture of Stanley in the centre. A firm of watchmakers presented a patent gold geographical watch, the first of the kind ever manufactured. It tells the exact time in almost every important city in the world. The Prince of Wales sent a large family Bible and a framed embossed poem, and Gouraud gave him a phonograph. There are only four of these instruments in England. Three of them were placed in Westminster Abbey during the Stanley marriage ceremony. One was placed in the tower to record the full sound of the wedding bells; another beside the organ to catch the music, and the other in the choir. The instrument will be given to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, so that the singing and music may be repeated to them.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF LINGERIE AND LACE CONFECTIONS.

AS often as summer comes round introducing charming toilettes of materials too frail to hold the daintiest handkerchief, just so often ingenuity overcomes the difficulty. And always in one way, too—that is, by making the handkerchief by far too ornamental for the pocket, and almost as dressy as the *ruche*, the *jabot*, or the *fichu*. Besides, who would have a pocket! Batiste, sheer cambric, and the half-diaphanous French mull are all used for the new and most dressy handkerchiefs, and whatever there is in fine lace is applied for bordering. These extreme fancies, however, are for full-dress and showy toilettes at the watering-place, while other special kinds, which really represent the whim as well as the temerity of fashion, are made to match gowns, bonnets, and, one might almost add, complexions.

Monograms and initials are seldom found on ladies' handkerchiefs now, except on those for the most ordinary wear. Three of the newest fancies are shown in the illustration. The embroidered one is made of the finest French batiste, with the leaf border wrought in light and dark pansy purple. The other two designs show wide and narrow hemstitched borders with floral patterns printed indelibly all over their centres. The colored embroidered handkerchiefs are sold all the way from fifty cents



SUMMER HANDKERCHIEFS.

to two dollars apiece. One example of French invention has an embroidered scalloped edge in yellow, and in each corner is appliquéd a yellow-and-black butterfly. The body is fastened down, but the wings are separated and are very natural looking. Embroidered silk mull handkerchiefs show a flower pattern border in colors matching the ground, or else in the gayest contrasts.

Collars, it is plain to be seen, are to contribute marked effects all through the season. For dressy occasions the larger number are wired, and there are several shapes in favor. They are seen in white, black, and *ceru* lace. The *Medici* is worn with a surplice neck, and the *Marguerite de Valois* is designed to wear with a pompadour neck.

No matter how warm the day, there is some portion of the evening when a little wrap or protection for the shoulders and arms will be required. The variety of designs is legion, and while the *mantelette* is made of a substantial fabric, the *fichu* is of mull and lace, or *China crêpe*. Straight breadths of *crêpe*, edged all round with silk *crêpe* fringe, are worn around the shoulders and tied in front like the old-fashioned "long-shawl." These are delightful to carry with dancing-gowns, being of feather weight, uncrushable, and easily adjusted. Mull dresses ornamented with lace have *fichus* to correspond, one beautiful toilette showing pompadour lace of sufficient width to require two rows only for the *fichu*. These are slightly gathered and placed upon a mull foundation, a narrower width forming the necessary finish around the neck. A *fichu* of mull on this order is illustrated. It



MULL FICHU.

is bordered with ruffles of embroidered mull which are wired at the neck to keep the points in place. Other mull *fichus* have extremely long ends which young ladies cross in front and tie at the back of the waist.

Many evening gowns are made with the old-fashioned *bertha*, which falls over from the edge of the low neck, and droops almost to the waist at the front and back. Sometimes it will be caught upon the shoulders by knots of ribbon or flower sprays, and is made either of a deep lace edge or knife-pleated mull.

Fancy laces, thickly pleated, and soft mull ruffles that droop as they will, are worn inside the necks of dresses. Those made of mull are to be had in all pale tints to match costumes, and when the bodice is cross-wrapped the ruffle extends to the belt, where sometimes it is gathered into a rosette.

The favorite novelty in neck wear is the short *boa*. As so many summer gowns are made with low-cut necks, some protection from draughts is required. The short *boa* is indispensable. It fits the throat, and frames the face prettily, and is made of ostrich feathers, with long tabs of net and lace. Others are made of a pleated spiral of lace or lace-edged mull, encircling a silk cord, while for the dressiest occasions, a collar of roses, tied in front with a scarf of *chiffon*, is most bewitching. ELLA STARR.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE population of Denver, Colorado, is 125,000.

NEARLY 15,000 school teachers attended the recent National Educational Convention at St. Paul.

A RUSSIAN squadron has been ordered to the Turkish coast with the object, it is said, of intimidating the Sultan.

THE House Committee on Military Affairs has reported favorably a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general of the army.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Methodism into Boston was celebrated on the 11th instant by appropriate services on the Common.

THE report of the conference committee on the Silver bill passed the House of Representatives by a strict party vote, and the bill has been signed by the President.

THE Republicans of Arkansas have decided not to place a State ticket in the field, and have formally indorsed the Union Labor ticket, headed by the Rev. N. B. Fizer, for Governor.

THE Louisiana House refused to pass over the Governor's veto the bill repealing the Sunday law, closing up all liquor saloons, barber-shops, and stores throughout the State of Louisiana.

A JUDGE at Bridgeport, Conn., recently decided that the sale of a bottle of ale accompanied by a corkscrew was not a sale in "original package," and fined an unlicensed saloon-keeper for violating the law.

THE census places the population of St. Louis at 448,124, 12,000 in excess of the local estimate, but the authorities still persist in their demand for a recount. The population of Baltimore is reported to be 433,639.

OVER seven hundred people are said to have been killed by a simoom which recently swept over Muscat, in Arabia. This town is reputed to be one of the hottest places in the world, the thermometer seldom recording less than ninety degrees in the shade.

THE last request of an Indianapolis woman who recently died was that there should be no funeral sermon or ceremony, but that a brass band should be hired to play. Her wish was carried out, and a brass band played at the house, on the way to the cemetery, and at the grave.

THE recent hot weather had a peculiar effect on the asphalt pavements in Washington, D. C. One of the roadways up Capital Hill was so soft that the route of a line of herdic coaches had to be changed to a street paved with Belgian blocks, as the horses' hoofs and the wheels of the vehicles sank deeply into the sizzling asphalt.

RECENTLY, when asked his views upon bettering the condition of labor, Prince Bismarck made this answer, in which a whole argument is condensed: "Why, when I was a boy only two people in my native village possessed clocks, and all the rest used to go to them for the time of day. Now every hostler wears a silver watch. In my youth half the population went barefooted; now everybody wears shoes."

AN official report, just issued in Massachusetts, shows that of the 28,294 partners in eighty-three industries in that State, 1,760 are women; of the 42,731 stockholders, 11,752 are women; and women are found as employés in twenty industries. The figures given and comparisons made show conclusively that the presence of women in industry has not decreased the number of births or marriages, nor increased the number of deaths.

TWO THOUSAND Arab women and children are said to be dying of starvation just outside Suakin, a town under British protection, but the British Government, which waged war upon the unhappy people, destroyed their crops, flocks, and herds, and thereby brought about the present misery, says it can do nothing for them to-day. The Aborigines Protection Society has issued an appeal for money to help the victims, but it is feared hundreds will be dead before succor can reach them.

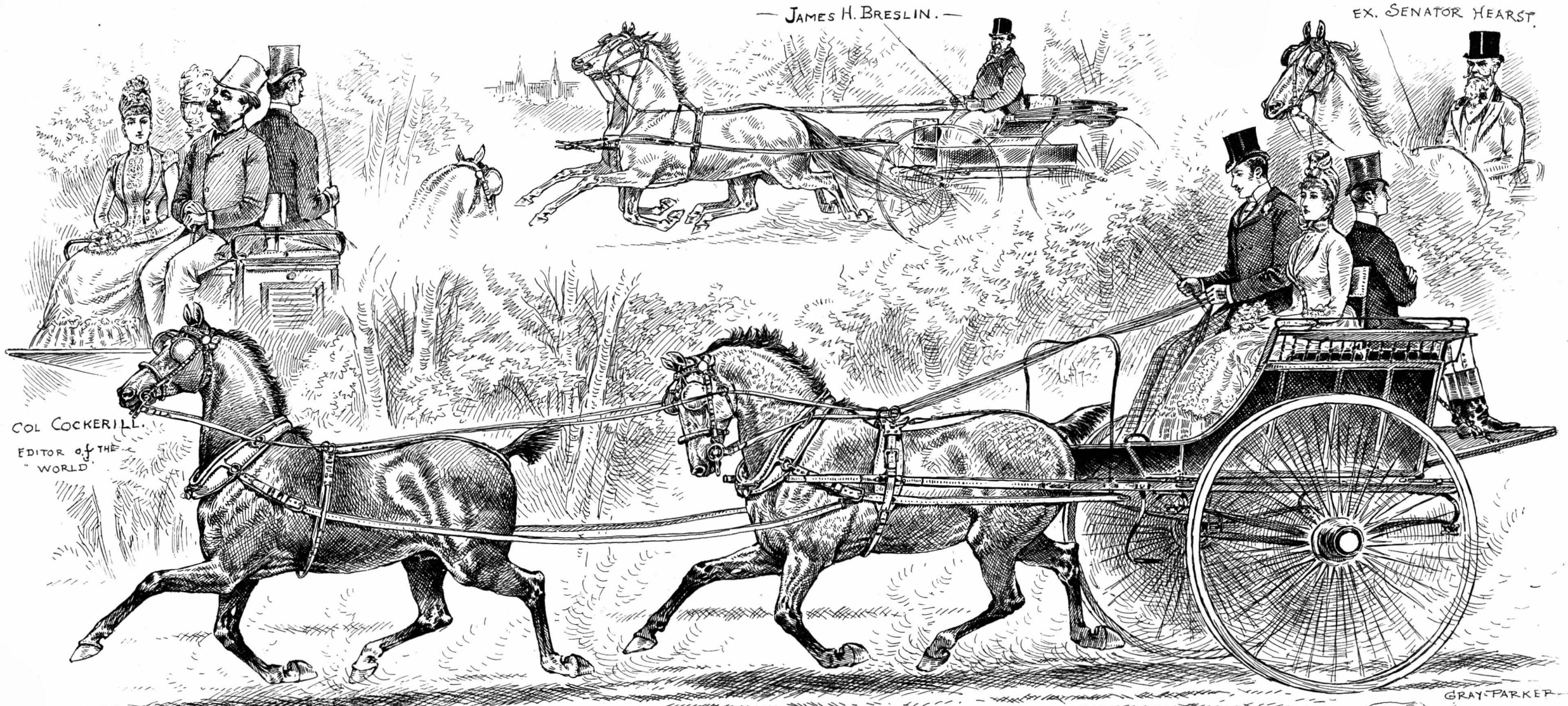
THE admission of Idaho into the Union on July 3d necessitated a rearrangement of the stars in the American flag. The law provides that the change in the field of the flag shall be made each Independence Day, to include the new States admitted during the previous year. The field had recently been altered to represent forty-two States, increased to this number by the admission of North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, and Montana. A rearrangement will immediately be effected.

