

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS-PAPER

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 SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHARITY-DOLL SHOW OF "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—[SEE PAGE 411.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT, 161, 163 Randolph Street, Chicago.
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ANNOUNCEMENT.—At the request of a large number of amateur photographers throughout the country, who declare that they were greatly hampered in their effort to obtain suitable pictures for entry in our Amateur Photographic Contest by reason of the unpropitious weather, we have decided to extend the time for entering the competition until January 15th. The next contest will, therefore, close on that day instead of on the 1st of December. In order to deal fairly with those who have already entered, we shall afford them an opportunity to make other entries, if they so desire, and will relieve them from the obligation of attaching to their new entries the printed slip from the paper. This exemption is only extended, it must be understood, to those who have already competed and complied with all our requirements. We are glad to say that the interest in the competition is constantly increasing, and that it promises to be even more successful than the first one.

THE following entries have been made in our photographic contests for the week ending December 22d:

Frederick R. Newton, 784 Sixth Avenue, New York City; George E. Barrett, 487 Bedford Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Gustav Voigt, 809 Seventh Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.; H. Centant, 159 West Eighty-third Street, New York City; Thomas D. Rhodes, United Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. S. Bronson, Defiance, Ohio; Joseph E. Green, 627 Market Street, Williamsport, Pa.; J. H. Chalker, Mobile, Ala.

WHILE Dr. Mary E. Walker, of Washington, has been considered one of the most eccentric of American women because she has insisted for many years on appearing in male attire, she has the respect of a large circle of acquaintances, who believe in the sincerity of her purpose and in her good intent. We have requested Mrs. Walker to write an article for our editorial page, giving the reasons, from her standpoint, "Why Women Should Wear Trousers." She has furnished what will be at least an interesting contribution on a subject not commonly discussed, and it will appear in next week's issue of this paper.

A KNIGHT OF LABOR ON THE NEW YORK BALLOT LAW.

IN the issue of this journal of August 2d I showed that the passage of our new ballot law was "not a Waterloo of absolute defeat for the enemies of ballot reform." My greatest fear was that in closely-contested elections blanket pasters bearing secret numbers by which they could be traced to the voters who cast them would be used for the purpose of bribery. The first election has taken place. Ballots marked in various ways for identification were voted, and some were counted in the face of watchers who saw the marks, thought them meaningless, and allowed them to pass without protest, although they were so crude as to be self-evident to an acute mind thoroughly on the alert. It is highly probable that some of the many methods not so liable to be detected were used in other places. But there were also other elements in the problem of securing fair elections which ballot-reformers had not sufficiently considered, and which are now apparent.

I voted in Brooklyn and went to several voting-places before breakfast. The Democrats had evidently spent money on the election much more freely than the Republicans. Their ballot booths, each manned by two or more workers, stood at the regulation distance from the polls, while the Republicans had none. But this expense was neither in contravention of law, nor did it seem to be of any use. So far as my examination went the new ballot law worked in Brooklyn as I had expected. The general result was a foregone conclusion; neither party spirit nor personal interest urged leaders or followers on either side to serious premeditated infractions of the law.

After breakfast I went to the Second ("Dry Dollar" Sullivan's and Pat Divver's) Assembly District of New York. Here, if anywhere, said I, is one likely to discover such premeditated infractions of law as have a deciding influence on the results. My first half-dozen hurried visits showed little of a suspicious character. I then went to the polling-place at 63 Park Row, a few doors above the bridge, and next door to a jeweler's store. A little crowd of workers occupied the sidewalk. Every few minutes a man would appear leading another by the arm with something of the insinuating grace of a Baxter Street clothier conducting a probable customer to the dark recesses of his store. Both would go into the jeweler's shop and remain for a moment, when they would come out, the one led by the other as before, till he entered the voting-place, where he at once became the object of tender solicitude to a watcher with a Tammany badge. I had seen two or three men enter the voting-place without these ceremonies and five or six with them, and I was talking with one of the watchers whom I knew, when a small blonde loafer of cordial manner and uncertain step clasped the hand of my acquaintance, who said to him: "Have you voted yet?" "Yes," replied the loafer: "I got my two dollars, and I slapped her in." In a few minutes after a personage and statesman entitled to a separate paragraph appeared on the scene. It was the Hon. Edward J. Dunphy, who so fitly represents "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, Pat Divver, and others in Congress, and whom they have

honored with re-election. He came down Park Row, paused before the jeweler's shop, and looked around. No loud burst of cheers greeted the statesman. Both he and his adherents seemed intent on more practical business. He went into the jewelry store, came out very shortly, and continued down the Row.

I am not curious to know why the majority of the voters that I saw at that place were led first to that jewelry store and then to the voting-place with such kindness, consideration, and care; I have no need to know who gave the blonde loafer his two-dollar bill, or how he got tipsy when none of the police could find an open saloon; my curiosity is not piqued as to the important business that took the Hon. Edward J. Dunphy to the jewelry store next door to that polling-place at that time; and it seems to me that there is not the slightest necessity of my expressing an opinion upon any of these matters.

Examining some other polling-places, I was led to believe that workers in other election districts were just as attentive to certain of the voters as those in this district, and that places of momentary rest for voters were generally provided, though no others were so near the polling-places as this one. At the various election places the "physically disabled" were rather numerous. Some of these were simply drunk, some may have had more or less defective eyesight, the disability in some cases could not be learned, and one had a sore thumb. Swearing to an unspecified disability, each was permitted to take a Tammany worker with him into the voting-booth, and the heeler could see to the due delivery of the goods. Of course if the disabilities of these men were fictitious they could be haled before a Tammany justice of the peace, or Colonel John R. Fellows could be asked to get them indicted. With such risks before him, where is the unprincipled rascal who would dare to commit perjury?

On the average of the four years 1884-5-6-7, the registered votes of Brooklyn were 9.9 per cent. more than the number that actually voted. Let us suppose an urban constituency usually polling 30,000 votes, about equally divided between the two great parties, and registering 33,000. Let us suppose both parties very corrupt, one resorting to intimidation and getting ten per cent. of its voters by that means; the other resorting to bribery with an equal effect. The New York ballot law comes into operation. If no safe means of tracing the ballot to the voter is believed to exist, intimidation utterly fails, and the party of intimidation loses 1,500 votes, nearly all of which are still registered, ninety per cent. going over to the opposite party. That other party continues to bribe as before. Its bribed voters have always been of three sorts: demoralized friends who will not vote at all without a small bribe; indifferents who will vote for a small bribe; and enemies whose animosity has heretofore yielded to the temptation of pelf. The first sort will still vote for this party if they receive the usual bribe; of the second sort some will vote for the other party out of "pure cussedness"; and the third sort will take the party's money and cheat it of the vote. Bribing neither more nor less than usual, the party would certainly not lose one-third of its bribed vote. Putting the loss at one-third, we have the following conditions:

| Bribing Party. | | Intimidating Party. | |
|---------------------------|--------|---------------------------|--------|
| Honest vote..... | 13,500 | Honest vote..... | 13,500 |
| Loyal bribed vote..... | 1,000 | Intimidated vote..... | none |
| Vote from the other party | | Bribed vote from opposite | |
| formerly intimidated..... | 1,350 | party..... | 500 |
| Total..... | 15,850 | Total..... | 14,000 |

Majority for the bribing party, 1,850, or about twelve per cent. of its total vote.

Let us now suppose a similar Congressional district in which both parties have been honestly conducted, the party votes 14,000 and 15,000 respectively, and the party registry of voters ten per cent. more. A change comes over the minority party with the advent of a perfectly secret ballot, and the manager, believing that the stay-at-homes are usually detained by slight causes, has the comparatively indifferent thoroughly canvassed beforehand, and their interest quickened wherever possible with the promise of money. If he polls eighty per cent. of those registered voters inclined to his party that would not otherwise vote, his majority over the other party is one hundred and twenty.

My experience in "Dry Dollar" Sullivan's district was very exceptional. The new ballot law is an approach to that perfect secrecy under which there can be no intimidation of actual voters, and no bribing of antagonistic voters without increasing the probability that the ballots of such persons will be cast for the other side. The law should be strengthened in several respects.

The physically disabled should register and swear to his disability on one of the days of registration, and a surgeon's certificate should also be filed.

With the exception of the cross in its proper place, no writing or marking on the ballots should be permitted, and no pasters should be used; the only other exception being in case of the death of a candidate after nomination.

The names of all candidates for the same office should be printed on the same ballot, grouped according to the office sought, and party or other designation or emblems should be appended.

Official sample ballots, differing in color from those to be voted, should be printed from the same plates and sent by mail to every registered voter by public authority.

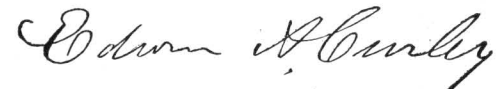
The ballots to be voted should be on light card-board, so that carbon or lead-paper transfers of the markings could not be taken without detection.

A cross in a designated place should indicate separately each candidate voted for.

The one-hundred-and-fifty-foot limit should be distinctly marked; no loungers should be allowed within that limit, and any speaking to an intending voter or attending him within that limit by a watcher should be defined as electioneering.

The most essential part of all these provisions can be obtained without any amendment of the law, if the workingmen generally will refuse to vote for the candidates of any party that uses the paster ballot. When, with a really secret ballot, we have properly constituted election courts acting under a corrupt-practices act disqualifying any candidate from holding an office in his seeking of which a single case of bribery, intimidation, or fraud is proved to have taken place, the party and the party's agents in the district being deemed the agents of the candidate and the acts of his agent treated as his own, there will be fair elections,

A law that will really constrain the qualified voters to register and vote will have the same practical effect; for, once at the polls with a ballot which he knows to be secret, the voter will cast it in accordance with his own inclinations.



THE JUDGMENT OF THE MASSES.

FACTS are ugly things for prevaricators and theorists to confront. Free trade has never been able to stand up against them, and possibly for this reason it has habitually avoided facts while illustrating theories. But even the most cunning theorist cannot escape existing conditions. There comes a time when he must meet facts, or acknowledge defeat in advance. The recent spread of the protection sentiment in Europe as well as in America is an acknowledged fact. It confirms the belief that the masses favor protection. There was a time when this was disputed on the lecture platform, the stump, and in the free-trade press of the United States. That time has gone by.

Mr. David A. Wells, in his book regarding "Recent Economic Changes," admits the progress of protectionist ideas in nearly all civilized countries except England, during the last twenty years, and says, "There are numerous and complex causes" for this revulsion of feeling, including the increased production by the use of machinery, the fiercer competition to sell the excess of products of all nations, the tendency to trade depression, and the displacement of labor. Mr. E. L. Godkin, another eminent free-trader of the mugwump school, brings out these facts in an interesting contribution to the *Forum*, and then goes to the marrow of the thing by stating his belief that the decided growth of the protection sentiment abroad is due "to the appearance in the political arena of a new and very forcible influence in the shape of universal suffrage."

It has often been asserted by protection writers and speakers that at the bottom of free-trade sentiment, particularly in England and the United States, was a profound and lasting contempt for the working masses, and that the classes were arrayed against the masses. The fact that free-traders are seldom or never found among the toilers, but spring from the professions and are graduated in companies from the colleges and schools, is self-evident, but it has been denied that free-traders entertained any feeling of contempt for the industrial masses.

Mr. Godkin, as well as other free-traders, has shown by his speech and writings his conviction that the working masses are unfit to govern or control. In his contribution to the *Forum* Mr. Godkin credits the advance of protection ideas to the extension of the suffrage, and says: "In every country living under parliamentary institutions, the opinion of the masses began to tell with greatly increased force on legislation as the suffrage was extended." Again he asserts that the entrance of the working classes into the political arena has most strongly enforced the idea that the first condition of prosperity is to keep as much as possible to yourself; that all the skilled trades act, and have acted, on this rule, and that all the trades-unions in our day make the entrance to their respective trades as difficult as they can. He admits that "the protectionist idea is far easier for the natural man to understand than is the free-trade idea." This line of argument simply brings the question down to this: Do the masses appreciate what is best for themselves? The free-trader says they do not; that if they were educated so as to be able to grasp the theory of political economy they would see that free trade, and not protection, would be for their ultimate material benefit.

This conclusion, manifestly unjust and partisan, is not, we are glad to say, held by the brightest, ablest, and most experienced Englishman in public life. We refer to Mr. Gladstone. Himself a thorough believer in free-trade, he has labored for years for an extension of the suffrage, impelled to this effort by the conviction that the people can be trusted even to solve the political and economic problems which sorely perplex public leaders. In a recent speech in Scotland, Mr. Gladstone declared with emphasis that "the judgment of great questions by the masses is more enlightened than that of the educated classes." It is this enlightened judgment—enlightened selfishness, it has well been called—which has led the working masses of Europe, as well as of America, to set their faces resolutely against free-trade and in favor of protection. If the workingmen of Europe find protection helpful, how much more should those of the United States—a great aggregation of commonwealths between all of which trade is actually free—insist upon a maintenance of the policy that has brought them happiness and prosperity far beyond that which any other part of the world has known.

In a republic where universal suffrage prevails, the judgment of the masses must be sound or the republic must fail. The working masses control—their ballots wield the balance of power—they are, therefore, supreme. It has been so for a century, and the American Republic stands as a monument to the common sense, conservatism, and honesty of the common people, and as a striking proof and justification of Mr. Gladstone's compliment to the good sense of the masses.

OUR INTERNAL COMMERCE.

THE movement to deepen the channel of the Hudson River from New York to tide-water at Troy, making it navigable for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles for ocean steamers, will commend itself to the attention of every one who gives the subject the thought it deserves.

The construction of railroads, more than half a century ago, led, in this country as in others, to the belief that the maintenance of artificial water-ways would soon be unnecessary. With the development of railway traffic it was seen that the canals and the natural and artificial water-ways everywhere served as a constant and powerful regulator of railway rates. In recent years it has been demonstrated that the shipment of bulk commodities has been far cheaper, and in many cases far more convenient, by water than by rail.

The most remarkable evidence of our internal commerce is found in the report regarding the traffic of our great lakes for the past business year. This was coupled with the statement that

upon the waters of these lakes a commerce floats that is more than half greater in value than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of the two great English ports of Liverpool and London.

Moreover, it is stated that more tons of freight pass through the Detroit River each year than the total annual exports and imports of the United States. In the eight months of 1889 during which the Soo Canal (the outlet of Lake Superior commerce) was navigable, more tons of freight passed through it than the entire tonnage of the Suez Canal for 1889. These are figures that should have the attention of Congress and of our State Legislatures.

Our internal commerce is enjoying a prodigious growth. It comes at a time when public sentiment is very generally in favor of an extension and development of natural and artificial waterways. In the report of Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Merrill, of the United States Corps of Engineers, regarding the proceedings of the International Congress of Engineers, held at Manchester, England, last July, he says that the French Government has established a vast network of inland navigation, of which Paris is the natural centre. This system is divided into canals, canalized rivers, and open rivers, and, except three hundred and fifty miles of canal and forty-six and a half miles of river conceded to various companies, all these navigable ways are administered by the State, and are free from toll. France has spent over \$265,000,000 in river and harbor work, and it has by legislation forbidden railroads to offer commerce a reduction of rates on condition of subscribing an obligation to use no other means of transportation. Repeated efforts to secure a similar legislative regulation in New York State have failed.

The French Government has a splendid corps of civil engineers, specially selected from the best scholars of its technical schools, to care for all the public engineering work, and it has a magnificent record continuing over one hundred and seventy-four years of work on highways, bridges, railroads, rivers, canals, seaports, and light-houses. Speaking of this effective labor in the development of internal commerce in France, the *Sanitary Engineer* draws attention to the fact that it was done in a country with an area of but little more than three-fourths of that of Texas. It points out some of the needs of our own country, and says:

"Let us hope that the time is not far off when the Government will better appreciate the advantages of free internal waterways and will provide for building, in addition to the Ohio and Lake Erie Canal already mentioned, ship-canal connecting Lake Erie and Lake Ontario on American territory; connecting the Mississippi with the Great Lakes at Chicago; giving Baltimore an outlet to the sea across the Delaware peninsula, thus shortening the travel for its northern commerce by from 25 to 286 miles; crossing the Florida peninsula and thus diminishing the length of the voyage for the Gulf commerce by from 400 to 600 miles; and crossing the upper Michigan peninsula, thereby saving 271 miles from Duluth to Chicago, to say nothing of numerous other projected improvements in our internal navigation less striking but scarcely less important."

Water communication is of inestimable value to the agriculturist of the West. A significant statement was made by the president of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway in his recent annual report. He said:

"Some of the leading Western lines insisted upon very low rates east-bound, in order to attract the business to the rail lines which otherwise would go by lake. The results expected by these companies were not realized; more business than usual went by the lakes, and it was shown to be an absurdity to attempt to force even the lower classes of freight by a reduction of rates from the lakes and put it upon the rail lines, as long as navigation is open. This effort has been made repeatedly in years past, and uniformly without success."

The value of the improvements to our waterways and their extension, as suggested by the *Sanitary Engineer*, would be enormous, if to them were added the contemplated enlargement of the Erie Canal by national aid, and the proposed improvements of the Hudson River. Every dollar of the expense involved would be returned ten-fold within the next decade by the increased value of the agricultural and mining interests of the West, and by the reduction of rates of transportation.

Beyond all this, the Government, as a measure of defense, should provide itself with internal means of communication sufficient for the requirements of any emergency. With an imaginary boundary line separating us from a powerful foreign nation at the north, and with an exposed frontier extending along the Great Lakes, it is amazing that no means to provide prompt and adequate defense of this exposed frontier has thus far been adopted, though in the past fiscal year alone more than \$20,000,000 was spent for naval armament, etc. The enlargement of the Erie Canal and the expenditure of a few million dollars in the extension and improvement of existing waterways would provide inland communication from New York to the Great Lakes for armored vessels, or, at least, for heavy armaments. In time of peace such matters should have consideration. While we are spending millions annually in building and equipping a navy, we are neglecting opportunities to open pathways for naval vessels to vital points of assault and defense.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

BETTER than free or unlimited silver coinage would be an international agreement, such as has been suggested by the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, by which all the great Powers would encourage the coinage of silver. The French Minister favors an international monetary conference.

It had been hoped that the recent serious experience of English investors would tend to the encouragement of a movement for increased silver coinage. In France, where both the precious metals form the basis of the Government's credit, no limitation is placed upon the silver reserve. The Bank of France maintains a coin reserve, using both gold and silver at its discretion. In England, however, the Government compels the maintenance of a minimum reserve in gold to meet liabilities, and there is absolutely no elasticity about this system during a financial crisis, as we have recently seen. The Bank of France, on the other hand, in times of emergency is not only able to extricate itself from difficulties, but also to offer assistance to friendly Powers.

It has been said that the antipathy of Great Britain to American interests is responsible for its hesitation in responding to a call for a silver conference. This is hardly the truth. English conservatism is proverbial, and it has clung to the gold standard for generations, believing it to be the highest and best standard.

This belief was justified before the demands of trade required greater elasticity and a greater volume of the currency.

Conditions have changed in England, as in this country, with the quickening and development of communication and commercial exchange, and the time seems ripe for a general agreement by the great nations to restore silver to its proper place in the monetary world. It will be very easy to do this by common consent. If the United States undertakes the task single-handed, the results may seriously disturb our financial equilibrium and retard prosperity and progress for many years.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

ONE of the most difficult questions for the free-trader to answer is that we have addressed to him regarding the reason for the importation of cotton fabrics in competition with home-made cotton goods. We have submitted several answers received from the free-trade side, and we now take pleasure in printing a letter concerning the subject which confirms and illustrates our own view of the matter. It is so sensible and fair, and, better than all, so non-partisan and just, that we invite the special attention of our readers to it, and particularly of those who have not always agreed with our views respecting tariff legislation. No harm can come from the candid consideration of a matter that affects the material interests of a large part of the people, though it has unfortunately been viewed entirely from a partisan standpoint.

