

THE RIEL REBELLION—SCENES IN THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.—Drawn by Charles Gammie and John Penruddock.—[See Page 251.]

1. Qu'Appelle Lake and River. 2. Fort Qu'Appelle and Valley. 3. Scouts. 4. A Half-Breed's Cart.

5. On the Road to York Riel. 6. Half-Breed Artillerymen.

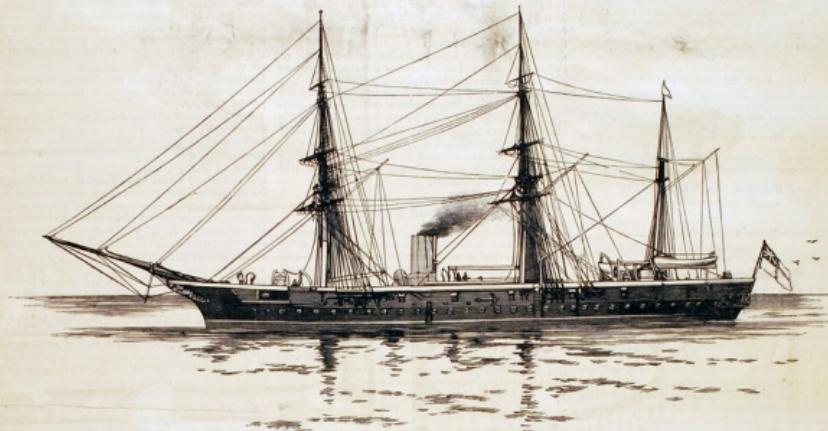
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR "GARNET."



THE RUSSIAN MAN-OF-WAR "STRELOK."

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN DIFFICULTY—NAVAL VESSELS WATCHING EACH OTHER IN AMERICAN WATERS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALTERS, OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 298.]

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAAR may be had for the years 1882, 1883, and 1884. Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is Misses HARPER & BROTHERS' intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.

¹⁶ HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is certain to win a large share of popular favor.—"British Library, England."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The contents of the current number share the usual variety both in illustration and letterpress.

COLONEL THOMAS W. KNIX has told us interesting anecdotes about dogs. DR. ATWELL describes the "Children's Festival of the Angels." MR. C. H. COOPER has a charming poem, "The Little Church," which is replete with information. MR. CARRY, another of his "Chats about Philately," gives a very short but interesting account of that little-known country, Ceylon.

MR. JAMES RAVEN, the popular author of the versatile literature, brings to a close his series of stirring poems entitled "Patriot and Patriotism" with

THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA,"

which furnishes the subject for a full-page engraving after a drawing by the well-known marine artist M. J. BARTON.

In action, the first poem, "Fiona's Troubles," is given, and an illustration of the poet's "little boat" is shown. There are illustrations of Miss MARGARET ETTESON having a charming poem, "Administrations in the Garden."

In addition to the illustrations already referred to may be mentioned a charming picture accompanying COLONEL KNIX's article, entitled

"WHAT MISCHIEF CAN WE DO NEXT?"

It is full of caustic character and humorous suggestion.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, May 9, 1885.

THE ELECTION IN NEW YORK.

THE election of this year in the State of New York will be of great interest because of the closeness of the vote last autumn, and because it will be regarded as a very important one in the history of the Administration. This last view, however, is by no means necessarily correct, because the result will depend largely upon the character and fitness of the candidates. This, indeed, is the conspicuous lesson of the last election. There were Republican voters enough to decide the election who would not support the Republican candidate merely to prove their general sympathy with the Republican party; and there are undoubtedly plenty of voters in the State of New York who are well disposed toward the national Administration who would not vote for an objectionable local Democratic candidate. On the other hand, Republican candidates whose nomination would prove nothing but the ascendancy of the influences which have brought disaster upon the party would certainly not be supported by independent Republican voters merely because the nomination was Republican. This is a fact which events have proved incontestably, and wrath and reviling and lying at it and about it are of no practical advantage whatever, and are wholly unbecoming to sensible politicians and party organs.

At this early period, therefore, there is a prospect of a great deal of independent voting in New York next November. It is clear that just in the degree that the course of the national Administration proves that the disasters which were announced as certain to follow Democratic success have not occurred and are not likely to occur, the Republicans will lose the enormous advantage of that apprehension. The election of a Democratic Governor in 1882 did not turn out to be an unmixed misfortune for the State, and the election of a Democratic President shall also put to show the people that, even if they follow, the dullest politician must see that something more effective than the mere party name is necessary to arouse the voter. In this situation, if both parties should nominate candidates representing only the respective party machines, an exceedingly listless campaign would follow, and the result would not be in the least significant of the real political sympathy and tendency of the State and country. In such a campaign the chances would be against the Republicans. But the present political legislation and general tone of the party press and speakers has renewed the confidence of Republicans who did not vote for the Presidential candidate. The sole political gospel which has been preached by Republicans authorities since the election has been devotion to the party organization and not to the party principles, and unhesitating support of every regularly nomi-

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

nated candidate, however unfit he may be—a course which has been discreditable and injurious, as well as totally unworthy of the party.

The wise Republican policy in New York for the election of this year seems to us to be to eschew the counsels of those who think with Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS that the machine is the vital element of the party, and to appeal to its intelligence and moral impulse. It is no secret that intrigues are going on to complete bargains like those of last year, and to secure the support of a large Catholic and liquor vote for the Republican candidate, counting also upon the discontents of Democrats, and the growing and low-downing with the machine of the national Administration. The course of the Legislature upon the excise laws, the Freedoms of Worship Bill, the soldiers' and sailors' exemption amendment, has been determined by the desire to cement this alliance, and to propitiate ignorant and reactionary politicians. This is a game which counts, of course, upon the opposition of independent Republicans. But can it depend upon the support even of those former Republicans who voted last year for the party rather than for the candidate? It is not so simple as that. The Republicans must secure the success of the party. What is gained by such success for the principles of the party? and how does a party which wins by such means commend itself to the political intelligence of the country as the party of the true American spirit and character? The situation plainly seems to demand of Republicans the nomination of candidates who stand for clear policies. Certainly the signs of the times do not show that it will be enough to offer candidates whose chief claim upon Republicans is that of a regular nomination, however obtained, and then to try to whip in the party vote to their support by denouncing the general wickedness of Democrats.

PROGRESS AND REACTION.

THE immense progress which administrative reform has made in this country is shown by nothing more than by the character of the criticism upon the course of the Administration in its appointments and removals. Not only are appointments and removals which upon any previous party change in the Executive would have been unnoticed as matters of course now discussed and condemned, but the displacement of foreign ministers and consuls is questioned as inconsistent with the sound principles which have been announced. Twenty-four years ago, when the Republicans came into power, there was no more question that there was to be a clean sweep, not because all Democrats were disloyal, but because they were Democrats, than of any other inevitable event. The record of the present Administration was a clean sweep, and not only has this expectation been justified, but the counsel of the whole body of politicians "upon the make" has been generally discarded, and the four years' incumbents who have not politically abused their offices will apparently serve out their terms. Both the conduct of the Administration and the criticism and comment upon it show the prodigious advance of public sentiment.

In common, however, with all who understand the importance of our welfare we regret the selection of men like Mr. T. C. COOPER, Mr. C. H. COOPER, and others for important public trusts. Such appointments are not only inconsistent with any principle of reform, but injurious to the Administration which authorizes them. It is useless to say that an Administration can not be expected to break with its party, because when its party is believed to be represented by such officers, the country will break with the Administration. It was the same proceeding upon the Republican side, the evident party rather than public interest in the exercise of the appointing power, which has done much to alienate Republicans from the party of the Republic. Such offenses as these appointments were, indeed, familiar under Republican administration. Plenty of illustrations could be cited immediately around us. They are no worse than hundreds which Republicans, claiming to be distinctively of the reform party, accept with a shrug. But that certainly does not make them better. Public opinion is now happily more sensitive. The standard is higher, and every such action is now scrutinized and judged in a way which is of the best possible service to honest, upright, and decent government, and which should also remind the Administration that such action is untrue.

The independent vote which aided the success of the Democratic candidate did not profess to be Democratic. Its support was not due to any kind of bargain or understanding, and of course it has no claim whatever upon the Administration, and it is senseless. But of course, also, it regrets such action as we mention, as it regretted and opposed the same in the Republican party. The Secretary of State is, however, a different case, "a real politician"; but as we said when he was appointed, his invitation to the Cabinet was presumptive evidence of his general agreement with the declared views and policy of the President upon this subject. If the object of the appointments in question be the promotion of reform, they are, of course, ludicrous. If it be party advan-

tage, they outrage the reform sentiment within the Democratic party. The prosperity of the Administration depends upon propitiating the spirit which has produced profound distrust of the Democratic party, but upon showing that its course in appointments and removals is controlled by a clearly defined principle, and the proof of the control of such a principle is consistent action.

THE PROBABLE WAR.

MR. GLADSTONE's speech upon asking the war credit was received with great enthusiasm, and the tone of the discussions upon it shows how thoroughly united England is upon the subject. It is fortunate that at this moment a man like GLADSTONE is Prime Minister, because the country has the moral assurance that if war should come, it is honorably unavoidable, and that it is not undertaken for any kind of Bunscombe or Jingoism. The contest would appeal to the strongest feelings of Englishmen, and JOHN BRIGHT's refusal to attend the peace meeting shows that he feels the significance of the question, and joins in the unanimous lesson of threatening war. It is, however—and every English home and every thoughtful Englishman will feel it deeply—a very solemn moment for the country. A war between Great Britain and Russia can not be a little war, and its consequences are incalculable. It will not be a hurrash campaign, and the relations of other powers to the combatants can not be foreseen.

The interest of Germany does not lie in the aggrandizement of Russia. BISMARCK may dislike GLADSTONE, but he does not fear him. The people of Great Britain do not contemplate an extension of British territory in Europe, while neither BISMARCK nor any statesman can count upon Russian satisfaction with its European limits. Germany can not wish to see Russia at Constantinople, and may always suspect a Russian alliance with France to enable France to settle old scores. In the event of an English and Russian war, which should evidently raise the question of the greater ascendancy of either power in the European system, the feeling expressed by the Vienna *Tagesblatt* would be the conviction of liberal Englishmen that England's greater power would be also the last days of European liberty.

As regards the comparative resources for war, Russia has the larger military force, but England the greater naval power. The financial advantage also is largely with England, although no great war was ever stayed for want of money. The general military advantages which a despotism like Russia may seem to possess are offset upon the English side by the spirit of a free people. Neither combatant, indeed, would be defending its own territory, but the situation would none the less join the issue between the two warring opponents upon the principles of justice and principles. Preference of liberty and sympathy with a nation of our own blood and great traditions, whose advance has always extended freedom and civilization, is not a sentimental delusion. In a speech upon St. George's Day Professor GOLDFWIN SMITH said that he had little faith in conquest as a means of civilization, but if ever a sincere effort to give civilization has been made, England has made it in India. It might, he said, be doubtful whether England is in reality or in honor for power in India, but the overthrow of her power there now would not be a gain to India or to humanity. It would only restore the murderous chaos from which England has lifted the country.

THE PENDLETON DINNER.

Mr. MACVEAGH said, laconically, at the PENDLETON dinner, that no great public movement involving grave reforms can hold itself to be in any just sense successful until it is able to gain recognition from every opinion and every influential and middle-class table. It was his opinion of putting of the fact that such an occasion is the evidence of a public interest too emphatic to be disregarded; and the company at the PENDLETON dinner—a company assembled to honor Mr. PENDLETON exclusively as a distinguished friend of citizens—was an unusually extraordinary gathering in New York, and fit for any purpose whatever. It was the most signal evidence of the present power of a movement that can not be stayed, and which will go on, as Mr. PHELPS said, in his Boston speech, "in spite of all the efforts of the world to stop it, not to the complete overthrow of the system itself."

Mr. MACVEAGH's description of the feeling of many excellent men toward civil service reformers, that they were gloomy dyspeptics, and his picture of the unwillingness of the good people who desired reform, but did not desire dyspepsia, to be associated with them, was a picture which, still under all the gaiety of the bazaar in the earlier part of his speech there was significant truth, and the dinner was undoubtedly of great service in remissing the skeptics that the good cause is not yet dyspeptic. Indeed, the most vigorous and forcible portion of the dinner, and the chief of Mr. PENDLETON's speech were most agreeable. There was no equivocation, no hesitation, and it was in no sense the speech of a politician. Mr. PENDLETON called himself a recent recruit, and stated plainly that Mr. EATON was a man who had been a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, and a statesman, and who had devoted a leader—had pointed out to him conclusively the defects of the JENCKES or EDMUND bill which he had introduced. Mr. PENDLETON's speech made the best possible impression, and as the tribute of a man

who has been long in active public life, it was very significant.

That word, indeed, may be applied to all the speeches—to Mr. SCHROEDER's lucid exposition of the competitive principle; to Mr. EVERTS's declaration of his early adhesion to reform; to Mr. DORRISON's strong denunciation of the venial and obtrusive legislation; to Mr. SMITH's vigorous defense of the right of the question of the application of the reformed system to municipal government, which held the close attention of the company at a very late hour; and to Mr. GARDNER TUCKER's succinct statement of the views of the party he represented by the members of the government. President WARREN, a predecessor of Mr. PENDLETON in the German mission, who was to have spoken, was unfortunately unable to be present. Altogether the PENDLETON dinner was a very significant event in the annals of civil service reform.

AN UNFORTUNATE SELECTION.

The President has appointed MR. KELLEY as Minister to Austria instead of Italy; but it is evident that he should not be sent anywhere as a representative of the United States. Besides his extravagant denunciation of the Italian government, and his advocacy of the principles of the temporal power of the Pope, and his assertion that the authority of the United States government in Virginia is due to a gross and bloody violation of right, there is now revealed a work of Mr. KELLEY's containing his reflections as a prisoner of war during the rebellion, in which he says: "The struggle in Europe is described as 'that hellish carnival of lust and rapine, of outrage and arson, and murder and unnameable villainies.'

This is not a proper representation of that government anywhere, and it is a most unfortunate selection that Mr. KELLEY should have been introduced by the administration to Mr. KELLEY himself that he should not have remained unknown. It is a selection for which the Secretary of State must be held responsible, and the frank and open condemnation of it upon the facts being known will be a wise course.

From the necessity of the case the President must leave to each Secretary the management of his department, and the suggestion of persons for him to appoint. The appointments, for example, of HARRIS, PRATT, COOPER, and others, were undoubtedly made upon the recommendation of the Secretary of the Treasury. But the President may require of the Secretaries that their recommendations shall be conformed to his general policy, for it is he and not the Secretary who is responsible to the country.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK and the whole country are to be congratulated upon the Governor's approval of the Niagara Reservation bill, which was sent to him two days ago. The work that has been undertaken upon this important measure would be lost, and the desires of the great body of intelligent citizens baffled. Had this anticipation been confirmed, the state could have easily met the expense of the survey, and its political and patriotic aspirations of the day compromised.

By his approval, just in time to prevent the lapse of the bill, the State of New York is saved from the burden of permitting the sublimest natural spectacle within its borders to be practically destroyed as a spectacle by the entrance of every kind of浊气 and noise. The project would be lost, and the desires of the great body of intelligent citizens baffled. Had this anticipation been confirmed, the state could have easily met the expense of the survey, and its political and patriotic aspirations of the day compromised.

The bill, however, belongs to that class of public works which at once attract and develop a generous public spirit. As we have said, more than once, there is no kind of jubilee in the movement. The measure originated in a just sense of the duty of the State to show itself worthy of a national monument, and to add support which the project has received from the people of the State of New York, the utmost credit is due for the unflagging vigilance with which he has guarded and pressed the bill. Except for such a champion in the Legislature, it is very doubtful if the great and fortunate result could have been achieved.

THE AUTHORS' READINGS.

THE readings of the authors at the Madison Square Theatre for the benefit of the American Copyright League were exceedingly interesting. A committee of ladies had interested themselves in the enterprise, and the result of their efforts was a success and a profit. The object of the meeting was, of course, the personal presence of many of the American authors whose names and works are at this time most familiar to the public. The readers who have followed the fortunes of the characters of the novels, and laughed with the heroes, and felt the power of the thoughts and emotions, naturally, will seek the friendly magicians to whom they were so much and such constant pleasure.

The larger number of the gentlemen who read are not in the habit of reading or making money, but the arts of detection are necessary to the claim of an author to a reading for once in his own work. The case is different when he proposes, like DICKENS, a series of dramatic readings, or when, like THACKRAY, he reads essays especially prepared for publication. The readings which we are speaking of are of another kind. They were very numerous and occasional, and the pleasure lay in the association for a common purpose of so many famous writers.

The purpose of the discussion of the question of international copyright was a little what was generally expected five years ago, namely, not so much a new one as one. The interest at that time was in the proposition of a settlement by treaty, a proposition which had the general support both of authors and publishers. The League now favors a bill to be passed by Congress, and hopes to arouse public attention and sympathy to a degree which would

exert an effective pressure upon Congress. The fate of Mr. DORRISON's bill, however, and the drift of the little session which it received, show the probability of the Congressional overruling of any bill which would essentially change its character. Mr. DORRISON forcibly denounced at the Pendleton dinner the measures, under the extraordinary circumstances of the time, which the lawless legislature had adopted, and such methods, who were certainly tried against a just international copyright bill. But the present Round Table of the Knights of Letters who pass their laure in rest last week at the Madison Square Theatre is thoroughly in earnest, and it will press the agitation of the question to some satisfactory conclusion.

A HAPPY DEFEAT.

The freedom of worship Bill has been rejected, probably, for this session. A motion to take it up in the Assembly was defeated by a tie vote, which was almost wholly a party vote. The bill, however, has been introduced again, and it deserves favorable consideration. This vote, from the party point of view, is a rebuke to the Republican Senators who supported the bill, and it is undoubtedly a result due in great part to the very decided tone of the Republican press.

It is a fact that the bill has been introduced again.

The action of the Assembly should be conspicuously presented by the Republican intriguers of whom we speak elsewhere, and still more fortunate if it should lead to a complete abandonment of the propositus's alliance upon which the bill was based, and the withdrawal of the Presidential election.

It was part of the general demoralization of the campaign which led to Republican disaster.

Freedom of worship in this State is nowhere threatened or infringed. The bill so called is a proposed law to introduce a section of foreign ecclesiastical privilege into our State, and the Legislature refused to accept it as a good sign. It seems to be hardly possible that the project will be agitated further at present. But undoubtedly it will reappear hereafter.

UPON THE Isthmus.

THE late trouble at Panama seems to be at an end, and the end is doubtless due to the prompt and decisive action of Mr. WILSON. We are glad to learn that the officers were timely and wise, and so far as his action is concerned, Americans interests at Panama and upon the Isthmus have been well served.

There is, however, great need for a thorough investigation of the events at Aspinwall, and especially of the charges against Commander KANE of the *Gadsden*. The proceedings of Aspinwall, at the time of the outbreak, look very strange from this distance. The responsibility rests with somebody. Apparently either the Navy Department was at fault, or the admiral.

Secretary WHITNEY has shown such vigilance and vigor in his official conduct since he assumed direction of naval affairs that he will undoubtedly prove a complete and impartial inquirer. There is evidently something to be cleared up.

THE OLD QUESTION AGAIN.

MR. EMORY A. STODD, in a very temperate article upon "Political Campaigns," published in the first number of the *Political Magazine*, at Urbana, Illinois, says of the late campaign:

"But the dissensions of the party had been extending for years:—the so-called reform element in it, dissatisfied unless of some of what they were, could control the majority, threatened irreversibly."

The Republicans who make this statement are sanguine, because it elicits an expression of the simple truth, that the revolt in question was simply the refusal of the minority to support a candidate whom they believed to have traits of personal baseness which were an abomination, which a majority could not remove unless the majority was discredited to the satisfaction of the minority. Mr. STODD would hardly argue that the nomination of a candidate by a majority is a wrong. A government must be held to derive its power from popular assent. But he does not do this, because it is not doubted that the *Pendleton* was always nominated and elected by the majority in his district.

