ITS WONDERS.

WHAT THE "RECORD-UNION" CORRESPONDENT SAW AT

The Great Electrical Exposition in Paris—A Wonderful Fair—Lightning on Show in Captivity.

PARIS, September 4, 1881.

The Palais de l'Industrie on the Champs Elysee, after having served for international expositions, for the salon, for the mechanical arts, for the exhibition of horses and cattle, for flowers and other industries of man, has at present opened its doors to the greatest discovery of the present century—to electricity. Long before the different savants of other countries had packed their trunks and valuable instruments for the journey, their coming was heralded with great flourish; for although they have the specialty of keeping the secrets disclosed to them by Nature within their own circle, electricity has applied itself so vigorously to industry that it has attracted the attention of the entire public. The installation has been a long and slow one, for it was necessary to erect particular machinery, and unpack and readjust instruments, whose delicacy required the most dexterous handling, and as each new wonder was unfolded it was announced to Parisians with many comments calculated to awaken their curiosity. In consequence all flocked to the Palais de l'Industrie anxious to be the first to witness these marvels, and arrived long before the preparations had been finished. The public, treating with indifference

THE GRAND PRINCIPLES

Of electricity and as important discoveries, have expressed a special desire to enjoy representations of the Grand Opera and the Theatre Francais far removed from the scenes. The telephone is to them the one great benefit produced by electricity, and aware that they would in that find their principal amusement, a very great number have been established throughout the building, which it is scarcely necessary to add are in constant use. Although that which reaches the ear is not heard by the audience, in order that the answer may be carried over so much space, the person at the telephone is obliged to speak in a rather loud voice, and so as not to disturb visitors in the same room, the instruments are placed in a glass box sufficiently large to hold some five operators, who are comfortably seated in arm chairs reading or talking while waiting the tinkle of the little bell. The conversation carried on between persons who do not see each other, and never have nor perhaps never will, is supposed to be quite confidential, for apart from the above mentioned precaution, the visitors who desire to converse enter a box padded on all sides as is also the door, and after fastening themselves in, give expression to those secrets they are desirous of communicating to a stranger. This arrangement is at the same time convenient for timid persons, who would hesitate before others to address any one without being first introduced. There are, however, telephones whose instruments are not covered by glass, and although questions addressed to the operator are not heard by others, the answers resound through the hall and their vibrations produce unpleasant effects on the ears of the visitors, for the gentleman appears to have lost his senses to judge by his rambling idiotic remarks. That is the amusing part of the entertainment, for the rest is exceedingly serious, and one must have some interest in science, some knowledge of the principles of electricity, to thoroughly enjoy the exposition. Yet there are many pleasing things to see, for every industry which has in the slightest way called electricity to its aid is there represented, and it is astonishing to perceive to what practical uses this power is put. Merchants have taken advantage of this exposition to

DISPLAY THEIR WARES

To the public and then solicit customers—wares which seem utterly foreign to the subject, but which have managed to make use of some electricity, however inappropriate, as a passport. Five times a week, from 11 to 12, a lecture is delivered by some person connected with the scientific corps, on a particular branch relating to electricity. Having brought from my native country a partiality for lectures, I decided on visiting the exposition in the morning, so as to profit by the information given by the learned gentleman. The pedestal on which was placed the magnificent statue of Marceau, the French General of the first revolution, is now used for the benefit of the electric light, and instead of the noble rider on his spirited horse, a bronze group is seen, composed of three nude figures gracefully interlacing arms and holding aloft a large lamp, through whose shade at night may be discerned such fire as the lightning is made of. The entrance to the exposition is adorned with immense bronze statues. There are, besides, others scattered throughout the building, as though to relieve the monotony of the machines; in fact tapestries and paintings, as well, have been resorted to to give color and brightness to the surroundings. The purchases made by the Sous Secretaire des Beaux Arts at the close of the last salon are still to be found in the grand hall above the staircase, and as they cover the entire walls, it is easy to imagine on mounting the steps that you are about to devote yourself to the study of the esthetic instead of to that of the invisible but all-pervading power of electricity. The lectures are given in the rooms of the upper floor, and after inquiring my way I joined the rather large crowd already assembled and shared the disppointment of the majority, for

