

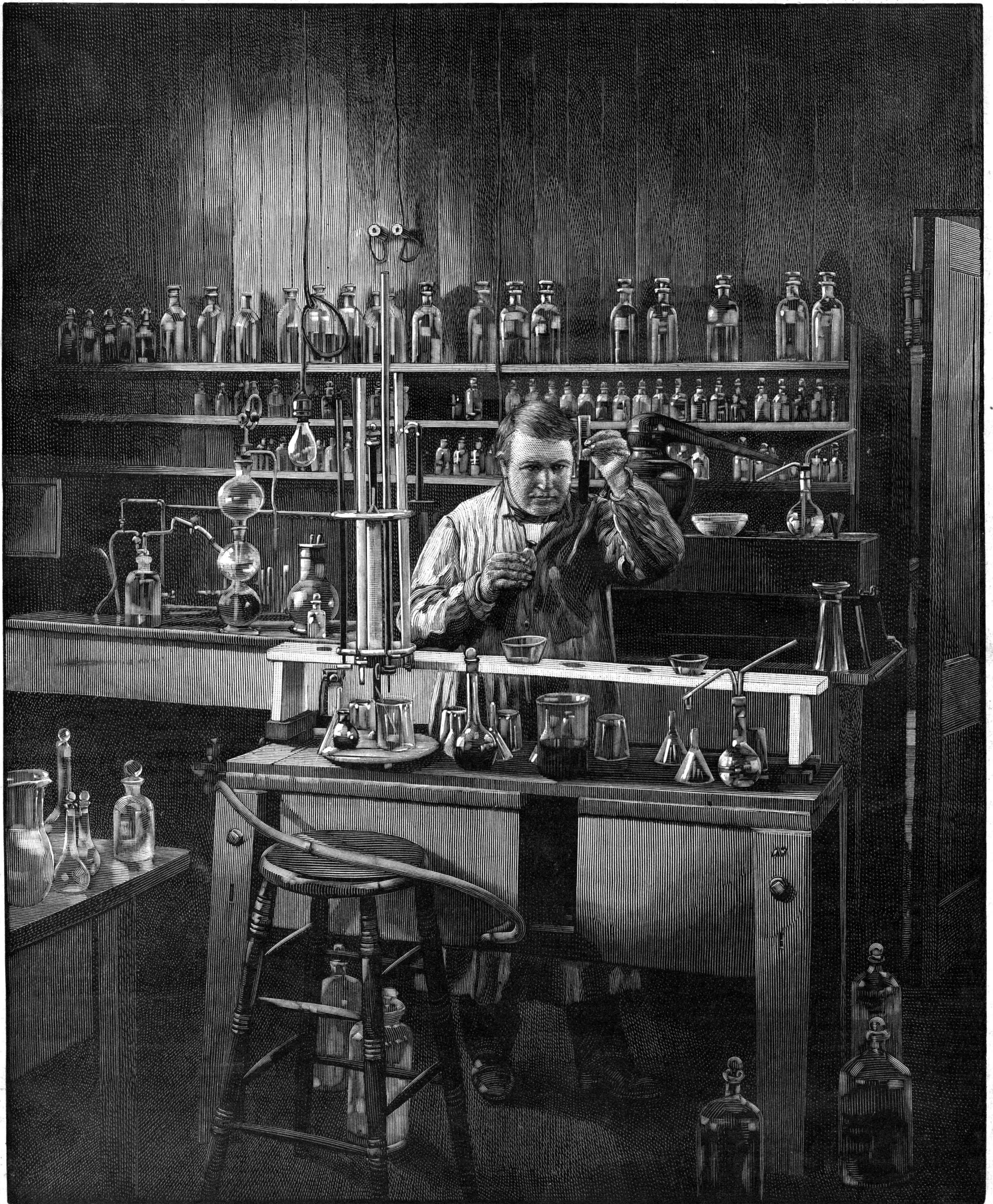
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THOMAS A. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY.

From an instantaneous photograph taken especially for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT, 161, 163 Randolph Street, Chicago.
TRUMAN G. PALMER AND ELIAS C. CHAPIN, Managers.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1891.

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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 in our Photographic Contests have been made for the week ending December 29th, 1890.

Dr. J. C. Fear, Waverly, Kan.; G. H. Lawton, Alton, Kan.; E. S. Bronson, Defiance, Ohio; J. Edward Spencer, 417 Sixth Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.; Edward F. Ferdinand, Tremont, New York City; John F. Reed, 77 West Eighty-seventh Street, New York City.

THE leading editorial contribution in the next issue of this paper will be from the pen of Ottomar Haupt, of Paris, a student of political economy and especially a student of the silver question. The subject of his contribution will be "The Result of Silver Inflation in America," and it will attract attention because of the high standing of the writer. Mr. Haupt thinks the silver question is of profound importance to the American people, and he treats it with a perfect knowledge of the situation at home and abroad.

WHY WOMEN SHOULD WEAR TROUSERS.

IT is quite proper to discuss the merits of trousers on women in a newspaper that reaches all classes of the people, with its everything relating to life. The sex of clothing assumes a gravity that animated life cannot be compared to, only at a very great disadvantage.

We smile at the fact of a gentleman hen having been "tried and condemned for witchcraft" by our Massachusetts ancestors, just as our future smilers will use their facial expressions regarding the sex of trousers in boasted freedom land!

Is there a chronoscope that has sufficient power through which the time can be seen when clothing shall be of "common gender"?

Are we living in a land of liberty and equal rights of physical protection?

Does the Constitution of the United States say that the men "of the several States" shall wear trousers, and the women wear petticoats?

Why women should not have as much protection and freedom of legs as arms, is a question for great "free America" that astonishes the Chinese, since many times more Chinese women's rights to trousers are established unquestioned than there are men, women, and children on the globe who speak the English language.

American men talk dictatorially to women regarding clothing as no Celestial, in China, would think it either decent or humane. After all these years of the "largest liberty" to make perfection of this country by the men citizens, who have pinned the women citizens down with petticoats, the lords of liberty imported "Austria's perfect ballot-system," acknowledging that a few quills must be dropped from our spread-eagle's wings! They would have been there now, in all their glory, if my "Crowning Constitutional Argument," that Sumner, Chase, Fenton, and a host of men dared acknowledge as truth, and who predicted its ultimate acknowledgment by all the American people—if that just sentiment to women citizens regarding trousers had prevailed; for, with justice physically, there would have been justice in all other regards, and woman's brains would have helped in the attainment of a ballot-law without national humiliation.

The new States that have come into the sisterhood so recently have given political justice to women, because of the Argument mentioned, that would never have seen the light, had the author not have been relieved of the petticoat slavery. The time must come when more of the plumes shall be wrenched from our national bird, if foreign fashion, and not science, shall say that woman shall come out of her swaddling-clothes and wear trousers.

As a scientist, I have everywhere maintained my right to clothe my person according to the laws of physical science, without other regard for ignorance than an effort to enlighten. I should all of these years have been unworthy of the great trust, for the benefit to humanity, and especially to woman, had I blown out my lighted taper because those in darkness could not comprehend uses and duties, to say nothing about terrible consequences resulting from neglected needs. Intelligent convictions that are not lived out, argue either cowardice, weakness, or an environment hedge.

If Burns had uttered nothing but

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us,"

he would have been immortalized.

The great trouble with people is that they value themselves at a much higher price than they would bring at an auction, of even their own making. They regard themselves of so much importance to those who care little or nothing in reality for them that they consider they are doing others a great favor in treading an already beaten track, where their feet do not make the slightest impression. They have no respect for their own opinions; have no self-reliance, and must of necessity have hard-beaten tracks on which to walk, where no thorns can prick tender feet.

Such cannot comprehend motives for sacred and holy endeavor by those who could not respect themselves while living a life that is an age back of their birth any more than an elocutionist could be contented with the boy in the apple-tree. Onward the thinker, the reasoner, the philosopher must go, not liking brambles, sharp rocks, wild beasts, or whatsoever impedes; not liking martyrdom any more than the most timid, but respecting self too much to relinquish what is right, what is duty, what abilities have been given to establish!

What if "lady horses" were all canopied—the racers, carriage, mower, dray, and plow? How preposterous! says a man owning a \$20,000 "race lady," and it is echoed by the owners of "brood ladies," drays, plows, mower, and carriage "lady horses," with all of very good reasons, every one of which applies to women. And there are many more that apply to women that do not to horses, for with all their strength they would not go at all if the stays and usual compression were added. If gilded dumb-bells and all sorts of gearing were also added to the canopy to hold it down and make it beautiful, so that "lady horses" could be at once distinguished from their brothers, would not the "lady" be stubborn and fretted, and her colt be of a bad disposition, and balk, and refuse to work, and want support without labor?

Suppose a wealthy man were to have nearly the whole harness of molten brass, plated with gold, and a big plated gold urn on the top of his horses' heads to make them beautiful, no matter if they were not comfortable; would not the poorer men everywhere get some imitation, and say that the horses "go right along and do not mind it?" Style must be kept up, especially with "lady" horses, for it is a crime to be of the feminine gender and not be harnessed differently from the masculine; for even the shape of a "lady" horse's legs must be hid by a canopy to be a respectable horse and have any respectable woman ride.

"A little nonsense now and then" shows want of logic in some men. The mass of mankind want an argument that they can take hold of with both hands, and look at it on all sides, if it is one that they have just awakened to the importance of treating in any manner but that of ridicule. The man who first said the meal could be divided and throw away the stone in the other end of the bag was ridiculed, for "How was the bag to stay on the horse?" And now the question comes, "How are the trousers to stay on a woman?" It is a well established fact that there are many men who have as large busts as women, and they are yet to be heard from as making complaint about suspenders. But if any one wearing trousers needed an extra cross-piece it could be furnished.

There is nothing that is an advantage to man but that may be of still greater use by having the co-operation of woman. The laboring man tied his suspenders together below his collar to keep in place, until woman saw the advantage to be gained by having an extra piece on her own suspenders. No woman is out of her doll-babyhood who is in petticoat trammels instead of trousers. There is no slavery like the petticoat and its belongings, and whatever the slaves may say regarding their ignorance of better attire, or their cowardice in not wearing, or an environment that keeps them in perpetual slavery, their condition is deplorable. Their slavery is established, were there nothing more than the ordinary length dress, with Lady Asburton's "divided skirt," which is simply open dark drawers that some American women have claimed the origin of, after some ten or more years of English originality.

Soiling with mud, snow, or dirt, or the dragging on stairs, or being stepped upon when near another person, thus making the bottom of the clothing a constant care, is mental slavery as well as physical. I have conversed with but few women who have not expressed a wish that they were men, because of this slavery of attire, and nearly all have informed me that they had tried on men's clothes, and wished a thousand times that they could dress like men without ridicule or remark.

The anatomy of woman is similar to that of man, and skeletons of large women, who have not been deformed by dress, have at first been mistaken for those of men. But few women can be found who have not been deformed in the bone structure by their mode of dress.

The physiology of woman is still more seriously injured by her clothing.

If but one sex were to wear trousers and eschew petticoats altogether, woman should be the wearer, as she is injured in ways not possible to injure man. The law of strong attraction of gravitation for everything near the ground makes the (so to speak) pulling down of ordinary length clothing of woman a vicera-deranger, as such apparel is much heavier than the scales chronicle.

The atmospheric pressure on woman's sails would be all-sufficient to take a sailing-vessel across the Atlantic if a dozen would pose as sails against the masts.

But I am getting into deep water, and there are breakers ahead. The editor cries "Down with the pen and line!"

Mary B. Walker M.D.

OSWEGO, N. Y., October, 1890.

ATTEND TO BUSINESS.

WHEN Senator Blair recently advised his associates at Washington to set aside inconsequential measures and devote the time of this brief session of Congress to matters of pressing

importance, like the Elections bill, the educational measure, the shipping bills, and financial legislation, he was lectured by Senator Teller and one or two others. Yet Senator Blair was right, and his suggestion has the earnest indorsement of the press and of the people, irrespective of party.

Had Congress, at the first session, hastened the passage of the McKinley bill, voters would not and could not have been scared out of their wits by the cry of high prices, and there would not have been such a complete rout of the Republican party as followed at the November election.

It would appear as if that lesson had been wasted on certain Republican Members of Congress, and noticeably of the Senate.

Why is not this a good time to turn over a new leaf? If this is not done, and done quickly, some senatorial constituencies may themselves do the turning.

NATURAL GAS AND OIL.

THE statement that the supply of natural gas is being exhausted at Findlay, Pittsburg, and other districts where it has been plentifully found and utilized for manufacturing purposes seems to bear out the theory that the enormous use of this natural fuel, and the daily more enormous waste, would shortly lessen the pressure of the gas within the earth's crust, and reduce, if it did not entirely exhaust, the supply.

Nature always provides for emergencies, and it seems almost providential that at this time it has been found that the cheap, heavy, common oil called Lima oil, found in the northwestern section of Ohio in untold quantities, can be utilized almost as cheaply as natural gas for fuel purposes. Lima oil is now being used in some Pittsburg iron furnaces where gas can no longer be had, and the experiments with it have reached such a stage that there is no doubt of their success. The pipes that have been laid from the natural-gas fields will, no doubt, be utilized for the furnishing of Lima oil, or else for the use of gas made from that oil, as it is remarkably rich in gaseous components.

It is certain that the use of coal for manufacturing purposes at the great iron centres of the West will continue to be curtailed. Gas and oil furnish a much more convenient and economical fuel. When natural gas was first used in the glass and iron factories of the West, pessimists made haste to predict that after a few years, when the gas had given out, the establishments that profited by it would find themselves seriously embarrassed. Those who took the risk of using the new fuel—a risk that was only reasonable under the circumstances—are now falling back on the use of Lima oil, and have nothing to regret in their past experience, and will, probably, risk none of their profits in the future.

Furthermore, the reduction of the pressure of natural gas in many fields will tend to its more careful use and an avoidance of waste, and for years to come the supply may, therefore, be quite sufficient for ordinary consumption. Cities like Findlay, Ohio, Marion, Ind., and others that we might mention, that have sprung up in the gas region and attained rapid development because of the establishment of vast manufacturing interests, will continue to exist and grow, and no doubt to profit by the supply of natural gas, even if it is considerably diminished. New and economical arrangements for the utilization of this product have been devised from year to year, and all these contribute to the welfare of the manufacturer and the prolongation of the supply of nature's best and cheapest fuel.

STOP AND THINK!

THE New York Sun thinks it is time to call attention to the fact that the United States Government is not a poor-house.

Senator Paddock, the eccentric irreconcilable of Nebraska, recently introduced a bill appropriating fifty thousand dollars to buy seeds for the farmers of western Nebraska. It does not require a statesman of experience to comprehend the fact that all legislation of this kind is utterly abhorrent to our system—in fact, to any rational system of popular government.

If the public treasury is to be called upon to supply the wants of the people of one section, why should it not supply the wants of all? If seeds are to be given to farmers whose crops fail, why should not silver be given to miners whose lodes give out; work to the unemployed; food to the hungry; clothing to the naked; homes to the homeless, everywhere?

Perhaps Senator Paddock conceives all this to be one of the functions of the Federal Government, and he may have a few followers in support of this idiotic notion. But will they stop to tell us where the money is to come from?

Who is to replenish the Federal Treasury after every one has been satisfied, so far as the funds of the Government will go? Shall we fall back upon the device of creating fiat money in vast volumes and distributing it at every street corner? What would be the purchasing power of such an issue of greenbacks?

Such crudities in financial and economic legislation, the outcome of a strange combination of ignorance and demagogism, deserve prompt and complete exposure by the public press, to the end that their supporters may be made to understand, as the Sun well puts it, that "the Government is not a poor-house"; that every man must be the architect of his own fortune, must provide for his own welfare, and be satisfied if the Government gives him liberty, safety, fair play, and no favors in his pursuit of happiness.

SENSIBLE MICHIGAN FARMERS.

THE most significant action recently taken by any farmers' organization in the Northwest is that of the Michigan Grange in announcing, in unmistakable terms, its opposition to the sub-treasury scheme of the Farmers' Alliance.

In making this announcement the Michigan Grange, which is the leading farmers' organization of that State, says that the issuing of treasury notes, or the lending of national funds to the people, either directly or indirectly, at a low rate of interest, would lead to a wild clamor for credit; that no system could be devised, or its operation so guarded, as to prevent partiality or favoritism, first to personal friends, and next to political associates; and that the extension of this aid by the Government would create a feeling of helpless despondency, destroy self-

reliance, encourage thriftless improvidence, and prove a curse instead of a blessing.

We have rarely seen a greater amount of good sense condensed in a briefer compass than the Michigan farmers have placed in their protest against the leading plank in the platform of the Farmers' Alliance.

THE CHARITY-DOLL SHOW.

THE result of the first annual Charity-Doll Show, just held under the management of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, is now manifesting itself most satisfactorily in the grateful replies we have received, and are still receiving, from the recipients of the dolls sent to cheer the hearts of many poor and suffering little ones in public and private institutions.

We have acknowledgment of the receipt of dolls from the managers of the Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, 135 East Forty-second Street, New York; from the Memorial Day Nursery, from St. Catherine's Industrial School, the New York Flower Mission, the Roman Catholic Hospital, Bellevue Hospital, Babies' Shelter, 118 West Twenty-first Street; St. Francis's Hospital, Babies' Ward, Post Graduate Hospital; the *Morning Journal's* Christmas Tree for poor children, and the King's Daughters, all of this city.

Miss Emily Huntington, of the Wilson Day School, of New York, thoughtfully invited us to witness the presentation of the dolls at the school festival, December 27th, adding: "It will be an interesting occasion, and it may be a pleasure to you to witness the delight of the children over the dolls that were so kindly sent us from the *Judge* building on Tuesday."

Sister Catherine, of St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, West Thirty-fourth Street, New York, writes: "On behalf of our little patients, I desire, through you, to express my very sincere thanks to the managers of the 'FRANK LESLIE'S Charity-Doll Contest,' for the beautiful dolls received on Christmas Eve. For a homesick, as well as a "bodysick" girl, there is no panacea equal a doll; therefore, we are very glad to have this addition to our usual Christmas supply, on which we depend for a sufficient number of dolls to last us through the year."

The beautiful silver prizes awarded to the successful competitors are also acknowledged very pleasantly. The Sister Superior of the House of Mercy of this city says that the prize awarded to some young inmates of her institution who dressed a number of the exhibited dolls was most gratefully accepted. The nurses of the Training School for Nurses at the Newport, R. I., Hospital write that "they hope that 'Florence Newport' has afforded as much pleasure to the recipient as she has to them, and congratulate the originators of the exhibition on its success." ("Florence Newport" was the name of the doll sent by the nurses, and which received a prize.)

Mrs. Morton, the wife of the Vice-President of the United States, sent us word that she was very much pleased with her prize for the magnificent doll she dressed, and she adds the hope that the exhibition was a success in every way, as she understood it gave much pleasure. The successful prize-winner from Cornwall, Evelyn Raymond, says: "The souvenir was the more highly appreciated from the fact that I did not enter into any competition, and the announcement made to me when I visited the show that my trifling assistance had received such honorable reward was wholly a surprise."

No little trouble, and not a small expense, were involved in planning and carrying out the Charity-Doll Show enterprise. Its success is all the recompense that the publishers of this paper sought, and it will stimulate them to renewed efforts to make the next Charity-Doll Show even more attractive and popular, and far more widely beneficent.

THE DECLINE OF FIRE INSURANCE.

THE Hartford *Post* makes the statement, on the authority of an expert, that there is not a single fire insurance company in the country which is at present making any money out of its business. This may read like an astonishing assertion, but it will not amaze those who have fire insurance stock, or who have watched the recent reports of the fire companies.

The *Post* says that ten years ago it was considered perfectly legitimate to make a profit of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. in the fire insurance business; that since 1878 twenty companies have failed, gone out of business, or re-insured their risks. It believes that competition is responsible for the existing depression, but experts who have given careful study for years to the subject believe that incendiarism is largely responsible for the decadence of the fire insurance business in the United States.

A statement was recently made by a person competent to judge, that at least fifty per cent. of all fires, particularly in cities, are of incendiary origin. This is a remarkable statement; but it has been borne out in part by the results of investigation. In other countries insurance companies make the insurer bear a part of the responsibility in case of fire, and policies are so hedged about that it is to the interest of the insured in all cases and at all times to avoid the risk of fire. Furthermore, in other countries, particularly in large cities, disastrous conflagrations are rendered almost impossible by the superior fire-proof construction of the buildings. Wood is expensive and very little of it is used.

It is, no doubt, a fact that foreign corporations, and particularly the English fire companies, can do business in the United States at less expense and are satisfied with less profits than their American competitors. Their vigorous competition was, and is, a severe blow to American insurance companies. When it was followed by the tremendous losses from slipshod methods of building and from incendiarism, the American companies simply had to give way.

There is an urgent necessity for legislation that shall govern the construction of buildings in all cities, and compel attention to the requirements of fire-proof construction. Legislation is also necessary to protect fire companies to a greater extent from losses by incendiarism. It is remarkable that the attention of the Legislature has not been called to this matter more frequently and more urgently by the great fire corporations. A compact, concise statement of the forms of insurance policies issued abroad

should be printed and widely circulated for the information and education of the American people.

GIVE THE SOUTH A CHANCE.

THE growth of the South, the enormous development of its manufactures, and the vigorous effort to establish and multiply its harbors on the coast appeal now, more than ever before, to the justice of Government aid.

The South has a right to help from the Federal Treasury, and President Harrison acted with wisdom and discretion when he approved the bill passed by a Republican Congress appropriating \$6,000,000 for the improvement of Galveston harbor, in Texas. The time will shortly come when the single State of Texas will open half a dozen deep-water harbors for the commerce, not only of that State but of the West and much of the Northwest.

The development of this commerce will require the establishment and maintenance of lines of American shipping, and no part of the Union will profit to a greater degree by the prompt passage of the shipping bills now before Congress than the South and West.

The effort to revive American shipping has not always in the past received the support of the South; in fact, the chief opposition to it has centred there. But conditions have changed, and with this change has come a change of sentiment that must be greatly helpful to the future of the American merchant marine, and especially helpful to every commercial port along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

ONE hundred million dollars is the estimated value of the cotton crop of Texas this year. A wonderful State, indeed, with resources estimated to equal the requirements, so far as cotton, grain, fruit, iron, and lumber are concerned, of all the United States, provided Texas had the population it can support.

Two of the successful contestants for honors in the Charity-Doll Show of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER have not received the prizes awarded them, for the simple reason that we have been unable to obtain their respective addresses. A prize was awarded to Miss Sally I. Coles for Doll No. 1715, and one to Miss Kirtland, of Brooklyn, for Doll No. 1714. We have been unable to obtain the addresses of these prize-winners, and trust that some of our readers will assist us in finding them, when we shall be glad to see that the prizes reach the proper hands.

THE defeat of Mr. Parnell's candidate in the Kilkenny district is the first evidence of the overwhelming defeat which awaits him if he continues to fight for supremacy. Mr. Parnell makes the mistake of believing that the cause of home rule depends upon his leadership. No cause depends upon the life of any one man. If it does it is not a great cause, or one that has behind it the elements of success. The famous English historian, John Richard Green, once said it was "the great impulse of national feeling, and not the policy of statesmen, that formed the groundwork and basis of the history of nations." Has this thought ever occurred to Mr. Parnell? Apparently not.

THE facility with which even a blackguard can obtain written and oral recommendations when he seeks a public appointment is a matter of common talk and common reproach. It is, therefore, not surprising that a bank president in this city, several prominent merchants, a State senator, and even Recorder Smyth, put themselves on record as in favor of the appointment of Paddy Diver, a saloon-keeper and the associate of gamblers, as police justice. Every leading newspaper in the city vigorously denounced the appointment of Diver by Mayor Grant; and as the latter now hides behind the respectability of Mr. Diver's indorsers, it is safe to say that if any of the gentlemen who wrote these letters ever appeal to the public for favor every decent man will refuse it.

THE English boycott has begun. Of course it is to be charged to the McKinley bill. It is a boycott of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. The first indication of it has been received. It comes from Cornwall, England. A subscriber whose intelligence has unwisely been subordinated to what he, no doubt, considers his patriotic impulse, writes us as follows. We submit it as another argument in favor of reciprocity:

"I have been in the habit of subscribing to several American papers, and supplying them to working men's clubs and institutes; but in consequence of the McKinley tariff, I have made up my mind to do without any American papers or goods as far as possible and substitute for them home productions. With much regret at being obliged to take this course, I am, etc."

If the war against the Louisiana Lottery means anything, it must signify a war upon lottery enterprises of all kinds. These necessarily include the various church schemes of prizes, drawings, lotteries, and so on, *ad infinitum*. It is strange, indeed, that the churches were first to protest against the ruling of the Federal Government forbidding the drawing of lottery prizes. The little profit they have gained by catering to the gambling spirit seems to be of more importance than the suppression of one of the most corrupting and immoral of all American vices. The decision of the Attorney-General at Washington that church fairs have no more right to run lottery concerns than the great chartered company of Louisiana is righteous, just, equitable, and fair. It will have the earnest approval of every self-respecting man and woman.

CO-OPERATION has been said to be the solution of labor difficulties. This is the idea of Mr. Burns, the active English labor leader. Sympathetic co-operation would, no doubt, reconcile every difference between the employed and the employer. No practical experiment in this direction has ever been disappointing. For instance, the vice-president of the Illinois Steel Company at Joliet a year ago inspired the organization of a club to be made up of the employes of that large concern. Recently the anniversary of the organization was held, and prominent resi-

dents of Chicago were invited to participate in the entertainment. Over a dozen millionaires were present, mostly stockholders, and they sat side by side with the brawny men of toil and enjoyed the exercises. The establishment of mutual confidence between the officers and the employes of the company has been of untold value to both, and if this confidence is maintained such a thing as a strike will be rendered impossible. It is too often the case that no effort is made to reconcile labor difficulties until the contention has become so bitter and personal that all friendly offices are spurned by both sides. A little of the spirit of humanity and sympathy at the outset would often settle the most threatening disagreement between an employer and his employes.