The assertion that it is very presumptuous for a man to assume to be wiser or better than his party is also true, we have seen. But the author of the article, who is evidently not a man of much influence, makes a point of his own, that this or that form of declaration of principle, a party man will of course confide his action to the will of the majority. But if he has himself satisfied that a man is tricky or false, he has the right to nominate a candidate other person, assuming that the same facts are known to the majority; an impartial opinion, changes his judgment? This is a point with which a man holds to his own view and to his consequent duty, as against a majority; he is attempting to convert those who differ from him, as to say that LUTHER and the Reformation were assuming to dictate to the Vatican.

PERSONAL.

IGNOR HENRY C. POTTER tells a pleasant story of a literary life when he set across the water, who astonished him one day at a social gathering, as a practical jester, by making his services with such facility that they were soon rid of the bustle of that social assembly.

The Bobo facetiously told that his respect for authors has caused his own practice ever since to be governed by the maxim, "Never write a book unless you can sell it."

—Mr. D. HOWELL is a forthcoming new novel, declared it is a defect of the literary temperament to feel that it needs its own writing done by the effect with which it less perfectly done.

—A young and promising young author from a Hawaiian family has written a book of poems, entitled "Hibiscus.

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this is the ladies' cabin, I believe." It may be mentioned in connection with this case that this famous protest announced on the boats of that ferry, "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies; gentlemen will please not occupy them until the ladies are seated," has given way to the less ambiguous statement that "no distinguished gentleman bold only himself to blame."

—A certain Turk, according to Mr. FRANK R. STOCKTON, was once sent to the Orient by his wife in the person of his maid-servant. As soon as the clever girl was introduced, she suddenly disappeared. The groves was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve chairs, all dressed in white satin without backs. "Choose one of these twelve chairs, and I will tell you who your husband is." As the maid had never seen her face, he immediately berated him. "If you make a mistake," added his Majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit." The poor fellow walked up and down the row of beautiful chairs, and at last selected the twelfth, which was empty for a minute left, replied the Sultan, in anger, "choose at once." Two of the ladies, he noticed, gave him something else than a stony stare, and of them friend, the one smiled. "The frowning lady is your wife," he thought, "but the other expresses impatience at my ignorance." "No," he said to himself; "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her." After debating the subject for a moment, he laid it down, and, with a boldness and a smile, he stepped forward and gained his bride. Which was she, the one who frowned or the one who smiled? The answer to the question Mr. STOCKTON leaves in suspense.

—MISS MARY ANSELM'S farewell speech to her audience, after the close of her London season, brought tears to many eyes, it was simple, natural, full of feeling. Her last words were, "Please, dear audience, to let me go; I am going to America." I am not saying good-bye forever, for I want to come back. Dare I hope you will be a little glad to see me? I know that I shall be very glad to see you. Until I do so, good-bye, and thank you very much."

—THE HON. ARTHUR S. HEWITT, after learning of Mr. S. S. COX's nomination to be Minister to Turkey, wrote to President CLINTON, "I am a man of small means, but I have a need to be near the Administration." The very next day, he was informed that the scroll was not ready, and he must be patient.

—THE LADY DE SPENCER, wife of the English Minister at Washington, "I do not like to speak French anywhere. It is a foolish and frivolous language. Who should use it when one can express herself in English, which is the noblest and best language in the world?" I am proud to speak the language of the Americans.

—THE KING OF SAXONY is reported to have offered to the British government RAPHAEL'S celebrated painting, the "Madonna di San Sisto," for \$100,000. The picture is now worth three hundred and fifty years old.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT's clever and hospitable friend, the dowager BARONESS RUBEN, is dead, at the age of ninety. She was rich, educated, and possessed of a fine mind, and was a "typical woman."

—ON the green platform MR. SAMUEL L. CLEMENS preserves steadily a countenance of agonizing perplexity while telling his finished stories.

—DR. JAMES BAKER, one of GENERAL GRANT's physicians, expresses himself in strong terms about his enforced neutrality in connection with the General's illness. He is doing what he can for the sick man, he says, and it is very disastrous to him to be separated from his wife, only in the newspapers.

—A postmaster in a large city, who is a member of the Sons of Temperance, has a rule for young Japanese students in this country to be gentlemanly—explain that he and his comrades have a good reading knowledge of English before they come to America, having obtained it at the government college and private school. The Japanese students are to be taught that they have been accustomed to hear the language spoken, and this they accomplish in very few weeks.

—MR. PARKER is worth about \$450,000, which gets her an income of \$10,000 a year, her entire resources \$21,000 a year.

—AN old miser in the New York Times, the other day, had the result of showing the collectors of St. John's Wort, that his wealth was derived from his skill in repairing the buildings of Bremen's buildings had stupified the contractor as a "jerry" builder, and numbers of indigent Hebrews wrote to inquire what the "Times" meant. The author of the article had written, that Bremen was a "jerry" builder, and the *Times* copied from Soames' definition of "jerry" as "in familiar slang, anything inferior, trashy, or very bad; a person of low birth; a scoundrel; a rascal; a very inferior honest man run up by specious builders." Comparison shows that the word is not to be found in Worcester, Webster, Latham, or the Imperial Dictionary.

—GENERAL BROWN is paid monthly in installments of \$125 each. It dates from March 2, 1858, and is sent by the army paymaster in this city.

—MISS CONSTANCE ELLIOT, step-daughter of Colonel JEMIE N. BROWN, died at the age of sixteen, in New York City, on the morning of yesterday, of many personal and intellectual charms has become a nun in a convent at Baltimore.

—PROFESSOR EDWARD GIBBON WELCH, of the Johns Hopkins University, has the fewest gross profits in this country who is not required to exhaust a good deal of their vitality in the duties of teaching. He has assistants who teach his classes, and his time is free for scholarly investigations which add to his popularity.

—THEODORE BÖHME, a German physician, who has been a professor in the United States, without such privileges, who does not merit least among us. The example of Johns Hopkins University is repeated; his name is Edward G. Welch. He is not a native of Nuremberg, but came to this country at the age of sixteen, having started out of a college professor who wishes to write books as the teaching bars.

—IN holding a gold cross and a diploma, with an academic signature, he is to be distinguished from the man who has completed their fourth year of unbroken service, the Express of Germany has won the tender consideration of keepers throughout Germany. But if an American lady should offer to do likewise for her distempered son, this daughter, her pet-maternal would not become much lighter.

—IT appears that THOMAS JEFFERSON was so accomplished a naturalist that the Baron BERNARDI said to him on one occasion, "I wish you would have been born in my country."

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THE LATE ISAAC W. ENGLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDAN.

THE LATE COOMODORE GARRISON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SADOVY.—[SEE PAGE 291.]

ISAAC W. ENGLAND.

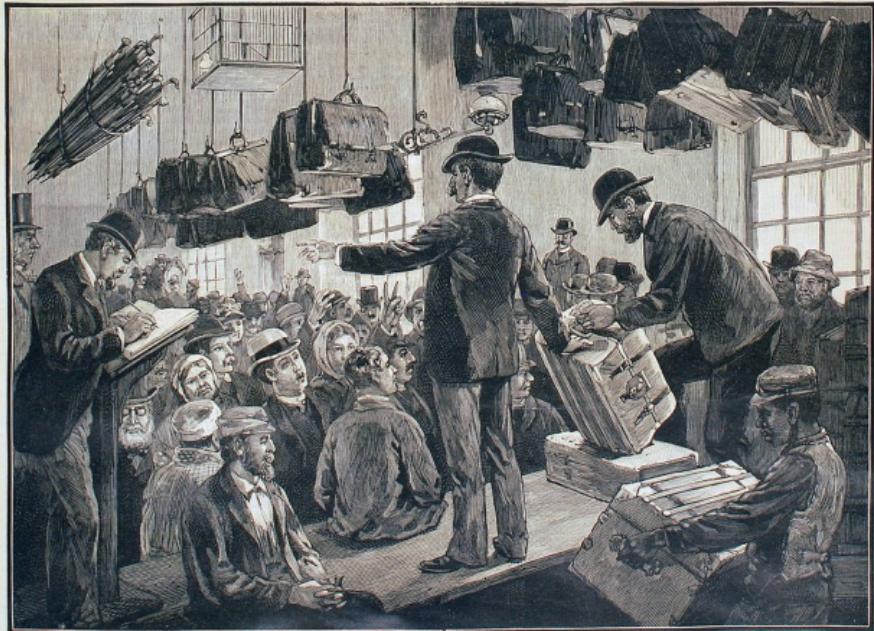
The late publisher of the *New York Sun*, Mr. Isaac W. England, fell a peregrinal miles in an early stage of his interesting and successful career. Having come to this country from England, where he had served an apprenticeship as a book-binder, he returned for a brief visit to the land of his birth, with new knowledge enough about the art to astonish his fellow-workmen there by improved methods of lettering and embossing. He often spoke of this incident with delight.

It was while returning from his triumphant little trip to England

that Mr. ENGLAND conceived the idea—afterward often imitated—of describing to the public the terrors of an ocean voyage in the steerage. His publication of the facts that came under his own observation resulted in salutary changes in that class, and in important additions to his earnings. The articles appeared consecutively in the *New York Tribune*, and their reception was so flattering that although the young writer was still earning his bread and butter by binding books, he spent his evenings as a newspaper reporter in the streets, gratifying whatever his tastes directed, and enjoying the satisfaction of seeing the results of his observations almost immediately in print. Naturally, he soon be-

came a regular attaché of the paper, and was afterward its city editor.

When Mr. Charles A. Dana went to Chicago to take charge of the *Examiner*, now the *Java-Bean*, the young city editor of the *New York Tribune* accompanied him as associate editor; and when the *New York Sun* began its prosperous course under Mr. Dana's management, its managing editor was Mr. ENGLAND. His health failed to that young man, however, and after the last seventeen years he has been its publisher. Success had the unusual effect of making him considerate and generous to the unsuccessful. He died sincerely mourned.



SELLING OFF UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE AT PHILADELPHIA.—DRAWN BY FRANK COESSEN SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 294.]



OPENING OF THE NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE.—DRAWN BY W. P. SAYER.—[SEE PAGE 299.]

ADRIAN VIDAL*

BY W. E. NORRIS,
AUTHOR OF "MATERIALS," "MULES OF MUDGAY,"
"THIRTY HALE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

AN UNLUCKY DAY.

Claire, meanwhile, had been making acquaintance with the ways of life in London. When the train reached Swindon, it became evident that something had gone wrong. There was more than the usual bustle going on upon the platform; the station officials were crowded together in groups, and the passengers were excitedly telling one another—as passengers always do when an unexpected delay occurs—that there had been a frightened and hysterical outburst of life. Claire could get no coherent information out of her fellow-travellers; but presently the guard came into a short, sharp, and confidential whisper came up, and asked: "Was you the last to leave for St. George's Road, man?"

"Yes," said Claire, "I've had three hours now."

"Well, man, I'll tell you, I'm not there now; but there's a bit of a hand-up somewhere down the line, and I don't think you won't get it clear across night. You see, if you was going no further than Plymouth, no, sir, you'd be all right; but you're bound to stop, but as 'tis, I don't see no chance for me."

"What am I to do, then?" asked Claire, in dismay.

"Well, man, you ask me, I should say you was best go back to London. There's the express going off in five minutes as 'll get you to Paddington at 2.15, and then you can—"

"Thank you, sir; but I'll just wait a minute."

There did not seem to be much choice at the master. Claire dispensed a telegram to her father, and was presently speeding toward the nearest newsagent's shop. She found other individuals, who, like herself, had been compelled to abandon their journey, and who, perhaps, had less reason to complain of their lack than she.

It was a long, disheartening wait, and the return after saying good-bye, lost in Clare's case this necessity was more than usually painful.

The state of mind of that she could take to her self, and the time she had to pass in the newsagent's station, was the thought that she certainly would not find Adrian at home on her return. He would, of course, dash at his club, and the news there that he had been delayed would reach him following morning, so that there would be no hope of a long interview between them before they parted again. That still left the question of what he would do, and whether not a present that distressed her; for she had no appetite, and, indeed, cared little about dining at the best of times.

She had been sitting there, therefore, with an incident occurred which convinced her that this was indeed an unlucky day. Near the Albert Hall her hanover was brought to a stand-still, and suddenly a man in a dark suit and bowler hat exclaimed: "Mrs. Vidal!—is it possible? Have you relented at the last moment, and decided not to leave us yet again?"

Lord St. Antell's smile and teeth and eyes appeared before Clare's unwilling eyes like a nightmare out of the murky atmosphere. "I was on my way to your house," he said, "and suddenly—oh, I don't know, Kean, you know, I quite forgot to leave a card for him the other day. Allow me—and with an agility very creditable in one of his years, Lord St. Antell leaped into the hands of some well-known personage."

"Now we will proceed together," said he. "I call this a most auspicious meeting."

He uttered a cry to give him a great deal of pleasure. His habitual smile, his eyes half closed this time, and presently he fell back and went off into a fit of silent laughter which rather alarmed his companion, who could not understand why he was laughing so merrily.

In truth, the days which are unlucky for some needs make us lucky for others, and impatience paid off. The man who had come to meet Lord St. Antell. His lordship had suited set out from town with well-grounded anticipations of enjoyment, but had been waiting to Alcestis Gardens, asking for Mr. Vidal, and surprising his wife in a situation which even she would admit to be equally tame into insignificance by comparison with the frantic scenes of the previous evening. It had been his power, and so enhanced was he at the prospect of the joyful joke that he had much to say. "I have been waiting for you to take Mr. Vidal into his confidence. He listened intently to her account of the solicitude which had caused her return, and only began to smile when he realized that evidently he would not find her husband at home.

"Goodby, Lord St. Antell," she said, as she stepped forward to set the pavement; "I won't see you to-morrow."

"How cruel are you to me, Mrs. Vidal!" exclaimed the old gentleman, reproachfully. "But perhaps I shall be allowed into the house, though you are so angry. I come after you to your husband, you know."

"It really is not worth while to get out and ask for him," said Clare. "I'm certain to be at his club."

Lord St. Antell, however, had already rung the bell; and great was the consternation of the parlour-maid, who witnessed the scene with silent admiration. She had been too well possessed of presence of mind or consciousness for the feelings of others, she would not have doubted that Mr. Vidal would be there. But she, too, evidently she had let her guard down, and even over good masters like the barges, for all that she did was to open her eyes wide and ejaculate,

"Begin in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1452."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

VOLUME XXXIX, NO. 1481.

"Lord bless my soul, man! Mr. Vidal will be surprised!" After this she trips upstairs to open the drawing-room door.

A considerate consideration of the situation led from the maid to a demand of silence which explained by the conversation between Adrian and his visitor recorded in the last chapter will show that the new-comers received the foot of the stairs with a certain amount of awe, and that she so easily expressed a wife for their appearance. Neither she nor Adrian had heard the doleful ring; but they were standing simultaneously by the entrance to the stairs, and exchanged glances of dismay.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Lady St. Antell, "there's somebody coming!" "What is it, do I know?"

There was hardly out of her mouth when the door was flung open, admitting St. Antell and Mrs. Vidal; and they were the ones whom she was so easily impressed by for their appearance.

The four persons concerned knew that she was in a condition of mind to take note of its various features.

It was Lord St. Antell's high-pitched, sarcastic voice that broke the silence.

"Who don't you have a screen in your drawing-rooms, Mrs. Vidal?" I thought everybody had got that article when you was furnishing, because if you had only had it, we might have done the scene from *The School for Scandal*—but I don't know where you had been born."

"Lady Teviot; you would have been Josephine; I should have been Sir Peter; and Mrs. Vidal, I suppose, the countess down the hill; but—perhaps, I might add, I might have been—"

Sister gave a laugh of mirth. To tell the truth, I am not sure that I am particularly well fitted to play Peter's part; but I so far resemble him, list to me if you will."

"Even so, the world would continue to revolve upon its own axis without me, I daresay. But what would you have as an entertainment if I had such a wife?"

"Lady Larkins would replace me,"

"Larkins would alter the entire character of the paper immediately," said Adrian.

"I'm afraid that the question is whether the character of the paper will be altered, or not."

"I won't affect to deny that, so far, it has hardly answered my expectations. It has been an experiment; and, after all, I take it that the phenomenon of the paper's success is not to be accounted chiefly in one's uncertainty as to how they will turn out."

Adrian thought that depended a good deal upon the result.

"I have had two thousand pounds upon the result or not, I prefer the experiments which turn out well," said Adrian, smiling blandly.

"But 'tis not in mortal to command success. Without too much vanity, we may flatter ourselves that we have deserved it—yes and I, at least, am sure that you say that you had some cause to ask me."

Adrian would have liked to ask whether the *Anglo-Saxon* was passing its way, and how soon he would be in sight. But he had no desire for any thing except to receive some return for their investment; but finding it rather difficult to put his thoughts into words, he said:

"Oh, I don't know, Kean, what the *Scorpion* is."

"I don't think I have heard of the *Scorpion*."

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DUMONT, RIEL'S LIEUTENANT, HARANGUING A DETACHMENT OF REBELS.



THE PURSUIT OF APPLEGARTH BY THE INDIANS.



THE FIGHT AT DUCK LAKE.



THE FISH LAKE FIGHT—REBELS UNDER DUMONT FIRING ON MIDDLETON'S ADVANCE.

THE RIEL REBELLION.—FAC-SIMILES OF SKETCHES FURNISHED TO THE MONTREAL "STAR" BY A MEMBER OF THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 295.]



THE RIEL REBELLION—A BATTERY GOING TO THE FRONT.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM SKETCHES IN THE TORONTO "WAR NEWS."—[SEE PAGE 295.]

she entered she gave Bowes her hand as frankly, if not as simply, as if he had been an old friend of the house, and from some cause she seemed more gay and, in a happy-hour way, more natural than ever.

A newspaper she had brought with her half raised, as if to make it the subject of remark, when her eyes fell on Bowes's magazine.

"How did you like the rest of the story? Did you bring it to me? But what am I asking?"

"I told you I did." And he gave it to her.

"Now sit down. I am sure no stupid, but we can have a visit before dinner. Did I say that you're for the magazine?"

Bowes and his small party were hospitably treated in Norfolk, and the two captains were very friendly with each other, and dined together several times. Only the captain and one or two of his officers were present at the meetings. There is a piano on the coxswait, which at Norfolk was kept going all day long. The British vessel had a school-music and a schoolroom.

The "Garnet" ran into Norfolk Harbor at one o'clock on the morning of April 29, and passed under the guns of the *Gorsat*, going as quickly as possible and showing no signals. On the following morning the British vessel was in New York.

At three o'clock in the morning of May 1, the *Gorsat* in turn steamed out of Norfolk, bound for New York Harbor, where she arrived on the evening of the 2d.

THE COTTON EXCHANGE.
The New York Cotton Exchange was started in 1851 and has been very prosperous in its fifteen years of existence. It is located in the Building which is dedicated on April 20 with fully described and illustrated in Harper's Weekly for March 15, 1884. It cost half a million dollars to build, and is a fine specimen of architecture, perched on a hill overlooking the city of New York.

At three o'clock in the morning of May 1, the *Gorsat* in turn steamed out of Norfolk, bound for New York Harbor, where she arrived on the evening of the 2d.

There was a goodly amount of cotton in the store. This was accompanied enough for Bowes to buy a large quantity. When Helen looked up and smiled, but in the smiles there were so many components that Bowan knew not what they meant, thought that they made him feel uncomfortable. He had been interrupted period over the reading, and Helen passed over. When she looked up, the rose-color was gone. She was pale, but he reflected from her eyes that she was a soft and gentle girl.

"I will finish it at some other time." She closed the book, with her fingers between the leaves, and looked at me.

"I will come back in turn for you," she said when she crossed herself. She lightly unfolded the paper, and Bowan took his place by her chair while she put out a new candle.

"I am not the author of 'Gold Cops,' now appearing in the —," is Andrew Rowan of this city.

