

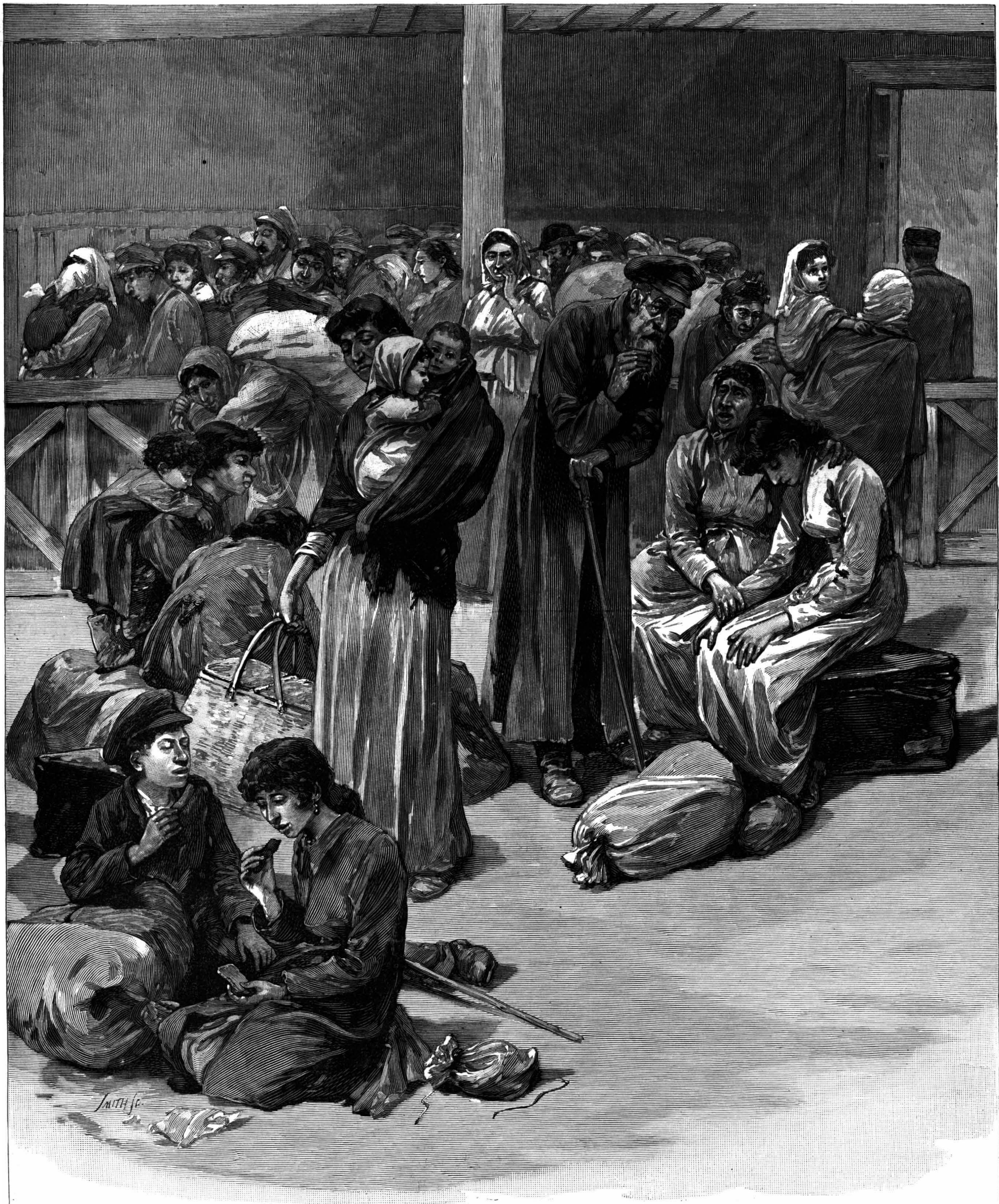
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 1880.—Vol. LXXIII.]

NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
13 WEEKS, \$1.00.]



INDIGENT RUSSIAN JEWS DETAINED AT THE BARGE OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL and RUSSELL B. HARRISON.....Publishers.  
JOHN A. SLEICHER.....Editor.  
BERNHARD GILLAM.....Art Department.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

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UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.	
One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks	1.00

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$5 a year. This paper is for sale by Messrs. Smith, Ainslie & Co., 25 Newcastle Street, Strand, London, W. C., England; Brentano's, 17 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris, France. Cable address: "Judgeark."

## 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.

NOT long since one of our subscribers requested us to present an article for the information of the public on "How to Get Thin." Dr. A. D. Rockwell, of this city, a physician of wide experience, especially in the treatment of nervous diseases, has prepared an editorial contribution on this subject, which will appear in next week's issue of this paper. It can be looked forward to with an expectation that it will furnish thought for reflection, especially for people who are overburdened with flesh.

## A PLEA FOR MUSIC AT HOME.

HOME life may be made attractive. There are many occupations which, pursued within the limits of the household, will afford interest and high satisfaction. If the members keep themselves abreast of current literature, if they come together for an hour or two on certain evenings, when one reads from a work of recent publication and the others make their running comment, the participants will find themselves as well off as in a formal "Browning club" or similar organization.

Music, when studied with some degree of thoroughness, will yield an unending source of rational amusement. The musical art is sociable and sympathetic; its larger success is achieved by the combined performance of different instrumentalists or singers. It fits in naturally with the requirements of the home circle. A generation or two ago it was an ordinary occurrence to meet with some species of concerted music rendered in private parlors for the satisfaction and instruction of the players themselves or of the few who happened in. It was then not unusual to find performers upon the 'cello, violin, and piano in one family. We were not surprised when we heard that a friend had begun to take lessons upon the French horn, in order that he might play with his daughter at home; that another had taken up the bassoon, so that he might be ready for private coteries of musical folk. But the gentle art seems to have waned from its shining control of the household; it has gone with the wrought hinges of individual design common in the days of our forefathers. It is not fashionable now to devote the same sort of attention to music. It has lost its place among the people of the "better sort." A maker of instruments showed me, a few weeks since, a case for violins made to look as if it were to carry guns. To go on a hunt is in better form in these days. It used not to be so. Looking back at the beginnings of the present generation, we may recall many families of high social standing noted for their home performances of concerted music. I remember one household, with proud ancestry running back to the time of the Declaration, in which the members of a full quintette—piano and four strings—were found within the confines of the individual family, and where the skill and taste were of such advancement that the entire world of works scored for quartette or quintette was within their reach. Their renderings of the standard compositions are famous even to this day. The example was exceptional only in the degree of its excellence. Violinists or 'cello players or blowers upon clarinet—even oboe or horn—were familiar figures in home circles.

But with the decadence of the art as cherished at home came on a dreary stretch of silence in keeping with the weariness of jig-saw ornament conspicuous upon its "villas." Young men and women became disinclined to exertion in the way of personal attention to literature or art. The dance was perpetuated and extended but any degree of devotion to matters of intelligence became more rare. Once in a while a "musicale" will be tolerated in society, but only when somebody else than the members of society shall do the performing.

It would be folly to say that there has been no advancement in a general appreciation of music of the best class, as in the amount offered at excellent performances, in the enlarged resources of orchestra or in the popular reception of standard and classical productions. Any one who will read the letter published in the *Home Journal* a few months since, written about the year 1828 by a musician in New York to a friend in Europe, will unavoidably institute a comparison between the comical poverty of the earlier part of the century and the artistic wealth of our later concert and opera. Or, if we shall range side by side the rudimentary soirées of Mason and Thomas and the brilliant efflorescence of symphony as interpreted by the Thomas orchestra, passing thus in review over a period covered by the labors of a single conductor—great though he be—we shall reach the same conclusion. Or, if we read about the initial struggles in the realm of opera, tremendous announcements and fiery enthusiasm heralding the production of one act with an orchestra of eight or nine performers, and then contemplate the magnificent arrangements for opera grand in fact as well as in name, with a superb orchestral force numbering more than a hundred, we shall have little hesitation in determining that musical art in America, at least of the professional sort, has made rapid strides

in a forward direction. The trouble is that with this undoubted progress there has come a falling away in the hold of music upon private life. Home circles and little coteries of friends are lacking in a mine of satisfaction which used to yield good result.

It may be that the decadence is peculiar to a newer land, where the material philosophy comes naturally to the front. We read in the autobiographical writing of the unfortunate Birchall that at the undergraduate evenings in the rooms of students at Oxford no occasion was accounted a success which failed to secure the presence of one or two players upon instruments other than the piano. It was formerly so in its degree upon our own soil. But with the hardening surroundings of business strife this one of the gentler graces has almost faded away from the social scene. We find it no longer a characteristic of the small and informal gathering of friends.

But there is promise of a better day. Indications are not wanting of a more general attention to music in private life, and this after a solid, satisfactory fashion, not following the method of the boarding-school, which makes up only for show. Perhaps we are getting on beyond the period of the pioneer, when we may think of something beside the building of our huts and planting of our corn. We may begin to care for the "culture" of a discarded age and may even find somewhat to admire in the "effete civilizations" of the older lands.

It does seem true that the reform has commenced. Like the rude carvings belonging to the age of barbarism, coarseness and strength marked the starting-out—the dawn was heralded by a blare of trumpets. The era of the cornet set in some thirty or more years ago. Young men in increasing numbers enrolled themselves as pupils on the favorite and certainly prominent instrument. In many a parlor, even to a painful extent, were to be heard the laboring sports. It was an age of brass. In some cases church choirs were dismissed and the one vociferous tone took their place. Great was the soprano sax-horn of the Americans.

After a generation of distended cheeks the idea began to gain adherence that the loveliest voices were not of the noisy order; that other instruments beside the cornet had been already invented and might be played upon with advantage, especially within the confines of a smaller room. So once again we meet with students, unprofessional, of the violin and the violoncello. Some few learn thoroughly and make themselves competent to take a part in concerted music; the many—I have known them in one class to count up sixty urchins—learn the violin in ten lessons and thereafter scrape out "The last rose of summer, left blooming alone," until their neighbors let forth a howl of lamentation for the fact so sorrowfully obtruded upon their attention. Yet some in private life, members of worthy social circles, are learning well and at times they come together in a musical way. The sale of the standard trios and quartettes, classic and modern, is increasing. There is a larger demand.

It is becoming quite the fashion that young women shall "take up" the violin, and a graceful thing it is for the fairer side of humanity. A pretty wrist and arm are well displayed in the skillful handling of the bow. When the young woman is sufficiently advanced to do good work her delicacy of artistic perception and completeness of feeling serve her in good stead. The excellent violinist who is at the same time a woman is no longer a foreign phenomenon. Put three of them together, one at a harp, another at a violin, the third at viola or 'cello, supposing in each case the ability to play, and you have a treat fit for the gods.

To such an extent has it become true—this revival of music for the home—that we meet with an instance like the following: I know a professional musician, a solo violoncellist of eminence. He comes of literary stock, for his father was, during a lifetime, professor of Latin in one of our foremost universities. Trained under such auspices, the young man's likings broadened out in an artistic way. Now he is competent to render a solo of admirable quality or to take the lead of his part in an orchestra to which the technical difficulties of the modern score are of little moment. This artist, upon his card, gives his name and profession, there announcing himself as "Teacher of ensemble playing." In the carrying out of his plan he will gather together a few pupils of some advancement in music and will teach them how to play together successfully, calling their attention to the tempo, to unity of accent, to phrasing and bowing, to shading, to ideas in the composition to be emphasized, beauties to be displayed. So popular has this become that now the musician has an orchestra of ladies, an organization of considerable extent, composed of women from attractive homes, who meet at his house and under his tutelage perform orchestral works; and they play them in no mean fashion. Their art becomes a matter of true satisfaction to them.

To play alone is an affair of duty, like the five-finger exercises of our youth. To play in union with others, to take one's part in a concerted rendering and to do it well, is a delight. It is an occupation of absorbing interest, as the work of his own hands is to any skillful worker. That which we do ourselves is of strongest regard to us; it is the personal experience which each one craves for himself. When we have this element of personality in connection with the social side of our nature, the arrangement is complete, well rounded, and natural; so there comes into being an artistic bond between souls of similar capacity, so have we to do with an achievement in civilization. That such a factor may be noted in the living of our own days is a subject for mutual congratulation. That there may come a renaissance of the trio, the quartette, the quintette evenings of our fathers in the ordinary social range, is a consummation to be devoutly wished.



1121 MARY STREET, ELIZABETH, N. J.

[Mr. Knauff is a son of the organ-builder, Henry Knauff, of Philadelphia. He was educated first as a musician, afterward for orders in the Episcopal Church. His work now is of a literary character, especially in connection with musical matters.]

## MR. FASSETT'S NOMINATION.

THE nomination of the Hon. J. Sloat Fassett by the Republican Convention at Rochester for the Governorship of New York was spontaneous. It was born of the situation. No Republican State Convention in New York has ever been freer from dictation; none has ever had a better opportunity from a wide range of excellent candidates to make a wise choice, and no stronger, more cohesive or more satisfactory ticket has ever been framed.

The whole convention, with an irresistible impulse, seemed with scarcely a dissenting voice to be carried toward one man. Thus Senator Fassett was nominated. His nomination carried with it, however, an obvious demand from all sections of the State and from representatives of every political interest for the leadership of the party by ex-Senator Platt.

Having nominated for the Governorship an aggressive, earnest and alert young Republican with a stainless career and a national reputation, who had been known as a warm friend of Mr. Platt, and having associated with him as "a good second" Mr. John W. Vrooman, who had been known as the intimate friend of Senator Miller, it was assumed, and rightly, by the delegates to the convention that this unification of interests signified a united demand that Mr. Platt should accept the leadership of the party for this campaign at least. Upon him the burden and much of the responsibility must fall. Every true Republican will heartily give him loyal support.

The nomination of Mr. Fassett was a master-stroke. It silenced the outcry that Mr. Platt was urging the nomination of a candidate only to sacrifice him in the interest of a Republican Legislature. The nomination was, therefore, a vindication of Mr. Platt's political integrity. It spiked the heaviest gun of the enemy.

Senator Fassett is a young man; if elected he will be one of the youngest Governors the State has ever had. He comes from Saratoga, the home of Governor Hill, and, like the Governor, has youth and spirit, nerve and physical strength behind him. The Republican party in this State has needed just such a man of force, practical political training, and ready eloquence to lead its campaign. Mr. Fassett is conspicuous for the qualities which the emergency requires.

This is not to be a campaign of detractions and personalities. In his splendid speech when he was welcomed so cordially at his home Senator Fassett said: "This is to be a campaign of illumination." He begged his hearers to lay aside prejudices, jealousies, personal detraction and personal abuse and submit the issues as they were to the voters.

We are to have a lively campaign, with every indication at the outset that the tide of public sentiment is setting strongly toward the Republican party. There was audacity in the nomination of Senator Fassett. We believe the result will prove that there was also in it the highest political sagacity.

At all events, the Democratic party, as it contemplates the serious condition that confronts it this year, with a lion-hearted young Republican heading the ticket, and a brilliant array of vigorous young Republicans associated with him on a platform of wonderful strength, cannot be ravished with the ecstasy of delightful anticipation.

## ATTACKING THE JURY SYSTEM.

AT the recent meeting of the American Bar Association of Boston, the annual address was delivered by Alfred Russell, of Detroit, on the subject of "Avoidable Causes of Delay and Uncertainty in Our Courts." Mr. Russell made a bitter attack on the jury system as applied to the trial of civil cases, and said that it would seem as if it were "purposely contrived to produce delay and uncertainty."

He said the system had outgrown its usefulness, and added:

"We have no crown, no aristocracy, no established church, no servile judiciary, no press censorship, no limit to the discussion of the acts of our rulers, no restriction of public meetings for reform, no hindrance to universal suffrage or universal education; and it is time that we should have no jury in civil cases. This institution grew up alongside of those other institutions which we have repudiated, and as a necessity to protect the masses in their personal and property rights against the privileged. No necessity whatever of that kind exists here. I understand, indeed, that the English Bar are now quite generally against the continuance of the institution in England."

Mr. Russell said that suitors with honest causes now avoid juries as a general rule if possible, but with an ill cause almost invariably demand a jury; and that it is proverbial that lawyers gain the cases before a jury that they expected to lose and lose the ones they expected to gain. He said that men competent to sit on juries almost universally escape the duty; and that the constitutional right of jury trial in civil cases under existing conditions, especially in the cities, inevitably operates not only to produce the greatest delay, but also to insure absolute uncertainty.

Mr. Russell also took the judges to account for causing delay and uncertainty in the administration of justice by writing long opinions, and dissenting opinions, and overruling cases without mentioning them, and in changing decisions with the changes of the political complexion of the courts. Following this interesting and able paper came a discussion as to the merits of the system requiring a unanimous verdict of a jury. A majority report of the committee considering the matter recommended the support of legislation providing for a verdict of three-fourths of the jury in civil cases.

One of the delegates said that the business community demanded the abolition of the entire jury system in civil cases; and he predicted that within five years the jury system would be practically abandoned except in criminal cases. The discussion was of exceeding interest and calls attention to the utter failure of our courts, as constituted in cities under the rule of political



bosses, to deal out justice in civil actions. The prostitution of our lower courts in some cities to basest political purposes has become so open and flagrant that it cannot much longer escape the serious attention of thoughtful men in and out of the Legislature.

A YOUNG MAN'S TICKET.

THE ticket nominated by the Republican party of New York this year is essentially a young man's ticket. Of the candidate for Governor we speak elsewhere. Senator Fassett is not yet thirty-nine years of age. Mr. Vrooman, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, is only forty-seven; Mr. Eugene F. O'Connor, named for the Secretaryship of State, is a little over forty; General Ira M. Hedges, for State Treasurer, is scarcely fifty; Arthur C. Wade, the candidate for the Comptrollership, is still a young man; William A. Sutherland, who was named for Attorney-General, was born in 1849, and Verplanck Colvin, nominated for State Engineer, is about forty years of age.

This is a young man's ticket throughout, but it is not too young to include several Union veterans. Mr. Vrooman served in the Union navy; Mr. O'Connor enlisted when but a boy of seventeen years; General Hedges was a colonel on General Meade's staff and is an ex-commander of the Grand Army of New York, so that a majority of the ticket is made up of veterans of the war. It represents the various sections of the State, Mr. Fassett being a resident of Elmira, Mr. Vrooman of Herkimer, Mr. O'Connor of Brooklyn, General Hedges of Haverstraw on the Hudson River, Mr. Wade of Jamestown, Mr. Sutherland of Rochester, and Mr. Colvin of Albany.