THE recent report in the newspapers that a Baker car-heater had exploded on a Grand Trunk train in Michigan, seriously injuring a number of passengers, recalls the fact that the Legislature of this State, a few years ago, prohibited the use of the deadly car-heater on railroads in New York. It also recalls the fact that every railway affected by the bill entered a vigorous protest against its adoption and declared that if car-heaters were taken out it would be impossible to warm and ventilate passenger trains. In the face of this protest of the corporations, the Legislature passed the car-heating bill. No complaint has ever been heard of the result, and the law is thoroughly carried out. The bill would never have been passed, however, but for the pressure of public opinion, as voiced by the press of the State. It was a proof of the power of the press to secure a much needed reform.

A SENSIBLE innovation has been started by a Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of New York City. Instead of reading the customary church notices during the service, he has placed in the pews printed copies of all the notices in bulk, so that the congregation can take them home and read them at their leisure. This serves a two-fold purpose. It prevents any interference with the regular service, and gives the notices a more prominent character. Other churches might, with profit, carry out the same arrangement, though Dr. Van Dyke's idea is, perhaps, too elaborate for all, inasmuch as it contemplates a regular church circular, in which the church services are announced and the special and regular meetings of the week, news items in connection with the church, the subjects of forthcoming sermons, and the programme of the church's missionary and charitable work.

ONE of the ablest, if not the ablest, railway owner and manager in the United States, Mr. C. P. Huntington, President of the Southern Pacific Railway, believes that the recent combination of Western railroads is a good thing; but he would go a good deal further. He says he believes in the consolidation of all the great railroad systems. He thinks this joint ownership would certainly put a stop to rate-cutting, ruinous competition, and useless expenditures. His idea of general railroad ownership contemplates a gigantic scheme, but in these days of great aggregations of capital in industrial enterprises it would not be surprising if Mr. Huntington's plan should receive favorable consideration. The result would be to establish most firmly the dividend-paying stocks, and to make many non-dividend payers good investment securities. Mr. Huntington, like other brainy men, may be a little ahead of his time, but there is common sense in what he says.

DESPITE the outcry in this State against the organization of expensive commissions, public opinion demands prompt provision by the Legislature for the appointment of an electrical commission to have charge of all electrical contrivances, and, if necessary, to embrace within its functions the offices of a gas commission. During the recent terrible storm along the eastern coast of the United States many human lives were imperiled by fallen electric wires, in Pittsburg and other cities. All over Pittsburg and Alleghany, telephone, telegraph, electric-light, and street-railway wires were torn down, to the imminent peril of persons on the street. Furthermore, the chief of the New York Fire Department, during the recent Fassett investigation, reported that fifty-five fires were caused in this city during the past year by the use of electric wires, and that two and a half per cent. of the total damage by fire in New York arose from the use of electric wires. It is evident that there must be careful and public supervision of electrical contrivances, now just beginning to come into general use, and threatening the welfare of the people in every large and every small city where electric lights and electric street-cars are used. It should not be necessary to have some terrible calamity occur in order to arouse the Legislature to a sense of the public danger in this matter.

It is a pleasure to know that at least one financial measure, that introduced by Representative Carter, of Montana, with the approval of Mr. Leech, the wide-awake Director of the Mint, and also of Secretary Windom, bids fair to become a law at an early date. It proposes to make the exchange of gold bars for gold coin discretionary, instead of mandatory, with the Secretary of the Treasury. In "Jasper's" financial column of this paper attention was called months ago to the fact that gold shipments would be avoided to a large extent if the Secretary of the Treasury or the Director of the Mint were authorized, as the Bank of England is, to make a charge for gold bars when they are demanded by exporters. The Attorney-General ruled that the law was mandatory, and that the Government had no right to offer gold coin when gold bullion or bars was demanded for legal tenders. The abrasion of coin by the natural processes of circulation, and the fact that, if exported, it would have to be melted into gold bars, would make its shipment ordinarily unprofitable. If an exporter can obtain the bars ready for shipment and of full weight a very slight difference in exchange gives him a chance to ship and sell to advantage in Europe. The mere fact that gold bars, in this city, are held at a premium over gold coin is sufficient to show the necessity of passing Mr. Carter's bill. Every other country but our own has surrounded with restrictions the exportation of gold, and it is time that we learned something from experience.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE BROWN.

IN the appointment of Judge Henry Billings Brown, of Michigan, as Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, President Harrison has again exhibited his high appreciation of the responsibility which rests upon him in the matter of judicial appointments. No amount of political pressure, and no considerations of personal friendship have been sufficient to divert him from his purpose to make high capacity, joined with integrity and experience, absolute requisites in all appointments of this character.

Judge Brown, who takes the place of Judge Miller on the Supreme Bench, is a native of Massachusetts, where he was born in 1836. He was graduated at Yale in 1856, and he then traveled for a year in Europe. Returning home he studied law at Yale and Harvard, and then removed to Detroit, where he was admitted to the Bar in 1860. After a few years of practice he was appointed, in 1863, as Assistant United States District-Attorney, and five years later was for several months Judge of the Circuit Court of Wayne County, where he added greatly to his reputation. In 1875 he was made United States District Judge for the Eastern District of Michigan, which office he held when called to the higher station. He is considered an authority on admiralty law, and his appointment will greatly strengthen the Supreme Court in its ability to deal acceptably with questions of this character. Indeed, he stands so well at the Bar and with all who know him that his appointment has been commended universally, by Democrats no less heartily than by Republicans.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

THE expectation that the Indian troubles would be composed without serious results has not been realized. While the majority of the disaffected have seemed reluctant to precipitate hostilities, there have been others who have not hesitated to bring on collision and bloodshed. One of the worst bands of hostiles was that of Big Foot, numbering 150 bucks and 250 women and children. Big Foot made his way to the Bad Lands, being evidently determined upon hostilities, but subsequently changed his mind and returned to the vicinity of Pine Ridge Agency. Here his band was surrounded by four troops of the Seventh Cavalry, and after a parley formally surrendered. The Indians, however, retained their arms, and when, later, an attempt was made to disarm them, a bloody encounter followed, in which a number of soldiers were killed and wounded, and Big Foot's band suffered heavy losses. This bloody affair has revived the apprehension that the hostiles still out may go upon the war-path, but it is satisfactory to know that the troops are so placed that any very serious outbreak will be impossible.



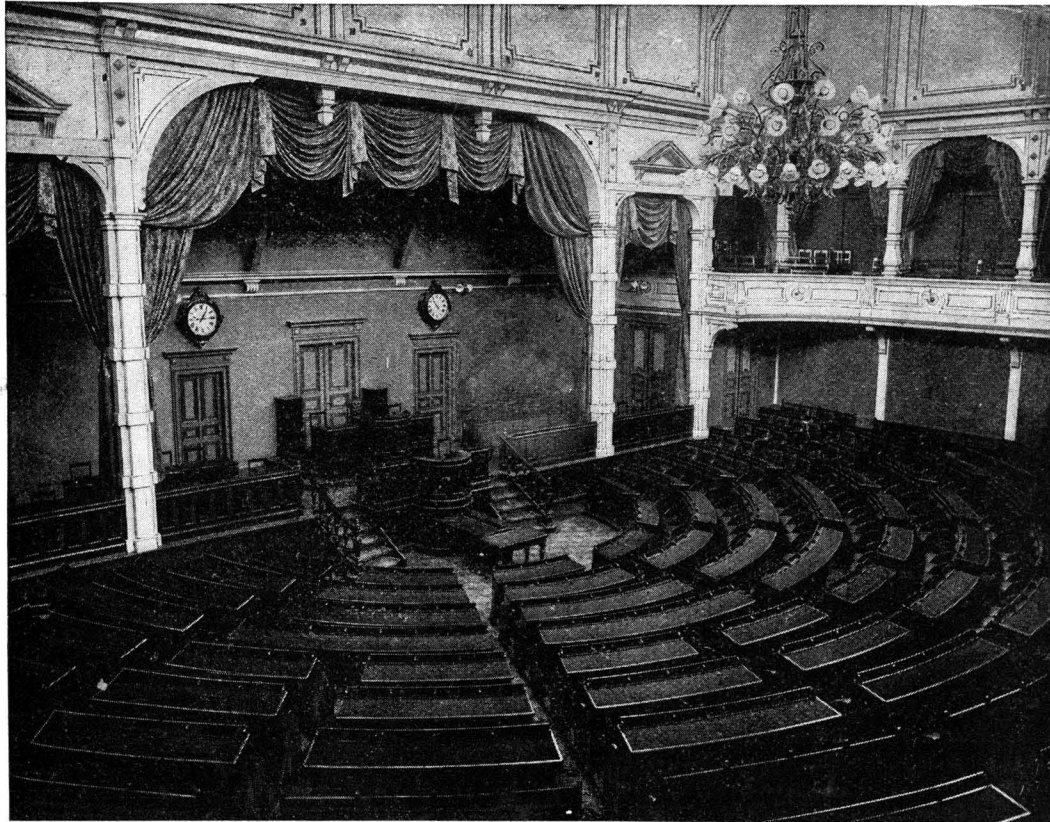
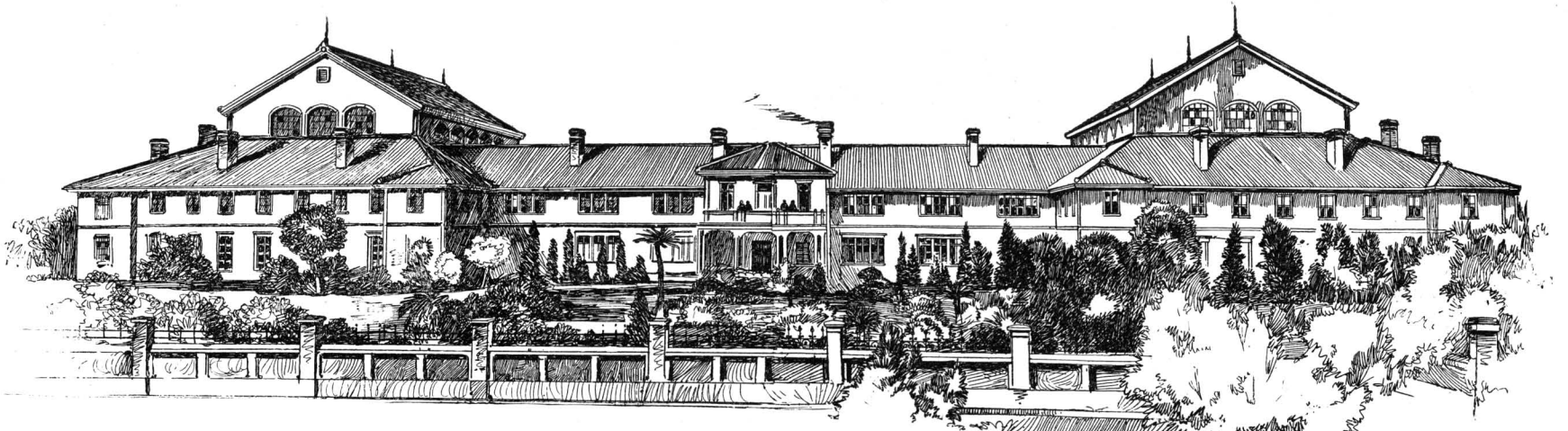
NEW YORK.—HON. SMITH M. WEED, POSSIBLE UNITED STATES SENATOR.—[SEE PAGE 435.]



FATHER IGNATIUS, THE EVANGELIST MONK.—[SEE PAGE 439.]



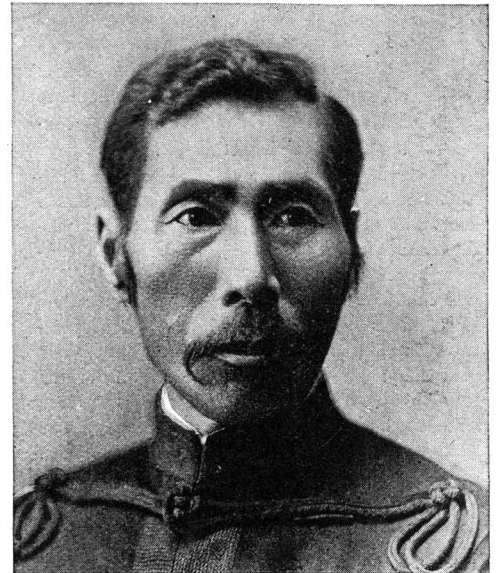
HON. HENRY B. BROWN, THE NEW ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.—PHOTO BY GIBSON.



HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—INTERIOR.



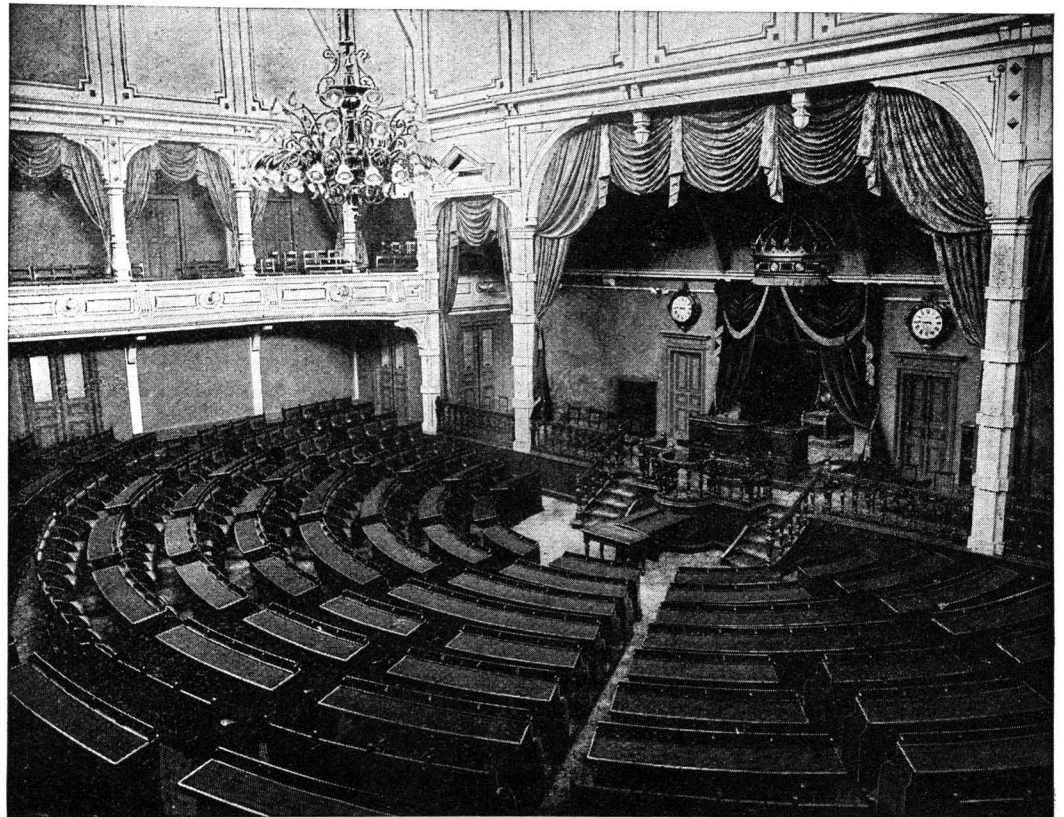
HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, TOKIO.



COUNT YAMAGATA, MINISTER PRESIDENT OF STATE.



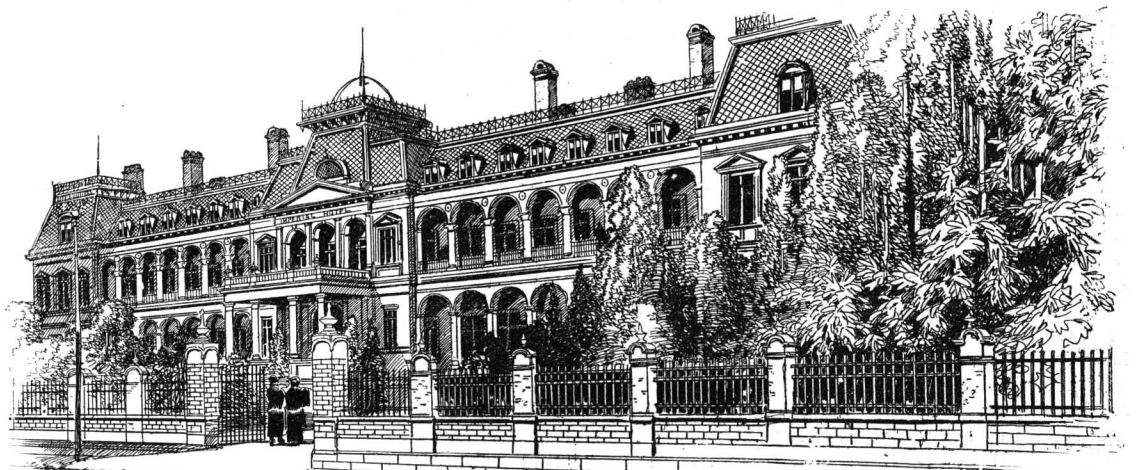
VISCOUNT SINZO AOKI, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



HOUSE OF PEERS—INTERIOR.



COUNT ITO, PRESIDENT OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS.



NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL, BUILT FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

THE OPENING OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL PARLIAMENT OF JAPAN AT TOKIO, NOVEMBER 29TH.—FROM PHOTOS EXPRESSLY SUPPLIED TO "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."—[SEE PAGE 439.]

LONGING.

THE poet sends a beautiful song
To seek a mate in the surging throng:
The thrush in the brier carols to start
A tender response in a feathery heart.

The dove that lay on weary wing
Above the waters, wandering,
Knew not the pathless way, nor how
It reached the blessed olive-bough.

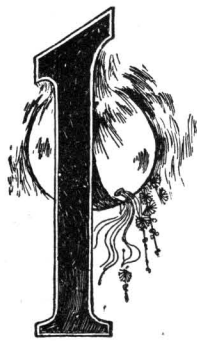
Nor we, faint hearts, know where to turn
To find the peace for which we yearn,
Until one day, in the surging throng,
A heart responds to our own heart-song.

A voice comes out of the lonely night,
The hill-tops burn with dawning light;
Our eyes awaken to understand
The beauty of earth in the press of a hand.

CHARLES KNOWLES BOLTON.

EL CAPITAN ORDINARIO.

BY FRANCES ISABEL CURRIE.



If a stenographer had taken *verbatim* notes of Esteban Garcia's daily conversation he would have had considerable practice in writing the adjectives "magnifico" and "ordinario." The first was always accompanied by an expression of rapt admiration, and was applied to the speaker's own achievements; but when he said "ordinario" he drew down the corners of his mouth and elevated his shoulders to his ears, to express his consuming contempt for common things.

Nature had intended him to be ordinary himself. His name was as multifarious in Spain as Smith is in America. He was born of the common people. His parents were humble peasants in the province of Madrid. His education had been very superficial, and he had never been taught good manners. He had not the advantages of a fine presence and a handsome face. If he had made no effort to be conspicuous he would never have been noticed. Rather than appear "ordinario" he had adopted the extraordinary fashions of the sporting fraternity of his province. He emblazoned his person with jewels and medals, and he was commented upon quite as much as he would have been if his antecedents had not been "ordinario."

His life had been extraordinary. He had been an acrobat, a matador, and an aeronaut. He was admirably adapted to each and all of these vocations. He had no physical fear, and his muscles were firm as steel and as elastic as the thews of a panther. He had experienced some frightful falls in his acrobatic and aerostatic careers, but his bones were never broken. In his vocation of matador he had been hustled and gored by infuriated bulls, yet he had never lost a day's work by these casualties. He had disdained the use of a basket or car while giving his aerial exhibitions, and had hung from a trapeze depending from the balloon. With one muscular hand he had held his own weight while he blew kisses to the spectators from the finger-tips of the other. He had been slammed by the wind against the sides of buildings, and dropped from the balloon into the sea—almost into the smiling jaws of sharks. He had escaped from all these perils unscathed, and appeared in Washington in a new rôle. He introduced himself to the Spanish Legation as "Capitan Esteban Garcia, inventor, and master of the science of aerostation."

He had brought a giant balloon, and a model of a flying-machine to this country. This last contrivance was propelled by an electric motor. He claimed that it was no helpless bubble to be tossed by every capricious wind, but a navigable air-ship that could be moved horizontally. It was his ambition to sell it to the War Department of the United States Government. He claimed that it would do away with the necessity of skirmishing parties, and he dilated upon the advantages of taking observation of the enemy at a safe altitude, and of commanding an army by means of signals from a distance of twenty miles.

While his petition was going slowly through the rounds of governmental red-tapism he went to board at Mrs. Otero's.

There was a clever young lady in the boarding-house whose name was May Sheffield. She contributed articles to the Washington journals, and was so bright and vivacious that she at once excited the Spaniard's interest. In a week they were on friendly terms; in two weeks they were almost continually in each other's company; and at the end of three weeks it was generally believed that they were engaged.

The girl's parents were dead, and no one seemed under obligations to support her, but she had proved that she could take excellent care of herself. She was almost childish in appearance, but she wrote in a masterful manner not in keeping with her youthful face. She was a graceful girl, with yellow hair, and brown, intelligent eyes. Certainly she bore no resemblance to the proverbial strong-minded blue-stocking.

At one time the gossips had asserted that Robert Stoddard would marry Miss Sheffield. He was her editor, and was a man of admirable character. He was a tall, powerfully-built fellow, with a strong face and good features. He had been very attentive to May Sheffield, but when he discovered that he could not visit her without finding the aeronaut in her company he discontinued his visits.

In spite of Señor Garcia's inherent vulgarity he soon enjoyed some prestige among his fellow-boarders. He entertained them with accounts of his marvelous exploits, told how he had faced death in every conceivable form, and had been the central figure of every sort of dramatic situation. All this was interesting, even if it was not true.

He was shrewd enough to appreciate Miss Sheffield's talents and to make use of them. He had many schemes for enriching himself, and he discussed his plans with her. He explained the mechanism of his flying-machine, and induced her to write a glowing description of it. When the article was finished she had

the effrontery to ask Stoddard to print it. He accepted it rather ungraciously, and said editorially that Garcia had yet to demonstrate the practicability of the electric machine. Heretofore balloons had never been successfully raised by electricity. Even Edison had tried the experiment with no good results. If Garcia could do more in this particular than the American electrician Mr. Stoddard's journal would like to know it.

This comment gave the aeronaut more of the notoriety that he craved. He loudly declared that the editorial had been prompted by malice and jealousy. He said that he could perform feats that no other aeronaut could perform, and could manipulate lightning as no other electrician had yet manipulated it.

He had resolved to marry May Sheffield. Previous to meeting her he had intended to marry some rich woman, but he believed that this girl had talents that would be as valuable to him as gold. She had a powerful pen, and readily commanded the attention of the public. He wanted this attention directed to him. He hungered and thirsted for notoriety and believed she would be a reliable advertising medium for him as soon as their interests were identical. To do him justice, this was not his only incentive to marry her. He was sensible of her beauty and charm of manner. What Spanish cavalier could fail to appreciate her eyes, her soft complexion, her perfect mouth? Garcia rejoiced when he reflected that he had routed the obtuse American editor from the field.

He persuaded Miss Sheffield to write his biography. Mrs. Otero saw them poring over the manuscript together and called them Othello and Desdemona. Garcia's story bore some resemblance to the tales told by the jealous Moor during his courtship, and it would be difficult to tell which one of these two woosers made out the best case in his own favor. Miss Sheffield, of course, wrote the biography from the data that Garcia furnished. He told her how he had been imprisoned by heartless officers of the law, who had so little regard for science that they would not suffer him to make ascensions at the risk of his neck. His "hairbreadth 'scapes" caused by high winds, collision, and gas explosions made the dangers encountered by the Moor seem very commonplace.

The sketch Miss Sheffield wrote was vivid and dramatic. It began with the daring feats of the acrobat; followed his career to the bull-fight, and told how he sprang into the arena with the grace and litheness of a panther, then described the fearless manner in which he dispatched the mad brutes that would have killed him. Afterward it gave a clear-cut description of his aeronautic performances; and, first and last and all, she extolled his bravery. Garcia trembled when the biography was translated to him. He believed it would make him famous, and it gratified his vanity to know that this brilliant woman could write of him so admirably.

She had the audaciousness usual with pretty women, so she asked Stoddard to print the biography.

"Do you know that this is true?" he asked. "It is a rule of this office to print nothing that cannot be verified."

"This story can easily be verified," she answered. "I had it from Señor Garcia's lips. Of course he knows all about his own history."

"Oh, of course!" Stoddard remarked, laconically: "but I think I have heard it mentioned that people do not always tell the truth about their own exploits. Your article is cleverly written, but we can't use it. If the Government purchases the flying-machine we will devote some space to it, but we are not going to advertise the aeronaut *gratis*."

"You will regret your decision when you see this in some other paper," she persisted. "Why, even Rider Haggard's stories of adventure are tame when compared with Señor Garcia's life. His story is like one of Jules Verne's."

"Like the Baron Munchausen's, you mean," Stoddard commented.

The biography was not offered to another editor, but was enlarged and printed in pamphlet form. Captain Garcia proposed to give aerial exhibitions, and the pamphlets were to be sold on these occasions. The Government had pronounced his flying-machine to be of no practical use, and he had published a card saying that he would demonstrate its practicability. He would give three exhibitions at Meteor Park: first, he would show the public the hot-air or primitive system of raising a balloon; then he would make an ascension by means of gas, and finally he would illustrate how the science of aerostatics had progressed by spending two hours in mid-air in his electric flying-machine. He claimed to have studied the wing movements of birds until he had fathomed nature's secret of flying.

Miss Sheffield met Stoddard one day and thanked him for having declined to print the biography. If he had published it in its original form she would have received twenty dollars; under the new arrangement the aeronaut was to pay her one hundred dollars after the first ascension.

"You had better get your money in advance," Stoddard said. "Flying is risky business for any one but angels; and there may not be any second ascension. The first may put a stop to his soaring."

"I prefer to wait until he has been enriched by the gate-money."

"But there may not be any gate-money," he persisted. "Why should any one buy a ticket to enter an inclosure when he can sit on a neighboring fence and command a fine view of the spectacle? As soon as the balloon rises as high as the wall of the inclosure any beggar outside can see it as well as can the aristocrat in a private box."