"EDITOR FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: In your issue of this date you publish a reply from Mr. Bronsen to your query in a previous issue, relating to cotton goods, as follows: 'Why European manufacturers can purchase our cotton, and pay all expenses of transportation to and from Europe, manufacture there, pay a tariff of nearly fifty per cent., and still undersell American manufacturers of same in the United States?' It seems to me that in the unqualified way you put this question an implication is contained in it which is erroneous, and which is liable to injure the cause of protection. As it reads, the inquirer unskilled in cotton manufacturing would probably take it that your statement of facts, on which you base your inquiry, applies indiscriminately to all cotton goods. So taking it, he would be justified in assuming that, if the tariff were removed from them, he could obtain his necessary cotton goods about fifty per cent. cheaper from foreign manufacturers than he now does from our own. This would further justify him in assuming that the tariff on his necessary cotton fabrics amounted to a very heavy tax.

"Will you permit me to call your attention to the truth, that the facts on which your question is based, and hence the question itself, only strictly apply to those grades of cotton manufactures which may be termed luxuries, *i. e.*, the fine and expensive grades of goods, which no man is compelled to wear unless he chooses, because he can buy the ordinary grades of cotton goods, such as are used by the masses of our people, as cheaply on our retail counters as on the retail counters of England.

"It is only necessary to turn to the Consular Reports of the United States Consuls in England, whether protectionist or in favor of free-trade tariffs, to show this. One of the latter is United States Consul Shoenhoff, who states (April 1887, Consular Rep., p. 257): 'I find that cotton goods are fully as cheap in the United States as here. Shirtings and sheetings, if anything, are superior in quality for the same money with us, so far as I can judge from the articles exposed for sale in the retail stores.' In this statement, ex-United States Consul Dudley, an ardent protectionist, fully agrees.

"It follows, therefore, that the American farmer, mechanic, or laborer is furnished with his necessary cotton goods somewhat cheaper under the protective tariff system than the British farmer, mechanic, or laborer is furnished with a similar grade under the free-trade tariff system; for British free trade is as truly a system of tariff taxation, and even more so, than any other.

"This state of facts relating to our common cotton goods ought to be given at least as wide publicity as your question, so as to limit and qualify the latter by the actual facts, in the interest of the protective system, and prevent any one from unjustly assuming that its tariffs are in any sense or measure a tax upon the necessities of the people at large; but only, in the case of cotton goods, if at all, upon the luxurious fabrics.

"This state of facts in relation to cotton manufactures of ordinary grades gives rise to another question, no less interesting than the one you ask in relation to luxurious grades, *viz.*: Why is it that we are able to take the same cotton, and, paying about twice the wages of British labor, and more for machinery, and fair profits on the business, convert it into ordinary grades of cotton goods, which sell cheaper here than like grades in the British market; the latter being made by cheap labor and machinery, and without substantial manufacturers' profit through a series of fifteen years? This latter fact was shown by the evidence before the British Royal Commission on Trade and Industry. Democratic advocates of the free-trade tariff system have attempted to answer this question by saying that it was due to the superior smartness of American cotton-mill operatives, but this is shown not to be true by the testimony of Mr. Samuel Andrew, Secretary of the [British] Oldham Master Cotton Spinners' Association, who states (2 Rep. Royal Commission, p. 150) that 'the English workman is far more industrious, and produces considerably more work in a given space of time than the foreigner does.' It is evident, therefore, that some other answer must be found to our question, and in behalf of protection I submit as an answer, that it is due to the fact that our protective tariff on ordinary cotton goods reserves our steady American home market for the competition of home manufacturers, and this sure and steady home-market enables them to cheapen the cost of the goods without reducing wages or sacrificing a fair profit on the business, as the British have to do in order to cheapen their goods.

"The open markets of the world are not sufficient to consume British cotton goods as fast as they can produce them, taking into account the competition in those markets of other producing nations. Consequently, the British cotton-mills are forced to shut down at frequent intervals, and wait until the demand of these open world's markets overtakes their supply on hand of manufactured goods. In other words, the British cotton-mills are forced to run irregularly, or intermittently, instead of steadily, as our American mills do. This adds from ten to twenty per cent. to the cost of every yard of ordinary cotton goods produced by these British cotton-mills.

"The same would be true of our American cotton-mills if compelled to run in the same way. On cotton print-cloth, costing 3 21-100 cents per yard with the mill running full time through the year, the reduction to three-fourths running time would increase the cost per yard from half a cent to one cent. This is with a modern, fully equipped mill of 50,000 spindles, costing, say, \$750,000.

"Suppose, therefore, we were to take away our protective tariffs on ordinary cotton goods, of which none are now imported, and then throw our home-market open to this flood of British cotton goods, which glut the open markets of the world, what would be the result? We should at once take away the certain home market from American cotton manufacturers, which enables them to operate their mills constantly, and thus force them to run intermittently. This would increase the cost of every yard of cotton goods they produced, unless they cut wages to make up for the additional cost of intermittent production. Thus the consumer of cotton goods would get them no cheaper, and the economy of production which protection now insures, and which furnishes the fund from which our superior American wages and fair profits are principally paid, would be destroyed.

"But this same law of steady production by American competitors for our home market applies to other branches of manufacture as well as to cotton goods. It gives cheap prices, under protection, to the ultimate consumer, coupled with superior wages to labor, and fair profits to competing manufacturers.

"Take away protection, and we destroy the conditions under which all these results can co-exist in this country.

"Truly yours,

DAVID HALL RICE.

BOSTON, MASS., December 6th, 1890."

THE INDIAN OUTBREAK.

IT seems to be evident, from the reports of the death of Sitting Bull, that the Indian police who were sent to capture him were instructed to bring him in "dead or alive." They carried out their orders to the letter. All accounts agree that the wily old chief was about to break away for the Bad Lands, and it is quite probable that if he had succeeded in doing so an uprising would have followed.

The saddest feature of the affair was the death, in the *mêlée*, of the twelve-year-old son of Sitting Bull. It seems as if this painful incident was unnecessary; but in such encounters, sentimental considerations usually have no place. The Indian police, who were intrusted with the most hazardous part of the work, proved themselves capable of carrying out their orders, and their heroic conduct has attracted general attention. A sensible bill now before Congress looks to the enlistment of five thousand Indians in the regular service of the army. This would employ and bring under military discipline a large number of savages, and would provide a ready and adequate force for warfare in the Indian country in case of future difficulties.

One of the striking incidents of the Indian campaign was the hasty and imperative recall of Buffalo Bill from the errand on which General Miles had incautiously and injudiciously sent him, namely, to arrest Sitting Bull. Buffalo Bill is not connected with the military service, and he could not have served a civil process, as he was deputized to act by an army and not a civil officer. It is not surprising that President Harrison took the unusual step of asserting his authority as commander-in-chief and ordering Buffalo Bill's instant return before the latter could act. Had he reached the reservation he would have intensified the disturbance.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE appointment by Mayor Grant of a low, liquor-dealing politician, Paddy Divver, and an undertaker with a political "pull" as police justices, leads to the reflection that the Bar Association of this city should petition the Legislature to make only practicing members of the Bar eligible for places on the Benches of the inferior as well as the superior courts. These appointments signalize the triumph of the most abhorrent forces in Tammany politics.

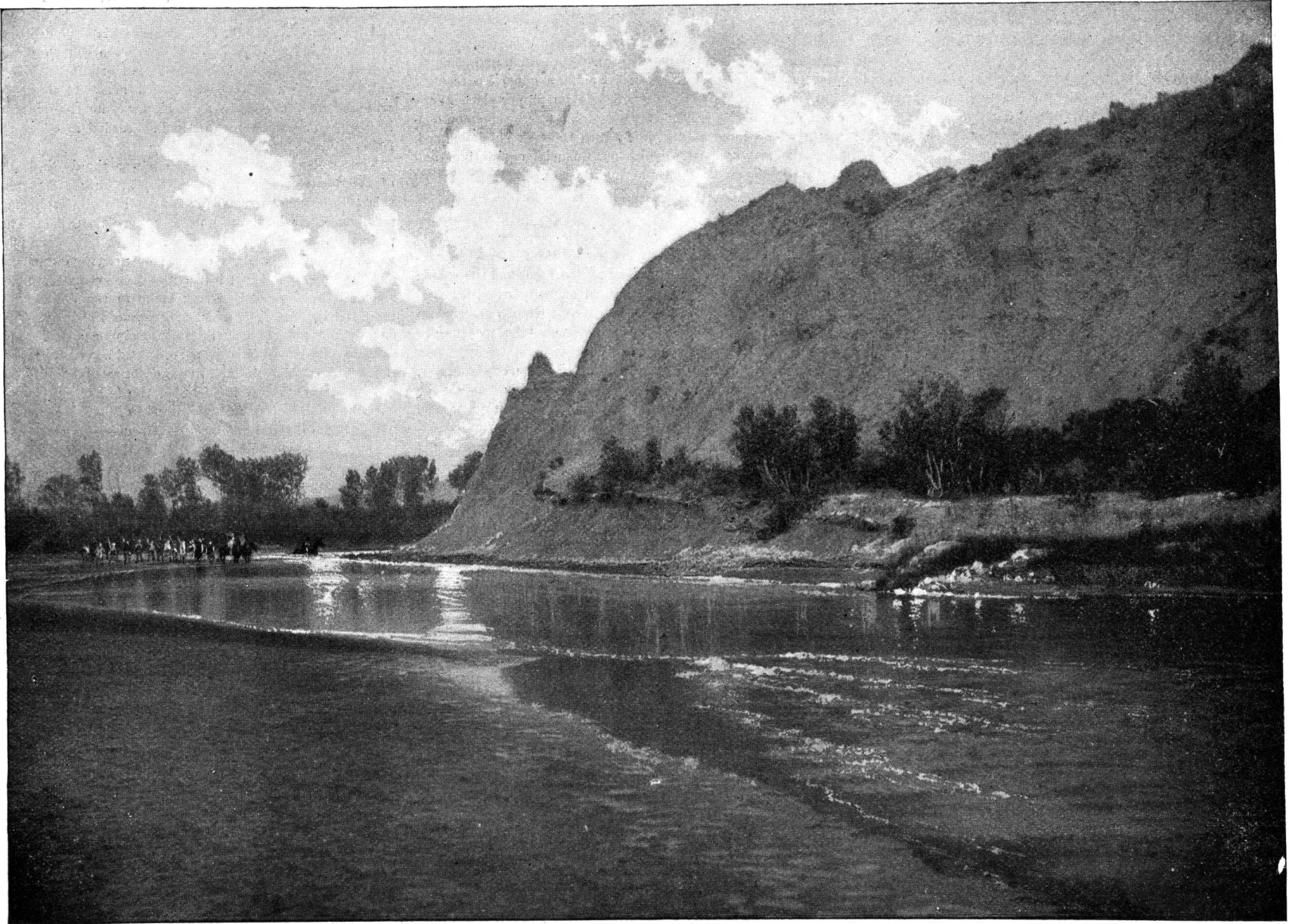
A DELEGATE from Alaska, Captain J. Carroll, has appeared in Washington with credentials as the representative in Congress from our farthestmost Western possession. Alaska, as well as every other Territory, should have a right to representation in Congress. Of course it is not expected that its delegate will be entitled to vote, but he can at least be watchful of the interests of his constituents, and, what is of more consequence, of the vast and mostly unexplored territory from which he hails.

THE *Dry Goods Chronicle*, of this city, has done a very sensible thing in publishing the "Cotton Goods Guide" for the benefit of its subscribers. It will be an annual production, and the editor, Mr. George W. Bible, says truthfully that it is the "most perfect and reliable epitome of the cotton manufacturing industry of this country and of the world generally ever published." It embraces a guide for the buyer and seller; a pocket manual full of facts and figures relating to the manufacture, purchase, and sale of cotton goods; a concise history of the raw material; and a synopsis of the origin, production, quality, weights, etc., of the leading cotton manufactures of the world. It is wonderful how much has been condensed in a compass of only about two hundred pages.

MR. WILLIAM M. SINGERLY, of the Philadelphia *Record*, and widely known as one of the most influential Democratic leaders of that city, seems to have a pretty correct idea of the worthlessness of public office. He has on two or three occasions been named in connection with the mayoralty of the Quaker city, but with great obstinacy refuses to listen to the voice of the siren. In a recent interview he said: "If I had to choose between accepting the office of Mayor of Philadelphia, for even the short period of six months, or lying upon this sofa with both legs broken for six months, I would readily choose the latter. I don't want the mayoralty, and wouldn't take it on a salver of silver or of any other metal." That certainly is emphatic, and will no doubt prove decisive so far as Mr. Singerly's candidacy is concerned.

THE passage by the House of Representatives of an Apportionment bill by a unanimous Republican vote, with the indorsement of thirty-seven Democratic members, is proof that the bill was fairly and honestly drawn. It is a pleasure to know that the ill-considered opposition of the Tammany members met with no favor, even from the Democratic side. The prompt passage of the bill by Congress would be the best vindication of Superintendent Porter's census that could be asked. In a year when Legislatures of the various States have been busily engaged in gerrymandering Congressional districts, it is a relief to turn to Congress and find that no advantage is being taken by the majority in making an apportionment under the new census. It is high time that there was less of partisanship and more of statesmanship in our Legislatures and in Congress.

THOSE who are interested in the discussion of economic topics will thank us for calling attention to a new work, just issued by David Hall Rice, of Boston, through George B. Reid, publisher, of that city, entitled, "Protective Philosophy." It comprehends a discussion of the principles of the protective system, and is the first exhaustive discussion of the McKinley bill that has been printed in book form. Mr. Rice has given the subject profound study and careful and accurate treatment. He takes up the discussion of free trade and compares it with the protective system, and shows with great clearness that protection economizes production and the distribution of products, thus benefiting all classes. The work also treats of labor as allied to protection, the relations between trusts and tariffs, reciprocity, and—what is of great value—also gives a supplementary history to steamship subsidies in Europe. The statements of the writer are fortified by full statistical notes, and the book is valuable both for study and reference.



THE INDIAN TROUBLES.—GRAND RIVER CROSSING TO SITTING BULL'S CAMP—SCENE OF THE CAPTURE AND DEATH OF THE SIOUX CHIEF—PHOTO BY BARRY.



DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY.



WILLIAM DEGAN, THE PATIENT.

DR. KOCH'S TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.—EXAMINATION BY DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY, AT ST. FRANCIS'S HOSPITAL, OF THE PATIENT SENT TO BERLIN BY "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—[SEE PAGE 411.]



SQUAW CARRYING RATIONS.



FIGHTING MEN WITH WAR-BONNETS.



Kem ble - 90

A HOSTILE SIGNAL COURIER ON DUTY.



AN INDIAN POLICEMAN.



CHEYENNE BOYS IN FIGHTING RIG.



SQUAW PREPARING "JERKED" BEEF.



MEDICINE-MAN WITH MEDICINE STICKS.

THE NEW YEAR.

THIS a shy little face that comes forth with the morn,
 Oh, my friends—
 A face upon which care with the daybreak is born,
 And it lends
 A pitiful look, as if some cruel thorn
 Pierced a rose—
 A rose only made to be sweet and adorn:
 But He knows!

He knows why a rose should be cruelly torn;
 Why a child
 Should turn from its gladness to suffer and mourn;
 Why the mild
 Young year should have trouble and winter to meet
 At his birth;
 Why sorrow is long, and why youth is so fleet
 On the earth!

But now the long shadow the old year has cast
 Is withdrawn,
 For night never travels more eager and fast
 Than the dawn;
 And the New Year is standing, with snow round his feet,
 At our door;—
 Like one who came hither our love to entreat
 Once before.

We trust the young year for the look in his face
 As of pain;
 For the power he holdeth to make every place
 Bloom again;
 And our faith in the world we despaired of too soon
 Is alive,
 And the hearts that were shorn like the roses in June
 Will revive.

MARY A. MASON

TILDA'S KNIGHTS.

BY RAY LEDYARD.



PRETTY American girl and an English cathedral!

She stood under the great north window and looked up and down. It seemed very dark and quiet after the bright sunlight on the grass of the close outside. She waited a moment, winking a little harder than usual until her eyes grew accustomed to the dim light.

"Ah, this is better than that stuffy little hole of an inn!" she thought, and continued her explorations of the cathedral together with her remarks to her very companionable self.

"Hum! 'The purest example of early English architecture.' That's what the 'A B C' of architecture said, any way, and although I know nothing about it, it certainly sounds well. Looks well, too, I declare!"

She stood for some time under the east window, looking down the middle aisle. On each side the grand pillars seemed to grow misty and dim as they reached upward. Far down shone the gilding on the choir-screen, and the faint light from the stained windows fell in long slants across the stone floor.

"Well, this will never do. I am actually beginning to feel a reverence for the place. Absurd sentimentality! I will see if the choir is open."

It wasn't, and she turned back down the middle aisle. Long rows of chairs, with kneeling attachments behind, and little boxes for prayer-book and hymnal underneath. Tilda dropped into one.

"I think I should like to be here at evening service," she said. "Let's see,"—consulting a very small watch,— "that's not until four. It is now half-past three. What can I do? Oh, I know; I'll look at all these old knights. How quiet they are, one between each pillar." The click of her heels sounded on the stones as she walked across to the first. "Now, why in the world don't they have bigger waists? Every one of them with a chest as big as a German officer's, and a waist as small as a French-woman's. How uncomfortable! So straight he lies, too. Head back, toes up, hands down at each side. No; you're no better,"—to the next one— "even if you have your dog at your feet. Oh, for a knight with a waist that doesn't look as if it would break in two! Now, how on earth could you ever sit a horse, with all that armor on, and no more waist? If I find him I'll fall in love with him on the spot; I'll even look him up in the guide-book, which is much more to the point."

She strolled along, her nose rather in the air, and one hand in the pocket of her short jacket. Knight after knight passed under her inspection. Some had been to the Holy Land, as shown by the crossed knees. Some had died there; but all had small waists. Tilda reached the last space, near the door, and stopped short. A broad ray from a window fell on the effigy lying there, and softened the gray stone with tender lights and shades. A half-smile seemed to play on the battered lips. The head was turned easily to the right, the left hand thrown across the breast, while the right grasped a heavy sword resting at his side.

Very worn and crumbling in some parts, but the memory of a brave and valiant man lived in the stone so many centuries old, and, "Oh," thought Tilda, "here's my man! The only one with a respectable waist."

Then she sat down beside him and studied the worn inscription. She could make nothing of it, not even his name. So she sat and dreamed. The sweet, calm face seemed turned to her, and the sunlight shifted and included her in its shaft. A sudden clatter, and a procession of school-boys in quaint ruffles marched by, very much out of step, soon to be transformed into cherubs in cassocks. Tilda shook off her dream, took up a prayer-book, and presently followed the stately service with the most laudable precision.

But when the white-robed procession had fluttered itself through the stone gateway, and the few old women and lingering black-veiled ladies had departed, she hesitated, and laying her

hand tenderly on the stone one of the old effigy, said, softly: "Good-bye, Sir Knight!"

* * * * *

"Whatever is the matter with Tilda? She's reading the guide-book!"

"Tilda, dear, do you feel ill?"

"How does your brain stand it?"

To which irrelevant remarks Tilda raised a pair of perfectly calm brown eyes and coolly surveyed her brothers.

"The 'matter with me,' Thomas, exists entirely in your own uncertain brain. I'm quite well, I thank you, Jem; only while you were all off on that long, hot walk, I had an adventure!"

