

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE CRAZE FOR ANTIQUES.—SEARCHING NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEADS FOR OLD-TIME FURNITURE.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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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.

THE movement for free education in England now under headway is an absorbing topic of discussion abroad. In this country, where free education is the rule, it is inconceivable that the English Government has fallen so far behind in providing abundant opportunities for the education of the masses. Just what the free education movement means will be explained to our readers in a leading editorial contribution next week. It is from the pen of Edward Porritt, the London representative of the Manchester Examiner, and a writer of acknowledged ability.

THE COPYRIGHT SITUATION.

THE brilliant gathering of British writers on Thursday night, July 16th, at the Hotel Metropole, in London, under the auspices of the Society of Authors, may be said to close the campaign of international copyright. The British authors have now ratified in a public and official manner, and with a significant emphasis, the legislation of last winter, and that they have done this bespeaks at once their magnanimity and their wisdom—magnanimity because they undoubtedly are hampered by some of the restrictions of the act as passed; wisdom because, in spite of these limitations and, from a purely literary standpoint, these blemishes, the act is a distinct step forward in the march of ideas. The veteran Laureate of England and of the English speech struck the key-note and summed the whole matter up in his concise dispatch of greeting, wherein he said the society congratulated the United States "on their great act of justice."

It is as a "great act of justice," rather than as legislation which will immediately benefit the pockets of authors and publishers, that the world feels its chief interest in the present international copyright law. It was this consideration which prompted Henry Cabot Lodge to say, at the recent copyright dinner in this city, that perhaps the Fifty-first Congress would ultimately be best remembered for the passage of this act. Unregarded as the reformers were for many years, and reckoned of only small and incidental consequence even at the very last, possibly their "little bill" may yet reflect more lustre on the Fifty-first Congress than some others which now appear to be its most important legacies.

The friends of the measure fought their battles o'er again and exchanged congratulations at Thursday's meeting in London, and the temptation is great to do so on this side also, for when all is said, scanty justice is done to that small and devoted band of men, armed with the irresistible power of an idea, who besieged Congress for so many years, until finally their tireless efforts brought victory. Some of them are now receiving the formal recognition which their labors deserve. If ever decorations were deserved, they are those that are worn by the copyright veterans, and that eagle should be indeed a "proud bird of freedom" who furnished the quill with which President Harrison signed this "great act of justice"—this literary magna charta—and which he so gracefully presented afterward to the indefatigable secretary of the Copyright League, Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson. This particular pen was mightier than many swords.

The world will not forget, however, the efforts of several men whose names have not yet won these formal honors. All the world of writers are under a deep obligation to Dr. Edward Eggleston for the patient and judicious campaigns, one after another, which that eminent writer made from an unselfish devotion to the interests of literature and of his fellow-workers in that field. It was entirely proper that, by an agreement among literary workers, his latest novel, "The Faith Doctor," received the unique distinction of obtaining the first copyright under the new law. The name of ex-Senator Chace is also indelibly linked with the new epoch, as the law as it now stands on the statute-books was practically drafted by him, and all the material amendments were submitted to him and had his cordial approbation and support. Without subtracting from the importance of the work in the two halls of Congress done by Breckinridge, Adams, and Simonds in the House, and by Senator Platt, of Connecticut, in the Senate, we still remember that it was "the Chace Bill" which finally became the international copyright law. We have also to remember that but for the earnest efforts of such men as R. R. Bowker, Dr. Henry J. Van Dyck—who earned the sobriquet of "chaplain" of the cause—of Messrs. Lothrop, Brauder Mathews, R. W. Gilder, Howard Crosby, Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles Scribner, the Appletons, and a host of other strong and

devoted advocates, the efforts of the "rush line" at Washington would have been a failure.

What a mighty scrimmage that valiant "rush line" had, and how gallantly they behaved themselves in it! The literary world has not yet done talking about the bull-dog grip and the quick adaptability to every emergency which were displayed by Senator Platt, Representative Simonds, and Secretary R. U. Johnson, the triumvirate who did the hand-to-hand fighting. A dozen times when every danger seemed passed, a new crisis suddenly stared them in the face, but their resources were infinite, and, aided by Madam Fortune, who always smiles upon such determined gallants, the goal was finally reached and the battle won.

But even after the President scratched his approval with the eagle's quill it was a question whether the law would be practically operative. Essentially it was reciprocal in its provisions, and would have fallen a dead letter, therefore, but for corresponding action on the part of foreign governments. Would this be given? Certain provisions in the law prejudiced it in the eyes of foreigners, and it required some breadth of view on their part to accept them. At this point the efforts of true friends of the reform in France and England were of much help. Men like Professor Bryce and the Count de Keratry proved themselves valuable allies, and their names should not be omitted in a list of the heroes of the war. In good time the necessary ratifications were made by England, France, Belgium, and Switzerland, so that now in five of the principal nations of Christendom international copyright is in practical operation.

It may now be asked, what are the fruits to date? In reply to such an inquiry, which is a very natural one, it must be said that thus far little appears in the way of changes at the business end of literature. Although several of the leading publishers are in negotiation for foreign works, we believe that only one of these transactions has been concluded. We understand that the Cassells have purchased the right to bring out an American edition of Zola's "La Guerre," and this work will be the first sold in our market under the new régime. Recent interviews with a number of New York publishers show that several important works are soon to follow, among them a volume by Professor Bryce. It will take some time, however, before the law modifies to any obvious extent existing conditions, and, as we said at the start, the act is of consequence more because it inaugurates a new era than because it involves any very dramatic change in the publishing business. That these changes will come in their proper time is now generally believed by both authors, publishers, and booksellers, but the habit of a trade is not often revolutionized at a blow.

The official indorsement of the act by the British authors comes in the nick of time to place in the right view the selfish opposition to the law developed by certain elements of the printing and publishing trades in England. These interests are bestirring themselves to arouse a sentiment of hostility to the law, as they fear, with some reason, that what is known as the "printing clause" in the law will have the effect of transferring to New York a considerable part of the mechanical work in current literature now done abroad. The friends of the Chace bill have always maintained that one of its effects might be to make New York the centre of the publishing trade of the world. The anxiety of the craft in England would go to show that this claim may have some solid basis. To obstruct any such tendency, the English printers are demanding of their Government that Parliament shall require that the printing of American works having an English copyright shall be done in that country. Thus far, however, the Government has turned the cold shoulder to these demands. Mr. Hicks-Beach, replying to a deputation who had an interview with him a few days ago on this subject, said he did not think that in the present state of the case it would be necessary for the Government to take any action; that the printing clause in the bill affected only five per cent. of printed matter, and it was too early yet to see what its operation would be, even within this narrow area. The emphatic ratification of the law by the authors, coming on top of this snub from the Government, will probably put a quietus on this movement, certainly until the law has a fair chance to show its merits. We may assume, therefore, that a new principle has been established and a new epoch opened. International property in literary ideas is recognized and imbedded in the law of the land, and America joins hands with the principal nations of Christendom in securing to authors the full and just reward of their labor.

Henry R. Elliot

NEW YORK, July 23d. 1891.

THE RAILWAY SITUATION.

THERE is a deal of common sense in the remark of Mr. C. P. Huntington, president of the Southern Pacific system, that he could "take all the railroads of this country, knock two per cent. off the existing rates as they appear on the surface, and pay five per cent. dividends on all the classes."

Mr. Huntington believes with Jay Gould that too much money is wasted in the railroad business in keeping up unnecessary and expensive offices, paying commissions and rebates, and in cutting rates. He says that in the scramble for business, rates are generally cut, and he intimates that he is still in favor of a great scheme of consolidation that will bring together under one management the Southern Pacific, Missouri Pacific, Atchison, and Union Pacific systems. This would not be a railroad trust in one sense, as each property would represent its own interest; but it would be a consolidation on the basis of a thorough, economical, and practical administration.

So long as the Interstate Commerce law forbids the pooling of railway earnings, Mr. Huntington's plan seems to be the only resource left to prevent the bankruptcy which faces many great railroad properties in the United States, and particularly the weaker and over-built systems. It is a misfortune that all the managers of these do not believe as Mr. Huntington and Mr. Gould believe.

There are, no doubt, too many opportunities for speculative manipulation, not only by the rise, but more particularly by the

fall in values of railroad stocks, to make the proposed amalgamation scheme acceptable all round. Nevertheless, Mr. Huntington's views deserve the support of stockholders and bondholders, whose invested interests are too often sacrificed to the speculative and greedy interests of railway managers. Railway management in the United States has come, too often, to be synonymous with railway manipulation, and investors are heartily sick and tired of the whole business. Until they emphasize their belief in some such practical scheme as Mr. Huntington suggests, it will not be carried through. Their vigorous backing and support would carry the plan speedily into effect, and the experiment is worth trying.

It may be that the present financial depression will compel action of this kind. In a recent interview, Senator Brice, of Ohio, showed that the United States has for ten years past been making an average of \$500,000,000 of securities a year, for most of which an outlet was found in Europe; but that this outlet has been so clogged that the probabilities are all against European investments in American securities within the next two or three years. Mr. Brice pointed out—and the advocates of socialism and communism should bear this fact in mind—that the loss of millions of dollars sustained by the people of this country in the recent shrinkage of values on Wall Street has rendered practically penniless thousands of persons who three years ago were estimated to be wealthy. Senator Brice believes that abundant crops will help to ameliorate these adverse conditions, but he advises conservative action in all business operations.

It has been said before that the panic on Wall Street was a rich man's panic, and every one familiar with the situation knows that the rich have suffered most serious losses through the recent great decline in stocks and bonds. Farmers have had their losses in other years; but investors are now the chief sufferers, and at a time, too, when the prospects of the farmers of the United States are daily brightening.

OUR CORRUPT CITIES.

IT requires no prescient mind to foresee the widespread, deep-seated, earnest feeling in favor of municipal reform. There is a wave of public sentiment in this direction rolling across the country with increasing force. Constant, repeated, and startling disclosures of municipal corruption have at last awakened the people from their slumber and the tax-payer from the sleep which had overcome him.

In Buffalo, N. Y., the Citizens' Reform Association proposes to insist upon the separation of municipal elections from political control. In New York the same experiment has been tried, and will be tried again, though the last was attended with lamentable failure. In Portland, Oregon, a citizens' movement, backed by a popular uprising against ring-rule and corruption, has just won a signal victory.

Civil service reform and ballot reform have opened the way for municipal reform. If civil service reform had begun at the root of our political system—in the municipalities—the correction of existing local evils would be rendered much easier. In this State, as in other States, the corrupt machines controlled by the bosses, and which give the latter the balance of power, are always found in the cities. There they are strongest and most potential, and all their strength comes from patronage.

Professor Eliot, of Harvard, emphasizes the absolute need of a thorough application of the civil service reform principle in the government of our cities when he says that it is impossible to have good government in municipalities unless we have the services of properly-trained and well-paid experts in the various arts and sciences as directors of the different departments. He does not believe in giving a short-term mayor greater power. This is the tendency of the present reform movement. Professor Eliot thinks that so long as the great private and corporate enterprises offer a market for intelligence, thorough training, and experience, it will be impossible to obtain satisfactory and capable appointments in the municipal service unless the tenure of the offices is prolonged. He formulates this axiomatic utterance: "The doctrine of rotation in office, when applied to modern municipal functions, is simply silly. Before municipal government can be set right in the United States, municipal service must be made a life career for intelligent and self-respecting young Americans."

If the civil service reform principle were applied to the root of political corruption—in the municipalities—it would speedily perform its task. To apply it in the State and Federal service is to begin at the top instead of at the root and trunk of the offending growth. The political party that will espouse the cause of municipal reform, openly and aggressively, will gather strength in proportion to the vigor and earnestness with which it moves in that direction.

CRAZY "FREAKS."

A MAN in Missouri, who achieved considerable notoriety early in the year by fasting for thirty-three days, was recently adjudged insane and placed in an asylum.

It has been the theory of some physicians that all freaks who make public exhibitions of themselves by fasting and other ridiculous contests suffer more or less from mental alienation. It is a common saying that every one is crazy on some subject. This is true, no doubt, if we mean that he differs from his fellow-men in some particular notion. The standard by which we judge a man to be in his right mind is simply the standard of common sense. No two men can possibly think precisely alike, any more than they can talk and act and look precisely alike. There is a similarity in some respects in all mankind; but there is the same difference that we find in all the departments of the created world.

Just how much of human idiosyncrasy depends upon one's hereditary instincts, and just how much upon his environment, may never be closely calculated. The new Ibsenite theory that men cannot help their dispositions, and that everything depends upon hereditary antecedents, has been too often disproved to be generally accepted as correct. If it were true, the reformation of the degraded would be a hopeless task, and the world would have to face a very serious situation.

A man is obviously not responsible for his hereditary antecedents, otherwise if these led him into crime it might be held



as a logical conclusion that he was not responsible to the law. The fallacy of such a deduction is so apparent that we need not argue the case. The study of human nature has always been a fascinating and at the same time most unsatisfactory one. The crank often proves to be a reformer, and the reformer too often turns out to be a crank.

But we started to say that men who make a public exhibition of their mental weaknesses—those, for instance, who insist upon submitting themselves to the torture of fasting—might, and should, be classed with the weak-minded and irresponsible. The law would be justified in placing them in the care of competent custodians. If it were provided that any one who undertook to give such an exhibition publicly should be immediately subjected to detention in a lunatic asylum, no one would suffer much hardship, and the public would be saved from some of the most disgusting exhibitions that have been inflicted upon it in recent years.

THE TENNESSEE CONVICT SYSTEM.

It is quite possible that the recent troubles in the mining regions of East Tennessee will result in a modification of the existing convict-labor system of the State. This system is absolutely indefensible on any grounds of sound public policy. Its enforcement has always been and must, in the nature of the case, always be attended with infamous abuses. The State has some fifteen hundred convicts; and under the law in question these are leased to owners of mines at a merely nominal rate, are often treated as so many slaves, and as such are brought into direct contact with the white miners. The latter are, with few exceptions, native-born Americans, and there has been for years a growing disposition among them to resent the competition of the convicts of the State. The recent troubles grew out of the importation into the Coal Creek region of a considerable body of convicts, who appear to have been of the worst possible class of criminals. The miners protested, and their remonstrances failing to influence the mining authorities, they organized for self-defense, and not only expelled from their midst the offending convicts, but captured and sent away a considerable body of the State militia who had been sent to the scene to maintain order.

Of course the action of the miners in defying the authority of the State is unjustifiable. That is not a safe condition of society in which a small body of armed men may set at naught the constituted public administration; and it would seem to be desirable that the people of the commonwealth, while amending the law so as to enable the Executive to maintain the legitimate authority of his office in any serious exigency, should so modify the convict-labor system as to remove all cause for future difficulty. It certainly strikes one curiously to learn that the act of the Governor in calling out the militia was unwarranted in law, the statutes of the State providing that the military arm can only be invoked by express request of the State Legislature. It goes without saying that in such a lax condition of affairs as this, organized revolts against the laws of the State may easily paralyze, for a time at least, the lawful civil authority and hold at its mercy all the precious interests for which it stands.

THE MILLENNIUM.

We print herewith additional letters of interest received from our readers regarding Professor Totten's Millennium articles. We make no apology for printing them, as interest in this question seems to be broadening from week to week:

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

CHAUTAQUA, GLEN ECHO, MD., June 28th, 1891.

To the Editor:—I am greatly interested in Professor Totten's paper on prophecy contained in your Weekly of the 27th. A few weeks since my attention was called to a discovery of, to say the least, a singular coincidence. The inscription on the tiara of the Pope of Rome is "Vicarius Filii Dei," and the sum of these letters, changed to the Roman notation, is 666. Is this the solution of Rev. xiii., 18? Is this the identification of the "lawless one" who had power to change times and laws, viz., to change the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue, setting aside the seventh day for the first? God rested on the seventh day and blessed and sanctified that day only—and had sufficient interest in its perpetuation to give it place with the ten laws given to Moses, although this blessing was given on the day in which he rested from his labors, long before Abraham or Moses. Is it of small account to change even for a season the time and law of God? Is this the mark of the beast? And who wears this mark? It would seem that the final contest, the battle of Armageddon, is to occur during the "Reign of Horror," and that the trumpets are sounding that call to this encounter, which shall be finished within the present decade. What is this compact with many, to come next winter? What or who is to be weighed and found wanting in 1898? What is to occur in 1899? Will the world come to a knowledge of the good, and enjoy the rest of the great Sabbath, the seventh thousand years?

V=	5
I=	1
C=	100
A=	0
R=	0
I=	1
N=	5
S=	0
F=	0
L=	1
I=	50
I=	1
I=	1
D=	500
E=	0
I=	1
666	

H. E. P.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC BELIEVER.

BELLEVILLE, ILL., July 6th, 1891.

To the Editor:—God in love has opened your heart to find room in these last perilous times for the inspired articles from the pen of Lieutenant Totten. The whole world lies asleep in the arms of the wicked one—the great financial world, the social world, the political world, and, saddest of all, the professed religious world. Here and there throughout the ages the Lord finds a handful of faithful ones, denominated in Holy Scriptures as a "little flock," and of this number is Lieutenant Totten, whose heart responds to God's Holy Spirit, and finds, as Daniel did, the programme of the ages in this Book of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ said that as it was in the days of Noah and of Lot, so shall it be when the Son of Man is revealed. Nothing could exceed the wickedness of earth's millions then, except the double light of to-day makes earth's millions infinitely more culpable before God. All history, all prophecy, and that general consensus of holy and devout students he refers to, point to this as the closing day of this dispensation. The time is at hand. The judge is at the door. May the richest blessing of God rest and abide upon you, and upon him, and upon all the loved saints, who stand as did the disciples of our Lord on Bethany earnestly gazing up into heaven, and hear as they the Divine messenger saying: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus who ye have seen go into heaven shall so come again as ye have seen him go." Every atom of my being responds, in the language of inspiration: "Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus."