THE LECTURERS,

Although very learned men, are not all accustomed to address an audience, but express their views on paper, and have not the voice sufficiently cultivated to make themselves heard at even a small distance. The lecture that morning required the explanation of machinery situated in different halls, and most of the time was spent in hurrying from one room to the other, the crowd jostling and pushing each other in their endeavor to arrive first and obtain a place next to the speaker. They crowded so around this last that a gardien was obliged to accompany him and extend the circle for him to explain at his ease. As he stood upon a level with the audience, some of whom were taller than himself, the sound of the voice was cut off and could not reach those behind, who in despair deserted the field. So long as I was up stairs I wandered through those rooms containing objects on exhibition, reserving for a later day the wonders below. In the first large room leading from the hall may be seen the American flag and the familiar eagle displayed with much brilliancy. One side of the wall is covered with a vast number of these flags, intermingled with French ones, and three American shields of enormous size, the eagle with its thunder-bolts and olive branches so very conspicuous that you would imagine the establishment of

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

In the French capital. A long table stood against the wall, and at each end a lamp was held aloft by a very graceful bronze figure. Beneath the flags and eagles could be discerned in large letters the following inscription: "The United States Electric Lighting Co., Broadway System, Maxim, New York. Fabrication de Lampes a incandescence." At that hour the halls were deserted, and no one seemed to be at his post to explain the different mysterious instruments whose use or application could never be divined. Only now and then the most unscientific of merchants could be seen brightening up their wares or arranging the printed prices of the objects for sale. Among these were the galvanized bronzes of every description, statues, statuettes, busts, clocks and other as appreciable objects. Then besides these bronzes galvanized with silver were many other things covered with copper by means of electricity, numerous statuettes of terra cotta rendered to appear as absolute bronze; different ornaments in plaster made also to appear as bronze, as well as a straw hat, and even a cabbage leaf, thus forever preserved from the ravages of time. Many objects were first covered with copper and then galvanized with silver, the most curious of which was the human hand, the veins, skin and nails of which were perfect, but ah! so ghost-like, although retaining its plumpness. In glass cases were large pieces of silver of exquisite workmanship, such as has been seldom seen outside of the grand International Exposition, all of which presented a rather pleasing variety to the monotonous electric machines. The last were composed invariably of spools of wire covered with bright-colored cotton, besides of different discs, levers and plates, some of them formidable in size, while others were so

SMALL AND DELICATE,

That they appeared to be some new child's toy. I was attracted to one large glass case by the bright color of the objects within, and judged from the firmness of the substance that it was a newly discovered rock, but found it to be a collection of the different internal parts of man—his heart, liver, entrails and brain galvanized, and presenting a brilliant deep red color. There were the brains of criminals, and particularly of idiots, that the naturalist as well as philosopher had before him an interesting study, not with the aid of the molding of the human brain, but with the brain itself. At nearly every stand was to be seen a paratonnerre, generally mounted by a cock or some bright figure, and these poles, representing flagstaffs, were a pleasing feature of the rooms. I noticed a variety of chairs composed of three wheels, the two large ones at the sides being double, with a smaller one projecting just two inches, and attached to each other by bands of iron, which cause them to revolve simultaneously. The chairs were most comfortable in appearance, with leather padded seats and backs, and having attached in front a book holder with an uneven surface, that the occupant, were he deprived of not only his two lower limbs, but also of one arm, could peruse his book with ease. I hunted some time to find where the motive power was lodged and discovered it inclosed in a small tin box attached to the back of the chair. Imagining that I was sometimes alone in the hall, I would be startled to suddenly perceive gentlemen quietly standing on the corners, who on inspection proved to be

DUMMIES

Most cleverly arranged and dressed in uniforms, with a telegraphic or other instrument in their hands. There were large instruments exposed in glass cases, the facsimile of those employed by different physicians in the different hospitals of Paris, with tubes of metal, tubes of amber and tubes of glass used in the application. The electric baths were also extensively advertised, but the demonstration was scarcely given with a live man in a bath tub, yet the next thing to it was represented, consisting of a very handsome painting of a very handsome young man, whose smiling face testified to his extreme satisfaction while undergoing the effects of electricity. Wandering on I stumbled upon the library, which is a large room with a glass bookcase covering three sides of the wall. In it were very handsomely-bound volumes with gold-edged leaves and Russia-leather bindings, but each and all relating closely and remotely to the one important subject of

ELECTRICITY.