Mrs. Truner looked across the table at her daughter with a little anxious movement. Sometimes this same pretty daughter gave her cause for nervousness, simply from her extremely picturesque way of looking at things. This time, however, she said:

"Nothing to bother you, mamma," and proceeded to the boys. "You would never guess in the world, so I'll just tell you." Solemnly she laid a hand on the shoulder of each: "I have fallen in love!"

"Huh! Just as if everybody didn't know that before, with that William Greyson fellow hanging around at Leamington and Stratford—and—and pretty nearly everywhere we've been, and the fat letters—"

"My dear boys, do you think it likely that I should have met him in the cathedral this afternoon, when we left him quietly settled for a month at least at Stratford? And you know very well that he forwards and incloses all my letters, so, of course they are fat. Why don't you venture into the realms of possibility, Jem?"

Nevertheless, there was a small flush during this gallant defense, which fortunately escaped the usually sharp eyes of the two boys.

"Well, who was it, then?" in a surly tone from Jem. Jem was eighteen, and a year younger than Tilda, whom he thought he managed, but who really ruled him with the utmost tyranny. As for Tom, only fourteen, he looked in simple and adoring admiration on his pretty sister, and was her abject slave. He now laid down his book and fixed his eyes, very bright with interest, on Tilda's face.

"Oh, Tilda! did you really? Who was it?"

"That is what I am trying to find out, but I appear to be interrupted. You see he's a splendid old knight in the cathedral. He looks like a fine nobleman," and then she held forth as regards waists. Tom wiggled about as evidence that his jacket wasn't tight, and Jem furtively stuck his thumb through his belt. "A fellow has to wear his belt tight with flannel shirts, to keep his trousers up," he growled.

"Perhaps my knight always wore suspenders and boiled shirts," suggested Tilda, "and didn't have to lace like young men nowadays."

"Oh, I say! read your guide-book, will you, and find out about him."

"Oh, I will; and when I find him I'll offer him my heart and hand, and all the rest that is necessary for an effect and a climax. His name—what is his name? Not that it makes any difference. At last—here he is—now I'll—"

"Well, what's the matter?"—for Tilda had suddenly become absolutely silent. She was poring over the guide-book with a red face and more interest than the occasion warranted.

"Why on earth don't you read about him?"

Whereupon Tilda began in a very small voice:

"This is quoted from an old book: 'He was in all things brave and honorable, a knight moste loyale to hys ladie, and fightyng for the true religion in Palestine, whither he journeyed in the years—' Bother dates. Then there is a lot about his father and grandfather, who seem to have been of doubtful character, and that's all."

Tilda turned innocently to her bit of sewing, and apparently ended the matter. This, considering her former enthusiasm, seemed a little sudden.

"Tilda," remarked Tom, presently, "what did you say his name was?"

Mrs. Truner, who had been looking at the guide-book in her turn, seemed to find something to amuse her there. Her daughter folded up her work and yawned.

"Oh, I'm tired," she said. "Good-night, everybody."

It was very quiet for a few minutes in the little circle, then came an exclamation from Tom—a long-drawn "Oh-ooo-ooo!"

"What's up?" from Jem.

"Just look here."

Jem leaned over the much-consulted book.

"By Jingo! if that old codger's name isn't William of something or other, and if she didn't skin out of letting us know, and cut and run when Tom sprung it on her. Whew! if I don't make her remember that. Offer her hand and heart, will she? I'll bet she will—not. Just let her wait until to-morrow."

* * * * *

Another long June day passed in the quiet close of the cathedral. Again Tilda wandered across the smooth grass to the evening service. For some reason she kept her hand in her pocket, and when she reached the cathedral she walked straight to Sir William's side. For an instant she smiled down at him, then pulled her hand out of her pocket with a very corpulent envelope in its clasp. On opening, several letters fell out, some in the slanting, angular writing of the modern girl-graduate, one in an old-fashioned copper-plate hand—"That's grandpa's"—and one in a strong, black scrawl—"From brother Carl. Hum! how nice of—him to forward them. Let's see what he says." opening a small note in the same writing as the direction. "So proper! Oh, yes. 'This is to let you know that I have read none of the inclosed, but have forwarded them sans envelopes as more convenient.' Well? 'His regards to my mother.' Ah! now I proceed to investigate. Thought so!"

Carefully fitted inside one letter was a tiny sketch; in another a few verses; another held a sheet of finely-written foreign paper and—

"So this is your knight, is it?" sounded Jem's voice. "He does look a good sort of fellow. Got a black eye in the Holy Land, didn't you, old chap? Wonder how your namesake, née Greyson, is feeling? Pretty lively, I guess, with those pretty English girls next door. How they can play tennis. By Jove!"

"Jem," remarked Tilda, a little coldly, "the service is about to begin. If you are going to stay, here is a prayer-book and hymnal. It is the seventeenth day of the month, and—"

But Jem was gone. Tilda slipped her letter into a prayer-book, and read it all through the first lesson. "Couldn't have heard him, any way," she said. Again she lingered after service. Again she laid her hand on the stone knight's.

"Thank you," she whispered. "You have done me good. You write very nice letters, although you are rather afraid of expressing yourself. You sketch well, too. I should like to go sketching with you some day—William;" which remark seemed somewhat inappropriate when addressed to a stone effigy some centuries old. Tilda suddenly pulled a rosebud from her belt and pushed it under the stone hand. "There!" she said. "There's to your memory and mine, too, and don't let anybody take it away unless he bears your name. Sir Knight, I bid you farewell!"

The next day they went to Paris. Dressmakers, sight-seeing, and the usual American round of Parisian pleasure. Tilda bought gloves at the Louvre, *mouchoirs* at the Bon Marché, ate the light waffles fried in the open air, drank the very mild syrups, and declared them a travesty on soda-water. All these things she did, beside wishing herself back in England. Letters could no longer be inclosed, for the bankers now had a permanent address, and woe unto Tilda if an epistle bearing a certain post-mark fell into the hands of Tom or Jem. Tilda didn't care for Paris. Tilda couldn't bear the chatty boulevards, and the belligerent *cocher* with his snapping whip. Tilda looked for letters, and received news that a friend had migrated to the selfsame cathedral town for sketching.

Tilda's eyes grew big with a newly-found idea, and she glanced cautiously at Jem, who was reading at the window. Then she rested her chin on both hands, and considered.

"He almost 'said so,' that day we went on the walk. In fact he did, but I made a face or something, and I suppose he thought I didn't care one snap. Oh, but I do, though! I found that out as soon as he was out of sight. Queer, wasn't it? 'Out of sight, in mind.' But I have no time to moralize—not I—so here goes," and Tilda wrote a letter. Toward the end came the following:

"You will find a friend of mine in the cathedral. He lies in the first space to the right of the choir. I liked him first because he was more natural than the others. Then I found out his name, and as it was yours, too, perhaps liked him none the less."

So far so good. Here Tilda bit her pen.

"I left a flower in his hand," she wrote on, rapidly. "I dare say no one has placed one there for a long time. Perhaps if he knew you bore his name he would not mind your taking it. We shall reach Dover on Tuesday by the packet."

With a very red face Tilda sealed her letter and posted it herself. There was no time for an answer, but there was a young man at Dover to meet the packet, and Jem pinched his sister enthusiastically.

Very sweet and quiet was Tilda. Not a gleam of mischief in her eyes, not a trace of embarrassment in her manner. Poor Greyson had been in Dover for two rainy days, with only a very dusty and dilapidated rose-bud in his pocket for compensation. Tilda's unusual quiet and calmness he thought rather worse than the rainy weather, and when she declared herself tired to death and left the hotel parlor at nine o'clock, his discomfiture was complete. Could there be some fellow in Paris?

In the morning all was changed, and Tilda descended to breakfast in a fresh gown and her most impudent manner. Everything pleased her, and when Greyson proposed a walk with the boys, she assented with apparent enthusiasm. All went well until Jem became possessed with a most unruly spirit.

"Tom," he remarked, with solemnity, "I have always heard that the Dover shops are particularly celebrated for the pretty girls behind the counters. Tom! It is our duty to investigate."

"Jem," remarked Tilda, "it is certainly uncomplimentary to your sister's small pretensions at beauty to be forced to resort to shop-girls."

"Tilda, my dear sister, our admiration is quite superfluous, and we will bid you a fond farewell." With which very pretentious leave-taking, Jem dragged Tom away.

Tilda looked as she felt, a little blank. Greyson looked at Tilda. Then that young lady rallied her forces.

"Boys are rather amusing sometimes," she remarked. "They always tease me in some way, but this is a new direction. Nothing like variety, you know."

"Yes," he admitted; "variety in some things, but not in others."

"Oh! the exception proves the rule, of course—or tries to. Do you consider me the rule, the exception, or the variety—show?"

"Now, Miss Tilda, what do you mean when you talk so?"

"Mean? I'm sure I don't know. Nothing much, I suppose. A woman seldom means what she says or says what she means."

Greyson felt a queer dazed feeling about his head. Then a sudden quick little motion on Tilda's part suggested a new idea. Was she nervous? Did she feel in as many contrary ways as he did? In short, was she consistent, after all, and not as she said, a "variety show"? It was amazing how much temporary bravado this gave him. He took a dusty and crumpled bud from his pocket-book without a word.

"Oh!" remarked Tilda with great indifference, "you found it, didn't you? I thought it might amuse you. How did you like your namesake—I mean—that is—his—your—at least you are his namesake, of course, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Greyson, with no indifference at all; "I found it, and I was wondering"—his courage began to vanish into thin air—"I was wondering if I had found anything else."

"Anything else?"—with very wide-eyed surprise and much assurance.

"Yes, 'anything else.' You know perfectly well—look around at me—that I am good for nothing and all that sort of thing"—Tilda nodded with spirit—"and that I care a lot more for you than I do about myself or anything else." Poor Greyson stumbled on, regardless of Tilda's supreme composure. "If you did, by any chance, say you cared more than a snap of your fingers for me, I couldn't believe it. You never mean what you say, you told me just now, Oh! why can't a woman allow a man

to understand her a little?"—and Greyson turned away as if to seek strength in the blue stretch of sky and sea.

No sooner had he turned than he felt his sleeve plucked. "Tilda was holding a very small portion of said sleeve between her thumb and forefinger.

"I should have to care a great deal if I cared more than a snap of my finger, because I can't snap my fingers."

This was begun impudently, but ended with a little lowering of her voice.

"And as for meaning what I say—Oh!"—a pause—"I think—a man is so stupid!"—with a little stamp. "Of course I never mean what I say—never, and I say now that I don't care a bit about you. There!"

IN FASHION'S GLASS ABROAD.

THE whole fashionable world of London seems to be on the *qui vive* for some revelation in skirt draperies, as it is generally acceded by modistes that the time has arrived for some positive change from the close-cut, clinging shape which is so trying to all but slender figures. The severe plainness around the hips has been popular quite long enough to be replaced by more elaboration, the extreme of which, however, will be reserved for elegant toilettes, as any bunched drapings are too difficult to manage in the thick homespuns, chevots, and serges now being worn for out-door gowns. There are whispers flying through the air that the great and only Worth is reviving extreme pannier effects and puffy back-draperies. Can this be a premonition of the return of the bustle? Let us hope not.

Some of the roughest materials, almost veritable horse-blanket stuffs, may be seen on the streets, and look sturdy enough to brave any weather. Short jackets or mantles accompany these costumes, as the wearer could not be burdened with the extra weight of a long cloak, which is only adopted when the costume is of lighter fabrics. Homespuns being rather the order of the day, I have learned some interesting facts concerning them. Some few years ago only the genuine homespuns, which are entirely hand-made, were known, and only three different kinds existed. These were distinguished by peculiar characteristics, and were designated as the "Harris," the "Shetland," and "Irish" tweeds or homespuns. The variety known as "Harris" tweeds come from the islands of Lewis, Benbecula, and South Nist. They are hand-spun, and are woven on very primitive looms, while the color used for dyeing the wool, which is all grown on these islands, is extracted from vegetable and marine dyes found there, and is thoroughly fast. They are also absolutely waterproof, and are distinguished by the peculiar peaty smell well known to connoisseurs. "Shetland" tweeds, also hand-spun and hand-woven by the fishermen and women of the



THE LATEST JACKET.

islands, are made from the pure native wool, which is recognized as the finest grown in the British Isles. All the colors are natural, no dyes being used, and the manufacture of these tweeds forms the principal feature of the industry of these islands. They are equally light and excellent in wear, and are much appreciated by English ladies for costumes. The "Irish" homespuns, made in the wilds of Donegal and Connemara, are hand-spun and hand-woven by the cotters from wool of the mountain sheep, used in its natural colors. These were the original homespuns, which no doubt will hold their own under all circumstances, but as the hand-loom could not supply the demand of the fashionable world, the art of the manufacturer was brought to bear, and the result was a most satisfactory one. A medium check is the favored pattern, but being rather more indicated than really executed, it gives the material a sort of hazy look, which is very effective.

One of the sights of London is the "church parade" on a Sunday in Rotten Row, Hyde Park. Of course the crowd is comparatively small now, to that in "the season," but one gets a fair idea of the most popular fads and fashions of the public. Some of them are indeed eccentric and most extraordinary in combinations of color, as, for instance, one which was really a "sight for to see." The wearer was tall, graceful, and of high-bred bearing, but she wore a skirt of serge in a large plaid in which red was most prominent, and cut on the crosswise; a black-velvet close-fitting jacket trimmed with ostrich feathers, and with turquoise-blue velvet sleeves, full at the top; black hat with red and black pompons. Can any one fancy a more startling combination?

I noticed a great number of the new half-long capes of plain

cloth, hanging full from the shoulders, and with raw, unfinished edges and high collars. They are quite a feature in plain drab and gray, sometimes having collars edged with ostrich feathers or mouflon fur, or, newer still, with cut steel beads about the size of peas.

The favorite hat seems to be on the Spanish order, with a roll of velvet resting on the hair and a cluster of pompons at the back.

One of the newest jackets is illustrated by courtesy of *The Gentlewoman*, the popular London journal for ladies, and represents a butternut-brown cloth, with a flaring collar and cavalier cuffs of tan cloth, elaborately braided in brown.

It is a pleasure and a comfort to go to the theatre here; no lady wears a hat, and if you sit in a stall you can rest back in ease, without dodging behind some towering structure of a hat, all bows and waving plumes.

LONDON, December 6th.



HEAD-DRESS FOR EVENING WEAR.

ELLA SPARR.

OUR BERLIN PATIENT.

WHY AND HOW "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" SENT WILLIAM DEGAN TO DR. KOCH.

WILLIAM DEGAN, the patient sent by this paper to Berlin, to be treated by Dr. Koch, is now in the Augusta Hospital in that city, under the direct care of the eminent German bacteriologist and his assistants. Recognizing the enormous value of Dr. Koch's discovery of a cure for incipient consumption, and of a remedy to prevent the inroads of this fearful disease upon a weakened constitution, the proprietors of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER decided to submit a fair specimen of an American patient to the treatment.

This decision was reached, it will be remembered, before any of Dr. Koch's famous lymph had been received here, and before it was known that any could be had. It is the purpose of this paper to inform the public, physicians as well as patients, on the methods of treatment and the possibilities of help or cure for sufferers from consumption.

William Degan, the patient sent abroad, is a widower aged thirty-seven years. He was selected by Dr. George F. Shradly, an eminent physician of this city, out of a large number of patients at St. Francis's Hospital. Our illustration shows the doctor making the examination preliminary to his selection. Mr. Degan had no hereditary predisposition to consumption; but his disease dates from August last, when he caught a severe cold after exposure to a storm. Subsequently a cough was developed, attended with emaciation, which was an unfavorable symptom. During October last his voice became hoarse, and so remained up to the time of his departure. His expectoration was profuse and annoying, and he had a slight fever during the afternoon of each day, but his appetite remained reasonably good.

On examination, Dr. Shradly found the tops of both lungs filled with tuberculous deposit, the disease being in its early stage of development. Extraordinary pains were taken during the examination to eliminate every element of doubt with reference to the character of the disease, as Dr. Shradly's purpose was, primarily, to select a patient peculiarly fitted for the Koch treatment. It was decided, not only by Dr. Shradly but also by others of the hospital staff (notably Dr. John H. Ripley, the well-known expert in lung trouble), that Degan's was a case of incipient phthisis, or consumption, and that he was in such a condition physically as would promise the best results from the treatment of the German specialist.

There were no serious complications of the original disease, and this was proved by a most careful examination of the heart, kidneys, and other vital organs. In fact, in order to meet all the necessary conditions for the treatment in question, the patient's expectoration itself was microscopically and chemically examined by Dr. Shradly for traces of the now famous tubercle bacilli.

These organisms were also proven to exist in the expectoration by examinations made at the laboratory of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, by Drs. T. Mitchell Prudden and Eugene Hodenpyl. The huskiness of the patient's voice was found to be due to the tubercular deposit upon the right vocal chord, the throat having been carefully examined for that purpose. The opinion of Dr. Shradly was also confirmed by the careful examination of Dr. Frank E. Miller, an expert throat specialist of this city.

Dr. Koch considered it essential that bacilli should be found in the sputum of the patient, that the disease be in its incipient stage, and that no serious complications of other organs should exist. If reports from Berlin, cabled to us, indicating that Degan is in too advanced a stage of consumption for hope of cure be confirmed, the patient must certainly have developed bad symptoms since his departure from our shores.

Considering the care exercised by Dr. Shradly and all the other physicians concerned in selecting the patient, we are inclined to believe that there must be a more hopeful outlook than our latest cable indicated. This dispatch declared that the disease had recently made rapid progress, and that it was too advanced to be a proper case for the use of the lymph. Dr. Ewald, who sent the cablegram, adds, "I will give small doses and watch the case carefully, however. Half a milligram was injected on Monday with a slight reaction, and a milligram on Wednesday of last week."

Unusual interest has been excited in this case, because Mr. Degan was the first charity patient ever sent from this country to Berlin for special treatment. We have arranged for regular and constant communication with the physician who has him especially in charge, under the personal direction of Dr. Koch, and shall, from week to week, keep our readers advised of the patient's condition, and trust we shall be able to report substantial progress in spite of the dubious present outlook.

THE CHARITY-DOLL SHOW.

THE Charity-Doll Show, recently held in the *Judge* Building, corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, New York, under the auspices of the proprietors of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, was altogether unique among the holiday exhibitions of the year. Not only was it in itself a remarkable exhibition of the charitable impulses of the women of this and other cities, and their sympathy with the poor and unfortunate; but it illustrated, in a striking way, the possibilities of diversion and entertainment which exist in the charity doll.

The attendance upon the show from first to last was very large, the crowd on some of the later days equaling the capacity of the two large halls in which the exhibits were placed. In the lower hall, which contained the more elaborately-dressed exhibits, groups of people constantly stood around the dolls contributed by Madame Albani, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Cleveland, Miss Ellen Terry, and other prominent society and professional people. It is to be said, however, that many of the plainer dolls attracted marked attention, their very simplicity giving them a special charm.

The children, of course, found constant delight in the exhibition, and those from some of the institutions, who were given free admission, fairly revelled in the enjoyment which the display afforded them. The little ones from one of these institutions made a permanent record of their satisfaction by voicing it into the phonograph, which will evolve it, no doubt, for the entertainment of future generations.

The show very greatly exceeded in its variety the expectations of visitors, every sort of character being presented in costume, while nearly every nationality was represented in the make-up of the exhibits. The enjoyment of the visitors was also very greatly increased by the admirable music of the Beacon Orchestral Club, of Boston, who were at their best during the whole period of the exhibition.

