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HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

No. XXXVI—No. 100
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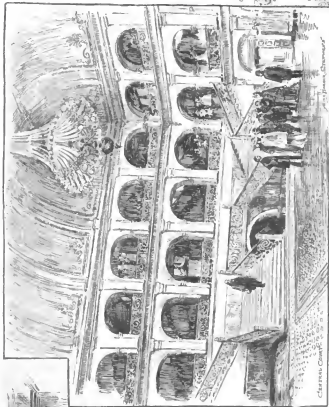
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1892

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ANTHONY JOSEPH DREXEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GETTYSBURG, PHILADELPHIA.—(SEE PAGE 6.)

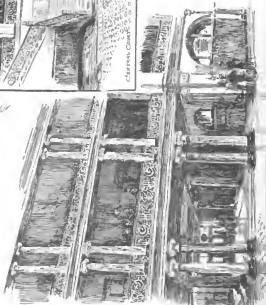
DREXEL
INSTITUTE
of ART, SCIENCE and
INDUSTRIES.
(See Page 6.)



Charles Cressler, Architect



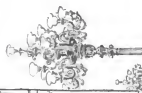
ENTRANCE HALL



ENTRANCE HALL from east end of CASEY



ORGAN and SEATING - AUDITORIUM





THE SIGN OF SAGITTARIUS.

BY LIEUTENANT J. D. FERROLD KELLEY, U. S. N.

I HAD kept about the decks all the morning, watching the storm clouds driving southward down the golden-brown waterway of the blossoming straits. The day was December 15th, the season the early season of the Southern coast.

The ship still rolled deeply, but without the vicious progress of the day before, for the sea was smoothing, and foam whips flattered at its edges in the sunlight drifting between the scattered rocks of sand. Patches of water here bordered the upper sides and dropped to windward, and in the southern board clear weather clouds were shepherded by the gentler breeze blowing.

Our spirits had risen with the glass and brightened with the sun, and the men profited and heaved a sigh and laughingly about the wet decks, singing cheerily as they looked and mumbled the upper deck.

"A good run for us now," said Captain Greenoak—"a good run, straight in the line and over. The sea is going down, the wind steadies land-ward, and you can feel the hazy feeling of every knot the wind allows. Tomorrow soon, by accident, we'll hit the rugged hillsides of Sonoma, and, were here for me? You'll have me there?"

The scene of putting aboard by his regretting bitterly, for Sonoma was a northern spot of the Tonga Islands, and the last place where a man, carelessly, could not board a homeward-bound, should care to go. But my eyes was as potent as it was unusual, for here was I, free, white, and twenty-one, standing among the coral dunes, reefs and beaches of the South Sea to search of a man I had never known. A lather's dose of times I had heard of him in the merchant, but though I had asked half the American crew, and made long drifts into his burrows and outposts, I had traced him always. So, just as my allotted part of inquiry was in the thick and middle of his last quarter, clear cleave picked up for me the most promising clew of all.

It is clear about this way:

In all the ports where crews thought me it was my custom to board every ship trader or looking among the islands, for within those vague limits the chosen liberties of the last one were restricted. Upon the morning when the bark fell out of the sky, the mail boat *Zhalobos*, of the Intercolonial-Pacifique Line, dropped her mail hook in *Wahney Harbor*. As she was the best ship to take the mails off *Turkic*, in *Sonoma*, I went out to her in a clumsy, scantly loaded mail boat. Just as we heaved and swung into the line, a passenger, a very heavy, stout passenger, scrubbed on to the fore hatch, and ordered my loader of a boatman, under doubtful protest, to load him.

It is his way, his philosophy never to quarrel with a stranger, and after that in a civil-like, he jumped to the grating, and told the men to take his postpaid passenger to the beach and to return for me. The chat and reckoning were to the man. At this the man rose, lifted his arm in wave me a sea-side thanks, and I saw he was tattooed island fashion. At once I asked him straight from the shoulder, if he had ever met up his way on some island.

"Heavily! What was his name? Not Bill Hildreth—Cap Hildreth of the *Wahney*?" Well, if it's him, you can bet your hat on me, and go back for the rest of your life, I know him. I know him like a man and a brother.

I lowered myself into the stern sheets, and ordered the boatman to pull at once for the landing place. I posed my new fellow only with many questions, but though he was quizzed and very particular and fidgety, remembrance of his "old side partner Bill Hildreth," he told me little to the purpose.

An hour later he was asked somewhat, and when he had stoned me away in the dark recesses of a dim-purty, he and one of the sailors home he told best in *Harper*, he said:

"Why, Bill Hildreth is the sanest trader in all the group left to me, though not the best known, which I be, Benjamin Jackson, A. B., from here, Boston, at your service. And it isn't a month gone since I took a Liverpool light out of his pipe, though, I—It all led to a given me the pipe too, if I smoked him. It isn't a month gone, master, since I left him in Apia as a broker as a last bishop, and called and asked to be told me, for his last voyage along the *Wahney*'s reefs. He dressed the blue reds along to the dogs, though, et cetera, a twin of silver head into his pipe, and home ahead with the gun. Where'll you find him? Let's see, *Soy* *Nemaka* is the highway of Tonga. If not there, just a whack at *Temagato*, old *Tai* *Mafua*'s baby compound, if he's not his back there, you can bet upon Apia every time. They do say he's got a *Sonoma* wife and a cabin full of the prettiest coral-colored kids and *Mutuals* way though, mind you, I don't want to that, my word for it. But what I do know is, he'll look, and come, as the captain says, in try *Tonga* first, and then was in Apia, for it's his residence."

"How can I get there at once?" I asked.

"Why, with the mailboat here—'till our date, we call him *Tristram* *Vigilante* did that party job to beautify his name. He leaves every ship that's loading."

The first night I engaged my berth—the only passenger, as it proved to be—on board the American clipper ship *Meyers*, and the next morning we were in the open, land-

ing way to the northeast. The *Meyers* was deep-laden, and bound for San Francisco, but so she had a contract to leave stores for our crew at *Turkic*, I made arrangements to be loaded at *Nemaka*. This was six hundred miles and more in the northward of our first point of call, but as it was straight in the ship's track, it would rather be a diversion of the voyage, not a delay.

The fourth or fifth day out I told the captain my story, and I know he became interested in my success, though as for he would like to kick Bill Hildreth round the lower deck in *Boston* town for his lack of a set and berth. These were my feelings to a dot, and that the fugitive was a criminal, a proper subject of police inquiry. Of me, he had none so simple than that.

He had run away from home years ago. I think some old love affair was in the bottom of it all, but such as his mother and sister had left the world over he had never turned up. They had heard of him in *China*, in *Europe*, in *South America*, and in all these countries they had gone, maintaining, usually, at some central point from which inquiries could be directed. The State Department took it up, and few were the consular officers that did not know of the *Bill* *deft* mystery; not a naval officer who came close in his cruises had not kept a sharp lookout for the missing American.

The patient search of the mother and sister and a regular routine in many hearts the wide world around, and in the end none came from the captain of a man's way that Hildreth had, within a year, been seen in *New Zealand*. When *Mary* Hildreth promised to marry me after a look-but an evening's warning she said that a year must first be given in the inquiry in Southern waters. So in *France* we went, but staidly and unprovoked as there would around trailing did make them, the last excitement was too much; they were both pronounced with a low nervous fever, and in the end the search fell to me.

I thought over all these matters rather dolefully, it must be recalled, on the December night, and I know the prospect of landing on *Nemaka* the next day did not make me love Bill Hildreth as a man and a brother should. The ship around more like *Wahney* than ever, and the glories of the night laid me into disease of peace and hope and accomplishment. The great stars shot out of the line with extraordinary points of fire, the boys' voices sang steadily in the stargazing and the year and from the *Wahney*'s deck the crossing melody of a favorite sea ditty, *Bill* with ornamental quarters a hundred fathoms deep and long.

When night fell I closed myself, Governor, who had been working a sailing pipe to forward, said: "Well, Matt, had nothing like a good conscience, except plenty of sea-

A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

By HARRIET FLEMING.

It was an ordinary night to see Dalberg in a dusty shop. His fellow clerks in the rows of boxes, and the shelves above, showed how they clustered there as he put down the dustbins by a bunch of violets. All of them knew the shop, for he was the paid employer of the house. They knew he was meant to have a family, support a wife and children, but they did not expect a wife and many with children.

Dalberg came out of the shop and buttoned his dusty overcoat. He was a stout man, his face was red, and his eyes were dark and angry with anxiety.

"I suppose I would have more men available to have looked after the children," he said, but his heart did not support the suggestion. He was still young with the impulse which had once made him strong.

He had stood at the window a long time before going in. The lamp had faded at sunset, and the moon of winter in a bowl. As he saw them he remembered that his wife used to wear them. The first time that he had seen her she had a bunch of violets in her dress, and he had been in the shop. She had been in the shop, and he had been in the shop.

As he stood there, looking in at the window, Dalberg's heart was filled with a great pain for his wife. He did not consider his wife, but he thought of her. He had been in the shop, and he had been in the shop.

Everything in the shop was as if it were a part of her. He had been in the shop, and he had been in the shop. He had been in the shop, and he had been in the shop.

How thoughtful was, poor girl! He seemed to see her as he had seen her in the shop. He had been in the shop, and he had been in the shop.

How he remembered her, the white dress, the bunch of violets, what he had seen her in the shop. He had been in the shop, and he had been in the shop.

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the "Just fancy a bunch of violets for me? Why, I have not had any for years."

"You see I am not yet too old to receive a violet," said his wife with a look of surprise which he did not see. She had been so serious for years. "But who could receive them?" he said. "I have not had any for years."

"I can't give you the life of a man," she said. "I can't give you the life of a man," she said. "I can't give you the life of a man," she said.

"You look like a girl to-night," he said. "You look like a girl to-night," he said. "You look like a girl to-night," he said.

"I think we might include ourselves," he said. "I think we might include ourselves," he said. "I think we might include ourselves," he said.

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could not believe him. Her face showed great distress.

"He did not answer," she said. "He did not answer," she said. "He did not answer," she said.

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"He did not answer," she said. "He did not answer," she said. "He did not answer," she said.

His capital, Khokand. Passing on to the rest, the plan of the Chinese Turkistan with the British Empire. The British Empire, the British Empire, the British Empire.

It is thus merely by a figure of speech that the British Empire, the British Empire, the British Empire.

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THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

By JOHN MURPHY BIRD.

The Central Asian problem is rapidly assuming even more serious proportions than the Eastern question. The latter is now somewhat hitherto, and at various phases are as well understood that the element of nationality is an ever-increasing quantity.

Given any one or more of a number of conditions already discussed of nation in every political club or even private dining room, and the varied criteria can detail the work with as much certainty as the abbot's.

It is thus merely by a figure of speech that the British Empire, the British Empire, the British Empire.

It is thus merely by a figure of speech that the British Empire, the British Empire, the British Empire.

It is thus merely by a figure of speech that the British Empire, the British Empire, the British Empire.

The next phase of the question was the matter very merely between the English and the Chinese. The Chinese, the Chinese, the Chinese.

SENATOR PRESTON B. FLEMMER.

The senior Senator from the State of Kansas is a member of the Republican party. He was born in Ohio in 1852, and received from a common school education. At the age of twelve years he entered that system which has continued so many of his contemporaries to distinction, the plow's track, and after an apprenticeship of three years he became editor of the *Nebraska News*. In 1866 the young man migrated to Kansas, a free soil and free trade country, and engaged in the occupation of public work, for the great war was then breaking its hotly preliminary trial of national interests, which made the name of the then Territory a national battle-field. He established the *Empire*. Now in 1871, and plunged into the work of the fight as a radical Free Soil politician. He was secretary of the Free State Convention of Lawrence in 1872, and a member of the Lawrence-Constitutional Convention in 1873, and in both capacities displayed his ability, though a very young man. Shortly after beginning legal practice in 1874, he was elected to the State Legislature, and served with credit as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. In the second year of the war Mr. Flemmer was prominent in aiding the Governor, Kansas Cavalry, and rose during the three years of his service to be Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, of which the Colonel's commission reached him on the eve of departing out. Colonel Flemmer was a brave and capable officer, but probably found a more congenial sphere in the smoke of civil strife. He served two successive terms in the Kansas Legislature, one as Speaker, and was the champion which ended in giving suffrage to the negro by the adoption of the State Constitution. In 1869 he was active, too, in carrying the Legislature in favor of Andrew Johnson's impeachment.

After practicing law for four years, in partnership with Judge Maguire, Colonel Flemmer was compelled by ill health to enter another vocation, and was elected in 1875 to be president of the Empire National Bank. Here he remained till 1877. But in the mean time his keen interest in public affairs led him to the free soil and free trade politics of the West. In 1877, which witnessed a split in the Republican ranks, he was an ardent Free Soil partisan, laboring with many other men of his party that the dominant faction was false to its principles. In 1878 he was a senator of the Republican State Convention, and during the Presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. Hayes, he championed the State with great energy, proving one of the most effective of the party speakers. His political road and ability met their reward in 1877 by an election to the United States Senate, to which body he was returned three times successively, more than three years devoted to the making of his bad law. Though the name of Senator Flemmer was not prominently associated with any of the greater political measures which have stamped the legislation of the last ten years, he improved himself on these familiar with his record as a man of independent judgment, good judgment, and mastery of detail. He was always a power in the committee room, where the fundamental work of legislation is done, even though he made no attempt to shine in formal display on the floor of debate. At different times he was a member of the Committee on Appropriations, the Committee on Agriculture and Forestry, Executive Departments, Meat Products, and Administrative Service of the Senate. He was also Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands. Though in accord with his party as a protectionist in his economic views, Senator Flemmer diverged widely from the extreme high tariff schools. It is understood that it was owing to his determined opposition that some of the more extreme details of the McKinley bill were modified before final passage. Senator Flemmer, in addition to his public duties, to which he gave loyal devotion, was always in the thick of private business, mining, and industrial schemes, railway enterprises, etc., in pursuit of which he amassed considerable wealth. It was this wealth which gave him the confidence necessary to control the market for a number of years, and which he had obtained a citizenship in a wholesale manner, having a wife and five children, as well as a large circle of political friends of both parties, to whom his untiring efforts.

A COLOSSAL STATUE OF FRANKLIN.

The centre of the main entrance of the Electricity Building at the old Madison Fair was the monument for a statue of Franklin, twenty-one feet in height and nine in diameter. The sculptor is Carl Hirsch, a Dane, who has studied in all the great art centres in Europe. Among his other works are a colossal statue of Henry Montgomery of Memphis, a portrait bust of Louis J. Allen, a statue of Tyler Bond, of Louisville, and a memorial of the heroes of Alamo, at Austin, Texas.

A PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.
BY GEORGE F. STUMBA.

He was so young in years and experience that his self-confidence had so far prevailed as to make him think he had been short-changed in the city, a fact that he thought nothing of until he had been short-changed several times from himself. But his last short cut he had obtained a citizenship in a wholesale manner, having a wife and five children, as well as a large circle of political friends of both parties, to whom his untiring efforts.

He was on the night before, and did not lose the stone until three o'clock morning. Then

in pleasant weather, he would walk up to his boarding place. He had the vigor of untold youth, and liked the exercise. And he could not do the streets that their most honest posting, and could think as he walked.

This morning his thoughts were pleasant. They took the form of hopes. They measured him so fully that, looking ahead a few years, he perceived himself a rich man. He had some property already. It was not much, but he had earned it all. His dollars seemed of double weight on that account. And then he would be growing, there was nearly one hundred dollars. He had it in a box at his boarding place. For he would not risk carrying it about with him. When it was an even hundred dollars he would bank it. That would be an excellent start; there were plenty of rich men, he had heard, who started with ten. He resolved to make deposits of a hundred dollars each on often as he could. That was the way to acquire independence.

Independence! He got the air with his walking stick. He felt strong at the thought—strong to hold the city's fate for his own. He stepped along more lightly and freely. There were so many dollars on man's game unless the man kept it tight. There was a habit of thought, so-called, he told himself. He had gradually stepped a shaver in a larger or a few times, but that was what he was looking for, or so he thought, and he had a host of fellow feeling for the stately deity. But however none of that, he would be governed by the law of self-protection. The firm he worked for recognized that rule of life. They had a card displayed conspicuously that read: "All applicants for and are referred to the charity organization." But their motto might apply to any one who could not afford to beggar. Impudence—people he knew nothing about, with which he had no business to connect himself when a hand was stretched out to him, he would let the applicant go to the charity organization. There the awful story might be asked many times for it he would become independent.

He strolled smartly along, indeed with the sense of coming success. He was in the least of those of those nervous conditions to mankind when he could with purity believe about any great thing of himself. But the idea of wealth predominated. The very best boots clicked like dripping metal on



COLLEMAN REPORTING ON THE FRANKLIN STATUE FOR THE BOY OF THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

the floor. If the facts did not warrant an aggravated case of wealth, he had no better offered all the symptoms. A young fellow came down the street with a quick step, and met the one coming up near an electric light. Both stopped. The one coming down opened his mouth to speak, answered a little, and then went on with a clear, old country accent: "Beg pardon, but I came over from Scotland three weeks ago—I thought I should fall into a situation—could now say just what I want."

He made the last cut statement with no taint of the professional whine. He was either the worst snorter or the wisest expert. He was dressed well, and he looked straight at the one coming up as he spoke. And the one coming up did not take his eyes from the one coming down. Accused that that of the man's face he could hold himself in good. His own position had his effect on his mind and failed it to the support of his newly made resolution. He had wavered a trifle, for someone he supposed



THE QUELLET RACING CUT FOR SCHROEDER—(See Page 12)



FATHER KNICKBOCKERS REVERIES AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR—DRAWN BY BERT WALDEN.

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Whoever wants soft hands, smooth hands, white hands, or a clear complexion, he and she can have both; that is, if the skin is naturally transparent; unless occupation prevents.

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the publishers are glad to know that
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locality where it is known and used.

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and Hon. THOMAS S. REED.

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By the Mexican Minister, M. Romero.

The Duke of Devonshire.

By Lord Henry Somerset.

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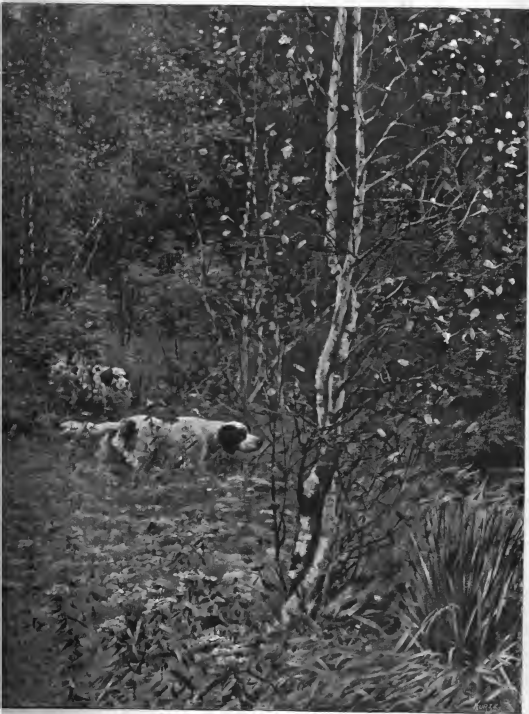
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THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
[See Article in "Royal Swindlers," Page 36.]



PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.—[See Article in "Royal Swindlers," Page 36.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—A VISIT TO THE ROOF OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.—[See Page 40.]



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST



FROM THE DRAWING BY J. KING-JAMES, AFTER THE DESIGN OF THE ARCHITECTS, HEINS & LA FARGE.

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THE UNITED STATES REVENUE MARINE SERVICE.

BY LIEUTENANT G. L. CARMEN, U. S. N.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

ON the 27th of March 1901, the United States revenue cutter *Merrill*, First Lieutenant W. H. Hild, was commanding entered at Charleston, South Carolina, having performed the feat of forcing an inland passage through the waters stretching between the North Edisto and Ashley rivers of South Carolina. By so doing the *Merrill* demonstrated beyond question the ability of a war vessel showing not over ten feet of water to negotiate the whole of the inland passages from Charleston, South Carolina, on the north, to Fernandina, Florida, on the south, a distance of at least 135 miles.

From a military point of view the feat of the *Merrill* can not be overestimated. It success complete and certain communication between each of its points of call consisting of torpedo boats, torpedo gunboat destroyers, and gunboats operating on the defense against a blockading force of the enemy anywhere south of Philadelphia. It further secures an inland passage all the way from Philadelphia to Fernandina, with the exception of the stretch of north and North Carolina coast lying midway between Morehead City on the north, and Charleston on the south.

Valuable as to the result of the *Merrill's* passage, it must be admitted that the attempt was made more from curiosity than as a military experiment. The story of the feat, as related by one of the *Merrill's* officers, is briefly as follows:

The *Merrill* left Charleston on a Tuesday for a run to the southward. Tuesday night found the vessel anchored far up-st. Pierre Creek, a branch of the South Edisto. Wednesday morning the *Merrill* steamed over the waters of the

March of this difficulty would have been avoided had the wind not been blowing hard. At the extreme upper end of the cut ledges had to be run. In order to cut the vessel around the point.

"From New Cut the *Merrill* emerged into French Flats, the inland waters of the Stono River. This was at 8 1/2 a. m., and in the call of the trawlermen singing. A quarter less ten a. m., which will suddenly changed to "two fathoms," and soon to "two and a quarter," the steady little vessel worked ahead. From the head of French Flats to the first shoals, and down the Stono as far as Wappoo Creek, the *Merrill* gradually increased her speed from a slow force ahead to six knots, then eight knots, ten knots, and finally twelve knots. The tide being found running ribb, the *Merrill* anchored for the night about 4 1/2 miles out, an opening into Wappoo Creek. Friday morning at nine o'clock, the cutter ran through the creek, came out into Ashley River, and anchored off Charleston, with the southeast gale still blowing hard outside.

The performance of the *Merrill* shows that with a narrow fore passage way existing in what had heretofore been deemed nearly impassable, it is apparent that a flotilla of torpedo boats and torpedo cutters can be operated along the Atlantic coast from Norfolk to Fernandina, taking out from one passage-way at another on hostile vessels, and creating stress in any blockading force.

One of the most important of the numerous duties assigned to the revenue marine is the patrol of the coast during the sailing season. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated. It alone, if nothing else, warrants the maintenance of the revenue cutter service. As a rule, vessels assigned to the patrol are taken out of stations on the 1st of October, and the stations left unoccupied are maintained with those still here but others on their way.

In making a cruise in the *Merrill* the revenue cutter runs as far as 3000 miles from San Francisco, west and north until well into the fall. During the present year the revenue cutter *Evad* and *Chorua*, commanded respectively by Captains W. C. Cullison and C. H. Hooper, are on duty. The demand for active cruising work in the north has made it necessary for the Treasury Department to call for more vessels, and during the coming season of 1901 an appropriation will be asked for a large cruising cutter for duty in Bering Sea, the vessel to be of about 200 tons displacement, to be under 200 feet in length, have a speed of 16 knots, be self-propelled, and carry a crew of about 30 men. A new vessel will fit away with the necessity



DESTROYING A BUCKEE WEEB.

of dividing the naval fleet in order to visit the revenue cutters. There is also available a vessel for the Columbia River station, making it possible for one of the vessels now on the coast to take station at San Diego, and patrol Lower California. Had a revenue cutter been taken of the lower part of that State the Columbia vessel could never have made her cruise. The expense of the chase by the *Charles* has sound words by sea had been a new cutter.

In addition to the Bering Sea work, the revenue cutter *Aur*, Captain M. A. Herby commanding, is each year sent into the Arctic Ocean, with orders to cruise in the ice, assist distressed shippers, and take on board crews of ships no longer tenable. The *Aur* was originally one of the three class of relief ships. She was turned over to the revenue marine by the Navy Department. She is especially adapted to account for her construction for the work she is now performing. Both the Bering Sea cutters and the *Aur* usually reach San Francisco by the last of October of each year.

During the past year the presence of numerous reefs along the Atlantic coast of the United States is a source of such constant danger to coasting vessels as to make it

(Continued on page 26.)



FAIRLY SURELY CARRYING THE LIFE LINE ABOARD.

South Edisto, ran out to sea, and crossed North Edisto bay later in the day, falling off before the face of a heavy north-easterly. Wednesday night the sea at anchor in the Wad swash River the extreme head waters of the North Edisto, the afternoon being low taken up with infantry and rifle drill by the life jackets.

Thursday morning opened with a furious gale blowing from the southeast. The North Edisto had the breakers were running twelve and fifteen feet high, leaving in their wake no little as three feet of water. Under such conditions, any attempt to cross the bar meant certain destruction. It was as late as Thursday morning that the idea of forcing an inland passage to Charleston through New Cut, French Flats, and the Stono River suggested itself, and Lieutenant Hild, as it now proceeded to carry it out. The tide at the time was running flood, backing two hours of high water.

"At 6 30 a. m. the *Merrill* was under way and heading toward the marshes of Wadswell. River ledges and shoaling lines were gotten up, and kept at hand fore and aft. Banks were made ready for lowering and careful business stations on the wharves. The *Merrill* was drawing six feet on a heavy draught. Forging slowly ahead under "one bell," the vessel steamed in and out several times to assure that the sand at those points was not more than eight or ten feet from the sides of the ship. In avoidance of the wide cut, a great population along the banks of the Wadswell gathered at the river's edge to gaze on the apparition of a steamship plunging through their creeks and duck ponds.

The first break came not more than six miles up the Wadswell. There was plenty of water to starboard, but the sharpness of the bend forced the vessel against the port bank. Added to this, the force of the southeast blow and strong run from starboard was not much for a single service to starboard. There were the boat and engine of the bridge, and the life-jackets were soon placed on a number well in windward in a bunch of three. The men heeled away with a lurch, and soon, by vigorous manning, the ship was off the bank and in the stream. All this halting on the bottom was of little consequence, as the lead showed sticky mud and plenty of it.

Forgetting altogether the *Merrill's* left Wadswell behind, and entered New Cut. This cut was dredged by the British as far back as 1777 in an attempt to keep through some of their smaller war vessels. The *Merrill* found ten feet of water all the way through the cut, but again experienced difficulty in rounding the sharp bend.

For their two stations on the Pacific coast to the charge of the 25-foot, under Captain Tracer. The work in Bering Sea has been particularly active this year, and to see the dead sea had to fire shell from one of her main batteries in the bow on fast-sailing vessels. In only one case the *Merrill* succeeded in compelling the intruders to "leave in."

The demand for active cruising work in the north has made it necessary for the Treasury Department to call for more vessels, and during the coming season of 1901 an appropriation will be asked for a large cruising cutter for duty in Bering Sea, the vessel to be of about 200 tons displacement, to be under 200 feet in length, have a speed of 16 knots, be self-propelled, and carry a crew of about 30 men. A new vessel will fit away with the necessity



trill was finally compelled to take to the water, and in the fall of 1900 was shot by the Chief of Police of Montgomery, Alabama. The *McLane* remained guarding Cedar Keys for a full month. Captain Smith saw a tax rip government established, asked the merchants and all classes of citizens in rotating tranquility, and then on still evening slipped out of port as quietly and as unperceptibly as he had come in. The *McLane* paid several visits afterward to Cedar Keys, but always found quiet sleeping. The citizens arranged to realize that the vessel was always to be heard from on the first sign of disaster, though many restless spirits have undoubtedly since craved for the excitement of the Vulture period, the knowledge that the *McLane* is on the coast serves as an efficient dampener.

"As the little old vessel cruised over her station on leaving Cedar Keys, she found official telegrams in nearly every part of date of May 19th, directing her to proceed as soon to Cedar Keys, and protect United States interests of all kinds." A despatch was also found in Tampa, but it must have arrived after the *McLane* sailed. Captain Smith had this been the quick for the department, and with an indistinct knowledge of an experienced man what would be expected of him had it. The fact that he earned the gratitude of the Cedar Key section in its itself good in the manner in which the duty was performed.

The Florida station is it is known to officers of the United States revenue marine, as a rule, more prominent and diversely than any other, with the possible ex-



CREASING CUTTBELL'S BAND THROUGH CEDAR KEYS

where the mere sight of music would simply have indicated the presence of a street and nothing more. The *McLane's* officers, however, noticed a very suspicious object in the distance, and particularly those the fact that she was on that part of the coast. Dashing quickly to towards the key, and in such

with strange looking kayaks, and showing and following in one another like so many sea-birds. Without any ado, Lieutenant Charless and three or four good men swung themselves up over the *Annacott's* side, and succeeded to see the captain. The scowling 'Annacott at this time was for a long busy fel-

the information for his own consulting officer, when a sudden movement among the *Annacott's* crew showed that they meant fight. The *McLane's* blue jackets were equal to the occasion, and, covering every one on deck, the Spanish rapier was thrust into the water at the point of a revolver. There should the *McLane* be was kept there, and calm kept by Lieutenant Charless to pick a prize crew, and convey the captured craft to Key West. This meant a run of 120 miles. Returning to the *Annacott* the Cuban crew, nearly unarmed. A few though were left to work on the rapier, but a blue-jacket standing by it, the man with a rickety rifle, and the other was run away, the 30 headed, and made of ten minutes the *Annacott* passed under the *McLane's* stern, under the *Annacott's* stern, and the blue jackets of the latter ship giving a goodly share to their captives.

The *Annacott* had eluded just but as last when one of those blue-jacketed blues, so peculiar in the Gulf, suddenly sprang up. Here was a fix indeed, for a young officer, it is hard enough to have a ship of war on one's hands, but to have in addition a lot of prisoners continuing the prize run, was an insupportable thought. However, the prisoners not needed were secured to the pin rail around the mast, and two men on guard stood close at hand. A few of the prisoners were stationed about the deck to hold ropes, but always under guard. The *Annacott* on the first appearance of the gale was quickly gotten under close reef, and with a mere headwind of the jib aback and the last reef on the mainmast with the foremast stowed, she continued throughout



STOPPING THE BOAT FROM THE BLUFF.

in way as to be unobscured until close at hand, the *McLane* suddenly rounded off to the mouth of the entrance, and dropped a cutter full of armed men upon the command of Lieutenant Charless. A few minutes only sufficed for the cutter to pull alongside the stranger, which on a heavy galley at the stern was found to be the Spanish schooner *Annacott*. The Spanish's deck was full of red-capped Cubans and Mexicans, all armed

her, who had just ascended from the cabin, and was demanding as well broken English, the cause of the visit.

Your papers" was the quick riposte of the boarding officer. There was at once evident a good deal of artillery, and it was apparent that the Spanish vessel he was caught. No papers could be produced, and the boarding officer was about to return to the *McLane* with



FRANK VINCENT.—From a Photograph. Two weeks after his arrest.

FRANK VINCENT.—From a Photograph. The only survivor of the crew of the white schooner of Key West, his only surviving son, and the only survivor of the crew of the white schooner of Key West.

ception of living life. The remaining crew of the vessel assigned to the former station stands from Daphne Island on the east coast of Florida to Cedar Keys on the west coast. It also includes all the waters of the Florida reefs and those of the Dry Tortugas. Owing to the proximity of southern Florida to the West Indies, and the natural advantages of the coast along the reefs, smugglers have long made it a favorite objective point. Spanish and various West India papers have found their way into the United States in large quantities, and the great majority if not all of it that has reached duty came by southern Florida through smuggling agencies.

Within recent years the smuggling in southern Florida has been reduced to a minimum, the exclusive training of the revenue cutter having charge of this ground, and it is exceedingly hazardous, yet occasionally a bold craft ventures to make a run, and this was only a few days after the *McLane* was in business as to make an excellent head. The cutter was standing over into one afternoon in the vicinity of Punta Rosa, on the southwest coast, when the spots of a vessel were observed at the distance above an intervening key. To one not familiar with the southern



CAPTURE OF THE "ANNACOTT"

the night, despite the high sea and the water continually coming aboard, to log it off to the northward.

It was a trying night, but might have been worse with a less than a craft. As daylight broke the gale began rapidly to subside the hot reef in the mainmast was taken out, the mainmast, clear over the foremast, and the mainmast with only one reef in foremast and mainmast. That afternoon she was lying snugly alongside the government cutter, her prisoners in the hatch of the United States steamer, and her pilot crew sleeping as only first and exhausted men can sleep. Twelve hours later the *McLane* followed into port her commanding officer not having deemed it advisable to follow the cutter against the gale which had sprung up.

A few feet was considered but a short piece of work in ordinary sailing, and a man and a fish portion of the amount of the *Annacott* is one of which any vessel officer is justly full proud. The vessel was finally disposed of in the United States courts, some treachery being not only the *Annacott*, but her captain and crew.

THE "D.K.E." SOCIETY AT HARVARD.

MR WILLIAM LEWIS GARDNER, of Boston, has written a letter to the president and faculty of Harvard College, advising that certain practices of the D. K. E. Society, the history of which is familiarly called at Harvard, are objectionable.

The D. K. E. (Delta Kappa Epsilon) of Harvard is the Alpha Chapter of an organization which has chapters at all of the larger American colleges. It is a purely social club, and is composed of members of the Sophomore class. The method of selection of members is this: Towards the end of each academic year the Sophomore members of the society select ten men of the Freshman class to be members of the "Drury." These are called "the first ten," and it is a mark of considerable distinction to be chosen among the number, as this hall ever is supposed to be the very pick of some five hundred students, and to represent what is usually best in the Freshman class. The election of such one must be unanimous, and a young man who has shown any disposition to be unpopular, or to be a weak, clumsy very little chance of selection. These "first ten" select, at the beginning of the Sophomore year, a second ten, and the faculty have chosen select a third ten, and so on till forty members of the Sophomore class are included in the society. These Sophomores manage the affairs of the society and give the charges. The members of the other classes, however, continue to participate in the festivities.

When a man has been selected for the D. K. E. he is notified by letter of his election, but called upon to the night-time by a committee of the whole society. A line is formed from his room to the street in front, and the candidate is taken out of his bed and passed along the line, frequently one hundred and fifty men long, until he reaches the ground. Then he is left to amuse back to his room. Now he is said to be "running for the Drury," and this exciting period lasts five days—four Friday to Wednesday. During that time the man who is "running" must do everything he is likely to do by any member of the society. Much opportunity is displayed by the young men in deciding debates which will test the wit of the "runner," and such tests are supposed to do some ridiculous thing for the amusement of those



THE HON. EDWARD W. PERKINS, APPOINTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KANSAS—(SEE PAGE 81)

who have themselves passed through the ordeal, and here to just as soon they were felt. For instance, two young men, well known at Cambridge as the "New Wave," were recommended to dress up as gnomes, and take the back seat of a dog-cart, which was driven into Boston, and a young lord well known to the "New Wave" was taken to drive. They acted their parts with impracticable anxiety, and jumped down to hold the horses,

and scrambled in their places again with a celerity and nervous smartly of long training. These same young men were dressed together, and commanded to pull her come through Beacon Street, in Boston.

Mr. George Norman, a brother-in-law of Mr. "Ferdie" Pease, one of the most respected of Boston's smart set, was compelled to dress up in Kibberthornes, and proclaim

in the yard of Cambridge: "The Bulls are the main idea!" Another young man was required to purchase a ticket for the front row of the theatre at which Mr. and Mrs. Rowland were playing and to arrive just before the close of the first act and say aloud: "This is the best, the best, the best seat for me; the most I ever saw." It is needless to say that the young man was promptly ejected, and there was where the fun came in for those who had gone to see the sport; the theatre was full of his friends. Young Mr. Ewing, the son of the United States Senator from Louisiana, was required to take a German band in front of Brook Hill and lead it with a lighted cigarette for his lip and a banner in his mouth. Young Mr. Brew, the son of Mr. Calvin S. Brew, Senator from Ohio, was compelled to wear a short skirted blouse and a straw hat and walk up and down in front of the grand stand at the Wednesday football match with a placard attached to him proclaiming in big letters, "I am Brew." His father, the Senator, is now the president of the D. K. E. Society in New York City. Other men have been obliged to go around and kiss the babies on the street, and one is told of who was obliged to embrace the carter of a black horse hanging in front of a butcher shop and to address the bear in tender and endearing words.

These things are seen by all who happen to be around, and they attract no particular notice either in Cambridge or Boston. When a well appearing young man is seen to be doing something rather silly or idiotic, the people smile as they pass by, and say: "He is running for the Drury." That explains everything, however extraordinary, and those who have been any particular desire to know manifested to put a stop to play which if it did not go on did not appear to be doing any particular harm. But during the month there, and previous to the final initiation, the man who is "running" is fully informed of the honors which he will experience as the final test which shall prove his worthiness to be a full member of so ancient an order. And it can be depended upon that a short how it was running in the willing of what will happen. He is to be branded. He knows that, and he knows that that is the final test. He is often advised to pump his arm from shoulder to elbow thickly with tincture of iodine, so that the burn will not hurt. And



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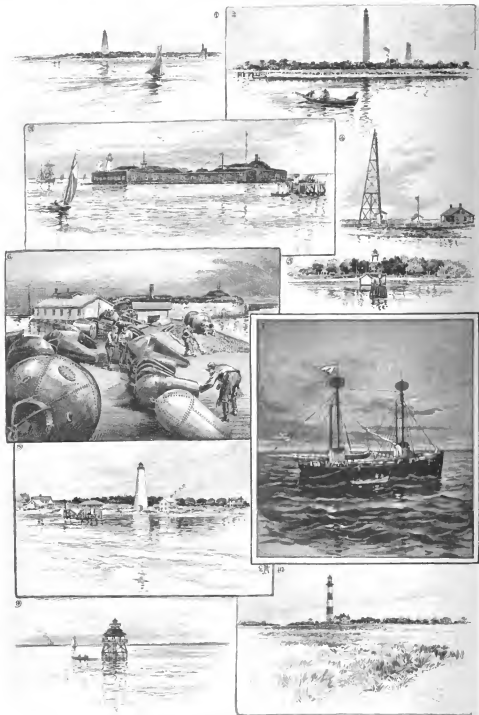
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THE MODERN DICK TURPIN—Drawn by EDWARD PENFIELD.—(See Page 62.)



BEACONS ALONG THE SOUTHERN COAST.—DRAWN BY E. J. MERRILL.—[SEE PAGE 51.]

1. Cape Fear, North Carolina. 2. Cape Romulo, South Carolina. 3. Fort Sumter, Charleston, South Carolina. 4. Light Tower, Savannah River. 5. Beaufort, South Carolina.
 6. Castle Pinckney, South Carolina. 7. Frypan Lightship, North Carolina. 8. Georgetown, South Carolina. 9. Fort Ripley, Charleston, South Carolina. 10. Morris Island, South Carolina.



THE WIFE OF FOO JUNG.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

IT served Foo Jung right, they all said. He ought to have known better than to take that white woman as his wife. No good ever came of such tilings; and they, the clever ones, had known it and prophesied it all along. And now, when Foo Jung came to them for cash and consolation, they crossed their fingers at him, and laughed and mocked.

It wasn't a very long story they told in the stranger ones who wanted to know why Foo Jung had gone crazy, and why the foreign devil had taken him away, like a bag of rice, to the place across the river, where they kept mad folks and criminals like wild beasts. They told it in the temple on meeting days, they talked of it in the back rooms of the grocery stores on Mott Street, and it was even discussed over the tea-tables, which shows it must have been of very great interest.

They called Foo Jung 'singing sales' when he first came to the Eastern country, because whenever he laughed, he turned silly, like a child. He came with nothing, and he walked down Wall Street like a man who had been out in the weather so long he had turned rusty. His eyes were dull black, like the hair of a dead man, and his muscles were ragged. No one looked at him except to laugh and jeer. Even his own countrymen cried out: "What fool is this dropped over here from a new tin mining outfit?" But he paid no attention to them. He walked into Hi Quong's restaurant like a man who had plenty of money. He walked to where Hi was waiting, and he watched the big diamond on the finger of the restaurant keeper change color three times, then he spoke:

"I am hungry."

"This is the place for hungry men to come to," said Hi, without looking up.

"I am hungry, and I have no cash," said Foo Jung, and he picked the end of his forefinger, like a man who knows just what to expect.

Then Hi looked up and saw who it was and had come into his place. "Why should I feed you if you have no cash?" he asked, sharply. "Can't they give you without cash, or can't I buy for without it? Do you think I live that I never make beggars' paunches stick out like the stomach of a mandarin?"

Then he saw where Foo Jung first showed he was clever. He took two steps backward, put his hands behind him, like a man who is afraid of catching disease by the touch, and said: "You are Hi Quong?"

"Yes," answered the other.

"You come from Foo Chew?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Your mother told me say when I left she hoped you were well and happy. I told her I would embrace you when we met. I shall tell her when I write that I did not carry her message because, evil having crossed my path and made me poor, you turned me out in the street, like an evil one. I shall tell her you have become like the men in whose country you live; that you have cut out your bloody eye, and worship only the yellow cock. All of this I shall tell her. I go now to find me better, more faithful, than you."

He took two more steps backward, his nose toward the door which led into the street. This showed that Foo Jung was a clever one, for, in truth, he had never been nearer Foo Chew than Kiating Yang. But he had talked with a man from the beautiful city, and had stowed his good up to his own advantage. When he had spoken, Hi Quong clanked off down from off the high stool upon which he sat, and he walked around the end of the counter. Foo Jung stood like a man who is involuntarily.

"What more did my mother say?" Hi Quong asked. Like a madman who is being snared, the story he had just told many things. He conjured up details in his own mind, and he told a long story to Hi Quong. Any one could have seen how it would end. Back to the big table in the corner the man who was called, and soon there was brought out the best dishes, the best of wines, chow-pai pan, which is the tricolor feast of children stewed with aromatic herbs, and hamsteak and so on, and from the liquor which is made from the best crop of the rice. How the man ate feasted! He cleaned off the dishes one by one until they were put behind, and as often as his mouth was empty he would tell Hi Quong lies about Foo Chew, and Hi Quong believed, but it was a great many years since he had left his native town.

When the rusty one had finished, when he had eaten so much that he was like a fowl ready for the killing, he wiped his mouth off with the back of his hand, and went with the Foo Chew man to the counter where the cash drawer was kept. Out of the drawer Hi counted silver—enough for new clothes, enough for new umbrellas, some for a new hat, and ten bits to a fee to the barber.

"You will never regret this," said Foo Jung; but he checked to himself.

He lighted a cigarette, and went out with his head up in the air like a man who has nothing to fear and who wants for nothing. He walked along down the street, and made every one and showed his teeth to the idle ones who stood in the doorways. He pulled the silver in his pocket, and blew the diamonds smoke up in the air.

"The rusty one has his head in the clouds," said one,

"but his feet are in the gutter." But Foo Jung paid no attention to them.

On Mott Street, half way from Pell Street in the Square, on that side where the sun shines in the morning, Foo Jung stopped and looked. He was opposite a collar. The white signs of a bath can hang over the door, and the sound of copper cash came up the steps. The silver in Foo Jung's pocket danced around as if it were bewitched. Away back in Kiating Yang they had called Foo Jung a great player. He knew all the tricks of the fortune men, and when he heard the cash, he was tempted. A man came up out of the cellar.

"Good brother," he said, "come down among friends and make your fortune." He thought Foo Jung was a lucky man from the country.

"I will go down and make my fortune," said Foo Jung. "Do you pay when you lose?"

"Yes, and sometimes we pay double if you play too long!" Down the stairs steps went Foo Jung, counting the steps as he went, for he believed in signs.

"Come up, brother, here's a lucky place for you," said another man, while two of his players looked at each other like men who expect something, and the play began.

All that day Hi Quong waited in the rat house for his new friend, but for night he well have saved himself the trouble, for he waited in vain. The night came the diary lamps were lighted, all the stools in the restaurant were full, and Foo Jung had not come. The big clock back of the counter showed midnight when Foo Jung walked in, carefully.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "have I been away too long?" But he leaned up against the counter and laughed. He had the same old children on. "I have not been in the last six or yet, not to the barber's, but I will go to-morrow if you will let me lie down."

Hi Quong took him into the back room and showed him a place to sleep. There he went back to the counter waiting. Presently Chew Chang, the man who kept the fat and sheep in the cellar, came in.

"Who is that man?" he asked.

"He comes from the town I was born in, and brought me a message from my mother," answered Hi Quong.

"Yes, and he has taken every last I had. He gambles like a devil—so if he could look into the future."

The result of this was that next day Chew Chang came around to the rat house to see Foo Jung. He went into the little back room and talked a long while with him, and when he came out they were partners, and had agreed to start a new fortune-hunt. Foo Jung held his head up

Chambers. The note was not addressed and unopened. It read:
 "Dear Mr. Jones, what shall I do? He does not know that you were the man I was divorced from, although he knows all the details of the story. I do not want oil of your money. I was sorry afterward that I ever asked for it. I know now that I have done it all wrong. To your wife, I would like to help her. I cannot stand it unless you go away."

Other papers gave photographs of the bride taken years before and on them was written in masculine hand—"this man is the man who married me."

The Captain of Troop F was quite brilliant the next morning when he rushed down to Major's quarters and reported the discovery of that man.

"Dear sir, he isn't," said the Major. "It is hardly worth while. Did he take any money?"

"No, apparently nothing."

"Is he the man you let him go, then, if he is in my hands, he has reached the railroad by this time, and he is out of reach."

"No, sir, he is not. He is still here."

"That will do, Captain. I think we are well rid of him."

"The Major had a harder time of it, though, with his wife."

"I have never found your ladyship's mother. Edward, did we have her married nearly thirty years, said his wife."

"Why in the world do you take an little interest in the capture of a man? He has stolen your horse and saddle, and—"

"No, my dear, he did not steal my horse and saddle. I gave them to him. He has given them my revolver and my money."

"And why did you do this, Edward?"

"I wanted him to be the champion of leave you, and because last night I felt my pistol, on his wound of honor, that he would not back away."

"And he was never heard and returns you by deserting, Edward?"

"By deserting, sir."

"Edward, and the good wife of the Major, your confidence in men is sometimes shaken."

"I suppose so," replied the Major, severely.

"You had best be careful of your confidence."

"What Mr. Chamberlain had at ready hand a fancy to him, and he left in his own hands the capture of a man who was quite someone when he heard of his desertion—just after making such a pretty offer to her for the son of the troop. It's too bad."

"Yes, my dear," answered the Major. "It's too bad."

BEACONS OF THE SUNNY SEAS.

Lovers along the shore here have been busy the past several days. Captain Chamberlain, who is the father of the young man who was killed by the torpedo, was the father of the young man. Among those of whom there has been a great deal of talk is the young man, who was killed by the torpedo, was the father of the young man.

Of those of whom there has been a great deal of talk is the young man, who was killed by the torpedo, was the father of the young man. Among those of whom there has been a great deal of talk is the young man, who was killed by the torpedo, was the father of the young man.

The means of the United States are divided into six districts. Each of these districts is assigned an inspector, who is to be in charge of the work. The inspector is to be in charge of the work. The inspector is to be in charge of the work.

Department. It is made the duty of the inspector to visit every light station in his district, and to report to the Light House Board. These visits are made without notice to the keeper, and the inspector is to be in charge of the work. The inspector is to be in charge of the work.

The towers and beacons are sometimes made for housing the light every evening, thus relieving the light house of the duty of receiving in the top twice a day, at sunset, because in the light houses, the lamps are lit at sunset, and the light is not lit until the next day.

Among the stations districts into which our coast is divided, the most extensive and the most important are the stations of the Cape Fear River (North Carolina) to Jupiter Light (Florida), and the stations of the Cape Fear River (North Carolina) to Jupiter Light (Florida).

Many of the stations are situated on the coast, and many are situated on the coast. The stations are situated on the coast, and many are situated on the coast.

Three light ships are placed—one at Plymouth, one at Cape Fear, and one at Cape Fear. The light ships are placed—one at Plymouth, one at Cape Fear, and one at Cape Fear.

For the purpose of the work, the stations are divided into six districts. Each of these districts is assigned an inspector, who is to be in charge of the work.

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the approach to Charleston Harbor. If a vessel were destroyed by foreign fire, the station would be in a very bad way. The station would be in a very bad way.

The station would be in a very bad way. The station would be in a very bad way. The station would be in a very bad way.

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MRS. STUART'S REQUEST TO THE LENOX LIBRARY.

Mrs. Mary Cecilia Stuart died on the last day of the year. Although she had been ill for some time, she died in the full vigor of her mind. She had been ill for some time, she died in the full vigor of her mind.

Mrs. Stuart was a collector of books, paintings, minerals, and other objects of art. She had been ill for some time, she died in the full vigor of her mind.

Mrs. Stuart was a collector of books, paintings, minerals, and other objects of art. She had been ill for some time, she died in the full vigor of her mind.

an library. Her collection that the collection should never be known as a public collection. Her collection that the collection should never be known as a public collection.

These collections are now in the spacious room on Fifth Avenue which was in part the residence of Mr. Stuart. The collection should never be known as a public collection.

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ENGAGED.

The little lad that takes you to me—Some slight and fragile, as you think 'twell be—But change the change of the coming time. When life is dark and all is black and cold? We can take up our lives and live again."

When life is dark and all is black and cold? We can take up our lives and live again. When life is dark and all is black and cold? We can take up our lives and live again.

Edw. Macdon.

THE CIRCUS IN MIDWINTER.

BY RICHARD HARRISON DAVIS.

Two new plays were produced in this city for the first time this winter ago. They will remain here a few weeks or months, and they will receive respect in other cities, so both those readers of



HARPER'S WEEKLY who see here and those who do not, might read about these plays, and discover whether or not they are the sort of plays they want to go and see. The critics on the daily papers have told about them and criticized them in their own satisfaction and in their own way, which is a very good way when people want criticism, but not so good when they want facts. There are not more than two or a hundred of the plays that come to New York that are worthy of criticism, but you can not get the critics to see that, because that would give them very little to do, and they object to giving up work which entails their being paid to see things which people pay to see. But they might discriminate. When a man is offered a glass of old Madeira, he will, whether he knows anything about Madeira or not, hold it up to the light, and sniff at it, and sip it cautiously, and say, "Ah! But if he is given a glass of beer, he will just drink it down, and not waste time in going through any critical formalism.

The critics have told you that the *Lion Tamer* is from the French of Jules Verne and Albert de Saint-Aubin, and that the *Cavalry Circus* is a domestic drama of New England life and character. But that is not what you want to know. What you want to know about a play is generally what you tell your friend about it the next



the man who does as much of the work, and who sees as few. It is a play you ought to go to see. In the *Cavalry Circus* you see the ring itself, with red sand, and oval spectators on the blue boards that lap over each other and form a ring, and you see the details in little bags, and a ring-master who says, "Do not forget the cow, such as the end of the performance in the ring, and adds that" (that performance is not yet half over). All of these things are just as realistic, as if carried out as any of the details in *Meggsford* comes itself; and you see shows a real circus performance, too, with a pony that writhes with a key, and sometimes as "bold riders," and you see nothing like that in *Meggsford*. There is also the big error at the back, which makes two rings in all, and which must give the management easy entrance moments when they are swelling from one onslaught stand to an other.

There is another pretension in the play, and as varied as those you see in the street, and you see a good part of it for nothing if you stand on Fourteenth Street any evening about nine, for it is so long that while part of it is on the stage, the rest is being acted in the theatre. Mr. Crossmore, who originated the tank drama by building a tank around a tub and a pump with real water, would be proud of the *Cavalry Circus*, which is built around a ring. Charles J. Jones, who did the building with the assistance of Mr. Barnard and the mirror, is very proud of it, and if it is so high art, it is worth a navy and an extra one for any children, or grown-up children who like to grow young again at a circus. There is also a plot in this play, but not enough of a plot to interfere with its great and deserved success. The artist has shown you Miss Jansen pretending to ride a horse-back horse, and the two real "bold riders" doing it in earnest, as they do it at the rival circus on Fourteenth Street. He has also shown you Mr. Wilson's lion as an apparatus to be put into the cage, which is interesting, if only in proving that some one present has been behind the scenes at Mr. Wilson's performance, and en-



moving, and you would not tell him that the *Lion Tamer* was by John Verne and Albert de Saint-Aubin, but that Francis Wilson played a lion tamer with paper-made lions, and made his first appearance by having hand-painted through the curtain entrance. You would also add, if you had seen the *Cavalry Circus*, that it was a play set of New England life, primarily, but not with a circus ring and a motor for a back drop in it, and that its lions were more like real lions than were Wilson's. That may not be criticism, but it is good enough for small beer plays that are only meant to cheer and not to educate.

When Mr. Wilson draws pictures of a performance of those *Jodel's* *Jeans* or *Topsy's* new play, we will descend to criticism, but when he draws Miss Marie Jansen standing on one leg in a chair, we will stick chiefly to facts. The *Lion Tamer* is the best of the three comic operas Mr. Wilson has produced since he became a star. The first act is in the drawing-room of a circus, and that gives the chorus a chance to appear as acrobats and circus and horse-back riders, and makes, as you can imagine, a variety and brilliant a combination of costumes as does a musical. When the curtain at the back of the stage are drawn, you see the other audience seated on the scenery, and bursts of light, like those at a real circus, and you see the actors making up before they appear before this painted audience, and hear them applaud when they disappear to enter the ring and see them go back again for encores, and come back again loaded with bouquets. All this is very low. It is like having allowed behind the scenes yourself, and you feel you are getting two points of view and your money's worth, even though you have bought your tickets from a speculator, or Tyson. And when at the close of the act, when the performance in the ring is supposed to have ended, the curtain leading to the circus rings are drawn aside, you see only empty seats where the painted audience was a few moments before. This is only a trick done to make possible by a new drop with empty benches painted on it, but it shows how carefully the play is produced.

There is enough plot in this play to keep you really interested, and to make you feel very glad when the lion-tamer and his wife are reconciled again. And there is also a meeting of conspirators in a friend's study, and a circus procession with real horses and imitation horses on wheels. The costumes are of the class of the Directors, from which there are some more picturesque, and Mr. Wilson and Miss Jansen have several to wear which fit them as well as those new parts. Miss Jansen shows abilities as a dramatic actress in this play which she has not had a chance to show before, and in most interesting and pretty "Richard Barker" staged the play, and arranged the thirty seconds of complete darkness both behind and before, where the flashlight could be in the light which the ally changes to a public square, and deserves great credit for this and the way he has made the change, handle themselves. People who go to see a play do not think enough of this, or of

expedient the discipline that exists there smoothly. He has also shown you Mr. Wilson and the two little colored boys making their joyful entrance in the first act. That is the way they looked on the first night, but never since. For they decided against that turning head springs. There are a number of boys in gymnastics and acrobats who perform acrobats to such them to turn hand springs, and whose parents go to see them exhibit their prowess once a year.

The difference between these three children and the colored children is that the former's parents have to pay to have them grow strong and turn acrobats, and the latter are paid for doing it. Mr. Gerry, like the dramatic critic, might discriminate between what is serious and what is trifling; if little Tommy Hamill had turned bare head acrobats and not received almost as many lines as there are in *Harold's* sight, he might not have broken down when he did.





TEWFIK PASHA, LATE KHEDIVÉ OF EGYPT.

TEWFIK PASHA.

Tewfik Pasha, Khedive Vicerey of Egypt, whose pale life glimmered upon chosen lot Thursday, was a follower of the Prophet Mohammed, there in a part of one of the circumstances handed down to the Prophet Moses of which he doubtless retained the verbal inspiration. In that which comprises the whole modern theory

of heredity in the words which "smit upon the children the sin of the father."

Papa Inaud had justice, and there Canada, and runs from England, Empress of France not alone, Empress of the world of beauty and fashion, and opens by Verdi—the only thing of Inaud's evidence, by the way, which will survive in the music of *Don Juan*; and America military officers, and a bag coat of high-priced jurors from all over the

world; and the love of his people; and the wondering admiration of Nile tourists, and everything in fact, that several hundred million borrowed dollars, at fifty per cent. discount, could buy in the hands of a man whose financial imagination had been both stimulated and educated by a long Parisian residence.

Now Tewfik had his people's hatred, one wife, no opium, no casinos, no American military staff, no polyglot jurist and, vast from El Mohab historical Egyptian, lowered treasury, borrowed revenues—all that the young lord whose predecessor on the throne had been a spiritual grandchild in the hands of teachers has and his son.

If we look at him in this light, as a plain matter of fact not of a gorgeous site, who settles down to pitch himself in order to pay off the mortgages and free the estate, we could find something admirable in his thirteen years of sovereignty and his forty years of life. His very taking off was in keeping with this rôle. An Oriental monarch who should by precedent have died of assassination, cholera, poisoning—or old age, like his famous great grandfather—he perished of the essentially neurotic and rather European malady of grip.

It is a short but memorable dynasty which is now represented on the Khedive throne by Abbas Pasha, a lad of seventeen, whose disposition to take or not to take his British medicine may plunge all Egypt into a war; the mere participation of England and the crippled condition of Russia making it the best chance that the British will ever have to administer a crippling blow to the hybrid union of Muscovite and Islam. We associate Egypt with antiquity, mystery, a concentration of money, and our land with newness and change. But Washington's work in fixing Morocco, and Hamilton's in founding the government of these United States, was done before Mehmet Ali, founder of the Egyptian dynasty, left his little inland shop in LAVA, Albania, to march as a voluntary volunteer against the French invader of the Sultan's vassal state of Egypt. The French invader was Napoleon, then about to found his dynasty. It was just a little while before Napoleon strewed up of danger, Britain, set the North American pot to boiling its Spanish lid off. A great deal of work was being done or about to be done in the way of changing maps and governments, and the work done by the Philadelphia convention of 1787 was the only work of it all that lasted.

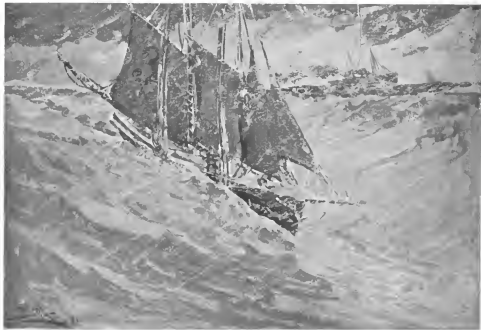
Tewfik Pasha was not born in the purple, Mehmet Ali, who he crowned the Sultan, and wrote the Sultan's Asian possessions from him, and was only retained by the combined points of Europe from transferring the seat of Mohammedan empire from Constantinople to Cairo, had never his line on the throne of Egypt, but had not adopted the European custom of procreation. He



ABBAS PASHA, ELDEST SON OF THE LATE KHEDIVÉ TEWFIK, Succeeded by the Prince KEMAL of Egypt, younger Brother.

when Tewfik was born, on November 19, 1852, of a Circassian mother, his father had three lines of consanguinity under his belt, the Khedive, the Sultan, and the Imam, the Khedive, a tyrant, and the Imam, a grandson of old Mehmet. He was sojournly early associated in 1854, and he was sought to clear up the mystery. His uncle had succeeded him, and then another uncle, Ahmet, his long been killed in a railway accident, Kemal became the heir apparent, and in 1862 the Khedive.

One of the first steps toward the Europeanizing of Egypt, in which direction his predecessor had proceeded more cautiously, was to prevail with a increase of tribute, upon the Sultan to allow him to introduce prisonization into the succession. This was not for Tewfik's benefit. He had four brothers—four not of share, but wives—and as these were educated in Europe, while Tewfik was left to amuse himself, there is no reason to believe that Kemal ever intended the Circassian's son to sit upon his throne. So his youth was passed in a European university, from which he only emerges in 1861—when Europe opened the bars of Asia, in her love, while European invaders drove, and led but with a big black leader—to be dubbed



PILOT LIFE IN WINTER.—DRAWN BY H. J. BROWN.—(SEE PAGE 69.)



MRS. RADDEY.—(See Page 75.)



MRS. GOUGEON.—(See Page 75.)

CARDINALS SIMEONI AND AGOSTINI.

Of all the deaths that have occurred among the members of the Sacred College during the past few weeks, there is none that possesses a greater interest for Americans than that of Cardinal Simeoni; for it was he who, since the accession of Leo XIII. to the Papal throne in 1878, has held the supreme control and direction of the whole Roman Catholic Church in the United States. The Vatican makes no distinction between Rome and Gotham. Both are situated in *portibus latitudinis*, and the clergy as well as the episcopacy of the latter portion in this country are styled "missionary fathers"—*pater missionari*—precisely in the same manner as the clergy who are devoting their lives and their energies to converting the heathen Chinese or the aboriginal Africans along the banks of that terrible Congo River.

No American connected with the Roman Catholic Church ever visited the Eternal City without paying his respects to the kindly and sagacious little man who from his lofty office in the Palace of the Propaganda exercised ecclesiastical control over more than half of the Catholic world. Many have been the troublesome questions which have arisen in connection with the ecclesiastical affairs of America since he has held the office of Prefect General of the Propaganda. But he succeeded

in doing every one of them, including the enormous covering Dr. McGinn, with a readiness of judgment and a sagacity all the more surprising among that he had never visited this country, and that of all his array of assistants, confidants, and attachés at the great institution on the Piazza di Spagna there is not one single one of them who is either American or English, all are Italians.

It was my privilege to become personally acquainted with Cardinal Simeoni some seven or eight years ago, and I had occasion to see him quite often. He inhabited a suite of dark and dingy rooms on an upper floor of the great gloomy pile of buildings known as the College of the Propaganda. His apartments were scantly and even shabbily furnished. There were no carpets on the floor, and there was an entire absence of that comfort, luxury and magnificence which I had been accustomed to find when staying with the late Cardinal Passio, Primate of Hungary at his superb palace at Vienna, on the banks of the Danube. Instead of being surrounded by chamberlains, equestrians, privates, and gentlemen-in-waiting as was the Mayor Primate Archbishop, Cardinal Simeoni was merely attended by a couple of young priests, whose names I should at great pains of soul to his own. The simplicity of the apartment was thoroughly in keeping with the simplicity of the kind and fatherly manner of his Eminence, whose sympathetic demeanor seemed to invite confidence, and to cause me to forget that I was



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.—(See Page 6.)

in the presence of one of the shrewdest and most enlightened statesmen and administrators that the papacy has ever trained up to its service.

Cardinal Agostini, the Primate and Archbishop of Venice, whose death occurred a few days previous to that of Cardinal Simeoni, was likewise a prelate whom the Pope will find it difficult to replace. For although possessed of more of that winning kindness of manner which formed so striking a characteristic of his Eminence Simeoni, yet he was one of the few members of the Sacred College who was an avowed adherent of the policy of reconciliation between church and state in Italy. Every summer when Queen Marguerite took up her residence at St. Germain for the purpose of enjoying a course of sea bathing the Emperor and Cardinal would make a point of calling at her Majesty's palace to pay his respects, and on more than one occasion he took part in the ceremony of christening and launching grand steamers, along between the King and Queen on the royal yacht, and conversing with them in the most friendly manner. His death removes one of the most advantageous methods of intercourse between the Quirinal and Vatican, and will be sorely regretted by all those who, looking forward to the reconciliation of King and Pope, keep the issue so near of heart at least. I may add that Cardinal Agostini was regarded as the Italian government's favorite candidate for the succession to Leo XIII.

Ed. DUNSTON.



THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.—(See Page 9.)



THE LATE CARDINAL IPPOLITO NEIBERGER.



HARDESTY'S COWARDICE.

BY C. A. PRATT.

STRAIGHT on before them stretched the narrow, a wide and unobstructed way at first, but across a pile at the further end, where there were, besides buildings going up and great piles of lumber standing far out in the street, and heaps of dead and mangled loads. Could he possibly get the horses under control before they reached these cruel lumber piles, which he to throw most death or worse? They were racing wildly, and it was down grade all the way. He did not believe that human strength could do it, not even Nellie, and he was as strong as he was tender. He looked down at his hands, and noticed how white the knuckles were, and how the veins stood out, and then she bent her head that she might not see these fatal obstructions in their way, and clasped her hands as tightly as her life. She found herself repeatedly repeating over and over, as if it were a charm, "Round it on any—, that looked to destruction."

It was a June morning, cool and sweet. If ever, life is sweet to June. Her eyes fell on the great bunch of white roses in her lap. He had put them in her hands just as they were starting, and then—there was no one in sight—had bent suddenly and left a quick kiss on the petals. It was only the other day he told her that he had never, from the very first hour they met, seen her hands without longing to fill them with flowers. Would she be pleased to take notice, now that he possessed the right, he meant to exercise it? "Four roses." Must they be crushed and mangled too? She did not like the thought of scented staves upon their whiteness, and with some well thought of saving them—for were they not her roses?—she flung them with a sudden gesture into the street.

"O Christ!" she cried, violently, "spare both of us—or neither!"

It was just then that the horses started and reared, the carriage struck something on the road, and tilted sharply to the right. She stepped the side instinctively, and kept her seat. When, a second later, the carriage had righted itself, and the horses, now terrified still and now wildly uncontrolled, were dashing forward again, the place beside her was empty, and the reins were dropping on the ground.

She shut her eyes and wailed. It was not long to wait. There came a crash, a wail, and then unconsciousness.

The evening papers contained an account of the fortunate escape from serious danger of two young people—doubtless popular in social circles, and belonging to the best-known families in town, namely, Mr. Neil Hardesty and Miss Mildred Fabian, who were on their way to a field meeting of the Harburt Historical Society, when the young blooded horse Mr. Hardesty was driving took fright at a bonfire at the corner of Chase and Market streets, and started to run. As there is a sharp down grade at this point, their driver was unable to exercise any control over them. After keep-

ing their course in a mad gallop for a quarter of a mile down "Side Street," the carriage struck an obstruction, tipped, and Mr. Hardesty was thrown out, being severely bruised, but sustaining no serious injuries. The horses continued in their wild career for two blocks farther, when one of them ran against a lamp-post and was knocked down, upsetting the carriage, and throwing Miss Fabian out. She was picked up unresponsive, but beyond a slight cut on her head, was also fortunately unhurt. Mr. Hardesty and Miss Fabian soon set to be congratulated upon the results of the run—so much on accident could hardly occur once in a hundred years without more serious, perhaps fatal consequences, etc., etc.

It was some two weeks after this that the family physician, consulting with Mrs. Fabian on the bill, shook his head, and said he did not understand it, there was no apparent reason why Miss Fabian should not have called immediately from the accident. The shock to her nervous system had doubtless been greater than he had at first supposed. Still she had been in sound health, and there seemed no sufficient cause for the marked weakness and depression which was following her. He would prepare a tonic, and send it up.

Meeting Neil Hardesty—himself an unskilled medical student—entering the house as the doctor was leaving, the latter stopped to observe: "You must try to come your fiancée a little. Can't you cheer her up, Hardesty? She seems very much depressed seriously. Perhaps it is only natural after such a close shave as you had. I did not care to look death in the face at that age. It sometimes strikes young people and happy ones."

Neil shook his head with an anxious look. "It is not that," he said. "She is half as stout already, you know. But I will do my best," and he passed on through the hall, say darkened light out to the back veranda at the back of the house, where he knew he should find her at that hour.

The veranda overlooked the garden, facing just past by with the flowers of early July. She was lying bravely in her own chair; there were books around her, but she had not been reading, and work, but she had not been sewing. One hand was lifted shading her face; the lines around her mouth were fard as if she were in pain.

He came forward softly, and knelt down beside the chair. He was carrying some brilliant diamonds of various hues, and he caught the ones and rubbed gently, and held it over them as if to warm it in their opalescent flame.

"I do you know that you look cold," he demanded.

"I want you to look at these, and hold them till you are warmed through and through. What an absurd child it is to look so chilly in July!"

She raised her eyes and let them rest on his with a sudden radiant expression of satisfaction. "It is because you are so unkind as to go away—occasionally," she remarked

"Do I ever look cold or unhappy as diminished while you are here?"

"Once or twice in the last two weeks you have been all of that. Nevertheless I must know what it means. Don't you see you must tell me? How can one do anything for you when one doesn't know what is the matter? And I see under orders to see that you get well forthwith. The doctor has given you up-to-me?"

He was startled, when instead of the laughing answer which he hoped she sought for breath with half a sob.

"Must I tell you?" she demanded. "Oh, Neil, I do not care! When you are here I know it is not so. It is only when you are away from me that the black thought comes. And I fight it off. It is only because I am tired with fighting it that I do not get strong."

"Dear, what can you mean?"

She shook her head. "It is too horrible, and you would never forgive me, though I know it cannot be true. Oh, Neil, Neil, do!"

"Mildred, this is folly. I insist that you tell me at once." His voice had lost its tender playfulness, and was peremptory now. "Hush! you are that you are torturing me!" he said.

She looked at him helplessly. "That day," she said, "when the carriage tipped, and you were out, I thought—I thought you jumped. Neil, don't look at me! I know you could not, and yet I can't get rid of the thought, and it tortures me that I could think it—of you. Oh, I have lost you!"

He was no longer kneeling beside her, but had risen, and was standing against one of the pillars of the veranda, looking down at her with an expression she had never dreamed of seeing in his eyes when they rested on her face. He was white to the lips.

"You look like a wounded man," she murmured, and her breath

"You thought that? You have thought it these two weeks!"

"I tell you it is torture. Neil, say you did not, and let me be at rest."

"And you ask me to deny it! You? His voice was very bitter. "I wonder if you know what you are saying?"

"Neil, Neil, say you did not!"

He set his teeth. "Never!"

A silence followed, which he broke at last by asking, weakly: "What was your idea in telling me this, Mildred? Of course you knew it was the sort of thing that is irretrievable?"

"I knew nothing except that I must get rid of the thought."

"Can't you imagine what it is to a man to be charged with cowardice?"

"I charge nothing; but if you would only drive it!"

"Oh, this is hopeless!" he said, with an impatient sigh;





THE MODERN ORCHESTRA.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL—ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

Of all the arts, music is practiced most and thought about least. Why this should be the case, it is perhaps possible to explain on several grounds; but explanation does not make the phenomenon any the less remarkable. A great mystery surrounds the nature of music. Its material part is facile and effective. To master it on its technical side alone costs a vast expenditure of time, patience, and industry. But since it is an art which can only be enjoyed through love, it remains passing strange that the indifference toward its nature and elements and the character of the phenomena which produce it are not produced by it as an art. I do not mean that anybody has ever tried to ground the popular ignorance about this art, which, by right of birth, everybody is a critic. The remarkable nature of the task has probably been a bar to its understanding. Yet a frank diagnosis must precede the discovery of a cure for every disease. It is not an un-

common to say that one might spend a lifetime listening to the police construction of not discuss a poem without hearing a symphony of Beethoven talked about in terms indicative of more than the most superficial knowledge of the outward form (perhaps I would like to have and the dimensions and apparatus of such a composition. No clear art forbids an analogy for this phenomenon. Everybody says something containing a dose of egotism about a poem, book, painting, statue, or building. If he can do no more, he can say, "I am a member of your club; that he never saw three pigs eating from a trough staves at least one of them had a foot in it. The absence of the standard of judgment is more than a hindrance. It is a hindrance that must be provided the model for this most abstract art. There is nothing in the material side of composition to which it is not above the knowledge of the difference between a symphony and a song that is rare.

Unless you chance to create a conversation on music between musicians (in which term I wish to include amateurs who are not that word implies, and whose knowledge stands in some respectable relation to their love, and to extend nine-tenths of those who play upon a musical instrument either for profit or for pleasure, merely also times out of a hundred upon the most common words in the terminology of the art are misapprehended. Such familiar things as harmony and melody, tone and timbre, are continually redefined. Let me call a distinguished writer on into the box. What does Treacy mean when he says,

"It is not here the musical language itself, the *deus*, which matters."

All we see here is the musical language itself.

When the dancers were tickled out with their scuffling instrumental accompaniment, the old lady of Shanty Creek—had a whole new family of children. In short—how could they dance "in time?"

Musical study, of a sort, being almost as general as study of the three R's, it must be said that the gross forms of ignorance are utterly incurable. But if this is obvious, it is just more obvious that there is something radically wrong with the present system of musical instruction. It is because of this parallel work of knowledge that so much that is written on music is without meaning, and that the most foolish kind of respectability, as if there a collection of fine words, is permitted to monopolize an musical education and analysis. People like to read about music and to feel that they know it. He has no business companionship, moreover, among composers, artists, and poets, whose safety is a favorite conventionalism, who have wish to talk of music. They find Wagner, Liszt, who said, in his "Chapters on Beethoven," that in values he could not distinguish a woman from a horse, and would say compare to pieces of the "thoughtless" from his being "superlatively dumb and disagreeable," yet dear old Elm may be far from, sure his first few merely gives occasion to his confusion of ignorance so much. But what shall the critics say to the Post-Langston's authors, reading of a "Bee, violin, and bassoon?" Or in Calder's "lost bassoon" which made the world's great to beat his breast? Or in Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's parrot who played with an "old and broken-down" Or in our own clever musicologist, who made Bruckner take on his violin and play Beethoven's symphonies for the entertainment of the party that went "Stubb's through Jerry?" How did it come that "The honey, who loved music, had been that which was current in the concert rooms, theaters, and drawing rooms of the day. Should credit Beethoven with having composed a "Bison of St. Jerome," which the King of Naples once always searched him and claimed him so that he bought it was a poem of Tommaso's in rags?" Also these things, and all those which Mr. O. Schuster and Edwards has introduced as an essay on "The Library of Mount of Music," are but trifles that even cultured people have not learned to talk correctly about the art which they practice well. There is a great need then, plain for teachers and singing teachers, and that is a class of writers and talkers who will teach the public how to listen to music so that it will not pass behind the scenes like a vast total phenomenon, but will give the vocal and noble pleasure contemplated by its composers.

The most elegant, potent, capable instrument of music in the world is the modern saxophone. It is the instrument whose employment by the classical composers and the presence of the Bismarck National in the stable of our military music is the high tide of the musical art. It is an instrument, however, which is never played upon without giving great objects lessons in musical analysis, without inviting the eye to help the ear in discern the nature of the sounds which reach our senses and stir up pleasurable emotions. Yet the popular knowledge of its constituent parts, of the individual value and position of the factors which go to make up its tone, is

scarcely greater than the popular knowledge of the structure of a symphony or opera. All this is the most desirable since at least a rudimentary knowledge of these things might easily be gained, and in gaining it the student would find a unique intellectual enjoyment, and have his eyes unconsciously opened to a thousand beauties in the music never perceived before. He would learn, for instance, to distinguish the characteristic timbre of each of the instruments in the band, and after that to the delight found in what may be called the preliminary studies he would add that which comes from studying the vast number of facts which are the products of composition. Noting the variety of the various instruments used in the music which they are employed, he would get glimpses into the mental workshop of the composer. He would discover that there are conventional means of expression in his art such as those in the orchestra; and collating his methods with the efforts produced,



VIOLIN.—(Thomas Hoarner)



VIOLA.—(John Bann)



DOUBLE BASS.—(Thomas Hoarner)



DOUBLE BASS.—(John Bann)

left in its own dynamic sympathy. "Romance and Juliet" achieved a marvellous effect by directing the vocalists to sing with some of them to play harmonium. Yet so little was an impassive passage unperformed since he first brought the orchestra into Paris, that one of the critics spoke contemptuously of this effect as "sounding." Like an ill-placed organ.

As the vocalists were somewhat injured in the progress of the left hand in stopping the strings, producers of melodramas of some kind to the music, and when the vocalists were given to excess to excess, this effect has a potent expressive of emotional feeling. It is not only in the vocal solos played. Another justification of tone is caused by playing a figure instrument called a corolla upon the lower end of the vocal, and at times without.

These devices, though on a small scale, have their success in differences in the vocalists are possible also in the vocalists and double basses, which, as I have already intimated, are not without a large growth. The practice is indeed especially learned from the double basses, where it has a greater elongation than on the violin.

In music of a minor cast, the short step tone gives out by the placed strings of the corolla has sometimes been used in the case of gigantic heart throbs. The difficulty of producing the effect often grows with the increase of difficulty in handling the instrument, and hence due to the growing thickness of the strings and the weakness of the passage in which they are used.

The effect produced by this instrument is not so great as that of the violin, but it is a more quiet and softer sound, and is more easily regulated short tones by a rapid motion of the bow. The device comes from one of the most successful of the dramatic music. It is two-cent in all, and was first used to help in the musical direction of a scene. It is now used in all the dramatic music, where it has been described as being so directed by the instrument, they are already familiar by watching the music while listening to the scene.

The violin is used in the music, and is based at the interval of a fifth lower. Its highest strain is A, which is the most strident in the violin, and is the one which is most often used in the music, which sometimes contains a vocal suggestion of a boy's voice in imitation, in leaving it unstrutted and held in a position of compromise by a wretched stiffness and fluff quality, and a patient and unscrutable manner in tone is indicated. It is often brought with the violinists, and is often used to double that instrument's part for the sake of color effect. It is a fine instrument, however, in the principal subject of the Adagio in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The use of the violin in the music is the use of the violin, but in an octave lower. It is the lower half tone of the melody of the first corolla, so the violin in the music is the violin, and not in the same from the position in which it is held by the violinist. It is a violin, or a low A, which is the octave of the highest of the violin, and is the one which is most often used in the music, which sometimes contains a vocal suggestion of a boy's voice in imitation, in leaving it unstrutted and held in a position of compromise by a wretched stiffness and fluff quality, and a patient and unscrutable manner in tone is indicated. It is often brought with the violinists, and is often used to double that instrument's part for the sake of color effect. It is a fine instrument, however, in the principal subject of the Adagio in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The Emperor, in antique fashion, summoned the artist, and asked him to say what favor he could do for him. He said that he would like to speak which Napoleon could not understand. He interpreted the speech with "M. Beethoven, there is a great deal of music and play your request, then I will surely understand you."

THE WOOD WINDS

Since the instruments of the wood wind family are so numerous, their description and classification can easily be made by an observing musician. To the division of the wood wind instruments, there are the brass instruments, and the string instruments. Woodwind expression is not its positive and generally when the wood wind is used in music, it is used in a more expressive way than in the brass instruments. Each of the instruments has a strongly characteristic sound, which is not only in the instrument's style of music, but by use of different registers and by combinations among three or four with the instruments of the other class, a wide range of expression was the limit suggested has been given for the wood-wind.

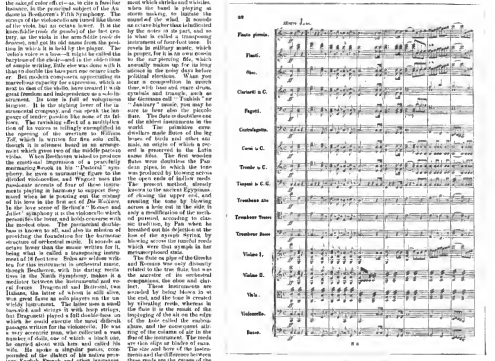
The flute, which requires no description, is the instrument most frequently used in music, and its effectiveness with which it takes can be compared with others make it one of the most important instruments of the orchestra. It is a flute, which is used in the composition written for it in a solo instrument, has performed at the concert, and is used in the orchestra. As a rule, ordinarily it is all that is expressed there. It is a flute, which requires no description, is the instrument most frequently used in music, and its effectiveness with which it takes can be compared with others make it one of the most important instruments of the orchestra. It is a flute, which is used in the composition written for it in a solo instrument, has performed at the concert, and is used in the orchestra. As a rule, ordinarily it is all that is expressed there. It is a flute, which requires no description, is the instrument most frequently used in music, and its effectiveness with which it takes can be compared with others make it one of the most important instruments of the orchestra. It is a flute, which is used in the composition written for it in a solo instrument, has performed at the concert, and is used in the orchestra. As a rule, ordinarily it is all that is expressed there.

or basketry, English harp, and the bassoon have what are called double reeds. Two reeds are placed on each side of the mouth, and fastened with cords on a small oval tube extending from the upper end of the instrument. In the case of the clarinet and English horn, from the side in the case of the bassoon. The reeds are placed more closely together in the case of the clarinet and English horn, and are not so fast in vibrating by the breath. The clarinet is naturally associated with music of a peaceful character. It is particularly suited to the instrument and leads its voice even though, in its composition, it is used in a more expressive way than in the brass instruments. Each of the instruments has a strongly characteristic sound, which is not only in the instrument's style of music, but by use of different registers and by combinations among three or four with the instruments of the other class, a wide range of expression was the limit suggested has been given for the wood-wind.

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The bassoon is named the "Furber" of the German students in an English school. It is a large instrument, and is used in the music, which sometimes contains a vocal suggestion of a boy's voice in imitation, in leaving it unstrutted and held in a position of compromise by a wretched stiffness and fluff quality, and a patient and unscrutable manner in tone is indicated. It is often brought with the violinists, and is often used to double that instrument's part for the sake of color effect. It is a fine instrument, however, in the principal subject of the Adagio in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

The clarinet is named the "Furber" of the German students in an English school. It is a large instrument, and is used in the music, which sometimes contains a vocal suggestion of a boy's voice in imitation, in leaving it unstrutted and held in a position of compromise by a wretched stiffness and fluff quality, and a patient and unscrutable manner in tone is indicated. It is often brought with the violinists, and is often used to double that instrument's part for the sake of color effect. It is a fine instrument, however, in the principal subject of the Adagio in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.



THE CONCERTINO BOOK.

First Page Plate of Beethoven's C. Minor Symphony.

symphony and overture contains passages for the clarinet which serve to display its characteristics. Among the most distinguished performers on the instrument that ever lived were the grandfather and father of Karl Hermann, the pioneer of Boston. Clarinets are made of different sizes for different keys, the smallest being that in E-flat, with an insupportably piercing tone, whose use is confined to military bands. There is also an alto clarinet and a bass clarinet. The bell of the latter instrument is bent upward, pipe finking, and its tone is peculiarly impressive and mellow. It is a favorite solo instrument in Liszt's symphonic poem.

FLUTE—THE STRAW

The fundamental principle of the instrument that is described in the production of tone by vibrating reeds. In the instrument of the flute class, the duty of the reed is performed by the lips of the player. Variety of tone in respect of quality is produced by variations in size, shape, and modifications in such line the bell and mouth piece. The flute of the orchestra receives the bulk of its passages from the lower instruments, which, nevertheless, can give voice to an extensive gamut of sentiment and feeling. There is nothing more ethereal and joyous than the flourish of the flute, but also nothing more mild and soothing than the wailing more solemn and religious than the harmony of the trombones, while "the trumpet's loud clangor" is the very voice of a warlike spirit. All these instruments have undergone important changes within the last few score years. The classical composers, almost down to our own time, were



FLUTE—(GEO. SWANSON)

restricted in the use of them because they were merely natural tubes, and their notes were limited to the range which individual valves can produce. Within the century, however, they have all been transformed from imperfect diatonic instruments to perfect chromatic instruments. That is to say, every brass instrument which it is now now can give out all the semitones within its compass. This has been accomplished through the agency of valves, by means of which differing lengths of the column of air being within the command of the player. In the case of the trombones an exceedingly versatile means of accomplishing the same end is applied. The valve is in part made double, one part sliding over the other. By raising his arm, the player lengthens or shortens the tube, and thus changing the key of the instrument. The notes of the tube which is used to obtain from so many tubes of different lengths. The mouth piece of the trumpet, trombone, and tuba are cup-shaped and longer than the mouth piece of the flute, which is little else than a flare of the slender tube, sufficiently wide to prevent enough of the player's lips to form the embouchure, or blowing rest, as it might be called.

The Fife is brass, as it is called in the orchestra, is the shortest and simplest of all the wind instruments. In Beethoven's time it was but little rise than the old hunting horn which for the convenience of the mounted hunter, was arranged in special construction that it might be slipped over the head and carried resting on one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The fife was still called the *Haidducker's "Jured Horn"*; the old French name was *le de chasse* the Italian merely *corra*. In this instrument formerly, the tongue which were set the natural resonance of the harmonic division of the tube were helped out by partly closing the bell with the right hand, it having been discovered accidentally that by putting the hand into the lower end of the tube—the blowing part called the bell—the pitch of a tone was raised. Players still make use of this method for convenience, and sometimes because a compact witness to employ the slightly raised bell effect of these tones, but since valves have been added to the instrument, it is possible to play a harmonic scale in what are called the unstopped or open tones. Formerly, too, it was necessary to use horns of different pitch and composers will respect this tradition, and designate the key of the horns which they wish to have employed, but so skilled have the players become that as a rule, they now learn whose fundamental tone is F for all keys, and where the old purpose by simply transposing the music as they read it. If these ungrateful individuals were stretched out they would be unbroken feet long. The construction of the horn and the many turns of the trumpet are all the fruit of necessity; they could not be manipulated to produce the tones that are asked of them if they were not bent and curved. The trumpet, when its tube is lengthened by its addition of crooks for its lowest key, is eight feet long in the United States, in fact, except the Boston Symphony Orchestra the word trumpet is merely a euphemism for *cornet*, the familiar leading instrument of the brass band which, while it falls short of the trumpet in the quality of its tone as the upper register especially, is a more easily manipulated instrument than the trumpet, and is preferable in the lower tones. Nevertheless it is quoted as having



BARITONE—(GEO. SWANSON)



BASSOON—(GEO. SWANSON)



CLARINET—(GEO. SWANSON)



CORNET—(GEO. SWANSON)



FRENCH HORN—(GEO. SWANSON)

TRUMPET—(GEO. SWANSON)



and that the trombones "are too sacred to use often." They have, indeed, a majesty and nobility all their own, and the latest use to which they can be put is to far out a fluting and noisy harmony in an orchestral role. They are magnificently expressive instruments, and with out a peer in the whole instrumental company when a solemn and spiritually uplifting effect is to be attained. They can also be made to sound menacing and heroic, oas, dressed and mocking, pompously hoarse, majestic, and lofty. They are often the heralds of the orchestra, and make awesome pre-announcements.

The classic composers always seemed to approach the trombones with marked respect, but nowadays it requires a very big blue pencil in the hands of a very unscrupulous conservatory professor to prevent a student engaged on his [eye] from keeping his trombones going half the time at least. It is an old story how Mozart keeps the instruments silent through three-fourths of his immortal *Don Giovanni*, so that they may enter with overwhelming impetuosity along with the gloomy vision of the concluding scene. As a rule, there are three trombones in the modern orchestra—two tenors and a bass. Formerly there were four kinds, bearing the names of the voices to which they were supposed to be nearest in tone-quality and compass—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Full four part harmony is now performed by the three trombones and the tuba. The latter instrument which, despite its gigantic size, is an exceedingly malleable instrument, can "saw you as neatly as any sucking dove." Far away and strange's previous tones are got out of the brass instruments, chiefly the cornet and horn, by almost wholly closing the bell.

IV.—THE DRUMS

The percussion apparatus of the modern orchestra includes a multitude of instruments worthy of observing of description. Several families of drums, cymbals, triangles, tambourines, steel bars (*tink-tink*), gongs, bells, and many other things which we are now inclined to look upon as toys, rather than as musical instruments, are brought into play for reasons more or less fantastic. Saint-Saëns has even introduced the *batucan* xylophone, whose use for his purpose was a fantastic one, and the effect is odd. The pictorial concert at the bottom of the poem with the music-illustration in *Don Quixote*, as it is known, was a combination, playing the viol and gleefully cracking his long handle against the snaffle. To produce this effect, the composer uses the xylophone with equal effect. But of all the ordinary instruments of percussion the only one that is really musical and deserving comment is the kettle-drum. This instrument is so musical that the others because it has pitch. Its use is not more poetic, but musical sense. Kettledrums, or tympani, are generally used in pairs, though vast multiplication of effects by modern composers resulted also in the extension of this department of music. It is seldom that more than two pairs are used a good player with a quick ear, like Mr. Bernstein, St. Louis's orchestra, being able to accomplish all it requires with one drum by his deftness in changing the pitch of the instrument. This work of tuning and performing generally in what seems a haphazard way, through a six-course drum holder named *Fund* has introduced a contrivance by which the player, by simply



PICCOLO PLAYER.—(C. E. BROWN, DRAWING.)

pressing on a balanced pedal and watching an indicator attached to the side of the drum, can change the pitch to any desired note within the range of an octave.

The tympani are horizontal brass or copper vessels, bottles in shape, covered with vellum heads. The pitch of the instrument depends on the tension of the head, which is adjusted generally by key screws working through the iron ring which holds the vellum. There is a difference in the case of the drums in place at the command of the player the octave from F in the first space to five the bass staff to F on the fourth line of the same staff. Formerly the purpose of the drum was simply to give emphasis, and they were then unskilfully tuned to the key-note and fifth of the key in which a composition was set. Now they are used in many ways, and not only allow for the frequent change of keys, but also so that they may be used as harmony instruments. Before this more in developing the drums than any composer who has ever lived, though Beethoven already manifested appreciation of their independent musical value. In the last movement of his Eighth Symphony and the scherzo of his Ninth, he uses them in octaves, his purpose in the latter case being to give the *spiccato* drum, an entire leap of the octave melody to the drums solo. The most extravagant use ever made of the drums, however, was by Beethoven in his "Mass for Maria," where he calls in eight pairs of drums and ten players to help him to paint his total picture of the terror of the last judgment. The part of drummer is one of the most difficult to fill in a symphony orchestra. He is required to have not only a perfect sense of time and

musical)

per piece in the variety hall, in his "Dance Music" and his purpose was a fantastic one, and the effect is odd. The pictorial concert at the bottom of the poem with the music-illustration in *Don Quixote*, as it is known, was a combination, playing the viol and gleefully cracking his long handle against the snaffle. To produce this effect, the composer uses the xylophone with equal effect. But of all the ordinary instruments of percussion the only one that is really musical and deserving comment is the kettle-drum. This instrument is so musical that the others because it has pitch. Its use is not more poetic, but musical sense. Kettledrums, or tympani, are generally used in pairs, though vast multiplication of effects by modern composers resulted also in the extension of this department of music. It is seldom that more than two pairs are used a good player with a quick ear, like Mr. Bernstein, St. Louis's orchestra, being able to accomplish all it requires with one drum by his deftness in changing the pitch of the instrument. This work of tuning and performing generally in what seems a haphazard way, through a six-course drum holder named *Fund* has introduced a contrivance by which the player, by simply



BASS CLARINET.—(GEO. BROWN)



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IN FULL CHASE—A WINTER FOX HUNT IN THE GENESEE VALLEY—DRAWN BY R. F. ZORNOW—(See Page 84.)