Nevertheless, many persons went inside the inclosure to see the captain and his balloon, Stoddard and Miss Sheffield among them. The aeronaut was ecstatically happy. He made the ascension while the band played

"Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon,
All among the little stars, sailing 'round the moon."

Stoddard bought one of the pamphlets to read at his leisure. He had given the biography but cursory notice at his office, but his interest in it had increased. As he and Miss Sheffield were leaving the amusement grounds together they saw Mrs. Otero in the crowd. She was talking earnestly to her escort and did not notice their approach.

"The aeronaut and the young lady he means to marry are living in my house," she was saying. "She is a journalist named May Sheffield. They will probably make their wedding-journey in his flying-machine, and if they come down alive she will 'write up' her aerial experience for Mr. Stoddard's paper. By the way, he was in love with her long before she was captivated by this jumping-jack."

Stoddard drew his companion out of reach of Mrs. Otero's voice. His expression was as impenetrable as that of the Sphinx, but the girl's face was flaming, her eyes full of angry tears. He might have doubted Mrs. Otero's words if May Sheffield's crimson face had not confirmed them.

That night he read the biography almost savagely. Viewed in this new light it appeared as if the writer had put her heart in her work, and had glorified every heroic action to which Garcia laid claim. Stoddard distrusted the Spaniard, who had seemed particularly vainglorious on that day. The crowd of spectators had inflamed his vanity, and before the ascension he had strutted about like a veritable peacock on dress-parade. Besides, he was an ex-matador, and Stoddard believed that a bull-fighter must of necessity be truculent and cruel.

He remembered that May Sheffield was rather self-willed, and he reflected that she would doubtless marry Garcia if she liked him. She had no relatives to advise her or to inquire into the Spaniard's past history. Stoddard was rather too young and too good-looking to be a model mentor, but he assumed this thankless rôle, even while he knew that the task he was undertaking was likely to be fruitless. He believed that women made a virtue of clinging to their worthless lovers and vagabond husbands.

The biography told where Garcia had been, and Stoddard cabled to several places specified, for information concerning the Spaniard's character. The answers received stated that the scientific flyer was a swindler, who had stolen an ingenious toy that another man had invented. The machine would float in air, but its motor could raise no greater weight than ten pounds. It was as useless a contrivance as the famous flying-machine made by Darius Green. Wherever Garcia had stopped he had advertised three ascensions to be made by as many different motors. When he had exhibited the hot air and the gas systems of ballooning he invariably ran away. This was necessary, since he could not make an ascension in the electric flying-machine. In several instances he had left with more of the gate-money than legally belonged to him, and a number of irate managers were eager to see him.

On the day appointed for the second ascension, Stoddard went to see Miss Sheffield. He knew that Garcia would try to marry her, and, under some pretext, get away before the day of the third performance. Stoddard meant to tell her what he had learned, even if it broke her heart. She probably would not believe him, and would hate him cordially for his interference, but while there was a faint hope of saving her from being snared by an adventurer he must tell her the truth.

He did not find her, but instead found Mrs. Otero in tears. Both the aeronaut and the young lady had moved from the house. Miss Sheffield had gone that morning, and the Spaniard had surreptitiously removed his luggage the night before. It was clear that the couple had eloped, although it was probable that they would remain in the vicinity of Washington until after the ascensions. As Garcia owed Mrs. Otero considerable money she was naturally anxious to see him.

Stoddard also wanted to see him, and to trace May Sheffield through him.

Much to his surprise, Stoddard found her at the amusement grounds. When he entered he saw her standing in a remote part of the place, holding a satchel in her hands. The idea occurred to him that she intended to wait there until after the performance, when she and the aeronaut would go away together.

Before the editor reached her side she was accosted by an unpleasant-looking man in seedy garments. He had a cunning, almost crafty expression, and his manner was so significant of secrecy that Stoddard thought he might be an accomplice whom Garcia had chosen to aid in the elopement. He spoke just as Stoddard reached Miss Sheffield's side.

"Are you ready?" he asked. "Have you it here?"

She had taken what appeared to be a letter from her satchel, when Stoddard laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Do not send it," he said, sternly. "Do nothing before I have talked with you. I have something of terrible importance to tell you."

He had drawn her arm through his, and was half leading, half dragging her from the place, when with her disengaged hand she again offered the man the paper.

"If you take any action now you will regret it all your life," Stoddard's tones were so low that she alone could hear them, but she disregarded his words. "I know that your letter is to Esteban Garcia. I know that you mean to marry him. I have something to tell you that ought to make you think well before you take such an important step. If you refuse to hear me you will ruin your life and mine."

In spite of his commands and assertions she appeared unmoved. She gave the man the letter.

Contrary to Stoddard's expectations, she turned then and gave her attention to him. He saw his advantage and hurried her out of the place. Once she hesitated and would have stopped, but he drew her on toward his carriage. He began to breathe freely when they were on their way to the city. And then he told her all that he had learned about Garcia. She kept her face averted while he talked, but every line in her rigid little figure betrayed the fact that she was listening. He would not spare her; he dared not pity her, but he told the hard facts with a directness that would have been brutal if the necessity had been less urgent.

"You know that I of all men am no scandal-monger," he said. "You know that I would condemn no human creature without proof of his unworthiness. You have no father or brother to guard or caution you, and you should therefore listen to your friends. You should have kept the letter until you heard me."

Her eyes were downcast, her voice preternaturally grave.

"As you are my editor you have an unqualified right to criticise my manuscripts," she said; "but you have no license to intercept my love-letters, to go over them with a blue pencil, or

yet to consign them to the waste-paper basket. You have no right to question my conduct, but I am going to take you into my confidence, and tell you that the paper I gave away in spite of your remonstrances was not a very dangerous document. It was nothing more or less than an empty envelope. I gave it to a deputy-sheriff," she continued, composedly. "He intends to serve an injunction upon Captain Garcia prohibiting him from making an ascension until he has paid one hundred dollars for his biography. I did not know that my lawyer intended to have the paper served to-day, or I would have staid away from the grounds. When I saw the sheriff I divined his purpose, and asked him to put the paper in an envelope. I thought it would thus be less conspicuous to the audience, and I did not wish the aeronaut to be unnecessarily embarrassed. The injunction must have done its work, and the bill must have been paid, for the balloon is in the air."

She was looking back toward Meteor Park, and as her companion was too astonished, too overjoyed to speak, she continued her story:

"I would never have pressed him for the money, but my lawyer manages all matters of business for me, and he has discovered that the Spaniard is constitutionally averse to paying his debts. Now that I have been so frank with you, I would like you to tell me why you thought I was going to elope. I have a satchel with me, but even an old bachelor like you must know that it is not large enough for a bridal *trousseau*. It holds nothing but the tools of my trade, pencils, envelopes, a writing-pad, and a penknife. I was going to 'write up' the ascension."

"You and the aeronaut have both removed your luggage from Mrs. Otero's."

"I know nothing about the aeronaut's luggage, but I removed mine to another house because Mrs. Otero talks too much. She told fibs at Meteor Park. She said I was engaged to a jumping-jack."

Stoddard had a vague impression that he had been making an ass of himself, but he was too supremely happy to be greatly concerned about it.

"She told one true thing," he said. "She said that I loved you. I am not such a light and airy creature as your ex-lover now sailing over our heads. I am frightfully mundane, and I confess to weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds. I cannot fly at all. Would I not make a better husband on that account? I want to stay on earth, May, and marry you."

She had known that for a long time, but for some inscrutable reason had tormented him by making him jealous. Now she turned her face toward him. It was womanly and sweet, and her eyes were humid with happy tears.

"Then I am glad that you cannot fly," she said.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

THE English woman is truly an anomaly, and her ways are most extraordinary and past all divining. She appears on Oxford or Regent street in the morning in native cloth and furs up to her ears; at five o'clock she will receive you for a cup of tea in a heavy plush robe with high Medici collar; and then in the evening you will discover her at the theatre or opera in a filmy gown, extremely *décolleté*, as though such a fact as draughts were unknown in London. Later you will find her in the lobby—or perhaps on the sidewalk—in slippers and openwork stockings, a *sortie du bal* thrown around her shoulders, but bare-headed, as a rule, waiting from five to fifteen minutes for her brougham. And still she lives! Perhaps one reason why her head is so well protected from the cold is the mass of hair she piles on—puffs, frizzes, and curls—I fear me two-thirds of it false. Seldom is the hair dressed low on the head, and to have it *ondulé*, or waved at the sides, is the latest fancy. Then, for the head-dress is a jet or gold fillet, a ribbon bandeau tied on the top in a bow, or a flexible serpent in gold or silver is coiled through puffs and curls, with the jeweled head resting on the brow. If the hair is curled it is held by a stiletto of tortoise or amber.

One cannot fail to be more and more impressed with the fact that the present style of dress is nothing but a revival of old fashions. This is especially the case in the flatness of the skirt

weight of the folds, but its presence must on no account be suspected from the outward appearance. The gored skirt is being introduced extensively, the idea being to do away with all fullness at the top of the breadths, yet so broad at the foot that they spread out roundly instead of coming to a point as they touch the floor.

A decided change is noticed in tailor-made bodices; they are no longer cut short on the hips, but are gradually getting much deeper, which will naturally bring about a revival of the cross-basque seam, to fit the skirt part over the hips. Three long basques are more often cut in crenelations, or in tabs cut in crescent shape on one side only, leaving one square and one curved edge. For those who are too short in stature to venture on the long basques, the idea is compromised by putting large hip pockets on the top of the plain skirts.

Fringes are steadily increasing in popularity, and they are made in chenille, silk cord, or heavy silk twist. A gown of cloth, made with a seamless bodice fastening at the side, has a chenille fringe arranged gracefully upon the front, and forming the only trimming. Girdles are extremely fashionable, and are seen upon all handsome tea-gowns; they are also arranged along the edges of many pointed bodices, then fall in tasseled ends to the foot of the skirt at the centre front. Many of these girdles are most elaborate, composed of gold galloon jeweled with *cabochons*, and caught at the front with jeweled slides. Others are decorated with silver and jet, principally for half mourning.

Sleeves of chiffon are a new feature with many gowns, and are a decided advantage to over-stout matrons or "scraggy" spinsters; though, as a rule, the latter dispense with sleeves altogether, and the older and thinner they are the more *à la jeune fille* is their costume.

"Ravenswood" is a popular play being done at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Terry. In consequence there are "Ravenswood" hats and coat effects, similar to those seen in the picturesque costumes worn by the ill-fated *Lucy Ashton*. The skirt of the "Ravenswood" gown is so long on the front and sides as to require all the wearer's skill and grace to keep from tripping over it in walking. The back is in full breadth with a demi-train, while the bodice front is arranged in a deep waistcoat with side-pockets. The dress proper has a high rolling-collar with full cravate and frills of chiffon, while the sleeves have flaring cuffs, full caps at the top, and frills of chiffon which fall well over the hands.

I have at last found the "bargains" which are told of in London. They are in odd bits of silks and velvets at a market in Holborn Bars, probably stuffs bought up at bankrupt sales, and one can pick out remarkably cheap lengths. Bengalines in evening shades, and pretty stripes and sprays as well, for ninepence and three farthings a yard—but there, if I tell you about them you will beg of me to bring over your gowns for next summer, and I should probably be put into "durance vile" upon my arrival by the new *régime* of customs.

LONDON, December 13th.

ELLA STARR.

THE HON. SMITH M. WEED—PROBABLE SENATOR FROM NEW YORK.

WE print in this number an excellent likeness of the Hon. Smith M. Weed, of Plattsburg, one of the most prominent and influential Democrats in the State of New York, and, from all appearances, the one who is most likely to be chosen by the Democrats of the Legislature to take the seat of Mr. Evarts in the United States Senate.

Mr. Weed has lived all his life in northern New York, and from his youth has been identified with politics, always on the Democratic side. He is a native of Franklin County, born in 1833, and at fifty-seven years of age is sturdy, erect, and vigorously engaged in business and politics.

He has clear blue eyes, a complexion which shows the subdued but ruddy glow of health, a high, expanding forehead, strongly set jaws, and a face that at first glance seems somewhat narrow at the top but broadens perceptibly toward the chin. He speaks with animation and with a ready flow of language, and has a clean-cut, incisive style. His eyes sparkle while he converses, and the mould of his face, covered with heavy mustache and beard, is much after that of General Grant.

Educated in the academy of his native village, he graduated with honor as one of the bright young men of the place, served several years in mercantile pursuits, then went to the Harvard Law School, was graduated at the age of twenty-three, and three days after his graduation entered upon the practice of law at Plattsburg, which had been for many years and still remains his home. He comes from excellent stock, having had a sturdy New Hampshire father and a mother who was the descendant of a soldier of the Revolution.

Always conspicuously active in whatever concerned local interests, he was naturally selected soon after his return from the law school as the candidate of his party for member of Assembly, but preferred to establish his professional practice. On several different occasions he refused the nomination, only consenting at last in 1864, when he and other active business men of northern New York had determined that it should be freed from its isolation and brought into closer communication with the more thickly-settled parts of the State. Up to that time it had been necessary, in order to go to Albany or to New York, to make the detour round by Rouse's Point to the north and through Vermont and its railroad connections with the East and South.

For years Mr. Weed was earnestly engaged in the work of securing direct railroad connection from Plattsburg via Whitehall to Albany, and the building of the Champlain division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, which has developed and built up the entire northern part of the State, was inspired—I might almost say accomplished—by his energetic, well directed, and persistent efforts.

He was elected in 1864 to the Legislature—on the Democratic ticket, of course—and at once became a young man of note, leading in the advanced thought of his party, and always finding his course, in spite of bitter opposition at the outset, finally and fully vindicated. Thus it came to pass that his advocacy of the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery and the ratification of that amendment in the Legislature, though at first de-

nounced, was in due time heartily indorsed. It was the strongest proof of the practical foresight of a man acquainted with public affairs and inspired with the best genius of appreciation.

Mr. Weed was re-elected to the Legislature in 1865, and had the Democratic nomination for speaker and the full vote of his party associates as a testimonial to his leadership. He was a member of the Committee on Railroads, and this gave him the opportunity he had sought to secure the passage of several important measures vitally affecting the interests of his section of the State. In the following year he again ran in a district still politically against him and was elected. He served both in 1865 and 1866 also, as president of the village of Plattsburg. He was subsequently a member of Assembly for three successive terms, beginning in 1871, and was also a delegate-at-large to the Constitutional Convention of 1867. He never was defeated for an elective place except once, when he ran for the Senate in a hopeless contest, and he never accepted a nomination except at times when it was urged upon him in behalf of local interests that demanded and deserved consideration. His majorities in Clinton County ranged from one to two thousand.

While in the Legislature Mr. Weed took an active interest in all public questions and measures, and an active part in their discussion. He was an earnest believer in and advocate of rapid transit for the city of New York, and his able and exhaustive report on the "underground road," as it was then called, is the most comprehensive document on that subject in the records of the Assembly at Albany. He advocated and secured the passage of the act authorizing the experimental for an elevated road in Greenwich Street, which was the forerunner of all legislation for elevated roads in this city, and was largely instrumental in shaping legislation that resulted in building all the elevated roads of New York. He also introduced and passed the act known as the Free School act, which abolished the old "Rate bill" and made the common schools of the State free to all.

He was a prominent political factor in this State while he was still a young man. He was one of the brightest of a well-known coterie of able and accomplished young men, who inspired the Democracy with new zeal and fresh courage at the time of its greatest emergency. He was constantly looked up to for counsel and advice by his older associates. In the celebrated impeachment case of Canal Commissioner Dorn he was the senior counsel for the State, and prosecuted the case with great ability—in conjunction with the able assistance of David L. Mitchell and John C. Jacobs, who was chairman of the Assembly Committee of Impeachment—though Commissioner Dorn was defended by four of the most celebrated lawyers in the State, the eloquent William A. Beach, the Hon. John H. Reynolds, Judge Landon, and the late Hon. Henry Smith. Mr. Weed practiced at the Bar for nearly a quarter of a century, and achieved a brilliant reputation.

In 1867 he purchased an interest in what is now known as the Chateaugay Iron Ore Mines, in northern New York, then entirely undeveloped. With remarkable adaptation to a new line of business, he developed the property to its present magnificent proportions. He has a large number of men in his employ, and the Chateaugay ore beds are noted for their fine quality and extent. Mr. Weed's business interests since 1867 have been exceedingly large, and to them he has devoted most of his time, abandoning the law in 1880, after his firm had enjoyed the largest law practice of any firm in northern New York, but never for an instant abandoning his interest in the practical politics of the Democratic party.

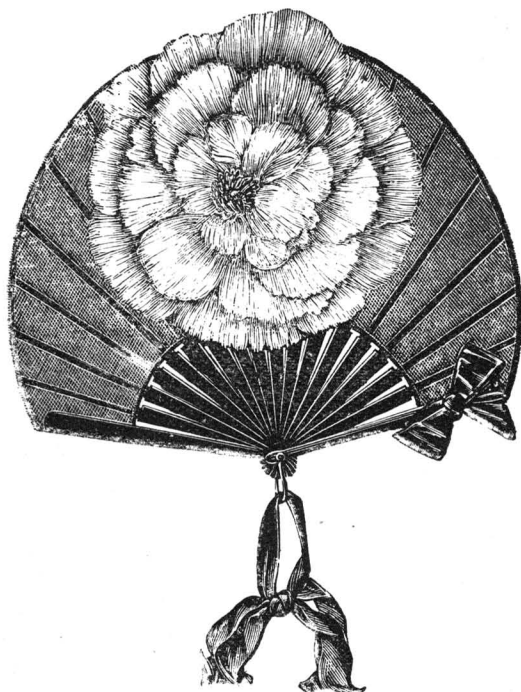
Mr. Weed was a member of the St. Louis National Convention in 1876, and took a prominent part in the nomination of Mr. Tilden. He was also prominent in the Democratic National Conventions of 1880 and 1884. Though not a candidate, he had a large majority of the delegates in the State Conventions of 1872 and 1874, who favored his nomination for Lieutenant-Governor; but he gave way in both conventions because of the sentiment then prevailing that this important nomination should be bestowed upon a liberal Republican. The first time, he gave way to Mr. Depew, and in 1874 to Mr. Dorsheimer.

At the Constitutional Convention of 1867, Mr. Weed first came to know Samuel J. Tilden personally, and from that year until the time of Mr. Tilden's death he was one of the warmest friends of the great Democratic statesman, and during the closing years of the latter's life he was the intimate and welcome guest of Mr. Tilden, at frequent intervals, at the latter's mansion. He led in the movement for the nomination of Mr. Tilden in 1876, and was associated with that splendid galaxy of bright young Democratic workers then at the front in New York State, including the present Governor, the Hon. David B. Hill, the late Mr. Apgar, the Hon. William C. Whitney, the late Daniel Manning, John Bigelow, and others, who represented the strict Democracy of the Tilden type. Mr. Weed was, and is, a hide-bound Democrat, and his popularity at the polls with his political opponents has always been the more remarkable. Mr. Tilden and his supporters had little respect for anything like independent party notions. There was only one political faith that had their allegiance, and the latter was unswerving. It must be conceded that this school of Tildenism was the strongest Democratic school in our State since the days of Van Buren. Governor Hill is to-day its leading spirit, and its boldest, most aggressive, and successful representative.

Mr. Weed heartily agreed with Mr. Tilden's views regarding the tariff and all other public questions, and helped to formulate the expression of his party in its national platforms on various important and some critical occasions. Mr. Tilden had the happy faculty of surrounding himself with the brightest young men in his party, and it is doubtful if any other eminent Democrat since his day has had a stronger personal following than he.

Mr. Weed's intimacy with Mr. Tilden and with all of the latter's associates, his prominence in political life for over a quarter of a century, his commanding influence, not only at the capital of our State but also at the national capital, his sturdy, undeviating devotion to his party, his active participation in its counsels, his generous contributions to its success, and his tireless personal efforts for the promotion of its welfare have made him a man of mark for many years. It is not surprising that at this time the Democracy of New York looks toward him with favor when it has at its disposal one of the richest prizes that ever falls to a political party.

J. A. S.



• FLOWER GAUZE FAN.

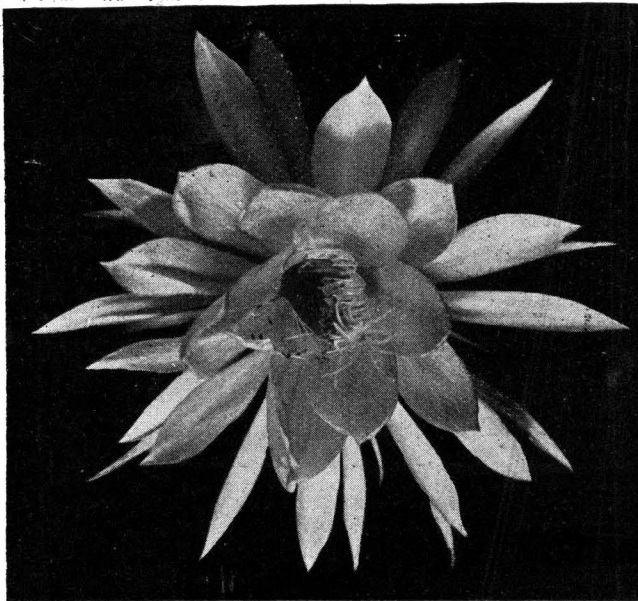
at the back, and the revival of the long jacket; also with regard to feather trimming, which is quite restored to favor, and likely to be more popular than ever it was. For walking, the heavy winter-cloth gowns still have a small cushion pad to support the



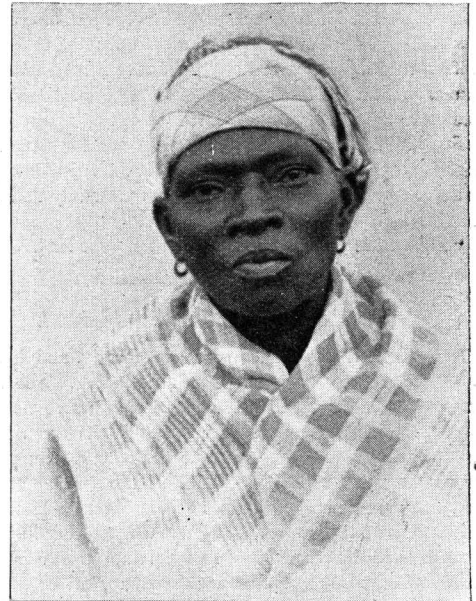
THE HUSH OF A WINTER DAY: PHOTO BY E. J. FARNSWORTH, ALBANY, N. Y.



A FRIEND: PHOTO BY ALICE L. MOULTON, FITCHBURG, MASS.



A LILY: PHOTO BY JOHN H. NEWTON, NEW YORK CITY.



"MAMMY": PHOTO BY J. CHALKER, UNITED STATES STEAMER "SEWARD," MOBILE, ALA.



UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY, ON A BUSY DAY: PHOTO BY F. E. HAYWARD.

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



THE SIOUX GHOST-DANCE.—DRAWN BY D. SMITH FROM SKETCHES MADE ON THE SPOT.—[SEE PAGE 432.]

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

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

IX.

WE arrived at the mouth of the Alseck at seven in the evening. There we met two Indians who invited us to their village a few miles from the seashore, and we put up for the night in the house of old Shata, the Alseck medicine-man, a powerfully-built but wrinkled old fellow, and straight as a gun-barrel. This antiquated being of magic extended to us all hospitality, which consisted of a small nook in his smoky hut and a dried salmon, both items being truly acceptable. Our provisions had now almost entirely run out. During the evening, Shank, the Indian guide, narrated to the attentive villagers our trip down the Alseck River, coloring the scene with fetching tints reflected from his own fertile imagination. His story was evidently an interesting lecture for his audience, who listened throughout without the least interruption. Shank, flattered by his sudden popularity and fired with his own importance, assumed a tone and presence quite oratorical.

Old Shata's hut was twelve feet square; here all the occupants of the other dwellings "rounded up" to hear the recent news from the interior. There were about thirty Indians, men, women, and children, crowded into the little place, which, to say the least of it, rendered the atmosphere rather "close." As the Indians squatted and lay around the fire listening to Shank, shadows and light from the flickering blaze playing over the swarthy group, their eager bronzed faces formed quite a study. It was past midnight before Shank had exhausted his subject of our Alseck journey, and the party retired to their several habitations. The most of them, I found, were lodging in our present quarters, some in rudely-made compartments of heavy planks which were built on the side of the dwelling; others had small cotton tents, while a few contented themselves with rolling in the blankets on the hard wooden flooring. A corner of the hut was reserved for us, but mosquitoes and the atmospheric defects were hardly conducive to pleasant sleep, and we were right glad to be out in the fresh air again at early morn.

We were now quite out of provisions, and the prospect of a continued salmon "straight" diet was not sufficiently pleasing to allow of any delay, so we immediately set to work to engage Indians and a canoe to accompany us to Yakutat, which was the nearest trading-post, being some ninety miles to the westward from the mouth of the Alseck River. Shank and the Genena doctor decided to remain where they were with old Shata and their other coast friends; they had only engaged to accompany us to the sea, and they had faithfully and devotedly fulfilled their promise. They were both men of excellent character, willing, energetic, and good-tempered. The Genena had had but little experience of the dangers of rough water, and felt considerably more at ease on *terra firma*; but Shank was thoroughly conversant with canoe work, full of pluck and dash, and possessed of a keen and rapid judgment, qualities which, combined with his strength of limb and great river experience, fitted him admirably for the dangerous duty of steering a canoe down the Alseck River.

The general opinion of the Alseck country was that it was one huge ice-field. There is a depth of forty miles from the coast which is monopolized solely by the glacial system. On both shores of the stream vast valleys lie choked with ice; but farther in the interior we passed through a great extent of magnificent meadow-land, nourished by a rich, loamy soil. Roughly speaking, the country through which the Alseck flows can be divided into three different conditions: 1. At its head-waters and for the first one hundred and fifty miles of its course it winds through thickly-wooded, luxuriantly-clothed valleys. 2. Then a stretch of country is met whose glacial period is not so remote, composed of barren, rock-strewn valleys. 3. Then the Alseck River flows amidst the giant ice-fields of Alaska; glaciers pour into the stream on all sides; some, kept within bounds by the mountains, empty into the Alseck River innumerable streams from the melting snow and ice; others stand in solid walls of ice from out the river.