While the visitors principally represented the society people of the city, large numbers from all walks of life were present during the week. Very many visitors were drawn from the surrounding cities, and if it had been possible to prolong the show, undoubtedly the number of patrons would have been increased by several thousands.

The distribution of the dolls designed for the children of various institutions proved a very delightful sequel to the exhibition, and afforded immense pleasure to the recipients. If the ladies who gave their time and skill to the preparation of these dolls could have witnessed the delight which their reception afforded among the children of the tenement districts, they would have felt more than repaid for their labor. We illustrate the distribution at Hope Chapel, which is attached to Rev. Dr. Crosby's (Presbyterian) church.

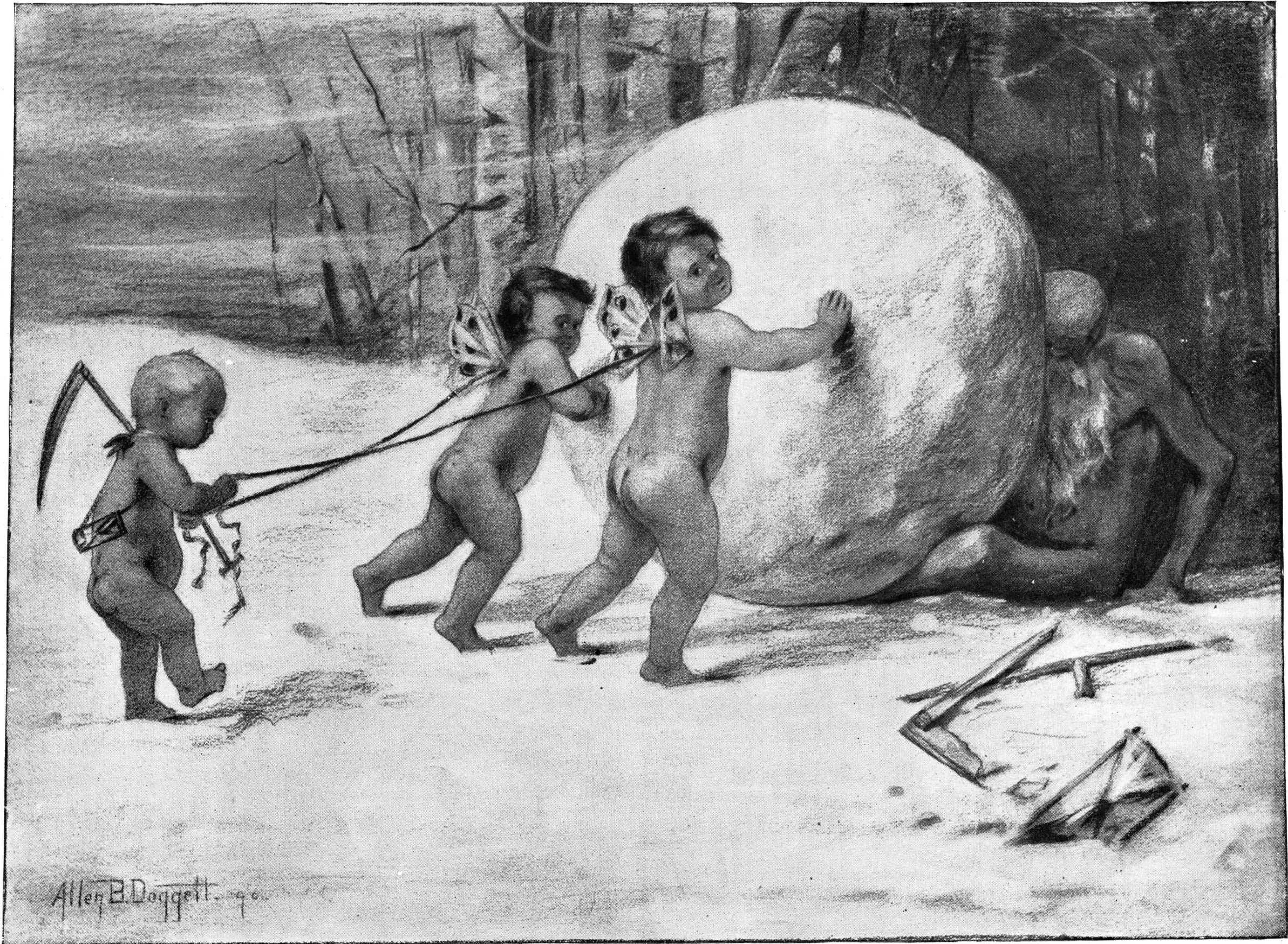
The projectors and managers of this exhibition have been under special obligation to a number of the charitable ladies of the city, who rendered gratuitous personal service in carrying out the details of the enterprise. Among the ladies who were indefatigable in their efforts, giving their time during the whole progress of the exhibition, were: Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Mrs. Mortimer Brown, Miss Charlotte Ressler, Miss E. J. Adams, Miss Mary Adams, Miss Comstock, Miss Ella Comstock, the Miss Rands, Miss Mamie Garsie, Miss Edith and Miss Beatrice Garsie, Mrs. Josephine Garsie, Miss Hight, Miss Fannie Robinson, Miss Florence Guernsey, Miss Daisy Eager, and Miss Lottie Skinner. This acknowledgment is made, of course, without detracting in the least from the praise which is due to the multitude of women who, by their contributions of skill and labor, made the exhibition possible.

The exhibition of dolls is but the first feature of a general programme which FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER designs to develop. Next year it will appeal to the boys as well as to the girls, and will have for its leading feature a toy exhibition. Prizes will be offered for the most ingenious home-made toys, and for the best displays made by the toy manufacturers in the leading toy centres of Europe.

These few hints will, undoubtedly, develop a wonderfully wide field, and will certainly interest at once many thousands of our readers, from whom suggestions will be appreciated. Another year, we hope to see every large city represented in the exhibition, and receive from the exhibition the results of its work for home distribution in toys, dolls, and funds.

We append a list of the prize-winners in this remarkable show, which is simply a prophecy of better things to come another year:

- Division, customary. Part, industrial. Subdivision, in-door. First prize, hat-brush. 1698, "Florence Newport." Training School, Newport, R. I.
- "District school-house." First prize, bon-bon box. Mrs. E. Raymond, Cornwall-on-Hudson.
- Division, customary. Part, adult. Subdivision, evening dress. First prize, purse. 1496. Count R. O. de Vere, New York.
- Division, historical. Part, female. First prize, tea-bell. 1391, "Queen Elizabeth." Mrs. Eugene Clark, New York.
- Division, customary. Part, boy. Subdivision, out-door. First prize, necklace. 2281, "Jay Gould, Jr." Mrs. G. J. Gould, New York.
- Division, customary. Part, little girl. Subdivision, in-door. First prize, locket. 1736, "Mamma's Pet." Mrs. E. D. Palmer, New York.
- Division, customary. Part, girl. Subdivision, out-door. First prize, mirror. 1397, "Miss Skinner." John Redfern's Sons.
- Division, customary. Part, adult. Subdivision, out-door dress. First prize, "Quakeress." Mrs. W. W. Pusey.
- Division, group. Part, historical. First prize, two souvenir spoons. 1714-1715, "Priscilla and John Alden." Miss Kirkland and Miss Coles, New York.
- Division, fictitious. Part, adult. Subdivision, in-door dress. First prize, taper-stand. 1695, "Mrs. Dr. Bill." Miss Evesson, New York.
- Division, fictitious. Part, adult. Subdivision, out-door dress. First prize, garters. 1387, "La Tosca." Miss Daisy Dunlap, New York.
- Division, group. First prize, cologne bottle. 1487, "Three men in a Boat." "Bab," New York.
- "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Second prize, glue bottle. Mrs. Mortimer Brown.
- Division, customary. Part, infant. Second prize, floss box. Mrs. P. W. Gallaudet.
- Division, customary. Part, girl. Subdivision, out-door. Second prize, bell. 1726. House of Mercy.
- Division, historical. Part, female. Second prize, bon-bon tray and tongs. 2375, "Cleopatra." Mrs. Alfred Thompson, New York.
- Division, fictitious. Part, adult. Subdivision, out-door dress. Second prize, paper knife. "Ruth Ann Smith." Mrs. J. Arkell, Canajoharie, N. Y.
- Division, fictitious. Part, adult. Subdivision, in-door dress. Second prize, shoe horn. 1398, "Katharine." Count Guacemann.
- Division, group. Second prize, candlestick. 1396, "Invitation to the Dance." Baron de la Rue.
- Division, customary. Part, adult. Subdivision, in-door dress. Second prize, calendar. 1394. Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Washington, D. C.
- Division, customary. Part, infant. Third prize, spoon. Mrs. Wymess, New York.
- Division, fictitious. Part, adult. Subdivision, out-door dress. Third prize, vinaigrette. 1384, "Watteau Dress." Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, New York.
- Division, customary. Part, girl. Subdivision, out-door. Third prize, stamp box. 2182, "Toboggan." Mrs. J. A. Manning, Troy, N. Y.



THE OLD YEAR SNOWED UNDER.—AN ALLEGORY.



HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES IN COLONIAL TIMES.—DANCING THE VIRGINIA REEL.—DRAWN BY ARTHUR PENNINGTON.

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

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

VIII.



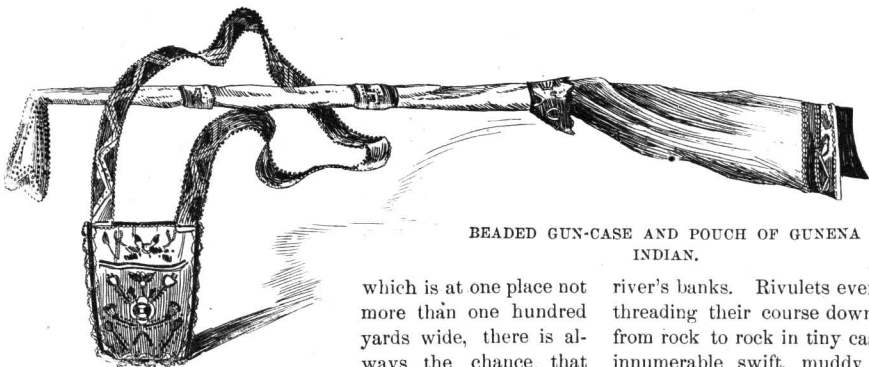
AN INDIAN TOTEM.

THIS evening we encamped on the eastern bank, in a bay which was studded with fallen trees, and pitched our shelter at the foot of a mountain which towered above us. On the heights several mountain sheep were browsing, but neither Dalton nor I felt in right trim for hunting. Shank, however, was anxious to try his luck, and started off with his rifle. Presently we heard a report, and soon, amidst a crashing through the scrubby bush and a rattling of rolling stones, the carcass of a fine buck came tumbling into camp; Shank had killed the animal, and selected the most convenient mode of transporting the meat by hurling it down the precipitous hillside to the bot-

tom, where it arrived battered and torn after its slide of certainly two thousand feet. The bushes and larger rocks put the brake on its impetuous onslaught and arrested its pace, but it arrived near camp accompanied by rolling rocks and broken sticks with a violence which threatened to carry our camp before it into the river. In the winter the mountain sheep are coated with thick wool, but in the spring they cast this, and remain during the summer with simply a covering of hair. Their meat at this time of the year is tough and strong; still, to men of our present means, it was acceptable.

We were unable to leave camp next day until late in the forenoon, when we picked our course amidst a maze of gravel and sand patches, over choppy shallows, through whirlpools, and sped along at a racing speed past ugly, protruding rocks, our powerful crew deftly plucking the little craft from every danger. At every hundred yards small streams are pouring into the Alseck. We had been aboard but half an hour when we were favored with a magnificent view of Mount Fairweather and the other high peaks of that range, which glistened in their dazzling whiteness away to the southward. An enormous glacier reaches from the slope of these mountains and trends away to the river, where its intruding walls of ice are torn asunder by the angry torrent and carried away to the Pacific Ocean.

The stream is now gradually closing together its forces; the towering walls which line each side rapidly come nearer and nearer; on our left an immense wall of ice springs perpendicularly from the water; on our right precipitous granite banks rise almost straight from out the stream, banked up by piles of rock. Smaller and smaller becomes the gorge in which the Alseck, now again one deep stream, is shut. Just ahead of us is the dreaded cañon. Shank remains silent as death, grimly scanning the points of danger, and guiding the little craft as she leaps along with the whirling current toward the narrow pass ahead, and the paddlers, who have been reserving their strength for the final effort, now pull with all their might, and we dart along at a bewildering pace between the treacherous walls. Large blocks from the wall of ice toppled over in the water, lashing the already wild torrent into a veritable chaos. On the opposite shore the resistless flood swept and carried in its waters huge bowlders from the rocky bank. The din of rolling rocks, the roar of the surging stream, and the loud crackling and splashing of the falling ice combine in a thundering uproar. For a few minutes only we ride among the waves and are buffeted about among the fragments of ice which are borne along with the stream; then gradually the river widens and we pass along in safety, with plenty of sea-room, enabling us to steer our way among the mass of big icebergs which have been torn from the glacier and now lie stranded in the river-bed, some of them rising above the surface of the water sixty and seventy feet, weighing some hundreds of tons. In passing through the Alseck cañon,



BEADED GUN-CASE AND POUCH OF GUNENA INDIAN.

which is at one place not more than one hundred yards wide, there is always the chance that large blocks may be loos-

ened and precipitated upon the adventurous canoeist. At some remote period the mountains have succumbed to the mighty strength of the northern ice-fields; this irresistible force has broken a gap in the giant barriers and has hurled before it into the sea the mass of crumbled rock now spread out over a large surface, and known as Dry Bay. Having passed through the narrow passage, the river rapidly increases in width, and, running in numerous small channels between islands and sand and gravel banks, it eventually empties its muddy waters, in three distinct forks in a distance extending over fourteen miles, into the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. All was now plain sailing, all danger being over. We reached the most westerly mouth of the river in the evening,

having traced the Alseck River from its source to the sea—from the rolling, grass-covered valleys around Kluksho and Neska Ta Heen, through the dense spruce and hemlock forests of central Alaska, over desolate, rock-strewn moraines, and finally bid farewell to the roaring torrent at the end of its journey, where it pours its muddy volume into the bosom of the Pacific Ocean, on the southeast coast of Alaska; having covered several hundred miles of hitherto unexplored territory, and having entirely fulfilled my instructions to find, if possible, the head-waters of the Alseck and trace its course to the sea.

To the FRANK LESLIE'S Alaska Exploring Expedition is due the credit of being the discoverers of the extreme head-waters of the Alseck River near the head of the Yukon; also of being the



THE CANYON OF THE ALSECK RIVER.

first white men to navigate its dangerous waters to the sea. The canoe with which we made the voyage was a dug-out of cotton-wood twenty feet in length over all, three feet wide amidships, and, with the additional gunwale which we affixed at the Gunena camp, eighteen inches in depth. It had a big sheer fore and aft, and was so light that two men could easily carry it on their shoulders. In my opinion this is the best kind of craft with which to attempt the descent of this stream—so light as to float on the surface of the troubled waters, requiring but little depth of water, and easily steered.

The main necessity, however, for the success of such a voyage is the presence of expert paddlers and steersmen. John Dalton, my American companion, and Shauk, the Indian guide, are both experts; two more able men in a canoe I never saw. Their powerful strokes gave them entire control of the little craft. The Gunena doctor was of but little use on the water; he became easily scared and lost command of himself when we were in the dangerous places; he sat forward, forming a kind of bulwark, and kept a great deal of water from getting into the canoe over her bow. He was a willing and genial-hearted soul, but he was more at home with a horn spoon and a dried salmon than in a boat. Certainly we had no blood-curdling escapes, but any would-be navigator of the Alseck River would do well to be careful in his choice of companions, as none but the most experienced paddlers can contend with the wild, surging waters of this river, with its innumerable whirlpools, rapid and generally boisterous flood. There must be also a guide who is well acquainted with the tortuous channel. In many places a false turn or stroke of the paddle would capsize the canoe and violently terminate the journey; as, once thrown in among the rocks, there would be no chance of escape.

The Alseck is the only river within a distance of six hundred miles which breaks the mountain range running along the southeast coast of Alaska. It is essentially a glacial stream. Its valley courses through the giant ice-fields which extend fifty or sixty miles inland from St. Elias and Fairweather mountains, some of which have forced their way through rugged uplands, and now stand deep in the river-bed; others are held in check by the rocky heights which form the

river's banks. Rivulets everywhere trickle down the mountains, threading their course down the wrinkled slopes, and dropping from rock to rock in tiny cascades to the valley beneath; and innumerable swift, muddy streamlets from the melting ice and snow swell the waters of the Alseck River.

Immense forests of spruce, hemlock, and tamarack are found throughout the country through which the river flows, which, with a fair sprinkling of poplar, willow, birch, grease-wood, and cotton-wood, constitute the most important timber that we met. Flowers of a hundred different kinds color the valleys and mountain slopes with their various tints, among which were noticeable wild roses, daisies, buttercups, cowslips, violets, miniature sun-flowers, snow-drops, and many others whose names I do not know.

We saw a few ducks, but they are certainly scarce. Of animals inhabiting the Alseck valley, there is a great variety, but also a decided scarcity. Black, brown, and cinnamon bear, the

latter most plentiful on the lower reaches of the river. This animal grows to an enormous size and weighs as much as one thousand pounds. I have seen skins more than twelve feet in length, and was informed that they attain proportions even bigger than this.

There are a few red squirrels in the forests, and the ground-squirrel announces his presence on the rocky banks by a shrill squeak; the little animal is about the size of an ordinary squirrel, but has a short tail. He is of the species of prairie-dog; they are fairly good eating. On the borders of Lake Arkell I heard the cry of a catamount, a species of puma, but I could not come upon the producer of the melody. On the lower reaches of the Alseck the shrill whistle of the ground-hog, sitting in the aper-

ture of his burrow, induced us to wish that we had his little fat carcass as an addition to our slender larder.

The animals above-mentioned, with the wolf, red, gray, and black fox, moose, beaver, mink, otter, mountain sheep and goat,



ALASKA FLOWER.

form the list of animals, the presence of which we were brought in contact with. Of the natives dwelling on the banks of the Alseck River I have already written fully at the commencement of this article.

E. J. GLAVE.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

WE have burdened Notl's frosty breath
With many a merry greeting;
We have watched the old years's silent death
To his last faint pulse's beating.
We have given him praise for cheerful ways,
For a pace that did not falter,
For an onward gaze in the longest days,
And for friends that could not alter.
Peace!—his ear is cold ere the tale is told;
On the threshold stands his brother.
What his arms unfold, what his treasures hold,
He has never told another.
While he lingers there let us speak him fair:
"Oh! preserve us, brave young master,
From the deadly snare of sordid care,
As the days go flying faster."

"From delusive fear and from selfish cheer,
In the months that thou art bringing"—
Hark! afar and near, to the welkin clear,
How the bells with hope are ringing!

MARY J. JACQUES.

LIFE INSURANCE.—THE LOTTERY SCHEME.

A CORRESPONDENT at Cincinnati says: "I have been solicited to subscribe to the bonds of the Mutual Savings and Distribution Fund Association of New York, the operations of which are set forth in the inclosed circular. It looks tempting, and yet, for the life of me, I cannot understand how such a scheme can work successfully. It seems to me that, according to this theory, the basis of regular life insurance must be radically wrong, or else this plan of insurance must have an element of lottery (fraud) in it. What force is there in the fact that this trust company or that bank are trustees or depositors, and that therefore there must be something 'solid in it.' The agent here exhibits a long list of prominent names of subscribers in this city, in amounts ranging from \$1,000 to \$40,000 each."