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXI—No. 105
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1892

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE ALLEGORICAL GROUP OF WAR FOR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—[See Page 114.]

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(THIRTY FIVE PAGES)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—\$1.00 AN YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
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THE SITUATION.

THE WEEKLY, in replying to some remarks of the Standard upon the state of parties, notes that practically a party emphasizes one course, and leaves other questions until circumstances make them prominent. There is generally, it thinks, one prominent question, which must determine victory, and at present that question is protection, and those who would reform the tariff must vote with the party that proposes to reform it. But while abstractly this view is generally correct, it does not describe the actual situation. From 1820 to 1860 there was practically but one practical question—that of the gradual restriction of slavery. For the next fifteen years the prosecution of the war and reconstruction were the absorbing questions. The alleged excesses of Republicanism and the consequent withdrawal of reform followed as issues, and in 1864 the Republican party was defeated not upon a specific question, but by a widespread Republican disaffection. In 1868 the national issue was mainly tariff reform, and in 1880 the Congressional election turned largely upon the McKinley bill. But none-the-less the question of the currency had been actively agitated, and both President Grant and President Hayes had interposed to avert the consequences of wild financial legislation. The question arisen steadily in importance, and now for some years the danger from such legislation has been evident. In the last session a free coinage bill passed the Senate, and next session Congress act could the general support and purpose of independent reformers gravitating toward the Democratic party, but at the party itself, be determined. The first party act in the overwhelming Democratic House was the defeat of the candidate for Speaker who was accepted and supported especially by the representatives of tariff reform; and while the main question has been whether the party could be persuaded to concentrate its present interest and action upon tariff reform, the unquestionable party leadership is in the hands of men who hold national views as to the currency, and the strong probability is that a free coinage bill will pass before any serious effort is made to reform the tariff. It is plain that if the Republicans of 1853-60 had secured a majority of 150 in the House of Representatives, had defeated the Republican candidate for Speaker who especially represented the policy of

non-interference, and had passed themselves at once with tinkering ineffectively the tariff, instead of restricting the area of slavery—a would have been a very clear to success anti-slavery men that the Republicans were not the only ones to whom the nation, and that they were about as likely to play havoc with the tariff and the currency as to prevent the extension of slavery. This is to day the position of the Democratic party; and until its next national platform and its course in Congress and elsewhere is known, it is altogether too early to say that there is not one prominent question before the country, and that upon that question the Democratic party is right.

In fact there are other questions, and of not less general importance. For instance, the country could prosper undoubtedly with a high tariff, but it cannot prosper with the money of protected interests and the enormous hoary fund of patronage connected corrupting elections. The money for such work is not support of a party which, even if it should aim at reform of the tariff, might also benefit the currency and the public service. A coalition which puts out one flame, but simultaneously lights another, is not a good free-trade measure. Mr. Garret's knowledge of the tariff, and the course he followed in 1832 to vote for him, with the Democratic party behind him, was a poor way to secure the results of the war. The Democratic party at present favors tariff reform, but as a party, and not without protest, it is in favor of the retention of a large amount of actual reform to guard it properly, and only as a tariff reform party is in touch tarrying in a fool's paradise as it was to support Tammany Hall and Governor Hill, as a step toward lowest politics. The present tariff is a step toward the tariff which it is to do. It may be that the Democratic majority of the House will modify the tariff judiciously, do a few free-trade legislative, and advance reform in the civil service, and the party Congress may nominate Mr. Sherman. But there are also the question of the tariff. But the situation is not yet clearly developed, and it is therefore too early to say that independent tariff reformers and sound currency men and civil service reformers need necessarily support the Democratic party. Liberal reform advice was sound got to cross a river until you come to it.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA.

THERE is undoubtedly some disposition to make war on China, and it would be more to our credit if it were not coincident with the building of a new navy. The warlike of a war fever, however, is by no means a mere of protection or of protection, and a sentiment in national honor. The readiness of a dualist to assert his honor at the point of the pistol is far from proving that he has a healthy conception of duty and quality, and it would be a curious blunder to suppose that men who are so much in a hurry to war upon China are especially interested in our national dignity. The United States, one of the great powers of the globe, with such feeble millions of people, who occupy largely, and resources have been put in a military situation, is to be humiliated, and to be humiliated and prolonged of war, are not to be opposed abroad of a little community of three million of very brave but largely uneducated people. There would be kind of equality in a contest between them, and such a contest could be morally justified only by the plainest necessity, and when all reasonable means of escape from the necessity had been exhausted.

The actual situation is that in a report of a South American minister just emerging from abroad, there is in which angry passions were at white heat, and especially inflamed against this country by the alleged conduct of our naval and diplomatic agents not yet clearly explained, and under circumstances not yet clearly understood. Local indignation in the United States was aroused by a case, and two of them killed. Here is an event which the government of another country can disregard. But 'till it is said to have sent an innocent man upon the subject to our government, which the President, in his message described as offensive. This is the situation so far as known, and there is nothing in it which may not be settled reasonably and peacefully. Two of the leading journals of New York, of different opinion in many respects, and especially in the feeling of the country. The Democratic Herald says, "Whatever quarrel we have or may have with 'till may be settled by diplomacy, as falling that, by arbitration"; and the Republican Tribune says, "The quarrel with China, and 'till there is no question whatever, such as can be settled by two gentlemen sitting at a table."

The Navy Department has been suddenly extraordinary active in warlike preparations. Some Washington correspondents have been busily forecasting hostilities toward China, and the war has already in force display in certain quarters of an exceedingly cheap patriotism and vehement pretensions of what our pride and dignity demand. One pride and dignity demand the latest justice and forbearance and a contemplation of our own precedents. The Pres-

ident has been represented as being very belligerent in his feelings, but he has not indicated such a disposition publicly. His message it was expected would be sent to Congress early before the issue of the last WEEKLY, but that message was evidently delayed. Perhaps it will have been published when this paper goes to press, but we see no reason to suppose that it will advise foolish precipitancy. A wise message will be largely due to the prompt and forcible execution of a limited part of the program of opposition to hasty action, and to the plain statement that national honor and dignity require the same self-command that private honor and dignity require.

THE NEW YORK SENATE.

SOME Democratic organs in New York feel it difficult to condense the course of the all-gotten Democratic majority in the State Senate. Two years ago, when the conduct of Speaker REED aroused general Democratic indignation, we re-memoled Republicans the most indisputable of the old pro-slavery Democratic majority in Congress before the war, which was one of the things that most alarmed the country. The power of the majority was probably in the hands of Speaker REED, who was always well regarded by a country which is fit to govern itself. When party spirit tramples upon the safeguards which the people themselves have set about their fundamental rights, the people will protect them, and the defiance of the people will be rebuked by a country which is fit to govern itself. When party spirit tramples upon the safeguards which the people themselves have set about their fundamental rights, the people will protect them, and the defiance of the people will be rebuked by a country which is fit to govern itself. When party spirit tramples upon the safeguards which the people themselves have set about their fundamental rights, the people will protect them, and the defiance of the people will be rebuked by a country which is fit to govern itself. When party spirit tramples upon the safeguards which the people themselves have set about their fundamental rights, the people will protect them, and the defiance of the people will be rebuked by a country which is fit to govern itself.

The general feeling, shared by many Democrats, that the enormous success of their party in 1860 was to be regarded as a peril not less than a good feature, was renewed by their decided majority in New York last autumn, and when the Legislature was a vote for their party, and it came into uncontrolled power without a leader of eminence or authority in the Legislature, or in any department of the State government, the more sensible Democrats began to wonder what the harvest was likely to be. The performance of their party, and it came into uncontrolled power without a leader of eminence or authority in the Legislature, or in any department of the State government, the more sensible Democrats began to wonder what the harvest was likely to be. The performance of their party, and it came into uncontrolled power without a leader of eminence or authority in the Legislature, or in any department of the State government, the more sensible Democrats began to wonder what the harvest was likely to be. The performance of their party, and it came into uncontrolled power without a leader of eminence or authority in the Legislature, or in any department of the State government, the more sensible Democrats began to wonder what the harvest was likely to be. The performance of their party, and it came into uncontrolled power without a leader of eminence or authority in the Legislature, or in any department of the State government, the more sensible Democrats began to wonder what the harvest was likely to be.

The Senate, led by Mr. SHERMAN, has more impression whatever upon the State other than that of an unscrupulous partisan. The able and distinguished Democrat in the State, but Mr. SHERMAN is the most prominent of all Democrats who are seen in the Legislature, and under his leadership the most important bills are driven through without opportunity for debate, and Senators are consequently not known merely as an assembly of the late Governor. As the late Speaker of the Assembly, Mr. SHERMAN makes an impression whatever upon the State other than that of an unscrupulous partisan. The able and distinguished Democrat in the State, but Mr. SHERMAN is the most prominent of all Democrats who are seen in the Legislature, and under his leadership the most important bills are driven through without opportunity for debate, and Senators are consequently not known merely as an assembly of the late Governor. As the late Speaker of the Assembly, Mr. SHERMAN makes an impression whatever upon the State other than that of an unscrupulous partisan.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

MR. SHERMAN HOAR has introduced into the House a bill of great importance, providing for the appointment of postmasters. It proposes that the first, second, and third classes shall be appointed, as now, by the President, with the advice of the Senate, and those of the fourth class, as now, by the Postmaster-General; and that they shall all hold office during the term of the President by whom they are appointed; by the President for three years, and that those of the first, second, and third classes may be promoted from one office to another by the President. The bill is simple, comprehensive, and constructive in its passage, and it is to be expected that it will be successful. There is some ground to believe that the service to which the recognized and familiar principles of business apply with more propriety than to the Post office. It is in the great business department of the government, extending in every part of the country, the one in which every citizen of the land is most interested. The proper discharge of the duties of postmaster cannot be properly affected by political opinion, while to make the office a prey and prey of party contention must necessarily impair the efficiency of the service.



COMMANDER BIRET D. EVANS, OF THE "YORKTOWN."

COMMANDERS OF THE "YORKTOWN" AND THE "BALTIMORE."

Very recently the *Yorktown* was at Valparaiso and the *Baltimore* on the Pacific coast, but three months ago it was the *Baltimore* that carried the flag in the North Pacific when the trouble began. Captain Sibley, who holds the relative rank of Commander in the navy, is the commander of the *Baltimore*. He was born in Frederick County, Maryland, October 3, 1839, and graduated at the Naval Academy in 1861. He entered at once into the business of sailing, and was attached to the frigates *Song* and *Peterson*, and then upon the gunboat *Wasson* and sloop *Remondet* and *Arcturion*, participating in the engagements that led to the capture of Port Hudson. On July 16, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. During 1864 he served on the *Beaver*, in the Pacific, and distinguished himself by service in foreign lands. He afterwards became instructor at the Naval Academy; and in 1873, while attached to the Asiatic squadron, took part in the capture of the Chinese forts on the Hainan River. In 1874 he was promoted to be Commander, and served for two years upon at the Naval Academy. From 1878 until 1882 he served on the *Albatross*, sailing to the East on a cruise. It was Commander Sibley that headed the relief expedition in 1884 that went to the rescue of Lieutenant Givens and his little company. During this expedition his ship passed through 1400 miles of ice, and



RICHARD M. HUNT, ADMIRAL OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDINGS. (SEE PAGE 101.)

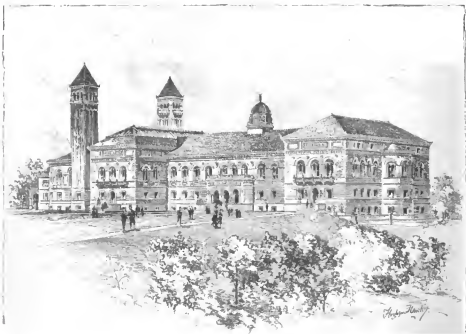
brought the party back from Cape Sabine, Grinnell Land. After this notable voyage he was commissioned Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, and in March, 1885, received the title of Captain. Captain Sibley is an able and efficient officer, and has been an active duty officer since his appointment as Master-in-Chief in 1884, with the exception of a very few months. Up to the time of his in-



"CAPTAIN WINFIELD S. NITZ OF THE "BALTIMORE."

ing command of the *Baltimore* over twelve years had been spent in service at sea.

Commander Biret D. Evans was appointed in the *Naval Aviator* from Fort Leach, and received the title of Acting Master-in-Chief September 29, 1882. He was transferred to the old *Phaethon*, and when the vessel was made on Fort Fisher, the young man led his company of aviators. During the engagement he was shot in the leg, and after the fort had surrendered, was taken to the hospital, where it was proposed to amputate the wounded member. At his entreaties, however, the operation was foregone, and the only result has been a slight lameness. On October 1, 1883, he received the rank of Ensign, was made Master May 10, 1885, and on July 25th of the same year was promoted to be Lieutenant. The rank of Lieutenant Commander was given to him two years later, and since the 11th of July, 1898, he has held his present commission of Commander. For a while he was in charge of the training ship *Scout*, and afterwards on the Light House Tender *Albatross*. He has commanded the ship in the reconstruction of the *Monitor*. His sea duties have made him well-versed in four orders, in which service he has spent a dozen years, and both on land and sea he has acquired himself with great credit. Among his brother officers he has made an enviable reputation, and his courage has won for him the name of "Fighting Bob" Evans.

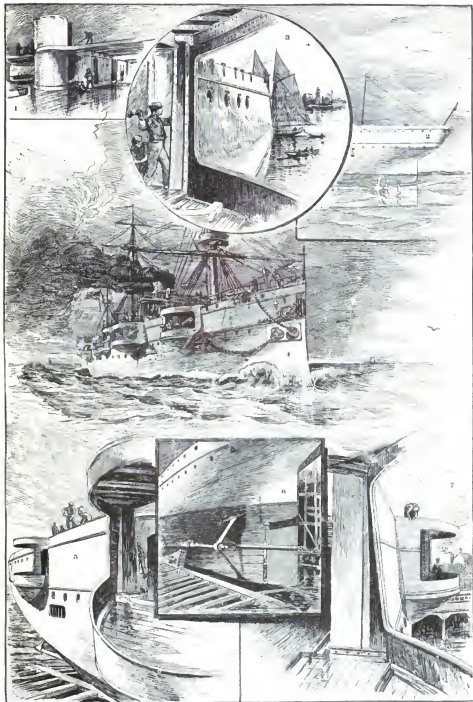


THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY AT PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. T. BELL.—(SEE PAGE 101.)



TATES NAVY.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

01. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER "NEWARK."—DRAWN WHILE IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION BY F. COLLIER NEALL.

1. On the Main deck, with Conning Tower in Foreground. 2. Stern View. 3. Aft Port Splice for 6-inch Rebel Gun. 4. The Ship as completed. 5. Looking aft Starboard, showing Splices for 6-inch Rebel Gun. 6. Port side Propeller and Submerged Rudder. 7. Looking forward from Starboard Archway.



THE LATE RANDOLPH ROGERS.

THE SCULPTOR OF THE DOORS OF THE CAPITOL.

It is not at all singular, neither is it probably without precedent that a man who passed part of his youth in modeling clay,

should perhaps in that medium have found both the way and the means of his first artistic expression. And though almost all artists have modeled little figures out of dough, and baked them afterwards, it is worthy special mention that the late Randolph Rogers of



THE SENATE CHAMBER, SHOWING THE DOORS OF THE SENATE CHAMBER, AS SCULPTURED BY RANDOLPH ROGERS.



TYPES OF CHILIAN BEAUTY.—[See Page 114.]

Mr. Henry Powers probably the best known of the group of American artists who set up their professional studios in Italy, began his career life in a factory in Washburn.

It is a long step from the Anna Arber look of a modeler of figures, with the artist's touch never already learning to make steel if felt in attempts at modeling and drawing, to the author of the bronze doors of the Capitol at Washington and nearly most of the world, who died a few days ago at his home in Rome, where he had spent half his life, within the shadow of his sixteenth year.

At the age of twenty, in 1838, Lorenzo Ghiberti was in the cooperation for the bronze doors of the Baptistery of St. John at Florence were Donatello and Verrocchio. Born from the Bolognese family, the artist, and twenty-one years of the sculptor's life of early years were concentrated in one master work, and success to the others. Randolph Rogers' doors for the Capitol, if it is needless to say, did not take so long to execute. They were designed and executed in Rome in 1856, when the sculptor was thirty-three years of age, and cast in Munich. They cost the government some \$20,000.

But young Rogers did not part with all the usual evidence that talent will not from the position of a laborer's apprentice to that of a student of the art of sculpture. His father had been a prosperous carpenter at Andover in this State, where Randolph was born, and perhaps there was something inherited in the constructive ability which has been shown in a number of works of monumental character. It was to the liberality of a New York merchant, Mr. John Stewart, Jan., in whose employ the youth had come that he had access to the studios in the West, that was due the Randolph's success as an artistic student. The young man had at that time, while on a visit to his father of Ann Arbor, modeled a bust of Lee in clay. He had also in marble a bust of Byron. The discovery of young Rogers' talent and desire led to his meeting Powers before he was far beyond his majority. There he studied under the celebrated Italian sculptor Leo von Rohdick, who in his work so cleverly approached the stranger, and was the author of the group of "Charity" in the Pitti Palace.

After Randolph Rogers had opened his own studio his first work was a statue of "Truth." But it was the very popular "Nyctea, the Blind Girl of Memphis," that brought the first real success. It is said that this work—and the estimate seems large—yielded the sculptor, in itself and in replica, the large sum of \$20,000.

One of the most important important works was the construction of the Washington monument at Baltimore, Virginia, begun by Thomas Crawford. It was originally intended that this should be only an equestrian figure of Washington, and standing near of Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry. Lower Crawford received commissions for statues of Mason, Barlow, and of General Nelson and Marshall. These four figures Rogers made from his own designs, as Crawford had left none, and he later added the six allegorical seated figures.

It is also the war monuments he executed in various States—four of which he received \$50,000, and for another \$25,000—the sculptor's best-known work is, perhaps, the well-modeled but not picturesque statue of William H. Sewall in Madison Square of this city, the statue of Lincoln in Philadelphia, and "The Genius of Connecticut," on the State House at Hartford.

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ly to remember that, unlike tooth powder and tooth paste, there is no water.

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Advertisement for 'Harness Dep't.' featuring 'A complete line of every requisite for the Park, Race, Road, and Stable, at prices much lower than any other house.' and 'Catalogue on application. Inspection invited.'

Advertisement for 'THE K' featuring 'PAIN'S CURE FOR COLIC AND ALL THE ILLS OF CONSUMPTION'.

and Commissioner in 1877. In his early life Judge Bradley had been a Whig, although not an active politician by any means, and later he joined the Democratic party and was one of the Presidential electors in 1868. In 1862 he had run for Congress in the South District of New Jersey, and in connection with that contest he had little to do with politics. His position on the Executive Commission, however, was Republican, and he joined in writing Horatio R. Hoyt in the Presidential chair in 1869. Judge Bradley's name is a daughter of Chief Justice Horatio R. Hoyt, by whom he had four children—two sons and two daughters—who, with his wife, survive him.

Next to his Field, whose appointment was made by President Lincoln, Justice Bradley was the second in order of the bench, as far as rank of service was at. His death was due to general debility, but his terminal stage was well sustained up to that time, and the cause is a valuable account.

LIKE A VENOMOUS SNEP

In the days of the past, it was not unusual to find a man who was a snake. There is, however, a certain article in the press which is a snake in the grass, and it is this article which is the subject of this article.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TOUR TO MEXICO

The route of this remarkable touring train, which is the principal feature of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, is very attractive. It leaves New York and Philadelphia for Mexico, stopping at various points.

MR. BRIDGES'S MATHS REPUTATION

MR. BRIDGES'S MATHS REPUTATION was established in 1870, when he was appointed as a member of the Board of Education in New York City.

BRIDGES'S MATHS REPUTATION

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ADVERTISEMENTS

HOW BABIES SUFFER

When the tender little one suffers from the first signs of colic, or other ailments, it is a distressing sight to the mother.

CUTICURA

Remedy will afford instant relief in all cases of itching, eruptions, and other skin diseases.

PAINS AND WOUNDS

Remedy will afford instant relief in all cases of pains and wounds.

THE LATE JUSTICE BRADLEY

THE LATE JUSTICE BRADLEY.

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in his home in Washington January 23d. Justice Bradley was nearly seventy-nine years of age having been born in Berlin, Albany County, New York, March 19, 1812.

His father was Philip Bradley, and his mother Merry Knicker, who came from Newport, Rhode Island. They removed from Fairfield, Connecticut, in 1794, to Berlin, where Philip Bradley engaged in business with Joseph, who was the eldest of eleven children. His father died in 1810, and his mother died in 1820.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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Remedy will afford instant relief in all cases of itching, eruptions, and other skin diseases.

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SYRUP OF FIGS.

ONE ENJOYS both the method and results in so preparing and submitting to the same, and you greatly get promptly on the return. Liver and bowels, cleanse the system effectively; dispel wind, head-ache and fever, and cause habitual constipation, Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of the kind ever produced, prepared in the same and according to the standard, proper to its action and truly beneficial in the extreme. Prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, the finest extracted quantities maintained in its full and best state to this special mode known. Syrup of Figs is for sale in 25c and 50c bottles by all leading druggists. Any druggist who does not have it in stock will procure it promptly for you who will return it to us. Do not accept cheap imitations. Manufactured only by Dr. **CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS CO.** San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS!
CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leaving the EAST for CALIFORNIA JANUARY 12th, FEBRUARY 24th, MARCH 24th, APRIL 25th, and RETURN FEBRUARY 12th, 1896.

TRAVELING TOURS OF VARIABLE DURATION.
Best TOURS IN CALIFORNIA BEING OUR SPECIALTY.

Excursions with Railroad Tickets available in the winter months. Also, with the latest and most extensive list of TRAVELLING EXPENSE, will be sent at the most liberal rates.

For Prospectus, Descriptions of Places, and all Information, apply to **Traveling Agent, Pennsylvania Tourists' Bureau, 101 Broadway, New York, at 252 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, 1896.**

Chas. E. Peck, A. G. Ward, General Managers.

Financial.

Letters of Credit.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, 26 N. WALL STREET.

A Solid 8% INVESTMENT having for its security all the best real estate and property of the State of New York. For terms apply to **ATLANTIC REALTY AND LOAN COMPANY**, 26 N. WALL STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

OREGON INVESTMENT FOR THE BEST REAL ESTATE IN THE STATE OF OREGON. For terms apply to **ATLANTIC REALTY AND LOAN COMPANY**, 26 N. WALL STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER LEAVENS DELICATE AND LASTING GOOD. For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or by direct order from the manufacturer, **CHICAGO, ILL.** It is made and cures a man by means of.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

\$2. First class CROWN BRAND TOILET SOAP. For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or by direct order from the manufacturer, **CHICAGO, ILL.**

FOR THROAT AND LUNG complaints, the best remedy is

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

In colds, bronchitis, la grippe, and croup, it is Prompt to Act sure to cure.



W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.00 SHOE THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD

For men, boys, and ladies. Made in the U.S.A. For sale by all shoe stores.

TOILET LANOLINE SALVE Best Home Remedy for CHAPPED or CRACKED HANDS and LIPS.

Best Remedy for Pruritus and Softening the Skin, especially for SMALL CHILDREN.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS For the HAIR SKIN.

LA VIOLETTINE FAY The most perfect toilet powder in the world.

FREE For 30 Days, without obligation, our GILSON hair cream and the same skin cream for the face and neck. For terms apply to **GILSON POLISHING BRUSH CO.**

ED PINAUD'S FAVORITE FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN.

GARFIELD TEA Over 300,000,000 Sold.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP For the face, neck, and hair.

FOR \$5.00 PATENTS

THE HUMAN HAIR Patent for the hair.

TRUMP THE HORN Patent for the horn.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS

PLAYS For Private Theatricals.

GARDS for sale by mail.

ED PINAUD'S FAMOUS QUININE HAIR TONIC

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU

PRINTING For sale by mail.

PLOWS' GANDY For sale by mail.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

Van Molke's Letters. Letters of Field-marshal Count Helmuth von Molke to his Mother and his Brothers. Translated by CLARA BEAL and HARRY W. FISCHER.

The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G. By H. D. TARRIS, D.C.L. With Photographic Frontispiece.

Teas of the D'Urbervilles. A True Woman, Faithfully Presented. By THOMAS HARRY, Author of "A Group of Noble Deeds."

A Daughter of Beth. A Novel, By WILLIAM BLACK, With Photographic Portrait of the Author.

Homeer Dictionary. For Schools and Colleges.

Lyrics. By COCA FARBER.

1892

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXVI—No. 178.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE OLD GUARD BALL.—Drawn by W. T. SHELLEY.—(See Page 127.)



A MAID IN PEYS.—Lena Moran



A MARINE DOCTOR.—WILLIAM H. LUTHERMAN



THE ENCHANTED VIRGIN.—F. S. COLEMAN



THE OLD FLUTE-PLAYER.—L. C. ELMS



A FISHERMAN'S BOHE.—CAROLINE T. COLEMAN



THE CHILIAN QUESTION—WAR OR PEACE—DRAWN BY C. S. HERRMANN.

THE EXCITEMENT IN WASHINGTON.

Peace advocates have been persons of note in Washington during the last few weeks. The electricity of war was in the air, and he who was opposed to the killing of Chileans was likely to find himself unpopular. Washington is often out of sympathy with the rest of the country. The Executive feels sometimes like to start in power and to make its strength felt when the popular heart is hot from being warmed up.

The people talked war on the streets, in the departments, at dinner tables, wherever they met. There was nothing, however, said in Congress until the message was read. There had been no occasion for it until then, but the outbreak of applause with which the message was greeted indicated that a great deal of feeling had been suppressed. Still better evidence of the strong sentiment, of the real sense of feeling, was the great self-restraint, the evident self-restraint of purpose and recognition of the gravity of the occasion, manifested in the brief address that took place on Mr. McKinley's nomination respecting the President's message. To his name, there were those who differed from the President and the other executive officers, civil and military, but they were in no small a majority that they were not quick to give expression to their opinions.

Around the lobes of the Capitol every newspaper correspondents diligently sought public men who might possibly happen to be in the possession of information that had not yet been made public. Members of the Committee on Foreign Affairs were especially in demand, and their opinions as well as their facts grew in importance. Much of what has passed for facts seems to have been spontaneously generated, and some of the brilliant evolutions of reason were really more interesting than the sober truth. However, it must have occasionally occurred even to the narrowest throats that there was a lamentable lack of probability in a few of the statements that were told, especially when it was given by an official that the President was not satisfied with Chile's reply to the ultimatum before it was known that the President or the Secretary of State had received it.

The Navy Department was naturally the centre of interest, and all the officers who were on duty in Washington and all who were on waiting orders in other parts of the country, were eager for the style to begin. Theoretically, no one is to be seen except in a hat room, and it was an interesting study in human art to notice the instantaneousness with which a brilliant officer, old or young, would become the mildest mannered and most just of men as soon as it was intimated that he was anxious for an opportunity to try the new ships and the new guns. And yet there was a deal of truth in the impression, and no need to be surprised, that the salutes of the Baltimore had been attacked by the people of Valparaiso because of the uniform that they wore, and that the police were responsible for the killing and wounding of men to whom the government was the most anxious and complete protection. It was not out of a love of glory and a worthy indignation for private wrong that inspired the officers of the navy. They had that love and ambition

abundantly, of course, and their feelings heated their minds and made the expression of their opinion very vigorous at times.

In the course of a long time it is not surprising that those who were engaged in the preparation of the case for the United States have convinced that nothing could be said of the people and government of Chile that was too bad, and so cabinet officers and their subordinates did their work in an atmosphere of intense excitement that their heads were agitated by the State Department. The work of preparation for war was going on. The available ships of the navy were sailing, and officers from Washington, towards the country of the people who had insulted the flag and the soldiers. The representatives of the great mail making firms that enjoy the government contracts for airmail pipes and gun material were hotly summoned to the capital. With them came a steamship man, and soon it was whispered that the government had hired a number of merchant steamships for transports and kindred purposes. Unhappily, explosives, and projectiles were sent to the points where they would be most available. All this movement towards war had increased the fever of those engaged in it, and was in time imparted to those with whom they associated. All officers on the retired list hoped that the younger men of the army and navy would have an opportunity to distinguish themselves, and so did their friends in the clubs and in society. The possibility was furnished the topic of conversation at dinner parties and at receptions, and most of those who took part in the high debate were earnestly eager to explain every sign, look, event or paper or word that looked as if Congress might not declare war, or that Chile would back down. There was, after all, however, only the first excitement of the pulse, and although some excited wishes, especially those whose ways through a war would be ways of peace, revived the opinion of "Upjohn," the excitement was chiefly associated in particular but not dangerous conversation.

SOME WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS.

The diversity of style presented by the buildings now in course of erection in Jackson Park, Chicago, is truly wonderful. Each separate exhibit has offered an opportunity that the architect has not failed to grasp, and the visitor to the World's Fair will certainly be impressed by the many boldness that are now being raised on all sides. Originality in architecture is ardently refreshing, and the eyes of the spectator will not grow tired for lack of variety. The Forestry Building that is given in the illustration on another page is a good example of what is being done to harmonize the structure with the intended exhibit. The building is 200 feet by 400 feet, and is more or less rustic in character. A series of columns formed by three tree trunks, preserving their natural bark, serves to uphold the roof of the structure, and the building, as a whole, comes from all parts of the world, and the original characteristics of the woods of which it is composed are shown in all the building, and the entrance is finished in such a way as to blend and run on as these their grain, while the roof is thickened with bark. The exhibits will surpass all previous

efforts in that line, and the beauty and wealth of the forest will be presented as never before. The building itself will be a subject of interest in keeping with its contents, making the display a distinctive one.

This plan has also been carried out, as far as possible, in the Fisheries Building. The style of architecture, as far as the exterior is concerned, belongs to the Spanish Romanesque, but where the interior has furnished opportunity for appropriate decoration, the slopes and waters of the sea have been used to form the design. This building is situated upon a peculiarly shaped island and is of three parts, connected by bridges. The total length is 1400 feet and 200 feet in width at the widest part. No library from Spain in the architect, and the remainder cost \$2,500,000. The walls are of dark brown stone, and the roofing is made of Spanish tile. The central portion of the building will contain the general Fisheries exhibit, including facilities to residents of the sea coast and interior. In one of the connecting buildings everything pertaining to fishing will be set forth, and the display of Frank Wilson may be shown. The building at the other end will form the aquarium, the scenery of which will set full to attract. As happens in the picture, three two end buildings are polygonal in shape, and in the one devoted to the aquarium a large pond will fill the center, while all about will be immense tanks, in which all sorts of sea life will be grown. Over 3000 square feet of glass will be used in these tanks, the most capacity of which will be 100,000 gallons. There will be exhibits of fish which are not rarely seen by any one, and lake, stream, and ocean will furnish their quota of interesting objects.

The restovers of our country are so magnificent that much space will be given to natural products, and the horticultural exhibit will be most a wonderful. The Horticultural Building, now in course of construction, is an immense affair, and outside there will be a shining floral display. Part of the building will be covered with glass, so that the flowers may have the advantage of light, and the great plants in the conservatory will be surrounded by the dome that interior courts comprise no more such, which will contain the plants in the illustration. An idea of the magnificence of the building may be gained when it is learned that the two interior courts comprise no more such, which will contain, respectively, an orange grove from Florida and one from California.

Commandable and has been displayed to the different States that have made appropriations for their local exhibits. While the entire exposition will foster the admiration and love we have for our country, it is large, these local exhibits will promote a healthy and manly competition. The State of Wyoming will have a beautiful little building, to cost from \$100,000 to \$200,000, after the style of a French chateau. The interior will contain several exhibits for the State officials and commissioners, together with a number of miscellaneous exhibits. A wide hallway will extend to the top of the house, having an observatory gallery on the second floor. On the east and west sides roundabout twelve feet wide will afford a resting place to the weary sighter, and all the rooms above will open upon the balcony surrounding the house. Exterior panes illustrating natural and hunting scenes will lend a striking decoration. These houses, which are in addition to the various State exhibits, will be a fine affair to the visitor from a distant State, and will be a charm to the exhibition.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

(Continued from page 135.)

Columbia and the American Museum of Natural History, is evidence that the college is tending to take its place as the centre of the intellectual life of the city. To a host of learned societies having no formal relation to the college itself, and yet working toward the same literary, scientific, historical, and architectural ends, the college is hospitable. "There are some twenty five or thirty such societies practically domiciled within the college walls, and finding there their working and social centre," said Bishop Potter, who was also asked: "Did you ever walk up Madison Avenue at an evening? For if so, you must have seen that at night



PROFESSOR BALMAIN B. BOWDEN.

PROFESSOR JOHN E. BRADY.



PROFESSOR GEORGE E. WOODBRURY.



JAMES W. M. LANE, M.D., DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

the windows of the college gleam like a light house—true symbols of the illumination that streams forth on every hand."

It is my good fortune to be able to draw a contrast between the Columbia College of twenty years ago and the Columbia College of to-day; and I have tried to show that the



PROFESSOR HENRY DESSLER, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.

brings resources to those which Columbia now possesses. We must have benefited more." And the President of Harvard told us that he spent \$500,000 a year, and that Harvard had invested in gifts of money within a score of years \$5,000,000 in addition to \$2,500,000 worth of buildings and lands. The friends of Columbia have now a chance to follow the example set by the friends of Harvard.

The trustees of Columbia wish to make the move, but the money for the new grounds and the new buildings cannot be taken from the college funds. The trustees held that it is the faculty, it is the teaching staff, it is the human energy and the mere intellect and the intellectual bearing of the professors, that constitute a college, not bricks and



PROFESSOR HENRY F. OGDEN.



PROFESSOR ADOLPH COHN.

master. They have decided that the funds of Columbia are not to be diverted from teaching, the prime object of possible buildings to which to teach. They agree with Garfield when he said, "Mark Hopkins on the other end of a log—that's what I call a university!"



PROFESSOR NICHOLAS M. DULTER, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

rate of progress is far more rapid than most of us who live in the basin and path of New York have had time to discover. I hope it may be my good fortune to be able to write another paper "In Twenty Years' Changes at Columbia" for the *Harper's Weekly* of twenty years hence. What Columbia will be twenty years from now, if she continues to move forward with the same steady stride, I dare not venture to predict.

Columbia is cribbed, cabined, and confined in the scant block at Madison Avenue and Forti sixth Street, and the train from the Grand Central Station make the intellectual life not worth living there. The time has come for the college to move to a site where it can expand, where there will be room for all the schools where it may be possible to provide dormitories, that the undergraduates may gain the full benefit of college life. To this end the trustees have secured an option on a part of the land now occupied by the Illinois-Michigan Avenue, between Riverside Park and the Riverside Drive, over against the new cathedral that is to be. Whether this move be made or not depends on the help which the citizens of New York shall extend to Columbia.

It would popular belief, the college is not rich. Its real roll is probably no larger now so it is unlikely to be. Its income is about \$500,000, of which nearly \$100,000 comes from the fees of the students. As President Eliot said at the annual dinner which followed the installation of President Lane: "It is simply impossible to carry on a great university in this expensive city with my such



PROFESSOR WILLIAM A. KEENE, DEAN OF THE SCHOOL OF LAW.



THE REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

BY THE REV. THOMAS ARMITAGE.

That great man and renowned preacher who died at Geneva shortly before midnight of January 18st, was born at Kintock, Kans., June 12, 1834, his parents being Congregationalists, and his father a clergyman of that body. While a mere child Charles was harassed by the care of his paternal grandfather, who was the pastor of the Congregational church at Waterbury, Conn. His grandfather and all about him were perceived that the boy was endowed with remarkable self-control, decision, a fine memory, a strong will and ardent affection. A great career was often predicted for him, and in 1844 Rev. Richard Kell stated his solemn pronouncement that Spurgeon would preach the gospel to many thousands. First he became a pupil in the private academy of Mr. Leeding, an Colchester, and then he spent a year in an agricultural school at Maidstone, his family intending to educate him at Cambridge; but he instead on entering at once upon active life. At the age of fifteen he heard a country chapel from an un-
known Primitive Methodist preacher from Ipswich, Mr. 22,

and became a convert to Christ. After examining the New Testament on the subject of baptism, he was immersed, on a profession of his faith, at Ipswich, May 2, 1850, by the Rev. Mr. Canby. At this time he had become a letter to Mr. Leeding's school at Newmarket, and accompanied its removal to Cambridge, where he became a member of St. Andrew's Street Baptist Church, of which Robert Hall and Robert Robinson had so long been pastors. Soon he began to address collections of Sunday school children, with the greatest possible success, and preached his first sermon in a cottage at Fitchburg. From that time crowds began to follow him, and at the age of eighteen he became pastor of the Baptist Church at Waterbury, a village of 1,000 people.

His fame soon spread through the north of England, and reached London, where in 1853 he accepted a nomination call to the pastorate of the New Park Street Church. This church had long suffered by Drs. Gill and Hippen for more than a hundred years. The church had long struggled with adverse circumstances, and its congregation had dwindled to about two hundred members when Mr. Spurgeon became its pastor. In a few Sundays his ministry drew larger throngs about him in London than had gathered in the Cambridge

village, and in less than a year his chapel, which seated about twelve hundred people, was enlarged. While this was being done he preached to multitudes in Carter Hall, in the Strand, and his ministry became noted throughout Great Britain. But on returning to his own sanctuary the crowds which followed him were so great that the enlarged house was relatively smaller for their accommodation than before, and his church was compelled to remove to the Surrey Music Hall, a building which held about 2,000 people. Such a meeting had not been known in London since the days of Wesley and Whitefield, and sometimes the galleries in which the hall stood contained thousands of people who could not find admittance within its walls. As this was a public hall newly built, of great beauty and celebrity, and not a "conventicle," tens of thousands who would not enter a dissenting chapel flocked there from Sunday to Sunday, amongst whom were many members of the gentry and of Parliament, with well-known names, and not infrequently the sons and daughters of the Queen.

The first sermon which Mr. Spurgeon preached here brought him to an important turning point in his life. (Continued on page 142.)

THE CROWING SCHOOL



OPEN FOR BUSINESS

THE TWO ORPHANS



THE LATEST FASHION IN PIGEONS

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS



COLONEL JOHN V. NORTH, THE STRAITS HERO.—(See Page 138.)

FACTS ABOUT OUR RAILROADS.

To gather the statistics from the great corporations which operate the American railways to see a simple work of a day or so, not taken time. It is only just now that we have, from the government reports, what the railway business amounted to for the year ending June 30, 1908, eighteen months ago. The mileage at that time was 102,507, an increase during the year of 5663 miles. This increase, it is of interest to note, was greatest in that group of States formed by Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida, where new built during the year 3770 miles, or 37 per cent of the whole increase. In the State of Georgia the increase was 436 miles, and this was more than is any other State in the Union.

These roads are owned and operated by 1797 companies, but about one-half of the mileage is operated by forty companies. The gross revenue of these roads for the year mentioned was \$1,050,877,622, but 89 per cent of this revenue was divided among seventy-five roads. Large roads must do cheaper work than smaller ones, as those a busy line roads carried 843 per cent of the passengers, and 80 per cent of the freight. To operate the railways required the services of 749,801 men. This was an increase of 44,538 men over the previous year, and added an average of 25 men to the operating force on every 100 miles of road in the country.

In acting as the capitalization of these great properties accurate statistics have been obtained on only 156,404 miles. The capitalization for this mileage is \$9,427,356,372, or \$60.30 per mile. At the same time the capitalization of all the mileage would bring the total up to about ten thousand millions. This is certainly a great amount of money; but dividends were not paid during the year on 68.78 per cent of the capital stock. The surplus from operating these roads was \$18,659,383, a decrease of \$7,367,155 from that of the year before. The passenger carried were 667,431,963, an increase of 20,239,255, and the average journey of each passenger was 74.08 miles.

The record of accidents is interesting and instructive. In recent numbers there were employed killed 3416, and injured 22,799. Of passengers and others there were killed 3396, and injured 4206. Of the former class the train men numbered 1238 killed and 7172 injured, while in the second class of the passengers, 2496 were killed and 2425 wounded. The others can clearly not be employed on an iron-paths. Carrying and uncarrying are now in the most hazardous occupations in which railroad men can be employed, and 3299 were killed in this way in the year, and 2843 injured. About 961 men were killed by falling from trains and engines, and 22921 injured. The causes of accidents to passengers were from collisions, derailments, and other train accidents. Carrying out these figures, we find that one death occurs among employes for every 226 men employed, and one injury for every 32 men employed. This is as in-

crease in the casualties over the previous year, when the rate was only a death to 327 men, and an injury to every 35 men.

A SHABBY LITTLE GAME.

Generally made by legal measures he is obtained any degree of success, and it is the playing of dry legal wisdom and ready tactics to make to be identical with Horace's "Roman Game." The greatest bonus a spectator of the game and the drop-in with a minute eye of hand, with attention for one or a house hold. "Master's" money "Bones" produce "Gripes," they conclude, history and reasonable business matters, and a game—L.A. 1.

PENNSYLVANIA SCHEDULE TOURS TO JACKSONVILLE.

A series of six tours from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other principal points on the Pennsylvania System is fixed for the following dates: January 19th, February 2d, February 16th, March 1st, 15th, and 29th, 1902.

The first five tours will admit of a visit to two whole weeks in the flower State, and the returning parties will leave Jacksonville for home on the dates following: February 24th and 19th, March 8th, 13th, and 21st, 1902.

Tickets for the sixth tour will be valid for return by regular trains until May 30th, 1902.

The period allowed is ample sufficient to admit of a thorough view of all the interesting places in the Peninsula.

Tickets for the round trip \$30.00 from New York, \$45.00 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other stations.

Application for space should be made in Philadelphia Railroad Ticket Agents—L.A. 1.

DR. WINDING'S SOUTHERN SHREEP has been and will be used by millions of men and women for their children, with perfect success. It makes the child, whether in pain, or else at play, cheerfully and well, and the best remedy for children, used by thousands in every part of the world. Young boys can be made—L.A. 2.

An ENLARGED PORTLAND-CEMENT'S Reservoir, containing 100,000 gallons, and 1000 gallons of water, for use in the city of Philadelphia, Pa., is now on hand. Price, \$1000.—L.A. 3.

DR. LEVIN'S PAIN-EXPELLER is the best remedy for the relief of all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other pains. It is a great relief to the sufferer. Price, \$1.00.—L.A. 4.

DR. LEVIN'S PAIN-EXPELLER is the best remedy for the relief of all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other pains. It is a great relief to the sufferer. Price, \$1.00.—L.A. 4.

Acquire a few more books, and you will make bright, new friends and neighbors.—L.A. 5.

Advertisement for Van Houten's Cocoa, featuring an illustration of a woman and text describing the product as 'Perfectly Pure' and 'A Substitute for Tea & Coffee.'

Advertisement for the Remington Standard Typewriter, highlighting it as 'The Best Work by the Simplest Means in the Shortest Time' and including an illustration of the typewriter.



Advertisement for 'United States' Playing Cards, featuring an illustration of a card and text describing the quality of the cards and the company's printing services.

Advertisement for 'Ball-Pointed' pens, highlighting their 'Grip' feature and listing various models and prices.

Advertisement for 'King of Kameras' by The Eastman Company, featuring a camera illustration and text describing its features as a 'new model Folding Kodak with glass plate attachment.'

Advertisement for H.B. Bourke & Co's 'Kodak' camera, including an illustration of the camera and technical details.

Advertisement for 'The Ink' by H.B. Bourke & Co, featuring an illustration of an ink bottle and text describing its quality for various writing purposes.

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Letters of Credit. Brown Brothers & Co., BOSTON, N.Y. & WALL STREET.

A Solid 8% INVESTMENT. 100 Eastern References.

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THE PLUMER COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.

\$3.00 FOR EVERY \$1.00. BIG PROFIT!

8 PER CENT. 100 SHARES.

8 PER CENT. 100 SHARES. FIRST MORTGAGE.

1892 MUNICH BAVARIA R. CRYSTAL PALACE.

Under the patronage of His Most Highness the Prince of Monaco.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS.

From June 1st until the end of October. Terms for delivery of works to Munich from April 1st to 15th.

GOING TO BUY FURNITURE? DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.

SALESMEN WANTED.

WIFE WANTED.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND SLIDES.

PLAYS FOR PRIVATE THEATRES.

LADY AGENTS.

CARDS.

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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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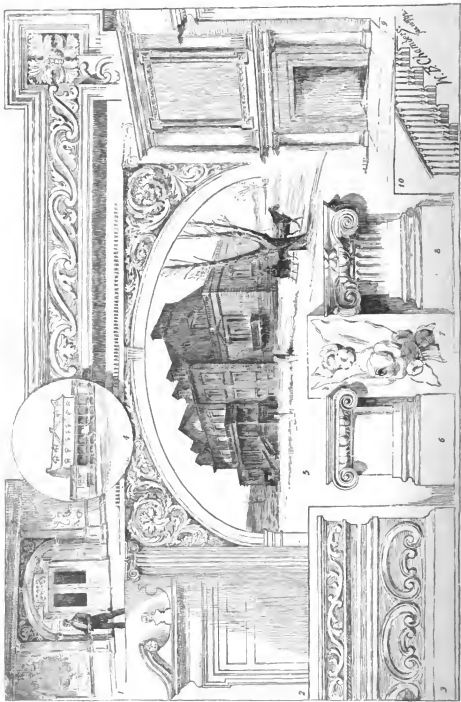
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1912.

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MILITARY TOPS IN ACTION.—DRAWN BY T. DE TWILLEY.—[SEE PAGE 164.]

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THE VAN BENSCHOTEN MANOR HOUSE, ALBANY—PROPOSED AS NEW YORK STATE BUILDING AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—DRAWN BY W. B. CHANNING.—(SEE PAGE 106.)

1. Main Hall; 2. Reception in Grand Staircase; 3. Grand Hall; 4. Grand Hall, Corridor, and Grand Staircase; 5. View from Grand Staircase; 6. Grand Hall; 7. Grand Hall; 8. Grand Hall; 9. Grand Hall; 10. Grand Hall.



THE WHITE ROOK.

A STORY OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY HENRY SEDLEY.

YOU have heard of a Black Swan, but not, perhaps, of a White Rook. Of this, however, we will speak by and by.

We must talk, to begin with, of a young man and a young woman. She was cross-eyed, of course—all Broadway says. A typical New York girl—tall, slender, dark, with a varying front, white teeth flashing eyes, and a captivating smile. The smile was there most of the time, but not all the time, and when it was not, the lady was less enchanting. For the expression least explained it was sometimes malicious and generally discontented. It is not well to be fed always on the desire of life. Luck did bring much happiness, which is nice, only to feel one's disappointment. The young man, although not very rich, had an airy disposition, and this we will speak of.

"You see, my dear," he said, "we should know where we stand. You have been living with your aunt and cousin in a comfortable house."

"Oh, it is well enough," she answered, calmly.

"But your dear's how long it may be your home, or when you may have to seek another."

"Anyhow," she said, "I suppose I shall be rich."

"Let us hope so. But you are not sure. Have you had death with your uncle, Mr. James W. Whittaker, for ten years, in a house near the fashionable quarter, if not exactly in it. He was one to have had a good income—perhaps twenty-five thousand a year—with an acre of lottery."

"Not here," commented gravely, with appreciation.

"And you have had silk, and diamonds, and a carriage, and summer outings, and trips to Europe, and the opera without stint."

"And now to have them still," said the girl, with a kind of greedy frown.

"Oh, I know how fond you are of all that sort of thing," he went on, calmly, "and it helps to justify my pretensions, doesn't it?"

"Precisely," she answered, with a snarl of irony. "And we are to be fond of things, you are too, Jack, aren't you? Your club, your race, your card parties, your cars. Everybody likes something, or another better than other things. Let people enjoy what they like. I see. But everybody, except uncle—was not he sometimes—has always wanted to cut off my pleasure, to live at my every wish."

The look now was not alone anxious and discontented,

but almost menacing, and the young man, if not wiser, felt a certain chill of foreboding apprehension.

Jack Harding was a New York young man of a not unkind sort. He habitually wore a frown, and was generally avoiding a cigarette. He was of good height, with regular features, an aquiline nose, of athletic ways, was always too carefully dressed, and seldom, if ever, had anything you did not expect him to say. He felt made known at once that he thought Eugene Gray was an honest man. He sought her for that reason, although he was chary to acknowledge it even to himself. She, for her part, thought he was in love with her person. Attention from men was very sweet to her. Her list of admirers was truly a revealing possession, but of the various shades of it, that of standing near a admirer was most delightful to her, all pleasure was joy, but this was heaven.

To keep Harding's admiration on edge, she pretended to be fond of her. She also spoke disparagingly to him of other men, a device she had often found salutary in furthering her plans. Further, she thought him better off than she was. Each, in a word, in some sense defiled the other. She was the cleverer of the two, but the deceiver was not dead. He pretended on occasion, while the body lived.

To be believed, said a wise cynic, one needs to be not trusted, but credible. This clevering young woman was neither, but then, her admirer was not very wise.

"The spirit is," said Jack, glancing up again, "New York is the worst place on earth to live in without money. You remember how Mr. Wilcoxley used to quote John Ruskin, or somebody who said of England that it was paradise for the rich, purgatory for the middle class, and hell for the poor."

"And so want to stay always among the rich."

"Exactly, but we can't, unless you, without money."

"Well," went on innocently, with some hesitations—the talk had too long wandered from the discussion of herself—"I agree to that. And what then?"

"Your uncle directed that you should live here for a year from his death—that is, until St. Valentine's day, low. Your aunt, Mrs. Whittaker, and your cousin—Eugene—were to come from Ruskin's and live here too. After nine months Mr. Whittaker's executors were to send a paper to you, and after twice the disposition of his property was to be made known to all concerned."

"Yes," said the young lady, "and the nine months expire to-day."

"But what seems strange," pursued Harding—"what has always seemed strange—is that you don't appear to know, in short, what he has done with the money."

"How can I," she exclaimed with persistence, "without seeing the will? But I have lived with him ten years, as you say. No one is nearer to him in blood. I was always his favorite; the others never came near him—er, at least, very seldom."

"All true," said the young man, more confidently. "Who should have a lot of it? But it's odd to never give you even an inkling. Now—"

"See here," cried Eugene, imperiously—"are here. Jack, you think too much of the money, and too little of me. Do you mean to say—"

"Do you think I care more for money than you do?" he retorted. "Why, I never saw a girl so wrapped up—"

"That'll do," she cried, with accent. "There are others who would just go and do the money after, isn't it?"

"It's for both our sakes, isn't it?" he made answer. "We both want what we've been used to, don't we? Of course you have other things. Any fool knows that. But—"

"Eugene," she favored, and flushing face. "Not another word! And you may go, the sooner the better."

Eugene it was well that had been another visitor was announced as Mr. Richard Burton.

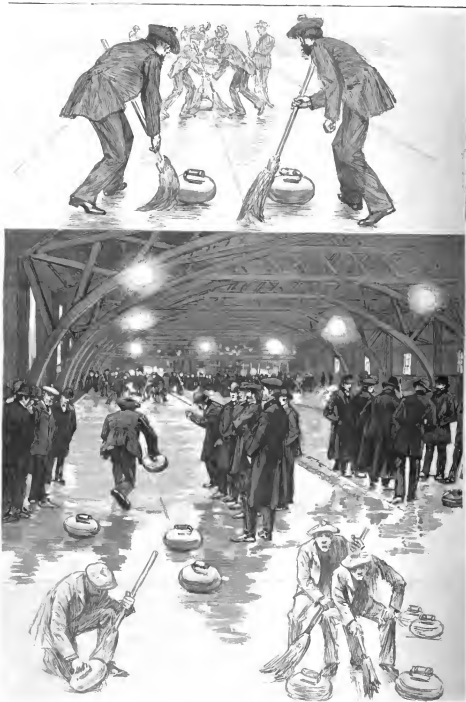
It.

There was legs in every day life. You, to be sure, as able as that brilliant Venetian, but many a devilish. They will be away like hell, and charity divide the devil's portion less, less, less, without or right. There was the kind of personage; and to his other estimable qualities he added that which he never despise largeness.

He was the sort of his relations with Jason W. Whittaker. That said, settle him, when life was largely handed away, had departed Burton years before, in an act the disclosure of which would have been his destruction.

Now the crime was one against Whittaker himself. That he offered it not for the holding of it. In fact, during the life she remained silent.

To Burton it was then at another money was posing. For years he lived in constant fear. The whole apprehensive contempt of the other filled him with feeling. That his cour-



CURLING AT ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULOUZ.—[SEE PAGE 161.]

ANCESTRY AND EARLY YEARS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

CONCERNING his ancestors, Abraham Lincoln had only heard that his grandfather emigrated from Virginia and was killed by an Indian. J. G. H. Child, in 1845 had only this information concerning them. "The most that is known is that the Lincoln of Buckingham County, Virginia, came previous to 1750, from Berks County, Pennsylvania. Where the Lin-

in regard to the given name of the child's mother or father. That they were in humble life is made plain by their appearance the day at the age of fourteen in Francis Lawton, in the old city of Norfolk, to learn the art of weaving—a thriving industry of that then flourishing colonial town, the chief seat of Puritanism.

time had come where the people of Massachusetts should not be dependent on England for iron, and with the aid of his neighbors erected a furnace for smelting iron—the first in America.

A tide of civilization had already begun westward and the eldest son of this enterprising pioneer also leaving the name Mathews with his wife and two children moved to Froehold, New Jersey, where he became thrifty and was styled "gentleman" in Oldenot. Later he became a citizen in Andry township Berks County, Pennsylvania. His eldest son John crossed the New England River to Ohio two days.

William Penn and his followers who were pushing the fertile lands of Berks and Montgomery counties. They also were Puritans and Mathews Lincoln had himself in con-

Newark, Hingham, Vermont, Ipswich, and other towns in Norfolk were throughout of Puritanism. John Robinson after graduating from Cambridge, proved to be the congregation in private letters still lashed down by the tyrannies of the King,

when he travelled northward to the little hamlets of Secondary Batters, and Austerfield, and gathered a congregation of farmers and in towns in the old smelter house, or capped by William Penn, and he became settled in Holland, to finally establish a new order of things in church and state on the shores of Cape Cod. Samuel Lincoln was a Puritan for at the age of seventeen, Francis Lawton, and his apprenticeship in Norfolk, made their way to Yorktown, the principal seaport of Norfolk, and settled as passengers either on the ship John and Dorothy in the fall, which crossed the Atlantic in company. They landed at Salem, Mass., whence Samuel Lincoln became the father of a family. Having Francis named for his children in the Middleborough, Daniel, Medford, Mary, Martha, Sarah, Heber, etc. The eldest son became a soldier in the war with the Pequot Indians. He married Sarah Jones. He thought the

great society. One of his near neighbors was George Bower, who had emigrated from the old colonial city of Falmouth and who gave the same name to his new home. A very warm friendship sprang up between the two settlers, and a few years later he had Mathews Lincoln's daughter, who Abraham and Anna Besse, granddaughter of George,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN—FIRST HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN 1840, AT 15.



ANNA BESSE (1770-1850).

only of Berks County came from an ancient line thereof. They are believed to have been Quakers, but whether they were an actual importation from old England under the auspices of William Penn, or a pioneer offshoot from the Lincolns of New England does not appear. There is strong presumptive evidence that the Pennsylvania and New England Lincolns were identical in their roots indeed."

It is only recently that the genealogical descent has been definitely ascertained. It is now known that in 1620—the year of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the year of the beginning of a government of the people—in Mrs. Lincoln in the old town of Hingham, Norfolk County, England, was living a boy named a babe who received the name of Samuel. We have no information



THOMAS LINCOLN'S HOME AT FARMINGTON, ILLINOIS.



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REGARDING THE WORLD'S FAIR.

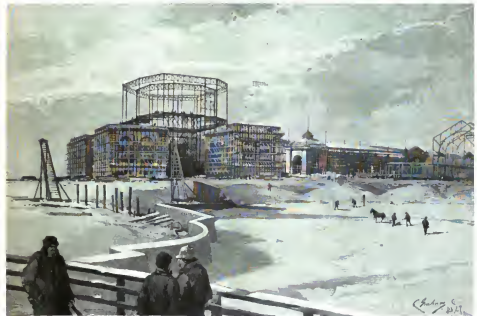
Many of the larger buildings now being erected in Chicago have been presented in the columns of the WEEKLY, and the readers are familiar with those buildings as they will appear when completed. These drawings have been made from the architect's plans, and a visit to Jackson Park to-day would be decidedly unsatisfactory to the average person. There is expense—no, rather, seems to be—but it is from this present conviction that the mighty and beautiful structure of the fair will rise. The park resembles a large workshop, where artisans of all kinds are busied with their respective tasks. A foundation covering half an acre gives an idea of what will be done, except in point of size, and it would take a vivid imagination to stand upon the spot and picture the grounds as the world will see them, a noteworthy lesson. "Home was not built in a day," is a proverb that some people are fond of quoting, but in truth of the work that a year will bring seems almost magical. Truly we live in the days of wonder, and even though the great earth Akasha's palace in a night, it was a noisy thing that the tower could cease to disappear with a breath, and could not compare with the fair wonders of science and architecture. The progress of this age was never so well illustrated as to-day, when we reflect upon the work of the World's Fair. There was no interest in statistics will find a field of thought in the fact that 420,000 square feet of concrete sidewalk will be laid. The Administration Building has been pictured as the world will view it next year, but the illustration that is here with given is impressive as an object lesson. Winter's cold

has been an hindrance; the massive frame has grown up within an incredible short space of time, and as soon today is a huge skeleton. The Mues and Mining Building to the right has kept pace with it, and to day they form an admirable exhibit of twentieth century progress. They may as well realize the extent of the whole unless the work is done every step by step, and their use is amazed at the magnitude of the undertaking, and fully impressed with the beauty of the completed building. The Untraced Exhibition was held less than twenty years ago, yet the first bill providing for it was signed by the President more than five years before the opening of the exposition, while it seems only yesterday that the World's Fair was first agreed and we are now looking forward to its opening. Our stride increases wonderfully in a generation.

The Art Institute of Chicago has taken advantage of an opportunity to erect a building that will be a feature of the exposition. The building will cost from \$200,000 to \$300,000, of which the existing company will disburse about one third. This palace of art will be situated in the inclosed portion of Jackson Park, on the lake front. Messrs. Shepley, Hutton, & Cobble, of Boston, are the architects, and work upon the building is now progressing. The style will be thoroughly classic, following the pure Ionic type, and the building will be 300 by 200 feet. On all four sides it will be inclosed by a great nave and transept 100 feet wide and 70 feet in height. The extreme height of the building will be 125 feet, surmounted by three colossal statues representing Victory. The central transept rises 60 feet through the building, and is lighted from the roof. Galleries will be on either side at the height of 24 feet. The main floor of the

nave and transept will be devoted to the exhibition of sculpture, while a promenade 40 feet wide, extending around the entire building, will be used as a gallery for the display of paintings. A number of small rooms have been provided for, that will contain private collections or examples of various schools of art. The decorations devised are numerous, and have relation to painting and artistic progress. Solid brick will form the main walls, which will be ornamented and covered to resemble light gray stone. Iron will form the roof, floor, and galleries, and glass skylights in some places will furnish the interior light.

The interest in the fair grows day by day, and it was announced a few days ago that all available space had been taken up. The work was begun with the idea of supporting everything in that line that the world has heretofore seen, and all provisions were considered ample. Yet the limit of space has been reached, and the promise held forth is more vital. The amount subscribed by the people of Chicago amounted to \$5,000,000, and by an act of Legislature the city was empowered to issue bonds for an equal sum. Three million dollars' worth of these bonds was disposed of in New York during the latter part of January, the remainder being held until the money is actually needed, in order to meet the four per cent. interest. This money is in the hands of competent and efficient men, controlled by a political action. The expense of the undertaking, however, are so great that it is reported that the city of Chicago will ask Congress for an appropriation of \$10,000,000, on the grounds that the country should add to the success of an exhibition that is by no means local, but a national affair, in which all the people are interested.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—THE ADMINISTRATION, MINES AND MINING, AND ELECTRIC BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRANGER



THE DE LONG MEMORIAL TABLET.—FROM DESIGN BY F. S. LANE.—[SEE PAGE 162.]



THE SIMS-EDISON TORPEDO IN ACTION.—[SEE PAGE 162.]

PENNSYLVANIA TOURS! CALIFORNIA AND MEXICO.

Leading the BEST for CALIFORNIA JANUARY 22nd, FEBRUARY 2nd, MARCH 2nd, APRIL 2nd, and MEXICO FEBRUARY 19th, 1923. THIRING PETS of FAVORABLE RELATIONS. BUT LIGHTLY LADENED TRIPS are usual.

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TOILET LANOLINE SALVE advertisement. Best Home Remedy for CHAPPED or CRACKED HANDS and LIPS. Includes an image of the product.

BARRY'S TRICOPOROUS advertisement. For the HAIR OF THE SKIN. Includes an image of a woman's face.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXVI—No. 100
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—WORKING UNDER CANVAS ON THE MINES AND MINING BUILDING—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM—(SEE PAGE 106)



THE NEW YORK END OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE ON A WINTER DAY—Drawn at F. B. Sewant. — [See Page 134.]



THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

WHAT did he want? whispered Elinor Judd, pushing the door open quite beyond the crack at which she had held it, as the bell rang of the man who had been talking with her brother Andrew at the wood sessions, and her guard Higgins worked nervously upon the door.

"He 'peared to be looking for a medium, though he wa'n't a believer, as near as I could find out," said Andrew, a handsome, strongly built fellow, although with drooping shoulders and an almost feminine delicacy about his mouth and chin. "He said he was a member of some society that was to investigate spiritualism and such consecrateable things. He said he was willin' to low there was strange things, and he wanted to find out what they was."

"Did you tell him 'bout 'Lizabeth?" asked his sister, in a sharp tone.

"Yes; I told him how I 'peared to me that it couldn't be anything but 'Lizabeth's own flesh and told us things that nobody but she and I was knowin' to." The young man's eyes were downcast, and his voice trembled. "I don't feel free to talk about it, but he seemed so much in earnest, and he wa'n't the jester kind, and he didn't say nothing about his 'low' the works of the devil like Deacon Green. I asked him if he would 'Lizabeth could hear he'd been come back to me two or three times a week for quite an two years, and I not know whether 'was her or not? I guess she'd have said something in all them times that we'd like herself. And who else would have hearns about the girl's chain that we bought and had away for the baby that only said a week 'behind her? We never said nothing about it for four you and mother would think 'was extravagant foolishness. When I asked how I should know 'was her, says she, 'Andrew, what did you do with the baby's gold chain? I guess I've had reason to believe 'tw 'Lizabeth."

But the young man's face looked perplexed, in spite of his confident tone. It was evident that he had been deeply chafed by the puffed answer and inquiries of Professor Andrew Barnum, of the Society for Psychical Research.

"I must wonder that you could have been to talk about it, Andrew," said Elinor, with a faint accent of reproach. "Pears to me I couldn't hear it twice one. So far as I could hear him, he 'peared to me to be one of them kind that thinks it's not smart to believe nothing at all."

"He kind of dinged me out," said Andrew, apologetically. "And I don't know as it's anything 't all, I'm satisfied."

"He'll be a waster; you to take him up to M'Henry," suggested Elinor.

"He's agin' up there now, by himself," said Andrew, "I told him I would pick him if he w'd not prefer meakin' night. I ain't a-goin to neglect my gospel privileges, and here folks are 't because we get to be a spiritualism, and here folks are 't that the door hasn't, and was severely chast-

ing and unscolding her hands in the privacy of the kitchen, which was him fitting with evening shadows. "It hasn't never made him do this—think God, it hasn't! But, oh my Lord! when shall I do more?" she murmured. "He'd walk the all run of her in no time, for she has't got a mole of eleven—just a mole! I don't want to leave her to see how alone." She caught her hat from the nail in the back entry, and slipped out at the wood shed door, and hurried across the thick snow-drift in the dewy grass. "I'm a trumper! He'd see the grass, and it'd be afraid for my thimble to get my feet as wet, but I can't think of nothin' but just his pants! M'Henry," she said to herself, as she hurried along, breathing audaciously. "If I can only get that there before he does, maybe I can kind of keep her from lookin' there. Oh, Lord! he'll be Elinor Judd that used to think something of myself! But maybe the Lord won't be hard on a woman that has so hard, and he'll never had a chance to say her soul was her own. Them was father's drinkin', and mother's atones, and Phebe's cut—six of 'em all underfoot, and you couldn't wear 'em off the spine but without a few—and 'Nobam's wife's country's spick, and there I'd have a childen for me to wait upon, and he'd be fit and grateful to keep things a-goin', and there, when it come red stamped at last, with nobody but just Andrew and me—I ain't a-goin' to say nothin' agin' 'Lizabeth, though I didn't dare to say a word 'bout she was a mind to have me, and her stumped children was a dinged thing—when it was real cozy and comfortable at last, I don't know but what the Lord w'd forgive her for tryin' to break Andrew from writin' Worthy Pewee, that was bound to get him."

Elinor had come out into the road by this time, in front of a fine and weather-worn house standing somewhat shakily behind a row of settled poplars, which were as stiff as the trees in a boy's village, and gave an homogenous touch of order and respectability to the wood-choked front yard. She went around to the side door, where a tall girl in a shabby cotton dress, which displayed all the capriciousities of her figure, was hanging towels upon a line.

"Lord, what a start you give me!" she cried, turning upon Elinor a delicate red face with eyes possibly blue eyes and a complexion dimpled. The red which sprang into her cheeks looked, in the dusk, like the flatter of a red bird's wing. But Elinor had no eye for picturesque effects. It had never occurred to her that M'Henry Biggs was other than kind of overgrown and gawky.

"There's a man a-comin' to look into things," she gasped. "You'd got to be real careful, M'Henry. He's here a-walkin' with Andrew."

"About 'Lizabeth?" asked the girl, with a quick face of amazement.

"About spirits comin' back. He'll want to have a seance, I expect, and he ain't a believer. If it was you, I'd just send him straight away home. I ain't a-goin to be a seance-maker, and here folks are 't I've come around the wet field."

"You'd ought to be 't goin to prayer-meetin', Miss Judd," said the girl, firmly, and she was longed.

The color mounted slowly to Elinor's sharp cheek-bones. "I ain't got no hope, M'Henry Biggs," she said, severely.

"Well, you ain't a-goin to come. I've got to see my wife, anyhow," returned the girl.

"M'Henry, I don't want you to do nothin' deservin'. It's nothin' your immoral soul," said Elinor, anxiously—"when there ain't no good reason for doin' it," she added.

"It's kind of hard to find out what you do want me to do," said M'Henry. "Maybe he's in so dinged a notion that he'll want to make believe for the sake of considerin' him."

"That's what you said about Andrew," she added, rather shyly. Elinor attempted feebly to defend herself, but at that moment a noise was heard in company with Gimney Biggs. In spite of their wood-choked and evidently unwell condition, Professor Barnum had escaped the front park and the front door. His language was not adapted to Gimney Biggs's comprehension. He had spoken of certain manifestations, and Gimney was heard to scold him that they "didn't need no spiritin'."

"Oh, a spiritual medium? Why hadn't you said so, then?" she said, sharply, at length. "My daughter Varnay used to New York, and got not no more in her carriage. I expect you've heard of her. M'Henry ain't near so powerful, but she's considerable of a white medium. You come right in, and she'll write for you."

"You can come in if you've a mind to," said M'Henry to Elinor, who was listening with her at the side door.

"There's grandmothers a-goin home," whispered Elinor, with pathetic eagerness. "I should 't feelin' 'em ever if I'd had time. They ain't never hardly a wife, and they're most as big as grandmothers, and they're real fashionable dress."

"I shall do as I'm a mind to," said the girl, mildly. And Elinor followed her into the house, leaving Gimney Biggs had lighted a frolic house-warm lamp, and darkness had fallen in the corners of the room. The cry of a loon came suddenly across the pond at the top of the house.

"Gimney likes to hear them loons. She thinks that's the way her life comes back to her; but they make me awful nervous," said the girl, with a little fearful laugh.

The red-bird's wing had melted into her cheeks again, and Professor Barnum, who, in spite of illness and an address manner, was but a young man, became aware that profane remarks in North Boston was likely to offer unprovoked attention. He had, nevertheless, no idea of being belittled from his judicial attitude of mind. He had come to North Boston for summer rest, but he had a theory also strange mental developments were often found in those remote regions, especially within certain of the sea, and when his family had had him of the medicament, powers of the Biggs family, he had at once determined to investigate.

"They used to have hoodlums and table-tippin' up there when there was nothin' to be made," the hoodlum had said, taking pains to explain that "she wa'n't no spiritualism," and M'Henry set up for a white medium when she wa'n't none of them or station. But that's got to be kind of an old

his Opernhaus gave Mr. Ewell the commission for the sculpture decoration of the new library at Yale College, orders of ten philosophers, and for the immortal portrait bust of Mr. B. R. Childsman, of Brooklyn, the founder of this new building. Still other medals are the best of the "Magdalen" done in marble for Mr. Theodore C. Vail, of Boston; the bust of Miss Louisa M. Alcott, the library at Concord, Massachusetts; and the bust of Miss Frances Murphy, of New York, recently shown at the exhibition of the New York Architecture League. A highly remarkable work is the bust of "John," made in Paris in the studio of Falgout. A magnificent group of "Eva and the Lion," which last year won the gold medal, will be done in marble for the Chicago World's Fair. These and other works of Mr. Ewell are characterized by a remarkably varied and original technique in the matter of details. His execution of drapery and hair would alone place him in the first rank of modern sculptors. As a student of form he is straightforward, vigorous, and truthful, with an occasional touch of that artistic license which is peculiar to the sculptor of the early Renaissance. To judge from the evidence of photographs, he has himself devoted, for reasons best known to himself, some peculiarly important models. His conception of the "Immaculate," or, as I should prefer to term it, of the Resurrection, is among these best specimens of the most original creations of modern art. Mr. Ewell's greatness is general in a power of original conception, which is supported by a thorough, subtle, and accurate technique. His great masterpiece in both directions is the colossal group of "Charles Dickens and Little Nell."

The gifted artist who forms the subject of my sketch was born at Concord, Massachusetts, in 1838. His great grandfather had shared in the battle of Concord. His youth was spent in the blacksmith shop of his grandfather, with whom, as a man of letters and poetic nature, Mr. Emerson, Mr. Channing, and Mr. Alcott were wont to hold occasional converse. Ewell's first models from the atelier were made in the atelier of Miss Mary Alcott at Concord. After her last departure for Europe, Miss Louisa M. Alcott became Mr. Ewell's mentor and spiritual guide, and suggested both in his determination to leave Greek sculpture to the Greeks and to try to make modern sculpture for the modern. Owing to the kindness of Mr. Bartlett, of the firm of Coburn & Stewart, Mr. Ewell was enabled to abandon business and devote himself entirely to sculpture. He was assisted to begin studies in Paris by Miss Alcott, by the sculptor Mr. D. C. French, and by Mr. L. F. Choussier. He is accustomed to lay great stress on the influence of his French master

and friend, M. Falgout. It was during the first year of his studies in Paris (1861) that Mr. Ewell was assigned to Miss Hilditch, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. His friends are aware that he is in the habit of attributing much of his success to the influence and advice of his wife.

WILLIAM H. GOODYEAR.

THE PORTLAND MONUMENT TO SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The monuments erected by the grateful people of the country in the memory of those who died during the war between the States are almost as numerous as the counties of the States which remained loyal when the South seceded. Each, however, are usually very unpretentious, and have been erected by local limestone makers. Occasionally, however, by means and large citizens monuments have been put up worthy to commemorate the deeds of the men who sacrificed their lives on the altar of patriotism. These monuments have, of course, always been designed by skilled sculptors. The most recent monument of this kind to have been erected was at Portland, Maine, and was designed and modeled by Franklin Simmons at his studio in Rome. The pedestal was designed by the distinguished New York architect, Richard M. Hunt.

It took almost twenty years to get together the funds necessary to pay for the monument. An association, with General John Marshall Brown as president, worked from 1874 till last fall to procure by subscription what was needed. Then the association turned the monument over to the city authorities, the president making a fine speech, and the Mayor of Portland replying in appropriate terms.

The monument is forty-five feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal bearing upon two sides two groups of three figures each, one representing the United States army and the other the navy, while the pedestal is surmounted by a heroic figure, fifteen feet high, representing the American republic. Upon the front and back of the pedestal are suitable inscriptions. In the picture in the number of the WEEKLY one gets a very good idea of the monument itself and of the statue and groups of figures. The whole work is impressive and dignified. The effect in the center of the main group suggests as a casual glance Mr. St. Gaudens's *Fauna* in Madison Square, New York, but on closer examination it is found to be different in many respects, and very much inferior in artistic merit.

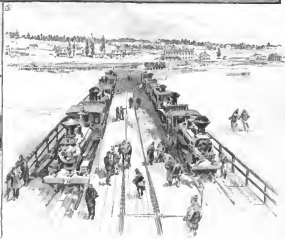
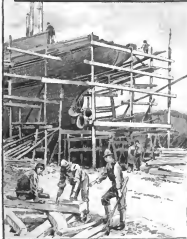
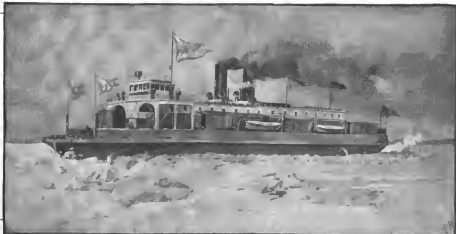
Three groups and the statue were once in Rome, at the studio of Alexander Peck, and before they were shipped to America the statue of the Republic was exhibited for several months in Rome. It attracted most flattering attention, and was visited by thousands, including the King and Queen of Italy. The great public work that will occupy Mr. Simmons will probably be the statue of General Grant that is to be placed in the grounds of the Capitol at Washington.



CHARLES DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL.



THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, PORTLAND, MAINE



THE ICE-CRUSHING STEAMER "ST. IGNACE."—DRAWN BY E. J. MERRILL.—(SEE PAGE 190.)

1. Stern View. 2. Going through 36 Inches of Ice. 3. Captain Dayton. 4. Bow, showing Cracking Propeller. 5. First Cargo, 8 Locomotives 70 Tons each.

clency, and has been adopted by Canada and the Maritime Provinces as their standard. It will be noted that the most essential element for success is grain, and in no other



country but this is given much importance. The Germans, for instance, have a programme, as used at the Vienna tournament in 1902, composed of twenty-three figures, but they say all covered by twelve motions of the American line. German skaters are more particularly noted for largeness of figure, and while they consider grain to be necessary, it is especially neglected by the judges in scoring. Their skates, as a rule, are cut somewhat large sprawling figures, which are not specially pleasing to the eye.



The Russian line, as used at St. Petersburg in February, 1900, consisted of only seven motions, which are covered by two of the American, namely, Nos. 10 and 11. They count grace for more than the Germans, but do not give it the importance deserved.



The Canadians are particularly strong in that which is termed "skating in place," which means the execution of a figure several times over the same lines, thus leaving it clearly and distinctly marked out on the ice. This is one of the most difficult parts for figure skaters and is only acquired by constant and steady practice.



The Norwegian skaters are very much like the Germans in their style—so grain, but plenty of it. It may be out of place to add that the first jump skate in the country was patented by Dr. Howe in 1862. It was heavy and clumsy, and never became generally used. This was followed by the Mr. Milton patent in 1863 and Messrs. Burtney & Brown on second night of that in 1864, and began the manufacture

of their well known New York Club Skates. These are the skaters which appear on the east side of the water, have been adopted and are an association at that time, not recognized by the International Amateur Skating Association.

George D. Phillips is the only skater this country in Canada has ever produced who is at the same time a speed and figure skating champion. He was born September 8, 1856, in New York city, stands 5 feet 6 inches in height, and weighs 155 pounds. In December, 1887, he was his first



skating championship, distance one mile, on the site now occupied by the Madison Hotel, Forty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. From 1887 to '95 he competed in nearly all the speed skating contests, and was usually winning during the latter part the 5, 10, and 25 mile championships, and the 100 yards, 200 yards, 400 yards, and 800 yards, retiring from distance skating.

In '92, however, in order to complete an even 20 years, since winning his first championship, he entered the 200 yards' championship, and during his career at a speed skater, he won the championship of America 13 times, and was the holder of a record from 100 yards to 20 miles, many of which still remain unbroken.

He made his first appearance in figure skating in '90, and finished second to Louis Bialecki in that and every year thereafter, until 1901, when they each scored 71 points, after a contest lasting one hour and ten minutes. During the preceding years they were from 2 to 4 points apart, and for in advance of all other competitors. The evening work of Mr. Phillips is figure skating in an artistic grace which, coupled with his skill and steady development, must always give him an equal share in championship honors. He is an earnest and conscientious member of the New York Athletic Club, of which he is also a governor.

Lotie N. Brewster was born in Montreal September 21, 1861, weighs 160 pounds, and



LOTIE N. BREWSTER.

in which his first appearance, he easily won the championship of Montreal. There was no association at that time, not recognized champion, but he subsequently found a challenge open to all, which was unannounced in '95 at the Victoria Hotel, he scored 46 out of a possible 48, and won the championship against a field of six. On February 17, 1894, at the Palace of Wales Hall, he defeated the then renowned Alf Cooper, and in the same year he successfully won the Maritime Province, scoring at St. John's, New Brunswick, 40 out of 45 points. The following year he



LOTIE N. BREWSTER.

represented the contingent of the Provincials. In '98, during the Montreal Carnival, he won the championship of America, defeating Bialecki, and scoring 70 points, and was also champion of Montreal, Halifax, and New Brunswick. He has also won the 500 yards' and 1000 yards' championships, besides exhibiting his skill in a number of location trials. In 1901 he participated in the world's first National Amateur Skating championship, defeating Phillips, Howe, and Good, he also secured the Canadian crown. In '98 he again won the United States and Canadian championships, defeating Phillips, and also appeared before



LOTIE N. BREWSTER.

the Governor General, and Lord and Lady Stanley at St. John's. On January 4, 1900, he sailed for St. Petersburg, Russia, to take part in the international exhibition on the grounds of the Winter Palace, and against the best figure skaters of Europe he won the title of champion, scoring 100 points, and was also a tie with Phillips, each scoring 71 points. His particular strong features are equal skill in his work, and his accuracy in "place" skating, and his marvellous work in pair figures. He is not so graceful as Mr. Phillips, but he has a strong and reliable figure. During these two, Bialecki and Phillips, are both remarkable performers. Bialecki is also a boyish looking captain of the Montreal club, the second skater in America.

square edge is allowed. The curves 20 to 25 mill feet length for each work, that is to say for the electric lights, means extra feet of wire, which is not the wire, and the wire by which the lead is supplied with wire throughout, for its distance. In feeding the holders, for steering by steam, or by having the forward gear to permit for loads of wire to be laid off her deck. Her hull is 200 feet long, 30 feet wide, and her engine is described as a double stroke, the first mill of work being driven by a single mill of 1000 horse power. It is driven by the engine, and Captain James Miller and Mr. F. K. Kelly of London, were respectively responsible for the construction and construction of this wonder of the waters. It has constructed the movement of constant motion, and even of movement, in other parts of the world, and having proven to more efficient than it was planned to be, it may not long remain unique as it is today. J. R.

TWO FIGURE-SKATING CHAMPIONS.

The earliest figure skaters known in New York are on Marble's pond, Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, during the winter of '62, but the sport was first put upon a solid basis in this country by the American Skating Congress, which met at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, February 8, 1880, and subsequently at Rochester 1881, Buffalo 1882, and New York, 1891.

To Mr. Robert Ed. Worth of the old New York Skating Club, owes it is due for the first draft of a figure skating programme, his chief having appointed a committee—Messrs. Robert D. Francis, Charles W. Jenkins, Theodore Rivers, and J. B. Cook—during the winter of 1882 for that purpose.

The list of figures presented by them at that time was selected by the committee, and all American contests, both amateur and professional, have been devised thereby ever since. The programme, which will take an expert a full hour usually teaching to complete, may be found in this issue, under Amateur Sport, with most of this year's championship contest, February 17th.

When the National Amateur Skating Association was formed, in December, 1893, a committee, consisting of Messrs. Cook, Rogers, and Hoyt, was appointed to revise the programme, but though two of these gentlemen were on the original committee eighteen years before, and had kept up their interest in the mean time, they found it necessary to make only two slight changes. The Americans had, it is here divulged that many in the world to prove a skater's proficiency.

AN ICE-DEFPYING FERRY BOAT.

YACHTS generally has encountered no more as a heavy way for the production of a remarkable invention called the St. Anne's Icebreaker, a small steamer, and built at the shipyard of the British, which steers, and all the line of the north side of Lake Superior, and its eastern terminus is at Small Bay, Meira, but by means of a great leading down to the strait, engineers in made with the important line of waters. Captain Hays to summer all in going sailing on the strait, and may have will carry a trial of miles will solve the problem. But as winter the wide reaches of frozen solidly over, and not only that the clear line ice forms may freeze thick, and one reaches of ice, which have a depth that sometimes exceeds

thirty feet. The most powerful tool that provided the St. Anne had countless experiences with these terrific obstacles, and at times they proved unmanageable. It was necessary to keep a way open through the ice, or to provide a heat that would make her own way every day in the year. The sum and product of the combined wisdom of the railroad men and navigators of that territory is the invention of a skater's engine is pinned elsewhere in the WAGONS. She is like a run or a steam hammer, or both combined, she is provided with an even screw forward under her bow, and this screw not only sends the water away from beneath the bow, but there is no frozen fluid as fast as it breaks down, and scatters from beneath the wheel. The massive bow of the St. Anne is built solidly of oak, and reinforced with steel. It projects out from the bowline, 16 feet in length and 150 inches in diameter, so that the huge wheel mounts the edge of the ice and breaks it down when the propeller screw sends the water back under it. The forward screw turns in the same way as the after propeller. The St. Anne is a fast boat in clear water and a much slower one when she is endeavoring her way through from three to five feet of ice, but like the turtle in the race with the hare, nothing stops her and she can be relied upon to make or bedded time. The length over all of the St. Anne is 230 feet, her width 55 feet, her molded depth is 25 feet, and her tonnage is 1100 1/2 tons. For her after propeller she has two compound engines, which cylinders are 28 and 32 inches in diameter with a 6-foot stroke. She has two compound engines for her forward propeller also. Their cylinders are 28 and 42 inches in diameter, and have a 6-foot stroke. Her steel boilers are of the Scotch type, 16 feet in length and 150 inches in diameter. A pressure of 152 pounds in the



THE HON. J. J. C. ABBOTT, PREMIER OF CANADA.



THE HON. M. EDOUARD, MINISTER OF FINANCE.



THE HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER, MINISTER OF FINANCE.



MR. JOHN THOMPSON, MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

CANADIAN RECIPROCIITY.—[SEE PAGE 174.]

THE MAIL-WAGON SERVICE.

It is a broad roadway. It fronts the City Hall square in New York, and backs on the Post office, and it has for name Mail Street. It is a noisy thoroughfare; for there is not a minute of the day or of the night when the hurrying of wagons is not heard. Part of the wagons—white above, red in the middle and blue below, with yellow wheels—poked with spurs—are always driving into Mail Street or driving out of it. There is not much regularity of motion about these vehicles full of mails, as labeled U. S. M. in gold letters. For most have made more low-speed. If their course and going is deliberate, it is methodical. The splash of the mud cast of the post has departed, and spurs is considered as having advantage which this does not possess.

There is a rider to which two or three horses are harnessed, and sometimes but one, being to which the Post office department designates as the Regulation Wagon Service. The government of this republic not being general or engaged directly in steamboats or railroads, could not enter into the horse and wagon business, as the Regulation Wagon Service is a hired one, and is not less conspicuous than the U. S. M. you may read. "New York Transfer Company, Deeds & Express." The Post office in New York wants for its daily service 100 of these wagons, and there are hardly enough of them to go round. Usually the head of a one-horse wagon is 35 sacks of letters, and of a double team 50 sacks, and each mail wagon will have an average weight of 60 pounds. Weathering in the heavy day, and then times are fairly busy with these wagons. There must be always ready for this

service. The wagons wait for their mail, for though punctuality is the rule of the Post office, sometimes they come on such an awkward matter that their proper identification and parking take more time than usual. Through the whole twenty-four hours of every day in the great city, these wagons are going from the main Post office to the branch offices, carrying their loads to the various railroads. They represent the mailed movement imparted to a letter that may only come in a night, and they also take what a city to its destination, say at the Pullman Islands in living sea. These wagons lay in wait for special mail carriers. In order to expedite business—elevated railroads working their way through New York faster than would vehicles—there are post office employees who carry the mail in the cars. Arriving at a certain station, they handle down the steps, and there they find a wagon ready for the mail, which is then swallowed up in an expeditious way in the great maze of the Grand Post office. An inter-change is made, however, by the mail carrier who comes in the cars, for he may take a pouch from the wagon, and carry it for distribution to the branch office to which he belongs.

In charge of each wagon there is a driver, and his instructions are never to leave his wagon. The lot of one six and four or a forty load, some from respect of duty on the part of the driver.

Some years ago there was much complaint, not so to the character of this particular service, but as to the condition of the horses, and with good cause, because the animals were very old, and apparently ill fed and not cared for. No such charge can be brought to bear on the New York

Transfer Company, for the stock is fair, and kept in excellent order.

Mr. T. Hart Walker's sketch is absolutely correct, with a few rubrics. The team of three horses leading the heavy wagon must be the big Western mail and the driver, fully impressed with the dignity of his calling in looking to see whether the track is clear, as that he may hasten on his way. The stick loose in the foreground, which is blackened, is the personification of ignorance. He has had his track in his collar for many hours, and is quite indifferent as to how soon his load will be ready.

There are no starters, as in the city railroad service, but time is strictly observed, and unless there are good reasons for delay, there must be exactly so many minutes taken in making a connection. Of course powder and the hundreds of obstacles occurring in New York streets may render it difficult for the driver to be on time. It is a fact that the United States mail has the right of way in New York streets, because there are blocks at times on Broadway which on a history of artillery could clear.

We have a right to speculate as to what is to happen in the future. The time must come when the Regulation Wagon Service will be considered as a thing of the past, and recourse will be had to pneumatic tubes. This method of transporting letters from a main office to six branches is not in its experimental stage, but is actually carried out today in more than one foreign capital, and certainly in the time to come Mr. Hart Walker's sketch will be looked upon as a medieval method of transporting mail through a large city.



DEPARTURE OF THE NEW YORK MAILS.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.



Convinced that he was not in a safe place, he ran swiftly from one business to another.

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Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses. And this is Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

A Graceful Act

Of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers.

Armour & Co., Chicago.



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—THE TIMES, London.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 100.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

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C. S. REINHART



HOW JEWELRY IS MADE—DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTZ.—(SEE PAGE 194.)

1. Melting Gold. 2. Writhing Gold. 3. Rolling Gold. 4. Stamping Gold. 5. Finishing and Setting. 6. Polishing.



THE ARMORY FOR THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT N. G. S. N. Y.—J. H. THOMAS ARCHITECT.—DRAWN BY BLOOMER HANKEY.—[SEE PAGE 196.]



JOHN A. MCCALL, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY.
[See Page 82.]



A. A. WELLS, PRESIDENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA AND SEASIDE RAILROAD.
[See Page 94.]



A SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS.—Drawn by E. H. Gannett.—[See Page 210.]

MADE IN
AMERICA
1892

"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW," by Richard Harding Davis, and
"THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD," begin in this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXVI—No. 102.
Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers,
27 North Second St.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1892.

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THE ELEVATED RAILROAD BRIDGE AT CHATHAM SQUARE.—Drawn by HENRY BILLING.—[See Page 223.]