Among the Indians staying in old Shata's house were two Yakutat natives, who had come to this river to catch salmon. We succeeded in obtaining the services of these men and their canoe to take us back to their own village, and started off the morning after our arrival. The Indians, with our belongings in their canoe, made their way through the inland passage by a chain of small streams, lagoons, and lakes, which form a good passage for a canoe, and are spread over the huge flat of low forest land lying between the coast mountains and the sea. After our long journey by canoe down the Alseck we were not at all anxious to continue that mode of locomotion more than necessary; so, bidding Shank and our Genena friend good-bye, we struck out for the seashore, carrying only our rifles. It proved hard traveling over the loose sand against a head wind. There is always a big surf rolling on this coast; in the summer time there are a few places in which a boat could make a landing, but in the early spring and winter even big vessels give the southern coast of Alaska a wide berth. The sandy beach is strewn in all directions with timber, planks, spars, and general *débris* of wreckage washed ashore by the furious gales which sweep across the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean. The natives pick up a great deal of planking, which they use for building purposes. The sand on the low, bleak wastes is heaped into fantastic shapes by the fierce tempests.

It seemed quite a relief to enjoy an unobstructed view over the broad Pacific—a marked contrast from the interminable mountainous barriers of the interior which towered upon all sides of us.

At eight o'clock in the evening we arrived on the banks of the river Ar Quay, and shortly afterward our Indians came along and ferried us across to a small unoccupied village on the opposite bank. There were only three houses—all ramshackle old places in a dilapidated and tumble-down condition—though formerly strongly built structures. They contained an odd miscellany of property—old boxes, native and imported, salmon-poles, snowshoes, pots and pans, skins, traps, etc., everything grimy and

blackened by the smoky fire always burning in the centre of the dwelling.

During this season of the year it does not get dark at all; the birds sing and chirrup all night long. We got on the tramp early next morning, preferring to march overland rather than undergo the uncomfortable mode of travel in the little canoe of the Indians. Our path led through dense forests of spruce and hemlock, most of the lower limbs of which were dead and leafless, but were wrapped in a luxuriant growth of moss, while a soft carpet of tiny herbs and wild flowers completely concealed the earth. Acres upon acres of whitened patches marked a rich growth of wild strawberries. Vast areas of meadow-land lie snugly sheltered from the withering winds by high sandy banks and timber. The graceful-leaved but prickly devil's club is an effective warning for you to keep the trail. Occasionally we see a bear track, marking that animal's wanderings for herbs and roots. We are in the midst of a variety of scenery. The healthy green vegetation around seems almost tropical with its varied tint, but a glimpse a few miles to the eastward forms a powerful contrast, showing the Fairweather Mountains buried beneath their mantling of snow. After six hours' hard walking, sometimes through the forests, over the meadow-land, and at times along the seashore, we arrived at the edge of a small stream on which one solitary house was standing quite unoccupied. A couple of hours after our arrival here the two Indians came along in their canoe, and we learned from them that, in order to reach Yakutat on the next day, we would be compelled to continue our journey so as to catch a high tide across a stretch of open sea. If we failed to avail ourselves of this we would be obliged to portage our canoe about ten miles over a sand flat, a muscular imposition which we were hardly pining for. So, after a brief rest and some salmon (now the one item of our bill-of-fare), we all embarked in the canoe and paddled away down stream, amid bleak gravel and sand flats, through which the Thet Wor River was winding.

I got a magnificent view of Mount St. Elias. The curtain of hazy clouds which at first hid it from view gradually fell away, and the sun dropped directly behind the towering heights, throwing out the giant mount in bold outline, penciled in gold against the sky. A few feathery clouds, fringed with the warm solar tints, hung above the peak. As the sun moved along its course gradually the fiery hues vanished from the scene, and Mount St. Elias Range towered up, a rugged, cold, dark-gray mass. At this season of the year the sun just dips below the horizon, and is away for but a short time. During its absence its warm red light is always present in the heavens above it. As it again rises the mountains become more and more distinct; their sombre mantling is thrown off, and the dazzling heights of America's highest mountain become outlined in burnished silver against the deep blue sky.

A full moon rose up and threw out lengthy shadows from stones and stranded trees which lined the lonesome flats; two wolves, startled from their prey by the plashing of our paddles, bounded away to the forest behind. At midnight we encountered quite a choppy sea, which made the journey anything but pleasant, as the canoe was a rickety, cranky, and leaky little craft, cracked from stem to stern, which made repeated violent efforts to capsize. By taking this nocturnal journey we saved ourselves the big portage, but the water would not admit of passing over the whole course. We had to carry our canoe and belongings over a sand-bank one and one-half miles in width. The two Indians shouldered the canoe, Dalton and I carried our own blankets, cooking kettles, books, and rifle ammunition, also the blankets, dried salmon, and miscellaneous perfumery belonging to our two Indians. We were wearing moccasins, our boots having long ago succumbed to the hard knocks upon our rocky journey over the Alseck Mountains. At every step we sank over our ankles in the moist, fine sand. It was a weird sight, our cavalcade accompanied by long black shadows. Having again reached the water, we re-embarked and paddled until eight o'clock in the morning, when we arrived at Setuk, a small village on the banks of the river of that name. We had started the morning before at eight o'clock and stayed to rest but two hours, which made a hard journey of twenty-two hours; but we had saved ourselves time and hard work and were quite satisfied with the result. Arriving at Setuk we partook of a little more salmon, and lay down in our blankets on the floor of the hut. At noon we made another start, and opened proceedings by carrying canoe and outfit for a mile, when we again embarked, passing along a narrow stream which was winding among marshes and low forest land, and finally reached a series of small lakes, which we traversed, and on the evening of the third day after leaving the mouth of the Alseck River we arrived at Yakutat, where we were hospitably received by Mr. J. W. Johnson, of the trading-firm of W. P. Mills, who has his headquarters at Sitka. After partaking of a substantial meal we were able to exchange notes, to learn something of the outside world, and give a sketch of our flying trip through the heart of Alaska.

E. J. GLAVE.

LIFE INSURANCE.—INTERROGATIONS.

THE Supreme Court of this State recently decided that the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of New York must pay a policy for \$10,000. The company asserted that the insured had failed to insert in the blank space left therefor in the policy the name of his beneficiary in the event of his death. The company was entirely willing to accept premiums paid on this policy; but when it came to a payment of the death loss, it sought to evade it on the pretext that the policy did not name the beneficiary. The court held that the policy must be amended, and the full amount of the insurance, with interest and costs of action, were ordered paid by the company. This was a righteous judgment. There has been altogether too much of this sort of business going on in life insurance, and it is a pleasure to record that there is still a hope of justice in our courts.

Again and again have I called the attention of the insurance companies to the fact that they were grossly negligent of their own interests in the matter of selecting proper and responsible agents. There has been such a strife among the companies to secure business that energetic agents have been able to go from

one to another, obtaining larger percentages from each by making the companies bid against their competitors for business. The suggestion has recently been made by President Hyde, of the New York Equitable Life Assurance Society, that the presidents of the six prominent life insurance companies of the United States should agree to a reform in this matter. He wants them to pledge themselves not to steal agents from one another.

This reform movement, which ex-Insurance Superintendent McCall, now comptroller of the Equitable, has long favored, should be carried out. It would be helpful to the companies, it would be helpful to insurers; and yet there is such a strife for business that I doubt whether the arrangement can be made. It is one of the reforms most urgently needed to make the life insurance business better and safer in all respects. It will be too bad if it cannot be carried out. The suggestion comes from one of the greatest companies in the world.

It ought not to be difficult for six insurance companies to reach an agreement if three times that number of great railway corporations in the Union can—as they recently have done—put their names to a paper pledging themselves to unification of interests. This is just the time to carry out Mr. Hyde's suggestion, and I heartily second it in the interests of the insuring public.

A correspondent at Corpus Christi writes that he holds a New York Life twenty-year tontine policy for \$1,000 containing this clause: "If this policy shall become a claim by death, within the tontine dividend period above specified, a mortuary dividend will be paid therefor equal to the total amount of premiums paid, taken at the tabular annual rate." He says he pays \$35.50 per year, and asks if, in case of death after paying ten annual premiums, the company would pay \$1,355, and how the company could afford to do it.

I answer that this is exactly what the company promises to do, and I have no doubt of its purpose or its ability to carry out its pledge. A life policy without this clause would return much more than it costs, in case of death within ten years. This policy simply provides for an increasing insurance during twenty years. This is paid for in the premiums, and is just as secure as the face of the policy. Of course, if all those who are insured under this plan died within the twenty years the company could not give such a guarantee, nor could it insure the face of the policy at the low cost now charged. The New York Life has been giving policies with a similar clause since 1885, and I notice in one of its pamphlets a statement showing that over three hundred claims were paid on these policies up to January 1st, 1890.

A correspondent at Akron, Ohio, who asks how he can best invest \$150 per year in life insurance should remember that the basis of insurance is the same in all the principal companies. It is chiefly a question of what a man wants, or may want, in the contingencies that may arise, and what form of contract best provides for those contingencies. As for the kind of policy to be taken, whether ordinary life, twenty-payment life, or endowment, or whether tontine or not, the first question should be how much insurance is needed. None too much could be bought with \$150 per year on the lowest premium table, namely, ordinary life.

Whatever form of policy is taken, if good investment results are desired, the dividend should be left with the company to accumulate until the end of a selected period, say fifteen or twenty years. The results of policies on the tontine plan afford this clew to a choice of premium tables—as a matter of pure investment the higher premium policies give the better results. But if insurance is worth to a man the lowest term rates, say \$15 per year per thousand, from the age of thirty-five to fifty-five, the lower premium policies give the larger investment returns for the money paid, over and above the cost of insurance.

I have a circular from the Masonic Aid Association of Dakota, at Yankton, South Dakota, which says: "You did not give your correspondent from the Northwest Territory good advice regarding our association, for it is growing at the rate of one hundred and fifty new members every month." That may be very true. Nevertheless, I think my advice, that insurance in the larger companies and in a more populous State was to be preferred, was good, and it was made with no intent to reflect on the character of the Masonic Aid Association of Dakota. The percentage of failures among the smaller associations is much greater than among the larger, and I was giving my correspondent the best advice I could, without regard to fear or favor.

A correspondent at Boston says: "I notice in the New York papers that Mr. Hyde, the president of the Equitable Life Company of New York, has become a director in the Union Pacific Railroad, to represent the large interest of his company in that concern. I want to know if your State permits insurance companies to buy speculative stocks like Union Pacific?" My correspondent evidently misunderstands the facts. An examination of the printed schedule of the Equitable's investments, printed by the State Insurance Department of New York, shows that it holds no Union Pacific stock. Furthermore, an inquiry at the home office here corroborates that fact. I have heard that Mr. Hyde was in some way related—by marriage, I think—with the new president of the Union Pacific. Possibly that accounts for his appearance in the concern as a director.

From St. Louis I have an inquiry in reference to the National Life of Montpelier, Vt. The inquiry is: "Can they issue policy, twenty years' endowment, on which they guarantee, on payment of four yearly payments of \$48.53 per thousand, to give extended insurance for sixteen years, which would leave insurance \$9.70 per thousand a year?" I confess I do not comprehend my correspondent's inquiry. If he will send me proofs of the guarantee I will be glad to reply.

A correspondent at Oakland, Cal., wants information in reference to the C. M. B. A., of Illinois. I should like to have my correspondent send me something more definite upon which I can base my inquiries.

The Hermit.

IN a recent number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER credit was erroneously given to Sarony for certain photographs of the play of "Dr. Bill." The pictures were taken by Pach, to whom we were indebted for them.

FATHER IGNATIUS.

THE name of Father Ignatius, commonly spoken of as the evangelist monk of the Church of England, is rapidly getting to be a household word in the mouths of New-Yorkers, and it is not stretching matters too much to say that by this time he has acquired a national reputation. Yet he came here last June unheralded and unknown, and but one friend, the Rev. Dr. E. W. Neil, rector of the Church of St. Edward the Martyr, was at the dock when he landed to welcome him to our shores. With the exception of a few fugitive appearances in public he has been at rest from that time until two months ago, when he began his mission work in Boston, coming to this city in the early part of December. He was almost an utter stranger when he commenced preaching in the metropolis. Now, however, it must be said that he has stimulated and quickened religious thought as few men have done of late years, for he represents a new phase of religious life and, willy nilly, he both attracts and compels attention. Crowds flock to hear him and, at what are termed supplementary services, the singular spectacle is presented of some of the largest halls in this pleasure-loving city filled with eager listeners who pay twenty-five or fifty cents apiece to hear a gifted monk expound the gospel—the surplus funds after paying expenses being devoted to Llanthony Abbey, a monastic institution which the reverend father has founded.

Part of the attraction doubtless lies in the fact that the foreign friar is nothing if not original, and his services—mission and otherwise—bear the stamp of his strong individuality. For one thing there is nothing sectarian about them. He says: "It is high time that our churchianities and sectarianisms were forgotten and that we all turned to and worked for Jesus Christ." People of all creeds and beliefs, so long as they are Christians, can join in his services with heart and soul. When the hour arrives for the exercises to begin, a slender figure, clad in the flowing and voluminous black garb of the Benedictines, comes upon the platform and proceeds quickly to the reading-desk in the centre. This is Father Ignatius. Behind him comes Father Michael, another Episcopalian Benedictine, who is traveling with his superior and acting as his private secretary. Both kneel for a moment in silent prayer. Then Father Ignatius takes his seat at a cabinet organ standing near the desk—for he is his own organist and precentor—and with most felicitous declamation gives out a hymn from the Llanthony Hymn Book. He earnestly invites the audience to join him in the singing, and starts the tune himself. In the same manner he "lines out" the succeeding verses until the hymn is finished.

Next in order is an extemporaneous prayer. It is always an impassioned appeal for the blessing of the Almighty and for mercy to sinners in the most exalted strain of religious thought and diction. This is the first glimpse his auditors get of the power of the man. He prays as if the salvation of the world hung upon his words. He is solemn and reverent, but intense to the last degree. As he kneels at the desk with his clasped hands working nervously together and his closed eyes uplifted, his body rocks to and fro with emotion, and his rapidly nodding head gives emphasis to pious supplication expressed in a voice that sometimes rings out full and strong and then sinks into an awed whisper. He closes his impromptu invocation with the Lord's Prayer, in which those present are expected to join.

Then follows the sermon. No matter what the subject may be, Father Ignatius is sure to have the absolutely undivided attention of his hearers. Here the power of the orator makes itself more clearly manifest. Demosthenes's maxim to the effect that oratory consisted of action first, last, and all the time is most forcibly illustrated by the monkish preacher. He is never once quiet during his discourses. He talks with his whole body, and his fingers often move as if he were playing the piano instead of playing just as easily on the feelings of his auditors. He stands at the right of the reading-desk, and when he seems exhausted with gesticulation, or by the energy of his utterance, he grips the edge of the desk with both hands and jerks the words out of himself by shaking his body from toe to tuncure, like the bough of a tree swaying in a storm. And he jerks them out at a terrific rate of speed, often enunciating two hundred and eighty words a minute, never faltering or pausing to find a word or phrase, and always speaking most distinctly. Oftentimes he talks himself out of breath and pants for a few seconds before he can continue. Yet, withal, he is always graceful. He never does an uncouth thing in spite of his almost frantic earnestness. In truth, Father Ignatius is one of the most finished actors ever seen, though he would be the last man to suspect it as well as the last to admit it, for he has never seen the inside of a play-house.

One never tires of watching his remarkable face when he is talking. The lines around the drooping mouth tell many a tale of suffering and hardship, while the dark, cavernous eyes speak of night vigils and the rigors of the Benedictine rule. The orator's unconscious histrionic power shows itself in his countenance most plainly. Its mobile lineaments are responsive to every thought of the nimble, searching mind and passionate, devout nature that controls them. His smile is as winsome as a maiden's, and his frown of denunciation, which starts out all of the veins about his temples, has an aspect of savage severity. Although his costume is strange and striking, no one notices it. It is the remarkable personality of the man that overshadows everything else when he is speaking.

Yet the monkish garb is there with all that it implies. The tonsure around the shaven head is significant of the crown of thorns, and also means renunciation of the world. The sandals on the feet—usually bare—typify poverty. The scapula which goes down the front and back of the frock means obedience. The hood at the back stands for the helmet of salvation. The hempen rope girdle around the waist exemplifies chastity, and the three knots in the long end that hangs down at the right side stand for the three monastic vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The rosary on the left side and the cross depending from the neck need no explanation.

By this dress Father Ignatius means that his life shall typify an all-absorbing devotion to the cause of Jesus Christ. He believed, at the age of nineteen, that God had called him to be a monk, and he is now fifty-three. There has probably never been a time since his youth when a life insurance company would take him as a risk except at a most exorbitant premium. But,

frail as he is in bodily health, he has fought for twenty-seven years for his Benedictine garb—as a monk may fight—suffered for it—for there never was objection to a monk doing that—and wrought for it by day and by night. His work is scattered through England, Scotland, and Wales, and is just beginning to make an impression here. But it is hidden in the hearts of the many who have become converts or felt an abiding calm come to them through his spoken words, and so it cannot be measured by rule or compass. The concrete embodiment of the zealous ascetic's labors is to be found in Llanthony Abbey.

This establishment, which has been so often referred to in connection with Father Ignatius, is a monastery in South Wales about seventeen miles back from Cardiff and six miles south of the famous castle of Adelina Patti. The situation of the abbey is most romantic. It is in the valley of Ewias, among the solitudes of the Black Mountains, twelve miles from the nearest railway station. The old priory of Llanthony, four miles below, dating back to the sixth century, has been chosen for its model, and it is intended to make the new Llanthony like a monastic institution of the Middle Ages, when the monasteries were the schools and hospitals and lodging-houses for wayfarers of all kinds, and the monks who inhabited them the almoners of considerable charities. The buildings now erected include a large church—only partly finished—and dormitories for the monks and nuns, who number about eighty all told. The abbey lands are quite extensive, and there are fourteen different fields in all.

The rule of St. Benedict being followed, the discipline is extremely severe. From half-past seven o'clock in the evening until nine the next morning, not a word, save those used in their devotions, is spoken by any of the inmates. The only real meal is the dinner at half-past three o'clock. Two "pittances," consisting of a piece of dry bread and a cup of tea or coffee, are served out at morning and eventide. Eight hours are given up to devotion, matins beginning at two o'clock in the morning and lasting for an hour and forty minutes. After a rest of an hour comes an early mass and the office of prime. Other services are held during the day, and at compline, which completes the round of devotions, a visit is paid to the outer part of the chapel, where the shrine of our Lady of Llanthony is located. This shrine is erected in commemoration of the miraculous appearance of the Virgin Mary to the monks on the evening of August 30th, 1880, at quarter past eight o'clock. The monks firmly believe that they have had this and other visitations from the Sacred Mother, and with unquestioning faith they cite abundant testimony to show that miracles have been worked by the application to afflicted parts of the body of leaves from the laurel bush in which she appeared.

Besides their devotional duties, the inmates have many other matters to attend to. They do their own housework—sweeping, dusting, cleaning, and cooking—cultivate their lands, teach school, distribute charity, conduct a correspondence with all parts of the world, and find occupation in many other ways appropriate to their calling. They have but two hours a day for recreation, and during Lent this period is cut down one-half. The monks and nuns are always separate and apart. The nuns worship in an inclosed gallery at the end of the church, and the edifice is divided by a screen running down from their gallery, no married person, clerical or secular, being permitted to go beyond it into the body of the church. The cost of living for the monks themselves is said to be one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year.

Father Ignatius intends that Llanthony Abbey shall be his monument. He is striving with all his might to finish it, for he has literally bought it with his blood. Whether he has builded wisely or not, only the future can decide. But at all events Christians and scoffers alike can justly pay tribute to his pluck, unselfishness, and sincerity of purpose.

EDWARD WESLEY POTTER.

OPENING OF THE JAPANESE PARLIAMENT.

THE opening of the Japanese Parliament, on the 29th of November last, marked an epoch in the history of constitutional government in that country, and was naturally an occasion of extraordinary interest to the people. The city of Tokio, the capital, was *en fête*, and the streets along which the imperial cortege passed to the Parliament House were densely packed with interested observers. A large body of troops, marching to the music of bugles took part in the parade. The state coach was drawn by six handsomely caparisoned horses, their riders resplendent in gold lace. In the state coach, facing the Emperor, rode Marquis Tokudaiji, the Lord High Chamberlain, and after it came a body of cavalry, preceding the carriages of the Minister, President of State, the Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, and other high officials, a strong body of lancers completing the cortege.

Meanwhile, inside the Parliament buildings a vast concourse of notables of all degrees had assembled to take part in or to

witness the coming spectacle. Nearly all of these visitors were in uniform.

At a few minutes before eleven the members of the Upper House, ushered by the Chief Secretary, filed into their allotted places. A few minutes later the members of the House of Representatives entered from the opposite quarter. Next came the diplomatic body, filling the boxes reserved for them in the gallery. After them, the Cabinet and other dignitaries of Ministerial rank, headed by Count Yamagata, the Minister President of State.

A quarter of an hour later, the Emperor, preceded by the chamberlains and high officials, bearing the imperial regalia, entered in great state, every head being bowed in homage as the sovereign took his stand before the throne. The Minister President of State, Count Yamagata, now advancing and making obeisance, handed to the Emperor a scroll, from which his Majesty read in dignified tones, and in a voice that was well heard throughout the whole chamber, the following speech to the assembled Diet:

"We announce to the Members of the House of Peers and to those of the House of Representatives:

"That all institutions relating to internal administration, established during the period of twenty years since our accession to the throne, have been brought to a state approaching completeness and regular arrangement. By the efficacy of the virtues of our ancestors, and in concert with yourselves, we hope to continue and extend those measures, to reap good fruits from the working of the Constitution, and thereby to manifest, both at home and abroad, the glory of our country and the loyal and enterprising character of our people.

"We have always cherished a resolve to maintain friendly relations with other countries, to develop commerce, and to extend the prestige of our land. Happily our relations with all the treaty powers are on a footing of constantly growing amity and intimacy.

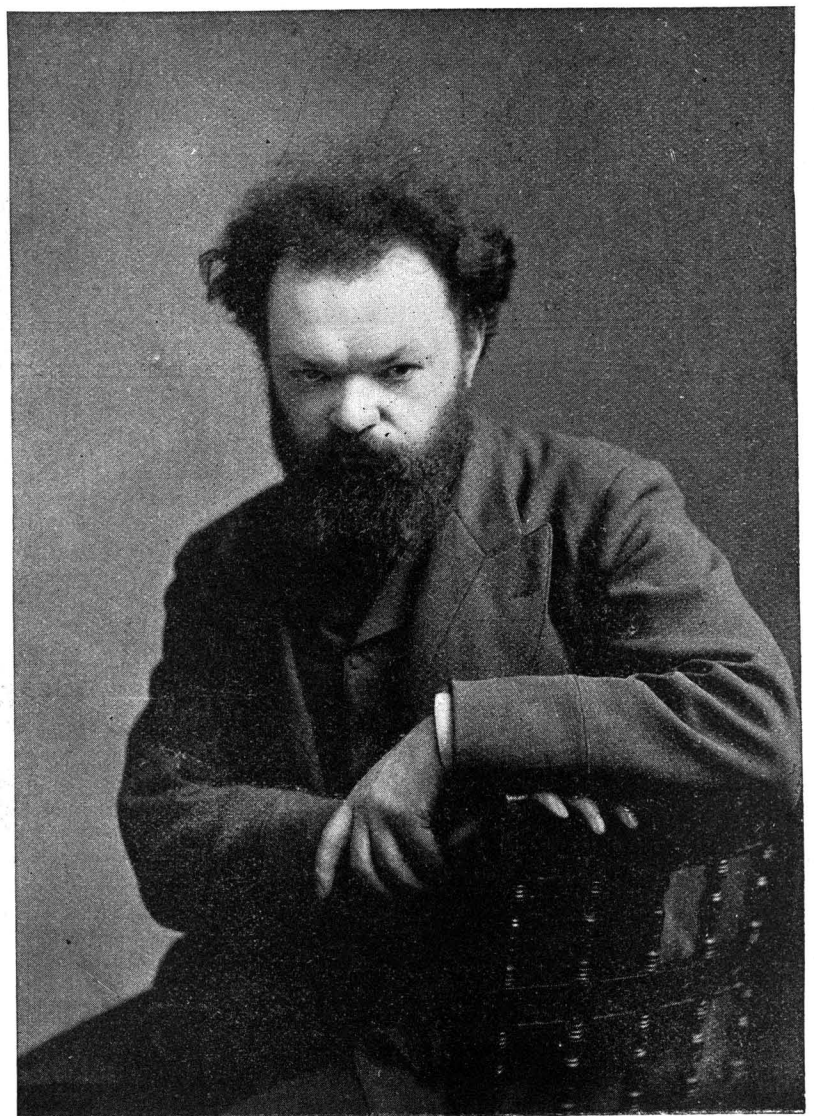
"In order to preserve tranquillity at home and security from abroad, it is essential that the completion of our naval and military defenses should be made an object of gradual attainment.

"We shall direct our Ministers of State to submit to the Diet the budget for the twenty-fourth year of Meiji and certain projects of laws. We expect that you will deliberate and advise upon them with impartiality and discretion, and we trust that you will establish such precedents as may serve for future guidance."

