

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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PROFESSOR EDWARD DARLING'S TRAINED LIONS IN THE SPECTACULAR PLAY OF "CLAUDIUS NERO," AT NIBLO'S THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.
DRAWN FROM LIFE BY D. SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 311.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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W. J. ARKELL.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.—At the request of a large number of amateur photographers throughout the country, who declare that they were greatly hampered in their effort to obtain suitable pictures for entry in our Amateur Photographic Contest by reason of the unpropitious weather, we have decided to extend the time for entering the competition until January 15th. The next contest will, therefore, close on that day instead of on the 1st of December. In order to deal fairly with those who have already entered, we shall afford them an opportunity to make other entries, if they so desire, and will relieve them from the obligation of attaching to their new entries the printed slip from the paper. This exemption is only extended, it must be understood, to those who have already competed and complied with all our requirements. We are glad to say that the interest in the competition is constantly increasing, and that it promises to be even more successful than the first one.

The following entries have been made in our Photographic Contests for the week ending November 17th:

John F. Rogers, 144 Madison Avenue, New York City; W. C. Walker, Utica, N. Y.; R. B. Williams, Mauch Chunk, Pa.; George H. Hall, 248 North Eleventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Emma S. Needles, 1802 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.; William H. Baker, 476 Ashland Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.; Edward H. Rollins, 190 Kosciusko Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; S. N. Bhedwar, Surrey, England; Edward L. Washer, Dunmore, Pa.; C. M. Howard, 244 Scribner Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. G. L. Tabor, 100 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York City; E. Loefler, Lodi, N. J.; A. B. Dodge, 430 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.; W. C. Koehnle, Ocala, Fla.; L. A. Greene, Little Falls, N. Y.; Nettie M. Bonney, Franklin, La.; E. B. Richardson, 155 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.; Arthur L. Keyes, Milford, N. H.; W. H. Beyerle, Goshen, Ind.; H. G. Phillips, 31 West Seventeenth Street, New York City; F. C. Spence, 946 Prospect Street, Cleveland, Ohio; Albert E. Warren, Rio Vista, Va.; W. P. Becher, Williamsport, Pa.; J. L. Sibben, Manistee, Mich.; Otis W. Richardson, 155 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.; Samuel Walton, 182 Steuben Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; E. M. Wiley, Knoxville, Tenn.; Thomas R. Hartley, Fifth and Shady avenues, Pittsburg, Pa.; G. A. Brandt, 631 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C.; H. H. Buhm, Jr., Eureka, Cal.; T. S. Rush, Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.; Rev. S. O. Royal, Urbana, Ohio; C. H. Clark, 613 Delevan Street, Kansas City, Mo.; John Leshure, 13 Maple Street, Springfield, Mass.; E. W. Newcomb, 256 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City; John T. Reid, 77 West Eighty-seventh Street, New York City; Charles L. Galbraith, 269 North Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon; H. S. Dorothy, Skowhegan, Me.; Miss Cornelia J. Needles, 1501 Green Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Henry Newcomb, West Medford, Mass.; Miss E. A. Austen, Rosebank, N. Y.; G. P. D. Townsend, Colorado Springs, Col.; E. A. Hudson, Tama, Iowa; William R. A. Wilson, Williams-town, Mass.; L. C. Harner, Boone, Iowa; A. E. Warren, Rio Vista, Va.; Miss Mary B. Martin, 276 West Seventy-third Street, New York City; E. M. Harter, Toledo, Ohio; John Brown, 1222 Market Street, Wheeling, W. Va.; F. B. Stebbins, Adrian, Mich.; W. S. Bonney, Bristol, Conn.; Louis B. Hays, South Highland Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.; Elizabeth B. Strong, New Brunswick, N. J.; N. K. Howe, Newburyport, Mass.; Frederick L. Smith, 369 Macon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Herman W. Nash, Pueblo, Col.; Gertie M. Rockwood, 4124 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; E. R. Jackson, 1379 Eighth Avenue, Oakland, Cal.

The editorial contribution from Mr. S. D. Robbins, of Vicksburg, Miss., which is unavoidably crowded out of the present issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, will appear next week.

THE question of governmental assumption of the telegraph has received much attention of late, mainly because of the advocacy of a partial movement in this direction by Postmaster-General Wanamaker. In view of the importance of the question, there has not been as thorough a discussion of it as should perhaps have prevailed. Some months ago we elicited the opinion of prominent business men, and among those who contributed a strong article in its behalf was Mr. F. B. Thurber, the well-known head of the food-product house of Thurber, Whyland & Co., whose thoughts, from a practical business point of view, are entitled to the highest consideration. Casting about for an equally prominent business man who might perhaps have views on the other side, we asked some authorities in the Western Union office who would be best adapted to express an opinion. A prompt response was had in the suggestion that Mr. Erastus Wiman was perhaps the best qualified to discuss this question, both from his prominence as a publicist and thinking man, as also from the enormous use which his firm, R. G. Dun & Co., the Mercantile Agency, make of the telegraph facilities of the country. Accordingly, Mr. Wiman, at our request, has written an article, which, on behalf of the independence of the telegraph, is perhaps as strong a statement as can be made. It will be the leading editorial contribution in the number of this paper following the next.

THE CAUSE OF REPUBLICAN DEFEAT.

THE defeat experienced by the Republican party and the victory gained by the Democratic party in the late Congressional election, giving to the latter the absolute control of the Fifty-second Congress, are, considering the character, composition, and antecedents of these respective organizations, and what each has heretofore stood for in the public mind, proper subjects for thought and study by men of all shades of political opinion. Ordinarily the failure or success of one party to elect its candidates to office, Congressional or otherwise, has but little interest or significance for any except the victorious or defeated candidates themselves. Happily for the peace and orderly pro-

ceeding of the country, the rule of the majority, honestly obtained and properly made known under the regulations prescribed by law, is readily accepted and acquiesced in by good men of all parties; for all understand that this is a fundamental condition of the continued existence of free institutions. Sectional factions may rise and sectional factions may fall, but woe to the land when the nation as a whole shall turn its back upon this majority principle, and when the American people can no longer confide in the purity of the ballot-box, and cease to yield ready obedience to the legitimate decisions of the majority. It is not the present purpose, however, to discuss here the general question of majority rule or the philosophy of our free institutions, but to consider and learn, if we may, such lessons of wisdom as the late election may be fitted to teach.

The first thought suggested by it is the moral and political independence of the people. No more striking example of this is to be found in the political history of the country than is furnished by this late election. It speaks to us of the instability of party power, and the inability of party machinery to control the people's choice. The lesson that it is fitted to teach is that parties are the servants of the people, and that the people are free to admonish, rebuke, or dismiss them at pleasure, whenever, in their judgment, they may have become unworthy or inefficient. The present election may not be taken as a final dismissal of the Republican party, but as a sharp reprimand and warning to which it will do well to take heed, lest it should be followed by a further chastisement and a deeper humiliation than that already inflicted. The Republican party is recognized as an old servant, and has been in many respects a very useful one, but it is now reminded that old servants are apt to be filled with an undue sense of their importance, and to think that their masters have a greater need of them than they have of their masters. It therefore may be well for the Republican party, now and then, to have some such striking example of the power and independence of the people as was manifested in the late election, to keep it in the line of its duty.

The severity of the chastisement in this instance is magnified when we consider the high place held in the confidence and affection of the people by the party rebuked. None had ever had a better chance of receiving continued approval and retention in power. It had embraced the opportunity afforded by the nation's hour of peril to prevent the dismemberment of the country, to abolish slavery, and to wash out in blood the foulest stain that ever disgraced the nation. Its illustrious record is known by every school-boy, and its patriotism is a part of the nation's history. Yet here, with a suddenness almost unexampled, it is hurled from power and its place given to a party hitherto supposed to represent entirely opposite views and opinions. There has been no such sudden and emphatic transference of political power from one party to another since that of fifty years ago. Like the Republican party now, the Democratic party had then been the favorite for many years. General Jackson had invested its name with his own heroic qualities, and for a time it seemed invincible; but the prestige of Jackson could not save the party under Mr. Van Buren, and it went down under a storm of popular enthusiasm. This was, however, due not so much to hostility to Mr. Van Buren as to admiration for his rival. Men supported General Harrison, therefore, without a why or a wherefore. The political campaign that bore him to power was one of "brass bands," "hard cider," "log cabins," "coon skins," and song-singing. It was a period of sights and sounds, when men's eyes and ears and appetites were appealed to rather than their brains. Women in those days were seldom seen at political meetings.

As the country grows older its elections become more thoughtful and decorous. The merits of men and of parties are more closely investigated and more severely judged. It has therefore become increasingly important that parties be led by conscientious men, by men of noble sentiments and sound convictions. The American people have never had any permanent use for mere tricksters and pretenders, and less now than ever. Candidates and parties are expected to live up to their professions, and not to say one thing in their platforms and do the opposite thing, or do nothing at all, when they get into power. Various causes have been assigned for the startling and overwhelming defeat of the Republican party, and more is said of this defeat than of the Democratic victory. Following this tendency in the discussion, and attaching more importance to what has been lost than to what has been won, the remarks here offered will more concern the friends of the Republican party than those of the Democratic party.

In accounting for the defeat, many causes are assigned. It is said that the tariff caused it; that the failure to enforce the civil service laws caused it; that partiality for wealthy corporations caused it; that the ruling of Speaker Reed caused it; that it was brought about by the disposition of the people to change their rulers, and that these causes, it is contended, are, together with the coldness and indifference born of the disappointment felt by office-seekers who failed to get office under the new Administration, amply sufficient to explain the defeat in question. Admitting that there is truth in these explanations, they do not appear to tell the whole truth, nor indeed the most important truth. Neither of the reasons given, nor all of them combined, are quite sufficient to explain why there has been this great falling away from the Republican party.

While it cannot be doubted that the anti-protection and free-trade idea has made much progress during the last few years, and that it exerted some influence in the late election, it cannot be made to explain this crushing defeat of the Republican party. For the Democrats have made their most remarkable gains in States hitherto most favorably disposed toward protection. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, both by interest and tradition, are strong protection States. Then, as to the civil service! Who would change his vote from the Republican party to the Democratic party in the honest purpose of purifying the civil service or of rescuing it from party rule? The motto of that party is, "To the victor belong the spoils!" and it has practiced what it preached. When did the Democratic party exhibit more respect for the civil-service laws than did the Republican party? As to the ruling of Speaker Reed, judging from his triumphant election and his power on the stump, where he was everywhere accorded ovations, he brought more votes to the party than were

driven from it. His ruling brought strength rather than weakness to the Republican party.

But it is said that the Republican respect for the moneyed institutions of the country brought on this disaster, and in answer it may well enough be shown that the Democratic party is not less wanting in respect for such institutions than their opponents. Contempt for riches is not a vice or a virtue of either party. The prosperity of the country is alike the object of both parties. Some weight may be given to the argument based upon the natural disposition of the people to change their rulers simply for the sake of change, but this can operate powerfully only where there is no grand principle involved in an election on which the people are divided, and when one party is thought to be about as good as the other, or when the differences between them are so slight that it matters very little which shall prevail.

In determining the cause of failure or success of a party regard must be had, not only to the external obstacles it has to encounter, but to its internal power of resistance. Weakness within is added to strength to what opposes without. Soundness at the centre is essential to soundness at the circumference. The measure of the one is the measure of the other. A party, like an army, must have some one grand, vital, animating, and all-absorbing object or idea, some central principle of its life to which all other considerations are subordinate, and to this it must be true and steadfast in every emergency if it would hold its members firmly in its ranks. Its cohesive power resides in its integrity, zeal, and consistency. It cannot afford to play fast and loose, or in any way compromise with opponents by seeking some middle ground of similarity and diminishing the distance between it and the opposing party. Like the church in Revelations, it must either be hot or cold. If it is neither the one nor the other, it will be repudiated by earnest men on both sides. The Republican party started into being with justice, liberty, and humanity as its vital and animating spirit. The conscience of the country clustered about it and made it. It included all men, of whatever race or color, within its beneficent range, and excluded none. In this spirit it stood for the Union against secession and rebellion. In this spirit, at the close of the war, it stood for reconstruction of the States and the unification of the nation on the basis of equal rights for all of the nation, and it was never stronger than when maintaining this central idea.

It is said that the Lodge bill and the Blair Educational bill were the cause of the stampede from the party in the late election. On the contrary, it would be much easier to show that the timid and halting support given to those great measures by the party in power was the cause of its defeat. The American people love and admire a manly adherence to principle; a brave avowal of the logical conclusions from just premises, rather than a timid and shrinking apology for them. The Republican party appears to shirk advantage in a square fight. The spirit that made the negro a voter should have supported the Lodge bill, intended to protect the negro in the exercise of the franchise, and the same spirit should have animated the party in support of the still more important Blair Educational bill. Splitting hairs about the Constitution and local self-government never looked well in the mouth of anybody, much less in the mouths of Republicans. They found Constitutional warrant for saving the Union and reconstructing the States on the basis of justice, liberty, and equal rights, against all clamor of that kind, and they might have found equal support in the Constitution for the Lodge bill and the Education bill.

Even a bad cause, when honestly and openly supported, stands some chance of gaining respect. How much more a good cause. Mr. Calhoun, standing up for the right to enslave, buy, sell, and whip negroes, commanded a certain measure of respect for himself, if not for his opinions. He was at least consistent. He was none of your milk-and-water, lukewarm, neither-hot-nor-cold men, trying to win support by conceding away his premises and denying the logical conclusions from them. The Republican party has never fully recovered from the disastrous attitude it assumed fourteen years ago under the well-intended leadership of President Rutherford B. Hayes. By the policy then adopted, justice was sacrificed to peace, honor to expediency, and courage to cowardice. Its Southern friends were deserted and its Southern enemies courted, inviting disgust and indignation in the one, contempt and ridicule in the other, yet utterly failing in securing the conciliation sought.

Since then earnest men in the party have endeavored to recover the high ground lost by this damning departure from political rectitude and party fidelity. The earnest exposure by Senator William E. Chandler of the fraud and violence by which the elective franchise has been overthrown and the Constitution violated fell upon the ear of the party without producing any sensible effect. The fair elections bill, so ably advocated by Mr. Cabot Lodge, and the Educational bill, earnestly and persistently pressed by Senator Blair, both measures in the line of the objects professedly sought by the Republican party, failed of successful support, and both were set aside in furtherance of a purely economical measure. These are the things which weakened the hold which the Republican party once had on the conscience of the country, and invited the punishment which has now fallen upon it. Had the speakers in the last Republican canvass been able to point to the adoption of the Blair Educational bill and the Lodge bill in fulfillment of the solemn pledges of the platform adopted at Chicago, the result in the late election might have been different.

The success of the Republican party does not depend mainly upon its economical theories. Its strength lies in another direction. Its appeal is to the conscience of the nation, and its success is to be sought and found in firm adhesion and fidelity to the humane and progressive ideas of liberty and humanity which called it into being. It cannot cope with the Democratic party by descending to the Democratic level. It must not abandon its Southern friends to conciliate its Southern enemies, or hope to rise to power over the bridge of broken promises and repudiated pledges. Over the gateway of its platform it promised to purify the ballot-box, and the question that history will put to it will be: "Why did you not do it?"

Frederick Douglass

THE "SUBSIDY" SCARE - CROW.

THE Canadian Government, having given an enormous subsidy to the building of its transcontinental railroad, is now being entreated to help a proposed cable line to Australia via Canada, and no doubt will lend a willing ear to the proposal. It is paying a subsidy of \$25,000 per annum to the Furness Company for running a monthly line of steamers from Canada to England, and, it is said, stands ready to give \$500,000 to a line about to be established to run from the vicinity of Halifax to the nearest point on the English coast, and which proposes to make the journey in less than five days, possibly in less than four and a half.

The purpose of this, of course, is to take the cream of the passenger trade from the ports of the United States, and particularly from New York. This laudable enterprise, which the Dominion Government, with sterling common sense, stands ready to promote with its funds, appears to have the approval of the Canadian people; but the moment the United States Government suggests the feasibility of offering a bonus to South American or other steamship lines, the cry of "Subsidy" is immediately raised by demagogues, and has thus far proved effective in blocking the extension of our commerce.

It is hoped that this senseless cry will no longer be listened to by Congress. It is a burning shame, for instance, that the mail service between the United States and the flourishing Republic of Brazil is restricted to one steamer per month, and that letters missing this infrequent mail to South American ports must go by the roundabout way of England. We have suffered this humiliation too long. South America offers extraordinary inducements for the development of our trade. This can only be brought about by the establishment of ready means of communication by Government aid.

We trust that the Frye shipping bills will be passed at the approaching short session of Congress. Let us have more business and less politics in legislation.

THE COMING REFORM.

THE saloon-keepers of various States having organized aggressive and protective associations, and having successfully engaged in politics, particularly in the cities, the clergymen have finally decided to take a hand in the discussion and control of public affairs. The clergymen of New York City were particularly interested in the cause of the Municipal League; in Wisconsin, the clergy were arrayed on both sides of the school question this fall, and in the recent school contest in Boston the preachers were a prominent factor. Evidently, there is a developing interest in politics on the part of clergymen generally.

At the recent annual meeting of the Baptist Congress in New Haven, municipal government was one of the most important topics discussed. The Rev. Francis Bellamy, of Boston, declared that popular government is not a failure, even in cities. He opposed the appointing of non-partisan commissions, and said that the true idea of government was to place the responsibility of conducting the offices upon responsible men, whereas political rings and trained office-seekers too often manage municipalities for the spoils. He laid the blame for this condition of affairs upon the stay-at-homes, who had grown disgusted with the methods of government that contained all sorts of schemes to divide responsibility. Mr. Bellamy believed that cities should control all means of gas supply and public transit, and appropriate the dividends which are now turned into the treasuries of private concerns.

Colonel A. S. Bacon, of New York, in continuing the discussion, said that the trouble with municipal government lay in the fact that people are naturally bad. Fully twenty per cent. of the voters of New York do not speak English, and 75,000 would be disfranchised if they were required to furnish evidence of the ownership of property valued at \$250. He believed that the greatest safety in municipalities lay in allowing only holders of property to vote in municipal elections, and in entirely divorcing municipal from State and National elections. He opposed Mr. Bellamy's suggestion in favor of a single-headed government, and said "the interest of the people would be better cared for by commissions chosen by the tax-payers."

Colonel Bacon had the better of the argument. The time will come, possibly within a few years, when we shall see the judgment of Governor Tilden's famous city commission fully carried out. It will be remembered that this commission favored partial restriction of the suffrage in cities to tax-payers. Demagogues made so much of the suggestion, and denounced it so severely as an attempt to restrict the suffrage of the poor man, that the report of the commission was promptly smothered. In this age of independent thought and independent voting, there is an opportunity for a popular leader to revive the report of the Tilden commission and to present it anew to the people. The time is ripe, and the opportunity is at hand. Where is the public leader who dares attempt to lead?

HOPEFUL FOR HIGH LICENSE.

THE United States Supreme Court, through Justice Field, has rendered a decision of great interest to the friends of temperance. The Police Commissioners of San Francisco refused to license a retail liquor dealer, on the ground that his place was of bad repute. He was arrested for selling without a license, and pleaded that the law had no more business to interfere with the right of a citizen to drink than it had with his right to eat. The case was carried to the United States Supreme Court, and Judge Field decides strongly in favor of the municipality's control over the saloon business.

Judge Field holds that, as the use of liquor as a beverage in excess results very often in injury to others besides the offending party, and becomes a social evil, therefore the sale of liquors in this way has been considered at all times the subject of legislative control. "For that matter," he adds, "their sale by the glass may be absolutely prohibited. It is a question of public expediency and public morality, and not of Federal law. There is no inherent right of a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail; it is not a privilege of a citizen of a State, or of a citizen of the United States. In the prohibition or regulation of the

traffic, discretion may be vested in the officers to decide to whom to grant and to whom to refuse liquor licenses."

This is a vindication of the High License law, and demonstrates on the authority of the highest court that license fees may be legally made prohibitory. In view of the fact that the Supreme Court has thus far failed to confirm the right of a State by direct legislation to prohibit the liquor traffic, we trust that the friends of prohibition will now do what they should have done long ago, namely, use the high license movement for the prompt and complete accomplishment of their purpose.

If the energies which have been wasted in the vain effort to secure prohibition through the action of a third political party had been devoted to the accomplishment of prohibition through the natural processes of high license, the cause of temperance would have been much further advanced throughout the country than it is to-day. But there are none so blind as those who will not see.

TELL THE TRUTH.

THE free-trade press resents the imputation that the financial depression in Wall Street was a legitimate outcome of Democratic success. It is possible that the Republican defeat may have had something to do with the loss of confidence in Wall Street, but every one knows that other circumstances, some of them dating some time back, exerted the controlling influence in this matter.

It is as unjust to charge the Democratic victory with the responsibility for Wall Street depression as it was unjust and untrue to charge the recent advance in the prices of some domestic commodities to the passage of the McKinley bill. Every one knows that the rise in prices was the legitimate outcome of short crops, diminished production, or an increased demand, and that there was not the shadow of justice in charging the McKinley bill with the responsibility for it.

Some of the Democratic papers, and particularly the trade journals that favor freer trade, have been honest enough to say as much.

The day has gone by when partisanship excuses falsification. Tell the truth!

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It is a little amusing just now to read the English and French newspapers. They hail with great satisfaction the victory of the Democracy in the United States in the late elections, and express entire confidence in the belief that the McKinley bill will be immediately abolished. The London *Times* promptly nominates Mr. Cleveland for the Presidency, seeming to regard his election as the logical outcome of the Democratic triumph. Of course, every English free-trader will approve this nomination. It would be the highest ingratitude on the part of the believers in free-trade abroad to refuse their sanction of so appropriate a suggestion.

THE suggestion of the *Troy Budget* that the Hon. Edward Murphy of that city, the Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee of this State, is fairly entitled to the honor of the Senatorship if Mr. Evarts's successor is to be a Democrat, recalls the fact that for many years Mr. Murphy has been the leading active, working, and organizing head of what is known as "the Country Democracy" of this State. Furthermore, he has been one of the trusted advisers of the city Democracy, including both factions in New York. We doubt if Mr. Murphy will seek the Senatorship, but we are not surprised that his name is prominently mentioned in connection with the office.

THE anxiety of Mr. Cleveland's friends to have Governor Hill accept senatorial honors is simply amusing. It does not deceive any one. The Charlotte (North Carolina) *Daily News*, a prominent and influential Democratic newspaper, says that "if New York is to have a Democratic Senator, let it be Cleveland and not Hill." It prefers that Hill should be reserved as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1892. It says: "Cleveland has failed, and is a dead lion." One of the most striking results of Governor Hill's successful leadership of his party in this State is the change that has come over Southern newspapers which have hitherto seemed to be irrevocably committed to the re-nomination of Cleveland.

A CIRCULAR recently issued from the headquarters of the regular army in the Department of California read as follows: "Officers serving on a court-martial are instructed that nothing but the providence of God, an order from higher authority, or an imperative order from a commander on the spot to meet an emergency, justifies a member from absenting himself from the court." The War Department at Washington found it impossible to ascertain what higher authority than the providence of God existed, and the circular was filed alongside another issued by the late General Thomas during the Rebellion, which was equally faulty in punctuation, particularly in its closing sentence, which read: "May God preserve the Union of the State, by order of the Secretary of War." Evidently some of the officers of the army are exempt from civil-service examination.