A high table stood against the other wall, situated between the door of entrance and the one leading into the reading-room, covered with books and pamphlets for the use of the public. In this same room were numerous globes of all sizes, from the grandfather down to the baby globes, some of them so large that a hand propeller is used to turn them. The manufacturer's name is plainly visible, but what connection the globes may have with electricity I failed to discover, unless it may be the paper is galvanized on like the copper on the plaster. The reading-room is still much larger in size, containing a very long table with comfortable seats around, and on it scientific periodicals, papers, books, and besides a number of daily newspapers which did not treat of electricity, so to afford a temporary relief and rest from the one absorbing subject of the exposition. On the walls were fine paintings, exposed at the last salon and purchased by the state, all relating to instruction or discoveries; one of them obtained an honorable mention, and represents a professor standing before the blackboard, where he is in the act of drawing a geometrical figure for the benefit of a crowd of young boys who had come to profit by the night school, and is a very appropriate subject for this room, whose contents are exclusively instructive. I picked up a nicely bound book, but found its contents in manuscript laboriously written by a professor who explains the principles of electricity in a very lucid and systematic manner, the best scientific work I have ever seen in France adapted to the comprehension of those who have had no previous preparation to understand the subject. Although the work had been approved by the scientific corps, it was not considered of sufficient importance to have it published, which in my mind is a great mistake. Wandering out on to

THE GALLERY

I came across one of the padded closets used for the telephone, where a young dashing gentleman dashed in, but was careful not to close the door behind him, so that those passing might have the benefit of his wit. "It is not I," he began, "it is the other fellow," and so on, until he had exhausted all the nonsense of his empty brain. It was evident that he was an habitue of the telephone-box by the deft manner in which he handled the instrument, but here came a good old man who gazed upon it a long time before he would decide on undertaking any conversation, then, setting his umbrella and hat in a corner, he began a study of the instructions as to what button to touch, which instrument to hold to the mouth and which to the ear. I left him still devouring the inscription with his eyes, while his hands nervously touched all the instruments at one time. I withdrew not only through discretion, but because I saw before me another display of numerous American flags, accompanied with the shields and eagles and underneath in large letters the word

EDISON.

I felt then as though I had struck a rich lead and that all I had hitherto seen would count for nothing in comparison with the many wonders about to be unfolded to me. The different inventions belonging to Mr. Edison occupy two immense rooms, besides a smaller one. The walls are filled with handsome paintings and tapestries—such tapestries as have been lately invented and which consist of water colors on a prepared canvass, presenting a most beautiful effect, resembling the old tapestries, now so rare and recherche. At the exposition of these tapestries held last spring at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the most perfect and exquisite were two pieces painted by the decorative artist, Mr. Mascaroll, who copied the ceiling of the Theatre Francais for his subjects—the work of his own hands. They are both scenes from Moliere's comedies; one taken from the "Misanthrope," and the other from the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." Both these tapestries are again to be found in Mr. Edison's exhibition-rooms, and add in giving them the appearance of a fete. Numerous instruments are to be seen scattered everywhere over tables and desks, the majority of them being small and delicate and placed under glass cases. A large chandelier hangs from the center of the ceiling, smaller ones are attached to the walls, and to judge from the number of globes, even should the light be an ordinary one, the illumination in the evening must be very brilliant. These rooms seem to be the headquarters, for the crowd naturally flock thither at the sight of Edison's name. The catalogues, like all other catalogues, are poor institutions, and prove unsatisfactory to the inquiring visitor, that after in vain comparing the number in the book and the number attached to the machine, and endeavoring to understand the explanation, they look anxiously around for some one to come to their assistance. There are two young gentlemen attached to the establishment who are possessed of inexhaustible patience, and who seem to never tire in explaining the beauty and perfection of each invention. Discovering in me a compatriot, their gallantry and kindness were inexhaustible, and they unhesitatingly put every machine in motion, giving me at the same time a description of all its parts and its mechanical construction, which proved so long and interesting, that it must serve the matter of another letter. VAL.

HE DREAMED OF HOME.

He dreamed of home—aye, while the clew
Of life so thin and straightened drew,
A breath might sever it in two!

He dreamed of home; amid the press
Of those old shadows death doth dress
In mist, and cold and heaviness,—

He dreamed of home! Sweet in his ear
The sound of rustling grain-fields near,
The orchard oriole's fluted cheer.