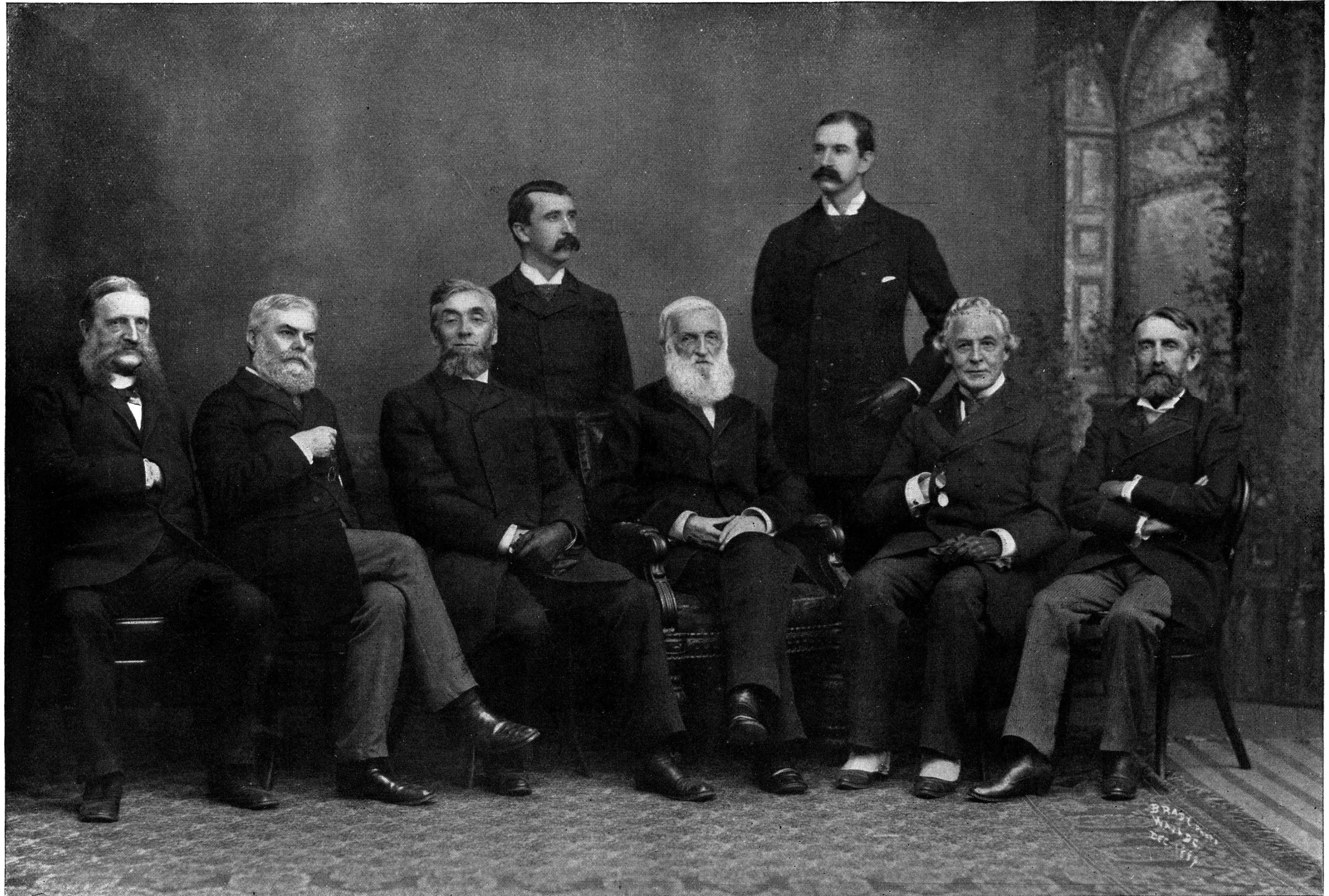
The speech from the throne finished, the President of the Upper House, Count Ito, advanced, received the scroll from the Emperor, made obeisance, and withdrew. The *Japan Mail* says: "Brief though it naturally was, the ceremonial was, nevertheless, dignified and impressive in a high degree. In every respect—in arrangement, execution, and accessories—it was undoubtedly a thorough success, and worthy of the occasion of one of the weightiest episodes in Japan's modern history. The Emperor—who wore a military uniform—looked, happily, in excellent health, and discharged his high functions, as his Majesty always does, with true kingly dignity and ease."

SERGIUS STEPNIAK.

WE give herewith a portrait of Sergius Stepniak, the famous Russian exile and leader of the Russian Revolutionary party, who is now in this country, and who will make his first appearance on the lecture platform at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, January 8th, when he will appear in aid of the Home to Befriend Working Girls. The subject of the lecture will be "Count Tolstoy, Novelist and Social Reformer." Interest in the lecturer, and the worthy character of the charity in whose behalf he appears, should secure a large audience.



SERGIUS STEPNIAK, THE LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARY PARTY, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.



W. F. Poole, Newberry Library, Chicago. Justin Winsor, Harvard University. Charles K. Adams, President of Cornell University. George Bancroft. John Jay. Andrew D. White, ex-President Cornell University.

THE RECENT MEETING OF THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—A GROUP OF THE PRESENT AND FORMER OFFICERS.—FROM A PHOTO BY M. B. BRADY.

Are You Fortified?



Your health is a citadel. The winter's storms are

the coming enemy. You know that this enemy will sit down for five long months outside this citadel, and do its best to break in and destroy. Is this citadel garrisoned and provisioned? The garrison is your constitution. Is it vigorous or depleted? How long can it fight without help? Have you made provision for the garrison by furnishing a supply of **SCOTT'S EMULSION** of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? It restores the flagging energies, increases the resisting powers against disease; *cures Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anæmic and Wasting Diseases (especially in Children)*, keeps coughs and colds out, and so enables the constitution to hold the fort of health. **Palatable as Milk.**

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.

CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. All Druggists.

WALL STREET.—JOB LOTS.

NO wonder that money has been tight. Millions of dollars were disbursed for dividends at the beginning of the new year. Business accounts were squared, settlements were made everywhere, and in all lines of business and for weeks—yes, for months—bankers, business men and brokers, corporations and combinations have been getting funds together, calling in outstanding credits, and strengthening their lines for the January disbursements.

With everybody trying to strengthen and fortify himself or his interests, and with a consequent large withdrawal of funds from circulation, it is marvelous that any money at all was to be had on anything in New York, the financial centre of the country.

But beyond all this, the work of drawing largely on our currency for the benefit of numerous newly organized companies continues. Just think of it! It was semi-officially reported that, for the week ending December 19th, 1890, over two hundred and fifty-nine new corporations were organized in the United States, with the enormous capitalization of \$146,000,000. Mining and smelting companies took over \$22,000,000 of this; banks and investment companies over \$6,000,000; coal and iron companies, \$2,500,000; building and loan associations over \$23,000,000; mercantile and manufacturing associations nearly \$17,000,000; municipal light, power, and transportation companies, \$63,000,000; and miscellaneous, \$17,000,000. Where does all this money come from; where does it all go to?

The close of the year, or rather the opening of the new year, tended to relieve the protracted financial tension to some extent. The depression in Atchison, Missouri Pacific, Pacific Mail and Union Pacific seemed to reveal the workings of Mr. Gould's fine Italian hand. Mr. Gould, I have no doubt, would like to see a rise in the market. He has waded in where the water is pretty deep, and it is to his interest now more than it has been at any time during the past five years to see an advance in stocks. A great many people think that stocks advance only when they make a good showing. Mr. Gould is not entirely dependent upon such circumstances for a rise. He knows perfectly well that the easiest and quickest way to secure a jumping, rising, prosperous bull market is to incite a large short interest, and then to seize it, squeeze it, and compel it to settle. I have an idea that he has been setting his trap for the bears. If they have fallen into it there will be a very decided change in the situation, and a rapid but perhaps uncertain rise in values.

Certain it is that the large balance of trade in our favor leads to the expectation of additional importations of gold, that there now will be more money freed for investment, and that the banks are beginning to show a disposition to re-

sume business somewhat after their former freer and easier style. It is also certain that Christmas trade has been unusually good throughout the country, and that there is a healthy tone about business generally outside of Wall Street, so that the stringency in the money market has been most severely felt by large operators in enterprises that have been unduly expanded and more or less speculative in character.

It is no secret that the depression in Wall Street for the last few weeks of December hinged upon fears of a monetary crisis in Philadelphia, Pittsburg, and Chicago, as well as in some other business centres. What was done in Philadelphia to relieve the great Westinghouse concern everybody knows. Some other relief syndicates that have been organized in that city have not made their proceedings public; but they accomplished a great deal of good, and, I think, averted a panic.

The same thing may be said of certain interests in Chicago, largely speculative, and possibly still involved, but I hear that they are now well protected. I have once or twice referred to the fear of some of the most acute observers, that there must be liquidation of certain questionable, gigantic real estate speculations in the West and Southwest. These liquidations may go on without adding to the confusion and uncertainty of the financial situation; but it is time that a halt was called in this field of speculative investment—if I may call it such—for if there is not a halt I can foresee the inevitable crisis, and it may be a tremendous crash.

It is not unnatural that the brightening prospect at the opening of the new year, with an evident intention on the part of the great Western railroads to reach an amicable agreement that will force an advance in rates on a paying basis between Chicago and the Southwest and Northwest, as well as the lessening of financial fears, has encouraged the bulls and led investors to look around for bargains. They did not have to look far, for as I have repeatedly said during the past few weeks, bargains in bonds and investment securities, as well as in the low-priced speculative stocks, were to be had in almost every direction.

The clouds over the situation, aside from the stringency of the money market and the fear of far more extensive liquidation at home and abroad, are those which come from the depressing tendencies of Granger legislation in the West, and from the fear of unwise financial legislation at Washington. These are not sufficient, however, to give the bears an overwhelming strength; something more is necessary to impart continued distrust of everything bought and sold on Wall Street.

A correspondent at Amenia, N. Y., says: "I have noticed you speak well, or rather, favor- (Continued on page 442.)"

Applause. Round after round of hearty applause has greeted **VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA**, which is now introduced all over America. That leading English journal *Health* says: "None of the numerous cocoas have as yet equalled this inventor's in solubility, agreeable taste, and in nutritive qualities. Its purity is beyond question. Once tried, always used."

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Best & Goes Farthest."

It only needs a single trial to convince any one of the superiority of VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA. Please insist upon your grocer or storekeeper ordering it for you, and take no substitute. It is put up in one-quarter, one-half and one pound cans. If not obtainable, enclose 25 cents in stamps or postal note to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, and a can will be sent by mail, if you mention this publication. Prepared only by VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland. [114]

It is a solemn fact that three out of every five people chew their food on the left side of the mouth. If this is persisted in, the mouth will soon begin to cant to the left, the chin to sharpen off, and in time the average man will be able to nip his left ear with his teeth.—*Free Press.*

100 DOLLARS IN PRIZES
For the Best Flash-Light Pictures made on **The "Chautauqua" Plates**,
Prior to March 1st, 1891. Send for Circulars naming conditions. **MONROE DRY PLATE WORKS,**
JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the East-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada and Europe.
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HOLD OUT YOUR HAND

That's about all you have to do to get a book of 200 pages FREE. This book contains the names, addresses, and signed indorsements of many well known men and women who have been restored to health and strength by the use of Drs. STARKEY & PALEN'S Compound Oxygen. Of course the full list is not here, many patients prefer that their names should not be used. But the book has 200 pages of signed testimony, and is accompanied by a quarterly review of eight large pages more, entirely filled with new names of revitalized men and women.

The patients themselves do the talking. You get your knowledge of Compound Oxygen from what they say—not what Drs. STARKEY & PALEN say. The next step is personal knowledge from positive contact with the treatment itself. This is the most satisfactory of all—it is the real point.

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DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 58 Church St., Toronto Canada.

FUN.

Oh, charity, what crimes against the helpless oyster are committed in thy name!—Chicago Tribune.

THE western editor defiantly asks a brother to take up his glove, to which the other responds: "Certainly. Give us a pair of tongs!"—Ez.

A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet and are not affected by wet or cold.

HAVE a bottle of Salvation Oil always on hand; it may save you infinite pain. 25 cents. Don't forget to take a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup with you to Florida this winter.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Try it.

Coughs.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. 25 cents a box.

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.

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 diarrhea. 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.

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS TO THE GOLDEN GATE CALIFORNIA

Affording a visit of THREE WEEKS in CALIFORNIA THE TOURISTS TRAVEL BY A Superbly Appointed Train Of Pullman Vestibule Drawing-Room Sleeping, Smoking and Library, Dining and Observation Cars—an exact COUNTERPART of the PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED DATES OF STARTING: February 7th, 1891. March 3d, 1891. March 26th, 1891. April 14th, 1891. EXCURSION TICKETS, including all traveling expenses and sustenance en route in both directions, and side trips to San Diego, Riverside, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and San José (Mt. Hamilton), from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, \$275.00 FOR THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD, AND \$300.00 FOR THE FOURTH. Tourist Agent and Chaperon Accompany the Party. For itinerary containing full information, address GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia, Pa. CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, General Passenger Agent.

WALL STREET.

(Continued from page 441.)

ably, of Chicago Gas. If that is even a moderately safe investment and at four per cent. at that, why does it sell so low? I have about fifty shares of United States Express stock that brings me but four per cent., and sells for almost double the Chicago Gas. Would it be advisable for me to sell United States Express and buy Chicago, or even Terminal preferred?"

I answer: Chicago Gas is in litigation. It is possible that the courts have tied it up, so that it cannot pay its dividends. For singularly enough, while the courts have declared that it was not properly organized, when the attorneys of the company have asked the courts to tell them how to organize in conformity with law they have been unable to answer. The concern is certainly earning more than its dividends, and if it were free from litigation the stock would sell within two weeks at more than fifty per cent. advance on present prices. However, inasmuch as it is speculative, I do not now advise, and I have never advised its purchase as an investment. I certainly would not sell United States Express stock—which has always paid four per cent., whether it earned it or not, and which, since the recent advance in express rates, ought to pay more—to put my money into anything of a speculative character like Chicago Gas or Richmond Terminal preferred.

From Pierre, S. D., comes an inquiry in reference to wheat and its exports. This is not in my line, and I cannot undertake to go into matters away from Wall Street interests.

The same correspondent wishes information in regard to the probable amount of railroad construction of the new year, as compared with the old. The total new railroad mileage built during the last calendar year was, I understand, about 5,800 miles, or 700 miles more than was built during the preceding year. If the agreement between the railroads of the West is carried out, it precludes the building of new lines on an extensive scale, except by common consent, which, it is safe to say, will not be given. In that case the railroad mileage to be built this year will be less than that of the preceding year. The tendency of the times will be to restrict railroad building. The market is overflooded with bonds and stocks of railway corporations, projected, constructed, or in course of construction, and is not in condition to absorb much more; and without credit, as my correspondent well knows, railways cannot and will not be built.

The same correspondent also wants me to make some remarks as to the desirability of "city, town lots, and farm lands" in the new West, as an investment for Eastern capital. I do not like at the present time to recommend investments of the kind suggested. I think there are bargains right at home in Wall Street at present, and when one buys the properties that are for sale on the Stock Exchange, he buys what he can get rid of very easily at a moment's notice.

This fact has been demonstrated very clearly during the past six months, when European investors unloaded steadily a great mass of stocks and bonds upon our market; and it was further illustrated when our own large business houses found themselves able to realize quickly and readily—though, of course, at a loss—by stepping into Wall Street and disposing of their securities. Had they had Western lots or mortgages, what could they have done? I do not mean to say that investments in Western lands are not good; but I do not at present, especially considering the enormous amount of speculation in Western and Southern lands, like to advise my readers to put their capital quite so far away from home, when they can find bargains at their very door.

For some months past, I think nearly a year ago, I called the attention of my readers to the fact that there were stocks—non-dividend payers—that were held at pretty solid prices because it was believed that there was a certainty before them of dividends. One of these stocks to which I alluded was the Rio Grande and Western. A correspondent at Chicago, referring to this fact, thanks me for advising its purchase. He says he "gobbled up" (to use his expression) quite a little "chunk" of it at about 40, and recently had the pleasure of hearing that it had become a five-per-cent. stock and had risen ten or twelve points beyond what he paid for it. My correspondent asks me to kindly inform him how I knew that the stock was to pay a dividend.

I reply that I only knew it, because the gentlemen who had entire charge of the reorganization gave me their assurance that within a year or eighteen months the earnings of the road, after it had made certain new connections with its broad gauge, would make it a solid five-per-cent. stock. I had no reason to distrust the sincerity of this statement, and therefore printed it, and at the same time advised my readers if they wanted to get a cheap investment bond, to pay the current price for Rio Grande and Western 4's. They are still cheap at present prices. I do not say this is a gilt-edged bond, because if it were it would sell at par; but I consider it a very fair investment.

Jasper



EVERY SKIN, SCALP, & BLOOD DISEASE Cured by Cuticura. EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

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Great Reduction in all Departments. SEAL GARMENTS.

Capes and Muffs of Seal, Russian Sable, Mink, Beaver, Persian, Alaska Sable, Monkey. Gentlemen's fur-lined overcoats, caps, gloves, patent car-tabs, reversible collars and cuffs. Carriage robes, foot muffs, coachmen's outfits, and rugs in great variety. I have decided to close out the balance of my manufactured stock at a reduction of 25 per cent. An experience of 40 years has established for our house the highest reputation.

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MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING

COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

PIANOS.



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

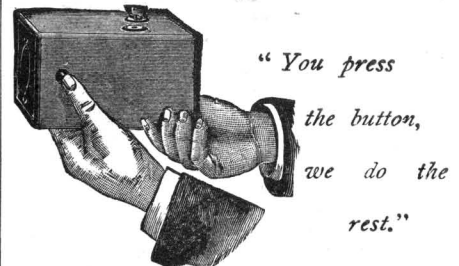
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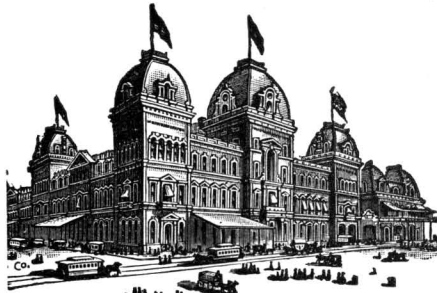
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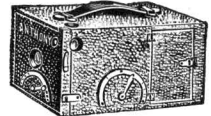
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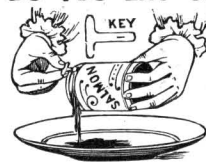
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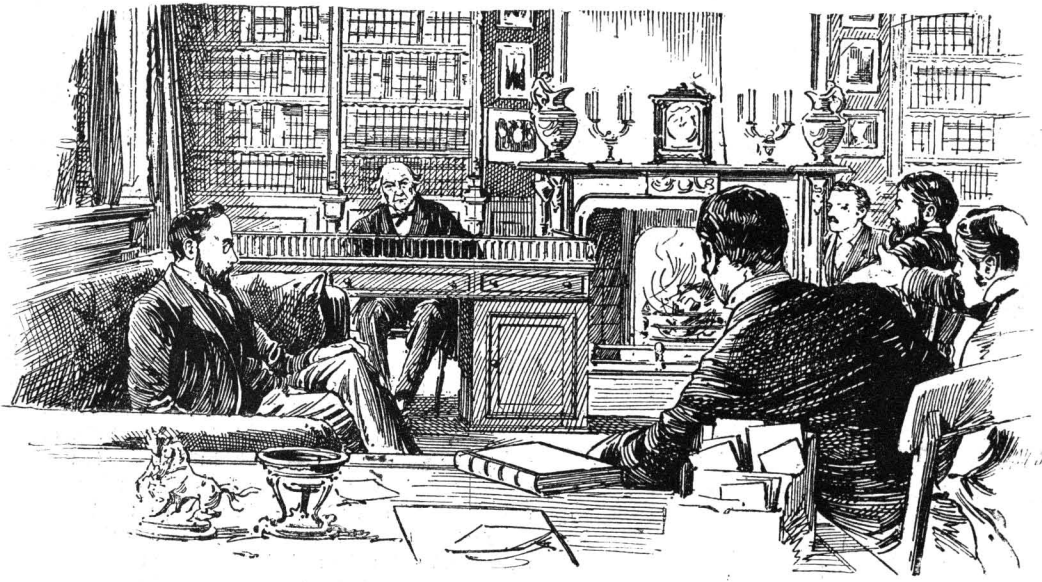
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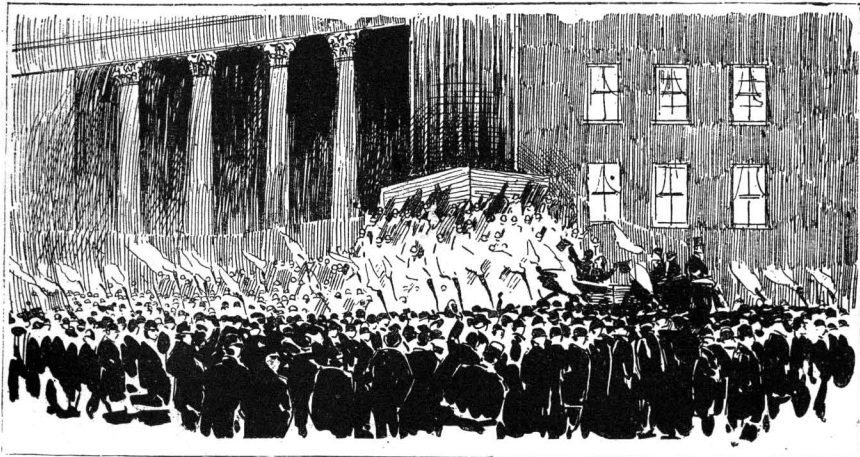
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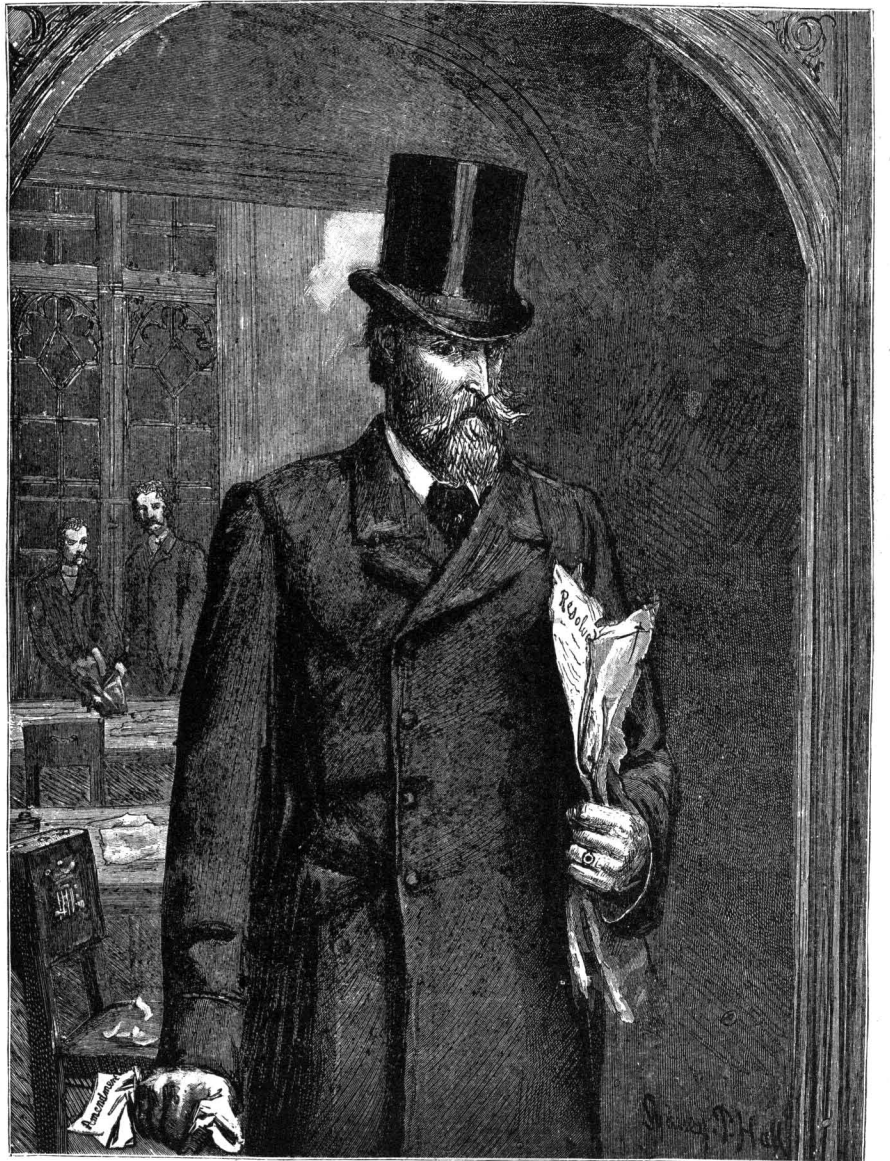
Mr. Gladstone's interview with the Home Rule committee.



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Mr. Parnell's torchlight procession in Dublin.



Defeated!



Mr. Parnell addressing the Dublin meeting.



Speaking from a railway car.



