

# FRANK LESLIE'S NEWS BRANCH

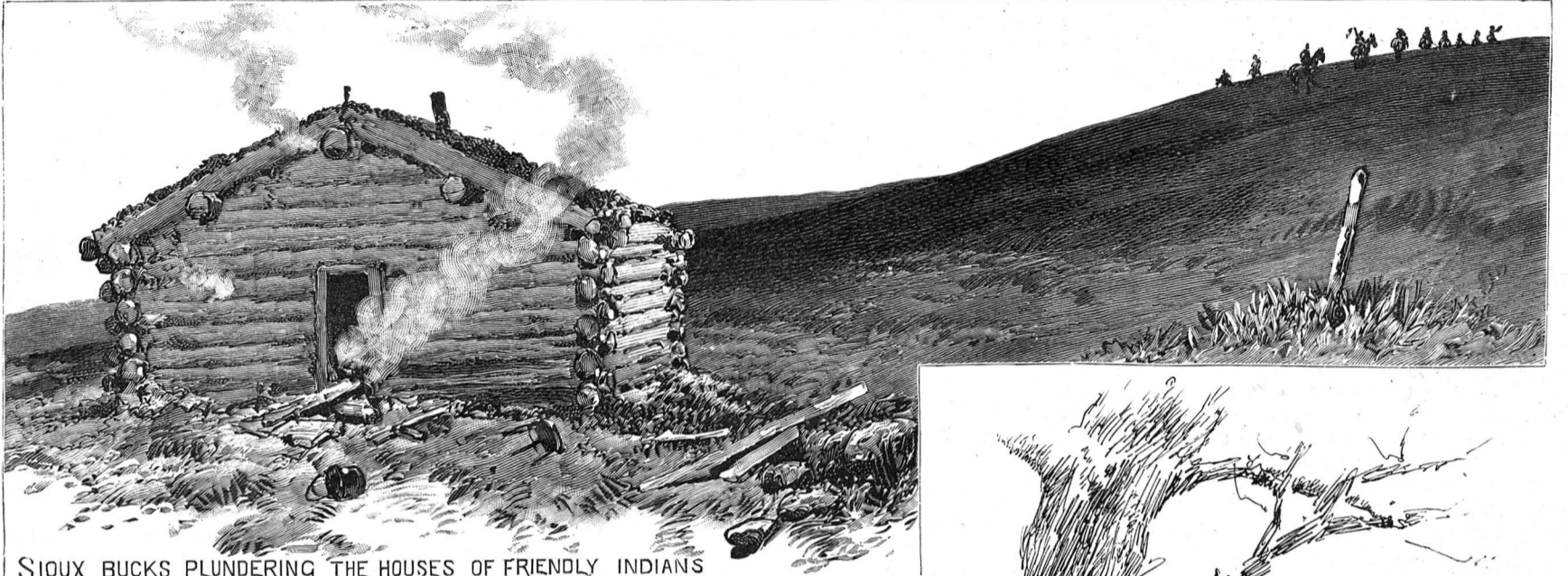


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SIoux BUCKS PLUNDERING THE HOUSES OF FRIENDLY INDIANS



THE INDIAN EXCITEMENT IN THE NORTHWEST.—AN INDIAN POLICEMAN WARNING THE SETTLERS OF A PROBABLE UPRISING.  
DRAWN BY KEMBLE.—[SEE PAGE 391.]



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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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.

NO legislation in recent times has attracted more general attention than that in reference to ballot reform. The recent election was the first experiment with the secret ballot that was ever tried in this State, and much interest has been manifested in the result. The legislation in behalf of the adoption of the Australian or secret ballot had the cordial indorsement of the working masses, and seems to have given them general satisfaction. In the next issue of this paper we shall present, as the leading editorial contribution, the views of "A Knight of Labor on the New York Ballot Law," to be written by Mr. Edwin A. Curley, of Brooklyn, a member of the Knights of Labor, an observant and studious man, and a ready, forcible writer.

WE shall publish in early numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, in addition to signed editorial articles, special contributions on a variety of subjects not falling directly within the scope of editorial discussion. Included among the contributions will be papers on "Japan in 1890," from the pen of a traveled observer; "The Holy War of the Nineteenth Century," by Mrs. Maud B. Booth, wife of the American commander of the Salvation Army; "A Glimpse of Honduras," by F. W. White, of the Albany Press; "Edison and Electricity;" "The Water System of Denver;" "The Prince of the Red Desert," by Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson, a very remarkable article, finely illustrated; "Sketches in the New South," by Mrs. Lee C. Harby, etc., etc. The story of our Alaska expedition will be continued, the narrative of Mr. E. J. Glave, now in course of publication, being followed by that of E. H. Wells, who traversed the Copper River region. We shall also publish during the year a series of papers on distinctively American topics in England, illustrated by J. Walter Wilson, probably the best artist connected with English illustrated journalism. The letter-press of these and other articles will be supplied by Mr. Edward Porritt, of the Manchester Examiner. Two early articles from Mr. Porritt's pen will relate to the recent visit of the British Iron and Steel Institute to the centres of the iron-producing industry of this country. A series of illustrated sketches of London low life, by Mr. W. M. Thomson, formerly an American journalist, also awaits publication. It is the purpose of the publishers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to enlist in their service not only the best artist, but the ablest writers of this country and Europe. What they have been able to do heretofore simply affords a foretaste of what they propose to supply to their readers in the future.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RIDDLE AND DESTINY.

THE Colossus of nations is England. The Colossus of nationalities is the British Empire, which in a large sense is a federation of the world. Inclusive of its protectorates, but exclusive of its spheres of influence, it has an area of nine million square miles, or nearly the equivalent of three Europes. The English-speaking people are estimated to number from one hundred to one hundred and ten millions. The Empire rules directly and indirectly over four hundred million subjects. Of these, however, two hundred millions are Asiatics, who are liable to dissolve the partnership whenever they discover the opportunity. This is especially true of India.

The wealth of the Empire is unparalleled in the history of mankind. Its revenues amount to \$1,050,000,000, or double the revenues of Russia, and nearly three times the revenues of the United States. Greater Britain is European, Asiatic, African, North American, and Islandy, and thereby reaches its mighty arms and extends its great influence to the four quarters of the globe. Its countries are divisible into two great groups.

First—The temperate, to which Canada, Australia (except in the North), New Zealand, Cape Colony, and Bechuana-land belong.

Secondly—The tropical, of which India is the conspicuous example, and in which a large part of the British-African coast and numerous islands are included.

This analysis is general. It is not intended to be absolutely comprehensive and strictly accurate. Really, the Empire lies in

all latitudes and climates. Anglo-Saxons include the people of the United States, who are directly descended from the English people. Hence, the Anglo-Saxon Empire is broader, larger, wealthier, more populous than the British Empire. The Anglo-Saxon in England and in great English-speaking countries and regions is hard to trace. Horace Walpole, in 1777, said that the true English retired to America under Charles I. (1625-1649). But who are the true English? Was the Anglo-Saxon superseded in England by the Celt, the Franc, the Scandinavian, the Hollander, the Huguenot? Have those who came as Anglo-Saxons, nominally the true English, been superseded here by the Celt, the Teuton, the Scandinavian, the Italian? Superseded in stock and in influence? Twenty thousand Englishmen came to New England between 1620 and 1640, and about fifteen millions of the sixty-two or sixty-four millions recently counted in the United States are supposed to be derived from them. The thirteen Colonies were homogeneous, except for slight Celtic and Teutonic ingredients. The original colonists are represented in twenty-eight million, and the immigrants since 1790 in twenty-four million descendants.

The Anglo-Saxon stock has been crossed and re-crossed, in England and America, until the existence of the parent stock is doubted and denied, or reduced to a minimum. If the stock has been improved, is it still Anglo-Saxon, or a new, different thing, a *tertium quid*? The Slav has had an assimilating power equal to the absorption of eighty different races, and surviving as a Slav. The Anglo-Saxon has worked wonders in a similar way, but there are limits to such racial power, such as suggest the limitation or exclusion of further immigration into this country: Guizot, of France, once asked James Russell Lowell how long the American Republic would last, and Lowell answered: "M. Guizot, it will last just as long as the traditions of the men of English descent who founded it are dominant there." Guizot assented. But the existence of the Anglo-Saxon is a different question from the existence of the Anglo-Saxon Republic and traditions. England has impressed its image and superscription upon America, New England upon the United States, and Massachusetts upon New England and the country; but has the Anglo-Saxon, the true Englishman, done it? This may seem to be an irrelevant question. There is more reason for asking it, however, than is commonly supposed. Indeed, Anglo-Saxon is the favorite compound word with which to conjure when seeking to influence the great masses of the people.

One characteristic of the times in which we live is that ancient and modern history has been re-written. New conceptions of men and periods have obtained. History has been re-written by the friends and critics of different men, periods, and schools of thought. Froude, for example, has given us a revised version of the character of Henry VIII., of the Irish, of Calvinism, and of John Bunyan. We need not be surprised at anything in the realm of re-written history. The history of the Anglo-Saxons is no exception. In 1878, Mr. H. C. Coote, who died in 1885, published the history of the "Romans in Britain," in which he argued *in extenso* that the Anglo-Saxons were a horde of invading savages in England, who were absolutely annihilated by the Danes. They have been extinct, if he is right, for a millennium and a half, and all our allusions to Anglo-Saxon blood, tongue, influence, and institutions are one huge historic falsehood. Mr. Coote argued that the Belgæ, who were Teutons, began to settle in Britain before the time of Cæsar, and that all the beneficent results which we have been accustomed to call Anglo-Saxon should have been called Belgic or Belgæic, Teutonic. His view has not been accepted. He is quite alone in holding and advocating it.

Nevertheless, the origins of all things are obscure, and the controversies of scholars concerning them compel the average student to arrive at his own conclusion. The opinion of one has often become the opinion of the multitude with varying rapidity. Mr. Green, of Oxford, whose histories of the English people are standard authorities, says: "We possess no materials for the history of the English in their invasion of Mid-Britain or Mercia, and a fragment of the annals of Northumbria . . . alone throws light upon their actions in the North." Professor Hosmer, of Washington University, St. Louis, says that the Anglo-Saxon movement into England by conquest and immigration "has not the attestation of documents, but, comparing the account of Tacitus with the reports of annalists who after an interval appeared, the intermediate history becomes plain to us." He refers to the views of Mr. Coote as follows: "These ideas, so at variance with the ordinary teaching as regards early English history, are presented with much learning and ingenuity. . . . The fact that a theory so utterly subversive of this view (the commonly accepted view) admits of a presentment so plausible, must cause a feeling that here statements quite too definite may be made, and that the margin of uncertainty, as regards events in these dark years, is very large."

Still more curious and interesting are the views recently presented by Lieutenant Totten, of Yale University, and military reputation. In a small book entitled "Our Race" he avows that "the Anglo-Saxon race is the literal, lineal, and blood descendant of the Ten Tribes of Israel, whom Shalmaneser deported into Media, circa 721 B. C., and who have been so completely lost." His line of proof consists principally of sixty-eight points of identity between Jewish prophecies in the Old Testament and the Anglo-Saxon (?) people and history. An interrogation point has already been put by the historians, who have been cited, against the origin of Anglo-Saxons, and now Lieutenant Totten puts an exclamation point in the same place (!). Eureka! Eureka!! "I have found the Ten Lost Tribes of Israel, for whom the centuries and the historians and the prophets have been searching!" Stanley as an explorer has not done more than Lieutenant Totten has done as an investigator, if the lieutenant's points of identity are correct. They are certainly numerous, and their force is cumulative. All history since 721 B. C. must be re-written, the Biblical and the extra-Biblical, the religious and the secular, the Roman, the English, and the American, if the military scholar is right. All are declared to be Israelites, who are the true English, the Anglo-Saxons. John Bunyan said that the mere hope that the English people might be the lost tribes of Israel burned into his heart. Lieutenant Totten's historical speculation will not obtain easily a hearing. He is fully aware of that fact. But it deserves one from scholars, and is interesting

to all students of the Bible, particularly its points of analogy and identity.

No wonder that some publicists turn prophets, anticipative historians, when contemplating the future of the English-speaking people commonly known as Anglo-Saxons. The riddle of the past vanishes, and a prophetic vision takes its place, of surpassing magnitude, of entrancing power. An English pamphleteer has figured that within a hundred years one billion people will speak the English language, and possess common ideals, institutions, and literature; that eight hundred millions of English-speaking people will live in the United States, and two hundred millions in the Mississippi valley. Sir Charles Dilke says that "the world's future belongs to the Anglo-Saxon, to the Russian, and the Chinese races." He seems to mean that the future will be divided between these races, and not that the contest will be a contest issuing in the supremacy of one. If the issue shall reduce itself to such a contest, we are bound by history, instinct, and race pride to believe that Providence will give the glorious world victory to the Anglo-Saxons, who with faults equal in some respects to God's ancient people, nevertheless are His chosen people in modern times, the chief bearers of Christianity and civilization to mankind. Sidney Dobell's sonnet, written during the American Revolutionary period, retains its prophetic and inspiring power:

"Oh, ye  
Who, north or south, on east or western land,  
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,  
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God  
For God—oh, ye who in eternal youth  
Speak with a living and creative food  
The universal English, and do stand  
Its breathing book,—live worthy of that grand  
Heroic utterance!—parted, yet a whole,  
Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free  
Of the great mother-tongue: and ye shall be  
Lords of an empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,  
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,  
And rich as Chaucer's speech and fair as Shakespeare's dream!"

*James H. Ross.*

EAST SOMERVILLE, MASS.

IS THE EARTH FULL?

THE official census bulletin, which reveals the aggregate population of the United States as nearly sixty-two and a half millions, reports the rate of increase during the past decade as only 24.57 per cent., and aside from immigration gives the natural increase as not far from fourteen per cent.

In a widely-quoted paper, read by Mr. Ravenstein before the British Association recently, he estimated that with an annual rate of increase of only eight per cent. per decade, the population of the world in one hundred and eighty-two years would overcrowd it, as it could not maintain more than about six billion persons, and would have more than that number in A. D. 2072.

The rate of increase in the United States has been twice as rapid as that of the world's population, according to the estimate of Mr. Ravenstein. In 1870 we had but thirty-eight and a half millions of people; in 1880 we had over fifty millions, and now we have sixty-two and a half millions. Of course, immigration has had much to do with this; but deducting the number of immigrants, the rate of increase of this country has still been about twice as rapid as Mr. Ravenstein's estimate. He calculates that the world will be uncomfortable when the population exceeds more than two hundred persons to the square mile of cultivable area. But his figures regarding the increase of population, as well as those regarding the world's area, must, in the nature of things, be largely the result of estimate rather than of precise calculation.

The world does not grow at a regular rate of progression. Wars and pestilence have their effect in diminishing populations; but natural causes, climatic influences, and various laws—known and unknown—have much to do with the birth-rate. In all the world's existence, there never has been a land that has been destroyed by overcrowding; an outlet has always been found for the surplus population.

In these days, and particularly in countries that boast of the highest civilization, the birth-rate has shown a constant tendency to decrease. The progress of medical and surgical research, and the development of medical science have greatly decreased the death-rate; but the diminution has not been greater than that of the birth-rate, for we live at a time when, more than ever before, small families are fashionable. There need be no fear that the earth will be overcrowded in the next or any other century. Certainly, there need be no fear so far as our own country is concerned. The calculation was recently published that the State of Texas alone would accommodate the entire population of the globe, estimating it at one and a half billion of persons, and then have a population of only seven or eight to the acre.

The reclamation of vast areas of what have been called arid and desert lands has added, and is still adding, enormously to the cultivable acreage of the United States, and though Uncle Sam no longer has a farm to offer every man, there is sufficient left of the public domain and of railroad lands to offer every person an easy opportunity to engage in agricultural pursuits.

LABOR TROUBLES IN THE SOUTH.

A SIGNIFICANT report comes from the Birmingham, Ala., iron district that eight thousand coal-miners have struck for an increase in wages. The iron producers of the South, having abundant resources in the shape of coal and iron, have been able to undersell the iron makers of the East and West. The advantages they have had in an abundance of cheap raw material would not have given them the choice of the best markets, however, but for the fact that coupled with it was a lower scale of wages than is paid in the North and West.

The South has been almost free from the dictation or interference of the labor organizations which in the North have become strong enough to fix and maintain scales of wages. In the South there is an abundance of black labor, cheap and convenient, easily



handled, and tractable; not readily organized, and not cohesive when organized. It looks, however, as if the employment of white labor in Southern iron industries, growing out of the demand for skilled workmen, would eventually lead to a demand for an equalization of wages throughout the South to the level of the scales paid in the North. In that event Pennsylvania will have very much less to fear from the iron producers of the South than it has had in the past.

Proof of the allegation that wages of skilled labor are much lower in the South than in the North is found in some interesting statistics sent to the Wisconsin Bureau of Labor Statistics by the secretaries of building exchanges in thirty-eight cities scattered through the country. These show that the highest wages paid in what are known as "building trades"—such as masonry, carpentry, painting, plumbing, roofing, and the common labor employed in the same—are given in the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, Galveston, and San Francisco. Only one of these is a Southern city—Galveston—which appears to pay exceptionally high wages, for the South, giving as much as twenty cents an hour for common labor, as against sixteen cents paid in the leading Northern cities.

The table shows that the lowest wages are paid in Atlanta, New Orleans, Lexington, Norfolk, Va., and Vicksburg, and that wages in the larger cities of the South are about on a level with those paid in the minor cities of the North. It is noticeable that the larger the city, apparently, the higher the scale of wages—no doubt a result, in part at least, of the better organization of labor where it is found in large aggregations. The effect of this has been to drive out some manufacturing enterprises from cities in the North to villages and interior towns, where labor organizations were not felt as a prevailing influence in manufacturing or in politics.

The statistics of the Wisconsin board show that Atlanta, Ga., pays the lowest wages for roofing, masonry, and common labor. It pays, for instance, twenty-one cents an hour for masonry, while St. Louis pays forty-nine cents, and New York and Baltimore forty cents. Lexington, Va., pays eighteen cents per hour for carpentry work, against thirty-nine cents in New York, and the prevailing rate of twenty-five cents in other large cities. For plumbing Vicksburg pays twenty-two and one-half cents; Chicago, New York, and San Francisco from thirty-nine to forty cents.

In some instances, where labor organizations have undertaken to dominate material affairs in Southern cities, particularly in Louisiana, they have been speedily suppressed by the local or State authorities, sometimes with the assistance of the military. In a Northern city resort to such extreme measures would inevitably lead to a violent collision, possibly to riotous demonstrations, but in the South it has been quietly and very generally effective.

The labor problem which faces the new South will, as its industrial development progresses, become a very serious one, and if, as in the North, it becomes involved with politics, no one can predict the result of this complication.

#### FOR ONE-CENT POSTAGE.

WE are glad to see that the New York *Tribune* lends its powerful influence in support of the movement for one-cent postage. The National Board of Trade, at its recent session in New Orleans, also indorsed the suggestion, and the late Republican National Convention pledged itself to this reduction.

Is the majority in Congress so blind that it cannot see this great opportunity to win anew the confidence and the approbation of the public? Does it propose to let its opponents in the next Congress take the initiative and secure the credit of reducing letter postage?

This is a matter that has the approval of men and women regardless of party. One-cent letter postage is wanted, and the party that gives it to the people will receive the people's thanks.

It is surprising that the Republican press does not stir up the majority in Congress to a realization of this fact. Shall a golden opportunity be lost, and at a critical period?

#### OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION SNOW-BOUND.

LETTERS just received bring the gratifying information that the members of the section of the FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER Alaska Expedition headed by A. B. Schanz were, as late as October 13th, all alive and well, but likely to be snow-bound for the winter. He writes from Nushagak on the date named as follows:

"After traveling down the Yukon River, from my last dating-point, by birch canoe, miners' boat, and trading steamer, amid many sore and trying circumstances, 1,500 miles to Fort St. Michael's, on Behring Sea, I learned, to my regret, that the cutter *Bear* had taken its final departure for the year. This left not only myself, but as well the Porcupine River party of the United States Boundary Survey, and Special Agent W. C. Greenfield, of the Eleventh Census, without apparently a chance to leave Alaska. As a last possibility, Mr. Greenfield and myself undertook the, for this season of the year, tedious and risky trip from St. Michael's up the Yukon to the Ikogmute Mission; thence by portages to the Kushkokoim River; down that stream to its mouth along the coast to Goodnews Bay; by portages and the open sea to Togiak and finally by additional difficult and dangerous paths and courses to this post at the mouth of the Nushagak River. We accomplished this undertaking in the unfulfilled hope of catching some fishing vessel which might be delayed in this neighborhood.

"The whole distance of 750 miles was made by us in two three-holed bidarkas, skin boats in use along this whole coast, and noted more for their speed and seaworthiness than for their comfort. During this canoe voyage I had occasion to visit innumerable Esquiman villages. I made fourteen portages, crossed thirteen fresh-water lakes, mapped the whole distance, including eighty-five miles of the Kushkokoim above its mouth, and collected quantities of valuable ethnographic and geographic matter. Thus far, since entering the territory of Pyramid Harbor, I have traversed 3,000 miles of territory. Owing to the inconveniences of travel I have been unable to reduce my notes to manuscript ready for the printer.

"The season is now so advanced that I consider it advisable and advantageous to remain here or near here for several months of the impending winter, which time I propose to employ in dog-sledding journeys into the interior. My recent companion, Mr. Greenfield, whose energetic endeavors for the census are worthy of the highest appreciation, has been fortunate in securing several good native guides who will assist him in an attempt to reach Kadiak Island by crossing Alaska Peninsula before the ice makes. In the hope and with the earnest wish that he may secure a passage to San Francisco I send this short letter. There is now little chance of my returning to the United States before next April."

Mr. Greenfield, in forwarding the above letter, informs us

that he had supplied the party with provisions, and there is no probability, therefore, that they will suffer any serious hardship during their isolation and confinement amid the Alaska snows. Of course, if the expedition is not heard from early in the spring a relief party will be sent in search of it.

#### "THE DITTY OF DOLLDOM."

NEXT week's issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will be accompanied by an eight-page supplement to which Mrs. Zadel Barnes Gustafson, author of "Children's Night," and "Voice of Christmas Past," will contribute "The Ditty of Dolldom." This striking poem will be beautifully illustrated by Miss G. A. Davis, every page interpreting the text with appropriate pictures. Mrs. Gustafson has an army of friends in all parts of the country, and they will welcome with delight her latest appearance in our pages.

#### AN UNJUST MEASURE.

THE hardship inflicted upon American railroads by the Interstate Commerce Act is strongly disclosed by a recent telegram from Buffalo, which stated that the Canadian Pacific Railroad had secured a roundabout route from Buffalo to the Northwest, covering a distance from that city to the "Soo" of seven hundred and seventy-two miles against five hundred and forty-one miles by the Michigan Central route, and yet was offering a lower tariff of rates over the longer route than its American competitor could offer over the much shorter way. This is the sort of competition against a foreign rival that several American railroads have to meet—the latter handicapped by the Interstate Commerce Act, and the former, of course, free from the operations of that ridiculous statute. If the Michigan Central should undertake to meet the competition of the Canadian Pacific by lowering its rates in one direction, it would, under the Interstate Commerce Law, be compelled to reduce its rates in all other directions, competitive and non-competitive. The more the Interstate Commerce Act is considered, the worse it appears. Let it be repealed, or be amended to meet the requirements of the situations, or let us impose equal hardships upon competitive foreign railways.

#### A BUSINESS MAN'S VIEWS.

THE platform of the Farmers' Alliance is, like all utterances of the farmers, beautifully vague and delightfully vast," said the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in a recent interview at Chicago. He at the same time called attention to the financial crash in the Argentine Republic, the outcome of a wild and visionary financial policy. Speaking of this, he declared against a system of finance that had been repudiated by all nations that have remained solid. "It is the same condition," said Mr. Depew, with creditable boldness and vigor, "that we would have had in this country had we had free coinage of silver." Another notable utterance of Mr. Depew in this interview favored the depositing of Government moneys in national banks, so that the people could have the benefit of them in times of emergency and financial stringency. This antagonizes the view of Mr. Blaine regarding this question, and is more in harmony with that of Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury; but it has the indorsement of many bankers and financiers of the East, and of many leading Republicans, including Senator Farwell, of Illinois, whose views were recently made public in our columns.

#### REVIVE OUR MERCHANT MARINE.

PERHAPS the most interesting and agreeable news that comes from Washington is that which reports an agreement of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries upon a Tonnage and Subsidy Shipping bill. The announcement is accompanied with the statement that prompt action is to be taken on this measure. It provides for the payment of just tonnage subsidies, based in part upon the speed of the vessels, for United States sail or steamboats plying between our ports and foreign ports, carrying the mails and a fair percentage of American cargoes. All the officers of such vessels and a proportion of the crew must be citizens of the United States. The payments of the subsidies are to be continued at the full rate for ten years, and thereafter for nine years at an annual reduction of one-tenth the full rate. They are not to be made for more than seven thousand miles sailed on any voyage, nor when the port is not more than seventy miles seaward from the United States. It is not too much to say that the passage of such a bill would realize the highest expectations of those who have labored diligently for several years to advance the interests of the American merchant marine. With a boundless sea-coast, magnificent harbors, and an abundance of commerce, it is marvelous that no decisive steps have been taken since the close of the war to revive our great shipping interests. No time should be lost in passing the proposed subsidy measure. The South, and especially the various deep-water cities of Texas and Louisiana, will be richly benefited by the passage of a shipping bill.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Farmers' Alliance movement is cutting a wide swath in the politics of both parties. The defeat of Senator Wade Hampton in South Carolina because of his manly opposition to the Sub-Treasury bill, the passage of which the Farmers' Alliance demands, shows the formidable power the farmers possess in that State. It is clear that the next Congress will have a strong granger element, and will be a thorn in the side of Democrats as well as Republicans.

It is significant that the National Board of Trade, sitting in a leading Southern city—New Orleans—has heartily commended the Shipping bills now before Congress, which propose to revive our merchant marine by giving them subsidies, after the manner in which foreign nations have encouraged and maintained their shipping interests. There was a time when the South was solidly opposed to any proposition of this kind. But with the enormous growth of the commerce of such cities as New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Savannah, Mobile, and Charleston, a new light has dawned on the intelligent observers of the South, and they are ready now to unite with the commercial interests of New York,

Baltimore, Boston, and Philadelphia in the encouragement by Federal aid of our shipping interests. Let no time be lost in the advancement of the material welfare of the people, so that all may share in the general prosperity that will inevitably follow.

MR. GLADSTONE'S declaration, that the "continuance of Mr. Parnell in leadership would be fatal to home rule in England, Scotland, and Wales," is an incisive and decisive statement. Whatever Mr. Parnell may accomplish among his enthusiastic friends in Ireland, the fact remains that there is no hope for home rule without the assistance of the Liberal party, and that this party is interested as much in the cause of Liberalism in England, Ireland, and Wales as it is in the Home Rule cause. The outlook, therefore, for the cause of Ireland is far from propitious or pleasant.

A TENDERER tribute to a father by a son was never paid than is embraced in the "Memoir of Algernon Sydney Sullivan," collated and published by his affectionate son, George H. Sullivan, and recently issued in perfect form, so far as the letter-press and printing are concerned, from the De Vinne Press of this city. The late Mr. Sullivan was so actively engaged in public affairs in this city, and was so beloved by a wide circle of friends—he left such a strong and personal impression, as it were, upon his times—that he merited a lasting memorial of his integrity and his success. This has been thoughtfully secured by his son, and his memoir will be treasured by all who knew Algernon Sydney Sullivan, as a precious remembrance of a noble man.

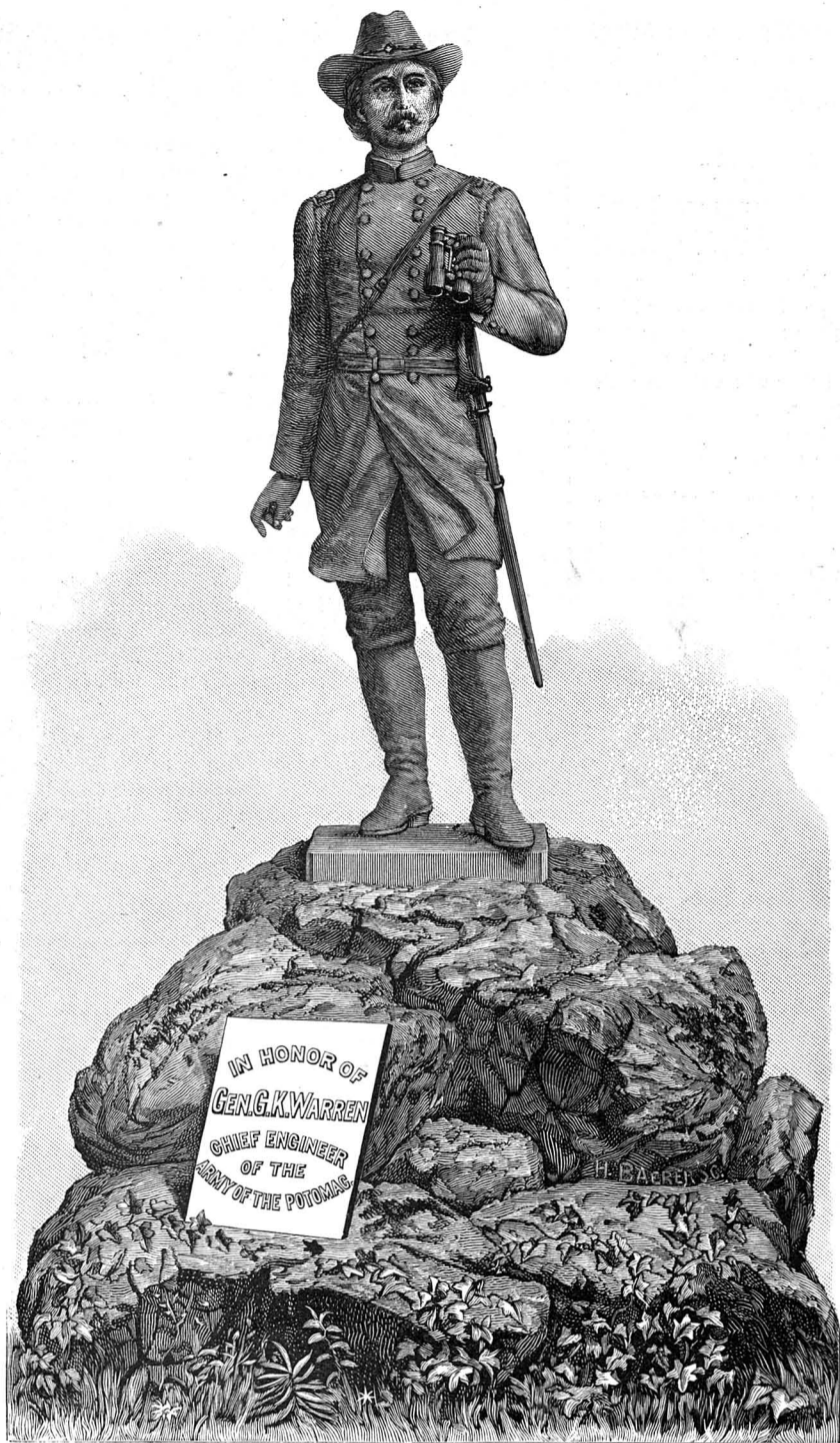
It is said that a resident of Sitka, Alaska, who came East for the purpose of representing that Territory at the World's Fair, discovered that no provision had been made by the United States Government for a commissioner from Alaska. It will be a great mistake if this enormous Territory, with all its future possibilities, its remarkable attractions, and peculiar people, is not represented in the coming World's Fair. Much interest has been manifested lately in the development of Alaska, inspired largely by the effort of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and its exploration expedition. It is to be hoped that if, by an oversight, Alaska has been neglected in drafting the World's Fair bill, its interests will receive prompt attention from Congress or from the officials who are authorized to act. It certainly should not be left without representation at Chicago.

A NEWSPAPER recently reported "a disgraceful scuffle in the Oklahoma Legislature." In the same issue was found a reference to "a disgraceful scene in the Quebec Legislature." Both paragraphs referred to personal encounters between law-makers. There is a woeful indifference on the part of the masses in reference to the election of able, acceptable, and intelligent men to State Legislatures, and even to Congress. Our great cities, which, it would be supposed, would turn to their brightest intellects and their most polished minds as best capable of drafting wise legislation, regularly send some "horrible specimens" of low life to the Legislatures and to Congress. As a natural consequence, corporate and abhorrent influences generally succeed in dominating legislative action. The "lobby" reigns, and only the fact that the veto-power is final prevents the sacrifice of private as well as public interests to the rapacious greed of political tricksters. Until the public mind is aroused to a sense of the grave danger that always arises from such a condition of things, the people, and particularly the tax-payers, must suffer. The protection of their interests is the last consideration that enters into the mind of the average legislator.

A WELL-KNOWN character of Chambersburg, Pa., was recently sent to jail for eighty days, under a venerable Pennsylvania statute, for swearing eighty profane oaths. The only comment on this unusual decision will be in denunciation of a "Blue Law" that makes swearing a misdemeanor. A great many persons are beginning to believe that a revival of the "Blue Laws" and their enforcement, particularly in well-settled communities, would be wholesome and timely. It is a fact that one cannot walk the streets of any crowded city in the United States, particularly in the humbler districts, without having his ears greeted by a stream of profanity flowing from the lips of children at play. The general lack of family discipline which has become a part of the American style of doing things leads to a development of precocity not always wholesome. A foreigner who visits an American city for the first time is shocked by the sight of little children smoking and chewing tobacco, as well as by the loud, boisterous, and profane language which comes from their lips. The law has found it necessary to impose restrictions upon the use of tobacco by children, and it may be necessary to revive the "Blue Laws" so far as they relate to their use of vile and profane language.

AN intelligent correspondent at Knoxville, Tenn., who says he is an Englishman, writes to us regarding the statement that wages are higher in protection America than in free-trade England. He declares that while this is true, it is also true that living is cheaper in Great Britain than in the United States, and that, therefore, the English workingman can save more than the American. He gives a comparative statement of what it costs for rent, food and clothing, etc., in the two countries. It is manifestly unfair to accept such figures in reference to this matter, for one man will be satisfied with certain garments, food, and rented quarters, while another workingman might prefer something better, or, perhaps, not so good. The main argument in behalf of protection is that it maintains the wages of the working masses at a higher figure than prevails in free-trade countries like Great Britain. And, as a rule, it will generally be found that higher wages are preferred by the working masses to cheap living. Rents may be cheaper abroad than they are here—we believe that to be the case; but the commoner articles of clothing are not appreciably cheaper, and food is, for the most part, dearer. We speak from experience in this and in other countries, and our statement is fortified by the fact that our exports of food products to free-trade Great Britain are enormously large, and increasing from year to year. If food were cheaper in England we would be the importers and not the exporters of grain, beef, flour, and breadstuffs generally.





STATUE TO GENERAL G. K. WARREN, TO BE ERECTED IN PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE STATUE TO GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

FOR a movement that was only inaugurated sixty days ago, the progress of the organization—the G. K. Warren Post, of Brooklyn, of the Grand Army of the Republic—formed to erect a suitable statue to the chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, is phenomenal among such memorial undertakings. After an invitation to several sculptors of established reputation, the model of Henry Baerer, herewith represented, was selected as a graphic expression of Warren's attitude on Little Round Top during the most desperate struggle on the field of Gettysburg. It has been approved by the general's widow. While spirited and even dramatic in pose, it is faithful in portraiture, the military and defiant feature of his elastic figure being very pronounced.

The figure will be of bronze, heroic in size—that is seven-and-a-half feet high—and will stand on a mass of granite boulders taken from the historic spot of Little Round Top itself with the consent of the Gettysburg Battle Field Association.

Although the contract between the sculptor and Warren Post does not express the fact that



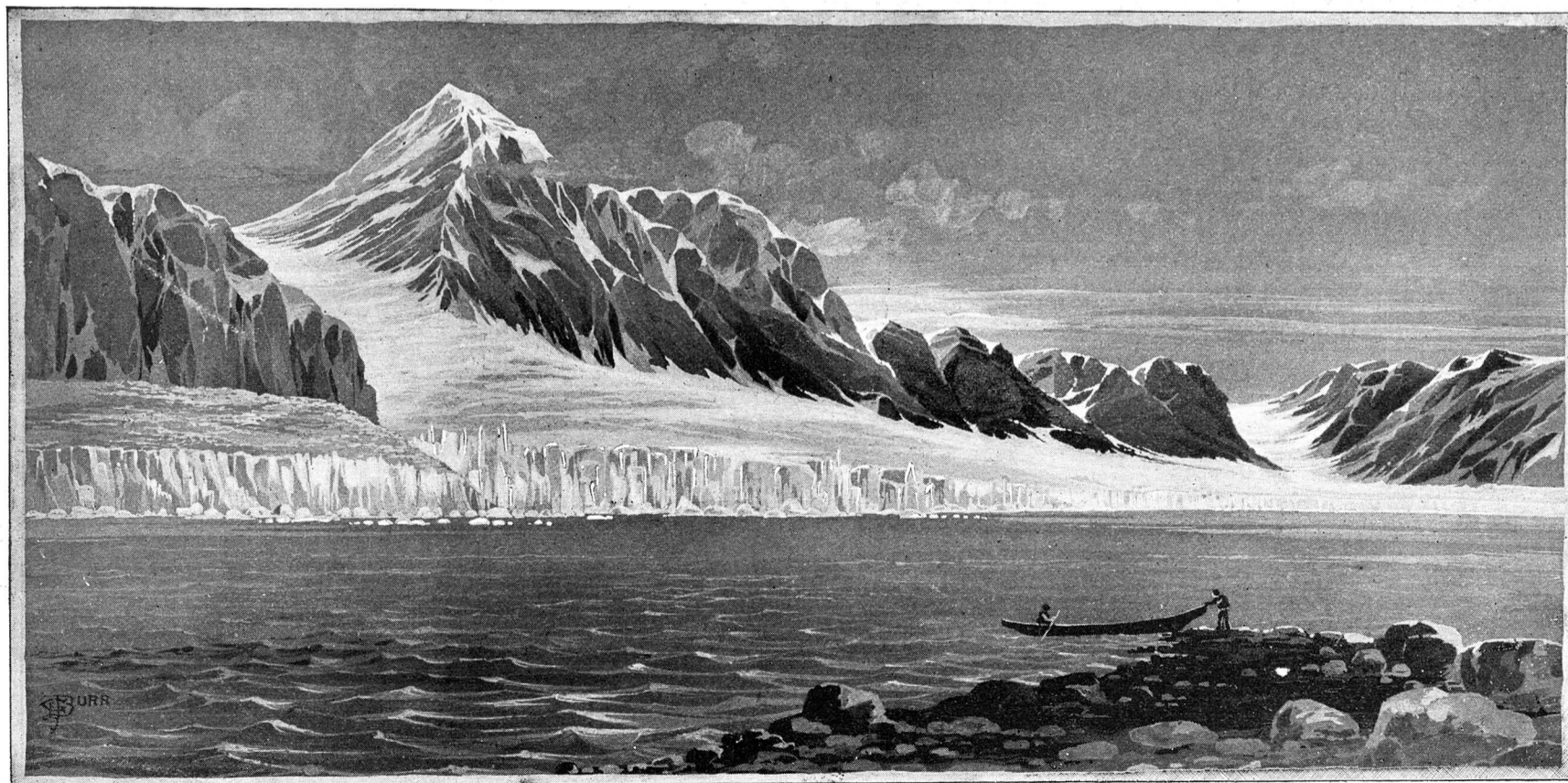
REPRESENTATIVE SOCIETY LADIES OF THE SOUTH: SECOND SERIES.—I. MISS KATHRYN KEOGH, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

the memorial is to be erected there, its destination, without any doubt, will be Prospect Park, which ultimately will have several expressive and imposing memorials of the Civil War.