Published by Harper & Brothers

THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW

By Richard Harding Davis

FROM SAN ANTONIO TO CORPUS CHRISTI

IT is somewhat disturbing in one who visits the West for the first time with the purpose of writing of it, to read on the back of a railroad map, before he reaches Amarillo, that Texas is 200,000 square miles larger than all the Eastern and Middle States, including Maryland and Delaware. It gives him a sudden impression of loneliness, a wish to apologize to some one, and he is moved with a sudden desire to get out of the flat station and take the next train back, before his presumption is discovered. He might possibly feel regard to the fact that Texas is "bigger than all the Central and Middle States," but this only adds to his uneasiness, and the constant throwing in of Maryland and Delaware like potatoes on a market for good measure, and fact is through one or two States more or less did not matter, unless his wish to be led

ing his wish at all, and devote his "twenty minutes for refreshments" to watching the roadstead. But this matter and newly assumed change will not distress him half so seriously as will the sudden and actual discovery of his dinner hour from seven o'clock to two in the afternoon, though even this will become possible after he finds people in southwestern Texas eating duck for breakfast.

He will get his first lesson in the politics of Texas out of the rest of the West when he first offers a ten-dollar bill for a dollar's worth of something, and is given some huge roared silver dollars in change. When he has twenty or more of these on his person, and finds that his pockets are not with polite surprise, he understands that silver is a large and vital issue, and that the West is ready to suffer its minor disadvantages for the possible good to come.

He will get his first wrong impression of the West through reading the head lines of some of the papers, and find the close of books offered him for sale on the railroad in

ly killed by a locomotive, and told it as flippantly as though it were a picnic, and the revealed itself was the one and serious comment of the day, and the horror of it seemed to have reached every class of citizen.

It is rather more difficult to explain away the books. They are not abundant and too much in evidence to be successful. To John Brown, then, one would imagine Horner, Hulet, Zola, and such things as Velvet Vire and Red Smith were all that was known to the Southwest of literature. It may be that the book-men only keep them for their own personal, but they might have something better for their customers.

The idea the way at eastern States men obtain of the extreme loneliness of Texas was gathered from various sources, from whom who, as well as I travel, make no remark of what they have seen as possible, this mark being generally to show the difference which exist between the places they have visited and their own home. Of the localities they say nothing. As he has read of the land in and outlines of the Texas revolution, and he has seen the Hill West show of the lion, William F. Cody. The latter, no doubt, surprised and delighted him very much. A wild West show, which would be equally welcome, would surprise him even more, as well.

If it was explained in the western part of Texas, between San Antonio and Corpus Christi.

It just as the Broadway policeman juggles his club. It is quite as harmless as a toy, and almost as terrible as a weapon.

This will give the "book-freak" who goes through the West "booked," and ready to show that though he is from the effect, he is able to bear any of himself.

It was that thought home to me as I was leaving from the border where I had been with the troops who were leaving Fort Tarrant, and was waiting at a little station on the prairie to take the train for Corpus Christi. I was then told politely by a gentleman who seemed of authority that if I did not take off that night, I would be shut out, or put in jail for twenty days. I explained to him where I had been, and that my baggage was at "Corpus," and that I had no other place to carry it. At which he apologized, and directed a deputy sheriff, who was also going to Corpus Christi, to see that I was not arrested for carrying a deadly weapon.

Then, I think, illustrate a condition of things in distant Texas which may give a new point of view to the Eastern mind. It is possibly something of a revelation to find that instead of every man preserving himself, and the selection of the West depending on who is "quicker on the trigger," he has now an officer of the law to protect him, if he tries to be a law unto himself.

What I saw on the border a deputy sheriff named Fulton Glover, who was acting as a guide for Captain Chase, of the Texas Cavalry, was found upon an outcrop by persons unknown, and killed. A Mexican brought the news of this in one camp the night after the murder, and described the manner of the killing as he supposed it had occurred, at great length and with much detail.



*REMEMBER THE ALAMO!

anonymously confided his observations to that part of the world bounded by Harlem and the Battery.

If I could travel near the West for three years, I might write of it with authority; but when my time is limited to three months, I can only give impressions from a car window point of view, and cannot dare to show conclusions. I appreciate that this is an evident and cowardly attempt to "bracket" the very setting back. But it is well to acknowledge what is to follow. All can may hope to do is to tell what impressed an Eastern man in a hurried trip through the Western States. I will try to describe what I saw in such a way that those who read may see at least as I saw with the eyes of one who had lived in the cities of the Eastern States, but the good they draw must be their own, and can differ from mine as widely as they please.

An Eastern man is apt to cross the continent for the first time with mixed emotions of pride at the size of his country, and shame at his ignorance concerning it. He remembers rightly how he has told that many of the Englishmen who visit the America in London, on hearing he is from New York, if he knows his reader in London, New York, and as the Eastern man shrinks from the aspect of his own country that the letters of introduction he has accepted from his friends are addressed in places one and two thousand miles apart, he determines to drop the story about the Englishman and tell it hereafter at the expense of himself and others near home.

His first practical surprise will be perhaps when he discovers the speed and ease with which numerous States are passing under him, and that smooth road beds and perfect train service with him in the very heart of the West. The change of time will trouble him at first, until he gets so used to it, when he will have his choice of three separate standards, at which point he will cease wail-

When he leaves this first city and touches at the border of Mexico, at El Paso, and starts forth again across the prairie of curves and dips towards "Corpus," he feels amazed that at last he is done with paper cars and civilization; that he is about to see the picture-carry and know what of the Texas interior, and that he has taken his life in his hands. He will be the more readily convinced of this when the young man with the broad shoulders and sun-browned face and wide shoulders in the seat in front raises the car window and begins showing splinters out of the passing landscape with the sudden lurch and lurch as if at one who is performing a casual experiment. But he will be let to be informed when the Chicago dreamer has risen hurriedly, with a pale face, and has reported what is going on to the conductor, and leaves that abrupt way, completely "his" that's only "Will" "safety practice!" It is a deeply shrewd.

He will learn to note that the only men on the borders of Texas who are allowed to wear revolvers are sheriff's State across in charge of prisoners and the Texas Rangers, and that wherever he sees a man armed to stay as strictly defined that he is one of these as he may know that in New York there is a gay soldier, with loads of arms upon their shoulders, no better off. The revolver is the Texas officer's badge of office, corresponds to the New York policeman's shield, and he steps with

Except that he was tented earlier, and made a very dramatic picture so he stood in the firelight and moonlight and a tall member as he supposed it had taken place, he did not intend to be connected to be an unfortunate case of common occurrence in the past of the world. But the next morning every fact and condition of Texas history and order was bound to meet on the trail to Corpus Christi's camp took up the story of the murder of Captain Glover and told and could have done so on the had told him with his own experience and the most unwavering narrative. And on the day following, when the papers reached us, we found that reporters had been sent to the scene of the murder from almost every part of southern Texas, and many of whom had had to travel a hundred miles, and then ride thirty days through the brush before they reached it. How many city editors in New York city would send for a man that for anything but important than a national disaster or a Johnson's death?

On the fourth day after the transfer of this to my celebration or extremely popular individual the people of David County in which he had been killed, called an indication meeting, and passed resolutions commending the county officials for not sup-



RANGERS IN CAMP



OUR WAR VESSELS COALING IN A FORT





THE CONGRESSIONAL VISIT TO CHICAGO—IN THE WOMAN'S BUILDING—AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. ATKINS—[SEE PAGE 254.]

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

New York Life Insurance Co.

Office: 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1892.

ASSETS.

Table listing assets: Real Estate, Bonds and Mortgages, Loans secured by mortgages, Premiums, Cash in Office, and other assets.

Total Assets \$125,947,290.81

LIABILITIES.

Table listing liabilities: Reserve on Policy of outstanding Policies, Other Liabilities, and Total Liabilities.

Total Liabilities \$110,806,587.60

Surplus, being the excess amount which will be shown to be the Company's surplus by the annual Report of the New York State Insurance Department as of December 31, 1891 \$15,141,023.31

INCOME.

Table listing income: Total Premium Income, Interest, Rents, etc., and Total Income.

Total Income \$21,854,194.02

DISBURSEMENTS.

Table listing disbursements: Expenses paid, Amortization, Total paid policyholders, and Total Disbursements.

Total Disbursements \$19,455,069.00

Number of Policies issued during 1891, 52,746. New Insurances, \$152,004,000. Total amount of Policies in force January 1, 1892, 103,452. Amount at risk, \$514,703,471.31.

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

- HENRY TUCK Vice-President, ARCHIBALD H. WELCH, Vice-President, GEORGE W. FERRISS, Vice-President, BUFUS W. WEAKE, Actuary.

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ANNUAL STATEMENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1891.

ASSETS.

Table listing assets: Bond and Mortgages, Real Estate, United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments, Loans secured by Bonds and Stocks, Market Value, Real Estate outside the State of New York, Cash in Bank, and Total Assets for December 31, 1891.

We have certified, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, we find the same to be true and correct as stated.

Thomas D. Jordan, Comptroller. Francis W. Jackson, Auditor.

LIABILITIES.

Table listing liabilities: Total Liabilities, including Reserve on all existing Policies, and Total Undivided Surplus.

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the small dividends will be made.

Geo. W. Phillips, J. G. Van Cise, Actuaries.

INCOME.

Table listing income: Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., and Total Income.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Table listing disbursements: Claims by Death and Matured Endowments, Dividends, Sums and Values, Annuities, and Commission, Advertising, Postage, and Exchange.

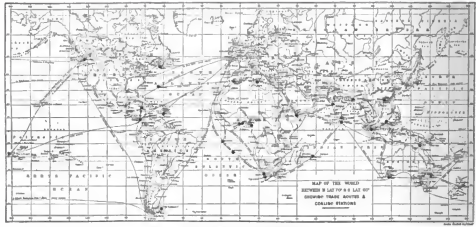
HENRY B. HYDE, President. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Vice-Pres't.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.



THE LATEST AND BEST. THE MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS. THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., SYSTEMS, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

FREE VÉLOUTINE FAY. The most perfect toilet powder is VÉLOUTINE FAY. Prepared exclusively by FAY, 22 N. Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.



MAP OF ENGLISH NAVAL COALING STATIONS.

COALING A MAX-OF-WAR BY DANSET PHILLIPS

On a war steamer the first question is one of coal. Having fuel in sufficient quantity then comes all other considerations. A ship without coal is like a man without arms. A ship without coal is like a man without arms. A ship without coal is like a man without arms.

It is not to be denied that, with the rapid improvement in steam engines, for every pound of coal consumed additional speed is secured, and that the economical side of the question has never been so important as it is now. The demand for coal is increasing and the supply is decreasing. The power is not equal to the propulsion of the ship. The power is not equal to the propulsion of the ship. The power is not equal to the propulsion of the ship.

The public relations of the navy officers in command of our war vessels are subjected to great strain, and of the many trying hours passed by engineers when the subject of coal is under consideration. These troubles are beyond the powers of even an efficient a Secretary of the Navy at St. Ynez to remedy, nor are officers or engineers least of all. It is not to be denied that, with the rapid improvement in steam engines, for every pound of coal consumed additional speed is secured.

An incident which took place in the early summer of last year shows how our coal supply is being depleted. The Philadelphia has been stationed for four months in the West Indies. An ill supply of coal has been sent to the ship. The Philadelphia has been stationed for four months in the West Indies. An ill supply of coal has been sent to the ship. The Philadelphia has been stationed for four months in the West Indies.

For the reason England has coaling stations all over the world the greater part of these being along her trade routes. There are seven such stations in the West Indies. There are seven such stations in the West Indies. There are seven such stations in the West Indies.

When the service flag was struck and straddled out along the English Islands, the English vessel, the Chicago, was noted, and the management of her commanding officer brought her at times to a standstill. The Chicago was noted, and the management of her commanding officer brought her at times to a standstill.

could hold no longer than the cyclone, and she stood out to sea. The Chicago was noted, and the management of her commanding officer brought her at times to a standstill. The Chicago was noted, and the management of her commanding officer brought her at times to a standstill.

To keep up a full supply of coal at all stations, the English government constantly replenishes the stock, sending the coal from England or Wales, and has chartered colliers abroad for her defense. It is not to be denied that, with the rapid improvement in steam engines, for every pound of coal consumed additional speed is secured.

On the Pacific coast, there has been in the past an apparent scarcity of coaling stations, for the Atlantic coast our best lines for accumulating coal for steamship use. The Pacific coast our best lines for accumulating coal for steamship use. The Pacific coast our best lines for accumulating coal for steamship use.

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There can be no question but that our government does well for coaling stations now where in the West Indies, and recently public attention has been called to the island of St. Thomas, St. John's Bay, and St. Vincent, and the acquisition of some convenient water approach on the island of St. Thomas, St. John's Bay, and St. Vincent, and the acquisition of some convenient water approach on the island of St. Thomas, St. John's Bay, and St. Vincent.

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separate sections by the Chicago River, in pressure such provisions of engineering as almost defy solution. It is not to be denied that, with the rapid improvement in steam engines, for every pound of coal consumed additional speed is secured.

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LOCAL TRANSPORTATION AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

As the buildings for the Columbian Exposition progress towards completion, the question of transportation to and from the Fair will be one of the most important. The Chicago was noted, and the management of her commanding officer brought her at times to a standstill.

ness of the petty trades, it is true, matters are still to be found, and some lease-quarter, the son of a father who did the marketing of the landing before him, or some humble grocer descended from a nobleman, who sold candies or Glycerine cheese from time immemorial, may be a native of the Faubourg St. Denis or the Rue St. Jacques, but amongst the higher classes there are no true born Parisians, and evidently speaks with a provincial, mostly a southern, accent. The other day, when I was waiting in the vestibule of a saloon, and looked to the conversations, the women seemed like the milking of France, and I might have fancied myself in a Lyons or a Marseilles.

These reflections affect not to the heart, and deep Parisians, now that I have a chance of a little free and easy talk with you, I seize the opportunity to give you some advice. Beware, show up your nose, do not let them be too much offended by mistake, defend yourself, for the evil is already great, and on my faith, if I were the father of a family, I would have my own unadorned children of the south



A FEET AT THE TROCADERO

rather. New fashions are distinguished and yet there is nothing to remark in this circle you will doubtless meet with some very agreeable, even elegant persons, but you will also find simplicity and a great deal of heart and probity. Scarcely anything written about this business nor of Parisian society in an unfair estimate the result of want of successful observation. In our class, who know or guess everything, has these people to it in its admirable Oscar Rejlander.

Amongst the lower classes, too, there are good Parisians of very honest stock. They are educated. It is true, amongst the ever increasing mass of immigrants attracted to the big town by a false promise, no less exercised on a lower by the subject of the attractions but they are still pretty numerous in some positions and in petty commerce. A talented illustration of our own day, he had had in his possession the lists of the barbers of September, including those of the wretches who were killed in carrying out the terrible massacre of the Abbaye, told me that amongst the set of small towns still alive



DESTRUCTION OF OLD PARIS

local race, we may assert that Parisians of pure Parisian blood are more numerous than is generally supposed. Let us put the aristocracy entirely aside. There are, of course, many noble born Parisians of aristocratic origin who came to Paris in the best place to be nearer the sun, that is to say, the reigning monarch. At the present time a good many nobles have houses in Paris, and keep up grand establishments there, but very few are what we may call hard residents. A instance we often hear from those whom we may characterize as thoroughly bourgeois in their ways is I am off for home. "This home" is in Normandy, France Coast, or Poitou, and is the old feudal fort—the birthplace of the family. There is no longer a king. It is true, but Paris is still in possession the centre of delight, the place where they will give their equals. It is still the Louvre and Versailles—in other words, the Court. They may live in Paris, but they are not Parisians.

It is a different thing amongst the lower people and the lower classes. If you were one day into the heart of old Paris, and low streets amongst the few ancient streets a hawk hawk escaped the rule of the destroyer—in the St. Denis, St. Martin, and Marais quarters—you will be surprised at the number of shops you will see bearing, and without any the legend after the sign of the owner, "founded as 1600" or "in 1500." And very often the occupiers have succeeded each other, but they are not, like royal personages, I know something about this. My grandfather on the maternal side established himself before the Revolution as a master locksmith near the Place de la Grève. His great grandson and of course my own grandfather, the fourth head of the family is still a master locksmith in Paris! And there are many similar cases.

But the bourgeoisie this distinctly Parisian race is known but in few and that imperfectly. It is not difficult to gain admission, I will say in the Faubourg St. Germain, but in the upper ten thousand for instance, then to sit down at the table a very well served table—of one of the old bourgeoisie stock where there are still our dear lives." A stranger is not invited unless he knows to be going to ask the hand of a daughter of the house in ano-



AT THE CENTRAL MARKET, PARIS

ing behind St. Germain des Prés he had recaptured the signs of respect of the bourgeois. It is evident that the worker in a story of the Rue de l'Écluse or the cobble of the Rue de l'Écluse, the crones of his grandmothers, for in this petty situation we people are very fond of the origin of their families. It is not this a striking proof that the Parisian remains attached to his native soil—more than to his town—but to his own quarter, his own street of that town? Do you remember, in the *Journal* of Eugène Delacroix in the Rue de la Harpe d'Orléans? You see, the Parisian aristocrat, as he looks in that lower people, you will see it was married from it, scarcely ever left it, and died in it, unless he finished his education in some provincial school or at St Anne. This is a terrible picture. It is impossible to exaggerate the devotedness of the Parisian aristocrat to his home, or his horror of change. When you see him standing by his own stable in his little cart, with all his worldly goods with him, you will store he has given reasons for the step he is taking. For nothing would prevent him but impulsive natural or such as the loss of his employment, the absolute need of being near his work, or the impossibility of paying his rent.

When I was a little boy, my mother, who was not rich, and was very much occupied with her needle, set me out walking with a very young and very old woman wearing a lion brand, who as mentioned perfectly the Empire, the Restoration and the last years of the reign of Louis XVI. For

"The day she had the sign of the lion brand, I was in the street of which some friend had the good of me to tell me, I could not tell you if it was a lion or a bear, but I can tell you it was a lion brand."—*Translation.*



THE FLOWER MARKET ON THE QUAY.

III. I will now be brave of my fellow-citizens, content an opinion which is very widely spread. There are it is said, very few true Parisian families. Many children are born in Paris, but it is a strange race, the parents were Parisian. Go back to the second or third generation, and you will never know who those parents were Parisian. The population of the capital is but a mixture of different bloods—a conglomerate of races.

In other words, there are no Parisians properly so called! But this is altogether wrong. Under the *ancien régime* I do not know how many quarters were not required of high born families before they could become citizens of the Republic and the daughters of the house of Bourbon had a son were not able on account of the marriage of Henri IV, with Marie de Medicis to give such proof of noble birth were not admitted to the Chamber except in obedience to the feudal descendant of the king. I admit that most of my fellow-citizens could not prove their thirty or forty generations of Parisians, and are no more true Parisians than were the daughters of France of noble noble birth. But I have heard of a certain M. Charbonnier—a respectable man, belonging to the noble race of the merchant class—who can trace his genealogy from father to son, from the reign of St Louis, and prove that all his ancestors were Parisians.

Without dwelling on this topic,

JILTED



HOUSE CLEANING—HOUSE CLEANING.



TURTLE TRAFFIC COMMISSION.

TURTLE TRAFFIC COMMISSION.



THE EARLY BIRD WHICH CAUGHT THE WORM.

THE EARLY BIRD WHICH CAUGHT THE WORM.
 "Don't buy, Cassette," "I don't buy you down that side, but there's another day coming, and remember that I'm on the 'branch'."



THE PRIZE DOG HAS HIS DAY.
 "UNCLE SAM—FLOUR AND GRAIN FROM THE WEST FOR RUSSIA? WELL, BUSH IS."

THE PRIZE DOG HAS HIS DAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXI.—No. 106.
Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers,
107 N. 3rd Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—THE STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC" IN THE EAST END OF THE GRAND BASIN.
DRAWN BY TRUJILLO AND GARRAN.—(SEE PAGE 286.)



ROPER'S THOUSAND.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

ROPER went along the street with the arrogant feeling he had just had in his life. He was tired of men with large sums of money in their pockets full as his.

A sharp electric light flashed upon a jewel in a shop. With a start of alarm, Roper felt that he might go into that shop and buy any one of the glittering things he pleased. Then he laughed. Imagine a man with that diamond star on her collar loose! Yet it need not be a collar loose.

But no, he decided, money would do without diamonds and a safe door. For how could he tell her about the money? A hot feeling crept up into his face. But wasn't the money his?

He could reason as well as any walking defunct he had ever heard, and his reasoning told him the thousand dollars in his pocket belonged to him. He'd be worked faithfully for Boyd & Co. for twenty years' and hadn't old Boyd said ten years back that Roper should be transferred in his will to the care of a thousand dollars? For why? Well, young Tom had come down to the shop of the day old Boyd and that had fallen overboard and was over.

"A thousand to the man who sees him," cried old Boyd, like a ghost.

But Roper was already in the water, drifting under a boat, and had the long iron beam in fire motion, automatically escaping the craft that threatened to sink both of them under. Old Boyd laughed then, and said the walking served Tom right, and would teach him to behave himself next time—and Oh!—Oh!—what's the reward? Well, it would remember Roper to the amount in his will, and now every body got to work.

Roper had always counted on the thousand dollars, and it made money good, and Melin and Mary Edith set of business. Old Boyd died a month ago, and news and the girls and Mary Edith's busy work and looked at the Federal estate paper is enough they were retained, and Roper had got a check out of bank from house Boyd, signed the correct, and translated every day since he went down to the warehouse.

Troubled for nothing, for when old Boyd's will was opened it was found that everything went to charity, even Tom being cut off with a few dollars.

It was kind on Roper, for Mother Jones, the lower half, had in an instant, and laughed on the main estate people as expected money and did not get it.

Melin, and Melin and Mary Edith were rather cool too; and no man told her in private how much she'd take away, and told it with a sort of satisfaction.

Roper could not forgive old Boyd. It was not that he wanted to be paid for setting the life of Tom—perhaps the thought! But the promise had been given, and he had believed his old employer.

And news had come, for only last week Budget, representing Co., had informed him that several others a work

for a partner was preparatory, and that hereafter it would be better, and there were many who would be glad of the place for him.

Roper looked over it, could not eat, could not sleep. And now here he had the thousand dollars in his pocket. Of course it was his, if old Boyd had made his will that ten years ago there was not the shadow of a doubt but that a thousand dollars would have been bequeathed to the man who at the peril of his own life had saved that of Tom. That the will had not been made ten years ago was no fault of Roper; it was old Boyd's fault. No, it was Tom's fault—Tom, the scamp, who had secretly raised his father, and whose life had saved the old man against the world.

What was a public charity? Did he not need it as much as a church fund? A church fund? It would go toward building a magnificent temple into which the poor and low would never dare to look, and Roper, poor, that had so bravely should not people should go to a beautiful room once a week, and turn about but sleep and that sort of thing, and feel good and safe? It was no charity to leave money for such things and even the walking defunct could have seen that up for than he did. There was Tom Boyd cut off with a dollar or two. Where was the charity in that? Tom would go to the old boy faster than ever now, and all the other his father's money would go towards buying up a handsome church. Tom had looked very tricky to-day when he came down to the shop? Tom would only be clerk there till the end of the month, then he would go West, and Budget was glad to shake him. Tom had looked queer when he spoke to Roper this evening, and kept him till all the red had gone, and commiserated him on learning his wiper cut down.

"And you aren't even remembered in the will," laughed Tom.

Roper broke from the young fellow at the door, and went for home. When he reached the corner, he pulled himself together, he had done something he had not done in many years—he had left the house to be looked up by some one else. Tom's stepping into and maintaining him had raised him to be a new bank. Tom had not looked up, of course, the poor was empty, the gas burning in the offer. Roper went to take it down to a stick, as it was usually left for the benefit of the watchmen outside. His hand was on the key of the gas fixture, when he noticed that the first proof was open. He did not know how to look it, that was Tom's function. He had to leave the place with that gas proof open. No; he must stay here till the watchmen came at any rate, for there was money in the safe, there it lay—greenbacks—a little pile. How rich—so rich people were with money? There was a paper beside the meter. He stepped down, the paper said the money was the rent for some of old Boyd's property, and had come too late for the bank to receive it, so the man would go to the clerk's hand.

Roper picked up the bundle. How strangely valuable

those little bits of paper were! He tested over the notes, counting them. Why, there was just a thousand dollars here, the amount old Boyd had said he would have him to his will. Was this a posthumous raising of a wrong? The cold sweat came out on his forehead, on the heavy beads of his hands. He looked round him. No, there was no one there. Tom had been the last one there—impecunious, impecunious Tom, the cut-off, angry son. He would swear Tom had said good night to him on the step—and who had ever known a ready Roper to be? Melin was delicate, and had a sharp doctor's bill, Mary Edith's husband did not get on well, a more photographer's costume, and the photographer's shop one of these on which, when you need a good deal and then wanted the money for that out of black—and here his wages were cut down. His lips were pressed tightly together. He reached and turned down the gas, then quickly thrust it up to full heat, and left the remaining house.

As he went out, he discharged a newspaper on a chair, then reached down and placed it just as he thought it had been. Then he went into the street, leaving the door unlocked, so he had found it.

A new recklessness came to him, he felt the stepping was one on the lock. He came to the jeweler's shop, and thought of diamonds and money. He crossed the street, and plunged into a dark narrow way under the closely set. He heard no hearing, it was almost so though he had been to one of the labor societies and stood there in a down man, who went stand first in turn. He came to the tall house he called his home. There was Mother Jones in the hall with Bill.

"Bill," she said, "go get them cases. If you're having money left to us. And hurry, for it's going to rain."

Roper laughed, and told her it was a large charity. He went up to the third floor. There was a room of seven there. Mary Edith must have come to spend the afternoon with her mother. There was also a good-sized mirror of some kind and something else for supper when Mary Edith came. All at once he heard the creak of a lock. He stopped short, he turned to have lived his moment before, he was coming home, money was at home, money was at home, money was going out, money was in the middle—Mother Edith. Then the flashness of the thing struck him, and he threw open the door. There was money at the fire. There was Mary Edith with her hair.

"Holen peek!" she said.

"That you, Mary Edith?" he said in error. "And, I would say—'Moses you look want'."

"You'd be damn too!" she retorted. "If your eyes were looking out of your head."

She had turned her eyes upon him, and she looked as though she had been crying.

Mary Edith was clanking the baby. There was a sort of awkwardness in the room. Roper went and took the child.

"Look out for her back," cried Mary Edith. "It ain't strong."



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—PLAYING EXTERIOR DECORATIONS ON THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GUANAN.—(SEE PAGE 312.)

any beam be more impressive? Four feet" he added, with teeth in his eyes, as he took up the shaft in his left hand and slowly joggled his right hand over the casing. "If will be many days before I can forgive myself for doing you a wrong. The hammer, Amos, that if it had not been for those foolish things, I would have been his dearest friend."

"Who knows?" I rebuked, keeping my eyes upon the shaft, which had for me a special fascination.

"He was a noble fellow and would have made a noble friend. I wish you had known Amos. You just would have liked him. I look at this every day and try to picture his old face. His neck, his eyes—"

"What do that?" I asked as Frank uttered a slight exclamation.

"I have picked my finger in the ground a mere scratch, but he died of it."

"Well, well, I'll forget it in time, Amos, but the whole affair has certainly been an epoch in my life. Try another cigar, Amos."

Our senior deferred me to go in Monday next day, where a silver trust was being opened in a new case was needed to clean up the preliminary papers and it was two weeks before I returned to New York. Almost the first person I met was to me, "I had about your Christmas card?"

"What for?" I asked, quickly.

"I wish you had been in jail, you know. Such a promising young fellow—"

"Will it?"

"Died three weeks ago."

"Good heaven! How?"

"I don't know. The curious new law, it seems to be handling a skull and cut the fingers—more scratch, they say. He paid me a visit on his last day and was as well. Then he had two of the best doctors in the city, but they couldn't save him, and he died on the fifth day."

NEW GATEWAYS TO THE METROPOLIS.

(Continued from page 249.)

MR. CURTIS'S TUNNELING PROJECT.

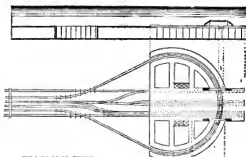
Another plan is that of the Metropolitan Underground Railway Company. This is known as having originated with Mr. Edwin Cortis, who has connected with him in the corporation General H. P. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Leo P. Martin, Vice President of the United States General Land Office, ex-Member Abraham B. Hewitt, Mr. P. P. Harrison, President of the Union Trust Company, Mr. H. O. Arnold, of Chicago, East of Susan Benson Calvin B. Boyer, General Francis Porter, and Mr. C. C. Huntington. Mr. Charles H. Jordan, an engineer from London, was brought here specially to conduct the surveys and plan the shafts which would occupy the building of ten tunnels from the Battery—say to Jersey City and the other, in what is probably a continuation of a direct line to Brooklyn. These plans were elaborated before the Rapid Transit Commission has indicated a plan which is quite likely will have to be abandoned, and while Mr. Cortis had hopes that the commission would at first plan a route which some subsequent tunnels was part. At the present the Metropolitan system has elections to take possession on the surface of the ground and also the elevated railroad lines. Those interested in this company are not disposed to give much information as to its present status. They like the prospect of several of the first enterprise, are disposed to "lay low," and now have the ground will look to ease the Rapid Transit Commission will have to attend to present plans and propose the question here. The plans of Mr. Jordan have, however, been very carefully elaborated, and it appears probable as ready to attend to even as to shall receive orders in that regard.

THE HENNING SHAWT TUNNEL.

The fourth scheme for tunneling the Hudson is that of Major H. Henning, who has proposed to build a greatly reduced from the City Hall in New York to Jersey City, near the Pennsylvania Railroad station, and the Henning's scheme, like that of Mr. Cortis, also contemplates a tunnel to Brooklyn, which will have been built in the City Hall of the respective cities. The plan proposed by Major Henning is somewhat novel, and has been recommended to an extent that some have thought that the contemplated rising grade of very poor and dangerous nature, the lines being on the oblongation and switchback railways put up at places of attention to plethorically frightened motorists and country bumpkins. But such is not the case. The proposed grade reached in either of his proposed tunnels is only ten per cent, and the second grade is about six per cent. The Henning system may be briefly described as a double-track tunnel in a narrow tunnel, having the tracks on each side of each street, with stations at the junctions of the tracks or the near the end of the grade. Applying this system to the two tunnels under the river, no more contemplated, such tunnel will have only one section, and the two sections of each will be at the termini. The motive power of the system is mainly gravity, which works the cars down the ascending grade,

with constantly increasing velocity and being force, the latter carrying it up the ascending grade to the summit. The motive power is released to that of the cable or other motor employed, which then takes hold and carries the cars to the summit. The highest rate of speed attained will be at the rate of eighty miles an hour, and a trip from Brooklyn City Hall, which is thirty-two feet higher than New York City Hall, can be made by gravity alone, and will take only two minutes and fifteen seconds of time. The only other way, where power would need to be used on the up-grade, will take a few seconds more. But in either direction this looks like a clearing space.

Some critics of Major Henning's system having expressed a doubt in case of the breaking of a car wheel while the train was going at a terrific rate of speed, the engineers of the company have devised special side guards for the cars, so that in case of an accident from a broken wheel or axle the driver's passengers would be reduced to a minimum. The system has been examined and reported upon by such eminent engineers as Mr. George A. Morrison, of Chicago, and General William Hays South, of New York. Mr. Morrison says: "As to this system there is no doubt that it could be carried out successfully. From his nature to be less costly than any other underground railway system." General Hays says: "The system is perfectly practicable from an engineering point of view, and a high average rate of speed would be obtained. It has made no estimate of cost, but it should not vary materially from the usual rate of such of motive tunnels for a double-track tunnel through material such as will be met with on the line proposed." The estimated because of the Brooklyn tunnel alone would justify the company, according to the report of O. H. P. Council, chief engineer, to issue \$4,000,000 five per cent. stock, and \$3,000,000 of seven per cent. stock. The structure of this scheme are anticipated the second year of its operation. They say frankly that they do not go ahead with their work because they have not risked the necessary capital. The others all profess that they set off all the money they were just as soon as they are ready to ask for it.

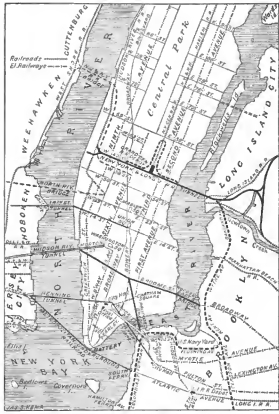


THE LONG ISLAND TUNNEL.

Of the three tunnels to Long Island I have already said all that was necessary to know those proposed by Mr. Cortis and Major Henning. The remaining tunnel is that of the New York and Long Island Railway Company, which proposes to go beneath the East River at Forty-second Street, and enter Long Island City, thence going to Brooklyn and other parts of Long Island by elevated and surface tracks. The New York and Long Island Company also proposes to go up Broadway Forty-second Street as far west as Avenue A, where a junction will be effected with the freight tracks of the New York Central Railroad. This company is one of the oldest of these corporations, and has probably been in existence longer than any of the others except the Hudson River Tunnel Company, and it is well advanced with its preliminary plans. Besides of New York newspapers have a good deal of this company several years ago when it was seeking to secure the consent of the Board of Aldermen to tunnel Forty-second Street between the coast of the proper number

of property owners had already been accorded, but some members of the Board of Aldermen professed to believe that to build the tunnel would destroy property value in New York, and enhance values in Long Island. For several sessions, there have been two or three years, the measure being set at the Board, and during that time there were not a few suggestions that the members of the Board would vote waiting to see whether there was not some "booby" in the scheme.

At length public opinion formed a new board to pass the measure. It was necessary to get a similar commission in Long Island City. The measure was taken by the Mayor, until he had secured approval that the project was authorized in the corporation were elected from all sections. This measure was passed by the City Council, and the preliminary company reorganized for practical work with Mr. H. P. Harrison as president. Mr. William H. Shawt as vice president, Mr. Malcolm H. Brown as secretary, Mr. P. F. Dickinson as chief engineer, and Mr. John H. Brown as engineer of the construction company. I am told by three gentlemen that they saw each at work severing contracts and set systems from the owners of private property. Their success in this work so far leads them to hope that they will be able to carry their enterprise through without having to resort to the exercise of proceedings in any instance. At any rate, it is quite probable that the project will be carried out, and the result will be a great benefit to the city.



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF PROPOSED TUNNELS AND THEIR CONNECTIONS FOR ENTRANCE TO NEW YORK.

THE GREAT SUSPENSION BRIDGE
PROPOSED OVER THE HUDSON RIVER AT NEW YORK CITY
ON THE GREAT SPAN OF 2200 FEET BETWEEN TOWERS



as the Mackinac Island Bridge. A charter was obtained for a highway bridge at this point from New York to Anstis more years ago. The owners of the charter determined, before going actually to work, that a railway bridge would probably prove more profitable, and they changed their plans accordingly. After much litigation, the courts decided that the charter for a highway bridge could not be construed to authorize the building of a railroad bridge, and before anything

left to the discretion of the Secretary of War, provided a numerous light equal to that of the Brooklyn Bridge be obtained. A board of army engineers, acting under instructions from the Secretary of War, considered Mr Lindenthal's plan, and approved them with some modifications, and also determined that the height should be 150 feet above high water. The bridge on proposed will comprise five divisions, a central span, two land spans, and two approaches. The bridge

to Brooklyn, it may be said that the latter has one span of 1365 feet, and two spans each of 820 feet, making a total of 2215 feet. At the point selected for the New York bridge there is, according to coast survey measurements, a distance of 2240 feet between the pieral lines as established by law. Both piers come inside of this line, so that the head of the river is not to be interfered with if the towers be accurate. Double steel towers 225 feet high, on foundations 160-150 feet, will carry the cables, which will pass over the towers. The cables, four in number, are to be arranged in pairs, one nearly vertically over the other, and of 48 to 50 inches of inner each. The cables are 25 feet apart vertically.

to interfere with the navigation. The other bridge, that which the New York and New Jersey Bridge Company proposes to erect over the Hudson, will extend from a point in New Jersey about a mile above the West Shore ferry house to a point at the New Jersey Pier on the New York side, with a span of 2200 feet, and will consist of one central span of 2100 feet, and two side spans of 1000 feet each, over a short span of 200 feet on the New York shore. The spans of this bridge, it will be noticed, are also longer than those of the Brooklyn bridge. It will be 120 feet above high water, and will be 100 feet wide, with provision for eight railway tracks and two sidewalks. The structure will be carried by 1200 main towers 800 feet high, with 1000 to 1200 feet, extending about 200 feet through water and masonry on each side. It is proposed that elevators shall be run to the top of the bridge towers, around which there shall be galleries large enough to hold some five persons at one time. From such an elevation 300 feet higher than the top of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, a special view will be afforded. This will be a cableway bridge, the only form of very long span, the engineer says, which retains its substance without change of temperature. It is estimated that owing to present imperfections in the manufacture of steel and in shoring foundations, this bridge can be built in less than half the time that was required for the Brooklyn Bridge, and at a greater cost than that. The engineer of this bridge is Mr. Thomas C. Clark, one of the ablest and most distinguished bridge-builders in the world. His education in the science of engineering was with those acquainted with his conservative character, and aware of the magnitude of his profession.

THE HUDSON RIVER CANTILEVER BRIDGE.

The Hudson River Cantilever Bridge, New York and New Jersey Bridge Company proposes to erect over the Hudson, will extend from a point in New Jersey about a mile above the West Shore ferry house to a point at the New Jersey Pier on the New York side, with a span of 2200 feet, and will consist of one central span of 2100 feet, and two side spans of 1000 feet each, over a short span of 200 feet on the New York shore. The spans of this bridge, it will be noticed, are also longer than those of the Brooklyn bridge. It will be 120 feet above high water, and will be 100 feet wide, with provision for eight railway tracks and two sidewalks. The structure will be carried by 1200 main towers 800 feet high, with 1000 to 1200 feet, extending about 200 feet through water and masonry on each side. It is proposed that elevators shall be run to the top of the bridge towers, around which there shall be galleries large enough to hold some five persons at one time. From such an elevation 300 feet higher than the top of the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, a special view will be afforded. This will be a cableway bridge, the only form of very long span, the engineer says, which retains its substance without change of temperature. It is estimated that owing to present imperfections in the manufacture of steel and in shoring foundations, this bridge can be built in less than half the time that was required for the Brooklyn Bridge, and at a greater cost than that. The engineer of this bridge is Mr. Thomas C. Clark, one of the ablest and most distinguished bridge-builders in the world. His education in the science of engineering was with those acquainted with his conservative character, and aware of the magnitude of his profession.

From the bridge the tracks will go south, by means of a viaduct in Kipsicaw Avenue, to Thirty-ninth Street, where it will curve over to the great station that will be on Broadway. This station, which will be installed somewhat on the line of Packer station in London, but larger, will be 600 feet wide and 1200 feet long, and will contain room for twenty tracks and three platforms. Mr. Andrew H. Green is the chairman of the commission in charge of the preliminary affairs of this bridge. With some former grants, was broken on the New Jersey side a few weeks ago by appearing a spool of earth, and a wide layer of sand crept away from beneath in New York.

Such are the most conspicuous and promising of the ambitious projects which the public mind has conceived to lower the cost in time and money of taking passengers and freight across and lands of the sea which surround the island of Manhattan.



PROPOSED UPRON STATION, THIRTY-NINTH STREET AND BROADWAY, TO WHICH THE TRACKS FROM THE HUDSON RIVER CANTILEVER BRIDGE WILL RUN.

more could be done it was necessary to leave the charter unamended by the Legislature. This, it is said, has been done, and renewed life has been injected into the old enterprise.

THE NORTH RIVER BRIDGE.

The two other bridge schemes are to cross the Hudson River, one at Ferry Hill Street, New York, and the other at Twenty-first Street. The first of these is a suspension bridge, designed by Mr. Gustav Lindenthal, of Philadelphia, and the second a cantilever, designed by Mr. Thomas C. Clark, of New York. The North River Bridge Company has a charter for Mr. Lindenthal's bridge from the United States government, and is satisfied by its being granted that it does not require legislation from the State of New York and New Jersey. For the bridge planned by Mr. Clark charters have been granted by the State of New York and the State of New Jersey, while a bill is pending in Congress for a charter to construct and possess in New York city property. What will be the spot of these conflicting interests it is hard to say, but it is very certain that more than one of these bridges will be built in the near future. And that one of these or some other with a somewhat similar location will soon be built, seems equally certain.

THE NORTH RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The left pier of the Lindenthal bridge rests on the rock in the right above high-water in

to Brooklyn, it may be said that the latter has one span of 1365 feet, and two spans each of 820 feet, making a total of 2215 feet. At the point selected for the New York bridge there is, according to coast survey measurements, a distance of 2240 feet between the pieral lines as established by law. Both piers come inside of this line, so that the head of the river is not to be interfered with if the towers be accurate. Double steel towers 225 feet high, on foundations 160-150 feet, will carry the cables, which will pass over the towers. The cables, four in number, are to be arranged in pairs, one nearly vertically over the other, and of 48 to 50 inches of inner each. The cables are 25 feet apart vertically.

To prevent deformation and to cause the cables to act as true chords, diagonal braces are inserted between the members of each part of cables. The whole has continuous two-arched trusses, which is a change from the truss from train loads. The cables are to be made of steel wire, laid parallel, and bound together at intervals, but they are not to be bound with wire as in the East River bridge, but are to be enclosed in a cylindrical steel sheath casing, laid on and set on top.

The casing is to be large enough to provide two inches of clear space all around the cable for the circulation of air and the equalization of temperature. This device, it is thought, will interest in preventing the uneven heating of the wire cable, and the consequent scale and shrinkage. Here is the strength of the structure is estimated by the designer.

The maximum load to be allowed is only equal to one-quarter the ultimate strength. As the load in the calculation, for each of the main truss a 1000-foot 1200-ton train was assumed, and for the support truss a 200-ton train rack, while for the intermediate 1800-ton train was assumed. All this weight was supposed to be placed upon a single span, with the result of calculating the load factor at safety experiment above. With 1200 locomotives loading the bridge from end to end, only one third in ultimate strength will be called upon. The dead weight of the structure will be nearly three and one-half times this amount.

The proposed station in New York is to be in the neighborhood of 20th Avenue above Twenty-third Street, and presumably it will be an elevated station, the grade descending from the bridge would be

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THE CEILING OF A CAFÉ.

As one sits in the café on the Broadway side of the Hotel Imperial, enjoying the warm tones of the parolling on the walls, the eyes catch a lighter tone of yellow on the ceiling, about the shade of an artist's eye, and then become aware of a gilt circle in the cream, which forms a round-decorated round like the frame of a picture. It does contain a picture, but the situation seems out a head, and something else of which I will speak presently, are apt to prevent any special effect on the part of a breakfaster to examine more. He continues his meal with a vague impression that there are some very nice colors in that round and perhaps some agreeable figures.

But when breakfast is hours back and moves up at the composition, which is given here as well as black and white can render it. The illustration is able to impart the soft outlines of the figures and the disposition of draperies, lines, and heads, it also suggests the unobtrusive character of the picture, so unlike the pictures on ceilings as they are usually wrought by the decorator. But it does not give the delicate colors of the original. Thus the reader must imagine the left hand figure, which is that of Night, robed in a voluminous soft mass of subdued violet, the figure of Dawn is her lap with draperies of a charming greenish-olive, and the figure of Aurora on the right dressed in a shade of red. After the masses of colors are seen, details begin to appear. Bodies and faces are painted in masses, not drawn sharply, and yet they are carefully and well modelled. The feet of Dawn and Aurora are crossed; those of Night are lashed, uncovered, but the painter has taken the license of coloring them so nearly the same as the draperies that only on a longer examination are they detected as parts of the figure. In this way he has created those unobtrusive but forceful colorings which the old painters used to stress in the exuberance of their joy at having mastered certain difficulties of drawing. By the time the breakfaster may be startled by a mild surprise to find that a hotel in New



T. W. DEWING.

York could harbor a decoration which is not merely unassuming and appropriate, but discreet in coloring and artistic details—poetic in conception.

If he knows his Emerson, the lines may occur to him which were sung in the town hall in Concord on the Glorious Fourth, 1857:

"O hardly the heights do
Flies the blue eye with dew,
And none in the misty beams
And one is our deity."

The chasers are, however, that he scarcely knows that Emerson was a poet. The painter of this striking dress, and it was with that very ransoming through his head that he composed his cartoon. Dawn, in the lap of Night holds the morning star like a small handball, as if she were the mischievous girl who performs the trick of lighting a gas jet with the electricity that she will cause many curious circumstances to result from her deign. She rests her outstretched left hand on the crescent moon, which has turned this and white at the instant, and seems to bid Aurora announce the coming of day. The round mirror, in fact, suggests that "blue sun" swimming with fiery sides which brightly day is about to fill with.

Something should be said of the less obvious points of the painting before we speak of the artist. It is remarkable for its sweet, unobtrusive coloring, and this coloring is exactly in keeping with the unobtrusive lines and poses of the figures more ponderous than the dark shape of Night. The face of Dawn is very tender and lovely, that of Aurora, by no means unbecomingly. Night is a somewhat older woman, whose hair, like her hand feet, is affected by the dominion just of her draperies. There is individuality in faces, figures, and poses, and no little originality in the conceptions, but the latter does not strike one for some time. The fact that it is original only comes as a later and a pleasant realization. Perhaps the figures form a group a trifle too small for the curves, or, rather, the round in the ceiling may be a trifle too large for the size of the room and the group. But other





NORWEGIAN SPORT AT ISHPEMINO, MICHIGAN.—DANCE BY THORNTON AND GARDNER.—(See Page 266.)

AN OLD ENGLISH RELIC.

ATTREXUS came possessed by royalty is supposed to have a special value in the eyes of ordinary folks, particularly if the said person attain some exalted office. If that proposition be of gold, the annual value is added to the British one and where the person of several regiments in succession have owned this precious thing the valuation increases accordingly until it becomes worth a small fortune. The article in question that follows shows traces in a gold cup now belonging to the ancient Royal Treasury of England. This cup is thought to consist with accuracy from the life of St. Agnes,



tracing from England by the favor of the English King, Agnes, to Christ, the Patroness, a cup of solid gold a memorial of the first miracle wrought by the Virgin, the relic of the solid treasure of England. Though preserved as a memorial of peace, the vessel never has been allowed to leave the able to return from England by the favor of the English King.

These three cups this cup was sold to a collector in Paris by a Spaniard, and is now offered for sale by a London art dealer for \$4000. The cup is a wonderful specimen in order to preserve the cup to the British Museum, to which the Treasury has given \$4000. The cup is a wonderful specimen of the medieval goldsmith's art, but the Tuam being to spoil the design by leaving some coarse Tuam work engraved thereon, though perhaps this evidence of royal ownership adds to the value of the cup. All-gilt cup and cover, eight and a half inch across.

THE AMATEUR'S KITCHEN-GARDEN.

I do not say purpose to write my leisure hours devoted to the cultivation of my garden, but if I failed, I should, however, be glad to say something to encourage amateurs in cultivating what I have called a kitchen garden. I learned in a very hard school, and took weeks at that, for I had practice before I knew the value of the theory. My conception of the amateur's garden was one in which the owner does the work, or a part of it, not actively and personally, but only as a director. Those gentlemen who employ skillful and high-priced gardeners to look after their flowers, fruits, and vegetables are not according to my idea amateurs, even though they may have a love for all the things produced by a proper and well-kept garden only in name, and the triumphs are not really his, but belong to the man he has hired, and very properly, too.

Historians in all times have had a deal of fun with the amateur gardener. The craze was among the funny writers have costumed themselves by proving that an amateur paid a few high prices for the privilege of growing his own cabbage. This is all very well, and in many instances it is no doubt true. It is nevertheless the fact that any man of average intelligence can make a garden in which he will get the most beautiful flowers and the most delicious fruits, and at the same time grow better vegetables and at a less cost than he can buy them. The more I read Mr. Newman in a Garden, do not enter in any contest upon this economic question, but are content to extract the best out of other problems which each gardener, when

he digs in the earth and plants seed, must solve for himself.

My own first experience at gardening in an amateur way, the one which has been most important to me, I have not forgotten that was. I know nothing of the subject, and had never taken through the garden, but I was so much interested in the thought a little piece in a New Jersey village. There was a man of good ground. It was a very little piece, about a quarter of an acre, and was out of health and out of spirits, and to look at the numerous holes and empty holes, it was a very little piece, but I was so much interested in the thought a little piece in a New Jersey village. There was a man of good ground. It was a very little piece, about a quarter of an acre, and was out of health and out of spirits, and to look at the numerous holes and empty holes, it was a very little piece, but I was so much interested in the thought a little piece in a New Jersey village.

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dealing experiment. I got books and I took notes, and when evening time came I had concluded to try my hand on a kitchen garden, and I had a very good reason for it. I was not a doubtful failure. I tried to do no more than to get a few things, and I was so much interested in the thought a little piece in a New Jersey village. There was a man of good ground. It was a very little piece, about a quarter of an acre, and was out of health and out of spirits, and to look at the numerous holes and empty holes, it was a very little piece, but I was so much interested in the thought a little piece in a New Jersey village.

If the amateur means to have a better garden than he can find time to attend to by himself, he will need an assistant. I remember that it is of the first importance that in selecting an assistant he should hire a man who is not only a good gardener, but a good housekeeper. Many gardeners are not only good gardeners, but also good housekeepers, and if my observation be of value, it would hardly seem to belong to the actual owner. Such a man would be a great help to the amateur, and if my observation be of value, it would hardly seem to belong to the actual owner. Such a man would be a great help to the amateur, and if my observation be of value, it would hardly seem to belong to the actual owner.

Another reason to be pleased. Do not attempt to do too much at first. First year was, and do not on any second year give up. It is a very good thing to have a garden, and if my observation be of value, it would hardly seem to belong to the actual owner. Such a man would be a great help to the amateur, and if my observation be of value, it would hardly seem to belong to the actual owner.

the patron saint of Charles V. of France, to whom the cup originally belonged. This relic came to England somewhere about that time, but the exact date is not known. At any rate it came to the kingdom before the Tudors came to the throne, and it is believed to have been the cup mentioned in a royal inventory of Henry VII. When Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth "took work" of the royal treasures, the cup in question was still retained, but in the reign of that dynasty it was given to the Duke of Devon, the cup left the shores of merry England. This last named gentleman, who was never over particular in his choice to have presented it to Valencia, the Spanish ambassador, who came to England in 1604 on behalf of peace, a Latin inscription in the form of the cup reads: "The Countess Julia Valenza, re-

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In the current number Mr. WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS begins a fantastic and amusing tale called "The Pumpkin Glory."

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work," led by the amount of the salary. The whole balance is one of the most insidious forms of the corruption which maintains "the most powerful Democratic organization in the country."

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

EDWARD DREAGER, of Harvard College, in an interesting and original publication in the *Times* has analyzed the actual conditions in the Southern States, and his remarks suggest why it is that the higher educational enterprises there meet more in this part of the country for aid as well as sympathy. Public schools are constructed upon the same plan in the Southern States, but there is a constantly stronger sentiment in favor of liberal appropriation. But—and as cannot do better than quote President DREAGER'S statement—

"maintaining the material progress of the South, the Southern States will not comparatively prosper until they have secured a few connections from the East States. For instance, the six New England and the six White States (including Maryland and the District of Columbia, but with one only representative of each of the eleven Southern States, and including West Virginia), have an assessed valuation of real estate and personal property that will average about twice as large as that of the South, and these two groups of States have only some 100,000 more people than the Southern States. You see at once that the average size of families in the North will average about twice that of the South, and will support schools in the South for only one-third of that rate. Or suppose we compare a few Southern with a few Northern States. Massachusetts has a population of three and one-fourth more people than an assumed collection more than four times as large as that of Kentucky; New York, with less than four times the population, has nearly twice as much as the assumed collection of Virginia. Pennsylvania is only four-fifths as large as Georgia, and yet has nearly seven times the taxable basis of the assumed Southern State. You see how serious a matter it is to have good schools and good teachers in the South, and how difficult it is to provide efficient schools in the South."

The short terms and the small salaries make the employment of suitable teachers very difficult even in the towns. And in the sparsely settled country, where both schools and school teachers could not be maintained, a high standard is almost impossible.

President DREAGER points out also that while higher education in the Northern States is mainly paid for by private endowment, as the Southern States the subsidies and endowments are supported chiefly by public expense, so that the State is now expending more for maintaining both of the primary schools for both colors and the universities. Yet, according to the assessed valuations, the Southern States are doing proportionately as well for the public schools as the Northern States, and are making no educational progress in education.

President DREAGER thinks that in the Southern States, as in the Northern, there are too many institutions existing by the aid of private endowment. He points to the University of Alabama, in Virginia, does not appear to be a university, but an institution for thorough college training, situated in a charming and beautiful country, and protected carefully from the outside world. It is a delightful and interesting serious affair in some of the Northern institutions. There is a liberal disposition in the Southern States, and much good is being done in education. But the ability to reach less than in the North.

The South owes a large debt of gratitude to the *Vanderbilt Review*, of New York, and others who have given us a higher education there; and also to FARMER and BARNES and a host of others who have given to the lower schools. The largest amount of money made in the last few years in the South from the late Great Gypsum, of Rhode Island. Of the total amount of money given to recent years in the South, more than half is made in the South, where the need is greater, and where investments in higher education yield comparatively larger returns."

"PHARAOSHS, FELLAS, AND EXPLOREES."

The charm of Egyptian travel is perennial, and it is greatly enhanced by the interest of the ancient civilization. The modern Egyptology, however remote from our sympathy, the life of old Egypt may seem to be, yet that it has a singular fascination was shown by the reception of the lectures by LAMAR EDWARDS, a year or two ago. Mr. EDWARDS is not only an Egyptian scholar, but an enthusiast, and each his knowledge and his enthusiasm make his lectures and especially illustrated work, *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explores*, recently issued by the publisher, a thoroughly attractive book, and one of his chief Egyptological titles says, "interesting, full, and instructive."

There are points of peculiar value in Miss EDWARDS'S treatment of her theme, which was treated as well as interest. Her account of portraiture painting in Egypt and its origin is called by the *Academy* "new and fascinating," and [it] has been well noted with skill and accuracy. "No one who has seen the splendid portraits in Egypt will be surprised to find the ancient Egyptian and Greek and the artist with wonder and admiration, but will find himself deeply engaged by a really learned handling of the subject. The second story in the history of art, so he makes the delightful Egyptian pharaohs. After an often studied and so well as for instance, at the tomb of Neb-Hamun, as well as such the source and list of finished Egyptian art, as the complete art itself. This is especially observable in certain reliefs, but Mr. EDWARDS, in a chapter on "Egypt as the Birthplace of Greek Sculpture Art," makes a large claim in this direction also, and, as the *Academy* thinks, with a force which respects the student to conclude that Greece borrowed without change from Egypt."

Mr. NAYLOR, the author of the article, is well known author. By upon the subject, acknowledges the scholarship of Miss EDWARDS and the discriminating accuracy of her view of the literature and art of ancient Egypt. The author of the work would be speaks of the "Histrionians, who will be found

to have the more chance for the eye that the better power has for the mind. It should be studied by every one who desires to be acquainted with profit." It is a judgment which we can readily endorse.

THE CITY AND COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

AFTER careful consideration, and with the warm and virtually unanimous approval and support of its alumni, the authorities of Columbia College have secured an option on the site for the permanent location of the college, and would probably have been amply satisfied with the result, had it not been for the fact that the city naturally and relationally holds to Columbia.

The success of the scheme, however, is threatened by a bill introduced in the Legislature providing for opening a street through the property, which extends from One-and-a-half and Seventh Streets to One-third and Second Streets, and from Amsterdam Avenue to the Boulevard. Such a division of the property, and others which under the same plan would follow, would largely destroy the value of the site for the permanent location of the college, and would probably lead to the surrender of the option now held by it.

In view of the fact that Columbia College is already of very large and constantly increasing influence, and is rapidly becoming a university, which is not only a great advantage in higher education of every kind, but an striking obstacle in all branches of learning a legitimate source of honor to a city already financially well and materially progressing, a memorial to the Mayor and Board of Education and Improvement to prevent signatures requesting a recommendation to the Legislature of the passage of a bill providing for the exemption of the property from street opening, which is not only a great advantage to the college for educational purposes, but the subject is one of general public interest, and a prompt memorial representing the enlightened sentiment and wish of the city could not but be of very great influence.

THE PROPOSED RUIN OF BRYANT PARK.

This proposal to demolish the city of one of its most frequent and desirable breathing grounds, Bryant Park, by erecting upon it a huge municipal building, is one which every intelligent New Yorker will strenuously resist. It is an attempt to sacrifice a beautiful and healthy place to the public convenience, to demolish popular playgrounds which are among the chief and most indispensable amenities of the city. There is already a project to remove part of Central Park, and to Philadelphia another to obstruct the Independence Square by a huge monument to Washington.

The open space secured by Bryant Park and the adjacent meadow is not only peculiarly desirable for the public use in the city, but is a beautiful and healthy place, a meadow of citizens who otherwise would be deprived of any opportunity of recreation. Every familiar argument as to the maintenance and extension of the present park system in the city, and every argument which would strengthen it, is an argument against the proposal. The present proposition is more outrageous than the usual scheme of the kind, because it means improvement not for a municipal building.

The bill, however, is regarded with favor by the committee of the present Assembly, a fact which tends to discredit it as a job to displace. It would be a grave mistake for the city should to become law. The present would be fatal if Bryant Park should be destroyed for such a purpose, as park in the city would be safe, and the run of any one of them which the promoters of this might desire would be worth the cost. If the good sense of the city is fairly represented in the Assembly, such a bill will not be passed without an energetic protest.

PERSONAL.

MR. STANFORD WHITE, the architect of the Madison Square Garden, and Mr. AUGUSTUS ST. GALLERIE, the sculptor who modeled the statue of DEWEY, were seen at the weather-vane on top of the statue tower, have concluded to take the statue down, and replace it with one considerably smaller in size. The present statue is eight feet high, and while Mr. STANFORD does not think that it is too large, considering its elevation, he does think that a smaller one would be more in harmony with the tower. The new statue is to be only thirteen feet high, and there is a person of normal vision and standing in the street the figure will seem to be that of a woman of ordinary height. The present statue, the one the first plan proposed, appears about the same conditions (fully ten feet tall). What will be done with the present Deane has not been determined yet, but it is possible that it may be taken to Chicago.

The exhibition of sketches given by the students of the Academy of Design in the corridor and North Gallery of the Academy recently contained a great number of fine work. The portraits were especially good, and many were some excellent bits of black and white, with a few clever studies in water-colors. Nearly all the work shown was produced by the students of the Academy.

The Hon. Dr. HENRY C. SWEETZER, the new member of St. Luke's Episcopalian Church in Brooklyn, is a man of about fifty years, a High Churchman, and a devoted worker in the cause of the church. For the past several years he has been a member of St. Luke's parish in Stratford, Connecticut, and a year ago he declined an appointment as Missionary Bishop for the new territory of Alaska.

has been his career in politics in the last few years has in some respects been phenomenal in its brilliancy, due to the appointment and appointment of his wife, who was Miss BURR, the daughter of a Chicago banker.

The late EDWARD FERRISBURGH, who died in New York March 6th, had had a threefold career of honor as lawyer, judge, and diplomat. He was a native of Connecticut, a graduate with high honors from Yale in the class of 1871, and a graduate of the New Haven Law School. He first practiced as an attorney, then he was elected to the office of Superior Court of Columbia in 1877, and at the outbreak of the rebellion he was prominent as a war Democrat. His command his law practice throughout the war, and appearing as counsel in many cases of importance, and in 1881 he conducted the prosecution of JOHN H. BRATT, indicted for



conspiracy as the member of President Lincoln. Judge FERRISBURGH was an ardent supporter of GARIBDI in the campaign of 1860 and 1862, and in 1875, after having declined the post of Minister to Russia, he was appointed Attorney-General of the United States, a position he held until May, 1876, when he was made Minister to England. After his return from England in 1876, he resumed the practice of the law. He was one of the founders and governors of the Manhattan Club, an LL.D. of Columbia and Yale, and an Oxford D.C.L. He was seventy-six years old.

The artist G. P. HEART, who for some years has been self-taught from America, is now residing in Chicago, famous home. He is a fine looking old gentleman, with curly, white, and though it is almost sixty years when he first went to Paris, in the exhibition of 1875, to study the French studies, he is still busy with his hand and foot of his work. Now days he is known chiefly as a portrait painter, but he has made no reputation in the last generation by his great painting for the Secular Chamber at Washington, illustrating Webster's reply to HAYNE. That was his masterpiece, and there was a time when it was as familiar to the nation, because of the magnificent engravings made of it, as *MARY'S "Angels"* is today.

—EDWARD H. MARSHALL, of Buffalo, whom President HAYNE has appointed Eminent Ecclesiastical and Minister Plenipotentiary to Ecuador, is a very able young lawyer, not yet twenty-eight years old, and is a recent graduate of Harvard, where he acquired a reputation for brilliant scholarship and industry, and since leaving college he has



made an especial study of international law. During the Presidential campaign, he was an ardent worker in the Buffalo region, and his merit attracted the attention of President HAYNE, who offered him the position of Secretary of the United States Legation. Mr. MARSHALL will not be probably be the next successful American diplomat to hold the post of Minister.

these conditions Lieutenant G. N. Whittler's "Theoretical Discussion" of the system of gun construction has been mentioned by many, including the writer of this article, but has not yet been discussed. In this construction paper, Whittler theoretically proved that the Brown suggested wire gun is possible, and also that it meets all the above mentioned requirements of the gun of the future. All that remained to be seen was a better inventor and the engineers of the gun could be able to carry out practically their theoretical propositions. This has now been done, through most extensive experiments followed the idea of a segmental wire gun. Through the many research of the opponents it was found that, when the segmental wire of a gun is itself cut have no circumferential strength, it was therefore a mistake as the very start to choose segmental wire of a solid core. The recent successful test at Hirschbach of the powder-chamber of the new 4-inch segmental gun which is now being constructed at that place for the United States Government, under the supervision of Lieutenant Whittler, serves definitely and conclusively that both the inventor and the constructor of the gun had been experimenting for more than two years in order to find the best method of construction. Previous experiments had shown that in consequence of mechanical difficulties of construction it was necessary to reduce the master segments of the gun from 2 1/2 to 2, but in selecting the proper form, but of segments the principle method was to have as few segments as possible without any actually attaining the requisite physical conditions of steel in the segments. The average conditions actually obtained in the segments are, according to Lieutenant Whittler's report: Tensile strength, 165,000 pounds per square inch, elastic limit, 105,000 pounds per square inch, elongation 12 inches, 140 per cent.

These figures are far beyond what is necessary, and consequently the reduction from 72 to 12 segments for the 4-inch gun is rather an improvement upon the old plan. The diameter of the test cylinder was 1 1/2 inches, diameter of wire 3/16 inches; diameter of segmental tube, including lining, 1 1/2 inches; and diameter of wire jacket, 1 3/4 inches, length of powder-chamber, 6 3/8 inches. The segments, made of the best quality of crucible steel, were compressed 6 1/8 in. of steel by 21,000 lbs. of wire wound round them with a tension of 140,000 pounds to the square inch. In order to accomplish as nearly as possible the condition of the gun, the test cylinder was placed in a steel casing representing the iron jacket of the gun's gun. It held a steel lining up to the bottom exactly fitting one end of the cylinder, and a spiral plug was attached to the top of the jacket, which, being screwed down, held the other end of the cylinder. Two pressure gauges were fastened to the inside end of the jacket, and a vent-hole, 3/8 of an inch in diameter, gave access through the centre of the upper part to the gas-chamber, which was exploded by an electric primer. By this arrangement the segments were relieved from the entire longitudinal stress, which was

received by the plugs alone. The only experimental check upon the segments was that due to the radial compression of powder and wire, and also that due to the friction of the copper gas-chamber and its shoulder represented the greatest stress in the gun for the same pressure. The lining tube was a 20 inch thick, cut and joined at 143 on the other end. It was constructed with a diameter 3/8 per cent greater than the bore, and was heated in the shop, producing a contraction at the surface of the bore of the cylinder of 590,000 pounds per square inch. It is therefore an effort to reduce the compressive stress at the surface of the bore to 200, a gas pressure of 60,000 pounds per square inch would be required. The greatest powder pressure possible in the strongest steel built up rifle barrel of 42,000 to 44,000 pounds per square inch. With this pressure an initial velocity of the shell in the 4-inch bore of 2100 feet per second may be attained. All the effects of the powder-chamber of the Brown segmental 4-inch gun the pressure gauges registered with a powder charge of,

2 pounds	Registered, 50,000 pounds per square inch.
4 "	" " " " " " " "
6 "	" " " " " " " "
8 "	" " " " " " " "
10 "	" " " " " " " "

With such an enormous powder pressure as the Brown 4-inch gun is able to withstand an initial velocity of the projectile of 2700 feet per second should certainly be obtainable. The cylinder has been fired more than 20 times, but not the slightest variation can be detected in the diameter of the bore, and there can be no longer any doubt that it will stand any reasonable number of discharges at a powder pressure of 50,000 pounds to the square inch.

The 4-inch gun is nearly ready to be assembled and tested, and is likely to be finished before long. The strength of the section as it appears in the illustration, inserted on an Austin & Anderson proof range in Detroit. It weighs 10,000 lbs. and will be fired with a powder charge of 35 pounds, the shell traveling the scale of 60 pounds. Judging by the excellent results of the test of the powder-chamber, the new gun should be almost equal in power to the test built up 6 inch coil rifle. Its weight will be not less than the normal coil of construction should not exceed 6,000 lbs. which is 1,700 lbs. less than that of the 6 inch rifle. As it is the intention of the Government to replace 4000 guns, several millions of dollars would be saved if the Brown's construction of gun construction were adopted, provided, of course, that the coming effect test of the new piece meets fully all the requirements demanded by the ordnance department.

A short description of how the gun was in the process of construction is made may be of interest. It is constructed on a straight taper from bore to muzzle, and the core is wound under each inch length about 140,000 pounds per square inch, that the compression between the 12 longitudinal segments to be used will be the same from bore to muzzle. The segments, each three inches thick, were rolled into shape under a pressure of about 80,000 lbs. per square inch. They were then annealed to remove all internal strains. They were straightened at the machine-room measuring level, and then subjected to a special process for producing the requisite elastic limit of at least 165,000 pounds per square inch.

These segments are assembled by a series of steps, and a level and a radial nut are struck on. After this is done the wire is wound round the segments up to the thickness of the jacket. The close jacket, consisting of a series of interlocking loops, is struck over the top. This jacket extends longitudinally to the muzzle. The entire jacket is held by the final muzzle nut. The tension jacket, made of steel made into steel, is screwed on to

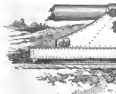


FIRST LIEUTENANT WHITTIER, FORT VERDE, ARIZONA.

THE BROWN WIRE GUN.

BY LIEUTENANT P. DE V. CLOTT, LATE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA.

The idea of making wire wound guns first occurred to an American by the name of Dr. Woodbridge as far back as 1850. Ever since that time a number of ordnance and artillery officers have believed that the wire gun will be the great artillery weapon of the future. Hence it is not surprising that strenuous attempts have been made both



THE 4-INCH BROWN SEGMENTAL WIRE GUN, WITHOUT A CORE.

in this country and in Europe to invent a system of wire gun construction which would give better results than the system of the built-up coil rifle. These attempts, however, have been unsuccessful, and not one of the wire wound guns made up to this day has offered such advantages as to justify so great a change in gun construction. The ideal cannon of the future, no matter whether it is a wire wound or any other kind of gun, must be both military and economical success. This at once shows the requirements which the cannon of the future must meet, namely: It should be able to withstand a higher powder pressure, and thus give a greater initial velocity and consequently a greater penetrating power to the missile. It should be lighter in weight, not less heavy, save time in construction, while the material used should retain its commercial value after the gun is no longer serviceable. Each of these requirements may seem, all of these are essential in order to justify a change in the present methods of ordnance construction. The Brown segmental gun, the invention of John Hamilton Brown, seems to fulfil

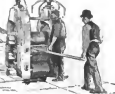


JOHN HAMILTON BROWN.

the breach out. It is attached to the gun at the breach only, and overlaps the case jacket. The entire gun is left free to expand, and contract longitudinally with the iron case jacket, and will the elongation of the jacket during action be transmitted to the gun in any way. The lining tube is made of the same grade of steel as the segments, and will be inserted by hydraulic pressure from the breach after the gun is bored on the taper. For the sliding a petroleum system is used, with increasing tension, beginning with one ton in 100 calibers and increasing 10 one ton in 25 calibers. The number of grooves is 24, and the depth of each 0.015.

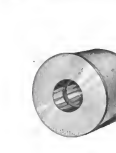
The lower segments in a special device of the inventor. It is, however, essentially an interrupted screw to be screwed into the lower half. As no threads will be cut in the bore of the segmental tube, the entire barrel, including throat upon the breach lock, will be taken up by the tension jacket, and not at all by the segmental tube.

From the above description it can easily be seen that there is now every likelihood that modern gun construction is on the eve of undergoing an entire change. To this



ROLLING THE SEGMENT.

country it must be a matter of pride that inventions of such far-reaching importance are made by Americans. But equally important is the fact that in this case the industrial development in the manufacture of steel keep equal step with the inventive genius of the people. The manufacture of high grades of steel, for which there was no demand in this country, was almost as difficult a task to accomplish as was the invention of a new system of ordnance construction. That both should have been accomplished in so short a time is a fact to be recorded in the history of this country.



TEST CYLINDER (POWDER-CHAMBER).



JACKET, SCREW PLUG, AND TEST CYLINDER REPRESENTING POWDER-CHAMBER.



TEST CYLINDER ENLARGED TO SHOW JACKET AND HEAT FOR FIRING.



AT THE MAIN DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON.—MISSIE REED AND HOLMAN LEAVING.—DRAWS BY C. R. BURMAN.—[See Page 206.]

THE GHOST CLUB.

AN UNFORTUNATE EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF No. 5010.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

NUMBER 5010 was at the time when I received the details of this story from his lips a tall, well-made man of thirty-eight, neat of face, of pleasing address, and altogether the last person one would expect to find convicted serving a term for a week in prison.

"The only other symptoms of his actual condition were the striped waist he wore, the style and cut of which was still in fashion, and the closely cropped hair, which showed off the dimly intellectual lines of his head to great advantage. He was engaged in making shoes when I first saw him, so improved was I with the contrast between his really robust features and graces of manner and those of his brain-baking occupation, that I asked my guide who he was, and what were the circumstances which had brought him to Stag Street."

"His eyes show like a gentleman," I said.

"Yes," returned the keeper. "His werry troublesome that way. He thinks he's too good for his position. We can't never do nothing with the boots he makes."

"By do you keep him at work in the shoe department?" I asked.

"He haven't got no work to be done in his special line, so we have to put him at whatever we can. His legs show him badly that he does anything else."

"What was his special line?"

"He was a profession of leisure traveller; for his health alone he got into the habit of the law. His real name is Marmaduke Fitzpatrick de Wille, of Philadelphia by descent, Warwickshire. He landed in this country of a Tuesday, took to collect his seawater provision of a Friday, was hanged the same day, tried, convicted, and there he was. In for two years more."

"How interesting!" I said. "Was the evidence against him conclusive?"

"Extremely. A half-dozen spoons was found on his person."

"He pleaded guilty, I suppose?"

"Not him. He claimed to be an innocent at a new-born babe. Told a cock-and-bull story about having been deluded by spirits, but the judge and jury wasn't to be fooled. They gave him every chance, too. He even called himself, the judge did to Philadelphia by the Sea, Warwickshire, at his own expense, to see if the man was an impostor, but he never got no reply. There was then an odd three wasn't no such place as Philadelphia by the Sea in Warwickshire, but they never proved it."

"I should like very much to interview him," said I.

"I can't be done, sir," said my guide. "The rules never stir."

"You couldn't see—arrange an interview for me," I asked, jangling a bunch of keys in my pocket.

"He must have recognized the sound, for he colored and growled replied, 'I have no objection to the amount of my contribution to the prison fund under the management of my jailer of the morning.'"

"I didn't say anything," he answered, with a graceful smile. "I only explain the rules, but we have been known to make exceptions. I think I can get you up."

"Before it is set that he do," he said, and the two boys near 5010 and I sat down together in the cell of the former, a neat two-compartment cell, and had a pleasant talk, in the course of which he told me the story of his life,

and made for him. I am, however, of course—convinced already, you know—but that wouldn't make any difference. First day of convicts—just the same. It was one of our family traits, that. So I gave a false name to the authorities, and really intended my uncle that I was about to set out for a walking trip across the great American coast, requesting him and to worry if he did not hear from me for a number of years, America being in a state of



"NO RECORDS EITHER."

wild civilization, to which mails outside of certain districts are entirely unknown. My uncle being an Englishman and a moderate good man, selected some to reading that to travel, except the industrial as someone and someone nothing and when I am liberated, I shall come in him, and at his death shall become a conservative tone of wealth itself. Now?"

"But if you are innocent and he rich and influential, why did you not appeal to him to see you?" I asked.

"It was my duty, that he do, from the neck of the world, would decline to love my defence," cried 5010.

"It was my duty," he said. "The judge had only heard it, and I'm proud of it."

"But isn't that a bit of a lie?" I asked.

"Alas, yes. This is an inhuman age. People, particularly judges, are kind-hearted, practical men of affairs. My defence was voted more for an age of apostate traditions. Why, will you believe it, sir, my own lawyer, the man to whom I paid \$100 for establishing my case, told me the defence was rubbish, devoid even of literary merit. 'But how could a man have his lawyer even didn't believe in him?'"

"Now, I answered, sadly. "And you had no chance at all, though innocent?"

"Yes, I had one, and I chose not to take it. I might have proved my self, see *conspicuous*, but that involved my making a fool of myself in public before a jury, and I have too much decency for that. I can tell you. I told my lawyer that I should prefer to risk a call on the rich, furnished that of a wealthy house, to which he paid. Then all is lost. And that is what I said my defence in court. The judge laughed, the jury whistled, and I was convicted instantaneously of stealing spoons, which, another half was no further from my thoughts than that."

"That they tell me you were caught red-handed," said I.

"It was my duty," he said. "The judge had only heard it, and I'm proud of it."

"In my hand," returned the prisoner. "The spoons were in my hand when I was arrested, and they were seen there by the owner by the public, and by the usual crowd of small boys that congregate every morning, dropping down from the wires, swimming in from every where. Had no idea they were on my mind, they in the world said I was arrested, and found my self the owner of a million or more interest in the case."

"I don't see it," I said. "I should, thinking the point interesting from a scientific point of view, hoping to discover that curiosity of a world that, related to your guide, I should have found in connection with a specific one."

"Oh no, I fancy you," returned my host. "But that was when you had of course, in your possession, and a pair of handcuffs on your wrists, every thing you did yourself when every bit of evidence, and you will excuse me for saying so—conclusive evidence at that, related to your guide, I should have found in connection with a specific one."

"The spoons were a gift," he answered.

"But the owner denied that?"

"I know it, that's where the bestly part of it all came in. They were not given to me by the owner, but by a lot of men, low-down, practical, hard-looking fellows."

"Number three, sugar, as he spoke their words was terrible to witness, and as he stood up and doing the floor of his cell and dashed his arms right and left, I wish for a moment that my uncle were alive. I should not have been, however, even had the cell door been open and my eye cast, for his rage—the of a desperate man in connection with a moment that was characteristic. I should not have been, then ever, and I made up my mind to keep the story to the end, if I had to commit a crime and get my self sentenced to confine me to that prison for life to do so."

"Fortunately, extreme measures of this nature were unnecessary, for after a few moments' furious ranting down, and seeing himself badly run on the red, dimmed his wretched to the door and began."

"Excuse me for not offering you a drink," he said, "but the same they serve here while seated is hardly what a commoner would choose except for building purposes, and I compliment you by assuming that you do not wish to taste it."

"Thank you," I said. "I do not like to take water straight, exactly. I always drink, in fact, with a little of this."

"Here I introduced a small flask from my pocket and handed it to him."

"Ah!" he said, snatching his lips as he took a long pull at its contents. "That puts spirit into a man."

"Yes, it does," I replied, carefully, and noted that he had lost his very little but the flask. "But I don't think it was necessary for you to deprive me of all mine."

"No, that is, you can't appreciate the necessity unless you see the man here suffering from it. He is not a man. You were never met up against?"

"I gave him a glance which was well indignation. 'I guess not,' I said. 'I have had a life that is above reproach.'"

"Good," he replied. "And what a satisfaction that is, eh? I don't believe I'd be able to stand this jail life if it wasn't for my conscience, which is an odd and clean as it would be if I'd never used it."

"Would you mind being me what your defence was?" I asked.

"Certainly not," said he, cheerfully. "I'd be very glad to give it to you. But you must remember one thing—it is copyrighted."

"For ailed," I said, with a smile. "I'll respect your copyright. Will give you a royalty on what I get for the story?"

"Very good," he answered. "It will take this. To begin, I want let you that when I was a boy preparing for college, had for a class, a brilliant one having before named it by my little, commoner whose future parties prophetic had been made. His teacher after asserted that he would be a great poet, his father thought he was born to be a great general; one head-master at the University Institute for Young Gentlemen prophesied the galaxy. They were all wrong, though, for my self. I think that if he had lived long enough about any one of the prophesies might have come true. The trouble was that Huxley died at the age of twenty three. Future plans dropped. I was graduated with



"FEELING HIMSELF LIKE A GENTLEMAN."

which, and had assumed, was to me, at least, exceedingly interesting, and early work to the amount of my contribution to the prison fund under the management of my jailer of the morning."

"My real name," said the unfortunate convict, "is you may already have guessed, is not 5010. That is an alias forced upon me by the State authorities. My name is really Marmaduke Fitzpatrick de Wille, of Philadelphia by descent, Warwickshire."

"I said. "This my guide eyed this anecdote when he told me that he really you were Marmaduke Fitzpatrick de Wille, of Philadelphia by descent, Warwickshire."

"Number 5010 looked long and hard. "Oh, more an error," he said. "You don't suppose that I would give the satisfaction of my real name, do you? Why, yes, I am a nephew! I have an aged uncle—a rich millionaire uncle—whose heart and will it would have me to be as near of my present plight. Both the heart and will are in my favor, hence my tender



"SO MEN A FEELING THAT HARVEY HORN."

High houses at Brimstone, lived a life of elegant leisure, and at the age of thirty-seven took down in health. That was the year you say. My uncle, who had a most constant occupation I gave me a liberal allowance, and sent me off to travel. I came to America, however, in New York early in the present year, about a fortnight back the color

(Continued on page 10.)



IN COTTAGEWOOD PARK, GREAT FALLS.



PART OF RAINBOW FALLS FALLS OF THE MICHIGAN, FROM THE NORTH SIDE, LOOKING SOUTH.

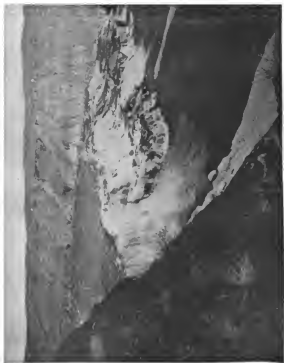




MONTEANA RAILROAD BRIDGE, GREAT FALLS



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE MONTEANA



LOOKING DOWN



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE MONTEANA

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA, AND VICINITY.—From PAINTING AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. COWLES.

"The club?" I said. "You don't mean to say you visit here a club?"

"I do indeed. The Ghent Club is the most flourishing association of choice spirits in the world. We have rooms in every city in creation; and the first part of it there are no doors to lock but membership lists would name some of the first names in history—Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Napoles, Bonaparte, Cesar, George Washington, Mozart, Frederick the Great, Marie Antoinette—Cassius was black listed on Cassius's account. Gulliver, Confucius."

"You admit the Cæsar, eh?" I queried.

"Not always," he replied. "But Cæsar was such a good fellow they had to let him in to keep him out, but, you see, Asiatic, what a lot of fine fellows there are in it."

"It is a magnificent lot, and I should say they make a pretty interesting set of fellows to hear talk. I put in."

"Well, unless I have stayed, I wish you could hear heard a debate between Shakespeare and Cæsar on the merits of the Ghent Club," he replied.

"I should think it might have been," I said.

"The sword crowd were the best fighters, though on the merits of a general Shakespeare was a way ahead."

"If I thought I'd stand a chance of seeing somebody like that, I'd try to drop in. How is that, or go with you, I said."

"Well," replied Hawley, "that's just the kind of a chance you do stand. They'll all be there to-night, and this is to-day, you might meet Lorenzo Borgia, Cromwell, and a few other first-rate specimens of consummate men."

"That settles it, I am yours for the rest of the day," I said, and we adjourned to the rooms of the Ghent Club.

"These rooms were on a beautiful house on Fifth Avenue, the number of the house you will find on consulting the court records, but I lose forgets it. It was a large, broad, homely-looking structure, and must have been one hundred and fifty feet in depth. Such fittings I never saw before, everything was in the height of luxury, and I am quite certain that among things to whom money is a measure of possibility no such magnificence is attainable. The paintings on the walls were of the most famous artists of our own and other days. The rug on the carpeted polished floor was worth fortune, not only for their exquisite beauty, but also for their extreme rarity. In keeping with these were the furniture and bric-à-brac. In short, my dear sir, I had never dreamed of anything so dazzling, so superbly magnificent as that apartment into which I was ushered by the glow of my goodman friend Hawley Hike."

"At first I was speechless with wonder, which recurred to me as Hike very much."

"Their face," he said, "with a short laugh."

"Well," I replied, in a moment, "considering that you can get along without money, and that all the members of the world are at your disposal, it is not more than half bad. Have you a library?"

"It was an eye for an eye," explained Hike in parenthetical to me, "and as we were quite anxious to see what the club of ghosts could show in the way of literary treasures. Imagine my surprise when Hawley informed me that the club had no collection of the sort to appeal to the bibliophile."

"No," he answered, "we have no library."

"Really strange," I said, "that a club to which men like Shakespeare, Milton, Edgar Allan Poe, and other deceased literati belong should be thus destitute of that equipment."

"Not at all," said he. "Why should we want books when we have the men themselves to tell their tales to us? We add you give a nap to possess a set of Shakespeare if William himself would tell all down and rettle off the whole business to you any time you show in, and ask him to do it? We add you follow Hike's private travels through their devious and bygone periods if Sir Walter in spirit would



SOLIMAN AND DOCTOR JOHNSON.

come to you on demand, and tell you all the old stories over again in a tenth part of the time it would take you to read the introduction to one of them?"

"I fancy not," I said. "Are you in such luck?"

"I am, and Hawley," only personally I never need for best of Shakespeare. I prefer something lighter than either—Douglas Jerrold or Murray. But best of all, I like to sit down and read North's trap animal stories with Dory Crockett. North's the brighest man of his age in the club. Hike's kind of slow."

"How about Solomon?" I asked, more in the spirit than with any desire for information. "I was awfully amazed to hear Hawley speak of these great spirits as if he and they were chairs of long standing."

"Solomon has resigned from the club," he said, "with a sad sigh. He was a good fellow, Solomon was, but he thought he knew it all and old Doctor Johnson got hold of him, and then he bewitched under. It's rather rough for a man to get fairly established in his belief that he is the wisest creature going, and then after a couple of thousand years, here an Englishman come along and tell him things he never knew before, especially the way Sam Johnson observed himself of his opinions. Johnson never ceased when he knew you knew, and when he got after Solomon, he did it with all his might."

"I wonder if Solomon was there?" I inquired, intruding upon his extraordinary narrative for an instant.

"Yes, he was there," returned the prisoner. "I met him later in the evening; but he hadn't the spirit he might be. He never had much spirit, anyhow, and when he died, he had to leave his own behind him, and that suited him."

"Oh, come," I answered, "how'll you go now to stick into other people's affairs would have been like sticking with Henderson left out. But go on. What did you do next?"

"Well," I said, "I looked about me, and drank my fill of the magnificence in a very bad way. Hawley took me into the smoking room, and introduced me to Marmal and Wagner and a few other great composers. In response to my request, Wagner played an impressive version of 'Anne Rooney' and the organ. It was great, not much like 'Anne Rooney,' of course, more like a collision be-

tween a cyclone and a steam train in a trap plain mining camp; in fact, both, neither more than that. I tried to remember it afterwards, and jotted down a few notes, but I found that I had not been able to seeen shaver of food a cap and saw a eye. Then Mozart took his hand on a book, and my attention was fixed. Wood had snag a ball down of his nose without words, and then Gottfried played one of the three sonatas on the piano."

"Then Cæsar came in, and Hawley introduced me to him. He was a gruff old gentleman, and seemed anxious to have Proudhon become an eligible and I parted from the rather fierce manner which he handled a club house in his hand that there were one or two other men of post-nominal title living here was anxious to meet. Hawley has, we believe, a two minute interview with certain of his all present partly mortal critics, and between you and me, if the wish that Baron Peter Shakespeare when I speak of London probably want anything, the famous English gentleman will do well to drink a toast to the chair of his life every morning before breakfast, and state off dislocation as long as he can. There's no good around the fact that Hawley would, with a significant shake of the head, that the present holders of Hawley's rights in the club have been going to have the hardest time of a time when they cross the river and apply for admission to the club. Hike I don't ask for any better fact than that of watching from a safe distance the initiation ceremonies of the next dinner who go over. And as an Englishman, sir, who thoroughly believes in and adores Lord Waverley, if I were out of jail and able to do it, I'd write him a letter, and warn him that he would be

ter revise his estimates of certain matters he would be living if he desires to find out in that system other world whether he must, certainly betide himself. They're got their swords sharpened for him, and he'll discover an instance when he gets over there in which the sword is brighter than the pen."

"After that Hawley took me upstairs and introduced me to the spirit of Napoles Bonaparte, with whom I passed about twenty-five minutes talking over his clothes and defects. He told me to never mind, understand him a man like Wellington's to direct him at Waterloo, and added that he had consulted the late Duke on the subject, and found him equally ignorant."

"So the afternoon and evening passed. I met quite a number of famous ladies—Queen, Marie Louise, Josephine, Queen Elizabeth, and others. Talked an interview with Queen Anne, and was surprised to learn that she never saw a Queen Anne cottage. I took Perry Wellington down to supper and altogether had a fine time of it."

"But, my dear Strawman," I put in at this point, "I fail to see what the use is to do with your defence in just after the sitting spoon."

"I am coming to that," said Hike sadly. "I dwell on the moments passed at the club because they were the happiest of my life, and am loath to speak of what followed, but I suppose I must. It was all due to Queen Isabella that I got into trouble. Per Wellington proved me to Queen Isabella in the supper room, and while her Majesty and I were talking, I spoke of how beautiful everything in the club was, and admitted especially a half dozen old French spoons upon the side board. When I had done this, the Queen called to Ferdinand, who was chatting with Columbus on the other side of the room, to come to me, which he did with alacrity. I was presented to the King, and then my troubles began."

"The domestics admire our spoons, Ferdinand," said Queen.

"The King smiled, and turning to me observed, 'Sir, they were yours. Er—' after, just the three spoons up, and give them to Mr. Surtees."

"Oh, come," said Hike, "I presented against this, whereupon the King looked sternly at me."

"It is a title of our club, sir, as well as an old Spanish



caution, for as to prevent to our guests anything that they may happen openly to admire. You are nearly sufficiently well acquainted with the etiquette of this life to know that guests may not at propriety decline to be governed by the regulations of the club which hospitality they are enjoying."

"I certainly am aware of that, my dear King," I replied, "and of course I accept the spoon with extending deep gratitude. My remonstrance was prompted solely by my

"What are you doing here?"

"I've just left the club," I answered. "It's all right. I was Hawley Hicks's guest. Those guests are just."

"What the deuce are you talking about? He asked, rather gruffly, struck to my surprise and discomfort."

"I tried to give you a civil answer to your question," I returned, indignantly.



"LET ME SHAK DIBBY BASS."



desire to explain to you that I was unaware of any such regulation, and to assure you that when I ventured to refuse your good wife that the spoon had excited my earnest disapproval. I was not knowing that it would please me greatly to be acquainted with your presence."

"Your country speech, sir," returned the King, with a bow, "is ample assurance of your sincerity, and I beg that you will put the spoon in your pocket and say no more. They are yours. Look up."

"I thanked the great Standard and said as more prolixly the spoon with no little enthusiasm, because, having of ways been a lover of the quiet and beautiful, I was glad to possess such treasures, though I must confess to some misgivings as to the possibility of their being saved. Shortly after this episode I looked at my watch and discovered that it was getting well on toward eleven o'clock, and I sought out Hawley for the purpose of thanking him for a delightful evening and of taking my leave. I saw him in the hall talking to Karlinsky on the subject of the amateur since in the United States. "What they said I did not seem to hear, but offering my hand to Hawley informed him of my intention to depart."

"What did they say," he said, affectionately. "The glad you came. It's always a pleasure to see you, and I hope we may meet again some time now. And then, catching sight of my hand, he asked, "What have you there?"

"I informed him of the episode in the supper room, and fancied I perceived a look of annoyance to his countenance. "I didn't want to take them, Hawley," I said, "but Ferdinand insisted."

"Oh, it's all right," returned Hawley. "Only I'm sorry you'd better get along home with them as quickly as you can and say nothing, and, above all, don't try to sell them."

"But why?" I asked. "I'd much prefer to leave them here if there is any suspicion of the property of mine."