THE discontent of the masses abroad, evidenced by the popular uprising of workmen, not only in England, but also in Germany, France, and Austria, has stirred up the workmen in Belgium to make a demand for universal suffrage. Mr. Gladstone, who has championed the working masses in England, and who has said that many of the difficulties of the times have arisen from the attitude of the classes in antagonism to the masses, is at least partly committed to the eight-hour movement. Corporations and employers are forming strong combinations in England to combat the growing strength of the trades unions, and special interest was recently manifested in an address delivered in London by Mr. David Dudley Field, the eminent lawyer of this State, on "The Functions of the State." Mr. Field believed that there was nothing comparable to co-operation as a reconciler of the conflict between capital and labor. He utterly opposed the socialistic theories, which, he declared, are disturbing and menacing society, and said that they would never be generally accepted; that the State was not bound to provide work for the people, or to furnish them with bread, clothes, houses or land.

Notwithstanding Mr. Field's declaration, the German Government has taken a long stride in the direction of a paternal government by pensioning workmen, and the Home Rule movement in Ireland seeks to provide land for distressed tenants and save them from the terrors of eviction for non-payment of rent. There is no country in the world where the working masses are more prosperous and contented than in the United States. This is one of the silent tributes to a protective tariff.

ALBANY, N. Y., has a society which every city in the Union should copy after. It is an organization for the systematic relief of the unfortunate. It supplies its members with tickets, which are given instead of cash to applicants for relief, and which direct them to the office of the society, where the worthiness of their claims is inquired into before assistance is given. The result of this systematic work has been to discourage frauds and impostors and to relieve genuine distress in every instance where it was disclosed. Great harm is done, particularly in large cities, by indiscriminate alms-giving. Municipalities find themselves unable to solve this problem, and it has naturally devolved upon private associations and philanthropic people. Wherever the experiment of systematic charity has been tried it has speedily demonstrated its entire practicability and great usefulness.

NEW ORLEANS has a flourishing Camera Club made up of amateur photographers, which has recently re-elected Mr. Horace Carpenter as president. The interest manifested throughout the country in the Amateur Photographic Contest of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is shown by the fact that at the recent annual meeting of the New Orleans club a resolution of thanks was adopted to Mr. Walter F. Crosby, of New York, for a copy of his beautiful picture entitled "Innocence," which was awarded the second prize in our contest, and it was further resolved that the picture be hung in a conspicuous place in the meeting-room as a shining example of amateur work. Mr. Crosby was elected a corresponding member of the club. The Amateur Photographic Contests have aroused extraordinary interest and accomplished much good in developing artistic talent.

THE Tobacco Growers and Cigar Manufacturers Union of Cuba recognizes the justice of the McKinley bill, and particularly of its reciprocity clause. This powerful organization has petitioned the Spanish Government to negotiate a reciprocity treaty between Cuba and the United States, and says it is not strange that the American Government should demand reciprocal concessions—that is, exemption from taxation for their flour, lard, machinery, hardware, and other articles, in return for the \$51,000,000 which the people of the United States pay for Cuban tobacco and sugar. The petition to the Spanish Government recites that, while the United States sells to Cuba only \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 worth of goods, it is fairly entitled to a market for over \$51,000,000 of its products, and that unless this market shall be opened to the United States, ruin, stagnation, and misery confront the Cuban tobacco trade.

THE customs officials of Canada have been ordered to collect duty on all sporting implements of American sportsmen who go to Canada for a day's shooting. This is entirely in keeping with the petty and annoying policy pursued by the Canadian Government in all its treatment of our people. Recently it has insisted on placing a tax on car-wheels occasionally taken across the line to replace others broken on American trucks, and for years its customs regulations have been so rigorous as to forbid American vessels crossing into Canadian waters on the border, even for the purpose of aiding shipwrecked seamen. While we have been generous and fair in the treatment of Canadians, opening our markets to their fish products and offering a safe refuge for their fishermen, they have deliberately invited a policy of retaliation, and have courted the hardships which the McKinley bill must place upon Canadian trade.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND is pushing his campaign for the next Presidency with a good deal of vigor. His speech at the recent Thurman banquet at Columbus, Ohio, was a pretty distinct declaration of his purpose to insist upon his leadership in the work of tariff reform. It was quite natural that Congressman Springer should follow the remarks of the ex-President with an address placing him distinctively in the field for the Presidential nomination. It is said that when he declared that in the great contest of 1892 the Democrats need not go beyond the banquet-hall for a leader, "the audience went wild with enthusiasm, and, mounting the chairs, the banqueters cheered lustily the sentiments of the Illinois Congressman." This nomination was made, it is said, at 2:30 o'clock in the morning. It may be that at that hour Mr. Springer had become somewhat foggy and erratic, and there may be doubt that he knew what he was about in voicing the sentiments of the crowd as to the next Democratic Presidential nomination.

A GREAT deal of credit was awarded by many of the best horse fanciers, at the great horse show in this city, to Dr. Webb and Mr. Bloodgood, as well as to Mr. Henry Fairfax, of Oak Hill Stock Farm, Leesburg, Va., for the interest they manifested in bringing to this country such splendid specimens of the famous hackney. Those who saw Matchless, bred by Mr. W. S. Broughs, of Yorkshire, now the property of Mr. Henry Fairfax, of the Oak Hill Stock Farm, were not surprised that he was awarded the first prize for hackney stallions of the champion class. The entry deserved the blue ribbon. It was not his first victory. Commencing as a foal in 1884, he has been the constant recipient of honors wherever he has been exhibited in competitive displays. He received the highest award at the International Exhibition at Brussels in 1888, and was first in a very strong class at the Royal Agricultural show at Nottingham. In America he has been equally successful. He is as fine a specimen of the perfect stallion as any horse show has ever seen—bred of the best blood, and revealing size, power, appearance, and action in perfection. The Oak Hill Stock Farm of Mr. Henry Fairfax has many splendid specimens, but Matchless carries off its highest honors. He is worthy of the distinction that Mr. Burdett-Couts conferred upon him when he declared that he was "the best stallion that ever left England."

LAUNCHING OF THE "MAINE."

THE new armored cruiser *Maine*, which was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard on the 18th inst., has already been described in our columns. This being the first heavily-armored cruiser ever built in the Government yard, the launch attracted more than ordinary attention, and the crowd in attendance included representatives of not only naval, but military and civic circles as well. The event was probably the most brilliant in the later history of the navy.

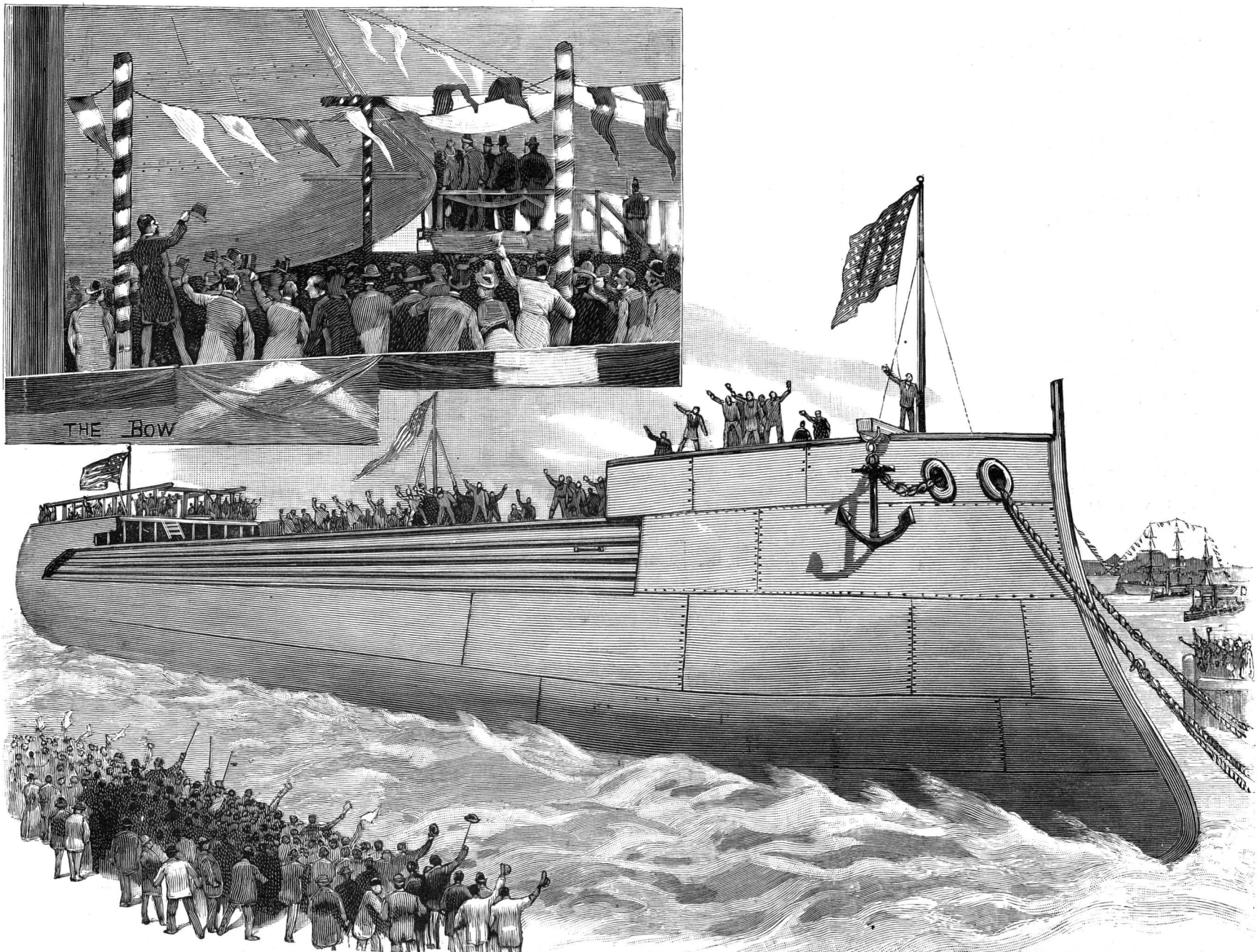
The *Maine*, which is 310 feet long with an extreme breadth of 57 feet, is belted by armor 12 inches thick, and will carry 30 guns—two twelve-inch guns in the turrets mounted to give a fore-and-aft fire, and six six-inch guns behind protective shields; four 6-pounders, four 3-pounders, and four 47mm. revolving cannon in the secondary battery on the main deck; two Gatlings and two 37mm. revolving cannon on the bridge; two 1-pounders on the flying-bridge, and two Gatlings and two 37mm. revolving cannon in the tops of the military masts to repel boarders and resist attacks from torpedo-boats. The *Maine* will be a flag-ship.



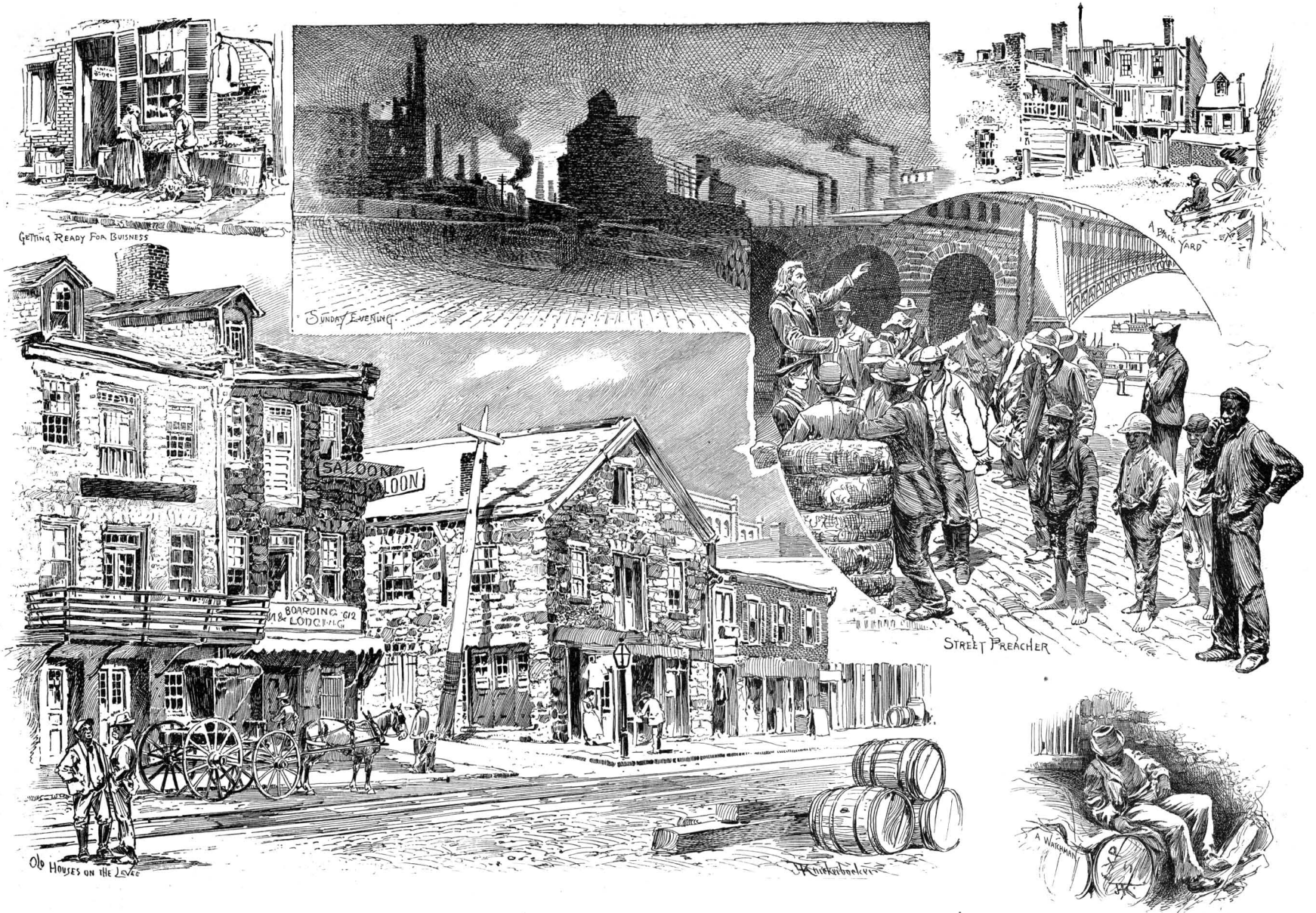
TWO ROSEBUDS FROM THE GARDEN SPOT OF KENTUCKY.—MISS AMELIA PIERSON AND MISS VEVIE FORSYTHE.—[SEE PAGE 307.]



GENERAL P. J. JOUBERT, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.—[SEE PAGE 307.]



THE NEW NAVY.—LAUNCH OF THE ARMORED CRUISER "MAINE," AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, NOVEMBER 18TH.—DRAWN BY C. UPHAM.



SUNDAY SKETCHES ON THE LEVEE IN ST. LOUIS.—DRAWN BY J. KNICKERBOCKER.—[SEE PAGE 307.]



HOW PLATO ATE HIS 'POSSUM.—"HIS JAW FELL, AND AS HIS TONGUE DROPPED OUT, HE LIFTED HIS GREASY HANDS."

DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.—[SEE PAGE 306.]

BELLS RING NEVER TWICE THE SAME.

Do not think that yonder bell,
Hung responsive in the tower,
Minds not whether funeral knell
Or a happy marriage hour
It shall next with peal proclaim—
Bells ring never twice the same.

Never twice the same bud blows,
Though the plant may blossom oft;
When the wind dies no one knows
If it sinks or soars aloft—
Or if yet the new breeze may
Be the breath of yesterday.

Yonder grow the apple-trees,
One blooms pink and one blooms white;
There in May the honey-bees
Hum a chorus of delight;
But no bees one sees or hears
On the blossoms of past years.

And when youth departs, none dream
They can find it; yet they go
Searching up and down the stream.
By the paths they used to know,
Through the meadow, up the hill—
Their lost youth evades them still.

Breezes come to greet each day,
Bells ring glad and mournful strains,
Apple-trees bloom still in May—
Only this sad fact remains:
Our lost youth, its flowers, its chimes,
Were the sweets of other times.

MARY A. MASON.

HOW PLATO ATE HIS 'POSSUM.

BY HARDEMAN BINFORD.



DOWN in Tennessee—in a log hut in the middle of an old clay field, long abandoned to gullies, sassafras, sumach, briars, and towering broomsedge—lived Uncle Plato and his little brindle bench-legged fice, Trip. Uncle Plato had been "head man" on his old master's plantation, and, faithful and true, had worked on in his old place, never wishing other freedom than he had always known, or dreaming of a happier home than his log hut, with its roof of clap-boards, its puncheon floor, and chimney built of sticks and daubed with red clay.

When his old master died he bequeathed to "the man Plato and his heirs forever" the cabin and the forty-acre sedge-field around it. Then Plato shook off care, and

was happy as a king. True, the land was poor and barren, with clumps of sassafras and persimmon in loving embrace, while the bright scarlet cones of the flaming sumach glowed deep in the gold of the waving, glinting broomsedge. But, in the summer, there were berries; and, in his neighbors' fields, roasting-ears to spare; while goobers, watermelons, and long, red "nigger-killers" grew bountifully in his own little patch. Then, later, came Jack Frost, touching the persimmons into luscious sweetness. Rabbits scurried wantonly through the broomsedge, and the 'possums grew fat and tender. So Uncle Plato was rarely hungry, and never sighed that neither wife nor pickaninny helped to roast his chestnuts or pile on the pine logs at Christmas-tide. He had Trip; and, now that his "ole mars" and "ole mis" slept in the churchyard, he was dead to all human ties.

Thanksgiving Day was near at hand. In the adjacent forest the maple leaves had fallen in showers of crimson and gold; the walnuts and scalybarks, chestnuts and chinapins had yielded their largess, and the dreamy, purple haze of Indian summer spread its seductive glamour over the myriad-tinted landscape. The pompous turkey-cocks in neighboring barn-yards gobbled ominously, with the premonition that their sacrificial hour was imminent, and that soon the music of their struttings and gobblings would echo in the land no more forever.

Trip heard them, and was disquieted within himself. Uncle Plato called him to his side:

"Nebber you min', Trip! Dey may talk 'bout dare tukkeys en dare iyster stuffin', dare poun'-cake en dare shampin' wyne, but me'n you knos er trick wuff two o' dat. Gim'me er good fat 'possum, wid plenty o' sweet taters en ash-cake walloped in de graby, en 'simmon beer to wash 'em down, en dey may keep dare tukkeys en dare iysters, dare shampin' en dare poun'-cake. Jes' you wait tel hit's dark, Trip, en we'll take our aix en go to de 'simmon-trees in de big woods en git tukkey nuff for enny nigger in Tinnyssee."

Trip sniffed the air, and quivered and whined and wagged his tail, and understood it all. Poised on his haunches, with ears pricked and an eye half open, he nodded and blinked in the corner, and, with Uncle Plato, waited for darkness and the eldritch laugh of the owl.

When Uncle Plato rose up from his shuck-bottom chair, shook the ashes from his cob-pipe, yawned, stretched himself, and took his sack from under the bed and his axe from behind the door, Trip bayed vehemently, capered and cut fantastic antics; for, like a true hunter, he winded the game afar off.

"Shet up yo' racket, Trip," said Uncle Plato, as he fastened the wooden peg in the door. "Doan you be too ipectation-like. Hit ain't alluz de barkines' dawg dat trees de mos' varmints. You jes sabe yo' bref tel you smell de 'possum."

Thus admonished, Trip subsided into serious delight, and,

dropping at Uncle Plato's heels, trotted behind him toward the big woods, where 'possums and persimmons most abounded.

"Dis am de berry night fur er 'possum hunt," mused Uncle Plato, as the little procession threaded the path through the briars and broomsedge; "er still, lonesum night in de dark o' de moon. Sum niggers mus' hab moonlight, en sum niggers mus' hab pine-torch, but dem niggers ain't got de sperrit, en dey'll nebber do no good no sort o' night. What's de good uv er nigger wid de white o' he's eye, ef he can't ketch er 'possum in de dark o' de moon?"

As they neared the woods, Trip, who had been stepping upon and butting against his companion's heels, in his eagerness to get to the hunting-ground, gave a sudden spring into the high sedge, and with several frantic bounds reached the fence, and, scuffling over, began a wild rustle in the leaves.

"Umph! I thought dat wer' er ebil what lipt er pas' me so suddent! Dat's de mos' peartes' en de mos' eagersum puppy I ebber see in all my day," said Uncle Plato, climbing upon the fence, where he sat listening in glowing expectancy for tidings from Trip.

"Dat puppy's done had nuff time to git to dem 'simmon trees. Dey ain't nuffin dare. Sum nigger's ben foolin' roun' dare to-night tryin' to ketch 'im er Tanksgibin 'possum, en skeer'd 'em off. De niggers is gettin' too numersum, eberlastin' tormentin' de 'possums in dis range, enny how, sens ole mars' ben ded. De fust ting dey knos, I'se gwine to lay fur 'em: en, ef I does lay fur 'em, dare won't be no mo' 'possums tuk out'n dese woods, 'cep' by me'n Trip, sho fire! Dare's dat puppy now! Whoopee! speak to 'im, Trip. Whoopee! talk to 'm, littel man. Oh, my Trip! He's er 'possum puppy, evy inch uv 'im.—de mos' s'archines' littel ramler ebber pace in dese leabs. Oh, my puppy! Speak to 'im, ole man—whoopee!"

As the first note of Trip's baying greeted Uncle Plato's ear he bounded from the fence and went wildly tearing and crashing through the darkness and the woods like an infuriate mastodon in a primeval forest, uttering incoherent grunts and ejaculations of praise and encouragement.

In an open area of several acres, dotted with persimmon-trees, Trip had treed his quarry and, hugging the tree, stood fixedly gazing upward, and, running the gamut of squeaks, screeches, and grunts backward and forward, bayed with the fury of a little demon.

Uncle Plato rushed up, grabbed him in his arms, and saluted him with fondest endearments. Then, circling round and round the tree—stooping, bending, and peering into its branches—finally exclaimed:

"Dat 'possum's done fool dis puppy. Dare ain't no 'possum up dare. Trip, you done tole er lie. Begone fum heah!"

But Trip stood firmer, hugged the tree harder, and bayed fiercer. Uncle Plato again begun revolving round the tree, when he abruptly halted, squatted down, leaned to the right, then to the left, then backward, then forward.

"Ah, now I zarns 'im—way up in de top on yan side, on de lim' what pints to de Lonesum Mount'n. Umph! he ain' no bigger'n er fopunce wuff o' soap a'ter er hard day's washin'. De ole 'possum mus' er kyard 'im up dare en hung 'im by de tail on dat lim' en lef' 'im. I doan' put no sech in my sack. Be shame, Trip! Next ting you'll be treenin' er seed-tick up er rag-weed. Shet up yo' racket en come 'way dis minnit, ur I'll stomp you inter de groun'!"