The platform on which these candidates were nominated strongly indorsed the Administration, upheld the policy of protection and reciprocity, and was unequivocally opposed to unlimited silver coinage and in favor of a dollar of silver and gold, everywhere worth one hundred cents. Its reference to State affairs was strong and incisive. The platform was largely the work of the Hon. Carroll E. Smith, of Syracuse, and the Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, of New York. It is one of the soundest platforms that has been adopted in any State of the Union, and specially pleases the solid and conservative business interests.

THE PRESS INTERESTED.

THE newspapers of the United States are particularly interested in an answer made by the Boston and Maine Railroad to the charge that it had violated the Interstate Commerce law by issuing passes. The railroad in reply takes the ground that it does not discriminate in issuing passes, and therefore does not disobey the law; that its passes are simply issued in lieu of money to pay people for services rendered, or that are expected to be rendered.

It is said that the Interstate Commerce Commission proposes to investigate the matter and rule on the question of the right of railways to issue passes. If such investigation is begun the newspapers should have something to say regarding it. We are among those who believe that newspaper men make full returns for all courtesies they receive from railroads, and that the clause in the Interstate Commerce act aimed against the issuance of passes should have made an exception so far as the press is concerned.

We repeat what we have said before, that the whole Interstate Commerce act is a fraud and humbug of the first water. It has done untold injury not only to the railway corporations at which it was aimed, but also to the interests of countless small investors, who since the passage of the Interstate Commerce law have found their investments in railway stocks and bonds growing constantly and beautifully less in value. It has also directly injured the property and prosperity of several States in the West and South, where its influence was expected to be beneficial. The Interstate Commerce act was passed under the pressure of a few anti-monopolists. There was little or no public sentiment behind it. The Congressmen who framed it and those who voted for it were forced to admit that they could not give a complete interpretation of the law, and could not predict what its effect would be. It is to the lasting credit of the State of New York that Senator Hiscock openly opposed this ridiculous legislation at every step.

A DIPLOMATIC TRIUMPH.

IT is no little thing that the American Minister to Germany, the Hon. William Walter Phelps, has done in securing the removal of the restrictions on the importation of American pork. These restrictions, to a greater or less degree, have existed for nearly a dozen years, and their adoption by Germany led to the adoption of similar and, in some instances, severer restrictions by the governments of France, Italy, Austria, and other countries.

The result, so far as Germany was concerned, was almost the entire exclusion of American pork products for several years. Subsequently, through indirect channels, some American pork and lard found its way into Germany, but we have not had a free market there since the order of the imperial Government went into effect. Constant appeals have been made by the farming and packing interests to this Government to retaliate by legislative action, but these appeals were unheeded until last year, when Congress authorized a thorough inspection of American meats and cattle designed for exportation, and also authorized the executive to retaliate against governments which, under the pretext of excluding diseased meats, sought simply to exclude all pork products from this country.

This policy of retaliation, like that of reciprocity—of which it may be deemed an essential part—made it possible for Minister Phelps to accomplish his good work. It opened the way for negotiations, but they were naturally of a very difficult character, and their successful accomplishment is another striking proof of Mr. Phelps's eminent fitness for diplomatic service. The agricultural interests of this country, the packing and other interests, owe a debt of gratitude to the Hon. William Walter Phelps for his perseverance and energy as well as the diplomatic skill he displayed in the protracted and difficult negotiations.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE reduction in the public debt for August is \$5,581,000. This is not an extraordinary amount, but it is a great deal of money. When we stop to think that it is equivalent to the payment of a dollar on the public debt by one in twelve of all the inhabitants of the United States, or that it is equal to the payment of a dollar by every man, woman, and child in the State of New York, the figures look larger.

THE policy of reciprocity has the indorsement of both parties with now and then a mugwump exception. At the recent Maryland Republican State Convention one of the delegates said that southern Maryland planters received only five and six cents per pound for tobacco, while the import duty in England, France, and Germany was three or four times that amount. The delegate moved an additional plank to the platform of the convention favoring the adoption of such reciprocity arrangements by this Government with those to which the tobacco crop is exported as will secure the abolition or material reduction of foreign import duties upon it. The suggestion was received with cheers, and in the tobacco-raising States, particularly in the South, we may look forward to an effort to extend reciprocity in this direction.

At a reunion of Confederate soldiers recently held at Yorkville, South Carolina, Colonel Coward made a speech in which he very properly lauded his own State but in which he very improperly assailed the new South. He said: "God forbid that there should be a new South." Colonel Coward will have a hard time in pulling down the results of Henry Grady's splendid effort to create a new South. It is well that there are not many Colonel Cowards in the Southern States. The majority of the people of the South are willing to let the past be past, to drop sectional issues, to welcome men of the North who bring intelligence to direct and money to build manufacturing interests, and who find in the new South a field for investment and enterprise such as the old South never afforded. Every true Southern man should be proud of the new South, and willing, like the lamented Grady, to forget the old.

A CORRESPONDENT at St. Louis in a letter to "Hermit" says: "I am very much pleased with the general tone of your articles in FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY on life insurance, and believe that they are doing great good. These articles, together with the financial articles of 'Jasper' and the editorial leaders of FRANK LESLIE'S, are making that paper the most valuable weekly now published in this country." The insurance articles of "Hermit" and the financial articles of "Jasper" have been constantly commended by our subscribers, and we are glad to know that they are appreciated. The number of inquiries daily received at this office addressed to "Hermit" and "Jasper" show that there is a wide-felt interest in the subjects of life insurance and finance. The commendation given to these writers also indicates that we have made no mistake in intrusting the departments to very capable and experienced hands.

THE death of Major J. M. Bundy, for many years prominent among the oldest editors of note and conspicuous ability in the city of New York, will bring sorrow to the hearts of many friends. Major Bundy was a man of extraordinary gifts, but so modest and retiring withal that, beyond the sphere of his chosen friends, his brilliancy and power were not fully understood. In the later years of his life, ever since the consolidation of the New York Mail and the New York Express under the name of the Mail and Express and under the ownership of the Hon. Elliott F. Shepard, Major Bundy had been, up to the time of his death, the editor of the new paper. He imparted to its columns the touch of an inspiring hand, and none rejoiced more than he on the success of Colonel Shepard's enterprise. Major Bundy's death while abroad seeking rest came unexpectedly, and was a sudden shock to all who had watched his upright career in journalism.

MR. GLADSTONE has written a letter denouncing gambling as a formidable and growing national evil. He says he is ready to aid any effort that aims at its extinction. The recent disclosures of the baccarat scandal involving the Prince of Wales resulted in a sort of semi-apology for gambling on the part of the servile followers of the Prince. We quoted recently from the London Spectator, in which gambling was openly defuded. At this juncture it is creditable to Mr. Gladstone that he has publicly expressed his views. Gambling is not only the national evil in England but also in this country. The number of defalcations, robberies, thefts, murders, and suicides that can be laid at the gambler's door would shock the moral sense of the people if it were revealed. Occasionally the news columns of the papers show the demoralizing influence of the gambling-den and the race-track, but if the facts were marshaled in solid array, the uprising against the evil would make itself overwhelmingly felt.

ROCHESTER, after a struggle, won the honor of having the Republican State Convention. Its citizens extended unusual courtesies to the delegates and their friends. When the hotels became crowded, private residences and two excellent clubs—the Genesee Valley and the Rochester Club—threw open their hospitable doors. Saratoga has larger hotel accommodations, but it never at convention time equaled in hospitality the city of Rochester. Many of the delegates who visited the city for the first time were surprised at the evidences of its growth everywhere abundant. It is a city of great promise, full of thriving industries and, better yet, full of happy homes. Colonel N. P. Pond, the manager of the Democrat and Chronicle, pointed out as worthy of note the conspicuous fact that while a large number of dwellings throughout the city are what are known as "self-contained" houses surrounded by garden-plots, even those in closely-built blocks have in nearly every instance gardens or orchards, or a breathing-spot of some kind at their side or rear. Many of the delegates who drove about the city were particularly interested in the large nurseries for which Rochester is noted. One of

these, that of Elwanger & Barry, covers hundreds of acres and includes a model vineyard where nearly two hundred varieties of grapes are grown. Mr. Gardner, who is in charge of it, confirms the striking statement of the Census Bulletin, that the grape crop of New York brings a larger sum in the aggregate than that of California.

FAST ocean trips are not to be confined to the Atlantic. Rival steamers on the Pacific have entered into the competition. One of the Canadian Pacific steamers recently made a very rapid journey from Japan to Vancouver, and now the Pacific mail steamer China boasts of a journey from Yokohama to San Francisco made in twelve and one-half days. This means that the Japan mails can be laid down in Queenstown in twenty-two days. It must be born in mind that the fast trip of the Canadian Pacific liner was made in summer, when the waters of the north Pacific are very quiet. With the appearance of winter's gales the fast records will be altogether on the side of the Pacific mail.

THE Philadelphia Public Ledger, under the management of Mr. George W. Childs, has come to be regarded as the most conservative and unchangeable of the great public journals of the day, and therefore the announcement that William V. McKean has retired from the place of managing editor, which he has filled with great ability for more than twenty-six years, was received with considerable surprise. After his long years of service it is not to be wondered at that Mr. McKean desired to be relieved of his onerous duties, and Mr. Childs, in accepting his resignation, gives expression to nothing but the best wishes for his associate. Mr. L. Clarke Davis, the new managing editor, has been connected with the Ledger for three years, and is one of the ablest newspaper men in Philadelphia. He is in every way qualified for promotion, and the assurance that Mr. Childs will continue the personal conduct of his splendid property is a sufficient warrant that the Ledger will thrive and prosper as of old.

THE enormous magnitude of our crops this year is revealed by a few figures furnished by the Produce Exchange estimates. It is easy to bear them in mind if one will remember that the wheat crop of the United States is somewhat over a half billion—500,000,000—bushels, the oat crop not quite 200,000,000 bushels more, or 694,000,000 bushels, and the corn crop about four times the wheat crop, or 2,070,000,000. The increase of these crops this year as compared with those of 1890 is as follows: Wheat, 150,000,000; corn, 537,000,000; oats, 170,000,000. On the basis of such an increase one can calculate how much richer we are this year than we were a year ago. A prominent agricultural journal estimates that, as compared with the average, our crops this year will bring us a billion dollars increased return. This money is not distributed at a few centres of exchange; it is scattered broadcast throughout the land, literally sowing the seeds of prosperity everywhere. It seems entirely safe to predict that we are on the eve of a prosperous period.

A SCOTCH CRITIC OF PROFESSOR TOTTEN.

To the Editor:—Will you kindly afford me space in your valuable paper for a few remarks on Professor Totten's articles on the Millennium?

So far as the professor's calculations regarding the end of the age are concerned, I am constrained to place implicit reliance on them; at the same time I should like to state my reasons for objecting to his assumption that this period ushers in the Millennium. There are several factors that lead me to differ on this point, notably, a portion of Isaac's blessing upon Esau (Gen. xxvii., 39)—"And Isaac his father answered and said unto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above; and by thy sword shalt thou live, and shalt serve thy brother: and it shall come to pass when thou shalt have the dominion, that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck."

Now, as we know that this condition of affairs has been verified, that Esau soon broke away from Jacob and had several kings reigning while Jacob was (and is yet) but a wanderer, we may safely assume that the dominion of this age was secured and still held by Esau, and Mohammed likely foresaw the ascendancy of the Turkish power when he created as his crest the crescent and those significant words, "Donc totam impial orbem."

As it is generally allowed that Esau and Turkey are synonymous terms, in reference to this Power allow me to quote from the vision of Obadiah: "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down?" To this haughty question we find further on the prophet's reply: "The house of Jacob shall be a fire, and the house of Joseph a flame, and the house of Esau for stubble, and they shall kindle in them, and devour them, and there shall not be any remaining of the house of Esau; for the Lord hath spoken it."

In close agreement with this quotation we have the passage in Dan. vii., 27: "The kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heavens, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High," i.e., to the house of Jacob or Israel, literally.

Another statement, showing more graphically what is here meant, I quote from the second book of Esdras, vi. chap., where God, addressing Esdras, says: "All things were made by me alone, and through none other; by me also shall they be ended, and by none other." "Then answered I—Esdras—and said, What shall be the parting asunder of the times, or when shall be the end of the first, and the beginning of it that followeth? And he said unto me, From Abraham unto Isaac, when Jacob and Esau were born of him, Jacob's hand held first the heel of Esau. For Esau is the end of the world, and Jacob the beginning of it that followeth."

From these statements we conclude that Esau has the dominion now, and although Jacob possesses the coasts and borders of the earth, occupies the desolate heritages, holds the gates of her enemies, is a blessing to all the families of the earth, lending to all nations—but not borrowing, yet, at present she does not hold dominion, nor will she until Esau vanishes from off the face of the earth, giving place to the pioneers of righteousness—the chosen people of the Lord, and with whom shall be ushered in the new age.

Before this can take place, however, the great war at present pending in yonder ill-consolidated Europe must have reached its finish, as during the strife Israel is instructed to remain within her closed doors until the danger be overpast, when from some cause Britain will be forced into taking possession of Constantinople, probably by Turkey truckling in some manner to the pretensions of Russia. Count Von Moltke tells us that this war may last any time from seven to thirty years, but, as the Bible tells us that the destruction is to be sudden, we may assume the shorter period as the duration of the struggle, and which will bring us to 1899—when Britannia takes her promised place as mistress of the world, to the chagrin and eternal hatred of Russia, who for the next twenty-five years or so will devote her whole energies preparing for that final struggle with Israel, spoken of in Ezekiel 38th and 39th chapters, when Russia is completely overthrown, with such a slaughter that for seven years we shall be engaged in burying her dead. All this, and the fulfillment of many more of the prophecies must take place before the Millennium, which the pyramid marks off as in 1935, dawns upon the earth, and which shall be a period of perfect peace.

I have used the terms Britain and Israel in the same sense, as I thoroughly believe that the Britain of to-day is Israel, long lost to human ken, but now found, and would ask your readers to study Ezekiel 37th, 38th and 39th chapters, for the purpose of assuring themselves that a literal Israel—apart from the Jews—exists to-day. Trusting that Professor Totten may continue to assume the rôle of watchman, and that his warning voice may be again heard, I am,

WILLIAM W. PINKERTON, Surgeon-Dentist,  
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.





HON. ROSWELL P. FLOWER, DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.—PHOTO BY C. M. BELL.



HON. J. SLOAT FASSETT, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

THE GUBERNATORIAL CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.



CRANBERRY-PICKING ON CAPE COD.—DRAWN BY BODFISH.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

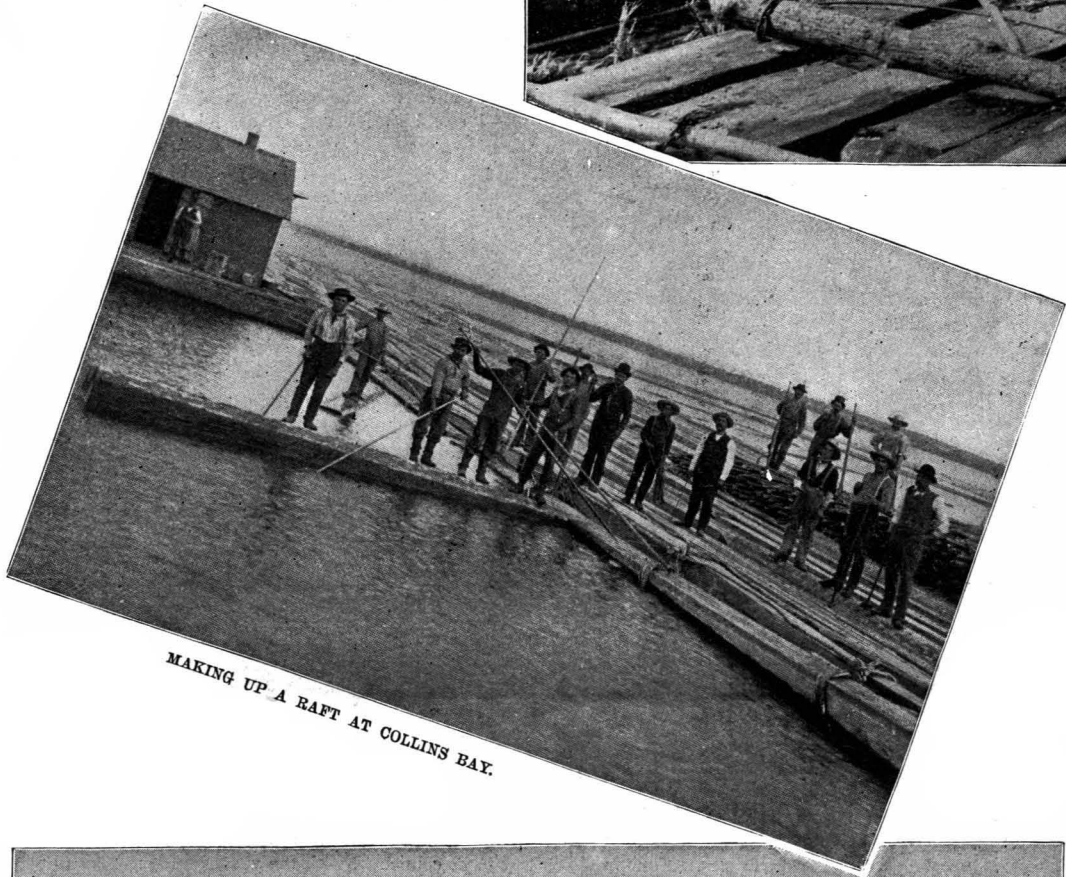




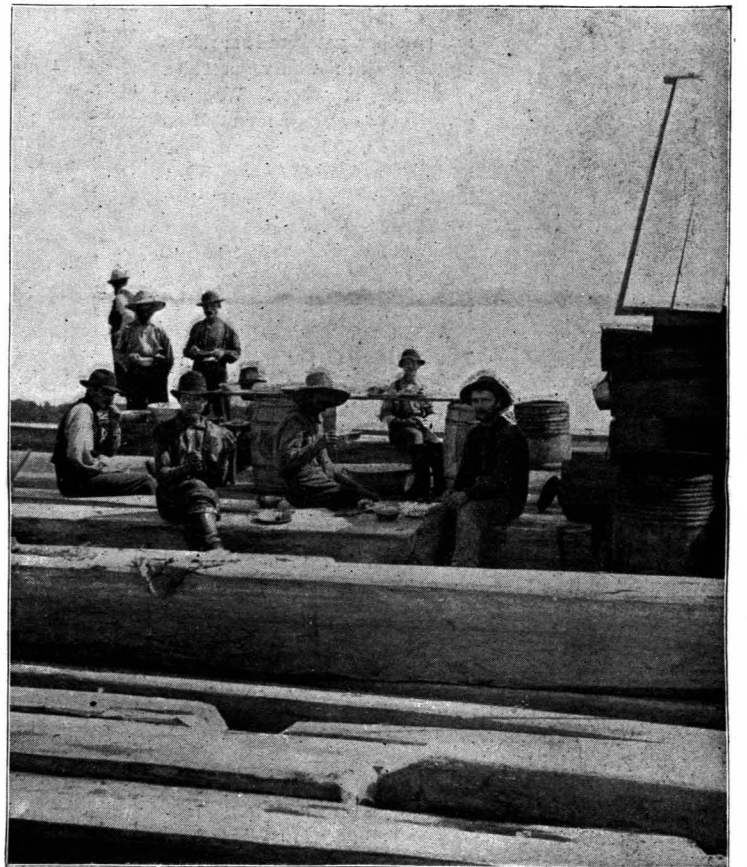
JOSEPH, THE COOK.