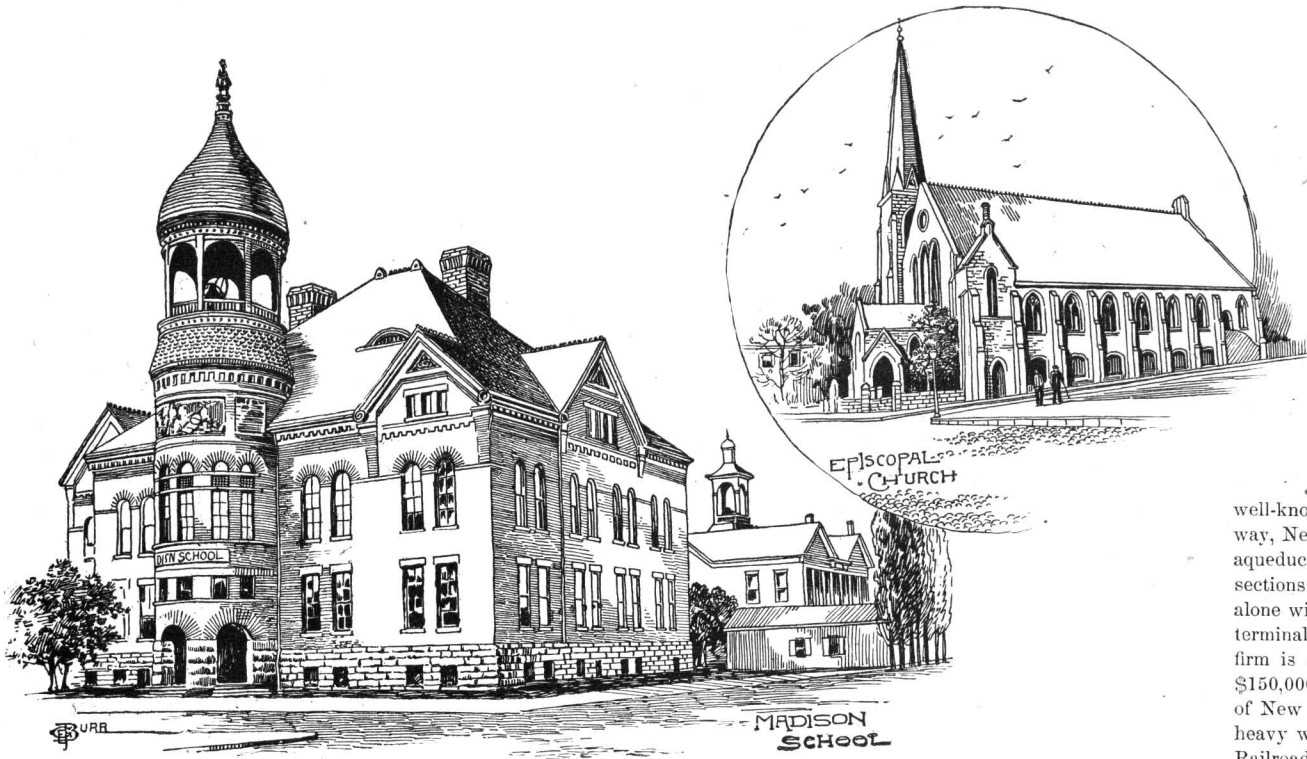
Police protecting Mr. T. Healy, outside the "Nation" office, Dublin.



Drawing Mr. Parnell past the old Parliament House, Dublin.



Mr. Parnell breaking into the office of the "United Ireland" newspaper.



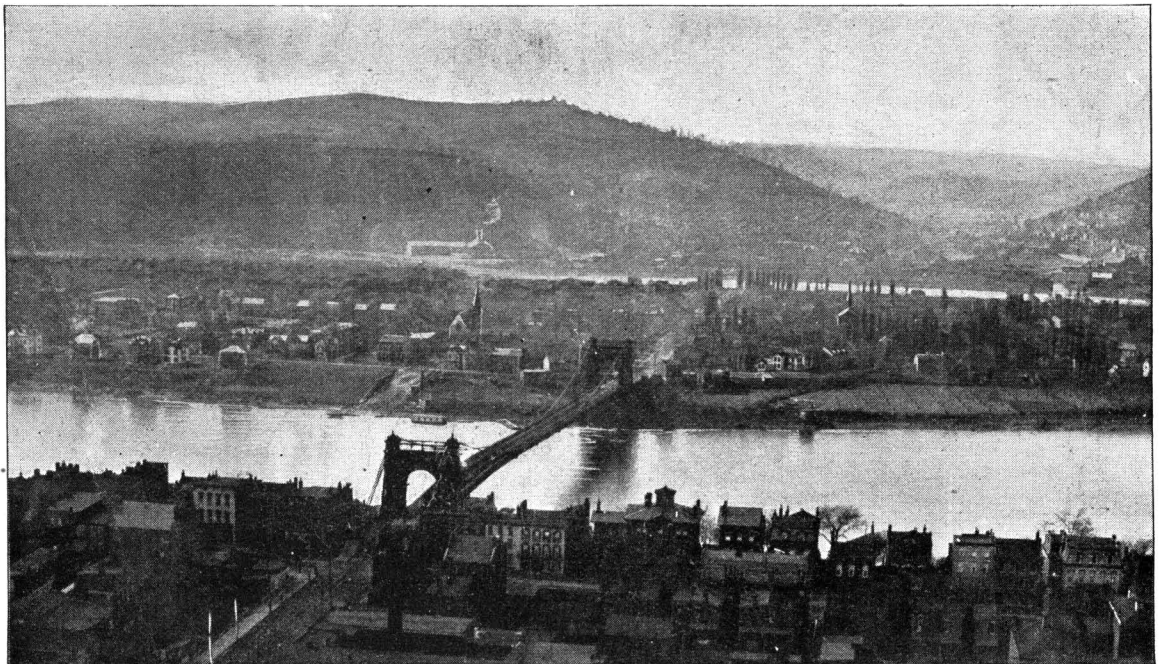
scope of transportation facilities, marks the completion of the bridge and terminal, enabling other railroads to include Wheeling in their system. This bridge of the Wheeling Bridge and Terminal Railway Company is without question the most magnificent structure of the kind in the country, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon Judge R. H. Cochran, the president of the company, Colonel George P. Bissell, and their associates, for the untiring energy and liberality bestowed upon the work. No gentleman stands higher in the estimation of his fellow-men than Judge Cochran, who now points with just pride to this masterpiece erected under his direction within a stone's throw of his old home, and which will revolutionize the commerce of his favorite city. The entire work will probably reach completion next April, and one of the arches represents the second largest span in America. The main contracts for this important work were intrusted to the well-known firm of contractors, Paige, Carey & Co., of 45 Broadway, New York, who distinguished themselves in the New York aqueduct work, of which they built seven miles, embraced by sections seven and nine. Their work on the Terminal Bridge alone will aggregate \$2,000,000, and include three double-track terminals, besides the main bridge across the Ohio River. This firm is also completing the Wheeling City arch bridge, to cost \$150,000, and are building the reservoir at Brenton for the city of New York, besides a belt line around Cleveland, and some heavy work on the Ohio extension of the Norfolk and Western Railroad.

WEST VIRGINIA.

CERTAINLY no State occupies a more advantageous geographical position than West Virginia, being not far distant from the West, nor distant from the East; the Great Lakes in the north are within easy reach, and in the most southern point the invigorating breezes of the Atlantic can almost be felt. Its topography invites the most diversified industries. The climate is unequalled in salubrity and evenness of temperature, extremes of heat or cold being rarely experienced, ample protection being offered by the Blue Ridge and Alleghany mountains. The rain-fall is always abundant, and dry seasons are unknown. A great portion of the State is suitable for agriculture, the surface consisting of a rich, loamy soil, admitting the successful cultivation of anything that grows. The grape culture prevails on the hilly slopes, while the most important farm product is Indian corn. Stock-raising is one of the important factors, and nowhere can finer grazing land be found. The timber wealth of West Virginia is enormous, and boundless forests offer an endless variety of most excellent timber. Some idea of the extent of the timber in the State can be gathered by stating that of the total acreage nearly three-fourths is in forests, the marketable value of which has been estimated at \$72,000,000. West Virginia is rich in iron ore, of which there are large deposits, which, coupled with inexhaustible coal fields of very superior quality, mark it as one of the most important manufacturing States in the near future. Fine building stone and fire and potter's clay abound in many parts of the State, to which must be added its rich deposits of common salt. Much has been said and written of late of the wealth of this State in the way of petroleum, which has been a source of great profit since 1864. The production, at present confined to comparatively a small district, bids fair to spread extensively, and before long this valuable product may lead in the development of this rich and prosperous State. West Virginia has one thousand miles of railroad, which mileage is being extended and increased very rapidly. There are many thriving cities in the State, at the head of which stands the manufacturing city of Wheeling, followed by the progressive young city of Parkersburg.

WHEELING.

nearly as well known by its sobriquet of "The Nail City," affords unquestionably the best illustration of the possibilities of the State of West Virginia. Pre-eminently a self-made city, hardly a dollar of outside capital being invested in any of its mammoth enterprises, it stands a fitting monument to the vim, thrift, and prosperity pervading this favored State. It is the biggest little city on earth. With the characteristic modesty of the typical big-hearted West Virginian, Wheeling has shunned notoriety, preferring to grow upon its merits and bid a hearty welcome to all who see fit to give this city the preference. Today it is the greatest and most prosperous manufacturing centre of its size, its iron and steel plants, potteries, glass works, cigar factories, etc., ranking among the most noted in the country. The city is cozily and conveniently located on the banks of the

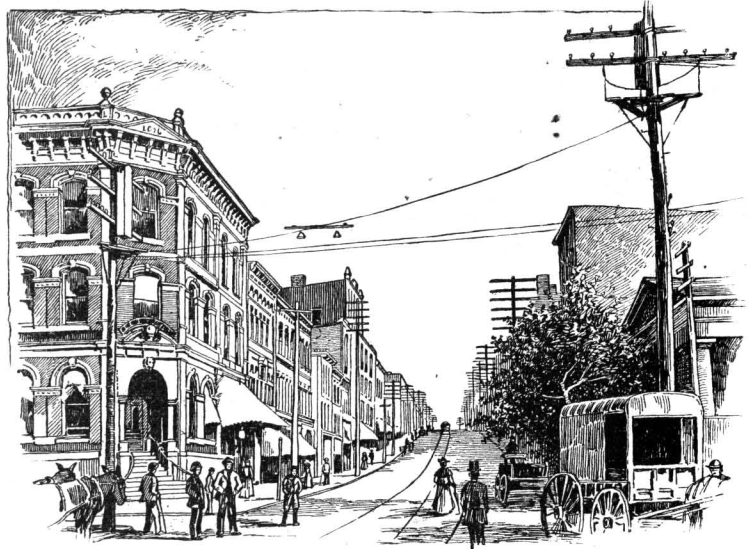


THE RIVER AND BRIDGE.

Ohio River, and, like New Birmingham, Alabama, forms the supply point for a coterie of less pretentious yet most valuable manufacturing points on the east side of the river. As a jobbing point it is in a position to successfully cope with New York, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Cincinnati: in the grocery trade alone the annual sales amounting to nearly \$7,000,000. The entire jobbing trade is in the hands of such firms as L. S. Delaplain, Son & Co., M. Reilly, Kraft Bros. & Rosenburg, Simon Baer's Sons, Barnes & McGregor, Neill & Ellingham, George L. Feeny, Horkheimer Bros., Harper & Bros., Logan Drug Company; men of ample capital and first-rate credit, able to discount their bills and thus buy as low as the lowest.

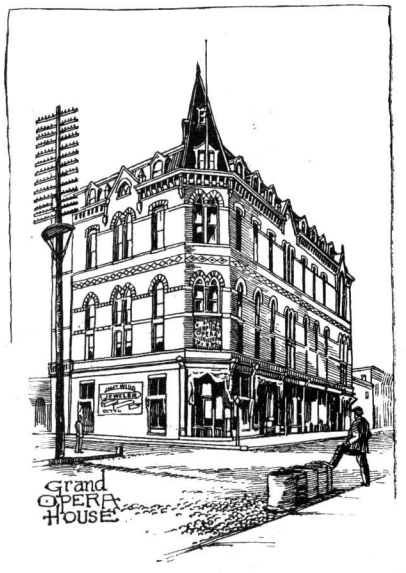
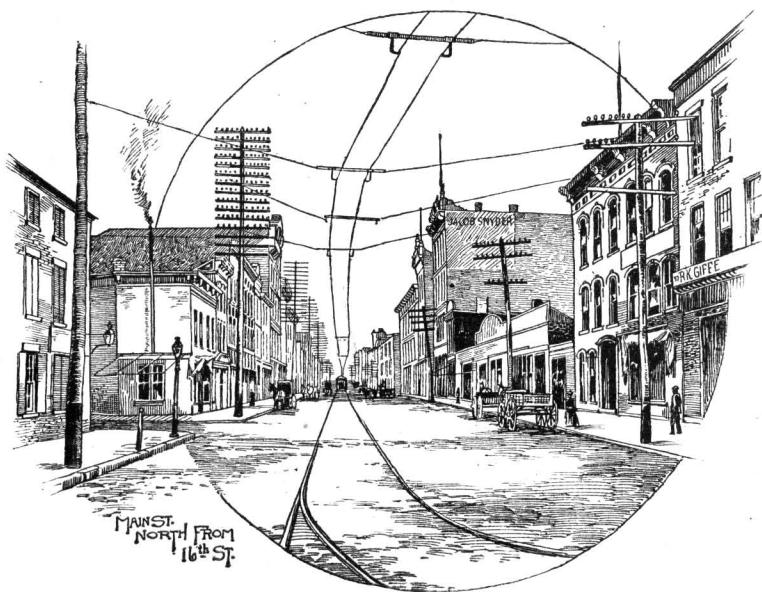
Wheeling excels in shipping facilities, the river acting as a happy and permanent equalizer of rates. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad affords direct access to the seaboard, Pittsburg, and the great cities of the West, besides bringing the rich forests and mines of West Virginia within easy reach. The Pennsylvania system, by way of the Pittsburg, Wheeling and Kentucky division, built by Wheeling enterprise and capital, and operated by the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Company, with whose main line it connects at Wheeling Junction; also the Cleveland and Pittsburg division, affording ready access to the metropolis of the Union and all important cities east, north, and west. The Cleveland, Lorain and Wheeling Railroad, connecting with the Lake Shore system, places this city within a few hours of the Great Lakes, and within ready reach of the iron-ore regions of Superior. The Ohio River Railroad opens up the large and rich section of Ohio and West Virginia lying along the river, placing at her doors the coke, iron ore, lumber, and other products of the Kanawha and New river valleys, and adds to the city's competing lines the great Chesapeake and Ohio system. Adding to this the manifold facilities for river transportation that are afforded, the superiority of Wheeling's shipping advantages is readily understood.

A new era, which will enhance largely the



MAIN STREET NORTH FROM NINETEENTH STREET.

Wheeling enjoys the advantage of natural gas, which abounds in the factories and the homes. Two well-managed companies, the Wheeling Natural Gas Company, A. B. Dally, Jr., Superintendent, and the Natural Gas Company of West Virginia, George Heard, General Manager, supply the demand, and are properly appreciated by this well-to-do community. While the population of the city does not reach 35,000 people, its suburban trade is

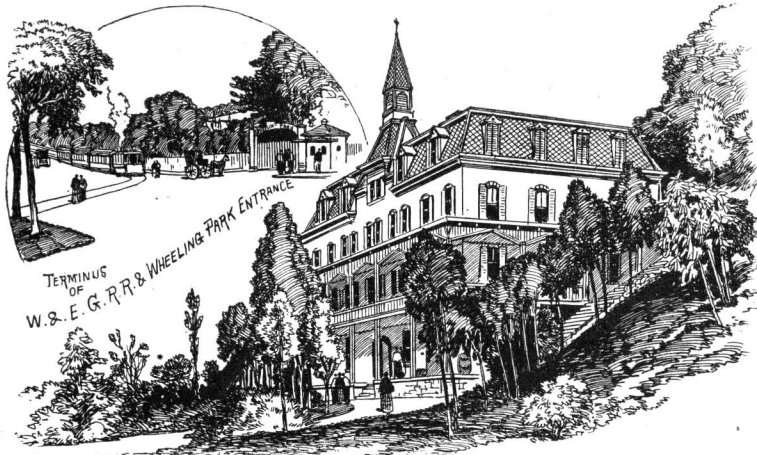


VIEWS IN WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.—FROM PHOTOS BY W. C. BROWN.



R. H. COCHRAN.

Ohio Valley, and Dollar Savings Bank represent the greater portion. In addition, Wheeling boasts of nine local fire insurance companies, headed by the German Fire Insurance Company, the Franklin Insurance Company, besides the Underwriters Insurance Company, and the American Insurance Company. The municipal affairs of the city continue in a very satisfactory condition, the indebtedness being small. The educational and religious facilities are on a par with cities several times the population, and bespeak the culture of the citizens. There is an excellent public school system, to which are added several superior private institutions. Several of her church edifices are exceptionally beautiful. Mr. Reymann, President of the Reymann Brewing Company, is devoting his efforts to adding to the attractiveness of Wheeling and promoting every movement tending to benefit it. Through his labors, Wheeling Park, beautifully located on the Wheeling and Elm Grove Railroad, has become the most attractive and picturesque spot in West Virginia; a charming resort, affording suitable out-door enjoyment to the thousands of wage-workers and their families. To



HOME FOR THE AGED, AT BELLEVIEW.

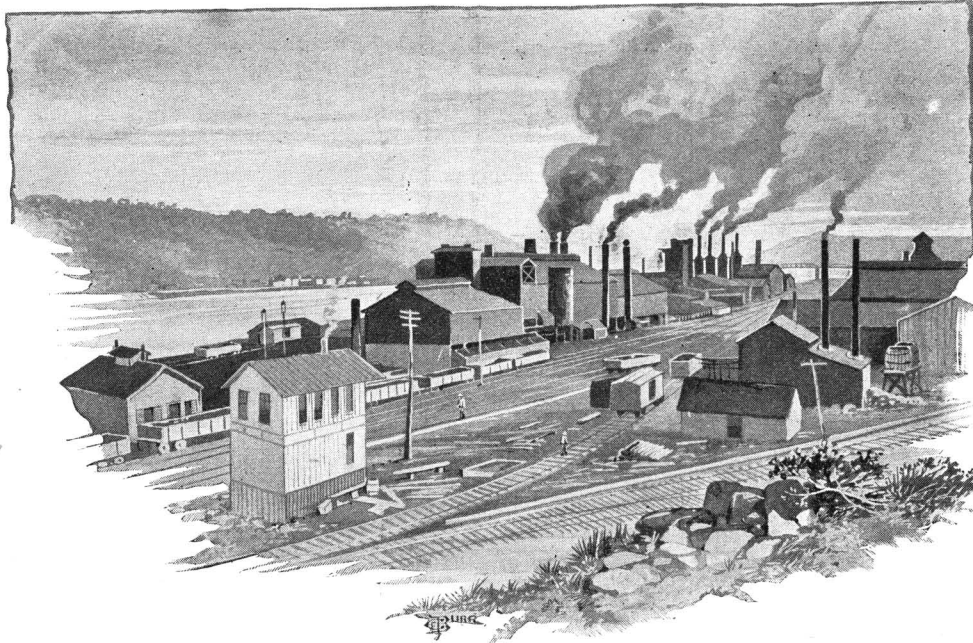
him, also, Wheeling owes the handsome Home for the Aged at Mt. Belleview, offering a comfortable home to aged ladies, which was purchased and is being properly fitted up, to remain a monument to true manly chivalry and the noblest impulses of the heart. The Wheeling and Elm Grove Railroad is also the creation of Mr. Reymann, and, extending from the city to the most beautiful suburban section, affords rapid transit to all desiring to escape the smoke and din of factories. It is such men that build up cities. While the character of the business blocks of Wheeling has been, thus far, disproportionate to the commercial and industrial importance of the city, many handsome and imposing structures are now in course of construction, under the guidance of Mr. Edward B. Franzheim, a leading architect of the East. Mr. Franzheim also has in hand designs for some of the most elaborate and modern buildings, which will improve greatly the appearance of the city.



HENRY SCHMULBACH.

very heavy, and practically increases the population to fully double that number. Over \$6,000,000 are invested in factories here. Its banking facilities are fully in keeping with the heavy requirements of such an important industrial community, and no better financiers than the gentlemen found at the head of Wheeling's banks can be named. The banking capital aggregates \$956,720, of which the People's Bank, the City Bank of Wheeling, the German Bank, Commercial Bank, Bank of the

fore, caused by the general growth and extension of business and prospective rapid transit. Three new electric railway lines will be started as soon as the new bridges are built, bringing Bellaire, Martin's Ferry, and Bridgeport within thirty minutes' ride of Wheeling. Good farm lands Mr. Smith quotes at from \$100 to \$300 per acre. No more inspiring or significant sight is presented than on Saturday night, when the streets of Wheeling are thronged with multitudes eager to make purchases, and compelling one to elbow his way among this wave of happy and contented humanity. And when it is stated that three of the largest manufacturing concerns disburse \$100,000 in wages every two weeks, the wealth of this modest city may be best understood. Wheeling has two opera-houses and a good hotel, the Windsor. The retail stores are very creditable; some of them, viz.: Wheat & Hancher, jewelers; C. A. House, music; H. T. Behrens, grocer; C. H. Wheeler & Son, tailors; Alexander & Co., boots and shoes; Frew & Bertschy, furniture; John Friedl, china; and G. Mendel & Co., furniture, presenting a very attractive appearance and doing a handsome business. Wheeling excels in bright and progressive journalism, its three daily papers, the *Register*, *Daily Intelligencer*, and *Evening News* ranking high as faithful exponents of West Virginian enterprise and thought.

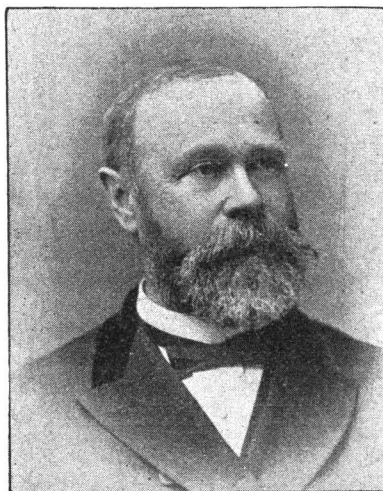


BELLAIRE NAIL WORKS AND BLAST FURNACE, BELLAIRE, OHIO.

Wheeling is blessed with a unity of action and public spirit which deserve special commendation. A very active Chamber of Commerce has done much toward interesting capital in manufactures, and otherwise fostering the creditable development of the city and community. The president, Mr. Hüllihen Quarrier, is particularly well qualified to direct the line of progressive action, and the unity of effort in the Chamber for the advancement of the common good makes it an important factor in the city.

LEADING INDUSTRIES.

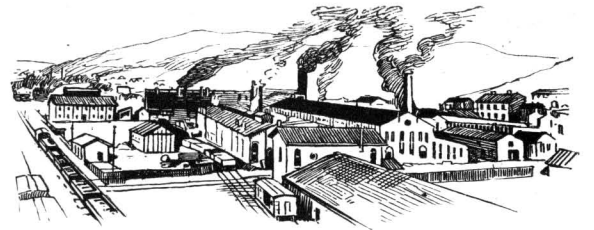
The Riverside Iron Works, with mammoth plants at Wheeling and Benwood, W. Va., and Steubenville, Ohio, represent one of the most extensive establishments of its kind in the world. The total



COLONEL GEORGE P. BISSELL.

annual capacity of the plants of this concern comprise: pig iron, two blast furnaces, 90,000 tons of steel; two five-ton converters, 65,000 tons steel plate and bars; four rolling-mills, 60,000 tons; kegs of steel nails, 224 nail machines, 600,000 kegs; and steel pipe, three mills, 30,000 tons. Particular attention is given to the manufacture of steel pipe, in which line this company stands without a peer in the country. The various departments afford employment to 1,500 men. The officers are: Messrs. J. N. Vance, President; John D. Culbertson, Secretary and Treasurer; and F. J. Hearne, General Manager.

The Standard Iron Company, manufacturers of sheet and plate iron and steel, with works at Bridgeport, Ohio, has a capacity of 1,700 net tons of all grades of sheet iron and steel annually, giv-



LA BELLE IRON WORKS.

ing employment to 350 mechanics. The president of the company is Mr. L. S. Delaplain, and Mr. W. F. Graham is secretary and general manager.

The Aetna Iron and Steel Company, of Bridgeport, Ohio, has a capacity for rolling finished iron aggregating about 26,000 tons per annum. Its trade is of a national character, and the works offer employment to about 650 men. The officers comprise Messrs. W. H. Tallman, President; John A. Topping, Secretary and Treasurer; and B. M. Caldwell, Manager.

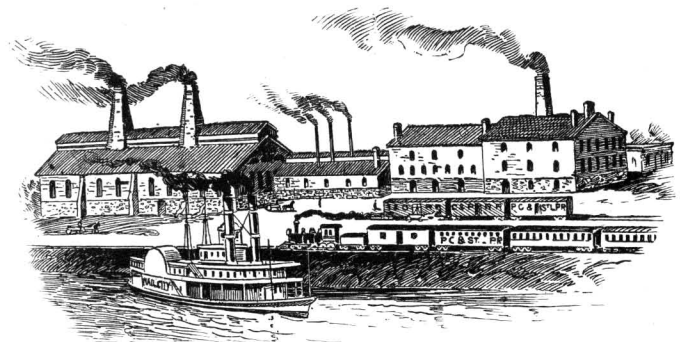
The Bellaire Nail Works have one of the most extensive plants at Bellaire, Ohio, manufacturing pig iron, steel nails, steel blooms, billets, and slabs. The success of this well-managed concern has been unprecedented, and is due to the executive ability of the officers, Messrs. James Wilson, President, and A. B. Carter, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Laughlin Nail Company, of Wheeling, was started as a joint stock company in 1878, with a capital of \$75,000. In 1885 this company joined the Junction Iron Company in building a Bessemer steel plant at Mingo Junction, Ohio, changing their product from iron to steel nails. The capacity of the steel plant is now 80,000 tons, and that of the nail factory 500,000 kegs per annum. Employment is given to 650 hands at both places at association scale wages. The trade extends from New England to California, and more recently into Mexico. The management is in the hands of W. L. Glessner, President, and F. M. Strong, Secretary.

The Belmont Nail Company, of Wheeling, covers about five acres of ground, and includes a blast furnace with a capacity of 30,000 tons of Bessemer steel yearly, and 152 nail machines with a capacity of 50,000 kegs of nails per annum. About 500 hands are given employment. The company is managed by Messrs. A. Wilson Kelly, President; J. D. DuBois, Secretary; and N. Reister, General Manager.

The La Belle Iron Works are manufacturers of steel nails and muck iron, and have a capacity of 143 machines. The plant is very extensive and complete, covering an area of about four acres, and embraces mainly the production of steel nails and tacks, in which line they excel. About 250 hands are given employment here under the efficient management of Messrs. C. A. Robinson, President, and C. E. Irwin, Secretary.

The Bellaire Stamping Company, of Bellaire, Ohio, represents well-known manufacturers of stamped tinware, sheet-metal specialties, lanterns, etc., with a plant representing one of the



NORTH WHEELING STOVE COMPANY.

most extensive in the Ohio valley. The very able management is vested in Messrs. John T. Mercer, President; A. P. Tallman, Vice-President; and W. C. Stewart, Secretary.