Realizing the ignominy of his achievement, Trip slunk away from the tree. Then Uncle Plato spread his sack on the ground, and, stretching himself upon it, meditated:

"It 'pears like dare ain't no Tanksgibin 'possum to be had. De niggers's jes harrass'd de 'possums roun' heah tel de ole uns doan come out'n dare dens tel jes fo' day, when de tukkey 'gins to gobble; den dey comes out, gits er bait, en goes back fo' light. It ain't no use ramlin' roun' heah no mo' to-night. Now, de mos' bigges' 'possums what grows is on yan side de ridge, 'long de 'Possum Trot Branch, whar de haw bushes bounds. Oh, dem he 'possums ober dare's tremenjibus, wid dare black legs en black backs en ball 'faces; en dey's fiters, too! Dey nebber comes ober heah, 'cep'n' de berries is all gone; den dey comes en robs de roos'. De niggers roun' heah's afeer'd to go a'ter dem 'possums, kase dare's alluz sperrits en ebils 'bout haw-trees, en dey's powerful frens uv de black-legg'd 'possums, too. Now, I ain't er keerin' so parloous much 'bout hants when I'se got my kunjur bag roun' my neck, en has plenty uv 'fidity en gyarelek 'bout my pussun, ez I has to-night. But I's kiner jubous 'bout de Jack-o'-Lantuns what libs on de sides uv de ridge. How-sumeber, dey's not so bad 'cep'n' hit's rainy, forgy nights; den dey leads er nigger er dance, sho nuff. Now, I shouldn't min' er step uv fo' ur five miles ober to de haw bushes to git one uv dem big black he 'possums fur Tanksgibin. What you say, Trip; dey's oodles uv 'em ober dare?"

Trip expressed his joy at the chance to redeem himself by wallowing over his master, and quickly they were up and away across the ridge, leaving the baby 'possum suspended by its little tail high on the swinging limb, sole monarch of the range.

After divers ups and downs the hunters reached the haw thicket over the ridge, without molestation from ghost or goblin. Trip soon redeemed and established himself forever in his master's heart by chasing into his den, in the hollow root of an immense gum-tree, a monster black-legged 'possum. When Uncle Plato came up Trip was prancing and "cutting up high jinks." He chuckled all over:

"What's you kavortin' en doin' dese tantrums fur?"

He picked him up by the nape of his neck and chucked him into the hole, where the 'possum was fiercely growling, with the command, "Fetch 'im out, Trip!"

Then began a battle, with a concatenation of sounds never surpassed. It soon became too hot for Trip, and he flitted out, tail foremost, like a spirit escaped from purgatory. Uncle Plato dashed him in again, and he resumed the combat with fiendish vigor. Again and again he was driven out; again and again he renewed the attack. Seeing him so terribly overmatched and punished, Uncle Plato grew "hoppin' mad," and concluded to "jine dis heah shindy myself." Cutting a hickory pole, he exclaimed:

"Golly! dat's de mos' fitenes' puppy en de mos' savages' 'possum I ebber see yit! Sakes er live! didn't dat puppy torment dat 'possum? By de jumpin' ingoes! he's er honey cooler."

He punched and twisted and worried the 'possum, who growled and fought, and bit the pole to shreds. Failing to "git er twis' on 'im," he decided to "chop 'im out," and, cutting a hole large enough to get in himself, seized him by the tail and threw him out.

Realizing that he was outside his lair and at the mercy of his captors, the 'possum curled himself and, showing his horrid fangs, laughed as innocently as a sucking dove. Uncle Plato stood over him and marveled at his great age, immense size, and wondrous fatness.

"Dis heah 'possum am too dangersum to put in de bag en tote on my back. I tel yo', man, he'd ete my heart out'n me fo' I got to de top o' de ridge."

Cutting a hickory pole, he split the end, slipped the 'possum's tail into the split, threw the pole across his shoulder, with the 'possum dangling at the end, and, picking up his sack and axe, after looking carefully at the north star to get his direction, he and Trip wended their way home. Entering his hut, he turned a large iron pot upside down and chucked the 'possum under it.

The next morning—Thanksgiving Day—Uncle Plato rose with a suppressed sense of elation and a sniffing of pleasantness to come. He took the 'possum from under the pot, laid it on the floor, placed the axe-handle across its neck, stepped upon it, with a foot on either side the neck, seized the 'possum's tail, and, straightening up, pulled lustily until its neck was broken. He then dressed and laid it in the oven, encircled it with the reddest, plumpest "nigger-killers," and started it to baking. He made up the corn-cake and covered it in the ashes. Soon the cabin was filled with the savory odor, and the spirits of Uncle Plato rose with delightful anticipations. He set out the rickety pine table and spread on it a white linen cloth, a gift from his "ole mistis," and one of his cherished heir-looms: then he took down the blue-rimmed crockery from the cupboard in the corner, and filled the broken-mouth pitcher with persimmon beer. When all was done he stood off, his head to one side and his arms akimbo, and contemplated these festal preparations with solemn satisfaction.

Trip begged plaintively, but Uncle Plato gave him a cuff and bade him:

"Go long off, en habe yo' sef qualityfied, en doan come hank-erin' roun' aforetime, like po' white trash."

The ash-cake was browning now, the 'possum had taken on a rich russet hue, the gravy simmered and sputtered, and Uncle Plato, feeling that there was little else the gods could bestow, sat down with a contented sigh on his bed.

"Now, Trip, de table am sot, de ash-cake am brown, en de 'possum en de taters is gettin' mighty juicy en powerful tender, en de feas' am all-but ready. I's hearn tel dat, ef er body hab sumpin' extry enticin', ef dey jes' lays down en goes to sleep er lookin' at it en er smellin' uv it, dey'll dream uv eatin' it sho; en it'll do 'em jes' ez much good ez ef dey done ete it sho' nuff. Den dey gits up en etes it regler; so dey gits de satisfaction *two times*, doan you see, Trip? Now, dat 'possum hain't jes' atogedder tender nuff, nor yit quite ez juicy ez hit mout be—hit's mighty nigh, but not quite—en I'm er leetle jubous 'bout dem taters, too. Now I'll tuh ober heah en shet my eye fur er minnit, en you, too, Trip, en we'll dream 'bout dat 'possum en dem taters en de graby en de ash-cake en de beer, en den we'll git up en ete 'em up sho nuff."

So saying, Uncle Plato stretched himself on the bed, Trip stretched himself on the hearth, and both were soon in the realm where visions of good things are sometimes, but not always, realized.

By and by, as they snored away, there was a tap, the latch was gently raised, the door pushed ajar, and Mingo pushed his head in.

"Heh, Brudder Plato! Whar dat nigger? I'll be boun' he's heah—he ain't er gwine off fum home on Tanksgibin! What's dat I smell? Doan I smell 'possum? Yes, I smell 'possum! en I smell taters, too! Dat nigger's ben habin' 'possum en taters, en nebber said nary word to er brudder member."

Allured by the inviting odor, Mingo noiselessly pushed open the door and stole in, to discover Uncle Plato and Trip deeply wrapped in slumber.

"Umph! dat wer er scurby trick in Brudder Plato—er layin' out all he's fine chany war', en er whole pitcher uv beer, en er 'possum big ez er shoat, en taters, en ash-cake to spar', en er sneakin' off to festivate all by he's lone sef, when he had frens en brudder members, leas' ways *one*, clost at han' to help 'im be tankful en silybrate de momental 'cashum. Dat nigger's sleepin' like er log! I'll jes' put mysef on de *outside* uv dese tings, en fix 'im so he won't nebber kno' but he done et 'em he's own sef."

Mingo eased himself into a chair and carefully lifted the lid from the oven, where the 'possum and the potatoes lay in all their tempting richness. His last qualm of conscience died out as the odor ascended his nostrils. He took the 'possum, he took the ash-cake, he took the potatoes, he took the gravy, he took the beer, and when he paused to smack his lips there was nothing left but a pile of potato-peelings and 'possum-bones in the bottom of the oven. Mingo wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve and chuckled with inward satisfaction:

"Now I'll fix dat nigger so he won't nebber kno' no diffunce but what he done et dat 'possum he's sef."

For fear of waking his sleeping victim, Mingo slipped off his shoes. He dipped a potato-peeling into the remnant of gravy, deftly covered the oven, and stealthily approaching the bedside, thoroughly mopped the face and hands of the unconscious Plato, then picked up his shoes and tipped out. As he closed the door Trip began to growl. Uncle Plato started, sat up, rubbed his eyes, and muttered in a tone of deep disgust:

"Folks ben er foolin' dis nigger. I nebber dream 'bout no 'possum, nur no taters, nur *no nuffin*. I's gwine to git up en ete my 'possum, dat's what I's gwine to do."

He arose and went to the oven, covered just as he had left it. Trip stood erect and pleaded with eloquence for his share of the feast. Uncle Plato's crest swelled as he lifted the lid and peered into the oven.

Why did he start so? There must be some mistake! He put on his spectacles and bent lower. Yes; there were the bones, there were the peelings! Where was the 'possum? Where were the potatoes? Where was the ash-cake?

Uncle Plato stood transfixed; his eyes rolled up until only

the whites appeared; his jaw fell, and as his tongue dropped out he tasted the gravy the treacherous Mingo had smeared around his mouth. He lifted his hands; he looked at them—they were greasy. He raised them to his nose—the odor of 'possum was strong upon them. He gazed searchingly at Trip, then, kneeling low, peered again into the oven with its monument of peelings and bones. He went to the pitcher. The beer was gone, the pitcher was empty. He sat down on the bed-side and scratched his head. Again he tasted the gravy around his mouth and smacked his lips.

"Yes, dat mus' be 'possum grease! Hit *taste* like 'possum! Did I ete dat 'possum?"

He shook his head with mournful incredulity, frowned, and gazed hard at his hands, raised them to his nose, touched them to his tongue.

"Hit *smell* like 'possum grease. Hit *taste* like 'possum grease. Yes, dat's 'possum grease. I mus' er et dat possum."

He stood up, rubbed his hand round and round over his stomach, drawing deep respirations.

"I doan *feel* no 'possum; I ain't et no 'possum, nuther. I's mo' hungrier'n I's ben sens las' Chris'mas. I ain't et no 'possum, en dat's er fac'."

He took down from the shelf an old broken hand-glass, went to the door, and gazed at his face in its dim, cracked surface. Yes, there they were, all the furrows on his jaws, on his nose, around his mouth, around his chin, all filled and shining with grease. Once more he returned to the oven. Once more he peeped into the pitcher. Once more he scrutinized his hands.

"I *mus'* er et dat 'possum. Dat's 'possum grease on my han's. My face am all greased up des like er nigger what's ben er gittin' or big bait o' 'possum. Yes, I *mus'* er et dat 'possum." Again rubbing his hand over and over his stomach, and breathing deep: "But dis nigger'll be qualified dat, ef he done et dat 'possum, hit *lay mo' lighter*, en gin 'im less *satisfacshun* den enny 'possum ebber he et befo'."

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF NOVELTIES IN HATS AND JACKETS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied, or she will make purchases for them when their wishes are clearly specified.]

THERE are many novel points in the new fashions for autumn and winter, and the most salient is the cut of the skirts, which, even for walking, mostly touch the ground, and are so arranged that, though the material is generally in one piece, it falls on the straight in front and on the cross at the back. It is altogether impossible to lay down any iron-bound rule as to what materials and patterns are really worn, for in the hand of a skillful dressmaker almost any fabric may be rendered fashionable. Among the Paris models, prune and heliotrope shades prevail, and the Parisiennes still affect the styles of one garment placed over another, and of these there are many varieties.

Fur borderings for skirts are popular, though tiresome in walking. A skirt of brown cloth is edged with a band of beaver headed by a band of velvet, exhibiting very fine stripes in green and black. The jacket bodice is entirely composed of this striped velvet, and has a long, all-round basque. It is trimmed with red and gold galloon, the pattern open and lace-like.

Flat crowns and broad brims seem to be the main characteristics of winter hats. Brims are mostly very narrow behind, and widen out greatly toward the front, all the same whether they are plain, waved, or lightly turned up and bent into a peculiar



THE "PAUL JONES" HAT.

crease. Sometimes the most eccentric fancies are indulged, an example being given in the illustration of the "Paul Jones" hat, which is in black felt with three ostrich pompons on the crown. A pretty little "pancake" hat is covered smoothly with apple-green cloth, with a narrow, full edge of red velvet on the brim. A cluster of long black velvet loops drooping forward and black feather pompons are arranged at the back of the crown and upon the turned-up brim.

Fur is used most extensively on all the newest hats, and sable or mink tails make the prettiest garniture. It seems almost incongruous to combine fur and flowers, and yet such a trimming is frequently seen on one hat. The flowers are generally large roses with heavy foliage, or tiger-lilies, orchids, and iris in shaded velvet.

Some stylish cloth hats are studded on their crowns with little metal dots, called "nail heads," in steel, silver, gold, bronze, or jet. The taste for this nail work has, no doubt, suggested to dressmakers the idea of employing this style of ornamentation for

the gowns they make. Lately we have heard of *clouté* ornamentation. In these instances the metal nails are replaced by jet or crystal *cabocheus*, invisibly pierced at the sides with holes, so as to be sewn to the material in various geometrical devices.

It is frequently a puzzling matter to decide just what outdoor covering to buy, especially when there is such an unlimited and bewildering variety from which to select. In street-jackets, which by no means have been entirely discarded for the once familiar half-long coat, garnitures are unusually elaborate. A rich example is a jacket of mandarin-yellow cloth, braided all over in waves with fine black *soutache* and gold chain-stitching, so closely covered that merely a suggestion of the orange cloth is visible. The edges are bordered with Persian lamb, and the jacket is a most effective one. The price is seventy-five dollars.

Jackets of pearl-gray cloth are charmingly becoming to young ladies, and the handsomest have big fluffy collars of pretty mouflon fur. Others, less expensive, are edged with gray astrakhan, or are simply ornamented with heavy gray braid in two widths. A handsome loose jacket, with rolled collar of astrakhan and military cord across, is now much in fashion, and a very stylish half-fitting jacket of plain or ribbed cloth is edged all round with squirrel fur, and closes invisibly in front. ELLA STARR.

For much of the information contained in this article, thanks are due Deutsch & Co.

GENERAL P. J. JOUBERT.

THE life of General Joubert, the Vice-President of the South African Republic, whose portrait is given herewith, has been a remarkable one. Cape Colony, at the Cape of Good Hope, although originally settled by the Hollanders, was ceded to the English after the wars of the seventeenth century. The rule of the English was very unacceptable to their Dutch fellow-subjects, and some of these formed the Orange Free State, just north of Cape Colony. Others, later, traveled further north to the Transvaal. General Joubert was among the latter, and when, after the country had been settled, the wild beasts driven out, and the savages conquered, the diamond fields were discovered, the English put forward a claim to this remote region. This claim the Dutch colonists—called "Boers," the Holland word for farmer—resisted, and after several sanguinary battles they put the British Army to route at Majuba Hill with great slaughter, and secured their liberties. They look upon General Joubert as we do upon General Washington, and when he lately visited this country, partly for business and partly to arrange for an exhibition of South African productions at the Chicago World's Fair, he was naturally treated with great attention by his fellow-descendants from the same stock—the Knickerbockers of New York and its vicinity. The Holland Society gave him a dinner and arranged for his reception by the Chamber of Commerce and at the American Institute Fair. The president of the Holland Society, Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, ex-Minister to the Netherlands, gave him a reception at his residence, 57 Fifth Avenue, at which more than five hundred representatives of the old New York Dutch families were present.

HON. J. F. WILLETTS, OF KANSAS.

MR. J. F. WILLETTS, who was the gubernatorial candidate of the Farmers' Alliance and the Democracy of Kansas in the recent election, made a remarkable run, nearly overcoming a Republican majority of 80,000. He was born of Quaker parentage, in central Indiana, in 1833, and in early life worked as a carpenter and afterward as a tanner. When twenty-five years of age he moved to a farm in Jefferson County, Kansas, and when the granger movement was organized identified himself with it, being either overseer or lecturer for that organization for fifteen years. He was a member of the Kansas Legislature in 1871-73.

Mr. Willetts has been intimately identified with the agricultural interests of his county and State during his entire residence on its soil. He was one of the first to connect himself with the Alliance at its organization in his section of the State. He was chairman of the first State Central Committee of the new party, and served in that capacity until his nomination for Governor. It is now thought that he will be Mr. Ingalls's successor in the United States Senate.

THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE.

WE give on page 305 some suggestive sketches of Sunday scenes on the levee in St. Louis, Missouri. The street preacher is a familiar character in that city, and the audiences collected on the levee are not only cosmopolitan in their nature, but for the most part representatives of some of the worst elements of the population. The saloons, of course, offer them temptations on Sunday precisely as on other days, and the sidewalk venders lose no opportunity to drive a bargain. The illustrations furnish a vivid picture of some of the old and dilapidated houses on the levee.

THE GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MICHIGAN.

EDWIN B. WINANS, who has just been elected Governor of Michigan, was born at Avon, New York, May 16th, 1826. His parents removed to Michigan in 1834, and he was educated at Abion College in that State. He is a farmer, and was a member of the Michigan Legislature 1861-65. He was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention held at Lansing in 1867, and was Judge of Livingston County 1876-80. He served in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses.

A PAIR OF BLUE-GRASS ROSEBUDS.

MISS AMELIA PIERSON and Miss Vevie Forsythe—intimate friends and cousins—the former a brunette, the latter a blonde, are two of the fairest rosebuds to be found in the whole Blue-Grass garden. They come of old and widely connected families, and are acknowledged belles among the younger set of *débutantes*, uniting with physical loveliness rare mental qualities.

PERSONAL.

WHATEVER may be said of Miss Susan B. Anthony, she cannot at least be charged with vanity. She is now sitting to a Boston artist for her first portrait. There are few women equally conspicuous who have not sought to preserve their charms for an admiring posterity by the help of friendly art.

THERE is a possibility that United States Senator Vance, of North Carolina, may fail of a re-election, the Farmers' Alliance members of the Legislature being favorable to the election of L. L. Polk, president of that organization. The latter can be elected with the vote of the Republicans and the Alliance Democrats.

AMONG the illustrations on page 312 is one of a remarkable muskallonge caught in Chautauqua Lake, at Jamestown, N. Y., by Mr. A. M. Sherman. This fish measured four feet and five inches in length, and weighed forty-one and one-half pounds. Mr. Sherman may fairly claim to be the prize fisherman of that region.

ANOTHER representative of the Alexander family, which has been conspicuously identified with Princeton College from its beginning, has just bestowed a valuable gift upon that institution. The donor is Mrs. Harriet Crocker Alexander, the daughter of the late Charles Crocker, of California, the railroad millionaire, and the gift is a new alumni hall, which is expected to cost \$250,000. The new building will be the finest and best equipped building of its kind belonging to any college in the country.

THE farmers' movement in Nebraska seems to have swept like a wave of fire. Thus, in the Third Congressional District, Kerr, the Alliance candidate, a young farmer without money, beat both the Republican nominee, a wealthy banker, and the Democratic candidate, by 6,000. In other Western States equally remarkable results were produced by the independent movement. It is claimed, by the way, that the new party will control fifty-two votes in the next Congress on the three great party planks—land, money, and transportation.

THE religious journalism of the country has lost one of its ablest and most influential representatives in the death of Rev. Dr. Henry Martyn Dexter, for twenty-three years editor of *The Congregationalist*. Dr. Dexter was a man of fine scholarship, and had written largely upon historical and theological subjects, being as to the latter a high authority among Congregationalists. He was in full sympathy with the advanced political thought of the times, and his pen could always be depended upon for the right in every contest involving the principles of freedom and good government.

SENATOR INGALLS is not yet prepared to strike his flag. In a recent interview he said that he would go into the fight for re-election to the Senate if he had only three or four supporters, and added that inasmuch as he started with seventy votes in his favor, with only fourteen to get, he saw no reason why he should not in the end win the prize. We are always pleasantly affected by this sort of seraphic confidence, and it is to be hoped that the trust of the distinguished Senator will not prove to be unfounded.

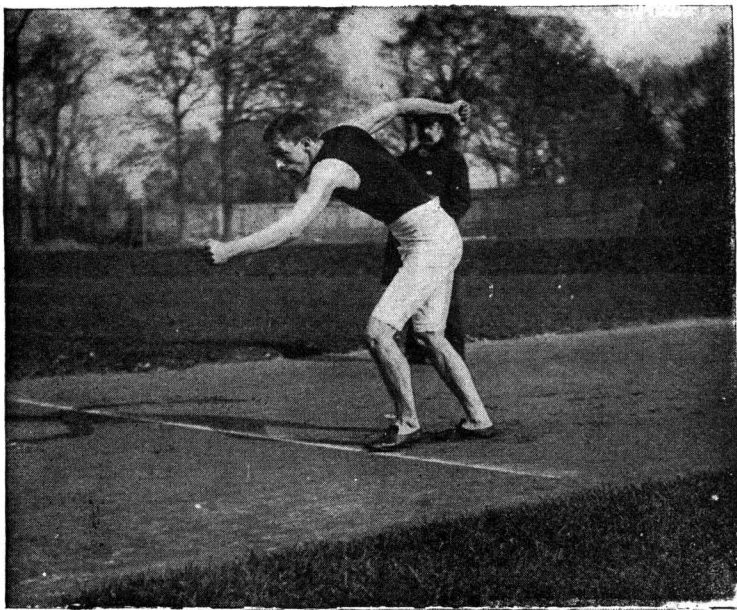
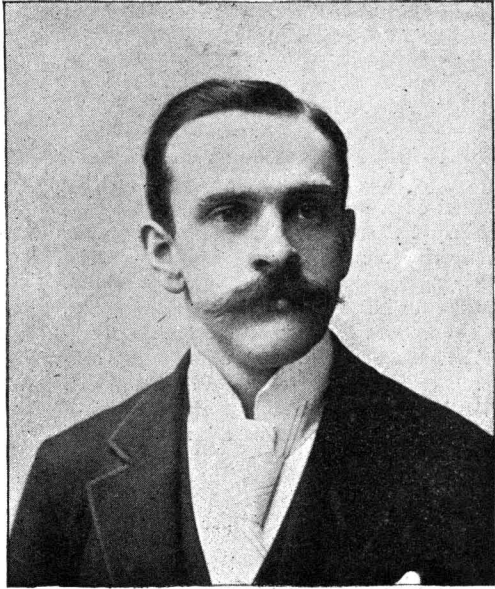
THE Belford Company will soon publish a volume of poems by Mrs. Belle Hunt Shortridge, the bright Texas woman who has recently entered the field of metropolitan literature. Mrs. Shortridge holds a high rank in the literary circles of Texas, and her contributions to the State press had made her known all through the Southwest long before she sought the broader sphere in which she is now hard at work. Her coming book will be entitled "Lone Star Lights," and it will be especially adapted to the holiday season. It will no doubt command a large sale.

THE Governor-elect of South Carolina has received the cold shoulder from the "four hundred" of Charleston. They object to him because, as they say, he wears unboiled shirts, dispenses with collars, and is, in other respects, somewhat lacking in picturesqueness of attire. His friends say that this is an exaggeration, and it probably is. The social leaders recently refused him an invitation to the grand ball of the South Carolina Club, and it is said that the Tillmanites propose to get even by passing a law forbidding the use of the State House by the club for future balls.