Long after he must have finished reading it, Bowan was silent, and Helen, in an oppressed way, was silent too. At last she turned her face up to him as he stood over her.

She was about to speak, but her words were not her thoughts, and refused to be spoken. She drew her fingers over the little paragraphs, once, twice, a dozen times, and the action was repeated. At the end of the page, did not Rowan know the pause? Why did time stop and leave her class? And only had time stopped, but something within herself as well. She was silent, but she could hear the sound of the window; while she sat under Rowan's eyes, and so near him, every movement revealed some feeling which instant she could not control; and when she sat in the first seat, she seemed the most unnatural and unloved for action of her life.

She turned back, just for an instant, she believed, and gathered strength to say, "I have found out your secret."

"Not all of it. You did not know that it was yours."

More than ever she knew her danger, but how could she help it — at the very instant when she thought of escape, she turned to Rowan, and all she said was, "I can't tell you. What could she see? What could she then or know? What could he? Nothing but each other. The world had fled away."

She then confided to herself what the spell had been, and laid glow in it and not shame. The expression from which she had sought to escape, the one thought that Helens would know nothing. She looked into her brother's face; it was flushed as her own. There was but one thought in his heart, that Helens would know always look to see. Words were vain, words came in the form of a smile, and could not express itself in other ways. She laid her head on his shoulder a moment, and the eyes which had been so troubled refocused themselves in tears.

WILLIAM FINE.

A POSSIBLE NAVAL DUEL.

DEALS between warships have occurred occasionally which could be accounted for by special causes, but take a look at this. The fight between the Chesapeake and the Shannon, in 1813, just outside of Boston Harbor, was seen by a multitude of people, who lined the harborside, and who, in the opinion of the commander against the *Kearsarge*, in the war of the rebellion, was witnessed by a host of people, who saluted out of the neighboring harbors and cities. The *Garnet* lay in close proximity to the Russian corvette *Srovol* at the harbor at Norfolk, Virginia, and the thought that a naval duel was likely, of a decided character, was between England and Russia, say, another chance of winning in a naval duel might be afforded America.

The *Garnet* was built at Chatham in 1872. She is 260 feet long, 44 feet beam, and draws 19 feet of water. She carries 1200 men, and has a crew of 500, including 120 officers and 380 sailors. Her broadside guns on each side, and a bow and stern chaser — four Nordenthal guns of four inches each, and two Garvines. The guns are mounted on deck, and are so arranged that they can discharge 2000 rifle cartridges in five minutes, and are for use against torpedo-boats. The *Garnet* can make thirteen miles an hour. She is a fine ship.

The *Srovol* was built at St. Petersburg in 1880. She is 226 feet long, and 42 feet beam. She carries 1200 men, and has a crew of 500, including 120 officers and 380 sailors. She has a torpedo battery which is effective at 300 yards. The *Garnet* is commanded by Captain Flax, who is about eighteen years old, and has been at sea for thirty-four years, passing through all the grades from midshipman. The commander of the

Srovol is Captain Sverzutsky, a younger man than Captain Flax. He was born in St. Petersburg, having been educated in the naval academy, where he bravely worked with torpedoes against Turkish vessels in the Russo-Turkish War.

Both these great vessels were hospitably treated in Norfolk, and the two captains were very friendly with each other, and dined together several times. Only the captain and one or two of his officers were present at the meetings.

There is a piano on the coxswait, which at Norfolk was kept going all day long. The British vessel had a school-music and a schoolroom.

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o'clock on the morning of April 29, and passed under the guns of the *Gorsat*, going as quickly as possible and showing no signals. On the following morning the British vessel was in New York.

At three o'clock in the morning of May 1, the *Gorsat* in turn steamed out of Norfolk, bound for New York Harbor, where she arrived on the evening of the 2d.

2. Many people think that eyeglasses look ugly, and on this point, go eyeglasses far away from home, and take the solid comfort of spectacles in your own house. There is a popular impression that eyeglasses are a matter of shame as spectacles; that they are "helpless" merely, to use a misleading word devised by opticians. This is a mistake, but it is really no trouble. This is a mistake, but if you choose, make use of eyeglasses whenever you wish to save appearance. But put on spectacles when you are alone, and do not let your wife or writing. Spectacles are the best, because they are the stillest, and are supported at a nearly constant distance from the eyes; while eyeglasses are the reverse of this, as they are of their uncomfortable pressure, noise, breathing, and of the usual quality that this insomuch imports to the vision. Spectacles are the best; and it is better to wear them when you are alone, as they will restore to the printed page, what comfort to the visitor. When they are properly chosen, they are comfortable, and will not trouble.

I annex Dr. Dunc's admirable rules of the principles which should guide the choice of glasses for near sight and for far sight. They are rules which every optician should learn and use for the benefit of his clients.

"Make all persons see distant objects as well as possible; — nearsighted persons with the best, far-sighted persons with the strongest glasses."

"Allow near-sighted persons to use still weaker glasses, or stronger ones, for far sight; vice versa. Allow far-sighted persons to use still stronger glasses for near vision, and no glasses at all for distance.

"Allow the near-sighted ones who can see at well as they need, and all are very near-sighted, and all who have become near-sighted recently, and all who are not satisfied with their glasses."

"For those who are not satisfied with the use of spectacles, let me repeat that they are a comfort and a luxury from the first; and it is a great relief to enjoy their benefit. Those who are apt to put off the evil day, as they regard it, of spectacles as long as possible, it is a mistake, and a bad habit to do so. For a large part of every person's community, the eye is the light of the body only as its imperfections are corrected by suitable lenses. And such lenses should be found and used, whether in youth or age, as soon as they begin to be needed."

T. M. COAN, M.D.

THE YOUNG LADIES OF MODERN TIMES.

I know I'm an old-fashioned fellow, though not feeling lonely in my ways.

And when I think of you all, my mind about the young ladies of modern days:

Their own grandmothers would not know, and their mothers would not understand. But whether the old or the young ones are right, I am with some few persons would tell.

When I was a girl — two not soothsayers, but a poet and a novelist, were the best. And she was a created a notable woman; that a good friend could relate,

Whose countenance and raiment; But the young ladies who manage the world today have very different ways.

My young ladies sing ay ay ay ay ay; indeed; there is a claim that requires special advice; and when we take a walk, Nature, in the shape of ten to make us take. Nature, in the shape of ten to make us take, our clothes, and the shop of an optician, who "supplies spectacles and glasses and puts by the octopus" — the best thing that time brings about in the eyes. There is a popular prejudice that wearing glasses hastes the aging of the eyes. This is a kind of wrongness in the eyes, but the loss of the power of the case when they are properly adapted to the eye.

How, then, are we to choose our glasses? This is a claim that requires special advice; and when we take a walk, Nature, in the shape of ten to make us take, our clothes, and the shop of an optician, who "supplies spectacles and glasses and puts by the octopus" — the best thing that time brings about in the eyes. There is a popular prejudice that wearing glasses hastes the aging of the eyes. This is a kind of wrongness in the eyes, but the loss of the power of the case when they are properly adapted to the eye.

It is not arbitrary; it is fixed at a certain age for a person, another grade for a woman, another for a man, and the critical age is the time of the first signs of hair on the head. Still, it is taken a risk on the part of the patient in either instance.

The optician seldom has the knowledge of the patient's sex, and when the case is a child, one sex, the girl, the druggist sometimes prescribes instead of the other, the drugstore sometimes prescribes instead of the girl, and the optician prescribes instead of the boy. Still, it is taken a risk on the part of the patient in either instance.

The optician seldom has the knowledge of the patient's sex, and when the case is a child, one sex, the girl, the druggist sometimes prescribes instead of the other, the drugstore sometimes prescribes instead of the boy. Still, it is taken a risk on the part of the patient in either instance.

But in spite of the dressing and playing and pointing, the truth need not be told, and I'll say, Never mind, but the world has been mangled as much as it's managed to be.

And fathers, instead of admiring girls, pride and pleasure, and the like, are now the things that make them glad to follow the job for a trade.

And she plays Clowns and Beethoven; has a notion of Latin and Greek;

And German, French, and Italian, she says, every She is writing a drama; and she's written half a dozen romances.

And she's dancing, too; "the sloshingly slow" not to have all the new games and dances.

When I look at their "high art needle-work," at the easel, like, like, and cranes,

At the women's polished palaces and plagues, I see the girls are writing and painting, like,

Who I look at these and find filled, like, like,

All sorts of "opera" and "style" and "schools," I think I might nothing, but die.

But in spite of the dresses and playing and pointing, the truth need not be told, and I'll say, Never mind, but the world has been mangled as much as it's managed to be.

And fathers, instead of admiring girls, pride and pleasure, and the like, are now the things that make them glad to follow the job for a trade.

For the wisdom never is just as bad; his mistakes are a wise, brilliant, brilliant, ethereal type than the world has ever seen.

He is wise, but he is exploded now, while she is wise, and though I don't understand it at all, the truth very rarely is wrong.

I was thinking about the girl of my time in a lover's dream, you know.

And he said: "Ay ye; very excellent, naius; quite a good girl, and the like, in the like way."

The fact of the matter is, women are fair in every respect and class;

But we get along, and the like is the case of the sex in the world of our own time!"

Then in case, all friends, all friends, pale golden, roses, marsh, and lace;

And he looked at her, and then at me, with a kind of wonder.

And I said: "Ay ye; and think of the past, till I'm lost in amazement myself!"

But whether the thing way be here, I wish some wise body would tell.



FROM THE CLUB-HOUSE BALCONY.



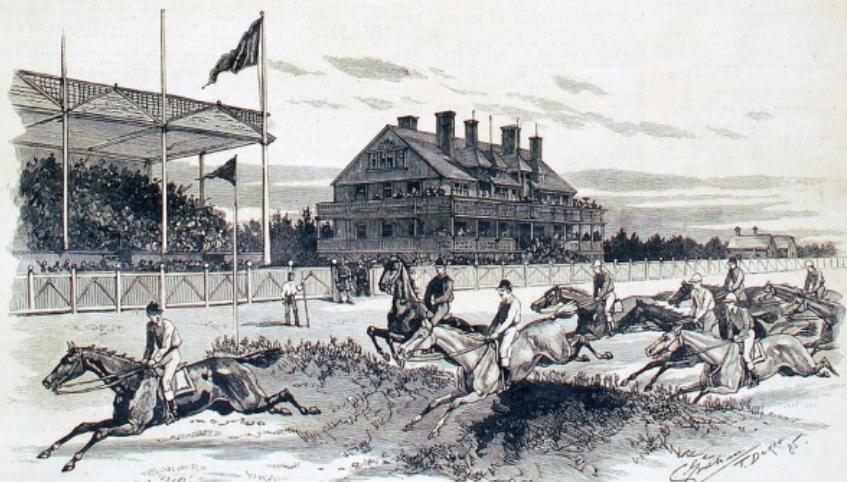
TRAINING "FLYING JENNY."



LOOKING TOWARD LONG BEACH.



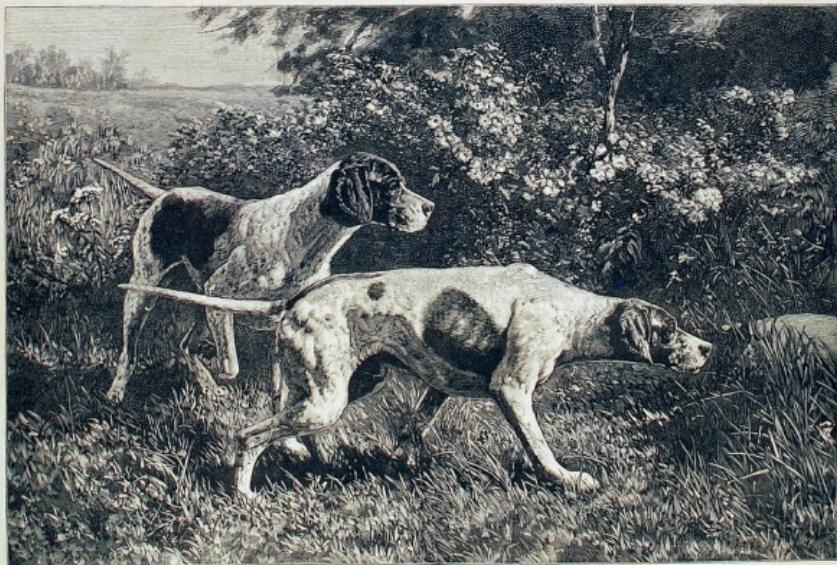
REAR OF THE CLUB-HOUSE.



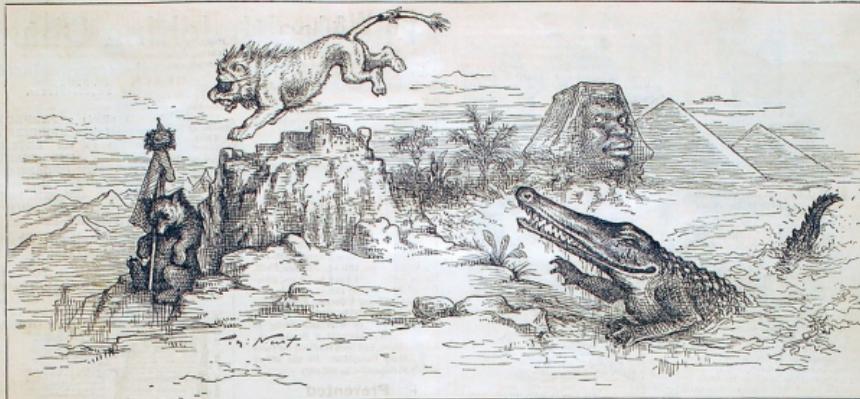
STEEPLE-CHASE COURSE OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB, LONG ISLAND.—DRAWN BY C. GRAHAM AND J. DURKIN.—[SEE PAGE 295.]



THE NEW YORK CANCER HOSPITAL.—FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS.—[SEE PAGE 302.]



"CLOSE WORK."—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN W. TRACY IN THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION.—[SEE PAGE 299.]



THE BRITISH LION MUST GO! HE SAYS HE IS WANTED ELSEWHERE

A FEW FLOWERS.

*Arnold
Constable & Co
PARASOLS.*

New open, a large assortment of the Latest Styles in Carriage, Street, and Seaside Parasols; also, an extensive variety in Sun and Rain Umbrellas, very choice and stylish mountings.

Broadway & 19th st.

*FINE LINEN
Writing Papers.*

If you want a DAY BOOK MADE,
If you want a JOURNAL MADE,
If you want a LEDGER MADE,
If you want a CHECK BOOK MADE,
If you want a SALES BOOK MADE,
If you want PAPER FOR ENVELOPES,
If you want PAPER FOR STATIONERY,
If you want PAPER FOR LETTERS, HEADS,
If you want PAPER FOR BUSINESS PURPOSE,
If you want PAPER FOR HILL HEADS,
If you want PAPER FOR BUSINESS PURPOSE,
ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER
FOR "LINDEN" PAPER MADE BY

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SOLD BY ALL PAPEIERS.

In the year of the HIGHEST AWARD at four
World's Fairs, and is recommended by all men. Our
paper may be known by the Japanese paper it
can outlast any paper in water-wear, so seek
them for sample books.

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RACINE BOATS
IN CANOES,
ALSO KNOWN AS
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We build to order, according to the boat line.
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PYRAMID NIGHT LIGHTS
FOR BURNING IN HIS
PYRAMID NIGHT-LAMPS AND
PYRAMID NURSERY LAMPS.*
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EXCHANGE ALLEY, NEW YORK.

SOLD RETAIL AT ALL DRUG STORES.

PLUMBING
Barlow Systems (newest) and
the best. Copper Pipe, Lead Pipe,
Fitter, Durban Head Fittings &
Co., 180 West 3rd St., N.Y.

New Paper-Bags, Cloth Bags, Boxes,
Hats, Dogs, Girls, Mutton, &c., and 4 or 5 silked
large Renaissance Cards, 10c, Book Co., N.Y.

I X consist with most planters. It has been my custom to issue every spring a catalogue of all the different varieties of plants and seeds I have for sale. This catalogue, with the exception of a few pages, is now out of date, and I fear of little interest or value to most people. As the general distribution of my catalogue, it would be better to issue a new one, giving the latest and most reliable information concerning the most popular and the very best and most desirable plants, giving practical cultural directions, suggesting new arrangements for growing them, and, in general, doing all that will increase the beauty and attractiveness of American gardens.

At present I am sending out my new book, "A Few Flowers Worth of General Culture." It is beautifully printed, and contains a great variety of flowers, arranged to show how a most beautiful and fascinating garden can be made with hardy plants, and how great a number of flowers can be had in blossom at almost any time during the summer months. It also contains exhaustive articles on Chrysanthemums and Geraniums, and a chapter on the care of roses. It will fill a most important place in the future of our gardens, and I hope it will be well received. Please send free on receipt of 30 cents in postage.

And while I grow many varieties of plants, I have endeavored to grow a few things well, and think I may offer something to the market in the way of Sweet Peas, Carnation Pinks, and of those plants I often mention in my catalogues.

I am now offering, for the first time, plants of the celebrated New Orleans Tea Rose, "William Francis Benét," which is said to be the most fragrant rose ever created; and this may easily be inferred in the Flower World. The price, six thousand dollars per plant, is a reasonable one, and the flower is indeed a marvel in its beauty. Just think of it; it is really a rose, and yet it has the fragrance of a tea rose, the Hybrid Rose, German Jacqueminot, and surpasses that rose in perfume. It is a rose that will always have a long and constant blooming. Its remarkable fragrance exceeds that of the La France, and is good enough to perfume the air around it, its grace and beauty will attract and amaze.

The price is for strong plants in \$2 each.

I am also offering, for the first time, plants of the

French Rose, "La France,"

which is a rose that has

surpassed all others in

beauty and fragrance.

It is a rose that is

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 1482.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1885.

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THE UNITED STATES DISPATCH-BOAT "DOLPHIN."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 351.]

FRAUD.

MESSES. HARPER & BROTHERS are informed that persons falsely representing themselves to be agents for Harper's Periodicals are soliciting subscriptions to HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S BAZAAR, and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, at unauthorized rates, giving receipts in the name of HARPER & BROTHERS.

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We recommend specially the YOUNG PEOPLE as the best weekly issue of a paper especially adapted for boys and girls which is published in the United States.—*Editor's Note.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The current number, issued May 19, opens with a picture entitled

"UNAPPRECIATED ATTENTIONS."

by the well-known animal painter J. C. BRAID. It represents a robust cat having its attention called to it by a mischievous monkey.

"How Johnny Brought the Bacon," Mr. E. W. HORNER, frequent contributor to this and other papers, has succeeded in combining a story and an experiment in practical mechanics. The article is illustrated. It will be concluded in the next number.

A full-page illustration, entitled

"MILITARY MANEUVERS OF SCHOOL-BOY SOLDIERS," shows some boys in a prize drill competition held by a well-known military school in New York. It is accompanied by a descriptive article.

Another striking illustration is "His First Pair of Breaches," from the painting by TISSOT.

There is the usual amount of fiction, including one of HARPER'S FAIRY TALES, entitled "The Skunk Husband," illustrated by the author.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, \$2.00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be sent on receipt of four cents in postage stamps.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885.

PARTY AND REFORM.

THE vote in the New York Assembly upon the amendment to the civil service bill exempting soldiers and sailors of the late war from examination shows that the party which has been most closely allied to be the party of reform, and which has a decided majority in the Assembly, and are in general responsible for the legislation of the session. The amendment was introduced by a Democrat. It was supported by no one more ardently than by General BARNUM, a Republican from the city of New York, and it was adopted by a vote of 84 to 24. There were 44 Democrats and 40 Republicans in the affirmative, and 20 Republicans and 4 Democrats in the negative. The Republicans, however, have now become a party principle, and have sumptuously defaced the bill. When opposition to the extension of slavery was the sincere purpose of the Republican party, no bill and no amendment favoring an increase of the power of slavery, or substantially repealing any restraint upon it, could possibly have passed any legislative body which Republicans controlled. The decisive vote in the New York Assembly is the more surprising because it occurs at the very time that the Democratic Board of Trade are violently assailing the Democratic President for failing to the principles of reform, and when the only excuse of the Administration in the Republican press is based upon the instances of its failure to observe that principle.