It will be recalled that General Warren was chief topographical engineer under General Hooker during the Gettysburg fight, and went to Little Round Top on the morning of the second day of the battle. He found the Signal Corps gathering their flags to leave the hill. He also discovered that Hood's Texans were flanking Sickles's Corps, and threatened disaster to the Union Army. General Warren, by a *ruse de guerre*, made the enemy believe we were stronger than we were, and dashed down the height in search of troops. He secured a brigade and battery, and led them up to the scene just as Hood's men were coming up the other side of the summit, and then ensued a bloody hand-to-hand fight which remains, perhaps, the thrilling incident of the Civil War. Mr. Baerer has wrought the face and attitude of this statue with a determination and eagerness to excel that make it one of the best productions of the sculptor's art serving to commemorate the brave and signal deeds of either Confederate or Union soldier. The chairman of the Monument Committee is Mr. B. C. Smith.

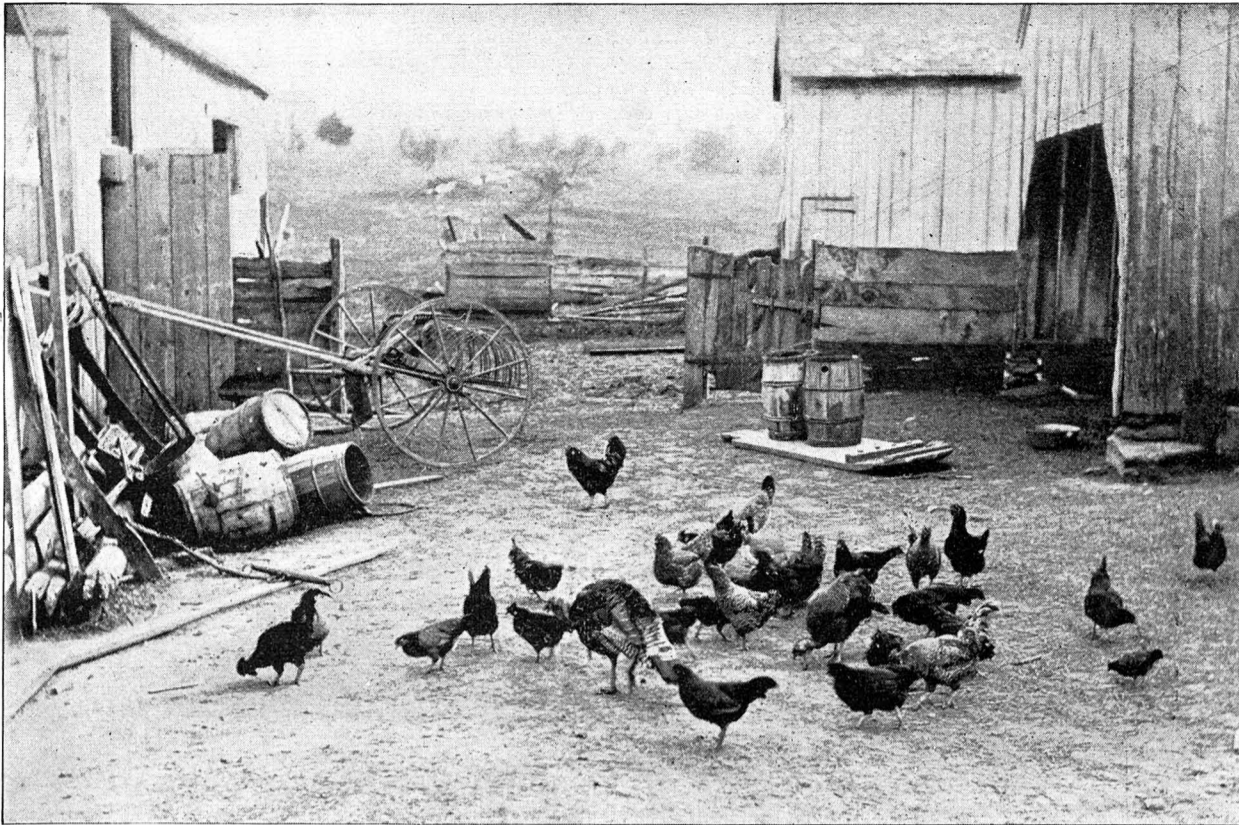
SOUTHERN SOCIETY LADIES.

OUR series of pictures of representative society ladies, both of the North and South, has proved so interesting that we propose to supplement it with portraits of a considerable number of typical women of the South. This series will embrace the reigning belles of several of the leading Southern cities. We give to-day the portrait of Miss Kathryn Keogh, daughter of the Hon. Thomas B. Keogh, one of the foremost Republicans of North Carolina, and a World's Fair Commissioner from that State. Miss Keogh is just nineteen years of age, a native of Greensborough in the old North State, and is, as her face indicates, a person of very rare attractions. To her acknowledged graces of person are added fine conversational powers. She is highly educated and accomplished, and is widely popular as one of the representatives of North Carolina's younger beauties.



THE "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" EXPLORATION OF ALASKA.—AN ACTIVE GLACIER ON THE ALSECK RIVER. FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. GLAVE.—[SEE PAGE 396.]





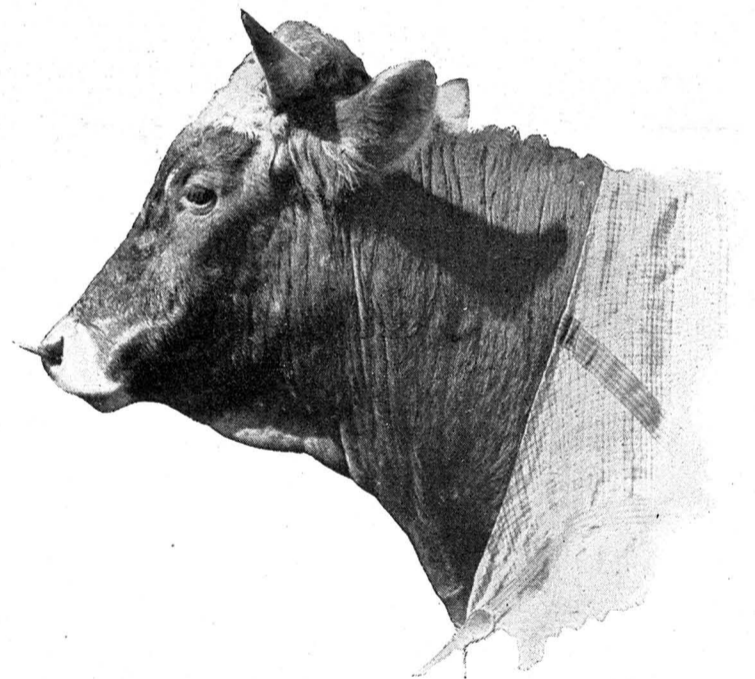
NEW ENGLAND FARM-YARD: PHOTO BY MRS. J. C. KENDALL, NORFOLK, CONN.



"DOLLY MAY HAVE HER PICTURE TAKEN": PHOTO BY MRS. J. C. KENDALL.



WABASH AVENUE NORTH FROM MADISON STREET, CHICAGO: PHOTO BY JOSEPH N. SMITH.



HEAD OF A JERSEY BULL: PHOTO BY ROBERT E. M. BAIN, ST. LOUIS.



AT LOW TIDE: PHOTO BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ, NEW-YORK.

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



## RECOLLECTIONS OF DIXIE.

SEE the old plantation on the dark Red River bank;  
The fields of cotton-stalks and stubble-cane,  
And the cotton-wood so tall  
All along the levee wall,  
And the negro cabins down the sodden lane.

I see the "white folks' house," with its wide verandas spread  
Like great big arms of welcome to the guest;  
Let him come whenever he will,  
When his foot strikes that door-sill  
He is partner of its bounty—and its best.

I see the old gin-house, with its broken window-lights,  
And white lint scattered all about the door;  
I hear its creaking noise,  
And the clear voice of "the boys"  
Singing darkey songs I'll love forever more.

I see the big black kettle on the roaring green-wood fire,  
And the scaffolds where the butchered pigs are laid;  
It is now "hog-killin' time,"  
Darkey fun is in its prime,  
Chris'mus bladders, blown up, ripen in the shade.

In each cabin is a sack full of golden hick'ry nuts,  
Walnuts, or pecans so sleek and russet-brown;  
Great jugs of persimmon beer,  
New-laid eggs, now scarce and "dear,"  
All to "trade for Chris'mus goodies up in town."

I catch the mellow strumming of a banjo on the air,  
I smell the spare-ribs in the frying-pan!  
"Chris'mus comes but onct a year,  
Ever' nigger wants his share,  
So good-bye, I'se gwine to see my Mary Ann!"

So the long, bright, winter day fades to gray dusk in the west,  
While the stars come out and twinkle in the sky;  
On the frosty fields they beam,  
On the dark old bloody stream—

\* \* \* \* \*

I'm so homesick—I must stop and—have a cry!  
BELLE HUNT.

## HOLLY AND YAPON.

BY LEE C. HARBY.



HE sunlight sparkles on the river and shines goldenly on the green slope of lawn leading down to its banks; for, though this is December the twenty-fourth, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, the smooth-cut grass has not yet turned brown. "A green Christmas" is the rule in lower South Carolina; both blacks and whites would consider it a misfortune if at that time the weather should be bitterly cold. However, the air is fine and bracing, necessitating the closing of the outer doors, and making the roaring oak fires in every room a feature of

comfort as well as beauty. Out on the lawn by the antique, moss-grown sun-dial stands, in eager expectancy, a slim, black figure. He watches the shadow move slowly—so very slowly it seems to him—around the dial. Fifteen minutes—ten minutes—five minutes—will it never reach the hour? At last it falls just on the figure twelve. Then, with a shout and a look up at the sun, just overhead, he speeds off across the lawn, past the poultry yards, by "the children's house," all unheeding of the calls from his playmates. Breathless, he reaches the barns where hangs the great plantation bell. Holding the rope and awaiting him, stands Sam, who is—under the master himself—the ruler of this little world.

The boy cannot speak, but nods his head, and in response the first loud note rolls out: Clang! clang! clang! until twelve is pealed forth and reaches the ears of the people at work in field or wood. Then comes a jubilee of joyous strokes, and the rope is given into the hands of the grinning boy, who finishes up the summons with a regular peal of joy. So is Christmas announced to those who await it and now come trooping home to their quarters. This, the day before, is a half-holiday, and begins for every soul on the plantation a week of careless merriment.

The old mansion is in festival attire. The treasures of the Southern woods, glowing vines and berries, and even winter flowers, have been used in adorning the great dining-hall and parlors, while every bed-room has its wreaths of crimson yapon and lovely holly twisted and fastened with gray, drooping moss. Above the front entrance glows a "Welcome!" standing out in bold relief—the letters formed of orange and scarlet berries against a background of soft, green, wood-ferns. On the book-case in the library a bust of Calhoun wears a fresh crown of green laurel-leaves, and the great Chinese jars on the mantel are filled with crimson and white camellias from the garden; while on the sideboard, over a century old, a large bowl holds a wealth of lovely wild snake-root blossoms, which love the cold, and are as blue as the summer's sky.

There is a merry din of voices as the doors swing open and a gay company of young men and girls troop in. They are very blithe and bonny and very unconventional. They crowd into the parlor, throwing off wraps and hats as they come, and grouping about the fire, jostle each other good-naturedly, all endeavoring to speak at once to their hostess, a pretty, black-haired matron, looking as young as her own daughters.

"Have you seen Elise and Mr. Rodney, Mrs. Cheverill? She started with us on our walk, and he promised to join us at the stile over the pasture fence, but he never made his appearance, and Elise vanished before we passed by Cedar Grove."

"It wath the strangest thing," put in little Ernest Travers. "I juth lef her a moment to take a brier from Mith Annie's dretth, and when I came back she wath gone!"

"Yeth, she wath!" mimicked Leda Cheverill, in the same

doleful tone; "but the best part of it was, mother, I am perfectly certain that she hid behind one of the big cedars in the grove until we all went by. She has not a bit of use for Ernie, and he knows it; yet he will torment her."

"Hush, Leda!" reproved her mother. "Mr. Rodney left here with his gun just before all of you started; he was going after partridges in the grove, he said."

"Indeed!" laughed young Cheverill; "he found a dove instead, I warrant; a tame one at that, for not a shot have we heard."

"Ring the bell, Olive, and have these wraps taken away."

Nellie, the comely house girl, came quickly at the summons, gathering up all the many articles strewn over chairs and sofas.

"Lunch is ready, young ladies; won't you come fix a bit?" the girl asked as she led the way.

They followed her to their several apartments—all but the eldest daughter, who stopped at a sign from her mother.

As the last one left the room Mrs. Cheverill said:

"I wish Elise would come in; you know I do not approve of single couples wandering away by themselves in the woods. I do not wish any gossip among my guests."

"The truth is, mother, Mr. Rodney and Elise became engaged this day a year ago. Three months after, they quarreled about a mere trifle, and since then have not been on speaking terms. It was something of a shock to both when they met here."

"They would make such a nice couple; it is a pity," said Mrs. Cheverill, sympathizingly.

"Don't sigh over it, mother. I'll wager that if they met in the grove the affair is all fixed by now. There is an atmosphere about that place perfectly irresistible to young lovers,"—and with a blush and laugh she sought her own room.

The gray-haired butler who so gravely seated each member of the party at that bountiful lunch-table had served three generations of this same family. He had known the fathers and grandfathers of the guests gathered around the hospitable board. These young people have all been intimate with his "young misses" and "young massa"; he has learned their particular likes and dislikes, and arranges them accordingly at table—for all negroes seem born with an affinity for a love affair, and are past masters of intrigue, so he leaves two vacant chairs side by side.

The meal progresses gayly, and the jolly host has just asked: "What has become of Elise?" when the door opens and, looking very flushed, a little conscious, and wholly breathless from fast walking, she and Rodney appear. He carries his gun and empty game-bag, which the butler takes from him with a slightly deprecating air, while Nellie removes Miss Stewart's wraps, and Mrs. Cheverill insists that she shall sit right down and leave her toilet until after lunch. So they take their chairs and make a show of eating, but really accomplish but little in that line. Alec Rodney is feverishly gay and Elise a little quiet and confused, and, some way, every one knows that matters are all right at last. Only Ernest Travers is sorry and Annie Hanscome a wee bit provoked; for he has long been in love with the pretty, sparkling brunette, and hoped unutterable things; while Miss Hanscome, fully recognizing the desirableness of the best catch of their circle, had used all the powers of her rare blonde beauty to ensnare Rodney.

There are some sly, amused glances thrown at the very conscious pair, but they are mercifully left unteased and unrallied at their long absence, until the irrepressible Leda says, with a burst of long suppressed merriment:

"For what a lot of marriages this old plantation is answerable! Even from the time of our grandfathers. Say, Elise, did you stop at 'Engagement Oak'?"

And then, to cover the young couple's confusion, the gracious hostess rises, and in the general movement Elise escapes to her room.

Christmas Eve! The negro quarter is alive with light and joy and dance. Great piles of pine-knots blaze on the brick and earthen stands which are placed one in front of each negro-house. Not rough cabins these, but comfortable frame buildings with huge chimneys, in which burn grand fires of oak, myrtle, and pine. In a large, long room, built for the purpose, with a deep chimney at either end in which the pine-knots are piled two feet high, are congregated all the young negroes of the plantation, dancing merrily to the music of a fiddle. Round the room on wooden benches sit the old folks, clapping and stamping in time to the tune. In the next room the table is heaped with viands, whose warm, appetizing smell permeates the atmosphere and accelerates the movements of the dancers.

"Right an' lef'! half promenade, an' seat yo' pardners!" is called by the musician, and then they crowd to the table and look admiringly on the big bowl of punch, which Sam announces "is sent yere by ole Miss, wid her bes' wishes for a merry Christmas."

So they drink "de health ob de white folks," and then fall to work on the viands, consuming them as only negroes can.

In the parlors at the "big house" all is life and light and joy. While the elders have formed whist-parties or sit quietly conversing, the young people dance

Unto a slow waltz melody, whose fall  
And rise of cadence, rhythmical and sweet,  
Holds in its spell their graceful, moving feet.

The lamps glow beneath the softening tint of their crimson shades. The fire-light dances and gleams over the warm-hued carpets, lighting up the delicate tint of the walls, reflecting itself in silver and glass, and making more ruddy the berries of holly and yapon above the windows and arching doors.

The music quickens; with a glance at the great hall clock, the musician breaks into the well-known measure of the Virginia Reel, and then the two long lines form, and as the couples fly "down the middle, right hands across," every one knows that Christmas is very near indeed.

No one hears the swift beat of horses' feet upon the hard bed of the broad avenue. No one sees the pair of jaded animals with their weary riders, as they canter on the soft grass of the lawn up to the garden's gate, and, hitching their bridles to the fence, walk slowly up the path to the great front door, closed it is true, but with its glowing welcome showing out boldly in the moonlight, and with ruddy gleams shining through the wide transom

above it. They take each other's hands, and the girl smiles wanly as the man knocks boldly, commandingly, at the door.

The gray-haired butler answers the summons.

"Who shall I say, sah?" he asks, ushering them into a small ante-room.

The man hesitates, but the girl replies:

"Say belated travelers who would like to see Mr. Cheverill."

The host, half unwillingly, lays down his hand at whist, and excusing himself, answers the summons.

As he enters the room he recognizes the girl as the daughter of an old friend—a fellow-planter who lives thirty miles away.

"Why, my dear Miss Duncan, what is the meaning of this—almost midnight, and you here?"

The girl lays her hand in his proffered one, and says simply:

"I am Mrs. Robinson now, and this gentleman is my husband."

In "this gentleman" Mr. Cheverill recognizes the overseer of his friend, and hardens immediately. Dropping the girl's hand, he says, shortly, "Impossible!" and awaits their explanation.

His tone stings the young man.

"It is the fact, Mr. Cheverill," he begins, impetuously. "I courted Miss Duncan openly and honorably, but her father laughed me to scorn and bid me pay my court to one in my own sphere. We kept apart then, I attending to my duties, and hoping time would soften him. At last I went to him again and asked his consent to the renewal of my attentions. He hooted at the very idea of such a thing, and bid me remember that planters' daughters did not marry their fathers' overseers. Stung to fury, I told him I should win Miss Duncan in spite of him, and he, believing it but an idle boast, allowed me to stay on, and so—"

"You abused his confidence. Will you tell me, sir, why you come with all this to me?"

"Oh, Mr. Cheverill, listen to me," pleads the girl. "I loved him so, and could not bear to give him up. He wanted to go away, saying he knew it was not right to drag me below my station, but my sorrow, my tears, overcame his resolutions, and we—"

"Ran away and got married, like two fools!" put in the planter, angrily. "What do you suppose I can do about it? I don't approve of it at all, I can tell you. You have lost the station you have held as Miss Duncan—you can only rank as Mrs. Robinson, now and henceforth."

"I know it," she said, quietly, and looked up smiling in her husband's face.

Robinson looked appealingly at the planter.

"This is our wedding night, Mr. Cheverill, and I have not a place to take her. Her father drove us away with curses, and she thought of you—that you might give me employment."

Out from the inner room comes a burst of music and gay voices. The girl trembles and looks longingly at the light and warmth within.

