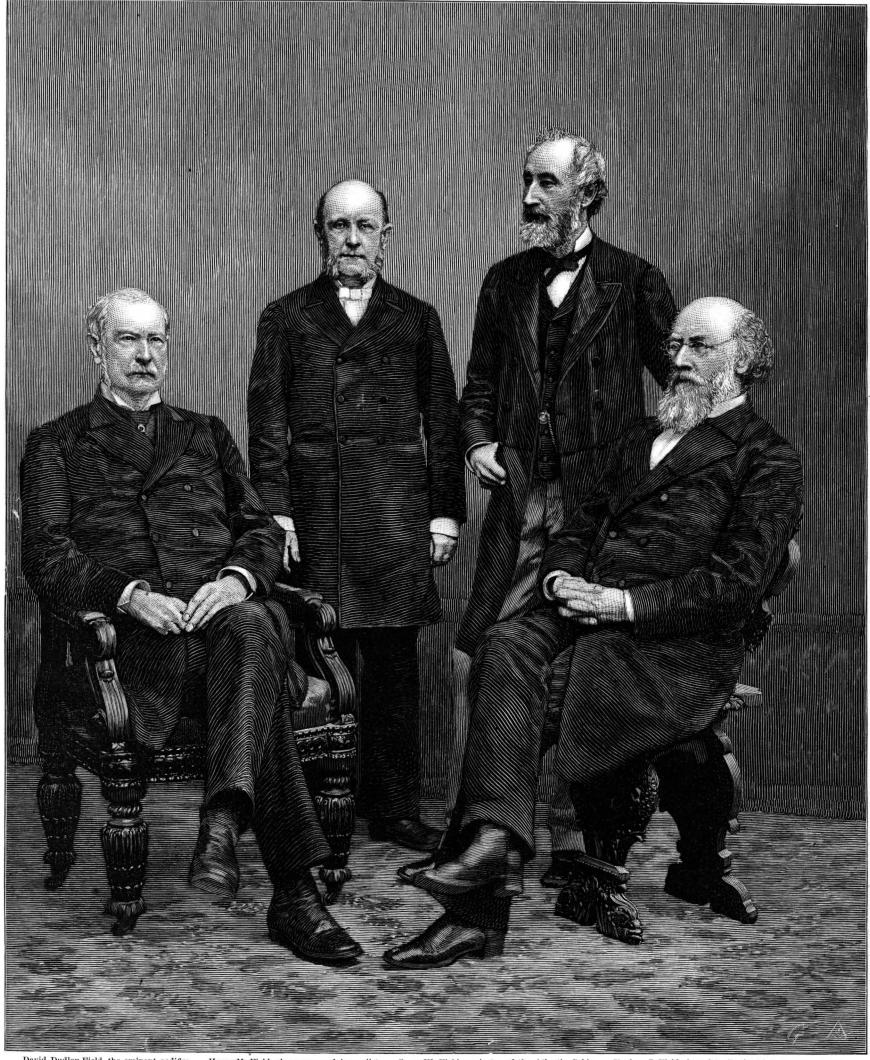
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David Dudley Field, the eminent codifier. Henry M. Field, clergyman and journalist. Cyrus W. Field, projector of the Atlantic Cable. Stephen J. Field, Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

WE shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

HE End of the World" will be the subject of the leading editorial contribution of this paper next week. Miss Mary Proctor, of St. Joseph, Mo., daughter of the late Professor Proctor, an astronomer of world-wide fame, recalls in a very readable way the various predictions in the past regarding the approaching end of the world. It is a narrative of exceeding interest, and in view of Professor Totten's predictions will be accepted as pertinent and timely.

WHY I BELIEVE THERE WILL BE WAR IN EUROPE.

UST as certain as the swallows return to our northern regions every spring, just as surely when the snow disappears from the ground we are to hear rumors of war from Europe. We are so used to these rumors that we no longer put much faith in them, and, indeed, whoever could predict with certainty the time of the outbreak of these long-expected hostilities would be wiser than the greatest statesman. Still the reports and indications increase from year to year, and one having closely observed the political horizon of Europe must come to the conclusion that the beginning of the end is very near.

What are the main reasons why Europe is bound to have a war in the near future? Nothing but ambition and jealousy. The ambition of the great nations to aspire to the supremacy in European affairs, and the jealousy of their neighbors to keep them from rising to the top of the ladder. This is called in Europe its "political equilibrium." Ever since the beginning of this century, and even earlier, Europe has been living in this equilibrium, and all wars since that time originated through this deplorable jealousy. When Prussia had beaten Austria in 1866, and grew in consequence too mighty in the eyes of her western neighbors, the French, Napoleon decided to put a stop to her elevation. This caused, as we all know, the outbreak of the Franco-German war in 1870, which ended so disastrously to France.

Almost twenty years before that time the extension of Russia and her desire to carry out the plans, and what is called the last will and testament, of her great Czar, Peter I., was checked by the united forces of France and England. Peter I., or the "Great," who governed from 1689 to 1725, desired to extend his empire way down to the Bosphorus, and left in his will the prediction that Russia never would be able to reach the climax of her power unless she would possess all territory east of an air line drawn straight from St. Petersburg on the Baltic Sea down to Constantinople, the key to the Bosphorus and the Black Sea. He was a far-seeing man, for Russia really never will be able to develop her powers until she is sole possessor of the entrance

Thus far, up to this date, despite her most strenuous efforts, she has not succeeded in gaining this point, and let us hope that she never will. Constantinople in Russian hands would by no means be of benefit to the civilized world;—the limited space does not permit me to substantiate this assertion. The Crimean War from 1854 to 1856, ending with the destruction of Sebastopol by the French and English, which forced Russia to accept the treaty of Paris, apparently destroyed the hope of the Russians to conquer the capital of Turkey for hundreds of years to come. In that treaty of Paris (1856) Russia was forced to abandon the country around the mouth of the Danube, and also not to keep a larger number of men-of-war in the Black Sea than Turkey. The treaty was like all European treaties of war-a so-called "eternal treaty"; but eternity seems to be of short duration in the eyes of European Powers. When the French were crushed by the Germans in 1870 they had no time nor desire to look after the wants of other nations, therefore Russia saw her opportunity again to break the aforementioned treaty and to increase her naval strength in the Black Sea. It also did not take her long to drive Servia into a war with Turkey, and finally to take a hand herself in that struggle, the end of which we all know.

When Russia's armies stood before the walls of the Turkish capital the other European Powers thought that a further step would throw the Old World out of its political equilibrium. Russia was requested to stop and to enter into the armistice of San Stefano, followed by the Berlin treaty. The congress held by the Powers in Berlin, stipulating the articles of peace, created an independent Bulgaria, and granted to Russia some slices of land near the mouth of the Danube, which she during the war had usurped a second time, and which she would not have given

up again under any circumstances. She also gained a very large tract of land in Asia Minor—or, rather, back of Asia Minor, on the southern coast of the Black Sea, including the two formidable Turkish fortifications, Ezeroum and Batoum. This was quite a step nearer to her goal. Now the jealousy of Austria was intensely aroused. She could by no means allow Russia to get the controlling voice in the East, as this meant a certain death-stroke to the Empire of Francis Joseph. To counterbalance Russia's predominance she did not rest until she occupied the former Turkish provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina, in the year 1879-80.

Meanwhile the hatred between France and Germany by no means diminished. Germany also did not admire very much the growing political strength of her eastern neighbors, the Russians. Her only salvation, being situated between two such powerful enemies, she thought, lay in a strong mutual alliance for better or worse between herself and Austria, while France and Russia all the time were flirting with each other and negotiating for a mutual treaty of assistance in case of war.

Another Power, Italy, meanwhile grew in strength, especially after she had united her forces with those of Germany against Austria in 1866. Although she was terribly beaten in that campaign by the Austrians, yet victorious Prussia forced the latter to surrender to the Italians the whole province of Venetia, almost as large as half of Italy as it was before that war. When, a few years later, the French were forced to withdraw their garrison from Rome and the Pontifical State, the Italians gained another good slice of territory without any labor. The King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, occupied Rome despite the protests of the Pope, and transferred thither his capital and royal residence, thus actually uniting the whole of Italy except the southeastern French provinces of Savoy and Nice, which formerly belonged to Italy, and are still to this day in the hands of France.

This growth of Italy was naturally looked upon by France with jealous eyes, fearing that eventually the growing neighbor would demand the cession of the two provinces just mentioned. Italy, on the other hand, having reaped such great advantages from her friendship with Germany, was wise enough to seek admission into the German-Austrian alliance. Thus the famous triple alliance was formed. Naturally such a threatening state of affairs forced all the European Powers to increase their enormous standing armies from year to year to an almost unbearable extent. From day to day we see one or the other European nation add new regiments to her land forces, increase her naval strength, build new fortifications, adopt improved fire-arms for her infantry, and construct new guns for her artillery. The burden cast upon the people of Europe has been so much increased that it is almost unendurable; and still there is no end.

On the other hand, Europe's monarchs must keep their armies up, and increase them in strength to have a strong weapon in their hands against their own subjects in case they dare revolt against any further sacrifices pro gloria patriae, or, better expressed, pro gloria regis. Now the point has nearly been reached where such a peace in arms must end with the collapse and ruin of the finances of some of the big nations, and an outlet must be found to avoid an inner struggle to the death. Perhaps the outbreak of a war may be put off for another year; this delay will be not because the rulers of Europe do not like to go to war, but because they fear the unforeseen consequences and the possible disaster to their own throne, existence, and life.

It is interesting to cite a few sentences from a speech delivered by the late Field-Marshal General Count von Moltke, before the German Parliament a few months ago, when the German Government asked for more money for military purposes:

"When the war hanging over Europe like the sword of Damocles since the last decade *does come*, its length and its end are not to be foreseen, and its consequences will be horrible. The biggest Powers of Europe stand armed as never heretofore, and none of them could be beaten in two or three battles so completely as to be considered perfectly annihilated. The war may last seven years; nay, thirty years and longer. Woe to the man who should set Europe afire, and who first should throw the torch into the powder-keg!"

Such an opinion, expressed by a man who had been commander-in-chief of the strongest army in Europe for a period longer than a lifetime, must be looked upon as incontestable truth. Yet the peace of Europe hangs on a very frail thread. One of the ambitious monarchs, in a freak, may precipitate his nation into a fight with one of his neighbors, drawing the balance of the Powers into the struggle. A short time ago a social-democratic newspaper gave the following curious picture of Europe's monarchs:

"The Russian Czar, the ruler over more than one hundred millions, undoubtedly suffers from insanity produced most likely by the fear to end in a similar fatal manner as his predecessors. The German Emperor, through his ear troubles, which apparently affected his brains, is in such a state of irritation that it is hardly possible for his surroundings to deal with him in a rational way. The King of Bavaria has been locked up in an insane asylum for many years. The Netherlands, having lately lost their king, who died of softening of the brain, are at present governed by a ten-year-old girl. The King of Spain is a boy of five years, and beside an idiotic hydrocephalus. On Servia's throne sits an incapable youth of fifteen who is about getting blind, and Austria's Emperor has become almost childish since the suicide of his son and heir. Wherever we set our eyes upon the European courts we see nothing but idiocy, insanity, and decay permeating the reigning families."

This picture is by far exaggerated and partial, yet there is more truth in it than fiction. It may not matter whether the King of Spain is a victim of hydrocephalus, the ruler of Bavaria imbecile, or the Netherlands governed by a ten-year-old girl. It is, however, a matter of grave consideration whether the young German Emperor or the mighty Czar of Russia is of unsound mind or not, as in their hands lies the peace of Europe. Admitting that the actions of William II. are mildly expressed as somewhat surprising, yet we need not look upon him as an insane person, who would enter into a war by a mere freak. He is yet rational enough to be very much afraid of the consequences. Different altogether it is with the Czar, whose mind really seems to be somewhat upset by the constant fear of assassination. His vainglory also knows no bounds. He languishes to conquer those points yet necessary for the political power of his country, and, therefore, is filled with an incredible hatred of those nations that oppose his most ardent wishes, especially Germany and Austria.

At the same time Russia's inner affairs are rotten to the

core. The governing, or so-called "Young Russian party," keeps the Emperor in constant fear for his life, uncovering from time to time plots against the Czar, which only exist in their imagination and in that of the police and the Russian Minister of the Interior, who dictates their actions. At the same time the Ministers, Governors of Provinces, generals, way down to the lowest officials, suck the life-blood and marrow of the nation.

The Young Russian party is boiling for war to gain a new field for booty; the conservative or old Russian party, having lost the reins with the death of Czar Alexander II., is also anxious to see the country make a hostile move either southward toward Constantinople or against Austria and Germany. They hope to regain their power through the chances of war. The nihilists, although only a small body, are in favor of a campaign, expecting to be able to overthrow the despotic system should the luck of war turn against their ruler. And the masses of the Russian people (consisting mainly of the peasants, of whom Mr. George Kennan, the celebrated American traveler in Siberia, truly says that "upon their weary shoulders they bear the whole burden of their country, but are cheated, robbed, and oppressed by their own Government, even while fighting the battles for them") dream of a relief from their burdens and of future happiness brought by a lucky campaign.

So the whole of Russia from head to foot, from her august and despotic ruler way down to the lowest "mushik" (serf), is in a state of feverish fermentation eagerly striving for an outbreak. Therefore, we see her constantly endeavoring to create disturbances in Bulgaria and moving large forces toward her western and southern frontiers. The least impulse will conjure up hostilities between Russia and Austria. The war, once begun, could, with the present strained conditions in all other European countries, not be localized. The first scenes of fighting we would have to seek at the lower Danube, as all those countries lying between Austria, Hungary, Russia, and Turkey, such as Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, naturally would be drawn into this embroilment at once. Germany and Italy would soon have to render assistance to their ally, Francis Joseph, and France would see an opportunity to avenge herself on Germany too good to let slip. Soon we would see the whole of Europe involved in a most terrific struggle for life and death.

The disastrous consequences would be so awful that one shudders to even think of them, and we can only exclaim with the late Field-Marshal: "Woe to the man who will throw the torch into that powder-keg!"

HermannKutnow

MR. DEPEW IS OUT!

W E observe that some of our contemporaries in New York State, the Buffalo Express and the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle in particular, insist that Chauncey M. Depew would accept the nomination for the Governorship, if it were tendered him by acclamation at the Republican State Convention this year.

We have the best reason for saying that our esteemed contemporaries are at fault. The Governorship of this State has not now and never has had any special attractions for Mr. Depew.

The Governor of New York, since the revision of the constitution and the constant enlargement of the Legrand re's functions, has little power, except to veto bills, to reduce appropriations, to write an annual message, and pardon or commute the sentences of convicts. He is simply an executive clerk.

Of course a man who is ambitious to have a personal political machine can utilize the Governorship effectively for that purpose; but it does not offer anything like the opportunities for the development of a statesman's qualities that it offered in the earlier history of the State. There is nothing in it, the store, that has any special attraction for a man of Mr. Depew's and ambition.

No; the Governorship is not what Mr. Depew wants. If he had been offered the Senatorship; if he had been called to represent his country at the court of St. James, or if the Presidency were within reach, we have no doubt that Mr. Depew would have been found available, able and willing to meet all the requirements of the situation. But the Governorship of New York is not according to his taste or fancy. Within a year or two something else may be.

OUR DISAPPEARING FORESTS.

HE destruction of our forests continues with accelerating rapidity. A few years ago the pine woods of Maine furnished the largest supply of lumber for our markets. After the forests of that State were cut down the axemen began their work in New York and Pennsylvania, and after the destruction of wood-lands in these States, lumbering operations were removed to the Northwest. To-day, in the three States of Michigan Wisconsin, and Minnesota half a million persons are employed in this field of labor, but the report of the Census Bureau agents shows that so rapid is the destruction of the forests in the three States named, that their lumbering industry must cease to exist within the next six years.

Lumbermen in the Northwest are already purchasing woodlands in Montana, Idaho, California, Oregon, and Washington, while large tracts have quietly been secured by them in the last few years in nearly all the timber regions of the Southern States, particularly in Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas.

It is reported that at the present rate of consumption, the supply of merchantable timber in the United States will last for only a few years, and it has been largely increased by fire losses. The census agents find that the estimated area of timber-land burned over from 1880 to 1890 is nearly ten per cent, of the

entire timber acreage reported. In recent years, as forest lands have increased in value, greater care has been taken to prevent fires, and the census agents report that the careless and wasteful methods of the past have given way to sensible and conservative management, and that timber killed by fire is promptly utilized, instead of being allowed to go to waste and decay. It will interest the working masses to know that with the growth of the lumbering industry there has been a gradual and fairly uniform increase in the wages of mill hands during the last twenty years.

Enormous fortunes have been made in lumber, particularly in the Northwest, and many who are familiar with the conditions of the business insist that in a speculative way there is a better opportunity for investment in timber, particularly in the South, than in any other direction. Excellent pine-lands in Louisiana and Texas can be bought at from three dollars an acre upward, and with their present rate of appreciation in value these lands in half a dozen years will double, treble, and even quadruple in price.

BRIEF BUT TO THE POINT.

HAT experienced and able financier—one of the ablest in the United States—Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, in a recent letter opposing the free coinage of silver, makes two striking statements which we commend to the attention of our readers.

First, he calls attention to the fact that this Government now buys in the open market more than the entire domestic production of silver bullion, because it needs it for coinage and as the basis of treasury notes. To do more than this, Mr. Sherman says, will be impossible, unless by concurrent action on the part of other commercial nations. Senator Sherman says he appreciates why the producers of silver bullion desire the Government to pay one dollar and twenty cents per ounce for silver, which in the markets of the world has, for a series of years, been worth only one dollar an ounce. "But," he adds, and this is his strong point:

"I cannot appreciate why any farmer or other producer should desire that the Government should pay for any article more than its market value. It would be much better that the Government should pay one dollar a bushel for wheat when it is worth less, but no sensible farmer would desire the Government to embark in such an enterprise."

The second strong point of Senator Sherman is that the unreasonable demand for free coinage of silver has absolutely nothing to do with the reasonable demand for the increase of the volume of money required by the increase of business and the population of the United States. He points out that we have provided, by an existing law, for an increase of money; but that if more money is required there are many ways of providing it without cheapening the purchasing power of our money and making a wide difference between the kinds of money in circulation, based on silver and gold. On this point the Senator says (and we hope the strength of his statement will be appreciated by our readers):

"More than ninety-two per cent. of all payments are now made in checks, drafts, and other commercial devices. All kinds of circulating notes are now equal to each other, and are kept at the gold standard by redemption and exchange. Our money and our credit are now equal to or better than those of the most civilized nations of the world. Our productions of every kind are increasing, and it seems to me almost a wild lunacy for us to disturb this happy condition by changing the standard of all contracts, including special contracts payable in gold, and again paying gold to the capitalists and silver at the exaggerated price to the farmer, laborer, and pensioner."