HEAD OF THE RAFT.



MAKING UP A RAFT AT COLLINS BAY.



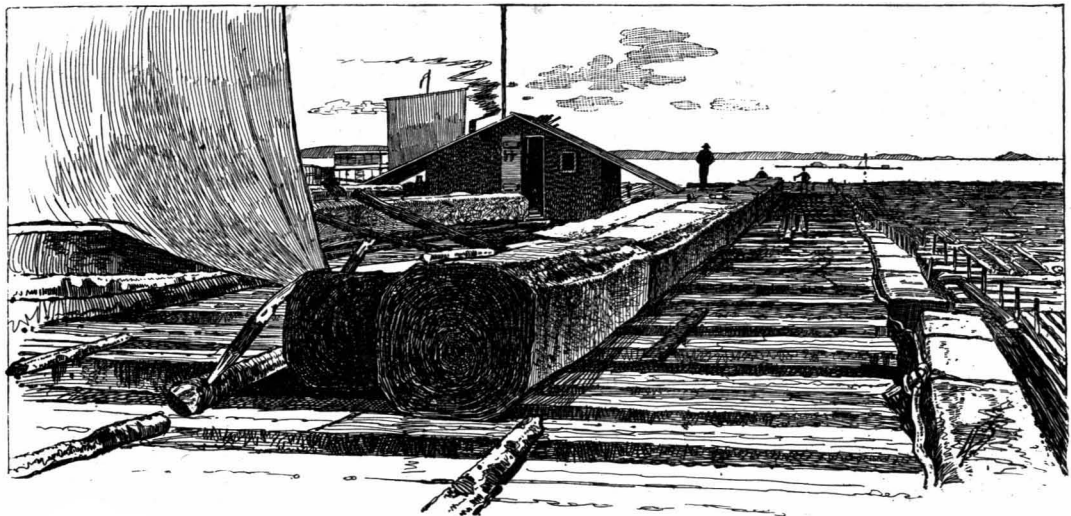
DINNER TIME.



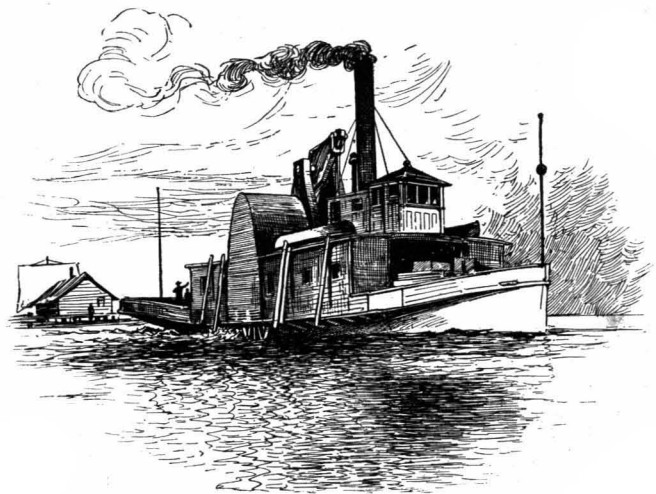
TIED UP FOR ORDERS.



BREAKING UP A RAFT.



A ST. LAWRENCE RAFT.



A TOW.

TIMBER-RAFTS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—FROM PHOTOS AND SKETCHES BY FRANK H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 118.]



## THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

WHEN royal autumn comes to reign,  
And queenly summer southward flies,  
With orient splendors in her train  
She passes under sapphire skies.

And nowhere in more lavish mood  
Does she her lovely form array,  
Than where the shores of Como brood  
Beneath the bland Italian day.

For there, in founts of rosy bloom,  
The frequent oleanders show,  
And, sweetening every garden gloom,  
The jasmine petals shed their snow.

So light the wayward airs that rove,  
The ilex branches scarcely stir;  
No sound disturbs the chestnut grove  
Save the soft dropping of the bur.

And none would dream the summer gone,  
Did not the fruit that bends the vine  
Gleam with the purple dyes that dawn  
Spreads all along the mountain line.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

## DORA.

BY MISS I. SMITHSON.

## I.

DUNCAN HOLMES (*soliloquizing in street-car*)—I don't believe in love at first sight, but I believe in fate. I always have believed in fate. Ten minutes ago I was on my way down town with the fixed intention of going in that direction and no other, yet here I am riding up town, with not the vaguest idea of stopping anywhere. What induced me to change my mind so suddenly? I have never done such an erratic thing before. What lovely, lovely eyes she has!

CONDUCTOR—Change cars for Thirty-fourth Street ferry!

DUNCAN—Shall I change cars? Perhaps I'd better.

A VOICE OUTSIDE—Bananas! Ten for a quarter! Put 'em up in a bag for yer?

DUNCAN—No, I'll stay where I am. It is true, I saw Sissy Tomkyns in this car as it passed me, but I would never run three blocks for the pleasure of talking to him. Much more likely to run the other way. He is an unmitigated ninny—every one knows that. I was immensely relieved when he got off the car.

VOICE AT THE WINDOW—Ten for a quarter!

DUNCAN—And then I got this seat directly opposite her. How fortunate! Was there ever such a face? And such beautiful hair! The old lady must be her grandmother—no, I don't want bananas. We were so near her when we were hanging on that strap together that she heard every word we said. I could see that plainly. That's Tomkyns's one virtue, he gives a person such opportunities for being brilliant.

(*Car goes on.*)

VOICE IN DISTANCE—Ten—quarter—bag for yer—

DUNCAN—It's fate, that's clear. It is a little dark in the tunnel, so now I can look at her without her knowing it. I have never seen such a pretty profile nor such a lovely smile. And what a soft, sweet voice she has! I could listen to it all day. The old lady seems to be a sensible sort of party. Why does she not drop her fan or her handkerchief, or do something to give me a chance of making myself useful?

CONDUCTOR—New Haven depot!

DUNCAN—Nearly every one is getting off the car. A little trip in the country would be agreeable, perhaps. No, I'll stay in town and go up the avenue. What is the old lady saying to her now? Something about the streets.

OLD LADY—We must not go too far up, Dora. You will have to ask the conductor. (*Looks round anxiously.*)

DUNCAN (*raising his hat*)—Can I be of any service, madam?

OLD LADY—Thank you. I want to know where number — Fifth Avenue is.

DUNCAN—I am not quite sure, but I will ask the driver. (*Goes out on front platform.*)

SMALL BOY IN THE STREET—Look out for de dog!

(*Car stops and frightened cur runs in.*)

SMALL BOY (*gleefully*)—There he goes! Mad dog, mad dog!

(*Lady passengers scream and rush out the other door.*)

DORA—Don't be frightened, grandma. Wait for me; you will fall, grandma!

CONDUCTOR—Well, I never seed such a stampede.

PASSENGER (*to Duncan*)—The young lady dropped her cape. There she goes; you can catch her.

DUNCAN (*taking it and rushing out*)—Fate is with me!

## II.

DUNCAN HOLMES (*smoking in his room*)—What a race I've had all the afternoon with that fur cape! I distinctly saw her and the old lady getting into a cab, and I ran blocks and blocks to catch them. There was such a crowd in the avenue that I could hardly keep the cab in sight—I knew it by the blue curtain at the back. At last it stopped, I came up breathless making my best bow, the door opened and two gentlemen got out. There were two cabs with blue curtains, and I had followed the wrong one! What a dilemma I was in! I was determined to find her before an advertisement for the cape appeared in the paper, for I would not relish going to her as if to claim "twenty

dollars reward." I turned the cape inside out in hopes of finding some clew to the owner, and in the little pocket was a slip of paper with three memoranda written in a delicate, running hand: "Note-paper, milliner, Charley's slippers." How I envied Charley, whoever he might be! Her brother, I thought, and she was going to order his slippers—a good, kind sister. There was nothing else in the pocket except this handkerchief. I have kept it as a souvenir. There can be no harm in such a theft as that. Some day, when we are both old, I shall hunt her up again and give it back to her, and we shall laugh together over the mad-dog episode. There is melancholy satisfaction in the prospect. It is a pretty little trifle daintily embroidered in blue, with her name in one corner—*Theodora*; a sweet, stately name, just suited to her. This shall never leave me until I give it into her own hands. When that time comes my hands will be wrinkled and shaky and my hair white, her blue eyes will be dim with years and her voice cracked—bah! what is the use of thinking of it? I don't believe in fate, but I believe in love at first sight. Ah, me! James is staying a long time. I told him to ride both ways. What a mercy it was that I did not carry out my first plan of applying for information at the house in Fifth Avenue to which they were going. I should have looked a precious idiot. I had made up my mind to relate the car incident in an off-hand way and to describe the two ladies, particularly the old one, her soft, white hair and gray eyes, and all that, but any one, at least any woman, would have seen that I was in love and would have taken infinite pleasure in enlightening me. I thank my lucky stars that I did not go there, but received another inspiration when within five yards of the house. I took one more look at the cape and saw that it was quite new and had the maker's name inside the collar. I dashed over to the elevated, caught the next train, rode down town, and reached the furrier's shop just as it was closing up. The proprietor was very obliging, called up his men, had the matter looked into, and informed me that a cape similar to the one I showed him had been made a week ago for a Mrs. Charles Botan. Married, married,—*Theodora*! He gave me her address. I shall leave on Saturday and join mother and the girls in Switzerland. Here is James. Well?

JAMES—It's all right, sir. The lady described the cape exactly, so I gave it to her. She was very much obliged to you, and the gentleman gave me five dollars, sir.

DUNCAN—Yes; very well. Now I want you to pack my small trunk. I am going to Europe. And, James, about what age is—er—the gentleman, Mr. Botan? Did he seem to be a feeble, delicate-looking sort of man at all?

JAMES—No, sir. I took him to be about thirty-six or seven—a little older than yourself, sir.

DUNCAN—Yes. Now go. Fate is against me!

## III.

DUNCAN HOLMES (*in his married sister's drawing-room two years later*)—It was certainly a strange coincidence, to say the least. Soon after reaching Geneva I saw in a New York paper the death, "suddenly," of Charles Botan, at the address to which I had sent the fur cape. Two weeks ago I came home, and while attending an afternoon tea, here at Margaret's, saw sitting in a corner, dressed in black, *Theodora*. I went to my sister and whispered, "Who is she?" "She?" returned Margie, "in black? Oh, that is Dora Botan. Poor dear! she has only just left off her cape. You must meet her; she is charming." In another minute we were standing before her. Margie said, hurriedly: "Dora, this is my brother, Duncan Holmes. You have heard me speak of him," and then flew off to greet a newcomer. Ah, what a delightful half-hour I passed talking to her, listening to her voice, and looking into her eyes! She is not much changed, though sadder than she was, and I fancied once that she had a dim recollection of me, but that is hardly possible. She did not speak of the fur-cape incident nor of her husband. I have met her twice in the street since then, and last Sunday I went into church with her. She promised me she would be here this evening, and she has kept her word.

(*His sister shows Dora in.*)

DORA—I am early, I see. Good-evening, Mr. Holmes; are we the first arrivals?

DUNCAN—No; there are several persons in the next room, but it is very comfortable here.

DORA—I have not been anywhere for so long that I feel quite strange.

DUNCAN—Yet, a musicale is not a formidable affair. Have this arm-chair, and I will take this one. Now, I want to tell you a secret.

DORA—A secret, Mr. Holmes?

DUNCAN—Yes; and to restore to you a piece of property of yours which accidentally came into my possession two years ago, and which I have feloniously retained and concealed until now. Oh, you need not think this is a joke, it is solemn truth. Have you forgotten?

DORA—Have I forgotten what?

DUNCAN—That we met two years ago, you and I. There is recollection written in your eyes, but you do not quite place me.

DORA—I thought I had seen you before and heard you talk.

Only yesterday I was thinking—

DUNCAN—Of me? Thank you. Now listen. I came up town to-day in a street car, and as we reached the tunnel I heard a familiar voice which gave me a thrill of delight. The words it said were unpoetic and commonplace: "Bananas! ten for a quarter. Put 'em up in a bag for yer?" In an instant I seemed to see you sitting opposite me, a sweet-faced old lady at your side. She asked me where No. — Fifth Avenue was. Do you remember now? A hunted dog ran through the car and you vanished from my sight. What is the matter? There are tears in your eyes.

DORA—Yes; I recollect it all. It was only a few weeks before my great, great sorrow—

DUNCAN—Oh, pardon me. I did not mean to grieve you so. Hark, the music is beginning. Shall we go into the other room?

DORA—No, thank you; we can hear very well. Are you fond of music?

DUNCAN—Yes; very. That fellow plays well, too.

DORA—I am so glad you thought dear grandma had a sweet face. It suited her character exactly. I nearly died when I lost her, and now I am quite alone.

DUNCAN—Is she dead? I am shocked to hear it. I had no idea you were in mourning for her. (*Aside.*) Where on earth is Botan, then?

DORA—Your face shows you are grieved. Thank you. I remember that you were very kind that day. (*Singing begins.*) That is a fine voice, but I am very tired of the song. Are not you?

DUNCAN—I do not know it.

DORA—Not know "*Marguerite*"?

DUNCAN—Yes, yes; of course! Pardon me, I was thinking of something else. I am glad we are not to have another verse. It is time I restored the rest of your property to you. This handkerchief has been all over Europe with me.

DORA—Did I drop it in the car? But, no; you have made a mistake. It is not mine.

DUNCAN—Not yours? I found it in the pocket of your fur cape, and it has your name. Look—*Theodora*!

DORA—Indeed you mistake. My name is Dorothea.

DUNCAN—I do not understand. Did not my servant go to your house in Seventieth Street?

DORA—No; he could not have done so, for I have always lived in Madison Avenue.

DUNCAN—But he saw your—your—Mr. Botan.

DORA—Who can you mean? I have no brother, and my father has been dead for ten years.

DUNCAN—But—but do you mean to say you did not lose your fur cape that day?

DORA—Mr. Holmes, I assure you I never lost a fur cape, for I never had one. I begin to understand now. The lady who sat next me in the car had one on her lap.

DUNCAN—I see, I see; I was on a wild-goose chase. But tell me, what is your name? Margie called you Dora Botan.

DORA—Here is my visiting card in her card-basket—look!

DUNCAN—*Miss Dorothea Boughton*—Miss Dorothea Boughton! *Miss!* Well, well, what an absurd mistake I made! Was there ever such a stupid? Sissy Tomkyns himself could not have done worse. Let me explain from the beginning.

DORA—Hark! A duett.

(*Tenor sings.*)

"For one brief space we met,

I looked on thee and loved, and lov-ed thee!"

DUNCAN—That is just my case.

DORA—It is not polite to talk during the singing.

DUNCAN—For two years I have loved you hopelessly, Dora—Dorothea. What say you?

DORA—Hush—sh! Listen!

(*Soprano sings.*)

"Look, look in mine eyes,  
And ask, and ask no more!"

## TIMBER-RAFTS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Led by the deep-lunged tow-boat on,  
With bellied sails its length along,  
Past woodland isle and busy town,  
The cumbrous raft is floating down.

ONE of the most picturesque of the many interesting marine features incident to summer-time life among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence is the timber-raft. Preceding it, with labored pulse and deep-drawn breath, comes the slowly advancing tow-boat, connected with the yet invisible raft by three hundred feet of tense yet heavy hawser. Then the raft comes out from behind an intervening islet, its wide, square sails spread to catch each passing ounce of wind to help along the mass. Board shanties and tents are scattered along its sinuous length. Groups of swarthy half-breed Canadian lumbermen are at work with axe and maul, still further binding and preparing the sections of the raft, known as drams, for the buffeting of its voyage through the tempestuous rapids farther down the river.

It is a favorite diversion with the summer sailors, in their handsome St. Lawrence skiffs, to go aboard these great drifting argosies of timber and scrape acquaintance with the crews. The dark-eyed, laughing half-breeds have long ago learned to expect these invasions, and seldom fail to make the visitor welcome. Almost daily during the summer these rafts pass down the river, and few, perhaps, who see them know their origin or destination.

At the foot of Lake Ontario, not far from the Canadian city of Kingston, two large concerns—the Collins Bay Rafting and Forwarding Company and the Calvin Company of Garden Island—control this peculiarly interesting traffic. These concerns operate steam tugs, steam barges and their consorts, as well as numerous sailing-vessels, which collect the timber from the mouths of streams along all of the great lakes, including Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Georgian Bay. The Michigan timber is chiefly oak and ash, and that from Ohio, collected along Lake Erie, is made up of squared and "wany" white and red pine.

At Collins Bay and Garden Island this incoming timber is made up into "drams" about 250 feet long and 58 feet wide, those containing pine being three tiers deep and those of oak but one tier deep, the former containing about 40,000 cubic feet and the latter about 12,000 cubic feet. A considerable amount of pine is also worked into the oak "drams," which would otherwise sink. Every stick in the bottom tier of the raft is securely bound with withes to pieces called traverses, which form a frame, under which the bottom tier is placed. The withes, of white birch or iron-wood, are made as pliable as rope. A raft may contain from four to twenty-four of these "drams." They average about eight "drams." The raft proceeds intact down the river as far as the head of the Long Sault rapids, through which the "drams" are run separately under the charge of a crew and pilot resident at and familiar with that place and work. Again the raft is gathered together and towed by steamer to Coteau landing, where another crew takes each section in turn down the Coteau, the Cascades, the Cedars, and Split Rock rapids. Then the raft drifts tranquilly across Lake St. Louis to the head of the dread Lachine Rapids, where the Lachine crew takes it through to Montreal, from which point it is smooth towing to the great lumber mart at Quebec. A portion of the original



crew generally goes through to the end of the journey, returning afterward by rail. The crews who engage in the perilous work of taking the timber down the rapids are paid \$2 or \$2.50 per diem each, the pilot getting double wages. The value of an average raft of, say, eight drams is about \$6,000 for oak and \$15,000 for pine. The time of the voyage varies from a week to a month, all being dependent upon many contingencies of more or less danger and uncertainty.