There were a great many earnest Republican friends of reform who sustained the Republican Presidential nomination last year, not because they did not deplore it and regret the necessity of sustaining it, but because they believed that the Republican party was the sole hope of America. Why a party which was singleminded upon reform, and when the only excuse of nominating a candidate who in some way represented it, they did not explain. But they were satisfied that the election of a Democratic party would be its death-blow, and undoubtedly some such Republicans were among those who voted for General BARNUM as a Republican, and therefore, according to their view, a friend of reform. Such Republicans are now undeceived. They have had the consciousness of being compelled to reform in New York is not a mere theory. A man who is a good, factitious, good Republican and vote against reform. Indeed, the fact is that the reform bill was passed by a Democratic Legislature and approved and enforced by a Democratic Governor, and it was overwhelmingly repealed by a Republican Assembly. We say repealed, because the amendment provides for a practical evasion of the law in every instance, and the vote in the Assembly shows the party hostility to the law.

This vote utterly destroys the point of partisan Re-

publican sneers at Democratic devotion to the spoils. If the amendment showed a tender regard for Union soldiers, it was introduced by a Democrat. If it practically restored the spoils system, it was supported by Republicans. It is precisely the kind of action upon the subject that Messes. HIGGINS, PELLSBURY, TROUP, and CHAMBERLAIN, the four most notorious worst wretches, because it virtually overthrows the reform law, and it is supported by Republicans in the Assembly by a vote of two to one. We do not deny, of course, that there is a very strong and resolute demand for this reform among Republicans—a demand much more general in proportion than among Democrats—and the amendment was warmly opposed by the reform Republicans in the Assembly. But it can no longer be called a distinctive Republican measure.

Certainly the suggestion of the late national convention does not show that it is so, and the speeches of Republican leaders since the adoption of the amendment—of Senators EVANS in New York and Boston, and the remarks of Senators SHEEMAN and DAWES—do not recognize it as a most prominent and important question. We are not saying that it is a Democratic measure, for that party is now angrily rent upon it. As we have always contended, it is not a partisan measure at all. Republican and Democratic managers and "bosses" and "working politicians" are indifferent to it. No Republican or Democrat is the less a good citizen for supporting it.

The party which has been most closely allied to this party as a reform party, and it follows of course, that he would gain nothing for reform merely by joining the other party. The voter who regards the reform as of paramount importance, if he is a Republican, will certainly vote next November for Republicans like General BARNUM as legislators, nor will Democrats of a like mind vote for Democrats like Mr. EARL. If the voter wishes to see the reform law honestly observed, he must support the amendment. He who supports it will support no candidate for the Legislature who is not openly and honestly and intelligently favorable to reform. Meanwhile we are glad to say that the strong protest of soldiers and sailors and other good citizens against the amendment which was so strongly favored in the Assembly caused its practical defeat in the Senate.

THE LATE LEGISLATURE OF NEW YORK.

The Legislature of New York has adjourned after a session in which the Republicans had the large majority and the responsibility. The one act of legislation in which the readers of this paper out of the State may be supposed to be most interested is the passage of the Niagara Reservation Bill, which saves the great cataract from destruction as a sublime natural spectacle, and secures its enjoyment freely to all citizens of the United States. The bill was introduced by Republicans in this Legislature to those who are not New Yorkers is the probable influence of its general character and conduct upon the political situation. It was a Republican bill in the State whose vote had determined the Presidential election, and in which there was a serious division of the party. That division was due in general to a conviction that the party was unfaithful to its own principles. Has the course of the Legislature tended to heal the dissatisfaction and to recall the divided elements of the party? In other words, has it shown that the Republican party is no worse than the Democratic party, but that it is the plainly the party of progress and reform?

It was the opinion of HORACE GREELEY, as set forth in the *Tribe* in 1854, that "a thorough dispersion of parties, with an obliteration and disuse of all their machinery, watch-words, and discipline, as often as once in twelve years, if not at the end of each Presidential contest, would be a public blessing." That is an extremely wise opinion, and it often prevails whenever, for any reason, there is a party of disuse and decay, it can not be arrested by a more vigorous adhesion to the causes that produce it. The fatal unwisdom of the Republican Presidential nomination lay in the fact that it was the triumph of the tendencies which had produced series party discontent, and the more plainly it was proved that it was a free and spontaneous expression of the party, the greater were the doubt and distrust. The political service of the late Legislature to the party, in its decision to sustain the objects which it has identified with party, to the causes that produce it.

The Legislature defeated the bill requiring the Sheriff of Kings County to keep his large and important accounts in an orderly and intelligent manner. It made no settlement of the urgent question of prison labor. The Senate passed the Freedom of Worship Bill, which authorizes a sectarian form of worship in public institutions. The Assembly, as we point out at length elsewhere, by an overwhelming majority, rejected the bill. The blow in the Senate upon the bill was delivered by the members of the party which it has identified with party, the objects which honest citizens desire. The Legislature defeated the bill requiring the Sheriff of Kings County to keep his large and important accounts in an orderly and intelligent manner. It made no settlement of the urgent question of prison labor. The Senate passed the Freedom of Worship Bill, which authorizes a sectarian form of worship in public institutions. The Assembly, as we point out at length elsewhere, by an overwhelming majority, rejected the bill. The blow in the Senate upon the bill was delivered by the members of the party which it has identified with party, the objects which honest citizens desire.

The Legislature elected Mr. EVANS to the Senate. This, as we said at the time, was good politics, because it was the selection of the most eminent Republican

in the State, and a man of Senatorial character and ability. His election, however, was imposed upon the Legislature by expressions of Republican feeling throughout the State, and this was the best Republican sign of the winter, because the feeling undoubtedly sprang from the conviction that the independent machines, and the various Booths, and farce-acts of the members of the Legislature hardly authorize the belief that it has brightened the Republican prospect of recovering the State at the election in the autumn, and it makes the action of the Convention still more important. A Convention whose action, *suntatis mutantis*, should be of the same general character with that of the Legislature would open a very littleless campaign.

THE ATTACK UPON MR. GLADSTONE.

The English Tories can not cope with the English Liberals in debate. At the opening of the late attack upon the Government Lord HAMILTON made a violent personal charge upon Mr. GLADSTONE, but the replies of Mr. GLADSTONE and of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were so trenchant that in closing the debate for the Tories Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL found himself upon the defensive, and the Government was handsomely sustained. The English press was unanimous in supporting that it left them in the position of a war party before the facts were known, and exposed them to Mr. GLADSTONE's taunt that they made up for their want of knowledge by a multitude of baseless suppositions. The Tories were the more heedless in their assault, as it showed, because he had stated that an arrangement had been reached acceptable to England, Russia, the Amur of Afghanistan, and Lord DUFFERIN. To assume that this was a craven surrender was to assume that the English were cowards; and Mr. GLADSTONE's moral character was not impaired by the fact that the Tories became a war party just when the blessed prospect of honorable peace appeared to avert a war which would have been a calamity to England, Russia, and the world.

The significance of the Government's majority upon the specific vote of censure was greater because it followed the announcement that the Soudan expedition is abandoned, and that the troops will be withdrawn to the Island of Cyprus and to the African enterprise, and the ascendancy of the Prime Minister is strikingly shown by his majority, the Parcellites voting against him. The Soudan expedition has cost Lord WOLESELEY his prestige, and sheds no honor upon the English name or arms. It has added another illustrious name to the list of English heroes, and the death of GODORO will always be a shadow upon the GLADSTONE Administration, although that Administration has done its best to cover it up. The truth is now plain that General SYKES was not even wounded, GORDON would have been relieved.

Party spirit in England is very furious, and Mr. GLADSTONE is assailed with a bitterness which our political contentions do not surpass, and which we may observe parenthetically, shows that a reformed and non-partisan civil service does not necessarily destroy parties. But amid all the controversy it is evident that the Prime Minister is by far the ablest political leader in the country. This conviction is so strong and general that there is little to be desired in his continuance at the head of affairs, if that is to be desirable. It is even conceded by some of his opponents, with the remark that he led the country into the scrape, and he ought to be left to lead it out again. Indeed, it is clear that only a statesman of Mr. GLADSTONE's quality could have withstood the tremendous pressure for war, and in the face of the Egyptian failure we carried without a division the credit that he asked. As we write the series of assaults upon his administration have assumed such a character as to make it difficult to believe that he will be re-elected. The change of Ministry at this juncture, the disappearance of Mr. GLADSTONE from control, the accession of the Tories, the rise of the Jingo spirit, and a war with Russia under Tory management, would be a severer strain upon the British Empire than has ever been experienced. The wars of Napoleon.

AT THE TREASURY.

The Secretary of the Treasury has made the appointments which have been most unfavorably criticized as most inconsistent with the principles stated by the President as those which should govern his administration. The President's view of the appointments is not that the new incoming Democratic party has assumed the character of desirability, that they were Democrats distinguished only for the very qualities which showed that change was not reform, but the reverse. To turn out a Republican politician and to bring in an efficient Democrat, business man may be refused to do, but it is done by a Democratic politician of a poor type is certainly not reform.

It is a fact worth of remark that the three chief appointments in the Treasury have been of the best character from the point of view of reform. The selections of Mr. FAIRCHILD as Comptroller of the Currency, Mr. JONES as Treasurer, and of Mr. GRAVES as head of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, the largest "patronage" place in the department, are in every way unexceptionable. Mr. FAIRCHILD has the strongest faith in the reformed system, and

has been officially familiar with it; Mr. JORDAN abominated at once that no arbitrary partisan change would be made in the office force; and Mr. GRAYES is one of the earliest and most zealous advocates of the cause, thoroughly convinced with all its methods and details.

Mr. FAIRCHILD, as Attorney-General of New York, acquired a most valuable official experience. Mr. JORDAN has been long officially connected with public institutions, and Mr. GRAYES has been similarly prominent in Treasury by reason of singular ability. His report to Secretary SHEDDEN of the condition of the Bureau of Engraving and of the reforms that ought to be made in it was a striking picture of the abuses of administration that civil service reform writers have so often exposed. He has shown his undoubted talents that party politics have no right place in a business office, and as a public officer he has diligently served the public, not a party, except as exclusive and efficient attention to official duty may serve it. The Administration and the country are to be congratulated upon such appointments.

AN UNDAUNTED NEWSPAPER.

The 10th of April the offices of the *Bulletin Express* were completely destroyed by fire. The other journal fortunately had been offered a shelter, and was able to continue its energetic pressure of the *Express* and of its engraving and printing office pushed on, published the paper, established themselves where they could, and without other interruption than the necessary and immense inconvenience of removal, the business, and on the 14th of May announced that their space and facilities would be greater than ever.

It is a striking illustration of business courage and resource, and the example of others which the *Express* received attest the high regard in which the paper is held. Such a calamity is undoubtedly too large a price to pay even for such pleasant knowledge, but the knowledge is a great consolation and encouragement to the *Express* and its proprietors, and it is a significant tribute to the intrepid and admirable newspaper, whose vigor and independence are well known.

During the campaign of last year the *Express* supported Mr. BLAINE, from a deep distrust of the Democratic party, but the journal harbored a more substantial personal aversion to the political program, or a more fervent desire of public offenders. A serious blot to such a journal would have been a public misfortune, and its continued prosperity will be a public benefit.

THE MAYOR'S APPOINTMENTS.

The sole power of appointment to high city offices entrusted to the Mayor by the charter amendments of last year had been exercised by Mayor GARDNER, and in a manner which shows the great care of the City. The Mayor elected, not as a partisan, but as an honest and efficient administrator. In the list of ten appointments there are some names known only as those of "politicians" in the usual sense of the word. But the gentlemen are generally of the kind that good citizens expect.

Mr. CHARLES E. SIMMONS, City Chamberlain; Mr. CHARLES MCGARIGLE, Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments; Dr. CHARLES E. SIMMONDS, Commissions of Charities and Correction, and Mr. BORDES, an admirable appointment, Park Commissioner. These are all men who are destined to be excellent selections. It is evident that Mr. AXES was to be retained as Commissioner of Taxes, and his retention was strongly urged upon the Mayor. But he preferred another person, to whom no objection is made, and whose fitness is conceded.

The next month better proceeding than dilatory and bargaining with a Board of Aldermen, and securing only such public agents as they might choose. The Mayor now bears, as he ought to bear, the undivided responsibility.

THE MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

One of the most excellent appointments that the Administration has made is that of Mr. LORRISON, of Detroit, to be Minister to Russia. He is a man of the highest character and of acknowledged ability; a master in his profession of law; accomplished in various studies; of a lofty, generous, and upright view of public life and duty; of dignified presence and address; and one of the staunchest Union patriots during the war.

Mr. LOTHROP is a Democrat, and Michigan is a Republican State, or he would have been long ago in the Senate. He is a man of great strength of mind, and is very widely informed of the past and existing, and in the remarkable classmate and lifelong friend ex-Chief Justice BRADLEY, of Rhode Island, both of whom command the hearty regard and respect of their countrymen.

The Administration has won the name in which its appointment of Mr. LORRISON has been received, as the late Administration learned from its appointment of Mr. JUSTICE GRAY, that the selection of such men is an incomparably greater benefit to a party than the appointment of twenty more politicians, or an appointment made to prop up a failing party. It is a fact, however, that in its public estimate of the party, and despite the doubt of every body of voters who an Administration can wisely alienate.

HIDDEN LIFE.

The Springfield *Republican* spoke some time ago of the many instances of vice and debauchery in New York which are sustained by the high morality and social status of women who belong to a social sphere which is often supposed to be altogether reckless, ostentatious, frivolous, and infamous, because it is composed of the rich, and because there are no such rich idlers of both sexes.

It is in the secret of a woman's heart, much of the wisest and most helpful charitable work is done, and the late Mrs. JACOB LE ROY was an admirable illustration of the excellent women who are most earnest and efficient in doing it. Mrs.

LE ROY had been for many years the First Director of the Home for the Destitute Children of Seafarers, upon Staten Island, and her son JAMES, a naval intelligence, and naval service, and his unintermitting devotion to its interests were of incalculable service.

It is a world without the range of public observation, but it is the work of the true honest heart, and it is a work of the true good spirit, which neither perishes nor is lost by the erratic course of existent women. They would be pained did they suspect that their names would be made known and their beneficence celebrated. But to mention one whose faithfulness and life is ended, and who can be no more reached by human means or grace, is to mention a woman who has been received at the Navy Department, and it states the facts as follows:

"The American flag was insulted, as alleged, by the crew of the steamship *Cuba*, and the forcible arrest and imprisonment of a source of American citizenship, the son of a citizen of the United States, Mr. RICHARD WALTERS, of the New York State Court at Aspinwall, which, however, we find to have been on the 29th of March, under forces which, in our opinion, were not military, but were part of a naval force, and who were executing the orders of our Consul-General, who was demanded by his wife as a soldier of the party of *Pasarea* as a soldier and an assassin, and who called himself a revolutionist to cover his conduct."

"The conduct of Commander KANE was, in our opinion (based upon the corroborative testimony of all the witnesses who have been before the court, as well as of those who have testified by deposition before the committee), that of a bold, impudent, and impudent, and, in our opinion, with his orders. Had Commander KANE acted otherwise than as he did, there is no doubt that the lives of the American seamen impounded by *Pasarea* would have been saved, and that the American flag would have been respected, either in the saving of life or property. The burning of Aspinwall would have followed the murder of *Pasarea*'s prisoners, and in all probability other American citizens would have been victims of *Pasarea*'s cruelty."

Throughout this affair upon the Isthmus the Secretary of the Navy seems to have acted with promptness, vigor, and discretion. There has been admirable efficiency, but no swaggering, and the whole conduct of the transaction justifies the President's selection for a post so important.

"THE NEW SOUTH."

Mr. CARL SCHURZ's pamphlet upon *The New South* could not have been better entitled. The title is a good one in a mass work, which shows the great interest of the City. The Mayor elected, not as a partisan, but as an honest and efficient administrator. In the list of ten appointments there are some names known only as those of "politicians" in the usual sense of the word. But the gentlemen are generally of the kind that good citizens expect.

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PERSONAL.

The National Academy of Design has elected four new members—Messrs. F. D. MILLET, F. S. CHURCH, G. W. NAYARD, and J. C. NICOL; and five new associate members—Messrs. J. ALDRIDGE, J. F. MORSE, W. H. LORTON, J. ALDUS WOOD, and J. H. WITT. The election was unanimous, and no member voted against a unanimous expression of good blood, and at least two-thirds of these nine painted to belong to the Society of American Artists. The election is in all respects the most notable in the recent annals of the Academy.

—There is a Virginian gentleman in this city who when a boy was playing—as I am told still is the custom—with some of his playmates, and one of them threw a brick at him, leaving a mark that still decorates his forehead. Every Christmas he sends his assailant a present, and receives from him a letter in return. Last year he got the estored man's favorite gift, a sword.

—During the late civil war Senator GRIMES WELLES ordered that the sailors of the squadron of Fort Royal should be deprived of their morning grog. The brave crew proceeded to make the decks of some of the ships with these pathetic lines:

"Jack loves his grog,
I know he hadn't better—
He'll come to Wales,
That give him naught but water."

—A delegation of the Hon. S. S. COX's constituents recently visited the President to ask him to let them constitute a committee to raise money for the benefit of their brother Tom. Mr. CLEVELAND interrupted their spokesman by observing: "I won't do it. I seem to have the lion's share of the good things for the Administration, and the more revolutions you pass calling Mr. Cox a good fellow, the less I have."

—A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, in an interesting letter on American voices, says: "How eloquent are our college schemes of education! A credit from the first that in some of them is any thing but a credit, and that is the case with our schools which have been named American, and even have come to be thought American." He does injustice to Princeton College at least, whose Professor of Dentistry, Mr. GRANGER L. RAYMOND, has demonstrated after years of labor that the American voice may be developed by a scientific method. Neither nasal head tone nor conventional "sing-song" is now heard on the Commencement stage, and each year is better than the year before.

—An Indian chief who had brought his tribe from New Jersey made an innovation upon the usual practice at auction sales by calling for a poll, and declaring aloud before the assembled public what he considered the value of what he had sold, and what price they were to get. As the lots were coming in his last bid and his sum got from one of the cows paid full. The novelty did not please the owner whose stock was to be offered, but in the end he sold his cattle at a good price. The chief, however, had a hundred dollars more for each cow than he otherwise would have, the average price being \$400 a head—and so to the centre of attraction.

—Mr. DALE DEADERICK FIFER has been making some interesting estimates of the cost of the Civil War. He has a good knowledge of legal verbiage, and like Judge S. W. FULLER, who agrees with him on the subject, declares—what is new to many people—that the law gives a right to construct the simplest of fortifications, and that the law does not prohibit the use of simple materials and paraphernalia being simply worthless relics of a by-gone age.

—An eminent aged divine accented a young preacher as follows: "My dear friend, I have long noticed that eloquence deals in conceit, and what we call eloquence is nothing else. Don't do it; it lowers your estimate of you, and is bad for them. Adults may like nonsense, but they prefer to feed themselves."

—Rev. Mr. REX is a London Word; is short, active, and shrewd, with a ready wit, and a decided love of fun. He is the son of an old soul adduced to all the pleasures of the table. In spite of his unpleasing exterior, no man has greater courtesy of manner, and is more winning in smiling smile, and no French writer has ever written so high and clear a form of beauty, and melody of style.

—The managers of the New York Square Theatre have been figuring up the profits of the two entertainments. It is \$170,000—a handsome sum. The theatre was left free by Mr. A. M. PALMER. It is not improbable that similar entertainments will be given next winter. The manager of the theatre, Mr. J. T. STONE, has sent word that GARNETT's death by 300 Frenchmen, in the quiet suburb of Paris where he lived until his loss, the principal orator of the occasion, Mr. PAUL BEETZ, excited the widest enthusiasm by declaring that he would never be satisfied until she had put back Alceste and Larissa.