It is a wasse? of time to add a word to these trenchant arguments, made by a man of experience, and a resident of a State that, for a time, was possessed with the craze for greenbacks, subsequently for silver, but that is now rapidly coming to the same safe position on the currency question that its senior Senator holds, and that every thoughtful, intelligent, observant man must hold.

GREAT MEN IN POLITICS.

HE death of the Canadian Premier, Sir John Macdonald, led to the most serious apprehensions regarding the future of Canada. No one, at first sight, seemed to be regarded as competent to take Sir John's place, and there were direct forebodings on the part of his former political associates regarding the stability of the Government and its power to continue to meet the sentiment in favor of absolute reciprocity with the United States, and annexation itself.

It is doubtless true that, in a new country, the death of a great political leader is far more severely felt than in older countries. For instance, the death of any great political leader in England in recent years has never left an unfilled gap in the ranks of politics. Some one has always come forward to take the vacant place, and in nearly every instance it has been promptly and completely filled.

This does not signify that there are "brainier" men abroad or in the older countries, for men of brain as well as brawn are the distinctive product of every prosperous new country. But there is a preponderance of educated brains (if the expression may be allowed) in the older countries, where university education is more common and complete, and this increases the supply of available material to meet political emergencies caused by the death of a leader.

It is within reason to believe that if the new Canadian Premier fails some one else will succeed him and reveal signal ability in the succession. But it would not be surprising if, before his place is thus filled, one or two failures should occur; and a failure in leadership at this time might imperil the Tory party's continuance in power, if not the stability of the Government itself.

A NOTABLE GATHERING.

THE recent convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies of the United States, held at Minneapolis, was one of the most notable gatherings of recent years. It was attended by fourteen thousand delegates, representing all parts of the country, and its proceedings were characterized by intense earnestness of purpose and by unusual catholicity of view as to all forms of religious work. No movement of recent years in the religious

world has accomplished larger results in a brief period of time than this, which represents the energy and enthusiasm of the younger Christian element of our population. There can be no doubt at all that it has given a tremendous impulse to all the activities of the Christian Church. Seeking new fields of conquest, it now proposés to send the founder of the organization around the world, for the purpose of organizing Endeavor missions in all foreign lands.

Two or three incidents of the convention were suggestive. One was the very hearty reception given to Mr. A. A. Stagg, the famous pitcher of Yale, who finds time to utilize his opportunities for Christian usefulness among young men. The warmth of his reception seemed to show that the Christian Endeavor people have a genuine regard for muscular Christianity. Another incident illustrated the trend of the convention on the temperance question. While one of the speakers was addressing the convention on gospel temperance, an Iowa delegate stepped to the front waving a banner on one side of which appeared the words: "Des Moines-The largest city in the world without a saloon," while the other bore the inscription: "Iowa's Glory A school-house on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley," the appearance of which fairly swept the orator from his feet, as a storm of applause thundered from the immense gathering and reverberated from floor to gallery for nearly two minutes.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The crushing defeat of Mr. Parnell's candidate at the Carlow elections signifies the tremendous pressure brought to bear by the Catholic clergy against a man whose dishonorable record has made him a fit target for public and private condemnation. Mr. Parnell's usefulness in public life ended with the O'Shea divorce, and the cause of home rule has been set back fifty years.

It is not pleasant to read of the failure of Russell & Co., the great American firm in the China trade, for it extinguishes the last remaining firm of this character doing business in China. There was a time when the American flag was commonly seen in Chinese waters. But foreign influence has apparently driven away the American trader. There may be a field for reciprocity

In an article in a recent issue of this paper, descriptive of the new University of the South, it was stated that the buildings were designed in the office of A. McC. Nixon, of Atlanta, by Mr. William L. Stoddart, of New York. This statement, we are informed, was incorrect, the fact being that the designs were simply developed by Mr. Stoddart from sketches and instructions of Mr. McC. Nixon, his employer. Mr. McC. Nixon being widely known throughout the South, the statement in our columns was calculated to do him professional injury, and we very cheerfully make the necessary correction.

The fact that Miss Coit, of Norwich, Conn., passed the Yale examinations with credit to herself has been made much of in the daily papers. The achievement, in itself, is not remarkable (though praiseworthy), and has attracted attention only because the university restricts its students to the male sex. There is no denying that there is a strong opposition to the co-educational movement, and Yale, in refusing Miss Coit full membership, is merely following out its usual conservative course. When young men are admitted to Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, it may then be time for the New Haven university to consider seriously whether or not it shall follow the example of Harvard in establishing an annex.

EVERY parent who has been bereaved by a death in the household will appreciate the tenderness of Mr. Gladstone's expression in a letter written immediately after the demise of his son. He says, "We in our affliction are deeply sensible of the mercies of God. He gave us for fifty years a most precious son. He has now only hidden him for a very brief space from the sight of our eyes." There is a sadness in these words of comfort that is significant. Mr. Gladstone alludes to the fact that but a "brief space" separates him from the grave, and there only can he hope to meet the departed spirit of his son. Mr. Gladstone's magnificent work, not only for the English nation, but for the enlightenment of mankind, must be well-nigh finished.

Most of the New York newspapers concede the success of the four executions by electricity at Sing Sing. It is reported that the deaths were instantaneous and painless, but one newspaper insists that the affair was not without its revolting features. The witnesses were all placed under seal of secreey, as the law contemplated no publication regarding the proceedings. The Sun declares that this feature of the law is unconstitutional, and calls upon its brethren of the press to insist upon it that no man shall go to the Legislature this fall who will not pledge himself to vote to repeal it. If the press desires to have the law repealed, it is in its power to achieve that result. But it would have been better if, when the statute was on its passage, the press had unitedly and vigorously opposed it. Then it would never have been the law.

WE are living in a time of peace and plenty-too much of the latter. One of the complaints of our agriculturists is against the over-production of farm products. No other country has such a complaint to make. It is the natural outcome of cheap land and the opening in the past few years of enormous areas of fertile territory to free settlement. In the far West, remote from markets, corn has often been so abundant that it has been burned for fuel. Now the cotton crop has reached such proportions, and the price has fallen so low, that the farmers of South Carolina seriously propose to plow under a part of the acreage planted in cotton. At the same time a report comes from Louisiana that the sugar-makers are wasting thousands of gallons of molasses, throwing it into the river and giving it away, because its low price does not make it profitable to barrel and ship it to market. This seems incredible, in view of the universal demand, and Yankee ingenuity should devise some method of util-

izing the supply of liquid saccharine. It has been suggested that it be used for the manufacture of rum, which suggestion carries with it the thought of an endless train of miseries to follow. It must be that some method will be found for utilizing the big product of sugar manufactures, just as methods have been found for utilizing the seed of the cotton plant, which was formerly wasted. A few years ago the accumulations of cotton seed about some mills in the South became so great a nuisance that a mill would often be moved away from the towering piles of seed to a new location, where there was more room for depositing the refuse. Now, however, the manufacture of cotton-seed oil affords a market for this by-product, and cotton seed is an item of considerable profit with every Southern planter.

The efforts to suppress the prosecution of De Lesseps and his associates reveal the fear of the consequences of its continuance. The Panama Canal prospectus was a stupendous bait which a few gigantic French "promoters" held out to the investors of France, and particularly to the saving masses whose small accumulations were utterly swept away by the misfortune that befell the ill-fated enterprise. If the truth were known in reference to the Panama Canal, and the means by which its failing fortunes were bolstered, the revelations would astonish the world. It is not just, perhaps, to say that De Lesseps was responsible for the evil. He, no doubt, profited by his participation in the enterprise as its leading mind, but if all reports regarding his physical and mental condition are true, he will in the end be also one of the worst sufferers by it.

The statement of General John W. Foster, whose success in negotiating the reciprocal commercial agreement between the United States and Spain has been mentioned in these columns, that a strong English influence was brought to bear at Madrid to prevent the negotiations of the agreement will surprise no one. It confirms our statement that every reciprocity agreement entered into during the present administration has had to encounter most aggressive and powerful foreign opposition. The governments abroad do not propose to sit idly by and see some of their best markets taken by the United States, to which they belong by reason of their nearness, and by reason of the fact that we can offer a better scheme for the interchange of commodities than any other foreign government. Reciprocity has not only its enemies at home, but also its strongest enemies abroad. Curiously enough, both at home and abroad the enemies of reciprocity are always the friends of free trade.

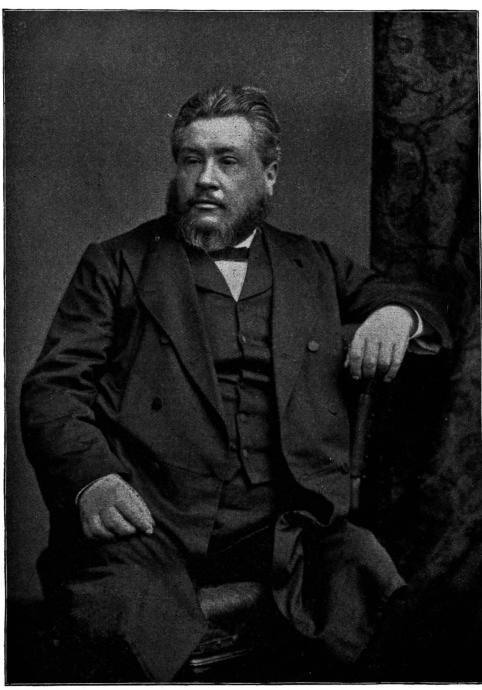
The latest victim of the Chicago interviewer is United States Senator Power, of Montana, who gives the Chicago reporter a very bad reputation. He says Chicago is the worst place in the world for "fake" interviewers, that many reporters in that city thrive by writing interviews with men they never see, and that this was recently his experience. He adds:

"If these inventive young men get hold of a real word or phrase spoken by their victim they will expand and twist it to make 'space.' That's the way they served Dr. Cole lately, and also Russell Harrison. And so they treat anybody that happens under their notice. The practice of fake interviewing should be prohibited by the papers under severe penalties."

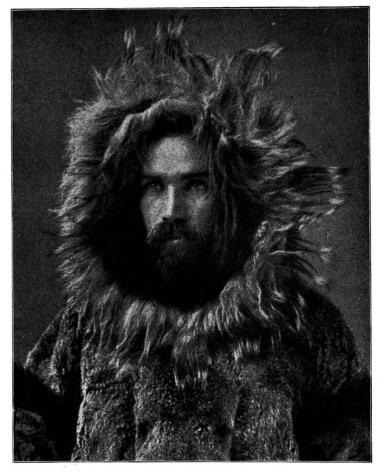
It should be said in behalf of the Chicago papers that whenever a reporter takes such a privilege with a gentleman, complaint should be made to the publisher of the paper. We know of no instance in which such a complaint has not resulted in a satisfactory explanation or apology. The press of Chicago, while it has a reputation for "hustling," is conducted, for the most part, by gentlemen of culture and refinement, who thoroughly understand the unwritten but well-defined code of ethics that prevails in respectable journalism.

A DISPATCH from Chicago was recently printed in the daily papers that was, on its face, an apparent fraud. It alleged that the Farmers' Alliance was circulating among its members a scheme for a combination to increase the price of wheat by withholding it from the market. The circular was undoubtedly worded by some one interested in a movement to increase the price of grain. It looked very much like the work of a sharp and scheming operator of the Chicago Exchange, and it is surprising that any newspaper printed it as an emanation from the Farmers' Alliance. The Farmers' Alliance knows very well that it would be impossible to make a combination of farmers formidable enough to intimidate purchasers of wheat. There are too many small farmers scattered throughout the United States in no condition to hold their crops for a rise, and their product, offered for sale at the market price, would prevent an effort to fix a fictitious value upon wheat. Furthermore, the laws forbidding combinations to increase the cost of food supplies, which is the common form of most anti-trust legislation in the States, would apply to a farmers' combination to increase the price of wheat as much as it would to a combination to increase the cost of any other article of domestic consumption.

THE slight amount of public attention that was attracted by the races of the smaller colleges this year at New London, owing to the fact that they were overshadowed by the annual event that New England always looks forward to so eagerly (the Yale-Harvard race), has caused many of the alumni of these institutions to think of removing the contest from New London to some other point. If this course is determined upon it will certainly be the means of reviving public interest, and will add largely to influencing to these colleges the young men who are preparing for a collegiate course. Recollections of remarkable races that were rowed on Saratoga Lake still linger in the minds of many enthusiasts, and there are thousands who will be glad to see college racing again take on a broader scope, and this cannot more easily be accomplished than by holding it again at this beautiful lake. Saratoga Springs has just had a most interesting tennis tournament, which, considering that this was its first year, was a success in every way. The brilliancy of the playing vied with that of the older tournaments. The citizens of the Springs are most enthusiastic over field sports and the better kind of amateur athletics, and will, also, undoubtedly welcome any proposition for a great college regatta.



REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON, THE FAMOUS LONDON PREACHER.



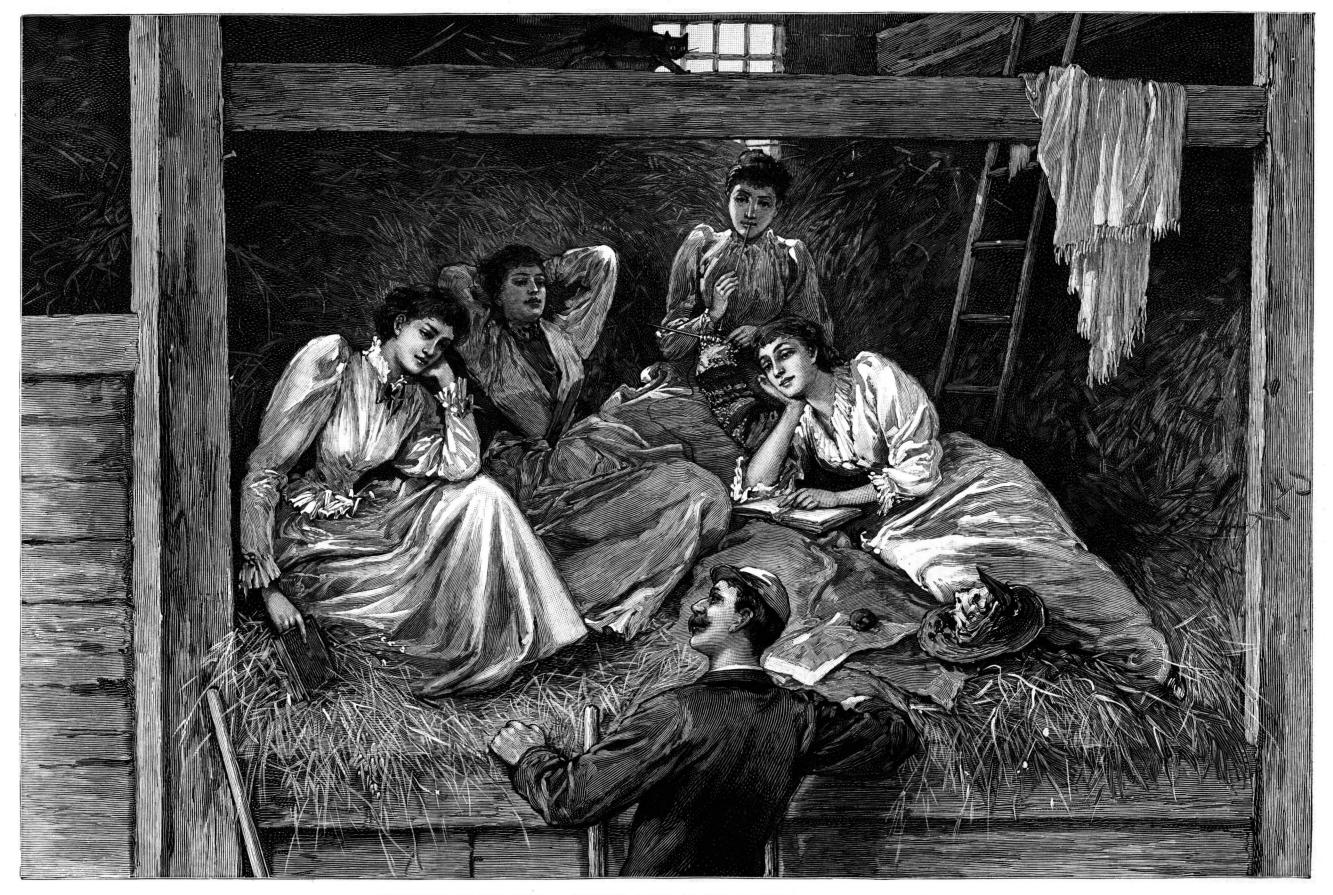
E. H. WELLS, OF THE "FRANK LESLIE'S" ALASKA EXPEDITION, IN WINTER COSTUME.—[See Page 431.]

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

THE serious illness of the Rev. Charles II. Spurgeon, the famous London preacher, gives special interest to the portrait which we publish on this page. Mr. Spurgeon's illness, which has continued for over a fortnight, seemed likely at one time to have a fatal result; but at this writing his physicians announce that he has a chance of recovery. The deepest anxiety as to his condition has been felt throughout the Christian world. This anxiety found a natural and catholic expression in the action of the great Congregational Council, recently held in London, in which one hundred delegates from the United States participated. Special reference was made during its sessions to the illness of Mr. Spurgeon, tribute being paid to his great qualities and conspicuous service, and a minute was adopted unanimously tendering to him the heartiest sympathy, and entreating God "to arrest the progress of his disease and restore him to health." Mr. Spurgeon holds a place peculiarly his own as an expositor of the orthodox faith, and his influence upon the thought of the Christian world is perhaps greater than that of any preacher of his time.



THE COLT POTOMAC, WINNER OF THE REALIZATION AND THE FUTURITY STAKES.—FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY STULL.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



SUMMERING ON THE FARM—A HAY-LOFT PARTY OF CITY BOARDERS.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

THE OLD POST-ROAD.

HE fences now on either side Have fallen to decay, And slender vines creep up and hide The posts of mossy gray. They stand like sentinels sedate,

Their heads upraised on high: Their office is to watch and wait: The coach will soon pass by.

Across the road, untouched by wheels, A little streamlet flows,

And here and there the long grass steals In waving, narrow rows. The daisies in the roadways gleam; They blossom, fade, and die;

Yet as I wander here I dream The coach will soon pass by.

Beside the road the oak-trees tall Their sweeping branches spread; A benediction seems to fall From arching boughs o'erhead.

Across the road, suggesting rest, Their giant shadows lie; The sun sinks to the golden west: The coach will soon pass by.

The sun is hid by distant hills, The road grows dim and gray, blessèd peace my musing fills,

Yet ere the close of day I listen for the post-boy's call, And strain a watchful eye-

I like to think that, after all, The coach will soon pass by.

FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE "BASILISK."

BY ERNEST LAMBERT.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTER.

[The captain of the Basilisk, a white barque with an evil name, a mutiny once having occurred on her, applies to Barney Mulligan, keeper of a Cherry Street boarding-house, for help in procuring three hands to make up his crew. Mulligan promises to get the men through the influence of his pretty daughter, Judy—the most valuable part of his stock-in-trade. The latter has a soft place in her heart for one Danish Max, a mysterious character who appears to be of a better strain than his associates, and who, for that reason, Mulligan seems anxious to get rid of, lest he should win the daughter. Judy, however, is a coquette, and pretends indifference to the Dane's demonstrations, and when Bundy, a friend of one Falconer, who also fancies the girl, challenges him to ship in the Basilisk, refuses to speak the word that will keep him at her side. He promises Bundy to meet him on the ship on the following day and sign the papers. Then Judy, who had "come to worship him," and all the more because all her arts failed to touch his higher nature, is seized with a dreadful fear that he will perish in the uncanny ship on which he is to take voyage.]



RICKER, Judy's rejected suitor, was jubilant over Max's prospective vovage in the Basilisk, and came rushing to the house the next morning to satisfy himself that the news was true.

"What's this I hear?" cried the little man, bursting in on the astonished Barney. "Max likely to go off to-morrow?"

"Aye, thanks to me."

"Then she's likely to listen to me, after all."

"Maybe, when she've got through with Falconer."

"Falconer?" Who's Falconer?"

"A young chap she used to know a good while ago. He came here in the Basilisk."

Cricker's jaw dropped.

"Why did you let him in?" he demanded, testily.

"You don't suppose I could turn him away when he forced himself on me, do you?"

Cricker thumped the floor with his umbrella.

"I don't believe it," he declared. "You've brought him here on purpose.'

He flung himself into a chair and glared at the landlord angrily. In spite of Judy's many rebuffs Cricker had steadily refused to despair; but this discovery fanned into sudden flame suspicions that had smouldered in his mind for months.

"Ye're right," returned Barney, unmoved by his choler. "Falconer'd ha' gone home to his folks but fer me. But what o' that? Ye've been after Judy fer a long spell. She cares nothin' fer ve. I've tried to help ye to become her husband. In return ye've bought up all the paper that's out agin me through that unlucky coffee deal, an' there ain't no tellin' when ye'll put the screws on."

"Who told you that?" exclaimed Cricker, paling.

"Never mind who told me. It's true. But you needn't fear Falconer. Max is the chap to look after. Just now she's carryin' on with the other feller to spite him. But if Max don't sail in the Basilisk to-morrow they'll come together, an' you'll be left out in the cold."

"The devil! After all I've done. We must kidnap him, drug him, send him away----

"An' have him back in six months? No, no! The only thing is to get rid o' him for good."

"Can you do it?"

"It depends on you."

Cricker bent forward and fixed his little gimlet eyes on the landlord with painful intentness. He was known as the most remorseless land-shark on the waterside. Money for a lifetime had been his god. Yet the spell which the landlord's daughter had thrown around him had reduced him to the common level of weak humanity.

"Mulligan," he whined, "I'm only a poor man, but if you get these fellows out of the way, and I can do anything for you-

"You can. There's a little piece o' paper with my name on it for four thousand dollars-

Cricker pressed his hand to his breast.

"I've been mighty oneasy thinkin' what ye'd do with it," continued Barney, significantly.

"Really, you're hardly fair-

"You've got the note, ain't you?"

"I won't press it. I never meant to. I'll be as easy as you please."

Barney shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll give it you-the day Judy becomes my wife."

"Indade an' ye won't," cried Barney, rising abruptly from his chair. "Do ye think I'd bargain for me own flesh an'

"Stop!" cried Cricker, as the landlord turned away. "Don't be rash. I never stand on trifles."

In great agitation he drew from his breast pocket a leathern wallet. From this, with trembling fingers, he extracted an oblong slip of paper, and handed it, without a word, to the landlord.

"It's yours," he said, nervously. "Now, how'll you get rid of Max?"

"Did it ever strike you," said Barney, bending forward confidentially, when he had placed the note in his pocket-book, what a troublesome thing it is to have the law on to you?"

"What's that got to do with me?" cried Cricker, pettishly. "When a man commits a crime," continued the landlord, not noticing him, "have ye ever thought what a time he must have gettin' away, nowadays? He does somethin' wicked, say by accident. His portrait and description is sent all over the world. They sets the telegraph to workin'. What's he to do? If he's a swell, an' he stays in his own walk o' life, he knows they're

hands, an' goes down into the forecastle as an honest Jack tar." A ray of intelligence began to dawn on Cricker's perplexed face.

certain to nab him. So he puts on a canvas shirt, dirties his

"He gets on all right," continued the landlord, "by keepin' his mouth shet, an' not takin' no risks. But one day a foolish young girl begins makin' sheep's-eyes at him. That breaks him all up. He's pretty tired o' knockin' about without nobody to make a friend of, an' so he draws her on. But the girl's friends ain't thinkin' o' pickin' him out for a sweetheart."

What was the crime?" shouted Cricker, jumping from his chair with a suddenness that overturned it.

"Not so fast!" cried Barney, restraining him. "You haven't heard me out.'

"I've heard enough. I know who you mean. The villain! He shall swing."

"But the proof-what about the proof? How are you going to be certain you've collared the right man?"

Cricker collapsed.

"Sure enough. I hadn't thought of that."

"Of course not. When a man's in love he never thinks. But

The landlord drew from his pocket a stained, creased, and tattered hand-bill, which he unfolded with great care.

"A fair exchange is no robbery," he said. "You've give me a piece o' paper. Read this."

The perusal of the document wrought an extraordinary effect on Cricker. First he regarded it with mute astonishment, then an exclamation broke from him, and he turned pale with excite-

"Are you sure you're not mistaken?" he cried, breathlessly. "Look for yourself. The picture, the description - everything's the same. I knowed him the moment he come to the

house, but it was only when he got in your way that I decided to drop on him." "It's a miracle!" exclaimed Cricker, ecstatically. "Every-

thing tallies. He hasn't changed a bit." "He's in your hands," said Barney. "Nobody expects that the Basilisk will weather a passage across the Atlantic, an' if she does, the African climate is the worst in the world. But if he

backs out-"At last!" muttered Max, who from the passage had overheard the whole of this interesting conversation, and had divined the infamy of the plotters.

His first thought was of instant flight. Then he looked around instinctively for Falconer. Not finding him, he peeped into the parlor, where Jack had spent the morning with Judy. His eyes fell on the siren, who was sitting alone by the fireside, putting the finishing touches to the ribbons for a new dress she was to wear at a dance with Falconer that night.

She started when he accosted her.

"I want to speak to you," he began, abruptly. His voice was low, and his manner even graver than usual.

Judy's heart beat violently. It was true he had been cold, yet the thought of parting with him was torture. When he spoke she was dying to fling herself into his arms and beg forgiveness. But instead, she merely mumbled some unintelligible words, knotting her ribbons and smoothing them out and holding them up to the light and scrutinizing them, with her head tilted, from all points of view. Max, after a moment's hesitation, sank quietly into a rocking-chair opposite her and eyed her with mute intentness.

"Are you thinking of Falconer?" he asked her, pointedly.

Judy laughed nervously.

"Has he done you any harm?" she returned, sarcastically.

"None. Only I wonder what keeps him here."

"He stays because he wants to, I guess." "Don't you think it's a pity he didn't go home to his folks?"

"Do you?" " Yes."

"Then why don't you tell him so?"

"Wouldn't it be better for you to tell him?"

Judy sorted her ribbons and critically compared their tints. "What makes you so worried about him all of a sudden?" she asked, presently.

"Because I know what he doesn't know himself."

"Yes? What's that?"

"Why, that he has no business here." "He has as much as anybody else."

"No, no; don't pretend you don't understand. You know what your encouragement means, and if the same thing happens to him that's happened to others-

"Perhaps you forget," said Judy, coldly, "that me and him's old friends.'

"No, I don't. That's why I speak. I want to defend you against yourself. Do me a favor. Tell him to go. Send him away before it's too late."

A bright look came into her face.

"Do you ask that as a favor?" she cried, eagerly.

"Indeed, yes. He needs a friend." She hardly knew how to take him.

"I've watched him," continued Max, presently. "He doesn't know his danger."

The bright look faded away.

What danger?" she asked, perversely.

"Why, the danger of your smiles, your unkindness-the danger of despair. Come, Judy, confess you don't care for him. You know he's nothing to you.'

Judy's work dropped into her lap.

"The idea of your coming here to tell me that! Is that all you've got to say?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"Enough? It's too much."

Max eved her doubtfully.

"Can I have been mistaken?" he thought. "Does the little

witch really love him?" Her agitation was perceptible as she stooped to gather up

"Judy," said Max, regretfully, "I wouldn't have had this happen for the world. It wouldn't have happened if I'd known what I know now. Forgive me. To-morrow we sail.'

She glanced at him, standing before her penitently, with bent head and downcast eyes. Then a terrible temptation assailed her to complete his humiliation; to compel a last tribute to the

pride that alone stood between her and her love. "You're not afraid to sail in a rotten ship," she cried, unable to keep back the words. "Perhaps you're afraid to stay?"

She flushed for shame the instant she had uttered them. Max swiftly divined their import. They meant that she knew his sorrow. The discovery stung him. A lonely wanderer, striving by bitter penance to expiate an unwitting sin, he had dared to forget in her smiles and her favor the bitterness of the irrevocable past. Her taunt warned him that his dream must

"You are wrong," he said, slowly, in reply. "I am afraid to sail in the Basilisk; but if I hadn't thought of going in her before I should be bent on it now."

He rose to leave her.

"Why are you afraid?" she exclaimed, forgetting all her resolutions, stricken with a sudden panic at the vivid sense of his danger which the confession brought home to her.

"Some day you'll know," he said, sadly. "But Falconer, if you love him, warn him-warn him-

"Warn him of what?" she cried, helplessly.

He said no more, but moved away. For a minute she remained motionless. Then she sprang to the door.

"Come back! Come back!" she cried, beseechingly.

It was too late. The passage was empty. He had disappeared.

III.

ACK," said Bundy to Falconer that afternoon, "before I goes off in the Pacifich I goes off in the Basilisk I wants you to make me a prom-

"Any promise you like, old friend."

"I wants you to ax Judy to be your wife."

A faint flush flickered on the young sailor's cheek. "So soon?" he cried. "You forget I only got back last

week.' "No. I don't. But she was as good as yours years ago. You

wants her; we means you to have her, an' that settles it.' "But Max-"Max be blowed. She don't care a rap fer him, an' you

Jack's heart gave a bound. Yes, there was no doubt of Judy's fondness. He had come ashore with no other thought than to throw his blue jacket overboard, scrape the tar from his strong hands, and attempt to retrieve in some honorable career the years he had worse than wasted at sea. That idea had now vanished before his new devotion. Judy had snubbed Max in his presence, she had broken an engagement with him, she had permitted him to be lured into a dangerous voyage in a leaky ship. Toward himself she was all smiles and soft speeches, and his dark face lighted at the thought of her in a way that was

good to see. "I had no right to expect such kindness," he said, simply. "You shall know before you sail. I'll ask her to-night. But first promise to give up this trip in the Basilisk."

"What; are you scared, too?" said the old sailor, ironically. "No; but I know the captain, I know the ship. Don't go in her. Don't make yourself miserable to make me happy."

"An' leave Max free to do what he pleases."

"Why not? We don't mind him."

Bundy waved his hand deprecatingly. "I'll be sure o' Max." he said, "when me an' him's lookin' at Sandy Hook over the taffrail of the leaky barque."

"But think of yourself!"

"Stand by! The Basilisk ain't goin' to sink. If she is, I'll take my chances; an' as fer him, if anythin' happens it'll only be what he deserves."

"If you won't listen to me," said Jack, gravely, "perhaps you'll listen to Judy. When I went back to the parlor about an hour ago to speak to her, what do you think I found?"

"The Lord knows!"

"I pushed open the door. She was in the room alone, swaying to and fro in her chair, wringing her hands and moaning. Presently she cried, 'What have I done! What have I done!' Then she pressed her hand to her lips and covered her ring with kisses-your ring, the little opal ring you gave her."

Bundy was silent. There was nothing he would not do for her sake. He had quaffed brown ale from the hands of buxom

bar-maids in Liverpool, smattered French to vivacious grisettes at Havre and Marseilles, danced with the blue-eyed maidens of the Baltic, and sighed over the antelope eyes and brown velvet skins of beautiful South Sea Islanders; but the romance of his life was in Cherry Street, and his hopes centred in the divinity of the "Golden Anchor." Yet he hesitated to give Max half a chance to escape.

"I can't do it," he broke out at last, "not even for her. I'm sorry she takes it so to heart, but I've give my word. But about the ring—you're wrong—it was Max give her that, not me."

" Max!"

- "Yes. But don't let that bother you. You ain't jealous of a trumpery ring?"
 - "Ah! don't you remember?"
 - "Remember what?"
- "When I went in he had just left her; he passed me in the passage."
 - "Supposin' he did?"
 - "His face was white—he must have been speaking to her."
- The two friends looked at each other in consternation as the same thought struck them both.

"The villain!" cried Bundy, vehemently. "Talk about my leavin' the Basilisk. Sooner'n have him trifle with her I'd go with him in the 'Flyin' Dutchman."

Jack offered no further opposition.

"Come down to the ship," continued the old salt. "Him an' me's to sign the articles at three o'clock, an' if he ain't there we'll know what he's up to."

(To be continued.)

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

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

WE look upon the sere and brown autumn leaf and marvel that it ever could have been fresh and green and tender; and so we are prone to gaze upon an old daguerreotype and marvel how one could ever have made such a fright of one's self. But the new ever yieldeth place to the old, as we find in the revival of sloping shoulders, which our grandmothers sought to possess. These are shown in the latest Parisian models, together with long, slender waists; and these, with pleated pelerines and ifull, lace-bordered fichus, remind one of the charming simplicity of the gowns of the olden days. This season has shown a grand revival in lace, which perhaps has been the cause of the return of the fichu to favor. In its newest form it is made of the same gauzy fabric as the dress, sometimes is striped with insertion, and is frequently pleated to fall over the shoulders, and when shaped to fit the figure at the front and back is particularly graceful. The popularity of chiffon is on the increase, and there is hardly a blouse or bodice of any sort without its filmy frills at the throat and wrists. It is frequently seen with open jackets, tied in huge bows at the throat, with the ends tucked under the waistband. Many effective hats of open-work straw have bows and sashes of chiffon for their sole adornment.

The blouse, or loose belted waist of the present season, is certainly a thing of beauty. The stiff-fronted cambric shirt has



BLOUSE WAIST OF MULL.

quite vanished, and in its place are seen graceful frills of lawn and India silk, while the belt is girdled with a pointed band of leather, or a low corselet of material like the skirt, with braces over the shoulders.

A pretty and modish blouse waist is illustrated; it is of mull, with frills of the same. The second illustration gives the daintiest and most stylish little bonnet, covered with jet and edged with large jet beads. It is trimmed high at the back with a cluster of the most natural carnations of a creamy white tint, dashed here and there with a touch of pink, and finished off with black velvet strings. A bonnet of this sort is most desirable for evenings at the watering-place.

Chestnuts may frequently convey the idea of things hackneyed, but they are certainly something new as a trimming for a hat. And very pretty, too, they looked in a cluster, with their burs, pink blossoms, and crinkled leaves nestling in folds of apple-green velvet on a bronze-colored chip. The brim was lined half way with the green velvet, and altogether it was charming. Another fanciful model is of black lace-work straw simply trimmed with erect bows of knife-pleated Russian net, which half concealed two pale-blue wings which were fixed upon

the crown. A Panama hat, which had too high a crown and too narrow a brim for the present mode, is transformed into one of the most stylish of dressy hats by cutting off the crown and concealing the opening by knotted bows of velvet ribbon and bunches of ostrich tips. An edging of fancy straw braid, which is sold by the yard, is used to widen the brim, which is caught up irregularly at the back.

One of the coolest, prettiest, and most inexpensive outing



STYLISH BONNET FOR EVENING.

dresses made this season cost exactly \$1.26 when complete. It required seven yards of blue and white striped linen cheviot, which sells at 12½ cents a yard. This was made in a plain skirt with a hem, and an Eton jacket with leg-o'-mutton sleeves. Under this was a blouse waist of fine Turkey red, made with a knife-pleated frill around the neck and down the front, and girdled at the belt with a pointed band of the striped cheviot. It required two and one-half yards of the Turkey red at fifteen cents a yard. The jacket was finished at the neck with a rolling collar, and was fastened in front with an oval link cuff-button. A more effective morning dress could not be contrived for the same amount of money. For the seaside, leather colored, coarse diagonal serge is at once serviceable and pretty, for this can be worn with a shirt or bodice of any hue, while it looks specially effective with the popular Russian leather boots and belt.

Ella Starr

THE STATE CAMP AT PEEKSKILL.

HE State Camp of Instruction of the National Guard of the State of New York, near Peekskill, is now in the tenth year of its existence, and can safely be said to have passed the experimental stage. Its advantages and failings have been demonstrated, and the fact that in the present year it is showing better results, and has attained more nearly the objects aimed at in its formation, is sufficient argument for its continuance. Indeed, it may be safely said that the officers who are in charge of and have most at heart the welfare of the National Guard are thoroughly convinced that the establishment of the camp was a wise move, and has done much to foster and develop the growth of the organization. Speaking as one who has watched the camp with interest from its inception, and who has taken an active part in each of the four tours of duty by the Seventh Regiment, the writer gives it as his conclusion that the benefits arising from it have been many and far-reaching.

The contrast between the first encampment of the Seventh in 1883 and the one of this year was remarkable in the increased efficiency shown by the officers and men, the steadiness in settling down to the routine of camp life, the confidence in themselves exhibited by junior officers in command at company or battalion drills, and more by the spirit of comradeship built up by the close association of previous camps. This, beyond all, is the secret of success and strength in a regiment of citizen soldiery. Composed as our National Guard is to-day, the social element must be encouraged, the regiment must be in one sense a club, each member fraternizing with the other, all working for the good repute and renown of the whole, and this can in no way be so effectively secured as by spending a week together in the tents. From the moment knapsacks are slung in the armory and assembly sounded until the last good-byes, the regiment becomes a large family, each member of which is ready and anxious to be of service to the other; the man with whom you have had but a nodding acquaintance in the ranks is welcomed to your tent and cot, your choicest stores are produced, you lend him a hand in "polishing up" for guard detail or hunt him up during the long hours of sentry duty to find if there is not something you can do to make his task less irksome. There is no such thing as selfishness. If any one has had a leaning that way, twenty-four hours of camp life has taken it all out of him-a week makes it almost impossible of return. This comradeship begins on the boat as white belts are dropped and fatigue-caps and jackets donned for the long sail up the Hudson, and by the time the camp-ground is reached, the first strands are woven that in one week are to knit the organization together more firmly than years of armory work can accomplish

Much fault has been found with the location of the State Camp—the severe heat at times, the terrific storms that old Dunderberg and his sisters seem to have always in stock, its inaccessibility; but as other locations are suggested other objections present themselves, and the verdict of those best informed is that a wiser choice could not have been made. Certainly an entire absence of malaria, freedom from mosquitoes, and cool nights, no matter what the heat of the day has been, are grand

arguments in its favor, and the dread of climbing the steep ascent to the camp which undoubtedly keeps away throngs of visitors whose presence would greatly interfere with the performance of military duties is another one.