The Nail City Lantern Company, of Wheeling, was started in 1880, and now offers employment to 250 men. The company is about to remove to a very handsome new building. The success of the establishment is mostly due to the superior management of Mr. A. W. Paull, President.

A. J. Sweeney & Son, founders and machinists, turn out machinery averaging



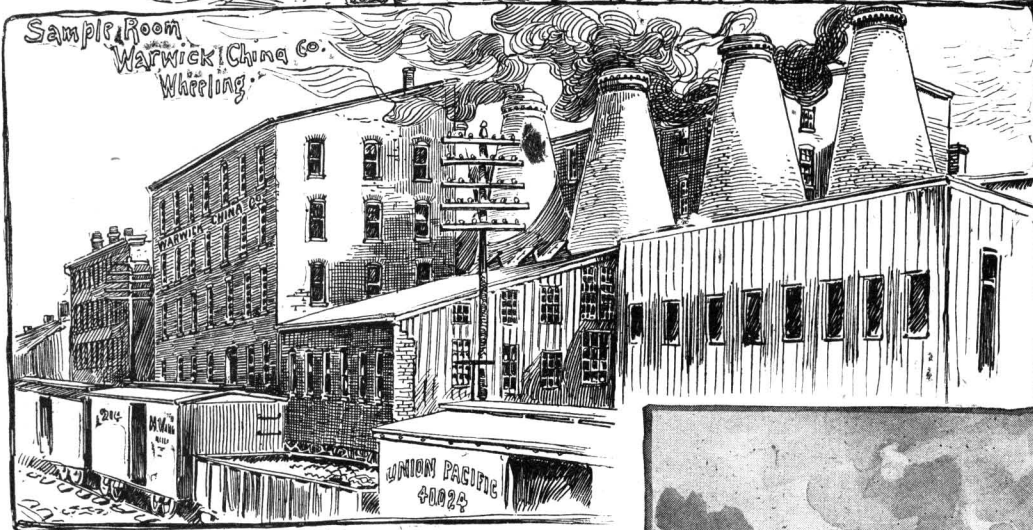
AUGUSTUS POLLACK.



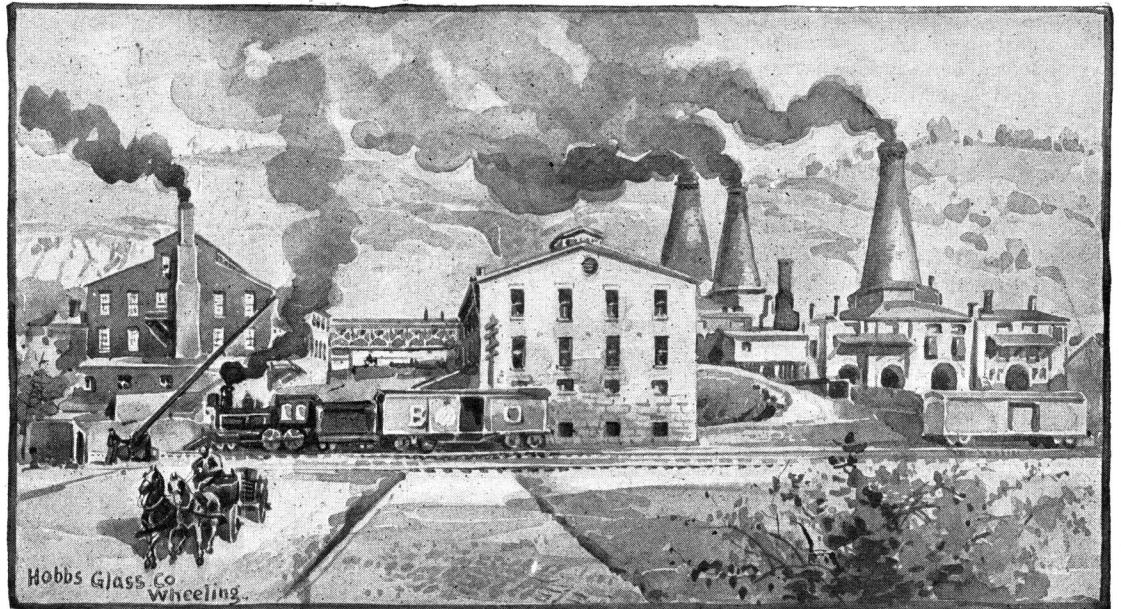
Sample Room
Warwick China Co.
Wheeling.



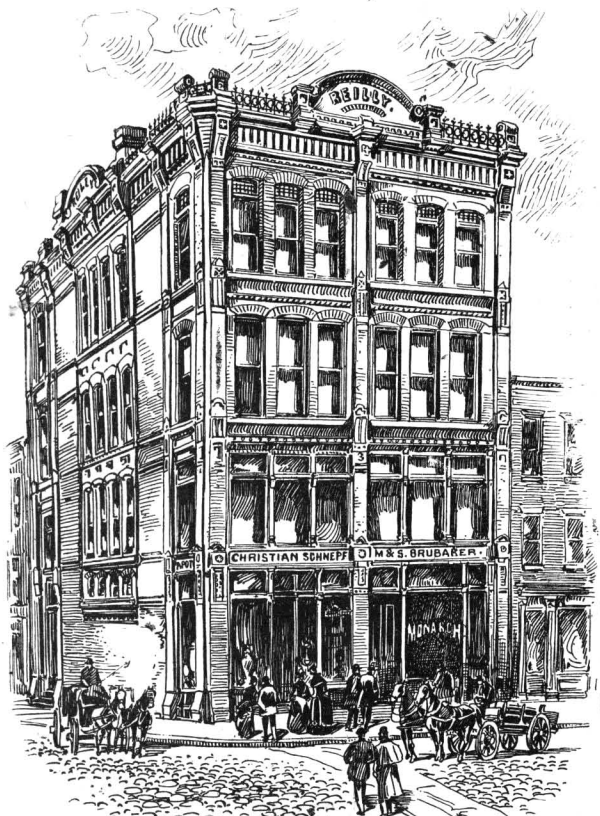
Nail City Lantern Co. - Wheeling.



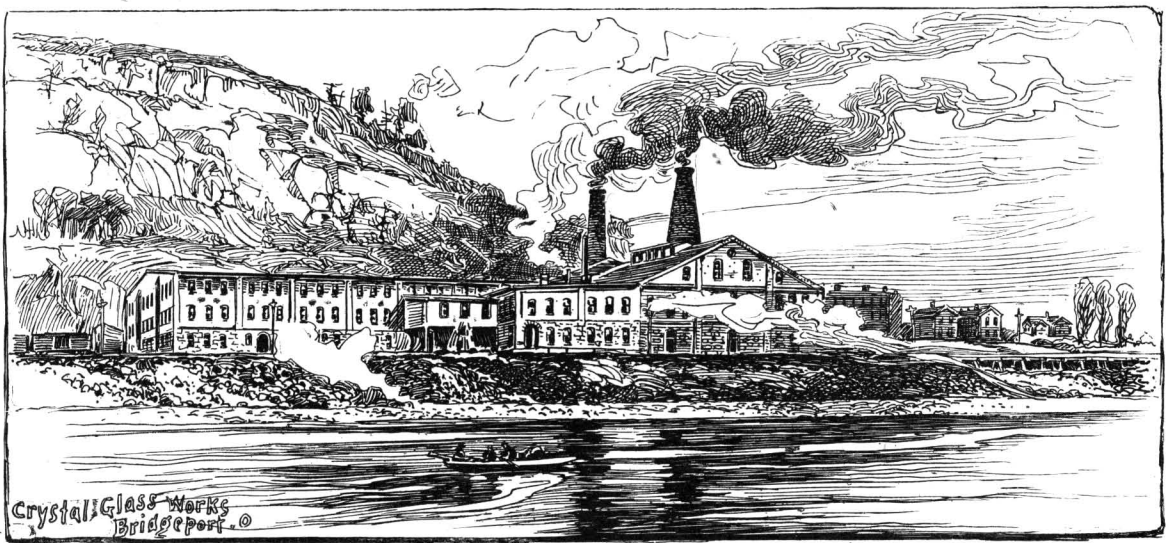
UNION PACIFIC



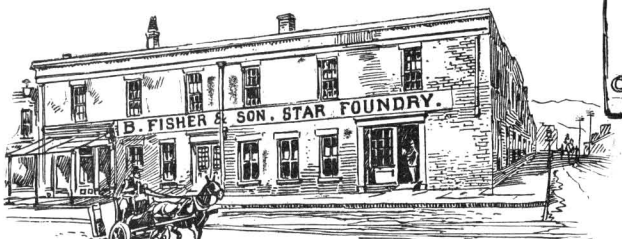
Hobbs Glass Co
Wheeling.



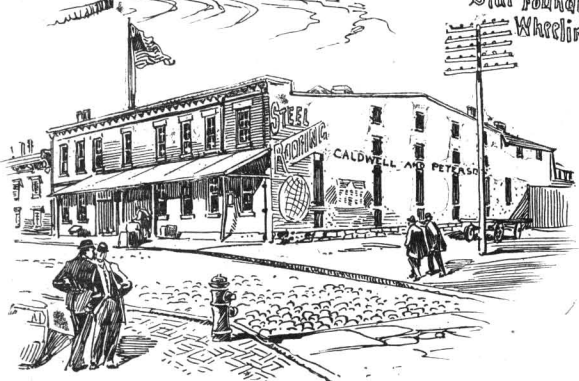
Reilly Block - Wheeling.



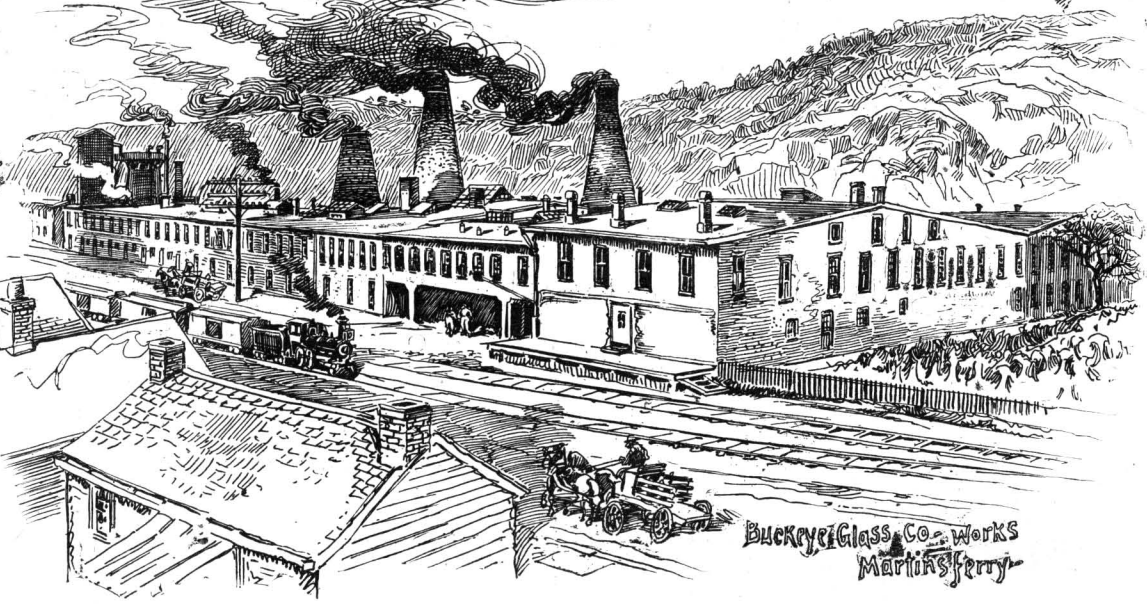
Crystal Glass Works
Bridgeport.



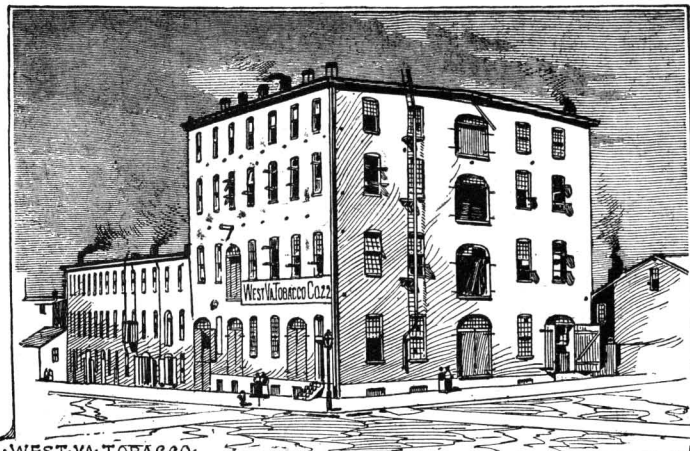
B. Fisher & Son
Star Foundry.
Wheeling.



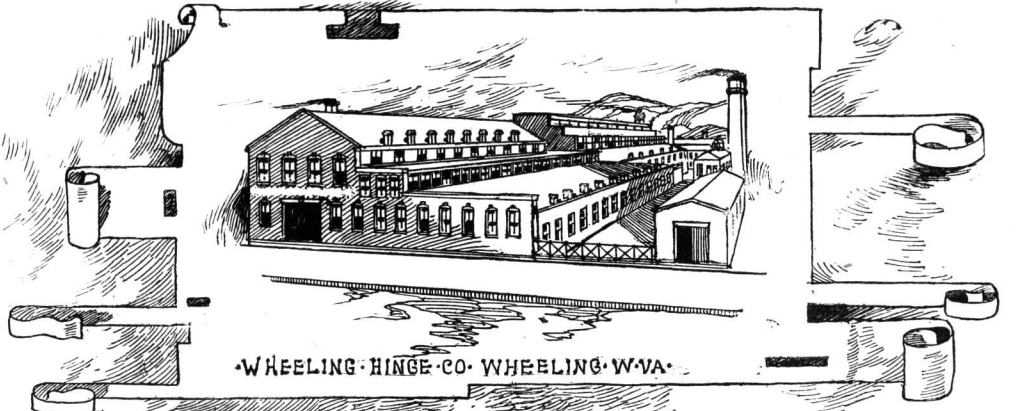
Caldwell & Peterson
Iron Roofing Works - Wheeling



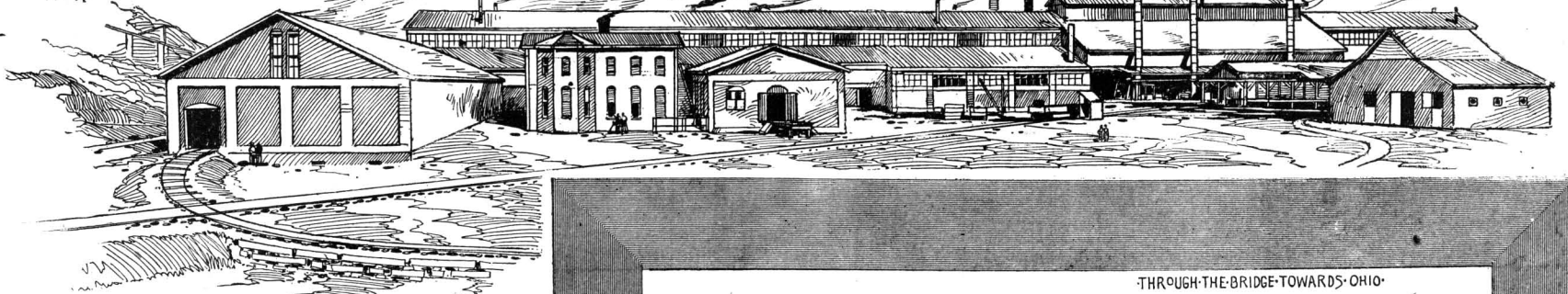
Buckyri Glass Co. Works
Martins Ferry



WEST VA. TOBACCO CO. WHEELING W. VA.



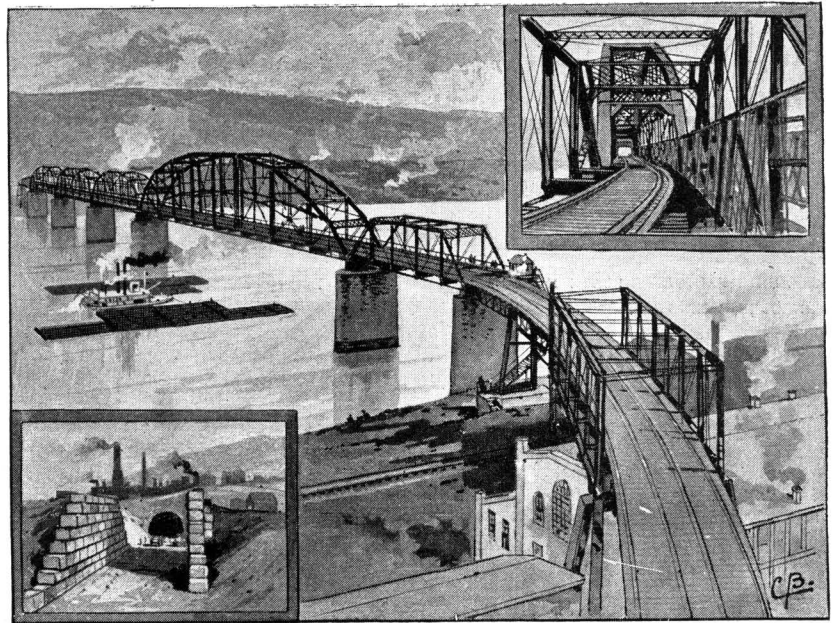
WHEELING HINGE CO. WHEELING W. VA.



LAUGHLIN NAIL CO. MARTINS FERRY OHIO



F. SCHENK & SONS WHEELING W. VA.



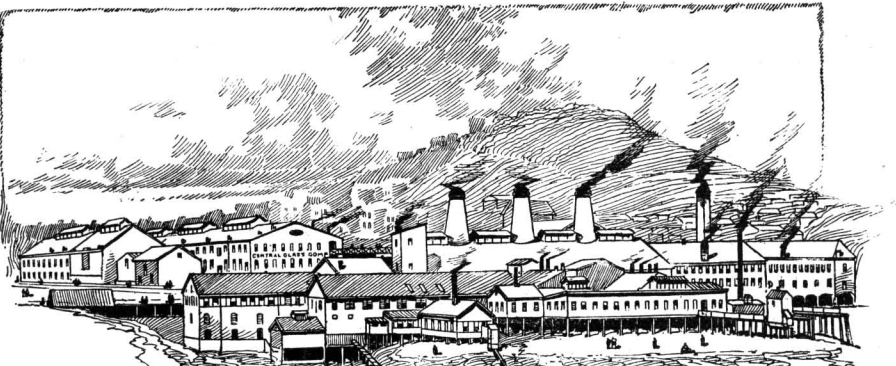
THROUGH THE BRIDGE TOWARDS OHIO

SOUTH PORTAL OF CHAPLINE HILL TUNNEL

WHEELING BRIDGE & TERMINAL RAILWAY CO'S BRIDGE FROM THE WHEELING SIDE LOOKING TOWARDS MARTINS FERRY OHIO



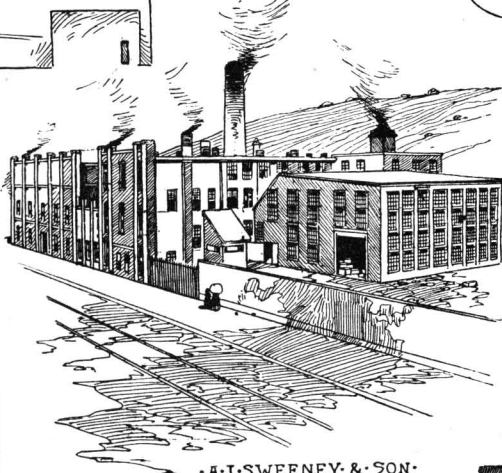
BELLAIRE STAMPING CO. BELLAIRE O.



CENTRAL GLASS WORKS WHEELING W. VA.

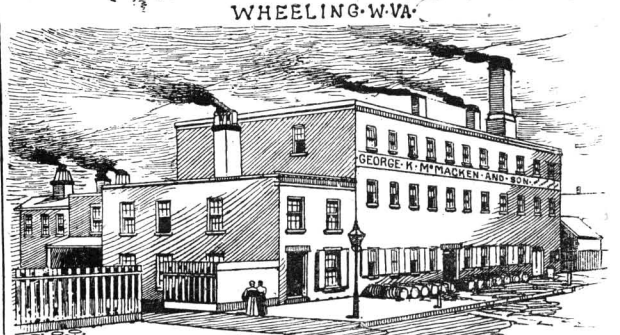


WHEELING W. VA.

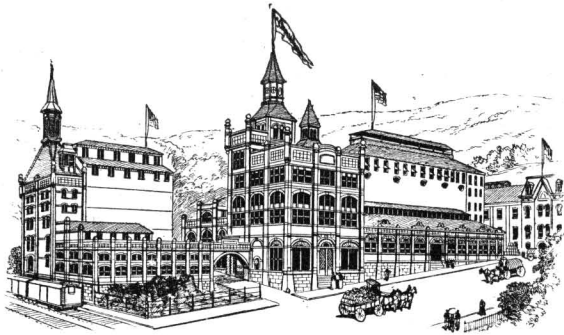


A. J. SWEENEY & SON FOUNDRY

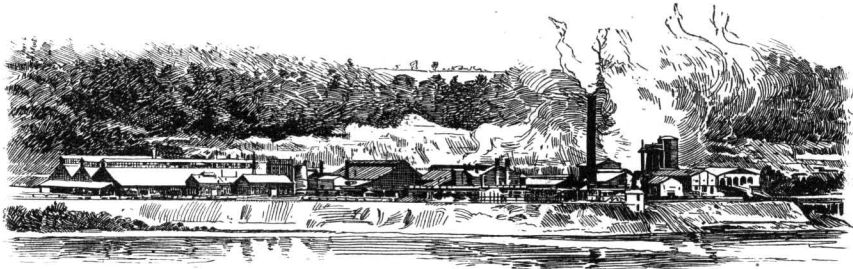
WHEELING W. VA.



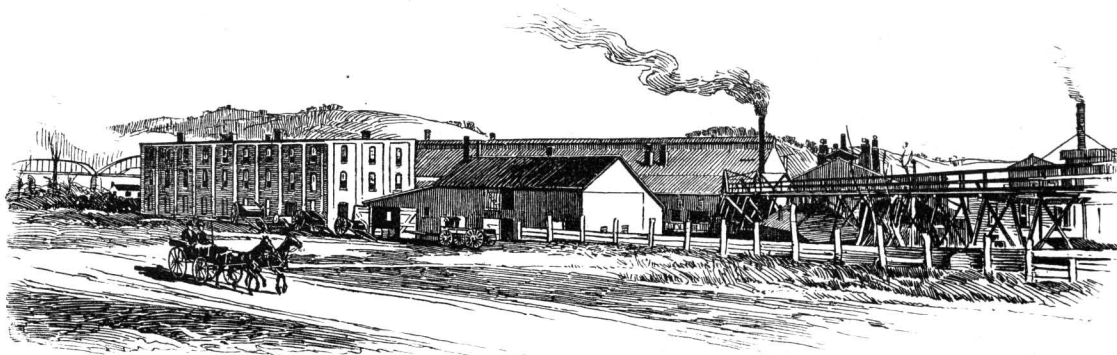
WHEELING W. VA.



SCHMULBACH BREWING COMPANY.



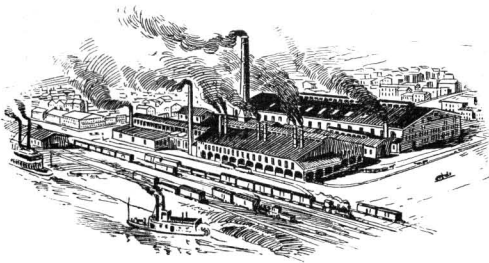
RIVERSIDE FURNACE, BESSEMER STEEL-PLATE MILL, AND TUBE DEPARTMENT, BRENTWOOD, W. VA.



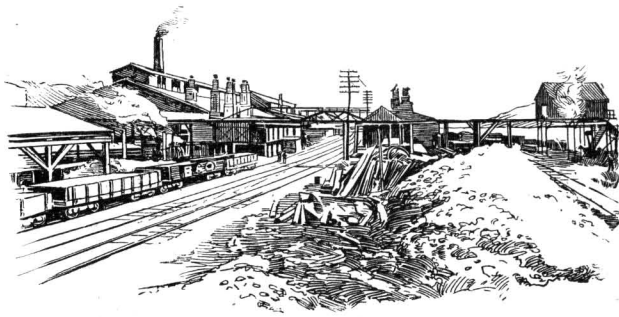
THE STANDARD IRON COMPANY'S WORKS, BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.



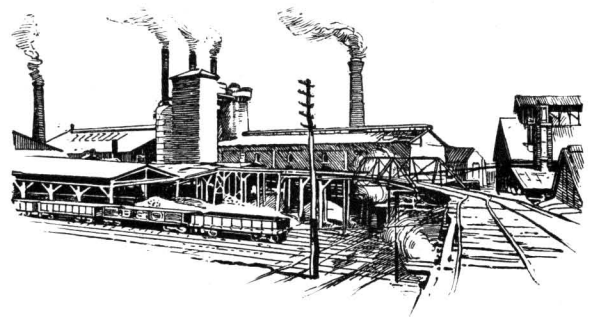
LA BELLE IRON WORKS, COOPER SHOPS.



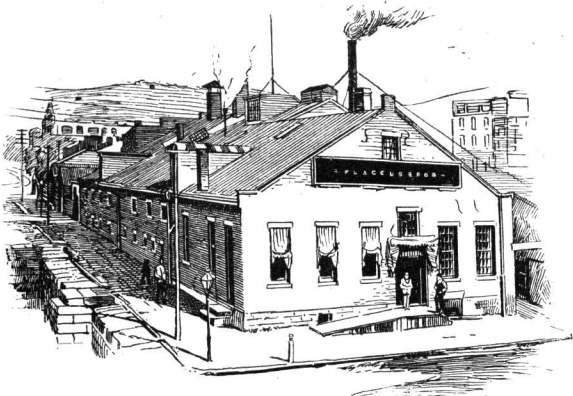
RIVERSIDE IRON WORKS, NAIL FACTORIES, PLATE MILL, AND WAREHOUSE, WHEELING.