"A nice position you would put me in," protests Mr. Cheverill. "By employing you I would give a seeming indorsement to your conduct—which I do not in the least feel—and anger against me my good and old friend, your father."

"But I am so tired, and it is so late," murmurs the girl.

"To-night you shall have rest and entertainment. I turn no one from my door; but to-morrow will be—"

"Merry Christmas!" comes in one great shout from the dancers. The tall clock in the hall peals twelve, and the great plantation bell jangles merrily, rung by the little darkeys who have it in charge.

"Merry Christmas, father! I've caught you!" shouts Leda, rushing out and hugging her father ecstatically; then, catching sight of the strangers, exclaims: "Why, Miss—"

"Mrs. Robinson, my dear," interrupts Mr. Cheverill, impressively, "the wife of Mr. Duncan's overseer, who is now out of a place and looking for employment, which he wishes me to give."

Her position is clearly defined, but again the young bride smiles fearlessly in her husband's face.

"Give him the employment then, father; we are waiting for you to toast the Christmas-tide."

Leda went in as she spoke, and from the negro quarters came the sound of a Christmas hymn, with its high-pitched chorus of "Peace on earth and to all men good will!"

Mr. Cheverill rang the bell near him sharply.

"Tell Sam I want him," he said to the boy who came.

The man answered the summons quickly.

"Merry Christmas, massa; Christmas gif," he said, as he drew near.

"Merry Christmas, Sam, and here's your gift," handing him some silver pieces. "I am sorry to take you from your fun, but is the overseer's house in good repair?"

"Yes, sah; but it's dark and shet up."

"Well, have fires lit in all the rooms; send Elsie to see that everything is right, and when all is ready let Mr. Robinson know. I have engaged him for the next year to be my overseer, and I hope you will be a very good assistant."

The man went to do as he was bid, and the young couple rose to express their joyous thanks.

"Not a word, not a word; you owe it all to the season, not to me. Do your duty, Robinson, and let your wife forget who she has been, and we will get on well enough. And now excuse me, my family is waiting," and leaving them there, in the small, cozy sitting-room, awaiting the summons to their own house, the kindly gentleman went in to his gay home circle.

He had done a good deed and still upheld most decidedly his pride of class and station.

"Did you take him, father?" whispers Leda, as she passes him his third glass of egg-nog.

"Yes; look through the window yonder and you will see their shadows on the curtain."

Far off across the lawn, the light is gleaming brightly through the white curtains of the overseer's house, and within the young wife is saying:

"I would rather have you and this dear little home, John, than all the glories of a planter's daughter."

A knock calls them to the door.

A young darkey, bearing a tall, covered pitcher, presents himself.

"Miss Leda sen' you dis aig-nog, and say as how she hope



you'll hab a merry Christmas and a happy year in de new home."

The fires are dying down in the negro quarters, but still the sound of song and music rings out from the long room, while the fiddler calls the figures of the dance, and the dusky forms "wheel and turn and then salute your partners."

In the "big house" the lights are out in the parlors, and the tired servants have gone to bed, for theirs has been a busy day. The girls gossip softly with each other, for fear the chattering will disturb the old folks, while the young men smoke their cigars, and Rodney sees laughing brown eyes in the smoke of his as he takes his last puff, and, with a soul-contented sigh, goes to bed.

"Duncan will be furious," says Mr. Cheverill to his wife, as he relates the incident of the evening; and she replies, with the dear contradiction of a woman's heart:

"You were very right to help them, poor things—at Christmas, too! I wonder how that girl could ever so forget what was due to her station?"

Off in the "overseer's house" across the lawn, there is peace and joy. Love, the great comforter, has made them oblivious to tired limbs and strange surroundings. With light hearts and happy smiles, they look into each other's eyes and remember not the barriers of caste.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

ONE is often impressed by the emphatic terms in which people who have been abroad state the fact that "everything is so cheap in London." And it may be—to the initiated—but in my rounds of shopping, so far, I have failed to come upon what we recognize as "a bargain." Linens and woollens in fabrics by the yard, of course, are cheaper than with us, but there the comparison ends, as far as the leading shops are concerned.

Almost every lady here has her dress skirt made in demi-train, and now and then such is seen upon the street, sometimes raised by means of a skirt-elevator; but if the lady is in her carriage, and steps from it to cross the walk, she does not raise her skirt. But why, oh! why won't women who must go afoot have the good sense and good taste to have their walking-dresses cut clear of the soil?

There is not much in the way of new fashions to record. The most pronounced feature in dresses is the rapidly-increasing length of the basques, which will ere long be down to our knees. There are even two basques, the upper one the same as the dress, its edge often cut in points or crenulations, while under it is another of contrasting color and material matching the trimmings or *gilet*, if there be one. Sometimes it is the fancy to simulate a sort of double jacket with open fronts. These double basques are somewhat trying, however, and are apt to look as if one had pinned a breadth over one's skirt for extra warmth, or to hide a tear or stain. The majority of bodies are made with the fronts of different colors, and a pretty arrangement of this kind I saw in a costume of old-rose cloth. The straight skirt, fitting as closely as nature would allow, was embroidered all round the bottom with opaque beads, forming true-lover's-knots at intervals. The body was made with crossed folds, one side cloth, the other *crêpe de chine*. The embroidered waistband was high, and the sleeves, of plain cloth, were finished with the white *crêpe*. These true-lover's-knots, in Louis XV. style, are greatly in favor as trimmings, either embroidered or cut out in velvet, silk, etc., laid on and outlined with beads. This is the most popular and effective trimming of the day, and any one handy with the needle could make it for herself.

Another favorite trimming, if it can so be called, is seen in combination dresses of plain and figured cloth or camel's-hair. The figure, whatever it may be, is cut out from the camel's-hair and applied upon the front breadth of plain cloth, and then outlined with a chain-stitching of gold thread or fine beads. Patches of astrakhan cloth in circles, ellipses, and diamonds are applied in the same way to the front breadths of cloth skirts when the costume is otherwise trimmed with astrakhan. Another effective trimming much in vogue consists in studding the material with pieces of black or colored jet cut into various shapes, squares, hexagons, etc., and arranged in geometrical figures or in radiations.

There is such an endless variety of bonnets and hats in London that one can hardly realize that there are so many uncovered heads in the world. Most of the hats are small and "perky," and rest on the tip-top of the head. One of the prettiest specimens I have seen was a quaint little bonnet worn by a piquant-looking blonde. It resembled a fluted scallop-shell more



THE STUART.

most aristocratic hostelry of ninety years' standing, and the wedding gifts were of the most costly description, not the least of which was an antique French clock with a pendulum encircling the entire lace, and composed of the finest brilliants—a most charming *objet d'art*.

LONDON, November 29th, 1890.

ELLA STARR.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

THE Indian excitement in the Northwest seems to have somewhat abated, the vigorous precautions adopted by the military authorities for the prevention of an outbreak having had a deterrent effect upon the hostiles. At the latest accounts the Indians were coming into their reservations. Meanwhile Sitting Bull, the famous Sioux chief, who is largely responsible for the recent discontent, has fallen a victim to his own mendacity. The facts appear to be that when the police reached Sitting Bull's camp on the Grand River, about forty miles from Standing Rock, they found arrangements being made for departure. He was at once taken into custody. His followers attempted his rescue, and fighting began. Four policemen were killed and three wounded. Eight Indians were killed, including Sitting Bull and his son Crowfoot, and several others wounded. The police were surrounded for some time, but maintained their ground until relieved by United States troops, who took possession of Sitting Bull's camp, with all women, children, and property. Sitting Bull's followers, probably one hundred men, deserted their families and fled west up the Grand River. Whether further troubles will result from this vigorous action of the authorities is yet to be seen.

By way of illustrating scenes and incidents in the Indian country, we give to-day pictures of Fort Yates and the Standing Rock Agency in Dakota. The Indians are encamped all over that reservation, extending for one hundred and twenty miles north and south along the Missouri River, and sixty miles west back from the river. The buildings shown at the left centre of the picture are the agency, and those to the right centre the military post of Fort Yates. The Standing Rock Agency derives its name from a certain rock which is held in great reverence by the Sioux Indians. This rock is carried by them from place to place in all their travels. They believe it to be an unfaithful Indian turned to stone by the Great Spirit, by way of punishment for his infidelity.

One of the pictures illustrates "beef issue day" at the agency. The live cattle are turned loose in the corral every other Monday, and the Indians shoot them from the outside. After all are down, and it is safe to enter, the butchering begins, the chief of each band being given so many heads by the Indian agent. The chiefs then divide the carcasses among their bands, and it is said that a quarrel or difference of any sort is very rarely seen over the distribution of the supplies. The Government buys the cattle on the hoof, fattens, and then kills them for issuing as needed; except in the fall, when all winter-issue cattle are killed at one time and the meat packed away.

The picture of the Indian home represents one near the agency. It shows the corn drying on racks, with a squaw cooking outside of the tent.

MR. PARNELL AND THE IRISH CAUSE.

MR. PARNELL has kept the promise which he made to his supporters on leaving them, at the meeting convened in London for deciding upon his future policy. His language on that occasion was: "Tell them I will fight to the end." Going immediately to Ireland, he entered upon a vigorous campaign, and has already made a considerable number of speeches, in which he has thrown down the gauntlet of defiance not only to the British Liberals but to his recent Home Rule followers who refuse longer to accept his leadership. In some of these speeches he has denounced the latter with very great bitterness, and if one is to judge by the violence of his language it must be concluded that he regards his cause as a failing one. Certainly, no man with any prospect of success would resort to the denunciatory language which he has employed, or to the violent measures which he employed to secure possession of the *United Ireland* newspaper, when he headed a mob with a crow-bar and took forcible possession of the premises. His opponents, headed by Davitt, Healy, Sexton, and others, are making an active fight to prevent the ruin of the Home Rule cause through his apparently malevolent course. In this country the great body of Irishmen regard his action with great disfavor, and their sympathy is with the dissentients headed by Justin McCarthy. Contributions in aid of the Home Rule cause from the Americas will be slender until the Irish party shall succeed in adjusting its differences and agree upon some other custodian of the funds than Mr. Parnell.

A WONDERFUL EXHIBITION OF DOLLS.

BORN of charitable intent and nurtured by philanthropic impulses, it is not surprising that the Charity-Doll Show of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which opened in the Judge Building on the 15th of December, was a phenomenal success. Two grand and spacious apartments, one on the ground floor and the other on the second floor in the Judge Building, were specially and elaborately decorated and arranged for the exhibition of nearly three thousand beautifully dressed dolls. The attendance was large, and both old and young were delighted



LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY: DRESSED BY MRS. ALEX. TAYLOR.

LOUISE, IN THE "TWO ORPHANS": DRESSED BY MISS KATE CLAXTON.

by the surpassing beauty of the scene. Both sides of the rooms, and tables extending from end to end of the apartments, were crowded with beautifully dressed dolls, some of them in most magnificent costumes, and all of them attired with exceeding taste and care.

The Boston Orchestral Club, comprising a number of well-known young ladies from the "Hub," was a decided attraction in the lower room, and their musical selections were rendered with rare skill and success. On the upper floor a phonograph played a number of weird selections, and with the Uncle Tom's Cabin, the old-fashioned school-house, and other attractions, formed the centre of amusement for large audiences both day and night.

Some of the dolls, including a beautiful creature dressed by Miss Ada Rehan, were disposed of at good prices on the first evening. The remainder of the choice specimens were sold at auction, and the net proceeds, together with the dolls expressly dressed for that purpose, will be distributed among the unfortunate children in the various hospitals, infirmaries, nurseries, and other deserving institutions.

The beautiful decorations of the apartments were by C. H. Koster, after designs by Captain Alfred Thompson; the attractive doll-houses were furnished by Donald McQuien; the arrangement of the dolls in the country school-house was the work of Artists Gillam and Hamilton; Bloomingdale Brothers furnished the doll chairs; Bauman Brothers, Vantine & Company, and Van Gaasbeek & Arkell generously provided the furniture and fixtures, and the dolls came from the importing house of the Strobel & Wilken Company of this city.

The management was in the hands of Mr. De Frece, who has been identified with manifold charities in this city.

A full list of all contributors will be presented next week. They will rejoice with us that the first Annual Doll Show of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has been crowned with complete success, and that it will result in gladdening the hearts of many deserving children who might otherwise have been overlooked in this merry season.

THE CHRISTMAS "JUDGE."

THE Christmas number of *Judge* is a beauty, and in wit, illustrations and mechanical attractiveness easily leads the holiday issues of the illustrated humorous weeklies. The absence of the political cartoons is, for once, a relief to the patrons of *Judge*. As an artistic production the Christmas issue can stand comparison with the best of famous English holiday papers that are sent in such great quantities to this country. It is no longer necessary for us to look to England for illustrated holiday papers.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

The Christmas *Judge* is a whole Christmas in itself. It is in truth a work of art. No other humorous publication in the world can compare with *Judge* for originality and pictorial excellence. It is a perpetual delight to both young and old. For sale by all newsdealers.—*Saratogian*.

The Christmas number of *Judge*, just issued, is one of the handsomest things of the kind ever published. Everything is bright and artistically arranged. The illustrations are exceptionally good, and of a fine grade of art. There is not a dull or uninteresting piece of reading-matter from cover to cover, even the advertisements being presented in an attractive form. The Christmas publication that exceeds *Judge* in any particular must be as near perfection as possible.—*Utica Observer*.

The Christmas number of *Judge* is out and is replete with literary and artistic humor. The issue contains forty-eight pages embellished with caricature and society illustrations, among the best ever originated by *Judge's* able corps of comic artists. "Zim" is conspicuous with his usual array of "broad" comic series. The handsome cover and the double-page drawing in the middle of the number are from the prolific pen and brush of Hamilton. Appropriate cartoons and poems to the holiday season are given prominent places. Altogether, the Christmas *Judge* makes as desirable a humorous holiday publication as is to be found in the market.—*Philadelphia News*.

The Christmas number of *Judge* is about the best thing of its kind we ever saw. The person who fails to read it will miss a big slice of holiday cheer.—*Little Falls Evening Times*.



Plateau Hat.



## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

(Extract from a paper read before the Photographic Section of the Brooklyn Institute.)

WHAT is real to one is another's ideal, and besides, our mental focus is constantly changing; the real and the ideal are interchangeable, and as the latter constantly escapes us, so the former is never our own, for with every human being there is a new way of looking at a subject. In camera work the ideal of to-day becomes the real of to-morrow, until it grows so old that it is young again and appears as a new discovery. How can we call photography a new thing when in Assyrian ruins is found what might be called the germ of the modern photographic lens? But the world moves fast in this nineteenth century, and the last decade has witnessed progress in camera work alone which would not have been believed possible when Daguerre, Talbot, and other pioneers dug the furrows where modern photography germinated and is growing to perfection.

There will always be a class who dislike work, and they will never rise beyond the dead level of cheap snap cameras. They have no ideals, have never thought the work worth study, and are perfectly satisfied with half a picture out of focus and the vertical lines resembling a toboggan-slide. Admirers of a certain favorite style of cameras talk glibly of a universal focus, which seems unworthy even passing consideration. One button-presser in the Yosemite Valley showed me a view of the Vernal Falls taken by him on donkey-back. Imagine the picture as seen between the donkey's ears, which framed it on either side, the magnificent cascade and the aforesaid ears about of a size. In a portrait it is called "soft" and "artistic" where the face is so carelessly focused and timed that the retoucher has to spend hours in trying, too often ineffectually, to atone for the inevitable flatness. "The pose is so good," is told you, "you must not expect microscopic definition; it is not art." I fail to see why laziness and carelessness should be so exalted. There are altogether too many painters who seek to cover glaring faults of drawing by brilliancy of coloring, and the daubers with the brush have their counterparts in photography.

A well-taken photograph reveals what the human eye does not see clearly enough to convey any impression of it to the brain, and many beautiful details would escape one's memory if not thus caught by an infallible recorder. How often, for instance, we see in a portrait resemblances which in the person's living features might entirely escape notice. Why does a person say, "That isn't like me," when he should say, "That is not my idea of myself"? The truth is, there is an element of vanity, latent it may be, in the best of us, and if it ever becomes visible it is in a photographic studio. An operator who is also a philosopher might found countless theories on this peculiarity.

One needs in a studio the best lenses procurable,—two or three are enough if thoroughly studied through all their moods and tenses; and especially one needs plenty of room for really satisfactory work. After giving up side-light work I began with a studio 9 x 19 feet, and now have one 17 x 31, the inclined skylight being 8 x 11, and the vertical 4 feet 6 x 11. It is possible for a man or a woman who might never make a painter to become a tolerable photographer, but never a great one. "There is no royal road to learning" is as true in this work as in any other, and the hardest workers will eventually succeed. By hard workers I do not mean those who, although using labor enough yet scatter their fire—as soldiers say—but those who consider first just where to put their feet on the upward path, keeping steadily to it, and yet are able to seize a moment's inspiration which may carry them far in advance of their plodding companions. To accumulate the requisite amount of reserve strength for such *tours de force*, much systematic, thoughtful, and conscientious work must be done. The element of chance must never enter into the calculations. Napoleon once said, when asked to what he attributed his success as a general: "To being ready to change my plan of battle at a moment's notice." Such readiness in emergencies is not given to the hit-and-miss worker, and yet they are those who are apt to believe in iron-clad formulas. I gave an eiko formula to one camerist who, finding it discolored, threw the solution away and took me to task for incorrect information. My slides for weeks past had been developed by the same formula.

It is absolutely important nowadays to read not only one or more photographic journals, but to notice the occasional articles in the daily press, in order to keep well posted. There is so much to be learned all the time, and such books as Mr. W. H. Burbank's recent one on dry-plate development is of infinite value to one who knows how to profit by what he reads. His explanations are clear, concise, and, best of all, suggestive. It is difficult to particularize, but I specially wish to call attention to his remarks on light in the developing-room and the comparisons between various developers. It often takes considerable nerve to let a plate stay long enough in the developing-tray as well as in the hypo, and I am glad to see that he approves of double fixing. I have adopted a rule to keep all newspaper articles of photographic interest in a scrap-book, which is assuming goodly proportions. But I wish decidedly and strongly to take ground against a tendency which is sometimes apparent in such articles to belittle and vulgarize camera work and workers. Humor is one thing, but broad, vulgar farce is emphatically another, and most of the so-called "funny" articles on camera work and workers can safely be classed under the latter head. One must believe in and respect one's work to put into it that indescribable touch which in painting or sculpture we call inspiration. Look on the camera not as a machine, but as one more of the wonder-working discoveries of that greatest of earthly wonders, the mind of man. What can be more mysterious than the evolving of the latent image on a sensitive plate; and does it ever grow less wonderful, that irresistible power of chemic forces to bring the image forth and hold it forever? But—in the glorious name of Art—do not resign that sceptre into the control of what is called "luck." Do not venture to lay irreverent hands on the inner secrets of nature. From the moment of placing the plate in the holder until the print is finished feel that you have under control a power greater than the alchemists of the olden time and appreciate it. It is necessary to work hard for a result to adequately realize its importance, and this is why I do not, as a general

thing, care for hand-cameras. Set up a tripod, screw on the camera, focus, expose, and pack things up again. You are not likely to waste all that time and trouble on any but a good picture. Hand-cameras are useful for moving objects, and where a tripod cannot easily be used, but the want of a sliding front, swing-back, exact focus, and other advantages make their use very trying at times. I have several, but my favorite one was made to order, and is fitted with a Voigtländer Euryscope, wide-angle, but also with great depth of focus. It is well worth twice its cost.