WE have a report from Corea that the commander of the American steamer *Swatara* has sent his marines to Seoul, the capital, in response to an appeal of the King for protection against a supposed purpose on the part of the Russians and English to advance upon and occupy his country. It is stated that the marines with their officers are now living in the King's palace and having a very nice time of it, while the officers of the Russian and English vessels are looking on with envious eyes and wondering how it is that these audacious Americans have so far obtained the good-will of the King as to be invited to be his particular protectors. It is possible that the story is not altogether correct, but it is quite certain that something is going on at Seoul, and it may be that serious troubles will yet result from the intrigues which appear to be in progress.

THE Tory Government in England has again been compelled to confess practical failure in its programme of legislation. Not one of the important measures proposed at the beginning of the Parliamentary session has been carried through. Recently it was compelled to withdraw the Licensing bill, and later it announced that no attempt would be made to carry over the other important bills to which it was committed. Thus, it has dropped the Irish Land Purchase bill, which was Mr. Balfour's pet scheme, together with the Tithes bill, and an autumn session is to be called in November without consulting the House of Commons. It is stated that in addition to this confession of defeat, a change in the leadership of the House is possible. All these facts show the extremity to which the Government is reduced, and justify a prophecy of the early return to power of the Liberal party.



THE TERRIBLE DISASTER ON LAKE PEPIN, MINNESOTA.—THE SCENE AT THE MOMENT THE DOOMED STEAMER, "SEA KING," WAS LIFTED OUT OF THE WATER AND TURNED OVER BY THE STORM.—SEE PAGE 535.

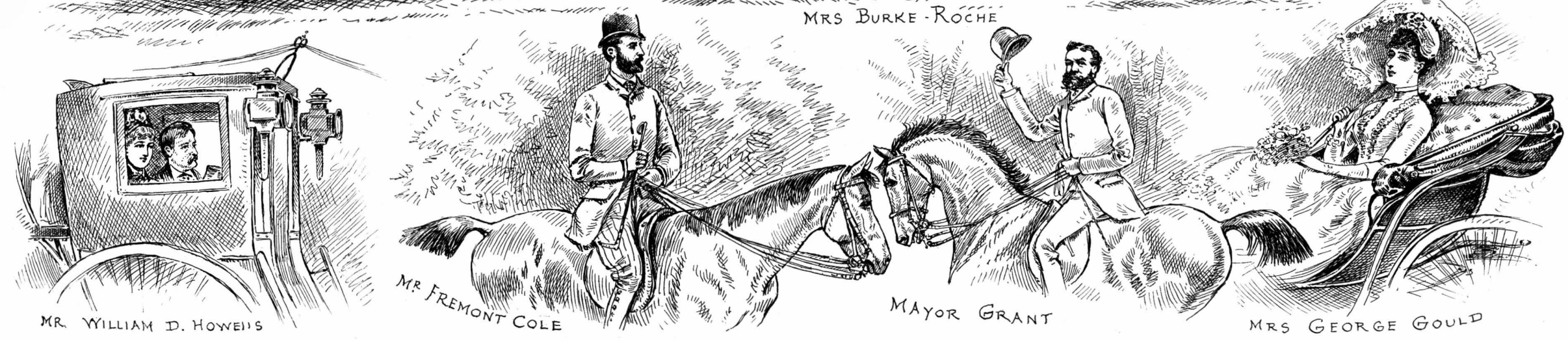


COL COCKERILL
EDITOR OF THE
"WORLD"

— JAMES H. BRESLIN. —

EX. SENATOR HEARST

GRAY-PARKER



MRS BURKE-ROCHE

MR. WILLIAM D. HOWE'S

MR. FREMONT COLE

MAYOR GRANT

MRS GEORGE GOULD

NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE ON THE CENTRAL PARK DRIVE —SOME OF ITS NOTABLE FREQUENTERS.—DRAWN BY GRAY PARKER.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A "SWEATER."

(Continued from page 529.)

"boss" stood ironing, with a can of beer in front of him, from which he took occasional swallows. He was a big, fat, burly fellow, with small eyes, and he grunted out in response to my request for work:

"Ain't got nothing to do."

During the few moments I was in the room I felt as though I was in the hot-room of a Turkish bath.

On the third and fourth floors of this place are similar shops, and the stench from sewer-gas throughout the building is nauseating. It is occupied by Pfeiffer Brothers, M. Lavin, and Freidberger. On the stairs going down I met a little boy of about ten with several cans of beer on his arms, and behind him an Italian girl about fifteen years old with a kicking, black-eyed baby under one arm and a bundle of work under the other. I asked her why she carried her little sister with her.

"No my sister," she said, showing a row of even white teeth. "She my baby."

I went into a dozen places so like the one I have described that I could tell them apart only by the various bosses, who varied from the dapper Americanized Jew to the vilest-looking, grizzled, hook-nosed, bandy-legged specimens that were ever moulded in the image of the Creator. No signs were up, no names on doors, and the only way I could find the shops was by watching for placards saying, "Operators wanted," "Basters wanted," or "finishers" or "buttonhole makers," as the case might be. Sometimes I wandered through narrow, dark passages with an undefined fear of what they would lead to, and emerging into a court I would hear the hum of machines and follow the sound, always finding a shop full of busy, patient workers. Several times I could have gone to work at once finishing coats, vests, or pants at ten or twelve cents apiece, with a chance of earning thirty or forty cents a day if I worked steadily and was an expert needlewoman, but the atmosphere was so vile I wouldn't take the risk. Others wanted me to take home work, or come the next morning at seven ready for work—always on condition that I was an expert.

J. Heilbrun, of 435 East Houston Street, had his shop crowded by poor, overworked women to whom the time was so precious and every stitch meant so much that they didn't even lift their eyes to look at me, or in any way satisfy natural feminine curiosity. They stitched away, actually wearing their poor, crooked, toil-hardened fingers to the bone, while their task-master told me he couldn't crowd in any more finishers, and that these women took work home with them at night, and advised me to take home some pants to finish at twelve cents a pair.

I followed home from one shop a round-shouldered, undersized Jew, with a long, dirty beard, and a bundle of work so big that he staggered under its weight. Through a slippery, dark passage that smelled of soap-suds and decaying vegetables, he went from Ludlow Street. Up three flights of ramshackle stairs, along which I groped my way, and into two small communicating rear rooms I followed him. There were several machines in the rooms, the floor was completely hidden by scraps, cloth, dust, and an accumulation of filth, and I could scarcely thread my way through the room, so crowded was it with women and girls, and even children, all sewing as fast as they could. The men sat on tables cross-legged, their trousers half slipping off, their hairy chests bare, and the women had their sleeves rolled up or torn off above the elbow, and their faded calico wrappers open at the neck. When I asked the boss for work he but half understood my words, and I had to make signs. Then he laughed, and pointing to my high collar, said:

"No work here. Too fine lady to do dis work."

I took my collar off and slipped it into my pocket as I made my way out to Ludlow Street.

At the corner of Ludlow and Delancey streets is a two-story frame shanty. From this came the familiar sound of machines, and I followed an itinerant bake-shop into it. A fat, oily Jewess was sitting near the door nursing an almost naked baby. The room she was in and the adjoining room were crowded with workers, mostly slender, drooping girls with a starved look in their wistful eyes. I asked for work, speaking half German and half English, because I had found good English was regarded with suspicion by the sweaters. The woman asked me what I could do. I looked around and saw they were working on vests, so I said I could finish vests.

"When could I come to work?"

"Right away; any time."

They didn't want me just then. "Would I work on Sunday?"

"Yes, if they wished it."

Then the woman's husband said they were not going to work on the next Sunday, so I arranged to go to work at seven the following Monday morning on piece work, for which they wouldn't tell me the pay.

I didn't reach the place until twenty minutes after seven Monday morning, and found the fat Jewess sitting in the hall with her baby in her lap, trying to drive a bargain with a Hebrew peddler of notions.

She looked at me crossly and said:

"What you come for?"

"To go to work."

"Dis time of day? I thought I told you to come at seven o'clock."

"I tried to get here on time, but it was raining so hard I couldn't."

"Well, we don't haf to wait for peoples. Dare is always plenty what comes early;" and indeed there are, for the rooms were crowded with workers, whose heavy eyelids and hastily combed hair, with bits of feather sticking in it, showed that they had been on hand at an early hour anxious even for such slavery to keep them from starvation.

Seeing my look of disappointment, the woman called her husband, and told him to go up-stairs with me to see if I could get work there. If possible the upper floor was more crowded than the one below, and around a rough pine sewing-table were gathered six or seven girls, the finishers, so frail and wan and pale and with such a patient, hopeless expression that it made my heart ache. One red-haired girl with a child's worn black jersey stretched over her narrow chest had a dry bun lying beside her

scissors and thread, and she took a bite out of it as she got a chance, having evidently hurried away from her home without breakfast. I was thankful when I heard the man had no work for me, for the atmosphere was heavy with the combined odors of garlic, stale beer, old pipes, and the dirty, unwashed bodies of the toilers.