SWISS INDUSTRIES.

THIS little republic, on the eve of the celebration of its six-hundredth anniversary, represents some of the most important industries of Europe. The statistics of the export trade with the United States show a figure far beyond what might reasonably be expected. It embraces jewelry, furs, embroidery, cloth, tapestry, silk, ribbons, condensed milk, cheese, and a thousand and one little things that hardly seem to be of much importance in themselves but which amount to millions of dollars in the course of a year. It was to study the question of labor and emigration that the industrial centres were visited.

Chief among these centres of industry is the little town of St. Gall, or St. Gallen, as the Germans call it; this small city of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants shipped nearly half of all the Swiss exportations to the United States last year. The curtains, laces, and embroideries from St. Gall have of late years almost supplied the American market. The city has a fresh, thriving appearance, and the old, uncomfortable, antique buildings which are so often seen in other parts of Switzerland are here replaced by new stone and brick houses, such as can be seen in Denver and Omaha, or any of our booming Western towns. I asked a leading manufacturer the cause of this thrift, and he said: "The United States have rebuilt St. Gall. It was a little insignificant place, unvisited by tourists and hardly known outside of the canton, but within the last few years there has been no place so frequented by buyers from American houses, and there are at least a dozen American firms here that are constantly employed in shipping goods weekly to the United States."

Standing on a hill he pointed out nearly a score of magnificent mansions inhabited by "lace kings," all many times millionaires through their trade with our country.

As nearly all the important exportations consist of cotton goods embroidered, such as curtains, edgings, handkerchiefs, etc., and as nearly everything necessary to produce these articles is found in the United States, the question was, "Why are not these industries established in our land, in one of our many manufacturing towns, instead of St. Gall?" The answer came quickly, "Had you a duty of TWO HUNDRED PER CENT. in place of sixty, it would pay to manufacture these goods at St. Gall, the expense of transportation added. The reduced price of labor makes it more advantageous for us to manufacture on this side rather than to establish our factories in America. Take, for instance, this piece of goods: it costs ten cents a yard, we put labor enough on it to sell at ten dollars per yard; if the same amount of work were done in the United States and paid for on our scale of wages we would be obliged to ask at least thirty dollars a yard, and still our profits would be less than they are now."

"The question, then, of putting St. Gall industries in America depends solely on wages?" was asked.

"That is all," replied the manufacturer. "Were wages the same there as here, not a single mill in St. Gall would be in operation one month from now."

Going up to an embroidery-machine—a common pentagraphic-needle one—where a man and woman were at work, the former running the machine and the latter threading the needles, the question was asked:

"Now, how much does this man get?"

"The man and woman (generally husband and wife or father and daughter) labor together, and are paid on an average six dollars per week if they work all the time. These two can earn generally five francs, or ninety-six and a fraction cents, a day for the two. But if orders are fewer than usual and the demand for goods decreases, then the hours, and consequently the pay, diminish." As regards the making of curtains, it was ascertained that an expert workman, laboring steadily for fifteen hours a day, can make thirty or forty cents per diem, the hands and feet constantly in motion. This work is generally done at home. The design is stamped on the goods at the shop, and the click of the machine is heard three-fourths of the twenty-four hours of the day. When work is done in the factories it is all regulated by the workmen's union and the employers' syndicate; the price is always the same. The only way to do during slack times is to stop work, but never lessen the prices. Some work is done at the rate of one hundred stitches or by the yard; then arrangements can be made for dull times and no one can find out how low the wages received are.

Strange to say, beside a dismal, weary look on the older men and women, the laborers do not appear so badly. Meat is rarely eaten, except now and then a piece of sausage, which are cheaper in Switzerland than in any other part of Europe. Almost every workingman has a little piece of ground, where he raises potatoes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, and salads, which help to eke out a living. Their wants are few, so they manage to live on the low wages.

The manufactories of Bale have been greatly affected by the McKinley bill. Some have shut down entirely. The decline in the ribbon exports to the United States has been something remarkable. As this industry is mostly done by machinery, the endeavor now is to start factories where the "wages are high and land is cheap," and "there is room for all—free schools, free land, and meat every day, three times if wanted." These quotations are taken from some of the advertisements of the steamship companies that have agencies in every town, and offer to take emigrants through to America at low rates; and these men, women, and children hasten toward the West booked for different towns beyond New York. A good class of emigrants they are. No one in America will be the worse for their advent.

The increased duty on cheese and milk from foreign lands has produced almost the same effect on this district. Work is falling off, and the laborer, not being able to support himself, is turning his eyes and thoughts toward our land. These sturdy,

hard-working men and women will not make bad citizens for the New World.

The decline in the watch industry at Geneva began some time ago, so that very little change is found in this trade. The wages are regulated by the unions, and the demand is not great for the United States, as our own factories supply the home market except in a few special cases.

The music-box trade has diminished greatly, so that half the hands are employed now that there were a year ago. These people are forced to find employment in other trades. Alas, for the exporter and the music-box makers! Another noticeable fact at Geneva is that furs, like sealskins, can be bought cheaper here than in England. What a journey these skins take, from Behring Sea to London, thence to Geneva, to be made up for the retail store of the United States. The reason the skins are sent to Geneva to be made up is that labor is so cheap. Thirty and forty cents a day are considered high wages for twelve to fourteen hours of steady work.

As in St. Gall and Geneva, so it is found all over Switzerland, that it is not superior skill, not a higher grade of intelligence, but lower wages—this, and this only, is what makes Switzerland in so many instances the factory of the United States.

WILL TELL.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

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

IN the midst of summer we are in autumn, but we are, nevertheless, clinging tenaciously to our foulard gowns, with the ribbons and laces which set off our faces, while yet preparing some warm apparel, anent the arrival of the inevitable cold wave.

Russet browns are to be, and appropriately too, the favorite tints for autumn wear, and the newest homespuns, chevots and serges are all to be found in these warm shades. The plain skirt and coat style promises to remain in favor for yet another season, but the three-quarter jacket will give place to an all-round length, ranging from twenty-seven to twenty-nine inches, according to the height of the wearer. The pretty frilled shirts of silk which have been so generally becoming will give place also to tight-fitting waistcoats made of cloth, corduroy or buckskin. Pin-head spotted shot silks, which were introduced during the summer, make showy linings for open jackets to wear over waistcoats of corduroy, and are also being most successfully used for tea-gowns. A lovely example was in pale-green silk, shot and spotted with cream. It was edged at each side with a bias frill of the same, which outlined a wide front of *point de Venise*. It had huge mutton-leg sleeves, entirely formed of the lace. Another effective tea-gown has a jacket of serpent-green brocade, made with a perfectly loose back in three-quarter length and cutaway fronts bordered with a deep frill of black *crêpe de chine*, displaying a vest of the *crêpe de chine* fully draped and tied in a wide bow at the waist, falling into long ends to the hem of the brocade skirt.

There are many rumors as to coming fashions, and one as regards cloth jackets is that they will have loose backs, fronts falling from the shoulders, and huge velvet sleeves. They will certainly be very comfortable to wear, and strike a happy medium between the mantle and the coat, but it is doubtful if they will obtain much in popular favor, for there are so few women who care to sacrifice the outline of the waist, or who can at any rate gracefully do so.

The zouave jacket is ever so generally becoming that with each season it would appear to take on a new lease of life. In this week's illustration it is shown in its handsomest form. The



AFTERNOON TOILETTE.

dress proper is made of a curious, dull shade of old-rose cloth, cut in princess shape and fastened invisibly under the arm. Over the bodice is worn an open zouave of black silk guipure, and at the throat is a huge bow of spotted chiffon.

Another extremely stylish costume is in black vigogne. The coat has pointed revers reaching to the waist, and is cut below with one short tab at each side of the front. The edges are bordered with a row of gold fancy gimp, while the fichu-like

waistcoat is of a coarse black lace threaded liberally with gold and streaked with red and green. The belt, which passes over the jacket at the back and under the tabs in the front, is after the rococo style, and harmonizes capitally with the colors in the vest.

The finest faced cloths will find a rival in the ribbed goods which have been already introduced in such handsome varieties, and among the novelties are figures and stripes which have been added to the plain ribbed Bedford cords of last winter. There are also *broché* effects and feathery designs in two shades of color. These may be chosen for the entire dress, or used only for the skirt and sleeves with a bodice of plain woolen fabric. In many of the plain goods the *crêpon* finish which was so popular in the summer fabrics is noticeable. These are crinkled in stripes of varied widths, or else all over evenly, as in the real English *crêpe*. For tailor-made gowns the familiar faced cloths, chevots, and camel's-hair will remain in favor, occasionally varied by small broken checks and irregular stripes. It is to be observed in the new materials that there is a tendency to lighten their weight, while the warm, rich look is obtained from ribs and tucks or fleecy stripes. Light shades in color are also obviously in favor.

*Ella Star*

LIFE INSURANCE.—MORE QUERIES.

I HAVE a number of inquiries regarding the New York Life. These come from various quarters and some of them affect the character of the company. For instance, "L. H. C.," of Detroit, Michigan, asks: "If the charges preferred against the New York Life are true, how will they affect the company and its policy-holders?" He also asks if the dividends accruing from policies have not been reduced and if this does not corroborate the charges against the company.

"A. E. T.," of High Point, N. C., pursuing the same line of inquiry, asks how the troubles of the New York Life have terminated; if its strength is impaired by the reports in circulation, and what kind of a report the Insurance Commissioner of New York has made.

I reply that I cordially approve of the action of the trustees of the New York Life in dismissing from the company an employé who seems to have been at the bottom of the charges made against the concern and who, in the face of those charges, had the assurance to continue in the employ of a company he bitterly assailed.

The Insurance Commissioner of this State is making a thorough and careful examination of the New York Life's affairs. Commissioner Pierce, who, since he entered upon the duties of this important office, has developed remarkable aptitude for the peculiar requirements of the place, and has won deserved praise for the fairness, impartiality, and thoroughness of his administration, intends to make the examination of the New York Life's affairs so complete and exhaustive that it will not be questioned.

No one doubts the entire soundness of the New York Life. Even its most violent accusers admit that it has millions of surplus in its treasury. It is ridiculous to imagine that a company like this can be ruined in a day. Of course charges made against any concern, however reputable it may be, for a time must injure it; but I am satisfied that the New York Life is as sound as a dollar and that its examination will officially sustain this statement.

I am watching its progress carefully, and shall give my readers the result of that examination as soon as it can be ascertained. Meanwhile I advise policy-holders of the New York Life not to be worried over the situation. I do not think they have cause for alarm. The dividends may have decreased in the past few years. Interest rates generally have decreased and the dividends of many insurance companies of the highest standing have been smaller in consequence. This is no indication that the charges against the New York Life are true. I hope my readers will carefully peruse the correspondence between the trustees and the discharged cashier, Mr. Banta. It is interesting reading.

QUERIES ANSWERED.

"R. A. Q.," of Vicksburg, Miss., wants to know what I think of the Penn Mutual of Philadelphia.—Ans. It is an old-line, conservative Quaker concern, and I think well of it.

"Standford," of Portland, Oregon, says he carries a considerable line of insurance in the Mutual Life of New York, and that the agent of a rival company has shown him a book in which it is figured that the Mutual has a less proportion of assets and liabilities than the New York Life or Equitable. "Standford" says, on making his own calculations of the figures given by the different companies, he arrived at the conclusion that the Mutual was ahead, and adds: "Certainly it does not appear to me that a company having \$100,000,000 more of outstanding insurance liabilities than the Mutual, with about \$30,000,000 less assets, could be considered as strong as the Mutual."—Ans. In reply to this I simply say what I have said before, that almost any company can figure out ratios and percentages so as to make a good showing for itself. Figures do lie when they are handled by experts.

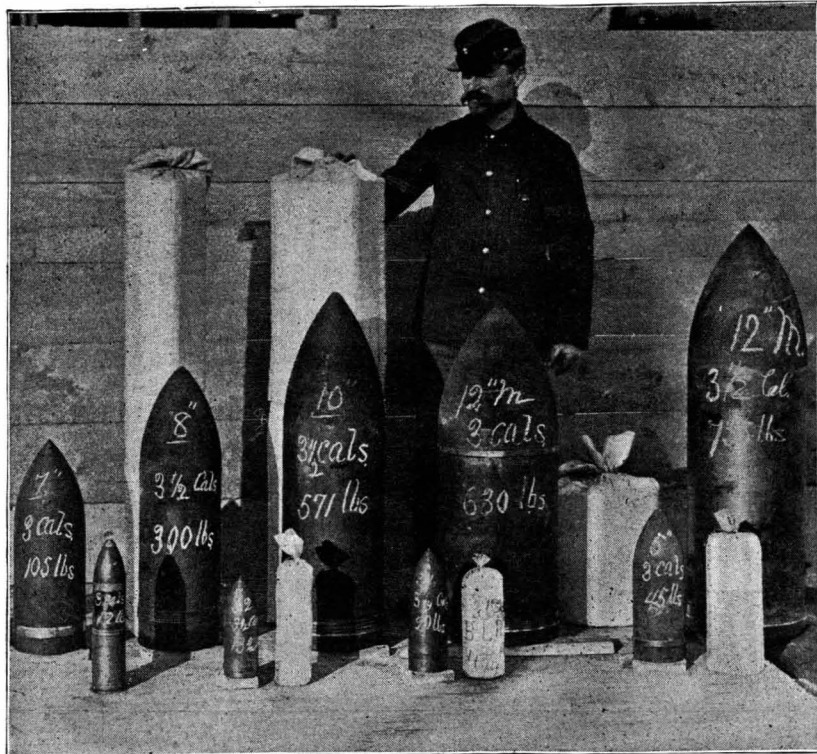
"L. C.," of Cherryvale, Kan., writes: On the renewal receipt of one of the largest life insurance companies is printed: "This receipt shall not be valid unless signed by \_\_\_\_\_, general agent at \_\_\_\_\_ [city]." To state a case, I will assume the general agent's name is N. H. Signature. The renewal receipts are delivered annually to assured, but are signed thus: "N. H. Signature, General Agent.—H." The general agent does not sign, but "H." (his clerk) signs agent's name. What we want to know is whether we should accept the receipt signed by "H." the clerk, or whether we should insist upon the general agent's own signature. If the clerk "H." can sign, then why do the company make the unqualified condition quoted above?—Ans. It should be signed by the general agent unless authority can be shown for a signature by proxy. I do not believe that anybody but the general agent should sign, and if I had such a receipt, should refer it to the home office.

"H.," of Augusta, Me., writes: If the premium rates of the old-line companies are as low as consistent with the conduct of a safe business how is the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association able to offer sound insurance for one half these rates? Please give me your opinion of the strength and permanence of this company as compared with the New York Mutual Life or Equitable, and consider the two systems employed, in a manner to afford substantial advice to those who wish to make the best investment and secure the greatest protection from life insurance.—Ans. The Mutual Reserve is probably one of the best, if not the best of its kind, and the others are among the best of their kind. Of course the higher price charged by old-line companies is charged for greater security. The Mutual Reserve is not an old-line company and is trying a plan that thus far has worked successfully. But the result of any system of insurance can only be told after years of experience. This experience the old-line companies have had, and for it and for the security they are required by law to give in the matter of their reserve, which is not required of assessment companies, they are entitled to and charge an extra price.