Before his dim and lidded eye
The lake's crisp billow flickered high
On azure deeper than the sky.

Slipped thence from all uproar and strife
Once more the looks of child and wife
Shone as the lamps of household life:—

He dreamed of home! The vision flew,
Wavered, reshaped itself anew,
Smiled, spake, as visions never do;

Still wide of home, he saw, instead,
Its angel standing by his bed,
Unshaken in the hour of dread.

—[Edith M. Thomas.

CURRENT NOTES.

A young lady rebukingly asks us: "Which is worse, to lace tight or to get tight?" We give it up—we never laced.

Several notable happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a picnic.

A St. Louis man won't give up his seat in a horse-car to a lady, but he's perfectly willing to hoist out the man next to him to make room for the lady, if she's good-looking.

Harmony: Brown (Philistine)—I heard it was all "off" between you and Miss Roweshett. Wobbinson (esthete)—Yaas; incompatibility of complexion! She didn't suit my furnichar!

An exchange speaks of a new fashion in gait for girls, but a stroll along some of our streets in the soft summer twilight will convince any one that the old gate has a tenacious grip on public favor.

"Somebody's coming when the dewdrops fall," she was softly humming, when the old man remarked, "An' you bet your sweet life, Maria, that he'll think a thunder-storm's let loose when he get's here."

A young girl of refinement and culchaw,
Whose hand was sought by an old vulchaw,
Said: "Sir, if you da-ar
Approach me, I swe-ar
To get pa with his boot to insulchaw."

"I am waiting, my darling, for thee," he warbled; and yet when the old man threw up a chamber window and assured him that "he'd be down in a minute," he lost his grip on the melody and went out of the waiting business.

Young lady, who can't hear herself play because of the racket made by the lawn-mower: "John, how long shall you be, as I want to practice?" Gallant Young Gardener—"Oh, goo yeouw on Miss Amy—goo yeouw on! I shan't mind yar noise!"

She ate two pints of cakes or more;
Two plates of cakes or more;
Then tumbled headlong from the chair
And rolled upon the floor.
The young man drew his pocket knife;
She screamed, "O! Gawdge you must—
Reach down and cut my corset strings,
They'll neither stretch nor bust."—[Ex.

"Was it the drum major brave?" asked one soldier of another. "Of corps," said the other; "how can I get up the necessary excitement, if fife nothing to stir me?" "Oh, well, a man musket courage somehow," said the first; "I suppose most any one cannon occasion." "Yes, that is the general order, and I'm a bayonet," said the other; "though I wish I'd never begun." —[Wit and Wisdom.

The amateur newsboy shows up in these days of "quick sales and small profits." He appears dressed in shoes, stockings, a clean collar and faultless knickerbocker suit. By comparison with the genuine article he looks like a diamond stud on a dirty shirt front, but he isn't much of a success. His voice isn't energetic and mellifluous, and somehow a man never feels like buying a newspaper of a clean boy. It's an abnormal condition of affairs.—[New Haven Register.

Diamonds, it seems, are rapidly going up in price. The discovery of an inferior article in South Africa for a while cheapened these precious stones. But the great multitude of "new rich" has created a large demand for diamonds. It is strange that more robberies are not committed at watering places, where women are particularly fond of exhibiting their costly gems.

A diamond broker says that women are remiss in not cleansing their diamonds and other precious stones. Soltaires are often lost because the dirt works in and loosens the clasp of the gold upon the gem.

A novel suit was brought in a Western town against a circus proprietor by a man who found that the attractions of the show were by no means equal to the promises of the gorgeously-illuminated posters. He demanded his money back, and, being refused, sued for damages. The case is as yet undecided, but if the principle be once established that a showman is to be held strictly to the letter of his promises, some of our most pretentious theaters will be apt to suffer sadly.

The amount of money which the Peruvian Government has received from the sale of guano is estimated at $24,000,000,000. All it has to show for this large sum are four or five railroads, which cost $150,000,000. On the night the contract for the Oroya Railroad was signed, Meiggs, the contractor, presented the wife of the President of the Republic with a handsome bouquet, concealed in which were bills to the amount of $500,000.