The first encampment of the Seventh in 1883 was a combination of two-thirds jollity and one-third work. Not that any duty was neglected, but the seriousness of it all did not strike us. It was all a novelty, and the preparations for the "dude parade" on Friday night were in, around, and through it all. Will any one who took part in, or witnessed it, ever forget that parade? The military precision with which the companies were brought on the line and put through the evolutions: the "Jersey Lilies," the "Infants," the "Hod-Carriers" from "Cincinnait, O-ho"; each of the ten companies in some unique attire, the adjutant, the lieutenant-colonel, the major, astride their prancing hobby-horses, dashing frantically to the front and centre at the sound of the colonel's whistle, for a pull from the bottle in his coat-tail pocket. It was all too funny, but it has all gone by. There is no nonsense about it now; it is work and rest, and there is just about enough rest in it to properly fit one for the work without allowing any spare time for skylarking. The reports in the daily press enlarge upon the pranks and merrymakings and give too little space to the solid work going on all the time, This is because people like to hear of the former, while the descriptions of routine work are monotonous at the best. "This is too much," said private Wall, of the Ninth Company, as his head appeared beyond his tent flaps at reveille, a short hour after he had placed it on his pillow for well-earned repose, and the expression went from street to street and was applied to every happening from then until the close of camp; but a half-hour's brisk exercise at company drill drove the cobwebs from the sleepiest eyes and prepared one for another twenty-three hours of the hardest-worked, laziest, most delightful life that the heart could wish for. In our camp this year a new colonel and a new adjutant were put to the test, and seldom if ever has greater enthusiasm been evoked than that called forth by the manner in which their duties were performed. No movement was too difficult, no innovation too startling to be carried out successfully. The Seventh showed that the lessons of past camps had been well learned, and that it had attained a degree of perfection hitherto unequaled. HARRY DUVAL.

The success of the encampments of recent years has been very largely due to the close and careful supervision of Adjutant-General Porter, who is said to be the best and most efficient adjutant-general the State has ever had. The illustrations given elsewhere, from photographs by our own artist, include one of General Porter and his staff.

THE CITY OF HUDSON.

UDSON, New York, is a city of upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, situated on the east shore of the Hudson, one hundred and fifteen miles from New York and twenty-eight miles from Albany, and is the head of ship navigation on that beautiful river. It was incorporated as a city April 22d, 1785, becoming the third in the State, the promoters being a number of wealthy and enterprising men from Providence and Nantucket. Its rapid growth and progress were phenomenal and excited the surprise of the then civilized world. In 1786 twenty-five sea-going vessels were owned by its merchants and sailed from its wharves; more than at that time were owned in New York City. After the failure of the whale fisheries, in which it later became largely interested, it lay dormant for many years. More recently, however, its advantages as a manufacturing locality have been appreciated, until it now boasts of an iron-furnace, steam fire-engine manufactory, the parent plant of the Allen Paper Car-wheel Company, two breweries, four large knitting-mills, foundries, machine shops, etc., etc., all in successful operation.

Hudson possesses unrivaled advantages for manufacturing, and at the same time is a most charming place of residence. Taxes are low, while the principal of its small bonded debt is being rapidly discharged.

The ground rises gradually from the river easterly until it reaches an elevation of three hundred feet at Academy Hill, thus affording delightful views of the river and the Catskill Mountains. The city is unusually healthy. It is one of the principal stations of the Hudson River division of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, the terminus of the Chatham branch of the Boston and Albany and of the K. and H. railroads, has a regular line of night steamers to New York, and ferries to near-by points on the river; while all day steamboats stop at the wharves.

Four newspapers—two daily and two weekly—are published in the city. The business of the city sustains three national banks and a savings institution.

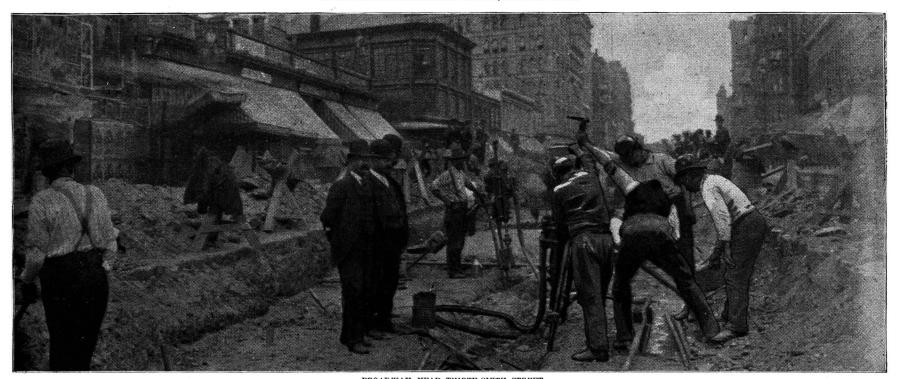
Hudson's public improvements, although made gradually, are of a substantial character. The water-works are second to none in the Union. The water is pumped from the river to the reservoirs, an elevation of three hundred feet. It is there thoroughly filtered and descends through the distributing mains throughout the city. The average hydraulic pressure is eighty pounds to the square inch, the extreme one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Upwards of 1,700,000 gallons are pumped daily, the average per capita daily consumption being one hundred and seventy gallons. The expense of operating the water-works is paid by general tax, no water rates being charged.

In 1887-8, under the administration of Hon. S. G. Rowles, then Mayor, the city received a new impetus. A large high-school building was erected; an immense reservoir and new pumping-main were added to the water-works; the State Street sewer was continued and completed; the management of the automatic fire-alarm greatly improved and made reliable; a free postal delivery established; an electric light and power plant established, and the franchise granted for an electric street rail-way. The latter, built by McGonegal & Lake, is now in successful operation under their able management. It is equipped with all the latest useful appliances, has unusually handsome cars, and is well patronized.

The departments of the city — Fire, Education, Police, and Water—are well managed and efficient. The Board of Trade, recently established, issues a prospectus of the city, descriptive of its industries, resources, and advantages, which is mailed free on application.



BROADWAY AND FORTY-SECOND STREET, LOOKING NORTH.



BROADWAY, NEAR THIRTY-SIXTH STREET.
BUILDING THE CABLE RAILROAD ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK.—PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THAT THOROUGHFARE.



THE RAILROAD DISASTER AT MOENCHENSTEIN, SWITZERLAND, IN WHICH EIGHTY PERSONS WERE KILLED, AND MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED INJURED.—[See Page 431.]

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

WHILE the world has never adopted Darwin's pangenetic theory, in explanation of heredity, that the whole organization, in the sense of every separate atom or unit, reproduces itself, the law of the hereditary transmission of the physical and psychical qualities of a parent to his offspring is universally accepted. No law is more securely intrenched in human nature or more palpable in its operations and results. But while constitutional qualities-mental, physical, and moral-are transmitted from one generation to another, the transmission is not always in direct line of descent. A brilliant father does not always beget a brilliant son; in fact, the reverse is apt to be the case. There are breaks in the hereditary current which, arrested in the second generation, asserts itself in the third or fourth. There have, of course, been exceptions to this law. One such, which may be mentioned by way of illustration, was the case of Sebastian Bach, the great musician and composer; his son, and his grandson as well, inherited his great talents, and ranked as great musicians. But the exceptions are so few that when one brainy, gifted father produces a family of intellectual giants the world is disposed to hold up its hands in amazement. Such a case is that of the Field brothers. whose portraits appear on another page. In the line of their professions no other equally remarkable group of brothers can be named. They have been leaders of men in their callings as merchants, lawyers, jurists, scientists, divines, or journalists.

The father of this remarkable family of sons was David Dudley Field, a Congregational clergyman, born in East Guilford (now Madison), Connecticut, May 20th, 1781; he died in Stockbridge, Mass., April 15th, 1867. He was the son of Captain Timothy Field, who had been an officer in the Revolutionary army, and subsequently settled in Guilford. He was fitted for college under the instruction of the Rev. John Elliott, and graduated from Yale in 1802. He studied theology with the Rev. Charles Backus, and was licensed to preach in September, 1803. He ministered unto the congregations at Haddam, Somers, Stockbridge, and Higganum for forty-eight years. He was vice-president of the Connecticut Historical Society and the author of several historical works.

His eldest son, David Dudley Field, was born in Haddam, Conn., February 13th, 1805. He graduated at Williams College in 1825; studied law with Harmanus Bleecker in Albany, N. Y., but completed it in this city, where he was admitted to the Bar in 1828, and soon after became a partner of Theodore D. Sedgwick. He took a prominent stand in the profession, wrote many articles on law, politics, and reform of the judiciary, from 1839 until 1885. In January, 1850, he finished the codes of civil and criminal procedure and submitted them to the Legislature, and both became laws. The new system of civil procedure was to obliterate the distinction between the forms of action and between legal and equitable suits, so that all rights of parties relating to the subjects of litigation might be determined in one action. This system has been adopted in twenty-five States and Territories, and the laws of legal reform established by the new judicature act in England, and of the practice of the English colonies and the Empire of India. Eighteen States and Territories have adopted his code of criminal procedure. In 1857 Mr. Field was appointed by the State of New York head of a commission to prepare a political code, a penal code, and a civil code. These, with the two above-mentioned codes of procedure previously made, were designed to supersede the unwritten or common law. They were completed in 1865, and covered the entire province of American law. The State of New York has only adopted the penal code, although other States have drawn largely from the civil code in their legislation, and in California and Dakota they have adopted them in full. Mr. Field's "Outlines of an International Code," which has attracted the attention of all jurists, has been translated into French, Italian, and Chinese, and resulted in the formation of an association for the reform and codification of the laws of nations, the membership including jurists, economists, legislators, and politicians, and of this organization he was elected its first president. An eminent English chancellor has said that "Mr. Dudley Field, of New York, has done more for the reform of laws than any other man living." Politically, he is a stanch Democrat, and takes much interest in the outlook and fortune of parties, but of late years his age and enfeebled state of health have prevented his active participation in the political arena.

Stephen Johnson Field, his second son, was born in Haddam, Conn., November 4th, 1816. When ten years old he accompanied his sister, who had married a missionary, to Smyrna, to acquire a knowledge of Oriental languages. On his return to America he entered Williams College, and graduated in 1837, standing first in his class. He studied law in his brother's (D. D.) office, and after his admission to the Bar was admitted a partner in his brother's firm. In 1849 he sailed from New York for San Francisco, where he practiced his profession, and was one of those who founded Maysville, and became its first alcaid, ntinuing as such until the organization of the judiciary the constitution of the State. He was elected a member of the first Legislature after the admission of California into the Union. He was the author of the law that gives authority to the regulations and customs of miners in the settlement of controversies among themselves. After the close of the session he returned to Maysville, and during six years devoted himself to his profession, gaining an extensive practice. In 1857 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of California for six years, beginning January. 1858, but a vacancy occurring, he was appointed to fill it in October. 1857. On the resignation of Chief-Justice David S. Terry, in September, 1859, Judge Field succeeded him, and continued in the office until appointed Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court by President Lincoln in 1863. Among prominent decisions in which he was concerned were the test-oath case, in which he gave the casting vote, and wrote the opinion of the court annulling the "iron-clad" oath; his dissenting vote in the legal-tender case, in the confiscation cases, and in the New Orleans slaughter-house case have also attracted attention. Justice Field was a member of the Electoral Commission in 1877, and voted with the Democratic minority of the commission. In 1880 he received sixty-five votes at the Cincinnati convention for President on the first ballot. In 1873

the Governor of California appointed him on the commission to codify the laws; Williams College conferred on him the degree of LL.D. in 1864, and in 1869 he was appointed Professor of Law in the University of California. The attack upon his life, two years ago, by the late Judge Terry and Sarah Althea Hill is familiar to our readers.

Another son. Cyrus West Field, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., November 30th, 1819. He received his education in his native village, and at the age of fifteen came to New York and obtained a situation as clerk with the great Irish merchant, Alexander T. Stewart. Before attaining his majority he began the manufacture and sale of paper, and in the course of a dozen years was at the head of a prosperous business. In 1853, he partially retired and spent six months traveling in South America. The project of carrying a telegraph line across the Atlantic Ocean, suggested itself to him during a conversation with his brother, Matthew,—across to Newfoundland, thence to Europe. The matter was presented by him to Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White, who, with Mr. Field, agreed to contribute \$20,000 each. The necessary legislation was obtained by Mr. Field, who thenceforth devoted his time entirely for thirteen years to the accomplishment of this work. He visited England scores of times, soliciting financial aid, and at the formation of the Atlantic Telegraph Company subscribed in his own name the one-fourth of its capital stock. After several unsuccessful attempts communication was finally established in 1858, and for a few weeks messages was sent from one continent to the other, then the cable ceased to act. The Civil War coming on, it was found impossible to proceed further. In the meantime, he made repeated visits to England, delivering addresses there and on this side of the Atlantic. Finally, in 1865, active measures were resumed, and the steamship Great Eastern began paying out the cable; but after 1,200 miles had been laid the cable parted and the steamer returned to England. In 1867, another expedition started with a new cable, and on July 27th telegraphic communication was established between the two continents and has not since been interrupted. Congress awarded Mr. Field a gold medal and the thanks of the nation; England was prevented from doing likewise on account of him being a foreigner. John Bright pronounced him "the Columbus of modern times, who, by his cable, had moored the New World alongside of the Old." The Paris Exposition in 1867 gave him the grand medal, the highest prize at its disposal. The thanks of the city of New York, with the freedom of the city and a gold snuff-box, the thanks of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, with a gold medal; the thanks of the State of Wisconsin, with a gold medal, the thanks of the American Chamber of Commerce of Liverpool, with a gold medal; a decoration from King Victor Emmanuel of Italy; and an entire service of silver from the late George Peabody, are some of the tokens of appreciation for his great services in different parts of the world. He became intersted, in 1876, in the development of elevated railroads in New York, and devoted much of his capital to the success of this enterprise. In 1880 and 1881 he made a tour around the world, and since then has obtained concessions from the Sandwich Islands to lay a cable from San Francisco, thence across those islands, with a view of its ultimate extension across the Pacific to China.

Another son, Henry Martyn Field, a Congregational clergyman, was born in Stockbridge, Mass., April 3d, 1822, and was graduated at Williams College in 1838. He studied theology in East Windsor and New Haven, Coun., until 1842, when he became pastor of a Presbyterian church in St. Louis, Mo., where he ministered for five years. In 1847 and 1848 he traveled through Europe, and was in Paris during the revolution in February of the latter year, and also in Italy during similar scenes two weeks later. His experiences and observations were published in a pamphlet entitled, "The Good and the Bad of the Roman Catholic Church." On his return to the United States he became acquainted with the families of Irish patriots living in New York, and was led to the study of the history of Ireland during the latter part of the eighteenth century. In consequence he published "The Irish Confederates; a History of the Rebellion of 1798" (New York, 1851). He was pastor of the church in West Springfield, Mass., from 1851 to 1854, and then removed to New York to become one of the editors of the Evangelist, of which he subsequently became proprietor. He is the author of many interesting works: "Summer Pictures from Copenhagen to Venice," "History of the Atlantic Telegraph," "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," "From Egypt to Japan," "On the Desert," "Among the Holy Hills," "The Greek Islands and Turkey After the War," "Blood Thicker Than Water," and "A Few Days Among our Southern Brethren," published in 1886.

Two nephews of the Fields, Associate Justice David J. Brewer and the late Associate Justice Stanley Matthews, are striking examples of corelative men of genius in the same family.

FRANK SMYTH.

THE COLT POTOMAC.

AD the life of the late August Belmont been spared, his highest racing ambition would certainly have been gratified this year by the performances of the splendid colts he bred. If his stable had been kept intact it is probable that nearly all the rich stakes for colts two and three years old would have been won by its representatives. It would have contained such horses as Raceland, Prince Royal, Potomac, La Tosca, His Highness, Victory, and St. Florian, and it is difficult to imagine a more formidable racing establishment than they would compose. The many victories of all the others, however, would have counted for nothing with Mr. Belmont in comparison with that of his great colt Potomac, which won the rich Realization stakes—worth \$40,000—the most valuable stake for three-year-old horses in the world, at the Coney Island Jockey Club course, July 1st.

Mr. Belmont always said, since the inauguration of the great Futurity stakes, four years ago, that he would rather breed and own the winner of that famous stake than to win the Epsom Derby, the winning of which has been the greatest ambition of most turfmen. He not only won it with Potomac, but had the pleasure of running second with another of his own breeding, Masher. No man could have been prouder or happier than Mr.

Belmont was that day, but when the excitement of the day was over he sighed and remarked to a friend: "Ah! now if my colt Potomac could just verify his two-year-old form and win the Realization stakes as he has won the Futurity I should indeed be very happy." That Potomac did verify his two-year-old form and win the Realization, all the world knows, but his breeder did not see the race.

Potomac is a large chestnut colt by the imported horse St. Blaise, dam Susquehanna. Potomac has started in only seven races, but has won \$116,090—more, a deal, than most horses win in a lifetime. He is the only horse that ever won both the Futurity and Realization stakes, and it is hardly probable that the performance will soon be repeated. Salvator, the greatest race-horse of the age, ran second to Proctor Knott in the first Futurity, and won the Realization the following year. This was the nearest approach to Potomac's great performance that we have had.

GREYSTONE.

LIFE INSURANCE.—LETTER-BOX.

HAVE a letter signed by an anonymous scribbler who calls himself a "Policyholder," and who writes in a very bad hand from Scranton, Pa., to denounce "The Hermit." The "Policyholder" says that he is a friend of the Northwestern Mutual Life Company. That is no reason why this should make him an enemy of "The Hermit." At all events, he should not be ashamed to sign his name to what he writes. Until he does he need not expect a reply from me.

HOUSTON, TEX., June 29th, 1891.

The Hermit:—The Traders' and Travelers' Accident Company—insurance—of New York are seeking business in this part of the country, as we do not know them, would like to have your opinion in regard to them. Is it a first-class, reliable concern?