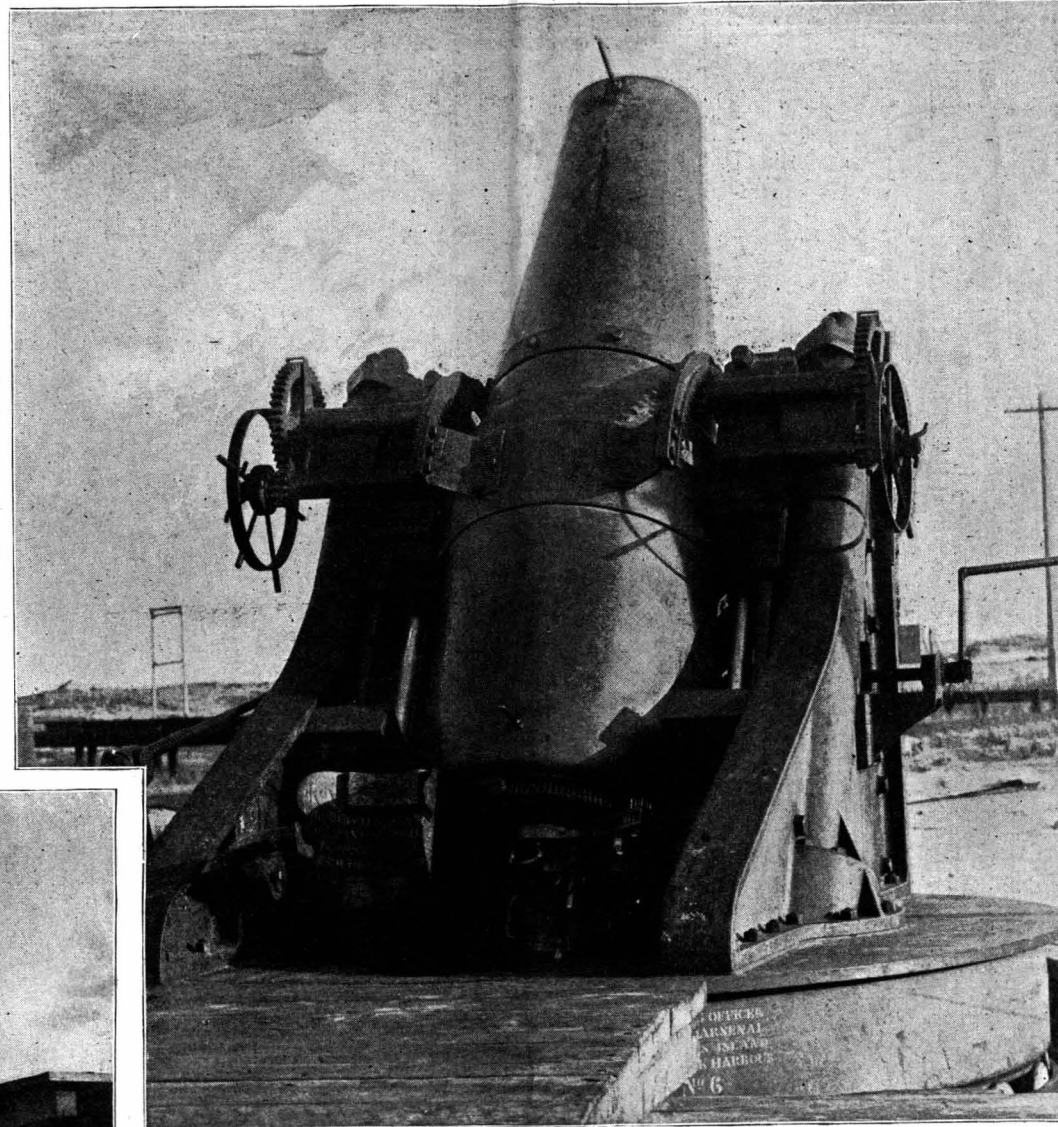
*The Hermit.*



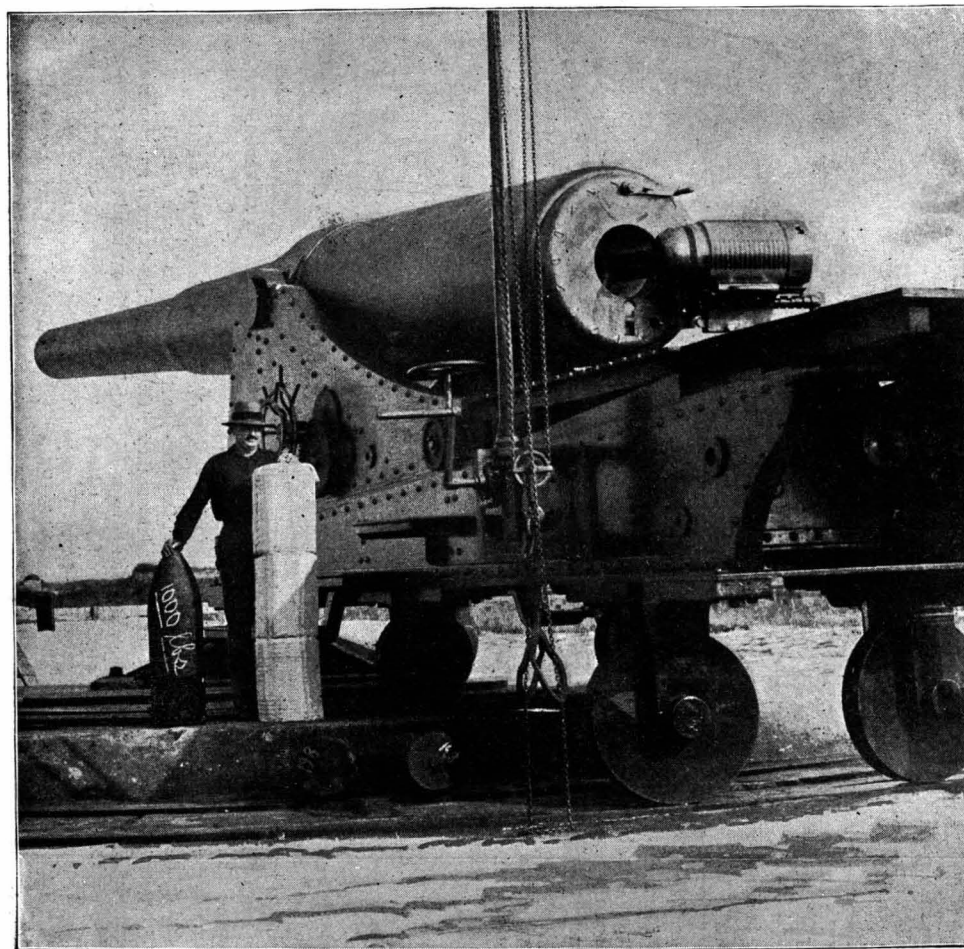
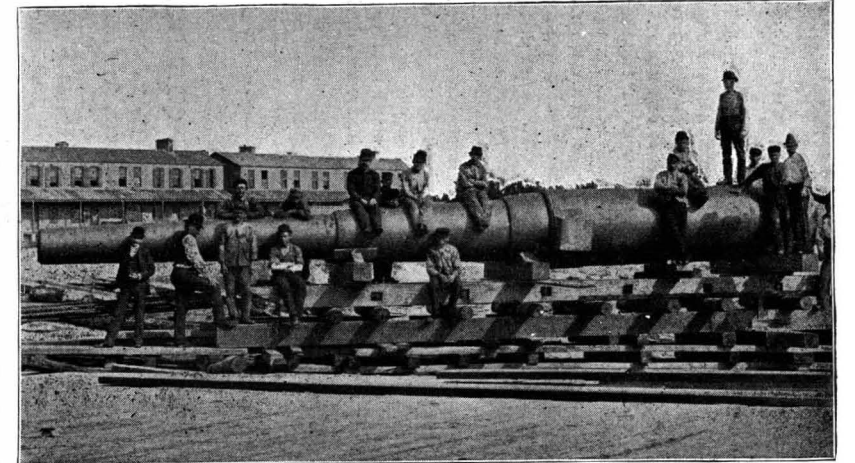
AMMUNITION FOR FIELD, SIEGE, AND SEACOAST GUNS.



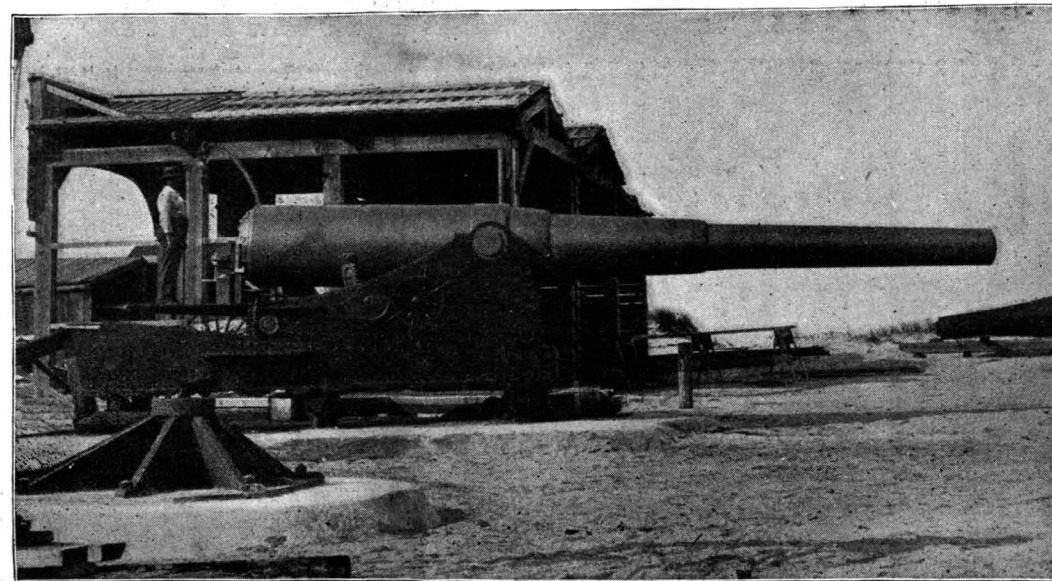
12-INCH BREECH-LOADING MORTAR.



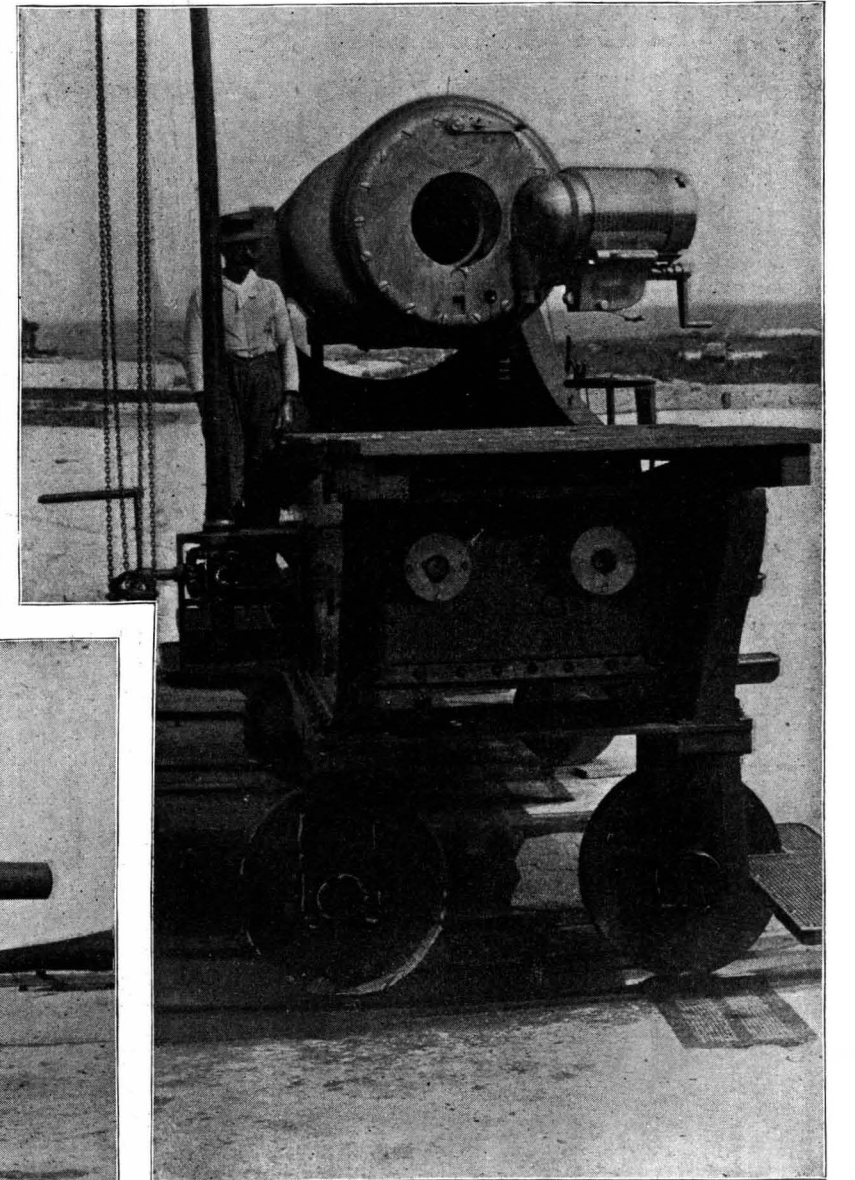
HAULING 12-INCH RIFLE FROM BEACH TO BATTERY AT SANDY HOOK PROVING-GROUND.



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE WITH AMMUNITION.



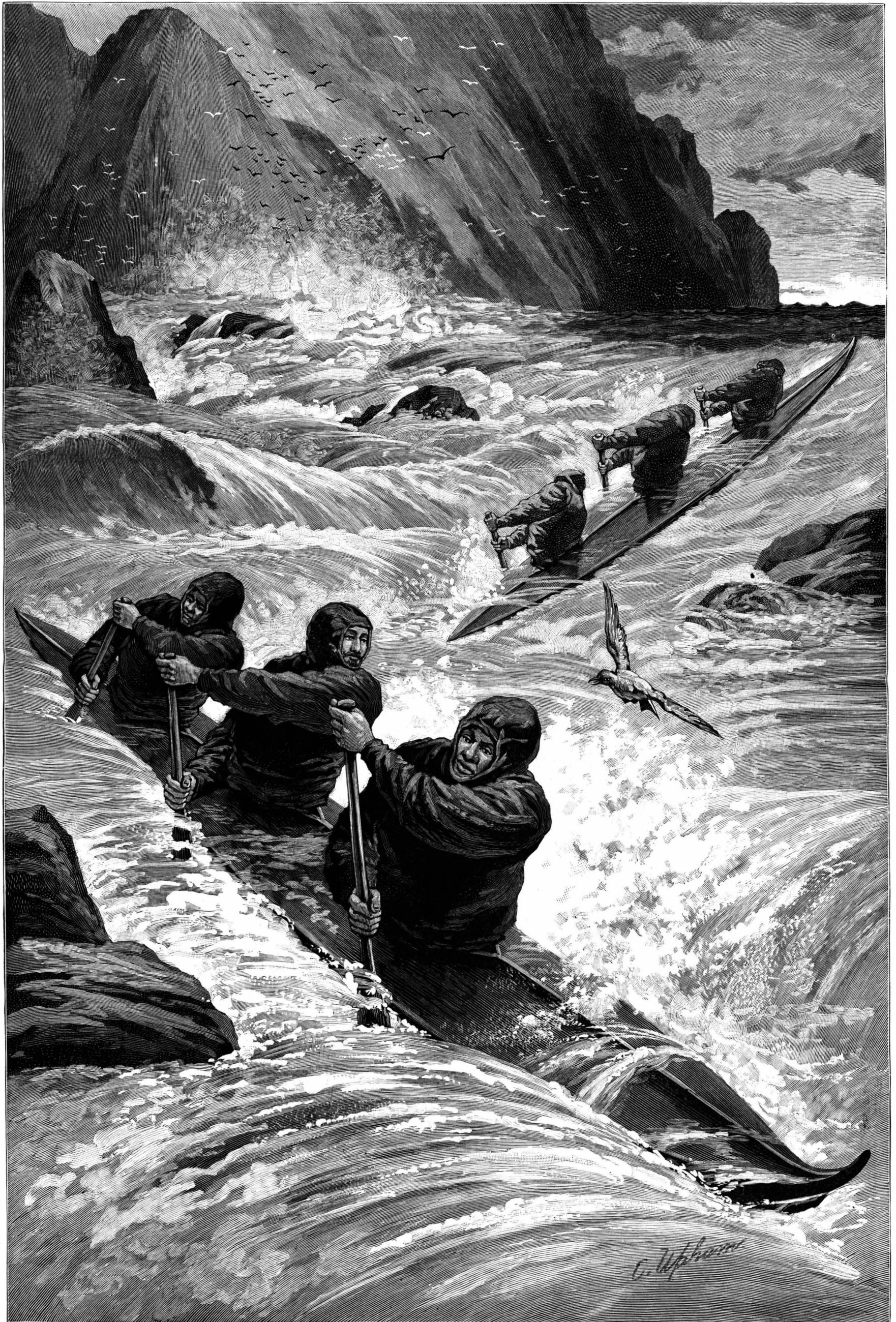
12-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE ON PROOF CARRIAGE AT SANDY HOOK PROVING-GROUND.



12-INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE—REAR VIEW SHOWING BREECH MECHANISM.

THE GREAT GUNS AT SANDY HOOK.—FROM PHOTOS BY LIEUTENANT W. W. GIBSON, UNITED STATES ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 122.]





OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.—THE EXPLORER A. B. SCHANZ, WITH W. C. GREENFIELD, A CENSUS ENUMERATOR, ROUNDING KULLUKUK POINT, BEHRING SEA, IN THEIR SEVEN-HUNDRED-MILE CANOE JOURNEY TO NUSHAGAK.—DRAWN BY C. UPHAM.—[SEE PAGE 122.]



## OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

THE NARRATIVE OF MR. A. B. SCHANZ—HIS EXPERIENCES AND DISCOVERIES.

**A**FTER the long weeks of intense suffering when I was prostrated with illness at the lonely boundary camp on the upper Yukon, there came the period of recovery and the re-establishment of confidence. I could not believe in a recuperation of my physical powers during those days of my creeping about in the sunshine, for the recollection of my yielding to the first heavy onslaught of exposures and hardships was still too strong upon me. But the hilarity of the Fourth of July, 1890, awakened me to a recognition of the improvement in my condition. By way of saluting Independence Day in the proper manner, and in the absence of a battery of cannon, a number of the Coast Survey boys of Mr. McGrath's party cut several huge logs, and by drilling holes into them with a two-inch bit and loading them full of powder, managed to make considerable noise. I had tottered out of the dug-out to see the star-spangled banner flutter and to watch the boys at play. Before the day was over I had joined in the war-dance and in the other sports which marked the holiday, and had found that I was well. The month which followed was an era of chafing and restlessness, for the old spirit of adventure was upon me, and the long walks in the vicinity of the camp—walks which were really hard-fought struggles against the density of the primeval forest—were just enough to whet my appetite for more of the overwhelming grandeur and the overawing silence of Alaska's wilderness. My desire to continue my travels was infectious, and before July was over one of the best of the fellows engaged in fixing the United States boundary, James A. French, of Washington (a cousin of the sculptor Daniel C. French), had resigned from the Survey. After that, we were wont to sit on the river bank in the primitive smoke-house, where scores of disemboweled salmon were acquiring a tanned complexion and a resinous flavor, and make plans for the future. After several weeks of urging, Mr. McGrath, my host at the boundary camp, tired of our grumbling, consented to furnish us for the descent of the Yukon with a miner's boat constructed primitively of whip-sawn lumber, and with sufficient provisions to take us to the next trading-post, seven hundred miles below.

On August 13th, then, we pushed out into the five-knot current and were whisked out of the sight of our friends. The next three weeks presented to us, through the long, dreamy days, the wonderful natural beauties of the upper Yukon palisades; the tiresome monotony of the Yukon flats; the wonderful wild-rose tangles on the site of old Fort Yukon (only a memory now); the frowning bluffs of the lower ramparts with their astounding multiple echoes and their bruin population; the turbulent mouths of the Porcupine and the Tananah, and the exciting whirlpools of the lower rapids. And after the prismatic sunsets, when the remarkable green flashes had died away and the few hours of the gray and grewsome night had sunk down upon earth, Nature overawed us with the fitful and ghostly flittings of her mysterious glow—the aurora. We met many varieties of the native Alaskan on our trip and found them uniformly kindly, hospitable, filthy and mendicant, and eventually, when the tedious problem of navigating through the delta with its interminable stretches of mud banks and tundra presented itself before us, we had the good fortune to be picked up by a trading steamer and carried through the Aphoon Mouth to Fort St. Michael's, on Norton Sound, Behring Sea. Thus far we had, in as pleasant manner as his own, even to the lift by the trading steamer, followed the route of the valiant Lieutenant Schwatka. But now the similarity of the trip ceased, for whereas the daring lieutenant opportunely met transportation at St. Michael's, we found that the last vessel, the revenue cutter *Bear*, had already departed to the southward. My delightful traveling companion, to whose heroic conduct I owed my life on one memorable occasion,\* decided to winter at the old Russian fort, St. Michael's, and I bade him a regretful farewell.