I finally went to work for Benny and Moses Rosenblatt, whose shop I found looking out on a court off Cannon Street, near Houston. They employed me as a baster on pants, with the understanding that I was to work two weeks without pay in order to learn what I could do well before I had been there three hours. Benny and Moses, or, as the hands call him, Mo, are two sleek, well-fed, good-humored, coarse young Jews, whose father was in the business before them. They gave me a wooden chair minus a back to sit on, and placed me beside a little girl named Sadie to learn my work. Sadie is a pretty girl of fifteen, or would be if she had any of the plumpness and color and joy of youth. She has been working as a baster ever since she was twelve years old, and is now able to earn four dollars a week if she works every day from seven in the morning until six in the evening. She is an orphan, lives with a married sister, and contributes her mite to the support of the family. She gets up before six every morning in order to be on time at the shop, and at noon she wanted to stop work only long enough to choke down a sandwich of rye bread and coarse-grained meat, but I coaxed her and another unhealthy-looking girl of the same age out to a bakery and fruit-stand, and made their eyes glisten with pleasure by the, to them, toothsome addition to their lunch. The other girl, Barbara, is the same age as Sadie, and has been at work as long, but earns only two dollars or two dollars and a half a week, working the same number of hours. Both girls stoop badly, and their arms and legs are as thin as the traditional broomstick. Sadie is an expert at her work, and in her skillful fingers the needle flashed back and forth as quick as lightning. I complimented her on her quickness, and she said:

"Yes; my hands are going all the time. Sometimes they go at night even, when I dream I am at the shop."

At all the windows along one side in the Rosenblatt shop were machines, at which women worked without cessation and with nervous haste from seven until noon, then, stopping long enough to swallow a few mouthfuls of coarse food, they ran the machines again till six and after. There was no gossiping or chatter about dress and feminine follies among these women, and not once did I hear them laugh, although I did see them smile bitterly once or twice. When they spoke it was: "Flies, Mo," or "Silk, Benny," or "More pants"; only a few words relating to their work, and this without stopping or looking up from their work.

Have you ever noticed how much machine stitching there is on a pair of pants? There are a good many yards, and it must be carefully done, and for it all the operators get nine cents a pair for shop pants, and twelve cents for custom pants. The girls who have worked at it for years can, by working hard and long, make as many as ten or twelve, or, on rare occasions, fourteen pairs a day—making more of the shop pants (at nine cents a pair) than of the custom pants. They have round stools to sit on, and when the back gets tired and full of aches there is nothing to lean it against, even if they could take time from their struggle with grim poverty. The girls who have not worked so long that they can stitch the pants with their eyes shut don't average more than six or eight pairs a day. The pressers, who worked in the middle of the room, were in their undershirts, trousers, and shoes, and the pounding of their heavy irons together with the constant noise of the machines was enough to upset any one's nerves. Two of the pressers, when they had anything to say to the girls, or work to give them, would lean on them with their foul, sweaty bodies, or squeeze their arms or shoulders familiarly, and while several times I saw a look of disgust flit across a poor girl's face, not one dared to resent the insults. There was no water fit to drink, although several of the girls did swallow the stuff from a dirty cooler, while the men sent out or went out frequently after a can of beer. They didn't divide or drink in company, each man drinking every drop he bought himself. There were only two finishers in the shop, although dozens of pairs of pants are made every day. One of these was a big-boned Irish-woman with her shoulders bent and a resigned look on her face. She has been working seven or eight years at this place, and is a skillful finisher. Her needle flew all day, and she avoided every unnecessary motion that would impede her work, yet she only averages six dollars a week, and thinks she does well when she makes that.

The other finisher was a queer little half-crazy German woman. She is no larger nor better developed than a twelve-year-old girl, and, as Benny said, a man could pick her up and carry her off with one arm and not know he had anything with him. Her face is wrinkled and lined by privation and sorrow, her eyes are faded and sunken, and she hasn't a tooth in her head. She tried to be bright and cheerful, her voice is a childish treble, and she piped all day long little half-witted confidences about her domestic affairs. The most pathetic thing of all about the shrunken, withered little creature is that whenever she smiles (and she does so like a child whenever she catches any one's eye resting on her) dimples come and go in her faded cheeks. I asked Sadie who she was.

"Oh, a woman who used to work here a long time ago. She was sick and was in the hospital a long time. Her husband licks her and drives her out all the time."

She has a little boy of five, a bright little fellow, that she dotes on. Her husband is a big, worthless brute, who abuses her shamefully, and even the busy women in a sweater's shop have time to despise him. I asked where she lived. With the house-keeper in a tenement-house, I was told; doing little chores for her keep, no doubt. She used to be a splendid finisher before she went to the hospital, where she affirms she died twice, but she finished only two pair of pants during the day I worked in the shop, and earned but thirty cents.

Most of the work is finished by women who work at home, and at intervals during the day women with several pairs of finished pants in a basket, or children with neatly-pinned bundles of work, would come in, deliver the work, get credit for it in their little account-books, and plead for more work at starvation prices. They are paid but fifteen cents a pair for finishing, and it is as much as a rapid needlewoman can do to finish six pairs by

working from early morning till night, and most of them finish only three or four pairs in a day, even when they work steadily all day. A pretty, slender, willowy girl of about fifteen, with soft, dark curls clustering around her white temples, and saucy black eyes glancing out from under the rim of a battered sailor hat, came in for work twice for her mother and herself to do. Moses, who has an eye for a pretty girl, even if he is as fat as a prize porker, tried to tease her by punching her in the ribs and throwing his foot around her leg. I saw the angry color mount to her fair brow, and she had to bite her lips to keep back the indignant protest that she dared not utter for fear the clownish fellow would not give her any more work. One old woman, lame, and with cheeks furrowed by tears, came in with three pair of pants she had finished, and waited patiently for nearly half an hour till one of the bosses got ready to give her more work. Her gingham dress and apron were scrupulously clean, and her poor old face looked as though it had been scoured with common brown soap. An Italian woman, gaunt and eager-eyed, brought in a big bundle of work, and after having it counted, called Benny's attention to an error in her account-book that made the amount due her less than four dollars, when in fact it was four dollars. She watched his face like a hawk watches a chicken as he compared her book with his to see if she was right, and when he acknowledged her claim her anxious face broke into a smile, and she exclaimed:

"It is fo' dolla. I know I was right."

One of the last bundles of home-finished work was brought in by a thin, quiet lad, who disproved the old saw that "Boys will be boys," for this little fellow, in carefully patched, threadbare knee-breeches, apparently had none of the mischief and general cussedness in him that go to make up the average boy, but looked as if he already felt the weight of a life of poverty on his shoulders. He unpinned his bundle with as much care as a woman would, and laid out the work. Benny asked him roughly why he had not brought the work back before, and said he had a great mind not to pay for it. The little fellow looked startled and said, hesitatingly, that "Baby was sick, and mother couldn't get the work done sooner on that account."

"That baby again! Well, now, you see that you bring this work back sooner, or you don't get no more. See?"—tossing the boy three or four pair of pants.

He took them, folded them up, and pinned the piece of black cambrie the work is always wrapped in around them far more neatly than I could have fixed it, and walked out with a step as quiet and measured as a man of fifty.

Not one of the girls working in the shop had on a collar, and but three had bangs, and they didn't have them curled. There is no time in the morning for any more "priming" than running a coarse comb through their hair, rolling it up in a tight knot, and pinning it where it will be least in the way. They never use a brush, and their combs are too coarse to get the feathers and down and dust out of their hair. Often the only time they can give it even such slight attention is at night, and in the morning they come to work with no more preparation than a hasty swish of a wet rag over the face, the throwing on of a wrapper over the under-garments they wear week in and week out, and a hurried swallow of black coffee and bite of rye bread. How is that for physical culture?

Sometimes they slip on over the loose calico wrapper they work in a cloth skirt and jersey, or cheap wrap, which they take off when they reach the shop and put on again only to walk home in. At the shop where I worked there is no dressing-room; only a sink, dirty and emitting foul gases, where men and women both wash, using in lieu of a towel a handkerchief or petticoat. The women remove their street clothes and the men put off and on their shirts right in the middle of the room, in view of everybody.

They call each other by the first name, and those who have worked together for several years don't know each other's full names. One of the operators, with wavy hair the color of burnished copper, but a sallow, pinched face, attracted my attention by the feverish haste with which she worked. I asked her name.

"Mary."

"Mary what?"

"I don't know. I never heard her called anything but Mary."

She was the last to leave the shop, and didn't stop her machine till about seven o'clock, when Benny began to put up the shutters. I waited for her and walked home with her. She was dressed in a dark-blue gingham skirt and waist. She only added to this a thin black dolman for the street, and put on a hat not as good as I have seen in up-town ash-barrels. I asked her how much she made. She said when she worked very hard and stayed late she could make six dollars a week, but that this was a very good shop compared with some, and that many girls made only three or four dollars a week. And that for running a heavy machine all day! She has been working for years, and is making as much now as she ever will. She and her sister, who works for a dressmaker, making a few dollars a week, support an aged father. They cook breakfast themselves, then go to their work, leaving the father, who is blind and seventy-nine years old, alone during the day. The old man prepares their tea for them, and they do their little bit of housework, their washing and sewing, all themselves after they get home from work in the evening. Mary told me that two years ago her mother, who was sixty-nine years old, died. She said:

"I gave mother her breakfast and went to work in the morning, and when I came home at night there was crape on the door, and my mother was dead;" and she gave a hysterical little laugh that ended in a sob. "I can't sew as fast as I used to, no matter how I try," she said; "I am afraid it will be worse when business picks up, for then it is so noisy and dirty and there is such a crowd that it is awful."

I asked her if she ever went to any place of amusement or on excursions.

She smiled sadly and said: "I have not much time, and poor people can't afford pleasure. I go to church. I have belonged to church a long time, and I go on their excursions; sometimes twice a year."