Yours in the coming Christ, DR. W. WEST.

HE, TOO, SEES THE SIGNS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., No. 6 UNION PLACE, July 4th, 1891.

To the Editor:—Permit me to thank you for the series of articles published from the pen of Professor Totten, of Yale University. Whatever may be the measure of truth in his explanation of Scriptural prophecy and calculations concerning the times of the end of the present age, ought to be heard. His evident ability and sincerity commend his papers,

and I am glad that there is one leading newspaper in New York City willing to give his warnings to the world. It will be a sad day for America if the time should ever come when earnest, faithful men are denied a hearing. I do not feel prepared to express an opinion concerning the details of the events which he foreshadows. I have never been personally a premillennialist, and I do not expect to see the new Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven in the present generation. Still, I do believe most seriously that we are approaching a climax in the history of the world. I believe this independently of the calculations which Professor Totten relies upon. I have for years anticipated the coming of this time. To me it has been a matter of pure vision, and not drawn directly from Scripture prophecy. I presume that a greater number of persons today anticipate some great change in the currents of human history than have been at any previous time within the memory of the present generation so moved upon. I believe that the coming changes, whatever they may be, will be greater throughout the civilized world than any that have taken place since the commencement of the Christian Era. I am especially pleased to know that Professor Totten leads us to hope that America, if guided by prudent counsels, may be enabled to escape many of the evils which destroy the monarchies of the Old World. Whether this is so I do not know, but it should at least lead to such preparation as it is possible for us to make, politically and socially. I have not expected to see any repentance, though without repentance I do not see any door of hope. The people would repent if their leaders would let them. But with our leading papers, both secular and religious, on the side of evil, and a worthless clergy, the chances of salvation seem poor indeed.

Faithfully yours, D. P. LINDSLEY.

THE PENSION QUESTION.

THE recent contribution to this paper on the subject of pensions, from the pen of Mr. Andrew van Bibber, has attracted wide attention, and its sentiments are heartily commended by many veterans of the Civil War. Among others who have expressed their approval is Mr. Oliver E. Cooper, editor of the Ovid (Seneca County) Independent, who writes:

"I have been much interested in the perusal of Andrew van Bibber's article under the caption of 'A Veteran Opposes Pensions,' and want to say 'Amen' to the sentiments he expresses, especially when he says: 'Let death or wounds inflicted by the enemy be the sole grounds for pensions.' I, too, am a '61-er,' and had my baptism of fire on the 18th of July, that year, at Blackburn's Ford, Va. I have never favored the indiscriminate granting of pensions, as is now being done, and find that those who are the most ardent in the support of that plan are those who went out in the closing days of the war, received big bounties, and saw little or no active service. I believe that Comrade van Bibber but utters the sentiments of the better and larger part of the survivors who bore the brunt of the strife during the Civil War, and I am glad that he has had the courage of his convictions to thus plainly and clearly express himself in your widely circulated journal."

Another correspondent, Mr. E. B. Johnson, an attorney-at-law at San Antonio, Texas, and also a veteran of the Union army, strongly dissents from Mr. van Bibber's argument that pensions should only be granted for wounds. He says:

"I may not exaggerate when I say that hundreds of thousands of men were permanently disabled by disease, by rupture, by sunstroke, and over-exertion by long marches, resulting not only in physical exhaustion, but also in nervous prostration—leaving service in worse condition than a wound would have left them, or the loss of an arm or a leg. The Government has taken care that claims of all kinds—by wounds and disease, shall only be proven by the utmost difficulty, and, from its proverbial delay in meritorious cases, seems to take care that many deserving claimants shall die waiting the pension pittance to which they are entitled."

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE English Tories have sustained another disastrous defeat in the recent election in the Wisbech division of Cambridgeshire. The Conservative candidate was beaten by two hundred and sixty votes, whereas in the last election the candidate of that party had a majority of one thousand and eighty-seven. Such a revolution in public sentiment has, very naturally, produced a good deal of consternation in Tory circles. The victory of the Liberals was the more notable from the fact that the aggregate vote was considerably greater than at the last election.

It must be conceded that Governor Campbell, of Ohio, is a man of candor. In a recent interview he said, with a frankness deserving of all praise, that the Farmers' Alliance in that State is hand-in-hand with the Democrats, and that, with a view, of course, of aiding his election, they will make no nominations in the present campaign. We have always insisted that the Alliance was a mere tender to the Democratic machine; but it is seldom that a member of the latter party is willing to admit the truth with the delicious candor displayed by the Democratic candidate for re-election in the Buckeye State.

THE Democratic State Committee of Ohio has extended an invitation to ex-President Cleveland to deliver half a dozen speeches in behalf of Governor Campbell during the present campaign. There could hardly be a more delightful spectacle than that of the ex-President, an opponent of silver, standing upon a platform embodying a distinct declaration in favor of unlimited silver coinage and advocating the election of a candidate holding views diametrically opposed to his own. We suspect that the ex-President will find it convenient to "hold his breath," as he did when the fight was on last year, and that the country will be deprived of a spectacle which it would enjoy with the keenest relish.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the condition of affairs in Ireland has very greatly improved. All trustworthy evidence goes to show that agrarian crime has diminished, that trade has increased, that evictions have become less frequent, while boycotting has almost entirely ceased. As for the plan of campaign, it seems to have been quite generally abandoned. Whether this improved condition is due to the policy pursued by the Government, or to a growth of prosperity among the people, does not clearly appear. It is fair to say, however, that Secretary Balfour's administration, while it has been marked by what seemed to be undue severity, has tended to appease existing contentions and moderate the violence of the peasant class. It is now said that he proposes to introduce, at the next session of Parliament, a local government bill for Ireland, based on the same lines as the English and Scotch acts, and there seems to be ground for believing that he really entertains such a purpose. It is said by some that the proposed measure will simply provide for something in the shape of the English county councils, combined with

a central board in Dublin, authorized to deal with railway and other projects of general character and not reaching the real grounds of popular complaint. However this may be, there seems to be a disposition on the part of the more moderate home-rulers to accept any honest tender on the part of the Government, and if Mr. Balfour shall be wise enough to present an act actually embodying the principle of home rule, there can be no doubt at all that it will pass, and that its influence will be most beneficent.

THERE seems to be a disposition among Southern Democratic leaders who are opposed to the renomination of Mr. Cleveland to antagonize him by Senator Gorman, of Maryland. Certain influential admirers of the latter are said to be busily at work arranging plans which they hope will result in securing for him a pretty solid Southern support. Mr. Gorman would, undoubtedly, be a representative candidate. He is astute, able, and ranks among the foremost of those political managers who are not scrupulous as to methods. Among the prominent Southern men who have recently declared against Mr. Cleveland is Senator Morgan, of Alabama; and his attitude has materially strengthened the courage and hopes of the friends of the Maryland Senator.

THERE is great significance in the fact that the recent elections in New South Wales returned a majority in opposition to the scheme of Australian federation. There is greater significance in the further fact that this majority is in favor of the policy or principle of protection. New South Wales has ranked as the only free-trade colony in Australia, and this victory of the protective principle has, very naturally, occasioned wide remark. The free-trade journals of England seem to be filled with consternation, and are already indulging in lamentations over the possible consequences of this revolution in the opinion of the colony. Thus, the London Spectator predicts that the result will tend to impair the financial standing of the colony, and other journals manifest equal concern.

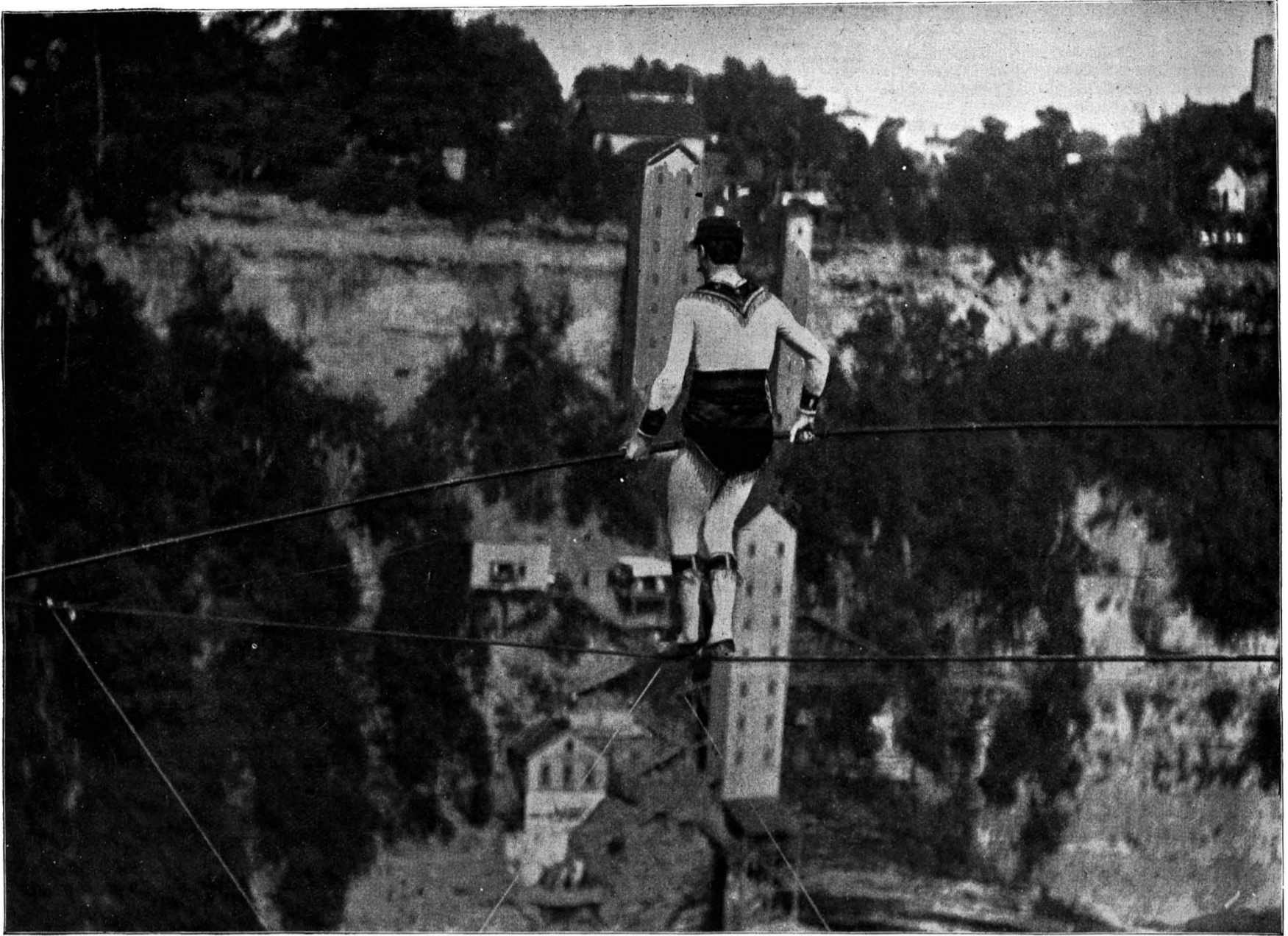
THE commissioners of the Columbian Fair recently sent abroad to promote that project have been cordially received by the authorities of Great Britain and France. Lord Salisbury, at the interview had with them, referred to the impression which had been made upon him by recent publications to the effect that hardly anything would be ready at the time reported for the opening of the fair; and there is no doubt that public opinion abroad has been greatly influenced by statements of this character. Of course this false impression will be removed by the explanations of the commissioners, and we may expect that foreign countries generally will adopt early measures for representation in the exhibition.

A VERY conclusive evidence of the decay of Mr. Parnell's influence is furnished by the fact that out of eighty-five Irish members of Parliament only twenty attended his recent Dublin convention. Not only were the Parliamentary leaders of the Irish cause conspicuously absent, but there was hardly a person of any local or general prominence in attendance, the character of the delegates being much below the average in point of intelligence. Mr. Parnell indulged in his usual uncompromising talk; but it is quite apparent that he realizes at last the pitiable condition into which he has fallen. The cause of home rule has undoubtedly suffered from the scandal which has so eclipsed the name of its former leader; but the injury that cause has sustained is as nothing compared to the injury which the cause of good morals would have sustained had not the public sentiment of Ireland repudiated him as it has done.

ONE of the healthiest signs of wholesome improvement in the condition of public sentiment in Texas is furnished by the fact that the Governor proposes to make his administration a terror to evil-doers, and especially to those guilty of capital offenses. It is said that there are now at large in the State nine hundred and fifty-seven murderers, all of whom are under indictment, but who, owing to the lax public sentiment heretofore existing, have not been brought to trial or punished. So lax has been this sentiment that the officials in some of the counties have, within recent years, failed entirely to report homicides and other offenses. With the increase of population and the diffusion of intelligence there has come a change in the public temper, and now Governor Hogg, resting upon this improved public opinion, proposes to make a grand raid for offenders who are at large. He interprets it to be his duty to see that all fugitives of this class are brought to face the courts and stand trial, whether conviction shall follow or otherwise, and he means to discharge that duty without fear or favor. It is said that he expects that the coming year will witness at least one hundred executions in the State.

IT is becoming more and more evident that the contest between the friends of Mr. Cleveland and Governor Hill in this State will be one of almost unparalleled bitterness. The first knock-down-and-drag-out conflict between the two occurred in Buffalo some nights ago, when a convention convened for the purpose of changing the party rules degenerated into a regular scrimmage, in which noise, crowbars, battered doors, barricaded windows, and language unbefitting any orderly assemblage were conspicuous. The Cleveland cohorts were led by such prominent men as Congressman Lockwood and Wilson S. Bissell, while the friends of Governor Hill followed the plume of Speaker Sheehan. The Cleveland men were routed at every point. At one time during the struggle the excitement became so great that men climbed over each other's shoulders to obtain a view of the principal gladiators, and it seems marvelous that personal violence was not done to some of the participants in the affair. The victory of the Hill forces is the more significant from the fact that the effort to put down Mr. Sheehan had been deliberately organized, and was backed by some of the very strongest men in the Democratic party. It is quite apparent that if this contest shall be continued in this violent fashion there will hardly be a shred of Democratic harmony left by the time the next national convention comes together.





DIXON'S FEAT OF CROSSING THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS AT NIAGARA ON A CABLE, JULY 17TH.—THE START FROM THE CANADIAN SIDE.  
FROM A PICTURE BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

#### THE CRAZE FOR ANTIQUES.

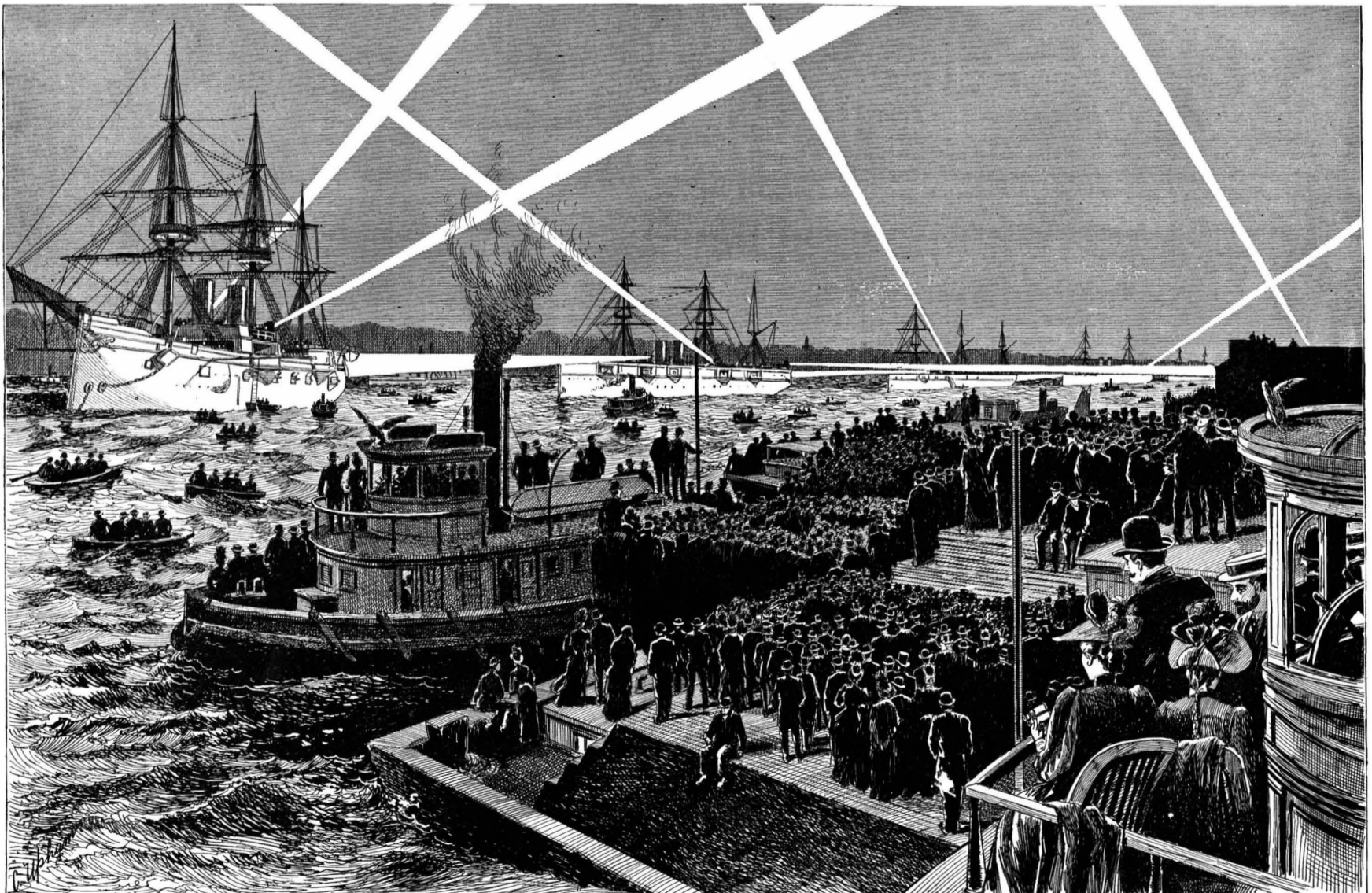
WHILE the craze for antiques is not as wild and extravagant as it was a year or two ago, it has not by any means spent its force. Predatory females, old and young, are still found invading quiet homesteads in quest of bits of antiquated furniture or odd knick-knacks of any sort, and it is possibly true that while there are housewives who resent the intrusion, there are others who welcome it with a sort of satanic satisfaction.