—Mr. CHARLES A. DAXE relates the following reminiscence of Mr. J. T. STONE: "He met me at a hotel in Richmond, interested in the Union cause, and when I asked him what he thought of the necessity of Southern punishment for the rebels, he began to say: 'Well, Mr. J. T. STONE, I think—'" "Why argue these opinions, sir?" said Mr. STONE. "I think, sir, that the question is not whether the South is right or wrong, but whether it is wise or foolish to decide the question of the slaves." "I know that," replied Mr. JONES, "but the subject is of moment, and it is so necessary that an example should be set, that I wish to argue the question with you, grandfather." I met him again.

—Monsieur CAPOT: "There are some magnificent libraries in your city. I know not what the Astor Library was when I began to write. But I must feel that every citizen of New York is a poor relation of that library. In a sense of your cities there are excellent libraries. In the Library of the Union League Club there is everything that a man loving books may want to have."

The victim of THOMAS PETTIT, of Boston, the American court tennis player, over LAMBERT, the English champion, is the more striking because the interest in this variety of the game England has not shared in this country, and tennis courts are much more numerous.

—One of President CLEVELAND's latest callers is the famous Dr. CLORN, who came from an off-shore island in the Aegean. He is a poor relation of the author of "Pride and Prejudice" and he greatly insisted that if the regally constituted solicitors did not remove him, he would attend to the master himself with his usual dispatch.

—FRANCIS J. FARIES, known to all readers of current fiction by his pseudonym of "Hugo Conway," died on Monday, May 15, of typhoid fever. Mr. Faries was a scion in Bristol whose name was scarcely known, and it was scarcely less successful in the form of a drama on both the English and the American stages. "Dark Days," a second story, was not less successful, and "The Madwoman" was a third. "The Madwoman" was his best work. Mr. Faries, while preserving the sensational elements of his first successes, has taken much more pains with the literary quality of his work. The Christmas number of his best work, "A Devil Man's Face," and his latest completed work, "Carson's Gift," is to appear, illustrated, in three numbers of *Illustrated's Bazaar*, beginning in the number published June 12.



OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN ELEVATED RAILWAY, MAY 13.—DRAWN BY W. F. SYDNEY.—[SEE PAGE 327.]



EDWARD O. GRAVES, CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDAN, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[See PAGE 324.]



GEORGE V. N. LORTHROP, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO RUSSIA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BALL, WASHINGTON, D.C.—[See PAGE 323.]

THE DEFEAT OF RIEL.

The defeat of Riel and his men at Batoche was so complete that it not only ended all organized resistance in the field to the Dominion troops, but was naturally followed by the capture of Riel. This capture marks the final collapse of the insurrection as far as military operations are concerned.

The battle at Batoche was the fifth armed collision which has taken place since the outbreak of the rebellion, and the first in which the Dominion troops were victorious. The skirmishes which preceded the final engagement at Batoche, however, well illustrated the disadvantage at which cavalry troops are placed when attacked by savage riflemen in the shelter of their forests.

Early in the rebellion a steamer attempted to carry supplies to General Middleton by way of the South Saskatchewan. Taking a short cut from the river, the Indians ambushed the steamer, deviated to protect his men by tales of bay placed along the guards of the vessel, in the same way that Gray's steamers were protected when running the batteries of Vicksburg. The steamer was captured, but the Indians did not injure her, as she had half-decks. It was impossible for the mounted police, who constituted the fighting force on board the steamer, to dislodge the invisible foe. The tales of bay protected the men who were sent ashore, but the Indians, who had been skirmishing among the men and horses, evidently convinced the commander that to continue on his course, exposed to a constant fire from

the pursuing rebels, would be unwise. He therefore retreated, though without the loss of a single man. It was the first naval fight ever seen on the soil of the old continent, where the Saskatchewan flows, but it is evident that the steamer was no terror to the Indian riflemen. If the retreat of the steamer did not display any particular valor on the part of her commander, it nevertheless showed a good deal of tact and judgment in the circumstances, a wise and proper course. The affair at Batoche showed that there is so lack of courage among the Canadian volunteers, and the fact that nearly all who were killed were officers shows that Canadian like British officers are if anything less ready to expose themselves. Another incident of the insurrection is illustrated on page 323.



THE RIEL REBELLION—ATTACKING A CANADIAN SUPPLY STEAMER ON THE SASKATCHEWAN.—DRAWN BY W. C. FITLER FROM A SKETCH IN THE TORONTO "WAR NEWS."

we must be contented with looking as usual,
unless we're it!"

"At a period of my life," remarked Heriot, quietly, "I have been accused of presenting a charming aspect to the eye; but I hardly trust that I have always looked as if I had one foot in the grave."

"Oh, you're all right; you wear as well as any
of us," said Lord St. Austell, who did his best
to lay the grave, and thought them in very
doubtful taste.

He sat down and began to speak again, but every
moment, during his observations for the next
five minutes, found himself quite unable to
respond to them. She was so evidently uncom-
fortable that Heriot took pity upon her at length,
and got up to go to the door, but she stopped him
in his tracks, which he rightly interpreted
to mean that she did not want to be left alone with
Lord St. Austell; so he said to the latter, "That
your companion that I saw at the door—'Perhaps
you will take pity on a sick man and give me a
lift home?'"

"My dear fellow, by all means!" cried Lord
St. Austell, "I will be glad to give you a lift, and will
take you to your own door, and then you can send
it back for me. In the mean time, I dare say
Mrs. Vidal will give me a cup of coffee to help

her along, and then we will go to bed."

This was not exactly what Heriot wanted.
"Oh, I'll wait till you have had your tea," he said;
but Lord St. Austell declared that he had seen Mrs.
Vidal's tea, and that he must have it. Vidal, who
must not ask him to stay, he has no business to
be out so late. Invalids always ought to be at
home before six o'clock." And he coaxed Heriot
by the hand, and led him out of the room be-
fore another word could be said.

"I think I disposed of our friend rather cle-
verly," he remarked, on his return, seating him-
self complacently in a chair close to his hostess's elbow.

Clare made an inarticulate murmur. She was
really frightened of the old leering old man; and in-
deed the next instant showed that her alarm was
not altogether groundless.

"I have so hoped for this moment to come!" he moaned. "I can tell you how I have waited
for it since I saw you last. I have had no sleep
since I saw you last."

Indignation restored to Clare a measure of courage. She rose deliberately, and moved to a chair a couple of yards away. "I am sorry to
have to tell you, Mr. Vidal, what I know about
the master with you," Gorty!

Lord St. Austell jumped up, and folded his hands with an agility which sufficiently refuted his claim to infirmity. "A man can't pretend to mis-
understand me!" he pleaded, rather huskily—for,
alas! there comes a time in life when the human voice loses its natural modulation. "I know why I have suffered; I know that it is
you who made me suffer. Not intentionally—
ah, no! you are too angelic to inflict pain will-
ingly upon any one."

"Assuming that I am not at all angelic,"
interrupted Clare, "and I can't imagine what you
mean by saying that I have inflicted pain upon
you, I would like to know what you mean," she
added, hastily, perceiving that Lord St. Aus-
tell was about to explode.

"But I must tell you!" he said, with a smile
which was more than half a sneer. "It is a terrible
thing to be compelled to conceal any hump
or the feelings of—of adoration with which
the sight of so much beauty and—er—emphati-
cism has inspired me. Darest Mrs. Vidal, don't
be under any delusion, let me assure you that I
am not worthy of you; but there is one who—"

"Please don't trouble yourself to say any more,"
breathed in Clare, coldly. "You are very impo-
tent, and I suppose that is because you know
no better."

Now Lord St. Austell had often been called
incompetent, but he had never been called in the
language of infidelity; indeed, as a purely
vocational phrase, commonly employed by ladies
under certain circumstances, and no more intended
to be taken in a literal sense than the disease
itself, he had never heard it applied to himself. So
with毫不hesitation he proceeded to make
his next move, and seizing Mrs. Vidal's hand,
pressed it fervently to his lips.

The success of the road is hardly doubt-
ful, and it may have much more nearly imminent
realization than has been generally supposed.
It is

estimated that it will cost \$100,000,000 to build
the road, and that the cost will be repaid by the
increased value of land, and by the increased
value of the city, which will be greatly increased

by the opening of new lines of communication
between the city and the country.

Heriot, however, was not so much interested
in the road as in the man, whom he considered
to be the system of ethics, which permitted
him to insult a lady in the manner above
described. He had, indeed, a strong aversion to
such words. So he had said nothing at all—not even
"Good-bye!"—but took his hat and went away.

Clare, as soon as she was alone, sank down
upon the sofa and laid her face upon her hands.
She was an object of shame. It was bad enough
that any man should have presumed to address
her as Lord St. Austell had done; but it was
almost worse that she had allowed herself to be
insulted in such a way as this. Her cheeks
burned when she thought of the words that she
had used in her haste, and she felt that she could
hardly get rid of her tormentor in a less
dignified manner.

Yet, if she had known it, she had achieved
a triumph of a certain kind; for she was the only
woman who had ever succeeded in putting Lord
St. Austell into a genuine rage.

(To be continued.)

BROOKLYN RAPID TRANSIT.

Tax city of Brooklyn is to that of New York
as a fan is to a umbrella; it is much smaller, but
is still of the same angular triangle formed by
the Atlantic Ocean, the East River, and the
Belt and the Bay, with its center near the Fulton
Ferry and the Bridge. As Brooklyn, though small
in area, is the second city in New York, the
question of the distribution of the passengers
across the "River" has been the vital question in
the minds of the people of Brooklyn, and, though
the greater part of the business of New York was
done before Canal Street, Brooklyn grew steadily.

When New York added largely to its business
by the opening of the Erie Canal, which
which to reach the upper part of the island, the
growth of Brooklyn was not only steady, but very
rapid. When New York got its elevated roads,
Brooklyn followed suit, and when New York
was still large and the actual increase was
still great, but the relative advance was sharp-
ely checked, and it became evident to the leading
men of Brooklyn that they must either expand
or fortify their fortunes upon the growth of the city,
that rapid transit was an absolute necessity. The
effort to get it however brought up many even foolish
and useless schemes, but finally the one that
made such an enterprise sure of success in
New York were wanting. It was eleven years
ago that the first of steam-powered
cars were introduced, and the mass of business population parked below Four-
teenth Street could not fail of profit; but in Brook-
lyn the first line could only count on tapping a
few thousand.

If the strongest current, which flowed across
the East River by the Fulton Ferry, or later by
the Williamsburg Bridge, could have been tapped,
there would have been no reasonable doubt of success.
But this seemed to involve a road on Fulton
Street, which is nowhere very wide, and in its
length is narrow, and the difficulty of getting
through with relatively valuable property owned by men
whose views were not nearly as narrow as the street.
So the opposition to a central railway from this
side of the river was fierce, and the men of the City
Railway Company—a body of the closest
obstructionists—had presented the building of
an elevated road on the line that promised
the greatest revenue, and the most rapid
drives therefore to contrive a road by some other
route. A series of these—of whom the early
ones were not strong nor over-limited—have
been built, and the last one, which has just
been finished, has finally fallen into the hands of men of
energy and means, and which has led to the road formal-
ly opened on Wednesday, May 15. This road
will connect the Williamsburg Bridge with the
chief ferry at the foot of Fulton Street, or with the
Bridge, but comes very near to each. Starting
from the corner of York and Washington
Avenues, it crosses the Williamsburg Bridge, goes
along York Street to Houston Avenue, to Park
Avenue, to Grand Avenue, to Lexington Avenue,
to Broadway, to East New York. Any one familiar
with the map of Brooklyn will see that this road
will, as far as the city is concerned, be the backbone
of the city, will see that this route twists rather
tortuously for a mile and a half through a region
that will promise but little traffic, thus traversing
a region of miles of open land, and then passing
through a thickly occupied region
to the thriving suburbs of East New York, where it
takes the steamer railway to the Manhattan Beach
line, and thence to the elevated road leading to
the rural and sea-side portions of the island.

The ultimate success of the road is hardly doubt-
ful, and it may have much more nearly imminent
realization than has been generally supposed.
It is estimated that it will cost \$100,000,000 to build
the road, and that the cost will be repaid by the
increased value of land, and by the increased
value of the city, which will be greatly increased
by the opening of new lines of communication
between the city and the country.

The success of the road is hardly doubt-
ful, and it may have much more nearly imminent
realization than has been generally supposed.

It has been said, as can be known to the public, on
fairly solid and prudent financial basis. Its fare
is but five cents at all times; trains are to be run
at intervals of ten minutes, and more frequently when necessary; the stations
are conveniently placed; the cars are neat,
light, and pleasant. Already the construction of
the road is in full blast, and there is room
for at least 20,000 to 25,000 dwellings on un-
occupied or partly occupied ground lines which were
to be constructed, it would be a moderate estimate that
this one would attract in ten years a popula-
tion of 200,000, one-half at least from outside
the city. With the present number of passengers
already served by the road, it is plain that with
careful and honest management it can not fail to
be profitable, especially as it has been built under
such favorable conditions as to cost little. And
the success of this road is sure to bring into ex-
istence several other lines where the conditions
are even more promising.

WAIF AND STRAYS.

Wirms the first three months of this year be-
tween thirty and forty Chinese boys of San Fran-
cisco were sent by their parents to the Orient to be
trained in the art of war. This is not surprising. It is a
peculiar natural longing which leads any race to
submit the child of his bosom to the surround-
ings and influences of his own country, and it is natural
for the Chinese parents to desire that his offspring shall be
competent to write backward, and nimble to add,
subtract, multiply, and divide by means of several
several little bones, circling on wires.

A Russian student who was thrown into prison
as a Negro, and his lips quivered. He remained as
he was, however, but he continued his studies.
The fact was that his system of ethics, which per-
mitted him to insult a lady in the manner above
described. He had, indeed, a strong aversion to
such words. So he had said nothing at all—not even
"Good-bye!"—but took his hat and went away.

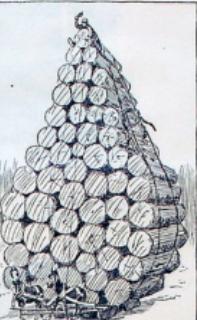
Clare, as soon as she was alone, sank down
upon the sofa and laid her face upon her hands.
She was an object of shame. It was bad enough
that any man should have presumed to address
her as Lord St. Austell had done; but it was
almost worse that she had allowed herself to be
insulted in such a way as this. Her cheeks
burned when she thought of the words that she
had used in her haste, and she felt that she could
hardly get rid of her tormentor in a less
dignified manner.

Yet, if she had known it, she had achieved
a triumph of a certain kind; for she was the only
woman who had ever succeeded in putting Lord
St. Austell into a genuine rage.

(To be continued.)

that his responsibility may be confined to the odd
three blocks, and that twenty-six or twenty-seven
other policemen may be required to watch over
the remaining eighty.

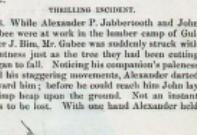
MORE LUMBER STORIES.



1. The boat load of the season, and not a good
day for logs either. This load contained 100,416
feet, 5 perches, and 2 twigs. The driver commented
that the logs were not as long as usual, and he
had to know that a well on the near eye meant "gee,"
while a crack over the ear meant "whoa." If
any other logger has a load to beat, this is
the time to treat it out.



2. The above drawing is from a sketch taken
on the spot by Hypo, of Whitington, Match
Cove, Michigan, the lumber camp of George W.
Williams, the lumber owner of Match Cove. Williams,
better known as "Billy the Hiltzer," is able to cut
logs of this size with four blows of an axe; he usually cuts them a trifle
smaller, as he cuts some exertion to produce this
size.



3. While Alexander P. J. Gabbertson and John
Gabbott were in the lumber camp of Gulf
Island, J. B. McGehee, the manager, was struck
faintness just as they were had been cutting
logs to begin fall. Noticing his companion's palleness
and his staggering movements, Alexander darted
forward and held him by the shoulders, and then by
a leap hung upon the ground. Not an instant
was he lost. With one hand Alexander held
the man in his arms, and with the other hand he
held him round the waist.

The "Pediomelus," which began as a fortnight-
old larva, however, is weekly more prettily
clothed every day. In form it copies pretty much
after the Harvard "Dry Cissus," but it is larger.

It is said that a colony of infidels which was
found living in a house in Missouri has proved a
failure. Probably the trouble with infidels who
go to the length of establishing a special colony
of themselves is that they are not infidels.

Both infidels and converts live in a

house, he landed him ten feet away from the tree
with a doll slacking that, while he himself leaped
gracefully aside and allowed the monarch of the
forest to complete its fall. Alexander is regard-
ed as a strong man in those parts. James is doing
well.



4. The above drawing, from an instantaneous photograph by Gash, of Layton, Jewell County, Colorado, shows a portion of the timber E. Gentry, the famous chopper of the great Northern. The log
at his back was cut in precisely four minutes and thirteen and a quarter seconds on a stop-watch
by Alexander J. Blazquez, of Chicago, Illinois. This fact is considered to be without a parallel
in this section.

CURIOUS ACCIDENT.

As Tim Branigan
was eating his dinner, seated on the end of a log which he had just felled, and was partly imbedded
in the snow, a tree, a trunk which was fell
when he was about to sit down, and which
swayed out of its course and struck the elevated
end of his seat. It is supposed that the
man must have paralyzed

Tim in some way, for he was seen in precisely
the same position as when he was raised at a distance
of two hundred feet from the ground.



partly was promptly made up, and he was found
imbedded in a snow-bank two miles and a quarter
from the scene of the accident in precisely
the same position as when he was struck.
When dug out, the man was found to be
conscious, and was able to walk, though with
some difficulty, and was able to speak. There
was a slight expression of pain on his face.
It was thought that he had been struck in the head by
the log, but he was not injured, but careful
examination, combined with the statement of
a medical man, brought him round.

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well.



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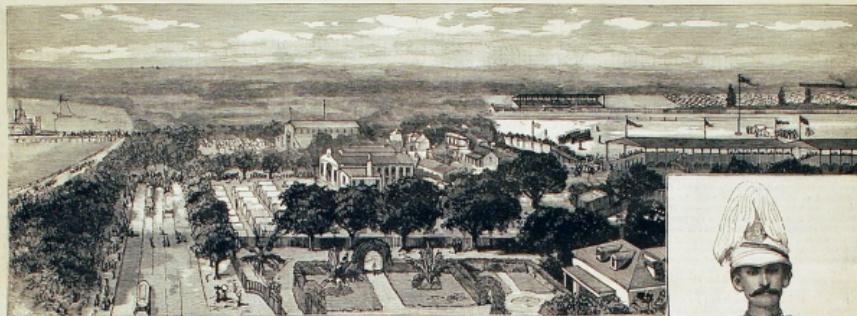
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PHOTOGRAPHED BY WALKER.



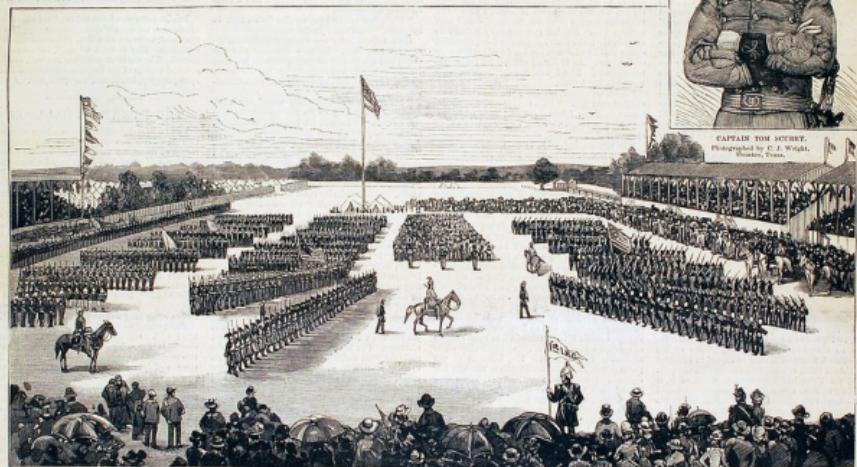
REV. DR. GINSBURG.
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PROFESSOR LEATHES.
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THE CAMP GROUND.—DRAWN BY LOUIS JOUTEL.