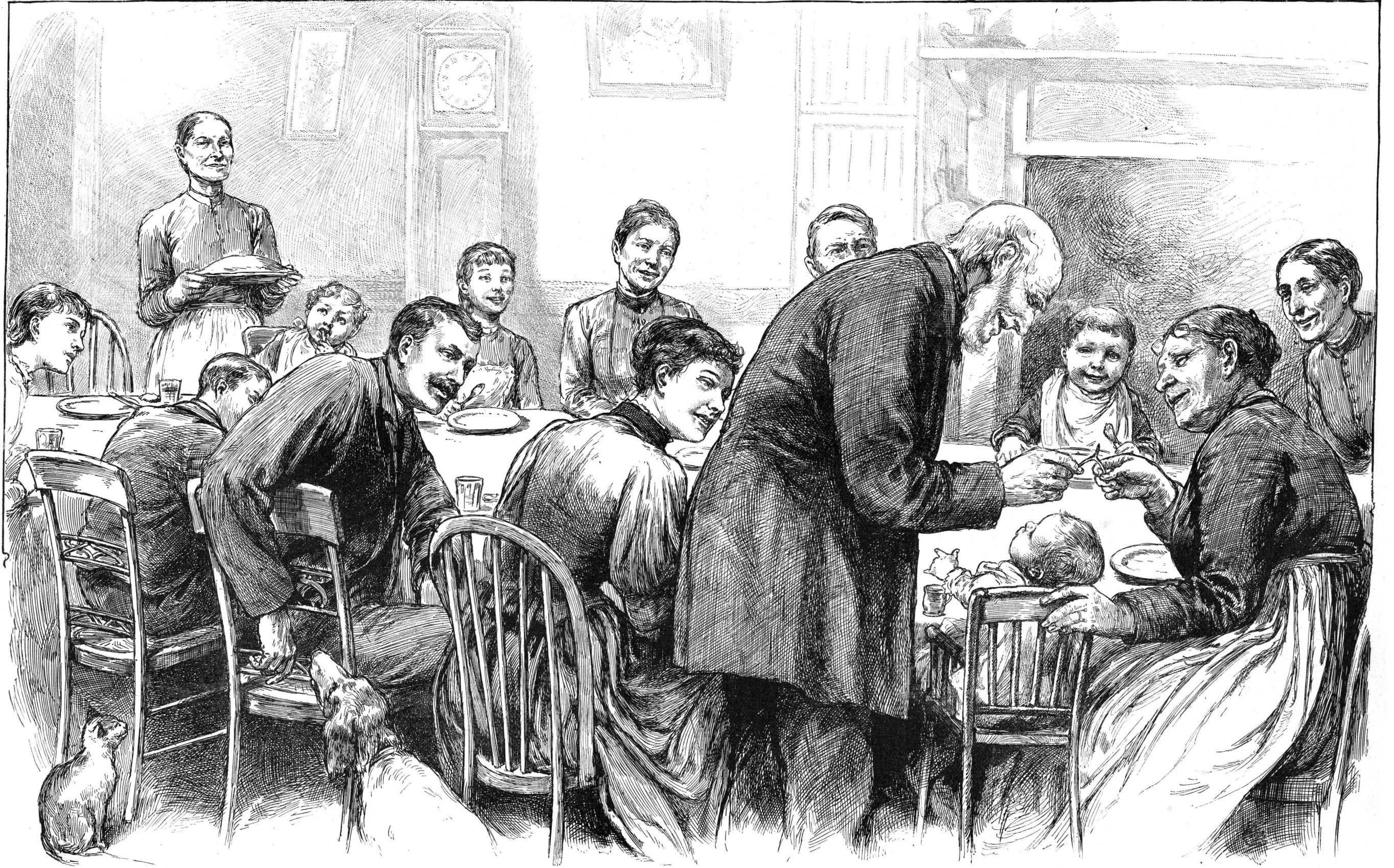
IN connection with the explorer Stanley's visit to the United States, a story is told of the discovery by him in the interior of Africa, of a beautiful, large, yellow lily, emitting a wonderfully delightful perfume. It is said that he presented a jar of the dried lilies to his bride-elect, Miss Tennant, and that an enterprising New York pharmacist has obtained some of the same variety of flower, from which he is making a new and rare perfume called "The Lily of the Nile." Thus the practical American mind hopes to extract lucre from the results of the daring explorer's work.

THE Episcopal Bishop of North Dakota, Rt. Rev. William D. Walker, believes in practical methods of evangelical work. There being in that State many small towns and settlements along its railroads which are without church privileges, he has had constructed a church on wheels, sixty feet long and ten feet wide, in which he proposes to carry the gospel to the people. The car contains a chancel, altar, lecturns, baptismal font, a bishop's chair, and a cabinet organ, has seats for seventy people, and it will, no doubt, serve a most useful purpose in the diocese of this enterprising bishop.

THE horse has divided with the dog the honor of being called "man's best friend." With equal truth he might be called the most abused of the faithful creatures that serve mankind. Lieutenant Henry J. Goldman, of the Fifth Cavalry, U. S. A., has for years been impressed with the belief, as a result of practical observation, that a reform in horse-shoeing should be had. He holds that there is the gravest carelessness in the treatment of horses' feet, and has finally, as the result of patient study, reached the conclusion that the old-fashioned horseshoe should be abandoned and one substituted that will support and strengthen the arch of the foot, much as a leather shoe maintains a human foot. Lieutenant Goldman's views have been submitted to a number of experts, who have cordially indorsed them, and steps have been taken for the manufacture of the new shoe, which is looked upon with special favor by cavalry officers of this and European countries. The lieutenant contributes an interesting illustrated work on the Horse's Foot to the September number of the *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association*.



1. COMING ON THE PATH. 2. LUTHER H. CARY. 3. "PEELING OFF." 4. WAITING FOR THE SIGNAL. 5. CARY AT THE FINISH OF THE 110 YARDS DASH AT BERKELEY OVAL. PHENOMENAL PERFORMANCES OF THE PRINCETON COLLEGE AMATEUR SPRINTER, LUTHER H. CARY.—FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 310.]



THE THANKSGIVING DINNER—PULLING THE WISH-BONE.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

EXPLORATION OF THE UNKNOWN ALSECK RIVER REGION.

III

THE village of Neska Ta Heen is the headquarters of the Gunena or Stick Indians. It is composed of a dozen houses, large and small, which in this country means accommodation for a great quantity of people, as several whole families reside in one house. At the time of our visit all the inhabitants were down river some sixty miles, at their fishing-camp on the Alseck, so, unfortunately, I was unable to examine the interior of their dwellings, which were all securely fastened up. They are built of heavy planks, hewed into shape with the native adze, the roofs either covered with rough, heavy shingles or thatched with hemlock bark. They are all fitted with a large opening in the centre of the roof as an escape for the smoke.

The village is situated near the head of an immense valley which stretches as far as the eye can reach to the eastward. The Alseck River sweeps through this in several small channels, lofty headlands loom up on all sides, dipping in graceful folds to the valley below, their snow-wrapped heights contrasting strongly with the warm-tinted verdure beneath. Thick forests of fir, spruce, and tamarack clothe the low-lying mountain slopes. Since we left Lake Arkell the country has been more broken up; the hills instead of lying in solid ranges are now divided into groups, which, standing far apart, shelter fresh, meadow-like valleys between them. The Neska Ta Heen valley produces a luxuriant growth of timber; forests stretch out over its surface, and the Alseck River, swollen to a rapid torrent by the innumerable streams which pour into it, sweeps across this valley in several channels cut in the gravel and sand. Even at this early stage of its development the river rushes along in a seven-knot current, boiling and tumbling in a disordered torrent over its rocky bed, giving one a faint idea of its force when given a larger volume of water and a narrow gorge in which to display it. Mountains on all sides shelter the valley from every wind; the mosquitoes take advantage of this fact and are a veritable pest. In fact, it is almost impossible to remain out of the house any length of time unless on the move; swarms of these vicious little insects attack you on all sides. The gayest spot in the village is certainly the cemetery; eight or nine gaudily-painted little pigeon-house looking places contained the charred remains of their dead. Our Indian friend Koonak Aek Saï disposed of all his skins and furs to

Our menu for the evening consisted of stewed bear, roast bear, bear's liver and bacon, and a cup of coffee; a meal which, although hardly delicate in construction, put us in real good spirits.

Our Indian friends are always busy at some little job or other, whittling fishing-poles, mending old moccasins, patching clothing, tinkering at fish-hooks, tying and untying their little packages of knick-knacks; but cooking and eating occupy a great deal of their time when they are furnished with materials which admit of these last-named operations. Their share of the bear, which was about three-quarters of the animal, came in very handy for this purpose. The old couple and the boys lessened their stock of the meat very considerably over the camp-fire that evening; some they toasted on sticks, other they baked in the ashes, while their two-gallon family tin contained an enormous stew—in fact, they had quite a varied "bill-of-fare."

Would-be travelers to this land must not be led away with the idea that roughing it and relying on the rifle for food is practicable here; it is not by any means. A man to enjoy sport in these parts must be amply provided with necessary clothing and food, and consider what he gets with his rifle as altogether supplementary; under these conditions he can have an enjoyable time; but by coming here simply relying on his rifle, sheer misery and hunger will drive him unceremoniously from his hunting-field.

On the day after bagging Bruin our trail led over stretches of country of various natures, through meadow lands, over the forest-clad arms which reach down from the lofty mountains to the westward, through belts of hemlock and tamarack forest, and passed amidst vast areas of large cotton-wood trees and delightful level stretches covered with a luxuriant growth of rich green grass and herbs of different hues and kinds. An intrusion on this pleasant scenery was an immense uneven patch of rugged granite rocks, extending for several miles, which we had to pass. This substance, which when manipulated in the hands of man forms the best roadway that can be made, when strewn indiscriminately over an already rough surface is most difficult and trying to the traveler.

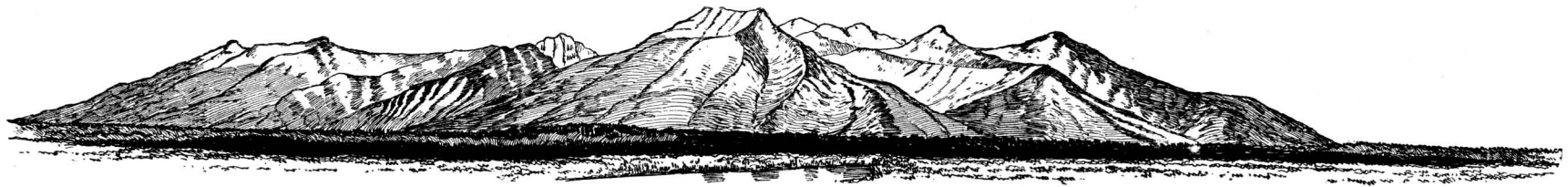
At one place the road led up to the brow of a hill from which we could see stretched out beneath us a magnificent panorama of the country, the valley extending for several miles in each direction. The Alseck River, dwarfed to a tiny thread beneath the shadow of these giant uplands, races over the ground sometimes in one channel, at others spreading its forces in several

rushing water you stand a great chance of being buffeted about among the rocks and being badly crippled before you can right yourself. The pack strapped to a man's back does not increase his agility or tend to fit him for any acrobatic display. To avoid these accidents we take the precaution of combining our forces by all holding one long pole and marching over in line abreast. In that way we keep each other from falling. If ever sufficient wealth is discovered in this country to warrant the construction of a railway, no better roads could be selected than the native trails, amidst the rugged mountains, marsh-land, and dense forests. A tolerably good path can be found by following the trails made by the Gunena Indians.

On the fourth day after leaving Neska Ta Heen we crossed a magnificent stretch of country. Early in the morning we crossed a glacial stream, and then ascending the steep banks of a mountain, we tramped along its backbone for several miles of level walking. As we left the high land, we gradually dropped from one level stretch of table land to another, the formation resembling a series of platforms, all clothed in the richest verdure. A few patches of forest dotted here and there amidst the vast area of meadow land; the rich green grass delicately tinted in streaks and patches with the varied colors of the wild flowers, among which were the wild sun-flower, violet, daisy, buttercup, cowslip, and innumerable other tiny herbs. In some places the ground was whitened with wild strawberry blossoms; a cool, clear stream flowed in a winding course over the surface of the valley. There can be no finer grazing land in the whole world; the pastures are composed of the very richest grasses, red top, blue top, buffalo, bunch-grass, and wild Timothy. The keen southern and northern winds are barred out from here by the barrier of mountains which rise in mighty walls around. In fact, save for the glistening white headlands in the distance, there is nothing to remind one that he is not enjoying the summer of some Southern climate.

We are still marching in company with our Indian friends. Theirs is a hard life, having to search in stream and forest for their daily subsistence. Poorly clad and sheltered at night, they tramp doggedly along over the trail.

Very early in life the Indian is brought to face the fate that is to dog him through life; the youngest boy, Goo Cheeny, although but little more than four years old, is compelled to walk and keep pace with his parents; two or three years hence he will be compelled to carry a load over the trail. They become old and



THE CASEMENT MOUNTAINS.

the Chilkat traders at Neska Ta Heen, receiving in exchange for his moose-hide, buck-skins, squirrels, minks and furs, blankets, cotton cloth, powder, shot and caps. The Gunena are bound by tribal covenant not to enter into direct communication with the white trader on the coast, the Chilkats being the acknowledged middlemen. Owing to this fact there were numbers of natives we eventually met who had never seen a white man before. This trade is of great importance and wealth to the Chilkats, as they are able to buy furs and skins at a very reasonable figure from the Gunena and sell at a big price to the coast trader. But few of the Gunena have ever seen the sea, and even those that have visited the coast are not permitted to sell their furs there.

We remained at Neska Ta Heen but a few days. There was nothing more to be gained here: all the inhabitants of the place, unfortunately, were away some sixty miles down stream salmon fishing, the only occupants of the one house which was left open being Chilkat traders. The drum of the village medicine-man



GUNENA DOCTOR'S DRUM.

was hanging in this hut, being a wooden frame two feet in diameter, and covered with shaved bear-skin, which was covered with grotesque designs. The owner of this instrument was away, and perhaps had left it as his representative in order to keep the little settlement free from evil spirits, a power which is always credited to these worthies. We left here at noon on the fourth day after our arrival, Koonak Aek Saï and family leaving at the same time, and had been marching perhaps four hours when the keen eyes of Tsook, the eldest boy, espied a bear quietly roaming along a hill-side about one mile to the right of our trail. Our small stock of provisions would not admit of our losing this chance. The bear was perhaps two thousand yards up the mountain-side, and about one and one-half miles distant, and was busily engaged searching for food, wandering here and there nibbling at some herb which took his fancy, and digging up with his great paws some tasty root. We succeeded in getting within sixty yards of him and fired. Dalton fired the first shot and hit him badly, but he was not dead. He came tearing through the bushes in our direction, and we bowled him over before he made many yards. He proved to be a fair-sized cinnamon with a very pretty skin. We had now a pleasant break in our bean-and-bacon diet, a man's appetite undergoes great development in this healthy climate, and the prospect of a good square meal is delightful. Before we had bagged Bruin our packs had been sufficiently weighty, but now we staggered along to camp thoroughly fagged after the hard tramp, and with the extra load of bear meat and skin; all were heartily glad to reach our stopping-place.

streams, winding here and there through patches of stony waste, to be lost for a time as it speeds away through the thick forests and emerges again hurrying and roaring in rapids, sparkling like diamonds as the bright noontide sun strikes the rippling water; then for a time to be absorbed in a small chain of lakes, and emerging once more and racing along as swiftly as ever. This vast area of level land is walled in by colossal uplands, their heights just peering through the snow, their rugged sides, creased and wrinkled, trending away to the valley beneath, from the base to the snow-line mantled in verdure of varied hue. This part of the country is thickly infested with mosquitoes, fierce, robust fellows from whom there is no escape.

We met a party of Chilkat Indians on the trail who had been down to the Gunena camp on the Alseck River, and were now homeward bound with the skins and furs which they had bought.

"Sitka Jack," a well-known Indian trader, who speaks fairly good English, was with the Chilkats. He helped us to engage an Indian to accompany us down the Alseck. But he at first tried to persuade us to return, as he had no confidence in our succeeding in reaching the sea. The Chilkats held quite a demonstration among themselves in expression of their disgust at our visiting the Stick Indian camp, but as their displeasure was confined to verbal effects, we paid no attention to it. Poor old Koonak Aek Saï came in for a goodly share of their abuse for acting as our pilot. He feigned great repentance for his transgression in their presence, but the feeling was only temporary, as his manner toward us remained unchanged.

It was not until we had agreed to pay an exorbitant sum that "Shank," the medicine-man, consented to furnish a canoe and continue the journey with us to the sea. We were very fortunate in obtaining the services of this man, as he proved an excellent sailor and guide.

The mountainous country through which we have passed since leaving Lake Arkell, I should judge to be from six to eight thousand feet in height.

We are now approaching scenery of a different character. Ahead of us to the south loom a range of lofty mountains buried in snow, which is part of the Coast range. For the last month the weather has been so temperate as to remind me of the climate of Madeira Island. We had clear blue sky all day, with just a few gauzy clouds hovering around the mountain tops. The sun is lost from view but a short time at this season of the year; although beneath the horizon, it casts in the heavens a bright red glare, which pencils in gold the rugged outlines of the mountain summits. The nights are very cold, and we are now continually crossing glacial streams which, although but a few yards wide, are dangerous to ford, owing to the large cobbles and rocks which the little torrents roll along their stony beds. Glacial streams rise in the day-time, their volume decreasing considerably during the night, whereas with ordinary lake and mountain streams just the reverse is the case. We have repeatedly been compelled to wait on the banks of these streams until the water had fallen sufficiently to admit of our passing over in safety. The experience is hardly of the pleasantest—a passage across a four-foot deep glacial stream the first thing in the morning. It rudely dispels any drowsiness that the traveler may have felt before the bath. If you are once thrown down by the

wrinkled at a very early age by hard knocks and exposure to the elements. When old Koonak Aek Saï laughs, his facial organs seem for a time absorbed amid the many wrinkles, and you can hardly judge the locality of his nose, eyes, and mouth till his face again resumes its ordinary composure. E. J. GLAVE.

LUTHER H. CARY, THE SPRINTER.

THIS has been a year of record-breaking. Horses and athletes have made new figures which each will find it difficult to lower.

When Owen broke the world's record at the championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Association, held at Washington in October last, it caused a great sensation in the athletic world. It will be remembered that Owen ran the 100 yards in 9½ seconds, and the subject of this sketch was only a foot behind him.

Luther H. Cary, whose doings on the cinder-path of late have attracted the attention of all interested in athletics, was born at Turner, in the State of Maine, twenty-three years ago. He is, as everybody knows, a student at Princeton, and belongs to the class of '93. His first race in public occurred at the Pullman games in Chicago about three years ago, and his first winning race was run in the same city at the games of the Young Men's Christian Association, when he won the 100 yards from the seven-yard mark in 10½ seconds. Later on he entered a school at Oberlin, Ohio, and ran in some games there. When he came East to enter Princeton College, he raised himself almost at once into the foremost ranks as a sprinter, contesting time and again with Sherrill, of Yale, for honors.

At the New York Athletic Club's midsummer games at Travers Island, Cary won the reward of his persistency by defeating Sherrill in the 100 yards, and breaking the world's record for the 110 yards, all in one race. It was in the 100 yards dash. Cary got away slightly in advance of Sherrill, but was soon passed by the latter, who led to the 50-yard mark; then Cary again forced himself to the front, and maintained that position to the finish; indeed, beyond the finish he still kept up his speed, passing the 110-yard mark in 11½ seconds, establishing a new record for that distance, the previous one being one-fifth of a second slower. Sherrill, it will be remembered, sprained a tendon in his left leg, and fell out among the spectators at the 90-yard mark. Cary had run a great race; he had beaten his adversary of Yale and broken a record. But Fate was kind to him that day, for later on in the same afternoon he won the 220 yards, and the 440 dash—three wins in one afternoon, and all from scratch, was another record he established, such a thing having never been accomplished before.

His recent performance at Princeton was startling if correct—too startling to be correct seems to be the opinion of a great many, while others affirm their belief in his having accomplished all that has been claimed; and when the fact is taken into consideration that four experienced timers held the watches on that occasion, and that three of the watches agreed exactly, there does seem to be some ground for the claim. The Record Committee has not allowed the record, but that proves nothing. Cary himself claims it, and in his recent attempt to lower the

figures for the 120 yards at Berkeley Oval he would not have the time taken at the 100-yard mark.

At the Madison Square Garden, on Saturday evening, November 1st, he again showed the remarkable quality of his sprinting powers when he equaled the best time for 75 yards three times within an hour.

Some description of Cary's method on the track may prove interesting. When the starter gives the word to "set," Cary stands erect, brings his left arm behind him across to his right side, his right arm across his breast, then slowly stooping a little, he steadily reverses the position until the left arm is extended straight in front and the right behind. He starts with a short "dab" with his left foot of 8 or 10 inches in length, then taking a step of about 2 feet 8 inches with his right foot, he gradually increases the stride, getting into full swing at about 20 or 22 yards from the start. When he gets into starting quicker, and is able to make his full strides at 12 or 15 yards, as do Lon Myers, Bethune, and other professional runners, any distance from 50 up to perhaps 125 yards will be at his mercy, for though he may stride quicker, as he undoubtedly does at the beginning of his run, still it takes more out of him. He has also very high knee action, acquired from practicing quick starting, and this is somewhat detrimental to his speed. In direct contrast to Sherrill, who ran low and straight forward, Cary keeps himself nearly erect, with his arms high above his breast, and deviates considerably from a straight line. His strides also vary very much, his right being in record races 6 feet 11½ inches, while his left is but 6 feet. This gives him the "galloping" appearance so noticeable in his running. It has been said of Cary that he runs very crooked-legged, and he undoubtedly does so somewhat, and so do all runners; even in Sherrill, one of the prettiest of sprinters, this peculiarity was noticeable to a close observer, though not nearly so much so as in Cary's case. Cary works very hard, as a glance at the illustration (reproduced from an instantaneous photograph) of the finish of a 110-yard trial at Berkeley Oval, where the world's record was equaled, will prove. Every muscle is evidently strained to the utmost, as they certainly are, for in short dashes, such as Cary excels in, there must be no relaxation in ever so slight a degree from the start to the finish. He stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighs, when in running condition, about 136 pounds. To any one who does not know him Cary appears a man in whom the mental rather than the physical element predominates. His nervous system is delicately organized; he is very easily excited, getting nervous and agitated should he hear any one talking near him at the starting-point. In manner he is most courteous and gentlemanly; obedient to his trainers, a diligent student at college, obliging and polite to all who come in contact with him.

He did not succeed in lowering any records in his trials at Berkeley Oval on November 5th, but he made several distances in record time. Cary declared to me on that occasion that he would make another attempt before long, when in more perfect condition, and he believed he should be more successful.

Without doubt, this young student of Princeton is a remarkable sprinter, and something further will yet be heard from him, for persistency and determination to succeed are the two most apparent features in his character. At Oberlin, Ohio, Cary says he repeatedly ran the 100 yards in 9½ seconds, when several experienced timers held the watches. He certainly is able to make remarkable spurts, but he cannot keep his speed for any great distance. If he could maintain the rate he attains from the 40 to the 80-yard mark, he would frequently be able to do the full 100 yards under the present record time. When he ran second to Owen at Washington, at the championship meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, had any one taken the time at the 50 or 75-yard mark, it would have been found that both made the distance under record time. Cary is very peculiar in training. He is not able to keep it up for any length of time, as his stomach soon weakens, and he is obliged to desist and give his system time to recuperate. I expect it will not be long before we hear from him again, with a record to his credit. The illustrations accompanying this article are from instantaneous photographs taken at some recent trials especially for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

THE MODERN LION-TAMER.