In the picture on our front page Miss Davis has presented a

typical scene. Two of the fair invaders who have possessed themselves of the "living-room" of the old-time house are keenly examining certain bits of ware, and, no doubt, listening delightedly to the story of the owner as to their antiquity and value, while another, no less eager, is giving her attention to the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, evidently very much perplexed at its general make-up, and the uses to which it can be put. The only appurtenance of the establishment that seems to be calm and undisturbed is the cat lying peacefully asleep on the stairs. No doubt the housewife will drive a satisfactory bargain, and

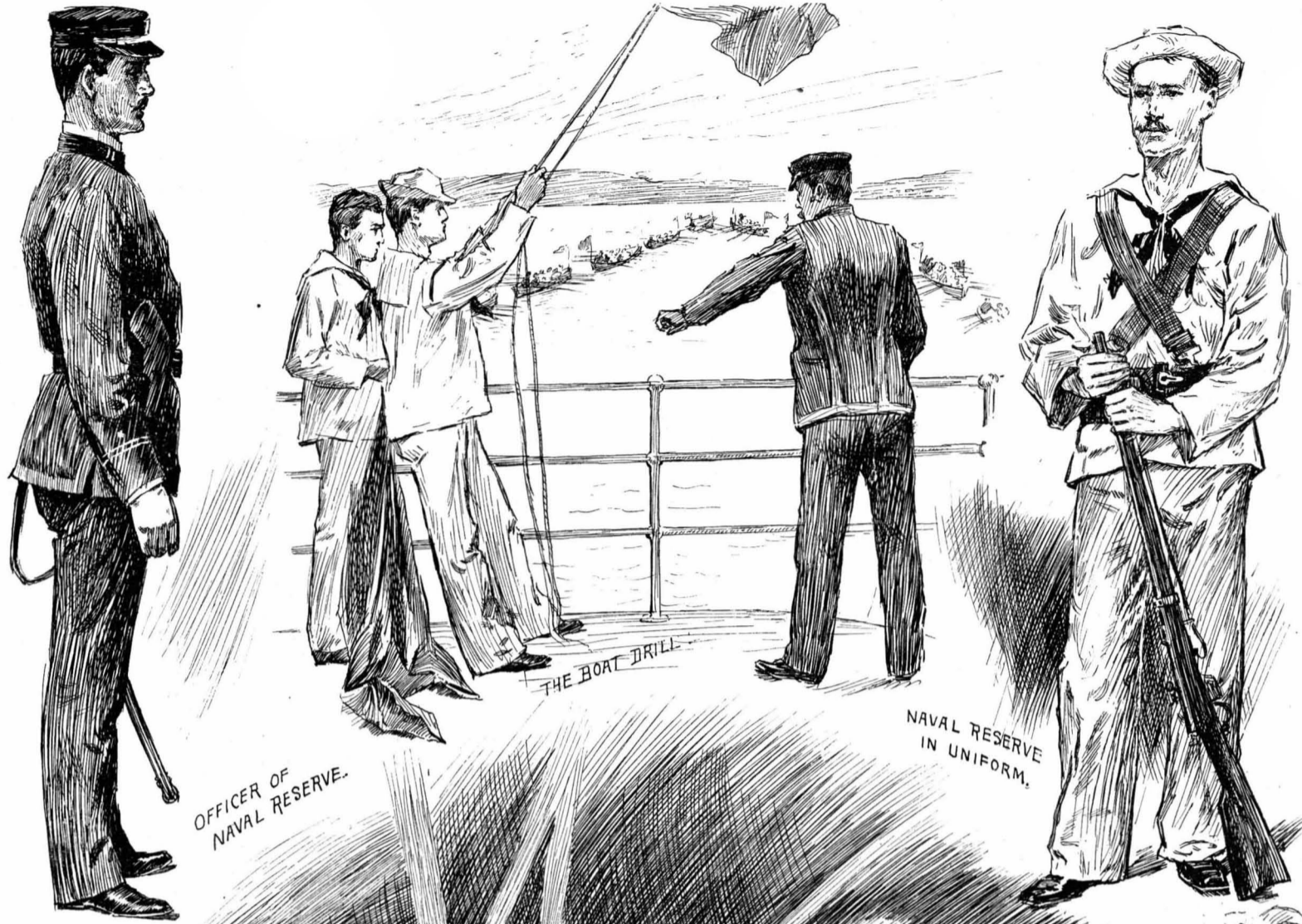
the almost valueless articles she disposes of will be carried off in triumph as priceless heirlooms of some past age.

It is, of course, well understood that this craze has proved profitable to persons of a speculative turn of mind. It has happened sometimes that the articles purchased by seekers for rare curiosities in out-of-the-way nooks and corners have but recently left the dusty shelves of city stores, whence they have been transferred by special "collectors"; and it is equally true that the manufacture of "curious and antique articles of vertu" is a profitable specialty.



THE RECENT DRILL OF THE NEW YORK NAVAL RESERVE.—THE USE OF THE SEARCH-LIGHT.—DRAWN BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 11.]





OFFICER OF NAVAL RESERVE.

THE BOAT DRILL

NAVAL RESERVE IN UNIFORM.

BOAT AHoy!  
THE SEARCH LIGHT



"AWAY ALL BOATS ARMED AND EQUIPPED!"  
MAKING READY.

B. WEST CLINEDINST  
July 1891.



THE RECENT DRILLS OF THE NEW YORK NAVAL RESERVE IN CONNECTION WITH THE SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION.  
DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 11.]



## DAY-DREAMS.

WHO says that noon is not the hour of dreams?

The breezes crowe amid the lifeless leaves;  
The swallows rest beneath the sheltering eaves,  
And languor-lulled are all the meadow streams.  
In idlesse, hidden from the burning beams,  
The gleaners lie behind the barley sheaves;  
No soaring note the sleepy silence cleaves,  
And for a space Time slumber-fettered seems.

Vague visions haunt this still enchanted hour,  
When e'en the bee, drugged by the poppy, droops,  
And the sharp locust in the tree-top broods;  
Dream-spirits borrowed from night's charmed dower  
Are these dim shapes, these shadowy, shifting groups,—  
Fantastic forms in airy multitudes.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## THE "BASILISK."

BY ERNEST LAMBERT.

IV.—(Continued.)



It was late when Judy reached the house and sank down despairingly before the empty fireplace in the little back parlor, baffled and broken-hearted. No tears came to relieve her. Her cheeks and lips were bloodless, her limbs were cold, her eyes stared helplessly at the dead embers. Only her short, quick breathing and the nervous tremor that occasionally shook her frame bespoke her woe.

It was thus Jack found her when he stole back to the house after aimlessly wandering the streets all day. He hesitated at sight of her, then came noiselessly into the room and pressed into her hand as a peace-offering a little bunch of violets, for which he had exchanged his last quarter with a flower-seller at the ferry.

Judy looked down at the flowers mechanically. As she inhaled their delicate fragrance she gave a low, hysterical laugh and rose from her kneeling posture. The room was cold and cheerless, and was darkened by the evening shades that were closing over the city. She placed the flowers in her bosom. Then she lit the lamp and faced him.

"How kind of you," she said, simply, offering her hand.

Jack eyed her wistfully. No; there was nothing in her look to dismay him. The lamp's rays, which threw into picturesque relief the delicate roundness of her pale cheek and the soft curve of her quivering brows, showed also her dazzling eyes shining on him with a look of sympathy, and her ripe lips wreathed in a smile.

He mumbled something in depreciation of his gift.

"How serious you look," she said, scrutinizing him. "Is anything the matter? Your hand is like ice. What a pity the fire's out. But wait; I'll have it started."

"Don't bother," he said, restraining her. "Let me talk to you. I don't mind the cold if you don't."

She gave a little laugh.

"Oh, you men, you men!" she exclaimed, in rallying tones. "If you was left to yourselves what would become of you? Here, this'll warm you." She took a small black bottle from the side-board and uncorked it. "You need it. You seem 'most perished. Drink!"

She poured out a small quantity of the cordial and proffered him the glass. Jack made a deprecating gesture. With his last night's experience in mind the very sight of liquor revolted him. Judy derided his reluctance.

"Afraid!" she cried, with ardor, holding the glass up to the light to show its fine ruby hue. "Why, it's the grandest thing out—the very thing for you. Take it. It'll put new life in you."

"Don't force me," he said, helplessly.

"Of course I will. I see; you want me to sweeten it."

She raised the glass and pressed it to her glistening lips and took a tiny sip, looking at him the while bewitchingly over the brim. It would have been brutal to hold out longer. She clapped her hands gleefully as the sailor toasted her in the draught.

"Phew!" he exclaimed, flushing to his brows as a stream of fire coursed through his veins. "That was strong, to be sure."

"Yes," replied Judy, with dancing eyes. "We keep it for our best friends. And now, what have you got to say?"

His outlook on the world had changed with her potent draught. His spirits took a bound, and he tingled with new vigor to his very finger-tips.

"Judy," he blurted out, "I'm sorry I wasn't at the dance. They told me you wouldn't go."

"Why didn't you wait for me? Perhaps you had better company."

"It's no good keeping it back," he said, desperately. "I'm ruined. They robbed me. I've got to go back to sea."

She lifted her eyebrows and gave a little exclamation.

"I might have known it would happen," he went on, not noticing her. "But as soon as I saw you I forgot everything. If I'd only known you loved him!"

"What on earth are you talking about?" she cried, starting from her chair.

"I saw you kissing his ring. Then I understood. But it was too late. I meant to ask you last night whether I was right. It was your father's fault I didn't."

Judy drowned a sob in a laugh.

"Weren't you drinking in the *Basilisk* last night," she asked him, eagerly, "with Max?"

"I wasn't near her."

"And you didn't keep him from coming to say good-bye?"

"No."

The girl shivered with a new agony.

"I tried to get him to stay," pursued Jack; "but he wouldn't.

Do you hate me, Judy? I didn't know what I was doing when I let them send him away."

Oh, the deep meaning of the glance that pierced him!

"How queer you are!" she cried, with a burst of wild laughter.

"Will you ever forgive me?" he pleaded.

"There's nothing to forgive."

"You're not angry?"

She shook her head. He took her slightly resisting hand as she arose.

"Judy," he said, in thrilling accents, "if I only knew what I could do to repay you! If I only knew how to make you happy!"

Struggling against a strange lethargy that stole over his senses, he followed her as she moved away with her head coquettishly averted.

"If I could take you away from this old house," he went on, earnestly, holding more closely the little hand she feebly struggled to withdraw from his grasp. "If I could make you forget this life for something brighter and better."

"What ideas!" she exclaimed, glancing furtively at the door. "Who'd give you leave, I wonder?"

"Who but you, my dear?" he whispered, with ardent tenderness. "What better leave could I have than yours? I know I haven't done well by you. I've been foolish, I've been wicked; but now—you've—forgiven—me—"

His voice failed him. A cold perspiration broke out on his brow.

Quick as lightning Judy noticed the change. It wrought an equal change in her. Her whole frame quivered with electric vitality. Her eyes gleamed with a fierce light, and her nostril trembled like that of a tigress at the scent of blood.

"What is it? Are you sick?" she cried, impetuously.

The sailor passed his hand across his brow.

"I'm giddy. What can it be? Forgive me—"

Carried away by the fierce desire for vengeance, in a whirlwind of passion and hate she seized him in a savage clutch and shook him with the whole force of her tensely wrought frame—shook him till her every nerve trembled and her cheek whitened with her wrath.

"Forgive you!" she hissed, her voice choked with passion. "You fool! You robbed me of my love. You shall drown to keep him company."

She tore the innocent flowers from her bosom and flung them in his face. The sailor staggered. The room swam around him. He tried to speak, but a terrible thunder-cloud encompassed his senses, and with her mocking laugh ringing in his ears he fell heavily to the floor. The door immediately burst open and her father rushed into the room.

"Have ye fixed him?" he cried, in a hurried whisper.

For sole reply she spurned the prostrate figure with her foot.

"Quick!" said Barney; "the ship may leave without him. What made you so slow about it, honey? I thought you'd never ha' done talkin'."

There was a going to and fro of dark figures in the hall-way, a lifting of a heavy burden, a sound of half-smothered curses, and the stupefied youth was borne away.

Half an hour later his senseless form was carried up the side of the *Basilisk*, which had just tripped her anchor in the bay. The landlord slipped back a moment afterward into a boat that lay under her bows.

Then the white barque forged slowly ahead, the night breeze filled her sails, and she vanished like a shadow in the darkness.

## V.

It was a cloudy night at sea. There was a heavy swell from the northeast, and the night wind moaned ominously about the plunging barque. On her wet decks the watch cowered for protection under the lee of the deck-house, and the solitary lookout gazed ahead apprehensively into a bank of drizzling mist toward which they were running.

"Looks like thick weather ahead, Mr. Mate," croaked the hoarse-voiced boatswain, as Max glanced around uneasily. "Do you notice how the barque seems to strain?"

"She hasn't worked free of her cargo yet," replied the Dane. "In a week's time she'll be easy enough."

"I hope so, for our sakes. There was lots o' talk afore we sailed about her not bein' seaworthy—"

"It's clear you didn't put much faith in it."

"Couldn't afford to, sir. A poor man haves to take risks. But accordin' to the bo'sun as come in her from Liverpool they was at the pumps twenty-three hours out o' the twenty-four on the way over, an' we pumped a long while to-night afore we got her dry."

Max turned away gloomily.

"Keep a bright look-out," he said. "Try the pumps again at four bells, and if anything happens call the captain."

In spite of himself he was full of vague forebodings. The voyage had begun badly, and he sought the captain to warn him. Descending into the cabin, he paused on the threshold at sight of the one-eyed commander seated at the table and poring over an open book whose leaves were illumined by the rays which fell from a quaint lamp swinging in the skylight. The book was the Bible, and the old man's reading was among the remorseless moralities of the Old Testament.

"Mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity," he said, shutting the volume and looking up sternly at sound of the other's footsteps. "Yes, mine is a righteous wrath. I have pursued only the sinners against God's law."

"Still dwelling on your sorrow!" said Max, with a sigh, and his face wore the tortured look that had never left him since their first interview. "Is there no way to turn your mind to other things?"

"None," replied the captain, rising and placing his hand on the book. "There is my justification."

There was something appalling in the spectacle of this awful faith. With his tall, white figure, his hoary locks, his one piercing eye, his granite countenance, and his lean finger raised in accusation of the past, the old captain seemed the personification of human woe. He read no duty in the present. The past held him in a terrible fascination. Always before him was a spectacle that forbade him ever to smile again—the spectacle of a

white face washing among the weeds at the bed of the deep sea, with the appealing eyes turned up to God, the fair locks trailing in the green current, and the manly forehead branded with the indelible emblem of another's guilt.

"You seek the culprit," said Max, with emotion. "What if a friend should guide you to him?"

"If it could only be! At times I have despaired, but somehow I feel that this voyage will end my search."

"And if it does—"

"If it does I shall die content. For life is long, and I am tired."

"Let me help you," exclaimed the Dane, in accents as tender as a woman's. "Throw off your sorrows. Be happy, and leave the suffering to me."

"Be happy! I have forgotten how. But you have a great heart. Sit down. It is early yet. You know my history. Tell me about yourself, about your early life—the life you led before you were driven to sea."

Max regarded him pityingly.

"It's a sad story," he said in a low voice. "It would pain you to hear it."

"Strange!" cried the captain, musingly. "You ask me to forget my sorrows? You would prevent me from doing that."

"I?"

"How you resemble him! Your look, your voice, everything is the same. Ah, if you had only known him! If you had known him you would have loved him; you would have laughed with him, suffered with him, and given up all for him, as I did."

"Take heart," cried Max. "Is there none to take his place?"

"He was all I had."

There was a painful silence; a silence broken only by the ticking of the little clock against the stern-post, the dashing of the water alongside, and the mournful straining of the ship's timbers.

"You asked if you could help me," said the captain, presently. "Will you earn an old man's blessing? I am old. Who can tell? My summons may come at any moment. If I should die, promise to carry out the vengeance I have begun!"

"I promise!"

"Promise to do as I would do; to punish the wrong against me and mine, to blast his life as mine is blasted, to dog him like fate to his grave."

A sigh broke from the old man's lips as Max repeated his pledge. The tolling of a bell came faintly out of the night. Then both were startled by the boatswain's voice echoing down the hatchway.

"You're wanted on deck, Captain Oswald. The pumps has been sounded and there's three feet o' water in the hold."

"You hear?" said the captain, looking at Max. "If that is the summons, your turn may come soon."

A thick, heavy fog, which hung around the ship like a screen, deadened every sound to their ears as they emerged on deck, save the monotonous clank of the pumps and the gushing forth of a steady stream of water.

"The hole must be a big one," said the boatswain, in a fear-some tone. "It's far down and far aft, an' if the water goes on risin', we sha'n't keep afloat until mornin'."

The captain heard the direful news unmoved. While others ran hither and thither with affrighted faces, in an effort to save the ship, his cold, passionless features never relaxed and there was no trace of interest in his manner. The upper sails were furled to relieve the strain on the hull, as the barque began to labor in the increasing swell. Denser and denser the opaque fog-curtain closed around her, and more and more distinct grew the ominous bubbling in the hold; but all the while the strange commander stood aloof on the poop, with his arms folded and the same set expression in his iron face. The men as they regarded him held their breath, and in the weird half-light of the fog, which clothed all objects in a shroud of sombreness and mysticism, it required little effort of the imagination to convert the white barque into a spectre-ship, and that silent form into the shade of an unearthly navigator.