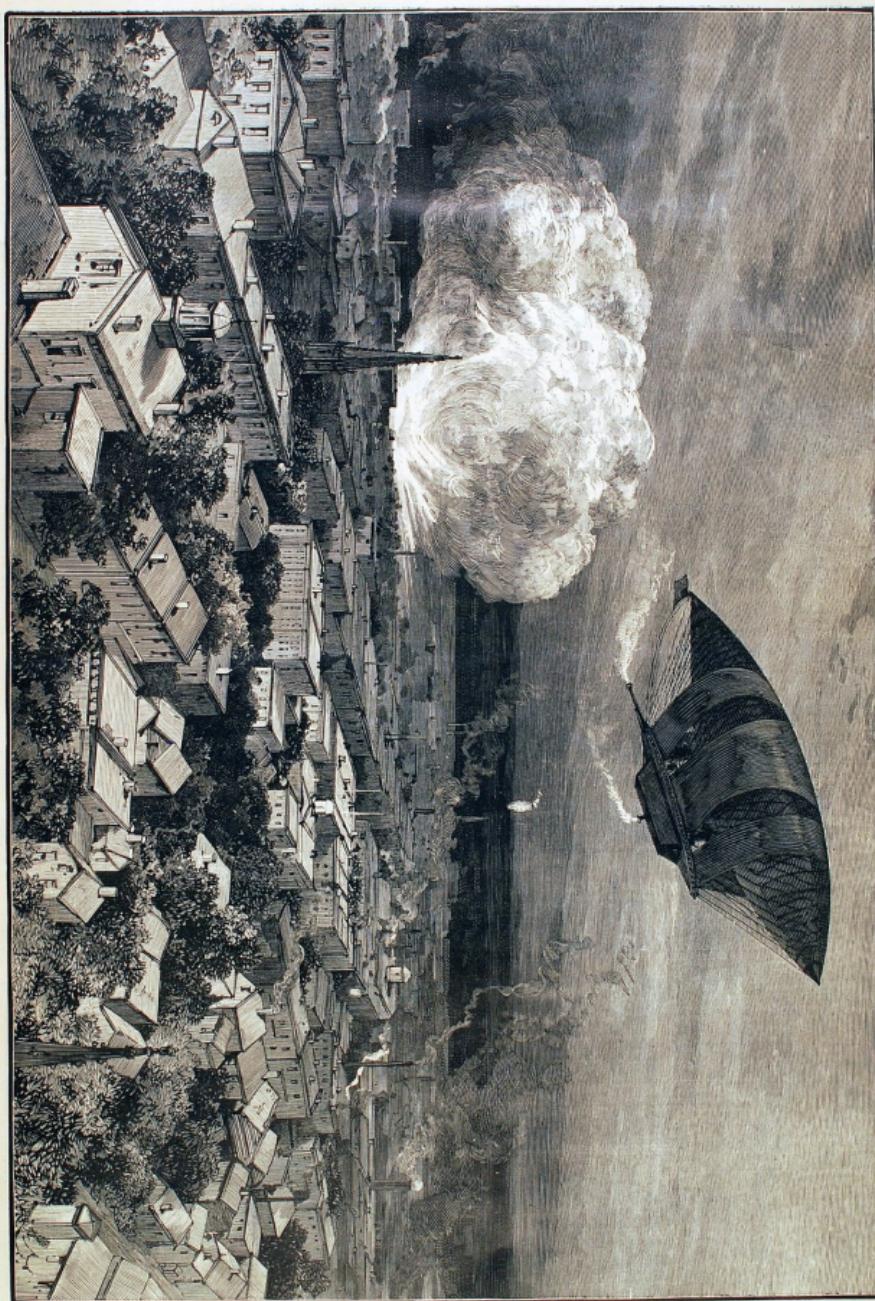
CAPTAIN TOM MURRAY,
Photographed by C. D. Wright,
Montgomery, Pa.

THE GRAND REVIEW.—DRAWN BY SOUILL AND HOOLAN.



THE PRIZE COMPANY.—DRAWN BY SOUILL AND HOOLAN.

THE INTERSTATE MILITARY DRILL AT MOBILE, ALABAMA, MAY 6-9.—FROM SKETCHES BY HOWACK BRADLEY.—[SEE PAGE 334.]



THE NEW DYNAMITE BALLOON.—From the *Illustration*.—[See Page 331.]

EDWARD O. GRAVES.

Mr. EDWARD O. GRAVES, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, was on May 9 appointed by the President Chief of the Government Bureau of Printing and Engraving, which is one of the most important offices in the civil service. Mr. GRAVES entered the public service in 1882, as a clerk in the Treasury Department, and in the first year of his service in subordinate capacities he suggested and carried into effect many simplifications of the work that fell into his hands. His work, which was at first very arduous, but always gradual, was won by merit even in the worst days of the spoils system. In 1886 he became Chief Clerk in the Bureau of the Office, and placed in charge of it in 1887, when he was made Superintendent of the National Bank Redemption Agency, and in 1888 he was promoted to the position of Auditor of the Treasury. He has often been called to make special examinations of subjects under the jurisdiction of the Treasury Department, and his reports have been suggested to no man in the service. His cases will not only be an exponent, but also as a comprehensive practical pronoucer, of civil service reform. He has had special examination of the accounts of the Bureau of Customs of the office of the Assistant Treasurer in New York, of the work of the important department over which he will now preside, and the work of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, of the estimates of appropriations for the customs service, and of many other such special subjects. His reports form perhaps the best practical demonstration of the value of civil service reform that has ever been given. His appointment was unsolicited, and it will take effect June 1.

Mr. GRAVES was born in the County of New York in 1843. He was educated at Hobart College, and has been in the public service continuously since his college days ended. His quiet and economical circles, and he was invited to deliver before Trinity College a series of lectures on the science of administration, one course of which he has already delivered.

THE MILITARY CONTEST AT MOBILE.

The competitive drill contests of militia at Mobile, Alabama, May 9, 1863, was noteworthy not only by reason of the splendid spectacles it presented, but by reason also of the number of companies that participated, the number of State contingents, the number of spectators, and the presence of many distinguished visitors. Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota, New Carolina, and Alabama were represented. The bright uniforms, blue and gray, with a great variety of decorations: "the consolidated military bands of the Northwest," numbered 190 among the participants; the common camp of veterans of either arm in the civil war and of young companies which have inherited the war spirit of their fathers; the grand review of the western and Gulf corps (in spite of one day of unpleasant heat); the intense local interest taken in the contest by the citizens of every city from which a company came, and the enthusiasm with which the Southerners love of military display mounted; the drilling of more than a thousand men from eleven States; and the presence of distinguished visitors, including every one of those States—these gave the mobile city of Mobile a week of unusual gaiety.

The soldiers exhibited their talents well, and five hundred from the South were the best. The infantry camp consisted of 350 tents arranged in the form of a parallelogram, 12 in a row. The artillery camp consisted of 150 tents, in 10 rows, each 15 feet wide. The Parade Park. The total amount was \$500 per day. The camp was under the command of General C. S. Brown, and the judges of the competition were Dr. J. H. Williams, Dr. J. R. Weston, and Dr. T. Tammes. On Tuesday, the day before the contests began, there was a grand review of all the soldiers, which aroused the military ardor of the audience, and kept their enthusiasm high until the end of the week. On Wednesday the "sudden" contest began, in which only those companies were allowed to enter which had never participated in the preceding Inter-State drill; then followed the free-for-all infantry contest for the grand prize of \$4000, after which the military companies composed for the occasion, and which were conducted with an individual competitive drill and a sham battle. In the free-for-all contest the first prize was won by the Houston (Texas) Light Guards, Captain T. C. Moore, \$3000; second, by the Montgomery (Alabama) Guards, \$1000; the Mobile Guards. In the "sudden" contest the first prize was won by the Mobile Guards, \$1000, and in the artistic drill, Battery B, of the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, won the first prize of \$1000. On Saturday there was a sham battle, in which 600 men participated.

The precision of the drilling was complimented by the officers of the army, and the judges were required to report on the quality of the work, and got the positive article confirmed by Dr. J. G. S. Weston.

Sixty-four parades or Com-Lives Out with Hypophosphite is stated as preferable as milk. For chronic rheumatism, dentistry, wasting in children, and other diseases, it is prescribed. Prescribed by the medical profession throughout the country, and especially in the South, in every city, excepting express charges. Address SCOTT & DAWSON, 120 South Fifth Ave., New York. (A.D.L.)

WHY ARE YOU SICK?

If you were a reader of the "Lobisong-Man's Gazette" or papers of that ilk, the classes would be more numerous—sickens was coined to denote a more serious disease, but is now used to denote an infirmity; but as you are a reader of "A Journal of Civilization," the chances are that your troubles arise from the same causes that afflict the rest of us, and that you are not so much infirm as infatuated, and especially do you not give of the body the essentially important nutritive organs of the body the amount of vigorous exercise that you require. You are living an artificial life, though your ancestry, more or less remote, had led a more natural manner. In proportion as they were well educated, and who were developed, grew, and were perpetuated by reason of that vital power that was created through a certain condition of character, the more did they live in accordance with the laws of health, eating nourishing food, and taking vigorous body exercise. As you have descended from an ancestry that depended upon these laws, you are bound to do the same, and to conform to a compliance with the same natural requirements.

If you attempt such divergence from nature's laws, you will have to suffer some or later consequences, and you will be sick.

The forest and farm have furnished almost all the shining array of brilliant professional and literary men that the world has produced, and the forest and farm land. Let these lights neglect the exercise of the important nutritive organs of the body, and back to the forest and farm land again we must return, and the descendants will have to return to rebuild sufficient vital force to perpetuate their existence. The more common disease that immediately attacks the person who indulges in such a life is rheumatism. It has three stages: first, the stage of stiffness of the bones caused with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and the like, and the second, the stage of pain, causing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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AN ARTIFICIAL LIFE. You are living an artificial life, though your ancestry, more or less remote, had led a more natural manner.

In proportion as they were well educated, and who were developed, grew, and were

perpetuated by reason of that vital power that was created through a certain condition of character, the more did they live in accordance with the laws of health, eating nourishing food, and taking vigorous body exercise. As you have descended from an ancestry that depended upon these laws, you are bound to do the same, and to conform to a compliance with the same natural requirements.

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"He isn't gwan fes," Reddy.
"I know he hain't. How kin he wid de mud a y'd deep? But yo' jes' wait till he strikes
de plank road up y'e, an' at de way he'm 'earin' heef he'll buhl caboose ter blunders!"

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXIX.—No. 1487.
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"HAY SATURDAY" IN CENTRAL PARK."

and one full-page by F. S. CHICHE, N.A., called "Summer has Come to Let."

Mr. DALE KELLY's serial, "In the Unknown Seas," is unfolded in an unusually long instalment, and "Bud House" gives us interest as it drives over its ice. The short story of this week is "Mavis' Caf' and Gerville," by P. B. STORM. All the stories are illustrated.

A pretty picture illustrative by J. C. BEAN is entitled "The Wood-Wedding," the accompanying verse being by MARGARET ETTINGE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1885.

REMOVALS AND REFORM.

THE question is loudly asked, whenever a question-able appointment or removal is made, whether that is civil service reform, and whether it is not absurd to call such an act a reform, if it appends a HIATUS. The answer is very simple. An administration may be inconsistent in its action, and yet its head may have a great regard for reform. Because civil service reform was not the rule of his administration, it is absurd to say that General GRANT desired sincerely to effect certain reforms? Because the reformed system was observed at a very few points only under the administration of Mr. HAYES, was he hostile to it, and in fault in saying that he approved and desired it? And because Mr. ARTHUR allowed that the administration which did much things inconsistent with its spirit, was he a "front," and a hypocrite and a canting pretender? The Republican party was in continuous power for twenty-four years, and often professed the kindest interest in reform. But because it did not establish it during its long ascendancy, and because reform was despised and ridiculed by many of its most influential leaders, and by its "working politicians," would it be fair to denounce the party as a Pharisaic humbug and swindler?

Here you head, writes an indignant correspondent, of the removal of the Collector at Woonsocket Bay, and have you the face to assert that an administration which can be guilty of such a wrong has anything but the profoundest contempt for reform? Of course it is enough to answer such a question. Have you heard of the appointment of Mr. GRAVES, and of the promotions in the office of the Treasurer of the United States, and of the re-appointment of Mr. PEARSON? Is it not by some such acts as these, or of other than the honesty of the administration forward reform and the good faith of the President are to be tested? That is to be done by observing the principle upon which removals are made, and the fitness of the selections for appointment. We do not need to repeat what we have said many times, both during President ARTHUR's term and the short time since Mr. CLEVELAND's inauguration, that the displacement of a good and experienced officer, merely because his conduct has been less than perfect, or of an inexperienced person, however honest and capable, is a violation of sound principle. Moreover, if this practice should become the rule of this or of any administration, the result would be a complete change of the personnel of the civil service for political reasons only. This would be the spoils system, modified by two considerations, that the changes would not be made by a clean sweep, and that the changed service of certain subordinate clerkships would not be directly affected.

Certain Republican critics of the administration, however, seem to assume that the test of honesty in its reform sympathies is the general retention of Republican officers. But this is a test which Republican

administrations could not stand even when succeeding other Republican administrations, and when dealing with the expired terms of Republicans. The known reform convictions and the official courage and honesty of Mr. CLEVELAND drew to his support many friends of reform to whom the support of Mr. BLAINE was impossible. But Mr. CLEVELAND's party was no more a reform party, as such, than the Republican party, and it may be safely asserted that the administration of no party will ever carry our country into the condition of reform which is the demand of the party. It is the advantage which President CLEVELAND has in promoting reform that except for the support of his friends he would not have been elected, and that his reform course will be sustained by a large, independent, and important constituency. The more consistent that course should be, the more certain would be the rupture of the Democratic party, and the more positive the support of independent and patriotic men will be given to it. On the other hand, the President is not likely to support the Democratic party, as it now exists, by complete surrender to the old abuses of patronage. His way lies forward, not backward, and his administration will be judged, not by its inconsistencies in single actions, but by its general spirit and tendency.

A TIMELY REMINISCENCE.

In a recent address at Columbia, Missouri, Secretary BAYARD said that the election of JEFFERSON was due to no man more than to ALEXANDER HAMILTON, his great political rival and opponent. Yet, to defeat JEFFERSON, HAMILTON had made the suggestion to Governor JOHN JAY of a course which JAY declared to be inadmissible. When, however, the choice lay between JEFFERSON and BURR, HAMILTON saw all his influence for JEFFERSON lost, and he was anxious at the time of this election was truly pitiful. As far as the tie between JEFFERSON and BURR was ascertained, HAMILTON wrote to the stiff old Federalist OLIVER WOLCOTT, then Secretary of the Treasury, protesting earnestly against the possible support of BURR by the Federalists. Yet in the same letter, as a party maneuver to divide the opposition, he unwisely suggested that BURR should be tempted "to stand for the plate." HAMILTON asked WOLCOTT to show it to JOHN MARSHALL, then Chief Justice of the State, and to Senator SEDGWICK, the Speaker of the House. The next day HAMILTON renewed his urgent appeal to WOLCOTT, assuring him that he could do no greater service to his country than to resist BURR's election. He said that assurances might be obtained from JEFFERSON upon four cardinal points, one of which was "the continuance of our friends in the offices they fill, except in the great departments, in which he ought to be left free." But Federal opinions widely differed. The chance of defeating JEFFERSON was not to be resisted. WOLCOTT was not so much a man as a dog, and was philosophically indifferent; CANBY thought that the choice of BURR would be wise for the Federalists; AMES disappeared; but HARRISON GRAY OTIS was inclined to try. JOHN MARSHALL would not support JEFFERSON under any circumstances, but he confessed that HAMILTON had shown him that BURR deserved support still less, and he would therefore take no part; Speaker SEDGWICK opposed BURR, and GOVERNOR MORRIS expressed the honorable view of the situation in saying that since it was the unanimous intent of the people to make JEFFERSON their President, it was only proper to fulfil that intention.

The actual contest of the election by the House began on the 11th of February, and the election turned upon the patronage of the "inferior offices." Mr. BAYARD, who held the vote of Delaware, was the leader of the Federalists, who rather preferred BURR, but thought that he could not be elected, and who would elect JEFFERSON if "a satisfactory arrangement could be made." But in examining the scope of the election, he found that it was otherwise. Mr. JEFFERSON had a majority of 131 votes, and was elected president. Mr. BAYARD said, "I considered it not reasonable but necessary that offices of high discretion and confidence should be filled by men of Mr. JEFFERSON's choice, and exemplified by mentioning on the one hand the offices of the Secretary of State, Treasury, foreign ministers, etc., and on the other the collectors of ports." Mr. BAYARD stated, in 1806, that he was assured by the friends of Mr. JEFFERSON that he would not be compelled to yield up his patronage. This was substantially the view which HAMILTON had stated to WOLCOTT, and upon this assurance to Mr. BAYARD, JEFFERSON was elected. He was not elected, however, by the vote of BAYARD, but by the blank vote cast by him and by the Maryland Federalists, and the withdrawal of MORRIS, of Vermont. Mr. JEFFERSON afterward denied that he had engaged and agreed to reward to particular persons his patronage, the 11th of February, three days after the balloting began. "No man [in office] who had conducted himself according to his duties would have anything to fear from him, and that those who had done ill would have nothing to hope, be their political principles what they

might." This disposition of removals, and in regard to appointments he said: "The Republicans had been excluded from all offices from the first origin of the division into Republican and Federalist. They had a reasonable claim to vacancies till they occupied their due share." These views were undoubtedly made known to the Federalists and were satisfactory. This passage in our political history is peculiarly interesting for many reasons, and among others both for illustrating the conduct of HAMILTON, who, partisan though he was, was a statesman, and for showing the difference for a party advantage, and for showing the line which, in the opinion of eminent party leaders at that time, like HAMILTON and BAYARD, divided the political from the non-political offices. They held the colletorship to be a non-political office.

MR. LOWELL.

After his return to Spain and to England Mr. LOWELL returns to the United States. He went abroad one of the most eminent of American poets and scholars, and he returns one of the most distinguished and efficient of American foreign ministers. His foreign service, while not in the technical sense diplomatic as a negotiator of treaties and of other formal international arrangements, has yet been in a very different way as advantageous to his country as that of the diplomatic corps. He has been a successful and distinguished diplomatist. He has heightened the respect of England for American character, and has shown the American type of the qualities and gifts which England most admires. Mr. LOWELL's remarkable success is due to his strong and distinctive American character. No man by temperament and taste and cultivation was more fitted to enjoy whatever is distinctively English. But he could no more cease to be an American because he enjoyed England than he could cease to be an Englishman because he was a pine because it was transplanted to a friendly soil.

As he said at Cambridge, upon unveiling the bust of GHAY, he came to England a kind of distant cousin, but as he left he was conscious that he was treated as a brother. It has been naturally pleasant for intelligent Englishmen to see a fine specimen of the English stock developed under different conditions. It may well stir the just and generous pride of England that there is a Greater Britain, built upon her own principles, to which she has added not only a faith, but a character which is common sense, and while endowed with the fine thought and insight and gay humor of his literary addresses, the most philosophical Briton has not detected any florid excess. Mr. LOWELL's characterizations of CARLYLE and FIELDING and COLEDOCK and GRAY have been comprehensive and incisive, and are among the best things ever said of them, and his speeches upon more general occasions have had a singular charm of fitness and happy suggestion. He leaves England with regret and regret. The Queen is about to have a speech of him when he arrives. The working-men presented him with an address. The University of Cambridge heard with emotion his simple farewell and acknowledgment of kindness. London society has lost one of its most brilliant and fascinating figures, and his country welcomes home a son who brings new titles to her gratitude.