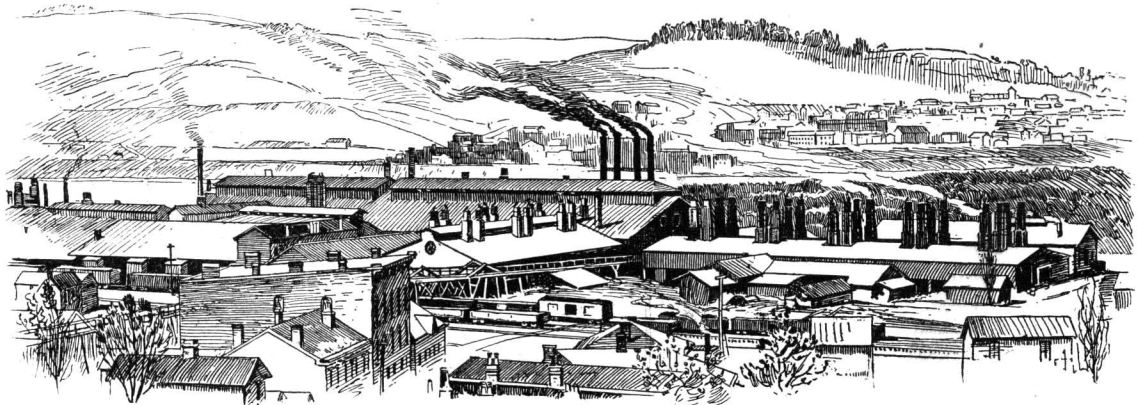
BELMONT NAIL WORKS, WHEELING.



BELMONT BLAST FURNACE, WHEELING.



FLACCUS BROTHERS' WORKS, WHEELING.



THE ETNA IRON AND STEEL CO., BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

from \$200,000 to \$250,000 annually. The members of the firm are Messrs. A. J. and John M. Sweeney, who rank high among the most representative business men of Wheeling.

The Wheeling Hinge Company was established in 1865, and employs from 125 to 150 men. Its trade is national.

The Standard Axle Manufacturing Company, leading manufacturers of coach, carriage, and buggy axles, turn out from 25,000 to 30,000 sets of axles annually, which are sold throughout the entire Union.

Caldwell & Peterson are extensive manufacturers of sheet steel and prepared tin roofing, with most modern machinery and complete works. They maintain a New York office at 97 Chambers Street.

The Schmulbach Brewing Company, whose new buildings we illustrate, together with a portrait of Mr. Henry Schmulbach, the president, is one of the most successful of Wheeling's enterprises. Commenced in 1863 on a modest scale, fully 150 men are now employed in the various departments. The output aggregates 40,000 barrels annually, and is to be increased largely. Mr. Schmulbach was born in Germany in 1844, coming to America in 1852. In his business career he has been successfully engaged in the grocery and wholesale liquor trade. Acquiring a controlling interest in the Nail City Brewing Company in 1882, the style of the concern was changed to its present one. Mr. Schmulbach is presi-

dent of the Board of Public Works, and has large financial interests in many of Wheeling's institutions.

The Central Glass Company, started in 1863, is now operating with a capital of \$260,000, employing about 500 hands. The works produce table-ware, bar, and lamp goods, which for quality are unexcelled. N. B. Scott is President, and Albert Meder, Secretary.

ware and bar goods are the principal products, employing 300 people. Edward Muhleman is President, Addison Thompson, Secretary, and John J. Jones, Treasurer.

The North Wheeling Glass Company conducts one of the most complete flint-glass and prescription-bottle factories, besides manufacturing fine bar goods and a large line of flint glassware. A large jobbing trade is done. The officers are: William Alexander, President, and F. J. Park, Secretary. About 110 hands are employed.

The Buckeye Glass Company, of Martin's Ferry, employs 400 men, women, and boys in the manufacture of colored and decorated glassware, table-ware, flint-blown tumblers, and decorated glass goods and novelties of all descriptions. Mr. A. D. Seaman is President, and A. W. Kerr, Secretary.

The Warwick China Company, organized in 1887, affords employment to about 350 people, and has an annual production of about \$250,000. Its specialty is semi-porcelain queensware, for which it has a wide reputation. Mr. Charles W. Franzheim, the president, is one of the representative and most successful business men of the city.

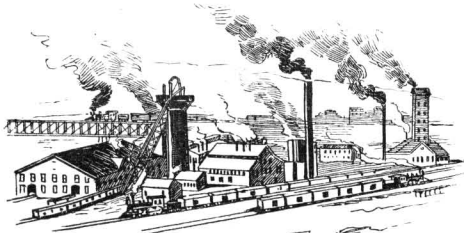
The firm of George K. McMechen & Son, composed of Messrs. George K. and W. B. McMechen, are large manufacturers of preserves, pickles, jellies, mince-meat,



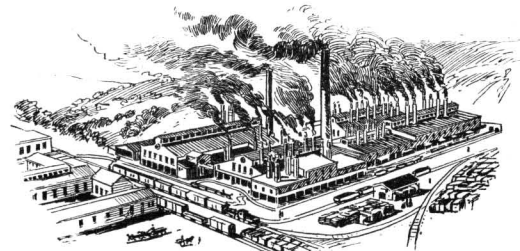
INTERIOR VIEW, WHEAT & HANCHER, WHEELING.

The Hobbs Glass Company was incorporated with a capital of \$150,000 in 1888. The company are large manufacturers of fancy glassware, employing during the busy season about 600 persons. Sample-rooms are maintained by the company at all the principal commercial centres. The management is in the hands of J. H. Hobbs, President, and H. E. Waddell, Secretary.

The Crystal Glass Company, of Bridgeport, Ohio, was organized in 1888. The works are equipped with all the latest appliances, and natural gas has been introduced in all departments; its shipping facilities are unsurpassed. Crystal table-



RIVERSIDE IRON WORKS, FURNACE, AND COAL SHAFT, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.



RIVERSIDE IRON WORKS, BAR MILLS, FORGE, AND COAL MINE, WHEELING.

THE INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS OF WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.

and table luxuries. In their present elaborate quarters they give employment to forty operatives and five commercial travelers.

The establishment of Flaccus Brothers, making a specialty of canning, employs 100 people. Established in 1875, their trade has become very extensive. Their special brand of canned tomatoes has a wide reputation. The members of the firm are Messrs. George A., E. C., and C. C. Flaccus.

The West Virginia Tobacco Company are the leading manufacturers of tobacco in this district. Though only organized in 1889, their product has attained a popularity seldom reached. The quality of tobacco grown in this State is not excelled. Mr. A. Pollack is president of the company, and Mr. A. Barkley, manager.

Wheat & Hancher, the leading jewelers of the city, have one of the handsomest interiors of any establishment in the country.

Edward L. Rose & Co. are wholesale and retail dealers in typewriters, wheels, sewing-machines, etc., and have a successful business throughout the surrounding country.

B. Fisher, proprietor of the Star Stove Works, has succeeded in making his Valley Star heating stove a household necessity throughout the district.

The Hon. Augustus Pollack, of Wheeling, whose portrait appears elsewhere, was born in Germany, July 5th, 1830, removing to this country in 1849 and settling at Baltimore, whence he removed to Wheeling in 1854. Six years later he established a wholesale notion house, which was successfully conducted to 1871, when he founded his cigar and tobacco factory, which now employs 100 hands regularly. Public-spirited, and prominently identified with every movement having the interests of his city for its object, Mr. Pollack enjoys the high esteem and confidence of the people, and, though repeatedly urged to do so, has never sought public office.

Mr. George J. Matheson is one of the leading real estate dealers in this section, and enjoys unusual facilities for handling superior properties.

THE MINNEAPOLIS ART EXPOSITION.

It has become quite the fashion in certain American quarters to write the West down provincial or aboriginal. We may not stop here to consider the injustice, or—to treat it in the broader light it deserves—the humor of the thing. Neither is it appropriate to go into any extended argument as to the racial influences of climate and topography. While the Eastern individual is watching the gentle blood in his blue-lined veins, let us for the nonce take a look at a scene distinctively Western, and find out if this scene may not be prolific in suggestion and profitable in contemplation.

Three thousand miles out from Sandy Hook and you shall find a great city, the most sinful and the most beautiful on the footstool. Minnesota in Paris is as much *terra incognita* as Madagascar. Yet in this typical Western city from which I write one may look at the art of Paris as it never has been looked at, perhaps, in any American gallery. The Industrial Exposition of Minneapolis has an art department which for the past six or eight years has been constantly improving. The people—these "wild and woolly" Western people—have been patronizing this art department as few such institutions are patronized in this country. And in what does its art consist? Of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the crafty chromo-dealer's store, or of those rare and curious products of the plaque epoch, or of those delicious delicacies from the heroic age of "china painting"? Hardly. In the collection which is now hung there are strong examples of at least fifteen men who have first medals from the Salon, a still larger number who are *hors concours*, and yet a larger number still who have been awarded second and third class medals, and who have been accorded that pleasant thing, *mention honorable*, not to speak of twenty-three men who possess the prized decoration of the Legion of Honor. Just a brief naming of some of these men who are represented in this rare collection, before passing to a more extended consideration of this product of Western enterprise, fostered by Western culture and backed by Western wealth. Look at these names: Dagnan Bouveret, Bouguereau, Raphael Collin, Charles François Daubigny, Jules Dupre, François Flameng, Charles Frere, Paul Jamin, Jean Paul Laurens, L. L'hermitte, Mesdag, Jean François Millet, Leon Penault, Theodore Rousseau, Edward L. Weeks, Humphrey Moore, Edmond Charles Yon, Ridgeway Knight, Corot, and F. A. Bridgman.

Every man in the above list is represented by one or more examples—examples, too, that have not been wanting in admirers when hung in some of those thirty-three famous rooms that make of the Salon the world's imperial home of art.

One of the striking pictures of the exposition which was recently held is by an American, a sterling worker, one who has wedded his native talent to the training of the schools with most wonderful results. It is "The Last Voyage," by E. L. Weeks. Through the warm, languorous atmosphere the quaint towers of an Indian city rise in Oriental beauty toward a sky of matchless blue. On the sun-kissed waters of the Ganges there is a homely, uncouth barge, awkwardly propelled by a youth whose anxious face is turned toward the prone form of an old man, whose life tide is running to the shoreless sea of eternity. A bronze-brown Indian shades the ghastly face from the hot sun. You know the legend: if he can but reach the farther side ere the life goes out of his paining frame his soul will plume its wings for Paradise. And so the boatman rows the dying man to the sacred shore. It is a strong, virile piece of work. Nothing is done slightly.

In this same room, passing by a number of sterling works, we find an example of Bouguereau, "The Return of Spring." There be those who are carpers enough to croak that Bouguereau's painting has the common brand of commerce on it. Be that as it may, "The Return of Spring," worth, no doubt, every dime of its \$18,000 price, stands a magnificent creation. About the rare, sweet maiden the clustering cherubs play, telling in the dainty phrase of nature the story of awakening spring, and with it love's return to earth. The picture is a nude, pronounced in its character, but it is purity itself—a nude which in no way violates the canons of chastity. It is sufficient to say that it wasn't draped in Minneapolis.

In this room another great picture commands attention—the greatest picture, in the estimation of some, in all the thousand and more canvases. This is L'hermitte's "Les Foines," "The Haymakers." Seriousness is in every line. Not the over-worked seriousness that makes for severity, but the honest

seriousness that has the imprint of truth. A brawny man sits in the field mending his rude scythe. Such rare modeling! where shall you find its superior? Such striking character! where shall you see it surpassed? Near the mower sits, or rather reclines, a younger man and a woman, while a child stands hard by. Each figure is painted, is posed, is portrayed with fidelity.

Yonder is that charming work of as clever a man as ever determined how far color may be pushed. "The Japanese Musicians" is one of several examples of Humphrey Moore. One dark-eyed beauty sits at her drum with a garment that catches the eye the moment one enters the room; catches and holds, too. It is a striking effect, a brilliant red with just a suspicion of cardinal in it; a most presumptuous piece of business for a less clever man to attempt. By her side another demure Jap, playing her dainty stringed instrument in a garb of steely blue. What a striking color foil! And what audacity there is in the presentation! And Humphrey Moore, poor fellow, is deaf and dumb.

Art Director Smith, who spent six months in Europe making this collection, determined, let me say in passing, to equip it in all lines, and that he did his work admirably is plain.

The critics may be divided, and the art lovers may be divided over the question: Who is the greatest seascape painter of the world? But it is at least fair to say that when any summing up is made Mesdag will be found inferior to none. No man ever painted the sea more correctly, no man more constantly; no man ever interpreted its moods more faithfully. The fact that the director secured twenty-seven examples of the great Hollander in this collection is another and a significant token of its general excellence. The Mesdags hung in a room by themselves, if we except a powerful landscape by Jules Dupre. Taken all in all, it is the most notable, and, if I mistake not, by far the most numerous collection of the famous Hollander ever shown in America.

As an indication of what is being done in this city along the lines of art cultivation and encouragement, it may be said that before the art director sailed for Europe, over one hundred wealthy citizens of the city had pledged themselves to buy at least one picture each from such portions of the collection as were for sale. (As a matter of fact its actual sales up to this writing amount to \$35,000.) It should be added on this point that there is in Minneapolis, in the gallery of Mr. T. B. Walker, a leading patron of art, one of the finest private collections of paintings in the country: fully \$600,000 worth of the examples of the most noted modern masters. When for a private collection Mr. Walker buys, as he has lately done, the noblest example of Jules Breton extant, "L'Appelle du Soir," and calmly draws his check for \$30,000 in payment for the same, it certainly indicates some slight Western appreciation of art.

But I must take you into another room of this great collection.

Here is a room indeed which has a surpassing interest—the room devoted to the old masters. Van Dyck was a prolific man, as prolific as he was great. Pre-eminently a portrait painter, perhaps the greatest of any age, it is meet that he should be represented in this collection by an example of his most fortunate efforts. "The Three Children of Charles I." is the picture. True, in Windsor Castle there hangs the original, but it is only one of several amply accredited originals of this same interesting subject, for it is beyond question that Van Dyck painted at least three, and perhaps more. It is a wonderful piece of painting, the three noble-looking children being pictured in the most charming style, even the fawning spaniels receiving the same strength of treatment. There are also here apparently amply authenticated examples of the great Spaniard, Murillo; there are canvases of Holbein, of Rubens, of Frans Hals, of Saffleven, of Paul Veronese, of Paul Potter, of Rembrandt, of Salvator Rosa, of Teniers, of Ribera, of Titian, and of a number of other lesser lights.

In still another gallery are grouped forty-seven canvases, the work of that powerful American, F. A. Bridgman. Not every canvas is of merit equal to its fellow, but all are fine, all splendid specimens of wholesome art. "The Bey of Constantine Receiving Guests,"—what a fine, honest piece of work it is. In the central characters superbly drawn and as well painted; in the white-robed figures distant but distinct; in the rich hues of the pillars and the walls;—everywhere there is art, and real, frank, genuine art, without any frills or furbelows. In the example illustrated Mr. Bridgman is shown in the only portrait in his collection. It is rather a novel thing, this portrait among so many such different canvases, but it proves that versatility is one of his attributes.

Hors concours, the grand prize 1889 Universal Exposition, Legion of Honor 1885, prize of the Salon 1879, medal second class 1879—these are not meaningless words, especially when they are a portion of the honors of a painter, and that painter François Flameng. He should be better known in America; some day he will be. In this collection are several examples of his work, among them "Molière at Versailles."

Another man who should be better known this side the seas is G. Saintpierre. Two specially fine figures has he here. The one illustrated is a most artistic affair. A full-formed but not Amazonish woman stands in the mellow light. Her garments are her own, not those of a hired model; her face is her own, her pose is her own; she is a living, sentient, magnificent creature. Saintpierre has made "Soudja Sari" a rare piece of statuesque womanhood.

The visitor to the exposition saw strange eyes, eager, inquiring, or amazed, gazing all day long from the passing throng upon "The Mammoth." If Paul Jamin never painted another canvas here would be one to give him place in memory. A mighty prehistoric mammoth has surprised a band of savages, mayhap those who peopled the world in the dim days of the stone age. Four fleeing figures are making all haste to escape from the strange monster rising behemoth in size, and advancing toward them at frightful speed. No wonder the people stand and gaze at this daring piece of grotesquerie.

Far in the distance the eye catches a picture that takes you outside the big building's walls, away from the crowd and the turmoil and the noise and the sin of the surging city, and leads you to the quietest place in a whole province—you are out of the world of hard prosaic fact, and you are looking through the charmed eyes of Jules Dupre. It is "Milking Time," indeed; milking time in the open air. Here is atmosphere for you; here are clouds, here are real live cattle, here are plump peasant women, all of them in harmony with nature. Jules Dupre's contribution to these galleries is a notable one. The canvas is large,

to be sure,—an immense one,—but it is none too large for the picture.

And what extremes one meets! Go with me to another of the many rooms and we shall see a suggestion of war in its most serious light. A brawny soldier marches slowly home, not with the firm tread of the victor, but with the halting step of the wounded. No regiment marches with him; only his sad-eyed little daughter, carrying proudly the Prussian helmet captured by her sire in the camp of the hated enemy. About his head a tell-tale bandage, and through it soaks the dark, red blood. It is just what it should be—a soldier in every fibre, not on the retreat; fitter for the ambulance than for this painful jaunt with his childish guide. And why should it not be a picture of marked power when it is done by a prince of painters, Jean Paul Laurens, a man who bears medals of the third and first classes; who has the Medal of Honor; who is not only *hors concours*, but is an officer of the Legion of Honor?

But where shall we stop? Many pictures have been written of, but yet no word of Stewart's "After the Hunt Ball," or Ridgeway Knight's "Calling the Ferryman," or Dagnan Bouveret's "Hamlet and the Gravediggers," or of examples of Frere, of Paul Schmitt, of Gross, of Bierstadt and his much lauded and much over-estimated "Last of the Buffaloes"—these and many another might be discussed. The choice collection of water-colors and the rare roomful of curios—these, too, were of genuine interest.

Good old Bishop Berkeley, lover of infant America, staunchest of friends, kindest of theologians, rarest of humanitarians—will your hallowed shade forgive me if I paraphrase your famous verse that yet accentuates the thought of the centuries and say:

"Westward the course of culture takes its way"?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

W. S. HARWOOD.

WAR WIDOWS IN THE YEAR 2000.

THE question what sort of business is the healthiest has been often and much discussed, but its settlement seems to have been left for us. Farming has been regarded as a salubrious occupation, and invalids and convalescents of various degrees and classes have often had agricultural activity prescribed by their doctors as a sanitary measure. Bank presidents and judges of courts are known to be long-lived, and many people who are out of a job and not very well would jump at the chance of accepting either position.

But statistics show that there are no more healthy people in the world than war widows. Far be it from us to speak lightly of their dreary lot; but it is proper seriously to allude to the extraordinary tenacity which they exhibit, and to ask some explanation of it from the philosophers who deal with the tables of vital phenomena.

Look at the War of 1812, for instance. It ended seventy-six years ago, and the inference would naturally be that most of the active participants must have disappeared. But Commissioner Raum's report shows that during the last eighteen years no less than 34,917 soldiers of that war have stood up and asked for pensions, and that during the same period 44,872 widows of that war have applied for pensions—nearly one-third more than of living participants. During the current year \$38,847 have been paid in pensions to the surviving soldiers of the War of 1812, and \$1,263,239 to their surviving widows—providing for more than thirty women to one living man.

The Revolutionary War furnishes a still more astonishing example. Its last gun was fired more than one hundred and nine years ago. None of its soldiers survive. The last one died a generation since. But more than three thousand widows of that war were alive to attend his funeral, and General Raum assures us that twenty-three of the venerable ladies are alive yet, and he gives their names, ages, and States of present residence, as follows:

Names of surviving widows of the Revolutionary soldiers who have been regularly paid their pensions to June 4th, 1890, with their ages and places of residence at that date.

Name of Widow.	Age.	State.
Aldrich, Lovey	90	Michigan.
Betz, Elizabeth	87	Pennsylvania.
Brown, Mary	85	Tennessee.
Curtis, Susan	98	Maine.
Dabney, Sarah	90	Illinois.
Damon, Esther S.	76	Vermont.
Denmore, Jane	89	New York.
Green, Nancy A.	72	Indiana.
Gregg, Nancy	79	North Carolina.
Harbison, Jane	84	Illinois.
Heath, Sally	85	Kentucky.
Jones, Nancy	76	Tennessee.
Mayo, Rebecca	77	Virginia.
Morton, Olive C.	79	Michigan.
Morse, Lucy	89	Vermont.
Rains, Nancy	98	Tennessee.
Richardson, Patty	89	Vermont.
Robertson, Nancy	87	Tennessee.
Smith, Meridy	85	Georgia.
Snead, Mary	74	Virginia.
Turner, Asenath	85	New York.
Weatherman, Nancy	80	North Carolina.
Young, Anna Maria	98	Pennsylvania.

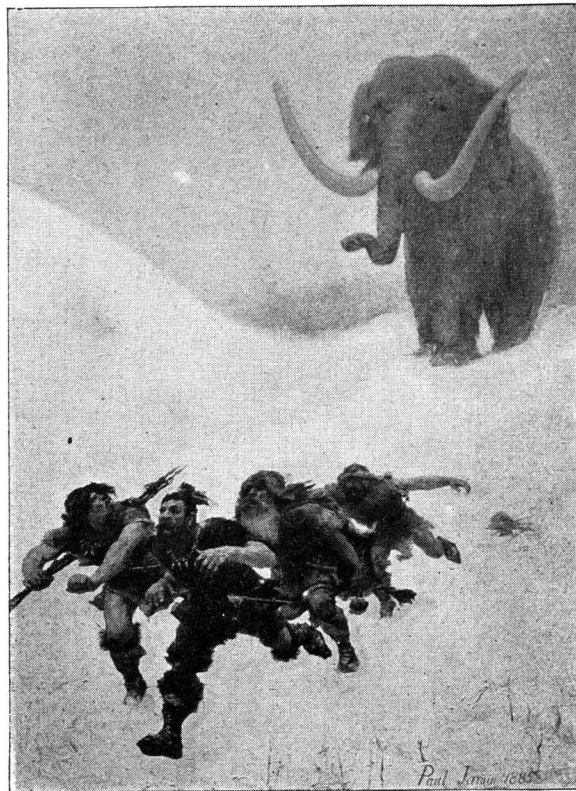
There are two or three curious features about this pathetic remnant of our great war of independence. Five of the ladies do not bear the names of the heroes whose relics they are, though the law explicitly withholds pensions from widows who have remarried. The Scotch diminutive termination "ie" is entirely missing, and the good old name "Nancy" appears six times, interspersed with "Esther," "Meridy," "Asenath," and "Lovey."

It will be observed, also, that fourteen of these ladies are more than eighty-five years old, and that no less than three are ninety-eight. This is extraordinary longevity, and its parallel will probably be found among no other class of human beings. But it will not escape notice that the very youngest of these ladies is only seventy-two, and the fact suggests and enforces a significant conclusion. She must have married when she was sixteen a veteran of seventy-three, who was only fourteen when the Revolutionary War began, and twenty when it closed. In fact, all of these revered dames were babes who married soldiers old enough to be their grandfathers. If this junior lady of seventy-three lives to be one hundred, as some of her sister pensioners doubtless will, she will see the sun rise in 1917, one hundred and twenty-six years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and fifty-one years after the death of the last of its heroes.

The question which now arises is, Will there be any widows of the war for the Union alive in the far-off year 2000, one hundred and ten years from now, and if so, how many? W. A. C.



A HERO: JEAN PAUL LAURENS.



THE MAMMOTH: PAUL JAMIN.



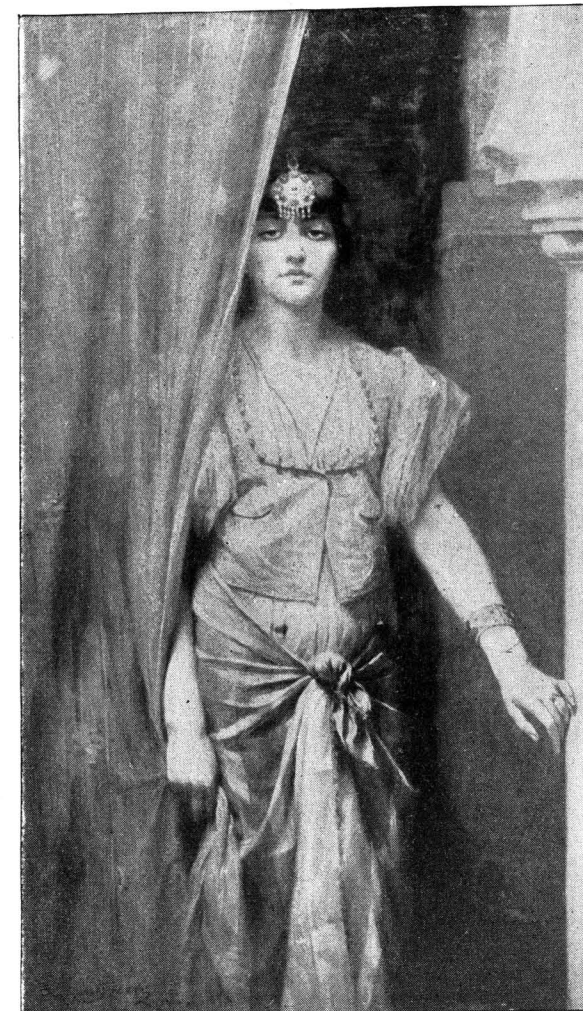
THE JAPANESE MUSICIANS: HUMPHREY MOORE.



MILKING TIME: JULES DUPRE.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY: F. W. BRIDGMAN.



SOUDJA SARI: G. SAINTPIERRE.

SOME OF THE LEADING PICTURES OF THE MINNEAPOLIS ART EXPOSITION.—[SEE PAGE 451.]