"I'm beginnin' to think some o' them there stories was true," whispered the boatswain to his scared mates, as they paused, perspiring, in their toil. "Did you ever see a man act so afore when his ship was likely to go down?"

"Perhaps he don't care whether she do or not," muttered another, and an apprehensive murmur arose among his listeners.

"What's the good o' stayin' here?" a third cried, desperately. "We're all wore out, an' the water's gainin' on us, an' if we don't stop we'll be too weak to save ourselves when the time comes."

Fearful glances were cast at the poop, but nobody ventured to act until another sounding of the well showed that all hope was over. Then they timorously flocked aft.

"Want to give up the ship?" cried the captain, scoffingly, when he had heard them. "When it's time to do that I'll tell you."

"The water's a-comin' in the cabin, sir," said the boatswain, respectfully. "If we don't get the boats overboard now, it may be too late."

"To your work!" was the pitiless response.

"What, you don't mean for to drowned us?"

"To the pumps, or you may die of drowning yet!"

There was no passion in his voice, but his eye kindled menacingly, and the crew slunk away like frightened sheep, cowering before his baleful glance. Max knew by their hushed voices and hurried gestures what was coming.

"They are right, sir," he said, turning to the captain. "There's a foot of water on the cabin floor. Let us clear away the boats."

"Do you see danger?"

"Yes. In half an hour the ship will go down."

"Then let us go down with her."

Max's face twitched.

"For myself," he said, "I have nothing to ask. But these men have done their duty—"

"Their duty? Look!"

He pointed toward the deck-house, whence the sailors, in desperation, were preparing to launch the boats. The sight seemed to arouse him from his lethargy.

"The first man who leaves the ship," he cried, "dies."

A cry of terror arose among the men. They seized handspikes and belaying-pins and grouped themselves for resistance.



"Strike them down!" cried the captain, angrily. "This is mutiny."

"If we keep them here," said Max, "it's murder."

"Do you fear death?" said the captain, turning on him brusquely.

"I fear to commit a crime."

"Then stop the men, for him I seek may be among them."

The fog-breath was not so chilly as his tone. There was hate in his eye. Every lineament of his harsh, stern countenance told of the relentless cruelty that would torture a wrong doer and pursue an enemy to the gates of hell. Yet Max thought only of the imperiled crew.

"Let them go," he said, quietly. "The man you seek is not among them."

"How do you know?"

For reply the Dane silently bowed his head.

Oswald at first seemed not to comprehend. Then he trembled like one whose blood had turned to water.

"Is this the truth?" he gasped.

"It is the truth."

A wild sea-chant rose like a dirge from the gray waters as the crew hoisted the boat over the side. The helmsman left his post, and all made ready to jump from the doomed ship. The boatswain held a moment's whispered conversation with his comrades. Then he touched Max on the shoulder.

"Come," he whispered. "There's room for one more."

"Leave him!" a terrible voice commanded. "His life belongs to me."

With scared faces the crew pulled away. The mist was faintly luminous with coming day, and the sight brought them hope. But there was no hope for those on the sinking barque. Her water-logged hull rose and fell sluggishly on the slow-heaving surge, her flapping canvas and cordage still adrip with the chilly night dew. Ghostly breathings came up from the unseen deep. A world of woe was written in Max's face. The captain's eye lighted with an awful triumph.

"It is Providence that has delivered you into my hands," he cried, fiercely. "In ten minutes we shall die together, and my son will be avenged."

"Save yourself!" groaned the unhappy Dane. "I have taken one life. Spare me the guilt of another."

"No; we shall part no more. I will laugh at your pain as you laughed at his. This is a fit place for justice. I will stay to see it performed."

"Then hear me," exclaimed Max, solemnly. "For years I have been trying to atone for one moment of passion, one instant of sin that the instant before I had no thought of. My misery has doubled since I have known of yours. But, as you hope for pardon, pardon me!"

The captain smiled exultingly as he pointed with his finger to the gray morning sky, just visible through a rent in the fog.

"Your hope is there," he answered, mockingly. "I should sin to forgive."

The water was already beginning to dash upon the decks, as the ship's stern gradually settled, drawn down by an unseen hand. The two men were deluged with the spray from the waves. But neither stirred. Max stood silently looking into the eyes of death, his face distorted with an agony unspeakable.

A green sea, crested with foam, bore down upon them like a doom.

"Are you ready?" asked the captain, pointing to the moving mountain of brine.

"I am ready."

The next moment the wave burst on them with a crash and a smother of spume. The daylight was hidden from their eyes. They seemed to go down, down—

Half stunned, and with one arm around a floating spar, Max caught a glimpse of a white figure in the seething water near him, a glimpse of a broad, pale brow and of white locks beaten with the foam. He stretched forth his hand. The captain, gasping for breath, suffered himself to be dragged upon the spar.

"Why have you done this?" he said, almost querulously.

"I did it that you might see me die."

Just then a faint shout came from the sinking ship. Through the mist-curtain that enwrapped her they could dimly see a man standing on the fore-castle, waving his hands wildly and staring about him in affright. Max's heart stood still. It was Falconer, waked from his frightful slumber, forgotten by the crew in their haste to leave the ship. The Dane cried aloud as a huge wave smote the doomed barque on the beam. For an instant her bow quivered in the air, so that they could see beneath her keel. Then a wild cry rent the morning, and she plunged with her living freight into an ocean grave.

The same wave tore Max from his hold on the spar.

"Help me!" he cried, swimming alongside, and coughing the water from his throat.

The captain bent forward as if to save him. Max could see the pale, set features in the gray light, the hoary locks dripping with brine, the one eye wildly gleaming. Then hope froze in his breast.

"Hands off!" cried the man whose life he had spared. "It is your punishment."

The white face of the Dane was turned up to him in the dawn and one hand was raised appealingly from the water. But the captain's heart had long since turned to stone.

"Hands off!" he shrieked again, dealing the swimmer a cruel thrust with his foot; and poor Max, with a groan, fell back into the sea.

That morning, a white-winged pilot-boat, cruising in the warm sunshine that streamed on the dancing waters, picked up a spar with the lifeless form of an aged seafarer entangled in its cordage. His right hand clutched a woman's portrait. His lips were parted in a tranquil smile, and his cold face was transfigured with the triumph of a purpose won.

THE END.

AN Ithaca correspondent, in the course of a private note, says: "I have taken your valuable paper ever since it passed under the present management, and would not be without it if it cost double the present price. You are doing a good work, and through the sledge-hammer blows of 'The Hermit' much evil to the unlearned and unsuspecting is averted. As an insurance man I find much to interest and instruct."

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

AN Englishman—and a journalist, by the way—has boldly and defiantly made a raid upon one of our fancies of the moment, namely, chiffon; and declares gowns which are adorned with it to be an eccentric mode, and an untidy one. Moreover, he accuses us of being fond of rags, in this wise: "When women get into their heads that any old dress with a new gauze rag around the throat will pass for good dressing, then they cease to be artistic." Now there is a strong plea to be made in the defense of chiffon; first, for its unquestionable prettiness, then for its decorative possibilities, and lastly for its refining and softening effect upon the lines of the face and figure. A pretty critic this, forsooth, to let his wits go gauze-gathering, and note not the clinging crêpons, the filmy tracteries of lace, delicate embroidery and floating ribbons which make up a variety sufficient to command his admiration. And, indeed, no season has ever yet brought with it such a picturesque and altogether charming style of dressing. One of the most effective costumes prepared for a Newport outfit is made of old-rose bengaline. The skirt is gored



LACE PELERINE.

at the front and sides, with each seam outlined with jet galloon. There is a deep, open, sleeveless jacket of dull, twine-colored lace, threaded with gold and studded with small jet clous. The vest of the bengaline is slightly full and drawn into a belt of jet, and a big bow of chiffon forms an effective finish at the throat.

Another stylish costume has just a hint of masculinity in its outlines, but is essentially feminine in its detail. It is made of biscuit-colored alpaca. The trimly-cut jacket has collar, cuffs, and pocket-flaps of dark écreu *point de Venise*, overlying a lining of pale-yellow velvet, and the narrow trimming at the hem of the skirt carries out the same idea.

Nothing is prettier for a girl both young and slim than white. An example is a white *voile* made over white silk, with a bodice swathed across the chest and tight and plain at the waist. Round the hips may be a deep, netted silk fringe, and the sleeves may be of silk guipure, with an inch-wide band of the same around the plain skirt.

Lace is still at the fore in the way of wraps and garnitures. A novelty in Chantilly lace is the sleeveless pelerine which is illustrated this week. It is made with seams under the arms only, has open fronts, and a double box-pleat is laid in at the neck in the back, and then falls loosely to the hem. This wrap is a graceful addition to any costume without adding extra warmth or concealing the attractions of the gown worn beneath it.

The summer sales have once more begun to exercise their fascinating spell upon womankind, or that contingent which still remains in the city or its suburbs, and from all sides the alluring legends of "great reductions" and "special bargains to-day" greet the eye and entice one into the vortex. And, after all, one of the most exciting functions to many women is rummaging for remnants.

Ribbons were never cheaper than they are to-day, and a handsome quality of gros-grain with satin edge, over three inches in width, is selling for twenty-four cents a yard, while that slightly narrower is marked nineteen cents. Machine-made laces are also remarkably cheap, and are extremely pretty for decorative purposes. Some delicate patterns of platte-Valenciennes of good width are marked twelve and a half cents a yard. Parasols at reduced prices abound in every possible variety, from the fanciful draped chiffon to the popular shot-silks in all colors.



HAT FOR MIDSUMMER.

Ella Starr

CROSSING THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

THIS vortex of water had never been crossed by man until July 17th, 1891, when Mr. Dixon, of Toronto, crossed it successfully on a three-quarter inch cable stretched between three and four hundred feet above the roaring, tempestuous flood. Mr. Dixon is, from all reports, a semi-professional. He is about



DIXON, THE PERFORMER.

5 feet 9 inches in height, weighs about 155 pounds, and looks to be about thirty-five years old. He had contemplated doing this most daring act for some time, and had gone to considerable expense and trouble to get everything in good shape. The cable was stretched as taut as could be, and the guys were placed about twenty-five feet apart and fastened to the rocks below. At an early hour the people from all around the country began to gather at the starting-point on the Canadian side, and at three o'clock the road from the Clifton House to the rapids was black



RESTING WHEN HALF-WAY ACROSS.

with spectators. The start of the daring man was watched with intense interest, and his progress was followed with mingled hope and alarm. When half-way across he bowed to the crowds on both sides of the river, and then for a few moments lay prone on his back. When within forty feet of the American side he quickened his pace, and increasing it at each stride, he finished the task of going eight hundred feet across the madly rushing torrent on a dead run in 17 minutes 42-5 seconds. The water at the point directly under where Dixon crossed is about three hundred feet deep.

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

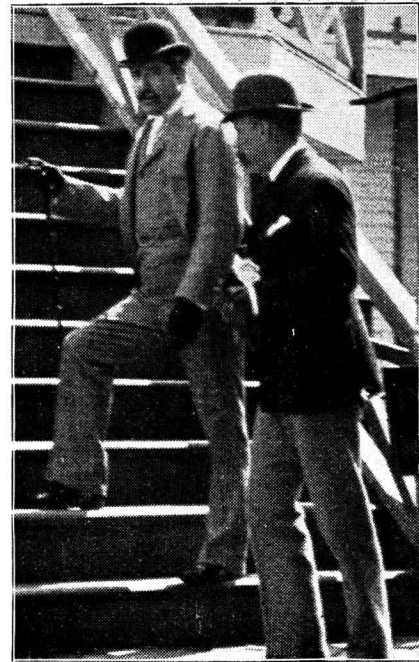
THE beautiful city of Muskegon is located on the east shore of Lake Michigan, almost directly across from the city of Milwaukee, which is distant eighty-five miles. It is 114 miles northeast from Chicago by water, being thirty miles nearer that great Western business centre than is Albany to the city of New York, or less than half the distance existing between New York and Boston. It has a very fine location, as will be seen by the accompanying cut. It is surrounded on three sides by water—Lake Mono on the south, Lake Michigan on the west, and Muskegon Lake on the north. The main part of the city lies along the banks of Muskegon Lake, which lake is six miles long, averages two miles in width, and is very deep—in many places attains a depth of seventy-five feet—the average depth throughout being thirty feet. The ground between these lakes forms three level plateaus, the central point being on the third plateau, and is seventy feet above the water level. The inside harbor (Muskegon Lake) resembles in natural formation the North River side of New York harbor. In fact, it is formed the same way. The Muskegon River, which is the longest river in the

(Continued on page 14.)





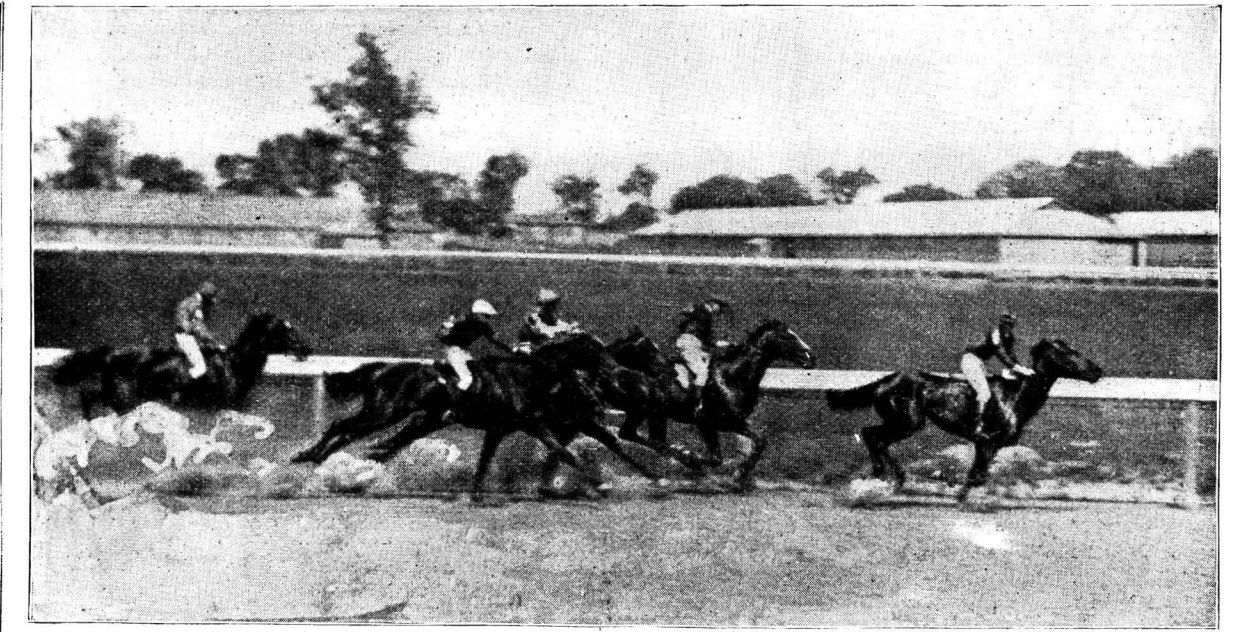
AN ACCIDENT—LITTLEFIELD LED FROM THE FIELD AFTER BEING THROWN.



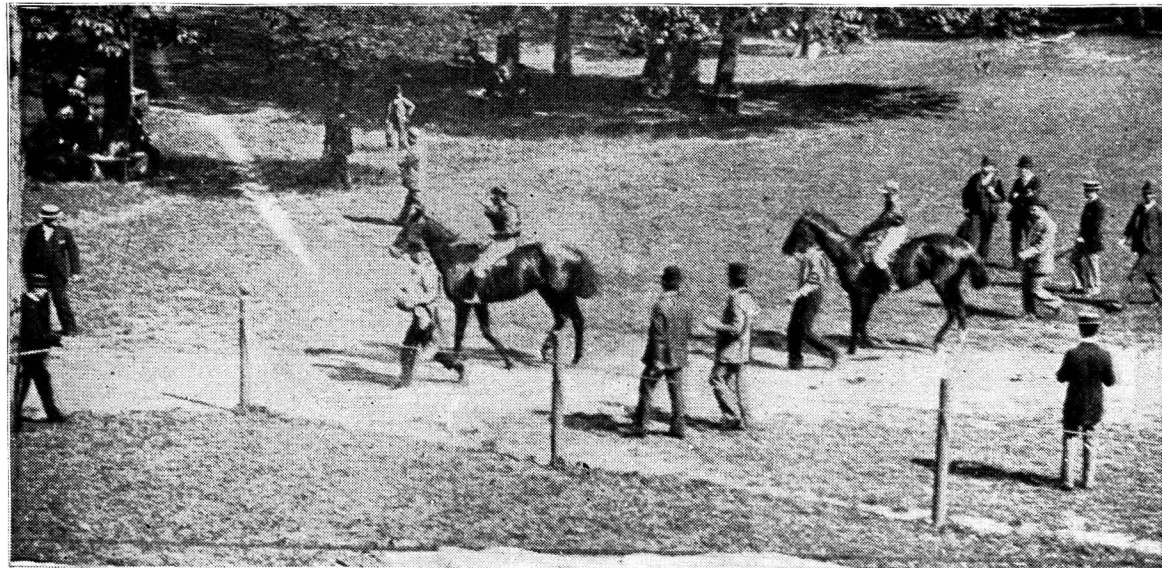
FREDDIE GEBHARDT.



THE TENNY AND KINGSTON RACE, AS SEEN FROM THE CLUB-HOUSE, MORRIS PARK.