G. A.

The Traders' and Travelers' Accident Company of New York has been in the business since 1887. Its income during 1890 was only a little over \$52,000, while its disbursements aggregated over \$50,000. Its invested assets are a little over \$8,000, and it has about \$10,000 of resisted losses. I do not think that this statement is specially complimentary. I would prefer a stronger company.

Dr. Eustathius Chancellor, of St. Louis, writes in a sarcastic vein to "The Hermit." The doctor thinks "The Hermit" is partial to the New York companies. The doctor does not tell me the companies to which he is partial. I do not see why I should pay any attention to a letter that contains nothing but abuse, and which reveals a singular mixture of bad orthography and worse manners.

I have a great deal of patience, as a rule, but I absolutely feel compelled to decline to consider a communication sent to me by a person who represents himself to be an "orthodox Lutheran" clergyman, at York, Pa., and who takes seven pages of finely written manuscript to say what he wishes to. Life is too short to deal with such persons. The seven pages make up an exhortation on charity and life insurance, curiously blended, utterly without wit or point. I will spare my readers the infliction of this document upon them.

"Worker" writes from Harrisburg, Pa., for information concerning the Reverting Fund Assurance Association of Reading, Pa. He wants to know whether it is operating on a legitimate plan, and if it is a reputable concern. This company is one of a thousand similar semi-assessment and seri-fraternal insurance concerns that have sprung up with various new schemes. The fate of all of them has been an early death. Looking over the plan of the Reverting Fund, I find nothing in it that commends itself to me. I do not think a person ought to experiment when he takes out life insurance. Let some one else experiment, and when a company has proven, by a long, honorable, and useful career, that it is trustworthy, insure with it. Let other people do the experimenting if they want to. It is usually more costly than profitable.

Another of the bond investment schemes has come to naught. A dispatch from Cleveland says that the Fraternity of Financial Co-operation has closed its business in that city. It started in Philadelphia, then removed to Wheeling, and numbered four thousand members in Cleveland alone. These unfortunates paid from \$50 to \$100 to get into a concern that promised to pay \$150 inside of six months for every \$57 put in. Afterward it reduced its promised payments to \$100, and later to \$60, which was less than what was asked in assessments. When the concern was last heard of, its agents were around trying to buy up the certificates at fifty cents on the dollar. I wonder if any of my readers were caught in this net. I hope not.

Cincinnati, Ohio. June 16th, 1891.

The Hermit:—I have read your criticisms on the many "bond" and "investment" companies in New York and Philadelphia, and I write to ask the standing of the Provident Bond and Investment Company, successors to the Mutual Savings and Investment Distribution Fund Association, 530 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. W. F. A., Jr.

I would like to answer "W. F. A., Jr." at length; but I can only say to him, as I have said to other inquirers regarding these schenes, that it is impossible to follow them all up. On general principles, do not go into any concern that offers you three for one, or even two for one. When millions of dollars are seeking investment on Wall Street and everywhere else at five to six per cent.. it is safe to conclude that one who expects more than this, in this part of the country, must take his chances.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 8th.

The Hermit:—I am the holder of a "bond" issued by the American Tontine Savings Union, offices, Stewart Building, your city. The bond was issued September, 1888. I notice now the concern is styled "American Investment Union." I inclose their annual statement. dated December 31st, 1890. Are they good, or do they promise too much?

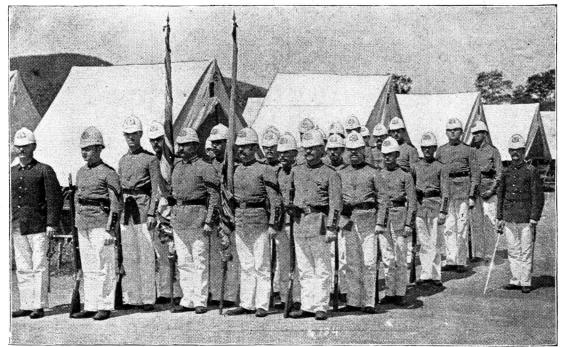
A. W. F.

My correspondent should submit his statement to some commercial agency. I do not care to pass a criticism on the company mentioned. It is more of an investment than an insurance concern. As a rule, I do not believe in a San Francisco man seeking to get a better rate of interest or more profitable investment in New York than he can get right at home.

"H." writes to "The Hermit" from Springfield, that he is in

"H." whites to "The Hermit From Springheid, that he is in trouble over the fact that he inadvertently gave his age differently on taking out different policies in various companion has six policies, and the age he gave varies from years. He asks my advice as to what to do. I frankly communicate with the heads of the and lay the matter before them. If the have no doubt that an adjustment can i

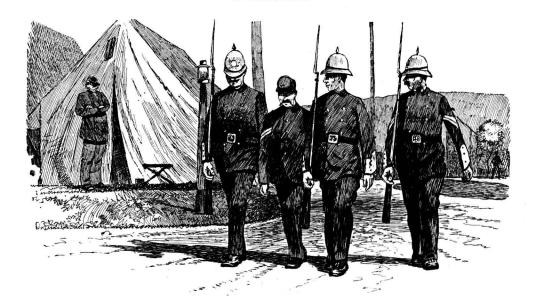
any company is unfair enough to refuse equitable basis, I wish "H." would comm me.



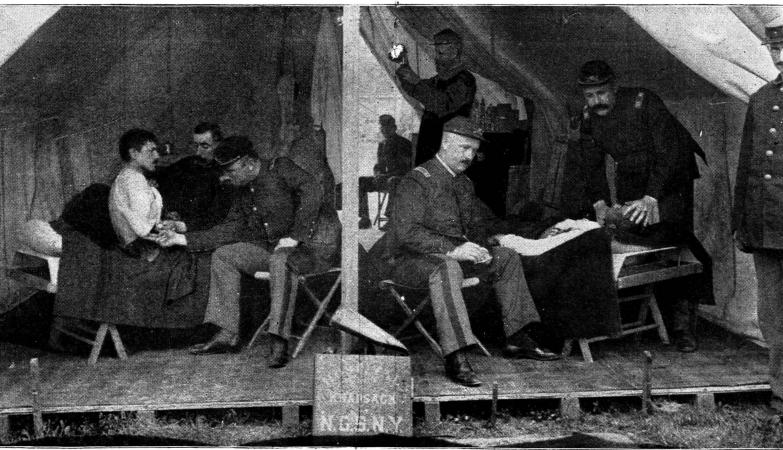
COLOR COMPANY, SEVENTH REGIMENT.





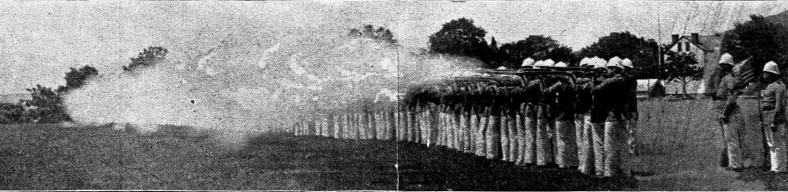


ARRESTING A DRUNKEN CORPORAL.





SENTENCING A CULPRIT.

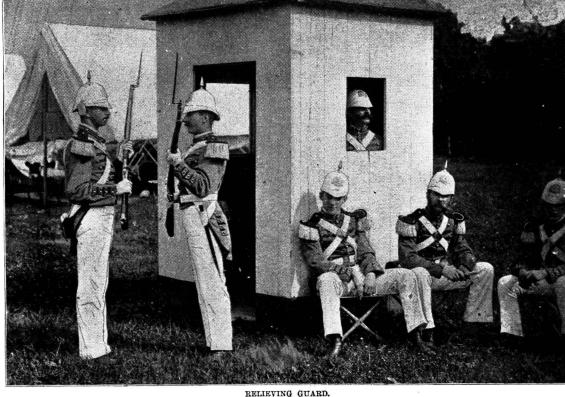


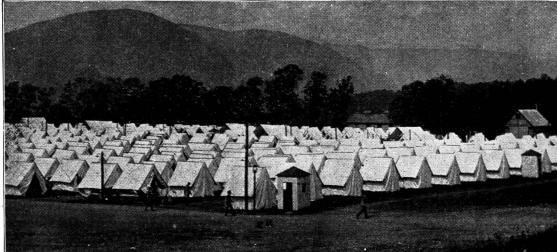


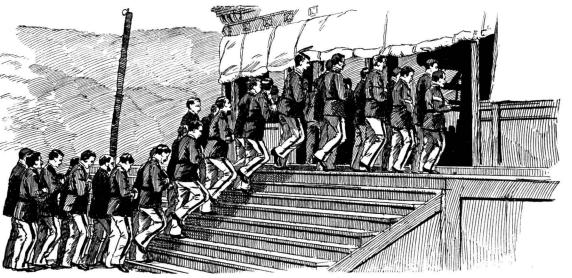
ADJUTANT-GENERAL PORTER AND STAFF.



WASHING CLOTHES.







NEW YORK THE STATE CAMP OF INSTRUCTION AT PEEKSKILL. From Pictures by Our Staff Artist. J See Page 425.]



"IT IS THE EMPEROR!"-FROM A PAINTING BY GLAZEBROOK, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON.

It was the habit of the Emperor Napoleon, during his great campaigns, to make the rounds of the outposts of his army, to ascertain whether the sentries were faithful and alert. The picture depicts the consternation of a sentry found asleep and suddenly awakened to find the Emperor before him. To such offenders the Emperor showed no mercy.

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

THE EXPLORERS TRAVERSE AN UNKNOWN REGION-STARVATION IMMINENT.

CONTINUATION OF THE NARRATIVE OF E. H. WELLS. V.

IRCLING about the "Cobra's Head" of Forty-mile Creek, on August 1st, the FRANK LESLIE expedition reached and ascended an abrupt divide between that stream and the Tanana. The ridge was very narrow, and my observations placed its crest some 6,000 feet above the sea level. So slight and angular, indeed, was the partition wall between the two important valleys that a rain-drop falling toward the Tanana and caught by a slight puff of wind might easily be wafted into the Forty-mile basin and journey to the Yukon. A hundred feet either way would certainly decide the question of destination. I have called this wall "Razor-back divide."

Upon the highest pinnacle of this wall between two countries, never before crossed by an exploring party, we cooked a frugal dinner of oatmeal. We followed this with blue-berries, and tea completed the repast. Here Leggitt left us. In the afternoon we began the descent of the divide toward the Tanana. Short rations were beginning to tell upon us, and we longed for fresh meats. So far our rifles had been useless. Fortunately we obtained a few dried ducks from an Indian chief named Adam, whose house we found in the woods, and also secured two of his boys as packers and guides as far as the Tanana, for which we started the next morning.

The trail for a part of the way led through grass so tall that our heads barely appeared above it. In some places the stalks must have been six feet in length. Nowhere else in Alaska have I seen such a remarkable growth. The soil was damp, ofttimes wet and mucky, yet taken as a whole the locality could scarcely be called swampy. Small ponds appeared to the right and the left of the trail at irregular intervals, forming a sort of chain in the direction we were traveling. Finally we ascended a wooded ridge, beyond which could be detected at intervals the glimmering waters of a lake. A few moments later we descended

The lake was a lovely sheet of clear, placid water, perhaps six miles in length, and with attractive surroundings. Rugged bluffs of various shapes and dark forests of conifere formed a pleasing border, the sombre colors being relieved by the tall white hats of a dignified procession of Tanana mountains. The lake received the name of Mansfield, after a lieutenant of the United States Navy, lately in command of the Patterson.

On the following day we came across a frame-like opening, in which stood four bark houses-one of which was occupied by "Chief" John. He gave us a cordial welcome, cooking for us a feast of white-fish, and supplying us with fish in exchange for tobacco and tea.

We were now ready to cross the Tanana. I intended to continue on at right angles with the course followed by Lieutenant Allen in his explorations of the Copper and Tanana, and to pierce a region never penetrated by a white man, finding on the way the lake called by the Indians "Mentasta," which is alleged to have one opening into the Copper River and another into the Tanana. Allen, in his travels, had native guides to pilot him along the trails and over the mountains, but we were obliged to penetrate unknown territory without such help. We took the chances, and desperate ones they soon proved to be.

On the next day, after traveling several miles, we emerged suddenly out of the forest upon a slough of the long-sought Tanana.* The water was of a bright yellow color, being heavily charged with mud, and it did not take us long to discover that a freshet was booming down the river. In places the banks were overflowed and the lowlands inundated. The slough ahead was fully seventy-five yards wide, the water deep, and the current swift. Fording being impracticable, we built a raft, and on August 3d effected a crossing.

Pressing onward toward the main Tanana, we found the country growing swampy. At noon a dinner of tea and rice was prepared. While we were sitting about the fire ready to encompass it two young Indians suddenly appeared, one carrying a birchbark canoe on his head. As the natives stopped we gave them a hospitable welcome, emphasizing it with small pieces of tobacco. Our visitors made known that they were Kittschunstalks, straggling hunters from the main band that had passed. They were hungry for food, and even more so for tobacco, so that it took but little sign-talk to close a bargain with the canoeist to ferry us over the river in his birch-bark. After dinner the line of march was resumed, and we soon came in sight of a great yellow flood traveling northwest. It was the Tanana. Advancing several miles up the bank, our guides stopped at a point where the river was comparatively narrow-not over three hundred yards wide—and made preparations for the transfer. One white man was ferried over at a time, the dog and packs going in a separate load. Thus in two hours' time we had passed an obstacle that threatened several days' delay at a period when there was scarcely six days' short rations on hand. Our evening camp-fire flickered on the banks of the Tanana. "Will you go with us as guides?" was the query pantomimed out to the Indians, and they pantomimed back a negative answer, pointing to their naked feet as an excuse. They were afraid to go.

In order that you may understand how the sign language is carried on in Alaska, I will describe the question and answer just recorded above as it appears in pantomime. I place my right hand on the trail at our feet and make the fingers run in the direction of Copper River, then rising up, I touch the natives, point to the southwest, and exclaim, "Atnah!" the Indian name for Copper River. They in turn point to their naked feet, and touching their bodies, extend their right arms back across the Tanana in the direction of Kittschunstalk. Question and answer are as clearly understood as if expressed in English or in Alaskan.

On the following day we took up the line of march to the southwest into Tokio valley, never before trodden by white men, and our only guide being the compass and the trail. To the right,

the left, and ahead rose ranges of mountains, some of the peaks on

the right being snow-capped, and all looking dreary and desolate. For six miles we trod a level expanse dotted here and there with spruces and alders, but remarkable from the fact that the soil was perfectly dry. Not a marshy spot was encountered. In this land of springs, rills, ponds, and rivers, six miles of dry country is an anomaly. At one point we lost the trail, but fortunately recovered it, following it up the mountain, the packs growing fifty per cent. heavier under the unusual exertion.

Seeing no signs of the summit, and night drawing on, we camped by a little mountain spring, from which ran a clear, icecold rivulet, trickling down through the moss, grass, and rocks to the swamps below. The evening was a memorable one from the fact that it witnessed the cooking of our last batch of bread. Four cakes of equal size were baked in the frying-pan, and, with tea, formed our frugal supper. After the meal was finished an inventory of the eatable effects was taken, and showed that we had remaining twenty-one small dried white-fish, two pounds of flour, three pounds of oatmeal, two pounds of rice, a handful of coffee, and plenty of tea. Ahead stretched many leagues of unknown mountainous country, for aught we knew tenantless and devoid of the means of sustaining human life. But no one in the party intimated by word or look that he was disheartened at the prospect. Hope still remained that our guns would avert the calamity which threatened no longer vaguely.

Pushing upward the next morning, we reached the top of the mountain, and from this place of vantage saw a range of snowcapped Alps rising directly in the line of our march. Mount Sanford, which forms the northern peak of the colossal group of five to which Mount Wrangel belongs, was clearly identified by its bearings in the southwest, its crystal dome of ice towering far above the tempest-tossed range. The sight in our front was indeed grand, but appalling. Must we plunge into those fastnesses of eternal snow and ice? It seemed highly probable, unless the trail held out to lead us safely through some natural pass in the range. It was the region in Alaska where primeval Nature, gathering within itself all of its mighty forces, had upheaved an apex to the country, a wild chaos of rocky masses piled sky high and pinnacled by Mount Wrangel, vomiting from its frost-wreathed crater a majestic column of smoky vapors to mark one place where the northern hemisphere approached nigh

The trail led over rocks and flinty soil and became difficult to follow. Several times we lost it while descending the mountain side, but at the bottom, in the forest-clad valley, it reappeared deeply printed into the moss. A few small birds twittered in the forest, but otherwise it appeared totally devoid of animal life. On that evening the remains of an Indian encampment were found, and we made our fire close by it, using the dried poles for fuel.

The days that immediately followed were portentous of disaster. We fell to two scant meals, then to one, and at the last to none. Roots of the forest, rose-pods, anything that could yield sustenance, was devoured. The blue-berries upon which we had depended gave out. Large game could not be had; nor small game in any quantity. To make matters worse, ammunition for the shot-gun ran low.

Verdant nature smiled about us on every hand, grasses waved. balmy summer breezes rippled through the green leaves, and multitudes of insects kept up a ceaseless hum, all combining, as though in apparent mockery, to show us that the world could exist fair and pleasant under the genial sun, while we, human creatures, hungered and starved. There was a lesson taught that I shall not forget when looking again upon the poverty and distress that haunt the streets of our wealthy cities. Over all the inhabited earth the spectre of starvation stalks about the outer fortifications of selfish plenty.

On August 9th, emerging abruptly from a dreary patch of wilderness, we came to the banks of a considerable river, swollen by a freshet into a torrent. It was presumably the Tokio, socalled by natives, but whence it came was a mystery. The trail led down to the edge of the river. It was evident that a ford existed opposite the place, but a brief wading experiment showed that it was temporarily impassable. The next day Price and Schwatka made another attempt, and succeeded after several hours effort in getting across, but they searched in vain for the trail, and finally giving up the attempt, waded back to us. So strong was the tide of the waters that they had to brace themselves with poles to avoid being swept away. Hoping to recover the trail further up on our side of the river, we took up the march, following along the bank through a jungle of willow and alder bushes, growing so thickly that we could scarcely force a passage through them. We had no dinner that day, and supper consisted of two red squirrels, a baby grouse, a handful of rice,

Tracks of bear and moose had been noticed during the afternoon, but the animals were not visible. After the evening repast De Haas and I shouldered guns and started toward the foot-hills of the mountains, while the other men were instructed to dig roots for the morrow. The hunt was a complete failure. Neither bear nor moose showed themselves. The root-digging proved a better expedient, however, and we went to sleep satisfied that we need not fast altogether while roots held out in the

THE GHASTLY RAILWAY DISASTER IN SWITZERLAND.