LION INTELLIGENCE AND HOW IT IS DIRECTED.

THE exhibition of lions by Professor Darling, during the progress of the spectacular play of "Nero," at Niblo's Theatre, in New York City, is far more remarkable and startling when reflected on and considered retrospectively, than when it is viewed for the first time from the auditorium of the theatre. A circular space occupying the greater part of the stage is surrounded by a tall and closely-barred iron fence, and into this the lions leisurely trot from their cage, along a well-fenced passage-way. There are four lions, all of them good-sized brutes, and varying in age from three to five years, which with a lion are pretty nearly years of discretion. A moment later Professor Darling opens the iron gates that have been closed by the attendant, and saunters into the arena as leisurely and unconcernedly as though he were keeping an appointment for breakfast, and not the lions' breakfast at that. He is accompanied by a large boar-hound, who frolics with the lions while the lion-tamer looks on, and subsequently participates in the display which the lions make of their jumping and driving accomplishments.

The lions make no warlike demonstrations whatever. The largest of them occasionally growls and shows his teeth, but for the most part they trot around the confined space and stand on pedestals while the dog jumps over them, and show all the good nature in the world. Darling is dressed usually in a black cloth sack and trousers, and the only thing about him: theatric or unusual is the long coachman's whip which he carries in his hand. The lions climb into statuesque positions; they mount bicycles and propel them, and drag chariots, to which they are harnessed, around the arena, and behave altogether like a lot of exceedingly well-trained dogs. In short, the exhibition offers the strongest possible contrast to the regulation lion-tamer and his lions. There is no circus costume for the man, there are no growls from the lions, there are no sensational shouts and yells, and there is no horror in the audience. In fact, there is no thrill in the performance from beginning to end, and, as I stated at the beginning, it is not until you begin to think it all over that your blood begins to run cold.

I saw Professor Darling the other day just as he was starting to call on his butcher about raw meat for the lions' daily dinners. He is a tall, spare man between thirty-five and forty years of age, with fair hair, blue eyes, refined features, and a tawny moustache. In fact, he has a German face of the best type. He said that he gave the lions about eight pounds of lean meat a day, and this was given to them at one meal. He gives the same amount to two smaller lions who are not yet two years old—a pair that he recently acquired, and is now training. This eight pounds of raw meat a day does not satisfy lion appetite, but is sufficient to keep them in health and strength. They do not eat meat that has been cooked. Professor Darling once tried cooked meat with a cage of leopards, but the animals took so unkindly to the altered menu that they died. What the capacity of a lion for raw meat really is, Professor Darling did not know; but he does know that they would eat it until they rolled over entirely helpless, in order to keep it away from any other lion in the vicinity. There is no exchange of courtesies between lions.

Professor Darling has been taming and training lions for a matter of sixteen years. During twelve of these years he was the picturesque lion-tamer that has been made familiar to us by circus performances and pictures in the children's books, and during four of these years he has been the very different kind of lion-tamer that I have attempted to indicate above. He was a veterinary surgeon originally, and from his earliest years took an interest in the study of the brute creation, and particularly of lions, tigers, leopards, and other wild animals. He traveled with his lions all over the world, meeting with some thrilling experiences inside the cage, the mere telling of which is almost enough to make one's hair stand on end. He has been mangled himself, although able always to turn the tables and get away without serious injuries. But after a number of years, during which he heard of tragedies in which other lion-tamers were victims, and after having himself witnessed one or two of them, he determined to institute a new order of things or get out of the business. The idea that came to him was to take the lions when very young and see if it were not possible to bring them up as domestic animals and to train them precisely as dogs and horses are trained.

Some six years ago the dealers in lions at Hamburg, who are the chief dealers in the world, and supply the menageries of England, Germany, and America, were more abundantly stocked than usual. They had twenty-six young lions on hand at one time. The lion-tamer went through this youthful and savage company and selected what appeared to him to be the best-tempered specimens. He arranged a special building for their training and instruction, and went to work. He was attempting something that had never been attempted before. The old lion-tamer in the cage was able to keep the lions under control because they were afraid of him, and they jumped over whips and through rings because these obstructions were put in their way and they were compelled to go through the performance. Darling's plan was, of course, to get at their intelligence, and, if possible, to educate them. The task was a discouraging one. He found that lions are naturally stupid. Their brains are small, and they grasp ideas only with the greatest difficulty. He found it necessary to present the simplest ideas and present them singly. As soon as the slightest complication of ideas is offered the lion immediately shuts off his intelligence, and nothing further can be done with him. The lion hates to be mastered, and if he is urged to do anything that is difficult, unless it has become easy from elaborate preparation, he rebels at once and recurs to his primal and ferocious nature. Darling persevered, however, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable nature of the material he undertook to manipulate, has finally succeeded in getting his lions to do things that would be remarkable in a dog or a horse, or any other animal that is known to be tractable and intelligent.

I asked Professor Darling what truth there was in the general theory that a lion can be kept in subjection by the mere power of the human eye. He said it was all nonsense. Lions, he averred, were held in subjection through fear. They are afraid of a human being. A lion born in the jungle stands in greater fear of man than a lion born and brought up in captivity, for the reason that to the captive lion the human figure becomes familiar, and the element of fear springing from a strange and unusual appearance does not operate. Darling turns his back on the lions in the arena without any hesitation, and the lions are just as well behaved when his back is turned on them as when he is looking at them. It is all right, however, he says, to keep your eye on a lion, just as it is entirely proper and necessary to keep your eye on any dangerous enemy or opponent, simply because you want to know what an antagonist proposes to do. He says, however, that there is nothing of the sneak about a lion at all. If he means to attack you he gives you fair notice. The other popular idea, that the taste of blood increases the ferocity of the lion, he says is founded in fact. It is pretty dangerous for a lion to bite you, even by accident.

I asked him, also, if it was usual among lion-tamers to cut the claws of lions or to pull their teeth. He said that the old-time lion-tamers used to cut their claws occasionally, but it was impossible to pull their teeth without breaking their jaws, as the teeth were so long and so strong and so firmly imbedded in the bone. He had never attempted to cut their claws, for the reason that lions did not like to be disturbed by manicuring, hated to be mastered, as already mentioned, and the effect of such a proceeding was to make them more ferocious than otherwise they would be. He said he had no doubt that lions occasionally suffered from toothache, because he had found decayed teeth in their cages that had dropped out of their jaws. But he had never known of lions undergoing dentistry of any kind, or any steps ever having been taken to preserve their teeth. As to their health, the measures he took were rather preventive than curative. They were subject to lung troubles, and did not usually live to be more than eight or nine years of age when in captivity. When at liberty they possibly lived to be twenty or twenty-five years old.

After Professor Darling had got his first batch of young lions tamed, he appeared at the Nouveau Cirque, at Paris, and his appearance with the lions made a sensation. Subsequently he went to London, and it was in London that he made the engagement for America.

THE CHARITY-DOLL EXHIBITION.



THE hope we entertained from the inception of the Charity-Doll Show scheme, that it might be an all-round blessing to everybody interested, seems likely to be fulfilled. The dressed dollies are returning every day, and with them come letters and messages expressing the pleasure they have already given to those who have fashioned their gay or dainty little garments.

The principal of "The Oaks" at Lakewood writes that fifty dolls have been equipped by the young ladies of that school, and adds: "Our girls have worked with much interest. Dolls' undergarments are hemstitched, others are trimmed with tating made from 120 cotton, and altogether they make a very respectable company. If they teach as much patience and neatness to the little children as to these loving girls, they will be genuine missionaries. It was certainly a bright idea to kill so many birds with one stone!"

A doll baby in an exquisite little robe of muslin and lace, with fluffy rosettes of pale pink ribbons, little pink socks, and ankle-strap slippers of soft pink kid, brought the following message:

"I hope the possessor of this doll will be a real sweet child, for even though the majority of dolls may be clad in more costly and elegant fashion, few will have their clothes so completely interwoven with childhood's memories as these are. They are a garland of baby dreams to me, and the work has afforded me the greatest pleasure."

Ten charity dolls in bright-colored little frocks of silk and woolen stuffs, with gay ribbons and a generally holiday air, have been returned from Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, Jr.

A charming young lady doll, in a natty bathing-dress, is accompanied by a complete outfit, which will be hung on the pegs inside the small bath-house which is to be built for the accommodation of the fair bather.

A big blonde doll, robed in yellow silk, has arrived from Ehrich Bros.' establishment. Her costume is perfect in detail, from the kid-buttoned boots to the yellow chrysanthemum in her hair, and she's "a thing of beauty."

Mrs. Evelyn Raymond, of Cornwall, N. Y., a favorite contributor to this paper, has probably set more stitches with her own fingers for the Charity-Doll Show than any woman in the land. Her dolls, forty-six in number, arrived in two packing-cases, which, on being opened, disclosed the master and pupils of an old-time "destrict" school-house. The pedagogue answers to the description—

"A man severe he was and stern to view,
And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

The "dunce," with his disgraceful peaked cap, the "truant," the "prig," "Deacon Small's twins," and a host of other typical youngsters are faithfully represented, and will be exhibited in their places inside the "little red school-house" which is in process of building. Mrs. Raymond says in her letter:

"I have given nearly a month of constant labor to the project, and have made 225 or 230 little garments, entirely unaided. Of course I have utilized the sewing-machine wherever it was possible to do so. The clothing of the girls is all made to take off. The old-fashioned 'pantalines' are merely basted on to the other garments. . . . I am very glad to be able to give this practical proof of my interest in your good work."

This group, arranged by Mrs. Raymond, will be a most interesting feature of the exhibition. It seems a pity to break it up for miscellaneous distribution, and it is to be hoped that some philanthropist who visits the show may be moved to purchase it, school-house and all, to present to some institution where it may become a permanent delight to the successive inmates.

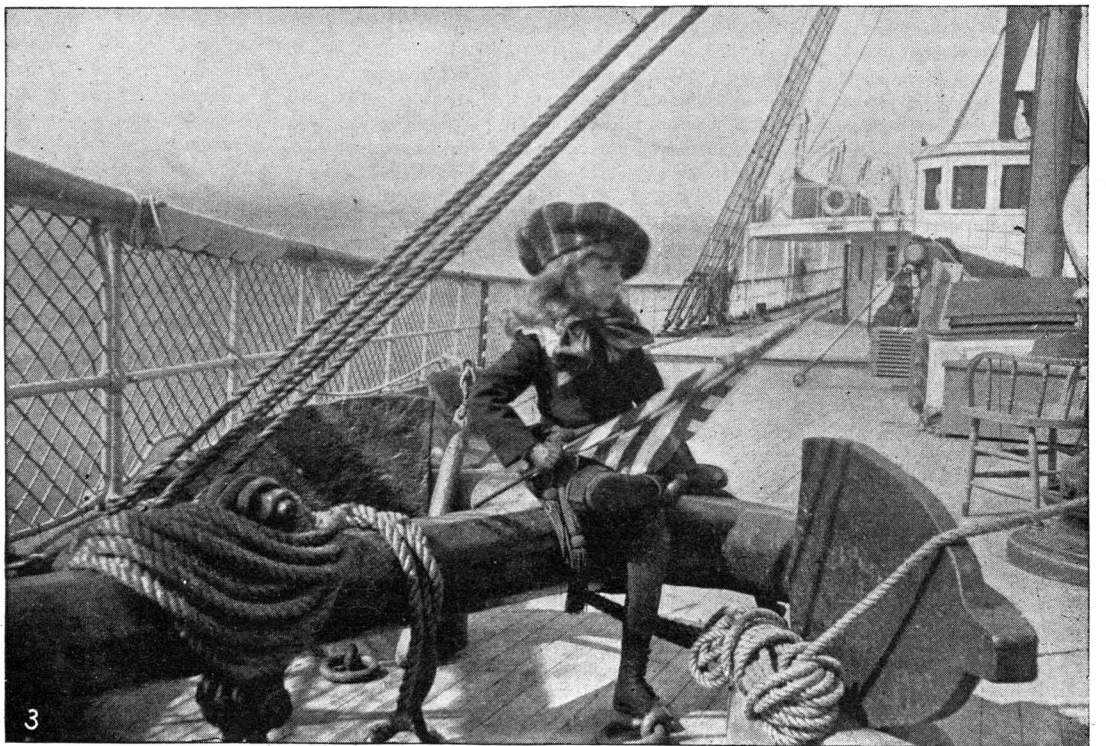
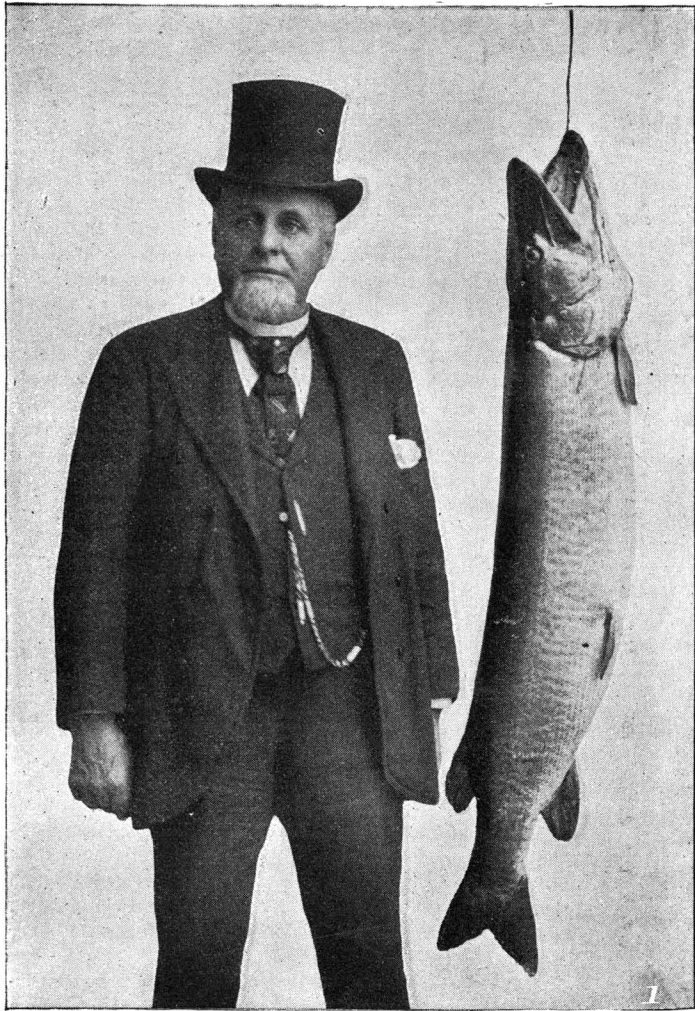
This plan is followed in disposing of the London *Truth* toys. None of the large dolls are given to individual infants, but become the property of a hospital or asylum, and are enjoyed by the children on a co-operative basis. The necessity of making such disposition here of at least three very large and magnificently-dressed dolls, is evident from the following:

"GREENVILLE, MISS.
"TO THE MANAGER OF THE CHARITY-DOLL SHOW:—We send you by express to-day three dolls which were dressed last Christmas for the benefit of an orphan's home. They were placed on exhibition for a time and became a trifle soiled, but we think they may be of some use to you in your charitable work. You will see that they were quite expensive, and have been dressed with great care. We feel a desire to add our mite to your work and so send them for what they may be worth.
"Yours truly,
Mrs. W. A. POLLOCK."

One day last week Miss Sadie Martinot called to select a large doll. She chose the twin of Mrs. Kendall's "Squire Kate," with auburn locks and deep blue eyes. It will be "pretty to observe," to borrow a phrase from the immortal Samuel Pepys, how far in this case fine clothes go toward making a fine doll. "Kate Verity" is the most demure, sweet, severe dollie imaginable. But we are ready to wager any number of charity dolls that her twin will return from Miss Martinot's fingers a Parisienne from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes, without even a faint family resemblance to her quondam counterpart.

A very attractive part of the programme for the Doll Show will be the appearance of the Boston Ladies' Orchestra. It is composed of half a hundred young amateurs of superior musical attainments. They have been in training for several years under the able leadership of Miss M. R. Sherman, and are now being rehearsed especially for their New York *début* by Professor Marlow. They will give a concert every evening during the show, and on one afternoon, by special request, in order that a number of professionals who desire to hear the Boston orchestra may be afforded an opportunity.

It is also probable that some other features especially devised for the pleasure of the little folks, such as "Marionettes," the ever-charming "Punch and Judy," and kindred joys may be added. And, taking one consideration with another, the fifteenth of December promises to usher in a great week for the children.



1. MUSKALLONGE WEIGHING FORTY-ONE AND ONE-HALF POUNDS, CAUGHT BY A. M. SHERMAN, IN CHAUTAUQUA LAKE: PHOTO BY MONROE, JAMESTOWN, N. Y. 2. FEEDING THE CHICKENS: PHOTO BY JOSEPH W. RALL, ST. LOUIS, MO. 3. ANCHORED: PHOTO BY REGINALD S. JAFFRAY, BROOKLYN, N. Y. 4. CHARGE UP GOFF'S HILL DURING SHAM FIGHT AT ATTLEBORO, MASS.—FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY: PHOTO BY G. F. CLARK, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

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

WALL STREET.

(Continued from page 324.)

alarmist, but I do not view with entire complacency the financial situation in the South and West. It looks to me as if things were strained, and as if there was danger (with money tight, as it is, in New York) of more or less trouble in these sections.

Another good result of the present situation will doubtless be a closer traffic agreement between the Western and Southwestern railway systems. Jay Gould, whose sources of information are perhaps the best that any man in the United States can have respecting stocks and bonds, calls the attention of New York and New England investors in railroad securities to the fact that under the loose methods now prevailing in the fixing of railway rates, as compared with the arrangement made under what is known as the "gentlemen's agreement," there is an annual decrease in the net earnings of Western and Southwestern systems of \$22,400,000. Mr. Gould thinks it is time to call a halt and reorganize a new association for the reconsideration of rates and the settlement of conflicting interests. I believe that he is entirely right, and that unless something is done in that direction, and done speedily, the stock market will suffer in the end even more severely than it has suffered of late by failures at home and abroad.

What possesses the New York Times to permit stock jobbers to get their bearish and bullish stories into its columns in the shape of news, I cannot understand. The other day it declared, almost in positive terms, that Mr. Gould was to become the president of the Union Pacific, and had obtained control of it. The very next day Mr. Gould denied the statement and repudi-

(Continued on page 314.)

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

HE DOESN'T TAKE MUCH MEDICINE AND ADVISES THE REPORTER NOT TO.

"HUMBUG? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why, the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

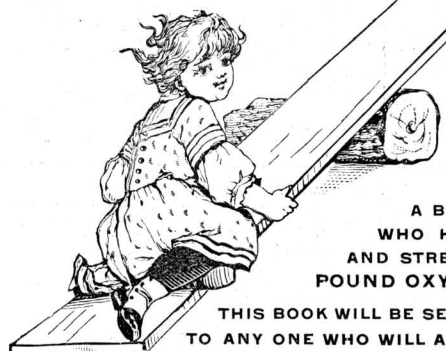
"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters, for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7th, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

UP AND DOWN.

THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY. UP IN HEALTH YESTERDAY—DOWN IN SICKNESS TO-DAY. THE POINT IS: KEEP UP! YOU CAN. OXYGEN WILL HELP YOU HERE. NOT THE AMOUNT OF IT WHICH YOU SHARE IN COMMON WITH EVERYBODY ELSE; BUT A SALUTARY EXCESS. THIS IS FOUND IN THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.



THIS POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY. WHEN IT IS INHALED THROUGH THE LUNGS IT SENDS A WARMING, REVITALIZING GLOW OVER THE SYSTEM. COLLAPSED AIR CELLS GRADUALLY OPEN TO RECEIVE IT, AND YOU BREATHE WITH BOTH LUNGS AS NATURE INTENDED. THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT FILLS THE SYSTEM WITH ROBUST VIGOR. WHAT CHANCE HAS DISEASE IF THAT IS TRUE?

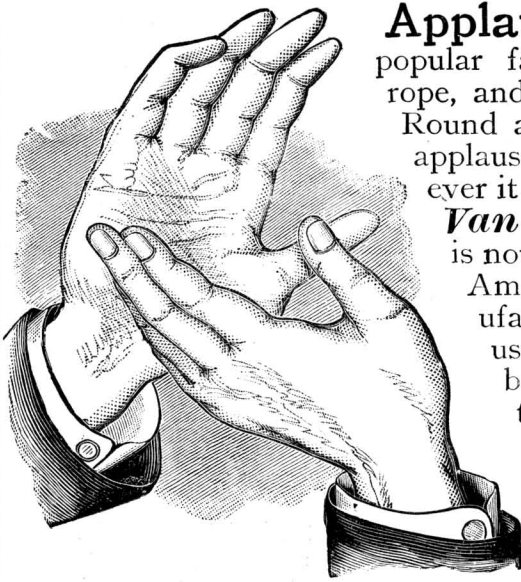
A BOOK OF 200 PAGES WILL TELL YOU WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY THE USE OF THE COMPOUND OXYGEN TREATMENT.

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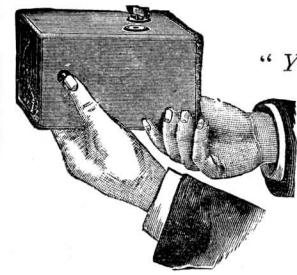
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EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Dec. 16th, 1889.

Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure to inform you that the piano which I ordered from you for a Christmas present to my mother has been received. My mother joins me in expressing to you our great satisfaction with the piano, its tone being very sweet, sympathetic and powerful, and the touch and action all that could be desired. The case is beautiful in design and finish. I thank you for the careful attention you have given to this order. Yours truly,

Russell B. Harrison

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sawyer said to a lady of high repute (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the best and most beneficial of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.



WALL STREET.

(Continued from page 313.)

ated the alleged interview with him. Recently the Times stated that Mr. Gould's greatest ambition was to own a line of railroads from ocean to ocean, and to that end he had obtained the control of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, and of the Richmond Terminal system. Both of these properties have been particularly "in the dumps" lately, and both, no doubt, might be expected to profit by their reported connection with Mr. Gould. Unfortunately for the speculators, Mr. Gould promptly appeared with an interview declaring that while he was friendly to the Santa Fé system, he did not care nor expect to control it, and so far as the Richmond Terminal system was concerned, he had little interest in it.

Those who are intimately connected with Mr. Gould know that he is trying to get rid of his outside properties, and putting himself in shape to unload every burden beyond the Elevated system of New York City, the Western Union Telegraph line, and the Missouri Pacific system. It may be that in due time he will make some connections which will help him out of his load of Wabash; but it will not surprise me to see the day when he will confine himself entirely to the Western Union and the Elevated system. These are his pets, and are enough to afford a princely income for any man and a kingly legacy for any man's children.

I have a number of inquiries this week, and have only room to answer one, that of a correspondent at Titusville, Pa., who says he is the "unhappy owner" of one hundred full shares of Delaware and Lackawanna stock, which cost him 142, and which is carried in part at six per cent. by an accommodating broker, who promises to hold it for an indefinite period. My correspondent wants to know if I consider this road sound, or if anything has been discovered regarding the stock which causes apprehension, and indicates that it is purely speculative. My advice to my correspondent is certainly against selling at present prices. His stock has always been considered gilt-edged, and is to-day held in the highest reputation by dealers in investment securities.