She is not over twenty-five, but her face looks like a woman's of forty; every little while she gives a dry cough, and her hands are discolored by the poorly-dyed stuffs, and so thin and rough and hard that they are more like claws.

Just think of it—this frail, patient little woman toiling like a slave at a heavy machine, midst heat and dust, from seven in the morning till seven at night, only to go home to a blind, dependent old father pottering around the stove trying to prepare her tea; and her only outing or pleasure two excursions in a year. What a picture!

Her story is but the story of hundreds of others, with, perhaps, a few variations among the chords of misery.

I don't recite my experience in the shop of Benny and Moses Rosenblatt, where I sat all day on a chair without a back and sewed for nothing, as an unusual one. If there is anything out of the common in the work in this shop it is that the workers are just a trifle better paid than in the average sweater's shop. The history of a day there is the history of a day in any shop. It is the same grim tale of poverty and oppression that holds the white slave's nose to the grindstone of incessant, down-breaking toil in quarters not fit to keep even a hog in, wherever you go among these people. At other places where I sought work, but couldn't endure the dirt and foul atmosphere, they offered me work at which a skilled, expert needlewoman could earn from two to four dollars a week by working from dawn till dark. Nearly all the women have some one dependent on them. How far do you think two or four dollars a week will go towards paying rent and buying food and clothes and medicine for a mother and her child or aged parent and daughter? What wonder is it that they go without underclothing, have to struggle through sickness without medicine, and get scarcely enough food to keep body and soul together. But they have no time to complain. They submit with patience that is like despair, and only at intervals say:

"This is a dog's life! I wish I was dead, or had never been born!"

ELIZABETH A. TOMPKINS.

LIFE INSURANCE.—A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Boston says he has a question for the "Hermit" regarding the future prospects of one of the large life-insurance companies. He wants to know if I will give him an answer as candid and as frank as the answers I apparently give to other questions addressed to me, if he will take the pains to formulate his inquiry. I see no reason why this question should have been directed to me. I have said repeatedly that I would answer any inquiry that was relevant, and was addressed to me in good faith, respecting any life-insurance company. If my Boston correspondent has anything that worries him in connection with life insurance, I should be glad to hear from him, and will reply to his inquiry just as soon as I have finished with the letters that may have preceded his.

From Coventry, Vt., comes an inquiry regarding my opinion of the Manufacturers Accident Indemnity Insurance Company of Geneva, N. Y. This is one of a multitude of feather-weight companies—so light, that I do not care to waste any space in discussing its merits. My opinion of the host of little companies that spring up by the thousand everywhere has been repeated too often to make it necessary for me to repeat it again at present.

A valued correspondent at Milwaukee, who apparently has the interests of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance of Newark, N. J., close to his heart, and who has a decided aversion to the Mutual Life Company of New York, writes me a long and, I must acknowledge, an interesting letter, in which he says that "rates of premiums in all mutual companies could be reduced without any appreciable risk." But he adds, "I think it is best to accomplish such reduction by means of yearly dividends declared after the company's experience has actually proved the premiums to have been larger than required." Continuing, he says:

"A reduction of premiums in the outset would result in a corresponding reduction of dividends, so that the absolute cost of the insurance would remain the same, although the company's ability to meet its policies under any and all circumstances would have been impaired. And I claim that because the premium rates are loaded much more than will probably be required by the company, and after the company's experience has proved that the full loading was not required, part of the premium should be immediately returned, and not held for periods of ten, fifteen, or twenty years, as the Mutual Life does, and also other tontine companies. The whole question of making less the cost of insurance is a question of dividends. In a mutual company (and nearly all stock companies operate on the mutual plan) all that is left after paying expenses, taxes, and death losses goes to surplus, and from the surplus comes the dividend (expenses and taxes being paid entirely from the surplus, and death-rate, in part at least, from the assets of the company). The whole question of cost is a question of dividends, and that is the most important feature to consider, taking it for granted that all the big companies are unquestionably stable and sound."

This reads very well, but it is a matter of opinion only as to whether it is better to pay annual dividends or to divide the profits of insurance at the expiration of longer periods. Whether it is better to pay \$1 or \$10 yearly to a policy-holder, or ten times these sums with interest at the expiration of ten years, is a question open to discussion. I call the attention of my correspondent, however, to one important fact. History shows that the yearly dividend system, at least in some instances, produced weakness. I do not think it has helped the Connecticut Mutual, though I may err in this judgment. Every one appreciates that the St. Louis Mutual Life was weakened through the adoption of the yearly dividend system.

The insured should always bear in mind this fact—that in life insurance security is preferable to dividends. And it must be admitted that security is best established when dividends are paid only after it has been definitely determined by the lapse of a series of years what dividends have been earned. This is the plan that is now being pursued by the Mutual Life, one of the two or three greatest level-premium companies in the world. The argument of my Milwaukee correspondent in its ultimate analysis simply means that the company should pay out all that it earns, and all at once; but what should the company do in case of an emergency or sudden loss—just such an emergency as confronted the Mutual Benefit Life of Newark, when \$1,000,000 of the Elizabeth city bonds which it had were actually repudiated, if I remember the circumstances aright, though not every company could meet such an emergency as the Newark one did?

From Port Henry, N. Y., I have a request for my opinion of the Traders & Travelers Accident Company of New York. This is a small concern—one of a multitude which may or may not

finally achieve notable success. My correspondent can obtain any special figures regarding this company that he may desire by glancing at the last annual report of the State Insurance Department.

From Council Bluffs, Ia., comes a question regarding the new insurance company called the "Order of the World." My correspondent says he wants to know what the merits of the proposed new system are, and whether its advertised methods are practicable, from a mutual assessment basis. He adds that he has taken some insurance in it because of his knowledge of the prominence and financial standing of its officers. The Order of the World is another insurance scheme like that called the "Iron Hall." The tendency of all these schemes is to bring the very name of "Fraternal Insurance" into disrepute. My correspondent must not forget that every insurance company that has failed, with scarcely an exception, has had connected with it men of prominence and financial standing. If he wants fraternal insurance, I suggest to him that he take some with the larger, better established, more wisely planned companies, like the Knights of Honor, American Legion of Honor, Royal Arcanum, or the Ancient Order of United Workmen. The last-mentioned organization has, I think, over 300,000 members. Many fraternal companies that have been recently organized promise to give too much for too little.

In life insurance you must expect to pay for all you get. I must not be understood as attacking the integrity of the Order of the World: I simply say I prefer some other scheme to the one it offers.

The Hermit.

NEW YORK'S NEW AQUEDUCT.

ON Tuesday, the 15th inst., a new river of fresh water, having its source in the Croton watershed, some thirty odd miles north of the city, began pouring into New York at a rate equal to more than 300,000,000 gallons daily. This mighty stream will be subject neither to overflow nor drought, for its channel is the newly completed Croton aqueduct, the longest tunnel in the world, and one of the engineering monuments of the nineteenth century. The work has occupied five years, has cost a hundred human lives, and including the total expenditure upon the still uncompleted storage dams, etc., \$24,000,000. The actual cost of the aqueduct proper is estimated at \$19,500,000. The actual need of water in New York City at present does not exceed 200,000,000 gallons per day, and the supply, up to the completion of the new aqueduct, has been far short of that amount. Now, the maximum daily supply, from both aqueducts and the Bronx River, is 431,000,000 gallons. The total area of the watershed of the Croton River above the dam is 216,845 acres, or 338.82 square miles; that above the proposed Quaker Bridge dam, 231,565 acres, or 361.82 square miles. With the completion of all the proposed dams and reservoirs, the total-storage capacity will be 69,700,000,000 gallons.

The ceremony of last week, over which Chief Engineer A. Fitley, Mayor Grant, and the Commissioner of Public Works, Thomas F. Gilroy, and General J. C. Duane, President of the Aqueduct Commission, presided, consisted in turning the knob and raising the gates which admitted the stream of water into the Central Park reservoir, in the heart of the city. The new aqueduct will not be worked to anything like its full capacity for the present. The water will be let into the Central Park reservoir at the rate of about 25,000,000 gallons a day until it contains 1,000,000,000, when it will be shut off in order to permit the repairs on section No. 9, which in a few weeks' time will permanently complete the work on the aqueduct proper.

THE DISASTER AT LAKE PEPIN.

LAKE PEPIN, the scene of the frightful steamboat disaster on the night of the 13th inst., is an expansion of the Mississippi River, forming a sheet of water some thirty miles long by two or three wide, and lying between the States of Minnesota and Wisconsin, forty miles to the southeast of the city of St. Paul. The town of Stockholm is situated about midway down the eastern or Wisconsin shore, and Lake City lies directly opposite, on the Minnesota side. The encampment of the First Regiment, Minnesota National Guard, is on a bluff overlooking the water near Lake City. On Sunday, the 13th inst., a large party of excursionists visited this camp, coming from Red Wing, at the head of the lake, by the small side-wheel steamer *Sea Wing*, which also towed a flat open barge. After spending the day at the camp, the excursionists re-embarked for home about eight o'clock in the evening. The *Sea Wing* had on board about 207 persons, including the crew, and the barge carried thirty more. The high wind which prevailed at the time of starting soon increased to a fierce tempest, accompanied by a shower of hail. The little steamer floundered about in the high waves, bearing northward, and the passengers took refuge in the cabin, the doors of which were then locked. A panic arose, and Captain Weather's head. He cut the barge loose and attempted to make the Wisconsin shore. But the little steamboat, no longer steadied by the weight of the barge, now drifted completely at the mercy of the hurricane. Finally one wild burst caught her broadside, lifted her almost bodily out of the water, turned her completely over, and then dashed her to the bottom of the lake, with all her helpless human freight. The barge, meanwhile, had drifted aground, and the thirty men and women aboard were saved. From the wreck of the *Sea Wing* only strong swimmers and those fortunate enough to be provided with life-preservers or able to cling to the upturned bottom of the boat got away alive. The fury of the storm abated as suddenly as it had burst, and in a very short time rescuing boats put out from Stockholm and Lake City to pick up survivors. At writing between eighty and ninety persons are reported rescued, leaving a death-list of about 120. Fifty bodies, including those of Captain Weather's wife and son, were found in the cabin of the wrecked steamer. Many young men and women were among the victims, and the details are harrowing in the extreme. The town of Red Wing is thrown into deep mourning by the disaster, which will rank among the most sadly memorable that have ever occurred on the Mississippi.