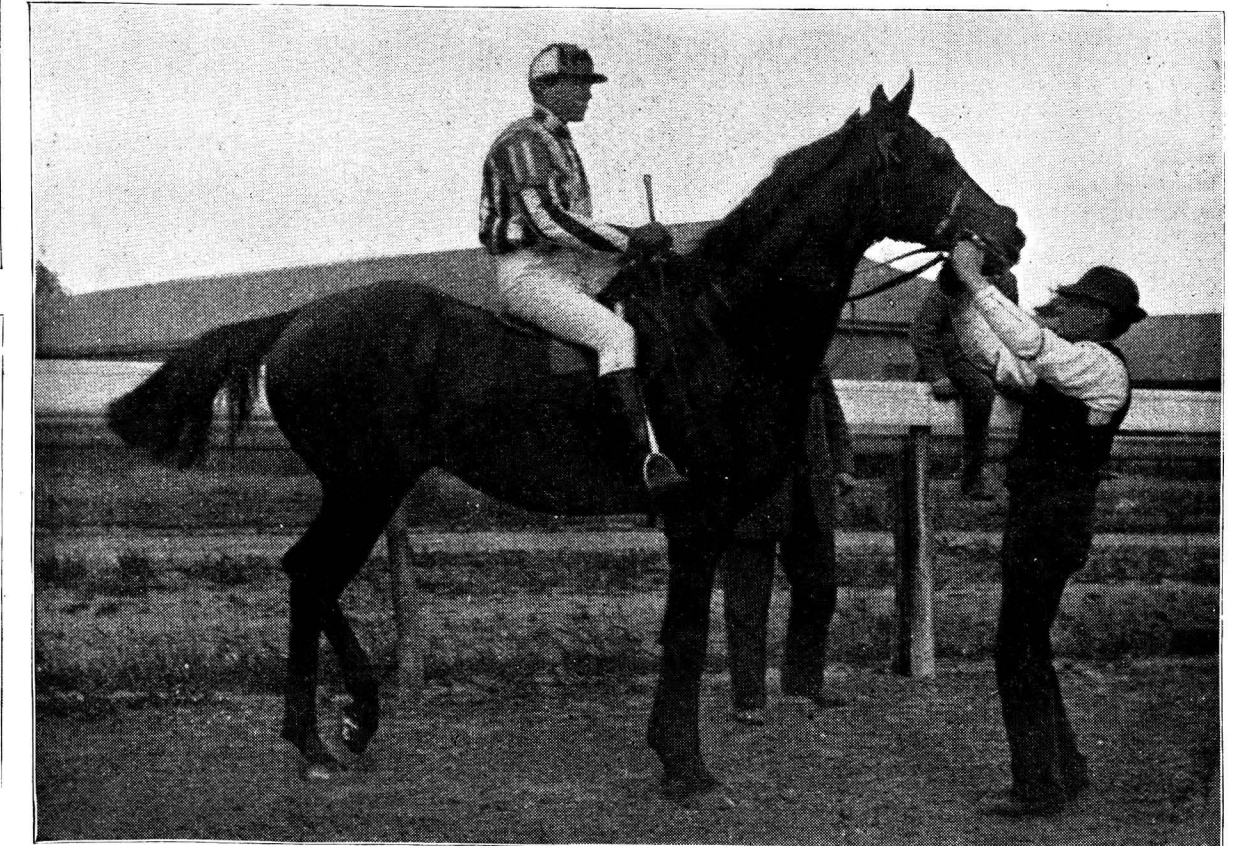
FINISH OF A SIX-FURLONG RACE.



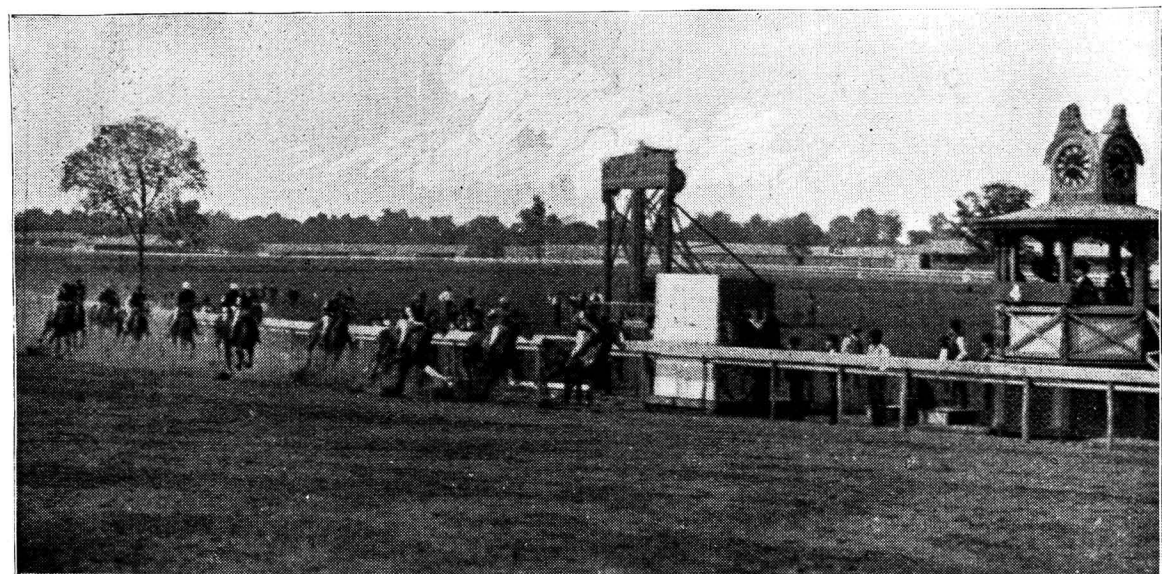
GOING TO THE POST FROM THE PADDOCK.]



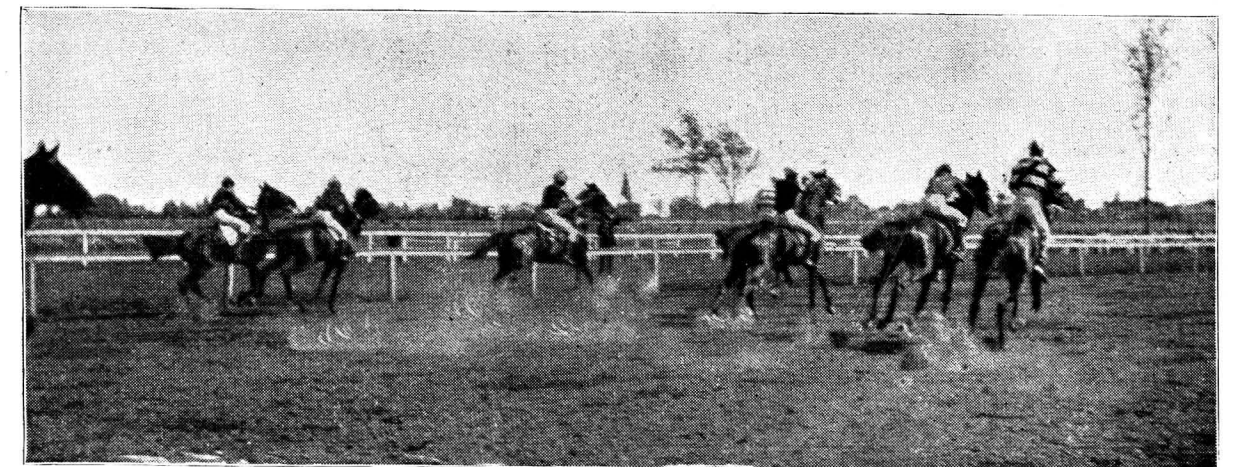
DISMOUNTING BEFORE THE JUDGES AFTER A RACE.



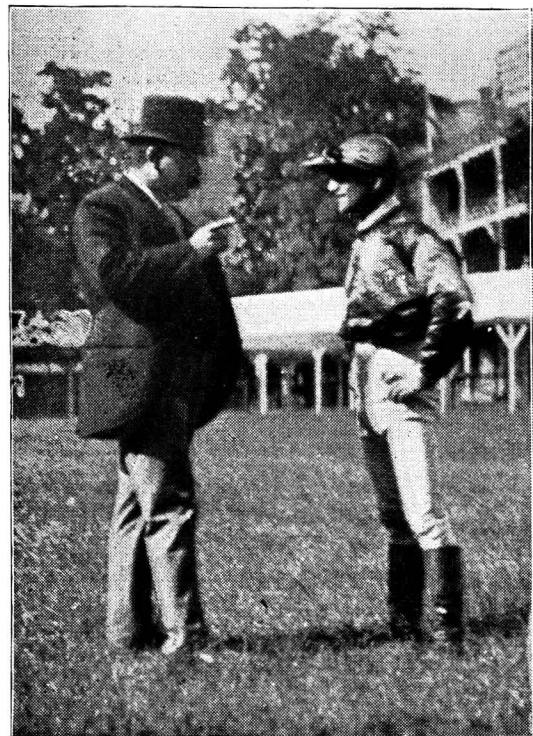
MURPHY ON TENNY.



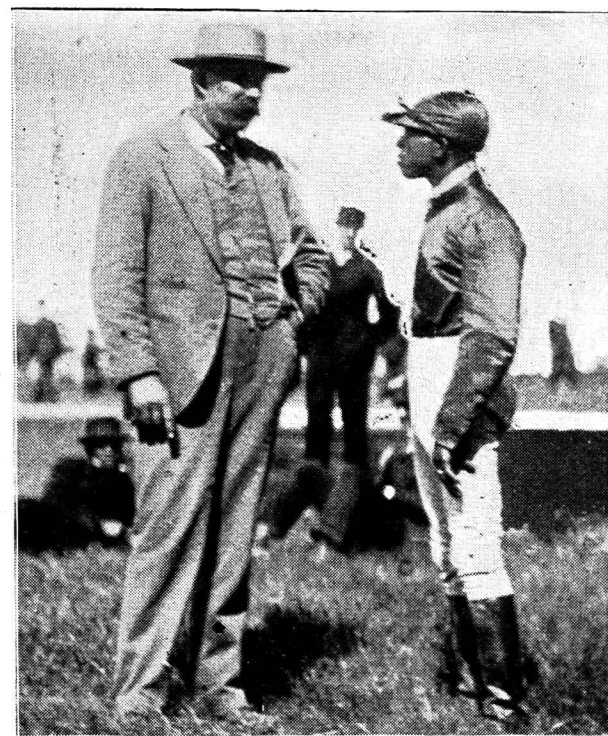
THE FINISH OF A TWO-YEAR-OLD RACE.



"THEY'RE OFF!"



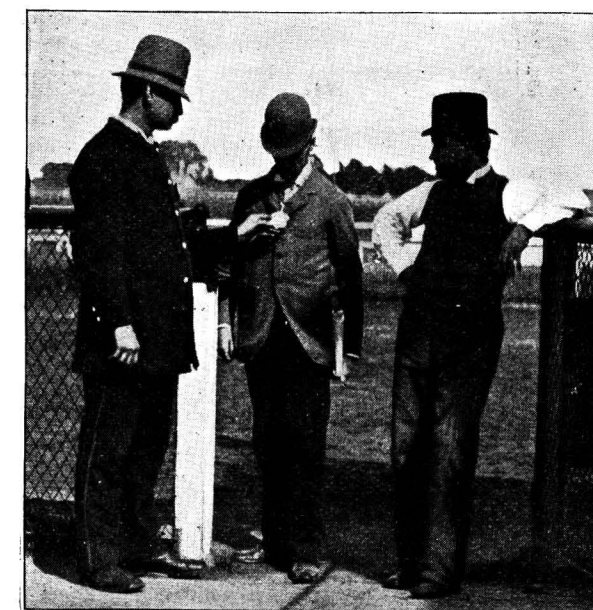
TARAL RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM TRAINER CAMPBELL.



HAMILTON RECEIVING ORDERS FROM TRAINER DE LONG.



THE END OF A RACE-HORSE.



CAUGHT WITH A FALSE BADGE.



"FEAKES" ON OLD "PAROLE."



# OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

THE EXPLORERS, AFTER VARIOUS MISHAPS, FIND FOOD AND FRIENDS.

VII.

ON August 20th, having gathered some supplies, we proceeded to the ford, and, after some difficulty, crossed and resumed our march to the main Tanana, where we found our raft secured as we had left it. In our descent of the river from this point we had the advantage of Lieutenant Allen's report and maps. Passing through the Cathedral Rapids, with ranges of low mountains on either side of us, and then through Tower Bluff Rapids, we made some sixty miles, and camped for the night upon an island. On the morning of August 24th we passed the mouth of Johnson River and plunged into Carlisle Rapids, which are fully fifteen miles in length and dangerous to any craft on account of the obstructions. On August 25th we met a serious, and what at one time seemed to be an irreparable disaster, the raft coming into collision with a chaotic breast-work of old logs and roots, which extended out fully one hundred feet from a heavily timbered island in the river. In the shock the raft was submerged, our packs were torn loose, and we lost our tent, blankets, food, two guns, photographic apparatus, and other valuables. Escaping with great difficulty from the shattered raft, we made our way to the island, which we found to be three to four hundred yards in length. We were without food except thirteen fishes and a little pint bag of oil. We had a few matches, but not a man in the party had a coat, and only one—De Haas—had a vest. My garments consisted of two shirts, a pair of cotton drawers, overalls, and a pair of socks and moccasins. I had no trousers, and the other men were in almost as bad a fix. Fortunately, we found in a black bag which we had rescued, a little tobacco, several dozen rifle cartridges, two revolvers, and some minor articles, besides a diary of the trip—the last being of the greatest value.

Escape from the island being an immediate necessity, we proceeded to construct a sort of raft by binding together logs with green willows, designing to commit ourselves to it until Indians could be found. At no time had our situation seemed more gloomy, even when upon the Tokio. Prisoners upon an island where there was no game, without covering or food, and with our only means of escape a willow-lashed raft, we felt overpowered at times by the sense of loneliness. The forest upon the island was very dense and dark, and the ground damp almost to muckiness except in spots where the luxuriant moss acted as a dry, elastic carpet. I found roots to be very scarce. In fact, a pint was all that could be secured. These we ate raw, dipped in a few spoonfuls of oil. We finished the meal with one-quarter of a dried fish to the man. All of our cooking utensils had been lost, the only vessel of any kind remaining being an agate tin cup, which now came in very handy for stewing the tea-leaves. Each man in turn had the cup for a tea-pot. The decoction was weak, and the rim of the cup hot, but minor disadvantages have to be overlooked in such primitive kitchen establishments as ours.

On the following day we completed our raft, and at five in the afternoon cast loose, gliding down the river until dusk, when, by means of its smoke, we discovered in a thicket on shore a bough tepee, partially covered with skins, and occupied by an old Indian and his squaw. They received us hospitably, and supplied us with such food as they had. We remained with them that night, and on the 27th, having secured a breakfast of dried meat, roots, berries, and tea, resumed our voyage.

To the south loomed up an immense range of mountains, snow-capped, and appearing to offer an impenetrable barrier to exploration in that direction. Nearer us could be seen another range, considerably lower, which formed in reality a sort of foothill chain to the giants beyond. As no explorer ever tried to cross that way, and as the range is unnamed upon Allen's charts, I have since called it Kris Kringle's Mountains, in order to properly recognize that old-timer of Alaska, whose unvisited haunts are quite likely to be in this mysterious range.

The Tanana had broadened to one and one-half miles in places, and nowhere was there a channel navigable for boats. The rapids were fully fifty miles in length, and of such a tumultuous nature that they were clearly above the head of practicable navigation. My subsequent travels convinced me that the Tanana might be ascended by small river steamboats to the foot of Bates's Rapids, a distance of some two hundred and twenty-five miles. Above lie four hundred or more miles of unnavigable waters. In this respect the Tanana is very different from the Yukon, the last-named river being a good thoroughfare for boats almost to its head. The Tanana has a large number of small tributaries, and several of these were passed during the day in question, but as I had lost Allen's chart of the river when the raft catastrophe occurred, I was now unable to identify the tributaries by their proper names.

On August 28th we found an Indian encampment on the main land swarming with people. I counted eight birch-bark canoes upon the beach. The houses were five in number and built partially of boughs and cotton cloth—a sure sign that these people were not strangers to some Yukon trading-post. We were kindly received, and upon making a request for food were gratified to see cooking utensils brought out and filled with fresh meat—caribou meat at that. It had been many weeks since we had seen the like. We banqueted to the point of satisfaction, and then made wholesale purchases of meat and oil and dried fish. The natives had plenty, and were willing to part with it for silver, tea-leaves, and tobacco. I wanted two of their birch-bark canoes to travel in, so that the raft might be left behind, and was gratified to find the boats for sale at two dollars and two dollars and twenty-five cents each. I purchased two of the largest ones, also a couple of caribou-skins for sleeping purposes, paying out my last pieces of silver therefor. For the possession of an old iron kettle De Haas gave up his canvas vest, the only article of the kind in the party, and we were now able to go into camp with a prospect of boiled meat.

Upon resuming our journey the canoes were lashed together catamaran fashion with two poles, one at a point near the bow and the other astern. In this way the tipsy craft was held steady. Our passage down the rapids was attended with extreme

risk, but having escaped Bates's Rapids, we found that we had passed all the dangerous water, and were moving along a majestic stream, rivaling the Yukon in size and depth; but the day was without incident.

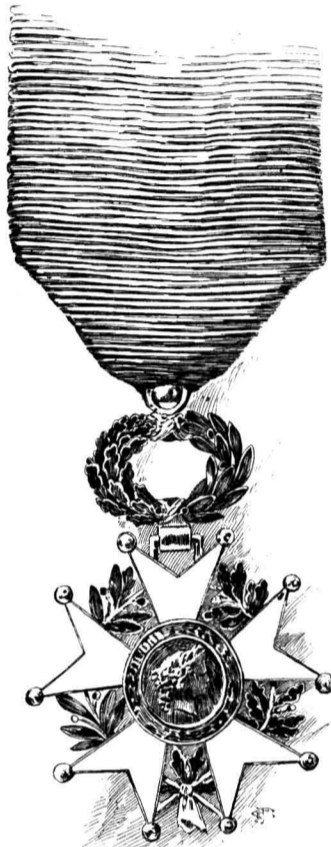
On the 29th we found another substantial village of log cabins upon the right-hand bank of the river in the edge of the forest. Here we obtained a number of fresh salmon, of which there were plenty in the village, and also some peculiar cranberry jam, made, I suppose, by crushing the berries in fish-oil.