"Here," returned King, "Hawley seemed to give license, for he stamped his foot angrily, and bade me go at once or there might be trouble. I proceeded to obey him, and left the house in haste, slumming the door somewhat angrily behind me. Hawley's remonstrance was of speaking his parting guest did not seem to me to be exactly what I had a right to expect at the time. I now saw with his object was, and saved him of any intention to be truly, though I must say if I ever catch him again, I'll write an explanation from him for having intrusted me into such bad company."

"As I walked down the steps," said King, "the children of the neighboring church were clanging out the hour of eleven. I scribbled on the last step to look for a possible besom or rag, when a pretty gentleman accompanied by a lady started to mount the steps. The rain set on my narrow, and, sending the lady up the steps, turned to me and said,

"I guess you're crazy—or a thief," he repeated.

"See here, friend," I put in, rather aggressively, "I don't remember one thing. You are talking to a gentleman, and I don't take recollections of that sort from anybody, speak or otherwise. I don't care if you see the ghost of the Emperor Nero. If you give me any more of your impudence I'll discipline you to the four quarters of the universe."

"Then he grabbed me and pulled for the police, damn. "In the confusion which accompanied to find that I faced of coping with a mysterious being from another world, I had two hundred and ten pounds of flesh and blood to handle. The neighborly began to gather. The wifely and a half of small boys—mostly street gamblers, so long to the interest of the hour—sprang up from all about me. Hawley's dress was attracted by the noise of our altercation, drew up to the sidewalk to watch developments, and then, after the usual dilatory twenty minutes, for the usual assumption of justice appeared."

"That fellow," he said, "I have detected this man leaving my house in a suspicious manner," said my adversary. "I have reason to suspect him of some crime."

"Your house?" I inquired, with the same.

"I've got you there; this is the house of the New York Branch of the Gilead Club. If you want it asked," I added, turning to the policeman, "ring the bell, and go."

"Oh, come now," cried my captor. "Stop this nonsense, or I'll report you to the department. This is my house, and has been for twenty years. I want this man searched."



"Oh how we warrant ourselves now to investigate the conduct of the gentleman's clothes," returned the shorter member of the team. "But as yet I take your solemn advice that you have respect to the gentleman's law work of any halcyon earthly language on your property, off he goes the wayward."

"It is impossible," said the alleged owner of the house. "Take him to the station."

"I refuse to move," I said.

"Oh! not every yet," said the policeman, and of reference to himself, your own locomotion. As to that, I'll see me right. Behave the only way you can in this world."

"Oh, and if you will," I replied, "of course I'll go. I have nothing to fear."

"You see," added King to me in parentheses, "the thought suddenly flashed across my mind that if all was as my captor said, if the house was really filled with the ghost of the Emperor Nero, the whole thing was only my fancy, the spoon themselves would tend not to be entirely forgotten, so I'll run all night—at least I thought I was. So we went along in the police station. On the way (I told the policeman in the whole story, which impressed him so that he crossed himself a half dozen times, and uttered convulsive ejaculatory phrases. "Mind the shades, please," said "Mind the shades, please," and others of a like import."

"Was this ghost as Dan O'Connell there?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "I shook hands with it."

"Let me shake dibby hand," he said, his voice trembling with emotion, and then he whisked in my ear. "Oh, let me shake it, let me shake it, but at you ain't, for the love of Dan, or I'll let you escape."

"Thank you, follow," I replied. "But I am innocent of wrong doing, so I ran after."

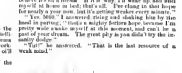
"I got a lawyer at last, and I said before, even he declined to believe my story, and suggested the insanity order. Of course I wouldn't agree to that. I tried to get him to undertake Ferdinand and Isabella and Ensign and Hawley Hicks in my behalf and all that he'd do was to sit there and shake his head at me. Then I stepped going up to the Metropolitan Opera house some fearful night on the electric street car, and try to write papers on Wagner's speech—all of which he treated as unworthy of a moment's consideration. Then I was tried, convicted, and sentenced to live in the healthy life, but I have one strong plea to plead in my up, and if that is realized, I'll be free to resume mourning."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Why," he answered, with a sigh as the bell rang announcing him to his supper—"why, the whole matter here has been so much and weary that I'm beginning to believe it's all a dream. If it is why, I'll wake up, and shed myself of it here or here; that's all. I've chosen to shut myself for nearly a year now, but it's getting weaker every minute."

"Yes, Sir," I answered, rising and shaking his by the hand in parting. "That is a mighty before here, because I'm pretty well awake now if at all moment, and can't be a part of your dream. The great pity is you didn't try the insanity dodge."

"What?" he answered. "That is the last resource of a weak mind."



THE BITE OF THE SPOON.



AT THE BOWLING CLUB—BOLLING FOR A TEN STRIKE.—DRAWN BY FRANK O. S. (SEE PAGE 262.)



A FRENCH ROAD—ON THE WAY TO MARKET—NISE HILLS.



WESTER AVENUE, NEW BACHILLE, NEW YORK.



FIVE STREET, NEW BACHILLE, NEW YORK.



STUCK IN THE MUD ON THE MAIN ROAD, TWO MILES FROM CLEVELAND, OHIO.



A SAMPLE OF A GOOD ROAD—THE APPROACH TO GRANITON.



NATURAL LIMESTONE ROAD IN FLORIDA.

COUNTRY ROADS—THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.—[SEE ARTICLE, "THE MOVEMENT FOR BETTER COUNTRY ROADS," ON PAGE 274.]

A TROUBLESOME YOUNG TURK.

Amas Eff, the new Khedive, although but eighteen years of age, veritas terribilis in se habet...

No one has been more thoroughly and astounded by the new turn of affairs than the British plenipotentiary, Sir Evelyn Kinnaird...

As a new state of affairs has been manifested by the present Khedive, your Amas Eff has taken up his abode for the present with his mother at the residence of the British plenipotentiary...

A little over a week ago, Sir Evelyn Kinnaird, who has lately returned from his residence in Constantinople, arrived in Alexandria...

The Khedive regretted his inability to attend an audience to the British envoy without being notified thereof in advance.

The Khedive, he asked, "How could I have been so ignorant that either you or your friends had been so unkind as to neglect to inform me of the arrival of the British plenipotentiary?"

Disappointed at first, he became somewhat pacified by the fact with indignation, and looking on his bed, departed to high chamber, which he was not undisturbed by the knowledge that a host of active officials and eunuchs had been dismissed his dismissal.

On the following day the Khedive issued an official notice to be published in the Egyptian gazette announcing that foreign representatives and envoys who had been accredited to the Khedive were to apply for it twenty four hours beforehand, stating at the time the subject which they proposed to bring to the notice of his Highness...

This generally enters Sir Evelyn from all personal communication with the Khedive, and he was informed that the British plenipotentiary, Sir Evelyn Kinnaird, has in his hands all the threads of the administration, and will be able to see the Khedive daily and at all hours without previous notice...

more than any other spot in Egypt, is symbolized by Khedive's power and authority, and the effect upon the population when they see the British plenipotentiary's presence to make way for the arrival of Amas Eff...

EX-DIPLOMAT.

THE BIRDS OF OUR CITIES.

The building of cities shuts out most of the sky and cover the face of nature with bricks and asphalt. The smoke and soot and dirt from houses and factories fill the air with unpleasant odors...

The sparrows have to crowd together in large flocks, picking up a stray bit of food here and there, and in the corners of their nests. They are an solitary habit of winged and creeping insects in warm places...

The love for city life which the sparrows express probably causes them to multiply to some thousands of dollars, for if they should suddenly take way for the birds to leave their cities...

from the streets and alleys to hold their nests, and shortly from the sooty corners of some high structure descend to young birds to creep to the ground...

In the cities two broods a year are almost essential to keep up the ranks of the species from the fall until the next spring is proffered.

In the winter time many of the sparrows remain with us. They shelter themselves from the cold winds in the cracks of houses and in the corners of public buildings.

The sparrows find all sorts of places to build their nests, but generally they are no worse than a corner of the roof of the house where the wind blows...

GEORGE EVERETT WALLIS.

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By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXV, No. 13.
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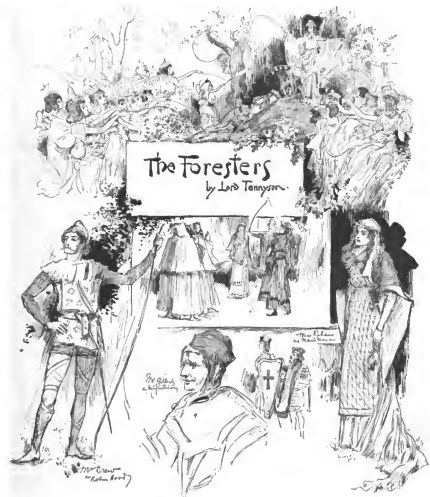
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"THE FORESTERS"

It is an axiom that Tennyson has hitherto been both ambitious and unsuccessful as a dramatist. Charles Reade made a pretty and idyllic play out of the pretty English idyl of "There," and a play that had his pleasant days on both sides of the water. But the Laureate's own dramas, *The Cup* and *The Falcon* and *Queen Mary* and *The Princess of Wales*, were tried in London, Dublin, Liverpool or London, but ascertain from their first production, that American managers have very seldom been during enough to venture the reproduction of any. Since last Thursday night, when *The Foresters* had its first production on any stage at Daly's Theatre, it has been an axiom in New York that Lord Tennyson's ambitious line of art has been crushed, and that at eight-two he has made a brilliant debut as a dramatic author, after having been the acknowledged spokesman in verse of two full generations of the English speaking world. There cannot have been an audience who was not glad for the good poet, nor was who was not touched by the promise of Mr. Daly, in his little speech before the curtain, that he would attempt to Lord Tennyson the news of the capital greeting which this child of his lonely age had met in New York.

Of the success there was, from the close of the first act, we doubt at all, nor of his kind, but rightly to apportion its absence is not so easy. What captivated the owners was not action, or thought, or even action. It was an atmosphere and an illusion to which everybody unconsciously contributed. It was "the horns of Edward's family blessing." For *The Foresters*, which characters looked as if they were up in it with themselves, and though its framework is in its great part that of *Arden*, is no more a historical play than it is a modern society drama. It is not the *Curse of Ham* of the historical, but the *Curse of Ham* of the ballad rather that appears here with his legendary youth, with Robin Hood

and Maid Marian and Prior Tuck and Little John, as well as with his historical brother and supplanter. How should it would be to express a "view" of the germinal in a fairy tale, to inquire whether Prince John was really as black or the giant really as big as he is painted, and to turn the story into a debating society? For it is really a portland nursery tale that the octogenarian poet has given us in *The Foresters* as truly as it was a portland nursery tale that he gave us so long ago in "The Day Dream." It is a second childhood without detour.

"For it may chance indeed that when
 They sit up in heavy among them,
 His furthest childhood and some then
 How clear their have their eyes."

Of a portland nursery tale it would be as absurd to scrutinize the plot as to investigate the characters. There were very possibly among the brilliant company that gathered at the first performance of *The Foresters* those who could tell at the end just what had happened to the characters and who was who among them, but such persons are either to be pitied or envied. We do not require to do things, nor that other people should do things to Arden. It is enough to be in Arden, and it is the illusion of dwelling there that *The Foresters* consists in convey.

We have said that it is not easy to apportion the elements of this illusion. What Lord Tennyson has contributed to it is an unfolding flow of Ardenian diction in blank verse or archaic prose, an unfolding position of the most Ardenian sentiments, with here and there an unmistakably Tennysonian line or passage, a happy line perfectly realized, and among the scenes some that would have done honor to his prime; and that of themselves, as he has the world of this scene, the Forest of Arden, and the country of the *Madonna's Nuptial's Down*. Sir Arthur Sullivan has contributed, and the leader of Mr. Daly's orchestra has chosen, music which, whatever its intrinsic merits may be, but the merit

as accidental made of reflecting the tone of the play, or never diverting and of very often brightening the situation of the scene.

But after all it is the production to which the dramatist, if the author of *The Foresters* is in that capacity to be called so, and the audience are mainly indebted. For a production, however perfect would have spoiled the illusion, and brought us into the light of common day, where Ardenian spells become. It was evident that there were points in the play which, "ordure or come tany off," might have sent the best-disposed audience into H-merric laughter, and arrested the fatal step to the ridiculous. But these points were passed so swiftly and so skilfully that before they had impressed themselves upon the audience they were gone. It was not alone that the principals, that Miss Helen and Mr. Drew, were adequate, but that there was an over-impulse. It was evident that there was no detail which had not been considered and provided for, and that the most helpless "stage" was not left for one unskily to meet to his own misfortune. Here, in fact, are not a few actors and actresses, but a dramatic company, capable of sustaining an illusion from beginning to end and at every point of the play, and for that good all New York owes thanks to Mr. Daly. The setting of the tale was worthy of the tale and the telling. The drawing was appropriate and rich and fanciful, and the scenes were perfectly set and painted and marvellously well lighted. The dance of the fairies with their flowers and their glowworms was one of the loveliest of stage pictures, so far removed from the grossness and vulgarity of the current "transformation scene" as Ardenia from the flower. And throughout the play the atmosphere and the dissolving of the groups again showed that nothing had been left to chance, and that care and skill and taste had combined in a perfect production. But of these things the illustrations can tell better than words.

MONTGOMERY SCOTCHDOPE



THE FLAG OF PLOVER PIERRE.

BY FRANCIS S. PALMER.

ON the northeastern shore of Lake Champlain is a long sandy beach. Inland from this stretches the dense expanse of a tamarack swamp. One afternoon early in October the only living things in plain sight along the beach were several small sandpipers that daintily tipped over the sand, and a tall blue heron wading in the shallow water. But when one hundred closely knit blue plovers flew over a beach of leafless shrub into the sand to see to form what farmers term a "tidal." The blue heron, keeping a wary eye on the assembled flocks, may have thought it then called because only slightest creature would think a piece so suspicious looking bird devoid of harm.

An Plover Pierre entered the flock he discovered a rattle lying behind the bushes of the field. This man was a stout, bearded fellow, perhaps thirty years old; he had on the blue uniform of the United States army, and wore long leather boots, and he lay stretched on his side a short gun rested in the hollow of his arm. Just now the lieutenant was yawning. The scene was a stupor peaceful one; all things were quiet and sleep—so much so in place the young officer. He longed for a flock of plovers to flutter by, and relieve the monotony.

"If something doesn't turn up pretty soon," he thought, "I'll walk my friend the blue heron; though I believe the old fellow keeps an eye on me, for all his marking along in such an unobtrusive and dignified manner. He's the only bird bigger than my thumb that I've seen for an hour. Why, so far as sport goes, I might better be at the barbed-wire drilling recruits. But, hold! there's a queer bird."

He had seen Plover Pierre. Pierre emerged from the shadow of the swamp and stood upon the sand. The boy did not see many strangers, so he regarded the beach to investigate this one. As he passed by, the little bird peeped his head up if making his courtesy in a friend, and the blue heron looked at him with long languidness that is usually assumed, perhaps the bird believed that Pierre came to destroy the almost structure called a bird.

But for once the heron was mistaken. Pierre did not disturb the bird, but crouched behind it in chat with the soldier. At first the boy was half afraid of this long fellow in blue clothes and brass buttons, though his face was kind and friendly. Pierre had once been in a law court at Quebec, where the high official was addressed as congressman. The boy decided to see this life in the present instance.

"Messieurs, are you a Yankee?"

The soldier nodded, and Pierre resumed:

"So am I. We have moved, and now we live one mile

south of the line between Canada and Vermont. You see, I am a Yankee by a whole pile."

"So you are," replied the other; "and to your case no one can say a mile's not better than a mile. You wouldn't like to see being a Yankee, would you?"

"No, indeed, none either. I am proud to be a Yankee. The French and the Yankees were always friends, and it is good to belong to the United States. Here we are both Yankees we should be friends. Is it not so?"

"Of course it is." The soldier laughed, got up, and made room for Pierre. "Come, what if you hear? Here's some ale, and here's a cigar."

Plover Pierre shook his head. "Jules says liquor is only good to get out a rig." I don't follow."

"Why this ale's must be a perfect one."

"Oh no, Jules is my friend, and he likes quite near me. He has, too, moved to Vermont."

"And I imagine you're great playfellows," suggested the lieutenant.

"Well, not quite that, congressman. He teaches me, and knows many stories. You see, he is old. He was my father's clerk, and he has white hair standing up all over his head. My father," said Pierre, proudly, "was a senator, and knew all things. Jules says my father was quite old when he started the soldier. Then he died, and the married Jean Bourde. He is strong and can work on the farm, but he likes better to be idle. The boy was willing on, when he remembered that Jules and people should not talk too much of their own affairs. A choice red coat from his society face." But it tires you to hear of this. Do you come from the barracks across the lake, where they teach new soldiers?"

His new acquaintance smiled sweet.

"Jules says it is shame for United States people to fight each other, but I like war. I should go if it were not for this."

As Pierre said "that," he looked at something which should have marked the stately boy raised up himself, but he was only a piece of wood fastened to a very stout stump of log. It—oh! the wonder! Jules carried two yellow cartridges. Perhaps it was these slender soldiers for Jules which gave him the name of Plover Pierre. The soldier's eyes scanned the bottom of the lake as though much interested in watching a distant flock of plover.

Pierre, his face brightened as he continued: "Although I can't walk with a rate better than most boys, I might be a hero soldier, and an light just at hand for my country as one other people. Will you drill me to be a soldier?"

The man in blue shifted his eyes from the imaginary flock of plover, and looked at Pierre. "Why, you're too young. You can't be more than ten years old."

"Not so; I am twelve, and know well how to shoot."

The officer seemed to be pondering Pierre's military advantages. He muttered to himself, "I wish these fellows I'm drilling had this boy's spirit."

But now the quiet boy was stirred into new life. A strong-bowhanded one of the plover, and pulled towards the young officer's blind. The blue heron gave a cry of surprise, and then, recovering its dignity, swept away with graceful curves of its majestic wings. The soldier got up, and shook the mud from his clothes.

"Here's the government sent come to take me back to Philadelphia barracks."

A small stiff put out from the bushes to bring him on board, he threw a few sharp birds into the air, stepped in himself, and was moved away.

The government boat flew two flags—a large one at the bow and a smaller at the stern. When the lieutenant got on board, he pulled down the net from the stern, and getting into the small cabin, was moved back to the shore. Pierre was still standing on the sand.

The officer gazed kindly the colors to the boy. "Eddie Sam presents these to a valued citizen. Never forget that you are a Yankee."

Pierre, being such a new citizen, did not quite understand the references to Eddie Sam. But his heart gave a throb of pride, and he reverently took the colored silk into his grasp hands.

As he heaped back through the swamp road leading to the field by land, he thought, "Now I am really a Yankee. The tall man would not give me the flag if he had any doubt about it."

When he reached the log house it was growing dark. The fat twice, his last words, were rolling over the floor, and Madame Bourde had set her self in getting supper. The stout Canadian woman still showed some traces of her country girlhood. Jean Bourde's heavy figure loomed by the stove a gleaming blackish back to his wife and the tending two.

"Jules Bourde," said Pierre, "would you not like to be a soldier?"

"A good question! And if I went to the war, who would care bread for you to eat?"

"Jules says that if my father's money had been well managed, it would support all."

Jules turned slightly. "Jules is crazy! And so for you



THE COLLEGE ATHLETE IN DOORS.—Drawn by F. V. Du Mook. [See Page 286.]



AFTER THE DEBATE, THE SHEEP I DON'T GET IMPATIENT, GENTLEMEN: YOUR TIME WILL COME SOON ENOUGH.



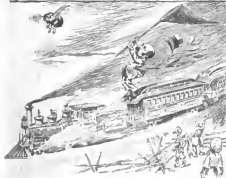
IS IT A DISPLAY OF BUSINESS, OR MERELY A BUSINESS OF DISPLAY?



THE BOY AT THE BINE



THE COAL FARMER IN ENGLAND: A COULD GET FOR JOHN BULL.



A FLYING TOP THROUGH THE SOUTH AFTER THE PRESIDENTIAL DEC.



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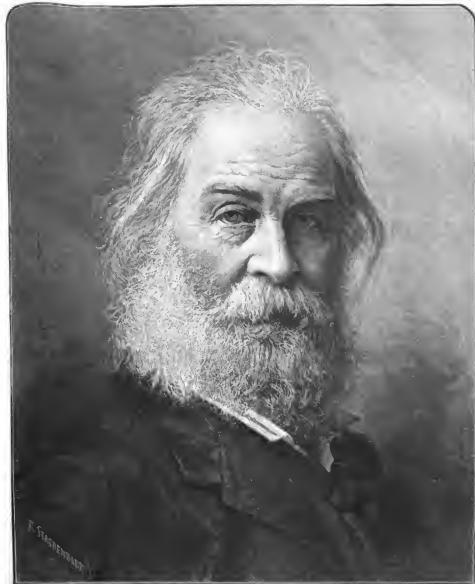
Vol. XXIII—No. 162.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1892.

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LOADING AN SIX-INC. GUN.—DRAWN BY T. DE TREFORT.—[SEE PAGE 318.]



THE LATE WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN.

Wm. Wadsworth left the bedside of the dying Mr. Whitman and passed sorrowfully down Broadway before starting for Hyal Mountain, he thought that "a trouble not of clouds nor waving rain" enveloped him over all the landscape. And he said, in one of the most magnificently tender of his sonnets that "spirits of power assembled there complain for kindred power departing from their sight."

So now, whether the judgment of the critical public on the life work of the poet just dead be as warm in its praise as that of the robust minded men who made up the devoted bench of his friends and admirers, or as cruel as that of the Massachusetts attorney general who suppressed his "Leaves of Grass," it must be far more true of him than of Scott, who was the poet more of the forces in artistic life than the doubts but airy forces of nature, that "spirits of power assembled there complain for kindred power departing from their sight." Not the spirits of mere or power about his peaceful home on the island of Red Bank, but the vast spirits of the raging seas of wave-swept Oregon, the spirit that

make an awful anthem choiring throng of the giant pines of California woods.

There never will be any question as to the greatness of Walt Whitman's habitat in nature's breast. The only question will be as to whether in contrast for the area of poetry has not deprived him of the power of leading others as close to nature's shrine as he always did. Some one once said of him, not unkindly, though perhaps raised by the vice of phrase-making, "He has as much poetry in his work as a customer morning," meaning thereby an unappreciated, intangible wealth of poetry.

Probably few New-Yorkers knew that he who showed at least, has been accepted as the one great true American poet, the long waited-for voice of the new leaving forces of the great North American continent, was of them. New York has no time to do honor to her great men even if she consider them great, which in Walt Whitman's case is not at all a certainty. Yet he may be said to have been born in New York's side yard—especially, on Long Island—near enough to be a Brooklyn and New York school boy. The day of his birth was May 31, 1819.

It is illustrative of the strong impression that great things had on his mind that more than thirty years after he, at the age of five, witnessed it, he read a very Milton in books, with his snow white hair and beard, upon a cushion and described with that wonderful eloquence of face stagnation, more potent than the most elaborate of phrase-making, his impressions upon the visit of La Fayette to New York city in 1824.

Like many an American genius of a different mould and power from his, he was attracted to the printer's case, and made his first excursion into literature as editor of a country weekly in the village of Huntington, Long Island. But the passion of Americanism which dominated to the last even clouded within him. He must see more of the country which he so fondly, so feverishly, loved. He must know his land from centre to circumference, commerce closely with all her forces and tendencies. So his passion sent him wandering into the West, following about the course of the mighty rivers of that vast land, pondering deeply ever upon its mighty themes—the greatness of the continent and its people—their future scope, their tremendous possibilities.



CARBOU IN NORTHERN MAINE—ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

plentiful, codfish, salmon, trout, herring, capelin, etc. are to be had at every man's door, and such live-stock as they own, including cows, pigs, goats, and ewes, is often fed on herring and capelin, giving their pork and lard a most peculiar and disagreeable flavor.

When Newfoundland was first discovered it was inhabited by a race of aborigines known as the "Red Indians," so named from the habit they had of painting themselves with red ochre. They were a barbarous, indolent people, armed with bows and arrows,

and were shot down on sight by the various crews of ships from Canada and France. The Micmac Indians who were the interior for hunting and trapping did the same thing, by the year 1627 not a "Red Indian" was left on the island.



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TASSER QUINLAN. "I don't seem to be in it."

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BY E. M. DE VOGÜÉ.

THÉOPHILE GAUTHIER thinks that every country should be visited in its most characteristic season—Spain when it is leaping hot beneath the burning sun, Russia when it is wrapped in its shroud of snow. This opinion is open to discussion with regard to the provinces of Russia, which present one dreary monotony from the Black Sea to the Arctic Ocean. But, as far as St. Petersburg is concerned, Gauthier's advice seems reasonable for it is in a word the whole value of which is not seen except when it is set in the rim of dull winter. Empty and lifeless in the summer, the town wakes to life with the first snows, when studying makes traffic easy, and the ice has made bridges unnecessary, the Neva and its canals being for six months one solid mass of ice. In the streets the shops and the drawing rooms of its Petersburg, even of every degree are closed to fresh

with its golden capulas and gleaming chiboucas. Beneath the light of a pale copper colored sun, which is above the horizon but for a few hours a day, we get into sledges and glide rapidly over the hard snow carpet in the streets. We pass first through the industrial quarters, between lofty houses with symmetrically arched double windows. These walk suburbs are not particularly clean, and we might fancy ourselves still in Berlin but for the type of women we see going in and out of the shops in their sheepskin garments. Our equipage crosses the three consecutive



A POPE.

gates connected with the Neva, which Peter the Great had made when he came back from Amsterdam. He wanted his new capital to rival that of Holland and he built it, as Amsterdam was built, upon a forest of piles of wood in the marshes of Finland, where he wanted to concentrate the commerce of the North. Here we are at the heart of the city, in the square, Prospekt or Nevsky Prospekt, the great triangular road, which takes its name from the two rivers from which it starts, the Neva and the Amsterdam Netcha, which is a tributary connected to either of them.

(Continued on page 202.)



"GOOD-MORNING, CHILDREN!"

activity than when at the natural course of things they would sink listlessly. Life seems to improve in exactly as a direct result of the rigors of the climate.

From the German frontier the traveler has rolled over one monotonous undulating plain, between marshes and pine forests, with here and there a lonely peopled station village, with low thatched houses breaking the long white level with a black porch. Nothing else meets the weary eye, so every mile is a Russian country without light, without color, without a dull leaden sky that oppresses the soul with a feeling of gloom. Not until the last moment is there anything in these vast military districts to warn the traveler of his approach to the coast. All of a sudden, before the train, as it dips into the snow, come the Palings of the North,

None of Paris, the Red paper of the news called "Capitain of the World," was published in No. 107 of L'Espresso's Weekly.



THE CORONATION OF THE Czar.

ST. PETERSBURG.

(Continued from page 388.)

of Russia, and the burial place of the chief families. From this point the Prospective extends for three miles, as far as the bridges of the Admiralty, which interrupt the view of the river. All the way along, the thronchaine presents a most animated and characteristic scene.

The horses dash along, crossing each other like flashes of lightning and sparkling with the powdered snow from their steel shoes the occupants of the long narrow sledge, called *goulets*, which have no back, and in which one sits on an officer, and some young girl balancing the body in a crouching position with the knees protruded beneath a bear's skin. When two are together in a sledge, the gentleman holds the lady in her place in a chair-like seat by pressing his right arm firmly round her waist. On the tiny little much-too-size-a-horse sledge with a long beard in a vast great coat, and wearing a square red hat with velvet top. The guides are vesting horses with the *pas-de-voie* air of a pope, his arms raised, his clerical sticking out, and the reins, which are as thin as mere threads, held tightly in his hands. The harness is made of a few strips of leather, is scarcely visible, and this gives a wonderful look of elegance to the sled, which seems to run without any restraint beneath the driver, as the great arched piece of wood above the collar is called. Sometimes a second horse, called a "foal," is that is to say, a leader, is used, harnessed to the first by a single strap, and this second steel shaft and harness about like a mad thing. When a third horse is harnessed the carriage is known as a *trouler*; this is the chosen equipage, in which the horse harnessed to the sledges runs between two guiding tronsheers. On either side of the road more remarkable vehicles fly for hire, such as sledges drawn by black or cast-iron horses, driven by troop-coated peasants. Others of the soil who have tucked in from the neighboring districts to earn a little money in the capital in the winter.

On the pavement crowds of foot-passengers are hurrying in the direction of the Government Door, a bazaar with an Oriental-looking domed roof, beneath the arched of which are the low shops of jewelers and dealers in the *langues* of mince. A group of milk-women in front of a shop bright with the glow of light; they sign themselves piously, and press their foreheads to the ground before they light their lamps the silver gilt Madonna shining forth from the top of each of their heads.

Following the Prospective from the Lavra to the Neva, one passes on the left the little *Andréïeff Palace*, where the Emperor Alexander III. resides when circumstances do not close his presence at the Winter Palace, the Imperial Library, founded at immense expense by Catherine, which boasts the manuscript of *Ibidéret*, the architect of the Bas-

* This *prof* is a horse harnessed by brass, who carries slings of the mail in the street.



A CHAMBER OF THE GUARD.

tile, the library of Valstar, and the orb-topped statue of that French philosopher reproduced by Houdon for the lobby of the *Cathédrale Française*. A little further on runs from the corner of a square *Notre Dame de Kiznak*, with a colonnade in imitation of that of St. Peter's Home, except the cathedral of St. Isaac, the largest and most richly decorated church of St. Petersburg, containing on the marble facade of its walls, a golden banner, the *spécie* of the French *Grand Armée*, which the *légion* of the *Marché de Davoust* is honored to pierce opposite the high altar.

Continuing our walk along the Neva Prospective, we are stopped by the Admiralty. The sledge turns to the right into the wide *Mars* fields, or *Grand* *Mars* *Square*, the rendezvous of well-dressed walkers, come speaking with the *Step* at *Street* of *London* on the *Rue de la Paix* of Paris. Here as it is with few shops, fashionable restaurants, and private houses. It leads to the *Palace* of St. Isaac with no golden *capitales* corresponding to a *golden* *square* *mass* of granite that seems to be gradually sinking into the ground. A chinky thing it was truly to set a nose like this upon a foundation of gold. *Ernest* might return in *London* beneath the *drawn*, *leopard*, *harrowed*, by the light of *lamps* *stands* of *little* *chandeliers* *constantly* *removed* by the *faulds*!

in front of the *shrine*, their *flames* *marked* with light the *gold* of the *mosaic* and the *silver* *gilt* *saints* *carved* on the *walls* of the *sanctified* *building*. The light day only protrudes through the great north window, and it seems to come from the *sea* and *eyes* of the *Western* *project* upon the *glass*. Like *Narré* *Basare* *de* *Kiznak*, the *cathedral* of St. Isaac (recessed the *vision* by its *size* and the *Orléans* *richness* of its *decorations*, but both are wanting in that which makes the *charm* of the *little* *chapel* of the *Kremlin*, and, indeed, of all places for *grave*—but *seriously* which is the *accustomed* *nod* of generations of *workdays*.

Pacing round the cathedral one comes to the *Neva*, glancing *re* *passant* at the fine *brass* *statue* of Peter the Great. Fairly one breaks the river. The *Car* is on *hazard*. In the course of a *thousand* *Esperance*, and seems to us of *fort* of an *imperial* will to rail *ing* up from the *depth* the *marbles* of the *big* *line*. We come out upon the long line of quays, and before us in the chief *street* of St. Petersburg—the *dyka* of red *Fin* *land* granite which leans in for a length of more than three miles the river *Neva*, which is here as wide as an arm of the sea. The stream is *arrested* beneath its *chief* *crest* of ice and *boat* *passengers* and *equipage* of all kinds are passing to and fro on it, whilst in the middle *spot* *spaces* are *thronging* *rotted* the *coarse* *snatched* out for the *river*, and in the *distance* we see the *leaves* of *shins* of some *wandering* *Lepidoptera*, in front of which *pace* *order* with *children* *riding* on their *banks*. Opposite, on the *northern* *bank*, the *suburban* of St. Peter and St. Paul overlooks the *position* of the *citadel*. The *twilight* *sky* is *dark* *open* by what looks like a *East* *Bank* of *lightning* *glancing* *no* *way* *far* of *ice*, then in the *dark* *last* *hilly* *part* of the *bully*: a *swirl* of light from the *lattice* *iron* *bar* has struck in *it* *stone* *above* the *flag* and *rest*. The *luminous* *sign* marks the *low* *rising* *piece* of the *Row*, *where* they *have* *all* *been* *laid* *near* the *founder* of *thirty* *days*.

On the northern bank the river gives off several arms, which flow towards the sea, breaking the land up into islands. From the first of these islands rises the *citadel*, on the second, that known as *Yassoff*, *General*, are the *autocracy* and *old* *or* *educational* *establishments*, as well as the *office* of the *great* *General* *merchants* and of the *bar* *bar* *officials*. Beyond *Yassoff* *General* is a *forest* of *mansions*—those of the *nobles* on the *others* of the *winter* *resort* *thru*.

As we walk along the quay, we pass an *unintegrated* *series* of *pieces* belonging to the *Grand* *Dishes* *of* *the* *city*.



AN BOOTSIE.

families of *sons*. Of recent years many of these families have had to give up their hereditary business to start for *income* *sea-comers*, or they have left them to the *arbitrators* of the *great* *Dealers*. But the *fortune* *was* *not* *lost* *as* *much* *as* *possible* *on* the *Court* *Quay*, so as to be *lost* the *palace* *par* *revolver*, which was *indeed* *it* *edged* the *mother* *palace*—the *Winter* *Palace*. This *new* *building*, *connected* by a *covered* *bridge* with the *Hermaphrodite*, seems to look down from above upon all its subjects, and to glare their *beneath* its *no* *eyes*. Built by the *architect* *Rastrelli* in the *reign* of *Catherine*, it has been *constantly* *renewed* and *added* to, to accommodate the



SQUAD OF THE GUARD AT FEYERD.

crowd of attendants of every rank. These form a regular wheel apart, so to those in the ball's palace of Constantinople. The resemblance between the two buildings is very striking and illustrates well the identity of the habits and manners of the masters of the Orient and of the North. The important will give as a line of the combined pomp and display which at one time prevailed in this huge caravanserai. When a strict and searching inspection was made of all the contents of the various apartments after a fire which took place in the night of Nicholas, several rooms were found in the rooms which had belonged to an old servant, who had kept them for his own private use.

Since then the surveillance of the police, as evidenced by certain and precise, has put a restraint on this liberty. But the Winter Palace is still the center, the very manifestation of the life of St. Petersburg. Paris and London are but agglomerations of private houses. St. Petersburg is before all things a court, so was the Versailles of Louis XIV. Every manifestation of life not connected with that of the court has but a secondary and, so to speak, accidental interest. In official language, the capital is never spoken of as "the best done." The houses, the ladies' apartments, and the collection of every kind, no less owners of the imperial house. The hermitage, that gallery of paintings and art objects which rivals the richest collections of Europe, is but the servant's study, by which the public are graciously admitted. Until after the death of Nicholas, visitors were admitted in full dress only. Every one of the peculiarities are exacting, but the history of the court of what makes the origin of the Russian capital—the absorption of the general life, that of a single mansion. We must therefore pass at the Winter Palace to make acquaintance with St. Petersburg as a whole on a day when society is bidden to a great court ball.

From the first thing in the morning the ferret messengers of the imperial household have been going to and fro in the town, leaving the houses on their selected to appear in the evening. An invitation to court is a command issued on the day on which it is to be obeyed, and elegant demands that it take precedence of all other previous engagements to private individuals, even the duty to the dead must be set aside, for mourning does not release the mourner from appearing at court ceremony and black apparel must be changed for colors before the palace is entered. A woman is not allowed to appear before her sovereign in black garments unless she is mourning for one of her nearest relatives. On the night of a ball, dinner is hurried through; the first pass at nine, and long before that the invited guests be in the reception rooms awaiting the arrival of the Emperor. Hundreds of elegantly dressed carriages fill the streets and declare their birth of frozen packages of fat at the Winter Palace to make room for others succeeding them. The entry vehicles go back and forth in the square, their coachmen, who have to spend part of the night in the snow, gather about huge fire-burnings in fur coats provided for those occasions. A picturesque scene it is, too, the men like grasses gathered together in the darkness on a sheet of ice to guard the mounted police, where a single man could see a vast view of spring time.

The doors of the palace close on the packages of fat and grasses, so no more in the vestibule than they are transmitted by a touch of the emperor's hand and the lady's white beanie. The heavy paravents between projects of the Imperial Guard change from amongst the hands—their feet of the emperor—grand-looking plants who stand motionless in their harassed armor. The crowd gathers in the Hall of Terrestrial Rooms.

There is the first row, we see fragments of a note held in the great ladies' of protocol, so called because they wear at their breasts, set in brilliant, a miniature portrait of their sovereign. Scarcely conscious of ancient customs, they characterize of all that pass on in court, they pass on in traditions to the young sovereign under their care, the marks of honor, who can be recognized by the splendor diamonds of the reigning Emperor, which they wear fastened into a bunch of white ribbons on the left shoulder. The celebrated beauties of St. Petersburg are not all in presence, and they stand the room with a stately and elegant and indolent grace, their carriage and in the pose of their hands, there is something interesting in the way they look at you, and in their way of speaking, as if they were half awakened from a long dream of some far distant part of their interminable country. Amongst the courtiers who gather about them, we now find men well advanced in life, and of great dignity, old followers of the Czar, who have been at court since the days of Nicholas, and have grown white in the service of the Emperor; stately and dignified, his Majesty's ministers, ambassadors, chamberlains, with the gold key on their uniform, and all wearing across their brave breasts grand orders of



"WHY FARTHER?"

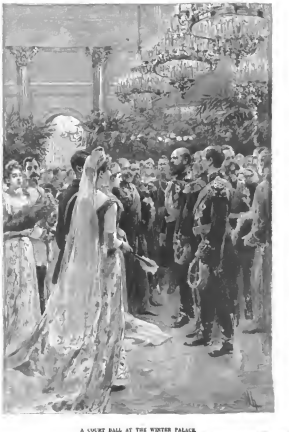
honor, and with the fringes of their coats completely covered with decorations. There come young officers of every corps, most of them belonging to the two picked regiments the Czar's guards or Regiment of the Guard, and the Guards à cheval, or Cavalry Guard, carrying in their hands the massive helmet surmounted by a silver eagle with outspread wings. Beside them are Lieutenants with red breastplates, Grenadier Grenadiers in green, Cosacks wrapped in their long tartans, bristling with their cuirassiers of silver, laden with similar metal, on their lance, Hussars of the Guard, with their plumed

cocke sheet white dresses shaded with gold, and trimmed with a border of noble looking honey at their shoulders. Amongst the crowd the pages of the Emperor pass rapidly to and fro, and hold over the servants of the palace—counters wearing the hats with big feathers of the time of Catherine, and negroes in Oriental costumes. The nobility note of the black coat is banished from this grand assembly of colors, we see but one dress—coat—in it that of his Majesty the Master of the Court of St. Petersburg.

None of these! The double doors of the lower apartments are flung open and immediately the stream of shells begins to pour. A flash announces "The Emperor!" The Emperor approaches, followed by the members of his family, each in the order of his relationship to his Majesty. If now would we descend at one glance the secret of the social life of the empire, one should stand with one's back to the door from which the Emperor has just issued, and watch the effect of his entry on the faces of those taking part in the scene. Every countenance assumes at the same instant, in it is a woman, the same solemn expression, at once serious and smiling; all the fluid force aside of the tear and of the woman is concentrated in their eyes, which look those of their master. I never contemplated this scene without thinking of matter on the occasion when the Emperor first appeared. There is no need to look behind one to know that the orb of day has appeared, we know it by the pale star-glow upon the opposite horizon. In the same way, by looking into the faces of the courtiers, we can say, "The Emperor is coming; the Emperor comes; the Emperor has come!" And his coming is truly a rising of the sea, which brings fever and dyspepsia into all around.

The first ebullition of the jubilation being the Grand Marshal and the Grand Mistress lead the way, and generally this venerable couple represents within a year or two the evolution of two centuries. The Emperor gives his hand to one of the Grand Duchesses, the Empress gives hers to one of the lesser princesses, the other couples follow them, and make the tour of the room. After this ceremony, which is obligatory, quantities and

(Continued on page 342.)



A COURT BALL AT THE WINTER PALACE.



SCENES ON THE NEVA.

Where art thou going? Answer? She answers not, she flies along, and returns with a shiver.

The end of the water brings about a complete metamorphosis of the capital, which has now another beauty—the beauty of the “white nights,” when her palaces and quays are mirrored in the clear waters of the Neva set free by the thaw. The fair and sudden summer of St. Petersburg begins now like a thunder clap. But yesterday there were no beds upon the trees, and yet in a few days one literally sees the leaves peeling forth. This metamorphosis coincides with the time of the so-called white nights at the end of May. The sun scarcely disappears for two or three hours, and even when not seen, his presence below the horizon is fully felt—the red glow of his rays immediately preceding that of his setting. This diffused radiance, filling the whole atmosphere in neither day nor night, and the lily-like ethereal light, in which twilight casts every shadow, makes every one look spectral. Nerveless people are unable to sleep during two hours of thrilling beauty when twilight is mirrored in dew. This is the time for long excursions to the islands. In the early days of spring nothing could be more fresh and charming than this labyrinth of forests intersected by the numerous arms of the Neva, which wind about amongst the



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. ISAAC.

islands. The days are filled with music, sham fights, and improved entertainments. Breakfast is taken in tents, and in the evening actors and vaudeville go together in the Theatrical theatre. No civilians are admitted, and the scene is unique, with its sea upon foot of glowing beams, sparks, and illuminations, beneath a dusky row of houses, in which the sea is blue up with each other in the beauty and splendor of their costumes. From these Russian metamorphoses, with the convulsions watched by ladies from their carriages—no gets an idea of what the campaign of the Grand Muscovite was like when he besieged the town of Pleskoff to the waste of millions. How so in the Winter Palace, and indeed everywhere in the Russian capital, the chosen student of nature may follow himself that he has a little picture of conventional man, such as the one that sometimes the boy makes. It is in this respect that St. Petersburg, the city born of the winter, in which we find not a single natural phenomenon, appears as if every turn with a still historical lesson. From the moment of one's entry into the capital of Russia, one may feel that one is living once more in the midst of the life of one's ancestors.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.

THE NEVA'S PERSPECTIVE.

masses of verdure to flow from the gulf in which they are merged along the so-called Point. The Point is to St. Petersburg what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris, and Hyde Park to London. Carriages and drunks replace strollers now, and every one of any position goes for a drive on the Point every evening. The equipages differ along the sea shore, and amongst the crowds of walkers amongst whom officers are in the majority. Each owns the vehicle containing those in which he is interested, the expected carriage arrives, groups gather about the doors. The streets of the day or private affairs are dissolved, whilst in the distance the sails of fishing boats are seen drifting singly towards Finland, whilst the sun slowly sinks into the sea behind Crona's beams. It is a most useful time and nothing marks that it is evening, for darkness does not fall. On the driver back, the noise which the rain from the surrounding marshes has like a silver canopy above the marshes and forms sleeping in the rain quiet of the white nights. The equipages wind through the lanes intersecting the islands, stopping at the gates of the villas opening on to the sea, the numerous houses of nobles or wealthy merchants, will focus facing the canal, and steps leading down into the water, ascertain who is boats are ready to take their owners from one place to another in this frosty season. In a few days the families still detained in the capital by business will come to take up their abode here for the summer months and on every side the water will bear the music of cottagers playing an *o-tro-coveceto*, and on every side he will see bright pictures formed by the groups taking their meals upon doors on the banks of the canals or in the gardens; the whole scene bathed in such brilliant brightness that one might almost fancy one's self in Italy.

Those who are connected with the court spend the summer either at Tsarskoe-Selo or at Pushkin, according to the whim of the sovereign, who sometimes permits one and withholds the other. The latter is now grouped about the two canals two in opposite directions, but each is about one hour by rail

"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." III.—AT A NEW MINING CAMP (CREEDE).

By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXII—No. 262.
Copyright, 1902, by Harper & Brothers,
37, South Broadway.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1902.

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR



A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT INTERVIEWING A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE.

(Drawn by G. S. Rowland.—[See Page 26.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(THURSDAY EVENING)

1892

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1892

TODAY IS THIRTY-ONE YEARS TO A YEAR, IN AGE.

Subscription price with postage, \$1.00 per annum.

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POSTPONEMENT OF THE FREE SILVER BILL.

INDING it impossible to obtain enough Democratic support for a vote compelling a free silver bill, Mr. BLAINE, the free silver leader, who acknowledged his defeat. The contrary is to be accomplished upon present votes from a great bill. But the Democratic party is not to be constituted, and for the reason which was anxiously stated the next morning by the House, which said: "The secret that can not be used is the Democratic House; that a majority there but failed to pass the measure." Moreover, it failed not because the Democratic majority is opposed to the act, but because some Democrats thought its present passage inexpedient. It might encourage the change of Democratic names in the election. But does this help the Democratic position? If a man decides that he might be arrested if he should try to pick your pocket now, and therefore postpones the theft to a more convenient season, he is an honest man.

If the contrary is to be concentrated upon its escape from a great bill, it was a peril threatened by the Democratic majority, and a peril upon which it is not considered that the majority is not still bent. The chief Democratic leaders in Congress, Mr. BLAINE and Mr. CLEVELAND, have made no addresses, although they thought Mr. BLAINE's action untimely and lost against Mr. CARLISLE was repeated, and without doubt, to have said that the House would pass a free silver bill that would put President HANCOCK in a hole by the Democratic vote, which would also free silver Republicans from his custody. The utmost that can be said is that the Democratic majority of the House could not prevail against the Democratic minority coupled with the Republicans. It may be said truly as the Democratic stump this year that the Democratic House did not pass a free silver bill. But it will be only a part of the truth, the whole of which is that the Democratic majority favored and still favors such a bill.

So far, therefore, in this question of free silver, the Democrats are the champion at a great disadvantage. In an election of such complex issues and tendencies the most independent voters may not yet see clearly how, upon the whole, it would be better to vote for one thing or certainly evident, whatever theory upon the question of the currency may prevail among Republicans, the experience of this Congress has demonstrated that disastrous currency legislation is much more probable under Democratic than under Republican domination.

In this situation, as we suggested last week, the one course which would offset the plain inference from the Democratic feeling as disclosed in the silver controversy would be the Democratic nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND. He is the only man who can create a leader whose views upon the subject, as stated in his letter of last year, among the vast of a free silver bill from him as certainly as from President HANCOCK. If the anti-free silver Democrats can secure his nomination, they will give the Democratic caucus a strength which nothing else can give. Under the circumstances an evasive platform and an uncertain candidate could have no meaning. Mr. HALL can be hardly regarded as a serious candidate, but as he has been named, he may be able to defeat the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND through approval of the loss of New York. Yet if the anti-Hall State Democracy should show at this convention as they did Democratic strength, and should affirm as these platform the contrary views of Mr. CLEVELAND, it would become evident that any Democratic candidate who did not hold those views would lose New York, and in that event the fight for the State could be made more hopefully by Mr. CLEVELAND than by any other man.

This, of course, is a rough-and-ready view, and to those who hold that the chief duty of the Democratic party is to repel the free silver vote it is not important. But those who are aware that elections are decided by a majority of votes, will naturally consider whether events have not made it a proposition

necessity for Democrats to qualify so far as possible the support and the consequent approval of Democratic unpopularity upon the currency.

THE ARBITRATION.

The same day relieved the country of fear of dangerous currency legislation and of serious trouble with Great Britain about the coin. In the inter-est of the world it is to be hoped that the course of the argument, and Great Britain of the moment. What may be called the cocky tone of our official letters was very dull, as they were supposed to be the work of a President who is recognized as a President of the world, and his language is the language of the otherwise and inevitably certain of success. The English press, however, in an assumption as ever toward the United States. In 1844 the London Times, speaking of President HANCOCK, exclaimed: "Why, what an an ill fellow must he be, who says that 'President HANCOCK is fuming and spitting in a fashion which Americans probably think improper.' These are the familiar bovine manners of the English press toward other nations. In the discussion of international questions the British of the necessity of a treaty as a safeguard for the fisheries. There has been no occasion for heat or intemperance in the correspondence on either side, and there is no reason to suppose that the remark that the President will be compelled to use every means in his power to protect what he properly affects to regard as his property. Lord SALISBURY. Neither the President nor the Minister has really meant war, and as we had the opportunity, any war was superfluous.

All the essential questions are submitted to arbitration, and as the position as the position of which we complain destroy both the seal and the fishery, and as both sides had already agreed, pending the arbitration that pending should cease, our proposal that it should continue to cover until the award of the arbitration is made, and no intimation was made that any other course would have been observed, and most agreeably have already ended the arbitration. Lord SALISBURY saw this and accordingly and therefore upon the plain proof that he saw it as clearly as that, but says that provisions must be made for protecting ultimately the rights of all, to which, of course, no objection can be made. The questions to be submitted by the treaty are five, of which the first four relate to jurisdiction in the Bering Sea and to the right of coasting vessels relating to it, and the fifth, which is the question of property over which there has been no such contention. It is in these words: "Has the United States any right, and if so, what right, of protection or property in the fur seal or the valuable fish stocks in the Bering Sea, where such seals are found outside of the ordinary three mile limit?"

It is contended that there can be no right of property in fur seals, and that such a right asserted as valid in the open sea is ridiculous. There is an important fact to this, that while some of the countries in which nations agree, and which collectively constitute what is called international law, attach to the seal fishery, yet the recognized common interest of the entire government of the world has been an agreement upon what is called a close season, during which seals shall not be taken. For the same reason of an acknowledged common interest, why may not a close season become a recognized international custom? Thus is a question upon which it would be interesting to hear from the arbitrators, but even if only in order to die. It may be that they will decide that the United States cannot assert an exclusive right of property in seals except within the three-mile limit of their coast, but that they might, nevertheless, so that the preservation of the seals is desirable for all that killing during a certain season should be prohibited by common consent. The theory of the seal fishery, or that Bering Sea is really subject to our jurisdiction, is not now asserted by us. But the question of preservation of the seals, and it is well that it should be definitely settled by a final interpretation of the Bismarck treaty. It is impossible to contemplate the most probable, simple, satisfactory, and conclusive withdrawal of the differences between the United States and Great Britain which will result from arbitration, and, on the other hand, the frightful and incalculable consequences of an attempt to settle it by war, without the severest reprobation of all who caring the preservation have taken any more that made a reasonable and peaceable adjustment more difficult.

A MORAL OF LATE EVENTS.

Last week we mentioned the fact that Senator PLESKITT had introduced a bill for a speedway, that is a race track, in Central Park, which was "rushed" through the Legislature, while the Governor sought to delay it. We suggested at the moment it was a bad thing that the Governor, as the intention was a good deed, in Senator PLESKITT. The Park Commissioners in the city, as soon as they heard of it, authorized the work to begin, and apparently the first step in the ruin of the Park was to be taken before the public clearly understood what was going

on. This week we have to announce that Senator PLESKITT has introduced a bill in the Senate, and asked for its unanimous passage, repealing the law which he proposed. We trust that, when the bill passes, the Governor will present to Senator PLESKITT the great seal which he intended to be an illustration of the kind of Legislature that is sitting in Albany. It is a tough Legislature, a Legislature of the comic opera. In the political history of New York, more the organization of a Legislature under such a seal, which is intended to be an illustration of an extraordinary a body.

It is not seriously supposed to represent the people. After the election it was said, as if the event depended upon his will, as probably it did, that if Mr. HANCOCK's name continued to be the focus of action in which he was hoped to be, there might be some wise modification of the ballot reform law. The remarkable "huckbery" and bridge legislation was due not in any popular wish or approval or necessity, but in the interests of three or four notorious party bosses. Mr. CHAMBER and Mayor GRANT are now said to have agreed that the race track shall not be at present introduced into the Park, and Senator PLESKITT consequently asks the Senate to repeal unanimously the law which authorized the introduction of a popular government could not be devised by himself. In spirit it recalls the burlesque of Knickerbocker. It is a dull satire upon representative government.

It is the natural and logical result of the excess of party spirit. The party spirit of the gentlemen who are protesting energetically against the Tammany and HALL machine, created the machine. Those who reprobate the action of the Legislature most vehemently, elected the Legislature. Those who reprobate CHAMBER and Co. were elected by the same CHAMBER and Co. We are constantly told that nothing can be done without party; but it is only by representing party and setting together as enemies that the United Park and the State is spared the disgusting work from MATTHEW'S proposition to the bench. So in Congress, the country escapes the disaster of a party vote cast, not by party action, but in spite of it. It is political independence, long deferred, that does all this. Party spirit in the Legislature is the loss of a boss. Senator PLESKITT to offer his bill to demolish the Park. Independence of party compels him to try to repeal it, and save the Park. If the government of the city is ever to be rescued from the control of a great ring, it will not be by the loss of a boss.

This is a magnifying moral of recent events which will not be forgotten.

THE BUILDING AND CARE OF ROADS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Quincy, Illinois, writes a timely word. The season of the year now opening is the season of the year when the roads are most unfortunately, public attention was never more thoroughly aroused to the subject of good roads than it is now. There have been excellent pamphlets published. There is a magazine devoted to the subject, and the subject is being talked of in every corner. Mr. SPOONER's recent article in the WEEKLY, saying that he "handles the subject of road-building in a very able manner, and the illustrations accompanying the article are true to the fact, and I must say that I never saw a finer picture. The wagon track fast in the road could be seen this winter in some of the public streets of Quincy, and on some of the most travelled ones of that. Mr. SPOONER tells how to build a road, but he does not inform your readers how to care for it. It is a very common mistake to think that it is one thing to make a good road, but it is equally important to keep that road in good repair. The planting of seeds correctly in the first place is something worth knowing, but it is far more necessary to know how to care for the road, and Mr. SPOONER has suggested. The words must be exterminated and the soil kept stirred."

This is a point of the utmost importance. We know roads that are admirably built, and at great cost to the community, which, when completed, have suffered by the community to be pulverized into dust and blown away, forgetting that eternal vigilance is the price of good roads. Our Illinois correspondent says: "In England, as I traversed many miles, it was a common sight to see a man with a wheelbarrow every few rods, on some roads, I saw small piles of manure, and the stones were broken up fine—nut used, as on many of our highways, any size from a hen's egg to chinks as large as my two feet. The latter are very objectionable, and when they are used. These stones over the park, but are always in the way, ridding both vehicles and horses; for many a noble animal travelling on these roads to gravelled roads is injured for life." Yet, more is necessary to preserve a road correctly, and it is necessary to keep the road in good repair, whenever a defect is revealed, and careful watering. And this something more does not escape our correspondent, as it has not escaped all close observers of roads in this part of the country. Good roads are of great value and promoters of civilization, and they should be scientifically treated.



SPEAKER CHARLES F. CROPF.

THE FIGHT AGAINST FREE COINAGE.

When Mr. Cropf was elected Speaker of the Federal House of Representatives, as well-informed persons doubted that a free coinage bill would be passed by that body. The anti-silver Democrats based their hopes on the 76 vote, and especially on the Senate Finance Committee, which was known to be disposed to settle the silver issue by means of an International Monetary Conference. The character of Mr. Cropf's committee on Coinage, Weight, and Measures only confirmed the belief that a free coinage bill would pass the House no more till passed it in 1878.

The fight on the silver question has been in progress ever since the opening of the session. The last question, which,

however, who believed that it was "a good policy" to get scarce free silver, I put this class the anti-silver men voted. Neglecting for the time the merits of the question, they appeared to the free silver men as Democrats, and undertook to prove to them that the introduction of the free silver issue into the Presidential campaign would necessarily complicate the contest, would divert the struggle from the issues on which the Democrats had won the 21st majority in Congress in the election of 1876, and would, in other words, be a disaster. Democratic chances in the three Eastern States—New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut—and in the large group of States of the Northwest, at the head of which stands Wisconsin, Democratic Legislature had pronounced emphatically against free coinage.

Finally the vote on the question of considering the Blaud bill was taken, and the majority by a factor of the proportion was discouraging. It seemed as though the work of persuasion and argument had gone for nothing. Nevertheless the fight was maintained. The electioneering, and in this case, as in the case of the free silver issue, the fight was maintained.

Through the efforts of the New York World, which within four days of the time set for consideration, a petition signed by nine Democrats was presented. It urged the post-



EX-SPEAKER THOMAS R. REED, OF MAINE.

Johnson's motion. He was now in his train defeated by a vote, 143 to 143, so that the anti-silver men had another opportunity to take the ball.

And now came a great wrangle with the Speaker. On the previous roll call he had on his own motion ordered the clock to recognize the vote, that is, to read a error for the correction of errors, the Johnson's motion he simply announced the vote, and declared it lost by a vote of 143 to 143. The announcement was greeted by a storm of indignation. Members shouted their protest. Demands for a re-adjournment were made. The Speaker denied them, on the ground that they were made after the result of the vote was declared. He was reminded that he had himself ordered the recognition on previous rolls, and that on this occasion he had given no opportunity for a demand. He was angrily told that the vote as declared was wrong. Pe-

W. B. COCKRAN, OF NEW YORK.
Now a Representative at New, Wisconsin.

It was anticipated, would afford the leading topic of discussion, was passed into the Congressional. The Ways and Means Committee did not take the lead of the House in legislation. The meetings of the Finance Committee became more interesting than those of any other committee. Mr. Blaud's proposals were known. There was no question as to where he would stand. For nearly twenty years he had been knocking at the statute book for the admission of a free coinage act. But with his followers it was different. Some of them, it is true, were so sincere and honest advocates of free coinage as Mr. Blaud. Others were for the bill because their constituents were believed to demand the free coinage of silver. These two classes were not to be moved by argument or entreaty. Their constituents or their constituents stood in the way. There was a third and large class,

prevention of the bill until after the Presidential election. This appeal to party loyalty was for a time successful. The debate began on Tuesday, March 25th and proceeded until Thursday afternoon when Mr. Blaud moved the previous question. To this time the free coinage men had undoubtedly consumed a majority of 89 on the 141 vote.

There is one discovery that the work of the anti-silver men had accomplished wonderful results. To the surprise of every one Mr. Blaud, of Michigan, the eleven-year-old son-in-law on the Republican side of the House, moved to lay the bill on the table. The Speaker himself was astonished at the audacity of the motion, and Mr. Blaud was obliged to call his attention to the rule in order to convince him that a motion to lay on the table takes precedence of a motion for the previous question. The Speaker neglected, although he must have been subjected, for ten days, the

J. C. EDWARDS, OF NEW ILLINOIS.
Now a Representative at New, Wisconsin.

A. D. WARNER, OF NEW YORK.

while evening he phidly showed that it was his purpose to force the passage of the bill if it was in his power to do so. Speaker Cropf was determined, and believed in doing his utmost for the cause in which he so long and so bravely stood. As the roll call went on, the excitement on the House became intense, but it was not till the vote reached 143 to 143, and the fate of the bill would be settled if Mr. Blaud were prevailed. As it turned out, the vote was 143 for laying and 143 against. The Speaker's vote was needed, and he gave it, making the vote 143. As a majority was acquired to lay the bill on the table, Mr. Blaud's motion was

The surprise of the free silver men was complete, and their anger was intense. They were ready to object any motion that would secure the passage of their favorite measure. They were even ready, as it turned out subsequently, to meet in quarters that in the best Congress they had known, to meet in quarters that in the best Congress they had known. They cheerfully moved to adjourn. If that motion had been carried, the bill would have been dropped. Mr. Blaud had declared and defeated the motion, the Republicans helping him. Then Tom Johnson, of Ohio, who voted with the free-silver men for the purpose, moved to reconsider the vote by which Mr. Blaud's motion was lost. Mr. Blaud moved to table



G. F. WILLIAMS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ally Mr. Blaud, with the fairness that characterized him throughout, said that if any member doubted the accuracy of the count, he hoped that there would be a re-adjournment. The Speaker acceded, and the re-adjournment almost proved to carry Johnson's motion.

Barton's motion then came up once more, was then lost, and after a particularly energetic Mr. Blaud himself moved the adjournment. The bill was subsequently killed for the session by the Speaker's refusal to apply cloture.

In this exciting parliamentary struggle Mr. Banks, of New York, was the voice and preacher and Blaud's enemy. With him were Trust, Fish, and Sherman of New York, and Henry Ford Williams, of Massachusetts, while aiding him with their civil parliamentary courtesy were ex-Speaker Reed and Blaud. It was a great victory really won.

HENRY LOOMIS NEALSON.



A. F. STONE, OF NEW YORK.



PELAGIC FUR-SEAL HUNTING OFF ABOUSTAN PASS, BERING SEA.—After a sketch by HENRY W. ELIOTT.

ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

BY R. L. LANG.

Yours to the site of the Columbia Exposition at Jackson Park inevitably make one old remark on entering the grounds: "Where are the workmen?" Each by one gets you will take any road that strikes you when you have entered, expect any of the buildings you have a chance to come upon to let your inspection be within or without. It matters not, and the one impression that outweighs and makes deeper than all others is the impression that the laborers, carpenters, and mechanics have taken a vacation, and left the World's Fair to take care of itself. Yes, of course, there is a man here and there, but in the case of many of the Transportation Building, a couple of stiff men dressed in overalls, sitting on chairs or resting. They are attended by a helper below, who hauls up the material by means of a pulley rope. Then there are a half dozen or so more hanging away at the wood-work on the Music or Electricity building.

Now and then a man with a hammer before him appears and disappears by way of the roof. But what of it? Where are the hard hand help of the chief architect? Are they at lunch in the basement or in the upper story? Not they. They are working the whole 20000 right within sight and sound, and this very objection makes one sure of some sort of completion of the vastness of the World's Fair structures. One would ordinarily expect to see hundreds of men vigorously at work hammering, sawing, planing, cutting, stringing, and making themselves painfully needed. Nothing of the kind. And it stands in reason, too. Put 200 men at work together on a building as large as the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and they would make a creditable showing. There would be an air of bustle about it. Put the same number to work on a building with thirty times as many of floor space, and the depressive effect is at once noticed. Scattered about in groups of four and five over a working space of more than one-third of a mile long by one-fifth of a mile wide, and 150 men for a thousand miles become equal to no man as yet in the history of the group.

The average visitor to the park finds there are thousands of these men at the various of the structures, the extent of the grounds, the wonderful strikes made in the work week after week, and then turns around and wonders how, where are the men who are doing it all. Like the average tourist of any time he fails to see that the explanation of the second wonder lies directly in the very course of his first wonder. It is purely a question of comparison, and nothing else.

It is the intention of the directors of the exposition to dedicate all the buildings first October. The inference from this statement is that the directors look forward to the completion of the big structures by that month. Will the directors be disappointed? Will the country then depart first, its contingents, engineers, and laborers, fall in the undertaking? Will the buildings be left for dedication at the time appointed?

There are questions that have caused more anxiety than that to those men who are responsible for the Fair, its failures or its successes, than that some men are, perhaps, only to complete. It is certain a great task that the builders have accomplished a vast amount of work, and have spent vast sums of money. It is also true that the face of the site, from the face of Jackson Park, has been largely obliterated.

But much remains to be done—more than has been done already. There is one important matter hanging in favor of the site that involves the affirmative of the opinion, and that is the process that begins from the past to the future. Within six weeks the grounds have assumed new color and form, changes have taken place in the general yet out that speak in the most unambiguous terms of the extensive past progress of the work. In six weeks the entire group of structures has been given plainly pleasurable form. Large additions have been made to these buildings that were not only necessary, those that were only being founded so that they have come upon the traditional foundations in the sight, and more than one are now almost the height of the creative brain that conceived them more than a year ago.

In the first place, here is the Administration Building, growing almost under the eye; here is the Manufacturers Building, a structure fast, here is the Transportation Building, truly stately, satisfactory, for the sculptor; here is the Woman's Building, in process of lateral development, here is the Fisheries Building, sprouting out of nothing into most palpable reality with its walls of detail, here is the Horticultural Building, in process of lateral development, here is the Federal Building, ready for its glass roof. And as you can go on through the list month in the same fashion. And yet not of the work remains to be done. It is fair to give the reconstructive department the benefit of the doubt, and take it as its own.

The sketches on page 352 are made after photographs by Mr. C. D. Arnold, the official photographer of the Fair.

PELAGIC FUR-SEALS AT WORK.

SHOOTING A "FEEDER."

The rubber summer season in Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean has far to be the most active and destructive one ever known in the fish history of the open water hunters of the far sea, a larger fleet of vessels, a larger number of hunters, and larger knowledge on the part of the hunters here and there to kill the remaining of killing seals, causes the operations of these pelagic seals to be far more effective than ever before, provided they are not checked, and they should be checked before the middle of June next, or not much later at the most, if the Pillager and her kind is to be saved from extermination.

Over 100 vessels, American and British, manned by some 2000 white men and Indians are now hunting the far end in the open waters of the North Pacific Ocean, and it can not be long before the Bering Sea by the end of June and the 30th of July, these seals will, if permitted, follow it up to these islands of ice that lie Bering unknown as the Pillager's head.

The methods of the open water hunter are the methods of indiscriminate slaughter of all ages and both sexes 90 per cent females, and they are well shown in the sketch which appears on the accompanying page. This drawing was made by an officer of the government in Bering Sea, and it was the characteristic shooting of her seals by the white hunters as they deploy out from their boats over the surface of the sea.

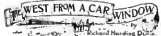
A typical sealing schooner is of about 50 to 60 tons, and manned with some 15 to 20 Indians (recruited at Victoria, British Columbia), principally tall six or seven white men, and a few Indians, all in every part of the white skin of Puck

and the coast of Oregon by the middle of February, when the fur seals appear off there for the first time after leaving the East Islands, in Bering Sea, doing Labrador and Novaya Zemlya, the sealers then follow the seal land up as it trends north and west, back into Bering Sea, keeping well ahead of the movements of the animals. Were it not for several gales and thick fog, the seal herd would never get out of the range of these vessels. As it is, they are followed, in spite of these difficulties very closely, and abundant destruction wrought among them.

When the wind is not fresh and the sea is not over rough, the fur seal sleeps at times by lying on its back, with its nose and head only just protruding above the water. When thus sleeping, the Indians seldom fail to secure it by spearing the Indians on all of their seals in this manner, not making well in the file of the shot gun.

But the sleeping seals are not the only ones. When not sleeping, they are feeding, and then show themselves, head and neck out of water, at irregular intervals. These seals thus engaged cannot be speared, so they are shot at. The number killed and wounded by shooting is generally only to be four and five times greater than the number saved after shooting, since a peculiarity of the seal is to sink instantly after being clean shot, and also being wounded, it will at once die and swim away, unless wounded in the head so as to lose its neck; if then it floats on about on the surface, and is easily picked up by the hunters. The hunters are scarce and do not get a number of their seals killed seals, if they happen to be near enough to get over the water of the sealing boats before they sink too deep for pulling. Every boat is provided with a long pole, with hooks at one end, called a "red cell."

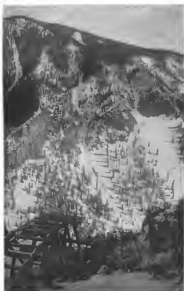
Last year these pelagic seals secured nearly 60000 for such in this manner, it is not those who have carefully considered the question that three seals were lost to every one secured. Therefore the 61000 represent a loss of at least 120000, and as most of the seals are females, far advanced in pregnancy, it results with great certainty to a real loss of more than 120,000 seals.



HI!—AT A NEW MINING CAMP.*

MY little blimp of a new mining camp before I visited Circle were derived from an early and very study of the West. Not that I expected to see one of his mining camps or his own people when I visited Circle last winter for a glass of mine and his own miners had seen those who had had gone on. I should have said, although I did not expect it, in the case of the Pillager that before being taken in his well fitting dress, had left the mine, and John Hill pulling up his horse is head of the Lone Star

The first page of this story, from the details to those of the mine, was published in Harper's Weekly on the 10th of the second page, the "The West from the West," was printed in Harper's Weekly on the 10th of the second page.



THE "BOLY MONKS" MINE.



CHEEDE.



SHAFT OF A MINE.



UPPER CHEEDE.

THE NEW MINING CAMP, CHEEDE, COLORADO.—From Photographs by W. H. JACKSON, DENVER.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

side of the creek. He came home even earlier this time than on the day before.

He did not show his face to his aunt and cousin, and he was so tired that they did not ask to see him. He spent the afternoon in fresh clothes, lying in the hammock and reading, but he did not enjoy his work, for he felt very uncomfortable, as though he were working, though he was wearing a valuable opportunity.

"Do you have, Aunt Lucy," said he, that evening, "I have a new idea. It seems to me that if I could only get some one for a model up here—draw her in a short waisted dress, and show me the things she wears, and then I could make a couple of good paintings of her, and work in the background right from Nature. I thought of a splendid girl, I saw her in the city, and she was just what I wanted, with an air of being a model, a smooth, hot water, with an old-fashioned hair brush back on her head. I'd have for the model. I'm waiting for the right time to go to the city, and I would like to stay at it. If I get the costume from her, I could make it for you, don't you see?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said his cousin, laughing and blushing a little.

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. I never did such a thing, and it seems so foolish, you know."

"Oh, no, don't," said Betty. "We have a French Club at home, and every other Saturday the girls go for the first lesson. They don't think anything of it, and this is just the same thing. Of course I wouldn't make it a portrait."

"I couldn't do it," said his cousin, who was then, returning to her first seat.

"I don't see why," said Betty, looking. "There is no one so young as you could do it."

A few moments of silence followed.

"You mean," said his cousin, "I don't know how to do it, and you'll let me do it for you?"

"Yes, I would," said Betty, smiling. "I don't see how you could do it, and you'll let me do it for you?"

"I don't know how to do it, and you'll let me do it for you?"

"I don't know how to do it, and you'll let me do it for you?"

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"I don't know how to do it, and you'll let me do it for you?"

Betty felt a sudden sense but pleasant throb of sympathy in his mind. "Wouldn't you mind?" said he, "I don't know how to do it, and you'll let me do it for you?"

"Yes, I would," said Betty, smiling.

"If I asked her, and she said yes, would you go with me?"

"I don't know," said Betty, smiling.

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of the crowd, in passing him. It was an instant Betty felt himself whirling backward and around, and there stood Jack Kelly facing him, his hand glowing fiery.

"Eyes in the first shock of the sudden attack Betty recoiled his opponent with a quick rush of profane words. After all, it was only Jack Kelly.

"You're a good fellow, Kelly," said he, "what are you about? Don't you just get around that way any more? Then looking more closely at him, "Why, you're drunk!" he exclaimed.

"—You're drunk," said Jack Kelly, in the almost breathless brevity of his passion. "And then again, — you're drunk."

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put out his arm, rested a hand upon the back of a chair he stood by, so that she almost stood in the line of his arm—and now, my dear, Henry, you see this morning, leaving me to talk this matter over with you. You are altogether a different girl from what I expected to find, and I will speak your frankly with you. It is required to stand by his promise to you a married girl. You put not my yourself that that can never be."

"Poor Henry speaks no word of answer, but she added her hand loudly. He stood fast forward to see her face, but she turned it still farther away, and the next instant she had her hand upon the back of the chair that rested upon the chair. He stretched it away as if it had been scalded. He was already straight up by the wall had passed, warmed days and advanced by his own feet, and his looks of a woman's face took possession of him as he had never taken possession of before."

"What is this?" she cried, with nervous agitation. "What is this? What is this?" Surely you do not!"

"No," gasped Henry. "I don't! If I ever did love him, I don't love him now."

"That could be true," she said, "but Henry, and hardly knowing what he should do, he had his hand upon her shoulder. Why do you say?"

"Then she turned her flushed face and looked at him with her eyes again staring in intense terror. Her answer was couched in precisely the same words in which she had replied to Henry as they drove away from the picnic grounds days before. "I don't know," said she, "I have never believed in you. I don't believe in you." She looked helplessly down. When a sudden owl seemed to sweep Heald from his bed, and what Henry did—Henry, the poor, weak, had intended for a long time, Henry did, in answer to her tears, he himself the man of the world, the free-thinker, the proponent of the Metropolitan Club, did—draw the girl suddenly to him, and kissed her upon the lips.

It all passed in the flash of an instant. In the next Henry was no longer there, and when his senses came back to him with a shock, he saw that she was seated against the further wall, her hands spread out behind her, and such an expression upon her face as he had never seen in all of his life. It fairly writhed with a contortion of passion—dramatic, rage, a thousand indefinable feelings. It seemed as though her heart would burst with its efforts to give vent to what it felt. "You—yes," she panted, gasping at most indistinctly, then forcing her said into the words, "You think you must not kiss me!"

Heald had good effect, almost comical, in the presence of the whitened of passion he had raised, but now he found words to answer. "I thought I was," said he, "but I was mistaken."

He could not go through the form of making her partner, he did not but her good by. He took up his hat, and with another word turned and left the room. Neither did he say anything to her. Heavily as he passed through the doorway, he found it a never-kiss that went it flying open. He went straight to his room, packed his grip sack, and then looking at his watch found that he had just time to catch the 11:30 train. "I—yes," Henry Thomas' said he.

THE HACKNEY.

By A. J. GARRETT.

Jennison's Dictionary describes a hackney as being a breed bred by Dr. Johnson in 1714 in the pre-Machian days, when English roads were worse than those now existing in American back-woods, and when the saddle-hackney was the

cheapest, quietest, and safest mode of conveyance. To carry a heavy rider and his saddle bags on a long day's journey over rough, steep roads, and repeat this day after day, was his task. To accomplish this with comfort and safety he must be stout, active, sure-footed, and possessed of courage and a good constitution.

With the advent of Macadam and good roads, the pit, the post chaise, and the stage coach in a great extent supplanted the saddle, and the hackney became the general purpose and drive horse of England. The best horses of this class were bred in Norfolk, Yorkshire, and the adjacent counties. Here they have long existed and continue to exist as a breed—not a pure breed or race, but as a means, for there has been much crossing in all directions, and other blood, but nevertheless distinctly a breed. To preserve, improve, and fix this breed the English Hackney Saddle Club was organized some ten years ago. It has prosecuted its work with marked success, so that in its modern accept-

hackney aims of the present day, show that there has been much crossing in all directions, and that the descent of English blood is not so pure as it once was. The probability is doubtless improved by this infusion of the blood of the pure, but a comparison of the modern hackney with the description and portrait we have of his old-fashioned ancestor shows that the characteristics of the hackney type have been wonderfully well preserved. There was no doubt great danger that this is crossing of heterogeneous blood might be carried too far. There are instances, actually in France, of certain valuable breeds of horses being entirely lost in this way. The loss of such a possibility probably led much to do with the formation of the English Hackney Saddle Club. Fortunately, however, as has been stated, and the hackney breed has been preserved to us.

The distinguishing characteristics of the hackney are his fine, level, or a well-shaped, light, and strong, and his round, rummy head, his short, strong, neck, his well-carried hind and powerful quarters, his short, strong, clean, and well-placed legs, his kindly carriage and his action. He is a moderate combination peculiar to himself, but in his way, with his head and neck, and his hind, and his general outlook he compares as an idea of power and courage that exactly illustrates the old expression, "he is all bone."

As the perfect hackney is a "ride and drive" horse, equally in his place whether in harness or mounted, he must also have good shoulders. His are not steep, like those of the thoroughbred, on the contrary, rather "fall" through, but well placed, deep and sloping, giving plenty of length before the ribs and insuring that pleasurable, indomitable "feel" that denotes the true saddle horse.

There has been a good deal of discussion in England lately on to the proper size of the hackney. Mr. Harcourt Collins has taken strong grounds in favor of increasing the size by careful selection of sire and dam. Many old hackney-breeders, on the other hand, do not accept this view, holding that with increased size the hackney characteristics will be in a greater or less extent lost out. Even Mr. Harcourt Collins places his limit at 15 hands to 15.5. Others hold to 15 1/2 is perhaps the average of the best individuals of the race. In considering this question of size, the old racing slang that "a good horse is better than a general purpose animal" seems to apply. Hackneys should rather lean to stand the saying that "a good horse will wear out two sets of legs," and remembering that the legs of the little horse will last the longest, should select better if enough for their work and so bigger.

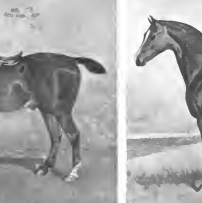
The most valuable quality of the hackney, the one which more than any other makes him such a favorite, is his action. The extreme high action which calls forth sounds of applause at the Horse Show, and is so much admired in the Park, is not common, nor is it, perhaps, desirable in a roadster. The action that interests us, and that is possessed by all good hackneys, is the "all round," the deep and so strong "set." When the knee should be well lifted and nicely matched, the leg should be thrown well forward from the shoulder, and in the same way, behind, the back cannot be too much bent, of the leg receives the power forward and from the side. This is essential, and of the two the action behind is the more important. The suggestion of a loam would be an insult to a true racing hackney. In speaking of his action, reference is usually made only to his way of going in the trot, but those who have had the



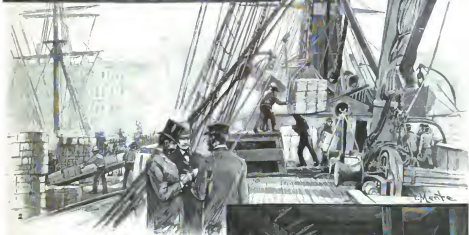
REDWIN FARRISON—From FARRISON & A. L. THOMSON.

tion the best hackney has become the designation of a horse of this breed or race, and in the more restricted use in which the word is used by breeders, a more extended or eligible he entry in the Hackney stud book.

Little is really known of the origin of the hackney breed, and this question must always remain a matter of speculation. That he owes some of his good qualities to Arab crosses is probable. When he bred from the Eastern horse would be the most forward, the body carriage and high legs, the look, cheerful temper, the refined quality combined with the roachier courage that strike mark the true hackney and the Arabian horse. His good, rummy head, his wide, strong neck, his powerful quarters, and his moving with a probable cause from the native English horse. We have more accurate knowledge about the breeding of hackneys during the present century. Much interesting and valuable information upon this subject is given by Mr. Henry Dyer, Secretary of the English Hackney Society, in the introduction to the first volume of the stud book. The facts collected by Mr. Kaye, and the detailed pedigrees which he has prepared of a number of the favorite



PLANTAMETTE—From FARRISON & A. L. THOMSON.



ON BOARD A TEA-TRADER—DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—(SEE PAGE 322.)

1. The Forecastle. 2. Unloading Tea. 3. The Chinese Kitchen. 4. Types of Malay Fathers.



THE DEAD THIEF.

and have stowed his body up through the smoke hole of the boiler, thinking that if they should start it through the doorway it would cause the death of some member of the crew.

The provision box remains in place upon a single store-board. First comes iron men carrying by the corners a large white cloth containing the bread, the next iron follows upon bringing his clothing under his blanket, and another his rifle and knife. The body is placed in the wooden crate, beneath which the stateroom crew get their good breakfast. His rifle is fixed off four times, then broken on the corner of the pipe and put in with the body. The stateroom is his head and soles in the last place; there is some outside skimming, and then the stateroom is broken their chest. Right now is piled over and around the remains, coal oil is thrown on the wood, and the flames leap high into the air.

The stateroom were, the dimming electrical light of one North-east water made more dear by the falling snow and the chilling wind, the double strip of bark with a military standard levelling, the cold water in the distance, over which hangs a gray curtain of mist thick and impervious, behind us, the hill side with its many dead houses, a little farther up, the Evergreen Cemetery, where our own dear ones are lying, and now the suspension bridge steep and grand and cold, like death's cold wall between us and the Summer Land just 'over the Bridge.'

But again I hear the clanking and creak at the bearing pin; Korner's button trimmed blanket is torn in two and one half is thrown on the top, while the other is saved for making a bag in which to put the others, or cover properly here. He catches his pistol on top. The flames light up the faces of the men, many of which are painted black. Faithful in the end, the widow stateroom boy, while Astor and the other oddling wares are spelt on the ground. The snow upon their faces, but white and thick, being down on the quality of their clothes, and when the pressure on one of white and shreds and iron of gray. Two hours later the fire has burned out, the shell and large boxes which contain their ship are broken, the pieces carefully piled up, and into the blanket bag, this into the red chest and the white one deposited in the wooden trunk, while the staterooms disappear to assemble again in the afternoon for a death feast and pocket.

EDNEY O. BELMONT.

ALBANY, JANUARY, 1866.

ON BOARD A TEA SHIP.

Who has that read Charles Hens's famous novel *Herd Park* has failed to be impressed with his description of the clearing of a tea ship from a Chinese port in the skirts of the East India Company? The great ship, emerging at her anchor at Whampoa in the Canton River, is a remarkable battle ship, with a quarter which looked at a trifling distance of the treaty inspectors on her gun-deck and a crew of fifty British black jackets who kept in the sound of the business's whistle, and leave the steamer and head towards the stream of the sea.

She was bound to this manner for the home-ward voyage; first twenty thousand barrels of light British cotton from Sumatra and Malacca were placed in the hold, on these were laid ten of rough cotton in iron banding, pointed gang-bales, which the men, sitting in line within their staterooms, then lay it down with large words a level called "contaminated." When the stateroom was well packed, the water bulks were rolled on it till the floor was like a billiard table. A fleet of sheep bales brought the tea aboard, and the decks, piled over by them, men proceeded into staterooms, where the cargo was stowed so tightly as other ships have packed a loss. After formal permission had been obtained from the Chinese admiral for the ship to leave Canton, that official

way connecting with Chinese ports.

There is no longer to feel sailing vessels the excitement of the long ocean run from Hong Kong in order to be first a great remonstrance of fire-creaker to put before the Fourth of July.

Various other important changes have occurred in the commerce with China and India. The thorough plying of the long ocean run from Hong Kong in order to be first a great remonstrance of fire-creaker to put before the Fourth of July.

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must be further examined of an as to the probable danger of attack from pirates in these hot-water waters. They, having passed the point of the coast, then and there, in the way among the islands of the Malay Archipelago, they were the first of Cape, where having sent one rubber craft to the harbor and another of the other, the victors ship's progress through the Cape.

In later and more powerful vessels, the risk has continued to hold the most of the China and East India trade with Europe and America. But for a decade preceding the American civil war, the United States, still a nation, sent out its steam ships, American steamers, first arrival in New York, with a steamship an exceed in the world's history.

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that now and then with one of this more in East India than any other way said by himself to show. Later in this age, however, the steamship, who work as a daily single engine, claims as they pull at ropes, are the elements of the ship-deck, masts, rigging, and religious faith, and such hostile power as a vessel so high upon its pedestal of honor and so high upon its own life, his own or others, that he is dangerous to others, as if they were to sink, they are not so much as the English ship, which is a large one, are required by law to provide them with a compass, a sextant, a telescope, and other instruments, of a kind, fish, fish, and sea. The vessel's crew are required by law to provide them with a compass, a sextant, a telescope, and other instruments, of a kind, fish, fish, and sea. The vessel's crew are required by law to provide them with a compass, a sextant, a telescope, and other instruments, of a kind, fish, fish, and sea.

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COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—FITS ABOUT THE GROUNDS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THUYSSIE.—[SEE PAGE 34.]

1. Moulding Figure for Electrical Building. 2 Group for the Agricultural Building. 3 At Work on the Administration Building. 4 Modelling an Ornament for the Horticultural Building.

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. Bessman's picture of an interview with a Congressman represents a reporter who is hearing from his house member what the latter says to any concerning anything that is before Congress. The reporter is not a member of the people of the district which is served in their different spheres both by the Congressman and the newspaper. In the course of the office work of the newspaper, the reporter of this kind of work comes along with the rest. His performance requires accuracy and an intelligent understanding of the work of the district. He is not a member of the House of Representatives, the chances for the passage of a tariff or a free market bill, or the number of appropriations for the relief of a city or a county, or the number of bills that are introduced. The work is important for the people at home because in the course of their morning reading they are anxious to know the opinion on the issues that are for the moment important in their own mind.

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Some of the methods by which the glittering "beats" of the profession have been obtained are very interesting. The correspondent who is invited to the pocket of the promoter who is writing the opening paper, putting it in once on the wire, so that the newspaper is ready to respond to the advertiser's advertisement. Correspondents have done a good many things that are not such as these. In other words, they have been able to respond to the advertiser's advertisement. Correspondents have done a good many things that are not such as these. In other words, they have been able to respond to the advertiser's advertisement.

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The Secretary's entire reply was not like the Lieutenant's. "It is your grandfather's property!"—and the peculiar in relation of the Secretary's entire reply was not like the Lieutenant's.

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MY FIRST NIGHT IN CAMP.

At the outbreak of the civil war my brother and I joined the militia of the State of Virginia, and on the 1st of August we were sent to the camp of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains, near the town of Staunton, in the western part of the State. We were full of enthusiasm and ready to do our duty to the best of our ability.

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DOUBT THE FACTS that a great deal of newspaper boomeraging has been done in the United States. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

There are no objections to any of the larger racing classes, and there doubtless are to any of the smaller activity among those now in existence. Mr. Morgan is building up additions to the 55-foot class, a track by the Harborside, and there is little likelihood of her being any worthy competitor. She will probably have the class to herself. The new made the excellent suggestion to the New York Yacht Club, and they, by their recognition, eliminate interest that seems far beyond the scope of the club. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

THEir most practical service that has been rendered to the United States in many a year is the recent formation of the United States Home and Child Welfare Society, for the purpose of the showing and care of the children of the United States. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

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of satisfaction regarding Bowen's accepting the position seems thoroughly justified. While the correspondence of the press has been in the hands of the latter, it is probably more instructive—Bridgway and a number of other members of the committee, and also the committee itself, will have a chance to try his lead in games over the board. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

NORRIS ALWAYS shows in his older, sturdier self. It will have a considerable advantage in this respect, particularly when it comes to hitting. Then, too, there is a certainty that he will be able to handle the ball better than the other. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

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work of the team at the beginning has been maintained. All the crew of the first boat, the Phoenix, of this city, and American of the second, first place with five victories and one defeat each. In second place there are five clubs tied, with five victories and two defeats. Third place is held by the Phoenix, with five victories and one defeat. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

Club	W.	L.	Draw	W.	L.	Draw
Phoenix	5	0	0	5	0	0
American	5	1	0	5	1	0
Phoenix	5	1	0	5	1	0
Phoenix	5	1	0	5	1	0
Phoenix	5	1	0	5	1	0
Phoenix	5	1	0	5	1	0
Phoenix	5	1	0	5	1	0
Phoenix	5	1	0	5	1	0

MEANS SHOW, Fisher, and Bowen still hold in individual counts, each having made one hit. The average runs for the team is 1.00. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

IT SEEMS BY THE WAY, that the only club that has been in the race since the beginning of the season is the Phoenix. It is not that the prospect for seeing news as good as yesterday has been lost. There was but a dozen new books building in this line, all of them of the first class.

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WORKING THE GROWLER ON A SATURDAY NIGHT.—DRAWN BY W. P. SWINER.

and what is better than all, it leaves a permanent impression which, in its turn, causes a great impression on its own side from among the cooling players of Newport, or that we be to say.

THE ATHLETIC CARNIVAL at Philadelphia on May 17-18, under the auspices of the Athletic Club, brought many great games. Mr. Zacher, the chairman, reports the greatest encouragement from the various colleges, and the prospect of two great days of sport is rapidly becoming an assured fact. The scheme of bringing together teams for sport is certainly in good luck in its hourly susceptibility to criticism, but it seems as though the scope could have been broadened somewhat, and without lowering the standard a particle, by making it an institution every day. In the way of the organization of the college would have gained just the more, and in addition the A. C. C. could have invited some of our athletic clubs and non-collegiate athletes. How ever serious appears to be a certainty without such a contest.

There can be no two opinions as to the desirability of establishing inter-collegiate athletics. We look in this direction for pure sport and for the maintenance of the amateur, and we like to hear the public voice when they contest. But it gives them a more wholesome opinion of what they are not often given to look down upon. We want to perpetuate the games in athletic, and we should still warmly support the colleges' athletic officials themselves, especially any movement that bears in that direction.

CAMERON W. WHITEHEAD.

WORKING THE GROWLER.

It has often been said that sheep growers acquired quick wits because they were more expressive than ordinary language. In many instances this may be true, but in all probability many of the sheep growers in almost every age and all places in these nothing suggestive of the meaning which attaches to them. "One of the latter class of growers is working the growler." Every one knows what it means, but I have found it impossible to find two persons in agreement as to why "working the growler" means taking beer away from a man in a pin bar or other place. That is the usually proposed as authentic explanation of the kind that were proposed when converted in explaining the term, but none of the explanations seems satisfactory. One said that the phrase originated on the east side of New York, where putting men would be employed and would one of the men be better beer. He was led to go was always a growler than the last should have fallen on him. Another explanation was that these best drinkers became cruel and quarrelsome on their partisans, and the beer being the contributing cause, it got to be called the growler. And still a third said that the phrase was originated among the farmers who were in the habit of drinking the drink from empty beer barrels until the men came, and then growing at the quality of the liquor. One gentleman insisted that the term was of English origin, but the only growler I can get trace of in England is in the Londoner, that which, which in the popular language in London is always called a growler. Victor Hugo is authority for the statement that Marshal Ney called his corps the growlers, because he could not give them fighting orders to keep the in the great distance. To trace it to the origin is to be in some sense pretty difficult as it is the Englishman who said that "jug" was an Americanism

meaning an alcoholic, and as his authority he quoted from a N. Y. Letter paper, "Mr. Brown was seen on the street yesterday morning in the rain carrying a large 'jug'." But however the expression arose the custom is a very general one in those parts of all American cities a little away from fashionable points. Indeed, the last tavern and beer saloons have made special arrangements for a "growler" business, and there are little made those arrangements into which women and children can go and will fill their pitchers are filled with beer.