PERSONAL.

It is stated that "Chris" Buckley, the blind political boss of San Francisco, proposes to retire from active political life, and will relinquish the control he has maintained for ten years over the Democratic organization in California.

MR. RICHARD CROKER has returned to Europe, taking his family with him, and it is expected that he will remain abroad for an indefinite period. He came home to help Tammany out of a "hole," but he failed so completely, that it is not surprising he should be anxious to get out of the country.

EX-LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JOHN G. WARWICK is the Democratic candidate for Congress in the Sixteenth Ohio District, which has been gerrymandered by the Democrats so as to defeat the re-election of Representative McKinley. It remains to be seen whether the people of the district will ratify this partisan scheme.

A CORRESPONDENT writes that Prince Bismarck looks twenty years younger than his pictures make him appear. When advised to withdraw these libels upon his person the Prince replied: "Oh, the photos are all right; they show me as I looked when in office. A few months of laziness have added ten years to my life."

AMONG recent deaths is that of Captain Joseph Borden, a pioneer of the Life-saving Service of the New Jersey coast. He organized and operated for forty years a life-saving service of his own before the United States Government organized the present system, and it is said that he and his crews saved more than 1,000 lives on the New Jersey coast. He was ninety years of age.

LORD WOLSELEY has written to a friend in Baltimore that "We (the English) feel quite as proud of the United States as any of its people can be. Its honor and reputation are as dear to us as they can be to the other side of the Atlantic." Every right-thinking man will feel immensely elevated at this expression of good-will from the magnificent Wolseley. Thanks, awfully, my Lord!

It is announced that Professor W. R. Harper, of Yale College, a brilliant scholar, will be president of the new University of Chicago. Professor Harper now holds three chairs in Yale, and in addition to the onerous duties connected with these positions he is conspicuous in the Chautauqua Summer School, and president of several educational institutions. He is not yet forty years old, is a close student, and is acknowledged to be one of the foremost Oriental scholars of the times.

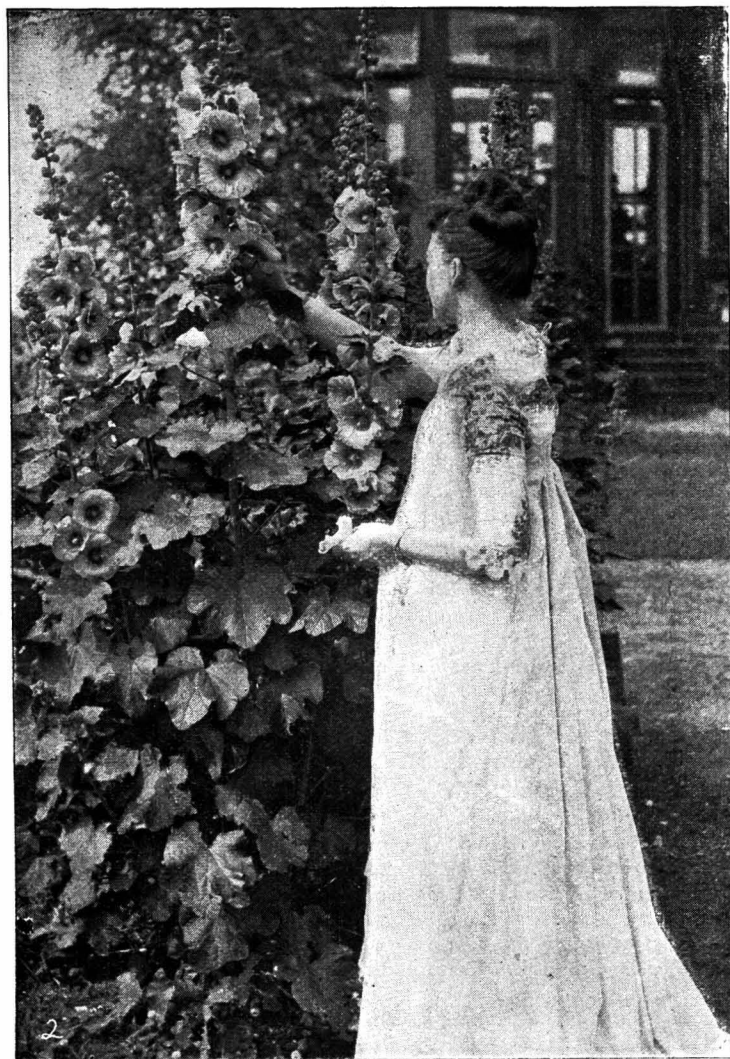
A CORRESPONDENT of a Philadelphia newspaper gives currency to the story that ex-Senator Thomas C. Platt has announced that he will not be a candidate for the United States Senate. So many stories are published concerning this gentleman which turn out to be fictions, that we may be excused for believing that this one is not entitled to much credence. Mr. Platt is not in the habit of publishing his convictions from the house-top, and if he should conclude not to be a candidate for the Senate he would probably find some other avenue of communicating that fact to the public than the columns of a Philadelphia newspaper.

HENRY M. STANLEY was married to Miss Dorothy Tennant in Westminster Abbey on the 12th inst., in the presence of a distinguished company. The bride wore about her neck a superb diamond necklace, the gift of Sir William Mackinnon, chief of the English East Africa Company, from which hung the diamond-set miniature of the Queen, presented by Her Majesty as a wedding gift. Miss Tennant also wore a diamond aigrette and diamond brooch, the gifts of Mr. Stanley. While moving toward the altar the bride stopped, broke the line of the procession and walked slowly to the tablet under which lies the dust of Livingstone, and placed thereon a wreath of white flowers, in the centre of which was a scarlet letter "L."

GENERAL CLINTON B. FISK, whose death in the earlier part of the present month came in the nature of a surprise to very many, was well known in business and religious circles before he became prominent as the representative of the prohibitionists of the country. He was a man of right intent, but he lacked the courage sometimes to enforce or carry out his own deliberate convictions. It is well understood, for instance, that when he accepted the prohibition nomination for Governor of New Jersey he did so in violation of distinct engagements not to do so, and with a conviction on his own part that the step was not a wise one. He was persuaded to accept the nomination, in other words, by pressure from without which he had not the moral fibre to withstand.

It is stated by the Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun* that the recent article in the *North American Review* containing a violent criticism of Mr. Reed's course as Speaker of the House of Representatives, was instigated by Secretary Blaine. Indeed, it is more than intimated that he is the author of the article. We can hardly believe this to be true, although it is quite well known that Mr. Blaine does not regard Mr. Reed as his dearest friend, and is not perhaps devoured by anxiety for the promotion of that somewhat audacious gentleman. If it be true that Mr. Blaine has declared war, it is possible that he may learn before the conflict is over that it is not altogether a one-sided affair. Tom Reed strikes a heavy blow, and he sometimes is rather careless as to where his blows fall.

In the death of Major-General John C. Fremont a picturesque figure has disappeared from the stage of action, and the country loses a pure-minded patriot and upright gentlemen. Famous both in war and politics, his career was marked by more of storm than sunshine, but amid all experiences, whether of victory or defeat, he was loyal always to principle, and in every grave crisis of the nation's history, after he came to manhood, was found uniformly on the side of freedom, justice, and humanity. He had reached the age of nearly seventy-seven years, and died peacefully after only a brief illness. President Harrison sent the following telegram of sympathy to Mrs. Fremont, who is residing at Los Angeles, California: "I beg to extend to you my profound sympathy in your great sorrow. The death of General Fremont has revived the memory of his great and unique public services, and will excite regret that the nation did not give an earlier and more constant expression of its grateful appreciation of them."



1. PICKING COTTON. PHOTO BY L. B. SALTER, LOS ANGELES, CAL. 2. OLD-FASHIONED GIRL. PHOTO BY MRS. D. J. MAYER, CHARITON, IOWA. 3. AT THE WATER'S EDGE. PHOTO BY GLENN WOOD, SYCAMORE, ILL. 4. "A BUSY SPOT," SOUTH FERRY, N. Y. PHOTO BY J. F. ROGERS, CLIFTON SPRINGS. 5. NEW YORK FISH HATCHERY, CALEDONIA. PHOTO BY LOUIS F. DRAKE, COHOCTON.

OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—EXAMPLES OF THE WORK SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION FOR THE PRIZES.

WALL STREET.—INS AND OUTS.

SO Mr. Austin Corbin has resigned the presidency of the Reading Railroad, precisely as I predicted he would have to do, after the accusations directed against him.

The process by which Reading stock has been manipulated is not a new one. Many a security has been floated, both at home and abroad, on the pledge of some distinguished and wealthy operator that it would warrant investment in it.

The readers of this column will perhaps remember that early last spring I predicted a financial crisis in Buenos Ayres. A cablegram from London announces the suspension of the National Bank of Buenos Ayres, and a drop in its gilt-edged shares from 168 to 100, with a panic on the Bourse of the city and a general feeling of distrust.

At last a conviction has been secured—the first on record—under the operations of the Interstate Commerce act. An assistant general freight agent of the Michigan Central Railroad has been fined \$3,000 for manipulating rates.

The Atchison crowd of speculators who have been quite successful in unloading a great burden of securities on the public are trying to give the bonds and stocks of this concern another boom by promising a small dividend on the income bond.

A correspondent at Chicago asks if the re-organization of the Sugar Trust strengthens that concern. By the re-organization I presume my correspondent means the election of new officers.

PURE, SOLUBLE, Delicious. THE FOREMOST COCOA OF EUROPE, THE COMING ONE OF AMERICA. Easily Digested—Made Instantly. HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS. The Original—Take no other. VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA "Best & Goes Farthest—Largest Sale in the World—Once Tried, Always Used."

manipulations that have notoriously affected the stock. I do not think that Sugar Trust is in any better hands now than it was before.