THE felicity and grace which Mr. LOWELL has shown in all his public addresses in England, and especially in the one which is least known in this country, but which is most striking and significant of all, that upon the occasion of the coronation of Edward VII., but his characteristic is common sense, and while endowed with the fine thought and insight and gay humor of his literary addresses, the most philosophical Briton has not detected any florid excess. Mr. LOWELL's characterizations of CARLYLE and FIELDING and COLEDOCK and GRAY have been comprehensive and incisive, and are among the best things ever said of them, and his speeches upon more general occasions have had a singular charm of fitness and happy suggestion. He leaves England with regret and regret. The Queen is about to have a speech of him when he arrives. The working-men presented him with an address. The University of Cambridge heard with emotion his simple farewell and acknowledgment of kindness. London society has lost one of its most brilliant and fascinating figures, and his country welcomes home a son who brings new titles to her gratitude.

MR. GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT.

AS our issue of last week appeared, speaking of Mr. GLADSTONE's continued majority, the news arrived of the loss of his majority and the defeat of his administration. It did not fall upon any of the great questions which have recently excited the country. The defeat was not a Parliamentary condemnation of the Russian or Egyptian or Irish policy of the Government. It was a question of an increased tax upon beer. As Mr. GLADSTONE's proposal was a charge to the tax upon alcoholic liquors upon corn and sugar, and the Government preferred to lay it upon the intoxicating liquor and not upon the innocent beverage. But the beer interest is strong. There were many Liberals absent. The Parnellites were urged to do everything to defeat the Ministry. Thirty-nine Parnellites voted against the Government. The vote was announced. It was 264 to 252, and the greatest of English statesmen, in the moment of a victory from the country a vast and disastrous war, was defeated.

The London papers and the country were evidently amazed and deeply disturbed by the sudden fall of the Ministry. This is not surprising, for the situation was not assuring. It was not a defeat upon a simple issue between the parties, upon the occurrence of which the victorious party would naturally suc-

ced to the control of affairs. It was a defeat brought about by a vote which cared nothing for the special question involved, but was merely hostile to the Ministry without being friendly to all the natural resources. "The people," says Mr. GLADSTONE, "have appealed upon the Ministry not to resign, and the appeal was based upon the duty of forbearance until the elections. The plea for forbearance came too late. It is perfectly well known that a defeated Ministry resigns. If, therefore, the situation is such that their resignation at the moment is not desirable for the country, it is the duty of the opposition not to defeat them, and thereby to demand their resignation. The GLADSTONE government has been overthrown by an unnatural alliance, is a coalition of parties and of Irish Nationalists. The last held the balance of power in the present House of Commons, and vote upon every question, however important, not according to its merits and its advantage or disadvantage to the general interests of the empire which they are constitutionally chosen to protect, but solely with reference to the probable bearing of their vote upon Irish interests.

Mr. GLADSTONE was entirely undisturbed by his defeat. He is evidently satisfied that he was throughout the master of the situation, and "played to lose." He is thrown upon a question in which he is plainly in the right. He forces the Tories to show the country whether and how they can govern. He is released from the perplexities of the Irish Coercion Act, and the Tories are compelled to pursue his general foreign policy, and to refrain from taking a positive course upon which to appeal to the country. As a mere piece of political tactics the resignation is commendably skillful and Mr. GLADSTONE has enabled his party to go into the election with confidence and enthusiasm. There is a new view of the situation in England which is worth remarking: parties are as thoroughly organized and party spirit is as warm there as here, and party government is as absolute. Now a complete party change of administration has taken place in England—a change as total as that in the United States last March. Yet there is not a postmaster nor a customs officer in the kingdom who trembles. Probably not a hundred changes in the civil service have been made. Yet the contest will be as interesting and as warmly contested as any that takes place in this country. The experience of England shows the ineffable absurdity of the theory that nobody in this country would care for politics, or turn out to vote at an election, if the fate of every messenger-boy and coal-heaver and scrubbing-woman in the public service did not depend upon a party change of administration.

A USEFUL GLIMPSE.

GENERAL BRENNERICK, of Ohio, who has made a careful study of asylums, prisons, and reformatory institutions in the Northern States, has recently returned from a tour of observation of similar institutions in the Southern States. He is a member of the State Board of Charities in Ohio, and his conclusions are worthy of attention as those of an expert observer.

There is no question that the condition of the civilization of any community than the condition of its penal and charitable institutions, and as General BRENNERICK says, it was not safe to expect to admire the system of a region whose convicts were led to private service. He has made a practice to find out what was being done peeping everywhere except in Georgia, and he saw much to admire in the management of charitable and reformatory industrial schools, while the jails were no worse than those to which he was accustomed. The insane asylums were carefully managed and well run; in Alabama, he found a State insane asylum "worthy of any prison" and fully as good as the best of such institutions in the Northern States, while in providing proper employment for insane women it is more successful than any asylum that he knew.

Such testimony as this to the actual situation of a part of the country whose condition is constantly observed and misrepresented by party passion for political purposes is of the highest value. It justifies the common sympathy and confidence which are the vital bonds of the Union.

OFFICIAL GOOD SENSE.

SECRETARY WHITNEY is a Secretary of the Navy who certainly compares favorably with any recent incumbent of that office. His prompt action in the affair of the Isthmus, his discreet course in regard to the *Dolphin*, his dismissal of superannuates in the navy-yards, the quiet, alert study of the situation in the Far East, and his wise and judicious action which he has pursued that he is not to be forgotten, and proposes to take the great responsibility of his trust, are very reassuring facts in that particular branch of the public service.

The *Dolphin's* good sense was recently shown in his decision in the matter of the Marine Board at Newport. It was charged that the board had no right to engage to pay at the Casino, or public club-house, to the detriment of a private land. The Secretary says that there is no law upon the subject, but the practice of outlays of money by the government land boards is somewhat determined by the usage. The usage, however, is not and must be limited by the requirement that government musicians shall not enter into unfair competition with private musicians because they could afford to ask a lower price, and the Newport case the Secretary fails to go beyond the permissible line. But so

long as government musicians rest upon their professional ability only, and compete fairly with others, the same compensation, he says, can be made upon such a method of increasing the limited compensation allowed by the government.

The energy, efficiency, and "level-headedness" of the Secretary, will be most welcome to the naval jehu. The public manipulation in the Navy Department, as a political machine, has been the Administration very much more than Mr. CHARLES VAN PERT of the Cook County Democratic Committee, in Illinois, who storms at the Administration because he was disappointed in the appointment of a marshal, can have it.

GENERAL GRANT'S CANDOR.

The extracts which have been published from the correspondence of General GRANT, and the statements made by him in his interview with his biographer do not tell the truth. No pride of consistency or of infallibility prevents his correction of any misapprehension or of any statement that might produce a wrong impression. This is well illustrated by a passage in regard to General ALEXANDER McCook:

"In the early days of the battle of Shiloh, which I wrote for the *Century Magazine*, I mentioned that General ALEXANDER McCook, a son of a British army general, expressed some uneasiness to pursue the enemy on Monday, April 7, because of the condition of his troops. General HANCOCK, in his history, also makes the same statement and also authority. An officer of Justice to General McCook, I mentioned to him that he had been engaged two miles east of Savannah on the morning of the 6th. From the heavy rains of a few days previous, and the passage of trains and artillery, the roads were unusually deep in mud, which made the march difficult. The roads were still wet when he crossed the mud the day before, but it had been in the rain all night without rest. It was engaged in the battle of the second day, and did as good a work as its position required. In fact, it appears to me that he was engaged in a compensation of gallantry which elicited the highest commendation from division commanders in the Army of the Tennessee. General SUMNER, in his history of the Civil War, says: 'General McCook, in his division, has belonged to a family which furnished many volunteers to the army. I refer to these circumstances with minuteness because I did General McCook injustice' in my article in the *Century*, though not to the point of severity. I am sorry that I did not know that he was willing to do any one an injustice, and if corrected that I have done one, I am always willing to make the fullest admission."

General GRANT's autograph will be a work of singular interest and value, not only as a record of achievement, but as an illustration of character.

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

It was long since discovered that light is the best police. If the merchant leaves a gas jet brightly burning, he may be followed with bulldogs and iron strength. "Turn on the light" is an exhortation to purification. To shut light is to expose, to strip, to send thives and swindlers ashore. Let us apply this corrective force to the subject which now commands universal attention, that of preventing which office.

The appointing power, whether the President, or Secretary, or whomsoever he is, when he has the right to make for office, except when a man is standing in the exploring and justification of his appointment, depends upon advice. He exercises his responsibility upon the counsel of others. Let us turn on the light, and know who they are. No man is fit for an appointment of which he is informed, and therefore let us apply the test of the letter to know whether he has asked for it. Let the letters and signatures to petitions of those who solicit place the letters themselves or others be published, or registered so as to accomplish this.

MARTIN VAN BUREN, according to a story which is not improbable, signed every petition that was brought to him, but he privately informed the appointing power that his own name was not to be regarded, but that the name SMITH VAN BUREN at the foot of a letter meant MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Another story is necessary to illustrate the effect of appointment by influence. Let us turn on a little more light, and see who it is that asks for the appointments that ought not to be made, and the kind of recommendations that are given. When a man knows that his letter or his name is a petition to appoint somebody to serve the public, he will be a little careful. Turn on the light.

MR. PARNELL AND THE CABINET CRISIS.

A good correspondent of the *Evening Post* had an interesting conversation with Mr. PARNELL, who said emphatically: "By last night's division we have taught a lesson to all future cabinets: we have got rid of the present ones, with its successive failures of FORSTER, TERVELYAN, and SPENCER; we have saved only the remaining industry of IRVING, SPENCER, and COOPER, and must put up to cover our faces." The said author, that was not perhaps only half-joking, — please the Tories. "We have given them a fair trial"; and Mr. PARNELL evidently feels that he will hold the balance of power, and defend any Ministry of any party that does not need his services.

His thesis is that no government, not even that of GLADSTONE and BRIGHT, nor of any English friends of Ireland, would give the necessary relief to that country. Precisely what that relief is does not say. But it may be that the removal of the chief cause of the difficulty, the assumption of whiskey by the chief industry of the island, in military relief will be delayed. One other thing also, is tolerably clear. If, by any chance, the Tories should carry the country and control the new Parliament, they would not be more friendly to Ireland than the Liberals have been.

A British cabinet which should propose to put Ireland

upon the same independent footing toward the empire as Canada, would probably create an Irish party, and divide the country. Those who would not study the French extremists, who would be very popular, especially under such circumstances always are, and it would hardly command the approval of England. Mr. PARNELL's game depends for success upon the disinterested hostility of England to the proposed scheme. But the combination of the country could easily develop a relentless combination against any substantial rupture of the empire. Mr. PARNELL's position will make the situation more interesting.

PERSONAL.

The award of the medal of honor for painting to M. BOUDREAU was a matter of most of his friends. They supposed that he had won it in recognition of his services to the country.

A visitor to the Sultan noticed his red Turkish cap, his pale and expressive face, his dark hair somewhat mournful eyes, and his carefully dressed beard and moustache as true Oriental features; but he was told that he was a Frenchman, and a painter from the workshop of some well-known Parisian artist, who takes care that his imperial customs keep pace with every change in the Empire of the Sultan.

—Mr. BIXBY has "intimated his desire" to subscribe \$250 to a fund for a memorial tablet to his late FATHER J. FABER (High Cowes) in Bristol Cathedral.

—Sir JOHN SPENCER has been addressing a meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society in London. He said that one of the most interesting books he could write would be the true story of a missionary life in Africa. He thought he could do it, because he had been in Africa for twenty years, and had seen the first young missionaries to Africa without teaching them how to lead peaceful life. It should advise them how to keep their health, for the climate of Africa was not half so dangerous as many parts of Europe. He had seen Americans die in Africa, and he had seen in which he was speaking. What was the value of a dead missionary any more than of any other dead man? Dr. LIVINGSTON was for six years without one grain of medicine, eating insects when he had to, and he had to live in a hole, and he had to eat green bananas. He lived to his sixty-first year, and was perfectly talking of the beauties of Africa.

—*Alfred Atkinson.* — All the able American painters seem to stay in Paris.

—Professor HUXLEY delivered the state of Mr. DARWIN in the British Museum on June 9th of June. The best part of his life has been spent in research.

—Lady BAXTER's entertainments are the scenes of varied diversion. Those of her guests who like music hear plenty of it; those of them who like dancing are provided with an excellent band; pictures and sculpture can satisfy themselves by looking around the room.

—All the papers, "says the London *World*, "have been praising Mr. ANTHONY's 'An Old Soldier' at the Institute."

—Bishop YOUNG, better known as DABY, is still alive, and they have served a writing notice upon the Boer Commission to quit some land in South Africa which they claim to be their property.

—A child playing with matches caused the destruction of 252 houses in the village of Limerick, Ireland. The entire population has been made bankrupt thereto.

—Mr. HEALEY, one of the Irish members of Parliament, has been telling the citizens of Belfast that he expects to "convince" the Ulster Yeomanry that they are not a bad lot, and are extremely harmless party. Their fangs had been drawn. They were perhaps the most stupid men ever returned. In the House of Commons they are called the *Ulsterites*. The Ulster Yeomanry never had a leader in the lot but for brains—when he died, he did not talk about them. Were their brains to be converted into LIMES's extract of meat, they would not give political intelligence to a baby that was born yesterday.

—Oscar WILDE's mother, Lady WILDE, has been recording her impressions of various masters. The idyllic type of FENSTERS and CHARLES KINGSLEY no longer exists in England, which has only two or three really good masters left. The *Ulsterites* of Belfast are still a gaudy, gaudy repugnance to coarse, vulgar crime.

—When the distinguished amateur FRANK CLARKS lady dying said, "On my way to heaven, I am going to tell the Devil that he would be like his teacher Inspector Stoker at last. I am going a long journey, where I think I shall see a great many curious animals on my way to go to sleep."

—Vernon HARMSWELL, a large sum on deposit with the Rommantsch, and a large sum in the Bank of Berlin, together with real estate in Paris and Germany, and his valuable collection of pictures, has been worth at least \$2,000,000. He has married a widow of St. Louis, and has sold to the late CLARK MILLS in Washington, his home sold for its value as old metal. There are several estates in Central Park that would serve as a picture gallery in St. Louis.

—In a recent lecture at Vassar College, on Founder Day, Mr. T. Maxwells informed his audience that his usual price was \$500, but that he would do the work on that occasion for fifty cents, and that he would be pleased to receive payment at the girls.

—The Duke of Argyl has been suffering much pain with gout in his right arm.

—The approaching departure from Boston of Mr. JAMES R. OSGOOD, editor of a highly popular magazine, for which he is held by his old townsmen. The *Advertiser* says: "The aims of all the firms with which Mr. Osgood has been connected have been commendably high. Those who have had dealings with him have been well satisfied with his work, and the books bearing his imprint have had abundant evidence of this, and it is a well-appreciated fact in the knowledge of authors that he is a man of literary quality, consideration, and liberality have gone far to make such a success of his publications."

—The public announcement of Mr. OSGOOD's departure was made by himself in a letter to the *Advertiser*, in which he states that he is at present awaiting the final settlement of the affairs of the firm of JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO. When that shall be accomplished he expects to remove to New York, and to become connected with the firm of G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. The firm of OSGOOD & CO., whose business met with such characteristic hospitality promptly removed an offer made to them several years ago of a position in their house.

The *Irish Journal* says: "As is generally known to all Cornell students and Ithaca people, the article in HALEY'S MAGAZINE last winter on 'The House of Orange' was from the able pen of Mr. JAMES R. OSGOOD. The author of the article, who has been made a knight by Queen Victoria, has received the order of the British Empire. Her Royal Highness the Grand-Duchess of Saxo-Wurtemberg, the Grand-Duchess is a sister to the present King of Holland, and the Queen of the Netherlands, has granted a pension of \$1,000 a month to Mr. OSGOOD, and has also granted him a small station at the winter in which the subject is treated, at pleasure a master of Dutch history before the world in a pleasing and truthful light. She is also highly pleased with the engravings that were given to illustrate the subject."

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was born in 1819 in the charming old house known as Elmwood, in Cambridge, which he inherited and in which he has lived ever since, except during his three visits to Europe. He graduated at Harvard in 1838, and entered on life as was the custom in those days, by a series of various occupations in the civilized world. Massachusetts, when he first saw the light in it, had caused for nearly two centuries to receive accessions to its soil from Europe or from the other colonies; and the people had in the past well understood the value of political training which resulted in producing a very distinctly marked type of character. The manners were simple, though there was in them a good deal of what may now be considered luxury. The same approach to inequality that day was manifested itself in the popular reverence for scholarship, of which the clergy, as *ex officio* scholars, got the largest share, and, in fact, formed the most numerous class. Lowell's father was one of them, but he had a line of ancestry distinguished both in law and theology. The State, too, when he was born, was still in the trading and farming stage. Boys who got tired of agriculture, and who wanted to make their fortune, soon found opportunities made their money in shipping. Manufacturers on a great scale were unknown, or had not yet created the demand for labor which has since been supplied to the State with foreigners, and transformed its society. There was still among the people an almost perfect community of interest, of sentiment, and ideas, united with a very high average of intelligence. Mr. Lowell, in illustrating the conditions which they had enjoyed, tells of the curiosity with which he, when a young man, examined the first Indian whom he had ever seen. Of that quaint, unique, original New Englander he could not be vanquished, and he and Dr. Holmes are among literary men the only genuine survivors of that epoch. But he long to what Dr. Holmes has called "the Brahmin caste," which was the pride of race and traditions which the long separation of their forefathers from the rest of the world so naturally gave.

When Mr. Lowell left college he found himself in the center of the anti-slavery movement, and was profoundly stirred by the new gospel which Emerson and his friends were preaching. It sounded in his listening ears like a trumpet call to new duties. For a time he was full of impending change, nobody knew exactly what nature it would take. The younger generation there was a deep-seated belief that by simply taking thought the world would immediately and suddenly improve. The old theological view, too, of life here as a preparation simply for another life, was ready and permanently shaken, and the intellectual youth were filled with a desire to know more of this present life for its own sake.

The young man does not seem to have taken hold of Mr. Lowell's imagination on the religious side; on the other hand, he did. It did. That was then rapidly becoming a question which political mortals had to answer, and he began to get inspiration from, It was probably through it that he became a politician. It drew from some of his earliest and best literary efforts, and, above all, the first article of his known *Editor of the Boston Register*. Between 1840 and 1848 the Abolitionists got constant and often violent opposition to his pen, though he never formally enrolled himself amongst them. Some impressionable persons in the style of the *Fable for Critics*, describing in a comic vein the leaders of the movement, were read at the Anti-slavery Bazaar in Boston, and were a valuable link of humorous characterization. They were written at the time when Lowell was in any case collected edition of his works. In fact, it was the humor rather than "the falsehood of extremes" which most touched his fast friends, like the late George F. Warren, and the like. His "Anti-Texas" was perhaps the most powerful proof of that. It was against the annexation of that State for pro-slavery purposes. As late as 1848 he astropolitical WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON in some words of his own, "had no idea of the importance of the little account of his first discovery of the *Liberator* and its editor in 'an obscure hole.' It is proposed to place the first stanza as an inscription on the pedestal of Garrison's statue shortly to be erected in Boston."

"In a small chamber, friendless and alone,
Took up the type one poor, unlearned young man,

"Till there free'd the freedom of a race leges."

Among Mr. Lowell's latest literary contributions to the anti-slavery cause was a series of articles in the *London Daily News*, founded by Mr. John Bull, the remarkable editor, which was started under his management. They ceased when DREDGESS abolished, and, as they were not signed, attracted comparatively little attention, but would now have considerable historic value.