For I myself, though having the best excuse for following his example, and in antagonism to every advice given by the experienced travelers at the post, considered it my duty to keep moving, and in this opinion found a colleague in the person of William C. Greenfield, census enumerator of the Yukon district, and the only man in Alaska whose geniality, whose energy, perseverance, and courage could have replaced the individuality of James A. French. And so we turned Esquimaux, Greenfield and I, crawled into the centre hatches of two three-holed bidarkas

\* On this occasion, while we were within the Arctic zone, we stopped on an island as usual for our noonday lunch. The wind was brisk and ahead. At two o'clock French and I were at some distance in shore cooking our meagre meal at a small fire in the lee of some willow brush. Our boat had been pulled up on the beach, but the heavy sea gradually loosened its hold and much to our horror we suddenly discovered it floating calmly away and gaining impetus with the wind. It was ten yards from shore, no bottom, and all our earthly possessions, including provisions, were on board. We ran to the beach at our greatest speed and on the way disrobed partly, with the intention of plunging in after it. The cold, rushing torrent balked us for a moment, when I, recovering my presence of mind, tore off the rest of my clothing and plunged in after the truant. I swam hard for a hundred feet before I found that a bath within the Arctic Circle is not what it might be in the way of pleasure. The treacherous under-currents of the Yukon's icy waters dragged me out of my course while the wind drove the boat faster and faster to the other shore. Suddenly my left leg was seized with a cramp, and thus crippled I turned and made for the shore. I knew I should need assistance, and called to French to take off his clothes. He misunderstood me in his excitement, and all left for me to do was to gasp for help. My strength was waning and I thought my end had come. Still I swam as well as I could. I was being rapidly carried down stream by the torrent, struggling for life, while French ran along the beach wringing his hands and entirely at a loss what to do. Finally his noble instincts, rather than a thought, caused him to seize a long, slender spruce from among the drift-wood on shore, and, plunging into the water to his waist, to push it out into the stream, retaining a hold, however, of the larger end. The good boy looked like an angel to me then, and with renewed courage I struggled for that spruce. I reached it just in time, grasped it, and was pulled ashore half drowned. Another moment and this division of the expedition would have ended its work. I was unconscious for some minutes, but my companion rubbed renewed warmth into me after carrying me to the camp fire, where I remained to recuperate, while he ran down the beach to watch the boat. The latter by this time had reached the other shore about a mile below us and, as it turned out, had caught itself by its painter on a snag a short distance from the bank. French lost no time, but with remarkable ingenuity built a raft of three drift-logs, which he tied together with rags, belts, suspenders, and strips of the linings of our coats. On this primitive craft, while I in my weakened condition wept with nervousness, he paddled to the other side, and after making his way barefooted through the thick woods and brush to a point opposite the boat, he swam several yards in the icy water to secure the runaway. I shall never forget the joy I experienced when in the distance I saw his tiny figure standing up in the stern sheets of the recovered boat and heard faintly his cry of triumph. He pulled over after me and in the evening we were again on our way.

(decked sealskin canoes), and with two corpulent, greasy, and tireless Innuits each, turned back up the Yukon to the Ikogmute Mission and began from that point a journey southward of seven hundred miles. That was September 11th, and a nasty, murky, rainy day I remember it to be. It was certainly late to start on such an undertaking, and before the month's trials were over we had had many a bitter encounter with storm and tide-wave, and with the advance ice-crusts and snow-flakes of the impending winter. Nights, black nights, in our frail barques on the shoreless Kuskokvim; wet, cheerless nights, cramped in our hatches and fighting the southwest hurricane; tempestuous and sleepless nights on the open Behring Sea, and hungry, soggy nights ashore, huddled with aching vitals before a feeble fire of dwarf willow—all haunt me still. And when, in my coming gray years, rheumatic pains rack my wearied limbs, I'll know where to look back for the first cause. There were few cheerful moments in those four weeks of outraged nature, and the trip ended in a frightful storm, during which my companion and I became separated in the fury of the tempest and considered each other lost; during which I was the play of the elements for two days and two nights in a craft having ten broken ribs, and which eventually resulted in our being cast ashore, after three days' starvation, at a point eleven miles from our destination and only a mile from a salmon cannery, a fact I did not ascertain for a whole day.

It was October 11th when Greenfield and I, who had each arrived at Fort Alexander, usually known as Nushagak trading-post, bemoaning the other's fate, embraced each other in mutual congratulation. Here I failed to secure willing and competent guides, and decided to remain for a taste of winter travel. My companion continued his way south, reached the Pacific, and returned safely to the civilization of the Golden State. I went into winter quarters.

Thus in these few words of introduction I have traveled 2,500 miles. Over most of this route I was followed a month later by E. H. Wells, of the expedition, to whose facile pen and talented pencil has been intrusted the duty of describing the natural wonders of this magnificent stretch, and of conveying to the reader a bright idea of the incidents which mark the field life of an explorer.

I am now ready for an account of my winter's work,—the ascent with dogs and sleds of the Nushagak, Mulchtna, and Kokhtuli rivers; the discovery of the Chulitna River, of Lake Clark, of the Noghelin River; the crossing of Lake Iliamna on the ice, the descent of the Kwichagak River, and the crossing of the Aliashka peninsula.

### \* \* \* \* \* PREPARATIONS FOR A SLEDDING TOUR.

At Nushagak, in charge of the trading-post, there has lived for nearly a score of years a man whose personal qualifications for a worldly career, whose reading, breeding, manly characteristics, and genial traits have been a loss to the world for all that time. I refer to John W. Clark, the agent at this point for the land fur industry of the Alaska Commercial Company. An excellent portrait of this gentleman will be found in this issue. His object in devoting himself to such a hermit life has not been material gain, but his peculiar, thoughtful qualities of mind have given him that taste for the solitude and the natural grandeur of Alaska which has been displayed by many other brilliant men who have visited that mysterious Territory and have left it only to return to it. I was received by Mr. Clark with the greatest hospitality and, much to my surprise, was introduced by him to a study containing shelves replete with all the masters of ancient and modern literature. A few minutes' conversation revealed to me the man, had not his countenance and bearing shown me his excellent traits. Unfortunately, for a number of reasons, it was impossible for me to take up quarters directly at the post, and I accepted the invitation, at least for a time of my stay, of the Rev. F. E. Wolf, Moravian missionary at Carmel, near the Esquimau village of Kanulik, three miles above Fort Alexander. Mr. Wolf and his charming family, as well as the two young lady missionaries present at Carmel, vied with each other to contribute to my comfort while I was their guest. During the long winter I repeatedly enjoyed, at temperatures ranging far below zero, the seemingly incongruous experience of taking long walks over the ice hummocks of the Nushagak in the company of a charming young American girl who is devoting the best years of her life to the care of savage souls. And yet I have laid claim to the sympathy of many of my friends in the metropolis.

Of course I paid frequent visits to Mr. Clark, and spent in his company many agreeable days, which formed a pleasant relief from the unavoidable monotony of a winter in Alaska, however pleasant one's associations. I devoted myself, as soon as the first snow-storm had covered the earth with a lasting layer, to the purchasing and training of a team of Esquimau dogs. These animals I acquired one by one, or in groups of two or three, at the several Esquimau villages within a radius of twenty miles of Nushagak. I picked my dogs, devoted myself to them most generously, and soon had the satisfaction of having a team of eleven most excellent animals, headed by a leader who certainly was endowed with reasoning powers. With this outfit I made innumerable practice trips of from five to forty miles, until I had them well in hand, and with a sled presented to me by Mr. Wolf, was proud of one of the best equipments in the Territory. Many of the long winter evenings I spent manufacturing dog harness, and besides making them as strong and useful as was necessary, I paid considerable attention to their adornment, finishing up each set with a bright red tassel surmounted by the bushy tail of a ground squirrel. A few bells which I happened to find at the mission completed the affair, and my arrival in a native village usually caused general demonstrations of delight, too frequently, however, interspersed with exclamations of unmistakable ridicule.

One evening, when my team and I were guests of Mr. Clark's hospitable board and fish-house, my trader host happened to mention, in a comfortable conversation over a cup of tea, that he had repeatedly heard, through trading parties from the interior, of a large lake north of Lake Iliamna, and the real source of the latter's water supply. The hint was enough. I had previously had vague notions of some trip I desired to make during the winter, but they were shapeless, and now there lay before me a problem of the greatest interest to geographical science and

a task capable of many unexpected results, besides the opportunity for indulging my favorite wish—that of performing an extended Arctic trip with the dogs and sled.

My first object was to persuade Mr. Clark to accompany me on a search for this great lake, a proposition to which he did not prove himself at all averse. He required, however, a few weeks' time to consider, a period which I improved by at once beginning preparations for the trip. For, although the company of Mr. Clark was to me of course extremely desirable, and almost essential, I had made up my mind to look for the lake alone with natives, if not accompanied by white men. When the allotted time was over, however, Mr. Clark signified his willingness, almost anxiety, to join me, and he made the welcome announcement that he would furnish two teams, and that one of the two would be in charge of Innokente Shishkin, a young Russian residing at the post. Now the whole female Esquimau population of Nushagak was busied with the manufacture of fur clothing, fur boots, sled covers, sleeping sacs, and a thousand and one less important articles not precisely essential for a trip of this kind, but conducive to the general comfort of the traveler. Stocks of provisions were laid in, feed for the dogs secured in the shape of dried salmon, and a very welcome contribution of delicacies was received from Mr. Wolf and added to the equipment. By the middle of January, 1891, everything was ready. In the meantime there had been a continuous spell of extremely cold weather (the thermometer falling as low as 58° below zero), and we were perfectly safe in assuming that the lakes, even the largest, were most thoroughly covered with a substantial layer of ice. The weather, however, at this time had become warmer, the temperature being at times a degree or two above freezing point. This caused disagreeable thaws which delayed our start. Eventually, when the long-expected cold snap failed to appear, we were compelled, in order not to lose our chance, to leave under rather adverse circumstances. The icy layer on the Nushagak River was covered with three feet of fluffy snow on January 29th, the day of our departure.

In addition to our dog outfit, the articles of our personal equipment and supplies, we were equipped with a sextant, an artificial horizon, a prismatic compass, and other instruments for making a rough survey of the territory through which we were to pass, and a photographic camera. In the expectation of reaching a number of villages not restricted on the census plans, I had also been supplied by Mr. Wolf, special agent for the Nushagak district, with the necessary blanks, and empowered by him to enumerate such villages as I have referred to. This precaution proved to be a good one, for I secured the population, by individuals, of sixteen villages along my route.

A. B. SCHANZ.

## GUNS FOR SEACOAST DEFENSE.

**T**HE illustrations on page 120 give a clear idea of the nature and character of the high-power steel rifles and mortars designed by the Ordnance Department of the United States Army for our seacoast defenses. The 12-inch steel breech-loading rifle, of which there are three illustrations, is the heaviest and most powerful gun ever built or mounted in this country. It is representative of the most recent type of heavy-gun construction, and in its design and manufacture are combined the highest developments of modern science, mechanical skill, and ingenuity. The metal employed is steel, forged, annealed, and tempered so as to produce the qualities of strength, tenacity, ductility, and elastic resistance required. The gun is "built up" of thirty-two pieces of this metal, the largest of which are the central tube extending the entire length of the gun, and the jacket placed over the rear half of the tube. The combined strength of these two pieces is sufficient to afford all the resistance necessary in the direction of the length of the gun. To further strengthen it in the direction of its circumference thirty steel hoops are "shrunk" on after the manner of the tire on a wheel. All the parts are so proportioned and assembled that initial strains are induced near the bore of the gun directly opposed to those that would be induced by the explosion of the powder charge, and by this means the strength of the gun is greatly increased, as the force of the fired powder must overcome these initial strains before it can bring into play those strains which tend to rupture the metal of the gun.

The gun is rifled in the usual manner, with sixty lands and grooves, and the breech is closed, as shown in the illustration, by the method known as the slotted-screw system. A vent is perforated through the breech-block, along its axis, by which the flame from the electric primer is communicated to the charge within. The projectile for this gun, shown in the illustration, weighs 1,000 pounds; for the charge 440 pounds of prismatic powder are used, put up in three cartridges, each containing over sixteen hundred hexagonal-shaped prisms. The total length of this charge is over five feet; its actual size may be appreciated by examining the illustration. The gun was manufactured at the army gun factory, Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, N. Y., from which place it was sent to the Sandy Hook proving-ground. Here it will be tested by ascertaining its range at various angles of elevation, its accuracy, rapidity of fire, and endurance under long-continued firing. Unless the calculations of our experts are erroneous, the range of this gun will be upward of eleven miles, and the energy of its 1,000-pound projectile when leaving the bore will be sufficient to enable it to penetrate twenty-five inches of the best steel armor that can be made. Similar rifles of 8-inch and 10-inch calibre have appropriate places in the scheme of seacoast fortification.

A prominent feature in the same plan is the use of heavy rifled mortars of 12-inch calibre. The most powerful of these is built up of steel in the same manner as the 12-inch rifle. It is much shorter than the rifle, takes a smaller charge, and fires at high angles of elevation a heavy shell charged with powder or some higher explosive. Mounted as shown, in sunken batteries, in groups of sixteen or more, salvos of shots may be fired which will strike the decks of armored vessels six miles away with destructive effect. The shells for these mortars may be provided with percussion fuses, whose action may be so delayed as to permit the shell to effect complete penetration to the vital parts of the vessel before the final explosion takes place. The ability of these mortars to produce the results anticipated was well

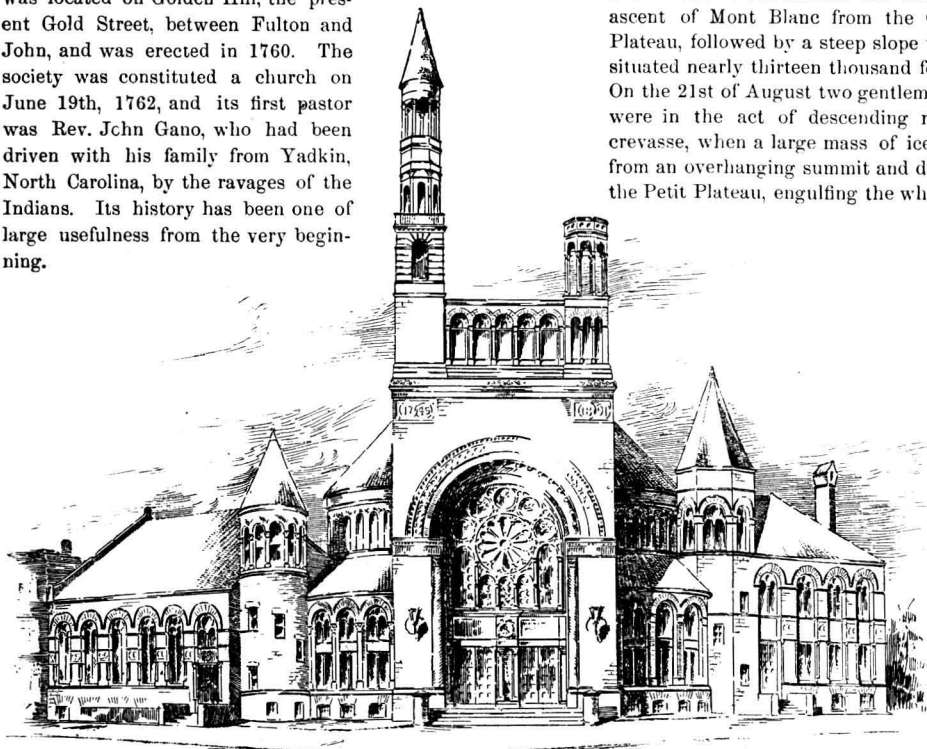


shown in a recent trial at the Sandy Hook proving-ground, when a single shot, propelled by about one-half the normal charge of powder, completely destroyed a 4½-inch steel plate, representing the thickest deck armor of a man-of-war.

Owing to liberal appropriations by Congress the manufacture of these guns is in a fair state of progress, and it is believed that in the not distant future our fortifications will be armed as required by the conditions of modern warfare.

A HISTORIC CHURCH.

WE give herewith an illustration of the proposed new edifice of the First Baptist Church Society of New York, the corner-stone of which has just been laid. This society had its origin in 1745, at which time meetings were held at the house of Joseph Meeks in Maiden Lane. Subsequently services were held in a rigging-loft on East and House Streets (now William). The first meeting-house of the society was located on Golden Hill, the present Gold Street, between Fulton and John, and was erected in 1760. The society was constituted a church on June 19th, 1762, and its first pastor was Rev. John Gano, who had been driven with his family from Yadkin, North Carolina, by the ravages of the Indians. Its history has been one of large usefulness from the very beginning.



THE PROPOSED EDIFICE OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

The site of the new edifice now in contemplation occupies an area of 100 x 155 feet on the northwest corner of the Boulevard and Seventy-ninth Street, part of the Hoffman estate. The exterior has practically three façades—on Seventy-ninth Street, the Boulevard, and directly across the corner. The architectural style is the Byzantine, the base and steps are of granite, and the walls of gray limestone. The beauty and architectural value of the building will be enhanced by a yellowish-brown Italian tile roof. The modest exterior of the church parlors is indicated by the Boulevard façade. In dimensions these are 21 x 32 feet. A young men's reading-room is attached. On Seventy-ninth Street the façade provides admission to the main Sunday-school and lecture-room, 40 x 48 feet, opening into eight class-rooms on first and second floors, so arranged that the entire space can be utilized as one audience-room. The auditorium will be elliptical in shape, 59 x 78 feet. The main entrance is at the southeast extremity of the greater axis. The ceiling will be vaulted, of tinted glass, Venetian in style. A semi-dome will surmount the chancel, at the rear of which are the baptistery, the pastor's study, and the robing-rooms.

The organ will be placed at the right of the chancel on the second floor, and immediately below it, on the first floor, the choir. The kitchen in the basement will connect with the main Sunday-school room by means of a dumb-waiter. The finishings throughout are in enameled pine and oak. The heating will be by low-pressure steam.

To the congregation of the First Baptist Church must be conceded one of the most noticeable structures of the day. While the architectural forms are old, the peculiarity of their combination and the symmetrical beauty which is promised indicate that its counterpart cannot be found in the city. It represents a cash outlay in excess of \$200,000.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF FOREIGN SUBJECTS.

PRAYING FOR RAIN.

THE method of praying for rain resorted to in Kumaon, in northern India, in time of drouth, is illustrated on page 125. In that region, last season, there were, with the exception of a few showers, no winter rains, and in a country where the population is almost wholly dependent upon grain as a means of subsistence this meant famine and starvation. In consequence of the drought a Hindoo fakir imposed a penance upon himself, and was suspended by his feet from a wooden beam. In this position he was swung backwards and forwards for a considerable time by means of a rope attached to his body, and pulled by a fellow saint.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK IN POSEN.