This scheme is another one of a multitude of similar schemes, more like lotteries than life insurance. Bonds are issued in any number, for which membership fees and regular monthly assessments are to be paid, and invariably the purpose is to pay off the first subscribers as fast as they can from the assessments paid in by the others.

Now, it is unnecessary for me to say that while the first bondholders may get their money, those who come later will have to wait. It is all a matter of calculation, and if any of my friends want to go into this business I would advise them, in preference to going into an organization located in a distant city and managed by men with whom they have not the slightest acquaintance, to get together in clubs of ten, fifty, or a hundred, each put up a few dollars at regular intervals, and throw dice to see which shall have them.

Of course I don't believe in any sort of gambling—not even in customary Thanksgiving and Christmas raffles, or prizes drawn at fairs; but I have no patience with men of respectability and ordinary intelligence and accomplishments who want to talk about a bond scheme that on its face is no better than a lottery.

The circulars of the Mutual Savings and Distribution Fund Association distinctly say: "The early bondholders in each series, of necessity, receive the largest rate of profit; but this is merited by them because they took the largest measure of risk at the outset of the company making a successful establishment." What an argument this is! Who are "the early bondholders?" Why, of course, the insiders who were advised that the company was to be organized and who were let in to get the first money that outsiders contribute! Was there ever a more transparent scheme, a more ridiculous or preposterous proposition?

So far as this State is concerned, as I intimated would be the case, the Superintendent of Insurance has promptly outlawed all such schemes. Backed by the opinion of the Attorney-General, all these gambling associations have been forbidden to do business in New York. Some of them have secured admission into this State by filing certificates as mutual benefit associations with the Secretary of State, thus endeavoring to elude the restrictions of the Insurance Department.

It is estimated that within the past six months two hundred of these concerns have been organized, and have opened offices in various cities, pretending, as the Mutual Savings and Distribution Fund Association does, to operate on the basis of the insurance tables of the old-line companies. The Attorney-General decides that the agents of these companies, if they endeavor to do business in this State without the authority of the department (and that authority will not be granted to any lottery scheme), must be prosecuted by district-attorneys.

He gives some interesting facts relating especially to the United States Capitol Life Insurance Company, of Washington, which has been transacting business in New York without the department's authority. It has endeavored to evade the law by issuing instructions to its agents to solicit insurance in New York by first taking a power-of-attorney from the person desiring to be insured. It was hoped in this way that they would be able to avoid any danger of prosecution. The Attorney-General decides, however, that under the insurance laws of this State no person has a right to solicit another to take insurance in a company like the United States Capitol Life, which has failed to comply with the laws of the State, and been authorized to do business by the Insurance Department.

The penalty for a violation of the statute is a fine of \$500 for every offense, and in case of non-payment, imprisonment for not more than six months. The Attorney-General decides that the assessment associations can only transact business which is limited to the making of insurance contracts whereby money or other benefit, charity, relief, or aid is to be paid, provided or rendered upon the death of a member or upon his sickness or other physical disability. He adds: "As endowment certificates issued by associations are a contract or agreement to pay a certain amount because the members have held a continuous membership for a certain period of time, all such certificates are illegal, and no companies of other States transacting such a class of business can be authorized to write insurance in New York State."

As a result of this action by our State authorities, no doubt hundreds of innocent and ignorant subscribers to the new scheme of insurance, such as my correspondent alludes to, will find themselves out of pocket. These associations, by the way, have been dubbed the "devil-take-the-hindmost" associations, because the first comers appear to be the ones who take all the benefits, and the last comers (to use a popular expression) "are not in it."

A correspondent at Akron, Ohio, wants an insurance for his family, and wishes the name of the best company and the best plan, so that he can combine the cheapest insurance with a safe investment. I think the twenty-year bond of the Equitable, the twenty-year consol of the Mutual, or the twenty-year ordinary life policy of the New York Company, all of this city, and all very wealthy and successful, would be adapted to the requirements of my correspondent's situation. I will give him further particulars with reference to any plan, if he will write me and indicate his preference.

A correspondent at Denver, Col., asks regarding the National Savings Building and Loan Society of North America. He says that "it does not look just right to me that they have offered to buy a lot in this city costing \$600, and to put up a house on it costing \$350, if the borrower will take ten

shares of stock in this society and pay on them \$11.05 per month for eight years. In other words, they propose to loan the full cost of the property at six per cent. interest. This does not look very conservative, to say the least. But the question arises in my mind, What, if any, liability would the borrower assume outside of the property in which the money is invested, should the society fail? Would he not be liable for double the amount of his stock?"

I reply that this is hardly a question that belongs to my department; but I believe that in this State the holder of the stock would be held responsible, as my correspondent suggests, and I believe the same law applies, and perhaps it embraces greater liability, in Colorado and other Western States. I need not repeat what I have said before, that all schemes for money-making that offer extraordinary inducements should be looked upon with suspicion. It must be borne in mind that investors are constantly seeking profitable opportunities for loaning funds, and that they consider a safe five per cent. investment entirely satisfactory. Where higher rates of interest are offered, the security is always of a doubtful character. There is hardly an exception to this rule.

I call the attention of my correspondent to a case now pending in Pittsburg, Pa., where the local agents of the Granite State Provident Association have been jailed on an accusation of fraud. A score of Pittsburg people charge that they have been swindled out of amounts varying from \$10 to \$100. The agents who have been charged with fraud have been doing business for some time in Pittsburg on the building association plan, like that mentioned by my Denver correspondent, promising good-sized loans on small payments and unusually easy terms. Payments were secured in a number of cases, but the promised loans never came.

I do not see how any satisfaction is to be obtained, in a monetary way, by suing men who embark in these enterprises. One old woman in the Pittsburg case took her satisfaction directly out of the accused, by seizing the ear of the vice-president of the swindling concern and giving it a vigorous tweak in court, declaring at the same time, to the amusement of the crowd, "I am going to have that much satisfaction out of him, any way." It was, no doubt, expensive satisfaction; but it was the best that could be had, and was to her, no doubt, better than nothing.

A correspondent at Marinetta, Wis., says he would like to take out an endowment policy in either the Aetna Life of Hartford, Penn Mutual of Philadelphia, or the Northwestern Mutual of Milwaukee. I do not know why my correspondent has particularly made a selection of these companies, and would advise him, before he takes out a policy, to look a little further. Let him consult the agents of the Mutual Life, the New York Life, or the Equitable, of this city. The further he inquires the more he will learn about the peculiar "ins and outs" of life insurance.

The Hermit.

"BLUE JEANS"; AN ATTRACTIVE COMEDY-DRAMA.

IT is doubtful if any theatrical attraction of this season, in the line of comedy-drama, has given more real enjoyment to the patrons of theatrical entertainments in New York City than "Blue Jeans," which has had so protracted a run at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, under the management of J. Wesley Rosencrest.

Joseph Arthur, the writer of "Blue Jeans," struck a popular vein of comedy when he decided to portray the blunt, bluff, uncouth character of the Indiana countryman.

The play, we understand, was taken from real life, and the characters were the living friends of the author. It is, therefore, not remarkable that he has thrown so much life, freshness, and nature into the dialogue, and into the various interesting situations.

There is not a tedious part in the play. The lines are well written, and the acting in every scene is full of the richest fun. There is very little of delicate humor about the comedy, but there are some quaint and beautiful features, particularly the apple-blossom scene, where the courtship continues for a brief moment under the apple-boughs, and where the ardent lover shakes the blossoms upon the object of his adoration.

There is something quaint and peculiar about the character of the Indiana politician, and all his crudi-

ties, oddities, and humorous phases, so original in American politics, at their strongest point in Indiana, are excellently brought out.

Our artist has depicted some of the scenes of "Blue Jeans," a play destined to have a long run here, and, we believe, a wide success wherever it appears.

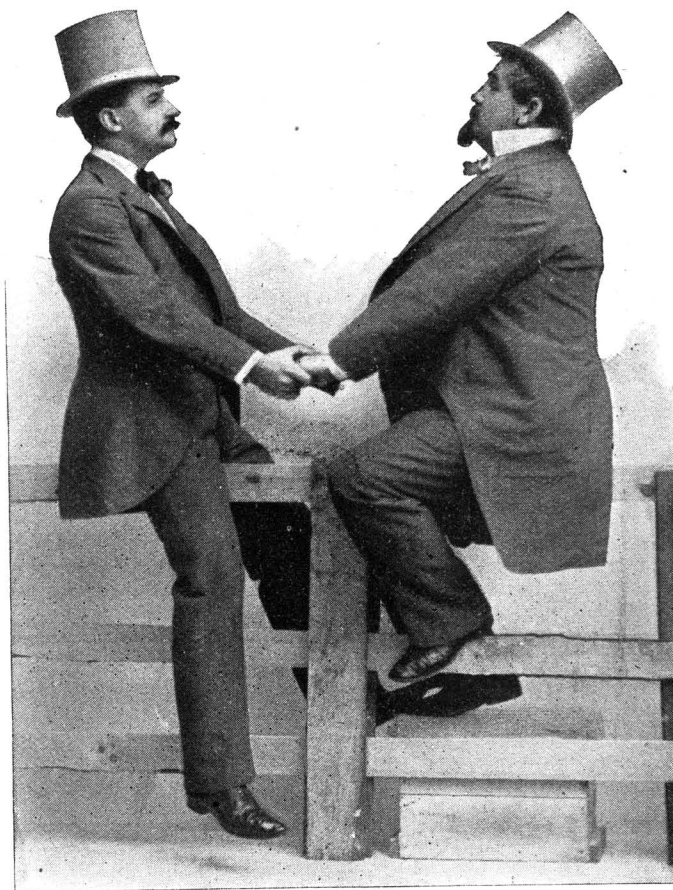
SENATORS - ELECT FROM IDAHO.

THE Idaho Legislature has elected Governor George L. Shoup, W. J. McConnell, and Frederick T. Dubois as United States

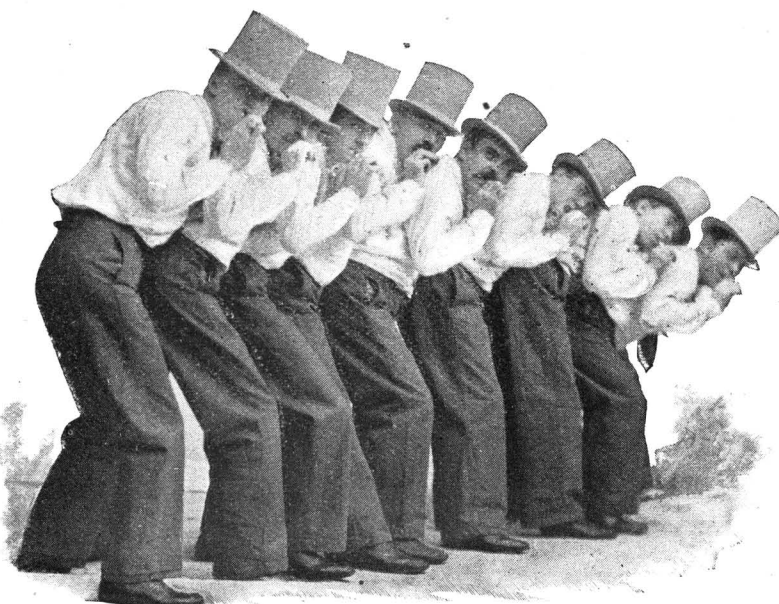


IDAHO.—HON. FREDERICK T. DUBOIS, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT.—PHOTO BY BELL.

Senators. The two former will serve for the short terms ending March 4th, 1891, and March 4th, 1893, while Mr. Dubois will



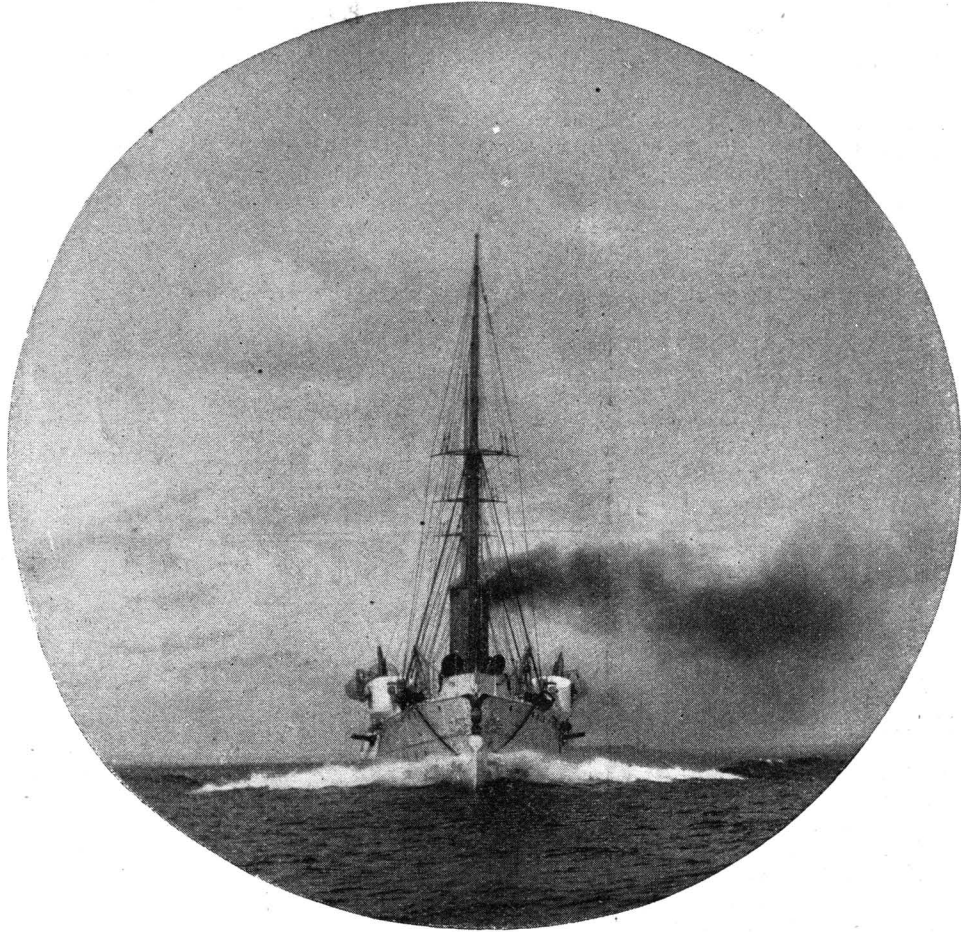
THE TWO CANDIDATES—"BLUE JEANS."



THE WHISTLING CHORUS IN "BLUE JEANS."

fill the full term of six years from March next.

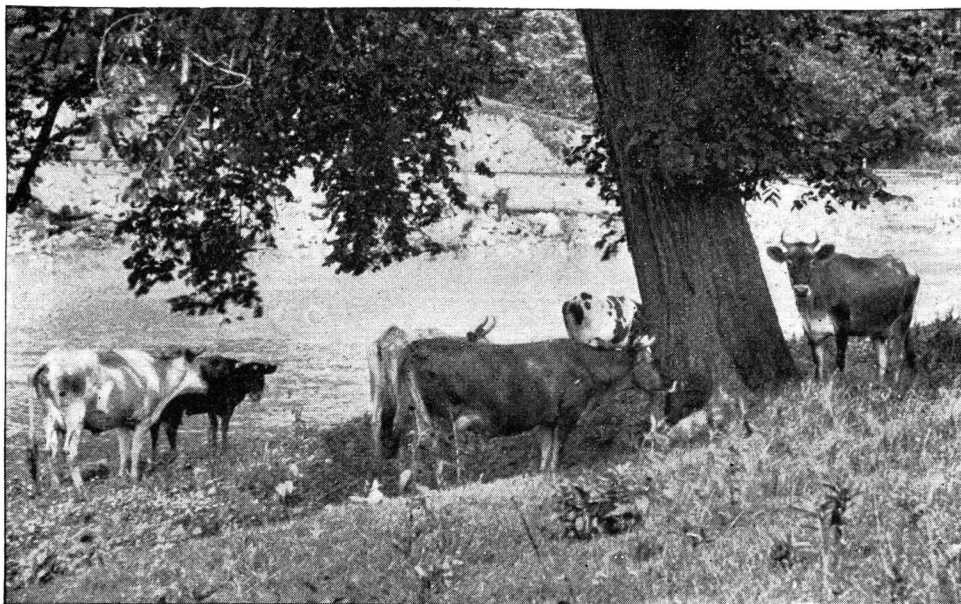
Mr. Dubois is a native of Crawford County, Illinois, where he was born in 1851. He graduated from Yale in 1872, and in 1880 located in Idaho, becoming, two years later, United States Marshal for the Territory. He was elected a delegate to the Fiftieth Congress in 1886, and was re-elected in 1888. He is a man of fine abilities, and has many friends in the East who will watch his career with interest. He will add another to the Yale forces in the Senate. There was a time when Harvard had the honors of membership there; but at no time for many years has any college been represented in the Senate by so many members or members-elect as Yale now is. Mr. Dubois is a member of the Scroll and Key Society.



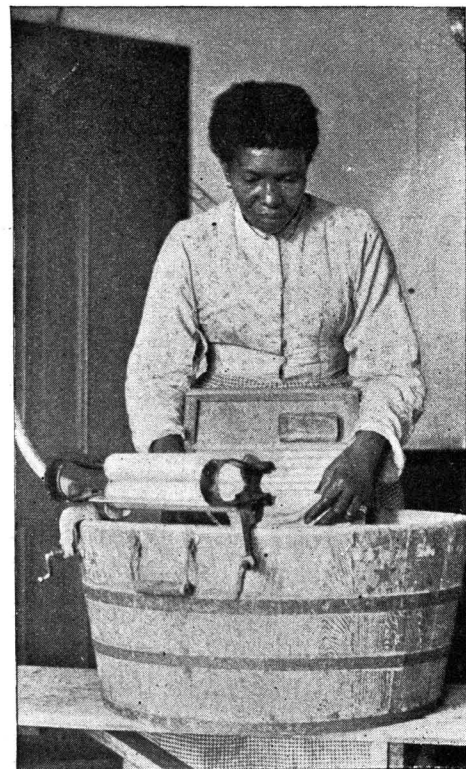
THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "YORKTOWN," AS SEEN DURING A TRIAL TRIP OFF NEWPORT, R. I.:
PHOTO BY CHILD.



AN AFTERNOON TEA: PHOTO BY FRED B. SNYDER, MINNEAPOLIS.



SHADY RETREAT. WHEELING CREEK, W. VA.: PHOTO BY JOHN BROWN, WHEELING.



THE WASHERWOMAN: PHOTO BY C. D. SPALDING, LARAMIE, WYOMING.



"SILENT PARTNERS": PHOTO BY M. HELENE SMITH, BIRMINGHAM, CONN.



OLD MILL ON MIAMI AND ERIE CANAL, SPENCERVILLE, OHIO:
PHOTO BY E. M. HALLER, TOLEDO.

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

WALL STREET.—THE TRANSITION STAGE.

WALL STREET has been in a transition stage, with the market dull, heavy, and irresponsive. This condition sometimes precedes a fall, sometimes a rise. It is the calm before the storm. Whether it forebodes evil to the bull or to the bear, time alone can tell.

The bears certainly have had the better of the market and of the situation for a long time past. They have had the benefit of many adventitious circumstances and of many unfortunate occurrences, as well as able, audacious, and unscrupulous leadership. Have they had their innings? Is it out? Can the market have another heavy fall after the terrible hammering it has had? Certainly not unless worse things are to come than we have experienced. But can there be worse than the failure of the oldest, the richest, and the strongest banking-house of London? Many would say "No." I say "Yes," though I certainly hope we need anticipate nothing worse.