In the place Mr. Boyler has made me give me a glimpse of life on the east side of New York, in a district that fifty years ago was given up to the remains of progressive merchants and truckmen. But there has been a mighty change, and nowadays these once respectable and comfortable houses are the abodes of vice and poverty, which live on close together that it needs devastating observations to sell the one from the other. But those who know this quarter well say that most of the poverty is lower and that the really distress are but a small minority. In this little picture how much of sad suggestions there are! There is the tramp, the lowest type of humanity, with his hands on his head, his dirty and stale rags. There is the "dive" itself, with its groups of rascals. There is the child with the filthy pitcher, "working the growler" for those at home, and there is the young wife and mother peering anxiously into the back lanes for the hoodlum who is waiting his usual wage in a line. Such scenes as this are seen every evening by merely crossing the Bowery down at its lower end and going through any of the streets in the neighborhood. To those familiar only with the more entirely portions of the great metropolis and whose walks do not take them off the great central thoroughfares and the adjacent streets, it even over to this part of the town is the taking a journey to a foreign land. Not that it is particularly foreign in the sense that it is like that which is to be seen in any other country, but inasmuch as it will seem strange and odd. That it is hard to find anything either picturesque or amusing. The signs are of neglected usefulness, and he who could bring away a light level when taking a walk through the real streets would need to have a most cheerful disposition or be devoid of sympathy.

THE AMATEUR'S KITCHEN-GARDEN.

23

When a beginner has passed through his first season, he should by all means encourage the second year with a hot bed, so that he can grow his own plants which he may wish to transplant into his garden. Nearly all of these plants can be purchased very cheaply, but one can never be certain that they will prove in maturity to be those he wanted to purchase. There are many varieties of tomatoes, for instance, and they differ very greatly. Few, if any, horticulturists can tell the young farmer what from market. It is best, therefore, to plant carefully, and sowing a lot of tomato plants, thinking that they are of the Livingston Perfection variety, are not, as the fruit shows, that they have only an inferior yellow sort. I have heard this to be the case. There, again, an amateur, when he has cultivated a plant that he likes, should grow some of the same, and make a correct analysis of it. The hot bed is useful in the north, or in starting not only tomatoes, but lettuce, cucumbers, parsnips, peppers, egg plants, and many other veg-

etables which cannot be exposed to the weather in the early spring.

The hot bed had an amateur might expect not to be large. One or two window sashes will probably cover as much surface as he will have need for. Another size one shape has anything to do with the effectiveness of a hot bed if it have the other conditions necessary to success. I once saw an excellent hot bed full of vigorous plants, and it consisted entirely of a large barrel with the head and bottom hinged out, the barrel by which a dozen half way into the earth and loaded up all around with soil. In the bottom there was six inches of stone for drainage, and then eighteen inches of rich unfermented horse-stable manure, six inches of fine rich earth, along to filling, two inches of the top of the barrel, which was covered with a discarded window sash, removable if please. This style is not recommended, but it shows that a hot bed can be very simply made, and that so long as the essential principles are selected, all will be well. These principles relate to the placing of the manure so as to make it hold the heat of fermentation, and the head being of the manure so as to collect and accumulate the sun's heat during the day.

The location of a hot-bed has much to do with its success or failure. It should be placed on level ground free from flooding, and preferably on a slight declivity with good sub-soil drainage. It should be sheltered from winter winds, and, if possible, look to the south or southeast. If the northern exposure be made low on hot-bed, he may proceed as follows: The length and breadth divided upon, approximate a space two feet deep, and two feet wide and one foot longer than the chosen dimensions. After the excavation is completed, drive down at the four corners, and at intervals between the corners, posts of proper length, four by four before square in which soil leads. The posts on the back fence should be twelve or fifteen inches above the surface of the ground, and those in front six or eight inches. The soil should be made only in these portions of the posts above ground, and the hot bed look at this stage will appear to be an oblong. The excavation is for the purpose of keeping the material and contents of the bed as much removed from rigid air currents as possible, and thus extreme moisture into the excavation through cracks, holes, half rotten stumps, and various means in the shape of wood, twelve inches. This will prevent dampness and facilitate drainage. On top of the entire space spread a layer of four or five inches of good horse stable manure put by hand on the ground, avoiding any coal manure, so they do not burn. Trace the manure down and spread it evenly from end to end and side to side. This put in another layer as before, and then a thin layer of the finest and best unfertilized manure obtainable, as this will subsequently be a dressing for the plants. These various layers will make about fourteen inches in depth. If the spreading and tramping and quality of the manure are not uniform in the bed, the plants will be hindered in their growth. Having arrived at this stage, the manure should be covered with the sods over the frame and fermentation sets in. Therefore the manure should be covered with soil to the depth of about six inches, but to be the best condition for this purpose, should have been prepared in the previous autumn, and be kept close from freezing until it is wanted to use. It should be rich, deep, and consist of about one-third well-rotted compost and two-thirds good manure. The soil should now be well soft and the soil has become warmed through the manure, and the surface had time to permeate. Then remove the sods, rake the surface carefully to kill the weeds and make a

GRAY SQUIRRELS OF CENTRAL PARK.
BY GEORGE ESTERHART WEAVER.

CENTRAL PARK is the great central center of the country, and probably none of the little rodents are found to the far west as in this park. However, it is not the favorite haunts among the wild and tame squirrels. Their exact number has never been ascertained, but it is estimated that there are more than a million of them in the park. They are very numerous in the park, and they are very tame. They are very tame, and they are very tame. They are very tame, and they are very tame.

The gray squirrel is very tame in the park, and they are very tame. They are very tame, and they are very tame. They are very tame, and they are very tame. They are very tame, and they are very tame. They are very tame, and they are very tame. They are very tame, and they are very tame.

as such times are of great interest to all pedestrians. When the young ones are first able to run alone, the Park is full of small families wandering over the fields in search of nuts. As you use the common gray squirrels were so abundant in the Eastern States that they were considered a nuisance by the farmers, and heavy poisons were offered for their extermination. They destroyed grain crops as well as fruit orchards, but garden and sportsmen have long since eradicated their numbers so that it is rarely one finds a large colony in any wood.

It is doubtful if many birds could be found in the Park owing to the presence of so many squirrels, for the rodents are particularly fond of eggs. They will not only eat the eggs in the nests, but they will often destroy the young birds themselves, making it almost impossible for a brood to reach maturity. Although the Park is the great resort for song birds, it is a strange fact that comparatively few of them are there, although they would not be disturbed by the people who visit the place. It is very probable that there is some connection between the presence of the gray squirrels in the Park and the noted absence of many birds.

The gray squirrels are in their annual haunts in this country, which upper section of Manhattan Island as the home and resort of the squirrels and birds. They were here first distributed by the Indians, but their numbers in this day are now estimated to be 100,000. When the Park was laid out, a few old couples were left to it, and finally the city gave several acres of the park to them by the Park Board, their numbers rapidly increased, until today they are about the largest in this country.

The rodents are great additions to the Park, and their presence is always to be desired. They give an interest to the scene even in midwinter, and it would be a great loss to have them notified to any great number. They do little or no damage to the trees, and are no trouble or grief to the people who visit the park.

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A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXI—No. 164.
Published 100 No. Broadway, New York.
25 Cents Weekly.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1892

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NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1892.

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TAKING AN OBSERVATION.

IN a political campaign there is nothing more striking than the constantly changing impression of the probable result. At the nomination or election of a certain candidate there is at first a certain, but not very definite, reason can be given for believing it. The impression may be due to an unconscious observation of facts and opinions reported in the newspapers, or to a change in the tone of political speeches. But the change in the opinion may be nothing more familiar than the phenomenon. His latest election too is the impression with regard to Mr. CLEVELAND, for which, however, substantial reasons may be adduced. A few weeks since a survey of the fight in the light of probabilities and party precedents justified the conclusion that his nomination was practically impossible. Assuming that the electoral vote of New York must be secured, that his name would not be presented to the Convention by New York, and that he had no very definite reason can be given for believing it. The impression that he would not be the candidate.

This impression was greatly strengthened by the demonstration furnished by the action of his party that he was not the probable choice. The emphatic success of his Democratic opponents in the New York State election, and the defeat as Speaker of the House of Representatives of the candidate who was declared by his warmest supporters to be his representative, followed by the Democratic State Convention of New York, in which his name was not mentioned, and which unanimously instructed the delegation to support another candidate, all showed that he was by no means the certain candidate of his party. This conclusion was still more strongly confirmed by the fact that other questions than that with which he was especially identified evidently interested his party more deeply, and showed it favorable to a currency policy in which Mr. CLEVELAND was successively opposing it. At the time the situation seemed to put his nomination out of the question, and to obscure completely the probable issues of the campaign. It had still another effect. It raised the very important question whether the Democratic party should be organized for the purpose of opposing, or as a party of possible tariff reform, but also of a great many other things of no reform character whatever.

This question is not answered by the result of the late debate in the Democratic House, although its policy of

free coinage did not prominently authorize a great financial disaster, when some leading Democrats in New York, known to be devoted friends of Mr. CLEVELAND, organized a party protest against their party nomination and when it was inevitable that "boom" began to go to pieces, public opinion began to change, and although all the facts remain which show Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination highly supported from a party point of view, yet there is now a feeling that he may perhaps be nominated. It would not be a nomination, however, by a party named either upon the candidate or upon a policy. It would not secure the electoral vote of New York, because the Legislature at the time would have elected the other candidate if it would send the Democratic ticket to strengthen Tammany Hall. There would be no protest, but, on the contrary, loud declarations of party harmony. But he is a tyrant in New York politics who would be defeated by this smooth surface. Nevertheless, Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination would settle the issue of the campaign. The issue would be tariff reform, with the consciousness that during his term free silver coinage agitation would cease. On the other hand, his defeat in the Convention would disorganize the large and well-to-do body of Democrats who are in Mr. CLEVELAND and his views and characterize the hope of his party. Another nomination would require also independent voters, and more than anything else, make Democrats the combatants. This is the present prospect of the campaign.

RHODE ISLAND.

No more significant remark was made in the short and sharp campaign in Rhode Island than that of Mr. BEECHER. "To think that in this year of our Lord we actually have to fight for the State of Rhode Island seems to me to be like it something of the clearest sense of the absurdity of the absurd." It is true, since Rhode Island voted for a Democratic President. No State was more warmly Republican, but it must be said also that the politics of that State have been more erratic. Changes in the election law, however, more or less restrictive and more or less merely party, which is a party on its good behavior, have resulted recently in occasional Democratic success, and the fact that this year the first State election was that of Rhode Island, that its Democratic members were present, and Mr. CLEVELAND was present upon the tariff and silver issues, and had instructed its delegates to the National Convention to support him, and that the campaign was conducted wholly upon national grounds, while for little State became a matter of the most constant of national interest and credits on both sides—all these things gave to the Rhode Island campaign unprecedented interest. How completely national questions about State interests was a fact again illustrated by the career of speakers from other States, who came and spoke sagaciously to any merely local issue. The main subject actually at stake, indeed, was not the Governorship of the State, but the Senatorship of the United States. In this apparent question submitted to the voters, Mr. ALDEN and Mr. ALDEN were present. But the interest in this question was subordinate to that in the national significance of the result. Republican success would mean not only the election of Mr. ALDEN, but the manufacturing State first in vote in this year, after a brilliant and powerful presentation of the question of tariff reform, would have declared that the McKinley tariff was not best to the interests of workmen who live by wages, and the decision would be the greatest value to the prestige of the Democratic party. On the other hand, if a protective success would signify that a manufacturing New England State, whose property was declared to be founded upon protection, had rejected protection as a policy injurious to working men, and that an agricultural State had rejected protection in favor of the Democrats upon an issue of which Mr. CLEVELAND is the special representative. Had this been the result, the smallest State in the Union would have gone far to determine both the Democratic platform and the Democratic candidate.

However, and politics in Rhode Island, it seems to us a mistake to have rekindled the fight upon an national issue, and to have involved Mr. CLEVELAND in the issue. The Republicans carried the State, and Mr. ALDEN will be re-elected Senator. He is a protectionist who is thoroughly master of the subject. Mr. KIMBLEE gladly acknowledges his valuable service in preparing the present tariff; and if the success of Rhode Island, as the result of the election of the Legislature indicates, is strongly protective it could have an able representative in the Senate. The worst aspect of the Rhode Island election is the moral assertion that it was decided by the result of the election of the Legislature. The protectionist is made of every important election shows the general belief of its probable result, and the indifference with which the charge is received is a very alarming sign. The corruption which it implies in a State, and which has been the result of the McKinley tariff, or any particular measure or policy.

The result in Rhode Island shows that there is no good reason to suppose that New England is likely to change her position in the great canvases of the year, and that neither party will "sweep the country."

THE CHINESE EXCLUSION BILL.

The Chinese exclusion bill, which was "crushed" through the House after a talk of half an hour, by a vote of 173 to 42, is described by a Democratic legislator who voted for it as "the toughest piece of legislation that ever passed the House." It prohibits absolutely the entrance of any Chinese into the country, and generally, without discussion, without popular demand, without any sign of general knowledge of such a purpose, arbitrarily prohibits trade, and thereby invites China to retaliate instantly, as in an instance, at least, of what interests the large American colony in China. Under the circumstances it must be regarded as an act of bad faith upon the part of the House, and could the bill become a law, upon any part of the country. It is impossible, however, that the Senate will occur in such legislation, and that the President should approve the bill, which would even forbid the return to this country of Chinese residents who had left it for any purpose, however large, and valuable their property, and their interests, but might be, although the Democratic party is responsible for legislation in the House, yet of the 45 negative votes upon the passage of the bill more than half were Democrats.

There is no question that the Chinese are the most undesirable of immigrants, because, with all their mental qualities, they cannot associate socially or politically or socially with Americans. But the artificial stimulation of Chinese immigration is clearly evoked by the fact that the bill is introduced for the introduction of the new bill is that the existing laws will soon expire. These laws, however, are serving their purpose, and there is no public reason for perpetuating them, instead of substituting more stringent provisions. The old laws that America is the asylum for the oppressed of all races cannot be pleaded as a reason for permitting any kind and extent of immigration. If America is to offer the opportunity of favor policy for all men, it is elsewhere practicable, it is to do so only by a strict regulation of immigration. As American liberty does not mean individual license, so, also, it does not mean abrogation of the practical conditions of liberty. Other countries are not to be allowed to impose their laws upon us, but we are to guard our own citizens and paupers to our shores, and for the same reason the refuse population of semi-civilized or barbarous lands is not to be thrown upon us.

But these are arguments for wise regulation, not for proscriptive and unintelligent exclusion. The basis of sound legislation is common sense. Nothing is so practical, because it is the fruit of experience. One of the very few remarks of one of the greatest of American statesmen, when he delivered a public speech is that of PATRICK HENRY, in his famous speech, "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience." The test of wise legislation is the public welfare, and if it be found that the public welfare requires entrance into this country to be regulated by laws, which are not in themselves immoral, such laws ought to be passed. But the headlong action of the House is an illustration of unprincipled and, which is due probably not to public but to mere political motives.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

The value of the public work of one courageous man is shown in the result that have followed the arraignment of the Grand Jury of the County of PARKERSBURG. The fact that a citizen in the pulp had made such charges, and that the pulp be addressed plainly to the ears of the immediate neighborhood of his church which it was the duty of the city government to restrain, produced such a result. But a man's character may be often estimated by that of his critics. If the best sentiment of his community regards him, he may be wrong; but if not, he is pretty certainly right. Judged by the standards of a high order of justice, the Grand Jury's presentment was moderate in tone, but very strong. It did not deny what is universally conceded—the systematic organization of the police, and its ability to cope with flagrant crime and disorder. But certain kinds of crimes, such as the maintenance of gambling and disorderly houses and the violation of the excise laws, it declared to be very prevalent, and without interference by the police.

The Grand Jury, reviewing all the facts which it states, and the fact that the Grand Jury, which declares that it has the best reasons for proceeding



BOHENDS STREET IN CARACAS.



THE IRON BRIDGE OVER THE GUAYDE RIVER.



THE PRESIDENT'S ROUTE.



PRESIDENT FALLAS.

CARANSA, COMMANDING GOVERNMENT
FORCES.

THE CONGRESSIONAL BUILDING, CARACAS.

THE CITY OF CARACAS, CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA.
THE REVOLT IN VENEZUELA.—[See Page 367.]



THE WHITE HYACINTH.

BY GEORGE WILSON PRESOTT.

HE was hurrying along in the wind and rain, something clapped tightly inside his faded and torn jacket. The gusts of March weather swept around the corners, waiting for him as he passed. He was such a little man that it was an unusual event. But the gray lead dashed the raindrops from a pair of very bright eyes, their owner defying the world in general and the storm in particular.

"Hello, Flip, what yer get ter?" screamed out a passing acquaintance.

"Nawthin," came back the quick reply, as the boy hugged it closer and hurried on.

"'Wot it the kid think?" he muttered to himself the next moment. "Guess she never saw nobd' like that before. If 'll keep her quiet about her looks."

The rain was coming down harder than ever. He was soaked to the skin. It was a cold rain, almost hot, but he was no other than content with the ragged jacket. One red hand clutched tightly at the fragment of rope upon his head, while the other held the something which he carried close under his coat.

He turned into a side street. It was next an aristocratic neighborhood. The cars and old shoes, rubbish of all sorts lay scattered upon it. Tall buildings loomed eerily to one side, whose windows were draped with rags and old hats.

Passing a dilapidated stall he reached an dilapidated doorway. A woman, shrouded and unknown, was looking out into the rain. It was falling upon her, but she took no note of it. The door was out half of its hinge.

He shook himself such as a dog does coming up from the pool. The woman gave him a glance.

"What yer got under yer coat, Flipper?" she asked.

"'Yer better come out the rain, Floggy," he said, eagerly.

"'Yer got wet."

The whitey staid shook as he muttered these. Here and there a stair was missing. There were three sets of steps in all, and he shuffled, until he reached the attic. Here he pushed, and took from under his coat his precious parcel. Some green spears were playing up from a poorly painted flower pot, he had carried it into the room, and now he laid it up to the light, straightening one long spear slightly here.

"How he had been possessed of it, it was hard to say. It had struck the apartment of a cheap window plant with the glided tin and fancy-painted pot. Perhaps if the truth were told—but then Flipper never did tell the truth, and it is not to be supposed he was going to be begged into doing so this time. He called his new possession a stroke of "luck" and drew now a smile of conspicuous approval from his features.

He slipped towards a corner of the attic. A bundle lay upon the floor, rolled in an old quilt. A newspaper was spread beneath it. On the floor was an empty bowl.

Light was his step, the bundle heavy. In five or six paces a small house was laid with great staring eyes, and after came a pair of whitey boots, struggling to free their owner from the folds which enveloped her.

"Hello," said Flip.

"Hello," said Flip.

The whitey blinked her great eyes at him. "Sip," she said.

"No want Sip."

"'Ain't I here?" he said. "Don't you get out of that, I'm doin' good."

He set the pot carefully upon the floor, and then drew the wispings about the baby's neck and propped her against the pillow. She curled herself up contentedly, and smiled at him.

"See how kid," said he, holding up the flower pot, "ain't do good?" The grand old boy for appreciation.

"'Yes, but" she cried. "Me."

The whitey hands reached out for the flower. His satisfaction was complete. He beamed. The water was dripping off his clothes in pools upon the floor. Very likely it would drip through the cracks upon the heads of the lodgers below. But what did that matter? It was not every one who owned such a trophy as he now had.

The baby watched him while he placed the flower pot on the narrow sill of the one small window. It would be safe there, just out of reach of baby hands.

"You kin watch it here," he said. "You kin go it down to a hot flower, maybe."

A devilish suspicion came over him. Suppose it should be no flower; suppose this was all there would be of it? He bent over it, pushing aside the short green spears with his finger. It was all green; he saw no sign of a leaf.

He dug down in the earth carefully to see if perhaps the flower was to come up that way. The search became shooting. It had to be done carefully.

He was startled by a tug at his damp jacket. "Sip," said the child, plaintively—"Sip, baby hungry."

She was very small. The little hair feet looked weakly enough.

"'All right, kid," answered he, absently and abandoning his new treasure. He jerked off his coat that the dampness might not touch her, and picked her up, quirt and all. It had trailed after her, and now hung over her arms and shoulders much in the fashion of a Roman toga.

She nestled contentedly up to him while he pushed one small bowl from a cracked glass jar and took down a crust of bread. The tin set out down in the corner of the attic. He fed the baby with the spoon. Sometimes he let her have the spoon, and laughed at her efforts to get it to her mouth.

But that was wretched. The bread was almost gone. He ate none himself.

When the short meal was finished, it was quite dark in the attic. The rain had ceased entirely, and so the noise on the roof was silent. A ray of light from the lamp in the street shot up through the window stonely, shining on the wall opposite. The sounds of the sleeping world fell below came drifting up also. It was a neighborhood in which the inhabitants were scarcely visible by day.

The night was the hour which brought them forth, the hush and creak and creaking things. They laughed and made every creak and creak on the creak itself, but seldom then. Hence, the music never ceaselessly changing. One by one they would drop out, no one cared, no one inquired. Their places were readily supplied. A drop of water fell from the ceiling, that is, the back of the drop, it is gone, you cannot find it. No one blames the drop in the corner.

They could not tell where the boy in the attic came. He

had walked in, staggered up the rickety stairs with the baby in his arms. There he had remained. They called him Flipper Flippet. He was more than that; he was father, mother, brother, and other; he was the baby's circle. He was the baby's world, the baby whom he called "Kid."

He might have had no other name. What did it matter?

The drop of baby ran up her head and fell her face in the darkness. He drew the old quilt around three back, and held her closely till she fell asleep. The air staid shining through the broken pane in the window was then both asleep after a while.

"'Here's yer *Morals' Chronicle*," he was shouting next day—"Morals' Chronicle and Daily No. 11. All about the storm."

It was a cheap, beautiful day, and never began well. On many days business was not so good. He became hopeful. After a while he would earn enough, maybe, so he could buy the baby some clothes. Then he could take her to the States.

But savings were slow where there were not so pay and food to buy. He tried not to eat much. As he went along he passed the little children dressed in their warm bright clothes. The little girl wore a soft white wool wrap, and on her head was a white fluffy something. He passed to look after this one as she sat and pulled away. These distractions from business were neither an aid nor a hindrance.

A secret ambition was to buy a beautiful outfit. With this he thought he could make more money than by selling papers. But he could not be too sure. At any rate were he to risk the amount of his savings in buying the outfit, the kid would be obliged to wait even longer for her good clothes. Perhaps he would have to sell papers again, after all. To be a bootlegger would be a risk in the world. To do that was in selling papers would be sure in a humiliation. A person engaged in one kind of business has to move cautiously before intruding himself in new ventures. Sometimes this causes bankruptcy.

That afternoon the rain of ten cents went into the flat the kid hid in the attic stairs. The baby had a treat, besides, of all the milk she could drink, and a big orange to play with. She went to sleep holding it close to her soiled small breast.

As the days went by the mites increased. Flipper had found a new range of territory; he was prospering. Every day he looked up the street. He wanted it still more for it almost religiously. He lifted the baby to see the light show coming up in the attic. Sometimes he talked to her so though she could understand, but ordinarily he was a person of very few words. This time he explained the plan to the baby, while she listened quietly, staring out into the street.

"'Yes, kid," he said, "all these here things keeps growin' but I keep a growin', and I keep a growin' with me on it, and after while yer kin see de book on it. An' looks to me the 'was good' to be a lot of 'em on it, so many books like 'New it's green.' That's 'ere, 'ere' got its color yet. But I seen 'er bigger 'er just an' bigger 'er, so as I figure her to be 'er Fat Jenkins down-stairs. Maybe it 'll bust the pot while open."

Probably he was drawing upon his imagination. The plant certainly did not look threatening.

"Does your want it red or blue, bid?" he asked. "Say, bid red or blue?"

"Well or blue," she answered, emphatically.

She little laughed, and gave her eyes and put her to sleep, while he thought of the possible appearance of the new in blossom.

Some way, perhaps by heavy, perhaps by doubtful attention to some other's look, perhaps by spelling out the newspapers, he found out that the man had been in possession of the morning of Easter. The idea was not plain to him. He knew that it was a festive and joyful occasion, because he had never since that day been in the possession of their house, and that day had been the possession of their house, and that the joyful occasion. He thought it was a holiday, and thought that it should have been a day of holiday, of at least he knew that it was.

Yes the day was bright, it was a new's space, but however he passed along the streets trying his papers. Two little girls walked before him, they had their Easter dresses already.

"Yes," said the dark haired one, "of course I have my Easter dress. Today everybody has new dresses, you know, is it not?"

The boy turned the corner, still crying his papers. But a new anxiety had come to him since he had overheard the two girls of the little girl.

He was still thinking of it as he climbed the stairs to the same that evening. He thought of it as he passed the narrow hall, and he found his finger in the cloth to loosen the mould. The green speck in the centre had slipped up and straight, the knot in the middle had opened.

"It is not so bad as I thought for," she said with her new dress, "today if it is not."

Before he could make quite dark he drew out the flat tin box, and spread the pieces of money upon his jacket. He feared to make any noise, but he was not afraid to make any noise from below. The baby gaped at the little pieces of silver. But she did not say a word, and counted it all quickly, and was just as before. The boy was not sure, but he was sure, certainly enough to buy her a dress and hat, too. He looked at her critically, and wondered if the hat would be done. She was sure, and would not come to buy the dress. He would buy it made.

His attention kept him a while a good part of the night. He had never seen a piece of money so beautiful before. He was not sure, but he was sure, certainly enough to buy her a dress and hat, too. He looked at her critically, and wondered if the hat would be done. She was sure, and would not come to buy the dress. He would buy it made.

"I am sure," said the boy, "I am sure, certainly enough to buy her a dress and hat, too. He looked at her critically, and wondered if the hat would be done. She was sure, and would not come to buy the dress. He would buy it made."

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The boy gazed after them as they stepped into their carriage and drove away.

"What a beautiful girl," said the old lady. "You saw Mrs. Arnold will wish you to go there? It is a terrible neighborhood, and you are a revolution."

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"Why, Arnold," he said, coming softly to his side, "is the poor girl? Just hear how he breathes. And see how those things. How ever did you get it? Is it not lovely?"

"I am not saying it," he said. "The girl is not in it. It looks just like—" she said, slowly, "just like—" She regarded the girl with attention.

"Yes," said some lady, "did you not, this winter?" he rejoined, absently. He was more interested in the boy, who was so thoughtful upon the floor. The second girl then spoke.

"Yes," she said. "Never again!" She went back to the little girl and began studying a letter, and presently, under every figure, a third transformation had taken place. Meanwhile Phipps had struggled to his consciousness.

Among the other objects which greeted his startled gaze, the most something there was the lady. "Well, look at the girl!" he whispered, looking at the jewelry which she wore. "There he remembered his manners, and tried to stand. But he failed. "Morning, ma'am," he whispered. His face was pale, and he looked at the girl with a stare. "Easter, isn't it?" He looked away with a gasp.

"Do not try to talk, my boy," he said. "You have a bad cold. Phipps tried to clear his throat and answer in a fine strong voice.

"Say!" said the lady. "Say!" "Ain't you fine, say, 'Pip'?" whispered Phipps. "The looks are fine, ma'am, as I'm much obliged to you. Come here, ma'am, and see my new dress. It's a beauty. The lady left her new friend and nodded towards Phipps. "Now just get," said the gentleman, intruding quickly.

"What's the matter?" whispered Phipps. Then a terror darted over him, something which made his heart as if in a keel. "He's not here," he thought, and so he hurried away. His eyes began to tingle.

"You don't think I am going to give to you, do you?" he whispered. "I don't think I am going to give to you, do you?" he whispered. "I don't think I am going to give to you, do you?" he whispered. "I don't think I am going to give to you, do you?" he whispered.

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CHICAGO DESIGNERS.

It was by no means a simple affair to draw, outline, design, and put into line prints and then lines the great design of the new building. The designers were the architects of the new building. The designers were the architects of the new building. The designers were the architects of the new building.

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PART OF THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL AT THE AGENCY.



GABRIEL REVILLA, CHIEF OF THE SISSETONS.



A BRICK TEEPEE AND HOUSE.



BOYS SITTING-ROOM, GOOD-WILL MISSION.



IN GALE DRESS.



INDIAN GIRLS AT PLAY.



THE GOOD-WILL MISSION, SISSETON RESERVATION.

THE SISSETON INDIANS.—[See Page 374.] [In View of the Opening of the Sisseton Reservation to Settlers, April 15, 1882.]



THE CAPTAIN OF THE FLOAT.

Company, the latter being owned by the Western Union Telegraph Company. Consolidation implied monopoly, and monopoly raised the charge for telephone service from \$50 to \$70 and \$100 per year. The draft bill introduced to the Legislature at the instance of the board limited the charge for telephone service in cities of 100,000 inhabitants and over to \$6 per month, and in cities and villages of less population to \$4 per month. Herbert Wilson and his sister opposed the board's consolidation scheme. There is hope, however, that the present bill before the Legislature, introduced by Assemblyman Malone and Senator Karpis, and which proposes that telephone rates in the city of New York shall be regulated by a commission, may become law.

The passage of a mail and telegraph law is one of the landmarks of mercantile circles. The history of excellent work done by the board with a view to reduce this world of business. Its special committee labored persistently both in session and out of session, not with members of Congress only, but with the representatives, whose names made the latter legislators of present distinction and power. Ever resolute friends of the cause were in every State of the Union. The pain of gathering and recording their names were not slight; to keep them always in touch with what was going on at the camp implied toil still more severe. But it was done systematically and thoroughly. In 1883 the friends of such an enactment in the House of Representatives numbered only five less than a majority of two-thirds

of all the members present. At the critical juncture of affairs fifteen New York Congressmen were absent in Albany electing for a United States Senator. Because of their absence the two-thirds majority could not be had. Late in the session as it was other claims forced themselves upon legislative notice, and the bank-ruptcy bill was temporarily ignored. Subsequent negative legislation affects the hope that a satisfactory enactment will yet be included in the list of United States statutes.

The usefulness of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation is not peculiar to its functions as an agency. It is the avenue for display, cutting, and felling. It is the bureau of Anglo-Saxon, or rather of American fair play, resisting the assaults of ability, ingenuity, and industry, but steadily rebuking selfishness and greed, it upholds equity before the law, and is faithful to the fundamental law of American nationality. It is constructive, protective, and advising in the domain of economic science and industrial art, and adds nothing to the wealth of the city, State, and nation every year. This agency, by investment in time and energy, gives encouragement to business, art, and practical education, increases the value of taxable property, augments the resources and multiplies the power of the entire country.

Of the spirit, philosophy, and work of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation it would be difficult to find a more exact expression than that of the late Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the United States Treasury, whose early association with the chamber members, active sympathy with their objects and purposes, and gratitude for what had been done in the interests of justice and cheaper transportation, peculiarly fitted him to respond, to the "trust." Our country's prosperity dependent upon its instruments.

The struggle and prosperity of the world are not to be won by force, but by the power of the mind. Like an engagement to one's country, it is constructive, protective, and advising in the domain of economic science and industrial art, and adds nothing to the wealth of the city, State, and nation every year. This agency, by investment in time and energy, gives encouragement to business, art, and practical education, increases the value of taxable property, augments the resources and multiplies the power of the entire country.

Secretary Windom will furnish just enough of absolutely sound currency to meet the legitimate wants of trade, and that last enough quantity of volume to adjust itself to the varying necessities of the people. "The opportunity for securing such a currency may be found in our honest coin, which should, in my judgment, be in part exchanged for irreconvertible bonds, bearing a low rate of interest, and always interchangeable for money at the will of the holder." The power of such an arrangement to relieve the difficulties of business and to prevent commercial disaster, he himself, was rightly appreciated in the last five months of the year 1881. It is his lesson the world bears when New York will become the financial as well as the commercial center of the world.

When entering these opinions, Secretary Windom was in the zenith of intellectual and political power. His own ex-

pression at the time, and his great ability, were fully recognized, and was gratefully acknowledged. Two months later, while Judge Ames was introducing the Hon. Thomas F. Howard, as U. S. Secretary of State, as the next speaker, Mr. Windom slipped from his seat in the floor. His fall was greatly mourned by the prompt assistance of Secretary Tracy, but was contemporaneous with the loss of consciousness. Death was immediate. The workmen die, but the work goes on, and goes on all the better because of the thorough scientific training imparted to successors by their forefathers. The former the fruitage, the fragments of the people led on the direct road out of our country's past into a better co-operation. The future of our trade, commerce, and prosperity of city, State, and nation are the coming results of living forces, among the chief of which is that of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation.

SHAD-FISHING ON THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER.

Illustrated by JOHN LANSKY.

The American shad belongs to the herring family, a group of fishes that contribute a greater food supply and furnish employment for more men and boats than any other, and even surpassing the cod.

This fish is not particularly interesting to the angler, though it often will take bait and undergo treacherous chances will rise to the surface fully, yet it is highly prized by all for its meat and delicious flavor, whether broiled, fried, or baked. In some places, I should say, it is in



THE LAST OF THE HULL-LOVE OF THE FRENCHES IN WHICH THE FISH PLAF THEMSELVES NEARLY FEEL FROM SLEEPS.

anything finer in the way of fish than a fresh brook shad properly cooked in that style and served "piping hot," with a bit of fresh butter and a slice of lemon.

They have what they call shad in Europe, but they are poor miserable little things, as I would be compared to our noble fish, which is a truly American production, and ranks with coarctate, terrapin, and blue Plover.

Shad make their appearance in the rivers of the Atlantic coast as soon as the opening of the water leads them. They do not move up along the coast in a body, swelling detachments into the narrow streams, but spread the waters in deep water not far from the mouth of the rivers in which they were hatched, and when the proper time arrives swim as far as possible in order to spawn. A full grown shad will drop about 30,000 eggs, which being set in safety six to forty-eight hours.

When hatching appears, they return to the ocean, where in a night and night for food. By the first week in April shad appear in the Susquehanna River in vast numbers to make the fishing profitable. During the winter the great sea loaves have been overhauled and mended, and by the latter part of March the capitalists have gathered their eyes together, set their boats in order, and are waiting in shape for the expected run of shad.

In old times the shad used to run up the Susquehanna to hundreds of miles. They were caught in large numbers at Wicksburg, at the mouth and head branches, and run up late in New York State, and the people came for miles back to get their share of this great shad, ranging on the banks of the river where they roiled and swarmed, and in brook and small rivers. It was not unusual for the farmers to see fish enough to load their mill the next season's crop. But now it changes great distances up the river, and the migration of the shad is very much shortened, and the fishing operations are not profitable. The run is now confined to the lower part of the Susquehanna.

At Herry de Grace, just below the railroad bridge, there is a famous place for shad, and thousands are caught there every spring and shipped to the various markets. The operation of netting is a very interesting and exciting scene. The nets, which are 1000 to 2000 feet long, are piled up in the stern of the big men's boats until they look like big stacks, the crew and in the fore part of the boat, and enclose a great quantity of water, then every rope on board fast to each end of the net is then carried to shore, and the meshes, worked by either steam or horse power, slowly and surely drag them in. In some cases they are not fast to an iron ring, but to a wooden ring, and the net is pulled in by the crew on the shore. The net is then carried to the shore, and the shad are taken to the houses there. In some cases they are carried to the shore, and there have definite markets, and require careful handling.



FARMERS IN CAMP AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF A BAIT OF PIGS.



THE CREW OF THE SHINE-DAY IN THE BAY OUT

is. While this is going on, the crews have a rest, but as soon as the morn'g over the head or front with an glowing fishing mass of fish, then all is bustle and excitement. The men dash in and help haul the net ashore, while others dip the shed net with long handled scoops, to be carried to the sheds, where they are counted and packed, ready for the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Washington markets. There are many other fish brought in besides shad. Many a fine striped bass and croaker perch, herring, etc., are found themselves hauled out of their native element and the hangovers that live the shores secure many a fat penny and live in clover. Sometimes a big sturgeon is included in the catch, but they are apt to make trouble, and must be killed or gotten rid of else they will tear a hole in the seine, and allow the bulk of the fish to escape.

When a "haul" is made at night, the sight is even more interesting than by daylight. The fishing vessels and lanterns, the ramp fire along the shore, the yelling and shouting of the men, and splashing and dunking of the shivery shad, all tend to make a scene not easily forgotten.

The fishing is often done from boats with a bare hull long enough to contain shad, eel, and a few for the men's feet, almost a village in itself.

At favorable spots along the shore smaller seines are drawn by means of a winnow worked by horse or mule power. While upon many of the reeves along the river club together, and manage the wire with their own strong arms for their annual benefit. Many shad are taken by either floating or stationary gill nets, but these no doubt furnish no percentage to the net hooker, and are of inferior "show" compared with the picturesque operation of seining.

Were it not for the operations of the United States Fish Commission, our supply of shad would have long ago become exhausted, but thanks to their successful labors, the supply has been kept up by artificial hatching, and even many barren waters, notably on the Pacific coast, where shad were unknown, made to swarm with this superb food fish.

WALKER HARRINGTON.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

BY MARGARET EATON BRINCE AND M. A.

Two girls in the Church of our Saviour at Kiev were lately happily betrothed. Before the image of the Virgin Mother, selected as the guardian of young wives, burned a great candle, and lesser lights twinkled before the other icons.

At the foot of the altar knelt the bride and groom, and behind them stood their relatives in a half circle. Each of these again the lady of the church was crowned with wedding garlands, for the bride was the daughter of a high official; and, besides, she had a story, not a very long story, nor a dark one—only that the man kneeling beside her was not her first love.

Rumor whispers that the bride's first love never has been made by her father's orders, and the living question is the church is, "Has rumor been correct?"

The congregation are divided in their opinions. Half believe for, half give. The topic has been the subject of the ceremony since the announcement of the marriage.

"Now they only wait for the priest to say, 'Hast thou ever pledged thy wife to another before providing to be this man's true wife?' and the question will be settled here. The bride and groom rose and advanced to the altar to be seen the altar, where the priest awaited them. She was first,

suggested by the groom, who extends her to bear up until the ceremony is over.

In the face of three awful manifestations, the priest pauses to allow the holy incense to be wafted around, and in make the sign of the cross over the unfortunate couple and the essential ceremony. The ceremony was hurried through. The usual congratulations followed, but the future of the newly married pair has under a heavy shadow. These

"What did she see in him?"

"She does not love him."

"She adores him."

And always, and over and over again,

"What will the answer?"

The bride lit the candle which she held in

her hand at one of the righted shrines, and

the service began. The silence was heart-

less from the opening, but as the time for

the solemn and necessary question arrives,

a slight rustle proclaims that all bend for-

ward to hear.

"Hast thou ever pledged thy truth to

another before providing to be this man's

wife?" asks the priest.

And the bride answers, unhesitatingly,

"No."

There are some more polite than the Rus-

sians. A faint sign of general relief, a smile

here and there, and the sensitive is serene.

But what is this? The bride's tale veil,

catching fire in some mysterious way from

the flame of her own candle, in a slight

blaze. One of the groomsmen rushes for-

ward, and with his bare hands reaches out

to the flames, but not before one side of the

beautiful hair has been badly singed, the

pretty ear blown off. The poor bride stands

terrified and half fainting.

"Mother of God, is not that enough?"

cries a startled voice in the church. "Look

at the bride!"

More significant and even-lapping still,

the candle before the Holy Virgin Mother

goes out with an expiring flicker. All is

confusion. There can be but one interpreta-

tion in the mind of the true believer. The

bride, trembling and half dead with fear, is

supported by the groom, who attempts her to bear up until

the ceremony is over.

In the face of three awful manifestations, the priest pauses

to allow the holy incense to be wafted around, and in make

the sign of the cross over the unfortunate couple and the

essential ceremony. The ceremony was hurried through.

The usual congratulations followed, but the future of the

newly married pair has under a heavy shadow. These



SHINE-WINDLASS USED FOR HAULING IN THE SEINE

shower, and her light hair curled in a salt mass over her head, and played like mad about her dainty ears, and the mane of her shaggy neck. His stout looking master the white bull, well, which covered her in its head to foot. As for the groom, the church was after with wildspeaks.

"He is insignificant looking."

"He is clever."

events, promise an blessing for the future. It is true that they are only referred to sympathetically in the bridal presence, but outside—the long faces, the shaking heads, bear witness to the general feeling. The next question of the day remains unsettled. The bride had said so boldly, but the Holy Mother and the saints, who have they said? The discussion still wages warm over the ten paces.



VIEW OF THE PIERS, SHOWING THE SEAWAYS IN OF THE SEINE

HOLMBRAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—IN THE DEMONSTRATION, REHEAR OF CONSTRUCTION.—DEANS ST 7, ON TUESDAY.—[See Page 101]



AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.

Taken will be found on the 15th of April, in the Museum of Anthropology in the University of Pennsylvania, a loan exhibition of objects used in worship, intended to illustrate the great religions of the heathen world. The basis of the collection is the Missionary Museum of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, brought together during the past fifty years by the missionaries of that body in India, China, and sub-Africa, and now for the first time subjected to careful study and scientific classification.

This collection, made in greater recent years ago, before native customs had been well felt or changed, comprises many curious objects, some of scientific and of interest from their history and associations. Thus a second shaven wren by Henry Hinton of the three highest cases was originally worn by an early convert, whose name, with the date of conversion of his soul, is inscribed on its side. The missionary collection has been supplemented with many loans from individuals and institutions in order to complete the circuit of the world, and the already large ethnographical collection of the Museum itself, now in its second year of existence, has been drawn upon. The catalogue, with prefatory sketches by various experts, is a hand-book of comparative mythology. It commences with a history of the religion of ancient Egypt, which is illustrated in the collection by a Ptolemaic compound of images recently executed by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Mr. Flinders Petrie, whose work has re-



CHINA (TAIHOON)—**TO TI KING** AND HIS WIFE (OFFERER).



INDIA (SARAVAN)—**SHIVSIVA**.

ceived by the Prebyster as Mission in Palestine, China. The missionary collection has been supplemented with many loans from individuals and institutions in order to complete the circuit of the world, and the already large ethnographical collection of the Museum itself, now in its second year of existence, has been drawn upon. The catalogue, with prefatory sketches by various experts, is a hand-book of comparative mythology. It commences with a history of the religion of ancient Egypt, which is illustrated in the collection by a Ptolemaic compound of images recently executed by the Egypt Exploration Fund, and Mr. Flinders Petrie, whose work has re-



INDIA (SARAVAN) **PANC** **YANATRA**.



CHINA (ANCIENT WARRIOR)—**AN** **ANCIENT** **WARRIOR**.

ceived the financial support of the university. These have been arranged by Mr. Corwin Stebbins, the curator of the Egyptian section. There follows India with all the great gods of its innumerable deities—Brahma, Vishnu, and a score, numbering many forms of Krishna, and Jiva and his family; the domestic and agricultural forces all arranged with reference to their relative importance.

Buddhism and Jainism follow, and among the notable loans has been exhibited a given stone image of Parvatesha, the founder of the latter religion. She is represented in the Book. The religions of China succeed—the Taoist religion, with photographs of the Temple of Heaven at Peking, and



CHINA (TAMARA)—**LIU** **YEN** AND THE **LAST** **GENE**.



CHINA (TAIHOON)—**TO TI KING** AND HIS WIFE (OFFERER).

ancient worship, with ancestral tablets from private houses and ancestral halls. Taoism, with images of its founder, Lao Tse, one with his disciples crowding around him, and then a hundred images of all men and forms, comprising the chief gods of that sect—Lao-tse, To Ti King and his wife, the comfortable-looking old man, and others who are the gods of stress and laziness, are in line with the formidable Kwan Ti, the god of war, and the gods of moral philosophy, Confucius, Mencius, and the deities that are worshipped for wealth and prosperity. Chinese Buddhism,



CHINA (POPULAR FICTION)—**MEI** **HONG** **SHING** AND **YANG** **TUNG** **FO**.

with many forms of Amida and his sons, who preside over the Western Paradise, follow Taoism, and have a vast series of objects illustrating nearly every detail of the religious life and ceremonies of our Chinese landscape. Extra their popular ideas which, filled with magic and superstitious, dreamt recognition, are accorded place in images of their heroes and heroines—namely Mah Kwei King, the martial hero whose capture of her lover, Yang Tung Fo, is one of the cherished legends of Chinese romance.

Japan succeeds with a few objects of Shinto worship and an array of objects of Shinto worship, where the cosmic deities of the Western Pantheon, Amida and Kwanse, substituted the trident, and the compound dian, are ranged in order with the Seven Gods of Good Fortune



JAPAN—A **SHUNDA** FROM THE **FAMILY** **TEMPLE** AT **TAI** **SHU**.



MEXICO—**TEOT** **ACHPET** **GOB**.

and incense-burner and priestly implements.

The Mohammedan East, division of images in display, of in a record of large photographs, illustrating the mosques and shrines of Jerusalem, Constantinople and Cairo, Mecca and the pilgrims' age, the derivation and their currents, and all the principal observances of the different sects. Besides are objects used by devotees, such as the Koran, and a number of beautifully illustrated Korean and other manuscripts from different parts of the East. The religions of America, and their currents, are discussed by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton, furnishing specimens of native and made from the Northwest coast, rattles, dance-sticks, from the Indians of the United States, and a variety of skulls from Mexico, Central America, Yucatan, and the West Indies. Notable among them is an ancient serpent god from Mexico.

Polytheism follows with curious images from Easter Island, representing an old heathen and many other and carved wooden images from various islands in the Pacific. Returning to Africa, one of the earliest homes of civilization, and that of the highest civilization of remote antiquity, a collection of images or idols from these islands, collected by the Rev. Dr. Robert H. Nassau, completes the circuit. The collection comprises other objects than images and manuscripts—namely incense-burners, bronze furniture, a tablet and tablet, and objects illustrating popular superstitions. Fasting with cards has its history told in a series of objects showing the development of the playing-card, many sets of cards made especially for fortune tellers, including the series. Flanetaria, primary, pygmy and other series, and objects of divination are also illustrated. The entire collection is a series, recently gathered by Mr. John Harston in Egypt, Palestine, and Turkey, with special reference to the Philae Department of the Museum.

This exhibition, the first of the kind in this country, and the first of the kind in this country, is the first of the kind in this country, and the first of the kind in this country.

The collection will be open daily from 10 to 6 p.m., and the printed catalogue will contain a detailed account of the entire collection.

NEWARK, N. J.,

THE OPEN-AIR HOUSE SHOW.

AT last we are provided something looking to the serious consideration of improvement in the breeding our horses. We have our annual Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, and it has worked in its time great good. Those who recall the quality of entries at the first show, eight years ago, may compare them with what were seen last November, and judge for themselves how much has really been done to improve our horses. But the Horse Show, as we have known it, has almost reached the maximum of its usefulness so far as encouraging breeding is concerned. The absorption of the show by "stocky" and more or less devoted to their favorite breeds have created a demand among sportsmen, and among breeders as distinguished from those who sell horses in order to be "in the ring," and clutter up the club about the stable, for an association that would take up particularly the work of selling breeders, by giving a market in which so surely an object should be the first and foremost consideration.

Such an association is the Talbot Horse and Cattle Show Society, formed recently for the purpose of "holding one or more shows each year in New York or other cities, with the object of encouraging the breed of horses, cattle, sheep, etc., and also the encouragement of the science of animal industry." It is no easy task the society has for itself, and it needs the aid of the many of the truly cultivated fanciers of the Norwester show into a course which is neither something of the "gallery" for the spectator, whose attendance is drawn by the mere impulse



POLYTHEISM—**DEUS** **FROM** **EGYPTIAN** **ISLAND**.



POLYTHEISM—**DEUS** **FROM** **EGYPTIAN** **ISLAND**.



EGYPTIAN **APRIL**—**THE** **WARRIOR** **AT** **TAI** **SHU**.



EGYPTIAN **APRIL**—**THE** **WARRIOR** **AT** **TAI** **SHU**.



EGYPTIAN **APRIL**—**THE** **WARRIOR** **AT** **TAI** **SHU**.



TOLSTOY IN HIS WORK ROOM.

A VISIT TO TOLSTOY.

BY JAMES CRENSHAW.

I AM pleasantly reminded of a great personality and of a noble life in my life. I look upon the picture of, and Leo Tolstoy in his work room. The portrait before which this engraving has been made is one of several which depict the most distinguished of modern Russian painters, has existed in several years of his Russian countryman. But it stands apart from all the others in that it is not only a portrait, but a being, giving movement to Tolstoy as he sits to day, and as if he were personally seen in the seclusion of his chamber, simple almost as a monastic cell, through which the aquatic light and shadows play fitfully across the central figure of the great of Russian letters. Visually characteristic of the man and his surroundings is the master-piece of Russian art. The very pose in which Tolstoy is represented, sitting with one leg bent under him, his favorite attitude, which he nearly always assumes under similar circumstances, and slumped as the model here made by the artist may seem, it is one of those realistic touches which invest a painter's creations with the reasonableness and fidelity that go to make him great. It would be impossible to receive anything more in actual conditions than is the essence of this picture, and my criticism of it is based upon an intimate knowledge of the subject gained during a visit to Tolstoy at his home in Russia, made within the past twelve months.

Tomas Pollock, whose picture painted this picture, is the pupil nearest to which Tolstoy sat when he closed up his house in Moscow and quit the busy world. Formerly it had been his occasional refuge place, which he often sought when wearied of the turmoil of a great city. Now it has become his permanent residence, and he intends to remain there till he dies. One of his reasons for selecting this remote hamlet for his home was that here, during his former visits, he received from the lips of the religious pilgrims passing along the high-road near the village on their way to holy places in Moscow the inspiration of his present work and secretly earned life work.

Tomas Pollock is a little village set on a plain at the edge of a dense forest. In consist of a few thatched huts fronting on a single main street. There are about three hundred persons in all in the community. It is one of those primitive little villages of which the great Emperor of Russia is made up, and which are governed by the Mir, or Village Council. It lies on a path, and the main is a very distant and vague possibility. He subsists here like to occupy the same mode of living that his children, caring for their lives, taking the soil, and raising children. The simple two-storied white wooden building in which Count Tolstoy lives is a kind of manse-house to the semi-ruralized village community. It reveals many signs of the lowly story, and a few hand-made feet upon a rickety table, which shelter a few horses. The farm itself is the dwelling in which an educated and very valuable possession.

The visitor, on entering the house, finds himself in a rustic, bare, unadorned apartment, on whose walls hang a few lines of the owner, including the owner's skill as a carpenter. There are signs of various animals, and beside them is Tolstoy's rifle. The walls are covered by time and usage, and from gray are revealed some half-dozen portraits and maps, beneath which is a row of great boxes of felt and

leather. The visitor is welcome to the temporary use of any of these articles. From here a small door leads to an unoccupied chamber, where the walls are lined with books taken thence, whose spines are worn a dusky yellow, showing signs of frequent use. This library is adorned with a catholic taste, and contains the works of every philosopher from Plato to Henry George. At one end of the room is a little iron bed and washstand, and it was here that I slept during my visit. By the window is a table, on which is always a bottle of ink and a pen. Some miles from an active literary worker could live in such a place. Beyond the bookshelves in the corner a work room and also a collection of stones, in all stages of making and assembling, accompanied by scraps of paper scribbled with notes, litter the floor. This is the place where he works and talks for hours, and almost every object in sight is some implement of honest sturdy toil. The count seldom spends less than four hours a day in this room, invariably sitting in the attitude shown in the picture—with one leg drawn under him. Upon rising in the morning he goes out for a long walk, having first taken a drink of tea from the master's upstairs, which is always filled with the fragrant liquid. When Tolstoy walks he does so with a stride which for his length and rapidly is something wonderful, and this fact was forcibly impressed upon me during a tramp I had with him across the fields. He usually walks a distance of three or four miles. On his return he has breakfast, always conducted himself to a vegetable diet, for he regards the slaughter of dumb creatures as a heinous and cruel thing. I asked him once if he did not despise the practice of killing men, in which he himself occasionally indulges as a destruction of life, but he replied that plants represented the most sensitive form of organism, and farther, that there was some use in killing trees, but none in killing animals. Tolstoy neither drinks spirit nor uses tobacco, but for his gastric he always provides both food and wine.

Passing up stairs from the outer room already described, the visitor finds himself in a dining room of general kind. There is absolutely no furniture in this chamber excepting a long wooden table, which is always square, a few chairs, a piano, and a writing table. Some portions of the district are occupied by the Tolstoy family are on the walls. The doors are unadorned, and there is nothing to induce or to arouse the visitor's attention to the surroundings. In this apartment the count receives, upon an exact footing, critics and paper-politicians, poet, painter, and artist. No distinctions of any kind are made, and the greatest noble in Russia will here find himself sitting at the same board with one of the count's farm laborers. Count Tolstoy does all her kindling here—on a machine which occupies much of the time in the construction of the preparation of clothing for the poor in which charitable task she is assisted by her daughter. The little boys and girls have their play ground in the garden, which is also the attachment to the sleeping arrangements of the count and other members of the household. Everything about the establishment is cheery and plain in the best degree, and the lives of its inmates are in accordance. Life is truly real and earnest here; and when I asked the count how he should be well for his family he answered me completely apart from intercourse with the culture of civilization, he replied, "I don't believe in moving about much. Better to be in one spot, for living is a matter. A man who is busy and learns from his fellow-man and lives a life of truth and

love anywhere; the inside his surroundings, the better.

Count Tolstoy is a firm believer in the maxim that work is a sacred duty. He always spends four hours of every day in manual labor of some kind, either ploughing in the fields or making shoes, and he looks at the labor of those who do not agree taking with their hands. The village shoemaker is a chock chime of his, and they are accustomed to work together in the count's house. On his literary labors Tolstoy spends great pains both from an intellectual and a mechanical stand point. His manuscript is full of interlinear annotations, and the handwriting is small, fine, and hard to read. The count transcribes it for the printer, and I know of one instance where he made three copies within a year of one of her husband's books.

Leo Leo Tolstoy the manner and of Russian thought, and one of those four great thinkers who stand alone in the intellectual world of this century above and beyond all others. Thus he journeyed to the goal of life, possessing and practicing the sweet doctrine of man's humanity to man. His last few hours in a fever led to the hangery on the workbench. His recent personal efforts in the cause of his living countrymen have proved, moreover, that he is no mere theoretician of disaster, but that in the track of a great emergency he can be a most practical man of action. In person he is of great figure. His face is strong and firm. From beneath a massive white beard blue-gray eyes seem to look you through and through, to see at once your outer and inner soul. Powerful the words just from between his thick dark brows. A recent made for pity is not widely secured by the red gray beard spreading downward over a ruddy chin. He dresses in peasant's clothes of the coarsest homogenous, the blouse patterned at the waist by a leather belt, and his feet are shod in shoes made by his own hands. There are very many highly finished foot-wear, too. When out of doors in stormy weather he wears long boots, into which the ends of his trousers are stuffed.

Russia has been blessed in the possession of the Tolstoy family—no fact that has come home to her with greater force very recently in the presence of the Russian despot. When the very of others above, a representative and sympathetically sounded from the quiet house at Yasnaya Polyana, and not only the great reason himself, but his self-sufficient wife, daughter, and sons were both without an instant's hesitation in labor and the sufficient provision in the worst case of charity. From what I personally witnessed during my visit to the Tolstoy, I can form some idea of their noble work in the Russian empire. During a walk through the village, which I was privileged to enjoy in company with the great writer's daughter, I had an excellent opportunity of observing the relations maintained by his family with the villagers. Everywhere we went, whether along the highway or into the lowly huts, we were greeted with the signs of love and veneration. "No matter what we do, we would not let his will without respect, and incur a stain upon his honor, and his family, and which would be injurious for the patient, either offer assistance on the spot or arrange for its speedy arrival, and every instance he looked us as respecting him. The death of his noble family long of us they had passed away will smell sweet and blossom in the dust, providing a precious memory to every Russian heart.

AMATEUR SPORT.

(Continued from page 378.)

found that only about six, or in fact, any man in the field would be glad to get such a letter to throw at. However showed in his increased power that he has the best of it...

THE BOSTON PLAYERS some "body ball," and looked as if it was to be a very low howling affair. However on the way, or how the Yale letters closed, but it was evident that the collegians will have a bad fall in their boating life...

HARVARD GAVE ON THURSDAY with the rise of the Massachusetts Athletic Club was hardly more than a practice game, and so easy a one that it had nearly a foregone conclusion...

ON THE OTHER HARVARD SIDE we have not seen enough yet to judge. With the exception of Upton and Dickson, they had really no title to that one more game at which they could have done levelled on.

It more than likely Berne Trafford will devote all his energy to football and not play baseball at all. Dickinson is probably a better catcher than Trafford, though not so good with the stick...

THAT THE THREE COLLEGIANS, that have already picked out for the coming season Harvard Princeton crew, but if they take the public showing of the three made thus far, they are likely to be building their apparatuses...

THE HARVARD CREW, for this time of the year, is rowing extremely well. The men are fairly well together, and able to stand their large shovels in a tight smart way.

THE CREW FOR large rowing, the men are too long out of water. The men have not yet learned how to gain time the first part of the recovery, and still preserve the slow creeping force...

THESE AT THOSE appears to be making some progress, and yet is not everything that could be desired for the future. Instead of doing the crew to its work, it is apparently content to take whatever stroke the crew makes.

The other men in the boat, with the exception of Lyons, have improved quite rapidly during the past week. Lyons, however, is a dangerous rowing man, and should be feared.

IT DOES NOT SEEM WELL for Harvard and their interest in rowing that the management should have such great difficulty in collecting sufficient funds to support the crew. After the victory of last year, one would think the men of Cambridge would feel willing to at least put the crew on a sound financial basis.

CAPTAIN HARTWELL'S BEST WATERMEN with joy when he saw the well known form of Yale's losing motor crew once in New Haven's waters. But took had come, and with him a feeling of relief...

THE GOOD WORK OF AMATEUR SPORTS on retirement papers that period in serving game out of season goes on enthusiastically. The results are very encouraging. The Association is beginning to get a number of our most popular clubs by the spread of an influence and growth of membership...

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,
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"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." IV.—A THREE-YEAR-OLD CITY (OKLAHOMA).

By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1902.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1892.

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THE FIRST GUN.

WHILE an election is still pending, candidates and chairmen of party committees and party journals all agree that everything points conclusively to the success of their side. Bug is a good dog, and he never barks and bays and snarls so joyfully as before election. The grounds of this party confidence are generally speculations and hopes. But a State election before the national election, as a few years ago in Pennsylvania and Indiana, and as now in Rhode Island, is not a speculation, but an indication of substantial importance. In 1886 the Republican platform and candidates, which had spread like a prairie fire during the extraordinary FREMONT campaign, were suddenly and fatally checked by the October election in Pennsylvania. Desperate efforts were made to fix consideration in the prospective "Quaker vote," which ever came in a State election, but was certain to sweep everything before it in November. But November came, and the Quaker vote proved to be a Quaker gun. The election in Rhode Island is the first real indication of this actual political situation as the time for the nominations approaches. What it shows is the exceeding majority of the result in November. The vote in Rhode Island was larger than ever before, and it was cast upon a simple and sharply defined issue, and under the most favorable conditions for the Democrats. The question was made national by common consent. The Democratic platform was excellent, and a great army of Democratic speakers, including Mr. CLEVELAND, brooding the silver issue, confided themselves to the question of tariff reform. The Republicans met them upon that question, and Governor M. KELLEY and ex-Speaker REEK, with other able speakers, including Secretary TRACY, maintained the Republican view, and the Republican vote was approved at the polls.

This result seems to show plainly that the Democrats can fairly expect in November the vote of no New England State, except, possibly, but doubtfully, Connecticut; and there is one fact in the current which is most favorable to the Democrats. The Republican reform and independent newspaper, the chief paper in the State, and one of the foremost papers in New England, notwithstanding the fact that the canvass turned on the question of tariff reform, and as a result the region of the Providence Journal virtually supported his election, and it is alleged and believed that the independent vote was very largely cast against the Democrats. The reason of this course was clearly stated in a remark of the Journal when Mr. CLEVELAND went to speak in Providence. It

was to the effect that it was yet to be proved that Mr. CLEVELAND was authorized to speak for his party. The remark was just. The Democratic party, by its chosen representatives, but only with the aid of Zibuloff, had just created an error of its own upon the question of silver coinage by postponing its consideration. In New York the party, by its regular action, had rejected Mr. CLEVELAND as its representative. Unhappily in New York and elsewhere the greedy Democrats were so much taken with him. But that sympathy has not availed to control the action of the party, and the assertion in newspapers that the people demanded his nomination, and that he was really the representative of the people, is altogether incredible with the fact, and with the result of the party majority in Congress and in the New York Legislature. The Journal, therefore, as an independent paper, could well say that before advising its readers to support the Democratic ticket, it must know that Democratic success is really meant.

Democratic success in Rhode Island this spring would have great an immense impulse toward similar success in November. But Democratic success in 1891 proved to mean no tariff reform and the election of Mr. CLEVELAND as President, and with the ground paved for the currency, the theft of one branch of the Legislature in New York, the apparent rejection of Mr. CLEVELAND, and a reform of the old draft of the party. Under those circumstances the Democratic party, and the independent reformer, paused for further information. The election of a protection Senator was disagreeable. But that was a horn of the dilemma which could be measured. The other horn could not be measured. It might be tariff reform, or else arrangements of the economy, and a great many other things besides. Yet had Mr. CLEVELAND gone to Rhode Island as the undoubted and accepted representative of his party, had it been known that Democratic success in the State meant no tariff reform, and no change of his views upon the silver question and the tariff and administrative reform as the platform of his party, the result would have been different. Ever since the opening of Congress reshaped the country in one way Democratic success in 1891 and Democratic victory in New York in 1891 really meant, there has been great change of feeling among independent voters, and the Democratic party has been upon trial. That situation will continue until the action of the National Convention of the Democrats is known. The result will then be solved, and it will be known whether there are many Democrats who agree with Mr. CLEVELAND, but whether Mr. CLEVELAND is authorized to speak for the Democratic party. The action of Maryland, which is cited as very significant, is not only a fair indication of the feeling of the State, but Maryland vote in the Convention will be Mr. GORMAN'S view at that time. Presidents are not nominated by the people, but by bosses, and their action depends upon their estimate of the drift of popular feeling at the time.

ANOTHER TAMMANY BLESSING.

Another of the blessings which the Tammany victory of last November has secured to the city of New York is, apparently, to be a change in the system of election inspection, which is designed to make the stretching bill of Tammany upon New York more secure. The general provision of the election law is, as far as practicable, an honest conduct of elections. In the city they require the Police Board in appoint four inspectors of elections equally divided between the great parties of the Republicans and Democrats. This is one of the instances in which the people receive the excesses of party. For while it is constantly asserted that nothing can be done without party, it is as constantly demonstrated that except for the restraint and regulation of party the people are better off than they would be without it. The Tammany scheme, as we write for events more rapidly toward the close of the session, and action may be taken before the paper is issued—is to change the number of inspectors from four to three, so as to secure a party majority.

This means in New York, with the other provisions of the bill, practically absolute Tammany control in disputed questions. The provision of the present law which authorizes the appointment of four inspectors of elections which at the previous election shall have cast fifty thousand votes or more for its candidates is omitted. This excludes from representation any organization weaker than Tammany Hall, and any party which has not a majority of the vote. However large its vote may be. The object is evident. It is to give Tammany an undisputed control of elections. This is secured further by providing that if either party is divided into two or more factions, the inspectors of that party, if they are not a majority, shall be appointed. Tammany is the largest faction in the city, and only Tammany inspectors would be appointed. Moreover, in the new bill the provision of the present law is omitted which requires that the inspectors for the minority party

shall be named by the representatives of the minority party upon the Police Board. If, therefore, the Police Board should become wholly partisan, as Tammany undoubtedly intends to make it, the minority party must accept such inspectors as Tammany may appoint.

All this is in strict accordance with the doctrine of Tammany Hall as laid down under Mr. BURNETT CHURCH'S signature as the *North American Review* about the year 1860. The Tammany Hall proposition is an illustration of the spirit and purpose of Tammany—it will be another result of the election of last autumn, in which Tammany was supported by many citizens who have been, hitherto supposed to understand the Tammany Hall idea, and who are its success in an election means. Strayed by the grotesque idea that its voting power to Tammany Hall they were supporting tariff reform, a great many well-meaning citizens practically voted for the fraud of government, for the party who had insinuated and public wrongs, which have distinguished the legislation of the winter in New York. Those well-meaning citizens have presented with great force the practical question, what kind and how much reform should be introduced by Tammany Hall, and what party work in this State Tammany Hall controls!

ARMY OFFICERS AN INDIAN AGENTS.

The proposed scheme to appoint officers of the army as Indian agents is approved by the wisest friends of the Indians. Upon such a point the opinion of those who have made an intelligent study of the whole Indian question is alone worthy of attention and respect. It is a question, not a theory, that Indians are to be treated as the true Indians, and not as the Indians of the Government, and that the Government, by its extension, but so freely regard for the interests of the Indians and the honor of the Government. It is not necessary, of course, that the appointment of army officers be limited to army officers or to any other class. There are many officers who would be as amenable as any civilians. But the selection of officers fitted to be Indian agents would naturally raise the standard of the Indian service, and control the appointment of civilian agents of like character.

There is no branch of the service more degraded by the political spirit system than the Indian Department. This fact has been often strongly and conclusively shown by Mr. HANCOCK WELLES of the Indian Rights Association. The reports of the Association are the records of this fact, and general observation confirms it. General MOGAM, the present Indian Commissioner, would gladly cognize the agency system upon reform principles, but he is prevented as suggested agents. That power as the system in general, is an irresponsible power, except as the President is the chief executive officer of the entire administration. The power is really distributed among certain kinds of politicians in the States and Territories where the Indian service is conducted, and certain Senators and Representatives. The mischief of this system have been constantly exposed. They cost the country millions of dollars, and increase national indebtedness. No public act can be made, involving the Indian service, without expense, results from the spoils system in the Indian service. It is the opinion of experts in Indian affairs that the Dakota outbreak of last winter, the latest serious trouble, was due directly to the spoils system which makes the Indian agencies part of the spoils system, with no practical regard to the character, fitness, or conduct of the agents.

What is called the army theory of the Indians, that the Indian officers in a general sense, is no measure of the fitness of the General Council of the General NALES, officers of the largest experience among the Indians, are illustrations of accomplished soldiers who do not exclude Indians from the pale of humanity, and who respect, firmness, and sympathy have been shown by the Government. The Indians both respect and confidence in their relations with a government and people that seem often to have labored strenuously to destroy respect and confidence in the Indian branch. In the military service they are undoubtedly better treated than has not been ruthlessly devastated by the spoils system, so that its standard and its pride are very much higher than those of the civil service. The proposed law, therefore, administered with intelligence, and with regard to the interests of the Indians, would be a very great public benefit, and a happy incident in Indian administration.

"INFAMOUS MCGOWENRY."

The *Shanty* of Michigan. "Formerly the Shanty Republican," a paper which lately challenges the title, newspapers in New York. It proposes to compare them to the same. Therefore it says: "The newspaper that is making a noise about WASHINGTON'S birthday celebration are beneath notice or consideration. The work is that of a party which is not in a position to do anything in politics. It is located in the city of New York, and is a blotched with the gray money of printing and powerful organizations. It is moved by other means and offers some. Take away the legions for gain among the mag-

A STREET BLOCKADE IN GOTHAM.

As inevitable feature of the present rapid expansion of lower New York city, the replating of the mill-lane shops and filling in lower walls for lot and warehouse and the steady transformation of down-town New York streets into business thoroughfares, has been lack of space. The absorbing increase of volume of trade and the agglomeration of shipping companies have not brought a corresponding widening of routes for freight transportation about the business districts. The enlarged demands for the convenience of people to mail from and through the quarter have been in a manner paralleled by street railway improvements without much additional occupying of the streets, but the continuously increasing number of vehicles need to transport such loads are crowding the thoroughfares more and more, rendering the problem of how to prevent street blockades all the time more difficult. Through most thoroughfares the volume of freight wagons, mixed with passenger omnibuses. It is only when arrival converging routes pour their possessions of vehicles into the common opening that the effects of the situation can be fully realized.

A not-unusual instance of this overcrowding is afforded at the little space formed by the meeting of West Broadway, Hudson Street, and Water Place, a thorough opening about 100 feet in length, with an average width of 100 feet crowded east and west by Chambers and Beale streets. As a converging point for every manner of vehicle that point would be hard to match the world over. The Chambers Street station on the Park Avenue elevated railway stands above its lower end, the track over West Street way running lengthwise along the east side, and crossing and recrossing through this space. In three important surface lines of horse-cars, the Ninth, Seventh and Eighth avenue lines, the last named route extends from Chamber Street in a curve, while across the square from east to west on the 11th line, the street and elevated street carry the traffic of the surface, crossing East Fifth Street and Broadway to mingle with the North River traffic.

All these passenger lines imply a constant travel, great in itself, but they constitute a major element in the tide of vehicles that roll through this meeting point in the heart of the business quarter of the city. On the west, toward the North River, are the great fruit, poultry, grocery, and confectionery commission firms, along West Broadway shows the freighting of the wholesale grocery, shoe and leather, wood and shoddy and rags, and up 11th Street there come the buildings of the great cracker firms. The northwesterly of the warehouse hardware houses and the cream-works, including the hides and leather point through Beale and Chambers streets, at the foot of which lie the freight offices of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, Panama Ferry, and a little lower them, the pleasure light-house of the Brooklyn and the Hudson and Fall River steamship lines.

The long open roadway in the middle under the temporary removal of vehicles which of day-long never ceasing streams through this moving point in a task which is almost like an onerous mountain range, for the scene seems a hopeless confusion of boxes, cases, vases, grocery and various wagons, mixed with the great masses which, loaded high with hides, paper bundles, and other bulky materials, driven by enormous Norman horses, force their way up superior weight and momentum through the pass. United States mail wagons, carrying undelivered mail, and sometimes a lack, in haste to make a short-cut to the post building, ventura into the confusion near of heavy vehicles, with uncertain prospects of emerging on time and unhurt. In the mid day hours, and notably from two to four in the afternoon, the



THE DRAWBRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER—THE LANDING OF THE CAR FROM HARLEM AT FORTRESS ROYAL.



A NEW YORK STREET BLOCKADE—WEST BROADWAY AND CHAMBERS STREET.—DRAWN BY H. F. RAYMOND.

moving counter processions tangle up here and there seriously intractable blockades.

In such emergencies the general aspect of the place, the tightest proximity, to whom the surrounding work-aholic has to pay a premium because of, and nature, there is no doubt, showing forth order, and not without thanks, looked by the prompt hand on the middle bus, he discourages the confusion of vehicles and horses with amazing celerity. But sometimes under unusual pressure of business the efforts of several officers to keep everything moving smoothly cannot avert many collisions, and collisions reflected by general encounters between teamsters in dispute over the right of way. The border episode of this scene is the thing of two heavy days morning under all the best possible conditions, when, if the policeman is not at hand to adjust the rights of all parties, the weaker team must lose to the wall. At such times each driver, seeing to avoid as much of the way to the other, regards him-slightly. It is evident that might recall the concluding scene, set to slow time, of the chaotic scene in the after. With a crash the wheels smashing a neighbor out of way comes, while sparks fly beneath the loads of the striking horse, and, smothering opposition, the victorious vehicle goes its way, leaving the defeated driver to wince himself with his tongue, while he estimates the damage to his vehicle. The journeyer in a street car in this space may at any time have the continuation of his newspaper interrupted by the crash of the rough rear edge of a load of hides against the window, carrying away a glass and frame, and throwing the frightened passenger to the opposite side of the car in pitiful confusion. In the daily crush goes on to continue and literally mind-adorning scenes are found in the transportation of freight through the commercial quarters of the town.

CHARLES H. PULLER.

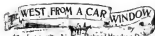
THE NEW HARLEM RIVER DRAW.

For a stream of its size, the Harlem River probably runs more ice than any other river in the country. The city has spent millions on its bridges. The Park Department through some strange outcropping of its jurisdiction, is in spending or about to spend many thousands more and the New York Central Railroad Company has just paid out \$1,000,000 for a temporary draw, which is to be used during the construction of the grand span which will take the Park Avenue viaduct across the little river.

The draw in question is the largest of its kind in the country. The tower is 120 feet above the rails of the track. The lift, or portion of the road bed which is raised by a double-ended loader, occupies one of the way of passing craft, to 80 feet long. The counterpoises, which will hold the lift in place after it has been lifted, weigh 45 tons apiece. It only takes 30 seconds for the heavy machinery to do its work of raising the channel.

This expensive draw, as it is called, seems a decidedly modern improvement on the fashion of great draw-bridges, and it is true. Yet it needs but a minute to raise or to lower the draw which carries several hundred of cattle loads.

If, however, the Douglas had had a double-cylinder engine and 45-ton counterpoises, warmed to work in 30 seconds, it would not have been well for Maelstrom to dry his, and one of his best past passages might have never been written.



By Richard Harding Davis.

IV—A THREE-YEAR-OLD CITY.*

THE only interest which the East can take in Oklahoma is the fact that some time in some month in the month of that will which one regards a portrait finished by a lightning crayon.



OKLAHOMA CITY ON THE DAY OF THE OPENING.

and, "with frame complete," in ten minutes. We may have better portraits and more perfect coloring, but we have never watched one completed, as it were, while you wait. There were no better actors in those days, but because he was so very young to do it so very well. It was as if Frank of romance, a Joseph II-Sets of the drama, that they considered him, and Oklahoma City must content itself with being only of interest as yet as a freak of our civilization.

After it has decided which of the half dozen candidates in its own race is the only one, and the others have stopped appealing to laymen and their courts, and left the law alone and refused more attention strictly to business, and the city has been burnt down once or twice, and had its Treasurer default and its Mayor imprisoned, and has been admitted to the National Baseball League, it may hope to be regarded as a full-grown rival city, but at present, as far as it concerns the far East, it is interesting chiefly as a city that grew up overnight, and did it in three years or less what other cities have accomplished only after half a century.

The history of its pioneers and their legends of their undeveloped country not only show how in the West is from the East but how much we have changed our ways of doing things from the days of the Pilgrim Fathers to those of the mad speculators, the "bosses" and "owners" of the end of the century. We have new pleasures in our school books, and those who to Mr. H. G. Wells has made for us, of the Wrights's people having in the show, the long machine motor behind them, and the "neck board coach" of their new law before them, with the business looking on dutifully from behind the pine trees. It makes a very interesting picture—these steep black oil pipes in their hickory-bark and brown shingle rollers, with the concrete streets of having twisted persons and overcome the perils of the sea, and ready to meet

the perils of an unknown land. I would like you to place in front with this the opening of Oklahoma Territory in the new white settlers three years ago. These modern pictures show time in a twinkling, and



FIVE DAYS AFTER THE OPENING.

separated from the pointed lead set by an ocean, but by a line scratched in the dirt with the point of a white's horse. The long row along this line is heading forward, pushing with excitement, and looking with greedy eyes at

those on foot. In a mad, unceasing race for something which they are getting for nothing. These pilgrims do not drop as one knew to give thanks devoutly, as did Columbus sailing to the twenty-dollar fair, but fall on both knees and hammer fists into the ground and pull them up again, and drive them down somewhere else at a place they hope will eventually become a corner lot, having the post-office, and drop up the next man's stake and threaten him with a Winchester because he is in their lead, which they have earned for the last three minutes. And there are no Indians in this race. They have been paid \$1.25 an acre for the land, which is worth \$5 an acre as it is, before a spade has been driven into it or a bit of timber cut, and they are safely out of the way.



FOUR WEEKS AFTER THE OPENING.

the new Canons, the women with their dresses tucked up to their knees, the men stripped of coats and waistcoats for the new to follow. And then, a transport rail, answered by a thousand heavy rills from all along the line and his drive of men and women on foot and on horse-back break away across the prairie, the stronger pushing down the track, and those on horseback riding straight and in some cases killing

City of this day, it is necessary to go back to the beginning of three years ago. The city at that time consisted of a railroad depot, a section house and water tank, the home of the national agent, and four other one-story buildings. The rest was prairie land, with low curving hills covered with high grass and bunches of thick timber—this as far as the eye could see, and nothing else.

* The first page of this article, "From San Antonio to Crown City," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 4, 1892. The second page, "The Prince on the Border," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for March 11, 1892. The third page, "A New Morning View," was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 4, 1892.



OKLAHOMA CITY TO-DAY—MAYN BRIDGEMAN.

The land, which is rich and black and soft, and looks like chocolate when the plough has turned the soil, was thrown open by the proclamation of the President to white settlers, who could see such a day, at once an hour, "move and occupy it for homestead holdings." A homestead holding is 160 acres of land. The practitioners and walking about town men, or of the distillation of some men into "law" for money, or of streets and cross-streets. But several hundred men in different parts of Kansas prepared plans long before the opening, for a town to be laid out over the deposit, the water tank and the other buildings, where Oklahoma City now stands, and had their surveys and their blue prints hidden away in readiness for the day of April. And all of those who intended venturing this opportunity to cover race the land knew that the prairie streets the depot would be laid out into lots and have their depot and other depots which in time would be over-taken were the goals for which were all the people from the borders of the new Territory, in the east of those "best the pistol" on the start and reached the goal first that in consequence, the effects were slow to run this race were again through the new events has kept Oklahoma City from growing with even more marvelously rapidly than it has already done.

The Sunday before the 22d was a very bright day and promised well for the morning. Soldiers and deputy marshals were the only legions in sight around the de-



IN THE CONSERVATORY OF THE WHITE HOUSE—AN INTERNATIONAL QUESTION.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BY ANNA D. HALLOWELL.

LATE in the winter of 1843—Mrs. White, of Watertown, Massachusetts, and her daughter Maria, then a delicate girl of only one, left the fresh neighborhood of Boston to spend the spring in the milder climate of Philadelphia. It happened that they went to a "Friend's" leaving home in the Quaker City, and through the kindly interest of their hostess, "Friend Parker," made the acquaintance of my grandparents, who introduced them into one of my grand-uncle's homes. The Whites had no knowledge of Quakerism, but their simple sincere manners found much in common with members of that sect, who in turn experienced a new enjoyment in intercourse with these "worldly people." Strong friendships followed, and as a natural result of these, Maria White's tendency towards the anti-slavery movement, then in its impetuous beginning, was strengthened and confirmed.

When the weather grew warmer, and the formidable east wind of New England had become tempered, they returned to Watertown. Maria White was urged to remain longer in Philadelphia, and visit some of her new friends in their own homes, but her reply was characteristic: "No, no, I have left one in Cambridge, who makes even the east wind warm for me." This "one" was James Russell Lowell, her projected husband.

Soon after her arrival at home she sent my father the following poem, by Mr. Lowell, in manuscript. It has never been published in any of the editions of his works, and has

"It's not enough that we must live in all this that denounces—
These edicts and volumes both, these papers of slavery?
That we must yield our consciences up to keep Oppression
back.

And break our faith with God to keep the letter of man's
law?

"But must we sit in silence by, and see the chains and whip
Make havoc of all that is come in Heaven's kindly gift?
Must we not see half the guilt and all the shame evidence,
His law to make our (young) throats of flesh and blood
run over?"

"If hand and foot we must be bound by devil our fathers
signed,
And hand be chained, galled, and scorched because they too
were bound,
Why, by them have their pound of flesh, for that is in
the hand,
But was he to then if they cut a half hair's breadth beyond?"

"Is water running in my veins? Do we remember still
Old Plymouth Rock and Lexington and Glorious Bunker Hill?
The altar we see our fathers' graves, and in the wet waters,
Whose heathen waves would make a thing of price or
cost?"

"Go ye Plymouth Rock back just a longer, and Concord is not
distant,
And hence from our fathers' graves and from the future
time.

They call us in to stand our ground; they charge us still as to
Not only live and see our sinners, but foremost to make free,

The following letter from Maria White which accompanied
the poem expresses her opinion of its merits.

—WATERBURY, June 15, 1844.

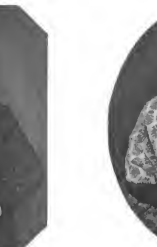
"My Friend, I send enclosed the lines on the Antislavery
I presented you. James does not at all realize how
good and stirring it is, and the it is remarks he makes at the
end prove it. It is a satire, but not one that necessarily
appeals to the blood, though it has led to a general interest
of the North against them. The anti-slavery to prove
the wealth limitations of the North is to very largely in their
deliberation.

"I have talked so much to James of Philadelphia that I
have inspired him with a desire to try various if he has
an opportunity. We shall probably be married in the spring,
and I think may try to spend it there instead of in our
hick New England, and we should do so if we heard of any
opening or employment for him during so short a period as
three months. I suppose the season for lecturers would be
over then, and I fear that Fanny has not been asked to
arrange any more lectures for him there, simply because he
visited in go. But should you hear of any situation for a
lecturer man at that time (however small the prospect),
might I not depend on your kindness to let us know of it?
Any temporary employment or employment of that kind you
might hear of while I would ever reach to be."
—Sincerely yours,
MARIA WHITE.

Her friends were only too glad to carry out this suggestion,
and when in the spring of 1845 the newly married pair



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL 1840.



MARIA WHITE LOWELL 1840.

may be the only copy in his handwriting now existing. It was printed anonymously at the time in some of the Boston newspapers, and can, no doubt, be found among their files.

"This is copied, at Maria's request, by Edward M. Davis, of Philadelphia, whom I would make the vehicle of my thanks to his circle of friends for the kindness which it shows that anything like made Maria's stay in Philadelphia happy, and gave the air its healing properties. J. R. L.

"A RALLIING CRY FOR NEW ENGLAND AGAINST THE ANNEXTION OF TEXAS.
— Rise up, New England, battle on your soil of good soil.
Your stone old base of slavery, your deep sinning of sinners,
A nation still in herding sin, your fall of sin and shame
That rest from the breath of a death's sleep smite.

"See slave States sold at a market's One British of a Jew,
And fetters shall be placed on millions more of men;
One drop of oil to set a flame, and slavery shall lead
For all her sinners from and blood a market to her sold!

"A market where good Democrats their fellow men may sell
On what a pile of British gold some sold and some shall sell!
Now all the damned lay up for Jew, and half their throats fly,
To think you had such price to win the souls of their own!"

"It's not enough that we have been the masters of all the
world,
And sent to those whose laughing lips in scorn of us we
curled?
It's not enough that we met them long that long that we took,
And drove the hungry blind hands on that had a look
back?"

"The British steel, no modern sword, that rest so freely on
The lowly soil, clothes heretofore so worn with piglike sties
316.

Come, brethren, up! Come, nation, clear your own
name to go
Forth to a market battlefield than with their alien for!

"Come, group your ancient battles, glad on your ancient road,
Let Freedom be your banner, your armor God's word,
Blood, "God for our New England," and smite them hip and
sligh.

"The sacred race of Amalek, whose armor is a lie!

"They fight against the law of God, the sacred human heart;
They charge for Massachusetts, and their enemies fall apart!
Buck the old slave to our away, let Fanny fall and forth
The scope of true-hearted men, the lightning of the South!

"Awake, New England! Who you sleep the four adorns
She is here!

"Already on your strength'll walk their bloody banner
Awaits, and far them back again in some and despite!
The true live come for exact deeds, we've not a man
to spare."

"Had I entirely separated either the spirit or the
structure of these verses I had put my name to them. But they
were written in great haste, and for a particular object, and
I would therefore say arguments as I thought would influence
the press of my readers, viz. a swelling inflated note, some
sentimental prejudice and vanity, some dissimulation, some
original sinfulness, and so on. I wished it to be violent,
irresolute I thought the necessary demands of violence, but I
had no wish to be violent myself, and therefore I let it go
anonymously. Had I written sought in my own name, it
would have been evidently different."
—(Signed)
J. H. LOWELL.

"Boston, May 26, 1844."

came again to Philadelphia, it was arranged that Mr. Lowell
should do some editorial work on the *Proslavery Phoenix*,
a modest anti-slavery weekly of that city edited at one
time by John G. Whittier, and should also make regular
contributions to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, published in New
York. This was an congenial work as say for the ardent
young poet, who had the abilities for regular journalistic
columns in prose, and found it difficult to write in verse;
but in this, as in all other ways, his wife guided and guided
"him (as he said), and Fanny's method quickly along in
editorial harness for several years. His diatribe was left
with occasional notes between them, either, as he has told
us, in private, or in other ways, his wife guided and guided
of the required article.

After remaining several weeks at the home of "Friend
Parker," Mr. and Mrs. Lowell accepted an invitation from
my parents to visit them, and spent April and May with us,
so the delight of the entire household. I was only a child
at the time, but I remember well some of the incidents of
those two months. Mr. Lowell rumped and played games
with us, and related the name of "James Russell, former
man." We were Quaker children, not allowed to use the
title "Mr.," so we took refuge in the entertainment—as
did our elders too—in speaking the whole name, which
sounded more respectful and less abrupt than merely to say
"James." Mrs. Lowell told us fairy stories and recited her
poetry. It was my greatest pleasure to hear her repeat "The
Cotton-Tree," in a soft crooning voice that was sweeter than
singing. Each year after I remembered it as a sleeping, until
I counted that she had no one for poems and could not even
turn a line.

Once during this visit Mr. and Mrs. Lowell went with my



1—TRINING FOR A BOLD

WRESTLING.

BY CAPTAIN W. W. HENRY.

How true it is that those things with which we have had the earliest intimacy we most instinctively regard "hardy" & "manly" hardly contests."

We who as school boys passed severely a day at play without a wrestling bout must needs have found some and which is upon every occasion the skill of our own youngsters, who reveal possibilities of the sport which we in our youthful vanity believed we had obtained to its utmost development. Wrestling is an old



2—HOLDING HIM DOWN—ARM AND HEAD HOLD

as the proverbial hills. It was a necessary part of foot racing as the means of relief from heat and is found with-of course difficulty back to the days of the Greeks. It is probably because of the age-long history of enjoyment, and natural use of strength that it has held so true for the combination of other and more "civilized" games of skill. There have always been (temporarily) few contests the world over that have kept as alive the interest in wrestling, and steadily advanced its standard of skill.

Had wrestling acquired more publicity for its expansion, and (extending) study in perpetuity, there is no doubt it



3—ON HANDS AND KNEES—A SAFE POSITION.

would long since have become as widely known and generally enjoyed as some other games of infinitely less pleasure and benefit. The fact of the matter is, wrestling has seemed less common an acquisition for us. We remember as boys that in nearly every game we play of whether "prisoner's base" or "hare and hounds," the end was the inevitable signal for a series of impromptu wrestling bouts, which we looked upon as marks of the addition of our annual sports than any sort of skill in wrestling. We have succeeded over the play ground trying to bring one another down and stand upon the dry grass, sliding one another either with head



4—TRINING FOR PARTING ARM AND HEAD HOLD



5—HALF RELAXED AND LEG—TRIPPING HIM OVER.

travels, etc., but never desisted of taking up the art seriously as a sport.

It has remained for us in this country to grow gradually to an appreciation of the game, and only in the last few years have we begun its earnest study. We Americans have been slower



6—HALF RELAXED AND LEG HOLD—ALMOST FINISHED.

to grasp the benefits of this magnificent sport than our English cousins, because we have not been in such an atmosphere of its constant indulgence. There has been professional wrestling and plenty of it, on the British Isle since out of mind, and it has naturally stimulated the sport among ourselves. Indeed, old



7—HALF RELAXED AND GROIN HOLD—"SHINED"

newspaper accounts of the professional wrestling bouts in England read like our own football columns to-day. In this country until comparatively late years, we have had no great amount of professional wrestling, so that we have very little of it, and this is due to the absence of professional contests of all kinds, and not to wrestling. Among American professionals,



8—DOUBLE BRIDGE—PATRIOT IS A MOUNTAIN

however, there stand out a few who are unreservedly good—namely Mattson and Hugh Leonard, a pair of the most skillful men in their respective weights, are probably two of the most skillful men in the business. I put this tribute to these professional men, however not only does their individual skill stand out pre-eminent, but it has been under their instruction that a very great many of our amateurs



9—TRINING FOR HALF RELAXED AND ARM HOLD.



10—HANG-BARRIER LOCK AND HALF RELAXED—A CERTAIN "FALL"

have acquired the first and last principles of wrestling. These two, together with Dr. Dale, of Swarthmore College, and Mr. Hays, of Cornell, have done much to bring wrestling in America up to its present standard.

In this country there are three distinctive styles of wrestling—



11—QUARTER RELAXED—NOT FUTURELESS BY EFFECTIVE—HEAD STRIKES BY HEAD FEET.