FEAR OF DISEASE.—While the plague was raging in Buenos Ayres, the grave diggers bore charmed lives. Of the three hundred men so employed, not one died of the disease. It has often been noticed that during pestilential diseases, physicians, undertakers, nurses and grave-diggers, whose business compels constant liability to infection, have usually escaped in a far greater ratio than their numbers would warrant. The "charm" of this immunity from the prevailing scourge is very simple. They are not scared. They are positive to the disease, and repel its attacks. Fear is a great ally of death. Whoever is afraid of disease is in a negative condition, and really invites its approach. And thus it is the world over. The brave die but once, while cowards die many times.

ASHBURNHAM (Mass.), Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me, and my throat was very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made. MRS. JULIA G. CUSHING.

THE FAIR SOUTH.

THE LOS ANGELES CENTENNIAL AND SOME OF ITS FEATURES.

Old People—Old Robes—Rich Costumes—Old Recollections—The California of the Early Days.

PASADENA, September 20, 1881.

I had thought to condense into a single letter the report of various interesting events of the present month, the Centennial, the Horticultural Fair, and the anniversary of the Mexican Independence, but to-day the overshadowing calamity which has befallen the nation makes everything else seem trivial. The flags which a few days ago floated so gaily from every prominence, fall mournfully earthward; all the public buildings and principal places of business, with a great many private residences, wear the colors of grief. Grave faces and quiet tones are seen and heard only where all was so bright and joyous one little week ago. But this also will pass into history, as all events do, leaving its ripple mark in the stone. Those who were near the never to be forgotten scenes of President Lincoln's death and burial, when the land was so full of mourners that every stroke of the funeral bells caused a fresh thrill of agony, will find cause for gratitude that this tragedy, lamentable as it is, does not carry with it such burdens of uncertainty and dread for the future. Both of our murdered Presidents have been representative men, working their way upward from the log-house and district school. The life cup of President Garfield seems to have been the most richly mingled with the experiences belonging to every rank — day-laborer, student, school-master, a college president, a volunteer soldier, a farmer, legislator for his State and for the nation, Chief Magistrate, faithful in a few things, and in fullness of his time lord of many things. Well born in the truest sense, equal and complete in every public and private relation, taking his death cheerfully and patiently, ; it is lives like these that make a nationality possible. Who was it said "All history is the biography of a few eminent persons." I forget at this moment, but I cannot help thinking that our history shows the number not so few who have been equal to the gravest responsibilities and duties. This thought was in my mind the day that I saw General Thomas' funeral train leave our coast, and it always recurs as one by one the names emblazoned upon the historic page are carved upon their headstones. With the people of this section this month of September has been full of events which deepen the feeling of patriotism, as well as of fellowship.

OUR CENTENNIAL

Was wholly good and praiseworthy—notable for orderly arrangement, appropriateness of its ceremonies, and the unflagging interest which was taken in the Spanish revival during and after the fair week. Two citizens of Los Angeles are still living who were here half a century ago—Michael White and J. J. Warner. Mr. White is now 80 years old, but remembers the families who founded the Pueblo—the Carillos, Cotas, Sanchezs, whose descendants, thick as leaves of Valombrosa, mingled in the festivities. Colonel Warner I had frequently met on the streets without suspecting that he had passed the limit of three score and ten years. He settled here in 1831, the year of the insurrection of the Los Angelenes against the Governor and military commandant, General Don Manuel Victoria, and set up a government for Baja California. In a skirmish which occurred near the Pueblo in December of that year the father of ex-Governor Pacheco was killed, and also Don Jose Maria Abela, one of the most prominent representatives of the honor of old Spain. Don Pio Pico, the last Governor of Alta California under the ancient regime, I do not meet as frequently as in 1869, when he was much abroad—a venerable and conspicuous figure, an excellent reconteur, remembering well the dreadful day when the church of San Juan Capistrano was destroyed by the earthquake of 1812; remembering his embassy to the various missions in 1821, when his generous and courtly brother-in-law, Jose Antonio Carillo, sent from the overstocked cellars of San Fernando Rey a barrel of brandy to each of the mission fathers of the northern stations, and many other interesting happenings of long ago. They are