There is great diversity of opinion among camerists as to working any given plate, and where one succeeds another makes an utter failure. One trouble, I think, is changing back and forth between slow and fast plates. The latter are needed for hand-cameras, for large groups, and for children in the studio. For all other subjects I prefer slow plates, well-timed, and a normal development. The ideal plate ought, of course, to be rich in silver, and some of the Treasury surplus might thus be profitably utilized. Fast plates are apt to need special treatment, and I would rather do my work at the beginning, focus and time carefully, instead of chancing both and then laboring over the negative to get only a fair result, and not that without intensifying. With slides it is often well to over-expose the plate, put it in a saturated solution of bromide of potassium a few seconds, and then into undiluted eiko. If the hypo-bath reduces too much, I use silver intensifier, clearing any over density by acid-sulphite, or alum and sulphuric acid. It is easy to tell, after a certain amount of experience, what treatment will suit different slides as well as negatives. Those who do not understand camera work have a very vague idea of its difficulties, and many consider that all the work lies in printing and mounting. Preparing the negative seems to them mere sleight-of-hand in comparison.

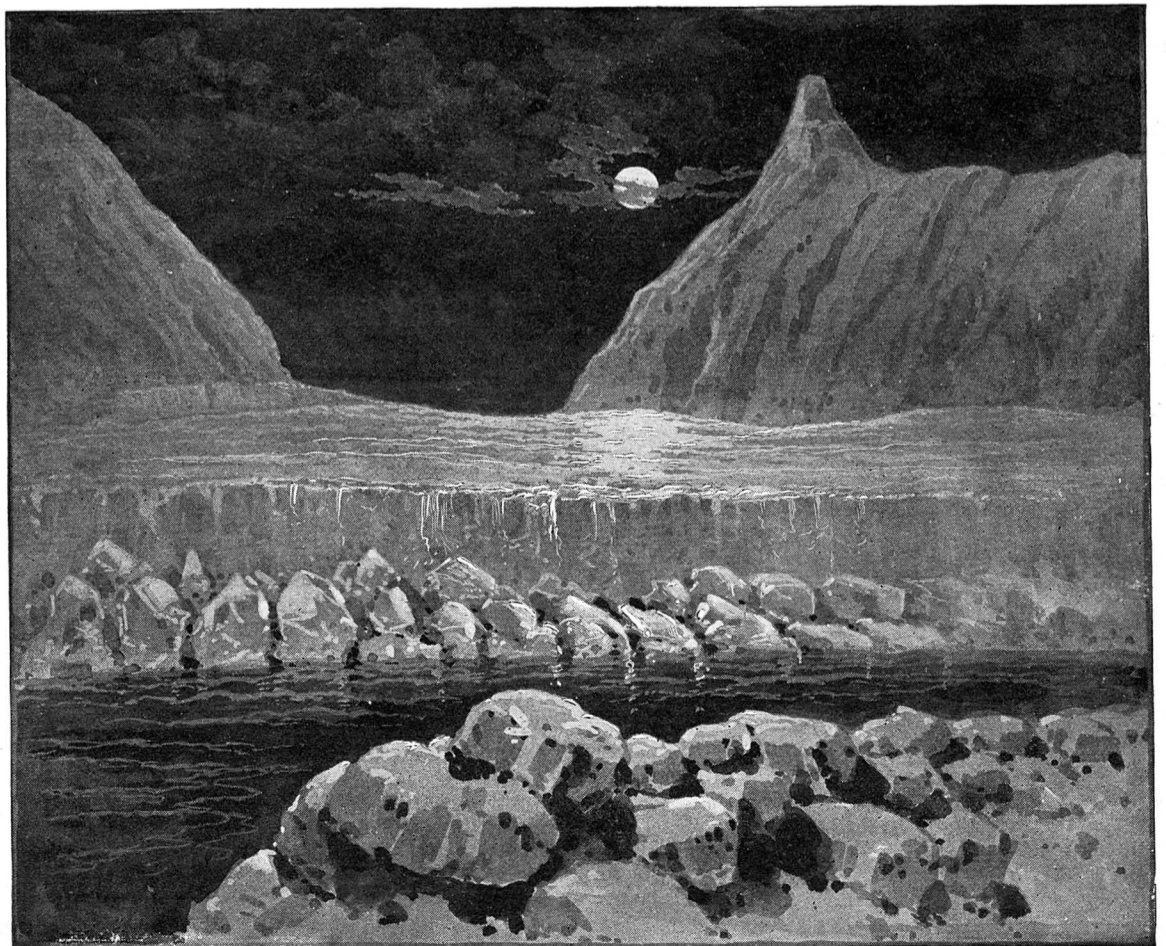
That there should be any special trouble in mounting seems very amusing, and when I am asked, often, "Do you do all your own printing?" my answer is, "When I consider it worth while." It does not pay ordinarily for an amateur to print, tone, and mount a dozen cabinets, for instance, as the sitter does not realize the time needed, and so does not value them any the more for all your extra trouble. As the amateur usually pays for the necessary retouching, it would be asking a great deal of him to also make what prints are desired. I let the sitter have the use of the negative, and he orders the prints from a professional. This is, of course, only for ordinary portraits. If one has household or other cares, it is almost impossible, without great extra trouble, to do all one's own printing. For special occasions I prefer to do it, and derive keen enjoyment from the great variety of printing processes.

Then there is the great question of naturalism *vs.* sharpness, which is being brought into the court of public opinion in season and out of season. Each side seems incapable of realizing that the two are not necessarily antagonistic, and that there is no need of firing hard names at each other. "Needle-sharp" and "fuzzy" are very wide apart, but the golden mean of true naturalness lies between them. It is pleasant in looking at a landscape to know if you are seeing a figure or a bush, a door or a window, but one need not count the leaves on the one, the details of dress in the other, or every crack in the house. Our English cousins are having a lively cannonade all along the line on this subject, but it seems in truth as if we are not using words in their proper meaning. Definition is a better word than sharpness, and a certain amount of this shows careful, judicious work, while a careless worker, as has been said, is apt to seek shelter behind carelessness by insisting that it shall be considered the only true art. And yet, especially in landscapes, the view should, as in nature, gradually grow more indistinct toward the horizon. The focus should be taken about half-way between the foreground and distance. Interiors should be more sharply defined than landscapes or portraits; there should be no doubt as to the forms of objects, and yet nothing must appear in harsh contrast. Why are there so few good interiors? A beginner turns his lens on one as unhesitatingly as on a landscape, with full faith that all will come

right, that no special care is needed. Is there one in ten where the furniture is placed properly with reference to the position of the lens, and yet not interfere with the natural look of the room? Chairs, tables, etc., etc., are often left so near the lens that only parts of them can show, and so much furniture is left in the room that the eye wears trying to disentangle the confused mass. Halation, common fault as it is, cannot be worse than an interior I saw recently taken facing a window, the view within being taken by flashlight, and that without by daylight. There was no perspective; it was like a Japanese picture, with too much definition, and the result was very inartistic. With portraits it is hard to see why it should be called beautiful to have half the head or figure clearly defined and the rest almost indistinguishable. The eyes ought to be clearly shown, and the requisite softness may be obtained by proper development. Let it be apparent, too, that it is hair and not a powdered wig on the head, and that the face has a line or two in it, not a dead level of utter sameness. Show if the dress be satin, velvet, or muslin, and let the hands be rounded as those of a statue. Have the whole figure stand out from the background so as to suggest atmosphere about it. In posing sitters I find it well *not* to pose them, if the expression be allowable, but let them sit as they please without the head-rest until the look of utter misery with which they first faced the lens passes away, meanwhile explaining that I am only arranging the light. When they seem comfortable I quickly decide as to position, slip a large stop in the lens, slide the plate-holder into place, take the bulb in my hand, and before they fully comprehend the situation the work is done. Get and hold the sitter's attention, that is the point; but it is hard to do so when you have to do all the work yourself, as many a professional will testify. Then, I never let the head-rest clamp the head, but simply make a support for it, and the majority of my sitters, especially if they sit often, learn not to mind it, though it seems to be an object of universal dread. Wishing to test new plates occasionally, and not always having a sitter ready, I have put a long tubing on one of my shutters so that the bulb can be slipped under the floor covering and pressed by my foot, thus being operator and model in one. Accidentally, I found this tubing useful with children; it seems to have a strange attraction for them, and they will often keep still to watch me take a picture in such an unusual way, when I could not take them by any other means. Almost any child will make a reasonably good picture if left to the operator and not made miserable by a strange dress, repeated changes in its position, and constant cautions to sit still or something dreadful might happen. One mother told her child in my studio to keep still or the "big man" would get her, under the influence of which threat she entirely lost the sweet look that was her great beauty. I have a strong fellow-feeling now for professionals who have to take sitters as they come, and have seen children, for instance, whom no lens, development, or retoucher could make presentable, brought into the studio of a friend of mine for a sitting, and the handsomest portrait in his collection selected as a guide for the operator. Then the contingent, more or less numerous, of admiring relatives or friends is enough to drive the operator frantic. Yet, like Malvolio, he is obliged "to smile and smile."

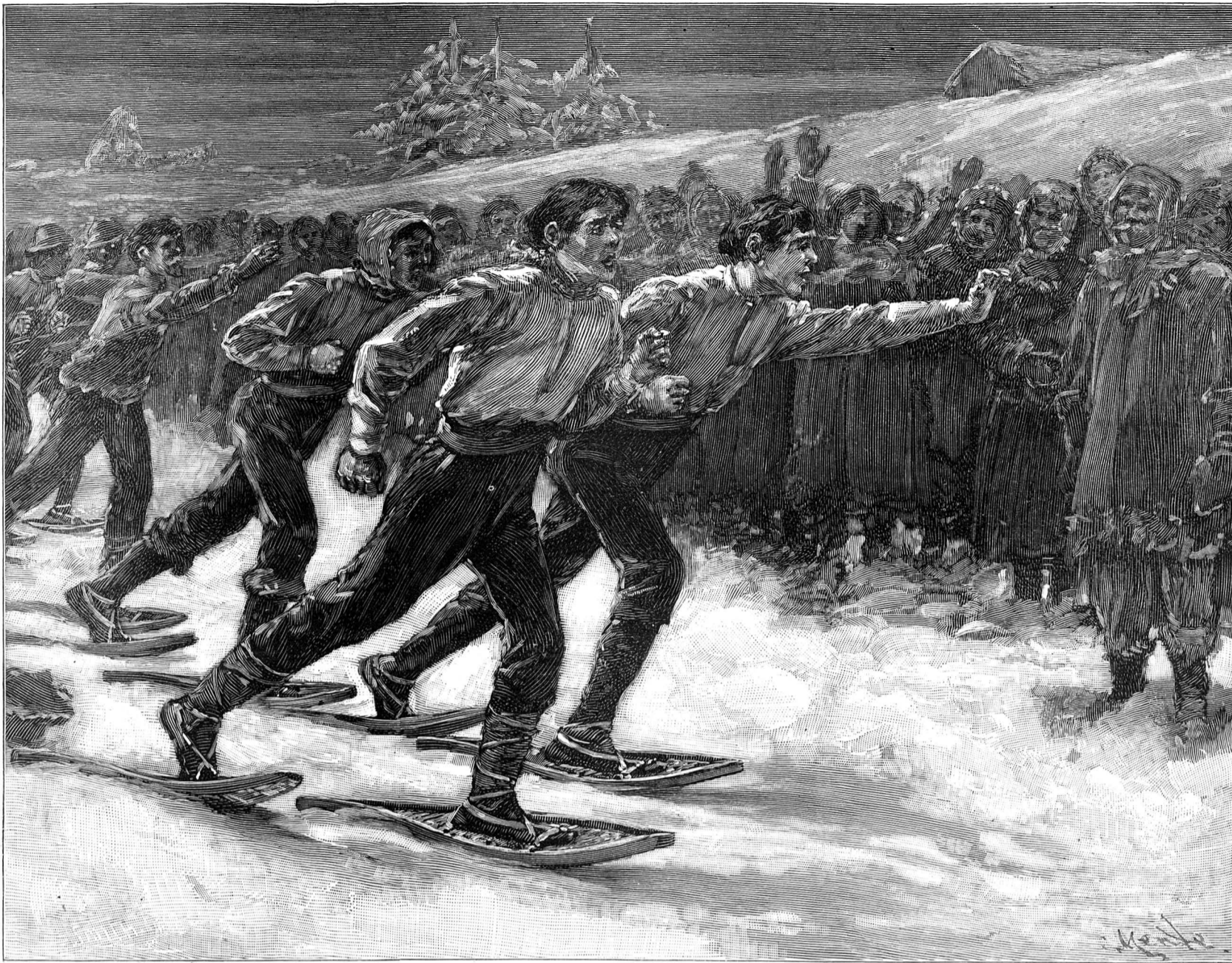
With older sitters, before you fairly get the cloth over your head comes the question, "Which way shall I look?" followed by "What shall I do with my hands?" "Must I have that dreadful head rest?" Then the friends say, "Don't look that way; put your hand clear out of sight," etc., meanwhile walking all around the room until I say, in despair: "I am taking this picture from this particular part of the room, and this is not a panoramic camera."

Portraiture, notwithstanding its annoyances, is fascinating work, especially when it comes to fancy pictures, illustrations, and idealized heads. There is one thing about this kind of work which puzzles me. People will insist on making such a sharp line of demarcation between the painter and photographer in the matter of models. If a painter illustrates a poem no one thinks of asking the names of his models, but if a photographer under-



ACTIVE INLAND GLACIER ON THE ALSECK RIVER.





CHRISTMAS SPORTS IN ALASKA.—A SNOW-SHOE RACE.—DRAWN BY MENTE.

takes the work he is at once expected to give them or be considered very disobliging. Is there such a dearth of imagination in the world that the subject of a picture is not of vastly more importance than the model who sits for it? A fancy photograph is not a portrait any more than a fancy painting, and the photographer in this work is just as much at liberty as the painter to carry out his artistic taste; but while he cannot make such decided alterations in his model as the painter, I hold he is entitled to use any and every means in his power to make his picture a success. A painter often alters entire features in a face, or decidedly changes the figure, and that is considered perfectly allowable. In purely fancy work the photographer should be permitted the same privilege without question, but with portraits, pure and simple, the likeness should be thought of first; that is then the main thing. This is a matter which demands consideration, now the camera is entering on the broad field of work once thought beyond its province—book illustration. Do not, my fellow-workers, allow the camera to be undervalued any more than the palette and brush.

Photography is like an enchanted garden, where one is continually meeting the unexpected and wonderful. In all its manifold variety of work there is not one which to the earnest student can fail to prove of interest. Those who take it up and follow it for any great length of time find it is not easily laid aside, and that it grows more and more exigent in its demands upon them. The increasing interest so generally felt in it is perhaps best shown by the organization, recently, in New York, of a national association which will give amateurs a well-defined position and the substantial, practical benefits to be derived from the organization and banding together of the earnest, energetic workers of this country. It behooves every one who has the future of photography at heart to strengthen the hands of those called upon to initiate this new movement.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

LIFE INSURANCE.—MORE SUNLIGHT.

A RECENT decision, rendered at the Circuit Court in session at Albany, N. Y., shows how the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which does a large business in taking small risks, resisted the payment of a death loss—or tried to resist it—until the court interfered. When proofs of death were presented on a policy for \$192, issued on the life of Jennie Martine, a servant-girl, the company refused payment on the ground of misrepresentation concerning the physical condition of the assured.

It was said that she had been ill, and had not stated the facts correctly. The trial brought out the proof that on making application, the young woman had said that she had been sick two months previously. In summing up the case, the judge administered a stinging rebuke to the company. He declared that the uncontradicted proof was that the company issued the policy, accepted the payment of premiums upon it up to the day of the death of the assured, and then, for the first time, set up the imposition of its agent. He accordingly directed a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for \$226.86.

It was recently charged, in a daily newspaper printed in this city, that the companies who go about insuring the lives of children and of poor men and women for the payment of a few

cents a week send out agents who deliberately delude the assured, and when a death loss occurs help the company to contest its payment. Despite the vigilance of the Insurance Superintendent of this State, this imposition continues, and the Legislature, which ought to enact laws for the protection of the people, is so thoroughly under corporate influence that it refuses to act.

It may be held to be unfair to hold a company responsible for what its agents do, and yet it seems to me that there should be no difficulty in finding trustworthy, honest-minded agents for all the insurance companies in existence. I again warn my readers not to take the word of any insurance agent, and to accept nothing from any company that is not signed by its officers. That is the only agreement that will hold in court.

From Chicago I have an inquiry which should have been answered before. My correspondent says that, in the issue of September 6th, I stated that "in the last six years the Equitable has earned a surplus of nearly seven per cent. of its mean liabilities, and the New York Life considerable over five per cent." My Chicago correspondent adds:

"Your figures apparently are reached by adding to the increase of surplus the dividends paid during the period. But these dividends consisted largely of surplus on maturing tontine policies, which surplus had accumulated during the ten or fifteen years preceding, and only a small portion of such dividends can be fairly treated as surplus earned during the last six years. The surplus earned by these two companies during the last ten years and paid by them on ten-year tontines maturing this year appears very small when compared with the annual dividends paid during the same period by some of the smaller companies. For example, an ordinary life policy, issued at age thirty-five by the tontine companies ten years ago, with all the accumulations derived from compound interest, lapses, and deaths, returns this year a total surplus of about twenty-five per cent. of the premiums paid. The average annual dividends of some of the smaller companies have exceeded this percentage. What the surplus would have amounted to in such companies if tontines, we can only conjecture, but a ratio of forty per cent. of dividends paid seems not unreasonable. Please give information on another point: If a great panic, like that of 1873, should depress to the extent of say ten per cent. of its liabilities the market value of the assets of a life insurance company which had previously held a surplus of less than ten per cent., would the company be declared bankrupt by the insurance commissioner, and would legal proceedings be instituted by him to wind up its affairs?"

My correspondent evidently does not clearly understand the reasons for the method of computing the surplus earned during a given period. If no surplus be paid out during the period, the surplus earned will, of course, be the actual increase in the surplus. But if part of the surplus be paid out to the policy-holders during the period, the increase of surplus is by so much diminished, while the surplus earned is not really affected. Hence the increase of surplus no longer fairly represents the surplus earned.

The surplus earned is the total addition made to the surplus fund by means of savings on mortality, expenses, etc., and by interest earnings above the amount required to maintain the proper reserve; while the increase of surplus is only the net addition after paying the dividends.

The dividends paid are properly to be regarded as paid out of the surplus accumulated during previous years; but the surplus earned replaces this amount, and furnishes also the increase of surplus. A supposed example will render this clear.

Let me suppose that a company makes up its books at the end of the year, and finds that it has \$5,000,000 of surplus on hand. Of this amount, let me suppose again that \$1,000,000 is determined by the calculations of the actuaries as the proper amount to be paid out in tontine and annual dividends. If no surplus be earned during the next year the accumulated surplus at the end

of the next year will be only \$4,000,000; that is, it will show a decrease equal to the amount of dividends paid out. But now, let me suppose still further that during the second year \$1,300,000 of surplus has been earned. Evidently this will not only replace the \$1,000,000 paid out, so as to bring the accumulated surplus up again to \$5,000,000, but will also give a further increase of \$300,000, so that the surplus at the end of the year will be \$5,300,000. Hence the surplus earned during the second year will be correctly computed thus:

Increase of surplus.....	\$ 300,000
Dividends paid.....	1,000,000
Surplus earned.....	\$1,300,000

In other words, the dividends paid are included, not because they were a part of the surplus earned, but because they were replaced by a part of the surplus earned. It is clear that the period covered by the dividends paid has absolutely nothing to do with the question. If there had been a decrease instead of an increase of surplus during the second year, it would have shown that the amount of surplus earned had been insufficient to replace the dividends paid; and the surplus earned would have been correctly computed by deducting the decrease of surplus from the dividends earned.

I think my correspondent is also in error when he claims that the tontine results of the Equitable and of the New York Life seem very small when compared with the annual dividends of some of the smaller companies. In the first place, he must confess that the right way to make a fair comparison is not to select the least favorable case of the two tontine companies for comparison with the most favorable case of the annual dividends—yet this is very nearly what he has done.