As an indication of the enormous resources and the inherent strength of the market, I can state the remarkable fact that on Monday, November 17th, between 10 A. M. and 2:15 P. M. (the customary hours) over one million shares of stock were delivered in this city, paid for, and the transactions closed. This, of course, included the deliveries for Saturday as well as Monday. When we bear in mind that these enormous transactions were completed immediately after the panic that followed the failure of the Barings, and while every bank in New York was straining to accommodate its customers, even to the extent of taking out Clearing House certificates, it will be seen how bravely the street has withstood the recent shock.

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SALVATION OIL, the great pain-remedy, is a genuine and reliable liniment. Price 25 cents. No one has ever been disappointed in using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for a cold.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.

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.
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Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money. Well, it that is impossible, try

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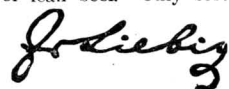
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VIEWS ALONG THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—II.

WASHINGTON.

OUR ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT WANDER THROUGH THE CITY AND ITS BEAUTIFUL SUBURBS.

NO city in the land possesses attractions at all comparable to those of the beautiful Capital city. Washington is in the full sense of the term a city of homes, and while the commerce of the capital is very considerable, the city and its surroundings have been built with the idea ever uppermost of preserving the home feature. Its pleasant, wide streets and avenues, beautified with attractive shrubbery and trees; pretty and cheerful parks most happily interspersed throughout the city in all directions, lend an air of pleasant comfort and quiet cheer seldom met with in city life. Its monuments and innumerable objects commemorative of historic characters and deeds of patriotism, imperishable object-lessons of surpassing interest, teaching the history of our nation; the magnificent public buildings, of whose splendor we feel so proud, and all the various departments of Government, each touching more or less closely the fortunes of every citizen, chief among which are the Pension and Patent offices, with their elaborate and systematic machinery, perfect in every detail—all these combine to make a wonderful aggregate of attractions. Our Pension and Patent laws and system are American institutions in every sense, and no citizens have so great reason to commend the wisdom and justice or applaud the liberality of their Government as we. The multitude of interests centering here—political, commercial, scientific, literary, etc.—embracing the millionaire and man of modest income alike, has necessarily created a great demand for convenient suburban property eligible for comfortable home sites. Around Washington have been laid out numerous handsome tracts of land upon which substantial and, in many instances, elaborate improvements have been made. Perhaps no city affords, on all sides, the same advantages of attractive and cheerful scenery, or offers the same opportunities for the easy and rapid provision of the comforts and conveniences of pleasant and pretty homes. It is remarkable to note the rapidity of the growth of these towns clustered so prettily and profusely about the Capital; but the heavy demand for convenient and eligible building sites by people of note as well as those in the more ordinary paths of life leaves no question of the desirability of this property as an investment for idle capital or for the establishment of agreeable homes. The steady and substantial character of the improvements being made in these little suburban cities insures rapid and stable appreciation in their values.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

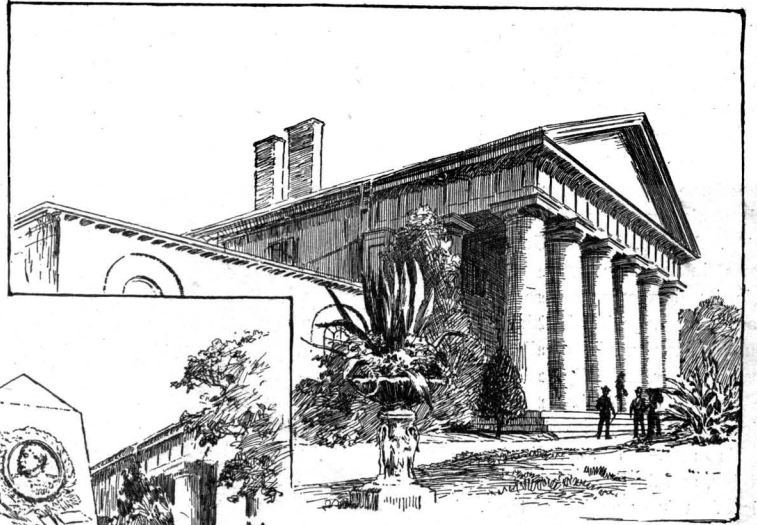
Pre-eminent among the attractive suburbs of Washington is Arlington Heights, with its sublime historical surroundings. No one can well afford to visit the National Capital without making an excursion to the Heights, and gathering inspiration from the many beautiful panoramic views offered *en route*.

The trip from the city leads across the Potomac at Georgetown, by way of the new iron bridge

at its best; the imposing Washington Monument rises as a mighty sentinel; the dome of the Capitol flashes its daily greetings; in fact, the Nation's Capital, with its most attractive scenery, appears to have been snugly placed at the very doors of Arlington Heights, whose grand elevation guarantees absolute health and enjoyment.

While quite in its infancy as yet, the owners of the Heights are pushing improvements on a most liberal scale, and transforming the property into a bower of beauty and loveliness that may well attract far-sighted investors and home-loving fathers.

Already a movement is on foot to insure rapid transit, arrangements having been completed for the immediate construction of an electric railroad, which will connect



THE LEE RESIDENCE, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS PARK.

Washington with Alexandria and Falls Church, Va., thus placing the residents of the Heights within easy and convenient reach of the city. The drainage is unexcelled, and precludes all possibility of malaria and kindred afflictions.

Owing to its very close proximity to Fort Meyer, Arlington Heights promises to become peculiarly the home for wealthy and retired military men. The grand Arlington Cemetery is eagerly sought by all visitors to the National Capital, and forms one of its most suggestive attractions.

For some time the propriety, if not the necessity, of providing a suitable summer home for the Chief Executive of the nation has been under discussion. The stifling atmosphere of Washington during the heated term is not only unfavorable to comfort, but is a constant menace to health. With the increasing demand made yearly upon the physical energies of our Presidents, it may fairly be considered the duty of the country to provide a suitable residence for the Executive within easy access of all departments, and beyond the reach of extreme heat and its debilitating effects. There is no point which combines all these advantages more fully than Arlington Park, with its 1,100 acres of most beautifully located and picturesque grounds, stretching from Arlington Heights to the Potomac River, including in its varied landscape Fort Meyer and Arlington Cemetery, and to which preference will doubtless be given when this movement matures more fully.

Seven miles south of Arlington Park, following the Potomac, lies the city of Alexandria, while to the northwest, at a distance of five miles, nestling in the hills, is the growing and beautiful town of Falls Church, and between these we find one of the most charming and picturesque sections around the National Capital. Its beautiful drives, its magnificent views, its absolutely pure water, the entire absence of malarial and kindred diseases, and a landscape diversified by hills, valleys, and long rolling swells of ground, covered in places with forest growth, make it unrivaled in its capabilities for future development. From the elevated ground and hill-tops delightful views are afforded of the city, river, and surrounding country. This region, with all its natural advantages and present low-priced land, as compared with other outlying sections, offers great inducements not only to the home-seeker, but to the investor as well. This section is now traversed by the Washington, Western and Ohio Railroad, while in the near future the Norfolk and Western and the electric railroads will bring every point into easy and quick connection with the business centre of the Capital. The opening up of Mount Vernon Avenue, an avenue two hundred and fifty feet in width, extending in an unbroken line fourteen miles, from the city of Washington to Mount Vernon, will give one of the grandest as well as the most varied and picturesque boulevards and drives in the world. Back of this section we find some of the finest farming lands in the country, and their close proximity to the National Capital, with the influx of men of means with practical knowledge of farming, will rapidly appreciate these in value.



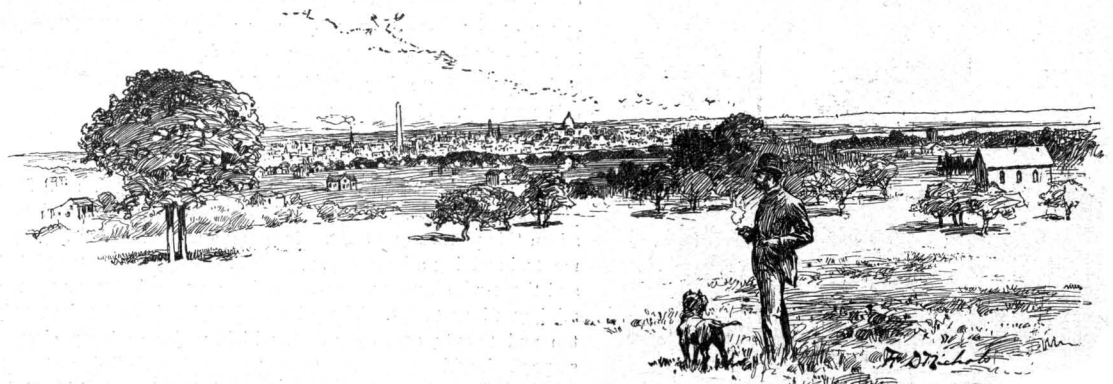
COLUMBIA AVENUE, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.



WASHINGTON FROM ROSSLYN.

recently built by the General Government, at the Virginia end of which is located the village of Rosslyn. Probably no point in the entire District offers such natural advantages and facilities for manufacturing enterprises of all kinds as does this. With a splendid water-front, affording sufficient depth for the largest vessels, directly opposite the city, on the extension of the Chesapeake and Ohio and terminus of the Pennsylvania railroads, it will have direct connection, by rail and water, with all the railroads and shipping of Washington, while its low-priced land offers inducements not obtainable elsewhere; in addition to which are cheap labor, coal, and superior shipping facilities. Back of this, the high, level ground offers home sites for all who come, and low prices are attracting the attention of those who seek cheap ground together with beautiful surroundings. New streets are now being laid out, graded and beautified, and everything is being done to make this one of the most desirable points.

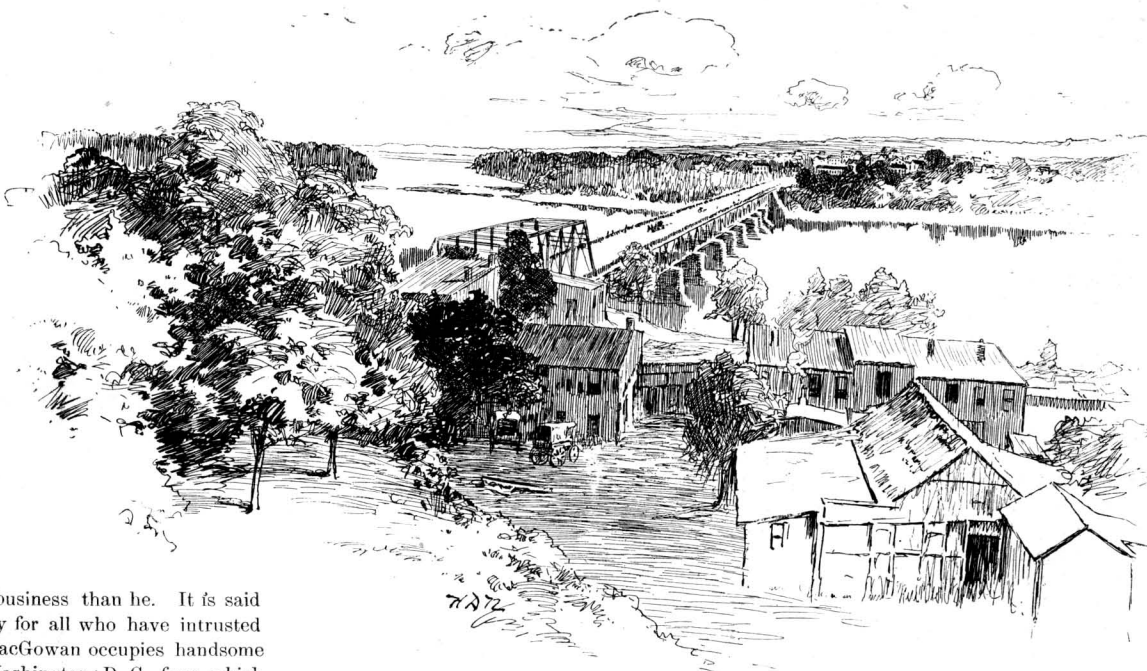
Leaving Rosslyn, we pass through a most picturesque drive, past Fort Meyer and the great National Cemetery, until the Heights are reached. From here the historic Potomac appears



WASHINGTON FROM ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Among the illustrations given elsewhere we present views of the Heights, upon which nature has showered its richest favors.

The conception and success of Arlington Heights are due to one of the most energetic and wide-awake gentlemen of Washington, Mr. C. M. MacGowan, whose indomitable push alone made its development possible. Thoroughly acquainted with the value and topography of all suburban sections, and fully realizing the possibilities of choice properties, Mr. MacGowan early turned his attention to Arlington Heights, and finally acquired control of this promising tract. There are few men who have displayed a more marked executive ability and scored more pronounced success in the real estate business than he. It is said that he has invariably made money for all who have intrusted their business to his care. Mr. MacGowan occupies handsome offices in the Corcoran building, Washington, D. C., from which he directs his affairs, and promptly responds fully to all inquiries.



ROSSLYN FROM ACQUEDUCT BRIDGE.

bia. By liberal business methods, coupled with integrity and thorough knowledge of business, this gentleman has made money for all intrusting their business to his care. Wesley Heights is an excellent property, and investors in realty will find in it sure and generous returns.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

The Georgetown College, whose magnificent new building is one of the finest of the kind in the world, forms one of the handsomest ornaments of the city of Washington, is most picturesquely situated on Georgetown Heights, two and one-half miles distant from the Capitol, overlooking the city and the beautiful Potomac River, and commanding one of the grandest panoramic views in the country. This college, established in a very modest way in 1789 by Rev. John Carroll, afterward first Archbishop of Baltimore, was the first Catholic

institution of higher learning founded in the United States. It was chartered as a university by Act of Congress March 1st, 1815, and in 1833, by special decree, the Holy See empowered Georgetown University to grant degrees in philosophy and theology. In 1845 an astronomical observatory was erected and fully equipped. The College of Medicine was opened in 1851, and the College of Law in 1870, both of which occupy separate structures. The control and direction of the university is vested in the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The erection of the present magnificent main building of the college, costing \$320,000, was begun in 1878. The frontage of the college buildings aggregates about 800 feet, and they are surrounded by grounds comprising seventy-eight acres, famous for their great beauty and loveliness. The library is, without question, the most perfect small library in the country, and is the gift of Mr. E. Francis Riggs, having been presented by him as a memorial of his father, a noted lover of books. The plan of studies in the university is based on the idea that such an education should aim at developing all the powers of the mind, and should cultivate no one faculty to an exaggerated degree at the expense of the others. A new twelve-inch telescope for the observatory, costing \$7,000, will be added, besides the erection of a new Law School, and a further project of building a Scientific School is considered with much favor. The officers of the university are: Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., President; Rev. Francis B. Golding, S. J., Vice-President; and Rev. John W. Fox, S. J., Secretary; to whose management the success of the institution is mainly due.

FOREST GLEN.

Forest Glen, charmingly situated on the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, nine and one-half miles from Washington, represents one of the most picturesque suburban



OFFICERS' RESIDENCES, FORT MEYER, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

His list of real estate bargains always comprises whatever is choice in the market, and the esteem and confidence enjoyed by him is best evinced by the fact that he controls the choicest and most desirable properties in this section of Virginia, in lots, acreage, and farm properties.

The very fact that the control and management of Arlington Heights is vested in such a gentleman is *prima facie* evidence of its success. While prices range

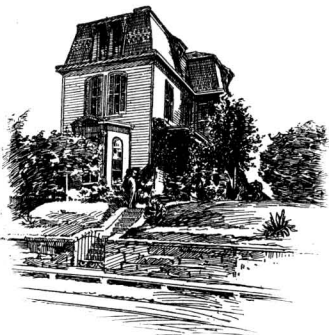
Ergood, F. W. Pratt, F. A. Tschiffely, A. B. Coppes, J. Harrison Johnson, R. A. Walker, W. S. Hoge, and Peter Lattener.

The handsome design of the bank building was the conception of Architect Appleton P. Clark, Jr., 605 F Street N. W., one of the most talented architects of the National Capital.

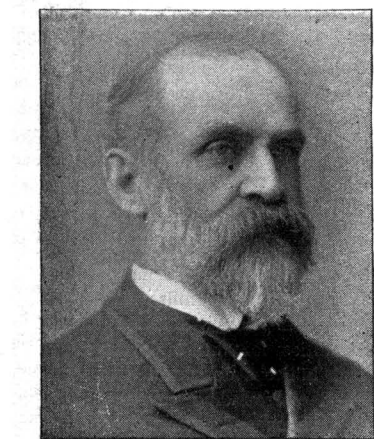
THE LINCOLN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of the District of Columbia, handsomely domiciled in the Lincoln National Bank building, with offices at 409 Ninth Street N. W., promises to become one of the most popular insurance companies of the East. Its officers comprise Messrs. Henry M. Baker, President; John S. Swormstedt, Vice-President; and Lemuel Towers, Jr., Secretary. The directors of the company are among the most prominent business men of the city.

WESLEY HEIGHTS.

From the elaborate presentation of the claims of Washington as by far the most desirable and beautiful city for homes and the phenomenal activity in realty, a marked enhancement of values appears imminent. That the tendency of investors is mainly toward suburban properties adjacent to the city, where rapid transit is readily established, goes without saying, and since the location of the magnificent new Methodist University upon one of the most attractive and commanding tracts, the demand for property in that vicinity has been astonishing. Anticipating the wishes of a discriminating public, a heavy syndicate has acquired title to this property, and proposes to offer beautiful Wesley Heights at public sale. There is no more attractive or conveniently located property adjacent to the National Capital, and from plans already under way, some of the finest residences will soon adorn this picturesque tract. Important and extensive improvements, involving a large expenditure of money, are contemplated, and those who invest now will realize maximum returns upon a minimum investment. The price for lots has been fixed at only ten and twenty cents per foot, which, under ordinary circumstances, should enable purchasers to double their investments within a short time. Wesley Heights is in charge of Mr. John F. Waggaman, Fourteenth and G streets, one of the most prominent and successful operators in realty in the District of Colum-

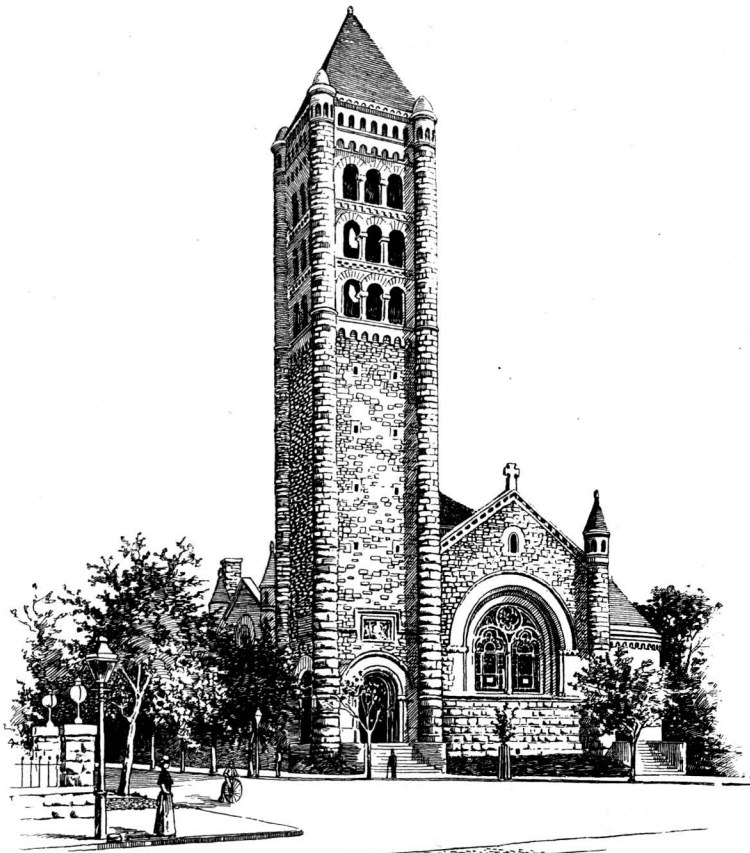


RESIDENCE OF JOHN A. PRESCOTT.



JOHN A. PRESCOTT, PRESIDENT LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

very low at present, and liberal terms of payment are obtainable, the coming spring will probably mark a noticeable enhancement of values, as everything tends to foreshadow the greatest activity in Washington suburban realty. Persons who may desire to become interested in this choice tract will make no mistake in communicating with Mr. MacGowan.



CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

resorts that can be found anywhere. The scenery and general contour of the country for miles around are most beautiful. The success of Forest Glen is directly due to the well directed efforts of the Forest Glen Investment Company, at the head of which the name of Mr. J. R. Hertford appears as president. This company was organized in 1887, and now owns 177 acres stretching out from the station to the Seventh Street road. On this property is located Glen Manor, a very picturesquely situated and well kept hotel of forty rooms, besides six pretty cottages. In addition this subdivision has located on it St. John's Church, about one hundred and fifty years old, and one of the oldest



LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK, APPLETON P. CLARK, JR., ARCHITECT.



THE EBBITT HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

established churches, where many of the old Washington people were buried, thus lending to it a historical interest. The Forest Glen Investment Company have already expended a large sum of money in general improvements, proposing to make this property the most attractive and exclusive of suburban subdivisions. At present lots are held at from five to ten cents per foot—lots averaging about 10,000 feet—but the certain enhancement of values next season will make prompt action on the part of shrewd investors desirable. Mr. J. R. Hertford has offices in the Fleming building at Washington, where he will gladly respond to all inquiries made by those desirous of becoming interested in and identified with Forest Glen.

THE HOTEL NORMANDIE.

The Hotel Normandie, one of the imposing structures of the National Capital, is located in the fashionable West End, within two blocks of the White House, Treasury, and State, War, and Navy Departments. Its complete interior arrangements include all the latest improvements. The enviable reputation of the Hotel Normandie is shown by its list of distinguished patrons, including such names as Hon. James G. Blaine and family, Vice-President Levi P. Morton and family, Hon. William Walter Phelps and family, Calvin S. Brice and wife, Whitelaw Reid and wife, C. P. Huntington, A. J. Drexel and family, and Hon. John W. Noble. No other hotel of the National Capital has succeeded in combining so happily the pleasures of home with the conveniences of hotel life, and Mr. Elmer F. Woodbury, the active and popular proprietor, deserves the credit his efforts have brought him.

JAMES L. NORRIS.

One of the most complete buildings of its kind in the country, probably, is the law building of Mr. James L. Norris, erected in 1880 at the corner of Fifth and F streets, opposite the Pension Office and only two squares from the United States Patent Office. Planned with special reference to the transaction of business relating to patents, it has a large and complete library of the works of America and Europe, court reports, technical dictionaries, etc., relating to patents of every description. An experienced corps of assistants under Mr. Norris enable him to dispatch business with commensurate promptness.

THE EBBITT HOUSE.

The Ebbitt House, of Washington, forms a part of the city's history. For years it has been known as the rendezvous of noted persons and army men, and the registers contain a labyrinth of autographs of historic characters. The excellent quality of its appointments, its central location, and the good management of Messrs. Burch & Gibbs have gained it a popularity that taxes its utmost capacity. The house enjoys the distinction of being a favorite with the army, navy, and clergy, and among many unsolicited indorsements of its superiority, one from General W. T. Sherman occupies the post of honor.