A LONG-LIVED AND BEAUTIFUL RACE,

Dona Carillo, aged 86, lives in Santa Barbara, another sister of fourscore in Los Angeles, while Dona Ysidora, the wife of Don Juan Forster, dispenses the hospitalities of Santa Margerita with no abatement of the graciousness of her early years. A very interesting collection of family relics was opened during the centennial week to the inspection of the curious. Don Pio Pico's silver tankard, well worn, and no doubt brought with the family plate from Sinaloa, was one of the most curious pieces; Dona Abila's cup and saucer (1790), and a silver rosary brought from Mexico by her grandfather in 1781. Another rosary is worth its weight in diamonds, for it was made from the first gold found in California, mined on the Camulos rancho in 1842. This precious bit of gold filagree is the property of Senora Isabel Del Valle, who has opened the chests of Camulos and brought out such an array of wedding and baptismal gowns as could hardly be gathered elsewhere in the State. The lady readers of the RECORD UNION would have delighted in the

GORGEOUS BROCADES,

The China crape-shawls, the delicate old laces and dainty silken counterpanes. One of the prettiest things was a bridal dress dating about forty years since. Into a white silk robe of walking length a deep border of colored silk flowers wrought upon white lace was inserted. The border was worked en tablier upon the front of the robe, to meet a similar but narrower embroidery of the waist and sleeves. The petticoat was of rose-colored grenadine, and the effect was indescribably dainty and delicate—one of those creations which could no more go out of fashion than a butterfly's wings. Fairy slippers and delicate gloves completed this charming costume. Near it was hung the soft, white, baptismal robes of Hon. R. F. Del Valle, the most modern portion of the exhibit. There were numerous shawls and mantillas of ancient fabrics, and richly-ornamented saddles and housings of the cavaliers who courted the belles of Camulos, Guajome or the more distant Tia Juana, in Lower California. Other fine costumes of ye olden time were worn at the dances which begun on the opening night at Horticultural Hall, and were continued for more than a week at the St. Charles Hotel. Don Antonio Coronel performed his role of master of ceremonies with dignity, and the large and brilliant audiences were quite carried away with this representation of the modes and manners of a bygone century. At the Pavilion the rendition of Spanish choruses gave great pleasure; also "La Discordia," composed eighty years ago, the Mexican national air, and other compositions were given. The celebration at the Church of Our Lady was very appropriate and interesting, consisting of music, speeches and illuminations. The address in English by Judge Sepulveda was highly spoken of; unfortunately, I was too far off to hear. The beautiful

NEW CATHEDRAL,

St. Vibiana, was open during centennial week, and many people who had never before an opportunity to see how art and architecture minister to divine worship, profited by it. The Los Angeles Court-house stands upon the site of an old adobe in which Rev. J. W. Brier preached the first Methodist sermon in 1850. Mr. Brier was an emigrant of 1849 by the Salt Lake route, and having narrowly escaped the perils of Death Valley, entered Los Angeles on foot, his wife and two children riding an ox, which was all that remained of his earthly possessions. One of these children of Israel who survived the exodus is our friend Kirke W. Brier, of Sacramento High School.

I tried to put myself mentally in the place of some of those veterans and pioneers during those gala days; of Lieutenant Stoneman, who landed in San Diego in 1847, and had seen this land unfold leaf by leaf, and of Dr. Griffin, who then made a note of what he found in these words: "The wine is of excellent flavor—as good as I ever tasted. I ate a fine orange. Taking everything into consideration, this is decidedly one of the most desirable places I have ever been at." Both these gentlemen have been faithful to their early love for the Queen of the Angels. Too fast upon the close of these joyous celebrations will come

THE SORROWFUL PAGEANT

Which commemorates the nation's loss. It is well for the young, for the pupils in the public schools that such events should be marked by imposing ceremonies. Who can doubt that the warmth of a universal sympathy sustains and comforts the bereaved family, and made the President more capable of enduring his long struggle with death? It is well, too, that our children should feel the worth of good lives that remain, and hear the frequent story of heroic deeds of men who are prominent in public affairs. Two prominent citizens of this county, who were conspicuous in the centennial parade, are veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, of which General Garfield was also a member—one a worthy representative of the regular and the other of the volunteer army. I thought I would like to tell the story of the "iron brigade" to our boys, just as General Mansfield might if he were not too modest, from the opening at Bull Run to Gettysburg and the Wilderness. And I would like to give them for a reading, General Stoneman's address to the Lyon Post on the last Decoration Day, which I have never seen in print. Certainly, American history is not the biography of a *few* eminent persons; it is the story of humanity, rising from better toward best, and every locality possesses some living example of heroic action and sacrifice. J. C. C.

FEMININE NOTES.