A few chews of tobacco, tea-leaves, etc., were cheerfully accepted in payment. The ladies would have swamped our canoes with fish had we given them an opportunity, and it was with cheerful hearts that we bade them good-bye and floated onward. At 6 P.M. we stopped near an excellent looking quartz lode, bearing traces of metal. Specimens were secured from it, but were subsequently lost at Nuklakayet.

E. H. WELLS.

## MEMORIALS OF THE COPYRIGHT CONTEST.

IN connection with the leading article on our editorial page, we give herewith illustrations of some of the tokens of gratitude which the literary world has been bestowing upon the persons prominently identified with the copyright campaign.



CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR CONFERRED UPON MESSRS. R. U. JOHNSON, SIMONDS, PUTNAM, AND ADAMS.



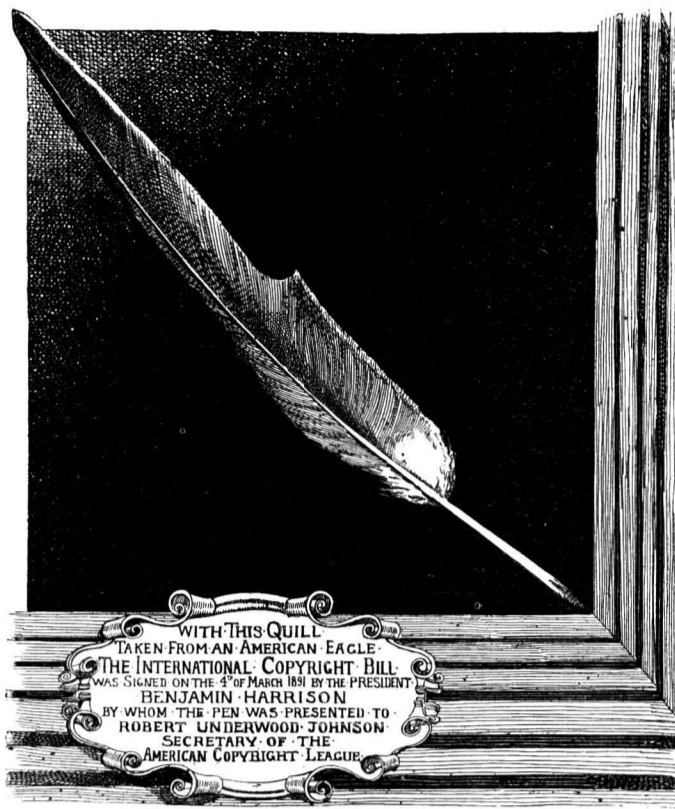
GOLD MEDAL FOR SENATOR PLATT.

ment, and we are very happy to have in charge the duty of sending it to you."

We also give pictures of the pen with which President



LOVING-CUP PRESENTED BY PUBLISHERS TO R. U. JOHNSON.



WITH THIS QUILL TAKEN FROM AN AMERICAN EAGLE THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BILL WAS SIGNED ON THE 4<sup>th</sup> OF MARCH 1891 BY THE PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON BY WHOM THE PEN WAS PRESENTED TO ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT LEAGUE.

PEN WITH WHICH THE BILL WAS SIGNED.

Harrison signed the act; of the loving-cup presented by publishers to Mr. Robert U. Johnson, and of the Cross of the Legion of Honor conferred by the French Government upon Mr. Johnson and Messrs. Putnam, Adams, and Simonds.

## LIFE INSURANCE.—QUERIES.

CINCINNATI, O., June 18th, 1891.

*Hermit*:—I carry quite a large block of insurance in the old-line companies, but desire to add a policy of five to ten thousand dollars in a good assessment company. Would you therefore kindly name a few of the best and most liberal of assessment companies, and oblige?  
A. P. M.

If "A. P. M." wants insurance in one of the best well-established assessment companies, he can get it in the Mutual Reserve of this city; or, if he prefers one of the large, successful, fraternal orders, let him take either the Order of United Workmen, the Royal Arcanum, the Knights of Honor, the Legion of Honor, or the Chosen Friends. He must bear in mind, however, that the cheaper his insurance, the less his security. That is a standing rule of the business.

HOT SPRINGS, ARK., June 15th.

*The Hermit*:—I ask the favor of you to give me your opinion about the Massachusetts Benefit Association, Albion Building, Boston. I am insured in said company for \$5,000, and would be glad to have a reliable opinion about their affairs.  
B. L.

The Massachusetts Benefit Association has been re-admitted to business in this State, and the Superintendent of Insurance of New York speaks well of its present standing and management.

OMAHA, NEB., June 23d.

*The Hermit*:—Have just seen your department of LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED, from which I derive the opinion that you must be well posted on the subject of life insurance. I am a teacher by profession, but have recently become interested in the matter of life insurance, and think I should carry a policy, but can't afford to make a mistake. Am thinking of taking a policy in the New England of Massachusetts. How does it compare in safety and benefits to the policy-holder with the other prominent companies, not assessment?  
H. H. H.

I presume my correspondent means the New England Mutual Life of Boston, which is a company doing a large and quite successful business. Its total income during 1890 was \$3,833,000, and its disbursements were \$3,079,000. Its miscellaneous expenses aggregated \$576,000. Altogether, it made a very good statement for a company of its kind and class. So far as safety is concerned, however, my preference would be for a policy in one of the three or four great New York old-line companies.

HOLT, MICH., June 24th, 1891.

*The Hermit*:—Your kind and gentlemanly answer to questions on life insurance has at last given me the courage to present my case. I want to take a policy for four years on my life, to secure my family. I expect to be able by that time to get along without insurance. What company and kind of policy would you advise me to take? I had decided to take one in the New York companies that you recommended, but an agent of another company tells me they are too expensive, and that I could get as good insurance for about half the cost in other companies. Do you think a cheaper company would do as well for the time I want insurance? I may add that I dropped a policy in a Massachusetts company after reading your articles on insurance, and am not sorry I did so. One of your admirers,  
S. W. M.

"S. W. M." I think, should advise with the agents of all the strongest and best companies, and then make up his mind as to the character of the policy he wants. I think the New York companies—any one of the great, strong ones—would give him the best security. It may cost him a little more to get security, but it is worth it. Look out for cheap insurance; you cannot depend upon it.

BATAVIA, N. Y.

*Hermit*:—Will you please answer, through the column on insurance in LESLIE'S, the editorial in the *Spectator* of April 23d, 1891, in regard to "The Hermit."  
Yours, respectfully,  
A READER.

I have answered the *Spectator's* twaddle more than once. It ill becomes a publication which is run solely to boom insurance concerns, and which is supported wholly by insurance advertising, to question the integrity of "The Hermit." It is not my habit to boast of my independence, but I seek to be both independent and truthful. The *Spectator* cannot say as much. My readers themselves know how it has lied, and repeatedly lied, when it has said that the inquiries in these columns are fictitious. My readers know well enough that they are bona fide; and if any one on the *Spectator* desires to see the evidence of it, the letters can be found on file in this office at any time.

*The Hermit.*



HUCKLEBERRY - PICKING ON POCONO MOUNTAIN.

IN the days when our remote ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, went picnicking—a long time ago—they found a toothsome berry which, somehow associated with the stagg or hart, they named *heart berry* (hart berry), and now it is familiar to us as the huckleberry. Succeeding generations called it huckle or whortleberry, and in Scotland it was the bilberry or blueberry (blueberry). The botanist would tell us that our huckleberry-bushes are "ericaceous shrubs of the genera *Gaylussacia* and *Vaccinium*." This family of the *Ericaceae*, or heathworts, is reported as large enough to embrace nearly one thousand species; and in this country some of its conspicuous members are known to us in the clustering bloom of the kalmia (laurel), the profusely beautiful azaleas, the gorgeously variegated rhododendrons, and even the lowly and fragrant wintergreen, *gaultheria*. The latter and the huckleberry are the only fruit-bearers. The leaves of the "family-tree" are mostly of the evergreen kind, and the shrub is found over almost the entire country.

The section of berry-grounds which we shall describe is located on Pocono Mountain, which forms a part of the Kittatinny or Blue Mountain range, in the neighbor counties of Carbon and Monroe, Pennsylvania. This picturesque region is famous for its Delaware Water Gap, the Wind Gap, Pimple Hill—a remarkable protuberance on the surface of the mountain-top—and Lake Poconoming; towering heights and fertile vales, noble rivers and crystal brooks, delightful country homes, and well-known resorts for health and pleasure. Here the noble chieftain, Teedyuscung, and his Delaware Indian tribes (the Leni Lenape) had their hunting-grounds, and to this day their well-worn mountain trail is quite distinct.

The tourist can reach this particular locality by way of the Lehigh and Lackawanna branch railroad, from that ancient and once unique Moravian town, Bethlehem, Penn. He would debark at Saylorsburg station and take a drive of ten miles over generally good roads to the base of the Pocono Mountain. Here, at the inviting residence of Mrs. Gould, he would rest a while. The huckleberry army makes its first rendezvous at this point. Preliminary to active operations the berry-grounds are rented from the owners by some particular person, whose lease may cover from one thousand to three thousand acres, and which he portions into convenient districts. He then engages a "measurer" and an assistant for each district, whose joint duty is to hire the pickers and also wagons from small farmers in the neighborhood in advance, to take account of each one's gatherings, and otherwise superintend the operations of their district.

Shortly after the Fourth of July every year the maturing berry crop invites its crowds of pickers to the merry and profitable frolic; and they respond in coteries of twenty to forty persons, young and older, coming from far and near, mounted on hay and box wagons and other sorts of conveyance, gotten up in most original and primitive style. It is a motley procession of "all sorts and conditions of men and women"—the latter always predominating—and ranging in years from spry and blooming youth to venerable but tough and hardy three-score-and-ten.

Moving on and up the mountain road to the base of operations, four miles distant, we find an oblong, antiquated building perched on the mountain-side, partaking largely of the rugged character of its surroundings, and swinging a good specimen of the old-fashioned tavern sign, which informs us that this edifice is the "Fishers' and Hunters' Hotel." The watering of man and beast and filling some casks for the day's use is the important item of morning business, the mountain liquid obtained here being so pure and cold that it can be kept fresh until evening.

While these matters preparatory are going on let us take in, if possible, the scene before us. Only the discerning eye and the cunning pencil of our accomplished artist could depict what we would fain describe. Did mortal vision ever before cover such a scope of sun-bonnets, or imagination yearn to investigate how much of rustic beauty they perchance aggravatingly conceal? Then, too, the variety and longevity of the patterns which make up those calico dresses and gingham aprons could be furnished only from a "country store" whose well-seasoned stock of back-number goods would entitle it to a pension. The wearing of corsets and stockings, it may be noticed, is "a custom more honored in the breach than the observance," and we understand that they are considered a luxury to be reserved for full-dress occasions or "Sunday-go-to-meetin'"; but just now we shall find that the women have a further peculiar use for old stocking-legs, which they wear over the hand (except thumb and fingers) and arm to prevent scratching and tearing by contact with twigs and briars. Shoes, of course, but they do not all wear them; the more economical ones prefer to carry their shoes until they reach the picking-grounds, when necessitous circumstances—including snakes—compel their legitimate use.

The male apparel is nothing apart from what is customary among working-men in the rural districts—comprising only what is serviceable and not superfluous.

The picking-grounds are reached after a further ascent of four to six miles. Whenever the road becomes too steep, or abominably rough for riding—and there are times when the obstacles appear almost insurmountable—the pickers dismount, out of consideration for horseflesh and their own bodily comfort. This affords not only relief to their bruised sensibilities, but it also gives opportunity for either sex to colonize—the women to "tell secrets" and the men to talk politics or business.

Having reached the picking-grounds, the work is begun without ceremony or delay. There is no secret in the operation, and it might be said there is nothing to describe. Scattered among the bushes, and most of them within speaking distance, they might sing in chorus, as they work, the refrain of the old sexton:

"Gather, gather, gather—  
We gather them in."

They pick, pick, the livelong day; stopping only for lunch and a short rest. The number of quarts gathered depends, of course, on the pickers themselves; those who have the will find the way to come out ahead—as is the case with other doings in this world—and nimble fingers count for a great deal. While the minimum may be as low as ten quarts, the maximum has been known to reach two hundred! The large-sized man in the foreground of our illustration has accomplished this rare feat.

The receptacles of various kinds into which the berries have been gathered are emptied betimes into two-quart boxes, carried in crates to the grounds; and in this way the berries are measured and accounted for. As will be seen, the measurer has erected a shelter-tent in connection with this part of the work, in order to provide against sun-heat or sudden rain, either of which might injure the berries. Pickers receive from four to eight cents per quart; and thus the more industrious hands can average good wages per day. The berry season usually continues from six to eight weeks.

It gives us pleasure to note just here—to the great credit of these people, seemingly so rough and uncultured—that they "remember the Sabbath day;" and whether they "keep it holy" otherwise or not, they at least "rest" from their "worldly business" of huckleberrying.

The day's labor terminates about five o'clock, and then no time is wasted in starting homeward. The wagons are driven down the rough road with a mad rush, as if accidents were things impossible, and nervousness had not yet been invented. Perhaps this reckless haste finds some incentive in the fact that the "pay station" is the goal, and they reach it between six and seven o'clock. Here the pickers are severally called up by the measurer or his assistant, and each receives pay for his berries delivered on the mountain.

The huckleberrying industry, which we have endeavored to illustrate and describe, covers a natural production the extent of which few persons ever pause to consider. And yet it is of no little importance as an article of food and as a contribution to business.

Can it be believed that the enormous quantity of ten thousand quarts of this insignificant berry have been gathered and shipped in a single day from the Pocono region alone, and that figures like these have been maintained through a large part of the picking season? It is true, nevertheless, and if it were possible to ascertain the united receipts of this wild but prolific edible in all the States the results would be astonishing. A PICKER.

WALL STREET.—"JASPER'S" JOURNEY CONTINUED.

FARGO, DAK., July 28th.—The condition of business in the great cities of the land, or of any section of the country, furnishes an infallible indication of the condition of business generally. Chicago is the centre of a large outlying territory filled with business men, producers, sellers, and buyers. St. Paul and Minneapolis together furnish another trade centre—for they ought to be, and finally must be, considered as one. The preservation of a separate identity, in the light of the rapidity with which they are coalescing, seems utterly impossible. Detroit is another centre of business; Milwaukee still another, and St. Louis a larger one.

Hurrying through this section, meeting men familiar with business conditions in nearly all of the cities I have named, talking with real-estate dealers who seem to be most oppressed with the situation, scrutinizing the appearance of the country through which I have passed for over a thousand miles, and talking with railroad representatives, who understand the situation in the outlying agricultural region, I come to the conclusion that, while there is a contraction of trade in the cities, the inevitable consequence of an apprehensive money market in the East as well as the West, there is in this conservatism nothing that forebodes evil in the near or the remote future.

Crops everywhere throughout the West, so far as I have gone in a swing extending nearly half across the continent, are good—better than they have been in many years before. The harvesting of winter wheat is completed, and it will be but a few days before we shall understand, not only what the winter crop will be, but how much we may expect of spring wheat, and of that magnificent "stand-by" of the western producer, the corn crop.

Let my readers keep their eye on the wheat receipts, not only at Chicago, but also at Duluth, St. Paul and Minneapolis, at Omaha and Kansas City. Follow the bank exchanges at Denver, Louisville, New Orleans—at all the fifteen or twenty leading cities. Watch the reports of wheat movements at Chicago, of the trade in iron at Cleveland, at Cincinnati, at Pittsburg; wool, grain, live-stock at St. Louis; the grain business in Milwaukee, and of the general business outlook of the cities I have mentioned, and others of their class, and see what they foretell.

I have had a number of inquiries from the readers of this paper in different sections regarding land improvement and bond and mortgage companies in the East and in the West, and I have uniformly advised extreme care in making investments in them; but I must say that I have been impressed throughout this trip, while visiting the newer cities of the West and Northwest, by the permanent character of their construction. No city in the East of the same size can compare, for instance, with St. Paul and Minneapolis, Milwaukee and Detroit, in the number of fine residences, eligibly located, and revealing refinement as well as wealth. To be sure, all these newer cities have had the benefit of the experience of the older ones, and therefore, architecturally, should be superior to the latter. If we in the East were to undertake to build anew we all know perfectly well that we could improve upon the character of our buildings, perhaps upon the location of our cities; certainly upon the manner in which some of them have been laid out.

My readers may ask why I think the outlook for investments this fall is better—in other words, why I predicate a better market in Wall Street because of fine crop prospects. It has been said that the West is so overburdened with debt that it will require every cent it can raise to meet its liabilities, and that, therefore, the better returns from the crops this year will not be felt in speculative or investment circles. It must be remembered that the West and the Northwest have become of necessity exceedingly conservative in business operations during the past year or two; that the West has been saving; that it has been doing precisely what the prudent man should do and always does, namely, prepare in times of emergency for the worst.

The West has prepared itself for a continuance of bad crops. Had this misfortune presented itself again this year the West would have been in condition to meet it, though under the strain of the constant continuance of adverse conditions there might

have been a serious and severe liquidation in business circles. With splendid crops already harvested and in good demand at home and abroad at fair prices, and with the possibility that these prices will increase instead of diminish, the West will soon be ready to buy more than ever of the East.