N June 14th a horrible accident occurred in Switzerland, on the Moenchenstein and Basle Railway, through the collapse of a bridge beneath a heavily loaded excursion train. A musical festival was to be held at Moenchenstein, and hundreds of singers, with their wives and children, crowded the cars. When the train reached the bridge, the iron beams, but recently repaired gave way, two engines and five carriages plunging into the river below. Almost all the passengers in these cars were drowned or crushed to death. Two cars remained suspended from the bridge. Special relief trains were at once sent from Basle, and a detachment of artillery, aided by the fire department, extricated the wounded and removed the débris. As the wreckage was cleared away the bodies of the dead and dying were found crushed together in ghastly confusion. Our illustration on page 426 shows the wreck of the train.

THE MILLENNIUM.

COMMENTS ON PROFESSOR TOTTEN'S ARTICLES.

E are in receipt of a number of letters regarding Professor Totten's Millennium articles, two of which we print herewith. Some of our readers question the correctness of Professor Totten's calculations, but all of them are manifestly interested in his work, and we have no doubt that his reply to his critics, which will appear in due time, will attract fresh interest to the discussion of a subject of which humanity never tires.

THINKS PROFESSOR TOTTEN IS CRAZY.

Wamego, Kan., June 27th, 1891.

To the Editor:—You say you receive many letters commenting upon Professor Totten's prophecies. I therefore take the liberty of casting my ballot on the subject. I think Professor Totten is crazy. The fruit of his ideas will be a few more ruined minds—to-day's papers report the first case. [This report is denied.—Editor.] The world has been afflicted with such delusions for many centuries. Numberless wrecks line the pathway of the past, and no month passes but records some human sacrifice to the Bible fetich. The trouble with such men is that they cast aside their common sense like the religious mendicants of India, and take as their guide the faith described by Moore in "Lalla Rookh," which,

To some fond delusion, holds it to the last.'

Everything that comes to Professor Totten's mill is grist. The "la grippe," Farmers' Alliance, and even adverse criticisms are all proof of the approach of his Millennium. It is time for the civilized world to discard the ghost dance, the Messiah craze, and such absurdities. The Crusades nearly depopulated Europe. The blackest page in history records the acts of the Christian inquisition. The Bible teachings of witchcraft caused the torture and death of millions of helpless women. Still there are many who eling to this old demonology. Professor Totten's specialty is only one part of it. To predict the end of the world or the coming of such a Millennium is the height of folly. These ideas are shared by thousands, and being a representative letter and short, would no doubt please many people if you could find room for it.

Respectfully, A. T. MCMILLAN.

FROM AN EPISCOPAL CLERGYMAN.

An Episcopal clergyman of excellent standing sends us the following strong statement in support of Professor Totten's

To the Editor: - I have made the subject of prophecy a study, more or less, for the past twenty years. I mean by this that, with other reading and manifold duties in quite a large parish, this study has been promi-

I. I am a premillenarian, and from the Scriptural standpoint I do not believe any other view is at all consistent. I believe that every man who will throw aside the particular school of theology in which he has been trained and take the teaching of God's word in its plain and obvious meaning, can come to no other conclusion than that in this dispensation the gospel is to be preached as a witness, the church (or ecclesia) gathered out of the world, and then the end of the age or $\alpha i \tilde{\omega} \nu$ will come.

out of the world, and then the end of the age or $\alpha \lambda \omega \nu$ will come. II. I am very conservative as to periods, dates, times, and seasons. To state definitely the end has seemed to me impossible, because what theologians call the terminus a quo cannot be determined, and hence the terminus ad quem cannot be fixed. At the same time I have great respect for Professor Totten's inferences and deductions, and by no means say that he is not correct. That the "vision in the end shall speak and not 'lie' is plain enough, and if the end is near, if the judge is even at the doors, it is certainly possible that Professor Totten is right. It is much easier to call him a "crank" and to stigmatize his teaching as 'bosh' than it is to answer him or to refute his argument. Christ himself was regarded by many as a crank and as having a devil, and St. Paul was considered mad; nevertheless, the word of God was justified and established.

ned. III. I regard Professor Totten's writings at this particular juncture as

III. I regard Professor Totten's writings at this particular juncture as very significant for these several reasons:

I. That at a time when the world of letters and science is full of skepticism and infidelity, a man of acknowledged learning, scholarship, and ability is raised up to defend and maintain the Scriptures against all adversaries—against rationalists, agnostics, scientific skeptics, and bold and blasphemous atheists, as well as so-called higher critics, who are doing more than all the Ingersolls to destroy the faith of the people in the Word of God. A layman also, and a professor in a college, a man of large scientific attainments, and not a one-sided, prejudiced, bigoted, fanatical minister, ignorant of science and a tyro in philosophy. Possibly notwithstanding the sneers of some of your correspondents, Professor Totten in this evil and adulterous generation is raised up for this very purpose.

purpose.

2. It is significant that Professor Totten is in essential agreement with all the great students of prophecy in regard to the end. Scott, Newton, Luther, Fleming, Faber, Keith, Elliott, Cumming, Seiss, Grattan, Guiness, and Piazzi Smyth, astronomer royal of Scotland, one and all point to this as the culminating period, when all the lines of prophecy converge and indicate the end, not of the physical world, but of the age or $\alpha i \hat{\omega} \hat{\nu}$.

3. It is now in the second of the physical world, but of the age

point to this as the climinating period, when all the lines of prophecy converge and indicate the end, not of the physical world, but of the age or \(\textit{view} \).

3. It is again significant that just at this present time the most remarkable event has occurred among the Jews that has taken place since the Christian Era. Another Pharaoh has arisen and another exodus is imminent, and all signs point to Palestine as the refuge of the Jews. The condition of God's ancient people now excites the attention of the whole civilized world, and no document of the age is so remarkable as the petition not long since presented to the President of the United States, signed by many distinguished men, asking this Government to call the attention of all the great European Powers to the condition of the Jews, and suggesting that steps be taken to return them to Palestine.

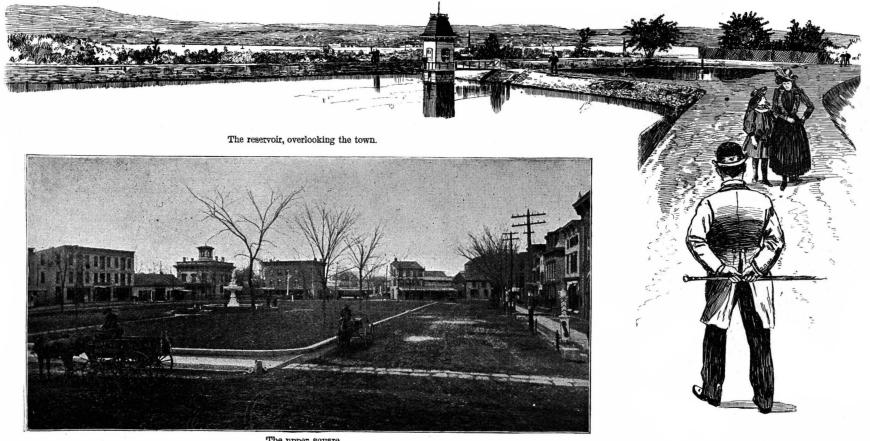
4. It is further significant that phenomena in the natural world, signs in the sun, moon, and stars, synchronize with those in the moral. The terrific electrical storms of the sun, the conjunction of the planets, unprecedented for two thousand years, recent discoveries in the moon, the cyclones, floods, and earthquakes, the shaking indeed of the powers in heaven and earth, all harmonize with the prophecies of Christ and the Apostles.

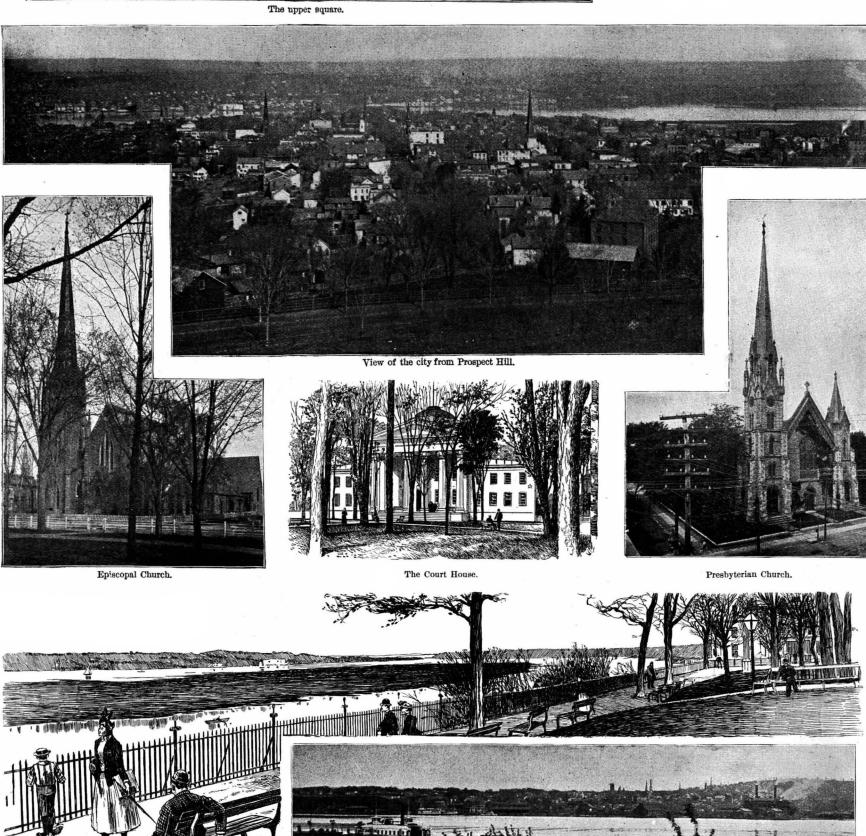
5. It would be a mistake to overlook the fact of spiritualism, one of the most significant signs of the last days. No delusion in the history of the race has spread so rapidly as this; more than 5,000,000 believers are claimed in the United States alone, and it has become universal. What is this but the "departing from the faith and giving heed to seducca, spirits and doctrines of devils," spoken of by the apostle as indicating the last days? No language could better describe this delusion which has shipwrecked the faith of millions in the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Whether supernatural or not, it has accomplished the work of the devil and most emphatically fulfilled prophecy.

Finally, to sum up, the widespread commoti

the hurrying to and fro, the increase of knowledge, the general expectation that we are on the brink of some great catastrophe or change, all tally with the prophecies of the end. Politicians, statesmen, philosophers, ministers, teachers everywhere recognize this state of things and are on the qui vive for this change. All reiterate the words of Sir Robert Peel, who said some years since: "Every aspect of the present times, viewed in the light of the past, warrants the belief that we are on the eve of a universal change." And all agree with an eminent bishop, who says: "Are not these signs and prognostics of the speedy coming of our Lord to judgment?—the six thousand years nearing their close; the period of Popery's dominancy expiring; the sixth vial pouring out; the earth exhibiting all the features of the last days; the nations distressed and their leaders tremulous with fear; history closing up; all the old landmarks of society invaded and simultaneously giving way more or less before resistless innovations; the predicted cry, 'Behold He cometh,' ringing through every land; the whole world becoming like a magazine where a single spark may produce a universal explosion; our great men and devout men and nearly all thinking men proclaiming the presence of some unknown change, and the book of God telling me that when these things begin to come to pass my Saviour and kingdom are at hand; would I not deserve to be classed with infidels and scoffers if I did not believe, and merit the condemnation of a hypocritical and faithless watchman if I did not declare that so it is, and that the end of all things is at hand?"

Professor Totten is, therefore, by no means alone in his belief. He is more positive than others as to the exact time, and possibly he errs in this, yet it is not becoming in men to sneer and condemn who have not made the same investigation, and perhaps are not capable of making it. I am not afraid that the world will go crazy on this subject—it is on made and absorbed in the interests here in things





The Promenade.

View of Hudson from the opposite side of the river.

GLIMPSES OF THE CITY OF HUDSON, ONE OF THE EARLIEST INCORPORATED CITIES OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 425.]

THE CITY OF INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.

PORTY-FIVE years ago the site of the present town of Independence was the undisputed home of the Indian and of the wild animals native to the location. The first settler erected his cabin here in 1846. Independence is situated in eastern Iowa, two hundred and sixty-nine miles from Chicago, and sixty-nine miles straight west from Dubuque, the geographical centre and capital of Buchanan County. It is the centre of the richest farming lands in the State of Iowa. The surface of the country is gently undulating, prairie land predominating, with broad belts of heavily-wooded land along the numerous streams. The soil of this section is remarkably rich and productive, a heavy black loam, well adapted to heavy farming and stock-raising. No more productive soil, or one better adapted to the raising of corn, hay, and grass, can be found.

The latest Government census gave Independence a population of over 4,100, and this figure is being enlarged by rapid additions to the population through the influence of the trotting-horse business, in which this city has already gained a world-wide fame. This element in the town's prosperity is fully treated in another article in this paper. The town of Independence itself impresses the visitor at first sight with its clean, thrifty, and handsome appearance. Its business streets are wide and well kept, and the business blocks and buildings display a uniformity that gives the business district a pleasingly harmonious appearance. The buildings are modern in architecture, and all are of brick or stone, with iron and plate-glass fronts. There are many handsome residences, and on every hand the eye of the stranger is greeted by the evidences of sobriety, thrift, and productive industry.

Railroad facilities are supplied by the Illinois Central and the B. C. R. and N. roads. Over twenty trains arrive and depart daily, affording ample transportation facilities. The Wapsipinicon River runs through the town, and supplies a large water power, which is utilized by extensive flouring-mills. There are about two hundred business places, an opera-house and other public halls, nine churches, three large public-school buildings, a Catholic school in connection with Notre Dame Convent, a free public library with well-supplied reading-room and over 2,000 volumes, numerous civic societies, two local newspapers, a Farmers' Alliance paper, a trotting-horse paper, three banks, six hotels, machine shops, foundries, planing-mills, grain elevators, warehouses, cold storage, seed company, wholesale glove and mitten house, etc. Property is protected by an efficient fire department, which includes steamer, hook and ladder, and hose apparatus. Water is supplied by a first-class system of water-works, which is owned by the city, and which was established in 1886 at a cost of \$40,000. The town has excellent telegraph and telephone service. Business houses, dwellings, and the streets are illuminated at night by gas and

Aside from its trotting-horse interests, which now rather overshadow others here, the town has a good local retail trade, and some of the business houses are developing profitable jobbing operations. Independence is one of the best live-stock, grain, and produce market towns in eastern Iowa. The schools of the town are matters of pride to the citizens, and are maintained at the very highest standard of general, grammar, and high schools. Up to the collegiate grades the best of educational advantages are to be had in these schools. It is hardly necessary to add that the population of the town is made up of desirable classes, and that the society is intelligent, refined, and congenial to those of the best character and tastes.

The present Mayor of Independence is Dr. D. W. Howard, who has held the office for the past six years. Much of the recent progress of the place is due to his enterprising administration. The superintendent of the city schools is Professor S. G. Burkhead. The Iowa Hospital for the Insane has as its superintendent Dr. G. H. Hill.

RUSH PARK STOCK FARM.

ITS BUSY LIFE AND HIGH-BRED TENANTS.

NY description of Independence, Iowa, without an allusion to Rush Park, the kite-shaped track, the great Allerton, and the irrepressible proprietor of all these, C. W. Williams, would be an omission quite as fatal to the perfection of the dissertation as the hackneyed "Hamlet" without the presence of the whimpering scion of Danish nobility. Some astute philosopher has observed that Fortune knocks at every man's door once, and if she finds him at the beer saloon she passes on and never calls again. However this may be, it is safe to say that when the capricious dame tapped at the cottage door of the man who is now proprietor of Rush Park she not only found that individual at home, but met a hearty hand extended to grasp her proffered support.

The inception and development of Rush Park seems like the gilded fancy of an Oriental romance. History offers no parallel to it, and allegory has rarely spun a web of more incarnate bewilderment. Within a period not yet past the recollection of even the children of the public schools, the broad acres upon whose bosom now reposes the fastest and most famous race-track in the world, the vast barns rearing their architectural beauty above the landscape, and the neat paddocks, whose verdured carpets have witnessed the gambols of some of the mightiest kings and queens of the track, was a virgin prairie, where "the rank thistle nodded to the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared." That a metamorphosis of this sort should have been wrought by the brain of a man yet barely at the meridian of life, unaided by the advantages of capital, might well be attributed to the inspiring touch of genius, and to a certain degree the truth of the assertion could not be challenged. Yet genius is a quality which the people of the restless West have little time to analyze, and therefore they describe the faculties which have made Rush Park and its celebrities more or less familiar to every American citizen, in homely but honest and expressive Western vernacular, as "horse sense" and "sand."

As elsewhere stated, the city of Independence has the usual sdvantages of a fine educational system, water-works, gas-works, electric-light station, etc., with a fair water power, utilized for milling purposes. Somewhat of an adjunct to its business, and

certainly a feature of interest, is the location here of the largest of the State hospitals for the insane, a structure finished a few years ago at a cost of over one million dollars, and having a capacity of about nine hundred inmates. A feature that never fails to excite the admiration of visitors is the unbroken row of solid brick structures on either side of the street in the commercial portion. A conflagration in 1874 wiped out the whole business section, involving a loss of six hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and during the ensuing summer the entire street was rebuilt at the same time, thus enabling the city's business avenue to present an appearance of uniformity and massiveness that few towns of thrice its commercial importance can reveal.

Like the majority of Iowa communities, the interests of Independence are mainly agricultural, and herein it offers advantages that are its special pride and boast, and well worthy to be prized and cherished by any people. The quality of Iowa soil, like Shakesperean mercy, is "not strained." It is superlative, and while to select any portion of the State for the ascription of particular commendation, as far as the superiority for bucolic pursuits is concerned, were like discussing relative values in Paradise, there are nevertheless certain indubitable advantages for the stock-raiser in the region about Independence possessed by few other sections of the vast Northwest. Buchanan County is pre-eminently a grass region, and her deep, rich soil nurtures the sweetest and most sustaining grasses to be found on the North American continent. Kentucky has her "blue-grass section," the special theme of poets and orators from time immemorial by reason of the fame of its concededly great productions, fast horses, beautiful belles, and fine whisky. Iowa has no bluegrass section, but the whole State is one vast, wide, illimitable expanse of blue-grass soil, as it were, and while she has no particular desire to vaunt the quality of her whisky, she will never haul down her flag to the challenge of handsomer women or superior horses to any State in the Union.