But, in the second place, his statements are incorrect. The tontine dividend earned by the Equitable on policies issued at age thirty-five and maturing this year is, in the least favorable case, about thirty per cent. of the premiums paid, and not twenty-five per cent., as my correspondent states. The Equitable's published table of rates of settlement enables me readily to detect this error, and having found it, I feel less disposed to trust to my correspondent's other figures, which I cannot so readily examine.

In answer to the final inquiry of my Chicago correspondent, I will say that if, in consequence of a panic, or for any other cause, the assets of a life company should fall below the amount required by the four-per-cent. standard, the Superintendent of Insurance may stop it from transacting any more new business until the deficiency is made up; and if the assets should fall below the amount required by the four-and-a-half-per-cent. standard, he may take steps to have a receiver appointed; but in both cases he is empowered to act with due discretion, and if the cause of the deficiency were likely to be of a temporary character, he would be very sure not to act hastily.

There, too, is the power of the court to review any proceeding brought before it, and if it were apparent that a temporary depression in the value of securities was the question at issue, the right is reserved to the court, regardless of any report of the Insurance Department, to determine the facts for itself and give its judgments accordingly.

The Hermit





"BEBE REDFERN," FROM JOHN REDFERN'S SONS.



DRESSED BY ELLEN TERRY.



"KATE VERITY," DRESSED BY MRS. MADGE KENDAL.



ADA REHAN AS "KATHARINE," CONTRIBUTED BY COUNT GUACCEMANNI.



"LA GRANDE DUCHESSE," BY MRS. E. G. GILMORE.



AT THE EXHIBITION



DRESSED BY LILLIAN RUSSELL.



"BABY JAY," BY MRS. GEORGE GOULD.



DRESSED BY MRS. LEVI P. MORTON.



"LA TOSCA," BY MISS DAISY DUNLAP.



"BABIE BELL," BY MRS. WYMESS.





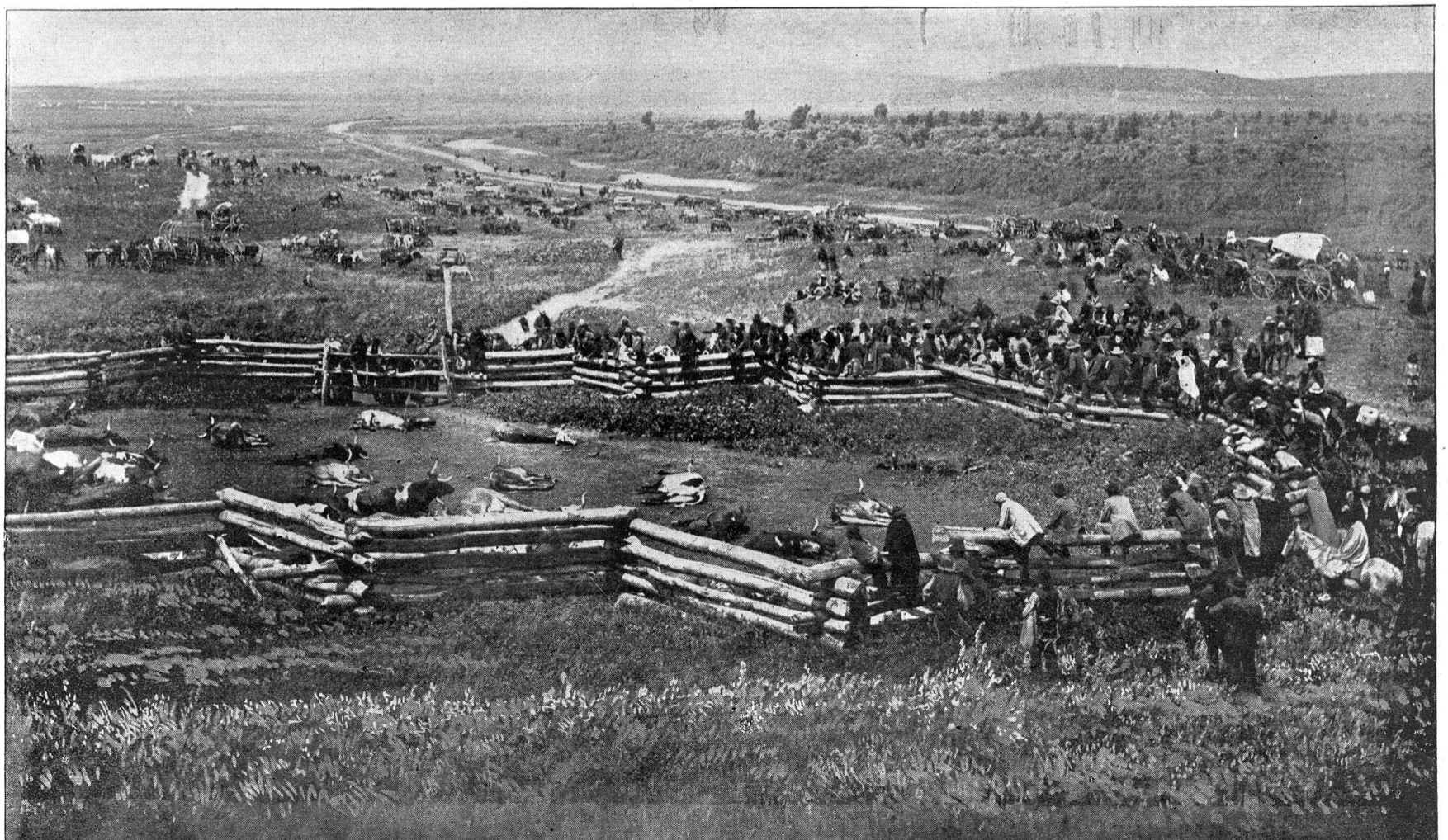
THE SACRED ROCK AT STANDING ROCK AGENCY, WHICH IS CARRIED BY THE INDIANS FROM PLACE TO PLACE.



THE LATE SITTING BULL, SIOUX CHIEF.



AN INDIAN HOME NEAR STANDING ROCK AGENCY.



BEEF ISSUE DAY AT STANDING ROCK AGENCY.



OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

EXPLORATION OF THE UNKNOWN ALSECK RIVER REGION  
BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER  
CONGO OFFICERS.

VII.

WE are now brought into actual contact with the giant ice-fields of Alaska.

A pass several miles in width cuts at right angles the range of mountains which runs along the eastern shore of the Alseck, in the valley of which lies an immense glacier; and between this and the stream is an old moraine, a wild, uneven, stony area. Millions of tons of rock of all shapes, sizes, and kinds, slate, granite, marble and quartz, some blocks weighing hundreds of tons, are lying here. Whole mountains, crumbling beneath the force of the irresistible glacier, have been strewn in a wild, uneven area, extending for several miles in each direction. At some places this rocky mass effectually smothers and conceals the presence of the old ice-bed beneath it, while in places the sea ice crops out, black with age and cracked and scarred in fantastic shapes. At other places the huge, rugged rocks are raised into mounds, while from some internal action the earth has caved in, forming small lakes.

All this part of the country is suggestive of violence: these colossal heaps of rock rudely hurled from the mountain heights, the roaring and thundering of the internal forces of the glacier and moraine, whole forests laid low by the fury of the tempest, the wild, angry torrent of the Alseck River, roaring as it sweeps past the desolate scenes—a combination framed by nature to be inimical to life. These monstrous piles of rugged rock and mass of cavernous and blackened ice seemed formed to harbor in their weird fastnesses hobgoblins in some hideous form of life. Numerous water-courses drain this glacier and moraine; threading their course among the stony waste, and tunneling their way beneath the ice, they rush along to swell the volume of the Al-

formed the walls, being dovetailed and secured with large iron nails. There were also strongly made doors, the planks of which were neatly but firmly put together by inlaid cross-pieces and fastened with copper nails. The circular hole cut in a solid plank for the escape of smoke was an additional proof that the construction of the house had been controlled by some one taught by whites.

The old houses at Sitka much resemble this one. There was



A SMALLER HUT, APPARENTLY OF GREAT AGE.

a large square, formerly used for a council hall, composed of heavy planks jutting out from the main building, the whole edifice being roofed with rough shingles.

It is said that after the massacre of the Russians at Yakutat, many of the natives of that place, fearing the vengeance of Sara-

of scenic wild grandeur that it becomes tiresome; we can no longer appreciate it; its awe-inspiring influence no longer appeals to our hardened senses. These lofty barriers encircle in their embrace immense fields of ice and snow on either bank of the Alseck. The ranges of mountains hold in check vast glaciers. In places this mighty force of ice has broken loose from its imprisonment, and that vast mound of rock-blue granite quartz slate is shattered and strewn in the valley beneath before its irresistible onslaught, the shore line being marked by a fringe of sombre-colored spruce-trees. This range is, perhaps, six thousand feet high, the summits buried in snow, which also fills the higher ravines.

The river-bed of the Kaska Wurlch is about two miles wide at the mouth, and its waters, muddy and thickly loaded with sand and mud, tear in two separate channels through a stony waste.

We had not as yet met any glacier which was moving actively and breaking off into the river itself. The big glacier opposite the Kaska Wurlch lies some miles back from the river, but an old moraine and wild stretch of crumbled rock mark its past violent action. We stayed at our camp on the mouth of the Kaska Wurlch for a couple of days, detained by wind and rain. The weather having become favorable, we re-embarked in our canoe and were once more whirled away on the rushing stream. The mountains now fall back on each shore, leaving the river-bed an immense basin.

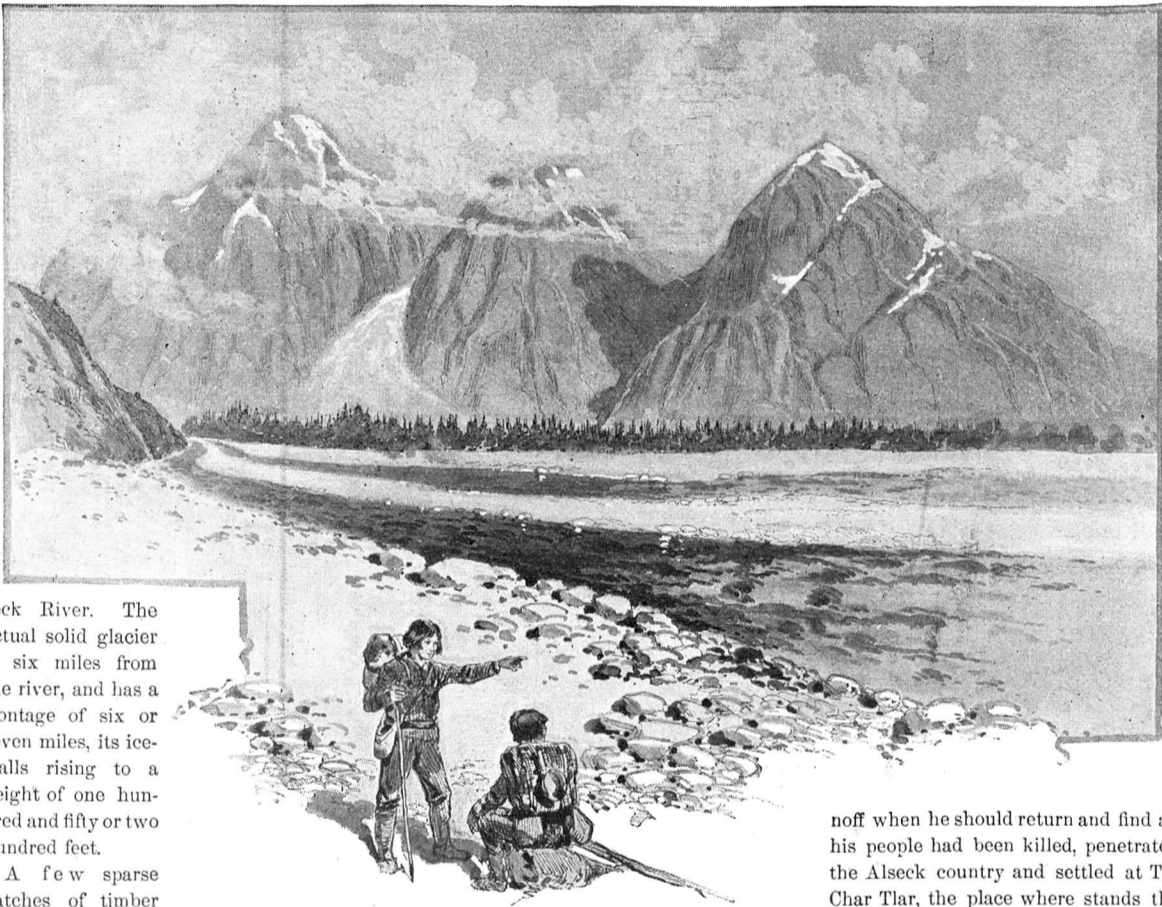
The range on the western bank, which I have named Harrison Range, after the President of the United States of America, is clothed with rich verdure, shrub and forest, from the base to the snowy heights, and concealed behind these monster walls lies an immense glacier, which pours through the mountain gorges several swift, muddy streams, into the Alseck River.

On the opposite shore the mountains are almost buried in snow and ice, the heights worn in fantastic shapes by the resistless force of ice behind them, which has crashed through the towering barrier, strewing the mountain-sides and valleys with the rocks it has pushed before it. Numerous water-courses leap down the rugged slopes and flow into the mother stream.

The Alseck, now greatly increased in volume by the Kaska Wurlch and many smaller streams, bounds along in several channels with its usual disordered surface until reaching the lower end of the Pool, when its rocky banks approach nearer and nearer, and the river plunges through its contracted passage in a deep, dark, eddying torrent. Taking a sharp bend we are brought in front of the first big active glacier, whose walls, extending for a mile and a half, stand in the stream and rise to a height of more than a hundred feet. This immense body of ice is gradually moving onward to the river-bed, where every now and then huge blocks snap off and tumble with a thundering crash into the river, to be swept along by the current, which is stirred by the falling mass into a wild, boiling torrent. Woe betide the canoe that passes in these waters at the time of an ice-fall. The river here is not more than three hundred yards wide, and facing the glacier is an enormous pile of rocks, large and small, which have been displaced by the falling ice from the river-bed and roughly heaped against the mountains on the opposite shore. We ran our canoe into a small bight in the rear of this, and for a short time watched the working of the glacier. The cracking and splashing of falling ice was incessant; at times an immense body would topple over and plunge into the river, throwing up big waves which hastened away in all directions, adding greatly to the already treacherous condition of the waters.

Some of the ice no longer reaches the river, but it is fronted by rocks and gravel, forming a wild moraine extending for several miles. In some places the glacier is almost buried beneath the rocky mass strewn over its surface. At other places it stretches away as far as the eye can reach, a dazzling white sheet.

In the evening we continued our journey, and after proceeding a few miles down stream we passed another big glacier on the eastern shore, bordered by a moraine whose rocky sides gently slope to the water's edge. This body of ice cuts through the coast range and blocks up an enormous pass, and can be seen from the sea on the southeast coast of Alaska, thirty miles or so to the east of Yakutat, where it is still displaying a little activity, gradually crumbling away, to be carried by Arn Klane River to the Pacific Ocean. Many parts of the glaciers which we have passed have been covered with quite a luxuriant growth of vegetation. Forests of spruce and hemlock, shrubs, and delicately tinted little wild flowers spring from the earth secreted among the rugged boulders. Opposite the glacier the waters of the Alseck again unite in a racing flood, which tears over the rocky incline, forming some very dangerous rapids which extend right across the stream, and only the excellent handling of the canoe by Dalton and Shank enables us to shoot these and ride along in safety. There is a conflict of currents. The stream, whipped into a boiling torrent by the stern resistance of the rocks beneath, bounds along its course, its waters troubled with angry waves which rise to a crest and break toward us; the whole surface



MOUTH OF THE KASKA WURLCH, DRAINING MOUNT ST. ELIAS RANGE.

seck River. The actual solid glacier is six miles from the river, and has a frontage of six or seven miles, its ice-walls rising to a height of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet.

A few sparse patches of timber and scrub are dotted over the rock-strewn wilderness. We were compelled

to seek the shelter of one of these, the unfavorable condition of the weather forcing our hasty retreat from the river. We had, that night, an unpleasant opportunity of judging of the inclemency of these surroundings.

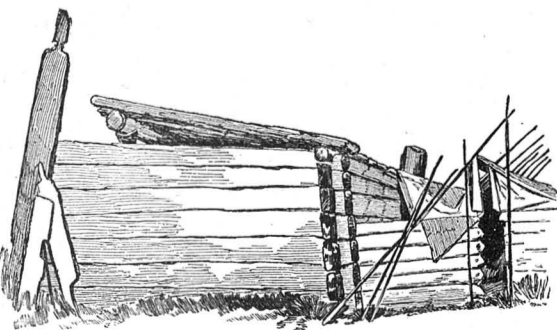
At early morn we again boarded our canoe. During the day we passed over some very dangerous stretches, but stout paddling and Shank's knowledge of the course ran us safely through, although we had to bail out continually. We got but a glimpse of the banks and scenery around us as we swept along the rapid stream.

This morning we arrived at the remains of a once important settlement. There was still standing an old plank house, very

noff when he should return and find all his people had been killed, penetrated the Alseck country and settled at Tin Char Tlar, the place where stands the house I have just described. Here they traded with the inland tribe of Gunena Indians. But they all died off; even the local trails around the settle-

ment are now obliterated by time. At every place we stopped there were numerous tracks of bears, some very large ones, indeed, some of the footprints showing the brutes to have no claws—a sign of great age. Finally we made our way across stream to the western bank, and camped at the mouth of the Kaska Wurlch.

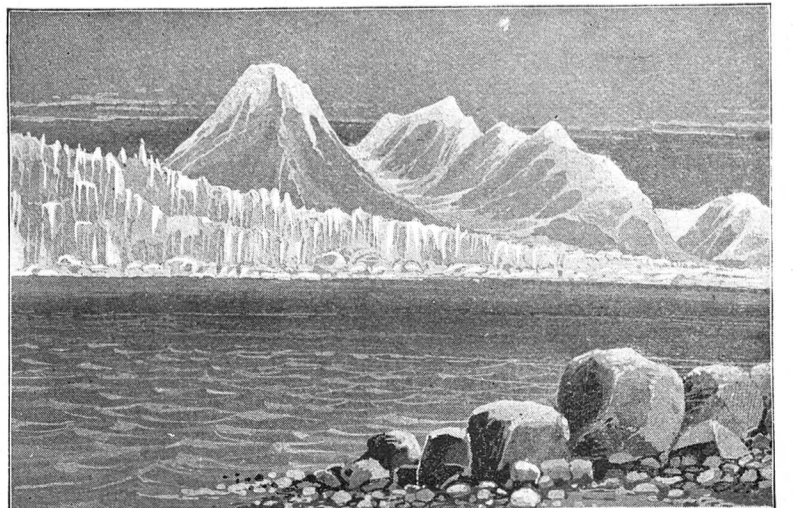
The principal tributary of the Alseck, viz., the Kaska Wurlch, empties itself into the main stream on the western side, about fifty miles from the south coast of Alaska. It also is a glacial stream, and heads away in Lake Dasa Dee Ash, to the north of Stanley Range, and winds round to the west and south, skirting St. Elias Range. There are no natives residing on its banks, but during the winter months bands of Indian hunters and trappers repair there in search of the beaver, otter, bear, and moose. The Kaska Wurlch is nearly the size of the Alseck itself. Its mouth is a wide opening in the range of mountains forming the western shore of the Alseck. Its right-hand bank is formed by a rugged mass of towering rock-land, almost buried beneath a luxuriant growth of small scrub and dark, green-leaved timber, with a sprinkling of cotton-wood forests. The left-hand bank is a fine range of marble mountains, the lilac-colored stone showing in streaks and patches through the mass of foliage which clothes the mountain-sides. There were quite recent tracks of large bears around our camp, and a few eagles, angry at our unusual intrusion, hovered and screamed overhead. A flock of gulls who have penetrated to these wild regions for their nesting add a mournful din to the scenes around. There is such an incessant display



OLD STRUCTURE ON ALSECK RIVER.

strongly built. The timber had been scored and hewn by some well-instructed mechanic who had gained his experience, undoubtedly, from the early Russians. The tools used in the structure were not those in common use by the natives, but of white man's manufacture.