Prudent investors may well wait to see what the new year brings with it. A free silver bill is a possibility, though I hope not a probability. It would mean the hoarding of gold, with the possibility of a premium on the precious metal, and we all know what a collapse that would signify in Wall Street. There would be clearer sailing if Congress were adjourned and out of sight.

On the other hand, the prospect looks brighter so far as the money market is concerned. And yet money is easier, not so much by reason of a return of confidence as by reason of a manipulated importation of gold, a transaction without any profit to the importers; a transaction that had for its basis a desire to show to the hoarders of gold that they could not make the precious metal scarce. I hear that further shipments of gold are expected.

Another important factor just at this time is involved in the January disbursements, which are very large all around, but which must be offset in part by the payment of January debts and the settlement of accounts. We shall see within a very short time whether we are to have protracted liquidation or not, or whether it is to be short, sharp, and decisive.

Settlements must be made, business straightened out, and the new year entered upon. We shall shortly know whether Mr. Gould was right or not in his prediction that money would be "a drug by the middle of January," and if Russell Sage's prediction was correct that within a short time stocks would jump five points a day with a profit to every man who is loaded with them. I doubt whether this last prediction will be verified, though it comes from a very conservative source. I do not expect that there will be much of a "jumping" market. At least, the jumping will not last, unless money continues very easy. Every one knows that the restoration of confidence in the money market is a matter of slow progress.

At the same time it is clear that this is an opportunity for men with money to buy investment bonds. I still believe that the low-priced stocks and dividend-payers also offer choice opportunities for those who can afford to buy them and pay for them in full; though I do not undertake to say that the possible complications to which I have alluded will not lower prices still further. The chances are quite even, but if anything I think they favor the bulls rather than the bears.

A correspondent at Omaha wants to know about Pacific Mail. Speculation in this security of late has been based upon hopes of the passage of a subsidy bill by Congress. The passage of such a bill would, no doubt, help Pacific Mail, and I hear from Washington that a strenuous effort to pass the measure will be made, and I have no doubt if it reaches the President it will be signed. Pacific Mail has been always one of the most dangerous speculative securities, with a handsome profit in it for those who are on the "inside" and always a loss for outsiders.

A Boston correspondent asks if I have any stronger belief in Sugar Trust now, at present prices, than I had when I repeatedly advised its sale from 120 down. I reply in the negative. Until the Sugar Trust takes the people into its confidence, and shows just what it has, I would not touch it. Low as it is, I am expecting to see it go lower.

A Philadelphia correspondent inquires about Reading. He says it has suffered very little during the panic, and therefore thinks it a good purchase. I cannot agree with my correspondent. Reading has only been strong in face of vicissitudes because it has been upheld by actual force. The syndicate has had all it could do to uphold it where it stands. If the money market

continues tight something may "drop" some day in Reading, and when it comes, stand from under.

A St. Louis correspondent asks if I do not think the coal stocks ought to be a purchase at present prices, considering the great demand for coal because of the cold weather. Ordinarily, I would reply in the affirmative. But there are indications on the Street that the bears have not had their satisfaction out of the coalers, and that they propose to meet their short interest at lower prices if they can. I am expecting that they will raid the coal stocks. They certainly will if they get a chance. They also have made a tremendous effort to break Northwestern, thus far without success. But they boast that they will still accomplish their purpose. Good as Northwestern is as a dividend-payer, I would, therefore, fight a little shy of it for the present.

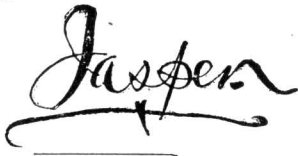
A correspondent at Charleston, S. C., wants advice upon the Savannah and Western Railroad Company five per cent. first mortgage bonds, issued in 1889 and due in 1929, indorsed by the Central Railroad Company of Georgia. He asks at what figure they are a good purchase, and if there is any truth in the rumor of an opposition road being built. I have heard nothing of an opposition road. The bonds referred to were placed on the market by a syndicate at par and dropped to 80. The syndicate has not been able to unload all of its possessions, and the price has broken to what I consider a fairly low figure. This offers, it seems to me, an investment—not gilt-edged, but pretty near it.

From Tarrytown I have an inquiry concerning the Northern Pacific preferred, "for investment and speculation." Buy nothing for speculation while money is so tight. For investment, Northern Pacific preferred is by some considered good. If there is still danger of a financial crisis in Berlin (as some continue to fear), the German holdings of all the Villards may be thrown upon this market, or what little there is left of them. Villard and his friends say that this cannot be the case, and that all the Villard securities are cheap at present figures. I have advised against their purchase; but Northern Pacific preferred is doing well, and ought to be able to pay its dividend.

I am indebted to a correspondent at Norwich, N. Y., for a plan providing for bank circulation. I would be glad to discuss this matter with him, but I see no way at present for any such legislation as he suggests. I think it would be advisable if he would submit this plan to Senator Hiscock at Washington, and let it go before the Finance Committee. There is something good in it, but it is obviously impossible, in the short space I have, to discuss it in this column.

A correspondent at Troy, N. Y., holds three first mortgage bonds of the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas Railroad Company, purchased a year ago at 99, and now quoted at 75, and desires to know if he had better sell them. I think not. This is not a market for a man to sell anything on. If my correspondent has paid for what he holds—and I presume he has paid in full for his bonds—this is no time to sacrifice them.

A Mobile correspondent asks about the Chicago Gas Trust, and wants to know if it is not in litigation. It is in litigation, and one of the courts of Illinois recently entered an order forbidding the Chicago Gas Trust from holding any of the stocks of other gas or electric companies in that city. In other words, this is intended to put an end to the Trust. I know that when the Chicago Gas Trust was organized some of the ablest lawyers were intrusted with the management of its legal affairs. I am told that stockholders need not be worried regarding the decision recently made; that the stock is earning six per cent. and paying four per cent., and will continue to do so regardless of the action of the courts. Whether or not this will prove to be the case I leave for my readers to judge and for time to settle.



INTERSTATE MICHIGAN.

MUSKEGON, the largest city on the east coast of Lake Michigan, located almost directly opposite Milwaukee, and distant by water from that city eighty-five miles, and from Chicago one hundred and fourteen miles, is attracting considerable attention by reason of its enterprise and rapid growth. Contiguous to it, and reached by railways and water-ways, is the great district known as Western Michigan, which comprises the western half of the lower peninsula. This district must eventually have one large port city located somewhere on the three hundred miles of coast line, and undoubtedly that navigation centre will be Muskegon, because it is centrally located, has a fine inside harbor navigable for the deepest draught vessels that ply upon the Great Lakes. It is the largest navigation city in western Michigan, and the third city in size on Lake Michigan. It has every advantage necessary to maintain its lead. This district of Western Michigan is well worthy the attention of the reader. It is larger in area than Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined, or than New Jersey and Massachusetts together. It has ample facilities to support millions of people. It has been slower in development than portions of the country located south and west of it, for reasons that are easily explainable, and not from lack of intrinsic worth. In the past, and when the great tide of emigration poured into the West, the people seeking homes naturally chose the prairies rather than heavily wooded districts, for the reason that they were enabled to till and reap a crop quickly without stopping to clear the ground of timber. That prevailing idea was quickly stimulated and fostered by the railways, which were ambitious to secure settlers along their respective lines.

SPECIAL FOOD FOR BRAIN AND NERVES. GROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

PREPARED ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF PROFESSOR PERCY. From the Vital principle of the Brain of the Ox and the Embryo of the Wheat and Oat. For more than twenty years Physicians have used and recommended this Brain principle, as the best restorer of vigor and impaired vitality. Thousands of the world's best Brain workers, college students, and those engaged in athletic sports, have maintained their bodily and mental activity by its use. It is not a "Patent Medicine"; the formula is on every label. It is a vital nutrient Phosphite, not a Laboratory Phosphate. Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free. F. GROSBY CO., 56 W. 25th St., N. Y. Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1.00.

Their advertisements were embellished with pictures representing on the one hand the ease and comfort of the prairie farmer on a sulky plow reading his paper while he plowed his fields, his farm surroundings neat and tidy. On the other hand, and as a contrast, appeared the picture of a settler in the woods, his front yard full of stumps, and he trying to work among them with a breaking plow, to which is attached three yoke of oxen. The latter picture is supposed to have been taken just at the instant the plow struck a root; the farmer is shown hanging to the plow-handles with his hands, while his feet are skyward, mixed up in the limbs of a young sapling. That kind of advertising accomplished the object sought, and was as effective in the intended direction as were the more recent "high prices" trade circulars effective upon the "Farmers' Alliance."

It is unnecessary to state that the prairies took the lead, the tide of emigration from the east surged by and never stopped its westward course until it reached the Pacific Ocean. In its rampage it left behind the great territory of Michigan doomed to slower process of development by the stragglers who were belated in the mad rush for prairie locations.

Subsequent events proved that the straggler had the best of it. The vast expanse of treeless prairies filled with farms created a demand for forest products. Michigan had these products in abundance and cheap facilities—navigation—to place them at the principal market centres of the prairie districts. Hundreds of instances can be cited where lands which were bought for less than one dollar per acre yielded \$100 per acre for the standing timber. This is the record for pine, which has largely been exhausted or gone into hands of syndicates. It is believed that a similar record will be made in hard woods, of which there are millions of acres wholly untouched as yet, and which can at present be obtained at prices ranging from four to ten dollars per acre. Nor is this all that the straggler got. Not only had he the timber on the lands, but in many sections he also acquired large iron ore and copper deposits. In the northern peninsula are located the greatest Bessemer ore mines in the world. Michigan has for the last three years put out more iron ore than all the other States combined, and the quality is the best. It has also the largest copper mines in the world. One group has paid over thirty-one million dollars in dividends. Michigan produces more salt than all the other States. Nor is Michigan lacking in other directions. By the census of 1880 it was third in production of wool; fourth in wheat, potatoes, hops, buckwheat, and sheep; sixth in production of butter; seventh in gross value of farms and production of orchard products. It is easy to see that Muskegon, surrounded with such abundance of nature's products, near to the centre of population and best markets, with navigation and other facilities at hand, has a solid foundation for the progress she is making. She occupies the same relative position to western Michigan that Buffalo does to western New York, Cleveland to northern Ohio, Chicago to northern Illinois, Milwaukee to eastern Wisconsin, or Duluth to northern Minnesota. Each of these cities is an index of the district adjacent or back of them. That some of the districts have shown more rapid development than western Michigan is no argument to prove that they are better. The race is not always to the swift. We predict for the city of Muskegon and for western Michigan a great future.

KANSAS.

THE growth of the manufacturing and mining interests in Kansas is a source of much congratulation to its citizens and those of adjoining States. The West has long paid tribute to the

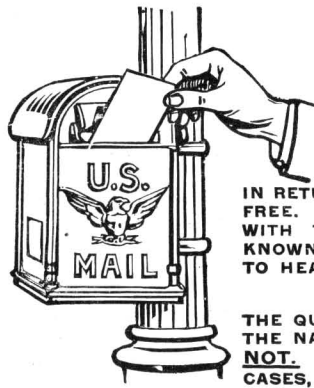
East, not because of a lack of material, or of fuel, or labor, but from the lack of adequate transportation facilities to concentrate the natural resources at convenient points, and a sufficient aggregation of capital to develop them. To those, however, who have given thought to the growing demands of this great section, and who have made investigation of the possibilities of building up immense manufacturing cities in the West, it has been apparent that there must soon take place a wonderful growth and almost marvelous development in certain favored localities. The leading community and centre of this progress is in the southwestern part of the State, at and surrounding Pittsburg. With unlimited supplies of raw material to draw from on every side, Pittsburg possesses the inestimable advantage of having cheaper fuel than any other section in the country. The amount of coal ground proven by about fifty immense shafts, all within five miles of Pittsburg, showing on a reasonable estimate that it would require at least four hundred years to exhaust the supply. This coal is of good quality, and is now being sold to manufacturers at fifty cents per ton on twenty-year contracts. This is the nearest great coal deposit to the Western iron-fields of Missouri, and is the point to which much of these ores must come for manufacture. Among excellent opportunities for plants are those for zinc and lead rolling-mills. Capital invested in these enterprises can earn twenty-five per cent. annual dividends. The railroads recognize the wealth of Pittsburg, and are adding their influence to assist in its healthful and early development. The character of manufactures is not limited to any particular lines; and any staple manufactured article of any bulk, for which there is a demand in the West, can be made here with greater profit than at any other place in the United States. It seems now that Pittsburg will come to the front of all Kansas towns, and from figures given it is shown to be one of the best locations for a city of wealth west of the Mississippi. The country that surrounds it is not excelled for farming, fruit-growing, stock-raising, and the pursuit of all those industries that build up prosperous communities. The town itself is harmonious in its progressive spirit, and every improvement and convenience of the modern city is enjoyed. The Pittsburg Town Company will gladly answer any inquiries.

MISSOURI.

JOPLIN, Mo., is attracting as widespread attention at the present time as any city in the West. Its wonderful mines, delightful climate, and diversified resources are the principal causes of its phenomenal growth. Great credit is due Charles Matt & Co. for their work in the past two years in advertising that great district. They have organized new mining companies, investment and building companies, a new national bank, an electric-light company, and the Joplin Electric Railway Company. Any one wishing information about this wonderful country should write Messrs. Matt & Co. at Joplin.

WITH its handsome business thoroughfares, residence and suburban localities justly praised for elegant homes and beautiful, shaded lawns, Springfield never fails to impress the visitor. Yet, property is cheaper here than in any city in the Southwest; and many investments of a few hundred dollars in lands prolific in zinc and lead ores near the city have yielded neat fortunes. Excellent opportunities are still open to investors and speculators. Interested parties may address D. L. Griffith, Springfield.

THE vicinity of Webb City, in Missouri's great ore district, is attracting considerable capital by its immense zinc deposits. The mines operated now are less than 200 feet deep, yet drills sunk to a depth of 600 feet show the ore beds to be continuous, and of increasing richness. Information desired may be secured from Mr. J. Y. Leming, Webb City.



DROP US A POSTAL

IN RETURN WE WILL SEND YOU OUR BOOK OF 200 PAGES FREE. THIS BOOK IS FILLED FROM COVER TO COVER WITH THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF MANY WELL KNOWN MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH BY THE USE OF OUR

COMPOUND OXYGEN.

THE QUESTION HAS BEEN RAISED: "DO YOU PUBLISH THE NAMES OF ALL OF YOUR PATIENTS?" **CERTAINLY NOT.** WE HAVE NEARLY 60,000 SEPARATE RECORDS OF CASES, AND THE LARGE MAJORITY OF THE INVALIDS CONCERNED DO NOT CARE TO HAVE ANY PERSONAL MENTION MADE OF THEIR MALADIES. IT IS ONLY WHEN WE HAVE SPECIFIC PERMISSION THAT WE PUBLISH ANY SIGNED INDORSEMENTS IN OUR QUARTERLY REVIEW OR BOOK. IN SUCH INSTANCES WE ARE GLAD TO GET THE INDORSEMENT. IT HELPS US--IT HELPS YOU--IF YOU NEED ENCOURAGEMENT.

WE HAVE DISPENSED COMPOUND OXYGEN FOR NEARLY 21 YEARS AND OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT WE ARE ABOUT. OUR PATIENTS SAY WE DO. GET THE BOOK AND JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.

COMPOUND OXYGEN IS A SALUTARY EXCESS OF OZONE. IT IS CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY. INHALED TO THE LUNGS IT SENDS A VITALIZING GLOW THROUGH THE SYSTEM. STRENGTH GRADUALLY RETURNS. BETTER STILL IT REMAINS.

SEND FOR THE BOOK. RETURN MAIL WILL BRING IT TO YOU ENTIRELY FREE OF CHARGE. ADDRESS

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
120 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. 58 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, CANADA.

GUEST—"My room pleases me very much. What a host of pleasant recollections this view of the mountains brings to mind!"

PROPRIETOR (to clerk)—"Make a note of that. Room 27; host of pleasant recollections brought to mind; five marks!"—*Fliegende Blätter*.

SOUND advice. If you have a bad cold, invest 25 cents in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Salvation Oil, the great pain-eradicator, is a first-class liniment. Keep it handy. 25 cents.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Voice.

Those who overtax the voice in singing or public speaking will find "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" exceedingly useful, enabling them to endure more than ordinary exertion with comparative ease, while they render articulation clear. For Throat Diseases and Coughs they are a simple yet effective remedy.

TRAVEL MADE PERFECT.

On your next trip West patronize the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, and enjoy the advantages of departing from Grand Central Station, traveling over a great four-track railway, along the Hudson—America's most picturesque and beautiful river—via Niagara Falls, the world's greatest cataract, or along the south shore of Lake Erie, in new Wagner vestibule trains, with unsurpassed service and equipment.

PRIVATE COMPARTMENT CARS INCREASING IN POPULARITY.

The Private Compartment Cars in service on the Chicago and New York Limited (Wagner Vestibule) via the Lake Shore and New York Central route have just been received from the shops after a thorough renovation, and are daily increasing in popularity, which is conclusive evidence that travelers are quick to appreciate an improvement in sleeping-car service. These cars are a distinctive feature of the "Lake Shore Limited" and available by no other line, and in connection with the many luxuries and conveniences of this train its patrons are afforded "all the comforts of home." A. J. Smith, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, Ohio; C. K. Wilber, Western Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE Spirit of the Times, of New York, says: "An extraordinary advance in the use of cocoa seems to have taken place of late years in England. In the House of Commons this last session the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, called attention to it as a cause for much of the falling off of the use of coffee. He attributed it in a measure to the position a preparation of cocoa known as "Grateful and Comforting" had taken. In accord with this suggestion it may be interesting to follow the course cocoa has taken in England since 1832, when the duty which had been standing at 6d. per pound, with an importation of under half a million pounds, was reduced to 2d. per pound, and not long after we find the homeopathic doctrine of medicine introduced into the kingdom, and that the use of cocoa was specially advocated by physicians adopting that mode of practice. Soon after we find the first homeopathic chemists established in England (the firm of James Epps & Co.) produced a special preparation, which only needed boiling water or milk to be at once ready for the table, and the superior character of this production has, no doubt, done much, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer said, to bring about (backed as it was by a further reduction of the duty to 1d. per pound) the advance made.

No CHRISTMAS and New Year's table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the renowned appetizer, of exquisite flavor.

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

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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

- When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Includes text: "If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA IS SURE CURE FOR IT."

Advertisement for Cuticura Soap. Includes text: "Cuticura Soap for Complexions, Bad, Red, Rough Hands, and Baby Humors."

BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, black-heads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the world. Price 25c. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Aching sides and back, weak kidneys, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

Established 40 Years. FURS. Don't buy until you have examined the Style, Quality, and Price of our ALASKA SEAL GARMENTS.

We make to order the finest Seal Jackets. Our prices are from \$100-\$300. We guarantee satisfaction and believe the quality of our goods cannot be excelled in this country.

HENRY SIEDE, 14 West 14th Street, and Fifth Avenue and 38th Street.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

EMERSON PIANOS. SUPERIOR QUALITY, MODERATE PRICES. BOSTON 174 TREMONT ST. NEW YORK 92 FIFTH AVE. 50,000 SOLD.

The "Fischer Piano" at the White House. EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, Dec. 16th, 1889.