There is no necessity for magnifying the virtues of Iowa, and Buchanan County in particular, as a stock-producing region, for the reason that her products in this line, especially the horses she has developed, have heralded their own sensational and altogether incomparable fame to the furthest bounds of the continent, and even to "lands wide seas across." It is more particularly the province of this sketch to describe in somewhat abbreviated form the celebrated farm which is the gem of this fair spot of favored country, and the birthplace and nursery of some of the equine phenomena whose wonderful flights of trotting speed constitute the most stimulating epoch in the annals of the

Rush Park is a tract of altogether three hundred and forty acres of arable land, located one-half mile west of the business centre of Independence, Iowa. It was, prior to the purchase by its present proprietor, devoted to the ordinary humdrum pursuits of farming, and embraced forty acres that had for some time been used as a fair ground, containing a half-mile track. Some five or six years ago Mr. Williams came down from Ossian, Iowa, and bought the place for a breeding establishment, having given the subject of the trotting horse some study and experiment. It is a fact worthy of note that at that time Mr. Williams had not the means to pay for the land, and was obliged to secure time. He was then a young man of perhaps thirty years, and had been engaged in the creamery business in the northern part of the State. Among his limited possessions at that period, in the way of stock, were two mares that he had purchased of the wealthy and successful breeders, H. L. & F. D. Stout, of Dubuque, because their breeding suited him, and by reason of the further fact that individually they were somewhat impaired, and he could thus secure them at a low price. Although his resources were scant, his notions were fastidious, and he sent his two mares to Kentucky to be bred to the most fashionable horse within reach of his money. That was five years ago. Three years later he sold the produce of one mare for \$105,000, after recording a series of the most brilliant achievements which have ever been witnessed in the history of harness speed. The foal from the other mare he vet retains, and it is in no wise inferior, in the way of wonderful speed and endurance, to the other. Indeed. Mr. Williams has always believed that he reserved the better of the two animals, and late events have done much to vindicate the correctness of his judgment. The first crop of colts at Rush Park are now five years old, and one of them is the possessor of the world's stallion record for three-year-olds-Axtell, 2:12, while the other wears the crown for four-yearold stallions—Allerton, 2:134.

With the means derived from the sale of Axtell Mr. Williams was able to gratify his ambition to its fullest extent, and to carry out a long-cherished purpose to build up an establishment for the propagation of the trotter second to none in the land. To a large extent he has already accomplished this, though his plans are as yet by no means consummated. The first part of the undertaking that claimed his attention was the construction of a mile track. For this purpose he invested \$12,000 in one hundred and twenty acres of land contiguous to his farm, and in less than one month after parting with his great colt the dirt was flying merrily on what subsequent events have conclusively shown to be the fastest track on earth. This track was constructed after the style of the "kite-shaped" variety, so named from its resemblance to the form of a kite or balloon. While it has abundantly justified the belief of Mr. Williams that its shape would offer vast advantages for showing speed, it is not wholly to that cause that the phenomenal exploits accomplished upon its surface are due. A large share of its merit must no doubt be credited to its rich, elastic soil, that yields to the tread of a horse's feet and springs back from the impression with the lifelike character of rubber. No horse that ever measured his speed over its long, smooth stretches ever failed to reveal his best effort and to feel exhilaration in the process.

Having secured a track, the next step in Mr. Williams's plan was a race meeting. It was too late to do this in the season of 1889, but he set about making up his programme and appropriating his money for an event quite in keeping with his former great achievements, to be held during the ensuing summer. His method of doing this was unique and entirely characteristic. He opened a series of trotting and pacing classes on the 1st of January, to be contested in August, of the uniform value of \$2,000 each, involving a sum in the aggregate of \$40,000, and

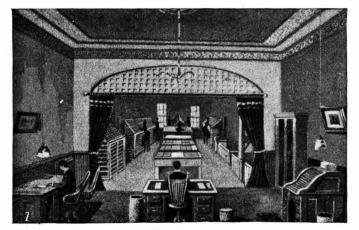
placed the entrance fee to the same at five per cent., a lower figure by at least five per cent. than at that time had ever been conceded for events of this character. It is not hard to realize that under these conditions his classes filled handsomely, and that among the entries were some of the most noted horses of the country. It is needless to chronicle the events of last summer at Rush Park. An army of carpenters and laborers were employed from early spring until August, building amphitheatre, barns, and stalls, constructing fences, and a multiplicity of other labor incidental to the vast operations. The great meeting came on and startled all horsedom, not to say a respectable element of the people in all professions, by the importance and magnitude of the performances it recorded. Space can only be given to a hasty review of the results accomplished during the first season that this track was in existence, a recapitulation of which shows something like the following: Manager, fastest twoyear-old pacing record, 2.161; Cricket, fastest five-year-old pacing record for mare, 2.10; Attorney, Jr., fastest five-year-old pacing record for stallion, 2.13; Roy Wilkes, fastest stallion record for pacers, 2.081; Belle Hamlin and Justina, fastest double-team record, 2.13; Allerton, fastest four-year-old trotting record for stallion, 2.131; forty-seven heats trotted in 2.20 and better, average, $2.16\frac{8}{4}$; and thirty-four heats paced in 2.20 and better, average 2.161. Of the seventeen two-year-olds that entered the 2.30 list in 1890, eight of them did it on this track, and finally, one-eighth of all the horses entering the 2.30 list in 1890 got their records on Mr. Williams's great course. Is there not good reason for the claim that it is the "fastest track on earth"?

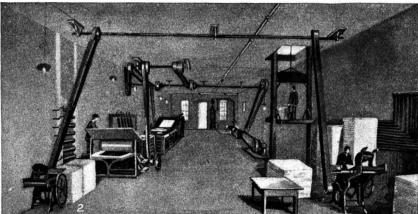
It would not be unreasonable to suppose that the flattering success which rewarded the proprietor of Rush Park in his initial season as a race-meeting manager should have inspired him with confidence to undertake still greater things for the future, and that he has done this may be easily realized by any one who will take the trouble to look over the programme he has outlined for 1891. For the present season he has claimed dates for three great race-meetings, the aggregate in purses for which may fall but little short of \$150,000. The first meeting occurred the first week in July, the second will take place the last week in August, and the third the last two weeks in October. Of these the August meeting is calculated to be far the greatest, and the auguries are favorable for this event eclipsing anything ever before attempted in this country in the way of turf diversion. The immense sum of \$90,000 has already been appropriated to pay the purses and specials, and attractions to be added later are expected to make the amount fully \$100,000. To many people this will seem to be the height of reckless speculation, and so it would be on the part of a person of ordinary resources, or of less ability than the young proprietor of Rush Park. As it is, it may be accepted as an assured fact that nothing can defeat his expectations except the capricious mood of the weather. The entry lists for the Independence August meeting are amazingly full, and the flower of the trotting and pacing families, embracing the contributions of about every State in the Union, will be there to enter the lists for the rich prizes. A specimen of the great sport to be expected is the race for five-year-old trotters for a purse of \$5,000, in which four of the most noted horses in the world will contest, viz.: Nancy Hanks, 2.141; Margaret S., $2.12\frac{1}{2}$; Navidad, $2.22\frac{1}{2}$; and Allerton, $2.13\frac{1}{2}$. This race has for months been looked forward to by horsemen in every part of the country as offering more sensational possibilities than any single event of the character ever witnessed, and it alone will draw people for thousands of miles.

Aside from its racing adjuncts, Rush Park carries on independently a large and successful breeding business. There are, as before stated, some three hundred and forty acres of land, all utilized in pastures and paddocks. Ten large, well-finished barns on the place afford, with the stalls at the track, accommodations for four hundred head of horses, with a box-stall for every animal. The horses owned on the farm number at present about seventy, at the head of which are seven highly-bred, wellfinished stallions, whose service fees range from \$500 to \$25. If Mr. Williams were asked to put a valuation on the place, hewould name about \$250,000, and surely this would be accepted as a conservative estimate by all who took the trouble to pay the farm a visit. It is fair to say that the establishment does not yet, rapid as has been its development and phenomenal as has been its success, fill the measure of its proprietor's ambition, but in the five years of its existence it has scored triumphs and yielded returns that establishments of thrice its age, upon which wealth and influence have been lavished without stint, have been unable to realize. And never was fortune more fervently wooed and success more fairly won. Mr. Williams has been a tireless worker, planner, and thinker, and a single year of his throbbing life has been filled with all that most men crowd into a cycle. Indeed, it is remarkable that his brain has stood all the stress forced upon it, and probably nothing but a magnificent physique, simple tastes, and abstemious habits have enabled him to stand the rack and worry of his vast business enterprises. But no doubt the hardest of the strain has been borne. His business is now fairly established and to a much larger degree than formerly will take care of itself. Mr. Williams has just completed a magnificent residence on his farm at a cost of \$15,000, and with his estimable family is preparing to enjoy some of the fruits of his hard-earned victories. In pursuance of his determination to make Independence the most conspicuous point in all the North, so far as the interests of the breeders and admirers of the light-harness horse are concerned. Mr. Williams was lately instrumental, with some of his friends, in establishing a new paper at Independence. called The American Trotter, devoted to the object implied by its name. This periodical is but three months old, but already it has become the cynosure of all eyes from ocean to ocean, and the recipient of a vast amount of public approbation. It has leaped at one bound into the favor of the breeders, and will be of immense value in enhancing and stimulating the trotting-horse interests of that section.

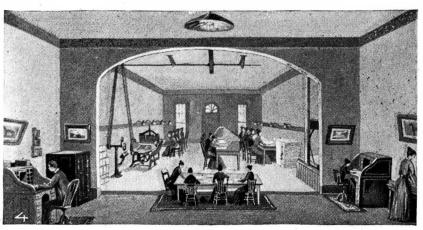
AT THE FRONT.

The summer number of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper appears in a handsome colored cover. This newspaper is alive to the needs of the day in weekly journalism, and keeps up at the front of the procession. It is a good reflection of the progress of the times.—*Indianapolis News*.

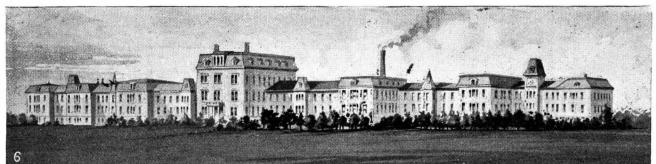






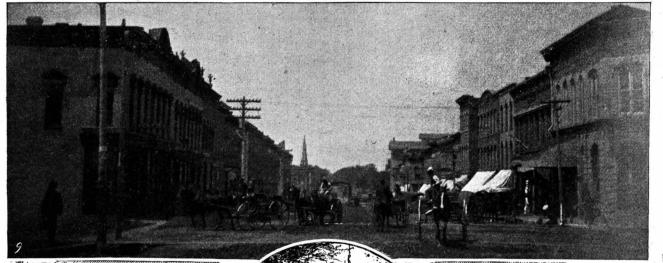












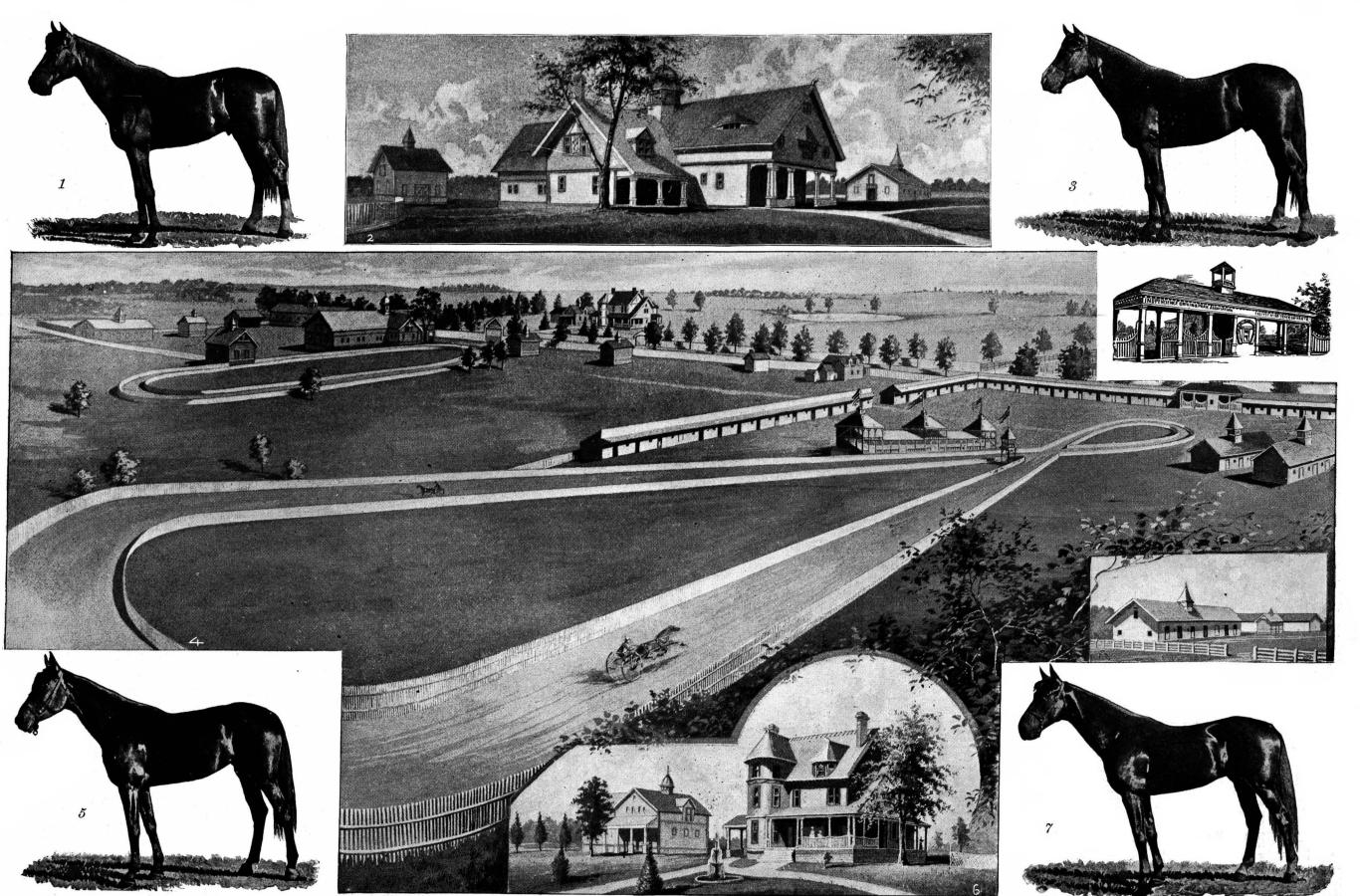








1. 2. 3, and 4. Editorial, Press, Exterior, and Business Manager's Rooms of the American Trotter. 5. The Conservative Newspaper and Job Printing Office. 6. Iowa Hospital for the Insane. 7. City Water-Works. 8, H. E. Palmer, Wholesale Egg-Packer. 9. Main Street. 10. Commercial State Bank. 11. First National Bank. 12, 13, and 14. City School Buildings. 15. Independence Mills.



1. Portrait of Allerton. 2. Barn. 3. Portrait of Barnhart. 4. The Kite track. 5. Portrait of Mary Marshall. 6. Residence of C. W. Williams. 7. Portrait of Judge Rider.

THE CELEBRATED RUSH PARK, INDEPENDENCE, IOWA.—[See Page 433.]

Some one ought to invent a slot-machine to tell a man if he be in love. It would be worth five cents for some men to find out whether it is love or dyspepsia.

Messrs. John H. Davis & Co., Messrs. S. V. White & Co., and Messrs. Connor & Co., of this city, offer for subscription 7,500 shares of eight per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and 2,500 shares of common stock of the Trow Directory, Printing and Bookbinding Company, organized under the laws of New Jersey. This company is organized to take over and carry on the business established in 1786 of the Trow City Directory Company, of New York, and also that of Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company, of the same city, established in 1826, both companies having heretofore been conducted as two separate corporations. The capital of the new company consists of \$1,500,000, divided into 7,500 shares of eight per cent. cumulative preferred stock, now offered to investors by subscription, and of 7,500 shares are also included in the present subscription, while the parties interested in the old companies and their associates retain the ownership of the remaining 5,000 shares of the common stock. The statement of the vendors shows that for the last five years ending December 31st, 1890, the net profits of the two companies have been \$661,411.30, or an average of \$132,282.26 yearly, which result is equivalent to eight per cent. upon the preferred stock and more than eleven per cent. on the common stock. The preferred stock will be entitled to cumulative preferential dividends of eight per cent. per annum, which will be payable out of the earnings of the company before any payments are made upon the general stock, and until paid will remain a charge against the net earnings of the company prior to all rights of the general stock. All shares issued will be full paid stock and non-assessable. Stockholders will have no personal liability. The subscription-lists will open at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, July 21st, and close on or before Thursday, July 23d. The prospectus, published in another column of this issue, gives ample details. Besides the above named banking houses, subscriptions will also be received in this city by the Importe

THE NEW REED-PIPE ORGAN.

FREDERIC ARCHER gave an interesting and enjoyable recital June 19th, at Lyon & Healy's music rooms, on the new Reed-pipe Organ. The instrument is the largest yet constructed of the reed-pipe type, and generates music in a degree much like the pipe organ, in the peculiar blending of tone and the metallic vibrant quality. Each set of registers has a different relation to the sound-board, and the tone is controlled by sound chambers, which give, in a different way, force to tone, as well as variety and resonance. The new feature introduced consists of flexible copper sound-boards. This instrument is particularly well adapted for chamber concerts in small halls or private houses, and has decided advantages over the ordinary reed instrument. It is made by Lyon & Healy at their factory, opposite Union Park, Chicago.—Inter-Ocean, June 21st.

COMMENCEMENT—HELLMUTH COLLEGE -LONDON, CANADA.

The twenty-second annual exercises of this well-known college for young women and girls, held on the 17th of June, were a complete success. The proceedings consisted of an excellent programme of music and recitations, addresses by the Dean of Huron, and the principal, Rev. E. N. English, and the awarding of the diplomas and honors by the Dean.

The exhibition of art work in the studios was very fine, consisting of painting in oil and water-color, pastel, etching, crayon, china decoration, wood carving, modeling, etc. The college roll includes students from all parts of America. The next term begins September 9th.

The "Boston and Chicago Special" westbound, leaving Boston at 10:30 A.M., and arriving at Chicago at 3 P.M., and eastbound, leaving Chicago at 10:30 A.M. ext day, runs and arriving at Boston at 3:40 P.M. next day, runs every day in the year via the Boston and Albany, New York Central and Hudson River, and Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroads.

Although the train has only been one month in service, its poprlarity is phenomenal, and the railroads over which it runs are certainly reaping the reward of their enterprise and liberality. It is vestibuled throughout, and consists of buffet-car, dining-car, and three sleeping-cars, and if you wish to travel in the most luxurious manner in the world, take this train.