The farmer spends his money. He is not a hoarder. He spends it with the merchant, with the manufacturer, and with the banker. This inflow of money, created from the soil, so far as it comes from exported products, is simply an addition to the volume of our currency. Every dollar's worth of wheat, of flour, of cotton, of pork and provisions of all kinds that we send abroad brings to this country just so much money from another country, and adds just so much more to the wealth in circulation in the United States.

Furthermore, I want my readers to observe that the West is not bankrupt. I have found no evidence of such a condition in any of the cities I have visited. There is a healthy outlook everywhere. I was surprised by statements made to me in Omaha, which show that the deposits in the State and national banks of Nebraska, in spite of the failures of crops in late years, and the low prices of agricultural products, aggregate over \$15,000,000, or nearly \$50 per capita. This is remarkable. It is a revelation of the prosperous condition of the State. I undertake to say that there is enough of deposits in the Nebraska banks to more than cover the mortgage indebtedness of all its farmers. This is the situation after several years of hardship, and on the eve of the most prosperous year the State has ever had, so far as its agricultural interests are concerned.

The assessed valuation of the single State of Nebraska has grown from \$32,000,000 in 1867, to \$1,585,000,000 this year, and its grain product of 10,000,000 bushels in 1874, swelled last year to the enormous figures of 16,000,000 bushels of wheat, 150,000,000 bushels of corn, and 30,000,000 bushels of oats. This year all these crops will be from ten to twenty-five per cent. larger.

Nebraska does not stand alone in its prosperity. I find an official statement in a Kansas newspaper showing that more farm mortgages in thirty-eight counties of that State were paid off last June than in any other month during the past two years. This does not look as if the West was overloaded with debt. It indicates that the people have been prudent and saving. They have grumbled because of scanty crops and low prices, but they are the first to rejoice at the improved outlook, and they will be the first to liquidate their indebtedness and to spend their surplus.

I do not deny that there has been in some sections of the West and the Northwest too much booming of real estate, and that real properties in some sections are slow of sale. Prices are yielding in the face of these circumstances, but no man who has seen the magnificent structures that crown such cities as I have mentioned—no one who has seen the magnificent newspaper buildings, such as the *Pioneer Press* has erected in St. Paul—can doubt that money loaned on property of an established character in any of these cities is loaned on the best security.

There is an abundance of capital in this section. It commands rates of interest a little higher than in the East. The further west you go toward the unsettled section of the country the higher the rate of interest. It is higher on the Pacific coast than it is here, and higher here than on the Atlantic coast. I am more than ever inclined to believe that conditions warrant investors in picking up at present prices all low-priced stocks and bonds, and particularly those of the better class, that have gradually, under the influences of adverse circumstances abroad in particular, and the conservative influences at home, reached a level much lower than the interest rates for money warrant.

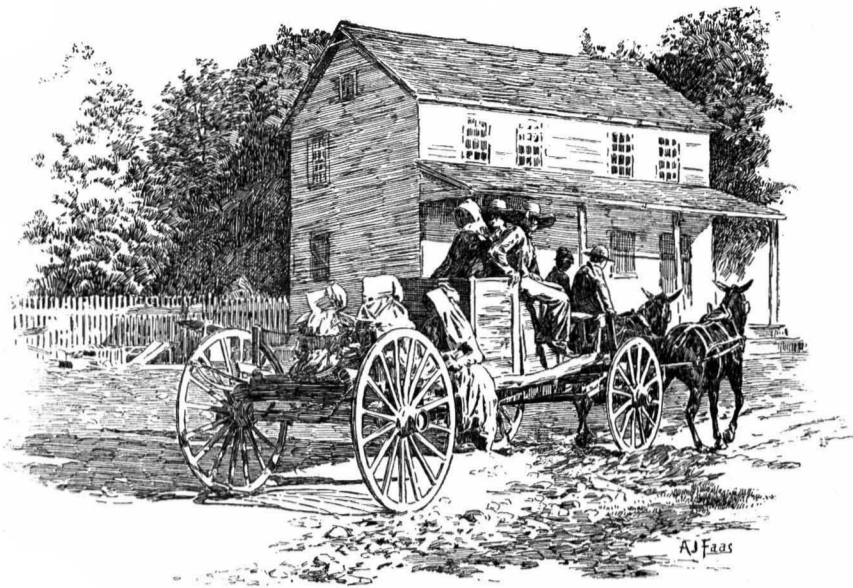
Unless the silver problem remains a vital factor in the calculation of our bankers in the East I am compelled to believe that the conditions of trade, the outlook for business, the crop prospects, and the probabilities of railroad earnings, all favor an upward movement in Wall Street.

THE NAVAL RESERVE DRILL.

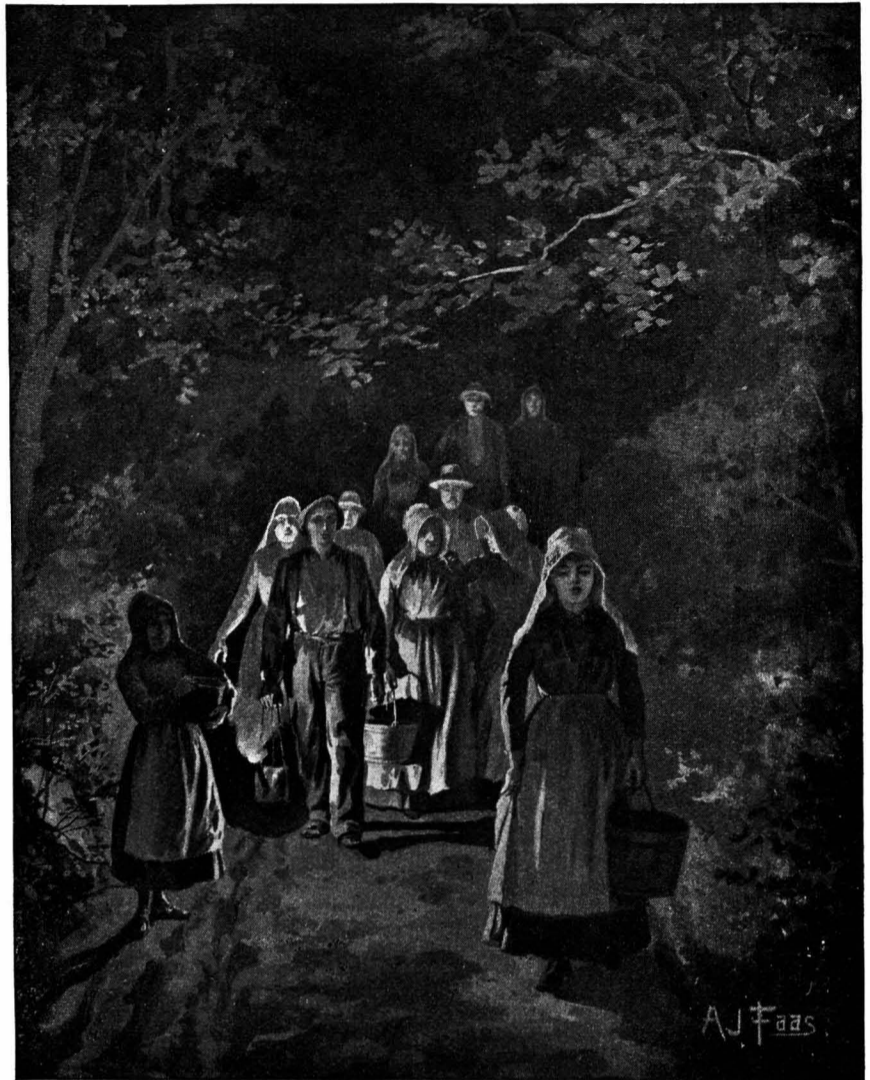
THE question of the practicability of organizing an efficient naval militia in our principal ports, which shall be subjected to the routine of discipline on shore throughout the year, and trained in the summer in actual service at sea, has been undoubtedly settled by the recent trial drills of the New York Naval Reserve in the waters of the Hudson River. These drills, in which one hundred and twenty members of the Naval Reserve participated, were had in connection with the sailors of the Squadron of Evolution, and were conducted under the strictest naval discipline. The manœuvres embraced boat, gun, and search-light practice, and were witnessed by large bodies of the populace gathered upon the river front during the afternoons and evenings of the display. Perhaps the most interesting display was that of the use of the search-light for the purpose of detecting a possible enemy. In obedience to signals flashed from ship to ship, powerful electric search-lights were turned on, and swept up and down the stream, exploring every portion of the water, as well as every nook along the shore, as if the fleet were expecting an attack by torpedo-vessels. While the lights were thus turned on, the secondary batteries of the ship were manned, so that the imaginary assailant might be repelled in case he made his appearance in the circle of lights which blazed about the ships. All the evolutions of the squadron were satisfactory in their character, both here and subsequently at Fisher's Island.

It will be remembered that the last Congress appropriated \$25,000 to arm and equip the naval battalions then forming in the several States. Thus the policy of the nation and the State are happily in accord in creating this adjunct to the navy. The act contemplates that the Federal Government shall provide adequate opportunities for instruction and drill, and it is under this provision that the battalions now organized in New York are allowed the use of the receiving-ship *Minnesota*.





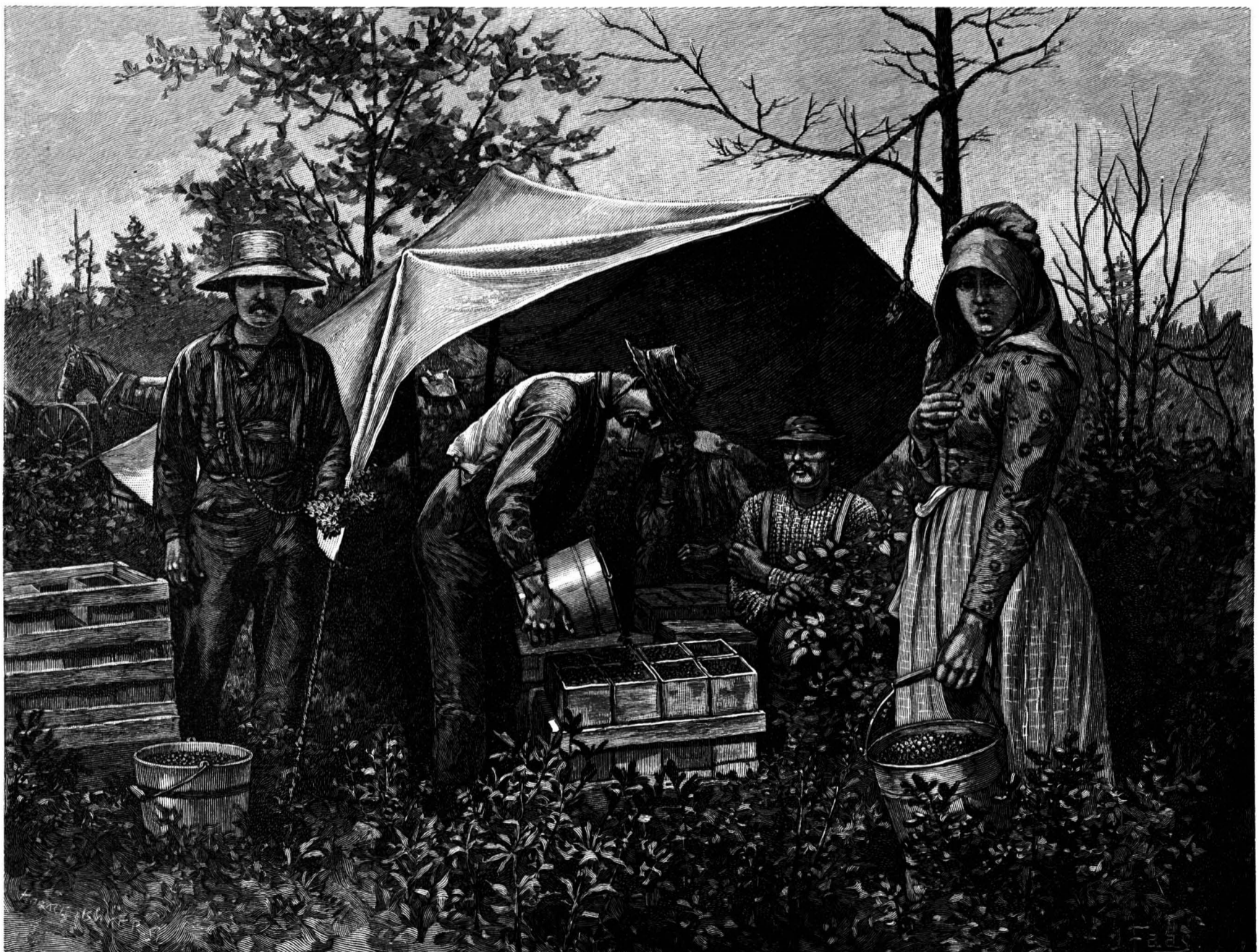
PICKERS STARTING OUT.



PICKERS RETURNING HOME AT NIGHT.

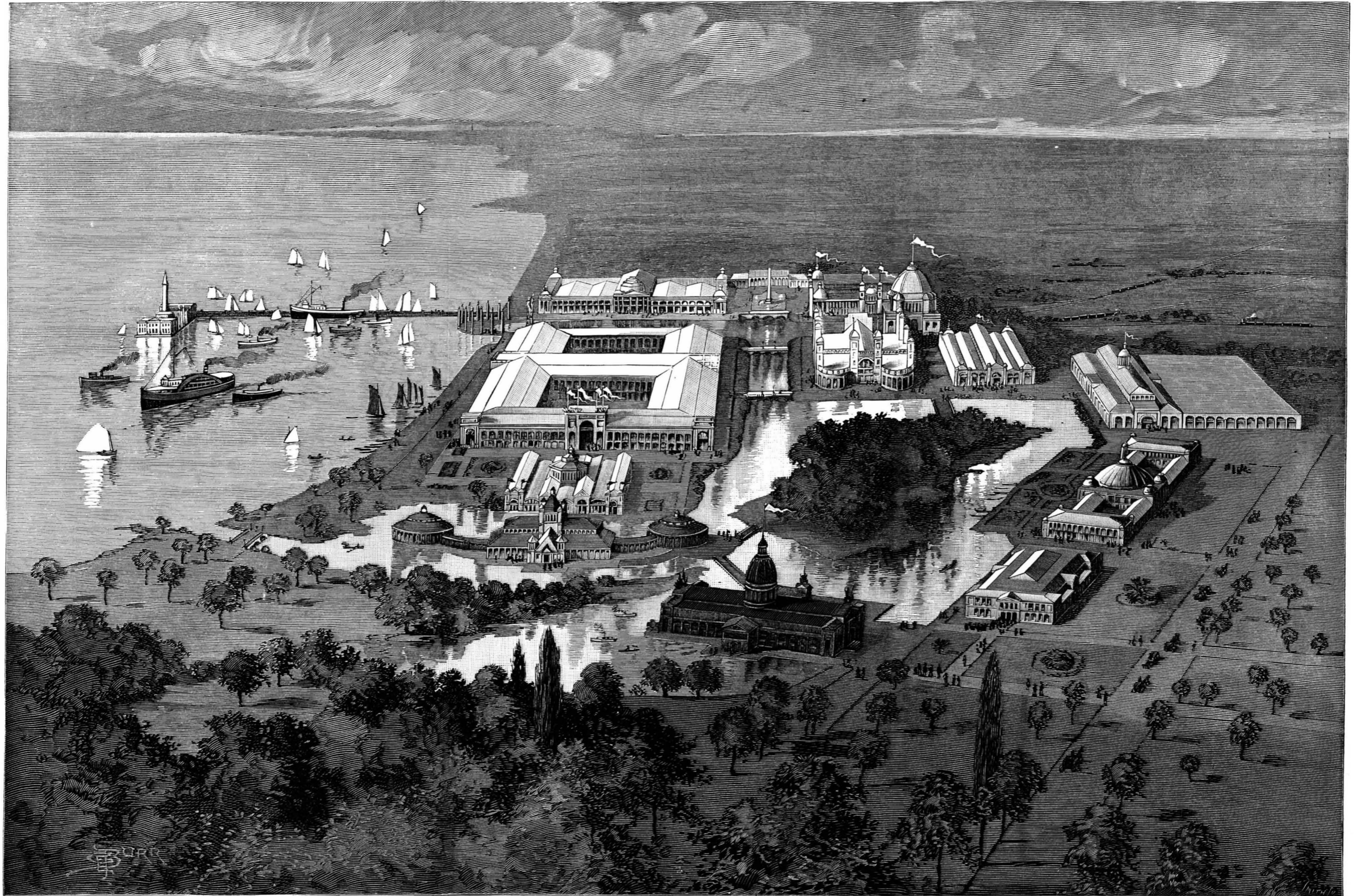


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Transportation.

THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW, SHOWING THE DESIGNS AND GROUPING OF ALL THE BUILDINGS.



WANTED TO HEAD HIM OFF.

"HAVE you the tales of Munchausen?" inquired a portly woman at the book-store. "Yes, madam," replied the clerk. "You may give me a copy. My husband is going to bring a Boston auctioneer home to dinner to-night."

THROUGH CAR TO WILLIAMSPORT, PA. VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on and after July 20th, a passenger coach will be placed in service from New York to Williamsport, Pa. It will leave New York on the St. Louis and Cincinnati Express at 3 P.M., week-days, and arrive at Williamsport, Pa., at 11.25 P.M. This presents the best service ever in use between New York and the interior of Pennsylvania.

CHANGE OF TIME OF THE ST. LOUIS AND CINCINNATI EXPRESS.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company announces that on and after July 19th the St. Louis and Cincinnati Express, now leaving New York at 2 P.M., will be changed to leave at 3 P.M. It will arrive at Cincinnati at 11.35 A.M., and at St. Louis at 3 P.M. the next day. The same complete service of through Pullman sleeping and dining-cars as are now in service will be maintained.