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

To Messrs. J. & C. FISCHER, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

STEINWAY The Standard Pianos of the World! The Largest Establishment in Existence. Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

HOUSEKEEPERS Get posted before you purchase furniture. Send for illustrated priced catalogue free. MASON FURNITURE CO., 115 to 123 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Golden Hair Wash. This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

BEECHAM'S PILLS ACT LIKE MAGIC ON A WEAK STOMACH. 25 Cents a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS TO JAMAICA, WEST INDIES, VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that, beginning on December 15th, round trip tickets to various points on the Island of Jamaica will be placed on sale at the principal ticket offices. The route is over the Pennsylvania Railroad and Atlantic Coast Line to Port Tampa, Florida, and thence by the new steamer service, which has just been inaugurated by the Plant Steamship Company. This route greatly reduces the sea voyage, while it also avoids the rounding of Hatteras. The fine winter climate of the West Indies, and the great Jamaica International Exposition opening on January 27th and continuing four months, will no doubt stimulate travel to the summer isles. The round trip rate from New York is \$132.00; Philadelphia, \$128.00, Baltimore, \$124.00; Washington, \$122.00, with proportionate figures from other principal points. The rate includes state-room and meals on the steamer, which leaves Port Tampa every alternate Thursday after December 4th. The return coupons are valid until May 31st, 1891.

INVESTMENTS.

\$5,000,000 worth of Lead and Zinc Ores produced from the Webb City Mining District in 1890. The great Center Creek Mining Company ship 1,000 tons weekly to England from this district alone. The best place in the world for investments, large or small. For particulars, maps, prices, and information, write J. Y. LEMING, Webb City, Mo. Office over First National Bank.

PENSIONS OLD CLAIMS SETTLED under NEW Law.

Soldiers, Widows, Parents send for blank applications and information. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D. C.

WEST SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN. Investments pay 10 to 20 per cent. profit annually. Send for maps, circulars, and information. If you have money to loan, we can make it net you 7 per cent. per annum. F. N. LANG & Co., Financial Agents.

W. J. SCOTT, ROOM 128, TIMES BUILDING, New York. Real Estate and Mortgage.

Investments in Kearney, Nebraska, and Vicinity.

DO YOU WANT MONEY? WORK? HEALTH? A FARM? A HOME? BUSINESS? WRITE to F. I. WHITNEY, St. Paul, Minn., and say just what you desire, and answer will be sent free, together with maps & publications.

WASHINGTON PATENTS. C. D. PENNEBAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICES, 1307 F St. P. O. Box 65, WASHINGTON, D. C. CAREFUL and prompt attention given to claims for pension under the old and new law. Rejected claims reopened and prosecuted. Increase, re-rating, and re-issue cases given personal examination in connection with the original papers in the Pension Office. Bounty and back pay collected. Pensions for survivors and widows of war of 1812, and war with Mexico. Bounty land and patents procured, and all law matters attended to. Write fully about your case and you will get a prompt answer.

SIX MILLION DOLLARS Produced from our Zinc mines this year. 1,000 tons exported to Europe weekly. Write us for maps, prices and particulars of the best investments in the world.

CHARLES MATT & CO., REAL ESTATE & INVESTMENTS, JOPLIN, MO.

Leads all Competitors. SPRINGFIELD, Mo. Population 1870, 5,555; 1880, 6,522; 1890, 21,842.

Surpassing about two hundred cities in ten years. The commercial centre of the greatest zinc and lead mining districts in the world. For information, price of city real estate and mining property, address, D. L. GRIFFITH, Springfield, Mo.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

VASELINE. FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all of the following articles carefully packed in a neat box: One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline... 10 cts. One two-ounce bottle of Vaseline Pomade, 15 " One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream... 15 " One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice... 10 " One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented... 10 " One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented... 25 " One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline... 25 " Or for stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form, be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents. Chesebrough M'fg Co., 24 State St., New York.

PHOTO of your future Husband or Wife FREE! Send Stamp for Postage. CLIMAX CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS. Beware of Imitations. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH OF STEWART HARTSHORN ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

INVESTMENTS.

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FACTS! PITTSBURG, KANSAS.

WAS an undeveloped section in 1877, HAD a population of 4,333 in 1887, HAD a population of 5,407 in 1888, HAD a population of 8,000 in 1889, HAD a population of 9,000 first of 1890, HAS A POPULATION OF 10,000 NOW!

Will Have a Population of 100,000 in 1900. HAS four handsome Public School Buildings; capacity, 1,200 children. HAS seven Churches—Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Christian, Protestant Episcopal, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Young Men's Christian Association. HAS three Secret Orders—Masonic, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias. HAS two Daily and three Weekly Newspapers—the Herald, Smelter, and Kansas. HAS the Lowest Taxes of any town or city in Kansas—3 per cent. on a 30 per cent. valuation. HAS no Vacant Stores or Dwellings. HAS nearly \$7,000,000 invested in Manufacturing Enterprises. HAS the Cheapest fuel on this continent. HAS an elevation of 1000 feet above the sea level. HAS the best health record of any town in Kansas. HAS Gas Works, supplying gas at 75c. per foot, and \$1.25 for illuminating purposes per 1000 feet. HAS Electric Light, both arc and incandescent, supplying consumers at from 40c. to 80c. per month per lamp of 16 candle power. HAS Water Works, supplying consumers at from 50c. to \$3 per month, according to consumption. HAS Sewerage System, with 6 miles of sewerage. HAS the largest deposit of Coal west of the Mississippi. HAS four Trunk Lines of Railway. HAS the best Hotel in Kansas—the "Stilwell," brand new, to be opened by the 20th of this month, under the management of Mr. Dean, the most popular hotel man in the State. HAS three National Banks, with a capital of \$20,000,000. HAS a Loan and Trust Company with \$100,000,000 capital. HAS four big Coal Companies owning 10,000 acres of coal land, with an aggregate capital of nearly \$20,000,000. HAS a fine Opera House, costing \$75,000.00; seating capacity, 1000. HAS 2200 men employed in the coal mines. HAS \$100,000 cash, coal for twenty years at 50c. per ton, and sites at \$100 per acre, as special inducements to new manufacturing enterprises. HAS two Brick Yards, selling good brick at \$6 in the yard, and \$9 in wall, per thousand. HAS endless quantities of Lead ore tributary. HAS mountains of the best Iron Ore on the continent near at hand. HAS a great variety of Timber adjacent. HAS the most advantageous Freight Rates of any point in the Southwest, making it unequalled for manufacturing and wholesale business. HAS Coal, Zinc, Lead, Iron, Silver, and Copper Ores, Timber, Cotton, and Wool adjacent and tributary by rail sufficient to make it the most prosperous smelting, manufacturing, and mining city in the world. PITTSBURG, KANSAS, HAS a chromo for any man doubting its future prosperity after considering the above facts. Address for particulars, Pittsburg Town Co., Pittsburg, Kansas. A. W. GIFFORD, Gen'l Agent.

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HOW VARIOUS NATIONS SLEEP.

In the tropics men sleep in hammocks or
upon mats of grass. The East Indian unrolls
his light portable charpoy or mattress, which in
the morning is again rolled together and car-
ried away by him. The Japanese lie upon mat-
ting with a stiff, uncomfortable wooden neck-
rest. The Chinese use low bedsteads, often
elaborately carved, and supporting only mats or
coverlids. A peculiarity of the German bed is
its shortness; besides that, it frequently con-
sists in part of a large down pillow or upper
mattress, which spreads over the person, and
usually answers the purpose of all the other or-
dinary bedclothing combined. In England the
old four-posted bedstead is still the pride of the
nation, but the iron or brass bedstead is fast be-
coming universal. The English beds are the
largest beds in the world. The ancient Greeks
and Romans had their beds supported on frames,
but not flat like ours. The Egyptians had a
couch of a peculiar shape, more like an old-fash-
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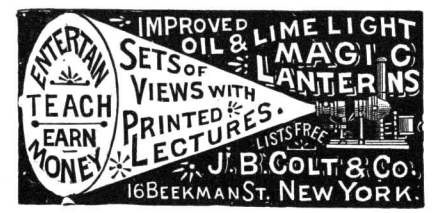
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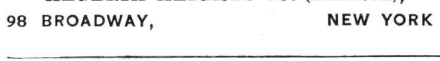
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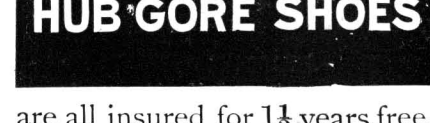
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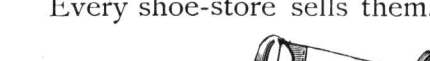


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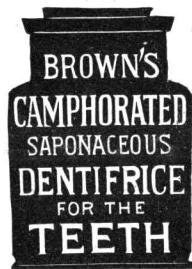


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A Ditty of Doll-dom.

by Zadel Barnes Gustafson.

IN the ancient City of Doll-dom,
By the golden River of Child's
Delight,
The marvelous River and city
By the folk of Grownup forgotten
quite—

The Dollmaker sits on his spindle stool,
With fingers as busy and gaze as bright,—
For they who are born in the Age of Gold,
Are ever as young as the World is old,—
And a heart as loving, as on the Night
When he saw the first of the Race of Days,
In its swaddling clothes of auroral rays,
Open its eyes in the lap of Light.
And Urlan the Dollmaker's spindle stool
The bench that he works on, the silks and wool,
The sawdust and spangles, the pins and pine,
The scissors and glue and the twist and twine,
His sandaled and tapering, turned out toes,
His clear, ruddy cheeks and his turned up nose,

“THE DOLLMAKER SITS ON HIS SPINDLE STOOL,
WITH FINGERS AS BUSY AND GAZE AS BRIGHT,—”

The doll that he holds on his aproned lap,
The locks that—escaped from his pointed cap—
Ripple down his temples and—kinked and
curled—
Halo the merriest smile in the world;
Are all red-rimmed in the flickering glow
Of the fire that flares on the hearth below.

Far over his head in the rocky ceil,—
With sparkles sown thick, as with stars, the
night,
Swift phantoms of shadow and firelight wheel,
Now, rushing together in soundless shock,
Now, vanishing into the very rock!
For the Dome of Dolls is the cave of caves,
Song-bound to the shore of the circling waves
Of the golden River of Child's Delight.
On shelves and in crevices of the wall,—
In every conceivable pose and plight,
Wherever a doll could be placed at all,
Wherever the flashes of firelight fall,
Now sunk in shadow, now forth in light,
Are dolls—beyond the power of counting,
Dolls to be sought for by dizzy mounting,
And dolls so huddled all over the floor,
It is tiptoe-passing from stool to door;
Dolls that are sane and dolls that are crazy,
Industrious dolls and dolls that are lazy,
Dolls that are troubled and dolls that are glad,—
That is, they would be, if life they had,—
Dolls that are crippled and dolls that are sound,
Angular dolls and dolls that are round,
Dolls that are merry and dolls that are sad,
Dolls that are good and, alas, that are bad,
Dolls that are old and dolls that are young,
Taciturn dolls and dolls with a tongue!
Dolls that are big and dolls that are small,
Dolls that are short and dolls that are tall,
Dolls that are dressed and dolls that are nude,
The belle and the beau, the prig and the prude,
Dolls in the height of the latest fashion,
Dolls with never a bow or a sash on,
Dolls that are paupers and dolls that are rich,—
And marvels of ruffle and starch and stitch,—
Dolls that are foolish and dolls that are wise,



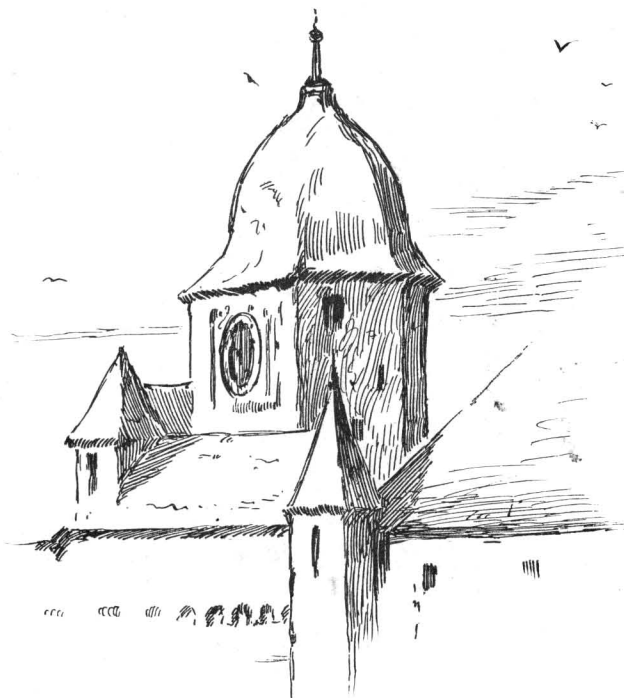
"IN LOFTY SCORN OF LABOR AND TRADE HAD PASSED HIM BY."

Dolls in difficulties up to their eyes,
Dolls that are plain and dolls that are
pretty,
Dolls—like the people of Grownup city!

For Dolldom's creator of dolls, is one,
Who ponders on all things under the
sun,—
On the True and the False, the Good and
the Ill,
The wayward conceits of the Human will,
The noble faiths and the shams and the
whims
Of the city of Grownup's hers and hims;
And ever, the face of the doll he makes,
The stamp of his meditation takes.
And thus, on the eve before Christmas
Day,
As he slashes and seams and sews away
On the latest doll of the dying year,—
He is thinking of Clara Vere de Vere,
Who,—in lofty scorn of labor and trade,
Though coveting all by their union made—
That very morn with indifferent eye
In the streets of Grownup had passed him by;
Nor had deigned a sign to the Queen of May,
Who carries her flower-crowned head like a
flower,
As she moves among the maidens at play
In the shadow cast by the old Church tower.

The pockets of Dollmaker's jerkin brown,
Are gaping with stuffs for my lady's gown,
And ever the doll like
my lady grows,
As he fits and dresses
and deftly twirls,
The beaded bands in
the powdery curls,
And shapes the shoul-
ders in statelier
pose,
And models the lips
and the haughty
nose,
And the long-lashed
eyelids, to look like
those,
Of the 'daughter of
a hundred earls!'
Till at last the fin-
ishing stitch and
tack
Are made fast in the
Lady Clara's back,

And down in the sawdust across his
knees,—
Without the power to protest or sneeze,
Along with the thimble, and gum and
shears,
Low lieth the daughter of Vere de Veres.
For the thoughts of Urlan, turning aside,
From the pomp of title and fret of pride,
Bestir his bosom with gentle sighs,
And fix as in dreams, the Dollmaker's
eyes,—
Eyes that have slept not since worlds first
met
In the gyre of the stellar minuet,—
Far-seeing, loving and patient and deep,
Heavenly visioned as Infancy's sleep!
He looks at the Dolls, where, in row on
row,
They cover the walls and the floor below,
Dolls beyond counting, and all of them
sold—
Bought by the city of Grownup's gold,
For children of mortals to have and
hold,
To prize, to possess, to play with and
pet,
To strip, to abuse, destroy and forget!—
And he thinks:—"I would that my dolls
could know,—
Ere into that alien world they go,—
The riddle of life which I cannot teach,
The secret of Feeling, and Thought, and
Speech,



"IN THE SHADOW CAST BY THE OLD CHURCH TOWER."

The power that knoweth no Quick or Dead,
That exists in sawdust, needle and thread,
And burns in the isolate grain of sand,
As in rosy warmth of the infant's hand.
If I knew—like happy Pygmalion—
The way to Life's source in the stock and stone,
Yonder city should pass this night in deep,
Dreamless and motionless Lethean sleep,
And my dolls should its fests and vigils keep;



"IN THE GYRE OF THE STELLAR MINUET."

Should learn to waken, to labor, and
weep,
Should learn of the uses of gain and loss,
Bear the wound of Thorns and the weight
of Cross,
Should weary by day and fear the mor-
row,
And get by loving the gift of Sorrow,
And up the veiled pathway of Pain dis-
cern
Where Joy's perpetual beacons burn;
For Love and Sorrow and Faith are the
three
Who bear in their bosoms Life's only key,
And they know the locks, and they know
alone
To open the gates to the Father's throne."
"Oh I would that I knew what spells to
weave,
That my dolls might live for one Christ-
mas Eve!"
Thus wishing he looks at the imaged self
Of Doll's Fairy Godmother on the shelf,
The eldest and wisest of all the Fays,
Well versed in both Dolldom and Grown-
up ways.
"Oh ho! I must finish Godmother's
wings,"
Cries he, and straightway the gossamer
brings,
And snipping and shaping, he softly
sings:—



"A SHEEN, AS OF CLOUDLETS AT WHITEST NOON, ENCLOSURES AND MOVES WITH THE ROYAL FAY,"

SONG OF URLAN.

Queen of the mystic Ring!—
 In grasses drawn,
 Long ere the dawn,—
 Swift, on thy starlit wing,
 Come from thy bowers shady;
 Fay of that Light and Flame!
 Whence all the Fairies came;
 Between the Star and Sea
 By thy three voweled name,—
 U-na-de!

U-na-de!

U-na-de!

Thrice do I summon Thee,
 Queen Ladye!

Ithuriel's swerveless spear,
 Is not more sure
 Of base and pure,
 Than are thy glances clear,
 And thy wand's touch, Queen Ladye;
 Thou knowest the heal or hurt,
 By which all things inert
 May breathe, and live and know,
 Life's span of weal and woe,—
 U-na-de!

U-na-de!

U-na-de!

For me thy power exert,—
 Queen Ladye!

Queen of the mystic Ring!
 In grasses drawn
 Long ere the morn,—
 Speed on thy soundless wing,
 Forth from thy bowers shady;
 Fay of that Light and Flame,
 Whence all the Fairies came;
 Between the Star and Sea,
 By thy three voweled name,
 U-na-de!

U-na-de!

U-na-de!

Thrice, U-rlan summons thee,
 Queen Ladye!

Thus U-rlan, the Dollmaker, works and sings,

Till finished and fast are the gos-
 samer wings,
 And the wee thing balanced upon
 his knee,
 Is complete as an elfin doll can be.
 And now—Oh wonder of vision and
 sound!

The cavern is flooded from ceil to
 ground,
 With a glory in which the sun
 would fade,
 And with loveliest music ever
 made:—
 A Light—as of twinkles of stars and
 pearls,
 Of waters, of gems, of the eyes of
 girls,
 Of raiment, of hair, of the sun and
 moon,
 Of uttermost shinings of night and
 noon:—
 A sound—as if all the bells in the
 world,
 In steeples new-built, in belfries
 old,
 Moulded of silver and tongued with
 gold;—
 Together were suddenly beat and
 whirled!

As the melody stills, the glory stays,
 Till remotest shadows enfold its rays;
 While the lips of U-rlan tremble
 apart,
 With the wild glad hurrying of his
 heart,
 When he sees the delicate, film-
 winged elf,
 That he took but now from the
 chimney shelf,—
 And robed as a fairy to please him-
 self—

From his knee float, smiling, and settle slow
 To the cavern floor, like a flake of snow!
 A sheen, as of cloudlets at whitest noon,
 Or the lustre that roundeth the rainy moon,
 Encloses and moves with the Royal Fay,
 And around her sceptre white flashings play,
 As she rests an instant its flaming tip
 On each doll's still bosom and waxen lip;
 The while to the rhythmic glimmer of wings,
 She thus to her spell-bound summoner sings:—

SONG OF U-NA-DE!

U-na-de!

U-na-de!

U-na-de!

Thrice by my three voweled name,
 Some one called me and I came,
 From my shady bowers,
 Swung in golden hours,
 Over sea and under star,—
 From the mystic shrining
 Between shower and shining,
 Between Light and Flame!

Where my glad enchantments are:—
 U-rlan called U-na-de,
 And what made he,
 Under star and over sea—
 Importunately summon me,
 U-na-de!
 Of Fays, Queen Ladye!

Dear U-rlan!

Kind U-rlan!

Wise U-rlan!