A Buffalo correspondent wants to know if the president of Lake Shore, as has been publicly stated, made a turn in the stock of that road at 107. He says, if the president of the railroad has sold his stock, he doubts if outsiders should continue to hold their possessions.

A Milwaukee correspondent asks if it is true that some one had advance information of the New York Court of Appeals' decision in the Sugar Trust case and took advantage of his knowledge to speculate.

Jasper

The Tassar Shirt



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Heart of North America: Head of Navigation. Fifteen cents per 100 nearer Buffalo, and 40 cents per 100 nearer the Pacific coast than Chicago. Centre of the Bessemer Iron Ore, Copper, Silver, and Gold Regions. Surrounded by Virgin Forests of Pine and Hard Wood. Millions of bushels of grain in the West—millions of consumers in the East. The place where Real Estate values double annually is the place for you to invest. We work for our patrons' interest, and our own reputation. Write for information.

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Advertisement for Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing its benefits for skin care.

LANGUAGE STATISTICS.

A WRITER in the Chicago Times says: "The language in which Shakespeare and Milton wrote was the language of less than 6,000,000 human beings, and when Washington was President less than 16,000,000 of people used the English tongue. At the same time (time of our first President), French was the mother-tongue of at least 30,000,000 of people, and by some writers it is said that 50,000,000 of French-speaking people were living at the time of the revolution of 1789.

"This state of affairs is now completely reversed. Between forty and fifty years ago the English language equaled the German in number of those who spoke it, and now the latter is left far behind in the race. German is now spoken by 10,000,000 persons in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, by 46,000,000 in the German Empire, by 40,000,000 in Belgium, and by about 2,000,000 in the little Alpine country of Switzerland. Besides the countries mentioned, in which German is usually classed as the native tongue, it is spoken by about 2,000,000 persons in the United States and Canada, giving a total of about 60,000,000 who use the German language.

"With French the case is much the same, but the gain during the last century has been smaller than that of German. French is now spoken by the 38,000,000 inhabitants of France, by 2,250,000 people in Belgium, by 200,000 in Alsace-Lorraine, by 600,000 in Switzerland, by 1,500,000 in the United States and Canada, by 600,000 in Hayti, and by 1,500,000 in Algiers, India, the West Indies, and Africa; in all 45,000,000. "English is spoken by all but less than 1,000,000 of the 38,000,000 in the British Isles, by probably 57,000,000 of the 60,000,000 inhabitants now believed to be in this country, by 4,000,000 persons in Canada, by 3,000,000 in Austria, by 3,700,000 West Indians, and perhaps by 1,000,000 in India and other British colonies, bringing the total to over 100,000,000."

FUN.

THERE are no agnostics among the college graduates. Lack of positive knowledge comes later.—Boston Transcript.

DOCTOR—"What is your husband's complaint, ma'am? Is it chronic?" Wife—"Yes, sir; I have never known him to be satisfied with a meal for the last thirty-five years."—Burlington Free Press.

"ARE you aware, sir," said the man in the rear, fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?" "It isn't my umbrella," replied the man just in front, with equal fierceness. "It's a borrowed one, sir."

WIGGINS—"Who are those ladies in that left-hand box?" Muggins—"Oh, that is a constellation of society stars." Wiggins—"Any particular constellation?" Muggins—"Well, judging from their decolete costumes, I should say the Great Bear."—America.

WAS GLAD SHE TOLD HIM.—"William," said Mrs. Bixby, from the head of the stairs to her husband, who had come home at an early hour in the morning, "there is some angel cake in the pantry; a new kind that I made to-day. I put it where you can easily get it." "All right, dear," responded Mr. Bixby. "How considerate of you. I might have eaten some of it without thinking." And the grateful husband made a lunch on cold corned beef.—Boston Herald.

ATLANTIC CITY AND CAPE MAY

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

The Atlantic City Fast Express, leaving stations foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses streets every week-day at 1.50 P.M., with Pullman Buffet Parlor car and day coaches through to Atlantic City, brings this great resort within easy reach of the New York people. This train has a thorough coach for Beach Haven, and direct connection for Brown's Mills-in-the-Pines and Cape May. These great resorts were never so accessible from New York.

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BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE MANUFACTURE OF PIANO PLATES.

A WRITER in the New York Tribune supplies an interesting article on the making of plates for pianos. The best quality of iron, of different kinds combined, enters into the plate, the few dollars of extra cost for the best material not being worth considering in a work demanding the highest perfection. About fifteen tons of iron are melted each day in the furnace of the factory described by the Tribune writer.

A piano plate contains several hundred holes, and these must be bored with exactness to hold the tuning pins, wire pegs, framing pins, etc. A pattern is clamped to the frame, and the centre for each hole stamped through the pattern on the plate. The latter is now started on a journey across the room, and one size of hole is drilled in it at each table where it stops. The plate rests on a revolving table, and this on a platform that slides or rolls either way, enabling the operator to bring the exact spot under the drill. The latter is brought down by a cord affixed to the boot-heel of the operator, who looks as if he were being served like an unruly cow doing penance for jumping. The drills are energetic little machines, and eat through the casting in a few seconds.

In finishing, the first process is japanning, a liberal coating of the sticky fluid being applied, when the plates are piled in enormous brick ovens and heated to 400 degrees Fahrenheit to give the hard, dry surface desired. Pumice stone perfects this process, and now the plates are more or less gilded or bronzed, and receive a final coat of varnish. Some are highly decorated by hand with delicate tracery in colors. Just before shipping a boy hammers in the small pins, over which the ends of the wires are fastened.

The plates weigh on an average about 200 pounds each, yet the strain of the piano wires when tightened runs up into many thousands of pounds. While ordinary cast iron has a tensile strength of about 21,000 to 22,000 pounds per square inch, the metal of the plates has tested up to 27,000 and 28,000 pounds.

THE GRAVE OF JENNY LIND.

In a recent talk with a reporter of the Chicago Tribune, P. T. Barnum strongly denounced the newspaper story that Jenny Lind's grave is unmarked and neglected, that her last days were shadowed by the indifference of her husband, and that she died broken-hearted. He said: "Not a word of truth in it. It's false. It is unjust to the dead—it is not fair to the living. I was over in the old country recently, as you know. I went to Jenny Lind's home and saw and talked with her husband, Mr. Goldschmidt, and her daughter and her granddaughter, and they with me. As for the grave of the dear dead woman, it is marked by a monument in the shape of a cross. It is touching in its simplicity. But it is like her in that respect. It is costly and unique. The grave is strewn with fresh flowers every day, and most of these are sent down by the Goldschmidt family.

"How could any one say that Jenny Lind's grave is neglected, and how could any one say that she died broken-hearted? Her whole life was a song. Her last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. She was the most charitable woman that ever lived. I could make her cry in two minutes by telling her a story of poverty, and she always backed her tears with a purse full of money. It is a mistake to say the fame of Jenny Lind rests solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow. She was guileless, great-hearted, and her heart beat for the poor. She would have been known and loved if she had never sung a note. Of all the people with whom I have had relations as showman I became most attached to her. Dear Jenny Lind's name will live forever, and that she was not loved to her last breath, and that her memory is not tenderly kept, and that her grave is not covered daily with flowers is not true. Not true, sir. I hope the contradiction will be emphatic."

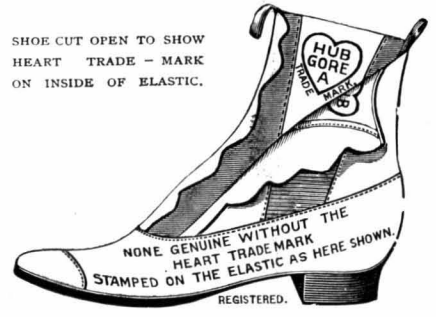
STANDING UP FOR HER FRIEND.—Mr. Hankinson (at the party)—"What a dainty eater Miss Kajones is!" Miss Kersmith (bosom friend of Miss Kajones)—"Indeed, Mr. Hankinson, you do the dear girl injustice. After her tea and angel cake at a banquet like this, you have never seen her at home in front of a plate of cold sausage."

"ANYTHING wrong with the coffee this morning, John?" "No; it's good enough." "Biscuits all right?" "I haven't any fault to find with the biscuits." "Steak cooked about right?" "I don't see anything wrong with the steak." "No complaint to make about anything?" "No." "John, I wish you would let me have fifty cents to buy some ribbons."—Chicago Tribune.

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ROOT BEER!
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are all insured for 1 1/2 years free.
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They look better, fit better, feel better, and last longer than all others.
Every shoe-store sells them.



From a Member of Congress.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S. WASHINGTON, D. C., February 21, 1890.
DEAR SIR: I have used the bottle of your NEW REMEDY which you sent me, and have received great relief from it. It is the best thing of the kind that I have ever tried. I wish you would send me another bottle upon receipt of this note. Yours truly, AMOS J. CUMMINGS.

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For Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. (Red Label.)
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STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. TREATISE & INSTRUCTION FOR 6 STAMPS. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York

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SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE.
Illustration of a woman holding a bottle.

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THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ALL BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.
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 VIOLET—"Did he eat too much?"
 OSCAR—"No; he went out of the room for a minute and I ate his share. He's all broken up over it."