THE Richmond and Danville Railroad Company, which has so rapidly arisen in importance as to take high rank among the few leading systems of the country, now operates a mileage of more than 5,000 miles of railway. Associated as it has been with the birth and growth of the New South, it has attained its maturity at the same time that that famed section has begun to arrest the attention of the world by its marvelous resources and fast increasing wealth.

The Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited Train, that marvel of speed and beauty, combining with solid comfort and enjoyment the highest attainment of human skill and artistic development as applied to railway travel, is a daily and hourly evidence of the enterprise of the management and the liberality of the company, which puts within the reach of the traveling public such refinements of travel at such reasonable cost.

Not less than three through trains daily speed between the National Capital and the Southern cities over this grand highway, but the "Limited" is par excellence the train for the Southern traveler, a fit suggestion of the comforts and luxuries which wealth can afford and which liberal patronage so abundantly justifies.

CARE and Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will banish colds and coughs. Price 25 cents a bottle. Twenty-five cents will buy a bottle of Salvation Oil, the celebrated family liniment.

LADIES are greatly benefited by the use of Angostura Bitters, the South American tonic.

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

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

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

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

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

THE CELEBRATED SMITH & WESSON REVOLVERS

Accuracy, Durability, Safety, and Convenience in Loading. Beware of cheap iron imitations. Send for Illustrated Catalogue & Price List. Guaranteed Perfect. SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.



SALE OF BONDS. \$50,000 Funding Bonds of Meagher County Montana.

THE Board of Commissioners of Meagher County, Montana, will on SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1891, at the office of the County Clerk of said County, in the Town of White Sulphur Springs, at the hour of 10 o'clock, A.M., receive sealed proposals and sell to the highest bidder for cash, Fifty Thousand Dollars of Meagher County Funding Bonds, for the purpose of redeeming maturing bonds and funding the outstanding indebtedness of said County. The bonds are issued in pursuance of Chapter XL of the Compiled Statutes of Montana and amendments thereof: said bonds will bear interest per cent. at a rate not exceeding 7 per cent. and will be payable January 1st, 1902.

Proposals should be addressed to C. E. Wight, County Clerk, White Sulphur Springs, Meagher County, Montana, and marked "Proposals for Bonds." By order of the Board of Commissioners, Attest.

C. E. WIGHT, County Clerk. W. E. TIERNEY, Chairman. For full particulars as to Form of Bond, Valuations, etc., address H. B. PALMER, Fiscal Agent of Meagher County, Montana, at Helena, Montana. (P. O. Box 176.)



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

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NO OTHER Leaves 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. JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago. SPECIAL. Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent FREE to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap. Send 10c in stamps for sample bottle Shandon Bells Perfume.

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN.

(Continued from page 7.)

State, widens out before discharging its waters into Lake Michigan, precisely as does the Hudson River before discharging into the ocean. Muskegon has by long odds the finest harbor on Lake Michigan. It is the largest city on the east shore of that body of water, and has back of it and contiguous to it the great State of Michigan, which, though one of the youngest States, has made a fine record, first in the Union, in copper, salt, iron ore, lumber, and forest products.

Over half the iron ore output of the United

States, and the finest ore to be found in this country comes from Michigan. A recent report of the Canal Commission of the State of Pennsylvania points out the fact that the entire Bessemer pig-iron product made in the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio corresponds with the amount of ore shipped inland from Lake Erie ports necessary to make the same, from which report it is concluded that the steel made in Pennsylvania and Ohio is made almost exclusively from Michigan ore, and the product of these States is quite three-quarters of the entire output of steel in the United States. The greatest ore-shipping docks in the world are only one night's run by steamer from the city of Muskegon. The best steel experts in the country, and some of the leading business men in that line, are on record that the Lake Michigan district (the four-State territory surrounding Lake Michigan) will eventually become a great steel centre. Already Chicago has one concern whose output last year exceeded that of any other like concern in the country by two hundred thousand tons. Many believe that the South is to be the great steel centre of the future, but such is not the belief of the far-seeing leaders in this leading industry. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a speech made at Braddock, Pa., several years ago, said that the railroad companies

"Had made it possible, by heavy reductions of rates upon material destined for points beyond the limits of the State, to manufacture a ton of Bessemer steel pig iron just as cheap in Chicago as it can be manufactured in Pittsburg." And he added: "The South will not trouble Pittsburg. Our competitor is not the South; it is Chicago. In the year 1887 the Chicago district made more tons of steel than the whole of western Pennsylvania, and I warn capital and labor that a severe struggle is in the future for both."

That this Western competition is making itself felt is evidenced by the fact that the question of connecting the waters of the Ohio River with Lake Erie by means of a ship-canal, so as to ship ore from Lake Michigan and Lake Superior ports through by vessel without rail transfer, is receiving serious consideration.

But there are other things to consider. The greatest consumer of steel is the railway. There are 167,000 miles in the United States, about 40,000 miles of which lie east of the Alleghany Mountains, while about 137,000 miles lie west of that divide of which the Lake Michigan district is about the centre. More than this, the centre of population is fast making west; it is in the Lake Michigan district now, and where the people are located there are the best markets.

It will be readily seen from the foregoing that Chicago, the leading city of the Lake Michigan district, has already become Pittsburg's formidable rival in steel making. We ask, then, is there anything inconsistent in believing that other cities equally as well located with respect to facilities for gathering the materials, favorably located as to markets, and having precisely the same advantages for manufacture, can compete equally as well?

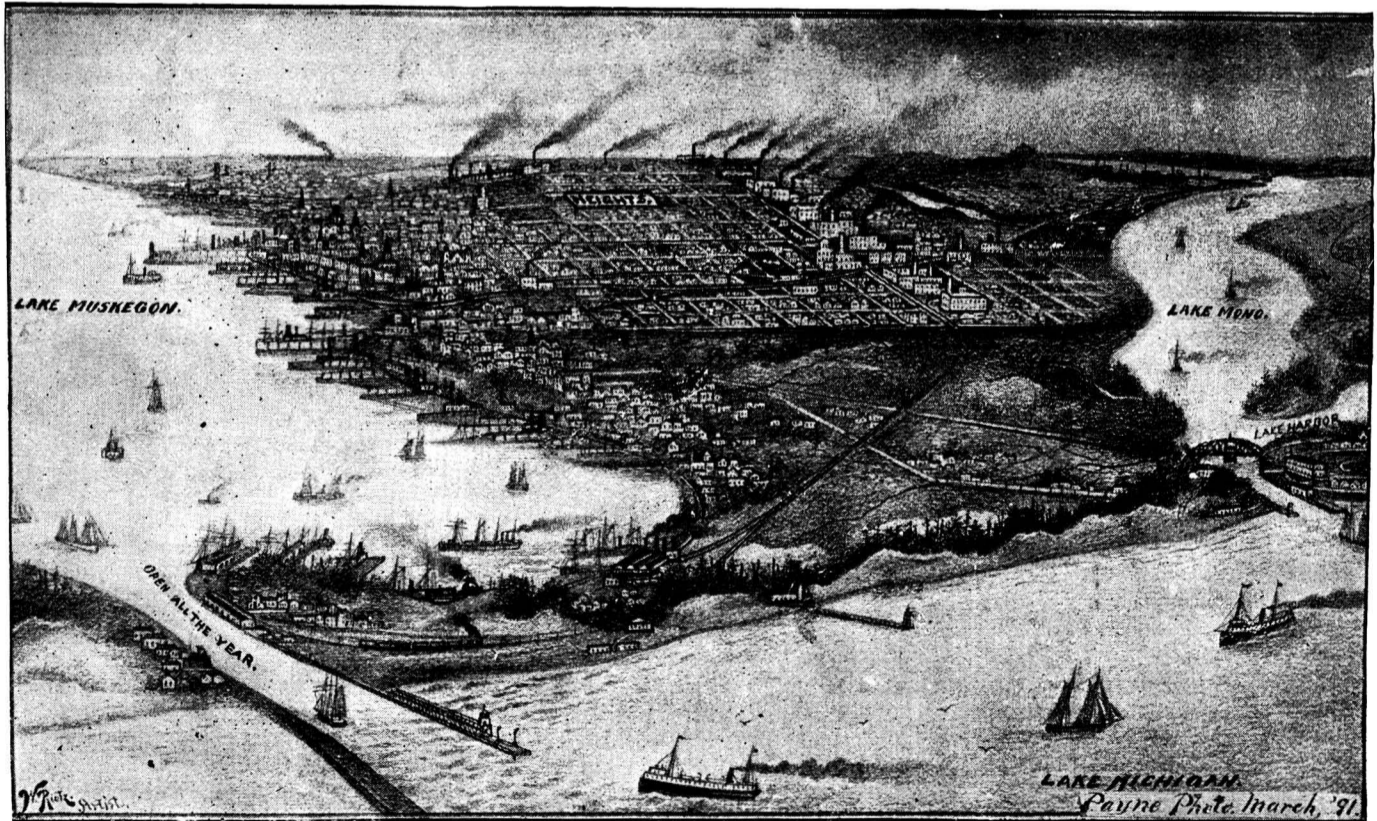
Muskegon with its magnificent harbor lies one hundred miles nearer the ore-shipping docks, has the same railway line (the Pennsylvania Railroad) to bring the coke, and rates the same; and in the matter of manufacturing sites, no place in the country can offer better—ample room, deep water, plenty of land, no rocks or obstructions, no expensive docking, deep water close to shore, plenty of depth to float the largest ocean steamers, and nearly two miles of frontage that is open winter and summer, to which belt-line railway tracks are now laid, and electric

railways, water, gas, and all conveniences are at hand.

Mr. Robert W. Hunt, one of the leading steel experts of the United States, who is chief of the "Bureau of Inspection and Tests," and the same gentleman who made the address of welcome in New York to the delegation of English and German iron masters and experts that recently visited this country, not long ago paid a visit to the city of Muskegon. Upon his return home he wrote: "I am greatly impressed with the city of Muskegon and its advantages. I see no reason why, when these advantages become thoroughly known, that the fine water front should not become filled with large iron-working institutions."

That there is an interest in Muskegon and her natural advantages being awakened throughout the country, is evidenced by the fact that within the last eighteen months the city has made the greatest record in securing manufacturing plants that was ever made by a city of like size (25,000) in the United States. Twenty-one factories have been secured within the period named. Among them are such as the Alaska Refrigerator Company, the largest of its kind in the world, now building; the Chase Brothers Piano Company; the Nelson Piano Company; a large rolling-mill, now running; two steel furnaces, now being constructed; the Morton Key Seating Company and the Morton Implement Company, have built two fine factories; the Electrical Alarm Company; the Muskegon Cracker Company; the Sargeant Roller Chair Company (of New York); the Heaps Earth Closet Company; the Electrical Power Company; the Gray Brothers Manufacturing Company and Kelly Brothers Manufacturing Company have each built fine plants and which are in operation. Many more are building, such as Malleable Iron Works, Machine and Foundry Company, the Shaw Electric Crane Company, the Standard Oil Barreling Works, etc. The Hartshorn Shade Roller Company (Newark, N. J.) have just increased their plant here to capacity to work four hundred men. P. Hayden & Sons, of Columbus, Ohio, have recently secured a water-front to enlarge their hame factory, which is located here. Many others are under contract to locate, and there is scarcely a day that letters of inquiry are not received from parties seeking location at Muskegon. The character of the institutions is good. Already Muskegon has among her manufacturers and property-owners prominent names in the business world, such as Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston; Mr. Stewart Hartshorn, of Newark, N. J.; Honorable Thomas W. Palmer, Detroit; Mr. Martin Ryerson, of Chicago; Mr. D. A. Blodgett, of Grand Rapids; Mr. George F. Sargeant, New York; P. Hayden & Sons, of Columbus, Ohio, and many others. The Pennsylvania Company have recently extended one of their leased lines to Muskegon at a cost of nearly a million dollars. The Grand Trunk system has done the same at a cost of about two million dollars. There is now projected a line from Norfolk, Va., to Muskegon, which when completed will make extensive use of the lake shipping. Muskegon has the finest winter harbor on the east side of Lake Michigan. Several railways have lines of steamers plying across Lake Michigan, and, strange as it may seem, they all have more steamers in commission in winter than in summer to accommodate the vast traffic eastbound from northwestern points and which finds the shortest and cheapest route across Lake Michigan, thence by rail to the seaboard.

ALPHA.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF MUSKEGON, MICH.—FROM LAKE MICHIGAN.

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two boxes of Ayer's Pills."—Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass.

"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most efficient medicine I ever used."—Robert K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

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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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Are AMERICAN the BEST!  
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MERIDEN, CONN. Ink Erasers and Pocket Cutlery.

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Highest



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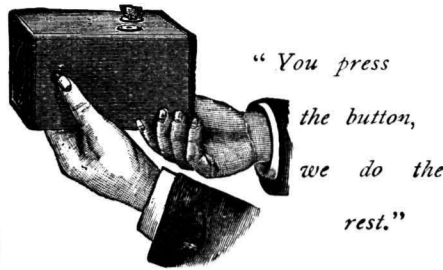
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ABSOLUTELY BEST  
BARKER BRAND. IN SHAPE FINISH & WEAR TRY THEM

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

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

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Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

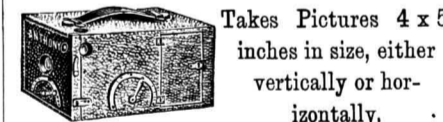
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IT is well known in history that the PEERLESS BEAUTY of Grecian maidens was owing to their knowledge of certain HARMLESS INGREDIENTS which they used at the bath. In our day, young ladies find the same BEAUTIFYING PRINCIPLES combined in

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The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more particularly noticeable in their beautifying effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced, and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to every young lady who uses this

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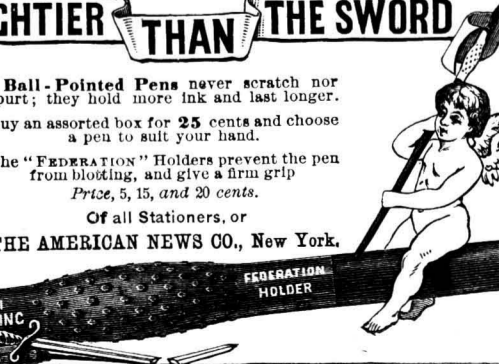
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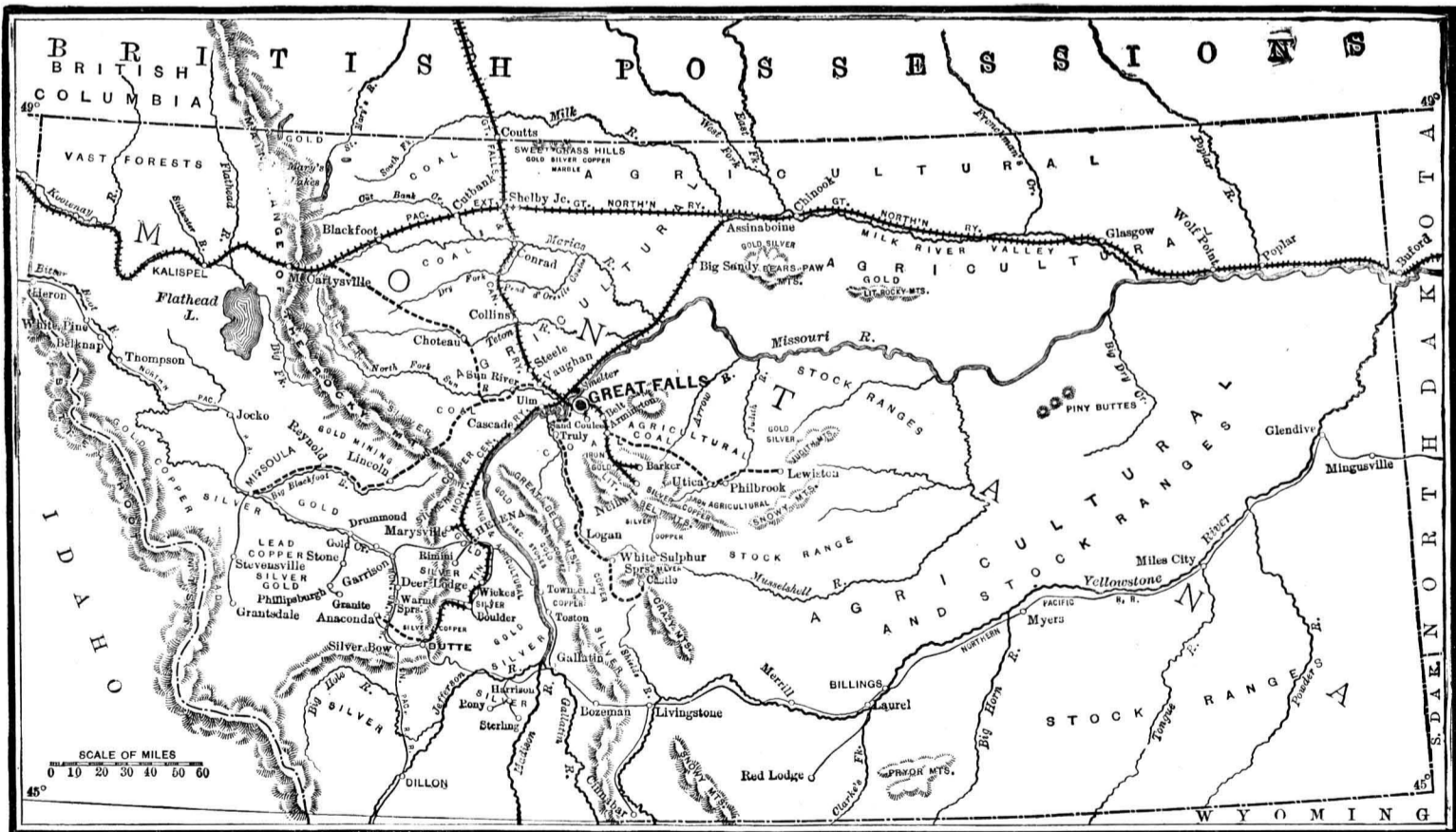
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