He would that his dolls should know
 For a season, the joy and woe
 Of mortal living,
 Receiving, giving,—
 Then wake from thy waxen sleep!
 And learn by grieving,
 Desiring and leaving,
 Love's passion and Sorrow's throe!—
 Then die with the dawn—but keep
 In the dust of the dollish breast,
 In the dark of the vacant head,
 This night's lesson,—the rest
 Shall be heard and seen and said,
 When mortals and dolls and fays,
 Are forever done with days!

Dear U-rlan!

Kind U-rlan!

Wise U-rlan!

Thou who has summoned me,
 By my three-voweled name;—
 From between the star and sea,
 Sphered in the Light and Flame,
 Whose kindling breath,
 Dissolveth Death,—
 Heeding thy call—I came!—
 Swift their motion, sweet their laughter,
 Swiftly now, must thou go after;
 For what thy spirit willed,
 U-na-de hath fulfilled!
 U-rlan, haste, and see
 How hath answered thee!

U-na-de!

Of Fays, Queen Ladye!

But U-rlan is speechless, so tranced is he,
 To think such a wonderful thing can be!
 When he sees his dolls, as from stupor, rise,—
 First look at each other in mute surprise,
 And then, with rustle and light foot patter,
 And silvery babble of laugh and chatter,
 Flock out by the door and into the night,
 To the Bridge Invisible, press and throng,
 And across the River of Child's Delight,
 To the City of Grownup, haste along.

And now that the cavern is empty quite,
 Of music, of magic, of dolls, of light,—
 The Dollmaker leaps from his spindle stool,
 And donning his furs, for the night is cool,
 He buckles his skates to his ankles tight,
 And over the River of Child's Delight,
 Skims after his dolls and with all his might!
 And the city of Doll-dom dims and fades
 In the silence and darkle of evening shades.

* * *



"SKIMS AFTER HIS DOLLS AND WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!"



"UNDER THE STARS THE CITY STANDS
ENTHRONED IN SPLENDOR ON ITS TERRACED HEIGHTS."

Under the stars the city Grownup stands,
Enthroned in splendor on its terraced heights,—
And from its many mansions, made with hands,
Stream rayings of innumerable lights;

As if within its walls no heart should
grieve,
No life lack cheer on blessed Christmas Eve!
Within, the mated slide of dancing feet,



"THERE SLIP BETWEEN—THE DOLLS OF URLAN AND THE FAIRY QUEEN."

Of frolic, feasting, games, and story-telling,
Without, the bustle of the busy street,
The matchless Babel-din of buying-selling.
From the great clock entowered on mountain
brow,

The hour, in ten strong throbs, is pealing now—
Reaching his listening ear, who nightly waits
For those clear tones, to close the city gates.
Inward they swing with the deep clang-a-clang!
Whose pulsing echoes down the valley ring,—
But ere they close to-night, there slip between—
As silent as the air and as unseen—
The dolls of Urlan, and the fairy queen;
While Urlan, following,—but just too late,—
By the tough withers of the ivy green,
Climbs up the pillar of the ponderous gate,
And, guided by the dolls' and fairy's laughter,
With right good will goes scampering headlong
after.

Their footsteps leave no traces in the snow,
As through the lanes and thoroughfares they go,
No shadows break the light through which they
pass,

Nor hath quicksilver power their forms to glass;
No sound in mortal ears, their voices make,
And none are turned aside, the way they take.
At last, within the City's Hall of State
They glide, with other guests arriving late.
In rows around the gift-decked Christmas Tree,
Unade groups them, one and two and three,—

"Observe, dear dolls, how mortals take their
pleasure,

Then we, in turn will step the Elfin measure!"
At length the dolls and Urlan, watching, saw
Unade forth her flashing sceptre draw;
And instantly, in midst of tone and motion—
Like billows shore-rolled by a frozen ocean—
Players and dancers reel to couch and wall,
And there drop motionless in Fay Queen's thrall.

Then with a rhythmic swaying of her head,
To Urlan and his dolls, Unade said:—
"Come Royal Cole, and bid thy fiddlers three,
Unade needs the service of the bow,—
Hans Andersen will lead the ball with me
And you, dear 'Little Nell,' shall dance with 'Jo,'
He's been dressed up for it from top to toe
And had three good 'square' meals to make him
go!

Tom Pinch shall lead Dot Peerybingle out,—
I'm sure her husband will not mind the least—
And though the 'Fat Boy' is a trifle stout,
(Which comes of Wardle's blanking him about,)
He'll do for Beauty once—instead of Beast!
You, Quilp, shall take Miss Murdstone by the
waist,

Then Cherry Pecksniff—both so tightly laced—
I warn you to be careful what you do.
They'll only dance the harder, broke in two!—
Then, Mrs. Pipchin and old Smallweed's daughter,
With these, I think you will be rightly placed,
And taught to do in future as you'd 'orter'!
Let Little Floy stretch rounded arm and wrist,
In the gay galop reel with Nolly Twist;
And in the mad mazurka's headlong speed,
Tim Linkinwater, Betsy Trotwood lead;—

{ His coat-tails and her cap-strings flying wide }
{ Six skips of Betsy's to Tim's single stride! }
If Tattycoram's counted twenty-four,
Let her with Papa Meagles take the floor.



Let Lady Clara Vere de Vere, whose pride
 Leads her to—all she hears and sees, deride,
 Wait in the house that Jack built, until he—
 The dawdling lordling of her own degree—
 Lord Verisopht, with simper, lisp and smirk,
 Can leave his sports to take her into kirk.
 Good Mariana of the moated grange,
 Though haply thinking it a little strange,—
 Will scarce be so unkind as to 'refooge,'
 To 'balancez' and 'lady's chain' with Scrooge.
 Or, if she's tired and would-ing she were dead!
 We'll pair her off with Marley's ghost instead!"
 (Later—the dolls were much amused to see
 How Mariana quite forgot her woe,
 When chased by Scrooge around the Christmas
 tree

And caught and kissed beneath the mistletoe!)
 "I see the water pearls on Undine's neck,—
 That glow with the pink pallor of the morn,
 Have caught the honest eyes of Trotty Veck!
 Give him thy hand fair niece of Kühleborn,
 Nor spare to waltz with him a hundred times,

To whirling he's accustomed—by the Chimes!
 Dear Urlan you shall *vis-a-vis* the sprite,
 In the quadrille now forming by Miss Flite,
 And *chassez* up and *chassez* down again,
 First with Bopeep and then with Jenny Wren,—
 Who knows so much of dolls and dollish ways
 That even *you* can learn by what she says!—
 The sheep can go with Mary's lamb and play,
 And tease Miss Muffet for some curds and whey;
 And those dear children huddled in a shoe,
 With whom their mother knows not what to do,
 Shall all turn out for once and have some fun
 With Beanstalk Jack, and Tom, the Piper's Son,
 Unselfish Cinderella, sweet and true,
 Dear Santa Claus I have reserved for you."
 And now Unade lays her royal hands
 On music, players, e'en the music stands;—
 Light as a feather is her mystic touch,
 And yet the very wood thrills overmuch,—
 And when she cries "Begin! Begin! King Cole!
 Play loud, play fast, play, play with all your
 soul!"

It seems, as if all sounds of vocal things,—
 The mingled music of a hundred springs—
 Come gushing from enchanted bow and strings!
 And fast and faster dolls and fairy go,
 Till they who play and they who dance are spent,
 And cluster panting, neath the mistletoe;
 While Queen Unade on new purpose bent,
 Regarding them with gaze of grave intent—
 Moves in her orb of light a space apart,
 in privy council with her fairy heart.

"COME, ROYAL COLE, AND BID THY FIDDLERS THREE" * * * *
 "AND FAST AND FASTER DOLLS AND FAIRY GO."

"Who Urlan, think you, of this merry train,"
She says at last in low and tender strain—
"Would for another's joy, some trouble take,
Some sacrifice for other's comfort make,
Would with me go, and willingly forsake
This Hall of Pleasure, for the House of Pain?
For they who go, must, one by one remain!"

"Oh please, oh *please*, dear Fairy Queen, may I?"

And little Dorrit, holding Martha's hand,
Before Unade takes her wistful stand.

"And I!"—"and I?"—"and I!"—"and I!"
again,

Say Smike, and Jo, and Paul, and Jenny Wren,
Tom Pinch joins in and Peerybingle Dot,
The Brothers Cheeryble and Betsy Trot—
And, pressing forward, sweet Red Riding
Hood,
Leading the Babes discovered in the Wood;

Waving her wand she turns, and passes down
Into the wintry night of Grownup town;
'Neath many an arch of flower-gemmed ever-
green,

The Dolls of Urlan follow Fairy Queen,
And where they go, hand, foot, and music's
swell,

Are stayed abruptly in the magic spell:
Transfixed beside their wares in shop and street,
The merchants sell nor fruit, nor bread, nor
meat;

As they were rooted, mute the buyers stand,
The coin of purchase fast in outstretched hand,
E'en Pas and Mas of little girls and boys,
Stand still as stocks in act of buying toys!
For all, within the fairy circle drawn,
Save dolls and fays, must sleep until the dawn!

* * *

Slowly the bright procession melts away,
As on they pass from House to House of Pain,—

But though her waking hours are one long
blight

Of inappeasable desire for sight!
Sometimes, the dream she is no longer blind,
Comes in her sleep, to ease her longing mind
With beauteous scenes of shining forms and
faces,
And the dear sense of kisses and embraces.

Is it the evening air upon her brow,—
Or the light beat of branches on the sill,
From such a blessed dream awakes her now?
Slowly she lifts her throbbing head, and turns
To where she knows the nurse's night lamp
burns;

The sound of heavy breathing tells her where,
The weary nurse is slumbering in her chair.
But for this sound all is profoundly still
Save:—"Peace on Earth and unto all good
will!"



"AND NOW, THE SMALL CLEAR VOICE OF 'TINY TIM'
COMES LIKE THE CADENCE OF AN EVENING HYMN."

And now, the small clear voice of "Tiny Tim"
Who whispers low, "God bless us every
one!"

Comes like the cadence of an evening hymn
From over distant hills, when day is done.
As Queen Unade hears, she smiles and sighs,
And water standeth in her gentle eyes;
She knows that with the rising of the sun,
The little life within this hour begun,
Will from their tiny bodies pass away
In spite of all the magic of the Fay!
And if the thought is not without its sting,
She knoweth well, it is a goodly thing
That little dolls be made and bought, to bring
Bright thoughts to little children suffering;
And knows, though but a Fay, that Love and
Pity,—

Whatever haps to mortals, dolls and fays—
Have heritage in the celestial city,
Beyond this burdened span of fateful days.

For one by one, the dolls of Urlan stay;
Some, nestle close to little sleeping heads,
Some, fling themselves on chairs beside the
beds,
Some, thinking to be searched for must be best,
Secrete themselves in little box or chest.
To their light whispers of farewell, the Fay
Emerges, with an ever lessening train,
As near and nearer draws the Christmas Day.

Within the hospital, pale Lilian lies,—
She does not see the beauty of the skies,
Though moon and stars are through the window
beaming.

To her, the weary day is as the night,—
No knowledge have her lovely eyes of light,
Her wistful life is but two kinds of dreaming,
The whole — one Dark — within the dual
bound,

The sense of silence and the sense of sound.

Which some one carols in the street below.
And now—in distant, long, sonorous throes,
The city clock the hour of midnight peals.
Gently, o'er hushed and waiting Lilian, steals
The tremor of a deep, delicious thrill!
Sightless, she gazes, breathless, listening, hears
A soft, sweet clashing as of silver spheres,
That seem, beginning in the outer air,
To softly enter and come up the stair.
Within the chamber, by its door ajar
In mid-air floats, and glows, a flashing star!
And orb'd in Light with Sceptre in her hand
She sees, yes, Lilian sees Unade stand!

Of all the Dolls of Urlan, that with him,
Trooped out of Dolldom in the twilight dim,
Three little beings only, now attend
The steps of Urlan and his fairy friend.
These, at a sign, now leave the fairy's side,
And to the tumbled couch of Lilian glide.

“What are your names?” asks Lilian, speaking low,—
 Delight and wonder made her accents so,—
 “I’m dressmaker for little dolls,” says one,
 And shows a basket filled with pretty clothes;
 “They’re fussy creatures, and I’m never done!
 It’s bad enough to fit them, goodness knows!

Its coz my ‘back is bad and legs are queer,’
 Which is not pleasant, as you may suppose.
She’s Little Nell, and almost every day,—
 Unless her poor old grandfather’s away—
 She’s up and in the fields before the sun.
 She’s very fond of flowers, I guess she knows
 Where best of wintergreen and holly grows—”

“And both of us have rather wearing Dads!
 You’re sure to like her more than Nell or me,—
 For being ‘Child’ you know, ‘of Marshalsea,’
 For locks and keys she doesn’t care a pin.
 And isn’t fidgety at staying in!”
 Says Little Dorrit, drawing gently near,—
 “We all belong to you and love you, dear.”



“WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES? ASKS LILIAN, SPEAKING LOW.”

But trying on is quite the worst of all,
 You have to follow them from ball to ball,
 And snatch your chances to get at their waists,
 And see just where the bows and loops are placed;
 And if they are the least too thin or stout,
 It means a taking in or letting out.
 And if I seem a little sharp, my dear,

“Yes—see!” cries Little Nell, “I’ve brought you
 some,
 And if you like them, I’m so glad I’ve come!”
 Then, archly pointing where, in cloak and
 hood,
 The third bright form in smiling silence stood,
 “*She’s* ‘Little Dorrit!’” Jenny sharply adds,

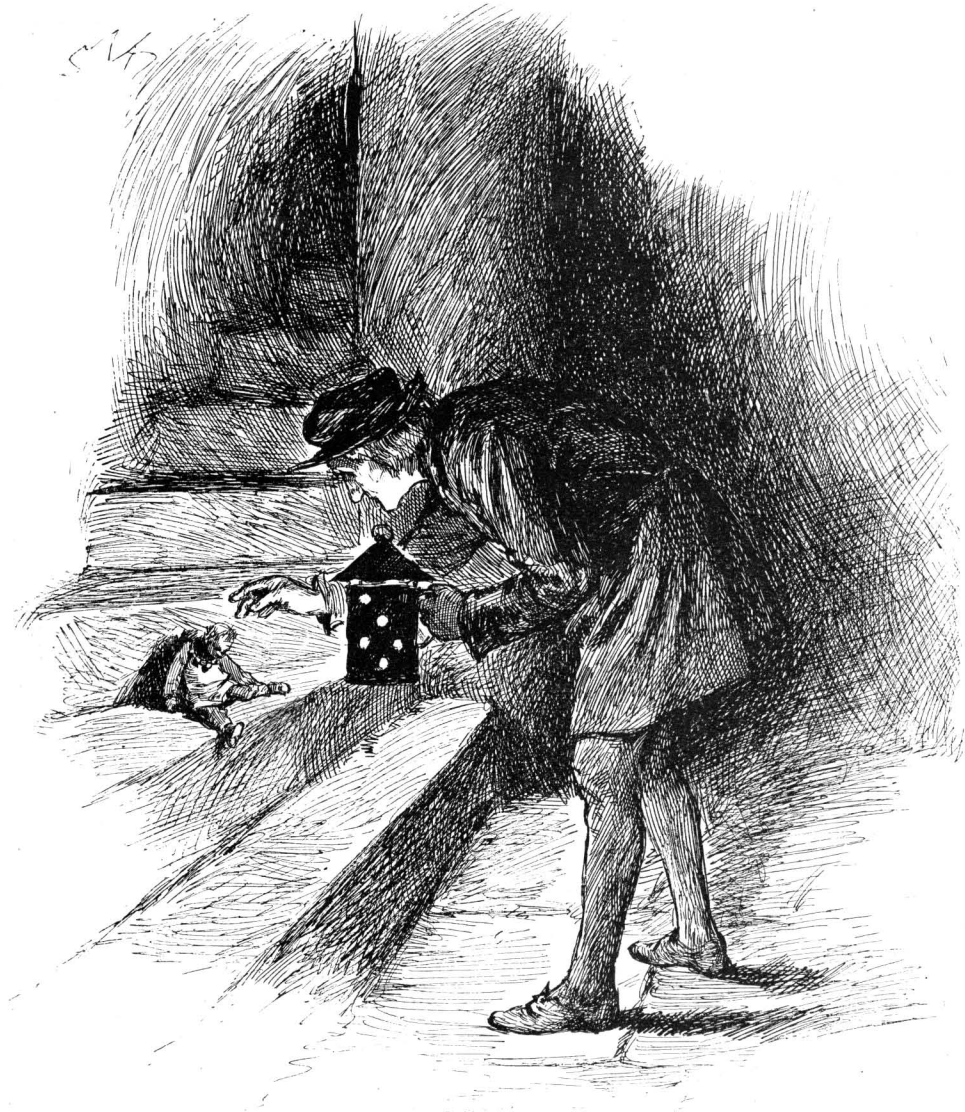
So glad is Lilian, listening to the three,
 The fading of the Star she does not see,
 Nor does she feel the ebbing of the spell
 Which marks the shadowy passing of the Fay,
 Nor hear the tender voice, receding, say
 “Peace to the dolls and children” and “farewell!”
 * * *

Across the fields, a swiftly lessening speck,
 To ring the Chimes once more, goes Trotty Veck.
 Up, up, and round and up the windy spire,—
 Where once he had so terrible a fright—
 Up, higher up, and round again and higher,
 Till now their dusky hollows are in sight.
 To him, it seems, the old melodious gyre

“ Ring!—for the hearts that loving impulse had
 'To buy the dolls that make the children glad.
 Ring!—for their maker, who, to make them
 pretty,
 Worked all the year in Ancient Dolldom's city!
 Ring!—for the skilled and gentle hands, that
 made



“ HE GRASPS THE GREAT BELL BY ITS TOCSIN TONGUE,
 WHICH STRAIGHTWAY MADLY DANGLES HIM ABOUT.”



“ HE FINDS A PUPPET ON THE BELFRY STAIRS,
 A TINY CREATURE, QUAINLY MADE AND DRESSED.”

Ring!—for the joy of Children. Ring, Old Friend!
 Ring all their wrongs and sorrows to an end!
 And ring—” he cries more faintly, “ Ring for
 me!”—
 The laughing Goblin—shakes the Great Bell free!

* * *

When he, who keeps it—to the tower repairs,
 He finds a puppet on the belfry stairs,
 A tiny creature, quaintly made and dressed,—
 A string of little bells around its breast.
 “ I'll give it to the child who loves me best!”
 He murmurs softly, for he has but one,
 And she—with mortal life will soon be done!
 “ It's such an odd thing, she will prize it dearly,
 And kiss and wish me Merry Christmas cheerly.
 But now—the Bells must tell the Blessed Story
 Of Manger! Thorns! and Crucifix! and Glory!”
 And as he pulls and pulls with all his might,
 The Great Bells slowly swing to left and right,—
 So jubilant the sound that outward rolls!—
 'Tis, as the Bells themselves were happy souls,
 Giving their very being to the air,
 In one glad burst of thankfulness and prayer.
 And spire and chimes are flushed in sunrise
 flame,
 Lit in that East from whence the Wise Men
 came!

Already shakes its vibrant sweetness out,
 As, leaping where the fraying ropes are hung,
 He grasps the Great Bell by its tocsin tongue!
 Which straightway madly dangles him about,
 But Trotty, to the Great Bell's Goblin cries,—
 With sweet entreaty in his voice and eyes,—

The dainty gowns in which they are arrayed!
 Ring!—for the Fairy Queen who gave them
 life,
 And locked all Grownup in surcease of strife!
 Ring!—for the Bridge Invisible—but bright
 To eyes on Dolldom's side of Child's Delight!



“ PEACE TO THE DOLLS AND CHILDREN,” AND “ FAREWELL.”