"The way of the transgressor is hard." Be wise and buy Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time. Salvation Oil will cure your sciatica. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. It never fails.

THE fashiona'sle ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic.

THE coolest summers in America are at Coronado Beach, San Diego County, California. Write to the Itotel del Coronado for one of the beautiful brochures soon to be published.

THE Fall River Line steamers, Puritan and Plymouth, are now leaving New York at 5:30, instead of 5 P.M., as heretofore.

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. rhea. Sold by druggists 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,

WALL STREET.—DULLNESS SUPREME.

 $W^{
m ITH}$ the sales of stocks drifting below $_{
m 100,000}$ shares a day, and brokers dispersing to various summer resorts, with investors holding their cash in bank or in pocket, the condition of Wall Street, of late, has become extremely apathetic.

I have often noticed that such a condition, like the calm that precedes a storm, presages a more active market. I feel assured that if the silver question were out of the way, with the prices of gilt-edged stocks and bonds as low as they now are, and with business conditions more promising, a rising market would follow. Some day it may come quicker than most people anticipate.

All signs are not entirely favorable to a bull movement. It is true that the outlook for grain is considered good, but we are not fully assured that foreign crops will altogether fail. It is certain that business generally in the United States is not good. Possibly Wall Street foresees better times on account of our new trade relations, the reciprocity treaties, the improved agricultural outlook, the operations of the McKinley bill leading to the establishment of new manufactories and protecting those in existence, and other influences. Wall Street usually looks ahead of every other interest.

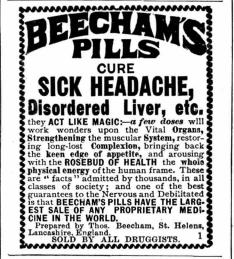
Bear in mind that money is "scarey" the world over, and that low-priced investments are crying for a market. Look at the condition of the bond market in Wall Street and see the dividend-paying stocks that are selling below par. It is a condition unrivaled in many years, and is due to the general fear of impending trouble in other words, to a lack of confidence. Just as soon as there is a restoration of confidence, at home and abroad, there will be a lively jump in the prices of stocks and bonds.

It must be said that the outlook for American railroads, particularly in the West, is improving from year to year. The country is growing up with the extensions that have been built, and getting the benefit of the large increase of population in the West and South. Last year many railroads suffered from overbuilding and poor crops. This year the crop outlook is good, and there is an increase of business from the continued settlement of new lands. It looks to me as if the railroads should show an increase of earnings all round during the coming fall months, and if we are able to get back some of the gold we have shipped to Europe, we should have a rise in the market. Of course, as I have said before, there is an instability about values and a fear regarding financial legislation that seriously handicap the market.

I am satisfied that there are shrewd and capable men in Wall Street who honestly believe that we are to have a long, protracted bull movement. It is a mistake to believe that the large operators are mere gamblers, ready to take any chance. On the contrary, they are the most careful, cool, and calculating men to be found in the ranks of business. President Harrison, in his recent speech in San Antonio, Texas, told the truth in a very few words when he said: "Wealth and commerce are timid creatures. They must be assured that the nest will be safe before they build." And it may be taken as an assured fact that if long-headed, wealthy men on Wall Street are ready to buy stocks at present prices, they have reason for the faith that is in them-a faith they are ready to back up with money.

Not everything is rosy on this side of the water.

According to the Railway Age, during the first six months of the present year sixteen railways, having a mileage of 2,600 miles and representing in their bonded debt and capital stock the enormous aggregate of over \$106,000,000, have



EXTENDED & FOLDED

ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.



been sold to satisfy the claims of creditors. Furthermore, sixteen additional roads, representing a mileage of 1,512 miles and over \$56,000,000 of capital, have been placed in the hands of receivers during the past six months.

An excellent thing for the market is the settlement of the bond-redemption question by the action of Secretary Foster in announcing their extension at two per cent. interest, as they fall due in September. I hope Secretary Foster will continue to be prompt and decisive in his official action, and that he will take the public in his confidence. Nothing will be more beneficial to the Street than a knowledge of just what our financial condition is and just what

our financial policy is to be.

I am not at all surprised that the volume of business reported in the South and West has diminished of late. The merchants of those parts are buying more carefully. It is no secret that there has been considerable over-speculation in land in these sections, and merchants, like all other classes, have suffered thereby. It has been charged against me sometimes that I am opposed to all investments in the South and West. This is untrue. There has been a great deal of money made in land in the portions of the United States referred to; but in many instances speculation has been so sadly overdone that real estate ventures are no longer

I have no doubt that there are still plenty of opportunities for safe investments in the South and West. Money there commands a good rate of interest, and if a man makes his loans with care, he can do better there than he can in the East. I speak of this matter incidentally, because of complaints that have reached me that I was inimical to interests in the South and West, which complaints are utterly unfounded.

Much comment has been created by the failure of the city of Brooklyn to float its park bonds recently offered to the public, bearing three per cent. interest; but the failure is not surprising in view of the fact that in England. where money is more plenty and the rate of interest ordinarily very much lower than here, a Queensland loan of about \$12,000,000, bearing three and one-half per cent. interest, was recently offered and only partly subscribed for. Not one-tenth of the loan was taken.

A correspondent at Chicago writes to "Jasper" to know if I still believe that Mr. Gould is to retain possession of the Santa Fé, and what effect his control would have. I answer that it is not necessary that Mr. Gould should abso-lutely own Santa Fé. It may be that its affairs may become so badly mixed in time that he will be given authority to say what should be done, or the plum may drop into his hands when everything is ready for it, just as the Union Pa-cific did when everybody denied that there was any possibility of its dropping. When Mr. Gould commences to do something for his own properties, and makes his combination with the Southwestern systems, there will be better times ahead for the Missouri Pacific and for the long-

neglected and closely held Wabash.
"C. J. P.," of Albany, asks "Jasper" to explain what he means by the phrase "intrinsic value of silver." I mean its real value; what it would bring in the market if offered for sale. A silver dollar at the present price of silver bullion is not worth a dollar in gold. That is, if it were melted it would not bring a dollar. A gold dollar, aside from a very slight percentage of loss, would, if melted, still contain a dollar's worth of gold, and is therefore intrinsically worth a dollar. The dictionary will more clearly define the precise meaning of the word "intrinsic" if "C. J. P." will consult it.

My readers will be interested, possibly, in an excursion I propose to take across the country. It will give me an opportunity to learn precisely the situation of affairs in the crop-growing region, and I shall endeavor, if I find time and opportunity, to tell in this column the situation of affairs from the standpoint of one accustomed to observation. During the next few weeks, if my readers hear from me at scattered points as I journey along toward the Pacific, they will understand the reason for the dates of my letters and the reason for my failure to reply promptly to inquiries that may be forwarded. I hope I may secure information that will warrant me in predicting what the condition of the market will be in the fall.

HER NAMELESS CHARM.

[Confession of a one-and-twenty years old ${\tt ROUE}$ of the period.]

It may be the sunshiny gleam of her hair, The rose-blush that brightens her cheek; Or, maybe, her eyes with their lady-like stare So deucedly fetching and meek.

Perhaps it's her queer little, cute little ear
That sets my worn heart beating so.
Still, it might be her smile, or, maybe, a tear, Or, maybe, a word uttered low.

Then, again, there's her nose, her willowy waist, The dimple that lurks in her chin;
Or else her fair lips, so exquisitely chaste,
And equally rosy and thin.

Yet there is the spell of her kittenish glance, Her forehead-curls wavy and brown, The press of her hand in the whirl of the dance, Or—er—there's her well-fitting gown!

DE WITT STERRY.

No longer to let is my bachelor heart, Whatever her first charm may be; For, taken together or taken apart, Her charms long ago settled me.

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EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity 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. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.
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."

Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheu, matism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.

SHANDON SHANDON TOILET SOAP

a Delicate and Lasting Odor After Using. If unable to procure SHANDON BELLS SOAP send 25c in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

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The Favorite

family medicine, while travelers, both by sea and land, find them to be indispensable. "We sell more of Ayer's Pills than of all other kinds put together, and they give perfect satisfaction."—Christensen & Haarlow, Druggists, Baldwin, Wis.

'I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and consider them an invaluable

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I know of no better remedy for liver troubles and dyspepsia."—James Quinn, Hartford, Ct. Capt. Chas. Mueller, of the steamship "Felicia," says: "For several years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything class in the medicine cheet to requise my else in the medicine chest, to regulate my bowels, and those of the ship's crew. These Pills are not severe in their action, but do their work thoroughly. I have used them, and with good effect, for the cure of rheumatism, kidney troubles, and dyspepsia."

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This li ie, famous for its Dining-Car Service and Elegant Equipment, takes the tourist to the Yellowstone Park Pacific Coast, Alaska, and through the Grandest Scenery and most progressive sections of seven States, viz.: Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington.

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District Passenger Agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying information, rates, maps, time-tables, etc., or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn. Write to above address for the latest and best map yet published of Alaska. Just out.

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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
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Or. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure piles when all other remedies have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c. and \$1.00 per box.
WILLIAMS M'F'G CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, Q,

MAKES MORE BREAD, MAKES WHITER BREAD, MAKES BETTER BREAD,

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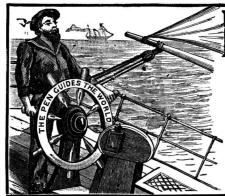
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Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.

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Every lady desires to be considered hand-some. The most important adjunct to beauty is a clear, smooth, soft and beautiful skin. With this essential a lady appears handsome, even if her features are not perfect. Ladies afflicted with Tan, Freckles, Rough or Discolored Skin should lose no time in pro-curing and applying

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.



It will immediately obliterate all such imperfections, and is entirely harmless. It has been chemically analyzed by the Board of Health of New York Clty. Entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin. Over two million ladies have used this delightful tollet preparation, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Ladies, if you desire to be beautiful, give LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH a trial and be convinced of its wonderful efficacy.

Sold by Fancy Goods Dealers and Druggists everywhere. 247 Pearl STREET.

Price, 75 Cents per Bottle.

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CHAIN this ad.out and send to us and we will send the WATCH.

CHAIN & CHARM to you by express, C. O. D. (all Express charges prepaid by us). You can examine the Watch at the express office and if you do not find it all and even more than we claim for it, leave it, and you are only out your time in looking at it. But if perfectly satisfactory, pay the express agent ourspecial Cut Price of \$5.00 and take the watch. No watch like this was ever advertised in a paper before. No such bargain ever offered. This is a GENUINE GOLD PLATED WATCH, and warranted in every respect. Case is beautiful Open Face, (cut showing back of case) elaborately engraved, decorated and ornamented. Hinge case with back cap to protect from dust, Crown, bezel and centre are all accurately made, fitted and warranted. (Beware of imitations.) The movement is a fine American style, STEM WIND and STEM SET, Richly Jeweled, duck train, finest balance, pinions and escapeded, duck train, finest balance, pinions and escapeded, the decided of the standard FREE TO EXAMINE before pay FREE





FREE A safety bicycle on very easy conditions. WESTERN PEARL CO., 308 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

BOKER'S BITTERS THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

Stomach Bitters,
And as Fire a Cordial as ever Made. To be
HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS. L.FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r & Prop'r,

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Large illustrated Catalogue sent on application.
Students from all parts of America. Number received limited. Conducted parties leave New York Cineinnati, Chicago, and other points for the Collegin Sept. Rev. E. N. ENGLISH, M. A., Principal LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for

Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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Sold by all Druggists.

Send \$1.75 to the IMPERIAL PACKING CO., of Canajoharie, N. Y., for A BEECH-NUT HAM.

Used by all the Leading Hotels of the Country.



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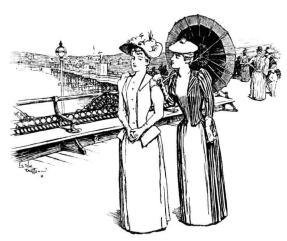
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Fifth Avenue, 58th and 59th sts., New York. Highest Class. Absolutely FIRE-PROOF On American and

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

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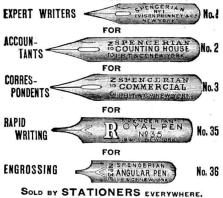
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Samples FREE on receipt of return postage, 2 cents.

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EARL & WILSON'S
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BEST IN THE WORLD.





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USED BY All Good Cooks THE YEAR ROUND.

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Liebig EXTRACT OF BEE DARKEST AFRICA,"

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He was at once borne to a fire and laid within a few inches of it, and with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from the Liebig Company's Extract of Beef we restored him to his senses."—Page 58, Vol. Genuine only with face.

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PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Druggists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

DEAF NESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whis-fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

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Messrs. JOHN H. DAVIS & CO., New York;

S. V. WHITE & CO., New York;

CONNOR & CO., New York,

Are authorized to offer the securities mentioned below.

TROW DIRECTORY, PRINTING & BOOKBINDING CO.,

SUBSCRIPTION FOR

\$750,000, 8 Per Cent. Cumulative Preferred Stock. \$250,000, General (Common) Stock,

AT PAR, SHARES \$100 EACH.

Subscription Lists will open Tuesday, July 21, at 10 A.M., and close on or before Thursday, July 23, at 3 P.M.

This Company is organized under the laws of New Jersey, with a capital stock of \$1,500,000, in shares of \$100 each, consisting of \$750,000 of 8 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and \$750,000 general (common) stock, to take over and carry on the business, ESTABLISHED IN 1786, of the TROW CITY DIRECTORY COMPANY, and that, ESTABLISHED IN 1826, of TROW'S PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY, heretofore two separate corporations. The former managers continue with the new company, and, with their associates, retain \$500,000 of the common stock.

All shares issued will be full paid stock. Stockholders will have no per-

All shares issued will be full paid stock. Stockholders will have no personal liability.

There will be no mortgage upon any of the property of the Company.

The Company begins business without any debt or liability whatever.

The by-laws provide that no bond or mortgage can be created without the consent of ninety per cent. of the preferred stockholders; also that this provision cannot be altered except by the like affirmative vote.

provision cannot be altered except by the like affirmative vote.

The Preferred Stock will be entitled, from and after July 15, 1891, to cumulative preferential dividends of EIGHT PER CENT. PER ANNUM, payable out of the earnings of the corporation, before any payment is made upon the General Stock. In case of the non-payment of the Preferred Stock Dividend, it will remain, until paid, a charge against the net earnings of the Company, prior to all rights of the General Stock. The Preferred Stock will also be entitled to rank against the property and assets of the Company in preference to the General Stock.

The General Stock will be entitled to the surplus earnings when declared in dividends, after eight per cent. per annum upon the Preferred Stock shall have been paid.

Dividends on the Preferred Stock will be payable quarterly.

Dividends on the General (Common) Stock will be declared and paid at the end of each fiscal year, and may be paid more often provided the full dividend for the current year upon the preferred shares shall be first set apart.

DIRECTORS.

ROBERT W. SMITH, President, New York.
EDWARD LANGE, Vice-President and Treasurer, New York.
FRANCIS B. THURBER, President Thurber, Whyland Co., New York.
ALFRED C. CHENEY, President Garfield National Bank, New York.
ROBERT J. DEAN, of R. J. Dean & Co., Bankers, New York.
FRANKLIN W. HOPKINS, of S. V. White & Co., Bankers, New York.
WILLIAM H. BATES, Superintendent Trow City Directory, New York.

Application will be made to list the securities of this company upon the New York Stock Exchange.

EXTRACTS FROM STATEMENT OF THE VENDORS.

The business of the TROW CITY DIRECTORY COMPANY, now carried on in its building, corner of University Place and Eighth Street, was established in 1786, one hundred and five

corner of University Place and Eighth Street, was established in 1786, one hundred and five years ago.

It has published the New York City Directory annually ever since, with a continuous profit. The business of TROW'S PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY was established in the year 1826, and its capacity as a printing and bookbinding establishment is the largest, and its plant one of the most perfect, in the United States.

The property conveyed to the TROW DIRECTORY, PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING COMPANY is described in the prospectus, to which reference is invited for the details of its description and value. It embraces the real estate, Nos. 205, 207, 209, 211, and 213 feast 12th St., New York, the leasehold property at University Place and 8th St., and the presses type, machinery, tools, fixtures, and other plant of both the old companies. This property, to there with the working capital, which the vendors undertake to contribute, is valued at \$1,432,749,35. The books and accounts of both the retiring companies have been examined by the well-known public accountants, Messrs. YALDEN, BROOKS & DONNELLY, who certify as follows, viz.

No. 11 Pine St., New York, March 27, 1891.

We have examined the books and accounts of TROW'S PRINTING AND BOOK-BINDING COMPANY for the period of five years ending Dec. 31, 1890, and also for the same period the accounts of the TROW CITY DIRECTORY COMPANY, and we find the net profits of the two concerns, after providing for the cost of all materials, labor, wages, and expenses, and cost of renewals and repairs to plant and machinery, to be

\$661,41 1.30 Or an average of \$132,282.26 yearly.

The profits for the year 1890 amounted to \$143,736,71 YALDEN, BROOKS & DONNELLY.

THE RESULT LAST STATED IS EQUIVALENT TO 8 PER CENT. UPON THE PREFERRED STOCK AND 11.16 PER CENT. UPON THE COMMON

7,500 shares of 8 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and 2,500 shares of general (common) stock of this Company are now offered for public subscription at par.

Subscriptions will be payable as follows:

10 per cent, on application,

30 per cent. on allotment,

30 per cent. in 30 days after allotment. 30 per cent. in 15 days

The subscription lists will be opened at 10 o'clock A.M., on Tuesday,

July 21, and will close at or before 3 o'clock P. M., on Thursday, July 23, 1891, at the offices of Messrs. JOHN H. DAVIS & CO., 10 Wall St., New York; S. V. WHITE & CO., 36 Wall St., New York, and 4 Sherman St., Chicago, and CONNOR & CO., 71 Broadway, New York.

Subscriptions will also be received by

Subscriptions will also be received by

IMPORTERS' AND TRADERS' NATIONAL BANK, New York.

CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

CHASE NATIONAL BANK, New York.

GARFIELD NATIONAL BANK, New York.

MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, Albany, N. Y.

WASHINGTON LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, Washington, D. C.

CITY NATIONAL BANK, Springfield, Mass.

WILBOUR, JAUKSON & CO., Bankers, Providence, R. I.

R. J. DEAN & CO., Bankers, New York.

Its will be made as soon as practicable. The right is reserved to reject or we

Allotments will be made as soon as practicable. The right is reserved to reject or reduce any

PROSPECTUSES, CONTAINING FULL INFORMATION, AND BLANK FORMS OF APPLICATION FOR STOCK, CAN BE OBTAINED FROM EITHER OF THE BANKS OR BANKERS ABOVE NAMED.

Advance applications can be made to any of the bankers prior to the formal opening of the books.