TAKOMA PARK.

Takoma Park is another notable suburban resort of Washington. This park is a little over five miles north of the city, upon the Metropolitan branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and is situated at an elevation of 350 feet above the level of Washington, thus offering excellent natural drainage, and affording a guarantee against disorders of a malarial nature. Its water is derived from numerous springs, crystal-like in their clearness, and of the purest quality. Good wells are readily obtainable at



THE HOTEL NORMANDIE.

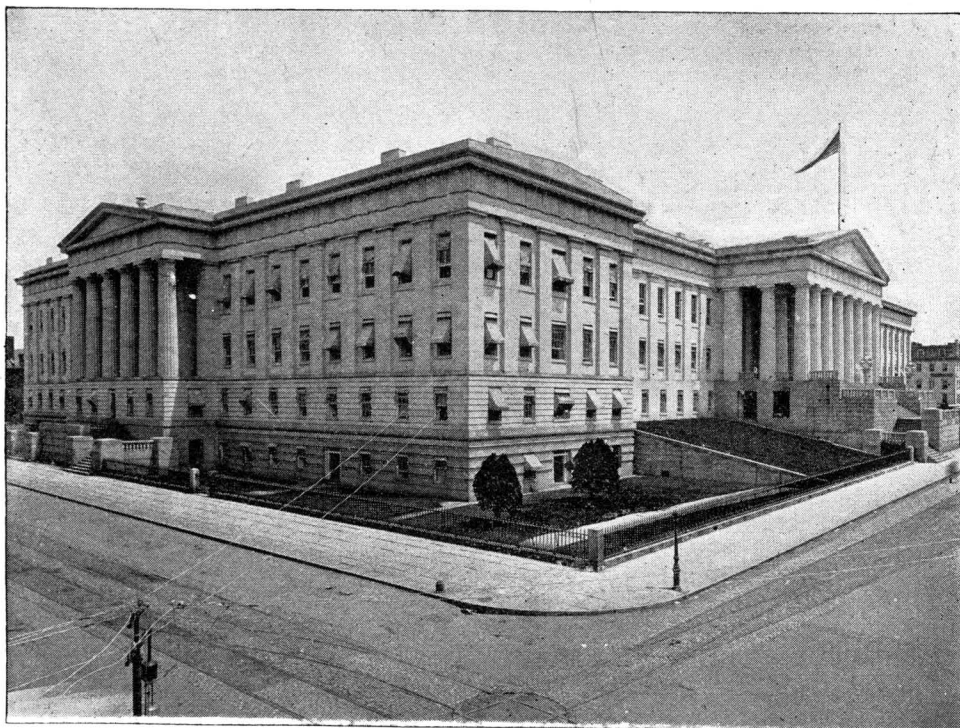


GLIMPSE FROM DUPONT CIRCLE.

a depth of from 12 to 25 feet. The topography of Takoma Park is of a rolling character, which affords delightful scenic effects, and the ground is covered with a variety of trees, the pine predominating and adding much to the purity of the atmosphere. The peculiar and many advantages of this park were recognized by a few far-sighted capitalists a few years ago, headed by Mr.

capital and B. F. Gilbert, President, which company will aid materially in the development of the tract. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, recognizing the importance of the little city, is erecting a fine depot of sufficient size to accommodate a city of 10,000 people, and all local trains are required to stop, affording rapid and ample transportation facilities to and from Washington. There is no doubt that this property offers exceptional advantages for profitable investment.

The best proof of the success of suburban properties is in the character of the residences erected thereon, and of these Takoma Park certainly boasts of some of the prettiest along the line of the Metropolitan Branch. In this issue the attractive resi-



THE UNITED STATES PATENT-OFFICE.

B. F. Gilbert, one of the most enterprising and successful real estate agents of Washington, who have inaugurated many extensive improvements, and eligible residence sites at this point are now much sought after. The tract has been subdivided and the streets have all been graded and covered with a coating

of gravel, until now Takoma Park is rapidly assuming metropolitan airs. A city charter has been obtained, and the 1,000 inhabitants elected Mr. Gilbert, the founder of the enterprise, the first Mayor of the new city. On May 17th, 1890, the Takoma Park Loan and Trust Company was organized with \$100,000



JAMES L. NORRIS BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

dence of Mr. Charles M. Heaton, Jr., is depicted. It forms one of the nicest ornaments of that thriving suburban city, being picturesquely located at the corner of Oak and Magnolia avenues. Mr. Heaton, Jr., is one of the most progressive real estate dealers of Washington, with offices at 629 F Street N. W.

Among the attractive residences of Takoma Park, is that of Mr. Thomas E. Woods, the well-known banker of Washington. Not only is the taste of the owner reflected in this very comfortable home, but also in the beautiful grounds. Mr. Woods ranks high among the financiers of the National Capital, and has done much toward inviting attention to Takoma Park.



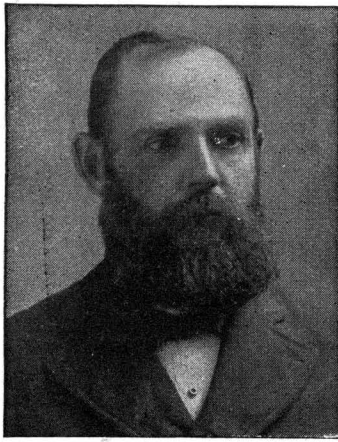
SCOTT CIRCLE.

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A SUCCESSFUL FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.

The American Security and Trust Company, located in the handsome white-marble, fire-proof Fleming Building, 1419 G Street N. W., as reproduced by our artist, ranks among the most successful financial institutions of the National Capital. Incorporated

porated on October 12th, 1889, with a capital of \$1,250,000, the support given to its various departments has been highly gratifying. These departments comprise the receiving of money deposits by special contract, loaning money on both real estate and approved personal property, stocks, bonds, etc., issuing of debentures, renting of safes in the vaults of the company, furnishing



PATRICK O' FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

warehouse storage, acting as financial agent, collecting dividends and all forms of income, guaranteeing the fidelity of persons holding positions of trust and acting as surety on bonds, and attending to the execution of trusts of every description. The active management is vested in Messrs. A. T. Britton, President; C. J. Bell, First Vice-President; A. A. Thomas, Second Vice-President; and Percy B. Metzger, Secretary and Treasurer. The debenture bonds of this sterling institution, secured by FIRST deeds of trust upon real estate in the city of Washington, and by the capital and assets of the company, bearing interest at five per cent., payable semi-annually, are very popular.

Mr. A. T. Britton, the president, whose homes we show, is conceded by all an able financier. He also occupies the position of first vice-president of the Columbia National Bank of Washington, and is associated with all movements tending to benefit the city or its material interests.

COLLEGE PARK.

College Park, picturesquely situated eight miles north of Washington on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is rapidly attracting the attention of investors, who here find maximum returns

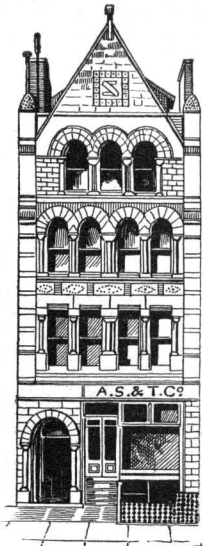


RESIDENCE OF THOMAS E. WOODS, TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON.

awaiting them on a minimum investment. Unlike many other subdivisions, College Park has long since passed the point of experiment, its future resting upon the stanchest foundation. The beautiful college and military academy, illustrated in this issue,



LUTHER MEMORIAL CHURCH.

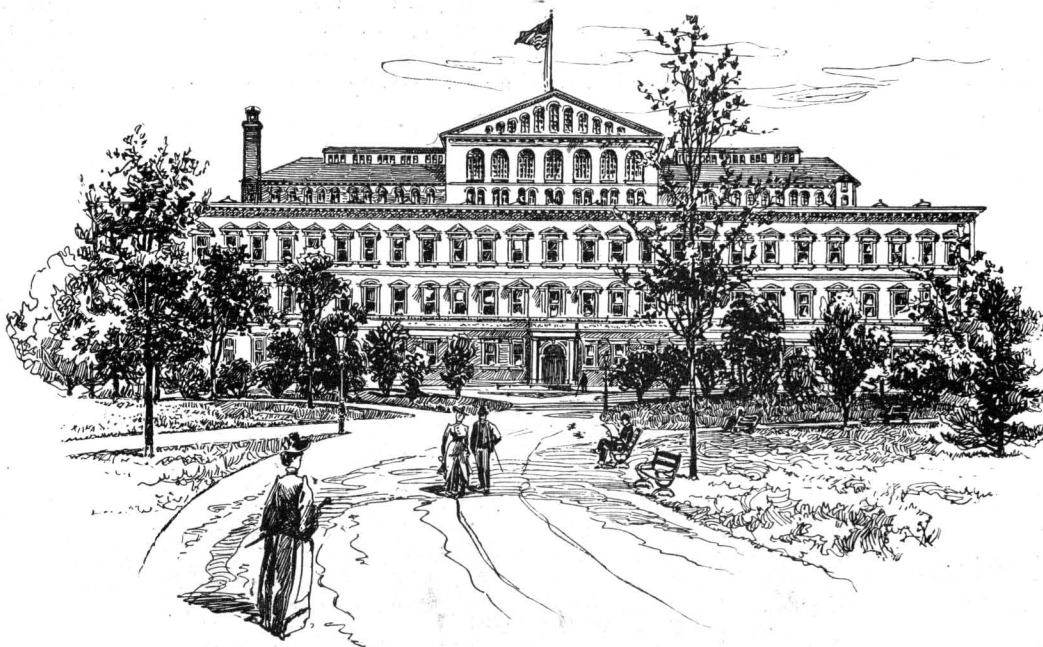


THE AMERICAN SECURITY AND TRUST COMPANY.

push and energy and liberal business methods have, in a large measure made the unequalled development of this subdivision possible.



CITY RESIDENCE OF A. T. BRITTON.



PENSION BUILDING.

The park itself offers ample shade, being dotted with most beautiful oaks, maples, and poplars, so conducive to pleasure and general healthfulness. The transportation facilities are perfect, there being numerous trains on fine double tracks, with a fare fixed at the nominal rate of six cents a trip. Choice lots at the station now command \$300 to \$400, and may be secured upon most advantageous terms. Special inducements are offered to all who contemplate improvements.

The company has under way some very important improvements, and those who take advantage of the extremely low rates prevailing this fall will find a handsome margin to their credit when the great enhancement of values will have occurred in the spring.

Those who may be interested will receive prompt and full responses to inquiries by addressing Mr. John O. Johnson, Manager, Columbus Building, 617 F Street N.W., Washington, D. C.

D. I. MURPHY.

The office building of Mr. D. I. Murphy, conveniently located near the Pension and Patent offices, is one of the handsomest in the city, and is a model of convenience for the dispatch of business relating to pensions, etc. Familiarity with the numerous details, gained through long experience, has made Mr. Murphy singularly successful in his specialty.

BROOKLAND.

Brookland, one of Washington's promising suburbs, is attractively situated about two and a half miles north of the city, at an average elevation of 200 feet above the level of the Potomac, within easy access of the city by steam and electric roads, or a delightful drive of

form the centre of attraction and a fitting nucleus to this pretty suburb, where intelligence and culture are pre-eminent. College Park, though in its infancy, already enjoys the advantage of a good store, hall, post-office, and telegraph station, a number of handsome residences, among which is the attractive home of Mr. John O. Johnson, the manager. Mr. Johnson's untiring

thirty minutes over magnificent roads. It adjoins the Soldiers' Home grounds and those of the Catholic University. Since the placing of this fine property on the market, fifty houses have been built, and as many more have been contracted for the coming season. The prices of lots range from \$400 to \$2,000, and are offered for sale by Messrs. McLachlen & Batchelder, real estate agents, 1215 F. Street N. W., Washington, D. C., whose elegant offices are shown among our illustrations. Persons having idle capital, as well as moderate investors, to whom easy terms of payment are offered, no doubt will realize handsome returns from Brookland property.



OFFICE OF D. I. MURPHY.

GARRETT PARK.

Among the many subdivisions of suburban property in the environs of Washington, there is probably no place that combines so many rare attractions for a rural residence as Garrett Park, two pages of handsome views of which are shown in this issue. No more attractive place for a suburban village within easy reach of the great city could have been selected, and in the beauty of its location and surroundings it is certainly without a peer. Bordering Rock Creek valley, where Nature has been so prodigal of

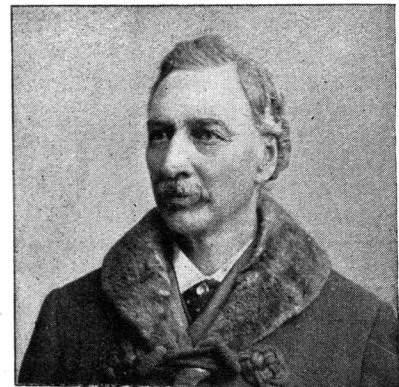


A. T. BRITTON, COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

her charms, the skill of the engineer and the landscape gardener have been added to enhance its beauty and usefulness.

Wide, durable, macadamized roads and avenues, well drained by stone-paved gutters, now wind through all the sections that have been subdivided, and it is the purpose of its enterprising managers to continue these substantial improvements as rapidly as the property is subdivided and sold.

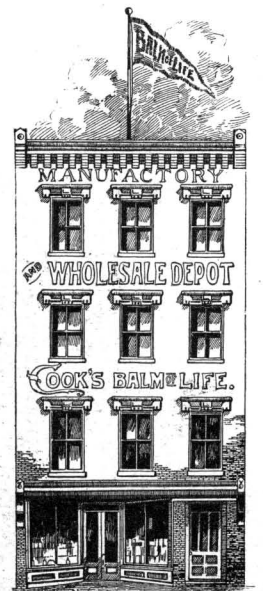
Four years ago this tract of land was nothing but woodland, pasture,



L. V. MOXLEY.

and cultivated fields. Its elevated plateaus, commanding extensive views of the surrounding country, were covered with native forest growth, or planted in corn. Its hillsides and dales, abounding with springs of sparkling, pure water, and covered with nutritious grasses, furnished a browsing-ground for cattle. And its incomparable Rock Creek, which courses for nearly two miles through these grounds, winding along amid the bold, rocky, and diversified scenery, and presenting in the changing hues, from spring to autumn, of the foliage of the arborescent growth that lines its banks and covers the adjacent hillsides around which it rolls in graceful curves, pictures of enchanting beauty and interest, formed a worthless agricultural possession.

To-day it is the site of many beautiful villa residences, several of which are shown in the pages of illustration of these handsome grounds, and possesses many broad, handsome, stone-coated street and avenues, which are as dry and smooth



PROFESSOR COOK'S BALM OF LIFE BUILDING.

for travel at all seasons of the year as the streets of Washington City.

This is a feature peculiar to Garrett Park alone. No other suburban village in the vicinity of the Capital city has macadamized streets and avenues, their projectors having aspired no higher than the construction of the ordinary clay, or, at best, gravel-coated earth roads, which are so well known by those who have located in new settlements as being one of the most disagreeable concomitants of country life, lust in summer and mud in winter.

The streets and avenues of Garrett Park are bordered with thrifty shade trees, which already have made a vigorous growth, and the whole park grounds are rapidly undergoing the changes and improvements that will make it in the near future the most attractive suburban village of the Capital.

An abundant supply of good building-stone is furnished at very low rates to intending builders from the quarries of the company, who have an inexhaustible supply of good gneiss rock in their grounds. The plans of the company further contemplate a complete system of water supply and drainage to the park grounds, and to utilize the water-power of Rock Creek in furnishing electric lights, etc., in the near future.

This transformation, in a very brief period, of farm lands and forest into a beautiful park has been accomplished by its present owners—a joint stock company organized and incorporated in November, 1886, as The Metropolitan Investment and Building Company, of Montgomery County, Md., within the bounds of which county their park is located.

Their success but illustrates the rapid changes that are taking place in the growth of Washington and its suburban villages, which has been five times greater the past year than in any previous year recorded, and exemplifies the general tendency that is leading so many of our people to secure homes at or near the National Capital.

It is safe to predict that the increasing attractions of Washington will cause this growth to continue, and that investors in building sites in such desirable suburban property as Garrett Park possesses, venture but little risk in their investments of reaping rich returns.

With commendable foresight the managers of this company selected this elevated tract of land, which has an altitude of nearly four hundred feet above Washington, and comprises five hundred acres in extent, fully appreciating its prominent advantages of location and its adaptability for healthful, enjoyable, rural residence.

It occupies a central position between the Tenallytown road or Rockville pike, the main artery from West Washington into the outlying country on the north, and the Seventh Street road, the most prominent thoroughfare leading out of Washington on the east, in the same direction. They have, in conjunction with the county commissioners, constructed an excellent cross-road through their park, uniting these main highways of travel, and have in this connection built a substantial iron bridge structure spanning Rock Creek, which is conceded to be the best bridge in the county, a view of which may be seen in the illustrations.

With excellent judgment, also, they have not failed to make the improvements of the park of a substantial and enduring character, realizing that their best interests lay in the direction of making their suburban village not only the most attractive, but the most desirable abiding place, for convenience, comfort, and pleasure, on the line of the Metropolitan Branch Railroad.

They have subdivided their land into lots of ample dimensions, fronting on their spacious winding park roads in the hilly sections, so as to secure to the purchasers of lots all the beauty of these elevated locations, and on the plateaus, which are but slightly rolling, their subdivisions are intersected with straight streets in city-style, so that all tastes may be suited; and finally, they are very moderate in price.



MEDICAL SCHOOL.

A number of fine cottage residences are now in course of erection, and a large increase of villa residences is confidently expected next season, when the enterprising stockholders project the erection of a commodious hotel to accommodate Government officials and their families who desire a summer residence in the country within easy reach of their departments, and who can read-



GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY.



LAW SCHOOL.



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES M. HEATON, JR., TAKOMA PARK.

divide the people who seek life insurance (and who ought to have it, for I sincerely believe that life insurance is a most beneficent institution) into three classes: First, those who are in ordinary circumstances, and upon whom, therefore, the premium of the life insurance policy would be quite a severe tax. Second, people with comfortable incomes, who can afford to pay for life insurance, but who cannot afford to pay for its more expensive investment features. Third, those who have a large and independent revenue, and who desire both insurance and investment.

Among the first class mentioned, including the working masses in the shops and factories, counting-houses and so on, life insurance is looked upon as of special value. And so it is; it often saves a widow and her children from want and absolute destitution. To those who belong to this large class, and who are able to attend lodge meetings and to watch the managers and participate in the election of the officers of fraternal associations, I think these offer the best inducements. There are fraternal insurance associations, like the Knights of Honor, the American Legion of Honor, the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and the Royal Arcanum, which have been running for years, have a very large membership, and have, therefore, the benefit of ex-



RESIDENCE OF JOHN O. JOHNSON, AT COLLEGE PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.



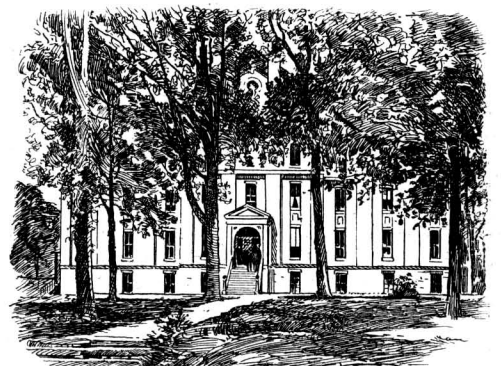
RESIDENCE OF C. G. BERRYMAN, GARRETT PARK.

perience extending over a considerable length of time. In any of these companies, life insurance is very cheap, and while cheap insurance is never the safest, still I think insurance in these organizations, considering its price, is reasonable and not too risky.

But I warn my readers against all the host of new-fangled fraternal societies of various kinds, and with an infinite variety of insurance, sick-benefit, and loan schemes. They are simply imitations, and poor ones at that, of the old, well-established, and successful fraternal associations, and are not to be compared for one moment with these excellent and, I might say, beneficent institutions. If any of my readers want further information regarding this class of insurance, or in reference to any particular company, I am ready to answer all inquiries.

I advise the second class to patronize what are called the natural premium insurance companies, carefully, of course, selecting the best. These differ from the fraternal societies, and are, no doubt, much stronger, for, in addition to giving all the security of the former class, they also protect their members by an accumulated emergency reserve fund, which equals from one to two years of death claims. These companies, by limiting their expenses and basing their collections on the actual rate of mortality, and furthermore by accumulating a small reserve or emergency fund, furnish excellent protection at the lowest rates. One of the strongest and most popular companies belonging to this second class is the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of this city, of which Mr. E. B. Harper is president.

The third class, who desire insurance coupled with investment, will naturally and inevitably patronize the strongest old-line companies, like the Mutual Life, the Equitable, or the New York Life of this city. Policy-holders in these companies are required to pay not only for insurance, but security, and, of course, if one wants



MARYLAND AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, COLLEGE STATION.

ily be transported in a half-hour from the hot, dusty city streets to the verdant country. Twenty-one trains stop daily at Garrett Park station, at convenient hours for general travel—from Washington between the hours of 6.30 A. M. and 11 P. M., and from Garrett Park between the hours of 6.56 A. M. and 9.45 P. M.

Persons desiring to locate, engage in business, or to invest in park lots in this desirable cosmopolitan village should not fail to inclose their inquiries in a self-addressed envelope to the Secretary of the Company, S. Dana Lincoln, Room 7, Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C., who will furnish plats and full descrip-

tions of the subdivided sections of the grounds, and any other information desired by the applicant.

PROFESSOR COOK'S BALM OF LIFE.

It is rare that a medical preparation scores the success which Cook's Balm of Life has had the good fortune to achieve. From a modest beginning, the demand has increased until to-day an imposing manufactory and wholesale depot at 1005 E Street N. W. marks its great prosperity. In addition to its many virtues, this preparation is represented to be an absolute specific for dyspepsia and indigestion. Pleasant of taste and efficacious, Cook's Balm of Life has become a favorite wherever introduced, and it is said that more men of national repute rely upon this specific when troubled with dyspepsia than any other compound. The ownership of this valuable medicine is vested in Mr. L. V. Moxley, a gentleman closely identified with the development of Washington. Mr. Moxley, whose portrait appears elsewhere, is also the owner of one of Washington's handsomest residences, situated in the most *recherché* neighborhood of the National Capital.

LIFE INSURANCE.—THE BEST POLICIES.

A CORRESPONDENT at Trenton, Tenn., wrote me several weeks ago, as follows: "If I should take out \$5,000 or \$10,000 insurance in a large, old-line company, at thirty years of age, what kind of a policy would you advise me to take—ordinary life, ten or twenty-year tontine, or what kind? I desire your opinion on this point. I am a man of family, and able to keep up a policy." Several other inquiries of a similar kind have reached me at various times, including one recently forwarded from Akron, Ohio, which asks for "the best schemes of insurance."

It is hardly possible, in the brief space assigned me each week, to fully answer the questions asked. I might, I presume,



McLACHLEN & BATCHELDER, BUSINESS OFFICE.



STATION, STORE, POST-OFFICE, AND EXPRESS OFFICE.