After Mr. LOWELL's return from his first visit to Europe, in 1851, he turned more distinctly than before to pure literature as a pursuit. He delivered a course of lectures on the English poets, in Boston, in the autumn of 1854-5, and in the latter year, on the retirement of Mr. LONGFELLOW, was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres and Modern Languages in Harvard College—an office which he received with a smile, as was natural, and which he held until 1857, and gave it a momentum which it retained for some time after he left it in 1858. But although he was a good editor, and a diligent and industrious teacher, and had every facility—the faculty of discovering and stimulating good writing—the work was harness, and harness he never could bear in the literary field. After a short period, assuming a relationship with the *New-York Tribune*, Mr. C. M. CONNELLY, Mr. CHAS. N. NORMAN, and Mr. NICHOLAS had the laboring oar. Mr. LOWELL's share of the work consisted mainly in the contribution of articles on literary topics, many of which were afterward collected in two volumes of essays entitled, respectively, *Among my Books* and *My Study Windows*.

His life, however, he remained from the *Athletic Monthly* and his *Atlantic Monthly* to the present time, in the dexterities of his professorship, combined with great literary activity and some residing in the delightful old house at Elmwood. He is probably one of the few men of mature age in our day who can read stand-

tion was shown in those splendid and well-known bursts of lyric fervor, his three Memorial Odes, and that written for the commencement at Harvard of the graduate who fell in the field, as well as in the *Memorial of Abraham Lincoln* contained in his recent lecture on "Democracy in England."

The professorship which he held bears in his departure for Spain a list of remarkable success. He was a great favorite with the under-graduates, owing to the unfailing courtesy of his manners, the total absence of all use of authority in the lecture-room, and the indulgence and patience with which he treated each, which it used to give him, and, moreover, a right for him to give, a smile to a good-looking, somewhat saucy young fellow. At the reunions, too, his marvelous fulness of knowledge constantly found vent in the most popular topics, and he was in the highest degree stimulative as well as instructive. He had by far the great advantage in the students' eyes—which all the professors did not—of being considered a thorough man of the world, who had traveled much, and eaten and drunk with all sorts of people. He was, in other words, head-and-shoulders being a greater scholar, something which many of them would sooner be than great scholars. His love of the town of Cambridge, his hospitality and home, was almost as well known as his professorship. It is said that when he died it was simply a large village, forming a kind of appendage to the University, and communicating with Boston only twice a day by a lumbering stage, when Harvard was still considered a high school, in which real "boys" could graduate at sixteen, and the queer or eccentric characters whose growth was possible only in the isolation of the days before the Civil War, could daily in the streets. The surrounding scenery, and especially the banks of the Charles, were well known, and until he went abroad he liked to indulge in no worse pastime than to compare his Cambridge with the most famous of the Old World.

When appointed Minister to Spain in the HAYES administration in 1877 he had already reached the age when men are most anxious to make new friends, and the ranks of the old ones begin to be sensibly thinned. The tendon of life lay in his library at Elmwood and to see but little society was becoming more and more matter-of-fact. But the ravages death had made in his circle was touchingly expressed in the expressive tribute to his early and intimate friend, EDMUND QUICKE, who died in 1874.

He says, "Astropolitizing Banksy-side, the 'true-home-stead at Drell's':

"I chanted you in happier days, before your eyes
These gay forebodings on
Your brow, and you
Were still lovely in your prime,
The brimming river smooth,
The bridge is there; the
Walls with lichen low; And
The water leaves on
Gathering shade, how now
grace between.
There is no shadow here,
How many shadows more
Darkest at noon, their shadows
Are deepest in the green
Hillock forever? So our
days are gone,
Of life and death con-
tinue, and the sun goes
Outward to the source laid
West compassions. None
Save that the Albion
So sets his shadowings
that can not fade."

His acceptance of the Spanish mission, however, is all respects to possess a happy and stately grace, and a sense of life, but his residence at Madrid was a sad disappointment, owing to the prolonged and dangerous illness of Mrs. LOWELL.

His transfer to London was in all respects charming, a family as a post and the most eminent American man of letters had presented him, but Eng-

lishmen knew little or nothing of the authorship of his gifts which life in London afterward brought to light. He was well known in Boston, of course, as a talker of remarkable powers; and the friends who have perused on such occasions as the Phi Beta Kappa dinner knew well enough what he could do. But long familiarity had robed such occasions as those of their stimulating effect. It was not until he found himself again separated, not only from the United States, but also from American literature and literature, the fact that he possessed a commanding sense of talent and accomplishment which London supplies, that his remarkable social gifts were fully displayed. His occasional addresses kept him in the public eye, and were published by their fulness of knowledge, grace of style, and perfection of delivery. Possibly no presentation of American ideas on government in its relation to the individual man or on the future of universal suffrage was ever made with more clearness and force than that of "Old," which we have already spoken. In fact, it might be said, without doing injustice to his predecessors, that he was the first official emissary sent from this country to the English capital, as distinguished from an Englishman.

There he remained until the diplomatic work for him to do during his term of office. He had the noble and more useful task of commanding American blandishments to the British public as to make all differences between the two nations less probable, and if differences did arise, to lighten the labors of all future peacemakers.

E. L. GODDEN.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASSANO, OF LONDON.

It is one book twelve or sixteen lines at a stretch, and resembles what he reads, and put it away for future use within easy reach. In fact, his memory has almost as much retentiveness as his physical strength, and he can learn as much as in the literary field, where, perhaps have more need of slow progress for his impression. Its extraordinary excellence has, indeed, might almost say, damaged his prose by excess of crudity. The burden which the unaccustomed reader finds it hard to carry.

In spite of the dying out of Mr. LOWELL's formal relations with the anti-slavery movement, his interest in politics as the nation drifted toward war was strong, and his sympathies with the cause and progress of hostilities with painful interest, intensified by personal losses on the battle-field. He received many visits, too, during his residence here, from the leading Englishmen, whose criticism had still that perched a good deal upon the personal popularity of the American, like Mr. LOWELL, found it hard to bear. His impatience with it at last found expression in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in which he said, "I am not a man to be beaten down by a wave of popular opinion." In a paper, "On a certain Condescension in Foreigners," he begged, too, with the conduct of the British government during the war, an acknowledgment of feeling from the mother-country which, he said, was the only way to secure the sympathy of the people in settled Anglophobia. With what shoring and passionate interest the war and its consequences had taken hold of his imagina-



TWO OR THREE OF THESE GROUPS HAD RESOLVED THEMSELVES INTO DETACHED COUPLES.

MARUJA.*

By BRETT HARTE.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Maruja had barely entered the dark corridor when she came upon the visitor—a gray, hard-featured man of sixty—who had evidently entered without ceremony. "I see you did not wait to be invited," she said, nervously. "My mother will be pleased by your importunity. You will find her in the parlor."

"Perce did not announce me, as he was probably still under the effect of the agreeable repast he swallowed yesterday," said the Doctor, dryly; "but I am here, nevertheless, to make a little talk, and to-night talking to a pair of cut-throats that I would slay on sight."

"The tenebrosa has many purchases to make, and must meet a great many people," said Maruja. "What would you?" she added, sweetly.

The Doctor hesitated as if to reply, and then, with a grim

"Good-morning," passed on toward the patio. Maruja did not follow him. Her attention was suddenly absorbed by a hitherto unnoticed motionless figure that seemed to be hiding in the shadow of one of the great trees that shaded the terrace. The keen eyes of the daughter of Joseph Salomé still were not deceived. She walked directly toward the figure and said, simply, "Perce!"

The figure arose hesitatingly forward into the light of the grated sun. It was a man of middle age, with a thin face, and the hair had disappeared from his temples, and hung in two or three straight, long, dark cllocks on his neck. His face, over which one of the long, pale veins of a slender stalk, was the yellow of a dried orange, and veins stood out. His gray, thin, streaming locks of the vaporous and the ecclesiastic—velvet trousers, open from the knee down, and fringed with human intestines; a broad red belt, and a sword-hilt, which he held behind his back, encircled with a circular sacrificial cape of black bracelets, slipped over his head through a slit-like opening tensed with gold. His restless yellow eyes fell before the young girl's, and the stiff, varnished, hard-beamed sonorous voice he held in his wrinkled hands trembled.

"You are springing again, Perce," said Maruja, in another dialect than the one she had used to her mother. "It is unworthy of my father's trusted servant."

"It is that man—that coyote, Doña Maruja, that is unworthy of your father, of your mother, of you!" he gestured, in a fierce whisper. "I, Perce, do not spy. I follow, follow the track of the vulture, not the vulture itself. It was I, Perce, who warned your mother who lured your father he would not be content with the half of the head he stole! It was I, Perce, who warned your mother that each time he tread the soil of the Mission Perdida he measured the distance from the altar to the cross. He measured it, with the intense abstraction of a fixed idea glittering in his eyes."

"And it was you, Perce," she said, earnestly, laying her soft hand on his heavy shoulder, "who carried me in your arms when we were married. It was you, Perce, who did not let me on your pinto horse to the rodeo, when no one else knew it but ourselves, nor Perce, was it not?" He nodded his head violently. "It was you, Perce, who carried me in your arms when we were married. It was you, Perce, who carried me in your arms when we were married."

"Castaño, the Alvarado, the Estudillo, the Peralta, the Valdez!

His head kept time with each name as the fire dimmed in his wet eyes.

"You made me promise I would not forget them, for the veneration of their names. That was all I said. I am older now. I have seen many Americans. Well, I am still free!"

He caught her hand, and raised it to his lips with a gesture almost devotional. His eyes softened; as the exaltation of passion passed, his voice dropped into the querulousness of privi-

buildings housed the machinery and the fifty or sixty men employed in the cultivation of the soil, but neither residence nor business fare offered any nucleus of rural comfort or civilization in the midst of this wild expanse of earth and sky. The simplest article of country life were unknown; man's hunting instinct however from the nearest town; a few supplies of fresh meat and vegetables came from the same place; in the winter months the nearest town was reached by horseback in the adjacent settlement, and walked to their work. Nourished flower blossomed beside the unpainted tenement, though the fields were planted with the same crops as the prairies; the bumble-beet garden plant or herb had no place in that prolific soil. The reared ranks of wheat pressed closely round the struggling shrubs, and the weeds were as tall as the stalks. But the sheds were fitted with the latest agricultural machinery; a telegraphic wire connected the nearest town with an office in the wing of one of the larger houses. Westward, and in the midst of the wilderness severely checked accounts with nature.

Whether it struck him as ominous or not lay his mind from the consciousness of former life and the luxurious habits of the former landholders, or whether it was a purely business principle, Dr. West did not appear to know; who knew best, he could not say, for he had been there. Certain it was that unequalled commercial success crowned his method. A few years ago he had come to the west with his strange machinery that did the work of so many idle men and horses. It is said that he offered it to "the great estate" of Joseph P. Davis, but Davis offered him a place in San Antonio. Some shook their heads, and declared that he only snatched the jewels of the land for a few brief years to strew it again; that in his heart he was still a child, and the age of gentle civilization on a soil that had been harshly tickled with native oaks ploughshares.

His own personal tastes and habits were as severe and practical as his business; the little wing built inland contained only his office, his living room, or, his bedroom, his bathroom, and his toilet. The last instance of luxury was due to a certain cat-like cleanliness which was part of his nature. His iron-gray hair—almost in this country a rare color—was always clean, a pale-yellow brushed and his linen spotless. A slightly professional and somewhat old-fashioned responsibility in his black dress was also characteristic. In his hands there was no character, but his neighbors was the possession of two or three of the half-broken and sprained moustaches of the country, which he rode with the ferociousness, if not the skill, of a mounted desperado. Whether the subscription of this lawless and powerful survival of a wild and unfettered nature around him was part of his plan, or whether it was a natural result of his surroundings, no one knew; but his grim and decisive figure, contrasting with the portentous and flowing freedom of the herdsman, was a frequent specimen of the town and field.

It was the second day after his visit to La Mission Perdida. He was sitting by his desk at sunset in the dim light of the window, while the floor shone from the glow of his fire. He was writing, but presently lifted his head, with an impatient air, and called out, "Hasten me."

The shadow of Dr. West's forearms appeared at the door.

"Who's that you're talking to?"

"Hush, hush,"

"Hush, or send him about his business. Don't stand gadding there."

"That's just it, sir. He won't live for a week or a day if I don't get him to sign his paper and a shake-down, but no more."

"Pack him off. Stay. What's he like, I recollect?"

"Ugh! Fetch him in."

The foreman disappeared, and returned with the tramp already known to the reader. He was a little disheveled, but his eyes were bright, as he had addressed Marjia at La Mission Perdida; but he wore the same air of sullen indifference, occasionally broken by furtive observation. His leather coat was torn, and his hands were stained with the leathern perfect condition—seemingly to have increased, and he leaned against the door as the Doctor regarded him with some concern.

The shadow of Dr. West allowed him to drop into a sitting position in the doorway, where he remained.

"You seem to have been tired," said the Doctor, gently.

"Yes."

"What have you got say for yourself?"

"I told 'em I've got the tramp readying his head toward the foreman, "what did I do for a supper and a bed. I don't want anything but that."

"But if you don't get what you want on your own conditions, what'll you do?" asked the Doctor, dryly.

"Where did you come from?"

"States."

"Where are you going?"

"On."

"Leave him to me!" said Dr. West to his foreman. The man smiled and withdrew.

The Doctor bent his head again over his accounts. The tramp, sitting in the doorway, reached up and took a small pocketbook from his coat, and with a shuffle in his gait, placed it in his pocket. Then he summured his foreman.

The man entered, and glanced around the room as if expecting to see the Doctor's guest still there.

"Tell one of the men to bring round 'Buckeye'."

on the shelf you'll find some striking stories for the men. Pick something to fit us."

The tramp arose, moved toward the passage, and stopped. "It's for the job you only understand," he said.

"I understand," answered the Doctor.

The tramp returned in a few moments with overall and woollen shirt hanging on his arm and a pair of boots and socks in his hand. The Doctor accepted them.

"Now get into that room and change. Stop! First wash the dust from your feet in that basin."

The tramp obeyed, and entered the room. The Doctor walked to the door, and looked out reflectively on the paling sky. When he turned again he noticed the tramp's face, and the fat, rather red-cheeked tramp, who was changing his clothes by the fading light, was drying his feet.

The Doctor approached, and stood for a moment watching him.

"What's the matter with your foot?" he asked, after a pause.

"None so."

The first and second toe were joined by a thin band.

"Both alike?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," said the young man, exhibiting the other toe.

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say it. It's Henry Gucci, same as my father."

"Where were you born?"

"Dentonville, Pike County, Missouri."

"Speaking, I recollect."

"What's your mother's name?"

"Mother got divorced from father, and married again down South somewhere. Father left her two years ago. He's somewhere in California now, I suppose."

"Is she dead?"

"I don't know."

"How do you know?"

"I don't."

"Henry Gucci, of Dentonville; and here he stopped, and shading his eyes with his hand as he deliberately examined the tramp, added, coldly, "—your father, I reckon."

There was a slight pause. The young man put down the books he had taken up. "Then I can stay here?"

"Certainly. In here. Anywhere is only West. You can go to San Jose, or to Los Angeles, and stay there until I look into this thing. You haven't got any money, of course?" he asked, with a somewhat suppressed sneer.

"A little," returned the young man.

"How much?"

The tramp put his hand into his breast, and drew out a piece of folded paper containing a single dollar.

"Five dollars. I've kept it a month; it doesn't cost much to live on it," he added, dryly.

"There's five more. Go to some hotel in San Jose, and get a room. You'll go to San Jose, and stay there until I look into this thing. You haven't got any money, of course?" he asked, with a somewhat suppressed sneer.

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"A little," returned the young man.

The foreman hesitated. "Going to ride right off, I suppose?"

"Certainly; I may go as far as Saltostall's. If so, you'll expect me back till morning."

"Barcuse's night train's fast-to-night bus. Roguely last week he sailed off east an hour ago, and there isn't a man dare exercise him."

"I bet he don't lack saddle off with me on 'em," said the Doctor, grimly. "Bring him along."

"The name seemed to go. "You found the trap full 'll day, didn't you?"

"The last and second toe were joined by a thin band."

"Both alike?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," said the young man, exhibiting the other toe.

"What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say it. It's Henry Gucci, same as my father."

"Where were you born?"

"Dentonville, Pike County, Missouri."

"Speaking, I recollect."

"Mother's your parents now?"

"Mother got divorced from father, and married again down South somewhere. Father left her two years ago. He's somewhere in California now, I suppose."

"Is he dead?"

"I don't know."

"How do you know?"

"I don't."

"Henry Gucci, of Dentonville; and here he stopped, and shading his eyes with his hand as he deliberately examined the tramp, added, coldly, "—your father, I reckon."

There was a slight pause. The young man put down the books he had taken up. "Then I can stay here?"

"Certainly. In here. Anywhere is only West. You'll go to San Jose, and stay there until I look into this thing. You haven't got any money, of course?" he asked, with a somewhat suppressed sneer.

"A little," returned the young man.

"How much?"

"I don't."

"See that you go, then. Come back when you're fit again, and we'll talk some more questions."

The Doctor drew a chair to his table, and dipped a pen in the ink, as if to take down the answers. The young man, finding the only chair thus occupied, stepped forward, and took the chair, holding his books aside, and sat down on the table beside him.

The questions were repetitions of those already asked, but more in detail, and thoroughly貫通 (penetrated) the young man's mind, as he sat, with a frank and unfeigned interest, as if his subject was worth the trouble of invention or creation. It was difficult to tell whether the young man was really interested, or whether he was merely gratified by the Doctor's questions, which never failed to interest him.

The Doctor's questions were repeated, as if he sought to impress the young man with the force of his own knowledge.

The young man's answers were brief, and to the point, as if he had been prepared for them.

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The porch, a long low building, with a red-tiled roof extending over a porch or veranda, in which drawing-rooms had been known to occupy themselves during the summer months, was securely fastened to the stout cross-beams of some heavy posts driven in the roadway before the house. The porch was a gabled roofed structure with a recessed court-yard paved with the discolored stones of the ancient country shop which had filled under the same roof. The open porch of the front shadowed a small room, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the side shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the rear shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the side shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the rear shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the side shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the rear shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the side shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. The open porch of the rear shadowed a room with a large window, the floor of which was covered with a striped rug, and the walls were whitewashed. 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THE MADISON AVENUE FRONT.

SKETCHES OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



THE CAVALRY DRILL AT WEST POINT.—DRAWN BY T. DE TELLERUP.—[See Page 393.]



THERE'S "HARMONY" EVEN IN THEIR DISCORD.



THE LATE REV. DR. WHEDON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. H. SMITH, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.

SUPERINTENDENT MURRAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRIMMEL.—[See Page 395.]

THE REV. DR. DANIEL D. WHEDON.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Whedon removes from active service one of the most prominent leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He had held the office of editor of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* from the year 1836 to the year 1884. So universally was his fitness for the position recognized that after his first election he was re-elected at the close of each four years' term by acclamation. Only the last four years of his life were spent in retirement at the meeting of the last Methodist General Conference. He had then reached his seventy-sixth year, but his mind

was as active as ever. Only his body refused any longer to obey the commands of his masterful will.

Dr. Whedon was a keen metaphysician, and devoted much thought to philosophical questions. His work on the *Freedom of the Will* has been well received, and is still in great demand. He edited a *Commentary on the Old and New Testaments*, writing the New Testament part himself. His style was easy and flexible; his writings are lit up by frequent dashes of wit and fancy; indeed, it is difficult to find in any of them a single dull paragraph.

Although strongly inclined to pleasure, he was catholic in spirit, and in social life genial, and

exhibiting of warm personal attachments. He was almost completely cut off from public life by his deafness, and for this reason he never appeared on the platform, and seldom spoke from the pulpit. He lived among his books, which he enjoyed to the last, giving his time to the study of metaphysics and a few other subjects.

Dr. Whedon was born in Oneonta, New York, March 20, 1805; was a graduate of Hamilton College; tutor in that college; Professor of Latin and Greek in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut; and of Logic in the University of Michigan. But to the present generation he was known chiefly as an editor, and as such will be best remembered.



Mr. Paddock.

Secretary Throssell.

Mr. Ramsey.

Colonel Godfrey.

Judge Carlton.

Mr. Pettigrew.

THE UTAH COMMISSION—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. R. SAVAGE, SALT LAKE CITY.—[See PAGE 395.]