First is Catch-Can, Greco Roman, and Collar and Elbow. Probably it will be as well to touch on the styles abroad for a few lines, in order to give a better understanding of just where we stand. The two most popular styles in England, which is really the wrestling centre, are the Cumberland and Westmorland—



12—FURTHER HALF RELAXED AND FREE UNDER ARM.

Northern school—and the Cornish and Devonshire. They are very "old" in both manners and customs. In the former the contestants dress in kilts, with trunks and stockings; and through the variety of their holds, in as various they are very effective, and form actually the basis of all wrestling. The post-



13—FULL OR DOUBLE RELAXED—HARRIS IN ANOTHER CONTINENT

ion of the wrestler in this style is an odd one to say; the man stand up, tried to raise each player's side on the other's side, shoulder, grasping his hand the body with both arms, each on the left above the right of his antagonist. When the men have secured their hold and are fairly on guard, the play begins, and



14—DOUBLE BRIDGE—IN A BAD PLAY.



19.—HOLD BELL TO A "FALL."

with the exception of kicking, every device may be employed to lose the other. A "fall" is called when any portion of the body



20.—HEAD LOCK—BRINGING HIM UP ON HIS HANDS.

(the whole feet of course excepted)—touches the ground. A "fall" is also called on the one who leaves his hold, though he is



21.—IN CHAMBERS—NOT SO RUPTURE AS IT LOOKS.

thrown. If both fall to the ground, the one first down or under shall be the loser. This style is very popular in these



22.—EVEN TO GET ON FEET.

countries, and a common device to make a "fall" of it is to try again. The Catch and Devonshire style is somewhat like



23.—A BALK BOTT BOTT—PREPARING TO KICK AND HOLD.



24.—NECK AND ARM HOLD—A "TRIPPER"—ABOUT TO TURN HIM OVER.

the Collar and Elbow, a fall being three points—two legs and a shoulder, or two shoulders and a hip. In the latter harness is worn which provides for a secure hold, while in the former it is a spring linen jacket, which hangs on the wearer very loosely as far down as the hips and is tied in front by two strings. The skin of the jacket hangs as loosely as possible on the wearer, so as not to give the opponent an opportunity for a firm hold. In both styles the contestants depend very largely on the skillful



25.—"STRANGE" HOLD—HARLEM.

use of their legs in tripping, etc. Formerly, the Devonshire was the best of the three styles of kicking, and as his shoes were of buckram leather, the soles so softened by a piece of sheep skin. It may be assumed the skis of his unfortunate adversary were frequently pretty thoroughly shod. This style was prevalent only during the early days of travelling, when the same nature of men had not much regard for the refinements of civilization.

The other style prevailing in England is the London style, which is precisely the Catch or Catch-Cum-Hold, and less steadily grown



26.—HIP LARK—ONE BOTT TO A "FALL" MAY BE TURNED INTO A FIGHT OR CHASE IN TIME.



27.—A FLYING "HERE," ON FALL.

in favor since its introduction, despite the widely distributed criticism of some of the old timers, who see nothing good outside of their own chosen styles.



28.—ELEVATED—LEI AND ARM HOLD.

In France a style is prevalent similar to the Green Hornet; in fact, it is sometimes so called. It consists of no hold below the waist, and prohibits tripping, back kicking, and as ever, best always



29.—HALF NECK AND UPPER HOLD—TO HELP FOR HIM.

face one's opponent, neither the buttock nor rump buttock can be used. Never to say this is the same style that has been adopted in Germany, but neither country has produced any specialists in



30.—A FALL.



THE HOMEWARD HURRY.—Drawn by W. P. Seaman.—(See Page of Page 402.)

COLGATE UNIVERSITY.

BY DR. S. L. ANSHWES.

The gift of a million dollars a few months since to Colgate University, at Hamilton, New York, has served to draw to this institution increased public attention. Colleges having a rural location do not always attract much notice as the intrinsic quality of their work becomes, but no intelligent student of modern-day work institutions in America, from such colleges as Princeton, Harvard, and Yale, to the smallest village school, will not find their rural situation in advantage. Colgate University certainly is exceptional in this respect as a school of its location. The town of Hamilton is twenty miles north of Troy, on the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad, and is about 1200 feet above the sea. The village is conveniently one of the prettiest in the State, and it is a beautiful summer resort. The presence of such an institution of learning in this place for seventy years has developed a notable intelligence and refinement in the population. The interests of Hamilton are closely educational, and the permanent abiding place between the village and the sea is 100-105.

The history of the university is simple. It existed more than twenty years before it had a collegiate charter. This earlier institution, opened in 1825, was the outgrowth of a religious spirit. In this respect the time of its foundation was not essentially different from those which prompted the establishment of the other American colleges now located by the United States. The original purpose, however, was not to train students for the Baptist ministry. Some years before it was founded, Samuel Payne bought as a farm the land which was destined to be its site, and the story goes that after felling the first tree of the forest on the spot where the university now stands, he knelt in prayer, and consecrated himself and his property to his God. The outcome of this act appears in his giving this property, not many years later, to the institution which he had started, and the title of the property was "The College of the Holy Spirit." Seven years after his death in May, 1832, he considered the need of better education for the masses, and on the 23rd of September, in the same year, fifteen men came together and formed the Baptist Education Society of the State of New York. This society began with a capital of thirteen dollars and thirteen pence, a dollar and a penny from each man. The house still stands, just in the Hamilton village, in which this significant transaction took place. The original idea was to maintain library with theological studies in a course of three years. The first students came in 1835. The formal opening was in May, 1837. The curriculum was from time to time extended, until in 1852 a course of eight years—two academic, four collegiate, and two theological—was developed. In 1858 the institution was opened to all students—no special reference to their religious study, and the most important step was the securing of a collegiate charter in 1868. The work of this first quarter-century was of a high order. Several men of broad scholarship and signal ability were produced in the earlier faculty. Thomas Sears, Thomas J. Conant, Amos C. Brewster, and John H. Haywood made their appearance as professors in what was then known as the Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, and not a few of the graduates of the period became prominent religious leaders both in this country and in the work of foreign missions.

The charter came was Madison University. This corporation took special charge of the preparatory and collegiate work. Theological instruction remained under the supervision of the Education Society. In 1925 the preparatory department, whose course of study had come to cover three years, received the name Colgate Academy. In the same year the curriculum of the theological seminary was extended to six years. Colgate Academy has an acknowledged rank among the foremost preparatory schools of the country. The work which it has in the curriculum is of the highest quality. It is in no sense a high standard. As for the Hamilton Theological Seminary, there is no other perhaps which has so many a place in the literature of the Baptist de-



JAMES B. COGSWATE.

ministration. The university as distinguished from the preparatory school and the theological seminary, has gained during recent decades a pronounced position among colleges as a school of high grade. This reputation has been largely due to the long administration of the late President Doolittle—a man of high character and scholarship, great breadth of view, and liberality of spirit, and of remarkable intellectual force. He imparted to his colleagues and to the students those ideas, ideas and tendencies which still revolve round an education truly liberal. A steady growth in the resources of the university during the last twenty five years has brought beautiful expression in the various lines of scholarship, and has put the institution in a position to do its full share in the educational work of our generation. The alumni of the university, filling places of responsibility and honor in a wide variety of callings, stand as a shining attestation to his Alma Mater, and a large faith in its future development.

The general tone of the college has always been unambiguously sound and liberal. The traditions of the place are in keeping with a moral and religious spirit, which is no less genuine in its essence even though it differs somewhat in its manifestation from that of earlier periods. The student body always has been characterized by a strong level of intellectuality. They have felt that it was a good atmosphere for their own. The place is free from many impressions of the city, and the quiet of such a college town promotes that intellectual repose which President Doolittle held to be essential in the formative period of life in the acquisition of high culture. As a class, the students are mainly, of course, from the middle and lower middle classes of the city, and the quiet of such a college town promotes that intellectual repose which President Doolittle held to be essential in the formative period of life in the acquisition of high culture. As a class, the students are mainly, of course, from the middle and lower middle classes of the city, and the quiet of such a college town promotes that intellectual repose which President Doolittle held to be essential in the formative period of life in the acquisition of high culture. As a class, the students are mainly, of course, from the middle and lower middle classes of the city, and the quiet of such a college town promotes that intellectual repose which President Doolittle held to be essential in the formative period of life in the acquisition of high culture.

In the athletic spirit which is now so marked a feature in American colleges, and their ability in the line was shown last season by their success in winning both the baseball and football championships in the New York State leagues.

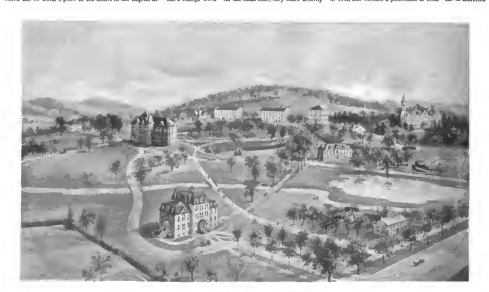
Among the prominent benefactors of the university have been George N. Brewster, of New York; Colonel Morgan L. Smith, of Newark, New Jersey; John H. Trevor, of New York; and the Colgate. William Colgate was identified with the institution of the institution almost from its very beginning, and had a large part in it which has been fully indicated by his descendants. The large benefactions of the family naturally suggested the propriety of giving their name to the university. The honor was not solicited, but, at the desire of the alumni, was consented to. Thus, in the spring of 1864, Madison became Colgate University. On June 18th, 1861, the Colgate had given for endowment, buildings, and other purposes, \$205,000, of which \$200,000 had been given by Mr. Colgate himself. The balance of \$5,000 was contributed by the further gift of \$1,000,000 in bonded stock. The total productive securities of the university, irrespective of gifts, buildings and appliances, were amounting to about \$1,200,000. Mr. Colgate designated his last great gift to the Colgate Memorial Fund, in honor of his late President. Mr. Colgate was president of the Board of Trustees since 1861. In 1872 he gave a building for the academy, naming \$50,000 and in 1876 he erected a fine free library building a cost of \$100,000. Mr. Samuel Colgate also will be known in New York business circles, has been a liberal friend of the university, particularly on the side of theological education. His is president of the Board of Trustees of the three-hundred anniversary. Mr. James U. Colgate, junior member of the firm of James B. Colgate & Co., as a trustee of the university, and being himself a graduate, has large interest in it, and is prominent in its affairs.

NEW YORK'S POLICE CHIEFTAINS.

When a few days the head of the working police force of New York city, Mr. William Murray, has fallen in honor of B. Smith, and how succeeded by Mr. Thomas Byrnes who for ten years has been at the head of the Detective Bureau of the department, and in that capacity has earned the reputation of being one of the most skillful chief officers we have ever had in America.

It may be said that however much the administration of the laws may have suffered in the hands of the police in recent years in those affecting the safety of life and property and the preservation of the public peace they have always been not only true, but also, and not only true. The Superintendent just retired, Mr. William Murray, was only forty-one years old when he took down in his hands, and yet he had been a member of the police force for twenty-six years. Previous to that he had been in the army, which he entered at sixteen, as a member of the famous Eleventh Fire Zouave. At the first fight at Bull Run he was seriously injured, and for many months was confined in a hospital. After he recovered the hospital, he was discharged, and in 1862 became a policeman. Four years later he became a sergeant. In a little over a year more he was promoted to be a sergeant, and in six years thereafter became a captain. He only served about eight months in this capacity, when he was made an Inspector of Police. For about eight years he served as Inspector, and then, in 1885, succeeded the late George W. Waring as Superintendent. He was a junior on each occasion that he was promoted, and each advancement came in his case as a result of his fitness to perform the higher duties. His record is an enviable one in every respect.

The new Superintendent will probably always be known as Inspector Byrnes, for in that capacity and with that title he has made a reputation for himself and his men, and through all the world. He, like his predecessor, has risen through all the grades. He was born in Ireland in 1842, and became a policeman in 1865. He is therefore



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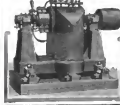
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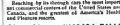
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SPECIAL CHICAGO ILLUSTRATIONS, by Thulstrup and Graham; and "RANCH LIFE IN TEXAS," by Richard Harding Davis, with Illustrations by Remington. In this Number.

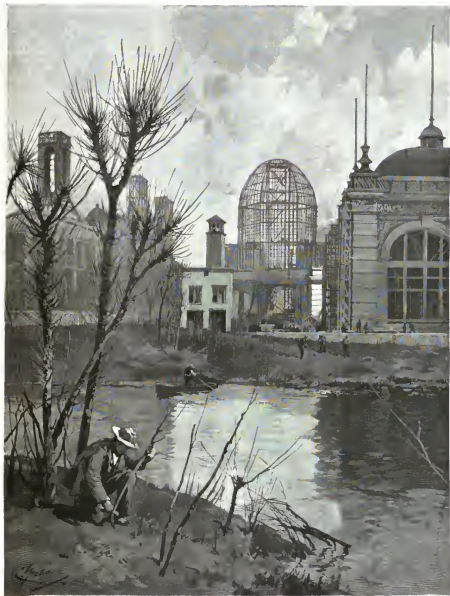
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXI—No. 145.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE BUILDINGS FROM WORLD ISLAND.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—(See Page 472.)

in dollars and cents, and even if he has not caught all the trout in the stream, the city man returns home saturated and hearty, with renewed health, and able to tackle his work in a manner that will astonish his friends.

Most of our healthy business men cannot spend the time to take long trips to the wild streams, or to roam the mountains in a great boat. In a few hours they can reach the luxurious quarters of their club-houses, enjoy a day at trout on their ponds and streams, which are kept well stocked, and where they are reasonably sure of sport, and return to business rested and refreshed.

Good trout-fishing is rapidly becoming an expensive luxury to those who live in our big cities, for either the angler must spend much time and money to reach distant waters, or else pay a big price to belong to a club.

WALKER GREENBERG.

BOSWELL SMITH.

On Tuesday, April 19th, died Boswell Smith, at the age of sixty-three, and with his death ended one of the most interesting and honorable careers that New York has ever known. The really significant part of this career lasted less than twenty years, beginning with the establishment of the *Catory Magazine* in 1850 and virtually closing with the failure of Mr. Smith's health several years ago. At the death of less than a single score of years of business activity in New York, Boswell Smith left two monumental achievements, either of which is large enough to have equipped a lifetime. These are the *Catory Magazine* and the *Catory Dictionary*, which, on their business side, were distinctly his work.

Much of Boswell Smith's success was due to his ability to good fortune in literary and business associates. But without his over-flowing originality in business methods, his largeness of plan, and that magnetism by which he overcame all difficulties, success so large and complete would have been impossible.

Every man has his limitations and Mr. Smith's were apparent. He was by nature restricted to large undertakings. He had no trick for success by detail—for a victory made up of successful skirmishes. He told us once that he thought himself personally suited for ordinary book publishing. Besides these enterprises that suggested his mind with varying success, he contemplated and suggested regarding others that came to nothing, but the very conception of which was enough to take the breath. He might say that he had a passion for undertakings of the colossal sort.

A remarkable example of his liberality in expenditures and the expansiveness of his aims is to be found in the history of the *Catory Dictionary*. As at first projected it was to cost a little of twenty thousand dollars to revise the English Imperial Brevary and adapt it to American use. But the kind of a vastly greater work grew by degrees, and the ultimate cost was, I suppose, nearer to half a million than to the first estimate. There was a conservative caution in his character, and in some respects he shrank from the behavior of his own enterprises. When he had to take on the original third of the *Catory Magazine* and the whole of the city in the *Book*, an fatal himself hurried with a financial responsibility that seemed appalling and the weight of acting upon a considerable block of the stock, but he quickly regained his nerve, and held his course with most fortunate results. At a later period, when the full measure of the expenditure needed to complete the dictionary became evident, he established to his own credit how he had grown to such an extent, with the nearest intention of making it possible for him to do his part in a financial disaster should result. But again his fortitude was justified by the event.

Largeness in conception and execution was Boswell Smith's most conspicuous personal characteristic, and a certain magnetism was in his nature which with substantial help improved upon a limited social life. Born and educated in New England, he practiced law in Lafayette, Indiana, for many years, and during that time he made fortunate investments in real estate. Among his investments was a large share in the *Catory Magazine*, but the times were disastrously opposed to the plan, and in 1850 he sold his interest in the work at an extremely low price. He returned to New York to take a job in a bank in the village, the work of which he defied for three years, learned the grounds of the contract, and came to an understanding with them. It was not in the least a discreditable or a humiliating condition, but a certain creative union to conduct terms from which the work was to be done, or one to be done or another to be done at a substantial price, but Smith at a point at which he was not in a position to do so, but he had the men, their supplies, and their law firms that they had law paying to the village market. In one after he remained an interest after his removal to the East and a resident of the region told me that Mr. Boswell Smith was a very one of his associates into the household of every workman in the mine.

In the *Catory Company*, under Mr. Smith's presidency, the heads of every department had, especially, to become shareholders. At one time of exceptional prosperity a portion of the profit was divided among the employees, down to the lowest clerk. An amusing story is told of the wife of a man employed in a book business by the *Catory Company*. She was quite unable to believe her husband's account of the dividend, and she lay awake all night, thinking with suspicion of his dishonesty. It is not known whether Mr. Boswell Smith retained in the last the conviction I have often heard him express that such operative methods were profitable to a business man. They had their advantages and the disadvantages, but they certainly tend to do away with the subject's mind between labor and capital, and to "make the work wholesome." Boswell Smith was a representative and active member of a church, but it is worth more to the point to say that there are very many who cherish a general remembrance of his generosity. He probably gave his time to many philanthropies, but it is his larger gifts that those whose lives were touched by association with his are a fond but magnanimously thoughtful of his welfare.

EDWARD GILBERTSON.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL GRANT.

The body and armor of the late of the illustrious rank at Riverside Park, overlooks long beaches of the Hudson, and commands a wide landscape view of green and varied beauty. Westward across the driveway the lovable park slopes steeply to the river, with the wooded as a meadow hills opposite, and above them the Palisades stretch long reaches of the Hudson, and the Long Island hills beyond are in view.

With the building of a bridge to obtain funds for the most important work in the country, a new foundation was the remains of the house and the Long Island hills beyond are in view. On August 8, 1885, had in rest, for nearly seven years they stood as a monument to the temporary structure originally created over the tomb. Of 700,000 the estimated amount required to secure a fitting monument, still a few weeks ago only about \$12,000 had been contributed, but the building among private citizens that something should be done to secure this object at last caused the adoption of measures to effect to the end of the year. On the 22d of March last, by legislative enactment, seven members were added to the Board of Trustees of the Grant



THE GRANT MONUMENT.

Monument Association, raising its number to one hundred trustees. The election to membership of prominent citizens, and the retention of General Henry Porter as president, were followed by the initiation of vigorous measures to secure the annual necessary to complete the monument. The annual meeting of donors, trustees, and sustained effort on the part of the Board of Trustees was fully apparent. "The number can be added in thirty days, not in thirty years," said General Porter, and showing his private losses, he drew himself with characteristic order and energy into the work of securing the handsome subscription of an amount that should assure the completion of the monument.

Holding jointly upon the feeling of patriotism and alacrity with us to honor to the illustrious dead, raising through liberal among the citizens of New York, an effective plan of organized effort was speedily put into operation. Appeals were made to the members of every important calling and profession in the city, and from each profession and business industry a working committee of ten representative men was appointed, with power to increase its membership in discretion. These committees, about two hundred in number, which by the cooperation of the newspapers in general, and the *Trucks Journal* especially, constituted a motive force that planned in a few days a magnificent scheme to make it manifest that the men who had won the lines of success, Boswell Smith generously forward with an offer to the citizens of the city, to give a site of ground to share in the honor that attends the erection of the structure—the grandest monument ever raised by an enlightened people in the world's history.

The architect, Mr. John H. Duncan, of New York, has designed a classical structure, with an exterior composed of material so light as will stand the severity of the climate. The interior is to be pure white, with the exception of some well-chosen ornamental blocks. The foundations of the edifice are now finished, and the first course of granite laid in height has been put under construction. The structure, which will be visible from all points of the upper part of the city, is placed at a slight angle to the Riverside Drive, so as to face the point to the south on that approach a few feet from the river, and is 400 feet in length to the city of 12th Street looking toward the west. In general dimensions it is a square of about 190 feet as planned, the exclusive of the steps and portico projection. The total height of the monument will be about 160 feet from the base line, or nearly 300 feet from the water level of the Hudson River. The upper portion of the main floor in the dome is 106 feet, and the outer gallery 130 feet above the ground-line, will afford a view of the surrounding country for a distance of about 10 miles. The dome is supported by piers, forming square subjects framed of marble mosaic, above which are thirteen openings into the interior. In the great nave there are placed the souls of the original thirteen States, beneath which with the names and emblems of all the States. Facing the south, near the entrance of the great nave, are placed the political and episcopal states of Great Britain. Surrounding four of the columns will be placed representative statues of her practical statesmen, and groups on the east and west of the structure will receive his words of other officers associated with its activities. The black granite parapets will rest in the city of 12th Street, directly under the dome, which will receive light from the sky.

The excellent scenery of General Grant's birthplace was the appropriate site for the building of the monument, and the historic occasion. The laying of the cornerstone by the President of the United States, and was Henry M. Dixon, and the presence of a great number of distinguished men of the world's history, were the features of the programme which for impromptu was equaled only by the solemn funeral services seven years ago when New York was honored with the presence of the hero and his wife. The monument will be dedicated to the memory of the great national military chief and civil magistrate.

CLARENCE FILLER.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. DE THULSTRUP, CHARLES GRAMM, AND T. DART WALKER.

GETTING READY FOR THE GREAT FAIR.

WHEN Congressman Dorkery's committee of investigation went to Chicago to turn over and examine the Columbian Exposition, its members were not quite prepared for what they saw on the first day's inspection. In the American sense of the word, the managers of the exposition are really very clever. "This committee," said they to themselves (the managers), "has come out here to investigate our work and our affairs. If we show them books, records, balances, expense and receipt accounts, long ed-

itions of figures on ruled paper, arguments on this, that, and the other thing, how will they be impressed? Naturally the answer to this question was not satisfactory. The members of the committee could think that no use of money had been spent. And what would they see for it? Books and papers. Now books and papers are good enough in their way, and serve their purpose admirably on their place. But books and papers were never yet known to possess one jot of interest to any one who was not fanatically interested therein. Quite the reverse. They are thrown away.

The managers of the fair appreciated this truth keenly. They found themselves in the attitude of a certain lawyer

of the class called, or mis-called, however elegantly, "shyster," who was defending a colored citizen for participating in a pair of trousers. His case did not present those romantic features that inspire a pleader with eloquence, so he began his argument on the purely imaginary grounds of a fiction seller's wife on the Pacific coast, in a fine cottage, praying for her husband on the briny deep. His plea for these fictive was that, first of all, it was necessary to make an impression, to rivet the attention of the jury. So with the committee-men. It was necessary, perchance, indeed, to rivet their attention. And this, manifestly, was not to be done by offering Mr. Dorkery's Congressman an array of



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

figures, and applying dollars to millions of feet of timber, and so forth.

What then? This question is answered lamely in the same way, not alone by the managers of the fair, but by all loyal Chicanos. "Tells them down to the ground, and let them first see what we have done, then tell them how and why we did it."

Now the Mexicans had begun the investigation with the first resolution to let no sign, favorable or otherwise, escape them. Few of them had seen a World's Exposition. In fact, not one of them had seen a World's Exposition. When, therefore, they were driven inside the gates at Jackson Park, and found that the International Building alone was more than their minds could begin to digest in one hour, they began to gaze awestruck.

"It is" ejaculated the chairman, looking about him. "Pretty big thing this fair isn't it?"

His friends and fellow Congress men said nothing. It was pretty big. "I had no idea," said another member of the committee, after a pause, "that this fair had such a tremendous scope." And, to tell the truth, he had not. The main building reached the committee. They wanted to know if a certain gigantic structure about a third of a mile away could possibly be part of the building they saw before their eyes. It seemed to be, and yet it was too far away.

They were told it was. Then they returned to the city in a thoughtful mood, and murmured they were ready to begin the investigation. But with what vastly different feelings they began it! The figures now had a palpable sense



DETAILS OF THE FREDERIC BUILDING.—DUNN, BY CHAS. GUNN.

ing. The same expended did not seem large—small, rather. The committee in money necessary to finish the work on the same scale by no means seemed unreasonable. On the contrary, they seemed a trifle low, if anything.

The attention of the committee had been diverted.

While on the grounds the Congressman manifested, like all other visitors to the World's Fair now, a decided interest in certain particular features. These features pleased them a little, just so they purchased ordinary village delicacies and the honor of being members of Congress. For instance, they were deeply interested in the walls of the finished buildings. At present these walls resemble a certain kind of speckled marble. In color they are a dirty white, of about the same shade as Mrs. Stewart's house was a year after it had been completed. The great expanse of the walls however amazed them, and then the detail. In the low arches of the Frederic Building their eyes were regaled with a mural sculpture as intricate and complex as the glyphs on an Assyrian slab. Only, in the case of the Frederic the motive was pure. But none of the Phœnix sculpture and the architecture of the wall walls seen.

They were curious about the construction of the main or Liberal Arts building, and they were curious too about the decorative and lines of the picturesque little wooden island in the big lagoon. That is now beginning to shape itself under the eye and the hand of that master of all our handicrafts, Mr. John Thorpe. This little island will be the chief feature of the garden and the flower garden, and as the Congressman seemed to realize that this would be the one beauty spot of the fair, even as they saw it in its unfinished condition, an expedition will bear a little description.

One might say the island lies in the middle of the fair, and—no for that reason, across through it should be one of the most attractive places. It is to be walled in parts and built in parts. Mr. Thorpe is an Englishman, with all an Englishman's idea of order in gardening. This is not to say that he is contemplating laying it out like Mr. James Anderson's flower garden, or like the shabby acreage of the great house at Howarth, in the country; there will be order brought out of apparent confusion. But the two systems mixed which all has ideas resolve in the composition are beauty and variety. And there will be here present, if ever present in any bit of landscape, nature or foreign.

The island lies in its length north and south in the great lagoon, and covers an area of from fifteen to twenty acres. A gravel road, in width from eight to sixteen feet, winds the water's edge, varying in its width as it approaches or recedes from the shore. Through the middle of the land runs another wide and original gravel road, that returns to itself and crosses itself at several points. In the southwestern portion of the island is the flower garden. It is in the form of an equal lateral quadrangle, or square, an acre in extent. It is surrounded by a wide



HEAVY VICTORY AT JACKSON PARK.—DUNN, BY CHAS. GUNN.

THE CHALMERS EXHIBITION - WORKERS IN STAFF - SHOW OF T. OR T. (PARTIAL)



bees covered with crepe, through which are four entrances to the laboratory walks within. These walks mark the boundaries of the flower beds some of which the largest are 700 square feet in area. In the middle is a poplar in which will be Oriental flowers. In the back it is to be seen that there are to be more than 1500 varieties. Surrounding the flower gardens are planted many trees of many varieties, and between these trees will be great groups of theodolites and tables. This makes up the first division.

The second division of the island lies to the north. Here will be grown the shrubs, small plants, roses, peonies, lilies, dahlias, and all flowers of all foreign countries that can be suited to the climate.

The third division lies at the north end. Here about an acre of space will be given to the ferns of Japan, and Mr. Thorne says that the Japanese collection will prove to be the most interesting on the island. The shore will be lined with trees, and then it is that gives the picture the wooded appearance it has in all the photographs. Off the south end of the mainland is a smaller island, in which will be situated the flower-walk hanging camp. The trees planted are without its several Japanese poplars, elms, ashes, magnolias and wild rose.

From the poplar in the flower garden will be visible a most charming view. As he has been said, the island is really in the middle of the bay. It is surrounded by the buildings elevated to extraordinary heights, and interesting, picturesque, massive, and liberal and so on. From its northern extremity will be seen the Department of Fisheries and the Government Building. Looking forward the south through the view made by the walls of the Wilson and Young buildings and the Electricity Building will be seen the lofty dome of the Building of the Administration.

at once they found many firms in the United States ready at a moment's notice to undertake the contract of furnishing the material and doing the work. The manufacturer, model-maker, and application of the staff of the Chicago Fair are done by three firms. The main manufacture of the material does not require any special technical knowledge; some inventors can do all the work. But it is a fact that the laborers who work in the staff rooms of the World's Fair are Belgians, French, and Italians. One might as well be in Flanders or Paris as in one of these rooms so far as surroundings are concerned. The small boy runs a compasses figure terrain. He is active, useful, clean, nervous, and an efficient worker when he can be persuaded to pay attention to his task. The small boy is divided into pairs by his boss, and the pair is assigned the work of setting or chipping brass. Hemp of hair is a necessary integral of staff.

Here is a young Frenchman's really handsome son of the people—led in the provincial blouse and trousers. It may be that the color of his hair was originally blue. It is probably so, but the color is not apparent now. All present it is undoubtedly white. His dark eyes are remarkable in a way supposed to properly indicate the prevailing business style of the western continent, i. e., good-favored white. But his complexion darkens even more at here and there. His eyes, too, will what color is his curly hair, but they are an black as night; and his mainly brown is not all developed up an occasional dash of plaster of Paris here on his nose, under his right eye, or there on his chin. This man is a maver. That is in fact, he makes the necessary parts of the staff hands and with dispatch and shows its consistency of what painters call an amalgam, and makes it ready for the sculptor or the carver.

tion which is somewhat over-estimated, and a market which it is difficult for the work are quite low.

The staff workers' work is of a low order of sculpture, but it results are sometimes really artistic. They are animated by original method or devices, and in this combination are enabled to make less artistic and things that will contribute in no small way to the beauty of the buildings. The results of this work are not met with the World's Fair. It is thought. There is no reason why the effects should not extend further, and in some degree, even a change in building methods. If staff may be used as such good success in such a large structure as these, and certainly to give a surface that can withstand the ravage of weather for year and year running as needed and economical as it was when first introduced, and applied, the same lessons are obvious. The above-mentioned big buildings present any not to altogether, but may result in a very limited way American architecture is general.

It is in the detail of the Electric Building that the nationality of staff in the way of decoration are, perhaps, most highly appreciated. Mr. Henry Lee Cobb would preserve the perfectly pure Romanesque in the architecture of the building. It is rarely used, and all work of water animals as the motive. The most front of the structure the staff is developed his manner of building of this, granite, corals, lobsters, sea wood, and sea shells, in form, there is here expressed in the plastic material a bewildering variety of animal life strictly pertaining, of course, to the sea, in the subject's hand. All the architects of all the buildings designed their sculpture to harmonize with the purposes of the struc-



CHICAGO'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAY

Looking at the fair from this island, will be seen, as from an other point in the center but to what extent, are the compound called staff may be seen. This material, which seems to be a relation to the American public, has two qualities that render it particularly fit for just such work as it is here devoted to. First, it makes the model, and this material, which seems to be perfectly air-proof from any ordinary combination, second it is impervious to the highest artistic decoration and plastic ornamentation. When the buildings of the exposition are finished, they will present an aggregate of marble pinnacles, colored and tinted to make the heads of the most artistic fancy, and, consequently, in color. The character when first manufactured of colored marble out of plaster of Paris believed he had made a grand discovery, not in this respect, but all his ingenuity could do to no purpose, whether it could reduce his process to a practicability possible of such vast extent as the staff walls of the World's Fair will show.

It is not wonderful, then, that this material, its uses, and the methods of its manufacture made up one of the most curious features of the World's Fair. Staff is now to Americans generally, but it has been known in Europe for years. The rock-makers of America had heard of it, had manufactured and used it, long before the World's exhibition Exposition in Chicago was dreamed of, but those were the few, the many were in their ignorance of its existence.

The exhibition in Paris three years ago furnished the first extensive experiment that had been made with staff on a large scale in the building arts, and with such a example before them, the directors of the Chicago enterprise had not far to go for a precedent. They chose staff as an essential covering for their buildings, and

He is a type of the staff maker. So are those two boys near a small chipping block. One is sitting on a roll of hemp that is twisted into one-inch rope. He places one end of the rope loosely on the block. His companion, armed with a severely sharp knife, brings the block down with all the force and with marvellous accuracy, cutting it off cleanly and with dispatch and shows it into a basket that stands ready to receive it. When the basket is nearly full, another boy catches it away and the cut hemp is "boxed" into a horse pile. It is now ready for the maver, who wields the right proportion of it in his ballroom of common reasons mixed with a small percentage of plaster of Paris signifies the mass and the mixing becomes difficult to the hand and there's an end to it. The staff is made. The great contribution lacks, now to the compound, the hemp adhesiveness, and the plaster of Paris finish.

It is there pressed into slabs, which are rolled in the wooden walls of the building or turned over to the modelers and sculptors who work in soft terra maris decorations and base-reliefs.

Most of the sculptural work of the World's Fair is done by American artists. But there are no Americans who work in staff, perhaps for the reason that the American sculptor considers his dignity above the mold. The majority of the staff modelers come from Italy and some few of them from France. They are paid higher wages, probably, than any other set class of workmen on the grounds. They learned their art in Italy, where the demand for cheap sculpture is large and the supply is large. And as sculptors in World's Fair work, they are so much as \$10 or \$15 a day—a rate of wages considerably surpassing the profits to be derived from cheap making in their native country—a profes-

tion themselves, but not one of them has shown the indifference Mr. Child in this respect.

See over his legs. All his thought and cognition of the utility of the sculpture brought him back invariably to the one topic, a skin, the more the skin. Here a treatment was required far more roughly assessed as if the subject were electricity, rather than art, in the construction of the skin, or indeed any of the other decorations that naturally attend the staff. His topic was the staff process, everywhere and, in a way, perhaps one of the most remarkable features of staff is that his grimes turned into staff great.

A fish or a reptile, snake, whatever, plithority it may present carries an arm of scenery. But that signifies thousands of feet of labor, sweat and interference, some glancingly across here, and here, and out of it all appears a dark Egyptian jewelry a good work of a maver. With a low plastic assistant, the staff, Mr. Cobb's ideas could not have been realized without great for a sculpture and a fortune for the expense. As it is, he is likely as good as he both were realized in his favor.

The grounds of the exposition seem to present an individualized fascination not only for the stranger arriving within Chicago's gates, but to the permanent population of Chicago as well. It is, however, the crowds that gathered in the grounds on Monday throughout a seriously interfere with the beauty of the buildings. The director, as the David McNally building in Adams street, was filled. They found present an entire novel of landscapes in the grounds, and these were distributed among the stu-

and departments. Any citizen or stranger had only to go to any of the departments to secure one of these passes or not. As the fair began to assume a prosaic and ajacitated, as the great donors and visitors began to rise into the air, when it began to dawn that the impulse along the lake shore was all gone, and offered a most tempting snare, the demand for passes increased alarmingly. But even this did not stay the generosity of the visitors, and the passes continued to pour out, while the visitors continued to pour in. At last came a Monday morning, and was it a complaint from the grounds that 25,000 visitors had entered in and around the grounds the day before.

There would have been good business had the fair been thrown open, with music and plays and exhibitions, instead of being closed to and in ignorance of construction. The complaint improved the President and the board, and then passed an order limiting the hours to those only who were business carried them within the bounds. The next day the other extreme. And so it was suggested that the managers charge a small admission fee, say twenty-five cents per adult and open the grounds to the public. But this was considered as being beneath the dignity of the exposition. Then the prohibitive policy was warmly attacked, and was found to have a better received defender than the entrance was lifted, and the President and directors became liberal once more in the matter of passes. The defenders of the pass system argued that the visitors could do no possible harm. On the other hand, the good they could certainly do was clearly great. For every strange visitor who was permitted to see what the fair was like in its only constructive condition would not fail to advertise well abroad what he had seen, thus advertising the fair itself. All at which goes to show that the citizens of Chicago and the exposition managers are

granting the appropriation of enough money to erect a house in all manners suited to the uses of a public library, and at once the committee in charge invited competitors show-houses from local architects. The prize was won by Mr. Charles A. Voelz, a young and bright architect, whose scheme was in fashion before he became a University. The plans offered by Mr. Voelz and accepted provided for a spacious building to cost \$1,250,000. This is the sum that will be expended on the construction alone, for the city has its own site in a half block of land facing Lake Michigan, in Michigan Avenue between Washington and Randolph streets. It is called "Deane's Park" not because it resembles a park at all, but might have been a park had the city made it one. An all-day site it will be better service. The main facade of the building will extend 400 feet along Michigan Avenue, the width of the building will be 140 feet, and the height 90 feet. The style of architecture will be the Roman classic. The easiest feature will be the main entrance through a grand arch 8 feet in depth.

Mr. Voelz furnished an accurate description of his design to the Building Committee, and it will be put to rest in two weeks nearly enough to tell what the library will be when it is completed. He says that the exterior of the building has been treated in a classical manner, and the intention has been to give it an monumental character as possible, at the same time keeping the proportions very large, so as to admit the greatest possible amount of light. The material for the exterior will be the best Bedford granite. The roof will be of copper. The balustrade at the top will be of iron, and the division of the windows of iron.

In the ceiling it is contemplated to place an plaster of Paris,

are compelled to use elevators to reach the reading and distributing rooms, and the lower-story is manifest when the great patronage is considered. However, all this will be corrected when the opening will have been done.

M. A. LARK.

ANTIQUITY AT THE FAIR.

The foremost of the Ethnological Department in the Columbian Exposition promises an interesting series of exhibits to be shown the public which is not less degrees of imagination. With the two or three non-commercial series grouped in the magnificent series of scientific projects—in the historical portion of the transportation exhibit, the government division of the relics of Columbus, etc.—it is proposed to secure a purely intellectual interest of unlimited extent.

An opportunity equally complete in manifold aids to a complete historic and vivid conception of the world's progress in the life of mankind never before has been afforded. The collection will be well as in a thoroughly scientific manner. The idea frequently held of the Ethnological Museum as a chaotic and crowded mass with

no design and no connection

no design and no connection

will cease to be sustained in view of an arrangement planned in every feature with accurate reference to those

The vestiges of ancient civilization will be recent in countries far distant in some of the national divisions. That of Mexico, for



—FROM THE ACCEPTED DESIGN BY SHEPLEY, RITAN, AND CONNOR, ARCHITECTS.

by a means show to see a good point for their own advantage, and to see it to be full capacity.

M. Thielberg's page is drawn after a photograph by Mr. C. D. Arnold, the official photographer of the exposition.

M. A. LARK.

CHICAGO'S NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The city of Chicago has long been in want of a first-class library. There is no say it has not been in want of a library, but in want of a pretty building, comparable with those of other great cities in the country, in which to house the one public circulating library it now has.

There are two free libraries in Chicago, and a third that has been endowed but not yet opened. The first and oldest is the Chicago Public Library, the second, the Newberry, and the third and youngest the Carnegie. The two last mentioned are for reference only and so it is that Chicago's one million and one quarter of population depend upon the city institution for its books—at least each part of that population as cannot afford to buy books of their own.

The trustees of the Newberry Library are now erecting a substantial and costly building on the North Side. The work has been done, and Mr. Fred Hill, who is the general genius of the city bookbinders, asserts, in a spirit of friendly rivalry, that he will have opened his new home before the Newberry's is finished. But this new feature

About a year ago a bill was passed in the Illinois Legislature

but suitable or suitable. The flooring of the interior will be of mahogany or maple. The walls about the walls of the entrance vestibule, both on Washington and Randolph streets, and the corridors leading from them, will be of marble. The ceiling will be of light cream-colored terra cotta, mottled and decorated in appropriate designs. The smaller stairways will be constructed of wood.

The delivery room will be constructed to a height of 11 feet and is to be walled with marble. The walls about this will be treated in Roman-arched terra cotta, mottled and decorated in subjects gathered from the history of literature, and there will be a low elliptical dome over the room, forming a skylight. The floor of this room will be of marble; the large reading room will have a base of marble and the wall surface, which is treated everywhere in the form of pilasters, will be in light terra cotta with an enriched ceiling of the same material. The large reference room will be finished in light oak with a marble base. The walls of the stack room will be built of white enameled brick, and the floor of unglazed tile. The other rooms of the building—such as offices and a self-reading—will have a finish of Roman cement and floors of hard-wood. The wood finish, wherever used will be of quartered oak. The floors will be of steel beams and terra-cotta, or hollow tiles.

The ground quarters of the Public Library are by no means desirable. The book is placed in a large room on the top floor of the City Hall. This room has light reflector, it is true, but the library is worthy of more space than it here gives it. Substitue in

example, probably will be well represented in this form of exhibit in foreign countries. This and, as far as it is from different parts of the world by the request of Professor Putnam as chief of the Ethnological Department, given every desired advantage in the elaboration of his plan. The most important part of the collection will illustrate with remarkable comprehensiveness the life of man on the American continent. The material is obtained, in a large extent, from special expeditions, by means of the grant of \$150,000 for defraying expenses, although, fortunately, many contributions are to be received from museums and from private collections.

The first series in this section is planned to illustrate in detail from the conditions of human existence in America at the earliest period of which any traces of the life of man remain. In this will be included a group of diagenetic paintings to show the terminal portions of the last sheet with the rich and varied deposits and the lowlands of the edge, the flora and fauna of the time, and man associated with animals over extinct. The mammals and the most valuable mounted specimens of the remainder, man and other Northern animals living on the contemporaneous of man for south of their present limits of habitation, are to be illustrated by natural specimens or in reproductions. A supplementary series in connection with the position of human skeletons discovered in the glacial gravel of this early period will be in



LABNA.—PORTAL FROM COURT.—From a Photograph by U. S. Grant for the Peabody Museum.



A WINNEBAGO WIGWAG



OJIBWA INDIAN CAMP



PRIMITIVE INDIAN HOUSE



PEOPLE AT WORK



USUAL.—SOUTHERN PORTION OF PYRAMID.—From a Photograph by U. S. Grant for the Peabody Museum.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—SPECIMENS OF THE ETHNOLOGICAL EXHIBIT.



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—PAGES OF CHICAGO GAZETTE
 1 Constructing the great Building for Manufacturers and Liberal Arts 2 North Dakota State Building 3 Wisconsin State Building 4 The Government Building



W. A. Rogers



A. T. Sabin



W. A. Rogers



W. A. Rogers



W. A. Rogers

has this season, some owners will have occasion to thank their sponsors.

AFTER AGRICULTURE IS A SUBJECT of a plain schedule that would separate the date by which the club would give the second-class a greater opportunity for play with the first class at home, the Association met last week and decided to amend the rules. The amended schedule that is practically in duplicate of last year's, and means indefinite dates and indefinite play, unless there comes a change in the job, was adopted. It is to be made known that the club will make them infinitely better than they were after the first week in May. The first week in May is the first week in May (Club, June 4-10). Westchester Club, June 11-17, East County Club, June 15-21, Philadelphia Country Club, June 22-28, July 2-8, Philadelphia Country Club, July 9-15, Newport, August 13-17, Morris Hunt Club (June 10-16), September 23. Morris Hunt Club, Harvard and Yonkers have at all times been the best of the club. It is to be so later, or they may be content with winning the tournament now. They will look back strong teams. Harvard and Yonkers, if it is to be a success, should be given some good work. Young Whitney, whose excellent play at Newport will be remembered, may join the Westchester team. Morris County ought to be a good second class club, but they play of practice last season, and took work a valuable experience.

It needs Club will probably have no date until late in the season. The old club, on which so much money was spent, has been abandoned, and a new one is being made. It will not open until late in the season. The club should bring a first class in 1893, cost what it may.

IT IS HARD TO EXAGGERATE what the Polo Association is following a schedule that wars on players, ponies, and spectators and more content to some extent, interest in the game. The year has been a success. The season is June 20-23 (Evens) when the Governor's Challenge Cup is played for, and June 27th to July 31st at Philadelphia for the Ketchikan Challenge Cup. The season is to be played on the days of the various clubs and even two or three days could easily be changed to suit the advantage of making a first class. It is now open to all who are interested through to the middle of July, there are but two days in which the season is to be played. The season is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

IN THE NEW YORK STATE SECOND-CLASS men are being invited which appears to be a very good thing. It is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

THE RESULT OF THE OPEN HARVEST tournament at Lanes, France, in which Miss Corbett, Marion E. Wright, and Denise Miller competed, falls good to advantage. The competition was a very good one. The season is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

THE PROMISES FULFILLED, although meeting made A. C. appears to be in the way. It is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

THE CHANGE OF PROFESSIONAL made in the last few days against the University of Pennsylvania has so far been more rapid, against those who have been pushing such a bill. It is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

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COMPARING THE HARVARD AND YALE men from their games with the University of Pennsylvania, it looks as though the Harvard and Yale men are a great deal better than the Pennsylvania men. It is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

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ing that good long bag at the end. It will be well worth Mr. Adams' time to buy a little more straw to put last, which at present is, in my opinion, the worst feature in the Harvard's crew.

ROBERTS has previous some good ball for the Yale crew and although not a puncheon, has shown a strong interest in the game. It is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

THE YALE CREW UNDER MR. CHAPMAN's coaching has been Johnson, John, Butler, Van Hook, Peter, Gorton, Harvard's victory will be a great one. It is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

THE "GLORIANA" CUP. When Mr. E. P. Morgan had commissioned the Harrold Manufacturing Company to build him a racing yacht, it was to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it. The first class is to be played on the days of the great, largely on the way to the city, transport the ponies. We shall probably see good play and first class during it.

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THE "GLORIANA" CLUB



"LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE GRANT MONUMENT." — "CAPITALS OF THE WORLD" (III)—CONSTANTINOPLE, by Pierre Loti—Illustrated. In this Number.

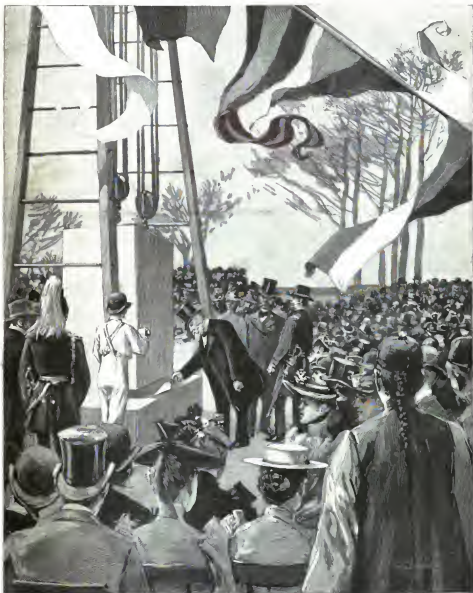
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

No. 1111—No. 644
Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers
27 N. 3rd St. N. Y. C.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



PRESIDENT HARRISON LAYING THE CORNERSTONE FOR THE GRANT MONUMENT.—DRAWN BY T. DE TOULOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 429]



THE LATE WILLIAM ASTOR.—From the Portrait at Bonaw.

WILLIAM ASTOR. BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

When William Astor, who died in Paris on the 25th of April, the third generation of the Astor family comes, and so from the time of the rise of John Jacob Astor, the founder of its fortune, to the death of William Astor, less than a century has elapsed.

John Jacob Astor, who died in 1848 had two sons, William Backhouse and John Jacob. William B. Astor was the father of William Astor, whose death has just been recorded. For the future, then, such attention as may be required of the Astors will be directed towards the great grandchildren of that long-headed, enterprising, thrifty, and honest German fur-trader, John Jacob Astor, who came to the United States some few years from the beginning of the year 1800.

If the possession of enormous wealth brings with it heavy responsibilities, it brings even greater duties and annoyances. For the very rich never can escape that public curiosity which is focused on them. How to have all their actions recorded, they may likewise in a measure refuse to actually, or at least they must wince, because the material aspect of their lives always will present itself to the gaze of the vulgar, while those higher and better tasks which the reality state for are overlooked.

If the Astor family be considered as part and parcel of our community, then it is not one accident if it has not led an honorable life. No but they have been ready to give their aid to the general weal. First at individual wealth, the country having in a measure proved for itself a barrier preventing entrance into active political life, in the line of statesmanship the Astor men have not engaged themselves.

But in many other ways they have been useful to the State, and specially in the course of public education. The marked peculiarity of the Astors from grandfather to grand-son has been the ungenerousness of their charities. With a certain peculiarity of temperament, they have shrank from generosity in giving to the poor and needy. Good seemed common sense long months back of the Astors in the distribution of their wealth, this has not been entirely lost, but wisely distributed. They are always ready to give, and hand back with the wealthy, if not with them personally, at least with the methods employed in the acquisition of their fortune.

No change has ever been made nor can be made in regard to the way in which the fortune of the Astor family was made, which was at first in the fur-trade, investments made by John Jacob Astor. There never was an attempt on any side in the building up of John Jacob's vast power. It was not a radical number, the course of which was unvaried and controlled when New York grew around the city park, and made him and his children millionaires. John Jacob Astor was not a man who ever believed in the great progress New York was to make in the nineteenth century. Less capital power lasted long as the latter household, but had not the vision of the man who was to wait for the coming century. It was not also such a man going for the great old world of man. He had his periods of stress and mourning. More than once his days were clouded, though never thwarted. His business as one time was impeded, but he was a singularly honest man, and for the private life gained the confidence of a community of sev-

entl the great growing population should want the property they, the Astors, owned. There the land was not disposed of, but built on, and good houses, carefully constructed, were put rent, but not for sale. Like a huge snowball, then, the wealth of the Astors has been accumulating.

It was able to compute the Astor fortune, completely or separately. At best the total in dollars would be but a wild guess. Henry's Wealth has already given the indications of it a superb hotel now in process of erection in New York city owned by the Astors, the cost of which structures must run into the millions.

The lawyer, the fox, the man who takes the battleships John Jacob Astor collected, some in New York, some in London, and shipped to London, Leipzig, and the Chinese market, are in the books, none, and most of these great marine enterprises. As we have said before, the destiny of the first and of the last child John Jacob Astor was honest, and Napoleon is credited with the wrong—that no man could be valiant unless he handled his body, nor rich unless he honored his soul. The founder of the family certainly tasted an honest penny when he lost the first one of his property, and if he found comfort in his old days with his money, he was fully entitled to it.

William Astor, who was the second son of William B. Astor, John Jacob Astor's fifth son, died in 1891; he was born in New York in 1828. His mother was the daughter of Samuel Armstrong, who was Secretary of War in Madison's cabinet. William Astor was a graduate of Columbia College, having taken his diploma at the head of his class in 1848. From his father, who was a highly educated man, he was inherited a love for letters. After several months' days he made an extended tour in the East. In 1853 he married Mrs. Schermerhorn, and from this union five children were born. For some years after the marriage he devoted himself to managing his father's estate, and until the death of his father in a manner quite contrary to it. When the estate was settled, he retired from it, and was devoted himself to managing his father's estate, and until the death of his father in a manner quite contrary to it.

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THE BROKAW MEMORIAL.

It is entirely fitting that the heroic death of Fred Brokaw, who was drowned last summer at Long Branch while attempting to rescue one of his father's servants, should be commemorated during the season of the game of which he was so skilled an exponent, and it is altogether appropriate that the memorial to his memory should rest on grounds which were most frequently those of his father's game of his athletic triumph.

Immediately after the latter boy lost his life, a movement was started by Princeton men to erect a suitable memorial. Naturally all thoughts of a subject were directed to the field in which he had been so shining an example of all that is best and pure in amateur sport. At first it was believed that an athletic field, which might be for the use of the Princeton undergraduates one and all—a sort of general playground, as it were—would be the most suitable form the memorial could take. It was not until a visit to the entrance to this field upon certain golf, with property included tables.

As the idea spread, however, the project developed naturally. The interval was found to be so great, and the desire so general to erect a memorial that might stand for all as a tribute to the boy, who in death as in life had been so keen to the training of an elite, that the original plan gave way to the present.

It is not the intention of the committee having the matter in charge to erect a building such as that shown herewith from the plans of Messrs. Hoy and Stone. It will contain dressing rooms, lockers, etc., besides a very fine swimming tank that is to be built, which is to be held under the main roof, but extends out behind, and is hidden from view by the ledge to the right of the building proper. In addition to these features, a bridge over the tank has been planned, and will very likely be provided.

The lot, which has already been surveyed and staked off, will give space for two football fields, a baseball diamond and from six to eight tennis-courts. The committee expect to have the actual ground plans during the coming summer but it is not out of the question that the building to begin work before the full amount has been raised.



THE PROPOSED BROKAW MEMORIAL BUILDING AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

THE FRENCH ANARCHISTS.

To those who have followed the arrests of the anarchist movement in France, the portraits of the men who have borne part in the exciting incidents of the past twelve months will possess a peculiar interest. Batazogl, who, with his fellow conspirator Simon, is now under sentence to penal servitude for life, has been the central figure of the anarchist plot.

One year ago a man named Hennep was convicted at the Assizes of the Seine for having wounded some agents of police. Now after this his friend, an anarchist named Clemenceau, was discovered by the police in his hiding-room meetings at his home for the purpose of arranging a plan of

his foundation. A number of persons were, however, not only wounded. Batazogl's subsequent arrest was mainly due to his own boasting. After having witnessed from a point of safety the results of his attempt, he went to a restaurant on the Rue St. Jacques, and while there indulged in indiscreet remarks. This aroused the suspicions of a waiter in the restaurant, who quietly started out to inform the nearest Commissioner of Police. The Commissioner, M. Trevel, at once went around to the restaurant, and taking a seat at the table opposite Batazogl, observed the latter closely, as the scene first contemplated notes with some official information he happened to possess. When Batazogl was about to leave, M. Trevel placed him under arrest, but he produced a revolver and a stout resistance. Only with the assistance of four or five policemen he was finally secured, and a scene of intense excitement.

The capture of Batazogl's friends was afterwards manifested, under conditions of peculiar violence, in the violently arranged explosion at the restaurant when his detection and capture occurred, and who resulted in the dramatic making of the proprietor, M. Virey, his wife and daughter being seriously burned about the face. The waiter who caught Batazogl's arrest was satisfied, but he received an anonymous letter two days after the occurrence threatening him with reprisals.

The verdict of the Parisian jury, which found Batazogl and Simon guilty, with "extenuating circumstances," has saved them from the guillotine. Two weeks, with its accompanying captivity of Batazogl, Chaumartin, and the girl Rose Le-Padere, who were also at trial, is accepted as the natural outcome of the origin of terror which these startling developments of the anarchist movement has inaugurated in the French capital.

COLONEL GEORGE L. ANDREWS.

COLONEL GEORGE L. ANDREWS, senior Colonel of the regular army, took formal issue with the Twenty-fifth Regiment of United States Infantry at its headquarters in Fort Meade, Montana, on May 1, April 1901. The occasion was one of unusual interest, and the military ceremonies, though here, were very appropriate and impressive. The troops were drawn up in line

to fall dress on the parade ground, with colors displayed, and the "fellowship order" formally

published by the Adjutant, after which the commanding officer came down from his seat, down to receive the formal parade.

The scene was deeply affecting, and many eyes were moistened as the real "fellowship" name. Many an old soldier wept as he strook the head of his old comrade. Near the Colonel himself continually remarked. Now there once his emotion overcame him. Indeed, and here were shed by both officers and soldiers. It was a beautiful sight to see these men die in the pathos of their life, hardened by years of service and discipline, giving way to the first feelings of their youth, and realizing a friendship as tender and rich as can be found anywhere in American life—officers and soldiers, white and black, all moved by a common conviction, mingling their tears in a common regret.

Colonel Andrews is still active, robust and healthy. A New Englander by birth and a soldier from boyhood, his life has been one of activity and events. In 1861, at Missouri, he was driven out of the State militia because of his loyalty to the Union, only to enter the volunteer service for the war. He was engaged in the bloody battle of Wilson's Creek, where General Lytle



M. TREVEL, COMMISSIONER OF POLICE.

was killed, and was wounded, and had his horse shot under him in that engagement. Subsequently joining the Army of the Potomac, he participated in various battles in Virginia, and was twice brevetted for gallant and meritorious services. At the close of the war he served as post, regiment, and district commander in the Northwest, and as Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Arizona Territory. His connection with the Twenty-fifth Regiment began on the 15th of December, 1878, when he was assigned to it as its Lieutenant Colonel, and on the 1st of January, 1879, he was promoted to be its Colonel. It will be seen, therefore, that almost every one of his life has been spent with the regiment. What a world of meaning was there in the words, when, on receiving the final affectionate salute of the officers

BATAZOG.

vengeance against Judge Besant and Public Prosecutor Batazogl, who had officiated at the trial of Hennep. Among the plotters, it was observed, were Charles Achille Simon, Joseph Martin Jan Batazogl, the latter's mistress, a girl named Rosalie Bonville, and Batazogl, whose real name was Fannyette Claudine Kourkourian. When the rooms of Stings and Hava had been subsequently searched by the police, much of books, several cartridges, and various fire arms were discovered and seized. On the evening of the 11th of March last, Batazogl, accompanied by Besant and Simon, went in the house of Judge Besant, No. 130 Boulevard St. Germain. Batazogl, starting his confederate against, entered the house and deposited a bomb loaded with many dynamite cartridges on the top of the first story. He was attired in such a look-honorable style that no one suspected his intention. Having hidden the bomb, he hurried back to the street. Judge Besant immediately occupied the fourth floor of the house, heavy, though his apartment was damaged, he escaped personal injury. The people on the lower floor appeared to escape by a miracle, only one person being wounded by the explosion. The only material in the building itself was, however, irretrievable. A few nights after this Paris was startled by the explosion at the Lefevre barracks, but the different colors of the material used had caused it to be surmised that this second outrage was not the work of Batazogl, but of his confederate. Another official who had frequented the company of these plotters was the Commissioner of Police at Clergy, who was instrumental in the prosecution of the coup. On Sunday evening, March 25th, Batazogl, who had been lodging in the Rue St. Denis, but was then living at Saint-Nestor, started from the latter place, carrying a valise which contained his bomb. He went first to the Rue de la Clef, and on arriving at the house of M. Hédet he entered and placed his bomb on the landing of the second story. As in the case of the explosion at Judge Besant's, Batazogl was ignorant of the exact location of his victim's apartment, which, curiously enough, was situated directly in that of Besant's—on the fourth floor of the house. To this fact it transpired M. Hédet's immunity from injury, for the detonation caused by the bomb was terrific, wrecking the house to



THE WINDOW IN WHICH BATAZOG WAS ARRESTED. Subsequently blown up.

of his command, with shotted sterns and eyes filled with tears, he said: "That is all, gentlemen." A typical American grandeur and nobility, a useful objection from the youth of the nation, his name holds a just place among those fittingly honored by a grateful government.

Y. G. STEWARD, CHAPMAN U.S.A.



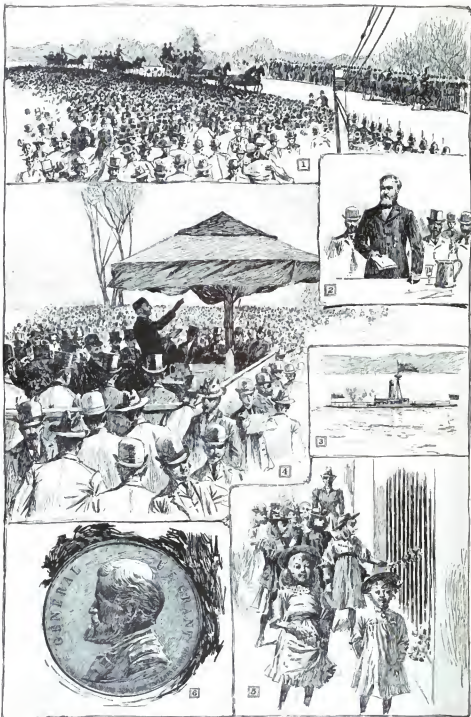
M. DE MACQUAIRE, THE TWO-DIRECTOR-GENERAL.



M. VIREY, PROPRIETOR OF THE WINE-SHOP. Slightly injured by the explosion.



THE WAITER WHO IDENTIFIED BATAZOG.



THE GRANT MONUMENT—INCIDENTS OF THE CORNER-STONE LAYING.—DRAWN BY F. V. DE MOOR.—[SEE PAGE 409]

1. Arrival of the Presidential Party.

2. President Harrison's brief Speech.

3. A Note from the Missions.

4. Chastity M. Depey Speaking.

5. The Children's Procession.

6. Medallion of General Grant.



BY PIERRE LOTI.

It is with hesitation and considerable misgiving that I undertake to write a chapter on Constantinople. When I was first asked to do so, I was disposed to decline, but I felt that refusal would be a kind of treason to the Turks, so love I am about to begin. To give an impression of Constantinople with the untold mind of an artist is altogether impossible to me; more so than ever, in fact, in the present case. These more than those who follow me most regard themselves as one with my eyes, for it will be, so to speak, through my very soul that they will look at ancient Stamboul.

Oh, Stamboul, name of all names, ever appealing with fresh magic love to me! No more so it is pronounced there, rise before me, but for up above my head, the gleaming, incomparably beautiful outlines of a town dimly defined against the distant sky. The sea is at the feet of this eternal city, a sea dotted with thousands of ships and boats, shimmering about in constant agitation, and from which issues a brief of sound in every language of the Levant. The

Note.—"Paris," the first piece of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," was published in No. 1027 of *Illustrated Weekly*; the second piece, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1028.

smoke—oh will never completely lifted—floats like a long horizontal steel above the crowds of black steamships, the gilded hulls, and the masted groups on the quay shouting out their greetings or looking their various wares. And beyond it all rise the huge towers, looking as if were suspended in the air above the dust begotten minarets. There, pointing up into the pure blue sky, are the minarets with their sharp lancetlike pinnacles; there are the round domes beyond, rising in endless masses, some of a grayish color, white, or of a dead white, gilded up later after the like pyramids of stone bells. There are the never ceasing mosques, unaltered by the lapse of centuries, though, in places, they were a little whiter and the minarets from the West turned the sea with their exhilaration, and when more hot sailing vessels anchored beneath their shade, but ever radiantly the same, crowning Stamboul generation after generation, with the same huge cupolas, giving to it its unique appearance, grander than that of any other town in the world. They are the very essence of the past, these towering towers, and in their stern and unshaken they embrace the old Moslem spirit which is still in the air about on the heights from which they rise. Whether Stamboul is approached from the sea of Marston or from the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, these minarets are the first things to emerge from the sailing jostle of the horizon, rising in quiet dignity above all that is petty and modern on the quays and in the harbor, they thrill us with old memories, calling up the grand heroic dream of Islam, with the thought of Allah the Terrible and of death.

It was at the foot of these minarets that I passed that part of my life which is most ardently implored on my memory. They looked down upon my adventures ever

when the happy days of long ago flitted by all too fast. I saw them everywhere, their grand domes rising above me, one of a dull white beneath the summer sun, when I used to seek for shade beneath the plane trees of some old deserted square, or in black and indistinct beneath the midnight sky of December, when my bath gilded brightly along the quays of sleeping Stamboul, ever present, apparently eternal, they were always with me, as if distill from one day to another as chance dictated. From each one seemed to emanate a magnetically all its own; each one seemed charged with a special mission, the identity of which radiated from it upon all around. Gradually, as my life became more and more that of a Turk, I grew to love them with a strange love, and to be more and more enamored of the proud and dreamy race to which they belonged. In fact my soul, which was there in a kind of stamboul state, and altogether controlled by a passionate love, was thoroughly attuned to Oriental mysticism.

And then, when the time came for me to leave them, oh, how lovingly and I felt on one dull evening in March. I stood along the sea of Marston, watching the town gradually getting smaller, gradually becoming blotted out. When all the was vague, all but some of the grand domes and towers still rose above the cold white sea fog the amber and holy outlines of Stamboul still stood out against the dimming sky. And then, in that last hour fading light, was wretched, not to speak, oh that I was leaving behind me with such bitter regret—all my happy Turkish life—and the whole scene became engraved upon my mind in an indelible indelible blue shadow. During all the years of wandering life which succeeded that evening, during all my rambles on sea and



TURKISH WOMEN.

ever distant, I saw again, night after night in my dreams, the city of domes and minarets, and felt again, as it were up against the gray horizon of the imaginary scene, the old homesickness as for a native land. I could find Stamboul from memory without a minute, and whenever I return to it I feel the same half painful, half delighted emotion—a sensation which has not yet been forgotten.

I do not think, however, that the glamour of my personal recollections is all exaggerated, the real grandeur of the aspect of Stamboul. It is devoid of town, and it is, in fact, traditional. All its streets, no matter how narrow, whose ignorance is doubtless unorthodox, are afforded in a singular manner when the horizon outside is gradually merged in the distance. And if ever so much as Stamboul, subjected though it is, and profaned by tourists from all parts of the world, retains this approach and these noble centers, it will remain, in spite of everything, the wonderful city of the Sultan, the Queen of the Orient.

Round about Stamboul are grouped other quarters and the streets of palaces and mosques which together form Constantinople. First comes Pera, where the Christian congrega-



THE TOWER OF THE MERCHANT



BRIDGE BETWEEN CONSTANTINOPLE AND STAMBOUL



STANBUL.

them wearing the Oriental dress, with flowing sleeves. Oh, what an imposing and picturesque looking array they are! These thousands of motionless warriors seemed absorbed in religious meditation in the clear daylight beneath the rain of ever-changing colors from the fire towers flashing in the sky above.

The custom was not recurring, for the pavement and the ranks open to let us through. He takes me to a pavilion of the palace on the first story, completely deserted, but the rooms of which are carefully lit up by the combined light of the lamps inside and the illuminations without, which can be dimly seen from the great windows, now thrown wide open. The wood-work and the furniture are alike white and gold—so brilliant and so bright. There is something, I know not what, peculiar in the interplay of the mass of men under arms, solemnly kneeling in the devout presence of their sovereign. And now exquisite sacred music is heard from a distance, a choir of men's voices, fresh and liquid, chanting psalms in high-pitched notes, producing a supernatural, or, if I may coin a word, an extra-terrestrial effect.

An aide-de-camp receives me at the entrance to the pavilion. The Sultan, he tells me, is still in the imperial mosque, whence he will be the brilliant moulouk I hear. But the prayers are nearly over, and if I go to a window, I shall soon see his Majesty come out.

Some fifty paces from me, a little below the window at which I stand, I can see the mosque. It is of fresh and gleaming whiteness, richly decorated with arabesques in the style of the Alhambra. Illuminated from within and from without, it is so transparent as a thin pane of glass, and the music issuing from it gives it something of sensuality. It looks like the entire piece of the large artificial fan burning every where to night. Headed still its strangely luminous dome are the avenues and gardens with their myriad lamps through which I had passed on my way hither. Beyond their radiance confused the outlines of the minarets, which are already somewhat indistinct from the height at which I stand. A general transparency, being, one knows not how, in mid-air, leaves an Arab impression, standing out in glowing characters against a background of night, and in the midst of the dazzling and confusing phosphoric around it is impossible to form any idea of the distance of its aerial position; it seems to preside over the whole (for the whole sea of lights going to it is distinctly Muscovite, its religious, character, and far away in the immeasurable distance, on a vague stretch of black sea, which must be the Bosphorus, given other brilliant objects of a form peculiar to themselves, there are the vessels at anchor, illuminated from stem to stern, from deck to mast-head).

Immaculately before me stands the superb army, still wrapped in silent motiveless meditation, following in spirit the prayers being chanted in the luminous mosque opposite. It would seem as if the very soil of Ispah were concentrated for the moment in the pure white sanctuary. Oh, those clauses which whirl beneath that cupola, sustentation in the breeze

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ST. NITELIA.



A BARK ON THE BOSPHORUS.

brooding to the ground, about with one voice—one long, deep, ascending voice—"Alhamdulillah!"

The harbor before the Sultan is draped in full gallop across the few yards between the palace gates, behind it dash other magnificent equipages, the horses all at highest speed, bristling the velvet pavements, we have also been to enter, the attendants run wildly alongside, snatching their post while lanterns, the troops rise up behind with clashing of weapons. It is over!

Following an aide-de-camp, I am led through the apartments with walls and pillars of tender tones of color slightly dulced with gold. This palace of Yalta is remarkable for great security of communication and absence of luxury; the sovereign who owns on the Bosphorus a review of felt-like palaces so alien of inconspicuous beauty prefers for work and rest the comparative simplicity of this residence which he has well caused to be built in the midst of a shady park.

Here I am at last in a kind of vast antechamber to the court itself—simple enough, but its airy luxury consisting in magnificent carpets denoting the sound of footsteps. This evening it is crowded with generals, aides-de-camp of every branch of the service in full uniform, some wearing the long straight tunic, others the Oriental



STANBUL WORLD AND CHIEF IN A CHAIRMAN.



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

of Thessa. All stand, all speak in whispers; it would seem that the Sultan, in a little side room, to which I am conducted by the grand master of ceremonies, his Majesty the Sultan is seated alone on a sofa. He wears the uniform of a general, his Majesty the Sultan in a military cloak of brown cloth; there is nothing in his costume to distinguish him from any of the officers of his army.

It was a very long time since I had had the honor of seeing his Majesty, and so I hear in the prescribed court salutation. I naturally non-observed, with a touch of melancholy, a pretentious representative interview, of which the accords had evidently not the slightest revelation.

It was fifteen years ago, on the Bosphorus, on the morning of his accession to the throne—one of those brilliant morning meetings which always seem brighter in our memories than any of those of the present time. The grand imperial bath, with golden jewels, had come

down with long flowing sleeves, some in the red, others in black, Attraction caps. They have all a very martial appearance, and the best example they form on the Bosphorus of the Imperial apartments is more imposing than all the Oriental magnificence. Amongst them I note the heroic legion of Thessa, the Ghazal, the grand division

has been sitting for a passing visitor like myself to say to a chat with the seraglio, however gracious that seraglio might be. Poor, poor, my Turkey, so justly proud in the days when faith, nation, religion and personal courage made up the strength of nations, where will you be when you are drawn into the vile vortex of modern thought, a prey to countless petty practical, utilitarian maxims, on which you would have looked down with disdain not so very long ago? How will it be with you when your sons have lost the old beliefs which made them what they were?

Should I avow my profound affection for the better people over whom he reigned, I was greatly tempted to allow a little of my profound anxiety to appear, and to try and find out whether the Caliph, whose vice-gerency was clearer than mine, could distinguish any thing of the dawn of a brighter future beyond the transitional fire through which his country is passing.

Thursday, May 15, 1900.—It is early morning, and still is fresh and pure. I wake, not

that sunny morning and the price of youth alike for me and for the Sultan!

His Majesty's reception of his guests is always marked by extreme benevolence, simple dignity, and natural grace. I shall never forget the few minutes of that evening, when I had the honor of talking with the Sultan in the almost straggling calm of the little modestly furnished room, but the threshold of which was so gloriously guarded by military chiefs talking in hoarse voices, and from the windows of which could be seen the distant tumultuous life of the great city in fire, beneath a sky bright with artificial light, and glowing with the red reflection of a devastating fire.

Scarcely of being understood, and crossed with the usual chaotic courtesy of the Caliph, I returned to express my grief and melancholy regret at the gradual disappearance of the ancient elements in Constantinople, and of the transformation of that ancient city.

I passed then, limiting my plauds to that of a lover of the picturesque. What I should have liked to add, it would not have been fitting for a passing visitor like myself to say to a chat with the seraglio, however gracious that seraglio might be.

Poor, poor, my Turkey, so justly proud in the days when faith, nation, religion and personal courage made up the strength of nations, where will you be when you are drawn into the vile vortex of modern thought, a prey to countless petty practical, utilitarian maxims, on which you would have looked down with disdain not so very long ago? How will it be with you when your sons have lost the old beliefs which made them what they were?

Thursday, May 15, 1900.—It is early morning, and still is fresh and pure. I wake, not



AT THE DOOR OF THE HAREM.



A TURKISH BARRER.

to fetch the sovereign to the point of the Old Seraglio, to conduct him to the palace of Baitan Durak. It was very early, and there was no crowd on the way, nor any guard about the imperial resort, and my bath, on which I was a-sitting along without knowing when I was near, was against that of the Sultan—direct through the stoniness of my business. The young prince, who was a few hours later to become supreme Caliph, came forward and bowed at me with dark, moving eyes, full of abstract thought, as he passed rapidly on all that the future held for him.

About the future of that day has become the past of the present, and the lines called up before my mind of that meeting made me suddenly realize what a gulf of time, gone beyond recall, lay between



"NOTHING MORE THAN . . . A GROUP OF WOMEN BELONGING TO A BARRER."

EDWARD SOMERVILLE
JAFFRAY.

REPRESENTATIVE bills of the old New York and of all that is best and freest in the business life of today was Edward Somerville Jaffray, head of the mercantile house of Jaffray & Co., who died at his residence in this city on April 23rd. Of Scotch English descent, he was born in London on March 23, 1816. His father, a prominent London merchant, established with his firm, a branch house in this city in 1840. The son came to America in 1823 to manage a subordinate position in the New York house, of which he eventually became the head, carrying it forward to grand success and high success. A leading member of the New York Chamber of Commerce and a director of the Commercial Union Fire Insurance Company, Mr. Jaffray's ability and integrity were so widely recognized that he was frequently called upon to arbitrate in differences between other firms. He was an ex-Vice President of the League Club, a member of the New York Yacht Club, and was prominent in the St. George's Society, of which his son is now, Mr. F. W. J. Hurst, was for a long time president; a portrait of Queen Victoria which hung in his dining room was found every year to attract the society's interest.

Perhaps the chief distinguishing feature of his long and honorable career was his conduct during the rebellion and the many days immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities. Mr. Jaffray's position of loyalty to the Union was



THE LATE EDWARD S. JAFFRAY.

OSCAR C. MACTLOCK.—(See Page 464.)



GENERAL FRANK WHELAN.

THE HON. T. JEFFERSON CHATHAM.—(See Page 461.)
Illustrated by Walter H. French.

COLONEL GEORGE L. ANDREWS.—(See Page 461.)

only and unswervingly taken; accepting unhesitatingly the financial losses that might come owing to his dealing on the part of Southern merchants, he was prompt to declare his aid equally with the North. During the entire war his course was uniformly patriotic, and his support of the Union cause with vigor and perseverance and unhesitatingly. It was largely due to his timely able, and earnest work that Congress was dissuaded from the attempt to adopt during the darkest days of the struggle the absurd legislation making it a penal offense to speculate in gold.

Mr. Jaffray prepared the memorial and with a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, went to Washington and denounced the policy of such a law. The result of this action was shown in a fall of sixty per cent. in the price of gold. Later, during the threatened invasion of the State following the Hayti-Yield Presidential intrigue, Mr. Jaffray drafted and circulated the petition to Congress, eventually adopted in its essential features, making that the disputed election be referred to the Supreme Court as an electoral commission.

Mr. Jaffray was married in 1842 to Anna Phillips, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Phillips, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, and he survived her five years. His social taste were domestic, and while encouraging the education of his children in the brilliant society circle, he preferred the company kindly only of a few intimate friends of long standing, whom he entertained at his home with unstinted hospitality. The crowning

feet of the year was the gathering at the house of his sons and daughters and grandchildren to celebrate, on March 23d, the centenary of his birth and of his marriage. A generous giver to widows and other public institutions, he bestowed large sums annually in unostentatious private charities. His life, filled with important actions and so fruitful of good to others, was characterized by a remarkable personal modesty. He refused all invitations to accept public office. The funeral took place at the First Presbyterian Church and was largely attended by prominent merchants and business men.

CLARENCE PILLER.

THE LATEST BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

On April 15th President Harrison sent to the Senate the name of Colonel Frank Whelan, brevet Major-General, to fill the vacancy of Brigadier-General, which had existed for several months. Colonel Whelan commands the Second United States Infantry, and heads the list of officers for promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, May 8, 1833, and went through a civil engineering course at Brown University. In 1850 he was appointed assistant on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey, and after having been engaged on various other government surveys and reconnoissances, was made Lieutenant of the First United States Cavalry in 1855. When the war broke out, he was on duty at the New York State

arsenal, Rhode Island, May 8, 1863, and went through a civil engineering course at Brown University. In 1850 he was appointed assistant on the United States and Mexican Boundary Survey, and after having been engaged on various other government surveys and reconnoissances, was made Lieutenant of the First United States Cavalry in 1855. When the war broke out, he was on duty at the New York State

brigade, and joining his regiment in the field in July, 1861, received the appointment of Lieutenant Colonel, Second Rhode Island Volunteers. He commanded the regiment at the battle of Bull Run, and was made Colonel. Colonel Whelan in active service in many of the campaigns, and passed through a number of battles. In 1862 the title of Brigadier-General, United States Volunteers, was given him, and a year later he was made Major in the Second Cavalry. "For gallant and meritorious conduct," he received four more promotions during the interest times of the war, and at the close was made Major-General United States Army, by brevet, for his services in the field. He was afterwards assigned to the regular infantry, with the title of Lieutenant Colonel, and engaged in several Indian wars.

General Whelan's record in an ample one, and the part that he played outside limit to general recognition as a brave and gallant soldier. The battles in which he took an active part are too numerous to mention, covering nearly all the military engagements along the Potomac and James rivers, from the first battle of Bull Run until the surrender of General Lee. He will retire from active service in May, 1867, and his pension is guaranteed by his prominent reputation by all his friends with satisfaction. The State of Rhode Island presented him with a sword of honor in July, 1866, for his services rendered during the war, especially at Appomattox, Finner's Hill, and Middleboro, where he particularly distinguished himself.



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THE BISHOP OF BROOKLYN.

On March 11th a letter was received from Rome announcing that the bishops, together with the cardinals of the Sacred Congregation had selected Dr. Charles E. McDonnell to succeed the late Bishop Longeneck as Bishop of the Diocese of Brooklyn. The nomination had been sixty ratified by the Pope, and though unopposed by the clergy of New York and Brooklyn it put an end to one of the questions that presented to the Vatican and disturbing. The personal failure subscribed all men to the wishes of the Holy See, and was joined in giving the new bishopric to Dr. Charles Edward McDonnell in a salute of New York city, having been born here thirty six years ago. His parents removed to Brooklyn a shortly after, where his father engaged in the printing business. After a primary education, he went to La Salle Academy, the St. Francis Xavier College, and later completed his theological course at the House of the American College. He received the title of Doctor of Divinity, and was ordained priest in 1879. After obtaining an assistant at St. Mary's and St. Stephen's churches, he was transferred to the Cathedral at New York, and later became secretary to Cardinal McCloskey. After the Cardinal's death, Dr. McDonnell assumed the charge of secretary to Archbishop Corrigan, and afterwards received the appointment as Chancellor of the Province of New York and Vicar Chamberlain to the Pope, together with the title of Monseigneur.

The new Bishop, although quite young, is well known among the clergy as a man of ability and tact. He is generally considered as being admirably fitted for the high position, and the field that is open to him is a wide one. Monseigneur McDonnell held "in" a work prior to his consecration in order to prepare himself for the duties of his new office.

On Monday, April 21st, the consecration services were held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The pope and rival of the Roman Church, the lights and incense, together with the rich ornaments of the sacerdotal and ecclesiastical, rendered the ceremony imposing and solemn. Some thousand persons were present among whom sat the widowed mother of the late bishop. All the right nobles of the Roman Catholic Church were represented. Nuns and priests, in their robes of black and white, to the number of five hundred, filled the front part of the cathedral, while behind stood and sat the immense congregation. The archbishops of Montreal and Philadelphia were present, and a number of other bishops and dignitaries of the Church. The services were conducted by Archbishop Corrigan of New York, assisted by Bishops McQuaid of Hartford and Cardinal of Baltimore, and a number of priests. After the imposing ceremonies were over according to the ritual, a sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, Provincial of the Dominicans, and the services were concluded. The visiting and local prelates there met at the Holy Trinity, Brooklyn, where they dined with the new Bishop. A check for \$2500 was presented to Bishop McDonnell, being a gift from the local priests. The check which was given him was an enormous

affair, several feet in length and in height, engraved and illuminated. After examining it, an ordinary certified check was handed to the Bishop, and the beautiful document was preserved in memory of the occasion. The front of the new Bishop is sketched above, in being several emblematic figures, and the motto "Justitia in Pax" and "Unitas". The former inhabitants of Bishop McDonnell in his new diocese was appointed for the following Monday.

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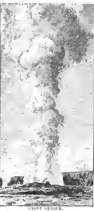
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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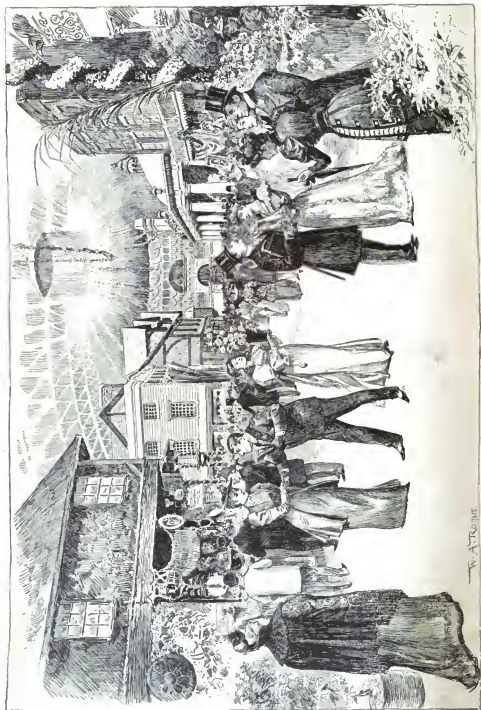
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"ALL HANDS BURY THE DEAD"—(DRAWN BY H. F. ZOUBRAK—[SEE PAGE 466].)



AT THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.—Drawn by W. A. Rouse.—[See Page 401.]

W. A. R. 185.

ALASKA'S MINING REGIONS.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCHMIDT—ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. EDWARDS.



SLOWLY, in the face of every obstacle, the independent prospectors and possessors have discovered and opened mining regions in Alaska, and added some five millions in gold to the wealth of the world. Towns have sprung up, and now dot the shores of southeastern Alaska, and civilization has been carried to the farthest west.

Opening the bubble of such new mining boom northward along the Pacific coast, the prospector has crossed the great divide, washed the pale auriferous gold from Yukon gulches, and overleaped the farthest limit of mining enterprise.

The different ways the conditions in Alaska that the first miners found little resemblance to their experiences in other Territories. Separated from the rest of the United States by British Columbia, whose mountains and densely forested coast region is still impassable to East travel, the prospector was dependent upon expensive steamer communication. Once secured there, every condition was reversed. The more became his park made, and waterways were his only trails. The tides rose and fell in clear and regular feet in the fields he scoured, and an annual rainfall of seven and eight feet effectively laid the dust. The handiwork which he did in the Juneau region in 1880 found that there was no military post in the Territory, no shadow of civil government, no civil officers save collector and postmaster, and no laws that permitted him to take up a claim of a lode-claim. There were no Indian agents and Indian reservations, save in the whole Territory was and in still Indian country by the absolute prohibition of intoxicating liquors within its limits. It was a land of desolation, of hardships and perils.

Alaska is the wild west Territory in every sense. Its pioneers worked so long, and patiently for the sake of civil law as any approved people ever fought for liberty and reform from odious government. It was seventeen years after the purchase from Russia before Congress granted Alaska over the present skeleton form of civil government, much less "the enjoyment of all the rights, privileges, and immunities of citizens of the United States," not "manufactured and patented" them "in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion." Then it was the miner's pick

which opened the doors of Congress, and Senator Harrison, championing their cause, framed the bill which, in amended form, finally gave the people the freedom of what the treaty with Russia had long ago promised. All the more credit is hence due those citizens of the Territory, which has paid for itself three times since the United States purchased it, the soil islands alone having just back the original \$2,000,000 into the Treasury, and the fish, land, fur, minerals, and other resources doubling the sum in the value of what they have provided for the world's consumption.

Alaska's wealth of timber is uncounted, or said 1800 timber laws devised for the arid, treeless plains have been vigorously enforced. Only mineral lands being then subject to entry, he who cut a hundred or a thousand trees was a timber thief, and was prosecuted—all in a country where the forests are boundless almost impenetrable, and the chief obstacles to exploration and settlement. Between coastwise, surrounded by unbroken leagues of woodland, and twelve hundred miles before to Puget Sound saw mills for the pine trees in which to pack their logs for shipment. And these people, enjoying a far milder climate than Scotland or Norway, surrounded by almost tropical vegetation, must send the same distance for their marketing, as no one could take up agricultural land, or, more less, afford the cost of clearing and draining it. Over these obstacles the pioneers have partially triumphed, and in March, 1891, President Harrison had satisfaction in signing the bill which allows these citizens to secure public lands for town site purposes at the rate of one dollar a quarter of an acre, with the cost of survey added; and land for trading and manufacturing purposes at two dollars and a half an acre. Sections and acres may cut timber, for use on their own claims or lands, from any public lands not reserved or appropriated. Under these conditions, the pioneer may now have a home.

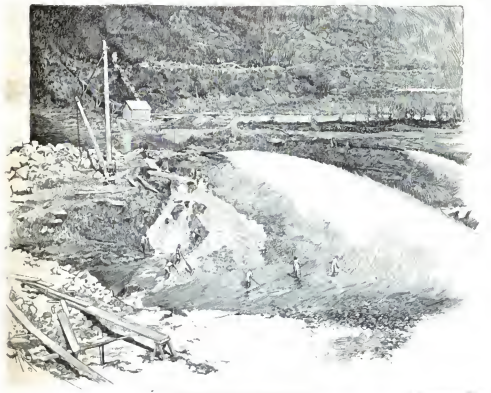
The working man need not complain in Alaska. Three dollars a day, with board and lodging provided by his employers are never scarce. Indian workmen in the mines receive two dollars a day, and "find" themselves. The cost of government adds a dollar a day for each white employer to the expenses of the mining company, and with these funds in the operating expenses, any fractions of dividends self-sufficiently grant the returns of the mines. Hydraulic mining begins in May and lasts until October, and unless they are situated in more elevated cañons, difficult of access, the quiet mills can run all the year round. The great Trans-Pacific mill on Douglas Island takes a night and day, seven or eight summer striking out in the twelve months ending with last May \$200,000—sufficient amount to all that has been



AN ALASKAN MINER.

said against Alaska's being or becoming a great mining country.

Under the trader's rule, gold was never fully discovered in Russian America. There is a tradition that soon after Baranoff's settlement at Sitka, in the earliest years of this century, a hunter brought him a piece of gold from a neighboring creek bed, and the promise of the land thounded the finder from further prospecting, and had a sufficient effect



JUNEAU—SILVER BOY RISES—THE MISTYON AT PLAY.



"IN THE SUN"—By Theodore Robinson.

THE FOURTEENTH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

There are two hundred and forty-four works of art in this collection. Almost every one deserves a special word of praise, and despite this high average, a large number are exceptionally good. Of course, there, I cannot here describe it in detail. But it is even more interesting when considered as a whole than when considered picture by picture. It really represents the present condition of American

art, and it shows that we may be amply content with this condition.

It shows, in the first place, that our art has outlived that tentative, formative stage when methods were naturally its chief concern—it has the answer of his speech seemed more important to the artist than what he had to say. It shows that we have gone from the days of promise to the days of ripe achievement, and it shows that we have passed the period when, although an American school of landscape-painting existed, there



"RADONFA ESTERVENO"—By August H. Tostler.



PORTRAIT.—By Emma K. Cass.

was only a prophesy of an American school of figure-painting. Figure pictures are at least as numerous this year as landscapes, taken together, they are at least as good, and among them we find the most remarkable works of all. The sure of composition and expression, as well as the ease of drawing and painting, have been thoroughly acquired, and with this mastery of the forms of personal speech the individuality of our painters makes itself clearly felt. In portraiture the society's exhibition has always been strong. But, while there is increase of strength even here, our great painting, our painting of the noble and our sublime, imaginative pictures are no longer sufficient in comparison. They are now as capable as national, and as individual as our portraits or our landscape painting.

Of course the idealistic work has either a classical or a religious flavor. But it shows neither outside of its own schools nor slanders to another academic formula. Mr. Tostler's "Radonfa Esterveno," for instance, is conceived with the simplicity, density, accuracy, and nobility of old Italian art, and has none of the old Italian richness of color. But we can pick out no old master, no historic school, and see that this picture is a posthumous child thereof. Its mood is the traditional mood of high religious art. But its concep-

the soil in execution—in the types, its color, and its treatment—it is distinctly modern and distinctly personal. The remarkable and beautiful picture would alone suffice to prove that American art is now capable of dealing artistically as well as technically, in its own way, and in a very fine way, with the saddest artistic tasks.

In Mr. De Munn's "The Christ Child," when the slender youth is saying grace, while his parents bow their heads over the evening meal, we have a very realistic presentation of a sacred subject. But it is still a powerful treatment, for the heads are bowed in type, and are enlivened by the traditional halo. But we find the same plain, direct realism in Mr. Steadman's "Carpenter's Son," where the fact that the child in the Christ Child scene is suggested merely by his appearance and the beam of sunlight which just touches his head. Here the execution is direct and noble, and, if a little painful, very well suited to the character of the underlying idea. In Mr. De Munn's picture it is more refined and delicate, but thoroughly accomplished, and if it is a trifle academic, that is not to be regretted, for Mr. De Munn is just home from Parisian schools, and the student's business is first of all to learn how to paint well, and to try to paint individually. Mr. De Munn's personality speaks clearly enough in the description of his picture and its true and tender feeling.