The planks were boldly smoothed and did not show the jerky strokes of the native adze; everything was solidly and systematically put together. Heavy timber squared to perfection



VIEW OF GLACIER ON ALSECK RIVER, LOOKING SOUTH.





VIEW OF GLACIER WHICH REACHES FROM THE ALSECK RIVER TO THE SEA.

of the river becomes a writhing mass, the hussing and roaring of which are deafening. As we approach, Shank, the Indian steersman, stands up for an instant in the stern of the canoe and selects his course, which was a passage off the eastern shore, between two immense boulders. As we flew between them it seemed as though the canoe would touch each side—his shout of "Clak Wak! Clak Wak!" (Quickly! Quickly!) rings out above the bewildering tumult around us, as we dash into the foaming waves ahead. The water rushed in on all sides of us, threatening to swamp our little craft; it seemed for a moment or two that escape from the furious element was hopeless, but by powerful paddling we eventually emerged out of the surging mass, all of us drenched through and through, and the canoe filled with water despite energetic bailing. The water is heavily laden with mud and sand, and big stones are all the time being carried along the river-bed. On several occasions, when passing over the swift shallow water, our frail dug-out was violently struck by one of these rolling stones. When in the rapids which I have just described we received a blow from a rolling rock which almost capsized our craft. If once thrown into that torrent there would be no chance whatever of saving one's life; a man would be battered to death in a twinkling.

At night the mountain scenery, is awe-inspiring: the dark, wrinkled headlands, frowning amidst their wintry mantling, throw out giant weird shadows across the desolate, rock-strewn wastes beneath them. There are no sounds save the ominous grating of the rolling rocks, the roar of the angry torrent, and the sullen growl from the workings of some adjacent ice-field.

E. J. GLAVE.

#### A GREAT BUSINESS CONCERN.

**D**URING a recent trip to the prominent Western cities, my attention was frequently arrested by the magnificent buildings devoted to the retail trade, and the elegant display of goods in the windows. In one particular branch of industry, viz., that of ready-made clothing, this fact was particularly impressed upon my mind on account of the high character of the goods generally displayed for public inspection.

Naturally I noticed the firm's name, and in my travels observed that the same appeared over similar establishments in other cities, until I began to look for the name as a matter of course. In the eight cities visited, I found that the largest establishments were owned by Messrs. Browning, King & Co., and on my return I learned that, in addition to these Western stores, the firm owned two in New York and one in Brooklyn.

That one firm should control so many establishments was perhaps not remarkable, but after a chat with the members of the house and an inspection of the large factory, I am free to confess that I was somewhat surprised at the enormous magnitude of the business.

The firm of Browning, King & Co. was organized in May, 1868, by William C. Browning and Edward S. Dewey, of New York, and Henry W. King, of Chicago. They have continued together since that time, doing a strictly jobbing trade in Chicago under the firm name of Henry W. King & Co., while the manufacturing in New York and the retail business has been conducted under the firm name of Browning, King & Co.; the object of having two distinct firm names being to keep the wholesale and retail businesses separate.

In 1873 the first retail store was opened in Chicago. Its success was unqualified at the start, from the fact that they guaranteed everything to be as represented, and to stand back of every

purchase and cheerfully refund all money when not satisfactory. This principle has always governed them. They would much prefer to suffer any loss than that a customer should feel he has not been fairly dealt with. Under this established principle the retail trade of the firm grew to great proportions, and the firm's name to-day may be found in every important city. The Chicago store is under the personal supervision of Mr. Henry L. Hatch, who is a most important factor in the success of this establishment.

Naturally the firm was encouraged to extend its operations in this particular field, and their name was next found in St. Louis. Mr. Daniel C. Young became manager of this store. He was well calculated to carry out the firm's business policy, and, re-enforced by his ability and enterprise, the firm soon recorded success number two.

Milwaukee was the scene of their next enterprise. A suitable building was obtained, elegantly fitted up, and stocked with the best products of the house. The prestige of the firm preceded it, and under the careful management of Mr. William E. Haskins it became the leading clothing emporium.

Cincinnati became the next objective point. Mr. William A. White assumed the management of the store, and it took but a short time to make it the most popular store of the kind in the city. The firm's success was now thoroughly assured, and in succession stores were opened in Philadelphia, under the supervision of Mr. Warren A. Reide; Kansas City, with Mr. Henry L. Pilcher in charge; St. Paul, with Mr. H. W. Flagler at the helm; Omaha, under the guidance of Mr. H. F. Wilcox; Harlem, with Mr. T. F. Lidden in control; Minneapolis, likewise under the care of Mr. H. W. Flagler; and lastly, in the city of Brooklyn, with Mr. E. C. Watson as the presiding genius.

It must be borne in mind that the firm's treatment of its employes is most liberal and generous. They are quick to discover merit and reward it accordingly. All of the gentlemen named above are directly interested in the success of their respective establishments, and are in receipt of good incomes.

Unquestionably Messrs. Browning, King & Co. are the largest manufacturers of ready-made clothing in the world. Their sales reach \$6,000,000 per annum. They turned out last year 1,367,000 garments, and paid out for labor \$966,000. When one recalls that the average wages paid to a workman is nine dollars per week, some idea may be formed of the army under their command.

The firm are distinctly the producers of that class of goods known as fine clothing, and it may be questioned whether the same conception of the tailor's art and high degree of genteel taste which characterize their productions are attained by any other establishment engaged in the ready-made clothing business. To accomplish this end and attain their position has involved a keen appreciation of the wants of well-dressed men, and a constant study to meet those requirements. In my inspection of the firm's establishment, and looking into their perfect system for the manufacture of their clothing, it is apparent that each garment must embrace what is claimed for it. In making a tour of the firm's establishment at 406, 408, 410, and 412 Broome Street, New York—the building which was erected and is owned by them—one is profoundly impressed with the system, order, and regularity which prevails. Each department is presided over by a competent manager, with the necessary staff of book-keeper and clerks, and is to all intents and purposes a business in itself. I found the seventh floor devoted principally to making, pressing, and sewing-rooms, the sixth to the examining and sponging of cloth. For the latter purpose, a large

room is fitted up with all the necessary machinery, and the utmost care given to the work. As many as 1,400 yards of cloth have been examined in this department in a day. The fifth floor I found to be in reality the starting-point of the retail department. Here the designs are made and the cutting executed, by hand only, and that, too, by skilled artists. Here the goods are subject to inspection as they are made up. In fact, each and every garment is inspected at the various stages of manufacture by the corps of persons employed for this purpose only, and when ready for shipment are subject to a final inspection by the chief of the department, so that when they are placed on sale they must be perfect.

Proceeding to the fourth floor one finds it devoted to the wholesale department, with the necessary adjuncts, such as trimming-rooms, etc. Here the goods are cut both by hand and machinery. To illustrate the care and honesty of the house in the manufacture of the goods, the matter of color fading is most severely tested. Before the goods are made up a large piece is cut off and nailed on a board, one-half of which is covered by another piece of board, and securely clamped on all sides, so that it is in nowise exposed. Then this board is placed on the roof in the open air, and left there continually for a week in all winds and weathers. At the expiration of that time it is taken in, and the covered part removed. If there is any perceptible change in the color, the piece of goods from which it was taken is condemned at once as of no use. It is just such care of details that has placed the house in the position it occupies to-day. It would be well if this painstaking were displayed by manufacturers in all departments of industry.

The uniform department, which is on the third floor, is one of the main features of the house. The firm is, by the way, one of the State contractors. It is a large manufacturer of military uniforms, and makes a specialty of uniforming the employes of large corporations.

The special order department, on the second floor, is decidedly unique in itself. This branch is devoted to making custom clothing from special orders. Over one thousand agents are scattered over the country soliciting orders.

It can readily be seen that any one of the departments enumerated is an enormous business in itself. Collectively it represents a gigantic enterprise built up by good judgment, honesty of purpose, and fair dealing with all with whom it comes in contact. It is said to be the only establishment of the kind in the world, and it deserves the high esteem in which it is held. H.

#### THE COMEDY OF "DR. BILL."

LEADING FEATURES OF A CURRENT NEW YORK PRODUCTION.

**T**HE clever little comedy entitled "Dr. Bill," now current at the new Garden Theatre, here in New York, has certainly hit the popular taste, and may justly be accounted one of the theatrical successes of the season. Some time ago, it passed its one hundredth performance, and it continues to attract large and enthusiastic audiences. The representations will be brought to an end, however, early in January, when "Dr. Bill" will be withdrawn to give place to a season of opera, for which the management long since concluded arrangements that cannot now be set aside.

"Dr. Bill" will of course be transferred to the other large cities of the country, where it will be presented by the excellent company identified with the New York performances, and will doubtless duplicate its New York success. The comedy was the initial production at the new Garden Theatre, and the large measure of public favor commanded by it has done a great deal promptly to establish this beautiful little theatre, which is under the management of Mr. French, as one of the favorite play-houses of the metropolis.

"Dr. Bill" is a skillful adaptation from a French comedy. The adaptation was done by Hamilton Aidé, an English playwright. It was produced in London, and the success achieved there warranted its presentation on this side of the Atlantic. Without detailing the story, it may be said that the idea on which it is built is a quaintly humorous one, and it is developed through a series of highly amusing, though somewhat improbable complications. It was put together, however, chiefly for the purpose of laughter, and no one can deny that this purpose is triumphantly accomplished.

The presentation of the comedy, with its brisk, rapid, and humorous action, is made notable, it may be remarked, by the dainty and exquisite performance of Sadie Martinot, as the wife of the jealous police inspector. Her work here is on legitimate comedy lines, and the results reached are delightful and artistic in the last degree. Miss Martinot has the rare advantage of a fascinating personality, a graceful figure, both in repose and when in action, peculiarly charming and vivacious features, and a wonderfully musical speaking voice. With it all she has keen intelligence and a decided sense of humor. In brief, Miss Martinot unites gifts that, properly used and directed, will make her the leading light comedienne of the American stage—if, indeed, she is not that now. It is earnestly to be hoped that the reports of her abandoning her present artistic work for the tawdry splendor of burlesque are unfounded.

One of the features of the "Dr. Bill" performance that commanded attention at the start was the kangaroo dance, a terpsichorean diversion introduced in the first act. The dance is introduced by one of *Dr. Bill's* ballet-girl patients, and it is startling and unconventional, quaint in movement, and unquestionably graceful. The dancer dances in street costume, so that her pirouettes take on a piquancy that would be absent if the costume had a theatric character. But it is nothing more than piquancy, although Ella Wheeler Wilcox and other guileless poetesses and writers have attacked it, and described the dance as everything it should not be. Whatever may be said about it, however, on the score of its morality, it must be admitted that, illustrated as it is by Miss Allen's graceful and twinkling toes, it is a marvel of graceful movement.

"Dr. Bill's" adventures are played out by a very accomplished company of comedians, and the stage settings are handsome and attractive beyond anything that has recently been seen in New York. I do not doubt that the production will meet with all the favor through the country that has been accorded to it here.

H. S. HEWITT.





"Ellen."



"Mr. Firman."



"Miss Faunteroy."



Miss Isabelle Eveson,



George Webster.



Miss Sadie Martinot.



Inspector Horton.



"Baggs."\*



"Doctor Bill."



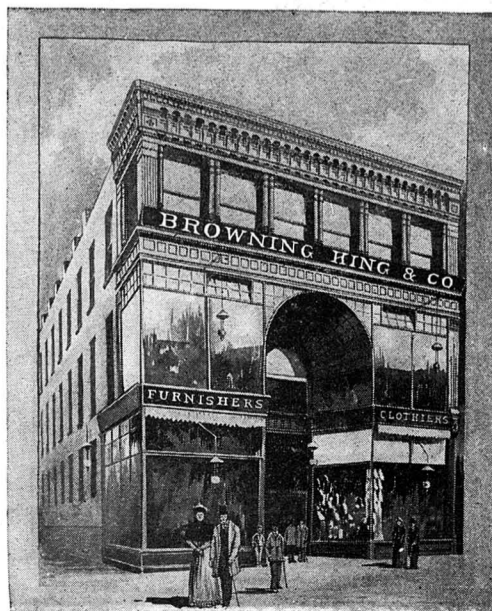
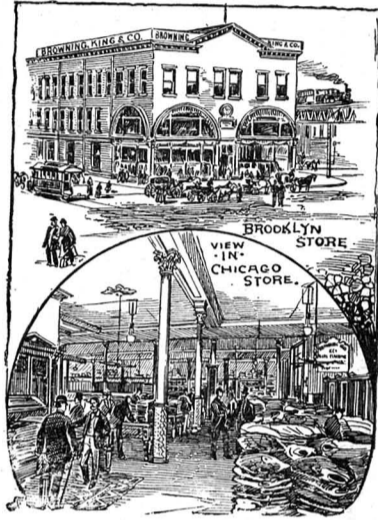
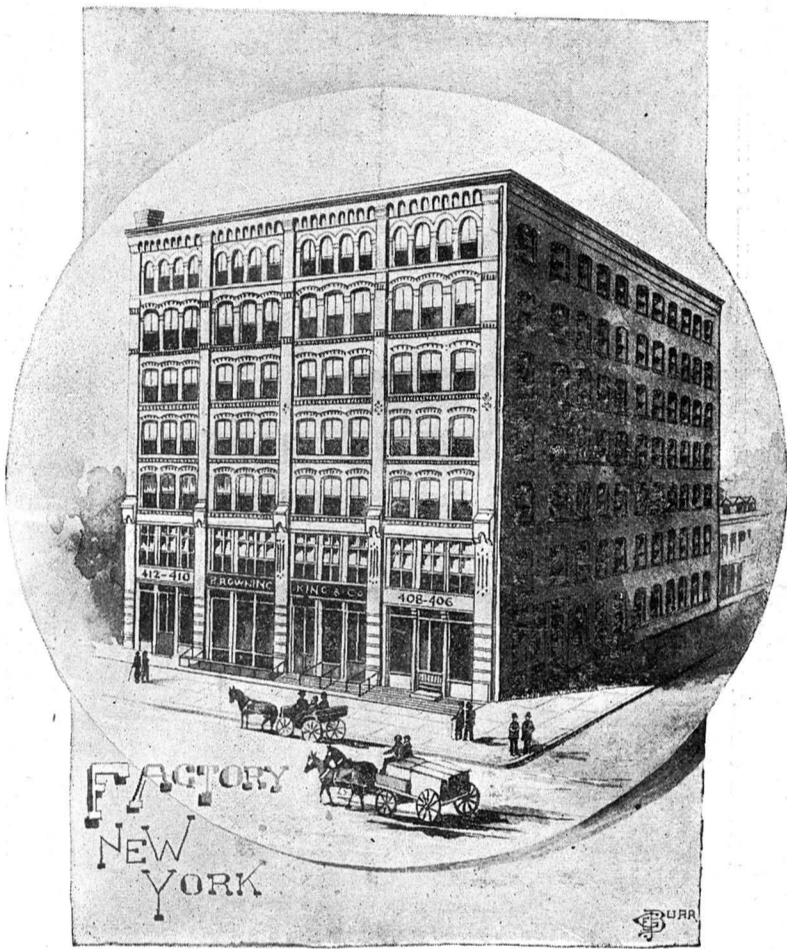
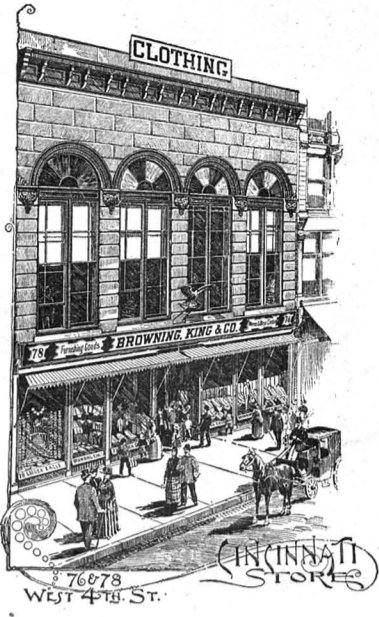
"Mrs. Horton."



The Great "Kangaroo" Scene.

SCENES FROM THE PLAY OF "DR. BILL" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE.—FROM PHOTOS BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

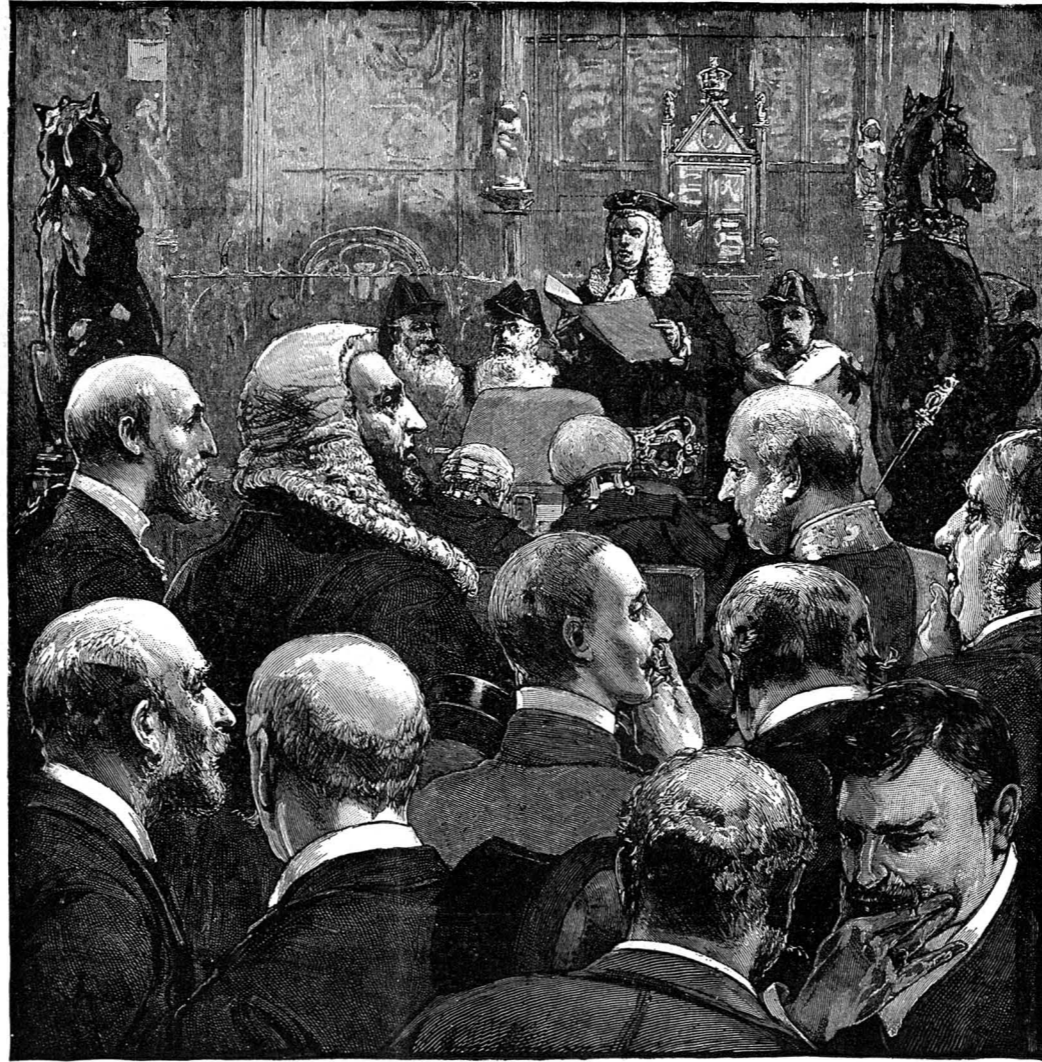








SIR MORELL MACKENZIE INJECTING DR. KOCH'S LYMPH AT THE THROAT HOSPITAL, LONDON.