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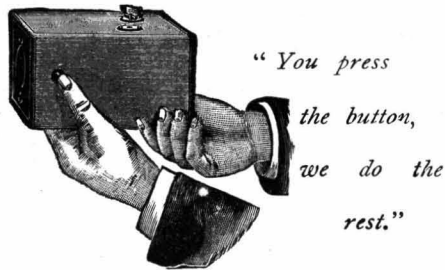
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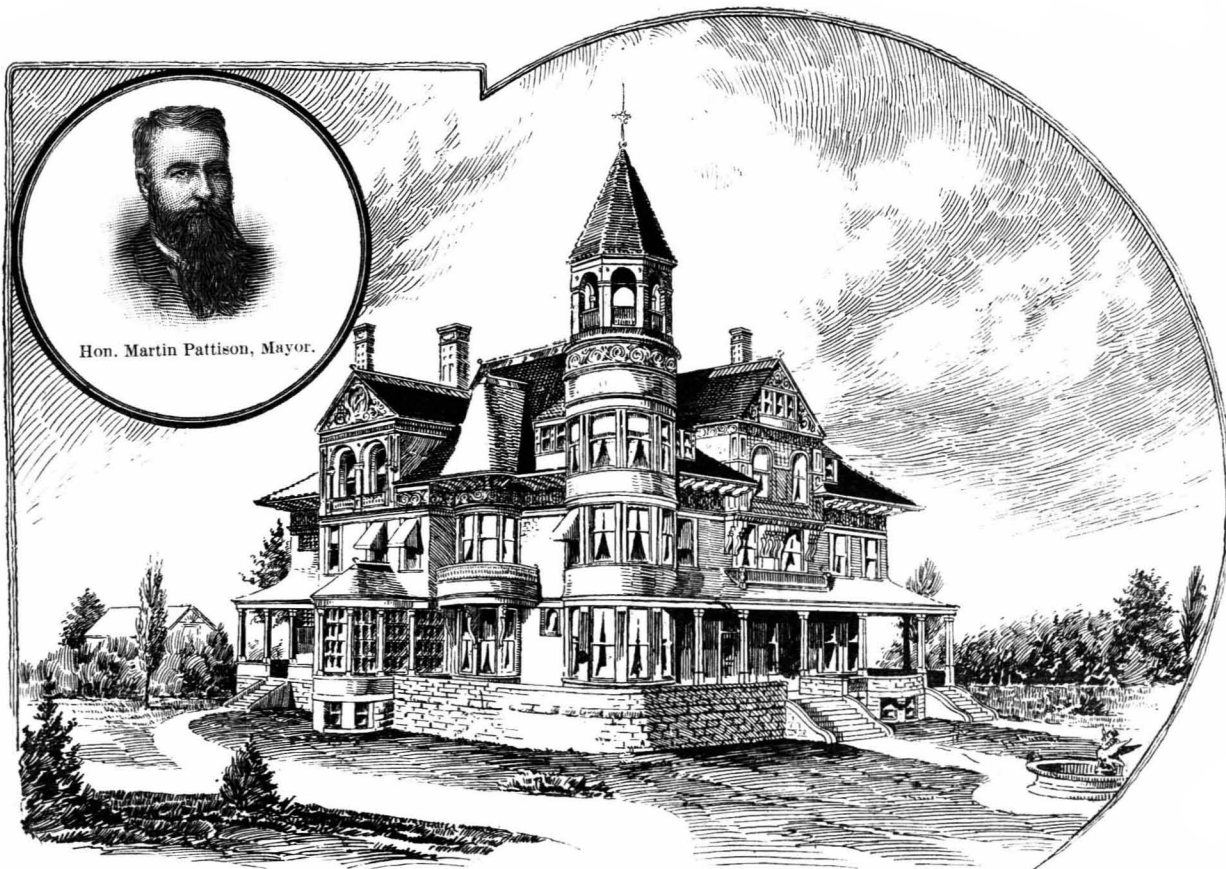
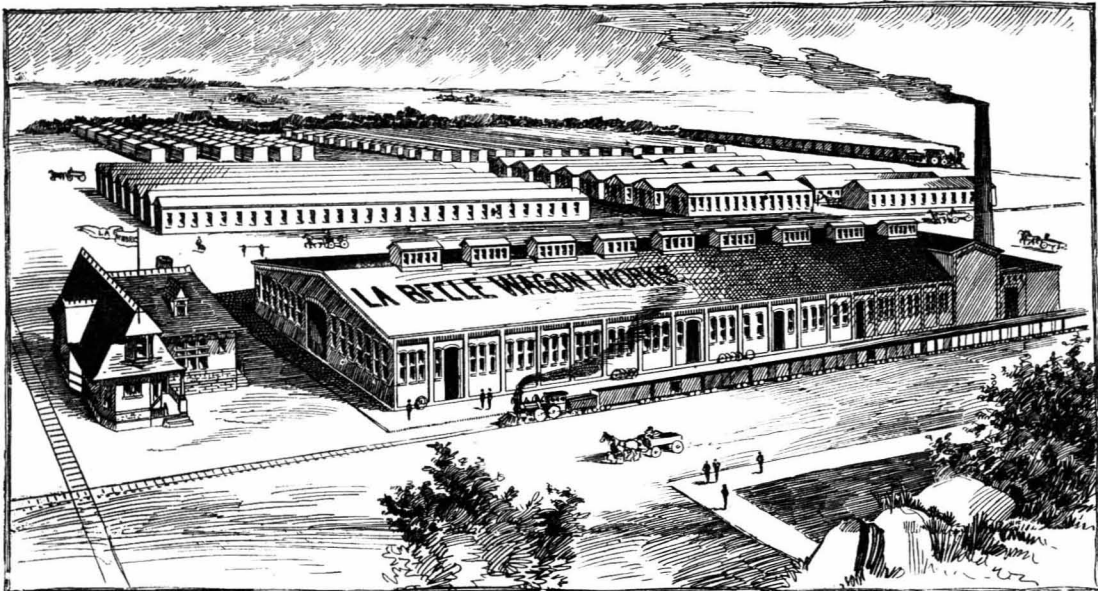
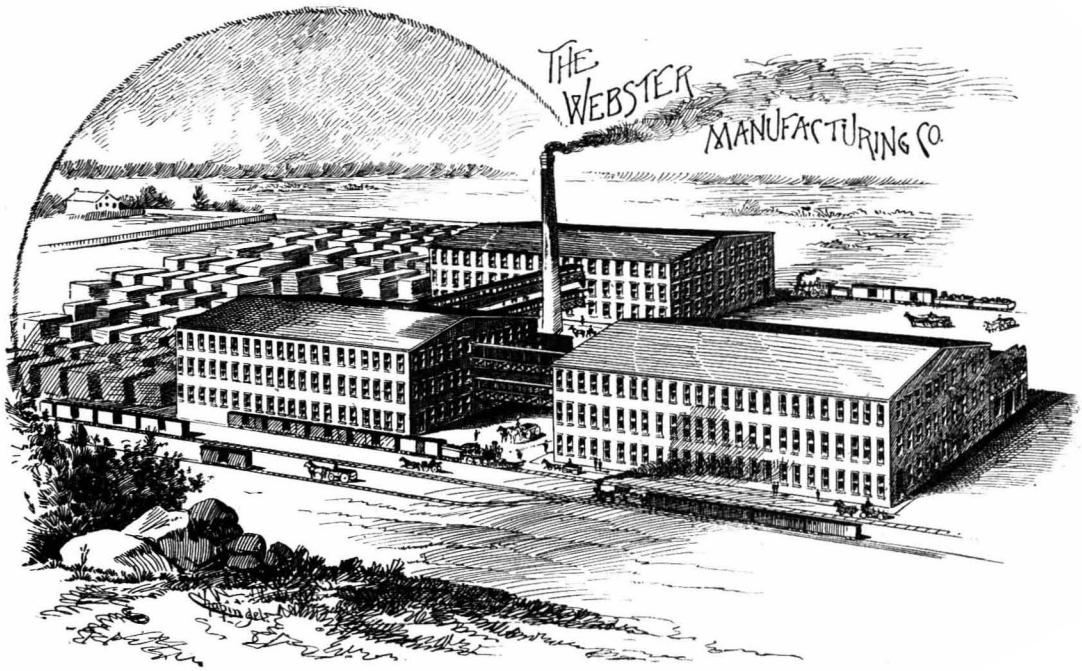
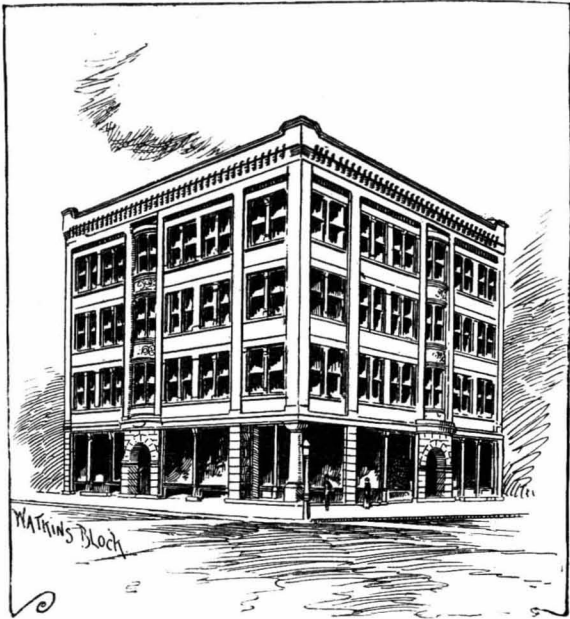