A Japanese paper states that in Kasniwazaki, Echigo, public lectures are very popular. Even women have become members of political societies, and earnestly insist upon the necessity of a national assembly.

The number of women employed in the railway offices of Austria is now over 3,000. They get paid from $15 to $30 a month. Nearly all of them are either the widows, wives or daughters of defunct or active male employes on the different roads.

Two young ladies, Evangelina Boutero, of Aqui, and Carolina Magistrelli, of Mantua, who have been studying at the Roman University in Rome, Italy, since 1877, together with students of the male sex, have taken the degree of Doctor of Natural Science.

Ladies who are fond of color, yet who wish to use white china that has been bequeathed them, introduce a colored cloth on the table—deep red or blue—and cover this with a white cloth that has open patterns of drawn work down each side, and embroidery in brighter red or blue representing tiles, or quaint little old English figures wrought in outline stitch; a bank of Jacqueminot roses, carnations, buttercups or other flowers down the center supplies additional color.

The new Huguenot Princess dress—only becoming to a perfect figures—is cut out square to the neck, and edged with a white frill of Venetian point lace. A double string of Roman pearls is then worn, twisted about the throat. A very tall, stylish lady recently appeared in this fashion of dress, which was made of plain white surah. There was not the least trimming upon the elegant flowing train, and no ornaments were worn except the pearl necklace and a high Spanish comb, headed by large Irish diamonds.

The Grecian tunic is a decided success. A handsome dress just brought to America is of pearl-blossom satin, embroidered in gold, and is cut low in the neck and caught up on the shoulders with Grecian medallion clasps. A Grecian pattern edges the neck where it is cut low, and descends on both sides of the tunic, which opens at the bottom in two poplum basques. A scarf, embroidered with a golden Grecian pattern, forms a sort of round tablier. From under the shoulder falls a crenellated tunic, embroidered in the same design. The lower part of the skirt is entirely formed of gauze plaitings.

The little town of Flotzingen (Wurtemberg) has a brigade of forty-two water-carriers, belonging not only to the fair sex, but also to the fire department. They were completely equipped for work (the tin water-pails being provided by them at their own cost), arrayed in their best Sunday-go-to-meeting costumes, and drawn up in line to go through a regular drill and sham fire before the District Inspector, who could not but express himself highly satisfied. The brigade is divided into four squads, each squad commanded by a "female Corporal," who keeps the roll—the rank and file having the privilege of electing such Corporals in the Town-Hall.

Of the condition of woman in this country half a century or more ago, Emily Collins, who was born in Ontario county, New York, early in this century, says: "In those early days a husband's supremacy was often enforced in the rural districts by corporal chastisement, and it was considered by most people as quite right and proper—as much so as the correction of refractory children in like manner. I remember, in my own neighborhood, a man who was a Methodist class-leader and exhorter, and one who was esteemed a worthy citizen, who every few weeks gave his wife a beating with his horsewhip. He said it was necessary in order to keep her in subjection, and because she scolded so much. Now, this wife, surrounded by six or seven little children, whom she must wash, dress, feed and attend to day and night, was obliged to spin and weave cloth for all the garments of the family. And pray why should not her husband have chastised her? The law made it his privilege, and the Bible, as interpreted, made it his duty."

Miss Pryde, a lady whose benevolent efforts in behalf of indigent and struggling English governesses in Paris have made her name widely known and respected, delivered an address recently in London. The subject was the operations during the last ten years of the Governesses' Institute, of which Miss Pride is honorary secratary. In no city, she remarked, do misery and riches lie side by side as in the French Capital, and in no city were there so many persons in reduced circumstances, among whom were a large proportion of Englishwomen. The efforts of charity were directed almost exclusively toward relieving the wants of the lowest class, although much misery existed among educated persons, who were often even more helpless when left destitute. English girls were induced to spend a certain time in Paris in order that they might acquire a knowledge of the French language, by which their services as governesses were rendered more valuable. This probationary was a very hard and trying one, beset with temptations; and any one who would bear this in mind would recognize the importance of the work which the institute has undertaken.

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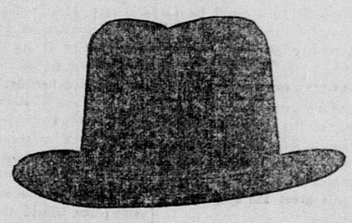

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