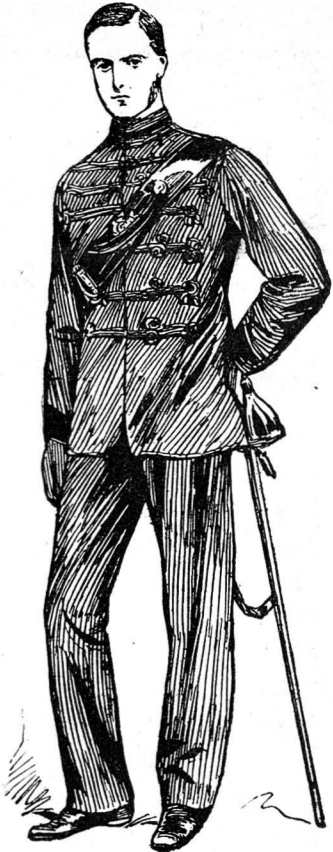
THE LORD CHANCELLOR READING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.



T. M. HEALY.



J. DILLON.



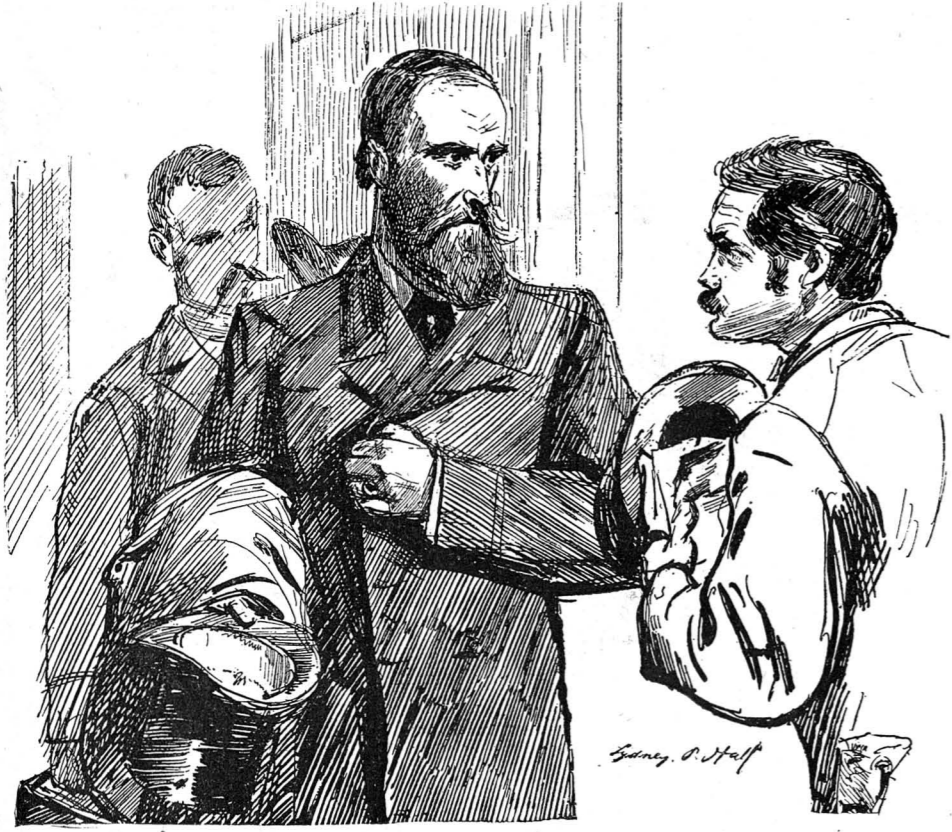
MR. PARNELL WHEN AN OFFICER IN THE WICKLOW RIFLES.



T. SEXTON.



JUSTIN MCCARTHY.



MR. PARNELL AND HIS SUPPORTERS: "TELL THEM I WILL FIGHT TO THE END."



ARREST OF MOONLIGHTERS AT ENNIS, IRELAND.



THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.



WALL STREET.—THE OUTLOOK.

SAID last week, when things looked darkest, that there might be a sudden change of sentiment on Wall Street, effected by one or a combination of many causes, such as the importation of gold, the result of the railroad presidents' meeting, financial legislation, and so on. The words had scarcely been written before the market began to experience a change under new conditions, foreseen by some and not expected by all.

The rising impulse and strengthening tendency in Wall Street came with the information that Secretary Windom was on the ground, bringing the intelligence that the President and the Cabinet were anxious for such legislative action as would give the money market substantial and abundant relief. Advices from Washington indicated that the majority in Congress were also ready to take action in behalf of several bills which would relieve the national banks from some of the restrictions and excessive charges placed upon them, and which would tend to considerably increase the volume of the currency. The meeting of the railroad presidents on Monday, attended as it was with evidences of good feeling and an intention to do something to give a decided impulse to the movement for higher prices, should have lifted the market up.

It is the impression that financial legislation may be expected in the direction of the Sherman bill, reducing to \$1,000 the deposit required from newly established national banks, and increasing their currency issue to the par value of bonds deposited. It is also believed that the bill for the purchase of the stock of silver on hand, amounting to not less than \$13,000,000, and for an additional amount equal to the annual retirement of national bank notes, is looked upon favorably, and that it will be offered to the friends of free coinage as a desirable compromise measure.

The pessimists in Wall Street have been inclined to question whether any good can come from the proposed railroad agreement, in view of the failure of what was called the "Gentlemen's Agreement," made a year and a half ago and which appears to have fallen into what my friend Grover Cleveland would call a condition of "innocuous desuetude." But the inference is hardly fair, for the Gentlemen's Agreement really did a great deal of good.

I have the word of no less a personage than Jay Gould, that during the first year after the Gentlemen's Agreement was reached, the railroads interested in it profited to a remarkable extent. This was revealed by the fact that after competition had sent the rates down to the low figures of recent months, the roads interested suffered a decrease of more than \$20,000,000 in their net annual earnings. This refers only to the group of roads known as the Western and Southwestern systems. The difference between the rates under the Gentlemen's Agreement and the rates of the past few months amounted to a decrease of only one and a half mills per ton, or thereabouts. Thus it will be seen that a very small reduction on an enormous volume of traffic means a tremendous loss. Naturally a small rise means a vast increase in revenue.

The railroads that have been brought together this week have apparently come to an agreement, and will profit by past experience. They know, as every business man knows, that all interest values are based on earnings, and that the depression, extending over a period of a year and a half, in the values of railroad stocks and bonds, has arisen largely from a fear that the earnings of the railroads would not continue to be sufficient to pay interest and dividends.

The history of the railroad systems of this country, embracing a long list of receiverships and foreclosures, had made the investing public skeptical as to the responsibility and honesty of railroad managers. The Gentlemen's Agreement would not hold and did not hold, because it was not strong enough; because it did not name some final, ultimate, independent power which should absolutely control, in case of what seemed to be an irreconcilable difficulty.

Chairman Walker, of the Gentlemen's Committee, has repeatedly pointed out that the practical points are two: the establishment of rates and the maintenance of rates; but that these are and must be treated as separate matters, and that there must be absolute severance of rate-making from rate-maintaining. He would put the former in the administrative control of a small general rate committee instead of allowing it to drift into the hands of general freight and passenger agents and rate clerks; and he would have the entire joint traffic of the co-operating roads placed in charge of a common agency, discontinuing the enormous expenses of line solicitation. Chairman Walker, whose words I have quoted almost verbatim, has declared that unless the railroads can get together under some such iron-clad agreement, "the railway managers will all presently be chiefly receivers."

The Interstate Commerce act appears to forbid any pooling arrangement, and is seemingly

intended to prohibit a combination of earnings. But this was avoided by the Gentlemen's Agreement quite satisfactorily, and the proposed new agreement, which is credited to Mr. Gould, but which was really in great part the work of Mr. Walker, as I hear, does not contravene the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce act in any way. I think the purpose is to await the action of Congress on the proposition to repeal the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce act. If that clause is not repealed the agreement of the railroads will probably, at the expiration of six months, be made more comprehensive.

I need not reason with my readers to argue that, if this railroad agreement is carried out, and that if Congress gives adequate legislation to meet, or at least in part to meet, the demands of the friends of silver, and of those who want a considerable addition to the currency, prices of stocks and bonds are certain to go higher. I have urged my readers, when the market was most seriously depressed, to buy dividend-paying stocks. I now urge them to pick up the low-priced bonds. Preferably, I should take those that have been paying and will continue to pay their coupons, or interest charges, such as the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, the Rio Grande and Western, the Peoria and Eastern, West Shore and Fort Worth firsts.

Among the low-priced stocks Richmond and West Point Terminal common, Wabash preferred, Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and Texas Pacific, are unusually active, and have of late dropped to low figures. The lively speculative securities, like Atchison, Union Pacific, the Villards, and St. Paul common, all show a great deal of trading from day to day, and are liable to rise but also liable to fall. There is a general impression on the Street that almost anything that one can buy and pay for at present prices will yield a profit before the ice melts.

There are favorable things in the report of the Atchison road. It and all other transcontinental railroads are looked upon by some investors with favor, because of the fact that they have a constantly-increasing local traffic. The development of the vast country in the far West and the building up of new towns and cities, the opening of new mines, and the establishment of other industries, contribute directly and largely to the growth of properties that now find it difficult to sustain themselves. If the Atchison is safely handled, and does not go into too many outside ventures, it may still prove to be worth all that it is now selling at; but I do not think that it was ever worth the high prices of the past.

A correspondent at Omaha asks my opinion on the Rio Grande and Western stock. He says that I have recommended the purchase of the bonds around 70 or 75, and he wants to know why the stock sells as high as 45 or 50. Simply because it is a dividend-payer. Its first dividend has just been declared at the rate of five per cent. per annum. It is payable in stock, to be sure; but from the reports of the earnings I imagine that the next dividend will be paid in cash. At any rate, when the Rio Grande and Western has established itself as a five-per-cent. stock it will be selling at nearly double its present figures. Its promoters tell me that they are now earning more than five per cent., and that there is a prospect for the common stock.

From Boston I have an inquiry in reference to the Union Pacific Railroad. My correspondent asks if it has ever paid dividends. I supposed that every one knew that Union Pacific has had its palmy days, and I recommend my correspondent to read Ike Bromley's very interesting story of the Union Pacific, which the New York Tribune has been printing. Under the management of Sidney Dillon and Mr. Gould, the same parties who now have it in charge, it paid dividends for nine or ten years following 1875, and the stock, which had sold at around 15, went up to over 125. Union Pacific, I think, has a future; but I believe it has no better future than Missouri Pacific, with which Mr. Gould has been so long identified, and which his friends say he proposes to put much higher.

A correspondent at Chicago writes a letter in which he says he regrets that he did not follow my advice and sell his Pullman stock when he could have gotten over 200 for it. He asks if I think this stock is still gilt-edged. I see no reason why Pullman stock should not continue to pay its dividends; but the Vanderbilts are making a push in the West for Pullman trade, and the action of the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad in abandoning Pullman cars and substituting its own may at any time be followed by other trunk lines. If my correspondent has his Pullman as an investment he can safely keep it, I think; though if he had sold it at the highest figures and put his money into low-priced bonds at present figures, he would have made some profit by the operation, and added considerably to his income.

A correspondent at Hackensack, who honors me by saying that he has "learned to value my weekly articles," asks: "What is your opinion of Edison General Electric stock as an investment, and what of its future?" I have taken pains to inquire from those who are deeply interested in this enterprise, and have been assured that it is earning nearly twice its dividends of eight per cent. per annum, and that it is a very good and cheap investment at prevailing prices. I have not always believed in industrial securities, and have been inclined to distrust anything with which Mr. Villard's name is connected; but I doubt if Mr. Villard's holdings of Edison Electric General are now large enough to give him a commanding influence in the property, and am inclined to believe that it is a good investment for those who have the money to pay for it and lay it away.

*Jasper*

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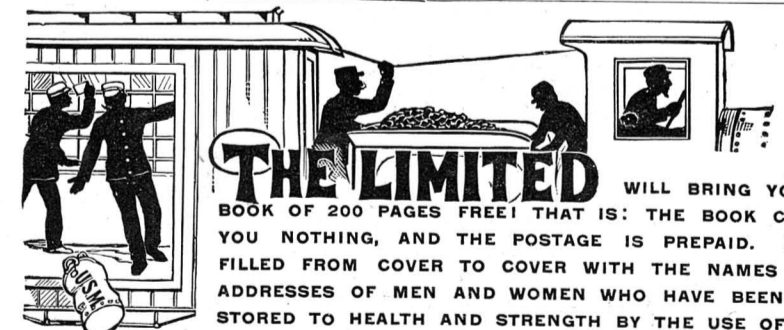
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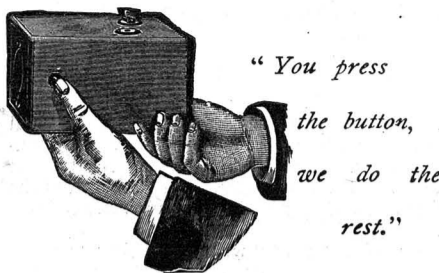
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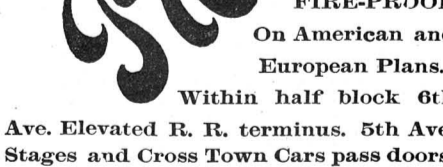
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"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of the uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight."

"For pain in the back wear an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER constantly, renewing as it wears off. This is an invaluable support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy and the aching incessant."

Henry Thorne, Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., writes:

"EXETER HALL, STRAND,  
LONDON, February 2, 1888.

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THE following entries in our Photographic Contests have been made for the week ending December, 8th 1890:  
Herbert B. Miller, 121 Munn Avenue, East Orange, N. J.; E. J. Farnsworth, 26 Elk Street, Albany, N. Y.; F. G. Mather, 120 Lancaster Street, Albany, N. Y.; C. E. Gates, Gerry, N. Y.; W. Walker, 256 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; W. G. Steuben, 624 East Gray Street, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. P. C. Croll, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.; J. M. Ramsdell, Manistee, Mich.; Ed F. Schaffer, Pittsburg, Pa.; H. D. Knight, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; W. J. Harris, 315 York Avenue, Pittston, Pa.; Miss Jean Vose, Maverick Square, East Boston, Mass.; W. H. Shuey, 205 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Wickersham, 9 Dey Street, New York City; S. E. Sargent, 1971 Seventh Avenue, New York City; Charles Slater, 3 Maiden Lane, New York City; A. G. Cochran, Middle Falls, N. Y.; S. Francis Clarke, L. D. S. Louth (Lings), Eng.; Mary M. Bickford, Peach, am; Vt.; Thos. D. Rhodes, Third and Walnut streets, Cincinnati, Ohio; F. A. Bill, Dubuque, Iowa; Alexander M. Miller, 2616 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.; Fayette E. Moyer, Fort Plain, N. Y.; R. C. Nash, 70 Kilby, Street, Boston, Mass.; B. K. Hollister, The Dalles, Ore.; F. B. Strade, Kansas City, o.; E. N. M. Gillespie, Freeport, Pa.; N. W. Yeakel, La Fayette, Ind.; J. H. Chalker, Mobile, Ala.; H. H. Starkey, 218 Keap Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary L. McLeary, 432 Soledad Street, San Antonio, Texas; B. D. Jackman, St. Francis, Kan.; F. J. Augier, Beardstown, Ill.; G. E. Valleau, 218 Albert Street, Ottawa, Canada; C. H. Simpson, 169 West Twelfth Street, New York City; William S. Wolfe, Bethlehem, Pa.; A. L. Hubbard, South Bend, Ind.; Charles Zipt, 218 Minor Street, Norristown, Pa.; S. Clark Dougherty, Jeannette, Pa.; Geo. W. Jones, Fifth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.; M. H. Roberts, South Orange, N. J.; H. H. Buhm Jr., Eureka, Cal.; r. K. Morrill, 182 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; B. A. Lange, 580 Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.; Lawrence Whitney, 590 Hicks Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. H. Sanford, Colorado Springs, Col.; Elizabeth B. Vanderpoel, 224 Madison Avenue, New York City; G. H. Lawton, Alton, Kan.; J. A. Vanderpoel, 224 Madison Avenue, New York City; F. A. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.; Charles Wylie, 68 West Eighty-third Street, New York City; Hettie S. Getz, 31 North High Street, Columbus, Ohio; Helene Schumann, 42 Cooper Street, Atlanta, Ga.; F. Hammat, Norton, 228 West Fifty-second Street, New York City; M. Redmond, 16 West Sixteenth Street, New York City; E. L. Weston, 152 West Seventy-ninth Street, New York City; Samuel Walton, 182 Steuben Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank A. Laws, Massachusetts Inst. of Tech., Boston, Mass.; W. F. Gunn, 39 Prince Arthur Street, Montreal, Canada; E. G. Smith, East Penn Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.; James Lydon, 484 Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.; John C. Tovrey, 75 South Prospect Street, Burlington, Vt.; C. E. LeMessena, 1108 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; Randolph Peyton, Birmingham, Ala.; John A. Nisbet, 150 Hope Street, Providence, R. I.; Alice L. Moulton, Fitchburg, Mass.; Charles F. Kahnweiler, 170 West Forty-seventh Street, New York City; J. R. Husson, 360 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City; Henry N. Thomson, Box 8207, Quebec, Canada; R. Dickinson Jewett, 1833 Jefferson Place, Washington, D. C.; L. A. Atwood, Burlington, Vt.; M. S. Townsend, Smyrna, Pa.; Mrs. L. C. Campbell, Caledonia, N. Y.; Dayton Ball, Albany, N. Y.; Harry Contant, 159 West Eighty-third Street, New York City; A. H. Schlieder, Weyerts Hall, New Brunswick, N. J.; John A. Ostrom, 198 Broadway, New York City; Miss Constance A. Baker, 118 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. Warren Clark, Columbia, Tenn.; F. T. Sherman, 291 State Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles W. McDaniel, 2729 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo.; Frank Bogenschneider, 317 East Eightieth Street, New York City; F. T. Childs, N. E. Building, Kansas City, Mo.; D. R. Hardy, Clayton, N. Y.; B. Grover, 3416 Washington Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; Amos Curry, Key West Fla.; A. E. Tripp, City Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio; Anna L. Trisler, Mount Hope Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio; J. R. Trisler, Mount Hope Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio; Charles C. Wells, Coxsackie, N. Y.; Mrs. Carl Carpenter, Bergen, N. Y.; A. C. Terry, 223 Crescent Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.; Franklin T. Moore, Princeton College, Princeton, N. J.; H. C. Smith, 696 President Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John W. Barriger Jr., 2630 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.; M. J. Guerin, New Orleans, La.; Miss Florence Smith, Hackensack, N. J.; W. H. Kemp, Sawtee, Fla.; J. Arthur Wainright, 14 Court Street, Northampton, Mass.; Roscoe Howard and R. H. Gunnis, San Diego, Cal.; A. Denniston Smith, 211 Auburn Street, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. F. Kehrbaum, 173 Elliott Street, Boston, Mass.; F. J. Whitney, 6 Cedar Park, Boston, Mass.; Charles P. Marshall, Cazenovia, N. Y.; Paul Foos, Springfield, Ohio; Rev. William J. Tiley, Amherst, Mass.; John T. Cressy, "The Hill School," Pottstown, Pa.; Clarence C. Converse, Erie, Pa.; M. P. Warner, Holyoke, Mass.; F. Milton Eisenhart, 125 West Second Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

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