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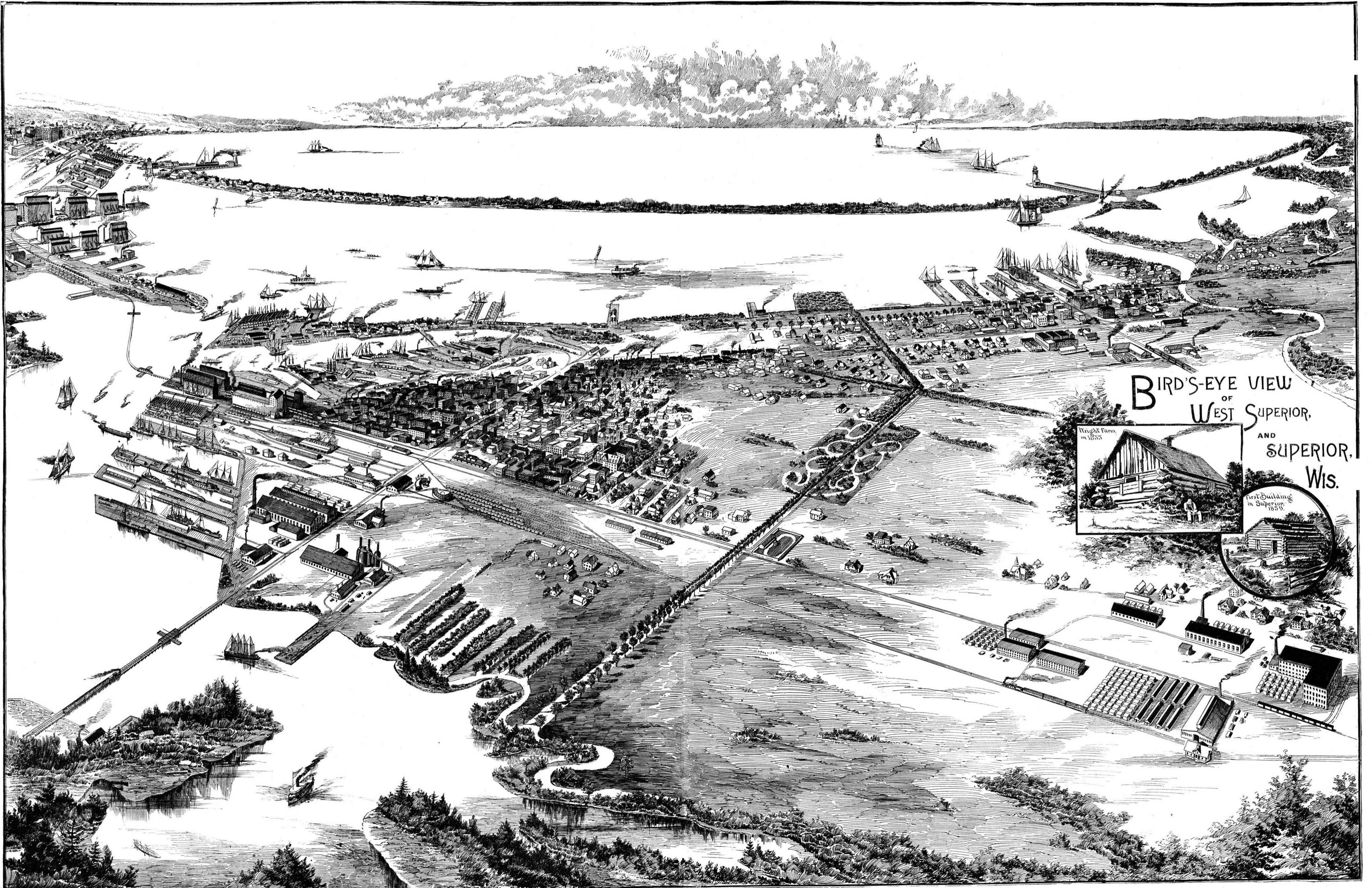
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW
OF
WEST SUPERIOR,
AND
SUPERIOR,
Wis.



SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.

"THE EYE OF THE NORTHWEST." A CITY WITH REMARKABLE ADVANTAGES AND A GRAND FUTURE.

It is safe to say that a population of 200,000 people will be centred at the head of Lake Superior within the next five years if the present rate of increase continues.

Advantages such as these locate and create great cities and continue their development. Nature made the shores of the Bay of Superior a site for a vast population, and, obediently, the forces of industry are building a great metropolis.

The city of Superior is situated on the Wisconsin shore of Superior Harbor, opposite Duluth, Minn., and between the Menadji and St. Louis rivers, each of which is navigable.

A settlement was made on Superior Bay in 1854, and a town site corporation formed, among the stockholders of which were William W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C.; Robert J. Walker, of Mississippi; H. S. Walbridge, of Toledo, Ohio; George W. Cass, Pittsburg, Pa.; John W. Forney, Philadelphia, Pa.;

In 1887 the village census was 5,353; to-day an important city with a population of 18,000 has supplanted the village of one year ago.

The city embraces about forty square miles within its limits, and has two post-offices, Superior in the older portion and West Superior, as the new portion is called.

Superior is 500 miles nearer the Pacific coast than Chicago, and nearer by way of Lakes Huron and Superior to all points east of the middle point of a straight line drawn from Chicago to Toledo, that ship through the great lakes.

Superior has more of possibility in the future than any point on Lake Michigan. It is 350 miles further westward than any point on Lake Michigan, therefore has the advantage of 350 miles of railroad travel.

And in 1867 Horace Greeley made the following statement: "Lake Superior projects into the far Northwest several hundred miles further than any other navigable water, and at its head there will be seen a city rivaling any of those which in the ages gone by had enjoyed the commerce of the East before it."

Events to-day are proving the correctness of these opinions. Since the enactment of the Interstate Commerce law, the position of commercial cities relative to the great areas of production on one hand and terminal markets on the other, has become an important factor in the rate problem.

Receipts: Wheat, 8,666,147 bushels; Corn, 465,061 bushels; Oats, 256,784 bushels; Coal, 720,000 tons. Shipments: Wheat, 6,387,443 bushels; Flour, 968,565 barrels.

The value of the business transacted at this port in coal receipts and wheat and flour shipments for 1889 was \$13,452,779. In addition to this a merchandise business was done valued at \$14,600,951.

Great Northern "A", 2,000,000 bushels; Great Northern "X", 1,500,000 bushels; The Sawyer Sytem (3 elevators), 5,000,000 bushels. Total, 8,500,000 bushels.

Dock Systems: Lehigh Coal and Iron Co., capacity, 500,000 tons per season; Ohio Coal Co., 500,000 tons per season; Silver Creek and Morris Coal Co., 350,000 tons per season; St. Paul and Pacific Coal and Iron Co., 250,000 tons per season; Northern Pacific, 150,000 tons per season. Total, 1,750,000 tons per season.

The Eastern Minnesota Flour Docks have a capacity of 2,000,000 barrels shipped, and an equal quantity received. During the season of navigation this dock sends out three trains of cars daily to the Northwest, and receives the freight of three lines of steamers.

barrels per season. The Great Northern Dock is 3,000 feet long and 600 feet wide.

The Great Northern Line is increasing its shipments this year in flour by about one hundred and twenty-five per cent. over that of 1889.

The immense pine forests of Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota make lumbering an important industry. The navigable rivers Nemadji and St. Louis furnish an outlet for logging operations.

The Vermilion, Ashland, Gogebic, Menominee, and Marquette iron fields are tributary to the cities at the head of Lake Superior, and this proximity to the beds of ore has created large manufactures of iron and steel.

The West Superior Iron and Steel Company has a capital of \$2,500,000, and its plant includes thirty acres of ground. It has a large pipe foundry now in successful operation, and a steel plate rolling-mill and Bessemer converter are in process of erection.

The American Steel Barge Company has established ship-yards, docks, ways, and buildings for furnaces and machinery. The company owns the McDougal patents on the celebrated steel "whale-back" boats now in successful operation in the carrying trade of the great lakes.

Superior has upwards of 100 miles of railroad track within the corporate limits. The Northern Pacific Company has terminal grounds embracing 450 acres, the Great Northern has 300, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha 60, the St. Paul and Duluth 30, the Duluth South Shore and Atlantic 40 acres.

The city of Superior, an extension of Superior, containing 850 acres, was platted and opened by the South Superior Improvement Company. This company was organized in 1889, with a full paid capital of \$400,000, and is officered as follows: J. F. Merriam, President; H. D. Shepard, Vice-President; J. H. Harper, Secretary and Treasurer; H. H. McIntyre, General Manager.

The WEBSTER MANUFACTURING COMPANY is also established at South Superior, and can turn out 1,500 wood-bottomed chairs per day. The company's capital is \$225,000. Its officers are: A. J. Webster, President; Jno. Shirriff, Vice-President; A. E. Noble, Secretary and Treasurer.

Superior is well supplied with newspapers, having three daily and four weekly papers: The Leader, morning daily, Independent; the Telegram, evening daily, Republican; the Call, evening daily, Democratic; the Times, weekly, Republican; the Inter-Ocean, weekly, Republican; the Posten, weekly, Republican; the Wave, weekly, Republican.

The cities at the head of Lake Superior are independent of all rivals that depend on rail communication. The junctions of rail and deep-water transportation are always the sites of great commercial centres. Superior presents unequalled facilities for jobbing and wholesale distribution.

Nature made the most wonderful harbor in the world at the head of Lake Superior. Our readers will see in the bird's-eye view those remarkable natural breakwaters, Minnesota and Wisconsin points, reaching toward each other, forming the harbor, and separated by the natural deep-water channel that affords ingress and egress to the largest vessels.

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view those remarkable natural breakwaters, Minnesota and Wisconsin points, reaching toward each other, forming the harbor, and separated by the natural deep-water channel that affords ingress and egress to the largest vessels. Near the Duluth shore a canal has been dug through the strip of land, and an artificial channel thus provided.

Among the financial institutions of the West, the Bank of Commerce of Superior is entitled to a prominent place. The statement of the Bank of Commerce, made on May 23d, 1890, gives the following exhibit of the resources of that institution:

Table with Resources and Liabilities sections, listing items like Loans and Discounts, Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits, Deposits, etc.

Any one desiring information regarding West Superior, the "City of Destiny," can obtain it by addressing F. N. Lang & Co., loan and investment brokers, West Superior, Wis.

The James H. Agen Company, 617 Tower Avenue, West Superior, Wis., financial agents, real-estate, loans, and investments, list large quantities of city property, and make a specialty of acreage near Superior.

SOUTH SUPERIOR.

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The LA BELLE WAGON WORKS, a view of which we present, is one of South Superior's most important manufacturing plants. The capital and surplus of the company is \$300,000, the cost of the plant \$60,000. The factory is built of brick, and its area is 525 feet by 162 feet.

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The Hon. Martin Pattison, Mayor of Superior, whose portrait is presented in this issue, was born of American parentage in Canada in 1841. His parents removed to Michigan in 1854, and in 1872 he engaged in the business of lumbering and locating pine lands at Marquette, in that State.