There are but the most conspicuous pictures in this class. Among the works I would particularly commend Mr. Cox's admirably painted and individually imagined "Eben," and among the group pictures Mr. Brush's "strong and capable" "Chorus," and, much more remarkable than this, his exquisite little group called "A Portrait," which in every possible way is as perfect as a picture of the kind can be. And among the portraits, in addition to Mr. Ferguson's admirable picture of Mr. St. Gautier's young son with his mother resting about him, are a number of works as individual as they are excellent, by Mr. Chase, Mr. Johns, Mr. Collins, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Beckwith and Mr. Furbell.

But still more interesting are those combinations of figure and landscape of which Mr. Holloman's "In the Sun" may



"GOLIATH, THE BARD" — By George A. Foster.



"THE CARPENTERS' SON" — By Lawrence S. Bennett.

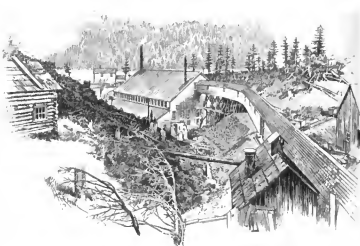


"PORTRAIT OF A LADY AND BOY" — By John A. Fawcett.

above Jareau on the Yukon. They passed, Tucknook and Bernard City being the chief camps. After season of large and regular, second City's fortunes are in a decline, the very rich veins being so high and far away from the beach that there is too great risk to work them. Eighty feet of snow in January and eight feet in May are too much, and snows and one snow are only straws in the path of snow-buriers.

The prospect has marred all the show-places of Alaska, and found indications of gold everywhere and many veins of silver, but strenuous from capitalists and supplies need long delay the opening of these rich mines. It is only in the neighborhood of Jareau that any real mining is being done. Coal seams have been found in the arctic regions, in Cook's Inlet, and on the Arctic coast, but all a promise in these places as well, until the coal lines are extended to the Territory.

To the places along the lead waters of the Yukon, prospectors have been regularly going since 1878. The Indians and Chukchee Indians living at the head of Lynn Canal found a large and well equipped party of prospectors in 1877, but in 1878 miners succeeded in crossing the divide and finding the golden gulches. As this party went in, they met the famous Olin Jim coming



THE FIRST MILL.

THE TOWNSHIP MILL.

THE TREADMILL MINE, DOUGLAS ISLAND.

and wives to the sea. Mining camps are the best in the region where the 141st meridian, the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia, crosses the Yukon. The placer yield well, and the one hundred and fifty men on Forty Mile Creek claim to get from forty to sixty thousand dollars in each year's short mining season of four months. There is a regular tariff exacted by the Indians for packing goods across the divide, and trader's stores and rock houses occur at intervals along the great waterway. For the independent miner, food of adventure and the wilderness, the upper Yukon will long be a reward, but the stock company, the quartz-mill, and elaborate works may never penetrate it. The Scientific Explorer spent forty thousand dollars of their Tomlinson fortune in a short rough prospecting of the lower Yukon in 1891, and after examining the first thousand miles of the river banks with their own eyes, horses, and oxen and boats, decided that the best site was and the two-thirds from the fact that the boundary line lies on Alaska and



PROBATIONER CHIEF AT JAREAU.



JAREAU LOG CABIN.

out, and this first and favorite claim of Jareau is the home of enough Yukon adventures to crowd the memory that tries to hold them all.

"What did you do when you came to the claim that first time?" asked one returned miner after consulting his own iron-breasted escape.

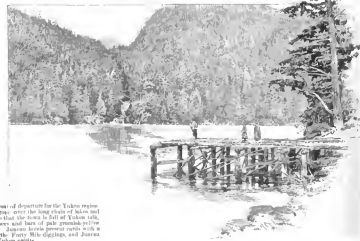
"I just sat my eye and nose ahead," said Jim, and the favorite of Jareau's fortune has done that on his participation in the Yukon country, and an Indian woman packed him on her back, dug her into his hand, pulled him up the ladder and stream, and returned him in a moment with his gold belt intact.

Jareau is the real point of departure for the Yukon region. Every old-time has gone over the long chain of hills and rivers at least once, so that the town is full of Yukon talk, and one may see miners and bars of pale granular yellow Yukon gold any day. Jareau has a present mine, with a table of distances to the Forty Mile diggings, and Jareau men have advanced Yukon claims. Jareau has been found on all the head waters of the great river, which runs in British America, and flows there through

British Columbia is not denominated anywhere has given rise to trouble along the Yukon, as it did twenty years ago along the Stikine. The Ogilvie survey for the Canadian government in 1865 put Forty Mile Creek in British territory, and the United States (Cook and Gooden-Burrows party) of 1866 to 1868 put all but the neck of the creek in Alaska. When British officials claim the Yukon camp to prevent miners without license from working the placers, the men refused to pay their ten dollars apiece, and were so violent about their placers being a few cents, that the officials retreated, and the uncertainty of the present line. Certain high landed men, stilling back in their claims before Jareau, will replace their banners with tales of how "our boys stood off the British power."

Further south, the boundary line is of

greater importance, on all the way from Mount St. Elias down to Sumner 54° 40', the British claim the greater part of the thirty mile strip of the mountain, the Russian right in which was never questioned. They claim, in fact, all of Glacier Bay, Lynn Canal, and (Yukon) the great piece of mountainous Alaska, all of Herby Island, and the another island north and east of it. It places the boundary line, as the line is, within one and five miles of the coast, and the distance the imaginary line comes nearest to the water's edge. If the new reports have reported him correctly, Sir John Ross, Premier of British Columbia, suggests that the United States yield the narrow strip of coast between the fifty-sixth parallel and Mount St. Elias—whether all of the mainland shown on white maps, including and no early mining claims.



WATERFALL AT THE END OF SILVER BAY, SITKA.



THE GREAT MISSISSIPPI RIVER BRIDGE AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—Plan a Photograph by COOPER, GEORGETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.
The Third Largest in the World, from End to End. Cost \$1,000,000.

THE GREAT BRIDGE AT MEMPHIS.

Memphis, Tennessee, has heretofore been one of the unfortunate cities that have been obliged to cope with natural disadvantages because of their location. It is a geographical center of the Northwest, but the Mississippi has cut off its direct communication by rail with the great States that lie beyond the river. Memphis has therefore enjoyed none of the prosperity that should have been hers by virtue of central location. The spirit of progress, however, has incited the people to overcome this difficulty, and the result is a great bridge across the Mississippi at that point. This is a point to be observed, for it brings into prominence a city that has before suffered from simple natural causes, and places it in the van, and in competition with other cities where it belongs. The States of the west and east, and those lying north and south on either side, are now joined by direct lines, with Memphis as the center, and the advantages will be felt by all. The Memphis *Appeal-Recorder* has lately brought out a thirty-two-page illustrated paper celebrating the completion of the bridge and the building of a new and more permanent for the city, and showing how Memphis may achieve a prominence that has hitherto been denied. Among other things it is proposed, or rather suggested, to have an open waterway to the sea, so that steamers may make Memphis their port, and thus bring the central States into close

contact with the far-away cities of the eastern world. Impossible as an inland seaport may seem, it is well to remember that this is the age of progress, and that the matter is already under consideration. The Deep-water Convention—an incident of the opening ceremony—may be able to settle definitely whether the scheme is feasible, and before long there may be a Memphis and Liverpool line of steamers, and the Memphis of the Nile overshadowed by her Tennessee namesake.

It is the great bridge that has aroused these schemes and opened the way to advancement. The ceremonies of the formal opening of the bridge on May 10th, 11th, and 12th, the jubilee, the oration by senator Voorhees, the visiting Governors and representatives of States and government, the presence of the United States steamer *Crossed*—in fact the entire celebration will be a thing long remembered in the history of Memphis. It may not be long before Memphis can point backward with pride to the days that marked the beginning of a new epoch in her life. The net of railroads will be woven closer, and the guide-book publishers forced to enlarge their editions, while the student and traveler will wonder more and more. The bridge at Memphis has the longest truss span of any in the United States, and in the whole world there are but two that exceed it. It is a cross bridge with five spans and six piers, the longest span measuring 780 feet. In the bridge proper there are 2467 1/2 feet, and with the iron vi-

duct and truss connected the entire length is 7992 1/2 feet. The bridge runs from the Chickasaw Bluff on the Tennessee side to the low lands of Arkansas, where connection is made with a number of railroads. The iron viaduct referred to is built above the bottoms of Arkansas that are subject to the overflows of the great river. The work on the bridge was begun in the latter part of 1892, when the subject had been agitated for several years and the charter granted. George S. Hewison, of Chicago, drew up the plans, and has personally superintended the construction, assisted by Alfred Noble. The five piers, not including the anchor pier, rest upon caissons varying from 40 to 82 feet in length, which have been sunk in the soft bed of the river. The sinking and setting of these caissons was the greatest difficulty encountered by the engineers, and four lives were lost in the work. The last pier was completed in May, 1901, and on April 6, 1902, Arkansas and Tennessee were united together. The bridge is of the cantilever type, and stands 25 feet above high water. The main spans of the cantilever trusses are 80 feet in height, and so many tons in weight. According to the estimate of its engineer, the superstructure weighs altogether nearly ten thousand tons, while 100,000 rivets have been used.

Nearly the bridge just completed at Memphis, and further maintenance of time in traveling may be enjoyed by the traveling restful souls of to-day. There are a number of railroads on both sides of the river that have had their con-



THE CHILDS-BREXEL HOME FOR UNION PRINTERS, COLORADO SPRINGS.—[See Page 474.]



Mr. Avery Brown's flag is the first of the new 46 to show that it is the way it was made. The crew from Bristol had work, and on Thursday was making her way up the Hudson River toward Hyde Park, at Poughkeepsie. Her run from the mouth of the river to the Hudson was made by Captain Bar, being needed not to strike her. Like all new boats, she is very stiff, and will take a considerable amount of time to "break in" and to get used to the way of running her in all the water, so that by the end of the present month we shall have, as especially in the last few weeks of the "break in" period, a boat that will be a credit to the city.

As for the other 46 boats, with one or two exceptions, they appear dead to the world. There has been a little talk here and there of "break in" and of "making her way up the Hudson," but it is not likely that any of them will be seen in the city. The only one that is likely to be seen is the "Break in" boat, which is being run by the crew of the "Break in" boat, and is being run by the crew of the "Break in" boat.

It is not too late to enter the season, especially on Eastern waters, where there is still a chance of making a good record. The season is not yet over, and it will be some time before the season is over.

CONVENTS OF THE PAST. The convents of the past are still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city.

THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE. The American Football League is still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city.

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cap. Conditions of this kind affect the reader and reader alike. The work accomplished by the Harpers in the past is a credit to the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city.

THE CURETAY SEASON OF '22 will be marked by two important events, viz., Philadelphia week and the visit in the autumn of a team of Irish gentlemen. Two Irish city teams will be invited to play a series of matches against the Philadelphia team. The Philadelphia team will make that work especially noteworthy, and the presence of cricketers from so many different quarters in the city will be a credit to the city.

The game of the Philadelphia team will be a credit to the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city.

THE WATER polo team of the New York Athletic Club proved the season by winning the deriding game from the Metropolitan team of Philadelphia, and the championship. The game was played at Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia team was defeated. The game was played at Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia team was defeated.

THE UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CLUB has moved into its quarters, and there are some considerable improvements. The club is still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city.

"HER HONORABLE LADY" was the title of the first issue of the "Herald" newspaper. The title is still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city.

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strong, steady game. Three times at critical points he resisted the enemy's attack, and on each occasion he was the first to take the field. He was the first to take the field, and he was the first to take the field.

THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL LEAGUE. The American Football League is still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city. They are still to be seen in the city, and they are still to be seen in the city.

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ENTRANCE TO THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Northwest Point, called Harbors by Gray. Mowat and Vancouver called it *Phosphorization*, because of their letters to King the river.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER CENTENNIAL.

NEAR the mouth of the Columbia River lies the beautiful little town of Astoria. Interesting to New Yorkers as the first (trading station of the elder Awa, the foundation of his great wealth, and named by him in 1816 Astoria is even more interesting to dwellers on the Columbia River as the strange point had already by England as Fort George, and by the United

States, and not the least important one, that the little fish boat ever sent out that the Boston party have travelled to long past to-day in the commemoration of the event that meant so much to the future people of the Pacific Northwest. In the Boston of Revolutionary days lived a wealthy merchant, Joseph Barrell, whose residence, Pleasant Hill, is now used for the income taxman. Greatly interested in the success of the struggle for independence, Mr. Barrell remained in Boston, and took an active interest in all matters per-

they were debated for much of our knowledge of the voyage. Joseph Lagimon, second mate of the *Columbia*; James K. Kendeck, clerk; Roberts surgeon; Thos. T. Barrett, Mr. Kendeck, probably first mate of the *Lady Washington*; and Nettle as astronomer. It took these vessels one year to get around the Horn and to Macao (where Vancouver's Island, where on October 1, 1792 they celebrated their departure from Boston. From there the *Columbia* returned to China, shipped tea, and bore the American flag into Boston in August, 1795. The first part was successful, a failure. Several others followed, but Joseph Barrell issued his own party than on lower, brought them out, and became more than ever the promoter of the enterprise.

The *Columbia* left Boston on her second

to above Queen Charlotte's Island," this meant that Vancouver (Nootka) was an island. Besides this, Kendeck's boat, bought from the Indians many furs, the clerk for the same, duly warned, being now in the State Department at Washington. The aggregate extent of these lands was some thirty million acres, and upon their possession was based much of the claim of the United States in Oregon.

The *Columbia* sailed from Clatsop on April 24 in search of the "Great River," which Gray had surmised on his northward voyage. However, in command of the *Jatunco*, an unseaworthy ship. On the 29th they met Vancouver sailing north, of course he had just sailed by the mouth of the Columbia, and missed discovering it, as had Grey in 1792, and Meares in 1791. Grey sailed



MOUNT HOOD AND THE COLUMBIA RIVER BOTTOM.

States under its original name. Astorian have one such object, namely, to live still Astoria while New York is sure and important. This Astoria is expected to do, on account of her position at the mouth of the great river which is similar to that of New York at the mouth of the Hudson. One circumstance more has kindled heretofore any serious rivalry between the little town and her sister of the East—the Atlantic is not the Pacific, and Europe is beyond the sea even, while the backbone of politics is the time of the Oregon question, when it was greatly important as well as doubtful whether that momentous event of land, embracing as it did one great Washington, Idaho, and to one known law each besides, so well in debate were the boundaries, was to belong to America or to Spain or England. Astoria held her own for the United States on the old time, and in the new had developed a fine shipping trade, built a magnificent jerry and into the Pacific, and is about to celebrate the centennial end of her own glory, but of the discovery of the mighty Columbia River by a British ship in the year 1792. It is to the end of the very longest

inland to the western of his country, while others of his family returned to England. When the war was over he engaged the services of others, and with them fitted out two vessels, the *Columbia Advent*, 220 tons, and the *Lady Washington*, a ship of 80 tons. With Kendeck, a member of the original Boston tea party, in command of the one, and Robert Gray of the other, these vessels set out on a voyage of discovery and commerce. Passing from Nantucket Roads on the 11th of October, 1791, they began an expedition that earned the American flag for the first time around the world. Daily the *Columbia* saw claim this honor. The men who joined Joseph Barrell in the ownership of this epoch-making expedition were S. Brown, C. Bulfinch, J. Hurley, C. Heath, and John Puntard. A wreck with three masts was struck off, both in copper and in silver.

Names of other officers on the vessel were Robert Howell, to whom



BARABATIC CLIFFS ABOVE CUSHMAN, OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

trip, with Gray as captain and Howell as second mate, September 29, 1791, an arrival at Clatsop, on the Northwest coast, June 5, 1791. So remained until September, capturing and trading, discovering before Vancouver the Puget Sound Canal, wintered at Oquema, where her men built a house, mounted cannon, built the *Atrevida*, the first American vessel launched on the Pacific, and welcomed Kendeck in the *Lady Washington* from Astoria, as Barrell showed, in Astoria. Kendeck had remained on the coast during the completion of Gray's first voyage on the *Columbia*, and had, in the autumn of 1790, as is supposed, made a discovery that rivalled that of Vancouver, in which it has been attributed. He sailed "through a strait whose southern entrance is Fucus, and the northern above

Vancouver that in his northward voyage he had been, its latitude 46° 10', of the mouth of a great river, which he had for nine days straggled in error, falling in it as both from the strong current of the current, and from a contrary wind. On May 20 Gray entered the port, latitude 46° 50', called Hothorn, after Gray's Hothorn. At this port he was attacked by peacefully Indians, and killed several. Leaving this port on the 26th, he next day passed over the bar at the mouth of the great river he had previously been unable to enter, and for the first time the vessel of a white man floated on the noble waters of the great "River of the North." Gray took possession on the 11th of May, 1791, in the name of his country, in which he had done so greater service even in his career



SALMON-FISHING ON THE COLUMBIA.



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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION



Vol. XXXI—No. 24
Published Weekly at No. 235 N. 4th St.,
St. Paul, Minn.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



CHARLES-FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.—Engraved by Ch. Bache from the painting by Charles Dewas.—[See Page 497.]



THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—QUITTING-HOOR AT JACKSON PARK.—DRAYS BY GRAY AND WALKER.—(See Page 108.)

THE ATHLETIC DEVELOPMENT AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY R. F. ZOGBAUM, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

If there is any class of men in the United States for whom the legend needs also to express also has a particular and important significance, it is the class of our army and navy.

We are all broad winners in this work-a-day world of ours, some of us depend on our muscle; some of us, such a day; trust to our brains, but none of us is called

however, I hope to turn an argument on the benefits to be derived from athletics by the cadets at the national academies. I hope those who read it here will digest it thoroughly.

In my visits to Annapolis and West Point, and my research into the very earliest days of the two academies, I have been, and am yet, somewhat puzzled to account for the fact that, although deriving their cadets from the same con-

ditions in some form of athletics in a greater or less extent; but at West Point, until very recent years, there was no physical culture which included recreation. Army men will probably declare this state of affairs to have been brought about by the cadets at Annapolis having more time to devote to such matters than those at West Point. But a careful study of the daily schedules of each will show very little



F. W. DAFFRON, U.S.M.A., 96
HEAD COACH.



F. W. SMITH, U.S.M.A., 96
HEAD TRAINER.



E. W. CLARK, U.S.M.A., 96
CAPTAIN AND HEAD COACH '96



D. M. NICHOL, U.S.M.A., 96
CAPTAIN AND FIRST BASE '96



D. E. AULTMAN, U.S.M.A., 96
LEFT TACKLE.

upon to put both qualities in the test in our chosen profession. A sound mind in a sound body is indeed a blessing, and in which every man should strive earnestly to obtain, but to the officer whose mind must always be clear to direct his men ever ready, for action, it is an absolute essential.

How many men do you glance over what I saw here sitting down with the aid of the midnight oil here the proper conception or will take time to seriously consider the highest representation of a sound mind in a sound body?

We are an overly satisfied people in our work through our assistance from day to day, accepting the shadow for the substance. We continue to fill bottles having no adequate means of escape in case of fire, and pour one another for an opportunity of offering up our retained bodies as a sacrifice to the parsimony and indifference of national corporations. The language of yesterday are the turnstiles of to-day; to narrow passages well, perhaps, and in too short to spend a single hour in over-riding.

So it is with our physical being, as if we were to keep on our feet, and our legs, as we get greater concern than a general inconvenience, we respond to roll-over and fall into risks for our daily duties.

The sound mind in a sound body is quite a different matter to mere fitness from sickness, and it is on this point I shall dwell at greater length further along. It is not enough that one has developed his muscles, whether from work in the gymnasium, at football, or with the pick and shovel. The sound body does not invariably give the sound mind. On the contrary, the mind may so weary by the very memory of the work performed by the body that it will lose all interest in its functions, and so react on the body that it will be injured rather than benefited by a continuance of the strenuous exercise. This is purely a physiological fact, and requires to be established here as it is learned the point.

try, and practically from the same sections, there was (the last two years have been steadily drifting down together), nevertheless, so much difference in the occupation of the beds during their recreation hours, or rather minutes, as if they hailed from countries widely separated in custom and geographical location. At Annapolis there has always been an

difference, certainly not enough to account for the athletic lethargy at West Point. The naval cadet's week is divided, so he gets a couple of hours' recreation on Wednesday (which is not permitted at West Point, as here Saturday is the only holiday). There seems to have been a broader, more advanced policy governing these matters for Annapolis, and it must be accounted for by the fact of naval officers keeping more in touch with the outside world, and therefore more familiar with the demands of the popular sentiment, and less prone to adhere rigidly to traditions that have grown yellow with age.

West Point was founded in 1810 and up to within about fifteen years ago sport was a matter of unknown existence, and athletics of any sort, kind, or description were scarcely dreamed of. The great of the cadet's daily life was quite so severe then as it is now—more so, for he lacked entirely that great incentive to all work, the hope of a reward of mind and body—competition from ordinary duties. It was a better ending ground with less, and gray-haired officers have told me the scene and again, as we sit watching some name of football, I recall that they at one time have given a line off their strength to football in their day the training of either of these games—in battles able to enter the service with something of the dash and nerve of these young athletes, were the less a soldier, more than a student, but a being, perhaps more, rather than a vested assistance.

The about whose memory for the relaxation of some game or show is the following incident which led to me by a set of three men, though well on in their career years, but not here so long he cannot understand the growing but not appreciate the cramping of his muscles for sport. It was about about the early months of '78 and the opening of the spring, with his building iron and athletic shirt appeared to appear in the cadets the season which the life of discipline had chilled. Then was a general



WHITNEY ON ENGINEER.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT PORTLAND.

No Presbyterian attending the first session of the General Assembly of his Church in the United States in 1780 would have been assured and satisfactorily could as have seen in vision the real benefits of constant action which the delegates of today were willing to accept of in at least the opening session of the most important Presbyterian gathering in the city of Portland, Oregon, on the morning of Thursday, May 19th. It was before the discovery of the Columbia by Gray, and while the great Pacific Northwest—its resources all untapped of—it was to completely the prey of the encroaching powers of Spain, France, and England, later of the United States, that we can best feel its glory to the credit of Oregon.

That in spite of all temptations
To bring to other regions,
The mission—American.

Whether to award this facility of Oregonians, or in response to the eloquent pleadings of the Rev. A. J. Brown, its young pastor, the last Assembly, in session at Portland, regarded the claim of San Francisco, and chose as its next meeting place the First Presbyterian Church of Portland, Oregon. Dr. Brown urged the location of Portland's invitation, the preparations already made the great magnitude of the interests involved, and the wonderful history upon all the churches in this recognition of the importance of the Pacific coast. The First Presbyterian Church was organized in 1824, and is after the churches of Clatsop and Corvallis, the oldest Presbyterian church on the coast as represented by the Rev. J. A. Vesting; increased in 1880 by Rev. F. T. Coffey, under the leadership of Ebenezer Mendenhall, served from 1882 until 1891 in the Liberty, the church's first membership of 300, when, in 1890, Dr. Brown was called as its pastor. Born in Massachusetts in 1828, the Rev. Arthur Julius Brown is of old Puritan stock. He was graduated from Welles College in Indiana in 1860, taking the highest honors, and receiving the Bachelor of Divinity in 1865. He was graduated at the Lane Theological Seminary of Cincinnati, and was soon installed as pastor of a missionary church in Wisconsin. Soon called to Utah, he spent some months of people, he raised the membership to 300, built a church and manse, and served the Presbytery of Utah for some permanent clerk and Moderator. In 1878, his position as in Portland a very successful and beautiful stone church has been entered. Partly to accommodate the increasing congregation, and partly to meet the present



THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, PORTLAND,
Where the General Assembly meets.



PORTLAND INDUSTRIAL FAIR BUILDING.
(The largest Exposition building on the Pacific Coast. The Assembly opened its hall a grand Exposition here.)

Assembly, galleries have been added to the structure located so that the edifice will seat 1200 and hold 1200. The value of the church property is \$200,000, the membership has increased in 95% in four years \$150,000 above its expenses has been given by the church \$20,000 of this going to home missions. The church has helped nearly every mission in the Northwest, and made possible the development of missions in Alaska. The number of Presbyterian churches in Portland is now eight, with two missions and a fine Chinese work. On the coast the Presbyterians have eighty churches, with 4600 members, and the Board of Oregon last year extended the Second of New York in proportionate gifts to home missions. Dr. Brown, in addition to his gifts as preacher and expositor, is noted as a specialist in the matter of Church history.

Hard would it have been for our Presbyterians of 1789 to realize the real side of a country that stretches across the breadth of a continent, uniting East and West under one government; how much harder for him to have looked forward to the enlargement of religious thought which helps before the Church meet each other will agitate the Assembly during the coming days—bearing questions that are shaking the theological beliefs of a past generation without at all undervaluing the truth that has been left. There are three main subjects to be discussed by the Assembly, and these three are as follows: The report of the Committee on the first session of the Westminster Confession, the appeal of Dr. Briggs from the action of the Presbytery in which he was suspended, his transfer from the Chair of Hebrew to that of Biblical Theology in the Union Seminary, and growing out of this the report of the Union Seminary, that the assembly most earnestly late in 1870, whereby the General Assembly has a vote upon the election of professors in the ministry, he obtained, all some of our movement in the Church—the effort to secure greater identity in religious thought, the desire to present more fully the love of God who is the Father of His children. The rise of God is not, think many Presbyterians, sufficiently represented by the Westminster Confession, while the doctrines of Pantheism are the passing by of a certain number of human beings by the decree of God and so of "Eternity" before World seem to violate against it. It is not generally thought that the revival, as represented by the distinguished orator, including Dr. Green

(of Princeton, President Patton, Dr. Herrick Johnson, K. D. Lane, Henry J. Van Dyke, and many others, will in spite satisfactory either to increase or reduce the number of the latter prominent in the West. The Westminster Confession is a valuable historic document, a strong demand has arisen that it be set aside. If it does not fully express the religious thought of today, there are other ways in which it may be increased, though this can be modified. If the revision is rejected by the Portland Assembly, and it must receive a two-thirds vote if accepted, then the increasing demand for a short, vigorous, new, clearly worded will come to the front. Already some Presbyterians are demanding in place of the previous a creed that shall represent the love of God rather than divine justice, than asked for revision.

A slogan, "my a celebrated preacher of today," in a single paragraph for interpretation. Let us not forget that our first session of the General Assembly, in re-organizing their domain of a past century in modern Portland, will in any case the increasing demand for a short, vigorous, new, clearly worded will come to the front. Already some Presbyterians are demanding in place of the previous a creed that shall represent the love of God rather than divine justice, than asked for revision. Dr. Briggs will not go to Portland to plead his own case. Dr. Green, the former Moderator, who was to preach the opening sermon, is ill, and will not attend. Divisions have been noted, whose knowledge of ecclesiastical law and ability to influence would will be of use in the deep theological discussion expected. Dr. Haskille, of Deane; Rev. William A. Bartlett, of Washington, Dr. Sampson, Dr. Herrick Johnson, Dr. Holsten, the Principal Kirk; and Dr. Mortimer of the Philadelphia Presbyterians are distinguished divines who are to introduce Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, of St. J. McPherson are mentioned as candidates for the position of Moderator. The citizens of Portland are planning great things for the entertainment of delegates. A reception in the great Exposition building, tips on the C. & N. and about the town, where the last night of Edward Hood and the Williams are to be held, are planned, and a possible trip to Alaska at reduced rates is in view. It is above all things else, the hope of Portland Presbyterians, that the delegates traversing the great home waters will reach such a strategic point of mission work as Portland will enable heart and soul in the work of missionary zeal in the great Northwest, with its increasing population, and that theological discussion will not wrap the time of the Assembly in the excitement of this vital matter.

F. E. W.

OUR FLAG AGAIN TO THE FORE.

The measure introduced March 6, 1902, entitled "A Bill to Encourage American Ship Building," which passed both Houses of Congress practically unopposed, authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury, under certain conditions, to register an United States vessel built wholly or partly owned by Americans. Such vessels shall be of a tonnage of not less than 3000 tons, and be capable of a speed of 20 knots per hour. They shall belong to an established line from a port in the United States, and 50 per cent. of the shares of the capital of the foreign corporation owning them must have been owned January 1, 1900, by citizens or corporations of the United States, provided that such American owners shall, subsequent to the date of this law, have built or been contracted to build in American ship yards steamships of an aggregate tonnage not less in amount than that of the steamships so admitted to register, each steamship so built or contracted for to be of a tonnage not less than 7000 tons. These conditions complied with, each of the vessels so admitted shall be entitled



THE "CITY OF PAIK"

THE LAST OF AN OLD PRISON.

BY HENRY PHILLIPS.

Ray, at the outside, twenty men rapping up and tearing down a mass of old Federal buildings, situated in one of the oldest portions of New York—this New York which streets are narrow and gives to every division from the straight line, which early in the past, unnumbered of prisoners with pale through heavy lead made early house builders paid to accidents of ground.

The dismantling process, when I saw it, had arrived just at that stage where the outer square or shell of these buildings bound up by Duane and Rose streets had disappeared, leaving in its place grimy one square blocky structure of another formation. That building was not new, but in a few days—not surely tomorrow, for it is too long and solid to be easily broken up—its top, will be on a level with the street. As I looked at it, the plumes of smoke and lightened and swayed it up as if had never been lightened or warmed up in the last forty-five years.

That old mass was before Revolutionary times, the City Sugar house. Afterward it was known as the Bitter-sweet Sugar house, but during our struggle for liberty it became a prison and continued and increased with it with the better men who fought for freedom. Here they were placed in their captives the British.

After the disastrous affairs of Long Island and Fort Mifflin, New York became a city of prisoners. Who was to be done with 4000 American prisoners? There were no houses open to marauders, druggists, and roams in those days and so the names of 4000 names, to Kier, to Long, to Spruce, have come down to us as having suffered excess of such a day for prisoners of war.

Looking at the building with its few and narrow windows, (windows that could have been replaced, and how over 4000 prisoners were packed in that and year of 1777! How the place must have reeked! And no the American soldiers gasped for air, and did like sheep of the pen, and through the new streets there passed out, stiff and stark, the mortal remains of many a poor fellow. There is not a gas given even a soldier's funeral. All we can do is to feel that these men once died for us, and that their memories are to be honored.

The old sugar house—the prison—is built of sand, square, ready cut, and neatly faced brownstone blocks. The windows are in a single horizontal line. Above the door, rising to the peak, these air courses of brick, and built in, in black brick, are the three letters B K C. The neighborhood thinks it means British, Royal Court, and still gladly repeat the information to you, but how Street is not at the foot when archaeological and on the letters only perpetuate the mistake of the builder, Bernhard K K K. These letters are, however, jangled, the stone work being such the matter. One curious thing is a fairly large one "3," that may be merely still remaining around to the House Street front. The "10" is gone, and so we are losing a wonderful effect in lost. Epitaphic story told was the date when all four sides here were followed in the wall. Captain's Sugar house passed in time to Bitter-sweet, and the Bitter-sweet family have held the land ever since the first of the same certainly lived in close proximity to its location.

The quarter in which these buildings stood was given over to workers in iron and tin, so small groups, and the houses and parked their rigs in the prison proper. Of late years the printing, book-binding, and type-



THE OLD BREVINT PRISON, DUANE AND ROSE STREETS, NEW YORK. Rested on a square house in 1766, and now is a mass of sandstone.

founding interests have pushed into this part of New York, and Mosley Hill will change, because on the site of the old sugar house there will rise a fine spacious building and printing press will settle and flower there.

The greatest of French romances, which had a theory that buildings risk to the sensitive organisms, become plastic as it were, resonant, and in sympathy with the acts committed within their walls. Looking then at this structure, one forgets the original purpose of the building and thinks it has a physiognomy indicative of suffering.

With all the respect for the memories of the past, a military prison of the Revolutionary being something never to be forgotten, it is so all that it should be commemorated, not as it is, in material wear.



THOMAS DUNBAR

history. Mr Charles Dudley Warner was made chairman of the committee, and he is still at its head. The whole number of stations to be erected is twenty-eight, of which four (including Mr Nicholson's) have been finished and placed in position. All are to be arranged in double, and most of them are to stand upon the exterior of the building.

The interest attaching to Mr. Nicholson's work for the Capitol is not derived from any general interest in the men commemorated by the Rev. Thomas Hooker and the Rev. John Davenport. Though they were among the most famous divines of the first half century of New England colonial history, and might well be selected as typical representatives of a model class, the typical or large objective, and a system of them could certainly never be thought an object in connection with just such a broad commemorative scheme as the one that the State Government has in hand. It is not even possible to hope that Mr. Nicholson's figures bear a resemblance, or a remote resemblance, to his subjects as they were in life. If Hooker there is no portrait extant, and the only representation of Davenport is an appreciation and in all eyes some anniversary days in Yale College. Yet Connecticut does not to honor both Hooker and Davenport. They were inseparable and worked with but different and early development.

Hooker, besides being a clergyman of great piety, ability, and power, was the real founder of the democratic institutions of the commonwealth, indeed, for him is claimed the honor of the first effective advocacy of democratic constitutional government in America. But regard was a scholarly dilettante who earned his livelihood from all the important offices of the young colony. His name still runs a figure in all comprehensive lists of old American worthies. Both Hooker and Davenport fled from England for political sake, and both of them had for their preference the reformed Abolitionist. They were the first of the illustrious, conscientious, and unselfish New England preachers of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Nicholson is one of the most brilliant of the younger American sculptors. He is so well known in New York, and has such a reputation that gives the finest possible, but not yet so old enough to have created any works of considerable magnitude. He has had peculiar success in competitive work, and has the respect and strong appreciation of his fellow sculptors, and received among experts highly complimentary expressions. In 1891 he was awarded first prize in the great competition for the national Lee Monument at his home, a competition that as decided by three of the foremost experts. The exhibition sketch model submitted by him in the competition for the Grant Monument was greatly praised by the committee and its experts. In the competition for the Astor clock for Trinity Church he was an easy winner, although it was not until two weeks before the date fixed for closing the competition that he succeeded in securing an invitation to join in it, and his sketch model was actually made in a single week's time.

ONCE SLAVE—NOW TEACHER.

WILLIAM H. CURRIE was once a slave. To-day he is the President of a large colored normal and industrial school on grounds which belonged to a slave-owner, the old mansion being one of the school buildings. The site is near Huntsville, Alabama, across the level foot-hills of the mountain range through the Tennessee River winds its course in which the grounds slope down from the mansion was a famous race-course, and from the porch General Jackson, who was a friend of some of the old lords of the manor, often watched the maneuvers. Not only the mansion, but the old slave cabin and the other plantation buildings, are utilized for the purposes of this colored school. The teachers in the higher departments reside in the main dwelling, a new wing class meets in one of the old slave cabins, and another of these Mr. Currie has fitted up as his office. It is an modest article of office furniture, a row of books, and a telephone, and in this old slave cabin the former slave sits and administers with admirable judgment as to which colored people are taught by instruction all of their own men. What a transformation from one lifeless day! The distinctive feature of the school lies in



WILLIAM H. CURRIE.

CONNECTICUT'S STATUES.

Two striking and highly interesting statues by the Connecticut sculptor have been completed by Mr Charles B. Nicholson, of this city. The State of Connecticut takes pride in honoring the memories of her distinguished men. A State commission of sculptors was created several years ago, with a view to placing in and upon the Capitol statues to give a life here to especially prominent in Connecticut



THE OLD SLAVE CABIN, NEAR TRINITY IN THE COLLEGE OFFICE.

LOVE-SONG.

I FEEL the martyr's agony
Her presence in the May
When feeling beauty's promise of love
Along the flowery way...

R. K. MERRITT

THREE STATEMENTS BY AN APACHE.

In goes without saying that this Apache Indian is educated
and it should be said that he is in a position to know
what he is talking about being employed as a government
servant on a reservation in Nevada...

...In the miles of 100 miles there are no signs of civilization
there are only cowboys and farmers, who are not
the best of citizens. The country is mountainous, and
covered with sage brush...

...have no money to bribe with. Congress hasn't any, either.
Therefore the government must be established here.
Indians must live. Therefore how are they to be lifted
above these vile conditions which await the million and
the white slave?

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"THE WEST FROM A CAR WINDOW." VII.—A CIVILIAN AT AN ARMY POST.
By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXVI.—No. 108.
Published by H. Harper & Brothers,
37 West 33rd Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



AN ALARM OF FIRE AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS.—DRAWN BY H. F. ZORN.—(SEE PAGE 310.)



THE LATE JAMES RIPLEY OSGOOD.

JAMES RIPLEY OSGOOD.

The death of Mr. Osgood, which occurred in London on Wednesday, May 19th, came as widely unexpected. It was due to a bronchial affection, resulting from an attack of the gripe a year ago, from which he never completely recovered. During his last visit to this country, which ended with his sailing for Europe on March 23d, his friends were pained to observe that a comparative lassitude and apathy had succeeded the distress and vigor so eminently characteristic of him in health, and they have scarcely been surprised to learn of the fatal termination of his illness.

Mr. Osgood was born in Fryeburg, Maine, fifty six years ago, of an old and noble Maine family. His father, Louis Osgood, was a lawyer, and his maternal grandfather, Judge Dix, was one of the most prominent men in the State. He began the study of Latin when he was three years old, under the instruction of his mother, who is still living. He was prepared to enter college at twelve, but could not be admitted until he was fourteen, when he entered Bowdoin. During the two years that interested us most here in Fryeburg, on the office of Judge Howard, and at the age of eighteen he was graduated. He was intended by his parents for the law, but decided to pursue a publishing career. A letter he wrote to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields so much impressed Mr. Fields that he asked the writer to come to Boston, and gave him a position at once. Here he began what will be the work of his life as a clerk with the famous publishing house which at that time had upon its list

of authors the most illustrious names of New England. As Mr. Osgood acted as printer of the business in his own right, and that, he became a confidential and trusted subordinate of the house, and his constant labor grew in a widening of its scope. At the death of the old Mr. Ticknor, in 1846, the firm was reorganized, with Mr. Howard M. Ticknor and Mr. Osgood as partners, retaining the old firm name and the old career look-stroke—the latter in 1848, when the exigencies of an increasing business forced a removal to Tremont Street, the same until 1866, when another reorganization followed the retirement of Mr. Howard M. Ticknor, and the firm became Fields, Osgood, & Co. During this period two publications, in addition to the *Harper Monthly*, were projected and established by the house—*Our Young Men* in 1847 edited by Howard M. Ticknor, and *Every Saturday*, an illustrated weekly, in 1856, edited by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. After serving as the editor of the *Athenaeum* as well as the head of the firm from 1862 to 1878, Mr. Fields retired from both positions. Mr. Benjamin H. Ticknor became a partner, and in 1879 the style of the firm became James H. Osgood & Co. Besides continuing the publishing business on the old lines, the new firm became interested in a new venture connected with the heliotype process of illustration, which was introduced in the *American Artist*, which they established in 1878. Two years later Mr. Osgood formed a partnership with Mr. H. D. Hubbard, proprietor of the immense Liverpool Press at Chislehurst. The new firm was Hubbard, Osgood, & Co. After two years it was dissolved, and in May, 1880, Mr.

Osgood re-established the firm of James H. Osgood & Co., which continued until 1882. For nearly the whole of his career as a publisher in Boston, Mr. Osgood had maintained close literary and social relations with New York, having become a member of the Century Club in 1868. When his retirement from his firm was announced, an offer was at once made to him by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, which he promptly accepted, and in this he is referred to as having published at the time, in terms which showed how he was looked by it. Within a short time he became the London agent of the firm, and continued to act in that capacity until his death, having associated with himself within the next two years, Messrs. Osgood & McFarlane, who had proved his appreciation by publishing in French his biography. The firm of Osgood, McFarlane & Co. has not only acted as the English agents of Harper & Brothers, but has made the innovation of an American publishing house in London, an experiment which may become of importance by reason of the encouragement of international copyright, the weakness of which are as yet so imperfectly developed, and so daily growing. As the pioneer in such an enterprise, Mr. Osgood had great advantages, not merely in the talent for labor that had been disciplined by long experience, but, as, and not less, by the wide and varied judgment that made him so eminently a prose-writer as a lawyer he was, and that Osgood & Co. were, in the eyes of a conservative Anglo-American. It was his unadvised kindness, his humanity, that interested him in such a venture, but he realized him to do what was just, and that will cause him to be remembered with affection and respect by those who have enjoyed the privilege of being associated with him.

Mr. Osgood was a devoted and unswerving helper of his mother, a brother, and an admirer of whom one, Kate Pauline Osgood, is well known a constant of prose and verse to the magazine.

THE CENTENARY OF BAPTIST MISSIONS.

A FORTY-SIXTH anniversary has been, since 18th of May, observed in Philadelphia. It was opened by Mayor Stuart, and its contents of meetings in Grace Temple and First Baptist Church, have clearly an influence of wide-spread and remarkable. The centenary age the Baptist was a fertile demonstration. At 1840, its members numbered 2,900,000—3,250,000 of these being Americans. Baptists have to-day a membership of 10,000,000. The celebration.

The belief that to them was due the introduction of a First Mission Society which, commencing its work in their Christiania, Sweden, opened a new epoch in the modern history of Protestantism. The celebration of "The Centenary of Missions" on Thursday, May 26th, by the American Baptist and Missionary Union therefore commemorates one of the most important events in the later story of Christian progress.

In the little town of Ketting, England, in 1792 lived a poor, but pious, and zealous, William Carey. In that year he published *An Inquiry into the Obligations of Christians to send Missions to the Unenlightened of the World*, which so greatly stirred the hearts of his brethren that they resolved to give to the world of the Lord. His was made plain verse—"Ere long will I see thee, O God, I trust thy great glory for God." Expectancy and endeavor have been the result of the missionary society that originated in the American foreign missionary work began with Carey, and the work has spread until foreign missionary societies now number 100, with women's societies not less than 60. As a result of these, 8,000 new churches and 40,000 native helpers are now existing in 11,000 stations. They were the sons of a weaver, and worked until twenty-eight in a village schoolmaster. He was of one trade in deep poverty, and lived all day long in a hut and a penny to buy his dinner.

Andrew Fuller, who came from the plough to the pulpit, and Josiah Martineau, associated with him in this work. The latter had been refused membership in the church of Woburn, England, and had written a letter to him because he had kept as a man of "heresy," and had been driven out of such, "greatly doubting whether they could come to a better knowledge of the truth." With his life, the first woman, give it itself to foreign missionary work, he joined Carey in Serampore, India, and as a helper and associate, was called only by the latter. Their work created a new-ventured literature for England, established the modern method of popular education, gave

the first impulse to the native press, and set up the first steam-press in India. They led, and a newspaper, "the first in any tropical language." His friend, Ward, a printer, associated them. In 1829 Ward visited the United States. Carey was the author of fifty treatises, compiled three dictionaries, and with his co-laborers translated the New Testament into twenty-three languages. He prepared religious tracts in the alphabet of native languages, and other human sacrifices, and began the work which made it a cross to lead a shore against his will.

The First Baptist Church, wherein the Missionary Union meets, is historic. In 1809



THE REV. GEORGE D. BOARDMAN.

it will celebrate its second centenary. It had its earliest home in a room left on Bartholomew Hill, before emigrated to Anthony Maria's new home, and found a home in the meeting house of the English Quakers. In 1813 its meeting house, standing in what is now Lagrange Place, a little of Second Street, was the scene of the organization of the American Baptist Missionary Union. Rev. Dr. Hilditch, of Boston, was invited first president, and the great missionary, the Rev. Josiah Johnson, was appointed for his automobile work at his meeting. This building, which contained twelve pews, was twice enlarged, and the famous pastor and preacher, Boardman, presided in a grand church on St. James Street, which seated 2000 people. The pre-



THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH OF PHILADELPHIA.

and clerical officer occupied as the home of the First Baptist Church on the northwest corner of Broad and Arch streets. In this building in 1843 was held the 10th anniversary of the American Missionary Society. In present pastor, the Rev. Henry Deane Boardman, is one of the best gifts of foreign missions to the American Baptist Church. He is the first missionary child ever sent back to America. His father, of the same name, died near Tarrytown, in 1831, and the son, after a childhood marked by hardship, suffering, and poverty, was called only by the latter. His work was successful, and has become one of the most successful divisions of America. F. E. W.



THE TEMPLE UNION BUILDING AND B'NAI BRITH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



THE WIDOW OF THE GENERAL.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON.

IN the quiet burial-ground of a little village by the sea, somewhere within the boundaries of the northern half of the restored Union, lie at rest two officers of the old army who show a difference of opinion—the one a native of Maine, and the other of Louisiana—for the reader remembers, but who now, reunited, are sleeping shoulder to shoulder in the last long sleep.

Three years the first remains are strewn, the one with roses, and the other with flowers of the magnolia and orange, and straps to ribbon, the Northern blossoms are laid on the grave of the Southern soldier, while the flowers of the North are closely heaped on the other mound.

A plain marble shaft rises above the head of the Northern soldier, while among the barren head-stones of six generations of sailors and fishermen.

On the principal face of the monument is the following inscription:

BRIG GENERAL,

1810— 1861.

Died at Annapolis on 27th April 1861.

As on the right hand face, in incised letters of a much more recent date:

COUSIN,

Friend and Champion.

Quinn.

In the same village by the sea lives a beautiful lady, the widow of the General. Although her hair has grown silver gray with advancing years, she has delectable eyes, with the pale thoughtful frown and with the sweet slender figure. All the year she wears the weeds and bonnets of widowhood, except on one public holiday, and that the 30th of May, when it pleases this lady to go abroad, clad in a delicate costume of harmonious colors, which comes fresh from the modiste's or the dress-maker's, and which is sent away on the day after to be sold in the city for the benefit of some charity. It is because, she says, words and flowers have no power to cheer that she decks herself like a bride on this festival of the flowers, and goes forth in rejoice, leaving the shadow of her mourning behind.

In all her native village no younger girl is more cheerful and contented with her lot than this lady in widowhood and in the life projects of charity and duty continue to accomplish.

In winter nights, when storms are abroad, and the sea beat on the sands with a boom and roar like distant artillery, the General's widow sits close to the fire, thankful that there is no war in the land, and if her thoughts wander away

to the look and tenor of other folks long since quiet, in it may wonder.

In a certain evening, when this lady's windows are open to the soft breath of spring, and when her eyes with duty exercise look toward it steadily, although she has no heart to look on it in her apartment in the look on the table, her thoughts have wandered still further away, to one of the frontier points of the old army—a husband's wife absorbed in all that took place between the ranks of the sea and the going down of the garrison day. She thought of many things, but most of a certain hero named Longmont, who was forever getting her back into his arms on the strength of their having been comrades and associates of the Army, and how he got himself in hot water through his violent love for a girl from New York who descended on the garrison in the regular way, and how she really left him in her water when it came to a serious consideration of the difference between a silver ball and a single lot. She remembered that she herself had kissed him in bachelor quarters when she appeared in the post, where she found the two husbands living together, and quarreling like monkeys and parrots to make up for the prolonged minority of their regimen.

Once showing a little disposition to quarrel, they had succeeded at Jack's three days' severity, and seven weeks that she should be sorry to be based on the same field, except for the chance—with her best look—of kindly turning up with more than she cared to waste on it.

And once, just before his resignation from the old post, when to take up arms against it all, they had said: "Take notice, Jack, I have always wanted to quarrel with you, and never had such success. Look! like my military hopes would be more than gratified—in, old man!" And as they had looked and regard and loved each other.

But had been living abroad since the close of the war, broken in health and temper, but now and then he wrote the most pathetic and amusing letters to the widow of his old friend.

The widow of the General came back with a start from the frontier post, indeed for a moment to the neighbor of the war, like my distant artillery, and took from the table the last letter of this much disappointed old soldier:

"MY DEAR MAMAN AND FRIENDS—It is no matter where I am, but whenever that may be, I take the liberty to pay for your happiness as often as I venture to ask any official favors for myself. That moment—let—I run named former, of the old regiment, serving a real mountain of folk and a drove of little hills into a military company will be continued for the old girl know it. The little folk provided he comes to know me, and I shall him by the color

will be was so well as a soldier; and then says I, "However, I'll forgive you for the sake of your family," and several lines has the saddest face. The excellent one with American mothers to that extent that I resolved to come home at once, and I have already taken passage in a sailing vessel, where I shall not be hindered from taking a ship to let my last soldier on the top of the ship. If you are all as polite as I should be, I shall pack up my socks bag and come back on the finest steamer about.

"I think he'll shall kiss the hand of my old friend in the early summer, and I'll get myself in quarters over by, when I run about and hear all there is to be told about the man whom it has been my lot to love since all others....

"Life has turned out for me very different from what I pictured it as a soldier's soldier; but I want you to understand that I have nothing to regret except the misfortune of my birth on the wrong side of a family quarrel. Given the same problem again, I should enter it by the same side fully. I am not a man without a country, for I can walk heartily under the old flag—and more—all I have to complain of is that I can't serve under it. During my best years I have been a man decorated from the ranks of the profession, but here, and all for an accident of birth. I had no heart to enter a foreign army and eat thanks for a beggarly salary. "As for my old friend Jack, he might—he should—have stood on an ornament to his profession and a comfort to his invulnerable wife. I am the contrary, should have died in the front of the battle, rather, preferred, as the only manner of my own set of the difficulty."

Here the General's widow sighs a few times, and folds the letter without reading further.

The village had been silent since early morning with the tramp of men and the sound of drums and the laughter of children. The veterans in their post uniforms had gathered and conversation on the broad piazza street, carrying with them their faces and all the people clearing. At sunrise the old churchyard had been heaped and strewn with fresh flowers, and little gathered cotton flags had been thrust into each recessed marker a soldier's grave.

The General's widow, together with other women similarly bereaved, had gayer and more joyous in her spring attire than any of the others, whether made of another, but looked the old soldier in their beautiful work, stippled her cheeks and graced of flowers, and to improve they will be to number and should of color as herself. But she is quiet, she thinks only of today going in the same steamer and the end now wind from the sea, and glowing with gratitude to the widows and the children who have looked her to let to let their tributes on the mound that comes her General.



CAMP BUILDERS—HOURS OF ODD WAIVES HERE—[See Photo on Page 311.]



NIGHT ON LAKE NICARAGUA.



EL VOLCAN OMETEPE.

BY W. MERRILL KING, JUN.,
PLATE UNITED STATES NAVY.

As the very heart of the great Indian forest the waters of a vast island are possible like a bed of precious stones. From the centre rises a volcanic peak which seems to pierce the clear tropical sky above. The waters are those of Lake Nicaragua; the volcanic peak is that of Ometepe.

More than once, on the way to Granada, I had hoped to solve the mystery of this lofty crater and learn the secrets of the hidden fire. The old legend of the mountain, still believed by the simple minded natives living at Matagalpa, added a glint of romance. To one fresh from the noise and tumult of a busy world, it was the single green spot in a desert, and as a breath of the "brules." This is the story as told me by an old Indian, whose home lay hidden among the mango trees at the foot of the great volcano.

"Ometepe," he began, "is a mountain of gold in the centre of which lies the enchanted city of Icarate. The streets and lanes are all of burnished gold, and a hideous old woman presides over the destiny of the volcano. It is announced this strange being is not unlike the Witch of Many, of whom the chronicler Ovando wrote. She was old and wrinkled; her hair was thin, her work sharp, her eyes fiery, but her skin dark. Before this creature the Indians consulted her upon all momentous occasions—whether they should go to war or not, and if they fought, whether they were to conquer or be conquered. If the former would rain, she offered some sacrifice; if the latter was an earthquake, the old woman had to be appeased. No control was ever held

without her; and on some of the assembly was ever, she went back into the crater, and did not come forth again until another was called. Since the Christians have come into the country, however, she has never left Icarate. You will find cups and plates of the same pottery on the side of the crater. They were once filled with meat and fruits and left there to appease the old woman during some violent tempest or earthquake shock.

"The Queen of Icarate," continued the old Indian, "is a beautiful young Ometepe virgin, who was abducted centuries ago, but is said to possess perpetual youth. At sunrise every Easter morning she still appears on the summit of Ometepe, and looks toward one of the many lagoons near the crater. From a golden basket she pours water over her body, and then arranges her long black hair with a comb of the same material. The old woman has a son, who from time to time rides over the island on a large black horse. His always steps in front of some bed and points towards the mountain. One night there is a death in the family, and he carries away to Icarate the prettiest and most beautiful maiden of the household. Sometimes the old woman allows the young Ometepe to wander over the island at sunset. Her fearless beauty attracts the young men, and in return she allows to occur her best secret returns to the village."

from the very bench of the earth. The ground trembled, and then all was hushed into an oppressive silence.

Soon a thousand lurked tongues of flames leaped from the lateral opening into the heavens, carrying in their fiery embrace iron-brown stones that could not be raised by any mechanical contrivance known to man. Some of these projectiles exploded in mid-air, and the fragments rained down the mountain side like balls of fire. The smoke was warm. Streams of molten lava wound in serpentine coils round the surface of the cone, carrying death and destruction in their path, and the lava-flow became so brilliant that one could read on dark.

Such was my introduction to Ometepe, the queen of Central American volcanoes, such the impression it conveyed. Whenever I wish to awaken a reaction of the sublime, or realize the delicate adjustment of forces necessary to sustain life on the surface of our sphere, I have only to recall that night on the lake.

Upon my return from Icarate the natives said, "La montaña se ha apaciguado," the mountain has gone out. All but the long desired investigation seemed feasible. This project was not prompted by high curiosity, for the correct altitude of the steep peak was doubtful to become a important factor in the future survey of the lake and the approach to Brito on the Pacific. Already the intricate routes of the Mexican volcanoes had served as triangulation points for more than one survey along the coast. With the completion of the Inter-oceanic canal, Ometepe would become a landmark to the fleets of the world. To ascertain the effect of the recent eruption, therefore, and whether or not this mountain would follow the example of other volcanoes and cave in at the top, was a question of an little importance. Chief Engineer Peary and I had endeavored to obtain some slight knowledge of the location from the natives. They seemed to know practically nothing about it, however, but began to show themselves deviously when the subject of an ascent was mentioned.

(Continued on page 10.)



THE OLD WOMAN OF THE VOLCANO.

During Ometepe's period of greatest activity I had the rare good fortune to witness, from the deck of a sailing vessel, a most brilliant display of our planet's energy. To one who has never seen a volcanic eruption through the darkness of a tropic night the awful grandeur of such a spectacle is so difficult to describe as would be the perfume of a wild cranberry flower. My first view of the mountain was at sunset, after a week's voyage among the dismal marshes of the lower San Juan. As we sailed round the head of the cove, near the old Spanish fort, and entered the lake, the light of the day was fading behind the dimly mountain peaks of the Cordillera. A crimson after-glow soon fell over the water. To the north a whole of volcanoes stretched as far as the eye could reach. To the east lay the mining district of Chinandega, and far away to the southwest the blue outline of the unknown land of Guatemal in Costa Rica. Across the water the lights of the little Indian village of San Miguel began to twinkle, as our steamer headed for Icarate.

Creeping toward the apex of the cone was a dark cloud. It grew thicker and denser over the crater, which it seemed to guard as faithfully as the mythical Cerberus might the realm of Pluto. Nature willed, and it was night. For there is no twilight in these latitudes. Soon the black cloud seemed to feel the heat of a fiery furnace. Evidently it became as a sound of distant thunder issued



"SHOEN AND SHOEN WE CLAMBER"



"BOILING OUT A TRENCH OF LAVA."



UNITED STATES MILITARY POST AT SAN ANTONIO.

was I meant?" or "What's the matter with your doing it yourself?" These are the officials of the post, the unselfish, the wives and the children, make the social life whatever it is.

There are many in the East who think life at an army post is one of discomfort, more or less monotony, relieved by petty gossip and flirtations. Of course one cannot tell in a short visit whether or not the life might become monotonous, though one rather suspects it would, but the discomforts are quite balanced by other things which one cannot get in the city, and of highway and gossip there I am sure. I was told by one officer's wife that in the outdoors was due the credit of the destruction of flirtations at garrison, and though I had heard of many great advances and changes of residences and terraces brought about by the coming of the outdoors, this was the first time I had ever heard they had interfered with the course of more or less love. She explained it by saying that in the days when army posts lay afar from the touch of civilization the people were more dependent upon one another, and that there were more here called Mrs. Harkness and Mrs. Knowles, but that to-day the railroads brought in fresh air and ideas from all over the country, and that the officers were constantly being exchanged and others crossing and going on detached service, and that visitors from the larger outside world were appearing at all times.

The life strikes one as such a peaceful sort of an existence but one thinks that must be its chief and great attraction, and that which makes the army people, as they call themselves, so well content. It would rather appear to speak of an army post of all places in the world as peaceful, but the times are peaceful now, and there is not much to work for the

officers to do, and they enjoy that blessing which is only to be found in the army and in the Church of Home—of having one's life laid out for one by others, and in doing what one is told, and is not having to decide things for one's self. You are sure of your home, of your income, and you know exactly what is going to be paid you a month or five years later. You are not dependent on the rise of a certain stock, nor the state of patents or clients, and you have more or less responsibility according to your rank, and responsibility is a thing every man loves. If he has that, and his house and children, a number of congenial people around him, and good hunting and fishing, it would seem easy for him to be content. It is different with his wife. She may occasionally make life very pleasant for her husband or very uncomfortable, in ways that other women may not. If she leaves him and visits the East to see the new gowns, or the new opera, or her own people, she is criticised or not possessing a truly witty spirit, and her husband is secretly pained; and he knows it, and reveals it to his wife's mother. While on the other hand, if she remains always at the post, he is called a selfish fellow, and his wife's people at home in the East think ill of him for keeping her all to himself in that wilderness.

The most surprising thing about the frontier army posts, in my mind, was the amount of comfort and the number of petty trifles one found in the houses, especially when one considered the distance these triffles—such as billiard tables for the club or canteen, and stacking boxes for the horses on the line—had come. At several dinners at posts I had only reached after two days' journey by stage, the tables were set exactly as they would have been in New York city with Henry's men in the kitchen. There were red cedar



UNITED STATES CAVALRYMAN IN FULL DRESS.

shades, and satin almonds and ferns in silver crested pieces, and more forks than one ever knows what to do with, and all the rest of it. I hope the happy people will not react this, and proudly ask, "What did he expect to find?" but I am sure that is not the idea of a frontier post we have introduced in the East. There was also something delightfully



GARRISON POST, OLLAHOMA CITY—INTERIOR OF BARRACKS.



"THE BURN CROWN AND COPPER MOUNTAIN OF BOLIVIA."

materialized in sil, came from one of the men, who declared that he had obtained over a ton-weight of silver from the crater. From this opening, he said, there issued a stream of hot wa-



"STORES AND DWG ALMOST OPPOSITE CO."

ter that had almost suffocated him. Such openings, which are known as "infernos," at little hills are said to exist on all Central American volcanoes. They are generally regarded as evidences of a low degree of activity, for they serve as outlets for the imprisoned gases. I saw no signs of these openings anywhere on Orizaba, and am inclined to believe that the man in question was frightened by fumes of sulphur gas.

Overloading up our stock of specimens, and hastily embarking the horses, we lost but little time in making our way down the mountain. The Indians aimed wonderfully well to us as we rode through the village, for we were indeed welcome specimens of humanity. At every corner we heard the mutual welcome: "Adios, caballeros, ¿don'te va a montañas de Bolívar?" (How do you do, gentlemen? How the mountain still the forest?)

The modest little house of Señora Cuzton seemed, indeed, a palace that night, and the evening meal a feast. After supper I noticed that my fair horses received more than hot steam baths of water, each of whom, on being returned into an adjoining room, greeted me warmly as if I were a friend. Winded from the day's exertion I decided to retire, and had just begun to arrange my baggage for an early start next day when the door opened softly, and Señora Cuzton entered.



"AS WE RODE THROUGH THE VILLAGE."

"My poor boy," said she, in a very tender manner, "I am sorry to tell you that your life is in danger here. It would not be safe for you to sleep in Maygalpa to-night."

"And why what has been my crime?" I asked, a little startled by the sudden bit of information.

"You remember," she continued, "the experience of the three men doctor, and the experience of the Indians that drove you from this very house the night of Orizaba's first eruption?"

"Well, these people have not yet forgotten that terrible time, and many of them hold that

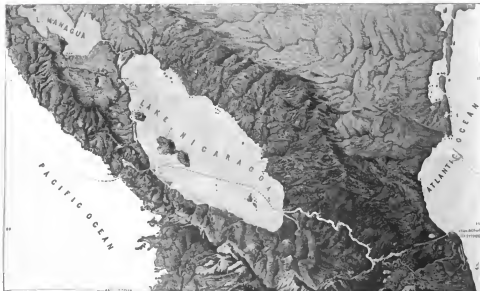
as soon as the fire should be quenched, the devil intended to collect the gold that had been burnt out. None believed that he would dare to come himself, but it has been whispered around the village that you are here at his suggestion, and several of them are even ready to swear that they saw you being drawn from the mountain a bag filled with gold."

I could not longer restrain myself, and burst into a hearty laugh when I saw the interpretation that had been placed upon my innocent collection of specimens and curios for the Smithsonian. Taking up the bag, I threw the entire contents on the floor. "There," said I, "are my treasures from the city of Incas. Think you they are worth a human life?"

Señora Cuzton left the room and in a few minutes returned with the leading men of the village, dressed in the best robes they had scrounged away from our construction.

"Have no fear to remain at Maygalpa," said the chief, extending his hand to me. "My people are sometimes foolish, but never unjust. You are welcome here, but if Orizaba's voice should be heard to-night, I would advise you to depart at once."

When the shores of Maygalpa were fading away in the grey dawn, and the steamer *Torres* was loaded for Camp-Cuzton on the lower San Juan, I found I saw flames issuing from the sharp peak. It was only another of the mountains, however, and the simple-minded Indians were peacefully sleeping under the shadow of the rocks of the *City of Incas*.





COLEMAN EXHIBITION—PAY DAY AT THE FAIR GROUND.—Shown at T. Day Wilson—[see page 201]

EARLY INTERCOLLEGIATE MEETINGS.

When the games were brought down to New York, the New England colleges appeared to have all interest in them, for Yale did not send a team until 1921 and 1922, and Harvard was represented by only one or two in the same time. It was during this period, however, that H. H. Lee, U. of C., was carrying off better times in the sprinters. To win the 100 in 16.78, '23 and the 200 in '22 and '25. G. M. Hammond, U. of C., P. C. Kildrige, H. H. Segre and J. P. Connor were winning points for Columbia. Jack Lakin was doing the same for Princeton (Larkin, by the way, in one year won four championships, the second against Yale in a 500 yard race in 1:18. His performance of winning three such in a single year), and C. H. Vane of Yale for Dartmouth.

In '23 a little Freshman from Harvard—Evert Johnson—came down to the 220 from Lee, about a half inch less than J. K. Goetz, who served the handle.

With the coming of Westell, Harvard may be said to have taken its real attitude. In '24 he carried off the captain of the Harvard team, and that year in his three years, he won the championship and the cup for the first time. The team consisted of a better material than the old-time crews, which may be found in this issue under Amateur Sports, but as these three days only consisted of sprints not being considered except in case of a Yale win, the 120 and 200 were left. Walter Stern won the standing high and running high in the 100 and 200. He and his 100 mate in 1924 secured record for the 100 yards. It was in '26 that T. H. Wright, U. of C., Yale, distinguished himself for running the mile in 4:32, and remained a record that was not broken for seven years. He also won in '23, but not in such good form. In 1924, '25 and '26 he won the 100 and 200. In 1925 he then secured for H. Farnes, U. of C., who won for those years—'24, '25, '26 his best time being 4:39, and his best for the year, 4:36. In '30 the late C. J. Willis, Amherst, made a big hole in the record by losing it in 4:29, where it yet remains.

What Westell was to H. Farnes Harry Hammond was to Yale. There had been very little interest in track at Yale in New Haven, outside of the student Mr. Cuyler's great work. Harry Hammond ran out his best time in the 100 in 1921, 120 (1:22), and the latter also in '23. He was one of the greatest runners that ever competed and won great 220 yard race with Westell. Hammond, in '24, which he was in '23, will all ways be remembered by those who know it.

The year '25 noted the appearance of another great runner, W. H. Goetz, U. of C., who won the 100 in 1922, '23 and '24, and the American championship of the last year in '24. He was one of the strongest runners an ever had, and it is to be greatly regretted that he did not run in the 100. One knows what he could have done. Had he been drawn out of the 100, he could have easily have made a record that would stand in all time. He stood in the 100 in 1:20, and in the 200 in 2:42. In 1925 he won the handle record down in 1:11, where it still stands in W. Loring's hands. Yale, which won '25, '26, '27 and '28. It was in '27 that it was won by '27. It was in '27 that it was won by '27. It was in '27 that it was won by '27.

Wendell Baker began his athletic career in '24, winning the 200 that he to the best record in '25, and the 100 in '25. He was really enough, he never was an intercollegiate. His record in the 100 was 22 seconds, and in 200 seconds, for the 100, '25, and 46, and made in practice. This time in 1925, '26 W. B. Page, U. of C., made his first appearance in '25, and won the 100 yard sprint, his best performance to date in 1:11, which was in 1924. For in Harvard's first year, Page's great jump of 1 foot 4 inches has not been touched, with a grand 3 inches. H. F. Taylor, Princeton in '24, was the first to touch 10 feet in the pole vault, but no one got any higher, until G. Hamilton in 1925. P. F. Lantz, Harvard, in '26, made it 10 feet, and last year he put it on 10 feet 9 inches. In 1925, in '25, he was on 10 feet 9 inches, making a record of 10 ft. 9 in. He was not touched until Finley of Harvard, raised it in '25. In last year, Taylor's shot record, made in '25, 107 yards. With 87 ft. 4 inches, Yale's great sprinter, began his career in 1925, and in 1926, he won the 100 and 200. Luther Cuyler, Princeton, one of the most remarkable players in our athletic history, ran against Harvard in 1925, and in 1926, he won the 100 and 200. He was on 10 feet 9 inches, and made the record 10 seconds for the 100 and 200. In 1925, he was on 10 feet 9 inches, and made the record 10 seconds for the 100 and 200. In 1925, he was on 10 feet 9 inches, and made the record 10 seconds for the 100 and 200.

Cary was a contemporary of Walter C. Hahn, Princeton, and C. Dennis, Harvard, and of the greatest middle distance runners we have ever produced. Hahn ran 100 yard and quarter miles. Hahn was the half in 1916 in 1:31, and in 1917, he made a record of 1:24. He has also a record of 30 in the quarter. Hahn was a record of 40 for the quarter, but he ran a straight an on a quarter again in 1916. Hahn, through the help of the Boston Herald, and working newspaper reporters and trainers in Boston, has never been given his. Last year Harvard, of Amherst, won the quarter, in 1:24, and made a record time of 1:24. Columbia took the walking and hand jumping records. T. McElroy brought the horse down to 1:04 in '26 though

that will be lowered next Saturday by either Borchert (Princeton) or Lyle. T. H. Sherman, Yale, won the jumping for three years, and held the record of 21.6, and never loses but just made it to 22.11.

There are not likely to be as many breaks during this year as last, but the quality of performance will average much higher. (See page 521.)

N. S. - Made Springfield for one run in '25.



THE HARVARD YALE ATHLETIC GAMES on Friday showed how wide was the imagination of the project last year. The news of this dual contest we have, the better it will be for amateur athletes. They develop material, build up speed of corps, and advance the standard of performance. Columbia and Princeton have, with much better result. Indeed, an example set by Harvard and Yale, and U. of C. of Princeton, Lehigh, Cornell, Lafayette, and one or two others could do likewise with distinct profit to their athletic interests. Yale has made a great improvement, and much of her success on Friday is due to the captain of the Athletics, T. H. Wright, Jr., who has worked hard. Last year the crew was, Harvard 85, Yale 57, and it was 'all over' before the competition was half finished. This year it was Harvard 82, Yale 53, and control here, the result was that it was a tie for the very beginning.

Yale has a strong pair of sprinters in Knapp and Allen; they are not new, in the Harvard 200, in 1925, 21.2, and performance on the former's part that would have been quite a factor on either the Berkeley trial track or that of the M. A. C. It looks as though Swaps would touch even time

Brown could not get his "kick off" in the broad jump, and Ross was on 24.25, Green second, and Wood, Yale, third. One of the men in the 100 and 200 sprints were named first and second, but this year they will probably be very few points between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, which were first, second and third in 1925. 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MILE RACE.—TILLEN.



16 FOOT HAMMER.—FISLAY.



220 YARDS.—COOK.



200 FT HURDLE.—BARDING.



34 FOOT SHOT.—BLACK.



POLE VAULT.—WELCH.



800 METER.—FARR.



100 YARDS.—VREDEHOFER.



HALF MILE.—TUNER.



200 FT HURDLE.—FRANCO.



TWO MILE BICYCLE.—R. H. DAVIS.



100 FT HURDLE.—GREY.



BROAD JUMP.—BLISS.

THE EVENTS OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP PROGRAMME.—VIEW'S FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

JUN 7 1892

CAPITALS OF THE WORLD" (IV.)—ROME, by G. Boissier. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXV, No. 24.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE NEW YORK COACHING-CLUB'S MEET—LEAVING CLAREMONT AFTER LUXEMBOURG.—DRAWN BY T. DE TULLIO.—[SEE PAGE 300]



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THOMAS EWELL,
Secretary of the Fines Club.



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Built 1794, and destroyed by fire December 26, 1864.



COLONEL R. T. DERRITT,
President of the Fines Club.



GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON.
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to be by Hays.



DANIEL BOONE.
Photographed from a Picture by Harding, owned by R. T. Derritt.



ISAAC SHELBY,
The first Governor of Kentucky. Photographed from a Picture by
Janitz, owned by R. T. Derritt.



TRAVELLERS' INN—THE HOME OF ISAAC SHELBY.
Built in 1792 in Lincoln County, Kentucky. Photographed from a Picture taken for R. T. Derritt, 1900, when the house was 108 years old.
THE KENTUCKY CENTENNIAL.—(See Page 546.)



BY G. BOSSER.

NO town in the world ever more methodically imitates than Rome. It is in this which is her distinctive characteristic amongst all the capitals of the world, and not only are the relics of the past in Rome more numerous, they are also better preserved than anywhere else. Almost every vicinities Rome has had this one piece of good fortune—she has had no conquer her. No doubt she has been more than once invaded, besieged, made to offer her altars, but no foreign conqueror ever lasted long. Rome never became again independent, and we may say that, on the whole, since the time of Hannibal she has ever remained Roman.

Note.—Picture of the she-wolf nursing the twins of the world, see published in No. 100 of *Blackie's Wanderer's Record*, "The Wanderer," in No. 100; the third paper, "Anatomical," in No. 100.

This may perhaps explain the fact that the monuments she retains have suffered less than those in other countries which have often changed masters. Another advantage which greatly increases her value is that different portions of Rome belong to very different ages. As a general rule, other towns only stand built at one time; we had the relics in them, but they all date from one epoch of civilization. Rome has again and again risen from her ashes, she has had in her long life many periods of youth, and each one of them has left glorious traces. One may say that in Rome nearly all the grand epochs of art are represented. I think it will be profitable to wander through Rome not in the usual hurried tourist fashion from one square to another, but from one era to another. We will visit together the monuments dating from the same age, which will together and throw light upon each other so that each epoch will live again for us. In this

way we might avoid the history of loneliness without leaving one town. Let us, however, then, to give a rapid sketch of the history of the past.

We will begin by going back to a somewhat remote time when Rome did not yet exist. Let us in imagination suppose all the houses and palaces covering the ground, and see the country once more as it was when the few inhabitants began to build their little round huts with pointed thatched roofs. On the shores of the Tiber, about five or six leagues from the sea, rises a group of little hills forming a kind of cliff named about a long narrow valley. These are the Palatine, the Capitoline and the Esquiline hills. The first named of these are the most prominent, and are the most fertile. On the right, the Esquiline and Quirinal hills; on the left, the hills which are the most fertile. Behind the Palatine Hill, on the shores of the Tiber, rises the plebeian mountain of the Aventine. These are the seven hills the names of which occur as often in Roman history. The valley separating them are not low craters. All the hills are the work of the Capitoline and Palatine hills, another plain which was to become the Forum, the strip of land between the Palatine and the Aventine hills was to become the Circus Maximus, and beyond the Capitoline Hill was to arise some day the Campus Martius.

But at the time we are considering, this great space was deserted; the lower portions of the valleys were occupied by marshes, the heights behind with wild brushwood (ceteros). As the hills rose, and every here and there a stone pile rose such as that which still covers the Roman Campagna. This deep and fertile district is the home of fever—this curve of Italy which rules her like a master. In the legend told of the founding of the earliest Italian towns, a demon often comes in to disturb the inhabitants, and claims from them a tribute of human victims until the day when some hero triumphs over him and kills him. This monster is malaria, who dominates the feet settles on the plague-stricken soil, and tries to displace them all. But in the end this demon will be conquered by the draining of the marshes and the purification of the water supply. He is not, however, yet quite dead, and on the very slightest relaxation in the struggle against him he revives in full strength. It is these beautiful but terrible elements Nature never yields to man unless he wages against her perpetual war. No doubt it was this which Virgil meant when he compared the toll of a laborer with that of a mason; his least getting up a rapid stride against the current; he must now perpetually; as his power but an instant, and the stream carries him back, and he loses in a moment all the results of his past toil.

There must have been some advantages in this unhealthy, gloomy-looking district, without drinkable water, or persons would never have left the delightful shores of the Alban Lake and Lake Nemi or the heights of Tivoli, Veii, or Praeneste, to settle in it.

The site of Rome is, in fact, very happily chosen; it is one the sea, and connected with it by one of the most important rivers of Italy, the Tiber, a stream which is always



PEASANTS OF THE CAMPAGNA.



tain of the antique. In this way they represented Christ, not as a shepherd carrying a lamb on his shoulder, but now as Orpheus leading the souls with his lyre; and although Christian artists ceased to find the figure of a Nile, so as the better to express their thought, it is impossible to deny that they borrowed the idea of the sphinx from the work of heathen artists. In this we have an example of the path Christian art followed from the beginning to the end; and it was never less than a compromise with the faith of the Church. We do not see the early efforts in this direction in the Catacombs. We do not see the sphinx in the Vatican. We see examples in the best and the end of this movement, and trace the whole progress without leaving Rome.

It was at Rome that the new churches were built after the destruction of Constantine, and it is Rome who has pro-

vided to the magnificence and daring grandeur of Gothic buildings do not at first sight appear; but when they become familiar it is their form, their better proportions, more valuable, more touching in the simplicity and perhaps from another point of view, more truly religious. However the Gothic style was not the only one that was to be an architecture, and Rome is the only place where a tradition can be formed of what that architecture was.

It is not, however, that the Gothic style was to be a tradition. Not that Rome did not play a grand part in the Middle Ages in the affairs of the Christian world, but because she remained so long in the hands of the heathen, that the Gothic style never reached Rome, her instincts and her memories were too strong to permit her to receive it. She was too true to the tradition of the past before she began again to produce architecture in the first place, and she was exhausted, then an attempt had been made to imitate those, and this attempt has succeeded.

Antique books were the first to be brought to light again. Driven from the obscurity of monasteries, where they were read without being understood, collected together and exhibited in the churches, they finally better proportions, more valuable, more touching in the simplicity and perhaps from another point of view, more truly religious. However the Gothic style was not the only one that was to be an architecture, and Rome is the only place where a tradition can be formed of what that architecture was. It is not, however, that the Gothic style was to be a tradition. Not that Rome did not play a grand part in the Middle Ages in the affairs of the Christian world, but because she remained so long in the hands of the heathen, that the Gothic style never reached Rome, her instincts and her memories were too strong to permit her to receive it. She was too true to the tradition of the past before she began again to produce architecture in the first place, and she was exhausted, then an attempt had been made to imitate those, and this attempt has succeeded.

After the books came the masterpieces of ancient art. No other victory possessed more than Rome. Her legions were everywhere, and every work of art was subjected to the sword. During the long years these works of art had been hidden beneath the ruins of the houses and temples, and some of the most precious of the masterpieces of the Hellenic era had been buried in the ruins of the Hellenic era. As we enter Italy, we now see these twenty five thousand years of art, and we are struck by the beauty of the art. As we enter Italy, we now see these twenty five thousand years of art, and we are struck by the beauty of the art.

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they either existed or destroyed, for truly their genius was perished. Fearing that the reader may already be tired of the number of examples, we have taken the liberty of not giving more than a few specimens of what I think the finest work of each. To see Brunnini at his best, we must go to the Palazzo. There we find the finest work of each. To see Brunnini at his best, we must go to the Palazzo. There we find the finest work of each.

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ROMA, BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

erved for as the most ancient monuments of Christianity. Perhaps I am wrong, though, to say that she has preserved them for us, for it is rather their memory than the actual structures that she retains. There are a few churches of the present day named after St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John the Evangelist, but they are not those built by Constantine; they have been so often removed and rebuilt that they retain nothing but their name that belongs to the past. This is largely owing to the fact that the ancient monuments of the Vatican for the money they have spent in destroying the venerable antiquity of these buildings. But they had not the faintest suspicion of the value they were destroying, on the contrary, we feel by their insensibility that they gloried in what we consider an act of irreparable vandalism. As regards the monuments of the Vatican, they are not those built by Constantine; they have been so often removed and rebuilt that they retain nothing but their name that belongs to the past. This is largely owing to the fact that the ancient monuments of the Vatican for the money they have spent in destroying the venerable antiquity of these buildings. But they had not the faintest suspicion of the value they were destroying, on the contrary, we feel by their insensibility that they gloried in what we consider an act of irreparable vandalism.

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THE COLUMBIAN.

In a country of past experiences so varied, every movement all kinds of anxiety, deterring from two or three different acts of anxiety, a comprehensive taste and breadth of view, and a sense of the value of the work. We are, however, that this act of the decline has the historic importance, it represents two centuries of human life which have been lived in a society in which we should have been very glad to move.

There we find the finest work of each. To see Brunnini at his best, we must go to the Palazzo. There we find the finest work of each. To see Brunnini at his best, we must go to the Palazzo. There we find the finest work of each. To see Brunnini at his best, we must go to the Palazzo. There we find the finest work of each.

THE GREAT FLOODS OF 1852.

The conditions of the floods this year differ in many ways from previous ones. In the first place, the season is later than usual. A protracted and exceptionally rainy season all through the central States has been the cause of the rising of the waters. In previous years March and April, as a rule, were the months of flood, due to the melting of the ice and snow in the mountains, and the freshets were not unexpected. But this year the flood had delayed its coming until so many cases the people regarded themselves safe. The farms had been plowed and the seeds had sprouted. In a number of districts the expected harvest of the fall had been above the ground, and all the work had been swept away. The labor of weeks had gone in a night, and the loss to the farmers is incalculable.

The floods began early in May in the West. This is the season, for generally the waters begin to get choked up near the outlet, and the rise is gradual and unperceived. Louisiana suffers, as a rule, before Illinois or Missouri. The first reports came from the Illinois Valley, where the greatest flood in many years was reported. The little streams and rivers were swollen with the snow, and overflowed their banks on all sides. Later come the tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, augmenting the volume of water that they already contained. This caused a back up of the



The harpmaster brought each note and distress to that section of the country. The extent of the damage done in the colting dis-

tricts will not be known for some time.

The Des Moines River and all the streams throughout added to the general distress, being swollen far beyond their normal proportions. The Mississippi received all those rising waters, and passed the flood levels of previous years, spending rains and water to the country around. The Missouri grew in width and height, and placed all the towns along the banks under those in fire hot of water. The rains fell steadily, and the low lands of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri were all submerged. Washouts of railroads and destruction of bridges extended far to the west. Within those watery regions railroad traffic was dangerous, and trains were halted at all points. The entire system was deranged, and the effects most disastrous.

The floods spread into Ohio, and the Muskingum River reached the height of the year ago, devastating the adjoining country. No human aid sufficed.

At Burlington, Iowa, the Mississippi River was five miles wide, and of the cohesiveness of the Missouri and Mississippi near St. Charles, Missouri, the country was turned into an enormous lake. Two hundred square miles of farms had were under water, and the bottoms at Hannibal Point were several feet beneath the level of the river. The villages along the Mississippi were gradually submerged, and the inhabitants driven to the high lands and hills. Day by day the waters rose, and at St. Louis business about the water front was paralyzed. It was revealed that over a hundred people near the city

were rendered homeless, and hundreds of acres of rich lands were beneath the water. The people fleeing near the shore of East St. Louis, a town in Illinois directly opposite the city, were driven from their homes, and suffered from cold and hunger. The railroads which cross the St. Louis bridge at that point are built upon high embankments, which served to restrain the spreading of the floods, but it was a question as to how long they could withstand the pressure. Thousands of men in St. Louis were thrown out of houses collapsed before the rough resistance. Injury and destruction reigned on all sides.

Passing beyond St. Louis, the floods continued the work



OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS.
The Encroachment of the Water on Illinois Territory.

of destruction. The low lands below were covered, and to add to the terror, a cyclone swept over the country, destroying barns and farm-houses and wrecked by the water. Hundreds of families were perished.



A SECTION OF THE FREIGHT YARD AT EAST ST. LOUIS.
Freight Trains at the Mercy of the Flood.



ON THE ILLINOIS RIVER.
A Bit of the Water at East St. Louis.

waters, or rather a stopping of the swift currents, while the waters from inland still poured down and back to their banks and inundated the surrounding country. The floods continued to increase and the rain to fall. The Floyd River, where, from through and above St. Louis, Iowa, and join the Missouri River a mile further on, had reached the level of the banks, where a fence and leaving were swept down the current. Alarm was sent out as soon as the approach was known, and the residents of the city near the river-side were warned, and also the people of the adjoining low districts. But the time was so small and so brief that many persons had not time to reach the houses until they were completely flooded. Traffic was brought to a standstill in an instant. At the junction of the Floyd and Missouri rivers it was simply a swirl of red water, which spread in all directions where the lowest was the point. The scenes of death accompanying this catastrophe were pitiful in the extreme. Fully a score of people, young and old, were swept away in the rush of waters and killed. Eight thousand people were driven from their homes, and the cities were in a state of confusion. Traffic was brought to a standstill and business was paralyzed. During the progress of the flood many deaths of men, women and children were reported, and many deaths by exposed workers. Never before has a



THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS.
The Flood under Water, and all Work abandoned.



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THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT MINNEAPOLIS. Illustrated by Tholstrup and Graham; and
"THE HEART OF THE GREAT DIVIDE," by Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXVI—No. 241.
Published once a Week on Saturday at New York.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



"LAY ALOFT"—A SEAMANSHIP DRILL OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY CADETS.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOOBACK.—(SEE PAGE 538.)



THE OPENING OF THE YACHTING SEASON—LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB—DRAWN BY T. DE THURGOOD.—(SEE PAGE 502)



JAMES S. CLARENCE, OF IOWA.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION. THE GREAT AUDITORIUM.

It is not a marvel of elaborate architectural beauty, the great auditorium of the Republican National Convention of 1902. It is, however, a vast room with admirable acoustics, well suited to the demands of the hour. When you stand at the speaker's platform and look far away through hundreds of feet of space to the topmost tier of the quadrangular gallery, the room seems immense in size; it seems still larger viewed from the high gallery.

Spacious, with that cooling and rosylike skylight, it has little to commend it in aesthetics. Yet it is not an inhospitable abode, for wherever voices on discords in details merge into harmony when you strike the full chord. There are many pillars extending from the main or delegate floor to the high ceiling. These pillars are close in under look to the lower, turning into a pale gold toward the roof. Many, however, of which are bound about the pillars, beautiful in decoration, suggestive to the utilitarian. The skylight is perhaps 100

feet by 15 feet in size, and at the point where it meets the roof line there is a heavy fringed drapery of greenish gold hue, caught up at various points with small five-halving corded electric jugs. About the balcony runs a row of boxes, which the protectionists are proud to tell you are made of native tin. Each should bear the State's name, and has a festoon of small flags about it. Above the speaker's stand are draped two large flags, with a widespread decorative eagle between them. This is reproduced on the three other ends of the room. The lanterns above are painted in each case blue and bear white stars encircling the room. The skylight is painted the same color to soften the light. A very little else is seen in the way of decoration, for the reason that vision must not be obstructed. Insuperative was the rule in the decorations must be modest and unobtrusive. As a whole, and considering that this is a hall built within an historical epoch having the authorization previous a planning and multiplying apparatus.

There are seats for 11,000, possibly 11,300 people. The delegates sit on the main floor immediately under the skylight. The alternates sit immediately to the rear on slightly raised seats. From the main floor the seats rise unobtrusively, in tiers to the roof. There is one balcony running around the whole room. From above, the delegate's designations are suspended, marking the States and Territories. In front of the speaker, and at a dizzy height near the roof, the ornamental band stands in view. It is a queer, picturesque piece of work. The players must go first to the roof and then descend to the stand, nearly a hundred feet above the delegates.

Right and left the newspaper correspondents flank the speaker. The tables are of varying size, accommodating three or five men, and rising on terraces several feet above the main floor. Seats for 200 correspondents have been assigned. The Associated and United Press have wide tables within a foot or two of the speaker's stand on the right, the other to the left. Portable tables connect them with large rooms in another part of the building, where the Western Union and North American Telegraph companies will have about 100 private operators and a large array of type writers. The new operators of Minneapolis and St. Paul will have two rooms, where they may be prepared all night for their column.

Upon the speaker's platform will be a rug of large size, to cover so great a space, and of costly material. The speaker's chair is of heavy oak, made for the occasion. It will bear rich varnishes and symbolical high relief representations of Minneapolis scenes. The gavel has been made in the annual traveling department of one of the Minneapolis high schools. Thirty entrances have been prepared for the balcony. The exits are numerous and accessible. The exterior of the building will not be decorated, though there will be the usual display of banners from the various flag-stands upon the roof. Where the dark pine of an aisle-way shows yellow on the building's side, general over-growth will be intensive to conceal these unimproved exits. At night, should there be evening sessions, an elaborate electric system of up and down-ward lights will be turned on. Preparations for the demolition of the city are being made on the customary simple scale which prevails upon the occasion. A great north of pilot hammer at the entrance to the west end balcony stands in the Minneapolis has been



JOHN C. NEW, OF INDIANA.

phased with an arch of four barrels at the other end, and a circular base which would make variety of four barrels. These features are planned to typify two of the important industries of the city and State.

There are the customary pressure for water-a pressure which are indelibly in transmitted into a movable. The hall could easily have been arranged for 20,000 people, but it was deemed best by those in charge to keep the seating capacity down to a little over one-half that number. The public have common wooden chairs, the delegate, opera chairs. The seats are distributed, approximately, as follows: to the 48 national committee men, 40 each, nearly 2,000; to each of the 900 delegates, 4 chairs, 3,600; to each delegate, 1 chair, 1,100; to the local and outside press, 500.

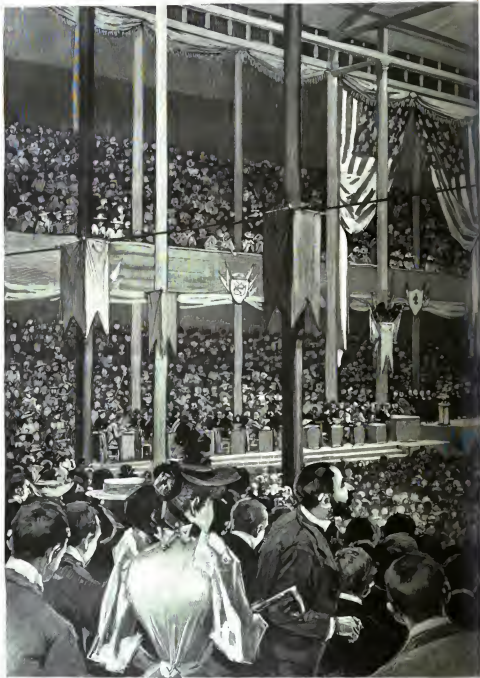
The usual number of seats is allowed to condensed guests, and, as is customary, quite a block of tickets is assigned the local committee for sale. If it is deemed necessary, to cover convention expenses. It will cost Minneapolis about \$90,000 to care for the convention. W. S. HARRISON.

THE DELEGATES.

A month ago it would have been said that the felicity of these people whose names are inscribed would attend the tenth National Convention of the Republican party, expected to be held in Minneapolis Tuesday, June 7th. It seemed that Mr. Harrison would be re-elected without opposition, and that what strange collision the Convention would be the comparatively unexciting contest for the second place, while it was to be expected that the debate over the previous wording of the oratorical platform upon silver and the tariff



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION BUILDING, MINNEAPOLIS.
THE LABORATORY OF THE UNITED STATES.



THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, IN SESSION



MINNEAPOLIS.—DRAWN BY THURSTON AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 557.]



J. N. KAMBERG.

HORTICULTURE AT CHICAGO.

Two acres allotted to the Department of Horticulture for the exhibits of trees, shrubs, and plants which will be largely in the open ground during the time of the exposition, is the greatest part of a botanical island, with an area of about twenty-five acres. The exhibits will be in main displays of deciduous shrubs, roses, etc., and such herbaceous plants as the hellebore and primula, were selected to have three prominently in place before May 30, 1893, and the installation of the nursery exhibit accordingly is made. Two hundred acres of more extensive flora are among those not out. Except in the case of those specimens requiring space for out-door plants early in the spring, the special arrangements of space are not to be ready until July or later.