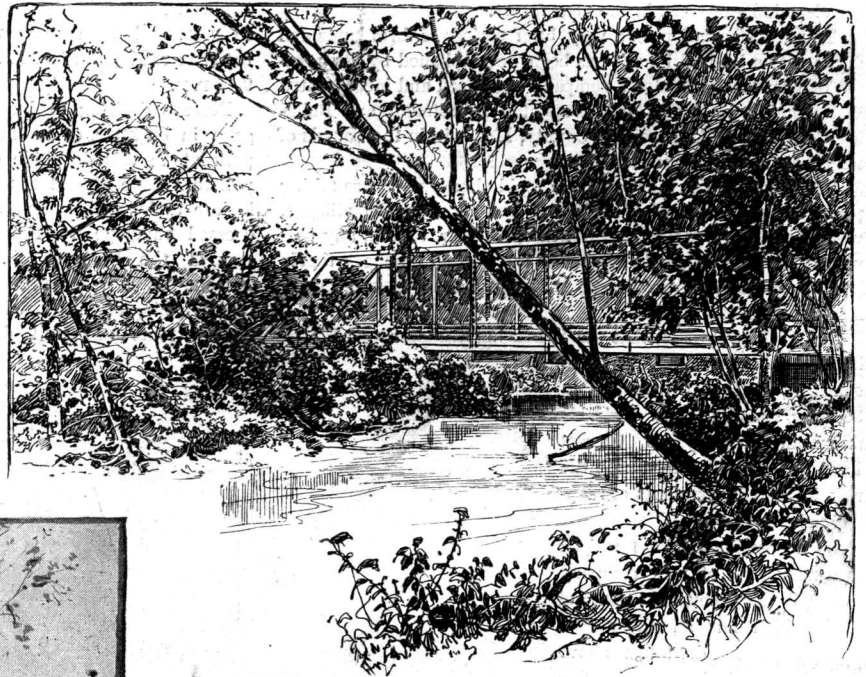
RESIDENCE OF MRS. H. H. HELLEN.

investment, he must pay for it. He receives, however, abundant returns in the shape of special advantages as well as the best security. These companies grant a paid-up insurance policy in case of default in the payment of premiums; their policies have a surrender value at stated periods, and also a stipulated endowment or estimated tontine value, so that each policy-holder participates in the division of the profits of the concern.

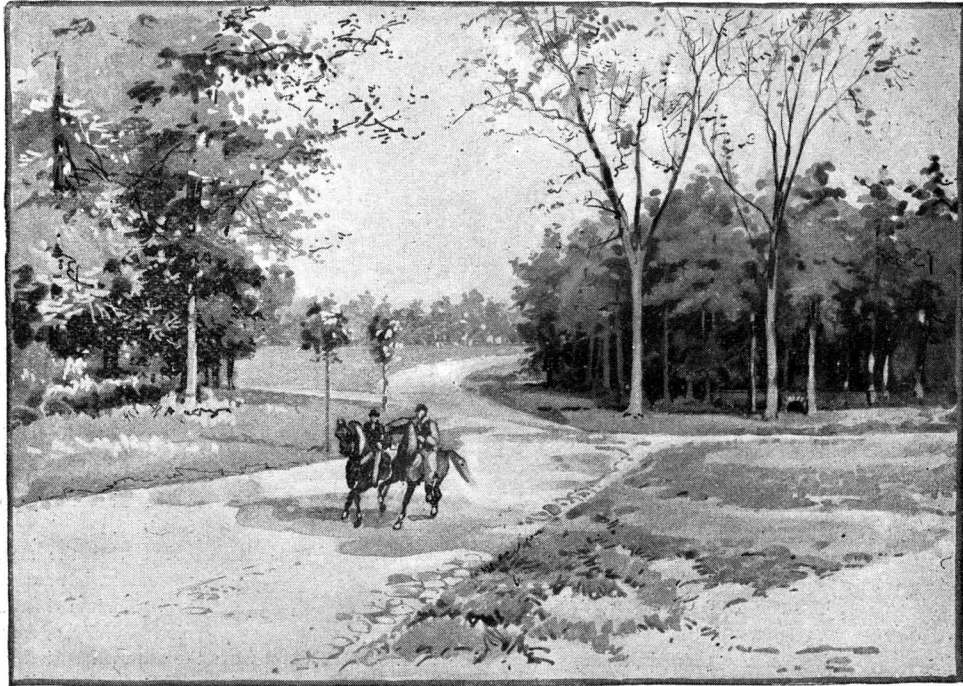
One of the best policies of these old-line companies is a twenty-year semi-tontine, which stipulates that a paid-up policy for one-twentieth of each payment will be made after two premiums have been paid. Another policy that I recommend is the twenty-year endowment plan, which also provides for a paid-up policy for each twentieth part of the total amount of the premiums. I like these two forms of insurance because they give a definite and precise amount guaranteed to be paid to the policy-holder after the expiration of two years. In this case, no matter what happens to him, he derives some benefit from what he has paid in. In other words, he gets a paid-up insurance, and if he survives to the end of the twenty-year period he gets his promised payment in cash.

several forms of these policies, and they will be explained to any of my readers by any agent of the companies mentioned. Those who are particularly interested, and who desire an impartial expression of opinion concerning particular plans, need only write me, and I will respond as quickly as possible.

A correspondent at Buffalo calls my attention to a criticism in the *Chronicle*, an insurance paper, of Mr. Maxwell, the New York State Superintendent of Insurance. This so-called criticism reads to me more like the advertisement of a Baltimore insurance concern, which is



ROCK CREEK BRIDGE.



A DRIVEWAY.

This is, therefore, both insurance and investment, and if the right sort of policy is taken in one of the three companies I have mentioned there can be no question as to the amount the insured is to receive, whether he lives or whether he dies. There are

willing to pay for an assault upon Mr. Maxwell in retaliation for his refusal to permit it to do business in this State.



PROFESSOR B. F. GALLOWAY'S RESIDENCE.

GLIMPSES OF GARRETT PARK, ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE SUBURBS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.



RESIDENCE OF J. C. STODDARD.

The *Chronicle* questions the authority of the superintendent to refuse admission to the Baltimore concern, and yet the statute (as I read it) gives him that right whenever, in his

As a rule, insurance departments are criticised for their leniency rather than for strictness. I am among those who think that too much care cannot be exercised in superintending life insurance.

The Hermit.

WALL STREET.—THE CRASH.

WHATEVER may have been the cause of the dullness of the stock market during the summer and fall months, however justly the constant depreciation in the value of railway properties and other securities, listed and unlisted, may have been credited to railroad warfares, rate-cutting, divided responsibility, and so on, no one doubts that the crash which has just befallen the stock market was precipitated by the fact that money is dear. Only a few weeks ago I said that money was dear the world over. It is dearer in England than here, when we compare the ordinary value of cash there and here. And the dearness of money was brought about there, as it has been here, by overtrading. In London it was speculation; here it was prosperity, the extension of business interests and the consequent extension of credits.

How fortunate it was that the Clearing House Association of this city took precautionary action before the crash really came! There must have been a foreknowledge, on the part of some at least of our bankers, that the great London house of the Barings was in difficulty. Had the crash come without warning, there would have been an old-fashioned panic on Wall Street before the banks could have got together and the Clearing House offered a ray of hope. The failure of the Barings was much like that of Decker & Howell of New York, only it was tenfold more serious. Decker & Howell failed because they were overloaded with a single security, or rather with the securities of a single individual, and he a great and, as I have always thought, an unsafe speculator—the missing Villard. The Barings failed because the concern was overloaded with Argentine securities. When there was no market for these; when no further loans could be secured, the concern had to go to the wall just as Decker & Howell fell by the wayside overburdened with unsalable Villard securities.

No matter how high a great concern may be in credit, it can do nothing without ready cash or its equivalent. The Barings were an old, well-established, and enormously wealthy mercantile and banking house. This is shown by the fact that the liabilities are by some expected to reach the enormous aggregate of over a hundred million dollars. It is said that they hold nearly forty million dollars of the best commercial paper in the world, and that they hoped to realize, within the liquidating period of three years, a surplus of over twenty millions.

It is astonishing that such a concern should fail; but no concern is proof-against the danger of inflation, and it is stated as a fact that the shrinkage in the values of South American securities within a year has reached nearly two hundred millions of dollars, most of which has been lost to English investors. How much of this loss fell upon the Barings must be only a matter, at least for the present, of conjecture.

Added to this, are investments by this same old-fashioned and conservative establishment in a variety of distant financial ventures, like the diamond fields of Africa, land schemes in South America, and land and railroad schemes in the United States. It is clear that the managers of the concern were not as discreet as they should have been. Made bold by their success, they probably considered failure impossible. But it came at last, and would have been complete but for the efforts of the Bank of England and the greatest banking-houses of the world to avert the most frightful financial catastrophe of the century.

The Baring failure might not have occurred if business had been going on in the ordinary channel, if credits generally had been given, and money plentiful. It came at a time when the



RESIDENCE OF E. D. F. BRADY.

There is a lesson in the disaster which has overtaken the house of the Barings, which should not escape the notice of my readers. The failure of the Barings shows that a practically unlimited credit, the most abundant resources, the highest financial reputation, backed by years of experience, do not guarantee the safety and continued prosperity of a concern.

I have been particularly impressed with the belief that something more than local causes have been operating to depress the prices of our securities. My readers will bear in mind that for months past I have alluded to the scarcity of money in Europe, to the demands from every quarter for gold, and to the lowering of the reserves of the Bank of England, and warned our operators that they should proceed with the greatest caution, buying only with hesitation and sparingly. If that advice has been followed, it has saved my readers, no doubt, from severe losses; for it is no secret that, for a brief time at least in the middle of this month (I refer to Saturday, the 15th inst.), there were many blanched faces on Wall Street, hurried conferences of bankers, trembling lips in brokers' offices, and the realization of the fact that the market was at last panic-stricken. Fortunately, this distressing condition of affairs lasted but little more than an hour, when good, conservative buying by those able to pay for their stocks and to take them out of Wall Street changed the current, invigorated the market, and prevented a total collapse and a general and ruinous suspension of business.

This was only accomplished, however, after the lowest prices made within the past five years had been recorded on the Exchange. Knowing, as speculators and investors have known, the intimate connection the Barings have had with the securities of a number of American railroads, and with recent colossal reorganization schemes, including the Santa Fé, the worst was feared. It was well that the market closed at mid-day, giving the bankers and brokers a



ROAD THROUGH GLEN DARRAGH.

Imperial Bank of Germany is hoarding its gold, when the Bank of England's gold reserve is abnormally low, when Spain, Portugal, and various South American Republics need money—it came as the crisis of a protracted period of the wildest speculation in Great Britain and the Continent, so that it was almost as sudden and quite as disastrous as the failure of Jay Cook & Co., just seventeen years ago.

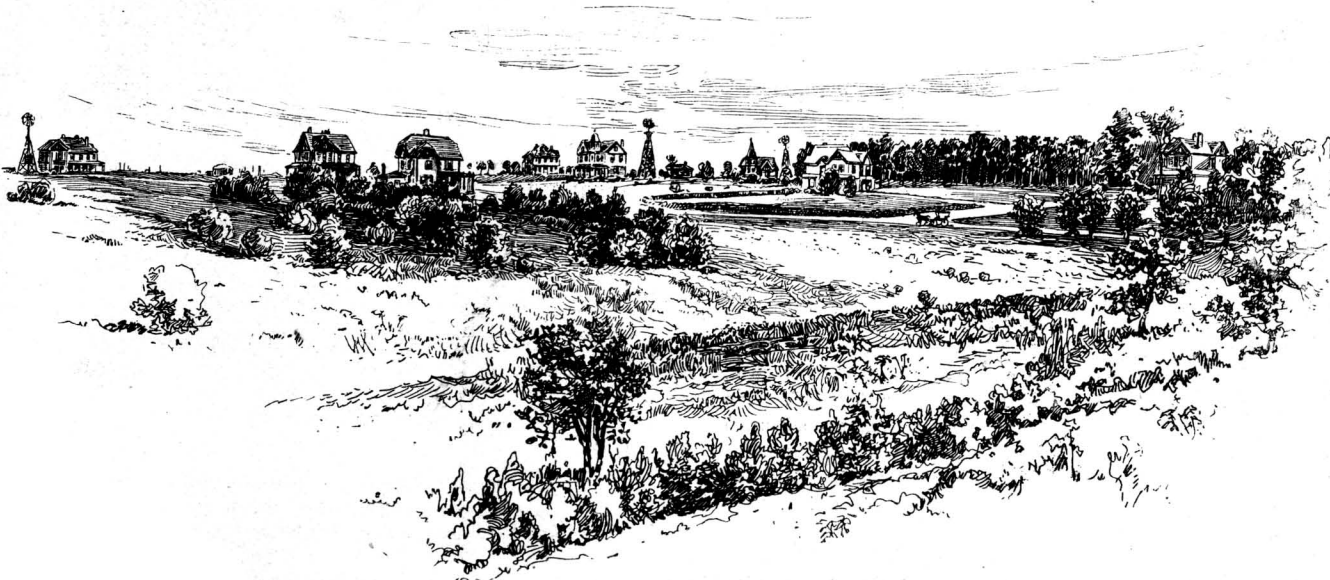


PROFESSOR GAHN'S RESIDENCE.

chance to get their breath before it opened again on Monday. Then came a more hopeful feeling, a general sense of relief.

The most significant thing in the stock market situation of late has been the sudden appearance of thousands of investors whose funds have lain in savings banks, or have been held within reach. One broker said to me the other day: "I believe that in the past few days I have seen a thousand new faces in my office. Men have been attracted here who only come to Wall Street when prices are leveled by fear or a panic or by a panic itself. They come with ready cash, or with certified checks; they pick out what they want, take it away and lock it up." Every broker's office in the land has had this sort of experience, and I am inclined to believe that the short interest, if any exists, will find itself in great peril as stocks begin to move upward. Opportunities for investment are to be found at such times, and though I do not expect a sudden, buoyant, and continued rise of

(Continued on page 324.)



A GLIMPSE OF THE PARK.

GLIMPSES OF GARRETT PARK, ONE OF THE ATTRACTIVE SUBURBS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.



KANSAS.—J. F. WILLETTS, PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF MR. INGALLS IN THE U. S. SENATE. [SEE PAGE 307.]

CUMMINS'S NATIONAL AND STATE NEWS BUREAUS.

A SUCCESSFUL AND WIDE-SPREAD ENTERPRISE.

THE success of the National and State News Bureaus, under the management of Mr. Thomas J. Cummins, has been remarkable. Mr. Cummins started out in this new and hitherto unexplored field some three years ago. His long experience as a journalist—reporter, war correspondent, Albany correspondent for New York *Herald* and evening *Telegram* for fourteen years, and general political writer—had previously given him a large personal connection and a fund of most useful information which insured the eminent success of his Bureaus from the start. He was encouraged by the earnest support of those who had known him from boyhood, and who had been his employers in a journalistic sense. That encouragement, support, and absolute confidence have been continued up to the present day, and have extended to European countries, where Mr. Cummins lately secured valuable patronage for his Bureaus. During the past four years he has made three extensive trips on business and pleasure, accompanied by his family, throughout England, France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and Ireland. He has just returned from one of those trips.

The important field covered by Mr. Cummins is best summarized in quotations from one of his latest business circulars, which reads—

"The particular work of those Bureaus may thus be stated:

"1. To furnish all information of interest to any individual or individuals relative to progress of legislation in Washington or Albany.

"2. To furnish exclusive articles, dispatches, and confidential information to leading newspapers, at all hours of day or night, from Washington, Albany, or New York.

"3. To furnish special news relative to progress of bills, the parties advocating or impeding them, or the suppressed motives that lie beneath such Congressional or Legislative action.

"4. To furnish any special information required from the various bureaus and departments of the National and New York City and State governments.

"5. To furnish special Washington, Metropolitan, and Albany articles and interviews to journals, individuals or associations in any part of the country, of a political, financial, business or general character.

"6. To furnish individuals, corporations, financial syndicates, banks or speculators in Europe with particular information as to the status, progress or prospects of any enterprises in which they may be interested in the United States. This information can be imparted, from time to time, by cable (when desired) or by mail.

"Financiers residing in London, Paris, Berlin, Montreal, Toronto, etc., who have valuable interests at stake in this country, and who are more or less affected by movements in Washington, Albany or New York, can speedily obtain the most reliable news in connection with their various undertakings without resorting to the heavy expense and wearisome delays encountered in the dispatch of agents across the Atlantic.

"The same statements apply with equal force to financiers resident in the United States.

"The Manager has engaged, both in Congress at Washington and in the Legislature at Albany, reliable and experienced assistants to keep careful records of all bills affecting interests of any importance whatever, and also to watch and report the progress and surroundings of such bills at every stage. The same arrangements are made as to reporting movements in the Washington and New York State and City departments.

"A competent corps of correspondents is also attached to the Bureaus, who will furnish, under the Manager's careful supervision, letters and dispatches of a general, financial, business, and political character. The assurance is given that this correspondence will be accurate and trustworthy in every respect. Such letters, dispatches or confidential information will be furnished to editors, banking and financial institutions, etc., etc., at moderate rates.

"Commercial and other interests in the United States, Europe or Canada, having business engagements in Washington, Albany or New York, will thus be saved much delay and oftentimes unnecessary and extravagant expenditures by the agency of such well-equipped, thoroughly organized, and entirely reliable establishments."

In alluding to those Bureau organizations the *Albany Press and Knickerbocker* says:

"But few men in the United States are so thoroughly equipped for such work as Mr. Cummins. For nearly a quarter of a century (entering the journalistic field at the age of eighteen) he has ably and faithfully served the New York *Herald* in various capacities, as reporter, war correspondent, Albany correspondent, and general political writer. For twelve years during legislative sessions he acted solely in the capacity of Albany correspondent, giving the *Herald* a very long lead as an authority on legislative topics and National, State, and city politics. He has consequently been best known as a political and legislative writer of much force and thorough impartiality. The earmarks of his prolific and truthful pen are to-day observable in many quarters. Among the more notable campaigns in which he took a leading part (contributing much to the success of the victors in those memorable, controversies) were the Tilden and Cleveland Gubernatorial and Presidential fights, and the fierce war between the late John Kelly and the New York *Herald*. Nearly all the exposés and vigorous criticisms of Kelly's public career were prepared at that time by Mr. Cummins and published in the *Herald*. The articles had a decidedly powerful effect in bringing about the downfall of that strong political leader. He also fought side by side with Governor Tilden in that gentleman's famous war on the canal ring. In brief, Mr. Cummins has graduated in the entire school of journalism, having also had (in a local sense) charge successively of the naval, military, and law departments of the *Herald*, in addition to the political. On several occasions he imperiled his life in the interests of the *Herald*, notably during the draft riot of 1863, and while acting as a special correspondent in Savannah at the close of the Civil War.

"A varied and wide acquaintance with public men and measures, and practical familiarity with all details of legislative and Congressional duties, assure beyond question the same eminent success of the Washington and New York Bureaus that has already attended the Albany enterprise."

Other journals throughout the country bear equal and forcible testimony as to the value of the work accomplished by Mr. Cummins. His high personal character and intense business energy, as well as a peculiar tact for acquiring important exclusive information at Albany and Washington, have secured for him a very reliable clientage. He has consequently been intrusted with many investigations of an honorable and confidential character.

His bureaus of general information are entirely distinct and separate from those organized for journalistic purposes. The methods he has particularly adopted at Albany and Washington in procuring information are of such a character that no news of any importance whatever—no matter how carefully guarded from inquiry—can escape the attention of his bureaus. The same may be said of his methods in procuring special news in New York City and the State and National departments.

During Congressional and Legislative sessions he divides his time principally between Washington and Albany. This year, after the opening of the Legislature of this State, on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in January, he will spend the greater part of his time in Albany. After March 4th (when the present Congress adjourns) he will be almost continuously in Albany until the Legislature of 1891 adjourns *sine die*.

He has a suite of offices in the Atlantic Building at Washington, a branch office at 150 Nassau Street, New York, and his Albany address is 104 Jay Street.

He has also, while on his three European trips, established Bureau Agencies in London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Vienna, and Dublin, and is just now completing arrangements for important connections with the Central American Republics. An agency is about being opened for this purpose in Managua, Nicaragua.

Mr. Cummins owns a very fine private residence at Bath Beach, Long Island, known as "Ocean Villa," where he stops during the summer months. Ocean Villa was built by him recently at an expense of \$20,000. He also owns a large amount of real estate in the vicinity which has grown immensely in value during the past few years, owing to increased rapid-transit facilities and the wonderful development of Bath Beach and Bensonhurst. His latest purchase, a few days ago, was the house and grounds (some fourteen acres in all) of the late Dr. O'Brien at South Bensonhurst, a few minutes' walk from Bath Beach, and the adjoining estate of Mr. Erhard Schmith, twenty-seven acres with residence and buildings. For the Dr. O'Brien property he paid \$20,000, and for that of Mr. Schmith \$50,000. He has also turned his attention to speculation in Washington with considerable success.

WALL STREET.

(Continued from page 323.)

securities, I am inclined to believe that the lowest level has been well-nigh reached, and there will be a steady progress toward a more amicable settlement of railroad difficulties, and with this will come an appreciation, more or less rapid, in the prices, particularly of dividend-paying securities and of low-priced railroad bonds.

The greatest and richest men on Wall Street—the Vanderbilts and the Goulds—have been filling their strong-boxes with securities during the past week or two. This is undeniable, and that they will reap a rich harvest, I have no doubt. It must be borne in mind that the sudden blow to the American market came at a time, not when prices were high, but when everything was selling at an unusually low price, so low that stocks were considered a purchase by some of the most conservative bankers and brokers. If those prices were low, what should be said of the prices made during the crisis, ranging as they do from ten to thirty points lower than the lowest on record during the year?

While there is every reason for buying and paying for stocks as investments, I am not altogether sure that we shall not have still further depressing advices from abroad. Liquidation in London, I presume, will continue for some months. There may be other bad spots in the English market, though I think the worst have been revealed. But we have had no liquidation in Berlin, and as the natural result of rampant speculation throughout Germany we must expect disheartening advices sooner or later. If the foreign governments would give up their opposition to the use of silver and turn to it for relief from the money pressure, as we have done in the United States, I should deem it the most hopeful financial sign of the times. But the ultra-conservatism of English investors opposes such an idea, and Germany seems to follow in this matter in the footsteps of England.

Aside from the fear, therefore, of further trouble abroad, is the fear that we may continue to have tight money not only in New York, but farther west and in the South, where there has been for several years wide-spread and, to some extent, over speculation in real estate and industrial enterprises. The failure of a large Kansas banking concern, backed by New England capital, and of an extensive land speculator of Fort Worth, Texas, are reported, coupled with the information that the millers of the Northwest, in consequence of the financial stringency, are proposing to issue grain certificates in lieu of money. All these are signs of the times. The tightening of the money market abroad meant the tightening of the market here and in Boston; that means the calling in of loans, the closer inspection of collaterals, the throwing out of wild-cat and speculative securities, east west, north, and south.

Out of all this Wall Street can expect to reap some good. Now that prices have been established on a lower plane, investors who have sent their funds to remote points because of the promise of larger profits, and who will either withdraw their funds or take what they have saved from the collapse that must inevitably come, will put it again in Wall Street stocks. So the dark cloud is not altogether without a silver lining. I am not an

(Continued on page 313.)



THOMAS J. CUMMINS.



MICHIGAN.—EDWIN B. WINANS, GOVERNOR-ELECT. [SEE PAGE 307.]