The extensive province of Posen, which is a sort of Prussian Poland, includes among its inhabitants many descendants of the Bavarian colonists who were introduced there in the last century. These inhabitants, who are known as "Bamberkas," dwell together in certain villages, and retain many German characteristics, preserving their old Bavarian peasant costume, with the singular high cap, on festive days adorned with many ribbons and artificial flowers, the simple frock, embroidered white apron and neckerchief, forming the picturesque gala dress of the Bamberka women. The Empress Frederick recently traveled in Posen, to attend the public festival of the Posen regiment, and

while en route through the Bamberka district was met by a deputation of those honest and loyal people, who presented an address.

A SIBERIAN FIRE BRIGADE.

The illustration of a town fire brigade in Siberia, reproduced from the London *Illustrated News*, shows a street scene in the small town of Troitzkosarsk. The Russian Government has introduced in that remote territory all the extensive appliances of modern civilization; thus, in Irkutsk a steam fire engine is in use which was constructed with special wheels adapted to Siberian roads in summer and winter. Powerful hand engines are in use also there and in other towns of Siberia; these, in winter, are supplied with a stove and a hot-air chamber, through which the water is pumped, to keep it from freezing.

THE RECENT CASUALTY ON MONT BLANC.

We give elsewhere a picture of the Petit Plateau, on Mont Blanc, the scene of the recent casualty in which two persons lost their lives. Petit Plateau lies about midway on the toilsome ascent of Mont Blanc from the Grand Mulets to the Grand Plateau, followed by a steep slope traversed by a great crevasse, situated nearly thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the 21st of August two gentlemen and nine guides and porters were in the act of descending round the head of the huge crevasse, when a large mass of ice and snow became detached from an overhanging summit and dashed with terrific force upon the Petit Plateau, engulfing the whole party. Five persons, more or less injured, were hurled into the huge crevasse, and at that moment the rope by which they were tied gave way in two places. This proved fatal to one of the tourists and his guide, who both sank deep into the crevasse. Their bodies were recovered several days later by guides employed for the purpose.

THEATRES OF NEW YORK.

At the Bijou, "Niobe" continues to be the attraction. It is a comedy of considerable merit.

The best play-houses in New York are all open, and the season is

beginning with every indication that it will be most profitable and attractive.

"The Merry Monarch" will succeed "Wang" at the Broadway early in October. Francis Wilson will be its chief attraction, and a good one he is.

The Lyceum still favors "The Dancing Girl." Edward Sothorn has shown much of the talent of his father; I might almost say the genius of that excellent comedian.

"Mr. Wilkinson's Widows" has had a career of uninterrupted success at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre. Sardou's tragedy, "Thermidor," will be presented at this play-house October 5th.

Dixey has achieved a success in legitimate comedy in "The Solicitor" at Hermann's Theatre. He has not disappointed the expectations of his friends who have believed there was more in the young man than his erratic disposition sometimes has indicated.

"O'Reilly and the 400" has been revived at Harrigan's Theatre with but few changes in the cast. It is safe to predict it will last for several months. "The Club Friend," with Roland Reed in the chief part, attracts large audiences at the Star Theatre, and may be said to be good for the season.

Deserving compliments have been showered upon Marie Wainwright for her success in "Amy Robsart" at Palmer's. Her smooth, successful, and easy acting was in striking contrast with the nervousness of some of her principal associates; but every week shows a decided improvement all around.

The singing and acting of Miss Anna O'Keefe as *Gillette* is one of the most pleasant features of the phenomenal success that DeWolf Hopper has made in "Wang" at the Broadway



MISS ANNA O'KEEFE AS "GILLETTE" IN "WANG."

Theatre. With a fine voice, splendid figure, and glorious Irish-gray eyes in a very pretty face, Miss O'Keefe has rapidly made her way to the top round of her profession. Her dramatic ability is so pronounced that she has received several offers to go into the drama. THE STROLLER.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

THE cultivation of cranberries has become one of the most important industries of Cape Cod, and a number of those who are engaged in it have become wealthy through their enterprise in the reclamation of formerly worthless lands and their appropriation to this use. The original cost of the land used for this cultivation is about twenty-five dollars an acre, and the expense of constructing a bog is ordinarily not more than three hundred dollars. A yield of one hundred barrels of berries to the acre is not uncommon, and these sell at an average price of seven dollars and fifty cents a barrel, while in some years the price rises to sixteen dollars and over. As the cost per barrel for picking is not much over one dollar and fifty cents and the commission for marketing not over eighty cents, it is apparent that the producer secures a handsome profit.

The gathering of the crop generally begins about the second week in September. The bog is lined off into rows with twine, and the pickers, men, women, and children of all ages, gather the berries from the vines, working along the bogs on their knees. Most of the berries are picked by hand, but a machine is sometimes used which scoops the berries from the vines. An average picker with the hands alone can gather one hundred and eighty quarts a day, for which he receives three dollars. Our picture gives a glimpse of a bog where the berries are being gathered.

WALL STREET.—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

A BULL market must always expect to have reactions. The quicker prices are advanced and the higher they go, the more often must reactions be expected. After the rapid rise in the market it was natural to expect a decline; particularly natural in view of the approach, on his way from Europe, of one who has been the greatest bear upon the American market, and who, no doubt, will be ready, in the light of existing circumstances in this country and abroad, to turn about and lead the bull movement. What he will do is naturally an object of interest.

Signs of prosperity are visible everywhere. Business is improving, the railroads are overtaxed with shipments of grain, their earnings are increasing, foreign inquiries for our securities are large, and—best and most significant of all—the bond market shows larger sales. This is always a sign of a healthy market. Those investors who have acted upon my advice in the past, and followed the advice of other conservative advisers, have stowed away in their strong-boxes blocks of bonds and stocks—the cheap as well as the gilt-edged ones—and are holding these for a very large profit before the end of the year. The fact that these securities are paid for and put away in large amounts explains the rapidity of the recent rise.

It was largely because the market was bare of stocks that just as soon as a general inquiry for them arose, that moment prices mounted upward. We may, and probably shall, have sharp reactions. It is possible that some adverse influences—signs of which I see in certain directions—will "bear" the market to a considerable extent; but other indications point to a strong resistance to any determined reactionary effort and to a further rise in prices. The money market and the possibilities of free-silver legislation may still arise as the most serious threat to an advance. I do not expect that money will be very cheap.

When the German Government found it necessary to abandon a three per cent. loan because it would not fetch par, it was significant of the fact that money abroad is dear, as well as of the fact that foreign complications in Europe are greatly feared. While our Government is refunding the 4½'s at two per cent., Germany is compelled to offer four per cent. interest in order to get par for its bonds. This is a remarkable situation. It reverses the condition of affairs as they existed less than a quarter of a century ago.

Jasper:—Kindly inform me, in next issue, whether the Canada Southern first mortgage fives and Central New Jersey general mortgage five per cent. bonds are a good, safe bond. How are the C. C., C. and St. Louis general consolidated six per cent. 1884 bonds? Please mention a few first-class five per cent. first mortgage bonds. Do you consider the Thurber-Whyland and Clafin preferred stocks a good safe investment? Have the latter two mentioned any bonds ahead of them?  
New York, September 8th, 1891. CAREFUL INVESTOR.

Ans.—Canada Southern firsts are guaranteed, so far as the interest is concerned, by the New York Central. I call them first class. The Central of New Jersey general mortgage fives stand before a stock that pays seven per cent. dividends, and ought to be very good. The C., C., C. and St. Louis sixes are perfectly good. Among the bonds that realize five per cent. and more at present I can recommend the Rio Grande Western fours, selling at about 76, and thus earning about five and one-half per cent. interest to the investors; M., K. and T. fours, also selling at about 77; Lehigh Valley four-and-a-halfs, selling around par, and West Shore fours a little above par. Of the good five per cent. bonds I might mention Baltimore and Ohio's firsts, selling at about 102 at this writing; Chicago and Northwestern sinking fund fives at about 107, and also any of the divisional bonds of the Milwaukee and St. Paul, which range in price from 95 to 105, according to date of maturity. The Thurber-Whyland and Clafin preferred stocks are very highly spoken of as investments by prominent men in Wall Street. There are no bonds, as I understand it, ahead of the preferred stocks, and, in the Thurber-Whyland Company at least, no obligation ahead of the preferred stock can be placed upon the property without the consent of ninety per cent. of the preferred stockholders.

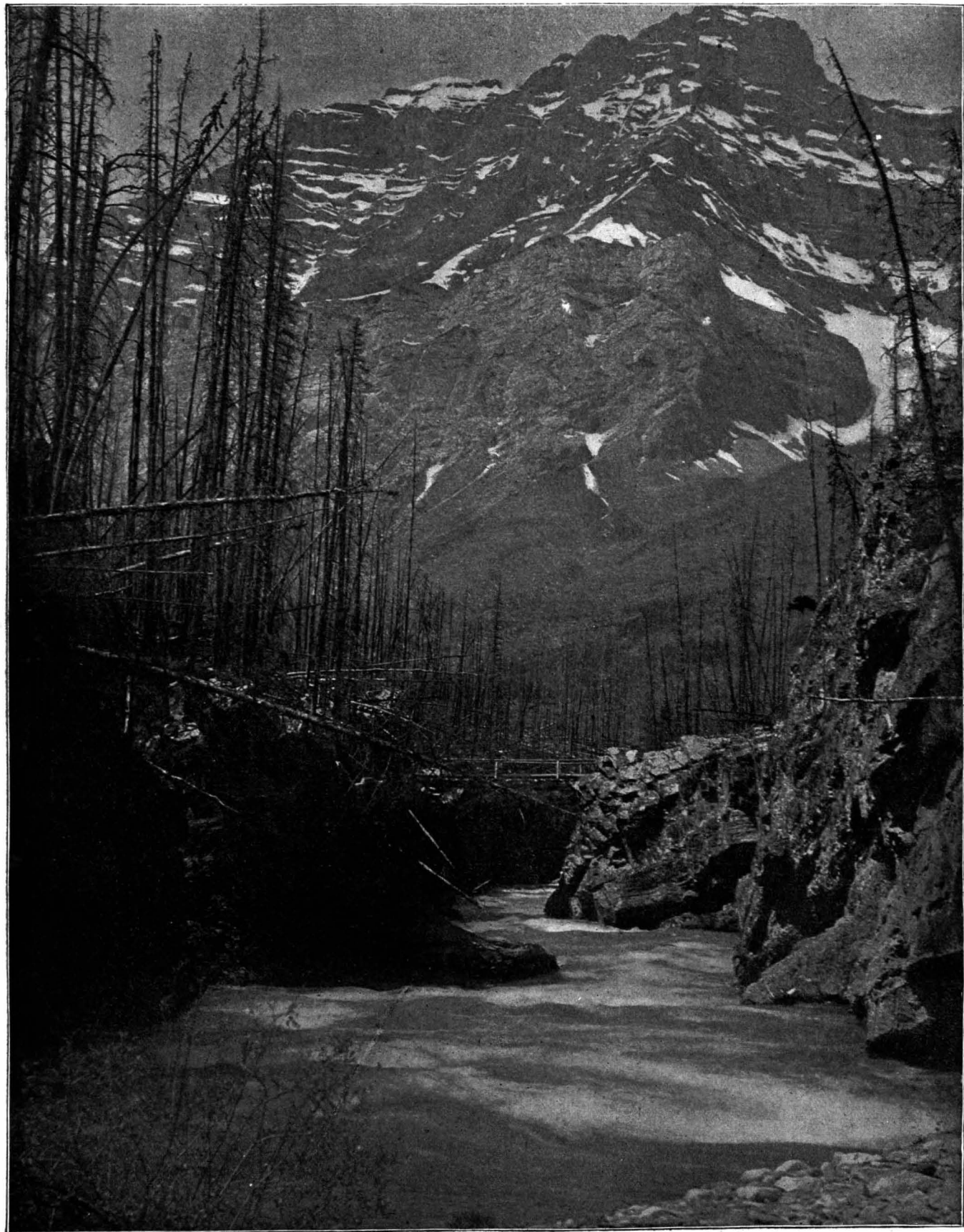
Jasper:—I have forty shares of Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central Railroad stocks. Will you please explain through the columns of your paper how I can get them transferred into the new C., C., C. and St. L. stock, and how much it will cost me per share.  
Yours respectfully, STOCKHOLDER.

FOUNTAIN PARK, OHIO, August 31st, 1891.

Ans.—I fear that "Stockholder's" stock is worth very little. The Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central was merged into the Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg in 1883. The latter road was subsequently merged into the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis. This was about a year ago. The stock of the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central sold at the close of 1882 at 3½. When it was merged into the other road an assessment of five dollars was levied. The stock was reduced one-half; in other words, one share of the new company was given for two of the old. I think there is no value to speak of in the forty shares owned by "Stockholder," but advise him to write to S. B. Leggett, Secretary of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad, at Pittsburg, Pa.

(Continued on page 126.)

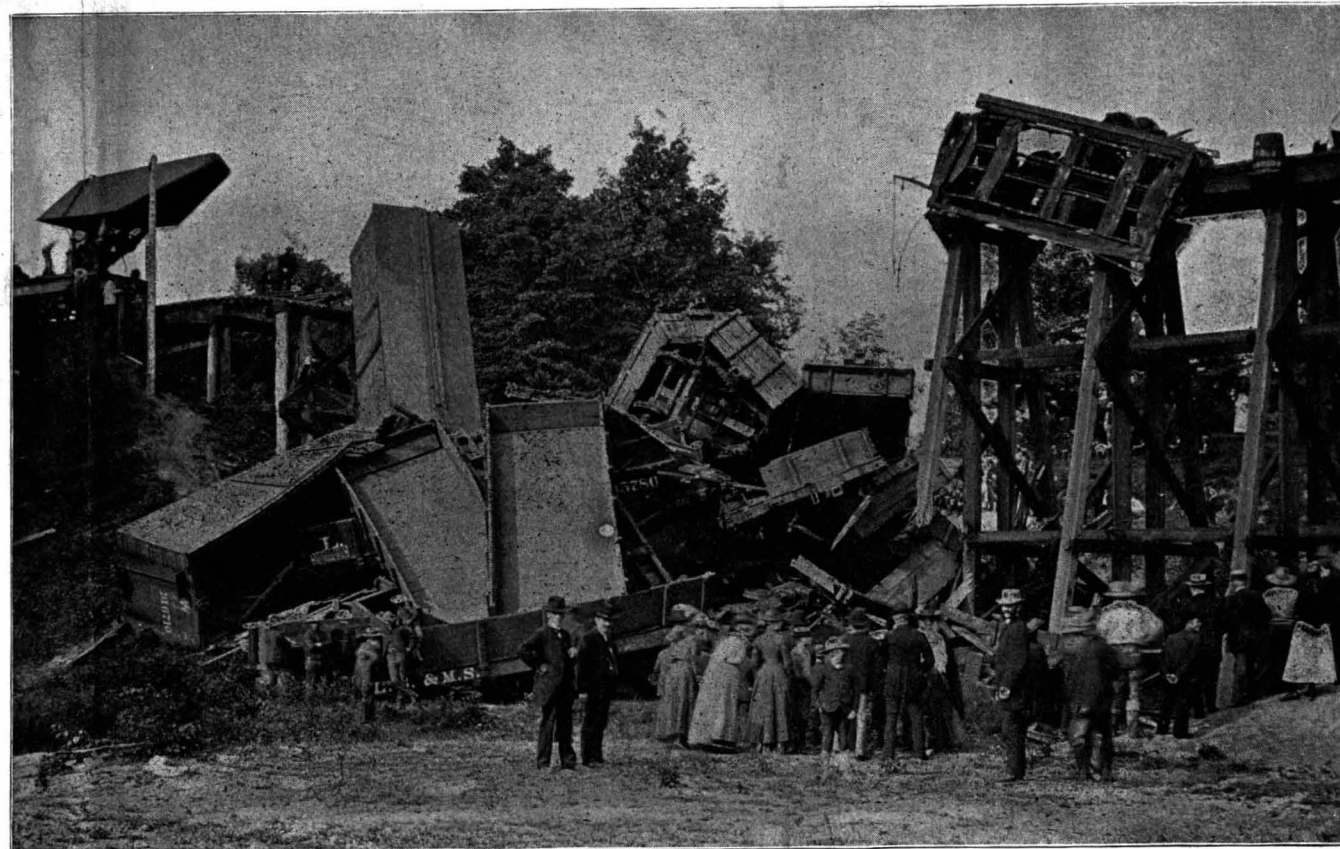




VIEW IN CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK, NEAR BANFF: PHOTO BY A. VON MUMM, SECRETARY OF GERMAN LEGATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.



THE PLOWMAN: PHOTO BY E. S. COLEMAN, DEERFIELD, MASS.