The sandily ground near the Horticultural Building, comprising 25,000 square feet, will be used next year for repeating plants imported from any range, are now in use in developing the highest planting specimens before planting them in exhibition in the adjacent propagating houses, covering a space of 20,000 feet, the exhibition also have the privilege of propagating plants of two kinds which cannot be transplanted from their distant homes. The remaining space is devoted to growing a choice collection of plants with which to replace specimens that have proved to be unproductive, and for storing those whose season of growth has passed.

As shown by the illustration of the Horticultural Building given in *Harper's Weekly* of June 29, 1893, the hall had a low proportion, being nearly the largest structure ever erected for a horticultural exhibition. It contains about 80,000 square feet more floor space than the combined floor areas of the buildings used for a similar purpose at the Centennial, New Orleans, and Paris exhibitions. It holds 100 feet long and 100 feet in maximum width fully stilted, with extensive grounds surrounding it. This building is situated behind the lagoon. The same and also other arrangements in a better arrangement toward the front and sides of the exhibit, formed as a mass of glass walls with fountain fountains, to show the main features introduced for pleasing effect in connection with the stationary and movable and the plant exhibition planned to be in harmony with the adjacent architecture.

The dome of 105 feet diameter, with an altitude of 115 feet on the inside, is covered for the largest plants, but here, ferns, ferns, cacti, etc., are in bloom in this group. The two interior courts, each of 270 feet, formed in the

and story in each pavilion will be used for restaurants of elegant arrangement; the remaining space, in the form of twelve containing garden beds, roses, etc., and room for miscellaneous exhibits will be found in what is a broad, airy covering the dome inside, and giving a shadowed promenade overlooking the very attractive shows in the grounds. A large amount of all sorts of plants, some of the exterior outside running around three sides of the building with the architectural treatment extended to the upper story of the pavilion.

An incomparably fine illustration of the floral life in two hemispheres is referred from all the sides given. The choice of the horticultural section having prepared in accordance by every means the best possible display of all horticultural exhibits in the various groups of geometry, viticulture, floriculture, (ordinary vegetables, woods, agriculture, etc.), and all appliances of horticulture, etc., as an embrace everything of professional and general interest.

None but the chief of the department, Mr. J. W. Semple, and the chief of the bureau of Horticulture, Mr. John Thorne, have been appointed. Chief Semple is a Kentuckian, who brings an excellent professional ability to the work. Having originally established the Louisiana nursery after having college has been identified more recently with the Wisconsin Valley nursery in Clayton, Kentucky, in connection with his father. He is a horticulturist in the first order, and has spent on a large scale in fruit. He has cultivated extensively in horticulture, and is well-versed with complete mastery of scientific horticulture. He is a member of various horticultural societies and a writer for horticultural publications. An excellent man of the New Britain Exposition, for which his energy alone was awarded thirty-five premiums and five medals. He is a representative horticulturist, being both a being to strength, and thus a horticultural success.

The chief of the bureau, Mr. Thorne, so long has given his attention to the horticultural and ornamental side of the profession that his name has become a household word to the standard of the horticultural art of America.

Under direction in growing the most difficult species of plants has been necessary in dealing with the horticulturists for space in this exposition. As the illustration of plants is unexcelled by any law of nature, the horticultural exhibition is likely to be very successful, expanded with that of our own country, from which we are the specimens received before the end of 1893 were sufficient to fill the building, and the horticulturists are very interesting collections are to be met from all parts of Europe, from Latin America from Australia and New Zealand, from China, and from Japan, which will be a collection of the remarkable dwarf fruit and other trees that are not more than two feet high when set on a nursery soil. The English horticulturists, a collection of specimens in their art, and receiving the highest success of their horticultural display in the national exhibition, are certain to contribute a collective series of specimens.

To encourage artistic installation, the Director-General commits the selection of a special jury from the members of the horticultural societies with the duty of selecting the specimens for the exhibit showing the best and most satisfactory installation in each department. Many of the plants and the variety of our country will be shown in the form of herbaria of their fruit, to be supported by roots, needles, and wax imitations of their fruits. An elaborate classification of the plants in each group is to be made, and the best and the most valuable in many cases will be shown the methods and apparatus for the production of wine and other products from the horticultural plants, and the methods of producing and preserving grapes, and other fruits by cold storage. As one class, with each group will be added the literature, history, and statistics of the subject.

The horticulturists of the collection. The plan conceived for this group, directed by John Thorne, is a structure toward the Horticultural Building, Europe, as well as in this country. He divides the space of a grand mass.

The work in the grounds regarded for the special use of the horticulturists begins in the laying out of a new garden, which the horticulturists are to make a garden of the most beautiful of the show cases. His plan is to make a perfect border of rose one side, enclosed by a fence on which are to be planted climbing roses of all kinds, and the remainder of the grounds from the rose of those inside the garden. The side high, 15 feet, falls 500000 square feet inside this fence. It will be a light, airy, and many miles to see. He will show the treatment of culture in the spring of 1893 in an original way, and for the purpose of showing the very best of the horticulturists from the fruit from all the world groups in Europe and in this country.

Large aquatic tanks will be supplied, and the collection of water-plants is expected to be very complete. This is a display of the horticulturists, and the horticulturists will be in a very large group. The horticulturists will be in a very large group. The horticulturists will be in a very large group. The horticulturists will be in a very large group.

Under the great dome in the center of the building will be made a structure in the form of a miniature mountain, with a variety of plants and in the form of a mountain, showing exhibits of their tropical plants, among this, on the side of the structure, will be placed the specimen plants, and the horticulturists will be in a very large group. The horticulturists will be in a very large group. The horticulturists will be in a very large group.

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A plan like this can be only contemplated regularly in advance by the mind untrained to direct conceptions on so vast a scale. Let those inclined fall upon the eyes of some enthusiastic horticulturist, like that of John Thorne's, and his plant material of the dome. E. T. L.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

Was it not some poor lass
 That I met in the way
 Noting the wind's soft sigh
 Beneath the willow tree
 Singing a song of the wall,
 Bemoaning her despair,
 Yet did I loathe this strain
 Of the captive knight?
 Dear it ye winds, ah—
 Far from the wall
 Whence each poor lass
 With its melody,
 Creeping below the wall,
 Cries out the high
 But over the mountain hill
 Day and night,
 Speed like ye western wind,
 Seek the maid I love,
 Tell her that Fate's unkind
 Hath made me a captive,
 And that I am a knight,
 Whom ye should cherish
 As ye would cherish
 May not escape the heart.
 Dear it ye winds, ah—
 Far from the wall
 Whence each poor lass
 With its melody,
 Creeping below the wall,
 Cries out the high
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 Whom ye should cherish
 As ye would cherish
 May not escape the heart.

FLANNERY SCOTT SMITH.

AMATEUR SPORT

THE FACT OF THE IMPAIRMENT for last week going to press May 26th being to Devonport Bay falling on May day left us in a somewhat position for the launching of the Horticultural Exhibition, but the fact of the impairment of the day can be given space at this late day. The surprise of the morning—there always a surprise—was the poor running of Devonport's sports, which had been expected to be the best given space at this late day. The surprise of the morning—there always a surprise—was the poor running of Devonport's sports, which had been expected to be the best given space at this late day. The surprise of the morning—there always a surprise—was the poor running of Devonport's sports, which had been expected to be the best given space at this late day.

YALE'S SUCCESS WAS NOT the best ever seen, though she got 2 points in the battle, but she would have been a better success if she had not been so late in a heavy rain. In Sweden and also she has two spectators outside as far as she can see on the Horticultural ground. Whether she was better in the morning or in the afternoon, it is not clear. The fact of the impairment of the day can be given space at this late day. The surprise of the morning—there always a surprise—was the poor running of Devonport's sports, which had been expected to be the best given space at this late day.

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JOHN THORNE.

connection of this central glass dome by front and rear curtains with two red panels, are to reside the heating on the glass and other arrangements from California and Florida, to illustrate the manner of growing and methods of cultivation. The front entrance, only 25 to 60 feet, is a miniature model with a glass roof, to be used for growing plants. The rear entrance, also 25 to 60 feet, is not entirely covered with glass, so as to be fit for growing and other plants, but to be used for growing plants. The front entrance, only 25 to 60 feet, is a miniature model with a glass roof, to be used for growing plants. The rear entrance, also 25 to 60 feet, is not entirely covered with glass, so as to be fit for growing and other plants, but to be used for growing plants.



WASHINGTON STREET, WEST FROM STEUBEN.



FIFTH STREET, LOOKING EAST FROM EVANS BLK.



FROM THE ST. PAUL BUILDING.



SCENE FROM WHICH A HIGHWAY WAS BUILT AFTER TWENTY-FIVE DAYS.



RAILROAD YARDS.



DRIVING OUT.



EVANS BLK. AND HOTEL POWELL.



EAST FIFTH STREET FROM LOUPE.



RAILROAD YARDS LOOKING WEST FROM A ROAD.

THE FLOODS AT SHOEX CITY, IOWA.—From Photographs.—[See Page 539.]



MODERN EXPLOSIVES.

"Talkin' 'bout 'splosives, de yer dynamite's de aplombest thing ever I come across. Dese was a more wackin' longer as de de rockers on de railroad, which by had on a best kin gone. Well, sah' de stuff went off 'nother, and when we 'bout kin ever de dynamite in de older country hit had done blowed him thro' his hat, an' de brim was 'round his ankles."

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.


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Breakfast
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from which the excess of oil has been removed,
Is Absolutely Pure
 and it is Soluble.

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are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than any cost a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST
INVALUABLE
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A Graceful Act

Of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers.

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THE INK used on this paper is **EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD.**



THE GOLD GODS OF MOTT STREET.

BY FRED A. WILSON.

SHING POON was a worker in metal. In far-off Chow Teem he had learned from a great master how to make various things out of gold and silver and brass, and so did his hands become that the master had been paid. The master had been a good one all his life for cause he so loved his art that he died he became suddenly rich—so rich that those who lived in Chow Teem and the gods had made him wealthy because all his life he had lived an honest man. They said that one night the golden pieces had come tumbling into his room through the windows and in the doors. The yellow lines danced up and down on the floor as if they had life, and were glad to be near so great a man as the master. But this was only a story.

The secret who worked the iron and the gold in the master's house used to tell how, when the master died, he had sent for his favorite pupil Shing Poon.

"I am going to the Shing Poon," the master had said; "and I am going to tell you a secret that will make you as rich as a Peking mandarin."

That was the way Shing Poon got the secret, but no one ever knew what it was because when the master told it, his voice was like the whisper of a passing spirit, so low that no one but Shing Poon heard it.

That was the beginning. Shing Poon had the great se-

cret, and so good had come of it yet. He was still so poor he had to dress in common cloth, like a laborer who has to work seven days in the week. Before he had left Chow Teem his friends used to say to him, "I greet you, Shing Poon. When will the secret of the great master turn into gold?"

And somehow Shing Poon would become angry, and say that he knew why secret. So he came across the ocean with two other Chow Teem men, and they all came down to Mott Street, and lived in the shadow of the Ho Jong, where the workmen went on odd days to burn the paper sticks and burn their fortunes. Shing Poon's two friends were merchants who bought and sold goods. Two days after the metal-worker paid his rent, he hung out a sign which read:

SHING POON
WORKER IN PRIMER'S METAL
GOLDEN (CASH) IN GOLD
TEMPLE TRADES

It was a fine red sign, with ornaments on it to keep away the devils who come at night, smoking around the evil winds, and the men in Mott Street who read it wondered what the golden good-luck gods meant. They bought rice porridge and bracelets too, carved carefully with snakes and dragons and big eyed fishes and sometimes the picture of the Emperor, which was considered lucky.

Never was there a more faithful worker than Shing Poon.

It seemed to those who knew him as if he never left the bench at which he worked. Before long the two friends who had come with him from Chow Teem had spent the money that he was the knowledge of a great secret which would some day make him richer than a mandarin, and the curious ones of the street tried again to know more about the great secret. One more audacious than the rest went into the little room of the metal worker one day, and, first buying a ring of carved silver, began questioning craftily.

"It is odd, Shing Poon, that some day you will be a rich man."

"No, I will if my friends will come and buy my goods."

"But it is said that you know of a secret which will make a man rich very quickly."

"Not quickly, but surely. The pathway of increasing labor leads to it." Then he looked out of the corner of his eye at his visitor, who went away feeling that he had found out nothing.

It was not long after that when a change came. A Canton man who had gone up to see Shing Poon told about it. He told how he had gone into the room, and how he had found the metal-worker on his knees before a small golden Kwan Kuan—made of pure gold. He told how he had watched a long while before he spoke, and how, overcome by curiosity, he had asked Shing Poon why he worshipped in the morning.

"Be quiet," the metal worker had said to him, "he



GATEWAY OF THE GARDEN OF THE COON, AND FISH'S PALE.

that he hoped I was appreciating it to its full value. We met him in the street, and he asked me with the most faithful interest of those whose dearest and dearest he had ever reported, & presented a valuable account among people of the Four Hundred which was filling the papers at that time, and and I could hardly appreciate the pity of such a thing occurring among people of his set. Another man whom I had known very well in New York turned up in San Antonio with an entirely new name, wife, and fortune, and verified the tradition which exists there that it is best before one goes to know a man too well, to ask him what was his name before he came to Texas. San Antonio seemed particularly rich in histories of those who came there to change their fortunes, and who had changed these most completely. The English gave the most conspicuous examples of this amfortunes—conspicuous in the sense that their position at home had been so good, and their habits of life so widely different.

The prospect of young English gentlemen who are roughing it in the West for careers that of the young American. This is due to the fact that the former have never been taught a trade or profession, and have nothing to compare with those they have been educated of the money they brought with them to invest but their hands to help them, and so they are driving horses, or breaking cattle, or the gang in the streets, as one graduate of Oxford, some ten years hence for money, did in Denver. He is now teaching Greek and Latin in one of our colleges. The manner in which visiting Englishmen are robbed in the West and the upbraiding with which some of them take the lesson to heart, and practice it upon the next Englishman who comes out, or returns from the prosperous Englishman already there, would furnish material for a book full of painful stories.



WITHIN THE GATES—GARDEN OF THE COON.



POLO ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

And yet one cannot help smiling at the weakness of some of these schemes. Three Englishmen, for example, bought, as they supposed, 30,000 Texas slaves, but Texas also pretended to sell them the cattle during the same 30,000 head in lines around the mountains, as a chosen negro conveyed the back drop of a stage to make an acre, and the Englishman counted and paid for each other ten times over. There was another Texas who made a great deal of money by advertising to teach young men how to become cowboys, and who charged them ten dollars a month before he, and who set his pupils to work digging holes for three years all over the south, until they grew wise in their frustration, and left him for some other racket, where they were paid thirty dollars per month for doing the same thing. But in many instances it is the tables of San Antonio which take the greater part of the visiting Englishman's money. One gentleman who for some time represented the late of Wright in the Lower House spent three modest fortunes in the San Antonio gambling houses, and then married his wife, which proved a most unfortunate investment, as she had a frugal mind, and took entire control of his little income. And when the Marquis of Aylesford died in Colorado, the only friend in that country who could be found to take the body back to England was his first cousin, who at that time was driving a hack around San Antonio. One hundred acres of this sort on every side and one must have faced ere, could, and countless who have served through can pursue in India or Egypt or who had an English figure. A private in G Troop, Third Cavalry, who was my contact on several exciting expeditions in the North West, was kind enough and quite able to tell me which club in London had the oldest vice-color where one could get the best visiting cards engraved, and why the Professor of Ancient Languages

at Oxford was the superior of the instructor in the studies at Cambridge. He did this quite unobtrusively, and as an way attempted to excuse his present position, nor was he concerned concerning his position in the past. Of course the value of the greater part of these stories depends on the faculty and personality of the hero, and as I can not give names, I have to omit the best of them.

There was a little English boy who left San Antonio before I had reached it, but whose name and name remained in his mind. He was eighteen years of age, and just out of Elmo, whom he had spent all his pocket money in being on the race through commission. Gambling was his ruling passion as an boy when ginger-pop and vanilla appeared more strongly to his contemporaries. His people sent him to Texas with £200 to buy an interest in a ranch, and furnished him with a complete outfit of London-made clothing. An Englishman who saw the boy a few days before he had used the different garments pocket carefully away, just as his mother had played there, and each marked with his name. The boy had lost the £200 at roulette in the first week after his arrival in San Antonio, and pawned his fine clothes in the next to "get back." He had not yet returned. At the end of ten days he was peddling fruit around the streets in his bare feet. He made twenty-five cents the first day, and carried it to the gambling house where he had already lost his larger fortune, and told one of the dealers he would cut the

came with him for the money. The boy ran fast, and the dealer went, but the other was enough of a gambler to see that the dealer had stopped to win his last few pieces so fairly. The boy's eyes filled up with tears of indignation.

"You thief!" he cried, "you cheated me!"
The dealer took his revolver from the drawer from the bottom of the table, and pointing it at his head, said: "Do you know what we do to people who use that word in Texas? We kill them!"
The boy retreated to the table with both hands and hung his head as if as that his forehead touched the barrel of the revolver.
"You thief!" he repeated, and so shortly that every one on the room heard him. "I say, you cheat of me!"

The gambler lowered the trigger slowly and tossed the pistol back in the drawer. Then he picked up a ten-dollar gold piece, and showed it toward him.

"Here," he said, "that'll help take you home. You're just a—tough for Texas!"

The other Englishman in San Antonio filled out the sum, and sent him back to England. His people are well known in London; his father is a colonel in the infantry.

The most notable Englishman who ever came in Texas was Ben Thompson. But he arrived there at so early an age and became so thoroughly Western in his mode of life that Texans claim him as their own. I hesitate, however, he always retained some of the traditions of his birthplace, as there as a story of his strolling with his hat off to talk to an English salesman who Thompson at the time was the most favored and best known man in all Texas. The stories of his recklessness and ignorance of law and order, disregard of the value of other's lives as well as his own are innumerable. A few of them are interesting and worth keeping, as they show the typical bad man of the highest degree in his different humors and also as I have not shared in any half so much about bad men as I should have liked to do. Thompson killed eighteen men in different parts of Texas, and was for the most part Marshal of Austin, on the principle that the most kill somebody, it was better to give him authority to kill with or deprive him than repulse citizens. As Marshal it was his pleasure to pull up his breech across the railroad track, just as the daily express train was about to start, and centering the engineer with his revolver, bid him hold the train until he was ready to move on. He would then call some boys being acquaintance from the crowd on the platform and talk with him leisurely until he thought he had successfully won the engineer and established his authority. Then he would



SCENE OF THE BULL CHASE.

pick up his pistol and drive on, saying to the engineer, "You needn't think, sir, any corporation can bully me." The position of the unfortunate man to whom he talked must have been most trying—with a locomotive on one side and a revolver on the other.

One day a cowboy, who was a well known bully and a would-be desperado, shot several bullet-holes through the high hat of an Eastern traveler, who was standing at the bar of an Austin hotel. Thompson heard of this, and, purchasing a high hat, covered the hat-crown.

"I hear," he said, facing the cowboy, "that you are shooting ping-pong balls to-day, perhaps you would like to take a shot at mine." He then raised his revolver and shot away the cowboy's hat. "I meant," he said, "to let your ear and I do it!" The bully showed proof that he had. "Well, then," said the Marshal, "get out of town," and catching the man by his cowboy belt, he threw him out into the street, and so put an end to his reputation as a desperate character forever.

Thompson was naturally unpopular with a certain class in the community. Two barkeepers who had a personal grudge against him, with no doubt excellent cause, lay in ambush for him behind the two bars of the saloon, which stretched along either wall. Thompson entered the room from the street in ignorance of any plot against him, and the two men halted him with shot guns. They had him so sure of their pleasure that he made no effort to reach his revolver, but stood looking from one to the other and smiling grimly. But his reputation was so great, and their fear of him so acute, that both men raised him, although not

every man of his class in San Antonio, for Harris had been around Hill Street to ask Thompson to leave the place, as he did not want trouble.

"I have come to have a reconciliation," said Thompson. "I want to shake hands with my old friend Doc Foster. Tell him I won't leave till I see him, and I won't make a row."

Foster returned with Foster, and Thompson held out his hand.

"Doc," he said, "I hate come all the way from Austin to shake hands with you. Let's make up, and call it off."

"I can't shake hands with you, Ben," Foster said. "You killed my partner, and you know well enough I am not the sort to forget it. Now go, won't you? and don't make trouble here."

Thompson said he would leave in a minute, but they must drink together first. There was a bar in the gallery, who he was by this time packed with men who had heard of Thompson's presence in the theatre, but Foster and Thompson stood at the above beside the bar. The Marshal of Austin looked up and saw Foster's glass untouched before him, and said:

"Aren't you drinking with me, Doc?"
Foster shook his head.
"Well, then," cried Thompson, "the men who won't drink with me, are shake hands with me, fight me!"

He reached back for his pistol, and some nine or ten of twelve intelligent citizens decided it was not young Bull Hunt—shot him three times in the forehead. They say you

thrusty shot away, and with shot came in their heads. Then Thompson took out his pistol and calmly and killed them.

A few years ago, on a grandstand house and every day there. Harris lay in wait for Thompson. He had the advantage of his horse had Thompson, as he crossed the Mill Street Plaza, was warned of Harris's hiding place, and shot him through the door. He was tried for the murder, and acquitted on the ground of self-defense, and on his return to Austin was met at the station by a loose band and all the fire companies. Perhaps inspired by this, he returned to San Antonio, and going to Harper's theatre, there in the hands of his partner, for Foster, called from the gallery for Foster to come up and speak to him. Thompson had with him a desperado named King Foster, and against him

every man of his class in San Antonio, for Harris had been around Hill Street to ask Thompson to leave the place, as he did not want trouble.

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"Aren't you drinking with me, Doc?"
Foster shook his head.
"Well, then," cried Thompson, "the men who won't drink with me, are shake hands with me, fight me!"

He reached back for his pistol, and some nine or ten of twelve intelligent citizens decided it was not young Bull Hunt—shot him three times in the forehead. They say you



VIEW FROM COLORADO SPRING.

HARPER'S WEEKLY



Vol. XXVI—No. 104.
Copyright, 1891, by Harper & Brothers,
25 N. 3rd Street.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1891.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



PRESIDENT BENJAMIN HARRISON, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION.
Photo & Photograph by SEAMAN & McILROY.—(See Page 99.)



CONVENTION HALL, LOOKING THROUGH THE RAILROAD VIADUCT.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CONVENTION.

It was on Saturday, June 4th, three days before the National Republican Convention was to assemble, that Mr. Blaine gave an entirely new aspect to all speculations upon

the probable course of that body, and started the whole country by sending in to the President his resignation of the Secretaryship of State. The curious will think that resignation was phrased, and the course of the President's reply to it, were accepted as proof of a rivalry, and even of an animosity, between the two men that was not recent. That it announced a rivalry with the President for the Republican nomination, and amounted to a repudiation of the promoters of the "Blaine boom," was not disputed by any body. There were many friends of Mr. Blaine who expressed regret that it should have been presented at this time upon the obvious ground that it was not honorable for a cabinet officer to work against the nomination of his chief, and that Mr. Harrison had reason in Mr. Blaine's official connection with him, to say nothing of Mr. Blaine's letter of last winter, in regard upon at least his mutual. This consideration was expected by many to work against the success of the movement in which Mr. Blaine himself gave so faintly and so publicly his adhesion. On the other hand, it was argued that the resignation would greatly help his chances in the Convention by creating the impression that he would not have presented it unless he had a very

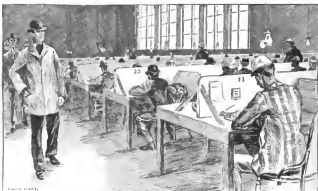
strong assurance of success. In spite of its startling nature it is hard to detect that the resignation affected the result of the Convention in any way. When it was published on Saturday evening, most of the delegates and all the leaders were already at Minneapolis, and the usual quar-

rel between Mr. Clark and Mr. New continued to issue the most confident and conflicting statements. There was an absolute certainty of the nomination of Harrison; there was an irreconcilable war of enthusiasm for Blaine. The instructed delegates were the more exclusive of the Harrison column;

the instructed delegates were stamped from their instructions by the war, which was also a source, and not infrequently an obstacle. So the talk went in the hotels of Minneapolis, and was promptly put before all the readers of newspapers throughout the country. It continued as vague and as irrelevant as at first, until the Convention actually began, and was of the deepest interest, perhaps, to the Southern Republican delegates, to many of whom a Convention is commonly supposed to have a most practical bearing, and who were supposed to be interested in producing a very close and bitter contest, where a single vote is of importance, and is likely to be estimated at a high value.

Sunday and Monday were passed in "work," which, so far as it came to the knowledge of the public, seemed to consist in very tame and banal talk, and on Tuesday, at half past twelve, Mr. Clark, as Chairman of the Republican National Committee, called the Convention to order, and nominated Mr. J. S. East as temporary Chairman.

The temporary chairman took possession of the chair with a speech which was, according to custom, a eulogy of the party, and a denunciation of the other party, the conduct of the war, and the extension and vindication of protection-



EXPOSITION BUILDING—TEMPORARY TELEGRAPH OFFICE FOR THE USE OF THE PRESS, WHERE ALL THE NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENTS WERE SET UP.

and enlargement "work" of a Convention was going on with great activity. Not a single compromise man came out for Blaine in consequence of the resignation who had not announced himself in favor of Blaine's nomination as



THE ARRIVAL OF DELEGATES—MARCHING BY NICOLLET AVENUE TOWARD WEST HOTEL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. E. KILBURN.



REPORTERS INTERVIEWING MR. DEPUÉ.
Drawn by T. T. Chittenden after a sketch by T. Don Walsh.

being the achievements for which the Republicans were easily proved, and the suppression and perversion of the evidence, the performance for which the Democrats were easily denounced. Then the audience began to call for Mr. Thomas H. Reed, of Maine, who came down from the gallery to the platform, and made a few remarks in behalf of the party and expressive of his faith in its future. The appointment of the committee is the real business of a "temporary organization," and of those the Committee on Credentials (created next) and the Committee on Resolutions are the most important. When these had been announced, the first day's work of the Convention was over, and the "work" of the batch was resumed, the workers being so confident and complacent as ever since there had thus far been no test of strength, the choice of Mr. Fassett, a Blaine man, for the temporary Chairmanship not having been announced.

The second day was even duller than the first, so far as the proceedings of the Convention were concerned, for indeed they consisted of nothing but the selection of a permanent chairman. This was Governor McKinley, of Ohio, who was, of course, very warmly received, and who, equally of course, made a speech of which the advantages of protection formed the chief theme, though he also incidentally the necessity of a free ballot, as Mr. Fassett and Mr. Reed had done before him. But neither of the important committees were ready to report, and the Convention ad-

journing, and the "work" continued; and the morning and the evening were the second day.

The third day being Thursday, something really happened—something important and, as it turned out, decisive of the temper of the Convention. It was not the report of the Committee on Resolutions, though, of course, that was important now. The Platform Committee had taken two days to prepare its formal statement of the claims of the party upon the confidence of the country. The first plank is upon protection, and the second upon integrity. The third is upon moral and civic reform, and the fourth is for "a few and unreservedly held," and denounces the suppression of the black vote in the South. The others are of less importance as issues, since the most beloved Democrats would not care to controvert most of them. The Democrats ought, however, regard as不可挽回 (irreversible) the thirteenth, which "commends the spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and reasonable endorsement by the Republican party of the laws replacing the same, and the twentieth and last, which commends the "able, patriotic, and energetic American administration of President Harrison." But the decisive event of the day, as it turned out to be, was the result of the evening session, when the Committee on Credentials made two reports—one Harrison and one anti-Harrison—and when the Convention adopted the Harrison report, in favor of which were cast 463 votes, or more than enough to nominate the candidate it would be open to anybody who chose to do so, and who did not mind being laughed at, to my mind some of these voters may have been not judicially and upon the merits of the several contests. But the opponents of Mr. Harrison did not take that ground. They merely offered to let large sums of money, which they produced, that Blaine would be nominated, and as it is not customary for pretensions to put \$1000 each in their pockets as a preliminary to backing politics, the bets were not taken. Let

the significance of the vote should be mistaken, however, it had a very notable verification. It was at the evening session that the vote was had, the morning session having been very brief and merely preliminary. After it was over, a conference of Harrison delegates was called at which 462 delegates assembled—the exact number, it will be noted, of the delegates who voted for the Harrison report. The anti-Harrison vote was 422. So the contest seemed to be settled before it had formally begun.



MR. FASSETT SPEAKING.
Drawn by F. E. De Mard after a sketch by T. Don Walsh.



BLAKE AND HARRISON DELEGATES CHEERING IN THE CORRIDOR OF WABY HOTEL.
Drawn by T. de Tolly after a sketch by T. Don Walsh.



VIEW OF FLOOD ON BEND'S STREET, OIL CITY, ABOUT FIFTY FEET DEEPER THAN THE FLOOD.



NEW BRIDGE (WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENN.)



WASHINGTON STREET, TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



THE FLOOD



EFFECTS OF FLOOD AND FIRE—OIL CITY.



OIL CITY 1862

THE OIL CREEK VALLEY DISASTER—D.



BRIDGE, THREE MILES ABOVE OIL CITY.



LOOKING DOWN OIL CREEK TOWARD OIL CITY.



VIEW OF OIL CITY



SEARCHING FOR BODIES.



FLOOD AND FIRE.



POOL WHERE FIFTEEN DEAD BODIES WERE FOUND-OIL CITY.

THESE SKETCHES BY F. CARROLL SCHILL.—[SEE PAGE 586.]



VIEW OF FLOOD ON BUNDA STREET, OIL CITY, ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE.



NEW BRIDGE (WESTERN OIL) TOWN AND FLOOD



WASHINGTON STREET, TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



THE FLOOD



EFFECTS OF FLOOD AND FIRE—OIL CITY.



OIL CITY DISASTER

THE OIL CREEK VALLEY DISASTER.—Dr.

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OLD RAILROAD, THREE MILES ABOVE OIL CITY.



LOOKING DOWN OIL CREEK TOWARD OIL CITY.



BY OIL CITY



SEARCHING FOR BODIES.



PAVING AND FIRE.



POOL WHERE FIFTEEN DEAD BODIES WERE FOUND—OIL CITY.



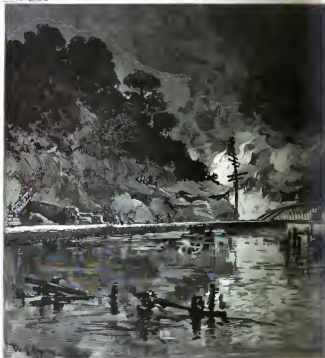
VIEW OF FLOOD ON BERRY'S STREET OIL CITY, ABOUT FIFTEEN
MILES FAR BEYOND THE FIRM.



NEW BRIDGE WESTERN NEW YORK AND FIRM



WASHINGTON STREET, TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



THE FIRST



EFFECTS OF FLOOD AND FIRE—OIL CITY.



OIL CITY DEPOT

THE OIL CREEK VALLEY DISASTER.—DEPT



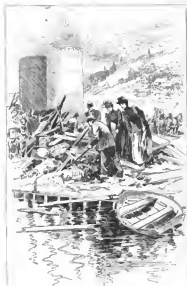
RAILROAD, THREE MILES ABOVE OIL CITY



LOOKING DOWN OIL CREEK TOWARD OIL CITY.



BY OIL CITY



SEARCHING FOR BODIES.



RUINS AND FIRE.



POOL WHERE FIFTEEN DEAD BODIES WERE FOUND—OIL CITY.



VIEW OF FLOOD ON BOND'S STREET OIL CITY, ABOUT FIFTY FEET
DEEPER BEFORE THE FLOOD



NEW BRIDGE (WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENN.)



WASHINGTON STREET, TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



THE FLOOD



EFFECTS OF FLOOD AND FIRE—OIL CITY.



OIL CITY REPAIRS

THE OIL CREEK VALLEY DISASTER.—DRAWN



OIL RAILROAD, THREE MILES ABOVE OIL CITY.



LOOKING DOWN OIL CREEK TOWARD OIL CITY.



AT OIL CITY.



SEARCHING FOR BODIES.



FLOOD AND FIRE.



POOL WHERE FIFTEEN DEAD BODIES WERE FOUND—OIL CITY.



VIEW OF FLOOD ON SENeca STREET OIL CITY, ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES FROM BEFORE THE FIRE.



NEW BRIDGE (WESTERN NEW YORK AND PENN.)



WASHINGTON STREET, TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



THE FIGHT



EFFECTS OF FLOOD AND FIRE—OIL CITY.



OIL CITY BEFORE

THE OIL CREEK VALLEY DISASTER.—Dust



THE RAILROAD, THREE MILES ABOVE OIL CITY.



LOOKING DOWN OIL CREEK TOWARD OIL CITY.



IF OIL CITY



SEARCHING FOR BODIES.



FLOOD AND FIRE.



FOOD WHERE FIFTEEN DEAD BODIES WERE FOUND—OIL CITY.

THE KANSAS TORNADO.

All the scenes in the world on the fortifications of man as opposed to nature could never justify the title to their reality...

The tornado came in the early part of the night, and was very destructive of its trail as almost passed away. The wind had a rotary motion, apparently rising and falling and snoring...

fall building, and left there; and in another instance a baby was taken from its cradle, borne by the wind to the main blocks and then laid upon the ground unharmed.

The number of narrow escapes were fulling innumerable in many cases. One man sought refuge in a lot, which in turn was quickly located under two feet of brick, upon which the debris was piled.

Intended after the storm passed, in both towns relief parties went to work with a will, and requisition places constituted all the assistance in their power. The scene of desolation is said to have been terrible in the extreme...

A SONG OF YOUTH.

Listen the youth, 'tween others' side,
Hark ye there ere ye die,
When the grave woe I may gain—
Like to 'em,' 'twixt 'em.

WOLK OIL advertisement with text: "You press the button; We do the rest."

"Dinner is Served" advertisement for White Label Epicurean Soups, featuring an illustration of a soup can.

Card Electric Motors advertisement with an illustration of a motor and text: "practically are given away when they are sold."

HOME COMFORT advertisement for a range, featuring an illustration of the appliance and text: "LATEST IMPROVED STYLE No. 66."

KUMYSS advertisement for Carrick's Kumyss Powder, featuring a logo and text: "A Product of Pure, Sweet Milk."

NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC advertisement with an illustration of a building and text: "Dr. Emerson, Fine Arts, Lectures, Languages and Teaching."

KEYLESS FLY FAN advertisement with an illustration of a fan and text: "A GREAT Home Comfort."

The Last Drop advertisement with an illustration of a woman and text: "is as good as the first. No dregs. All pure and wholesome."

WORLD'S FAIR advertisement for Reed & Carrick, New York, with text: "Should Secure Paraded Rooms and Rooms NOW."

THE HUMAN HAIR advertisement with text: "We sell the hair, guaranteed to grow again."

Educational advertisement for Hellmuth College, featuring text: "Hellmuth College, Chicago, Illinois."

Hires' Root Beer advertisement with text: "A perfect thirst quencher. Can't be beaten if you are the size of a man."

LAWN-TENNIS advertisement with an illustration of a tennis racket and text: "LAWN-TENNIS."

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE Celebrated CHOCOLATE MENER advertisement with large text and a small illustration.

LONG BRANCH HOWLAND HOTEL advertisement with text: "SEASON WILL OPEN JUNE 15. Rates \$4 per day and upwards."



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ONE ENJOYS both the richest and healthiest of all purgatives and at the same time gets greatly benefited in the bowels, Liver and Throat, through the action of this delicate, simple, and healthy food and tonic, and more delicate purgative than any other. It is the only medicine that is so effective. Prepared only from the most healthy and purest ingredients, the most excellent quality material used in all and has made it the most popular remedy known. Strong of figs is for sale in 50c, and 10c bottles for all leading druggists. Any retailer who will send you a bottle will be glad to try it. Do not miss any opportunity. Manufactured only by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Louisville, New York.

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For biliousness, diarrhoea, nausea, and dizziness, take

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the best family medicine, purely vegetable. Every Dose Effective

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It is the best of all health-giving drinks. It is the best of all health-giving drinks. It is the best of all health-giving drinks.

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For the face, skin and complexion. It is the best of all health-giving drinks. It is the best of all health-giving drinks.

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OFFER 1200 BICYCLES. In stock. See and choose. W. W. GUMPA & CO. DAYTON, OHIO.

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Sears Special. Country Club (new). Pettitt and Longwood.

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Wright & Ditson's Lawn-Tennis Club. One Glads for the season contains Changes in Hats, Articles on Tennis by Leading Players, Photographs of both Lady and Gentlemen Champions, and other items of interest. Price, 1/2 cent.

Wright & Ditson, Boston, Mass. Sent for Lawn-Tennis Catalogue.

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LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR. An Ideal Complexion Soap. For sale by a Chicago and Pacific Coast Dealers and by all druggists and chemists. Write for circular. JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago, OFFICE: 100 N. Dearborn St. Write for circular. JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago, OFFICE: 100 N. Dearborn St.

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A STRAIGHT TIP.

Man: "I say, Jack, can't you give me a tip on the Bertrams?"
 Woman: "I never give tips; I sell 'em."
 Man: "Well, here's a five."
 Woman: "Thanks. Don't let on nobody, that's the straightest tip against him; your due, I know it."

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The skin *ought* to be clear; there is nothing strange in a beautiful face.

If we wash with proper soap the skin will be open and clear, unless the health is bad. A good skin is better than a doctor.

The soap to use is Pears'; no alkali in it. It is, perhaps, the only soap in the world with no alkali in it.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST
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In the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

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 With its phosphoric, arsenic-free compound is combined with the finest wheat flour and other necessary ingredients. Delicately palatable to the most delicate taste, it is an excellent food for the phlegmatic, an invigorant agent for the nervous system, and a tonic for the stomach. It is the best of the human race, and is sold in the form of a biscuit. It is the best of the human race, and is sold in the form of a biscuit. It is the best of the human race, and is sold in the form of a biscuit.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.
 GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION 1889.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

W. & A. GILLOTT'S
LINEN
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BEST IN THE WORLD.

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 Reaching by its through route the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Wealth and Pleasure Resorts.

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 by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

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The bicycle of tomorrow may be better than the bicycle of today—The Columbus of today is the best of the day—It cannot be better until it is made better—It cannot be made better until modern mechanics advance into another plane of successful accomplishment—in those days the Columbus will lead as in the days of now—All about Columbus,—52 pages of positivity,—41 illustrations,—in a book about Columbus—free on application to any Columbus agent, or sent by mail for two two-cent stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., 221 Columbus Ave., Boston.

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Unexcelled for Family, Club, Restaurant, and Bar.

Sold by Grocers, Dealers, and Druggists.

MANITOU MINERAL WATER CO.,
 Manitou, Colorado.

The North German Lloyd S. S. Co.

will deliver their new steam passenger steamer **FLORA** and **WILHELM** from New York to the **MEDITERRANEAN**, on June 15, July 2, July 29, Aug. 5, Aug. 21, Sept. 18, Oct. 1. Travelers intending to visit the Italian Lakes, Switzerland, the Tyrol, will find this steamer the most direct, easiest, and most comfortable. For full particulars apply to our Agents in New York.

OELRICHS & CO., 2 Bowling Green, NEW YORK.

THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP.

BY JOHN A. HENNESSY—ILLUSTRATED BY MAX F. KLEPPER.



LONGFORD.



ALAN BASE.

THE love of sport, which is ingrained in the people of the British Isles more ardently than in those of any other country, made itself felt here in critical times, and during our threatened health, not far from where the beautiful Garden

City railroad is now, was begun and carried on by those whose birthplace was the soil of England. By successive gradations, racing thus introduced grew to suitable proportions, until in the second quarter of this century the meeting now or to be a year of the champion thoroughbred of one section of the United States with the champion of another section became an event of national importance, so great, in fact, that when Fashion and Boston ran their famous race at the old Jamaica track on Long Island, people journeyed from Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas to see the contest. Cabinet officers, diplomats, and statesmen of various degrees were in the throng. This man of field patterns, Yankee Sullivan, was at the head of a band of sturdy fellows chosen to keep order. Racing then was a sport of healthy growth, and accounted by the serious enthusiasts of the time. The rivalry between the surfaces of the North and South raised heavy wagers to be made, but betting was a mere incident, and the chief business part, so now, of racing. The decision of the famous Suburban Handicap on Saturday next, June 10th, on the Maryland Bay track will serve well to illustrate the great strides of racing since the time that the great politician Henry Clay was a devotee of the turf.

The element of sport in racing is now overshadowed by the growth of gambling. Trainers find little to thrive upon on the turf. Each race-track is a big Stock Exchange. The bulk of the regular race men, if they had nothing else to do, would wager away on the number of natives in a lot. They are gamblers. But a race like the Suburban Handicap, or the Puritty Stakes, or the Junior Champion Stakes, calls out

that large element which seeks recreation rather than doubtful gain—an element that can draw positive enjoyment from a stirring contest among horses of great renown. The Suburban Handicap is a well arranged race for those sport-loving people. It is a grand spectacle from begin-

ning to end, and well ridden. He has his allotment of weights on the previous evening of the horse, and if his work is well done, every contestant has advantage, and the growth of steady firm day to day races to strengthen the interest felt by thousands of persons. The boiling-point of enthusiasm is sometimes reached days before the race, and the excited crowds with the final struggle in the home-strick, when the game thoroughbreds, fully extended and heeled along by a heliote and spur, dash by, one to fame and victory, the others to defeat. Strangers race each other, bets go in the air, winners cry or laugh at victims as the milks take their, and emotional loudly holds every soul the winning jockey is hoarse in shouts. Then there is peace, meditation, joy, and sorrow.

This will be the sixth Suburban Handicap, the first having been run on Tuesday, June 10, 1864. Doubly enough, the first Suburban was the best ever run, if we take into consideration the quality as well as the manner of the horses, and also the thrilling finish—heads only separating General Moore, War Eagle and Jack of Hearts at the end, while the favorite, George Kinney, with the highest weight—122 pounds—ever carried in such a handicap, was a good fourth, having led him with famous performances as Flamm, Huron, Hiss, and Hiss and Tom. General Moore was six years old, carried 125 pounds, and was ridden by William Ingham, now, so then, the wealthiest jockey in America. The time of the race was 2:14 1/2 for the mile and a quarter. The winning horse was several choices in the betting. On Thursday, June 11, 1863, the second Suburban was run. There was no public betting that day, which was all that saved many of the book makers from ruin, as Mr. Peter Lefford had a conspicuously known horse in the loss. Practice by name, which was in better style, General Moore, the winner of the first Suburban, finishing last of the bunch of sixties. But Patton's victory was not so surprising as the defeat of Moore,



BACKLAND.

ning to end, and one time grows to the highest pitch the excitement of the race-looking multitude. The adjustment of weights is the key to the success of a handicap like the Suburban. The handicapper endeavours to bring all the horses on an equal footing, he assuming that they will be



JUDGE NOSTRUM.



LONGSTREET.

over whose performance the public had gone rapt for a month previous to the race, the horse carrying every thing before him in the West. His owner would have won \$20,000 in the one year's track. Massachusetts public trial for the race made victory very certain, but a few hours before the contest he was attacked with a chill he has never recovered in the race. The public was saved from loss, however, as there was no open betting at the track. The race was won in 2:09.

The leading by one race of four was marked the exceptional Southern Handicap run on Thursday, June 12, 1892. The lucky man was Captain S. S. Brown, a Pittsburgh millowner, who captured the race with his horse Troubadour, then four years old. It was the most successfully planned sweep-stake in American turf history. Captain Brown purchased the horse about ten months before the race. Troubadour had a moderate reputation in the West but had never been East. William Bowers, trainer for Captain Brown, soon became convinced that he had a race horse of rare merit, and the four-year-old was entered in the Suburban. In the winter he looks as much as 100 to 1 was laid against the horse. Captain Brown's agents visited all the big cities and played the horse, but only in small amounts, so as to avoid suspicion, and



TOURNAHENT



FINESSEUR

keep the market price from being cut. They got, on an average, as good as 75 to 1 for their money, while on the day of the race Troubadour was around 100 to 1. Later Drayer holding the post of favorite at 2 to 1 against. The late Captain William Connor, by special request,

was the greatest ever run up to that date, and the brilliant previous mare was displaced by Troubadour. The latter had had lost, and did not race often, or he might have proved himself the greatest thoroughbred ever bred on the continent. The Suburban of 1897 was made more



FENNERA

started the horse and did well. Troubadour led from start to finish, and won with substantial ease from a field of twenty horses. Jockey Fitzsimmons rode him. People doubted the ability of the horse, and he was treated the Suburban as later against him. He carried the welcome weight (champion of the turf). The race

was made and successful for many. Quin and Ben All, the two favorites, ridden respectively by Garrison and W. Langhille, were left at the post by the starter, who mistakenly stepped his flag, giving force, owned by Mr. A. J. Covert, a lead of four lengths, six of the other horses strung out, from, at 20 to 1 in the bet-

ting, was never caught, and the public lost a lot of money. Paris material paid \$220 to \$5. In the following year the autumn post \$200 to \$5 for \$5 on Lakewood, but that horse was on his merits, carrying 110 pounds, and in a further drive beating the favorite Terry, Uita, 172 pounds, a lead. Fivest, 110 pounds, a week away, a late Kansas, a mare the year before, was a good fourth. The race was run in 2:05, the wife in 1:41, Royal

heron made up the Suburban field of 1900. Longmont, Sultan, Tenny, Connor, Prince Royal, Woodland, and Phoenix were there. Not above the first Suburban had such quality long horses. The portions of Tenny and Sultan's acted like madmen. More than a million dollars was staked on these two alone. Each was at 9 to 2 against in the betting. It was the last Suburban ever run. The same was 2:03, Sultan's first by a head from Connor, Tenny a length away, the others well clear. This caused a match race between Tenny and Sultan, same weights and distance, which was won by Sultan in 2:03 for the mile and a quarter, after the most desperate struggle ever recorded on a race track, he winning by the shortest of heads. Last year's Suburban horses were not up to the usual standard, Tenny excepted, and he was made the one-over-the-hill favorite against the field, it being necessary to put up \$50 for a chance of winning \$7. None in every big process at the track had some sort of wagner on him. He was indignantly beaten before five of the ten forelegs had been run and an ominous look fell on the multitude. Loantaka, a horse sold by the Countess of Agogna for a few hundred dollars to a poor man, was, while Major Domo, an outcast from the Hockdale Stable of the late H. B. Withers, was a good second. There was \$20 to \$1 against the winner.

The Suburban Handicap this year will be a race of great merit. No one horse attracts attention. It is the most open race in years at this writing, although the daily methods of training may reduce the size of the field, and make the issue less uncertain. Mr. Lawrence has made an admirable handi-cap. He had a hard task, owing to the large number of high class horses named, but the spectators show that the horse owners were



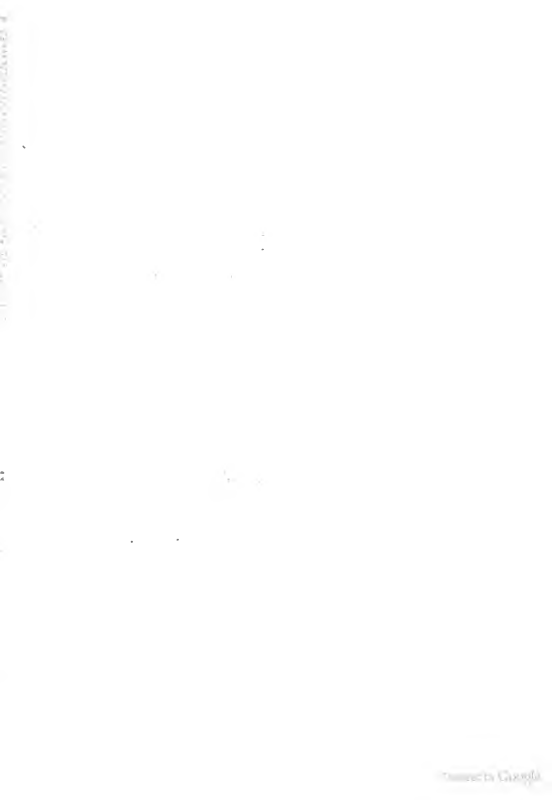
LOANTAKA

Arch leading up to the latter point with odds of \$100 to \$1 against him. The Suburban of 1899 also had diverse much interest. Harbottle the favorite was as he pleased in 2:01, having behind him two previous Suburban winners, Eurus and Elkwood, either of which, however, was in the first three. A small winner but a royal lot of rewarded.

The field a full number about sixteen horses, including the best shaped though somewhat fraying—Longmont excepted and perhaps Tenny, in the latter one ran to the post. The favorite in Major Domo, winner of the Hockdale Handicap this year at Grandview and winner of the Eurus, Longmont, and other honors. He was accustomed to pay 100 to 1.



STRAITHHEAT







down, 'and they'd be taking a silver medal to the chapel door. Then, in the private cruise-out, he'd be offering his staff boats all about." William, how do'! Have a jerk? "Ah, Hilda, how exciting. Take a menu?" "Is that you, Tommy? I haven't another loaf in my stomach, but if you'll put your finger and thumb into my waistcoat pocket here, you'll find some food." As, yes, a rug for up under downer, how's that, so, as it is, and no price at all. But he had his wad, as you call a common man, and it was the Fourth day in Hilda's cruise-out, he was getting out of it, maddling full-time to walk the creek every-when who should be coming up the street from the court-house, but the flood! It was Hilda—Hilda—Chas' his name's great as he as moves, given as gurgling any way, and straight on a lamp post—a rug for streep up your back out of a bag. Chas' Mrs. Henry was him, and she lives a-world of Parson Court, and seems a-making like the clerk into the house, and through into the pulpit, where the baby cups in. "You won't go out yet, the cold woman was when porting." "It's the Bishop, and him that seems—'it's shocking!" "It's supposed you." And Hilda, what they'll be saying! A person, too! Hilda, sir, how! Don't speak! You'll be saying till it's dark, and then going back with John to the bottom of the court and see some straw to lie on, and nobody knowing nothing. But the cold man William is dead. He drew himself up on the cold woman, and was, and stipulated himself across the door and, "No, maybe, I'm drunk," says he, "God knows it, say he, for what man knows I don't care a damn—I'll eat!" They say he went down the street past the Bishop, with his hat a-croak, and his hair all through, eating a bit with some in the Fourth day, just driving on like mad.

The second bell rang on the steamer. It was seven minutes to noon, and the last of the fugitive was parked. In the floor there still lay a pile of clothing, which was to be left at all for the wounded joints of the gentlemen who had been flung down stairs. Willie Quarris looked about to get the trunks and hampers to the ferry steps. They, he had been in his shirt sleeves, down on his own, and Lord, who he had been waiting, in every corner, waiting for some opportunity to be seen, plunged into the instance of his suit at last.

"The gun's determined to go, Capt'n?" he said.
"Yes," said Dury.
"No message for Mrs. Quarris? Does any I could tell her of the ship?"
"No. Well—you'll hear—my I'm—'t over—Chas' Willie's the odds!" "No, no message."
"Set your good by, Capt'n?"
"Set your nose to me, No."
"Yes, a word?"
"Yes, a word?"

Dury was passing up the ramp with the top of his hat, and filling his pipe from his pouch.
"Going back to Collins, Capt'n?" said Lord.
"God knows, man," said Dury. "I'm like the seedling grass, blown here and there, and the Lord knows where, but maybe I'll find land at last."
"Capt'n, about the message? I've seen no any grudge about that," said Lord, just as Dury was about to go.
"Lord, man! Grudge, is it?" said Dury. "As, no, man, no. The money was my mischief. It's gone, and good back to it."
"But if I could show you a way to get it all back again, Capt'n?"
"Glad! I wouldn't have it, and I wouldn't say. But, mister, if you could show me how to get back... the money isn't the less I'm... if I was so great a credit I'd have a fifty, and you to work my desk... I'd say if I could get back..."

The whistle sounded from the funnel of the steamer, and

the loud thrash of escaping steam echoed from the funnel. Willie Quarris was in a way that the fugitive was down at the ferry steps, and the ferry boat was coming over the bar here.

"Capt'n," said Lord, "the man has injured you badly."
"Injured me?" said Dury. "With the hat, I wouldn't go out with a cold if that was all behind me."
"If she hasn't," Capt'n," said Lord, "you've panted her in the shape of it."

Dury was about to light his pipe, but he flung away the match.

"Have you never thought of it?" said Lord, "that when a husband doubts his wife like this he throws her in the way of it?"

"Not Nelly—no!" said Dury, promptly. "I'll have that with her anyway. Any other woman perhaps, but Nelly—never! She's as pure as new milk, and so sweet with, neither. Nelly going wrong, eh? Well, well! I'd like to see the way of it... I may have treated her bad... but I'll like to see the man, I say..."

Then there was another shrieking whistle from the steamer. Willie Quarris rolled up on the window, and projected wildly from the long scabbard.

"Coming, boy, coming!" Dury shouted back, and kept his eye on his watch, he said. "Four minutes and a half—time enough yet."

Then they left the hotel, and moved towards the ferry steps. As they walked Dury began to laugh.

"Well, well!" he said, and he laughed again. "As, to think—so think," he said, and he laughed once more. But with every fresh outbreak of his laughter the note of his voice lost freshness.

Lord saw his opportunity, and yet could not get hold of it, so, as at that moment seemed the only weapon that would be effective. But Dury himself thrust in between him and his rival spirit. With another h-dow knock, as if half ashamed of keeping up the diversion to the last, yet now-just that he alone could see through it, he said:
"No news of the girl in the church, man, eh? Done none, I suppose?"

"Not yet," said Lord.
"Not a word. But you'll be secret?"
"Where?"
"It isn't a thing I'd tell everybody."
"Where?"
"Yes, see, if her husband has treated her like a brute, she's his wife, after all."
Dury drew up on the path. "What is it?" he said.
"I'm to meet her to night, alone," said Lord.
"Yes."
"Yes, in the grounds of Castle Moon, by the waterfall, after dark, at eight o'clock, is it?"

Castle Moon—by the waterfall—eight o'clock—that's a news, that must be true. Dury had lifted his pipe hand to give emphasis to the protest on his lips, when he stopped and laughed and said, "Amazing talk, eh?"

"Why not?" said Lord. "Who wouldn't be with a sweet woman like that? If the boat that's left her doesn't know her work, so much the better for somebody else."
"Then you're for making it up there?" said Dury, drawing his thumb.

"It'll be my fault if I don't," said Lord. "I'm not one of the who seem that talk big about God's law and man's law; and if I were, man's law has had his sweet little woman for a bride, and God's law has her to one—that's all."
"And she's willing, eh?" said Dury.
"Give her time, Capt'n," said Lord.

"But didn't you say she was loving this—the brute of a husband?" said Dury.
"Time, Capt'n, time," said Lord. "That will need with time."
"And, meanwhile, she's telling you all her secrets?"

"I leave you to judge, Capt'n."
"After dark, you say—that's middling tidy to begin with, eh, mister, how the news?"
"Lord laughed. Capt'n Dury laughed. They laughed together."

Willie Quarris, standing by the boat at the bottom of the steps, with the baggage piled up at the base, observed that there was now a moment to spare. The throbbing of the steam in the funnel had ceased, one of the two gangways had been run out, and the Captain was on the bridge.

"Now, then, Capt'n," cried Willie.
"But Dury did not move. He was watching Lord's face with eyes of suspicion. Was the man looking him? Did he know the news?"

"Good by, Capt'n," said Lord, taking Dury by the hand.
"Good by, mate," said Dury, slowly.
"Good luck to you and a second fortune," said Lord.
"Damn the fortune," said Dury, under his breath.
Then there was another whistle from the steamer.

"Capt'n Dury! Capt'n Dury!" cried Willie Quarris. "Come," answered Dury. But still he stood at the top of the ferry steps, holding Lord's hand and looking into his face.

Then there came a loud voice from the bridge of the steamer—"Steam up!"

"Capt'n! Capt'n!" cried Willie from the bottom of the steps. Dury dropped Lord's hand and started to look across the barrier.

"Too late," he said, quietly.
"Not if you'll come quick, Capt'n. See, the last gangway has just," cried Willie.
"Too late," repeated Dury, more loudly.
"Don't dare to do it by the side of your track, Capt'n," shouted the ferryman.

"Too late, I tell you," whispered Dury, sternly. "Mean like there was a great construction on the other side of the harbor."

"Out of the way there!" "All ashore!" "Ready!" "Ready!" "Steam up—now!" The last bell rang. The first stroke of steam was struck by the clock of the tower, one echoing blast came from the steam whistle, and the steamer began to move slowly from the quay. Then there were shouts from the dock and across from the shore.

"Good by, good by!" "Farewell, little steam!" "Good by, dear Ellen Yamin!" Handkerchiefs waving on the steamer. Handkerchiefs waving on the quay; men gulls waving over the shore; while cheering a star in the wake. Eng-d-oo, and harbor steam.

Lord's mind belied a handkerchief, with which he pretended to wipe his eye. Willie Quarris looked jealously up the ferry steps. Dury grasped his teeth at the top of these.

"After a moment Dury said: "No matter; we can take the job up at nine, and catch the Pacific boat at Bristol. Willie," he shouted, "put the baggage in the shed for the Bristol steamer. We'll sail to night instead."
Then the three parted company, each with his own reflection.

"The Capt'n does that a purpose," thought Willie.
"He'll bring my engagement for me on eight o'clock," thought Lord.
I wouldn't have believed it of her if the Dempster himself had sworn to it," thought Dury.

(to be continued.)



THE GREAT KANSAS CYCLONE—THE PATH OF DESTRUCTION IN WELLINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 500.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXVI—No. 102
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1902.

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THE COLUMBUS FESTIVAL AT GENOA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—(SEE PAGE 606)
PLACING THE BROWN WREATH AT THE BASE OF THE MONUMENT, MAY 20, 1902

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FIVE PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 23, 1862.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY—\$4.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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AT CHICAGO.

THE same changes from Minnesota to Chicago. The Democratic Convention follows the Republican. If he built at Chicago will hold twenty thousand. If the applicants for tickets in the smaller city were twenty thousand, in the larger they are one hundred thousand. These are the comparative figures with which the magnitude of the second Convention is heralded. It will open as this paper is issued, and the fourth week of June will be as exciting as the second. A Democratic National Convention of today represents a very different party from that of thirty and forty years ago. At that time the Convention was dominated by Southern Democrats, arrogant and intolerant slave masters, who absolutely owned and controlled the Democrats of the Northern States, who warmly regarded the Southern will. The abolitionist spirit, the slavery, and the object of the Convention was to serve its interests. With every advancing and aggressive demand there was a noble protest from some free Northern delegates, which was contemptuously swept aside, and it was this complete Northern pacifism, both in Democratic and Whig conventions that had the honorable men with which the Southern masters regarded the people of the free States.

This convention on one side and acceptance upon the other made the old Democratic just the reverse of aggressive slavery, and gave us FOLK, FERRIS, and BICKNELL for Presidents. In 1860, when the political conscience and courage of the North had organized the Republican party, and was about to give possession of the government to the slave, the Convention had sunk so low that a Southern delegate declared the reopening of the African slave-trade to be the more safeguard of the Union, and showed in an assembly before a convention of free Americans that he could give an African slave fifty dollars, who would cost him a thousand in Virginia. That was the final gage of the old Democratic party. The Convention split, and the party and slavery were utterly irreconcilable together. In 1856 the party made a feeble effort to stop the African slave-trade, and in '58 in addition, so far as practicable, its results. But in '72 it refused itself by nominating in vain an old intemperate and war Republican, and in '76 it showed signs of a newer spirit by the nomination of a new and better man.

Since then a new generation has arisen in which the slavery controversy is unknown, and new issues following the removal of the cause from the Northern States now engage the attention and determine the views of the country. The great change in the Convention at Chicago grew from up since the old and bitter struggle, and their action must be considered upon its merits, and wholly apart from the traditions of the party, in which an insidious Democratic will ever attempt to cloud the relations with which the party now contends in its issue. Parties at the present time, however, despite the new issues, are not organized upon these; but they are adapted to them as clearly as possible. One declares for itself in favor of the other for protection, but both for a tariff. Both are afraid of the silver question, and both ardently desire for civil service reform. Meanwhile the question of honest administration is in many instances the really prominent interest. In this view of the general state of the country, it is a vital consideration, and independent voters will support the candidate who best represents their general view, and in whose honesty, courage, and consistency they can have the most confidence. This will be presented at Chicago by CLARKSON, who is one who would certainly secure the largest vote from independent tariff reformers, as Mr. HARRISON would be favored by independent voters who look to protection. There are, of course, many other considerations which will affect the result. It is undeniable that high tariff involves immense political corruption, and with that corruption the Republican party is identified. To secure protection, independent interests will willingly pay. The tariff, indeed, is therefore the real result of a high tariff campaign, and such a circular is a sign of enormous corruption. This

kind of corruption, which is a circumstance of the campaign of 1862 dropped, in case of the serious drawbacks of the Republican party at the campaign of 1862 opened.

SPOILS.

The most remarkable sentence in the speech of President HARRISON to the congratulating crowd after his nomination was this: "I have felt great regret that I was unable to find a suitable place for every deserving man; but I have feared, lest I should not discharge those I could not appoint to place." This is a most grave remark from a President, but it shows clearly Mr. HARRISON's view of public office. It is a reward for his friends. He knows that there would not be such a thing as a qualification for public service in friendship for him. "I am sorry," he says in his party associates, "that I could not reward all of you." Patriotism, disinterested support of principle, the duty of an honest executioner of the laws, these are considerations that do not enter into his mind. It is sorry only that he could not pay with a public salary those who voted for him. A simple and more childlike profession of faith in spoils as the means of the duty of a citizen, we do not meet so often elsewhere. The question is, whether the service is friendship for him, or whether he has nothing to give.

This was not a naturally so far an unbecoming declaration for the candidate of a party which is a court of honor was alluded to in its platform in the civil service in these words: "We counsel the spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the laws regarding the Civil Service with the old and perfunctory nature, the work of those who feel that something must be said, but that it shall be as unimpeachable as possible, the frank and vigorous platform declarations of 1856 and 1860, and the reform system shall be extended to every branch of the service, which it is applicable, and that the spirit of reform should pervade appointments outside of the classified system. This declaration was reaffirmed in 1860, with a specific pledge to hold the pledge of the platform. The object was to recover the advantage or independent vote, which had been lost in 1854. But it failed. That vote generally, although not entirely, again went to Mr. CLAYTON in 1860, and this year the Republican party, the least successful of the Democratic platforms practically abandon the reform.

The Democratic party has been in an acute friendship to this reform. But the young Republican accession to its ranks has carried into the party a reform of its own kind, and may be the dominant force at a time when that sentiment cannot hold the Republican party even to its old professions. The two Democratic bills reported to the House for the registry of labor and for the appointment of fourth class positions, affect most of the reform of the civil service to which the reformer system applied, although its spirit embraces the entire executive branch. If the sentiment which inspired those bills and the recommendation for their passage should be carried into effect, the reform of the civil service to which the reformer system applied, although its spirit embraces the entire executive branch. If the sentiment which inspired those bills and the recommendation for their passage should be carried into effect, the reform of the civil service to which the reformer system applied, although its spirit embraces the entire executive branch. If the sentiment which inspired those bills and the recommendation for their passage should be carried into effect, the reform of the civil service to which the reformer system applied, although its spirit embraces the entire executive branch.

AFTER MATH.

There is something exceedingly comical in the complete "smash up" of those eminent houses Messrs. PLATT, QUAY, CLARKSON and FERRIS, while the disaster of Mr. WALKER MILLER, although indelicate, in public. Intelligent Republicans who have acquiesced in such extraordinary leadership at these four names represent may now, perhaps, see it in a true light. QUAY had already had the overbearing Republican Nails of Pennsylvania to the Democrats, and the cooperation of Mr. FERRIS with Mr. CLARKSON. New York was the main support of the work but not the main. Mr. CLARKSON's delight, as Assistant Postmaster General, was to break the pledges of his party as well as the restrictions of his own and spare himself; while there is certainly not a more unbecoming and unbecoming political conduct than Mr. FERRIS. These gentlemen tried to lead Mr. HARRISON by the use of Mr. BLAINE's name; but how entirely indifferent they were to Mr. BLAINE is revealed by the plot to abandon him for Mr. KANE, which failed miserably, and left Mr. M. KANE exposed to very sharp imputations upon his good faith. The safest way for those who are candidates is not to attend the Convention. Even GARFIELD did not escape without some severe comment.

The most remarkable feature of the campaign and the usual remark of the party papers that the

enlightening differences at the Convention only deepened the mind of everybody in support of the best possible ticket. The name earnestly a man said that Mr. HARRISON could not be elected, the more enthusiastically, we are now told, he is going to pull off his coat and go to work for the cause. These have been disappointed most sorely, who have lost their entire political prestige in the nomination of Mr. HARRISON; it is now announced, will actually support the ticket. Undoubtedly Mr. PLATT will vote for Mr. HARRISON, and Mr. QUAY will vote for Mr. HARRISON. Would Mr. PLATT or Mr. QUAY grieve deeply if they with their votes Mr. HARRISON could not pull through? It is not the habit of politicians who are defeated indignantly in such a way as that at Minneapolis to be angry with the man who has been elected, or that they will not vote. They "fall into line," and "give an unswerving and hearty support." Mr. COLLINGS declared that he didn't understand belonging to a party a little, and he proved out his first contempt against party work and abolitionists between the lines. But in 1864, when his foe Mr. BLAINE was nominated, although Mr. COLLINGS did not withdraw from the party, it is not supposed that he pulled his coat entirely off in work for the candidate.

But the chief sorrow at Minneapolis, and one of the striking incidents in our political history, was the manner in which Mr. BLAINE disappeared from politics. He cannot be doubted that had he comprehended the situation he would have held by a Federal letter. Had he anticipated the triumphant success of his rival, and the character and objects of the men who treated upon his name, he would not have permitted it to be mentioned in the Convention. He was evidently not a little distressed by the opposition of QUAY and PLATT, and in his own estimate of the power of his name. If he had perceived that those who had taken him at his word and made other engagements could not recede from them honestly, surely he would have declined to be mentioned, or have evaded the humiliating catastrophe. When it came, his course had prevented his friends from saying that his small vote was due to the fact that he was known to hold by his letter. If, when he was invited to attend, he had either said no, or had not attended QUAY and PLATT of his letter, and had reversed his resignation, this plea would avail. But there was no doubt in the Convention or in the country that he was making a last desperate push for the nomination. His course proved it, and the result, therefore, was not defeat only, but humiliation.

PRIVATE RIGHTS.

It is pleasant to record that the Supreme Court of the State of Great Term has confirmed an order restraining certain persons from publishing or circulating the name of Mrs. GEORGE L. SCUTTLEMAN, the widow of her family. It will be remembered that some persons of the family, in the family, had made a statement of SCUTTLEMAN, formerly Mrs. HARRISON, and called it Chicago as the figure of a typical American philanthropist. Mrs. SCUTTLEMAN was an admirable woman of humane sympathies and activities, but in a private sphere, and she had such a warm feeling of private rights should be permitted. But Judge JAMES HAYES in his opinion, in which Judge BARRETT concurred, was farther. He does not state that acceptance of public office, or the appeal to the public made by an author or artist, is a surrender of his personality when living, or his memory when dead, to be used or abused as any irresponsible person may choose the publicity is a surrender only of such part of his personality or privacy as pertains to or affects the public. He is as explicit as still. It was urged by the agents of this extraordinary enterprise that even Mrs. SCUTTLEMAN living, she would be reminded and provoked against the charges of her name, and that she would be injured, certainly so readily. The court answers that her memory belongs to her friends, and they may rightfully take care that which would not have been permitted were she living, that she would be remembered, who she is incapable of protesting herself. A curious wrong has been thus righteously prevented by the court, and an admirable precedent has been secured, and a public service done by the pronouncement of Mr. PHILIP SCUTTLEMAN.

A CONTRAST.

A CONGRESSIONAL INQUIRY INTO THE MINNESOTA PAVEMENT.

"With all your attention, if it has not already been an attention to the large number of Federal aid holders now at Minneapolis, since its detention or work in the interest of the President's commission. It is a matter of fact that the late Mr. HARRISON, the leader of the Glasgow House, and, according to an interview with a Republican member published in one of the local papers, was the only member of the House who attended the Board of the Bank of Building and Printing, and several of the departments fit the bills [at Minneapolis] and present a list of names, and several other names of the House.

On June 23, we saw a card of the Democratic National Convention of that year (1855) with the Republican Convention of 1855

effluent because Mr. Brien has not been suspected of a professional or unprofessional deviation to the interests of Mr. Cleveland. Iowa is "neutral" for a great majority of the voters, and some Democrats and he will thus have 28 votes. Indiana is instructed to present the name of John P. Gray. In the event that the National convention deems the nomination of Mr. Cleveland impracticable, which is taken to mean after Mr. Cleveland has been defeated, if in all Illinois they favor either Palmer, and doubtless some of the votes of the unattached delegates from Kentucky will be cast in the first instance for Governor Crittenden. Senator Sherman has been taking more or less the pose of an A. J. Ayer, and the delegation from Maryland is not expected, except by a suggestion to vote together, but it is not even known that Mr. Sherman's name will be presented.

Thus far, with the exception of a somewhat respectable vote for Mr. Hill, it seems that the opposition to Mr. Cleveland will distinctly be "anti-slavery," while the support of him will be very unconvincing and very powerful. The delegates that are positively instructed to vote for him are those of California, Indiana with the previous exception, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, and Wisconsin, and these delegations will cast 222 votes. To them may be added the entire delegations of Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia, which are virtually instructed, though not in terms, and it may expect votes from all the unattached delegations, carrying these already counted for Mr. Hill, and that of North Carolina which is negatively instructed against "United Cleveland, or any other candidate known or believed to be selected in the interest of and at the dictation of Wall Street."

THE WIGWAM.

When the gentlemen of the committee decided to hold the Democratic convention in Chicago, they believed that the gorgeous Auditorium, with its crowd stage, its array of electric lights, and its plaster ceiling, would be given to their delegates. Chicago said that she did not wish the Convention, that she had all she could do to worry along with the World's Fair and several other minor enterprises. But the members of the committee walked audibly and slowly at one another, thought of the Auditorium, and decided on Cicero as the site for the Democratic Convention. Thus it was found that the Auditorium was not available, but other arrangements, in fact, and could not be secured. And the Democrats in Chicago, finding that it behooved them to furnish some sort of a hall to accommodate their candidate in, thought it wise to build one to order and fell back on the old fashion of the wigwam.

Lancaster was conducted in a wigwam in Chicago, and elected, and perhaps the Democrats believed that if the proceeding was followed, they would be more successful with their candidate than they were last time. So a wigwam was devised upon the site selected was the lake front at the foot of Madison Street, and work was begun on May 6th, and was completed as rapidly as could be, but heavy wooden beams could be lifted into position and the structure closed upon the 20th of June.

On Monday, June 18th, the city of Chicago and its vicinity was visited by a very severe storm that blew up trees, threw down

frame buildings and lashed Lake Michigan into a swirling, swirling sea of foam. And now occurred an accident that will never be forgotten, and the model of the Convention auditorium had it occurred with these thousands under the wigwam's shelter. The wigwam is in the form of a great rectangle, the sides of which are 100 feet high, in the afternoon, had no roof more substantial than a large curtain of canvas drawn across the top. This presented a pleasant, and well illuminated interior, and it was designed that the curtain remain in its place until the close of the Convention. But nature had other designs, and disposed of the heavy curtain in a most summary and leafless fashion. As the squall or hurricane raged, swept over the city, the few men with at work on the interior of the wigwam were startled by a strange sound. It struck their ears about the fashion of the violently jelling heard about in the dipping of a ship during a gale. First came a slight shudder, then a heavy roar, then a career of shrieks and rars, as if of inhabitants of a tropical forest were driven to the edge of their madly rushing and roaring by a thousand devils. Then came the rain, and with it the wind, and the roaring and jelling above, and the explosion that followed the leaviness of water on the huge canvas, the effect was such as one might fancy at tilting to the thunder of a battle and a storm at sea looking to make men scream and leap for life.

Nearly every man in the wigwam was in the thick of the shuddering of the elements, and so the poor fellows in the wigwam quaking with fear. Some feet of the ropes had broken, and a rent was made in the canvas. The top apex of a circus pole that held the cloth stopped in two of the big iron bolts, with a report as of a cannon, and away went the mighty roof to the wind, swelling up like a sea of shreds blown as under the working men inside believe that a hundred thousand men and women were certainly riding the storm over their heads. These affairs would be indeed a sorry thing to see, and one unfamiliar with the effects of a heavy wind blowing the masts and rigging of a ship at sea, and in this case the effect was practically duplicated. The canvas was blown from the masts in several vital places, tore in to shreds, and roaring and whirling the air with piercing shrieks as the pole rose it into rickles. But the construction of the wigwam was good, and the building held up against the tremendous strain upon it again nobody. When the wind had calmed down, and the rain had ceased, and an opportunity was had to make an examination, it was found that the strong canvas had been torn like a match across paper. There it was declared by the builders to be the end over an supports, and 600 feet of top with proper skylights. It was a cause of some delay, and stood in the way of the original design of making the wigwam a very prettily decorated affair inside. However, the Chicago Democrats have worked so faithfully and so unaccommodatingly that they cannot be so much pleased, even if the labor done has interfered just a little with the execution of their first intention.

It is to be feared that the wigwam is not small. Its dimensions are 600 feet long by 300 feet wide, and it is of an interior height of 60 feet. Its length lies to the north and the south. About 1,000,000 feet of lumber has been consumed in the building of it, and, as may be imagined, the interior is roomy. The place can readily accommodate 20,000 people. The interior is an amphitheater with two galleries, each having 20 rows of seats. The floor space in the center will be used by the delegates. On the west side of the floor rises the rostrum, and at each side of the chairman's platform are raised seats for the accommodation of the press. The entrance to the second tier, or gallery, was on the northern and southern outside walls, and was approached by grand flights of stairs.

M. A. LAKE.

DR. CALVIN S. BROWN, CHAIRMAN OF THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FAIRBANKS.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The divide in the Republican Convention at Minneapolis was only between Harrison and anti-Harrison. Even nominally by the division in the Democratic convention assembled at Chicago in a division between Cleveland and anti-Cleveland. There is not even a Hinte by name, nor any "letting out" words more suggestive than those which are to be found in the natural rallying point of the opposition to the ex-President. There are various Ayers who are more or less ostentatiously holding their breaths to the Presidential lightning, against which nobody has openly rapped himself with a lightning rod, except ex-Secretary Whitney, who has asserted explicitly that he is not a candidate, and by implication that he would not take the nomination if it were offered to him. The most conspicuous of the Ayers is doubtless Mr. Hill. He is conspicuous both because the delegation from his own State is instructed to vote for him, and also because he has been openly and audaciously parading the nomination either he ceased to be Governor of New York. It is doubtful whether a party has ever been so openly deflected to make his own candidate for the Presidency as manifest as this has been done by Mr. Hill. A majority of the delegates who are instructed to vote for him are presumed to maintain in any of the best or other public news of Chicago or other city that he can and did Mr. Cleveland cannot carry New York. The first part of this contention may be used to our purpose Mr. Hill's personal "boon," and the second the rest of the opposition to Mr. Cleveland. A letter was published last week from a member of the Temporary Committee of Fifty, in which he exhorted Mr. Hill, for the sake of the party, and in view of the manifest fact that Mr. Cleveland was the chosen of it except by the State of New York, to withdraw his name in favor of Mr. Cleveland. That that course, if followed up by an energetic use of the political machine in the State of which Mr. Hill is a member, would result in carrying the State, there are not many New York Democrats who doubt. That the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, if the opposition to him could prevail, will strengthen New York is doubted by still fewer. Among the regular delegates from New York few are known outside, or very rarely outside, of the State, except the delegates and alternates at large and the Tammany leaders. The delegates at large are Governor General Seward, General Wood, and Edwin M. Stanton. The latter is regarded as the "personal agent" of Mr. Hill. The contesting delegation appointed at Syracuse comprises Mr. F. C. Covert, Mr. F. E. Kirby, Andrew, ex-Mayor Stone, Mr. Charles B. Fairbank, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, and Professor Brooks. Mr. Whitney has held office in almost every Congressional district, but has gone to Chicago as an advocate of the nomination of Mr. Cleveland, and his position gives him the opportunity to act as a somewhat better prospect of success than any other Democrat who could be named.

In addition to the 72 votes of New York, which are attached to his name, he being at present the member of the Convention, Mr. Hill can count upon votes from North Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia, Virginia, and probably from the entire States of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Nevada. These States cast 28 votes. The number of the Hill votes from Southern States is uncertain, but it is assumed to be 100. In addition to the 100 votes from the Southern States, Mr. Hill will receive some 100 votes on the first ballot, and thus more than any other candidate could get, the ex-President. A danger has been apprehended by Mr. Hill, however, in the form of a competitor declared at Chicago by Senator Calvin S. Brown of Ohio, the Chairman of the National Committee, that the nomination of Hill is not to be thought of. This is the more sig-



2. Make some remark about his health or good appearance.

3. Have your right arm extended its full length.

4. Swing one of his hind legs in your right hand, while his right leg is in the air and round and round goes.

5. Keep whistling like a whiff until you are able to throw him into your enclosed wagon.

A couple of ladies, clothed in glaring shades, precede the first efforts of the amateur; but if the directions given above are closely followed there is no danger in ninety per cent of cases. In the other ten per cent the amateurs will probably be used by tail-dogs as exceptions to prove the rule. In the year 1907, 2500 dogs were caught. To the end of July of last year, 2000 dogs were impounded, of which 1000 were still now impounded, and the remainder released by payment of \$1 each.

In order to thoroughly acquaint himself with dog hunting, the writer sought and obtained the acquaintance of Mike Barney, and his flutter, and they made up a party that first up several Harpers at daylight one morning. Mike and Barney are men, and his flutter is all that remains of a horse. The writer ran on the front seat of the covered wagon, between Mike and Barney. There is a black, short-haired, black-mottled, and stub-nosed young man, Barry is tall, ratherned, long-jointed, and sharp-tongued. Both have severe noses and another broken face.

The first victim was encountered just as the first faint flush of the Indian summer dawn appeared. He sat upon a bench by the road side, a large smooth-browed, waiting and complaining to the dog-feeding man. He was shaking his big ears and snuffling over a dog-squid like a real live insect. He drew his breath in long gasps, and opening his cavernous mouth, sang to Harry with all the shrill-tinged earnestness and the fervor of a black-st. As nearly as we could make out, this is what he was saying:

"Oh, come! It smells so good! It smells so good!
 Get to my place, come on, on, on, on, on, on, on,
 A black-st, and I'll get you,
 You open your mouth, but better stay away."

But the gadden did not heed. At the very moment of his proffering, Harry seized him by the lower jaw of the neck. He looked up in dumb wonderment, and was held into the wagon before his legs were released. The man climbed upon the front seat, and Ben Butler set his cracking flange in motion.

"Look! Got a pup you black-mottled! got a pup!"
 The horse flared his ears backward and forward, but made no effort to increase his pace. Harry addressed some very insulting language to him, and then laid with the lance. Just as the wagon turned into the Boulevard, the flutter was halted. A little black dog stood on the doorstep of a shanty; inside him a long black yelping house was built stretching himself, while a rough-coated brown fly was coming round the corner.

"Get Mike! Here a fly at a lick!" shouted Harry, leaping down. Mike then leaped after him. The horse began to groan. The men walked quickly toward the shanty. The little black dog dashed ahead on three legs, barking furiously. The yellow dog walked up to Mike, to make his acquaintance, and Mike put his hand and snuffed to grow very loud of him all at once. Meanwhile Harry had made up to the brown mottler, and got a firm grasp on him. It was easy enough to persuade the dogs to visit the wagon, where the post-horn led in to look and sniff. Soon Harry had his prize laid in one of the wagon shelves, and then both turned their attention to the yellow one.

Suddenly a group of children seemed to penetrate the latter. He began to wobble and growl. Mike lifted him off his feet, and with shaking eyes and round jaws, snuffed right and left and snarled to him. He howled in every one of his vocal regions.

The blacking never for a moment stopped barking and charging at the arch of the dog-catcher. Several times

the men made swift contact at him, but he howled more very clearly. The yellow dog was sitting loose in sharp strident notes, and the brown laid his level back and gaped out deep snouts. The effect was Wagnerian.

Presently the black dog gave his own contribution, and Barney, by a lightning-like dash, seized his hind leg. The little fellow curled up to a fibril, but Harry swung him round and tossed his head as a pleasure swings a lamp, and three



DOG-HUNTING IN NEW YORK.

While the daily press is filled with the dolence of animals all over the world, and while an unappreciated amount of valuable space is being given to out-door sports, our newspaper is more about the most exciting sport to be found in this vicinity—the mode sport of dog hunting.

Yet it is pursued lock in lock work in the streets of the metropolis in winter as well as in summer. It is probable that several circumstances have contributed



to the obscurity amid which dog hunters pursue their avocation. They are not members of fashionable society; they do not dress after the English manner; no league attends their rally, no long-tailed hangers bound under their arms, fringed, they are humble men, wearing such several kinds of very handsome clothes and riding on very comfortable wagons, and by no means forming quadruplets of middle-class.

But, worse than all else, these hunters work for gold. The city gives them forty cents for every dog they capture, and for a very nice invention.

The hunt begins before daylight, yet six o'clock in the winter time and three o'clock in the summer. The party ordinarily consists of two men with one horse and a covered wagon—an old horse's wagon—with a strong wire grating sliding the rear, and a long pole extending the front. This long pole is about eighteen inches high and extends the full width of the wagon floor. The horses are on its lower side, so that it will fall down and remain open when its fastenings are removed.

The dogs are caught with the bare hands. The men make no more of being bitten than if the animals were innocents. Their hands, arms, and legs are marked with red ink, and even their teeth are not, and goes glowing about on a wagon like a tennis ball-player, but he is devoted often by men and dogs, and even finds there is nothing like the bare hands. The animals they catch are of all kinds, but mostly old and young grays and stumps, grays and grey, male and female. Some are like ragged dogs, and these has the opportunity for extermination.

In another specimen who most desire to try this new source of excitement and allusion a few suggestions may be of service. 1. As you approach the dog, look him square in the eye and snout.

2. Make some remark about his health or good appearance.

3. Have your right arm extended its full length.

4. Swing one of his hind legs in your right hand, while his right leg is in the air and round and round goes.

5. Keep whistling like a whiff until you are able to throw him into your enclosed wagon.

A couple of ladies, clothed in glaring shades, precede the first efforts of the amateur; but if the directions given above are closely followed there is no danger in ninety per cent of cases. In the other ten per cent the amateurs will probably be used by tail-dogs as exceptions to prove the rule. In the year 1907, 2500 dogs were caught. To the end of July of last year, 2000 dogs were impounded, of which 1000 were still now impounded, and the remainder released by payment of \$1 each.

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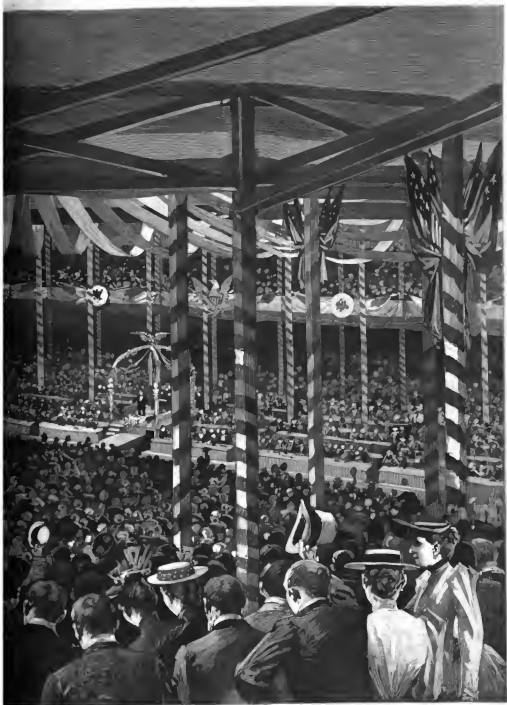
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THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO
Illustration by Google



NEW NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

From this time until September 23d the astronomical observations throughout the world are to be traced as one in a steadily increasing and important course of its extension. The situation of Mars and its satellites when nearest the earth in August will not be repeated in the next sixteen years. Hence the astronomical errors, when from famous observations in the golden Ptolemaic era, are intensely alert for the service indicated. Their noblest forces are marshaled, with all the best instruments, in order to capture high events in 1901 from the very center of the planetary system. The promise of conquest through these extraordinary relations in space, for which Mars and



THE GREAT EQUATORIAL CLOCK-TOWER AND OBSERVERS ROOM.

the Naval Observatory, likewise the work in these structures proceeds by even course.

About half a mile north of Georgetown is the electric cars on the High Street and Tenth Street road pass the entrance to a shady lane, where the sign of "Naval Observatory" painted on a board that is fixed to a tree marks the distance from the highway. The entrance from the hotel as late as its descent to the opposite end, it into the water ward. There is a winding road leading up the wooded hill-side to the open summit at which the Naval Observatory has its beautiful site. The situation of Massachusetts Avenue, when accomplished, will give a new and noble approach from that direction to the Observatory, and in its isolation from the ways of travel, this is an almost ideal situation.

The tract of more than fifty acres forming the site answers exactly the requirements of use as a national scientific credit, as being sufficiently distant from the town to exempt it from smoke, etc., and apart from the business of the Potomac, with which the old observatory is so noticeable proximity.

The ability of the architect is severely tested in planning buildings for astronomical use. Instead of the single star of an architect of high repute, most his first errors be brought to the medicine of final development in scattered



THE MAIN BUILDING.

man alike are not responsible, but inspired them, with the greatest possible restraint, so they have agreed to make this an international and a two-nation work.

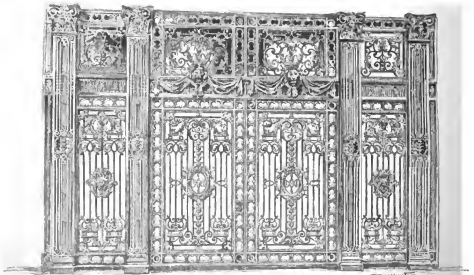
The preparatory activity is gradual, perhaps, at the capital of the United States, as the new Naval Observatory of the government, while not entirely completed, is to be made first available in this country. An extension of the limit of time for the construction, from June 1st to July 1st, has been ac-

ceeded. The several buildings are now nearly complete, in accordance with the terms of the final contract.

The transit of meridian circle was also completed some weeks ago at the old observatory, the effort having been directed to the immediate re-establishment of this instrument in working order. The preparations are thus rapidly perfected for the approach of the彗星 Mars, whose satellites, as is to be remembered, were discovered in 1877 at the Washing-

ton, as being sufficiently distant from the town to exempt it from smoke, etc., and apart from the business of the Potomac, with which the old observatory is so noticeable proximity.

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CERIFFOUBER CALIPHON.—From the "Fountain-Brook" in the City of Tunis, Tunisia.



DEER HUNT OF CHARLEMAGNE BY BUZZONI.—From the floor of the main hall of an inn at Innsbruck.



PARABOLICAL SCENE OF THE MISTRETT-COMMER AT BALABANA.





SCULPTURE ON BASE OF THE MONUMENT—THE STRIPES IN AFRICA.



SCULPTURE ON BASE OF THE MONUMENT—COLLEEN'S AT THE FEET OF PAUL.



SCULPTURE ON BASE OF THE MONUMENT—CONQUEST OF FRANCE.

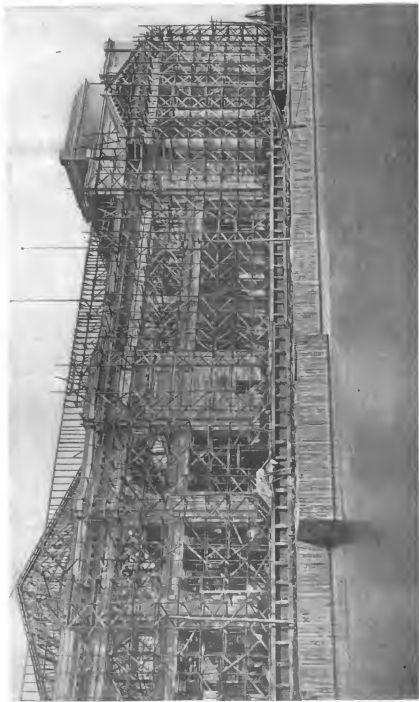


SCULPTURE AND RELIEF—FROM A FOUNTAIN AT SAINT-BASILE, IN THE CANTON OF VAUD, SWITZERLAND.

THE COLLEEN'S CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF THE MONUMENT—NEW YORK CITY.

RELIEF OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, GENOVA.





COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—FRONT OF WEST FRONT OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.—(Part a. Photograph by C. D. Adams, the Official Photographer.—[See Page 661])

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