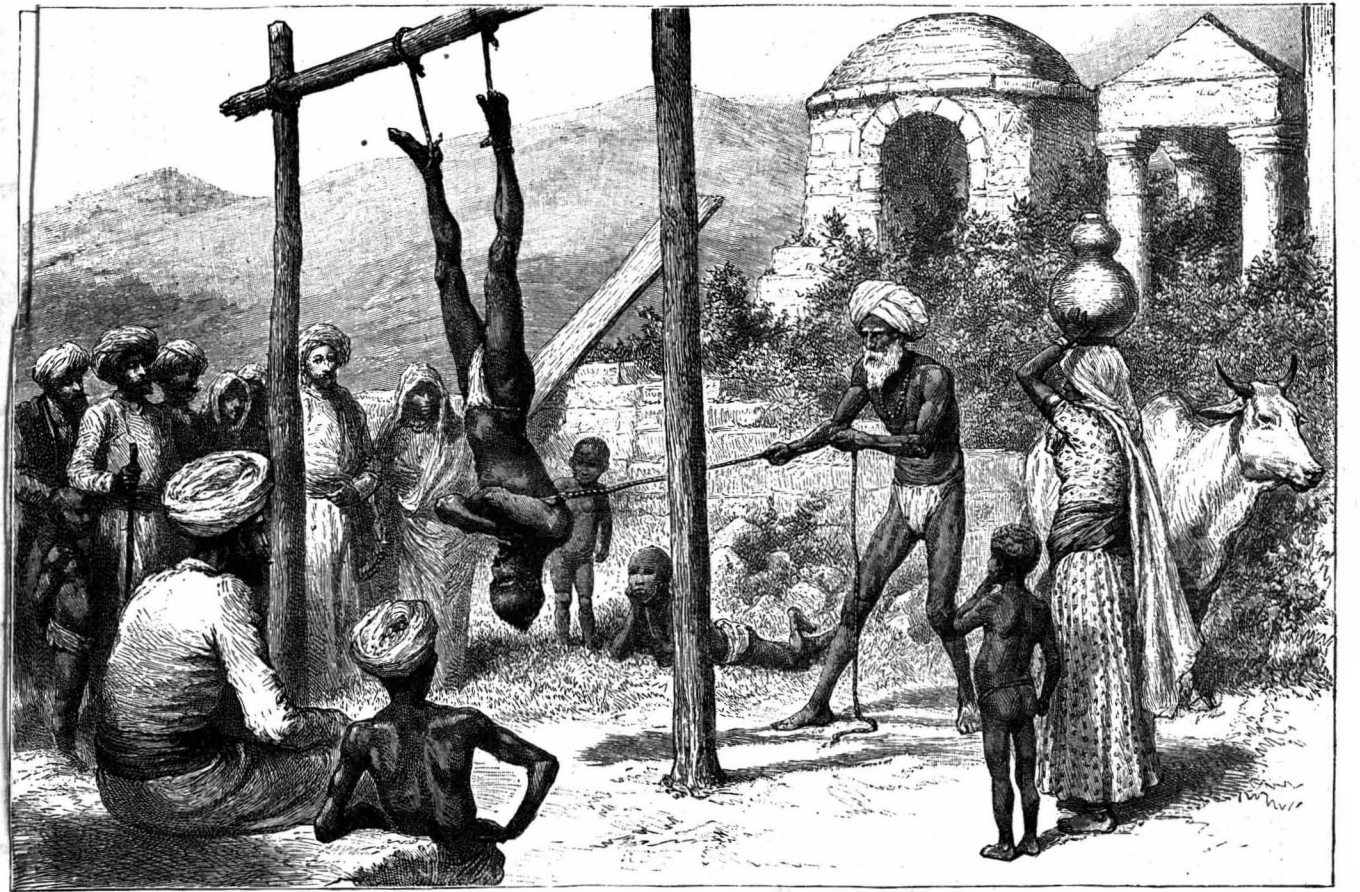
A RECENT FREIGHT WRECK ON A RAILWAY IN OHIO: PHOTO BY R. L. JONES, WICK, OHIO.

OUR THIRD AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—SPECIMENS OF THE PICTURES SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION.

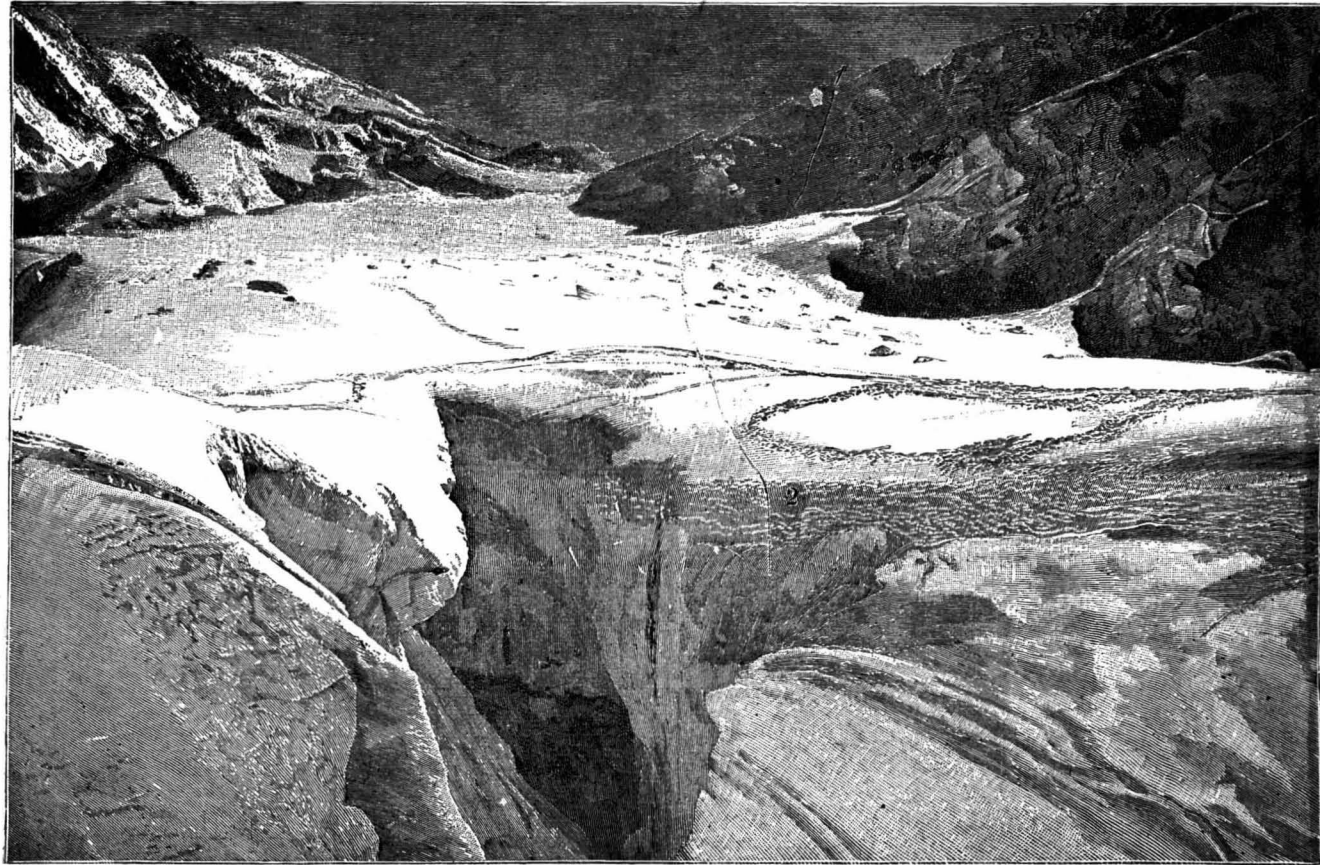




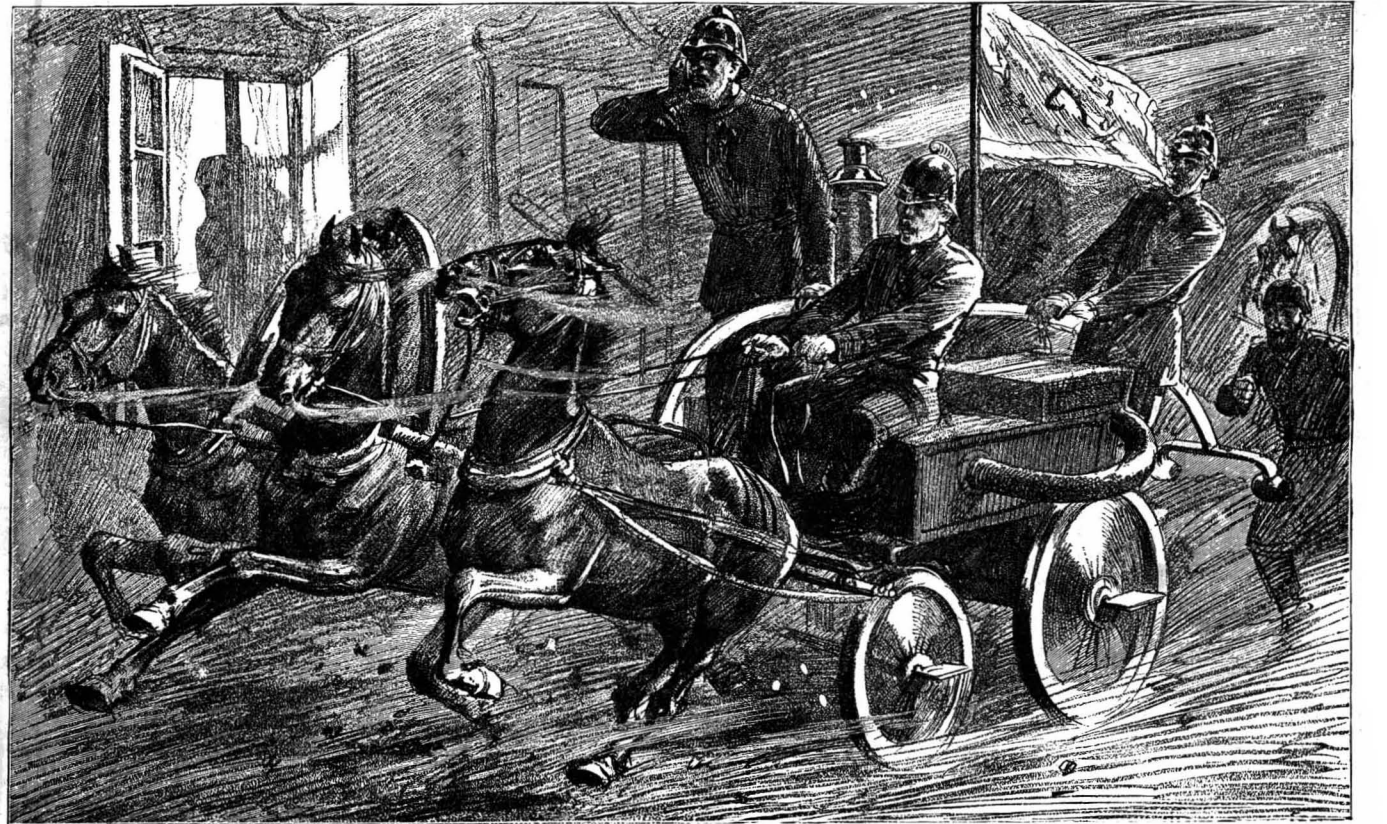
THE EMPRESS FREDERICK RECEIVES A DELEGATION OF "BAMBERKAS" IN POSEN.



A HINDOO FAKIR PRAYING FOR RAIN IN NORTHERN INDIA.



1. Where the avalanche started. 2. Place where the party was precipitated into the crevasse.  
SCENE OF THE RECENT DISASTER ON MONT BLANC.



A TOWN FIRE-BRIGADE IN SIBERIA.



WALL STREET.

(Continued from page 123.)

**Jasper** :—I have a few thousand dollars with which I desire to speculate in the New York market on margins, and would like to have your opinion of the following stocks and bonds, namely: Laclede Gas five, Atchison Income, Chicago Gas stock, Northwestern common, Missouri Pacific common, and Lake Shore. Give me your opinion of these at the present prices. I read your articles each week with much interest. C. C.

St. Louis, Mo., September 3d, 1891.

**Ans.**—All the securities mentioned I consider good if one will buy and pay for them, even if bought on a liberal margin, although as a rule I do not believe in buying anything on a margin. Laclede Gas five are objected to by some as under suspicion, though they have had quite a rise, and the company now has a monopoly of the gas business of St. Louis.

**Jasper** :—Will you kindly advise through FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED as to Richmond and West Point Terminal. Is it a purchase around \$14? Why has the stock depreciated so rapidly the last few years? A. X. L.

MIDDLEPORT, N. Y., September 10th, 1891.

**Ans.**—I have not been sanguine about Richmond and West Point Terminal. Of late statements have been made that a receivership was contemplated. The fact is that in flush times the concern was heavily overloaded with Southern securities that may or may not be of value in the future. They will grow as the country develops. I am told that the dividend on the preferred and some of the interest on the bonds has been paid, not from earnings but from borrowed funds. If this is true the stock can have little other than a speculative value. I would not advise its purchase.

*Jasper*

THE SEASON'S INAUGURAL TOUR TO WASHINGTON, D. C., VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WITH every minute detail of travel and hotel accommodations attended to the Pennsylvania Railroad's inaugural personally-conducted tour to Washington will leave New York Thursday, September 17th. This system of traveling, without worry and with every convenience known to modern railroading at command, is the only true method for proper enjoyment, and no better illustration of it can be found than in the Pennsylvania tours under personal escort.

The special train, running on fast express time, will leave New York at 11 A.M. on this date, and stop at Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, New Brunswick, Monmouth Junction, Princeton Junction, and Trenton, reaching Washington early the same evening; returning leave Washington the Saturday following, thus allowing ample time for sight-seeing. The round-trip rate of \$12.50 applies to stations from New York to Trenton not inclusive; from there the rate is but \$12, and includes not only railroad fare in each direction, but also meals en route and board at the most prominent hotels during the stay at the National Capital. Special facilities will also be afforded under the most everything of interest in Washington.

The dates of the later tours of this series are October 1st, 15th, and 29th, November 12th and 26th, and December 10th.

CAN YOU DRESS A DOLL?

THE Queen wishes a large number of dolls dressed for its poor children's Christmas tree for 1891, and in order to interest girls and young ladies to assist in this work, they offer a prize doll competition to those who dress a doll for the purpose. This competition is open to girls under sixteen years of age residing in Canada or the United States, duplicate prizes being given for each country. The Queen furnishes the dolls, charges prepaid. They are to be dressed and returned before December 1st, 1891.

The cash prizes of each, \$50, \$25 and \$15, and many other prizes of value, will be given for the best-dressed dolls, according to merit. Send fifteen two-cent stamps and receive, charges prepaid, one full-bodied imported doll, a lithograph plate illustrating ten dressed dolls in colors, and three months' trial subscription to The Queen.

The Queen is Canada's popular family magazine. It is a large 48-page monthly publication, devoted to ladies and the family circle. It has more than double the circulation of any other publication in Canada. Subscription price, only \$1 a year. Address, The Canadian Queen, 58 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada.

LADIES who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

Ask for Van Houten's Cocoa—take no other.

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No well-regulated household should be without Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer.

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

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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

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



**Cuticura Soap**  
FOR COMPLEXIONS  
BAD ROUGH HANDS  
AND BABY HUMORS.

DAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvelous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet, and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, and softest hands, and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

Sold throughout the world. Price 25c. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases," Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

She Never Laughs.

And no wonder! She's all out of order inside; She's got Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and a Sick Headache.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

act like magic on all the vital functions, and restore harmony to the entire system.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

**GLISTENING PEARLS**

SO PURE, SO SWEET; SHE was indeed A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. Every feature was the personification of

**PERFECT HEALTH.**

BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES; LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for THE SECRET OF HER CHARMS, and she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY USE of

**CONSTANTINE'S PERSIAN HEALING**

**PINE TAR SOAP.**

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFIER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

**Queen Among Queens.**

For Sale by Druggists.

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

TRADE MARK REGISTERED Patented **Harderfold** Hygienic Underwear. Ventilated Inter-Air-Space Clothing. Adapted to all climates and all variations of temperature. Sold by leading merchants in all principal cities. Illustrated catalogue mailed free on application to HARDERFOLD FABRIC CO., TROY, N. Y. Mention this Magazine.

**Queen Victoria** and all who regard their health, drink our **CEYLON-TEA-BHUD-TIFFIN** and **BUNGALOE** brands the best Tea is

**NO NERVOUSNESS** always the cheapest

They are singular in this respect And are therefore the most healthful. Prove it by a trial, that is all we ask. Take no imitation CEYLON-TEAS. Try any one of our brands.

Ask your Grocer for it, if he does not keep it send for prices to the **CEYLON TEA CO. 112 FIFTH AVE. N.Y.**

"Once a use, and ever a custom," is a warning against

**BAD HABITS** and an encouragement to form good ones. Use a cake of **SAPOLIO** just once, and you will form a good habit.

**A STRICTLY HAND-MADE SUPERIOR WALKING-BOOT.**

Best Imported Stock: Combining Perfect Style, Comfort, and Durability. PRICE, TEN DOLLARS.

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BALL POINTED. **XXX** HEWITT'S PATENT.

The "XXX" Barrel Pens are made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, are beautifully finished, and glide over the paper like a lead pencil. May be had with fine or medium points at 35 cents per box.

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## Become Strong

active, and vigorous. To relieve that tired feeling, depression of spirits, and nervous debility, no other medicine produces the speedy and permanent effect of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass., writes: "I am confident that anyone suffering from the effects of scrofula, general debility, want of appetite, depression of spirits, and lassitude will be cured

## By Using

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"In the summer of 1888, I was cured of nervous debility by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Mrs. H. Benoit, 6 Middle st., Pawtucket, R. I.

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ONLY TRUNK LINE

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## INDIEN

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

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BOTTLED Electricity cures Catarrh, Colds, etc. Address, LITTLE & CO., Chicago, Ill.

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DOUBLE Breech-Loader \$7.99 RIFLES \$2.00 PISTOLS 75c

WATCHES, BICYCLES. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

HOTEL Overlooking Central Park, Fifth Avenue, 58th and 59th sts., New York. Highest



Class. Absolutely FIRE-PROOF On American and European Plans. Within half block 6th

Ave. Elevated R. R. terminus. 5th Ave. Stages and Cross Town Cars pass doors.

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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 Soap (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.

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FOR HARNESS, BUGGY TOPS, SADDLES, FLY NETS, TRAVELING BAGS, MILITARY EQUIPMENTS, Etc.

Gives a beautiful finish, which will not peel or crack off, smut or crock by handling, does not lose its lustre by age; dust will not stick to work finished with it. Is not a VARNISH. Contains no Turpentine, Benzine, Naphtha, Alcohol or other injurious articles.

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### PRINCESS OF WALES



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GOLDEN HAIR WASH for the hair. In bottles, \$1. Prepared and sent upon receipt of price by R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods, 317 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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LADY AGENTS \$5 a day SURE; new rubber undergarment. MRS. N. B. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

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

# Buffalo Lithia Water,

In Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, the Gouty Diathesis, Nervous Dyspepsia, etc.,

## Dr. Wm. A. Hammond,

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Surgeon-General U. S. Army (retired), formerly Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System in the University of New York, etc., says:

"I have for some time made use of the

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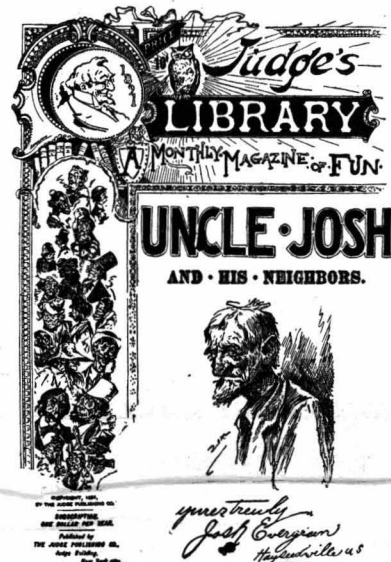
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